

# A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

## CHAPTER VI.

Our prisoner's furious resistance did not apparently indicate any ferocity in his disposition toward ourselves, for on finding himself powerless he smiled in an affable manner and expressed his hopes that he had not hurt any of us in the scuffle.

"I guess you're going to take me to the police station," he remarked to Sherlock Holmes. "My cab's at the door. If you'll loose my legs I'll walk down to it. I'm not so light to lift as I used to be."

He rose and stretched his legs, as though to assure himself that they were free once more.

"If there's a vacant place for a chief of the police, I reckon you are the man for it," he said, smiling with undisguised admiration at my fellow-lodger. "The way you kept on my trail was a caution."

"You had better come with me," said Holmes to the two detectives.

"I can drive you," said Lestrade.

"Good!" and Gregson can come inside with me. You, too, doctor, you have taken an interest in the case, and may as well stick to us."

I assented gladly, and we all descended together. Our prisoner made no attempt to escape, but stepped calmly into the cab which had been his, and we followed him. Lestrade mounted the box, whipped up the horse and brought us in a very short time to our destination.

We were ushered into a small chamber, where a police inspector noted down our prisoner's name and the names of the men with whose murder he had been charged.

The official was a white-faced, unemotional man, who went through his duties in a dull, mechanical way.

"The prisoner will be put before the magistrates in the course of the week," he said. "In the meantime, Mr. Jefferson Hope, have you anything that you wish to say? I must warn you that your words will be taken down and may be used against you."

"I've got a good deal to say," our prisoner said slowly. "I want to tell you gentlemen all about it."

"Hadn't you better reserve that for your trial?" asked the inspector.

"I may never be tried," he answered. "You needn't look startled. It isn't suicide I am thinking of. Are you a doctor?"

He turned his fierce dark eyes upon me as he asked this last question.

"Yes, I am," I answered.

"Then put your hand here," he said, with a smile, motioning with his hand toward his chest.

"I did so, and became at once conscious of an extraordinary throbbing and commotion which was going on inside.

In the silence of the room I could hear a dull humming and buzzing which proceeded from the same source.

"Why," I cried, "you have an aortic aneurism!"

"That's what they call it," he said, placidly. "I went to a doctor last week about it, and he told me that it was bound to burst before many days passed. It has been getting worse for years. I got it from over-exposure and under-feeding in the Salt Lake mountains. I've done my work now, and I don't care how soon I should like to leave some account of the business behind me. I don't want to be remembered as a common cut-throat."

The inspector and the two detectives had a hurried discussion as to the advisability of allowing him to tell his story.

"Do you consider, doctor, that there is immediate danger?" the former asked.

"Most certainly there is," I answered.

"In that case, it is clearly our duty, in the interests of justice, to take his statement," said the inspector. "You are at liberty, sir, to give your account, which I again warn you will be taken down."

"I'll sit down, with your leave," the prisoner said, sitting on the edge of the bed. "This aneurism of mine makes me easily tired, and the trouble we had half an hour ago has not mended matters. I'm on the brink of the grave, and I am not likely to lie to you. Every word I say is the absolute truth, and how you use it is a matter of no consequence to me."

With these words, Jefferson Hope leaned back in his chair and began the following remarkable statement:

"I can vouch for the accuracy of the subpoenaed account, for I have had access to Lestrade's notebook, in which the prisoner's words were taken down exactly as they were uttered."

"It doesn't much matter to you why I hated these men," he said. "It's enough that they were guilty of the death of two human beings—a father and a daughter—and that they had therefore forfeited their own lives. After the lapse of time that has passed since their crime, it was impossible for me to secure a conviction against them in any court."

"That's right," he spoke of was to have married me twenty years ago. She was forced into marrying that same Drebbler, and broke her heart over it."

"I took the marriage ring from her dead finger, and I vowed that his dying eyes should rest upon that very ring, and that his last thoughts should be of the crime for which he was punished."

"I have carried it about with me, and have followed him and his accomplices over two continents until I caught them. They thought to tire me out, but they could not do it. If I die tomorrow, as is likely enough, I die knowing that my work in this world is done, and well done. They have perished, and by my hand. There is nothing left for me to hope for or to desire."

"They were rich and I was poor, so that it was no easy matter for me to follow them. When I got to London my pocket was about empty, and I found that I must turn my hand to something for my living."

"Driving and riding are as natural to me as walking, so I applied at a cab owner's office, and soon got employment. I was to bring a certain sum a week to the owner, and whatever was over that I might keep for myself."

"There was seldom much over, but I managed to scrape along somehow. The hardest job was to learn my way about, for I reckon that of all the masses that ever were confined, this city is the most confusing."

"They were at a boarding house at

Cumberland, over on the other side of the river. When once I found them out I knew that I had them at my mercy."

"I had grown my beard, and there was no chance of their recognizing me."

"I would dog them and follow them until I saw my opportunity. I was determined that they should not escape me again."

"Sometimes I followed them on my cab, and sometimes on foot, but the former was the best, for then they could not get away from me."

"It was only early in the morning or late at night that I could earn anything, so that I began to get behind-hand with my employer."

"During two weeks I drove behind them every day, and never once saw them separate. Drebbler himself was drunk half the time, but Stangerson was not to be caught napping."

"I watched them late and early, but never saw the ghost of a chance; but I was not discouraged, for something told me that the hour had almost come. My only fear was that this thing in my chest might burst a little too soon and leave my work undone."

"At last one evening, I was driving up and down Torquay Terrace, as the street was called in which they boarded, when I saw a cab drive up to their door."

"Presently some luggage was brought out, and after a time Drebbler and Stangerson followed it and drove off. I whipped up my horse and kept within sight of them, feeling ill at ease, for I feared that they were going to shift their quarters."

"At Buxton station they got out, and I left a boy to hold my horse and followed them on to the platform. I heard them ask for the Liverpool train, and the guard answered that one had just gone, and that there would not be another for some time."

"Stangerson seemed to be put out at that, but Drebbler was rather pleased than otherwise. I got so close to them in the bustle that I could hear every word that passed between them."

"Drebbler said that he had a little business of his own to do, and that if the other would wait for him he would soon rejoin him."

"His companion remonstrated with him, and reminded him that they had resolved to stick together. Drebbler answered that the matter was a delicate one, and that he must go alone."

"I could not catch what Stangerson said to that, but the other burst out swearing, and reminded him that he was nothing more than his paid servant, and that he must not presume to dictate to him."

"On that the secretary gave it up as a bad job, and simply bargained with him that if he missed the last train he should rejoin him at Halliday's private hotel; to which Drebbler answered that he would be back on the platform before eleven, and made his way out of the station."

"The moment for which I had waited so long had at last come. I had my enemies within my power. Together they could protect each other, but singly they were at my mercy. I did not act, however, with undue precipitation. My plans were already formed."

"There is no satisfaction in vengeance unless the offender has time to realize who it is that strikes him, and why retribution had come upon him. I had my plans arranged by which I should have the opportunity of making the man who had wronged me understand that his old sin had found him out."

"I fancied that some days before a gentleman who had been engaged in looking over some houses in the Brixton road had dropped the key of one of them in my carriage. It was claimed that same evening and returned. But in the interval I had taken a molding of it, and had a duplicate constructed."

"By means of this I had access to at least one spot in this great city where I could rely upon being free from interruption. How to get Drebbler to that house was the difficult problem which I had now to solve."

"He walked down the road and went into one or two liquor shops, staying for nearly half an hour in the last of them."

"When he came out he staggered in his walk, and was evidently pretty well on. There was a hansom just in front of me and he hailed it."

"I followed it so close that the nose of my horse was within a yard of his driver the whole way."

"We rattled across Waterloo Bridge and through miles of streets until, to my astonishment, we found ourselves back in the terrace in which he had boarded."

"I could not imagine what his intention was in returning there, but I went on and pulled up my cab a hundred yards or so from the house. He entered it and his hansom drove away. Give me a glass of water, if you please; my mouth gets dry with the talking."

"That's better," he said. "Well, I waited for a quarter of an hour or more, when suddenly there came a noise like people struggling to enter the house. Next moment the door was flung open and two men appeared, one of whom was Drebbler and the other was a young chap whom I had never seen before."

"This fellow had Drebbler by the collar, and when they came to the head of the steps he gave him a shove and a kick which sent him half across the road."

"You bound!" he cried, shaking his stick at him. "I'll teach you to insult an honest girl!"

"He was so hot that I think he would have thrashed Drebbler with his cudgel, only that the cur staggered away down the road as fast as his legs would carry him. He ran as far as the corner, and then, seeing my cab, he halted me and thrust in."

"Drive me to Halliday's private hotel," said he.

"When I had him fairly inside my cab my heart jumped so with joy that I feared lest at this last moment my aneurism might go wrong."

"I drove along slowly, weighing in my own mind what it was best to do. I might take him right out into the country and there in some deserted lane have my last interview with him. I had almost decided on this when he solved the problem for me."

"The craze for drink had seized him again and he ordered me to pull up outside a gin palace. He went in, leaving word that I should wait for him. There he remained until closing time,

and when he came out he was so far gone that I knew the game was in my own hands.

"Don't imagine that I intended to kill him in cold blood. It would only have been right justice if I had done so, but I could not bring myself to do it. I had long determined that he should have a show for his life if he chose to take advantage of it."

"Among the many billets which I had filled in America during my wandering life, I was once a janitor and sweeper out of the laboratory at York College."

"One day the professor was lecturing on poison, and he showed his students some alkaloid, as he called it, which he had extracted from some South American arrow poison and which was so powerful that the least grain meant instant death. I spotted the bottle in which this preparation was kept, and when they were all gone I helped myself to a little of it."

"I was a fairly good dispenser, so I worked this alkaloid into small, soluble pills, and each pill I put in a box with a similar pill made without poison. I determined at the time that, when I had my chance, my gentlemen should each have a draw out of one of these boxes, while I eat the pill that remained."

"It would be quite as deadly, and a good deal less noisy, than bringing across a handkerchief. From that day I had always my pill boxes with me, and the time had now come when I was to use them."

"It was nearer one than twelve, and a wild, bleak night, blowing hard and raining in torrents. Dismal as it was outside, I was glad within—so glad that I could have shouted out from pure exultation."

"If any of you gentlemen have ever pined for a thing and longed for it during twenty long years, and then suddenly found it within reach, you would understand my feelings."

"I lighted a cigar and puffed at it to steady my nerves, but my hands were trembling and my temples throbbing with excitement."

"I drove I could see old John Ferrier and sweet Lucy looking at me out of the darkness and smiling at me, just as plain as I see you all in this room. All the way they were ahead of me, and one on each side of the horse, until I pulled up at the house in the Brixton road."

"There was not a soul to be seen, nor a sound to be heard, except the dripping of the rain. When I looked in at the window, I found Drebbler all huddled together in a drunken sleep. I shook him by the arm. 'It's time to go out,' I said."

"All right, cabby," said he.

"I suppose he thought we had come to the hotel that he had mentioned, for he got out without another word and followed me down the garden."

"I had to walk beside him to keep him steady, for he was still a little top-heavy. When we came to the door I opened it and led him into the front room. I gave you my word that, all the way, the father and daughter were walking in front of us."

"It's infernally dark," said he, stamping about.

"We'll soon have a light," I said, striking a match and putting it to a wax-candle which I had brought with me. "Now, Enoch Drebbler," I continued, turning to him and holding the light to my own face, "who am I?"

(To be continued.)

## FLOWERS FOR OUR RULERS.

Bouquets Are Supplied Gratuitously to Congressmen and Senators.

Cut flowers are supplied gratuitously by Uncle Sam to a number of persons and institutions in the city of Washington and members of Congress have come to regard them as among the most desirable of their perquisites. The greenhouses from which the flowers in question come are maintained principally to supply the city parks with a feature of the city's beauty throughout the greater part of the year. After the White House is supplied the hospitals and other public institutions receive flowers. Many other worthy causes also share in the distribution. Families of members of the cabinet, the supreme court and legislative members come next. This custom, which has prevailed for years, of distributing the cut flowers is still followed.

Besides the greenhouses in charge of the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Ground, and the White House conservatory, other gardeners are those of the Agricultural Department and the botanical gardens. The latter are under the direction of the Senate Committee on Library. The gardens of the Department of Agriculture are devoted largely to the growing of plants other than floral.

The flowers from the White House conservatory are used for daily decorations of the executive mansion and it is for state functions and all other ordinary occasions that the supply of the park greenhouses is drawn upon. Through this source of supply not an inconsiderable amount that would otherwise have been spent for flowers for many state dinners runs well up into the hundreds and sometimes even thousands of dollars. The floral decorations for the Prince Henry dinner, which were most elaborate, would have cost \$4,000 if purchased in the flower market. As it was the real expenditure in the floral decorations was only a few hundred.

## USE OF WATER AT MEALS.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald insists that the avoidance of water at meals is a mere "sanitary superstition." It is not possible for any normally constituted human being to eat his way to the first quarter installment of a modern dinner of over-heated made dishes and greasy viands without experiencing a distinct longing for a cooling diluent, and before the end of the second course that craving assumes the urgency of positive distress, but he suffers is warned to forbear. Has not Professor Oswald enumerated five distinct sources of peril from indulging that appetency, and proved that the water instinct is wrong, and that nature knows nothing about it?

The most specious of these arguments is the alleged risk that the introduction of cold water would coagulate the albumen of the ingesta, and thus complicate the labors of the digestive organs. But is it not evident that those organs should be allowed a cooling vote in the decision of that controversy?

Dr. Schrodt, the author of "Natur-Heilkunde," holds, on the contrary, that our diet is not half fluid enough, and demonstrates that organic warmth will soon reduce over-cold beverages to the right medium, and that a craving which nothing but fresh water will satisfy is a clear proof that the stomach is suffering from an excess of caloric and a deficiency of moisture.

Just wait, and that distress will subside, insists Professor Oswald. Yes; the subtle chemistry of the organism will eventually find means to satisfy its needs from internal sources, just as the agony of a famished man will give way to a dull torpor; the system has made another forced loan on the reserve stores of its own tissues, and made the sufferer a little more comfortable, though also a little leaner. Even thus the disappointed stomach will make shift to lead moisture from some other part of the organism where it is less sorely needed and the distress subsides, though a feeling of vague discomfort remains, suggesting that the sort of moisture reabsorbed from the lower alimentary duct is not exactly what the stomach wanted.

## What Age Is He?

The Navy Department is trying to answer the question: "How old is Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, retired?" Is he 99 or 100? The records do not show and Rear Admiral Selfridge will not tell. He says it is nobody's business how old he is. But as he entered the navy in 1818, and must have been at least 15 years old at that time, the supposition is that he is between 99 and 100. The Admiral's oldest son, Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, Jr., owns to being 96 years. The senior Selfridge was born in Hubbardston, Mass.—Philadelphia Press.

## Singular Signs for Travelers.

On the banks of a rivulet near Strabane is a stone with this singular inscription, which was no doubt intended for the information of stragglers traveling by the road: "Take notice that when this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." This recalls the famous finger post which is said to have been erected by order of a surveyor of roads in Kent: "This is a bridge path to Faversham. If you can't read this you had better keep the main road."

## French Happy Home Broken Up.


A Parisian lady has been compelled by the police to break up her happy home, consisting of 20 hens, 50 cocks, 30 pigeons, a goat, 8 cats, 8 dogs, a parrot and a dozen small birds. Her neighbors objected to being kept awake all night by the cats and dogs, and to being roused up at an unearthly hour by the crowing of the cocks.

## Stunted.

Citizens—I hear the Popleys have moved out near you. Have you seen their baby? Isn't it a tiny little mite? Suburban—Yes, but you must remember, it passed the first six months of its life in a flat.—Philadelphia Press.

## Woman's Idea of a Bargain Is Something She Can't Afford when She Needs It and which is offered at a reduction when she has no use for it.

## DECATUR'S FLAGSHIP PRESIDENT.



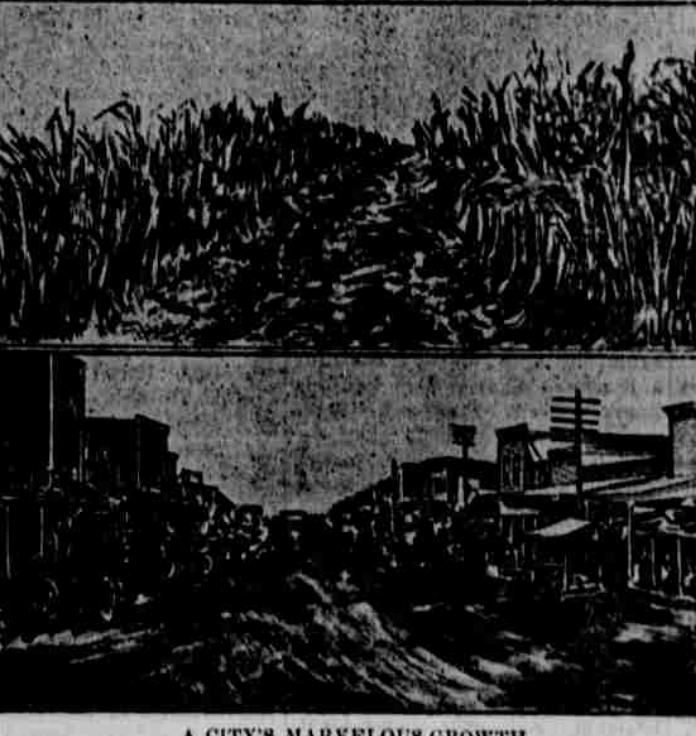
Nothing in international relations more clearly illustrates the camaraderie between England and the United States than the fact that the famous war frigate President has tenderly cared for and revered as a historic relic in a London dock. The President was Admiral Decatur's flagship, and in the war of 1812 her guns were the last of the American arms to be trained on a British foe. Such a scourge had she been to British shipping that the admiralty issued a special order that she must be taken at any hazard. But "orders" do not take American naval vessels, and the old President lived in freedom to witness peace, and now for nearly a century her dismantled bulk has been slumbering at the India dock in London harbor. The President and the equally famous old Constitution were twin ships, and the former was the first flagship on a European station flying the Stars and Stripes. It was of the President that Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote:

"Ay! Tear her tattered ensign down! Long has it waved on high!"

## CITY'S MARVELOUS GROWTH.

Modern Town Where a Year Ago There Was a Cornfield.

The rapidity with which things are done in the West is strikingly shown in the case of Anadarko, Ok., a little city which recently celebrated the first anniversary of its founding, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Marvelous has been its history, from the sale of the first lot in a cornfield, Aug. 6, 1901, to its present metropolitan appearance. Large brick blocks have taken the place of the tents and shanties in use then. Graded streets and broad sidewalks displaced the cow-rows long ago, telephone lines form a network at the side of the busy corners, and everywhere may be seen improvements not



crimson of his, and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone: "There has been absolutely nothing doing since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of." Here the phrase is used in precisely the same form and in the same meaning that it is by the professor of slang in this day.

Shakespeare uses it as "nothing done," but in the same sense, in "Measure for Measure," "Kling Lear" and "Othello." Enough is shown to prove that the latest slang is, after all, old and of good use. Hitching this wagon of a slang phrase to the stars, De Quincy and Shakespeare, it becomes classic.

It is a fair deduction to be drawn from the De Quincy quotation that the phrase "nothing doing" was slang in the day of his writing, and was used

## PROUD OF HIS WORK.

His Early Manual Labor Gave the Noted Parliarist Much Satisfaction.

The late D. W. Richardson, in an address to working men, declared that work, manual work, and that, too, of a resolute kind, is absolutely necessary for every man. He spoke also of the importance of doing one's work, not merely to get it done, but with a feeling of pride in doing it well. In this connection he said:

I was invited not many years ago to a lecture at St. Andrew's University, and to listen in the evening to a lecture by another man, like myself, an outsider. I was not personally acquainted with this other man, but I knew that he filled an important judicial office in Scotland, and was considered one of the most able and learned, as well as one of the wildest, men in that country. He chose for his subject "Self-Culture," and for an hour held us in a perfect dream of pleasure. For my own part, I could not realize that the hour had fled.

The lecture ended at 7 o'clock, and at 8 I found myself seated at dinner by the side of the lecturer, at the house of one of the university professors. In the course of the dinner I made some reference to the hall in which the exercises of the day had been held, how good it was for sound, and what a fine structure to look upon.

"And did you like the way in which the stones were laid inside?" I asked my new friend.

"Immensely," I replied. "The man who laid those stones was an artist who must have thought that his work would live through the ages."

"Well, that is pleasant to hear," he said, "for the walls are my ain daein." He had the Scottish accent when he was in earnest.

"Fortunate man," I replied, "to have the means to build so fine a place," for I thought, naturally enough, that being a rich man, he had built this hall at his own expense, and presented it to the university.

"Fortunate, truly," he answered, "but not in that sense. What I mean is that I laid every one of those stones with my own hand. I was a working mason, and the builder of the hall gave me the job of laying the inside stone work; and I never had any job in my life in which I took so much pride and so much pleasure."

While this man was working with his hands he was working also with his brain. He took his degree, went to the bar, and became a man honored throughout the country. We applauded his brilliant lecture; but those silent, beautiful stones before him, which schooled our applause, must, I think, have been to him one cheer more, and a big one.

## Judging from the Sample.

A Congressman who thought that one of the great national parties was trying too hard to find an issue when there was no issue in sight, rebuked his opponents by telling this story:

A client of mine has a large family, and accordingly is rather pressed for money. He came to me joyfully one day, declaring that he had found oil flowing from a spring on his land, and bringing me a sample.

The bottle he brought was one which he had picked up in a hurry somewhere about the house. I forwarded it to an expert chemist, and my client and I waited with a good deal of interest for his report of the analysis. In a day or two we got this telegram:

"Find no trace of oil. Your friend has struck paragonic."

What oratory people there are in the world! But you can't reform them.

## OLD FAVORITES

The American Flag.

When Freedom from her mountain height Unfurled her standard to the air, She tore the azure robe of night, And set the stars of glory there; The milky halberd of the skies, And striped its pure celestial white With streakings of the morning light; Then from his mansion in the sun She called her eagle-bearer down, And gave into his mighty hand, The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud! Who rearst aloft thy regal form, To bear the lightning lance of doom, And see the lightning lance driven, When strike the warriors of the storm, Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given, To guard the banner of the free, To hover in the sulphur-smoke, And bid its blendings shine afar, Like rainbows on the cloud of war, The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly, Thy sign of hope and triumph hold, When o'er the signal trumpet-tone, And the long line comes gleaming on, Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet, Has dimmed the gleaming bayonet, Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn To where thy sky-born glories burn, And as his springing steps advance, Catch war and vengeance from the gleaming banner.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud, Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud, And gory ambry rises and fall, Like shafts of flame an midnight's pall, Then shall thy meteor glances glow, And covering foam shall sink beneath Each gallant arm that strikes below, That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the sons! on ocean wave Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave; When death, careering on the gale, Sweeps darkly round the belted sail, And frightened waves rush wildly back Before the broadside's reeling rack, Each dying wanderer of the sea, Shall look at once to heaven and thee, And smile to see thy splendors fly In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free! be heart's hope and home; By sighs and tears to valor given; Thy stars have lit the western dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven, Forever float that standard sheet! Where breathes the foe but falls before us, With Freedom's soil beneath our feet, And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us? —Joseph Rodman Drake.