SIFFICIAL DOYLE. THE ADVENTURE OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE SIX NAPOLEONS AND QUILLE OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE ADVENTURE.

visits were welcome to Sherlock Holmes, for they enabled him to keep n touch with all that was going on at police headquarters. In return for the news which Lestrade would bring. Holmes was always ready to listen with tiention to the details of any case upon which the detective was engaged, and was able occasionally, without any acive interference, to give some hint or suggestion drawn from his own vast mowledge and experience.

On this particular evening, Leatrade had spoken of the weather and the newspapers. Then he had fallen ellent, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar. Holmes looked keenly at him, "Anything remarkable on hand?" he

anked. Oh. no. Mr. Holmes-nothing very particular.

"Then tell me about it."
Lestrade laughed.
"Well. Mr. Helmes, there is no use denying that there is something on my mind. And yet it is such an absurd business that I hesitated to bother you about it. On the other hand, although it is trivial, it is undoubtedly queer, and I know that you have a taste for all that is out of the common. But, in my opinion, it comes more in Dr. Watson's line than ours." "Disease?" said I.

"Madness, anyhow. And a queer nadness, too. You wouldn't think there was anyone living at this time of day who had such a hatred of Napoleon the First that he would break any maye of him that he could see."

Holmes sank back in his chair. "That's no business of mine," said "Exactly. That's what I said. But then, when the man commits burglary in order to break images which are not his own, that brings it away from the doctor and on to the policeman."

Holmes sat up again.
"Burglary! This is more interesting, et me hear the details."
Lestrade took out his official notebook and refreshed his memory from

its pages. The first case reported was four days ago," said he. "It was at the shop of Morse Hudson, who has a place for the sale of pictures and statues in the the sale of pictures and statues in the Kennington road. The assistant had left the front shop for an instant, when he heard a crash, and hurrying in he found a plaster bust of Napoleon, which stood with several other works of art upon the counter, lying shivered into ragments. He rushed out into the fragments. fragments. He rushed out into the road, but, although several passers-by declared that they had noticed a man run out of the shop, he could neither see anyone nor could he find any means of identifying the rascal. It seemed to be one of those senseless acts of hooliganism which occur from time to time, and it was reported to the constable on the beat as such. The liaster cast was not worth more than

plaster cast was not worth more than a few shillings, and the whole affair appeared to be too childish for any particular investigation.

'The second case, however, was more serious, and also more singular. It occurred only last night.

"In Kennington road, and within the hundred yards of Morse Hudson" shop, there lives a well-known medi-cal practitioner, named Dr. Barnicot, who has one of the largest practices upon the south side of the Thames. His residence and principal consulting-room is at Kennington road, but he has a branch surgery and dispensity at Lower Brixton road, two miles away. This Dr. Harnicot is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and his house it the French emperor. Some little time ago he purchased from Morse Hudson two duplicate planter casts of the famous head of Napoleon by the French sculptor, Devine. One of these he placed in his hall in the house at Kensington road, and the other on the manusipiece of the surgery at Lower Brixton, Well, when Dr. Barnicot came down this morning he was astonished down this morning he was astonished to find that his house had been bur-gled during the night, but that noth-ing had been taken save the plaster head from the hall. It had been car-ried out and had been dashed savage-ly against the garden wall, under which its splintered fragments were

Holmes rubbed his hands. This is certainly very novel," said

"I thought it would please you. But i have not got to the end yet. Dr. Barnicot was due at his surgery at 12 o'clock and you can imagine his amazement when, on arriving there, he found that the window had been opened in the night, and that the broken pleces of his second bust were strewn all over the room. It had been smashed to atoms where it stood. In neither case were there any signs which could give us a clue as to the criminal or lunatic who had done the mischief. Now. Mr. Holmes, you have got the

They are singular, not to say gret-sque," said Holmes. "May I ask whether the two busts smashed in Dr. Sarnicot's rooms were the exact dupli cates of the one which was destroyed in Morse Hudson's shop?"

were taken from the same "Such a fact must tell against the

theory that the man who breaks them theory that the man who breaks them in influenced by any general hatred of Napoleon. Considering how many hundreds of statues of the great emperor must exist in London, it is too much to suppose such a coincidence as that a promiseuous iconoclast should chance to begin upon three specimens of the same bust." the same bust."
"Well, I thought as you do." said

"On the other hand, this Morse Hudson is the purveyor of busts in that part of London, and these three were the only ones which had been in his shop for years. So, although, as you say, there are many hundreds of statues in London, it is very probable that these three were the only ones in that district. Therefore, a local fanatic would begin with them. What

lo you think, Dr. Watson?" There are no limits to the possibili-ties of monomania. I answered, There is the condition which the modern French psychologists have called the idee fixe, which may be trifling in character, and accompanied by complete senity in course other. sanity in every other way. A man who had read deeply about Napoleon, o had read deeply about Sapoteon or who had possibly received some hered-ttary family injury through the great war, might conceivably form such an 'idee fixe' and under its influence be capable of any fantastic outrage."

"That won't do, my dear Watson," said Holmes, shaking his head, "for no amount of 'idee fixe' would enable your interesting monomaniac to find out where these busts were situated."

"Well, how do you explain it?"

"I don't attempt to do so. I would only observe that there is a certain method in the gentleman's eccentric pro-ceedings. For example, in Dr. Barnicot's

T was not very unusual thing for family, the bust was taken outside be-Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, to fore being broken, whereas in the sur-look in upon us of an evening, and gery, where there was less danger of an alarm, it was smashed where it stood. The affair seems absurdly trifling, and yet I dare call nothing trivial when I reflect that some of my most classic cases have had the least promising commencement. You will remember, Watson, how the dreadful business of the Abernetty family was first brought to my notice by the depth which the parsiey had sunk into the butter upon a hot day. I can't affford, therefore, to smile at your three broken busts, Lestrade, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will let me hear of any fresh development of so singular a chain of events."

The development for which my friend had asked came in a quicker and an infinitely more tragic form than he could have imagined. I was still dressing in my bedroom next morning when there was a tap at the door and Holmes en-

for it was only a plaster cast, and of no real value whatever.

"You can see for yourself that any one going out through that open winlow could reach the front doorstep by taking a long stride. This was clearly what the burglar had done, so I went round and opened the door. Stepping out into the dark, I nearly fell over a dead man, who was lying there. I ran back for a light, and there was the poor fellow, a great gash in hie throat and the whole place swimming in blood. He lay on his back, his knees drawn up, and his mouth horribity open. I shall see him in my dreams. I had just time to blow on my policewhistle, and then I must have fainted. whistle, and then I must have fainted, for I knew nothing more until I found the policeman standing over me in the

"Well, who was the murdered man?" asked Holmes. "There's nothing to show who he "There's nothing to show who he "You shall see the



FINALLY, HE PICKED UP HIS HUNTING CROP AND STRUCK NAPOLEON AL SHARP BLOW ON THE TOP OF

sington.-Lestrade. What is it, then?" I asked. "Don't know-may be anything. But I aspect it is the sequel of the story the statues. In that case our friend, the mage-breaker, has begun operations in mother quarter of Lendon. There's coffee on the table, Watson, and I have a

In half an hour we had reached Pitt street, a quiet little backwater just be-side one of the briskest currents of London life. No. III was one of a row, all flat-chested, respectable and most un-comantic dwellings. As we drove up, we could the railings in front of the house lined by a curious crowd. Holmes whistled.

"By George! it's attempted murder at the least. Nothing less will hold the London message-boy. There's a deed of violence indicated in that fellow's round wiolence indicated in that relieve rounds abunders and outstretched neck. What's this, Watson? The top steps swilled down and the other ones dry? Footsteps enough, anyhow! Well, well, there's Lestrade at the front window, and we shall soon know all about it."

The official received us with a very The official eceived us with a very grave face and showed us into a sitting-room, where an exceedingly unkempt and agitated elderly man, clad in a flan-nel dressing gown, was pacing up and down. He was introduced to us as the owner of the house-Mr. Horace Harker, of the Central Press Syndicate.

of the Central Press Syndicate.
"It's the Napoleon bust business
again,"" said Lestrade. "You seemed interested last night, Mr. Holmes, so I
thought perhaps you would be glad to
be present, now that the affair has taken wary much graver turn."
"What has it turned to, then?"
"To murder. Mr. Harker, will you tell

these gentlemen exactly want has oc-

The man in the dressing gown turned The man in the dressing gown turned upon us with a most melancholy face.

"It's an extraordinary thing," said he, "that all my life I've been collecting other people's news, and now that a real piece of news has come my own way I am so confused and bothered that I can't put two words together. If I had come in here as a journalist. I should have interviewed myself and had two columns in every evening pa-As it is, I am giving away valu able copy by telling my story over and over to a string of different people. and I can make no use of it myself. However, I've heard your name, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and if you'll only explain this queer business, I shall be paid for my trouble in telling you the

Holmes sat down and listened. Holmes sat down and listened.

'It all seems to center round that bust of Napoleon which I bought for this very room about four months ago. I pleked it up cheap from Harding Brothers, two doors from the Highstreet station. A great deal of my journalistic work is done at night, and I often write until the early morning. So it was today. I was sitting in my den, which is at the back of the top of the house, about 3 o'clock, when I was convinced that I heard some sounds downstairs. I listened, but they were not repeated, and I concluded that they came from outside. Then suddenly, about five minutes later, there came a most horrible yell—the most dreadful most horrible yell—the most dreadful sound, Mr. Holmes, that ever I heard. It will ring in my ears as long as I live. I sat frozen with horror for a minute or two. Then I seized the poker and went downstairs. When I entered this room I found the window wide open, and I at once observed that the bust was gone from the mantel-

tered, a telegram in his hand. He read body at the mortuary, but we have made nothing of it up to now. He is a tail man, sunburned, very powerful, not more than 30. He is poorly dressed, and yet does not appear to be a laborer. A horn-handled clasp knife was lying in a pool of blood beside him. Whether it was the weapon which did the deed, or whether it belonged to the dead man. I do not know. There was no name on his clothing, and nothing in his pockets save an apple, some string, a shilling map of London, and a pho-tograph. Here it is."

It was evidently taken by a snap shot from a small camera. It repre-sented an alert, sharp-featured simian man, with thick eyebrows and a very seculiar projection of the lower part of the face, like the muzzle of a ba

"And what became of the bust? asked Holmes, after a careful study of this picture.

"We had news of it just before you "We had news of it just before you came. It has been found in the front garden of an empty house in Campden House road. It was broken into fragments. I am going round now to see it. Will you come?"

"Certainly. I must take one look round." He examined the carpet and the window. "The fellow had either very long legs or was a most active man," said he. "With an area beheath, it was no mean feat to reach that win-

it was no mean feat to reach that win

it was no mean feat to reach that window-ledge and open that window. Getting back was comparatively simple. Are you coming with us to see the remains of your bust. Mr. Harker?"

The disconsolate journalist had seated himself at a writing-table.
"I must try and make something of it," said he, "though I have no doubt that the first editions of the evening papers are out already with full details. It's like my luck! You remember when the stand fell at Doncaster? Well, I was the only journalist in the stand, and my journal the only one that had no account of it, for I was that had no account of it, for I was too shaken to write it. And now I'll be too late with a murder done on my own doorstep.

As we left the room, we heard his pen traveling shrilly over the fools-

The spot where the fragments of the bust had been found was only a few hundreds yards away. For the first time our eyes rested upon this presentment of the great Emperor, which seemed to raise such frantic and destructive ha-tred in the mind of the unknown. It lay scattered, in splintered shards, upon the grass. Holmes picked up several of them and examined them carefully. I was convinced, from his intent face and his purposeful manner, that at last he was upon a clue. "Well," asked Lestrade.

"Well," asked Lestrade.

Holmes shrugged his shoulders.
"We have a long way to go yet." said
he. "And yet—and yet—well, we have
some suggestive facts to act upon. The
possession of this trifling bust was
worth more, in the eyes of this strange
criminal, than a bluman life. That is one point. Then there is the singular fact that he did not break it in the house, or immediately outside the house, if to break it was his sole object."

"He was rattled and bustled by meeting this other fellow. He hardly know what he was doing."

what he was doing."
"Well, that's likely enough. But I wish to call your attention very particularly to the position of this house in the garden of which the bust was de-

stroyed." Lestrade looked about him. "It was an empty house, and so he knew that he would not be disturbed in the garden.

entered this room I tound the window only observe that there is a certain wide open, and I at once observed that "Yes, but there is another empty the bust was gone from the mantel-bust was gone from the must have passed before he came to hall, where a sound might arouse the puch a thing passes my understanding. Why did he not break it

yard that he carried it increased the risk of someone meeting him?"

"I give it up," said Lestrade.
Holmes pointed to the street lamp
above our heads.
He could see what he was doing here,
and he could not there. That was his

reason."
"By Jove! that's true," said the detective. "Now that I come to think of it. Dr. Barnicot's bust was broken not far from his red lamp. Well, Mr. Holmes, what are we to do with that fact?" "To remember it-to docket it. We

"To remember it—to docket it. We may come on something later which will bear upon it. What steps do you propose to take now, Lestrade."

"The most practical way of getting at it, in my opinion, is to identify the dead man. There should be no difficulty about that. When we have found who he is and who his associates are, we should have a good start in learning what he was doing in Pitt street last night, and who it was who met and killed him on the doorstep of Mr. Horace Harker. Don't you think so?"

you think so?" "No doubt; and yet it is not quite the way in which I should approach

"What would you do then?"
"Oh, you must not let me influence
you in any way. I suggest that you
go on your line and I on mine. We
can compare notes afterwards, and
each will supplement the other."

each will supplement the other.

"Very good," said Lestrade.

"If you are going back to Pitt street, you might see Mr. Horace Harker. Tell him from me that I have quite made up my mind, and that it is certain that a dangerous homicidal lunatic, with Napoleon delusions, was in his house last night. It will be useful for his article." for his article Lestrade stared.

"You don't seriously believe that?" Holmes smiled.

Holmes smiled.

"Don't I.' Well, perhaps I don't. But I am sure that it will interest Mr. Horace Harker and the subscribers of the Central Press syndicate. Now, Watson, I think we shall find that we have a long and rather complex day's work before us. I should be glad, Lestrade, if you could make it convenient to meet us at Baker street at 6 o'clock this evening. Until then I should like to keep this photograph, found in the dead man's pocket. It is possible that I may have to ask your company and assistance upon a small company and assistance upon a small expedition which will have to be under-taken tonight, if my chain of reasoning should prove to be correct. Until then, good-bye and good luck!"
Sherlock Holmes and I walked to-

gether to the High street, where we stopped at the shop of Harding Broth-ers, whence the bust had been purers, whence the bust had been purchased. A young assistant informed us that Mr. Harding would be absent until after moon, and that he was himself a newcomer, who could give us no information. Holmes' face showed his disappointment and annoyance.

"Well, well, we can't expect to have it all our own way, Watson," he said, at last. "We must come back in the afternoon, if Mr. Harding will not be here until them. I am, as you have no

here until then. I am, as you have no doubt surmised, endeavoring to trace these busts to their source, in order to find if there is not something peculiar which may account for their remarkable fate. Let us make for Mr. Morse Hudson, of the Kennington road, and see if he can throw any light upon the

A drive of an hour brought us to the picture-dealer's establishment. He was a small, stout man with a red face and

a peppery manner.

"Yes, sir. On my very counter, sir." said he. "What we pay rates and taxes for I don't know, when any rutfian can come in and break one's goods fian can come in and break one's goods. Yes, sir, it was I who sold Dr. Barnicot his two statues. Disgraceful, sir! A Nihillet plot—that's what I make it. No one but an anarchist would go about breaking statues. Red republicans—that's what I call 'em. Who did I get the statues from? I don't see I get the statues from? I don't see what that has to do with it. Well, if you really want to know, I got them from Gelder & Co. in Church street, Stepney. They are a well-known house in the trade, and have been this 20 years. How many had 17 Three-two and one are three-two of Dr. Barnicot's, and one smashed in broad daylight on my own counter. Do I know that photograph? No. I don't. Yes, I do, though. Why, it's Beppo. He was a kind of Italian plece-work man, who made himself useful in the shop. He could carve a bit and gild and frame, and do odd jobs. The fellow left me last week, and I've fellow left me last week, and I've heard nothing of him since. No, I don't know where he came from nor where he went to. I had nothing against him while he was here. He was gone two days before the bust was smashed.

"Well, that's all we could reasonably expect from Morse Hudson," said Holmes, as we emerged from the shop. "We have this Beppo as a common fac-tor, both in Kennington and in Ken sington, so that is worth a ten-mile drive. Now, Watson, let us make for Gelder & Company, of Stepney, the source and origin of the busts. I shall be surprised if we don't get some help

In rapid success we passed through the fringe of fashionable London, Ho-tel London, theatrical London, literary London, commercial London and, finally, maritime London, till we came to a riverside city of 100,000 souls, where



the tenement-houses swelter and reck with the outcasts of Europe. Here in a broad thoroughfare, once the abode of wealthy city merchants, we found the sculpture works for which we searched. Outside was a considerable yard full of monumental masonry. Inside was a large room in which 50 there were the staff? Yes, sir, we have severable and cleaners. I dare say hey might get a people at that salesbook if they wanted to. There is no particular reason for keeping a watch upon that book. Well, and in it we drove to a spot at the other side of Hammersmith Bridge. Inside was a large room in which 50 workers were carving or molding. The manager, a big blonde German, received us civilly, and gave a clear anceived us civilly, and gave a clear answer to all Holmes' questions. A reference to his books showed that hundreds of casts had been taken from a marble copy of Devine's head of Napoleon, but that the three which had been sent to Morse Hudson a year or so before had been half of a batch of six, the other three being sent to Harding Brothers, of Kensington. There was no reason why those six should be different to any of the other casts. He could suggest no possible cause why anyone should wish to destroy them—in fact, he laughed at the

well, it's a very strange business, and I hope that you will let me know if anything comes of your inquiAes."
Holmes had taken several notes during Mr. Harding's evidence, and I could see that he was thoroughly satisfied by the turn which affairs were taking. He made no remark, however, save that, unless we hurried, we should be late for our appointment with Lestrade. Sure enough, when we reached trade. Sure enough, when we reached Baker street the detective was already there, and we found him pacing up and down in a fever of impatience. His look of importance showed that his day's work had not been in vain. "Well?" he asked. "What luck, Mr.

"We have had a very busy day, and

BUTYDEFORE WE COULD MOVE THE MAN HAD EMERGED AGAIN.

idea. shillings, but the retailer would get 12 or, more. The cast was taken in two molds from each side of the face, and molds from each side of the face, and then these two profiles of plaster of Paris were joined together to make the complete bust. The work was usually done by Italians, in the room we were in. When finished, the busts were put on a table in the passage to dry, and afterwards stored. That was all he could tall us.

all he could tell us.

But the production of the photograph had a remarkable effect upon the manager. His face flushed with anger, and his brows knotted over his

Teufonic eyes. Teufonic eyes.

"Ah, the rascal!" he cried. "Yes, indeed, I know him very well. This has always been a respectable establishment, and the only time that we have ever had the police in it was over this very fellow. It was more than a year ago now. He knifed another Italian in the street, and then he came to the works with the police on his heels, and he was taken here. Beppo was his he was taken here. Beppo was his name—his second name I never knew. Serve me right for engaging a man with such a face. But he was a good workman—one of the best."

"What did he get?"

"The man lived and he got off with a year. I have no doubt he is out now, but he has not dared to show his nose here. We have a cousin of his here, and I dare say he could tell you where he is."
"No, no," cried Holmes, "not a word

to the cousin-not a word, I beg of you The matter is very important, and the farther I go with it, the more important it seems to grow. When you re-ferred in your ledger to the sale of those casts I observed that the date was June 3 of last year. Could you give me the date when Beppo was ar "I could fell you roughly by the pay

"I could tell you roughly by the pay list," the manager answered. "Yes," he continued, after some turning over of pages, "he was paid last on May 20th."
"Thank you," said Holmes. "I don't think that I need intrude upon your time and patience any more." With a last word of caution that he should say nothing as to our researches, we turned our faces westward once more.

The afternoon was far advanced before we were able to snatch a hasty luncheon at a restaurant. A news-bill at the entrance announced "Kensington Outrage. Murder by a Madman, and the contents of the paper showed that Mr. Horsee Harker had got his ac-

that Mr. Horace Harker had got his ac-count into print, after all. Two col-umns were occupied with a highly-senumns were occupied with a nighty-sen-sational and flowery rendering of the whole incident. Holmes propped it against the cruet-stand and read it while he atc. Once or twice he

"This is all right, Watson," said he.
"Listen to this: "It is satisfactory to
know that there can be no difference of know that there can be no difference of opinion upon this case, since Mr. Lestrade one of the most experienced members of the official fores, and Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the well-known consulting expert, have each come to the conclusion that the grotesque series of incidents, which have ended in so tragic a fashion, arise from lunacy, rather than from deliberate crime. No explanation, save mental aberration, can cover the facts. The Press, Watson, is a most valuable institution, if you only know how to use it. And new, if you a most valuable institution, if you only know how to use it. And now, if you have quite finished, we will hark back to Kensington, and see what the manager of Harding Brothers has to say on

The founder of that great emporium proved to be a brisk, crisp little person, very dapper and quick, with a clear head and a ready tongue.

eyes, but he said nothing to either of us as to the result of his researches. For my own part I had followed step by step the methods by which he had traced the various windings of this complex case, and, though I could not yet perceive the goal which we would reach, I understood clearly that holms expected this grotesque criminal to make an attempt upon the two remaining busis, one of which I remembered, was at Chiswick. No done to Mr. Sandeford, of Lower Grove Road, Reading. No, I have never seen this face which you show me in the photograph. You would hardly forget it, would you, sir, for Eve seldom seen an uglier, have we any Italians.

Their wholesale price was six | not entirely a wasted one," my friend explained. "We have seen both the retailer. The cast was taken in two facturers. I can trace each of the face, and

busts now from the beginning."
"The busts!" cried Lestrade. "Well, well, you have your own methods, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and it is not for me to say a word against them, but I think I have done a better day's work than you. I have identified the dead man.

"You don't say so?"
"And found a cause for the crime." "Splendid!"

"We have an inspector who makes a speciality of Saffron Hill and the Italian Quarter. Well, this dead man had some Catholic emblem round his neck, and that, along with his color, made me think he was from the South Inspector Hill knew him the moment he caught sight of him. His name is Pietro Venucci, from Naples, and he is one of the greatest cut-throats in London. He is connected with Mafia, which, as you know, is a secret political society, enforcing its de erees by murder. Now, you see how the affair begins to clear up. The other fellow is probably an Ita has broken the rules in some fashion Pietro is set upon his track. ably the photograph we found pocket is the man himself, so that he may not knife the wrong person. dogs the fellow, he sees him ent He enter house, he waits outside for him, an in the scuffle he receives his own death wound. How is that, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

Holmes clapped his hands approvingly "Excellent, Lestrade, excellent!" he cried. "But I didn't quite follow your explanation of the destruction of the

busts. "The busts! You never can get those The busts: You never can get those busts out of your head. After all, that is nothing; petty larceny, six months at the most. It is the murder that we are really investigating, and I tell you that I am gathering all the threads nto my hands.

"And the next stage?" "It is a very simple one. I shall go down with Hill to the Italian Quarter, find the man whose photograph we have got and arrest him on the charge of murder. Will you come with us?" "I think not. I fancy we can attain our end in a simpler way. I can't say for certain, because it all depends— well, it all depends upon a factor which is completely outside our control. But I have great hopes—in fact, the bet-ting is exactly two to one—that if you will come with us tonight I shall ting is be able to help you to lay him by the

"In the Italian Quarter?"
"No, I fancy Chiswick is an address which is more likely to find him. If you will come with me to Chiswick tonight, Lestrade, I'll promise to go to the Italian Quarter with you tomorto the Italian Quarter with you tomorrow, and no harm will be done by the
delay. And now I think that a few
hours' sleep would do us all good, for
I do not propose to leave before 11
o'clock, and it is unlikely that we shall
be back before morning. You'll dine
with us, Lestrade, and then you are
welcome to the sofa until it is time for
the start. In the meantime, Watson. welcome to the sora unit it is time too us to start. In the meantime, Watson, I should be glad if you would ring for an express messenger, for I have a letter to send, and it is important that it should go at once."

Holmes spent the evening in rumthe files of the old daily

maging among the files of the old daily papers with which one of our lumber-rooms was packed. When at last he rooms was packed. When at last he descended it was with triumph in his eyes, but he said nothing to either of us as to the result of his researches. For my own part I had followed step by step the methods by which he had traced the various windings of this complex case, and, though I could not the results in the meal which we would

Here the cabman was directed to walt. A short walk brought us to a secluded road fringed with pleasant houses, each standing in its own grounds. In the light of a street lamp we read "Laburnum Villa" upon the gatepost of one of them. The occufor all was dark save for a fanlight over the hall door, which shed a single blurred circle on to the garden path. The wooden fence which separated the

The wooden fence which separated the grounds from the road threw a dense black shadow upon the inner side, and here it was that we crouched.

"I fear that you'll have a long wait," Holmes whispered. "We may thank our stars that it is not raining. I don't think we can even venture to smoke to pass the time. However, it's a two-to-one chance that we get something to pay us for our trouble."

It proved, however, that our vigil

It proved, however, that our vigil was not to be so long as Holmes had led us to fear, and it ended in a very sudden and singular fashion. In an instant, without the least sound to warn us of his coming, the garden gate swung open, and a lithe, dark figure, as swift and active as an ape, rushed up the garden path. We saw it rushed up the garden path. We saw it whisk past the light thrown from over the door and disappear against the black shadow of the house. There was a long pause, during which we held our breath, and then a very gentle creaking sound came to our ears. The window was being opened. The noise ceased, and again there was a long silence. The fellow was making his way into the house. We saw the sudden flash of a dark lantern inside the room. What he sought was evidently not there, for again we saw the flash through another blind, and then through another. through another.

"Let uns get to the open window. We will nab him as he climbs out," Lestrade whispered.

But before we could move, the man had emerged again. As he came out into the glimmering patch of light, we saw that he carried something white under his arm. He looked stealthily all around him. The silence of the deserted street reassured him. Turning his back upon us, he laid down his burden, and the next instant there was the sound of a sharp tap, followed by a clatter and rattle. The man was so intent upon what he was doing that he never heard our steps as we stole across the grass plot. With the bound of a tiger Holmes was on his back, and an instant later Lestrade and I had and an instant later bestrate and 1 had him by either wrist and the handcuffs had been fastened. As we turned him over I saw a hideous, sallow face, with writhing, furious features, glaring up at us, and I knew that it was indeed the man of the photograph

whom we had secured.

But it was not our prisoner to whom But it was not our prisoner to whom Holmes was giving his attention. Squatted on the doorsten, he was engaged in most carefully examining that which the man had brought from that which the man had brought from the house. It was a bust of Napoleon, like the one which we had seen that morning, and it had been broken into similar fragments. Carefully Holmes held each separate shard to the light, but in no way did it differ from any other shattered plece of plaster. He had just completed his examination when the hall lights flew up, the door opened, and the owner of the house, a joylal, rotund figure in shirt and trousers, presented himself. "Mr. Josiah Brown, I suppose?" said

Yes, sir; and you, no doubt, are Mr. Sherlock Holmes? I had the note which you sent by the express mes-senger, and I did exactly what you We locked every told me. the inside and awaited developments. Well, I'm very glad to see that you have got the rascal. I hope, gentlemen, that you will come in and have some refreshments."

However, Lestrade was anxious to get his man into safe quarters, so within a few minutes our cab had been summoned and we were all four upon our way to London. Not a word would our captive say, but he glared at us from the shadow of his matted hair, and once, when my hand seemed within his reach, he snapped at it like a hungry wolf. We stayed long enough at the police station to learn that a search of his clothing revealed nothing save a few shillings and a long sheath knife, the handle of which bore co-plous traces of recent blood.

"That's all right," said Lestrade, as we parted. "Hill knows all these gen-try, and he will give name to him. You'll find that my theory of the Mafia will work out all right. But I'm sure I am exceedingly obliged to you. Mr. Holmes, for the workmanlike way in which you laid hands upon him. I don't quite understand it all yet."

"I fear it is rather too late an hour for explanation," said Holmes. "Be-sides, there are one or two details which are not finished off, and it is which are not limited off, and it is one of those cases which are worth working out to the very end. If you will come round once more to my rooms at 6 o'clock tomorrow I think I shall be shall to the property of the control of the shall be able to show you that even now you have not grasped the entire meaning of this business, which pre-sents some features which make it absents some teatures which make it ab-solutely original in the history of crime. If ever I permit you to chron-icle any more of my little problems, Watson, I foresee that you will en-liven your pages by an account of the singular adventure of the Napoleonic busts." When we met again, next evening,

When we met again, heat evening, Lestrade was furnished with much information concerning our prisoner. His name, it appeared, was Beppo; second name unknown. He was a well-known, ne'er-do-well among the Ltalian cotons. He had once been a skifful only the second by the second and paper livered and paper livered and paper livered. culptor and had earned an honest livsculptor and had earned an honest liv-ing, but he had taken to evil courses and had twice already been in gaol-once for a petty theft and once, as we had already heard, for stabbing a fellow countryman. He could talk Eng-lish perfectly well. His reasons for destroying the busts were still unknown, and he refused to answer any questions upon the subject, but the police had discovered that these same busts might very well have been made by his own hands, since he was engaged in this class of work at the establishment of Gelder & Co. To all this in-formation, much of which we already knew. Holmes listened with polite at tention, but I, who knew him so well could clearly see that his thoughts were elsewhere, and I detected a mixture of mingled uneasiness and expectation beneath that mask which he was wont to assume. At last he started in his chair, and his eyes brightened. There had been a ring at the bell. A minute later we heard steps upon the stairs and an elderly, red-faced man with grizzled side-whiskers was ushered in. In his right hand he car-

(Concluded on Page 7.)