

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER V.

Our Advertisement Brings a Visitor.

My morning's exertions had been too much for my weak health, and I was tired out in the afternoon.

After Holmes' departure for the concert, I lay down upon the sofa and endeavored to get a couple of hours' sleep. It was a useless attempt.

My mind had been so much excited by all that had occurred and the strangest fancies and surmises crowded into it.

Every time that I closed my eyes I saw before me the distorted, baboon-like countenance of the murdered man.

So sinister was the impression which that face produced upon me that I found it difficult to feel anything but gratitude for him who had removed its owner from the world.

If ever human features bespoke vice of the most malignant type, they were certainly those of Enoch J. Drebbler, of Cleveland.

Still, I recognized that justice must be done, and that the depravity of the victim was no condemnation in the eyes of the law.

The more I thought of it the more extraordinary did my companion's hypothesis, that the man had been poisoned, appear.

I remembered how he had sniffed his lips and had no doubt that he had detected something which had given rise to the idea.

Then, again, if not poison, what had caused the man's death, since there was neither wound nor mark of strangulation?

But, on the other hand, whose blood was that which lay so thickly upon the floor? There were no signs of a struggle, nor had the victim any weapon with which he might have wounded an antagonist.

As long as all these questions were unsolved I felt that sleep would be no easy matter, either for Holmes or myself.

His quiet, self-confident manner convinced me that he had already formed a theory which explained all the facts, though what it was I could not for an instant conjecture.

He was very late in returning—so late that I knew that the concert could not have detained him all the time. Dinner was on the table before he appeared.

"It was magnificent," he said, as he took his seat. "Do you remember what Darwin says about music? He claims that the power of producing and appreciating it existed among the human race long before the power of speech was arrived at. Perhaps that is why we are so subtly influenced by it. There are vague memories in our souls of those misty centuries when the world was in its childhood."

"That's rather a broad idea," I remarked.

"One's ideas must be as broad as Nature if they are to interpret Nature," he answered. "What's the matter? You're not looking quite yourself. This Brixton road affair has upset you."

"To tell the truth, it has," I said. "I ought to be more case-hardened after my Afghan experiences. I saw my own comrades hacked to pieces at Malwand without losing my nerve."

"I can understand. There is a mystery about this which stimulates the imagination; where there is no imagination there is no horror. Have you seen the evening paper?"

"No."

"It gives a fairly good account of the affair. It does not mention the fact that when the man was raised up a woman's wedding ring fell upon the floor. It is just as well it does not."

"Why?"

"Look at this advertisement," he answered. "I had one sent to every paper this morning immediately after the affair."

He threw the paper across to me, and I glanced at the place indicated. It was the first advertisement in the "Found" column.

"In Brixton road," it ran, "a plain gold wedding ring, found in the roadway between the White Hart Tavern and Holland Grove. Apply Dr. Watson, 251B Baker street, between 8 and 9 this evening."

"Excuse me using your name," he said. "If I used my own some of these dunderheads would recognize it, and want to meddle in the affair."

"That is all right," I answered. "But supposing any one applies, I have no ring."

"Oh, yes, you have," said he, handing me one. "The will do very well. It is almost a fac-simile."

"And who do you expect will answer this advertisement?"

"Why, the man in the brown coat—our friend with the square toes. If he does not come himself he will send an accomplice."

"Would he not consider it as too dangerous?"

"Not at all. If my view of the case is correct, and I have every reason to believe that it is, this man would rather risk anything than lose the ring. According to my notion he dropped it while stooping over Drebbler's body, and did not miss it at the time. After leaving the house he discovered his loss and hurried back, but found the police already in possession, owing to his own folly in leaving the candle burning. He had to pretend to be drunk in order to allay the suspicions which might have been aroused by his appearance at the gate. Now put yourself in that man's place. On thinking the matter over, it must have occurred to him that it was possible that he had lost the ring in the road after leaving the house. What would he do then? He would eagerly look out for the evening papers, in the hope of seeing it among the articles found. His eye, of course, would light upon this. He would be overjoyed. Why should he fear a trap? There would be no reason, in his eyes, why the finding of the ring should be connected with the murder. He would come. He will come. You shall see him within an hour."

"Oh, then?" I asked.

"Oh, you can leave me to deal with him then. Have you any arms?"

"I have my old service revolver and a few cartridges."

"You had better clean it and load it. He will be just as likely to connect with me as he will be with you."

I went to my bedroom and followed his advice. When I returned with the pistol the table had been cleared, and Holmes was engaged in his favorite occupation of scraping upon his violin.

"The plot thickens," he said, as I entered. "I have just had an answer to my American telegram. My view of the case is the correct one."

"And that is?" I asked, eagerly.

"My fiddle would be the better for new strings," he remarked. "Put your pistol in your pocket. When the fellow comes, speak to him in an ordinary way. Leave the rest to me. Don't frighten him by looking at him too hard."

"It is 8 o'clock now," I said, glancing at my watch.

"Yes; he will probably be here in a few minutes. Open the door slightly. That will do. Now put the key on the inside. Thank you! This is a queer old book I picked up at a stall yesterday—'De Jure Inter Gentes'—published in Latin at Leyde in the Lowlands in 1642. Charles' head was still firm on his shoulders when this little book was written, and he was struck off."

"Who is the printer?"

"Phillippe de Crov, whoever he may have been. On the fly-leaf, in very faded ink, is written 'Ex libris Guilloum Whyte.' I wonder who William Whyte was? Some pragmatical seventeenth century lawyer, I presume. His writing has a legal twist about it. Here comes our man, I think."

As he spoke there was a sharp ring at the bell. Sherlock Holmes rose softly and moved his chair in the direction of the door.

We heard the servant pass along the hall, and the sharp click of the latch as she opened it.

"Does Doctor Watson live here?" asked a clear but rather harsh voice. We could not hear the servant's reply, but the door closed, and some one began to ascend the steps.

The footfall was an uncertain and shuffling one. A look of surprise passed over the face of my companion as he listened to it.

It came slowly along the passage, and there was a feeble tap at the door.

"Come in!" I cried.

At my summons, instead of the man of violence whom we expected, a very old and wrinkled woman hobbled into the apartment.

She appeared to be dazzled by the sudden blaze of light, and after dropping a courtesy, she stood blinking at us with her bleared eyes and fumbling in her pocket with nervous, shaky fingers.

I glanced at my companion, and his face had assumed such a disconcerted expression that it was all I could do to keep my countenance.

The old crows drew out an evening paper, and pointed at our advertisement.

"It's this as has brought me, good gentlemen," she said, dropping another courtesy; "a gold wedding ring in the Brixton road. It belongs to my girl, Sally, as was married only this time twelvemonth, which her husband is steward aboard a Union boat, and what he'd say if he come 'ome and found her without her ring is more than I can think he being short enough at the best o' times, but more especially when he has the drink. If it pleases you, she went to the circus last night along with—"

"Is that her ring?" I asked.

"The Lord be thanked!" cried the old woman. "Sally will be a glad woman this night. That's the ring."

"And what may your address be?" I inquired, taking up a pencil.

"13 Duncan street, Houndsditch. A weary way from here."

"The Brixton road does not lie between any circus and Houndsditch," said Sherlock Holmes, sharply.

The old woman faced around and looked keenly at him from her little red-rimmed eyes.

"The gentleman asked me for my address," she said. "Sally lives in lodgings at 3 Mayfield place, Peckham."

"And your name is—"

"My name is Sawyer—hers is Dennis, which Tom Dennis married here—and a smart, clean lad, too, as long as he's at sea, and no steward in the company more thoughtful; but when on shore, what with the women and what with liquor shops—"

"Here is your ring, Mrs. Sawyer," I interrupted in obedience to a sign from my companion; "it clearly belongs to your daughter, and I am glad to be able to restore it to the rightful owner."

With many mumbled blessings and protestations of gratitude, the old crows packed it away in her pocket, and shuffled off down the stairs.

Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet the moment she was gone and rushed into his room.

He returned in a few seconds enveloped in an ulster and a cravat.

"I'll follow her," he said, hurriedly; "she must be an accomplice, and will lead me to him. Wait up for me."

The hall door had hardly slammed behind our visitor before Holmes had descended the stairs.

Looking through the window, I could see her walking feebly along the other side, while her pursuer dogged her some little distance behind.

"Either his whole theory is incorrect," I thought to myself, "or else he will be led now to the heart of the mystery."

There was no need for him to ask me to wait up for him, for I felt that sleep was impossible until I heard the result of his adventure.

It was close upon nine when he set out. I had no idea how long he might be, but I sat stolidly puffing at my pipe and skipping over the pages of Henri Murger's "Vie de Boheme."

Ten o'clock passed, and I heard the footsteps of the maids as they patrolled off to bed. Eleven and the more stately tread of the landlady passed my door, bound for the same destination.

It was close upon twelve before I heard the sharp sound of his latchkey. The instant he entered I saw by his face that he had not been successful.

Amusement and chagrin seemed to be struggling for the mastery, until the former suddenly carried the day, and he burst into a hearty laugh.

"I wouldn't have the Scotland Yarders know it for the world," he cried, dropping into a chair. "I have chaffed them so much that they would never have let me hear the end of it. I can afford to laugh, because I know that I will be even with them in the long run."

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't mind telling a story about myself. That creature had some little way when she began to limp and showed every sign of being footsore. Presently she came to a halt and halted a four-wheeler which was passing. I managed to be so close to her as to hear the address, but I need not have been so anxious, for she sung it out loud enough to be heard at the other side of the street. 'Drive to 13 Duncan street, Houndsditch,' she cried. This begins to look genuine, I

thought, and having seen her safely inside, I perched myself behind. That's an art which every detective should be an expert at. Well, away we rattled, and never drew rein until we reached the street in question. I hopped off before we came to the door, and sidled down the street in an easy, lounging way. I saw the cab pull up. The driver jumped down, and I saw him open the door and stand expectantly. Nothing came out, though. When I reached him he was groping about frantically in the empty cab, and giving vent to the finest assorted collection of oaths that ever I listened to. There was no sign or trace of his passenger, and I fear it will be some time before he gets his fare. On inquiring at No. 13, I found that the house belonged to a respectable paper hanger, named Keswick, and that no one of the name of either Sawyer or Dennis had ever been heard of there."

"You don't mean to say," I cried, in amazement, "that that tottering, feeble old woman was able to get out of the cab while it was in motion, without either you or the driver seeing her?"

"Old woman be d—d!" said Sherlock Holmes, sharply. "We were the old women to be so taken in. It must be he, he was followed, no doubt, and used this means of giving me the slip. It shows that the man have been a young man, and an active one, too, besides being an incomparable actor. The get-up was inimitable. We are after it not as lonely as I imagined he was, but has friends who are ready to risk something for him. Now, doctor, you are looking done up. Take my advice and turn in."

I was certainly feeling very weary, so I obeyed his injunction.

I left Holmes seated in front of the smoldering fire, and long into the watches of the night I heard the low, melancholy wailings of his violin, and knew that he was still pondering over the strange problem which he had set himself to unravel.

(To be continued.)

OBEYED ORDERS AND WON

Incident of the Civil War That Shows the Value of Unquestioning Discipline.

As an illustration of the idea of obedience and discipline inculcated in the West Point cadets, James Barnes tells a story full of significance, says the Chicago Chronicle.

During the war in the sixties a young officer once reported to a volunteer brigadier that he had orders from division headquarters to take a battery that held the top of a sweeping slope on the front of the Confederate line, the shells from which were playing havoc with the Union infantry that were deploying through a wooded ravine.

"What!" exclaimed the volunteer brigadier, "are you going to try to take those guns with cavalry? Impossible! You can't do it."

"Oh, yes, I can, sir," was the reply; "I've got the orders in my pocket."

This West Pointer did not doubt in the least what he was going to do, nor his capacity, and, strange to say, he did it, for, advancing at a charge suddenly from the wood across the open ground he took the battery in the flank before they could change effectually the position of the guns, and he brought them back with him.

LAND OF MANY WONDERS

Galapagos Islands Contain Seemingly No End of Minerals.

Captain Richard Nye, who was one of those on the steamer W. S. Phelps, tells of many wonders of the Galapagos islands, which that vessel visited. In an interview at San Francisco he said:

"The islands are as full of minerals as a shed is of bones. On Albemarle there is an extinct crater, miles in diameter, in which there is in sight 400,000 tons of pure sulphur. The crater is about ten miles inland and a tramway will be necessary for transportation to the coast, but this should be a small matter considering the possible profit."

"One of the queer things in Albemarle is that it is overrun with wild dogs. The animals are a mongrel breed and were left on the island by whalers. The dogs have become wild and extremely vicious. They are wolflike in their habits and run in droves."

Captain Nye also tells of a remarkable lake on the island of Chatham at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. This lake, according to the captain, rises and falls with the tide, and no sounding line has ever reached its bottom. Many relics of an ancient race were found.

Just Around the Corner.

A tall, green sort of a well-dressed individual walked into an East End place the other day, where they were talking politics in a high key, and, stretching himself up to his full height, exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Where are the Socialists? Show me a socialist, gentlemen, and I'll show you a liar!"

In an instant a man stood before the inquirer in a warlike attitude and exclaimed:

"I am a Socialist, sir."

"You are?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Well, sir, just step around the corner with me, and I'll show you a fellow who said I couldn't find a Socialist. Ain't he a liar, I should like to know?"

Chance for a Divorce.

He—I understand young Simkins and his wife are not living happily together.

She—What seems to be the trouble?

He—Incompatibility of temper.

She—Which is it at fault?

He—Both. He furnishes the incompatibility and she supplies the temper.

Her System.

She—Yes, she lets him have her own way in everything.

City Editor—See here, in your obituary of this prominent club woman you say she "is a good wife." You mean "was," of course.

Reporter—No, I mean "is." Mr. Henpeck, her husband, told me if I wanted to be absolutely truthful that was the way to put it.—Philadelphia Press.

FAINTING LESS COMMON.

Outdoor Exercises Regarded as in a Large Measure Responsible.

It is a curious fact, of general remark and observed not by physicians only, that fainting is less common than it used to be. It is rare that one sees a woman carried out of church or a theater, yet forty years ago it was a matter of such common occurrence as barely to excite remark. This is due in very great measure to the outdoor life young women lead in those days of tennis and golf and other sports. The heart and the circulation are strengthened by exercise in the open air, and it takes a greater shock to disorder the blood balance in the body of the modern woman than it did in that of her grandmother.

The habit of fainting is not so much a sign of weak heart as it is of an excitable circulation. It is caused by an amount of the brain resulting from a dilatation of the blood vessels of the body and the consequent flow into them of the entire mass of blood. This absence of blood from the brain arrests the action of the heart and produces loss of consciousness. It is probable that the heart does not stop beating entirely, but it acts so feebly that no pulse can be felt.

Alarming as a fainting spell may be, it is very seldom indeed when the heart is not actually diseased that a person dies in one. Women are more liable to faint than men, but there are few even of the latter who have not at some time during their lives experienced at least a faint feeling, if not an actual loss of consciousness.

In the case of a fainting fit, the first thing to do is to lay the person flat on the back, if possible with the head lower than the feet, and then to loosen all the clothing. Vigorous fanning and sprinkling the face with cold water will help to equalize the circulation. Burning a feather upon the nose is sometimes of service. Smelling salts may be used, but ammonia water is inadvisable, for the person may suddenly take a deep breath and inhale a powerful dose of the pungent gas. Brandy and all other alcoholic stimulants will do more harm than good.

Persons who are subject to fainting spells should avoid hot rooms and hot baths, stimulants of all kinds—strong tea and coffee as well as alcohol—and food of an indigestible nature.—Youth's Companion.

What a Barber Sees.

"In the good old days," said a West End barber to F. W. the other day, "no body was in a hurry. A man took all day for a bath and a haircut, and expected entertainment thrown in with the towels and the lather. In those days the barber talked to kill time, but nowadays time kills all talk."

"Smooth faces are on the increase. A man cannot keep his secrets behind a smooth face, and it is a mystery to me, therefore, why nearly everybody is shaving, seeing that half the world is laying itself out to cheat the other half. A beard covers unpleasant looking facial lines, an agreeable fact which ought to fit in with the tastes of the majority of business men, but it doesn't, somehow."

A clean-shaven man is usually good and handsome. That has always been my experience. But the man who has the right to a smooth face is he with a fine, strong chin and clean-cut lips and good teeth and honest eyes; on the other hand, men with receding chins and weak upper lips and projecting teeth and ugly lines at the corner of the mouth ought to be required by law to grow either a mustache or a beard, or both. A few years ago it was only actors and waiters, coachmen and footmen, who affected the shaven face, but the present universal fashion no doubt took root some years ago when barbers first commenced to shave.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Cause of Grief.

Major John Burke, avant-courier of Buffalo Bill's Wild West exhibition and one of the picturesque appearances of that venture, told a party of Philadelphia during the recent local visit of the show an anecdote concerning two doughty old Indian chiefs who were present at the officers' dinner in one of the frontier forts. Both chiefs had ugly records, but possessed the respect of the officers as brave fighters, and were known as men of influence on the reservation. One of the pair was attracted by the bright yellow of a pot of freshly mixed English mustard, and motioned to the waiter to pass it. He took a tablespoonful and put it into his mouth. Then his face set, his teeth were clenched in agony, and the tears welled from his eyes and down his cheeks in a torrent. Without a word he passed the pot to his fellow red man, nodding approvingly to indicate that it was good to the taste.

"Why does the chief cry?" he was asked by his friend, who noted the tears suffusing his cheeks.

"I cry," he replied, "because my grandfather is not here to enjoy the feast."

A second spoonful went into the mouth of the other red man, and with similar effect.

"And why do you cry?" asked the first, as he noted the tears with vengeful satisfaction.

"I cry," said his friend, "for that you did not die when your brave grandfather died!"—Philadelphia Times.

The First Flag Made by Betsy Ross.

Adopted by Congress June 14, 1777. The Flag as Altered in 1795, when Kentucky and Vermont were Admitted.

Kentucky were taken into the Union, it was decided to arrange the stars in the form of one huge constellation.

In 1795 it was decided to add a stripe as well as a star for each State which came into the Union, consequently in that year Vermont and Kentucky were marked on the flag, one by a white and the other by a red stripe; but some wise prophet, looking ahead some twenty or more years, saw this plan of adding a stripe as well as a star for each State added to the Union would mean a constant changing of the flag, which would, in a few years, become so large and ungainly that its beauty would be lost. A committee in 1812 was elected by Congress to decide upon a permanent design for the flag, and the result was that the original thirteen stripes were again used, the stars arranged on the blue field in the form of a square, with one constellation for each new State. In 1818 this plan was formally adopted by Congress, and the flag, with its thirteen stripes and stars corresponding in number to the States in the Union, became the established emblem of the United States of America.

Although the United States is one of the youngest nations of the world, its flag is one of the oldest among the powers. The country's standard, with its thirteen stars and stripes, which was first unfurled June 14, 1777, has remained practically unchanged through the progress and growth of the country of which it saw the birth. The star-spangled banner which now floats over Uncle Sam's possessions on lands

and seas, is unaltered, with the exception of the number and arrangement of the stars, from the one which Betsy Ross, at General Washington's request, made at her home, No. 239 Arch street, Philadelphia.

On the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1603, King James VI. of Scotland, ascended the throne of England, reigning as King James I., and in honor of the union of the Scottish and English Crowns he placed the white Cross of St. Andrew on the national flag, changing the field from white to blue. This union of the two crosses was called the "King's colors," or "Union" colors, and the first permanent settlement in what is now the United States were made under its protection, and the "King's colors" were generally unfurled by each new body of explorers who came from the Mother Country of the New World, until, in 1707 the Americans adopted the red flag, but added to it a device of their own in place of the crosses.

The device of a rattlesnake was popular among the colonists, and its origin as an American emblem is a curious feature in the national history. It has been stated that its use grew out of a humorous suggestion made by a writer in Franklin's paper—the Pennsylvania Gazette—that, in return for the wrongs which the British authorities of the time were forcing upon the American colonists, a cargo of rattlesnakes should be sent to the Mother Country and "distributed in St. James Park and other places of pleasure."

Colonel Gadsden, one of the Marine Committee, presented to Congress on the 8th of February, 1776, "an elegant standard, such as is to be used by the commander-in-chief of the American navy," being a yellow flag with a representation of a rattlesnake coiled for attack.

Another use for the rattlesnake was upon a ground of thirteen horizontal bars, alternate red and white, the snake extending diagonally across the stripes, and the lower white stripes bearing the motto: "Don't Tread on Me." The snake was always represented as having thirteen rattles. One of the favorite flags also was of white with a pine tree in the center. The words at the top were: "An Appeal to God," and underneath the snake were

the words: "Don't Tread on Me." Several of the companies of minute men adopted a similar flag, giving the name of their company, with the motto, "Liberty or Death."

Massachusetts clung to the pine tree as her symbol for some time. Trumbull, in his celebrated picture of the "Battle of Bunker Hill," which now hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, represents the red flag, white corner and green pine tree.

Governor Has Good Name.

Out in Idaho the people are not all wild and woolly. Not long ago the governor of the State visited the office of the surveyor general. This letter, which is now in the files of the Civil Service Commission in Washington, was sent to the governor by the staff in the office:

"Dear Governor: When your earthly course is done and you will reach the borders of Styx, still bearing aloft the love torch and the friendly and beneficent banner, the ancient ferryman will, we know, receive you with love and reverence and give you a safe transit with joy and thanksgiving.

"Rhadamantus will hail you with a glad 'Well done!' and escort you to the rose-embowered gateway of the fields Elysian.

"On golden hinges turning, the peary gates will swing wide open and blessed spirits uttering joy will bid you thrice welcome.

"Your countless friends cannot go all the way, dear governor, with you, as we are not all so worthy as thou, knight of nature's nobility, but we will try to imitate your example, except in what is inimitable, and shall hope to join you when we shall have had our fill of earth and its transitory blessings."

Wheels.

The earliest mention of wheels in the Bible is in Exodus xiv. 25, when the chariot-wheels of the Egyptians were "taken off by the Lord," although chariots are mentioned in Genesis xii. 43. But there were older nations than the Egyptians. The Chaldeans used chariots, and the Greeks are said to have had chariots at the siege of Troy, 1500 B. C. Probably in reality the wheel is about as early a piece of machinery as any now existing. Of course it has been developed, but the bicycle wheel of to-day is a direct descendant of the section of a log of wood used by the agricultural peoples thousands of years ago.

It is perhaps well to remind that girl whose parents are doing all they can to make her happy, and who is then despatched, that some day her happiest moment in life will be when the baby is asleep.



ONE hundred and twenty-five years ago, the American Congress, in session at Philadelphia resolved "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; the Union to be thirteen Stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation, the stars to be arranged in a circle."

There are many traditions about concerning the origin of this design, but one in which there is undoubtedly the most truth is that which credits the idea of the design to Washington. The general found in the coat-of-arms of his own family a hint from which he drew the design for the flag. The coat-of-arms of the Washington family was two red bars on a white ground, and three gilt stars above the top bar. The American flag, once decided upon, was rushed through in a hurry, for the army was badly in need of a standard.

Betsy Ross, of Philadelphia, enthusiastically undertook the work, and in a few days a beautiful star-spangled banner was ready to be unfurled. She had made one alteration in the design submitted by Washington. The General had made his star six pointed, as they were on his coat-of-arms; Betsy



Flag of the Colonies, Predecessor of the Stars and Stripes.

Ross made her stars with five points—and five points have been used ever since. For several years Mrs. Ross made the flags for the Government.

The first using of the stars, and stripes in military service, it is claimed, was at Fort Stanwix, renamed Fort Schuyler, now Rome, New York, 1777. August 2 of that year the fort was besieged by the British and Indians; the garrison was without a flag, but one was made in the fort. The red stripes were of a petticoat furnished by a woman, the white for stripes and stars was supplied by an officer, who gave his shirt for the purpose, and the blue was a piece of Colonel Peter Gansevoort's military cloak. Three women worked on the flag, and it was raised to victory on the 22d of August, when the redmen and the British were defeated at the fort.

The next record of the using of the Stars and Stripes is on the first anniversary of American Independence, Charleston, S. C., and other places, July 4, 1777. The banner was