

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

PART II.

The Country of the Saint.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Gregson, who had listened to this address with considerable impatience, could contain himself no longer.

"Look here, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, "we are all ready to acknowledge that you are a smart man, and that you have your own methods of working. We want something more than mere theory and preaching now, though. It is a case of taking the man. I have made my case out, and it seems I was wrong. Young Charpentier could not have been engaged in this second affair. Lestrade went after his man, Stangerson, and it appears that he was wrong, too. You have thrown out hints here and hints there, and seem to know more than we do, but the time has come when we feel that we have a right to ask you straight how much you do know of the business. Can you name the man who did it?"

"I cannot help feeling that Gregson is right, sir," remarked Lestrade. "We have both tried, and we have both failed. You have remarked more than once since I have been in the room that you had all the evidence which you require. Surely you will not withhold it any longer?"

"Any delay in arresting the assassin," I observed, "might give him time to perpetrate some fresh atrocity."

"Thus pressed by us all, Holmes showed signs of irresolution. He continued to walk up and down the room with his head sunk on his chest and his brows drawn down, as was his habit when lost in thought.

"There will be no more murders," he said, at last, stopping abruptly and facing us. "You can put that consideration out of the question. You have asked me if I know the name of the assassin. I do. The mere knowing of his name is a small thing, however, compared with the power of laying our hands upon him. This I expect very shortly to do. I have good hopes of managing it through my own arrangements; but it is a thing which needs delicate handling, for we have a shrewd and desperate man to deal with, who is supported, as I have had occasion to prove, by another who is as clever as himself. As long as this man has an idea that no one can have a clue, there is some chance of securing him; but if he had the slightest suspicion, he would change his name, and vanish in an instant among the four million inhabitants of this great city. Without meaning to hurt either of your feelings, I am bound to say that I consider these men to be more than a match for the official force, and that is why I have not asked your assistance. If I fall I shall, of course, incur all the blame due to this omission; but that I am ready to promise that the instant I can communicate with you without endangering my own combinations I shall do so."

Gregson and Lestrade seemed to be relieved and satisfied by this assurance, or by the deprecating allusion to the detective police.

The former had flushed up to the roots of his flaxen hair, while the other's beady eyes glistened with curiosity and resentment.

Neither of them had time to speak, however, before there was a tap at the door and the spokesman of the street Arab, young Wiggins, introduced his insignificant and unsavoury person.

"Please, sir," he said, touching his forelock, "I have the cab down stairs."

"Good boy," said Holmes, blandly. "Why don't you introduce this pattern at Scotland Yard?" he continued, taking a pair of steel handcuffs from a drawer. "See how beautifully they work. They fasten in an instant."

"The old pattern is good enough," remarked Lestrade. "If we can find the man to put them on."

"Very good, very good," said Holmes, smiling. "The cabman may as well help me with my boxes. Just ask him to step up, Wiggins."

"Just give me a help with this luggage," said Lestrade, kneeling over his task, and never turning his head.

"At that instant there was a sharp click, the jangling of metal, and Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet again. "Get into the cab," he cried, with flashing eyes, "let me introduce to you Mr. Jefferson Hope, the murderer of Enoch Drebber and Joseph Stangerson."

The whole thing occurred in a moment—so quickly that I had no time to realize it.

I have a vivid recollection of that instant, of Holmes' triumphant expression and the ring of his voice, of the cabman's dazed, averted face, as he glared at the glistening handcuffs, which had appeared as if by magic upon his wrists.

For a second or two we might have been a group of statues. Then, with an inarticulate roar of fury, the prisoner wrenched himself free from Holmes' grasp, and hurried himself through the doorway.

Woodwork and glass gave way before him; but before he got quite through Gregson, Lestrade and Holmes sprang upon him like so many staghounds.

He was dragged back into the room, and then commenced a terrific conflict. So powerful and so furious was he that the four of us were shaken off and again. He appeared to have the convulsive strength of a man in an epileptic fit.

His face and hands were terribly mangled by the passage through the glass, but loss of blood had no effect in diminishing his resistance.

It was not until Lestrade succeeded in getting his hand inside his neckcloth and half strangling him that we made him realize that his struggles were of no avail; and even then we felt no security until we had plied his feet as well as his hands. That done, we rose to our feet, breathless and panting.

"We have his cab," said Sherlock Holmes. "It will serve to take him to Scotland Yard. And now, gentlemen," he continued, with a pleasant smile, "we have reached the end of our little mystery. You are very welcome to put any questions that you like to me now, and there is no danger that I will refuse to answer them."

In the central portion of the great North American Continent there lies an arid and repulsive desert, which for many a long year served as a barrier against the advance of civilization.

From the Sierra Nevada to Nebraska, and from the Yellowstone river in the north to the Colorado along the south, is a region of desolation and since.

Now a nature always in one mood throughout this grim district. It comprises snow-capped and lofty mountains and dark gloomy valleys.

There are swiftly-flowing rivers which dash through jagged canyons; and there are enormous plains, which in winter are white with snow, and in summer are gray with the sailing alkali dust. They all preserve, however, the common characteristic of barrenness, inhospitability and misery.

There are no inhabitants of this land of despair.

A band of Pawnees or of Blackfeet may occasionally traverse it in order to reach other hunting grounds, but the hardest of the bravest are glad to lose sight of those awesome plains and to find themselves once more upon their prairies.

The coyote skulks among the scrub, the buzzard flaps heavily through the air, and the clumsy grizzly bear lumbers through the dark ravines, and picks up such sustenance as it can among the rocks. These are the sole dwellers in the wilderness.

In the whole world there can be no more dreary view than that of the northern slope of the Sierra Blanco.

As far as the eye can reach stretches the great flat plain, all dusted over with patches of alkali, and intersected by clumps of the dwarfish chaparral bushes.

On the extreme verge of the horizon lie a long chain of mountain peaks, with their rugged summits flecked with snow. In this great stretch of country there is no sign of life, nor of anything pertaining to life.

There is no bird in the steel-blue heaven, no movement upon the dull, gray earth—above all there is absolute silence. Listen as one may, there is no shadow of a sound in all that mighty wilderness; nothing but silence—complete and heart-subduing silence.

It has been said there is nothing pertaining to life upon the broad plain. That is hardly true.

Looking down from the Sierra Blanco, one sees a pathway traced out across the desert, which winds away and is lost in the extreme distance.

It is rutted with wheels and trodden down by the feet of many adventurers.

Here and there are scattered white objects which glisten in the sun and stand out against the dull deposit of alkali.

Approach and examine them! They are bones; some large and coarse, others smaller and more delicate. The former have belonged to oxen, the latter to men.

Fifty or a hundred miles one may trace this ghastly caravan route by these scattered remains of those who had fallen by the wayside.

Looking down on this very scene, there stood upon the 4th of May, 1847, a solitary traveler.

His appearance was such that he might have been the spirit of a demon or the devil of the region. An observer would have found it difficult to say whether he was nearer to forty or to sixty.

His face was lean and haggard, and the brown, parchment-like skin was drawn tightly over the projecting bones; his long, brown hair and beard were all matted and dashed with white; his eyes were sunken in his head, and burned with an unnatural luster, while the hand which grasped his rifle was hardly more fleshy than that of a skeleton.

As he stood, he leaned upon his weapon for support, and yet his tall figure and the massive framework of his bones suggested a wiry and vigorous constitution.

His gaunt face, however, and his clothes, which hung so baggily over his shriveled limbs, proclaimed what it was that gave him that senile and decrepit appearance.

He was dying—dying from hunger and from thirst.

He had told painfully down the ravine, and on to this little elevation, in the vain hope of seeing some signs of water.

Now the great salt plain stretched before his eyes, and the distant blot of savage mountains, without a sign anywhere of plant or tree which might indicate the presence of moisture.

In all that broad landscape there was no gleam of hope. North, and east, and west he looked with wild, questioning eyes, and then he realized that his wanderings had come to an end, and that there on that barren crag he was about to die.

"Why not here, as well as in a feather bed, twenty years hence," he muttered, as he seated himself in the shelter of a boulder.

Before sitting down, he had deposited upon the ground his useless rifle, and also a large bundle tied up in a gray shawl, which he had carried slung over his right shoulder.

It appeared to be somewhat too heavy for his strength, for, in lowering it, it came down on the ground with some little violence.

Instantly there broke from the gray parcel a little moaning cry, and from it there protruded a small, scared face, with very bright, brown eyes, and two little speckled, dimpled fists.

"No, there shan't nothing do it. You'll just see do be patient white and then you'll be all right. Put your head up again me, like that, and then you'll feel better. It ain't easy to talk when your lips are like leather, but I guess I'd best let you know how the cards lie. What's that you've got?"

"Frothy things," fine things," tried the little girl, enthusiastically, holding up two glittering fragments of mica.

"When we go back to home I'll give them to brother Bob."

"You'll see prettier things than them soon," said the man, confidently. "You just wait a bit. I was going to tell you, though—remember when we left the river?"

"Well, we reckoned we strike another river soon, I've seen. But there was something wrong; compasses or map, or something, and it didn't turn up. Water ran out. Just except a little drop for the likes of you and—"

"And you couldn't wash yourself," interrupted the girl, gravely, starting up at his grimy visage.

"No, no drink. And Mr. Bender, he was the first to go, and then Indian Pete, and then Mrs. McGregor, and then Johnny Hones, and then, dearie, your mother."

"Then mother's a deader too," cried the little girl, dropping her face in her pinafore and sobbing bitterly.

"Yes, they all went except you and me. Then I thought there was some chance of water in this direction, so I heaved you on my shoulder and we tramped it together. It don't seem as though we've improved matters. There's an almighty small chance for us now!"

"Do you mean that we are going to die, too?" asked the child, checking her sob, and raising her tear-stained face.

"I guess that's about the size of it." "Why didn't you say so before?" she said, laughing gleefully. "You gave me such a fright. Why, of course, now as long as we die we'll be with mother again."

"Yes, you will, dearie." "And you, too. I'll tell her how awful good you've been. I'll bet she meets us at the door of heaven with a big pitcher of water, and a lot of buckwheat cakes, hot, and toasted on both sides, like Bob and me was fond of."

"How long will it be?" "I don't know—not very long." The man's eyes were fixed on the northern horizon. In the blue vault of the heaven there appeared three little specks which increased in size every moment, so rapidly did they approach.

They speedily resolved themselves into three large brown birds, which circled over the heads of the two wanderers, and then settled upon some rocky which overlooked them.

They were buzzards, the vultures of the West, whose coming is the forerunner of death.

(To be continued.)

WENT HIM SOME BETTER.

Girl Improved on Excuse Offered by Her Little Brother.

Annie was late, and like a sensible child, she recognized the fact and stopped running. Not so Johnnie. He belonged to the class that never knows when he has enough of either joy or trouble, so he kept up his laborious trot until the school door was reached. There he leaned dejectedly and breathed heavily. Annie eyed him with a scorn that grew as she looked.

Later on they stood in the office looking like a set of illustrations for a new version of the "Lives of the Hmitted," and Johnny was talking. "I couldn't mean it," he sobbed. "It was me big sister Katie's fault. She made me eat three eggs, an' me mudder says I can't hold that much till I'm nine years old, and—"

"He would have babbled on indefinitely, the tears rolling off his fat, foolish little face, but the principal handed him his admission slip and turned to Annie. That young lady had a passion for acquisition, so without further ado she acquired Johnnie's excuse.

"I ate too many eggs, too, and it made me late," she explained.

"Indeed," said the principal, "and how many did you eat?"

Annie's lips curled scornfully as she remembered Johnnie and his miserable little three eggs.

"I ate seventy-four," she replied, blandly.—New York Evening Sun.

The Origin of "Windfall." Did you ever wonder why you called it so, when the wind had nothing at all to do with your good fortune? It was to the peasants in William the Conqueror's time that an actual windfall meant good luck. They were forbidden, under severe penalty, to cut a forest tree, but whatever the wind blew down was their own; hence their greatest fortune was a heavy wind storm and its consequent "fall." And hence the name we give our modern good luck.

What Alligators Eat.

More than once curious things have been found in the stomach of a shark, but never has such an extraordinary collection been found as was discovered recently in the stomach of an alligator. This alligator was killed in the Soudan, and was more than 12 feet in length. In its stomach were discovered eighty-five stones, several birds' claws, two human finger nails and three hoofs of a donkey, to one of which a piece of rope was attached.

Medals for First Volunteers.

Governor Crane, of Massachusetts, has signed the bill awarding a medal to every man from his state who went out in response to President Lincoln's first call for troops. The pen with which he signed the bill has been presented to President Pierce, of the "minute men of '61."

Baltimore to Honor Schley.

Baltimore is considering a plan of changing the name of its North avenue to Schley avenue, in honor of the rear admiral. The present name is no longer appropriate, the northern boundary of the city having extended far beyond that avenue.

Praises American Scenery.

Paul Linden declares in a recent magazine article that the deepest impression he had ever received on his travels in the new or old world was given by the Grand canyon of the Colorado river, in Arizona.

A Chinese Clarinet.

The sone, a Chinese clarinet, is the favorite instrument among the common people, especially at marriage and funeral entertainments. Its scale is from F to G above.

Uncle Sam's Puget Sound Navy Yard and Dry Docks

Administrative building and naval offices.

Navy Yard and Dry Docks. Marine barracks, with modern appointments and conveniences. Officers' quarters. Five fine residences for naval officials.

Buildings in process. Equipment, ordnance and other shops.

Considering the magnitude of the Station as it exists today, it seems almost impossible that it has all been accomplished in ten short years. The location was made in 1891, the first work commenced the year following. The very land enclosed in the station yards, was part of an original homestead entry made in October 1875, although the land, which had been "lumbered," had been entered upon for that purpose as early as 1858. This homestead was patented to one Williams

of the three ships first mentioned, there is yet considerable to be done to them in painting and overhauling of two of them, the Iowa having long departed, while the Philadelphia is expected to be made into a receiving ship, by the removal of one of her decks.

Bremerton, the city of the Station, is also, has its foundation of course in the labor employed, and the traffic of the Station and of its officers and managers. Suddenly rising to several thousand of population, the little city is struggling to keep pace with its own unexpected importance and growth, and fortunately is in the hands of enterprising men of high character, who are seized with the spirit and character of the enterprise that has come to them, and who evince a disposition to co-operate with the government purpose and to make their city a credit.

This is shown in the character of improvements, in street construction and all the municipal improvements as fast as undertaken. There is a water system already installed, by utilization of the fine streams of pure water, with sufficient head for fire protection, and on a scale for all future requirements.

The young city government keeps pace with the federal requirements and interests, in short there is that harmony and co-operation so desirable under the circumstances. Among other steps in this direction, the town is at present organizing a sailor's and Marine Club, after the manner of those clubs at Mare Island and Brooklyn, in the interest of improvement, and advantages for the seafaring employes when at the Station. Schools, churches, and society of the rising order are features of the young city of Port Orchard Bay, which also has that modern necessity the newspaper, the Weekly News, conducted by the Gale Brothers. This was established one year ago.

While the government authorities

who sold to William Bremer, from whom the government purchased the station tract of 86 acres, which was upon recommendation of two commissions, one of naval officers and one of civilians, Congress acting upon the report of those commissions, Bremerton City takes its name from its original land owner. No foot of the land where the station is was cleared until the government commenced it in the year 1891. Mr. Bremer had built a small dock, for the bay boats, which still stands a pioneer finger mark compared with the extensive docks of modern equipment and construction where now float the mightiest fighting machines of modern times.

It is not to be believed that the county seat is across the bay from the Naval Station, with no doubt as an ambition on the part of the Bremerton people, that some time in the near future Bremerton will be the capital of the county, as it has already become the commercial center. Farms are rapidly developing, and the fruit raising industry is expected to be large in all that region in the very near future.

Moreover, the people settling in the region are hardy, industrious and consequently thrifty people, that will soon set the mark of wealth and high character upon the region where Uncle Sam has placed so important national interests.

As to management, it is universal testimony that the government has made no mistake in the assignments of Commandant, and other administrative officers, who in the order of Commandant since opening of the Station have been, Lieutenant Wyckoff, Commander Morong, Capt. Whiting, Commander Green, Capt. Coghlan, and Capt. W. T. Burwell.

As to accessibility for the traveler and the visitor, as well as for commercial communication with Bremerton, it is easy, involving mere rail and delightful water trips from all coast and inland points. Portland, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and other Sound points. The visitor may ever feel sure of welcome, and that instruction and pleasure will reward the trip. Swift boats make hourly trips from Seattle and Tacoma while no more delightful trip could be found anywhere than the one trip by boat from Portland, while visitors from further down the Coast or Pacific tourists will never tire of the beauties of the Sound region. The St. James Hotel will never, from this time on, be without features of world-wide interest, being sure to have representations ever on hand of the mighty naval power of the United States, and thus, by comparison, at least, of that of the whole world, from diminutive torpedo boats up to the mightiest war machines the world has yet produced.

Other extensions covered in the recent appropriations of \$1,200,000, one of coal bunkers of 25,000 tons capacity, Bremerton being one of five such coaling stations ordered, the other four being San Diego, San Francisco, Sitka, and Dutch Harbor for the Pacific and Behring Sea. This coaling provision is now a necessity, but the future system for the Station is said by government officials to be to utilize the Lake Washington fresh water canal now under construction, ships running through that body of water directly up to the coal bunkers near the mines, and in going and coming clean their bottoms of barnacles, saving the scraping process in dry dock. The rolls of timber of present exceed 800 men, with the certainty of constant large increases as the works are extended.

The present works comprise the following: Drydock, the largest government dock in the United States.

Wharf and docks, largest and most complete on the Pacific Coast.

Brick and steel fire-proof construction and repair buildings.

Steam engineering building, with equipment.

Brick warehouse and store house.

Interior view of drydock unoccupied.

While the government authorities

have proceeded with increasing confidence, ever since the establishment of the Puget Sound Station 10 years ago, there has been no practical test on a large scale, until since the close of the Spanish war, and our sequestered and scarred battleships of the first class have reached the Station. First to come was the Iowa, followed by the Wisconsin and latterly the great Oregon after Santiago and her double base around the continent, with the Philadelphia as the latest comer. All these ships steamed in from the Pacific, up through the straits, and by the interior fastnesses, with probably no small misgivings. Arrived at the Station each and all have now been through the process of test of the facil-

ities for repair and overhauling, with the most complete satisfaction to all concerned. In maneuvering, docking, or what not, each and every feature has been a success. As to the Oregon, her broken plates, wrenched asunder when the ship was on the rocks in Asia, have been replaced with the ease that a skull would be handled by the ship's carpenter. The drydock thus first tested by these greatest of battle ships, proved adequate for even much larger vessels. All machinery and apparatus worked to a charm, so that this evidence, if needed, closes the chapter of approval for the Puget Sound Station. Besides the mechanical test, results have been equally satisfactory with respect to health of men, and attractive surroundings, in fact as to all other elements entering into the case.

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WHERE THE CRUST IS WEAK.

Volcanic Eruptions.

Portions of the Earth in Danger of Volcanic Eruptions. From north to south, mountains flank the whole of the western coast of America and Alaska, where more than one active volcano is to be found, from Cape Horn, the lines of weakness are clearly marked. One runs through the Cascade Mountains, down the Sierra Nevada