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A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"From a drop of water," said the writer, "a logician could infer the possibility of an Atlantic as a Niagara without having seen or heard of one or the other. So all life is a great chain, the nature of which is known whenever we are shown a single link of it. Like all other arts, the science of deduction and analysis is one which can only be acquired by long and patient study, nor is life long enough to allow any one mortal to attain the highest possible perfection in it. Before turning to those moral and mental aspects of the matter which present the greatest difficulties, let the inquirer begin by mastering more elementary problems. Let him, on meeting a new low mortal, learn at a glance to distinguish the history of the man, and the trade or profession to which he belongs. Peruse as such an exercise may seem, it sharpens the faculties of observation and teaches one where to look and what to look for. By a man's finger nails, by his coat sleeve, by his boot, by his trouser knees, by the callouses of his forefinger and thumb, by his expression, by his shirt cuff, by each of these things a man's calling is plainly revealed. That all united should fall to enlighten the competent inquirer in any case is almost inconceivable." "What ineffable twaddle!" I cried, slapping the magazine down on the table. "I never read such rubbish in my life." "What is it?" asked Sherlock Holmes. "Why, this article," I said, pointing at it with my egg spoon as I sat down to my breakfast. "I see that you have read it, since you have marked it. I don't deny that it is smartly written. It irritates me because it is evidently the theory of some arm-chair lounger who evolves all these neat little paradoxes in the seclusion of his own study. It is not practical. I should like to see him clapped down in a third-class carriage on the Underground, and asked to give the trades of all of his fellow travelers. I would lay a thousand to one against him." "You would lose your money," Sherlock Holmes remarked calmly. "As for the article, I wrote it myself." "You!" "Yes; I have a turn both for observation and for deduction. The theories which I have expressed there, and which appear to you to be so chimerical, are really extremely practical—so practical that I depend upon them for my bread and cheese." "And how?" I asked involuntarily. "Well, I have a trade of my own. I suppose I am the only one in the world. I'm a consulting detective, if you can understand what that is. Here in London we have lots of government detectives, and lots of private ones. When these fellows are at fault they come to me, and I manage to put them on the right scent. They lay all the evidence before me, and I am generally able, by the help of my knowledge of the history of crimes to set them straight. There is a strong fancy to resemble about misdeeds, and if you have all the details of a thousand at your finger ends, it is odd if you can't unravel the thousand and first. Lestrade is a well-known detective. He got himself into a very inferior case over a forgery case, and that was what brought him here." "And these other people?" "They are mostly sent out by private inquiry agencies. They are all people who are in a way of business, and want a little enlightening. I listen to their story, they listen to my comments, and then I pocket my fee." "But do you mean to say," I said, "that without leaving your room you can unravel the most intricate case?" "I can unravel the most intricate case," he said, "but I don't mean to say that I can unravel the most intricate case." "Quite so. You have a kind of intuition that way. Now and again I can turn up which is a little more complex. Then I have to bustle about and see things with my own eyes. You see, I have a lot of special knowledge which I apply to the problems, and which is invaluable to me in practical work. Observation, with me, is second nature. When I told you on our first meeting, that you had come from Afghanistan." "You were told, no doubt." "Nothing of the sort. I knew you came from Afghanistan. From long habit the train of thoughts ran through my mind that I arrived at the conclusion without being conscious of intermediate steps. There were such steps, however. The train of reasoning ran: 'Here is a gentleman of a military type, clearly an army doctor, then. He has just come from the tropics, for his face is dark, and that is not the natural tint of his skin, for his wrists are fair. He has undergone hardship and sickness, as his haggard face says clearly. His left arm has been injured. He holds it in a stiff and unnatural manner. Where in the tropics could an English army doctor see much more than a very inferior case?' 'Clearly in Afghanistan,' the whole train of thought did not occupy a second. I then remarked that you came from Afghanistan, and you were astonished." "It is simple enough as you explain it," I said, smiling. "You remind me of Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin. I had no idea that such individuals did exist outside of stories." "Sherlock Holmes rose and lighted his pipe. "No doubt you think that you are complimenting me in comparing me to Dupin," he observed. "Now, in my opinion Dupin was a very inferior fellow. That trick of his of breaking in on his friend's thoughts with an apropos remark after a quarter of an hour's silence is really very showy and superficial. He had some analytical genius,

beat saw a light there about 2 a the morning, and as the house was an empty one, suspected something was amiss. He found the door open and in the front room, which is bare of furniture, discovered the body of a gentleman, well dressed and having cards in his pocket bearing the name of 'Enoch J. Drebber, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.' There had been no robbery, nor is there any evidence as to how the man met his death. There are marks of blood in the room, but there is no wound upon his person. We are at a loss as to how he came into the empty house; indeed, the whole affair is a puzzle. If you can come round to the house any time before 12 you will find me there. I have left everything in statu quo until I hear from you. If you are unable to come I shall give you fuller details, and would esteem it a great kindness if you would favor me with your opinion. Yours faithfully, 'TOMAS GREGSON'." "Gregson is the smartest of the Scotland Yards," my friend remarked. "He and Lestrade are the pick of a bad lot. They are both quick and energetic, but conventional—shocking, by so. They have their knives into each other, too. They are as jealous as a pair of professional beauties. There will be some fun over this case if they are both put upon the scent." "I was amazed at the calm way in which he riddled on." "Surely there is not a moment to be lost," I cried; "shall I go and order you a cab?" "I am not sure about whether I shall go. I am the most incurably lazy devil that ever stood in shoe leather—that is, when the fit is on me, for I can be spry enough at times." "Why, it is just such a chance as you have been longing for." "My dear fellow, what does it matter to me? Suppose I unravel the whole matter, you may be sure that Gregson, Lestrade & Co. will pocket all the credit. The melancholy comes of being an unofficial personage." "But he begs you to help him." "Yes. He knows that I am his superior, and acknowledges it to me; but he would cut his tongue out before he would own it to any third person. However, we may as well go and have a look. I shall work it out on my own hook. I may have a laugh at them, if I have nothing else. Come on!" He hustled on his overcoat, and bustled about in a way that showed that an energetic fit had superseded the apathetic one. "Get your hat," he said. "You wish me to come?" "Yes, if you have nothing better to do." A minute later we were both in a hansom, driving furiously for the Brixton road. It was a foggy, cloudy morning, and a dun-colored veil hung over the houses, looking like the reflection of the mud colored streets beneath. My companion was in the best of spirits, and prattled away about Cremona fiddles, and the difference between a Stradivarius and an Amati. As for myself, I was silent, for the dull weather and the melancholy bustle depressed my spirits. "You don't seem to give much thought to the matter in hand," I said at last interrupting Holmes' musical disquisitions. "No data yet," he answered. "It is a capital mistake to theorize before you have all the evidence. It biases the judgment." "You will have your data soon," I remarked, pointing with my finger, "this is the Brixton road, and that is the house, if I am not very much mistaken." "So it is. Stop, driver, stop!" We were still a hundred yards or so from it, but he insisted upon our alighting, and we finished our journey upon foot. (To be continued.)



Boys And Girls A Wonderful Boy. We met in the midst of a dream; But I'm waiting for him to come true! The style of his nose I've completely forgot. But his eyes, I remember, were blue. It was just 8 p. m. by the clock— (In dreams chairs collapse without a word.) When his mother spoke up and said: "Kiss me, my son, And run away quickly to bed." I thought that the next thing would be Loud wraith and perhaps even tears; But, instead—well, I really give you my word— That I've not been so staggered for years! For he mumbled, this wonderful boy— (I can feel my astonishment yet); "It's a pity I can't go to seven, when you How tired and sleepy I get!" I felt myself falling away— (In dreams chairs collapse without a word.) And when I came to, the first thing that I heard Was the voice of the fond mother speaking. She was kind, she was patient, but firm; And her calm words decided his fate: "It is settled, my son, that a boy of your size Must learn to sit up until eight." I sat on the floor, and I stared In a dazed way from one to the other; Then I said: "You are truly a wonderful boy, And the son of a wonderful mother!"—St. Nicholas.

Machine that is a vast improvement on the Phonograph. While the reproduction of the human voice by means of the phonograph and graphophone is a remarkable achievement, there are objections to the strained and unnatural quality of sounds reproduced by the ordinary phonograph and graphophone. The peculiar metallic quality heard from those instruments is due to the fact that in order to make the reproductions as loud as possible the original must be of abnormal effort. Emile Berliner, the well-known electrical inventor, has, however, devised a reproducing machine wherein this trouble is remedied. It is composed of a number of separate gramophones operated simultaneously. The art has advanced so far that the records may be made exact duplicates of each other, even to the minutest detail. The only difficulty in operating several machines is to have them registered exactly with each other so as to insure simultaneous operation. A table or support is provided, on which there are mounted a number of rotary tables of the usual gramophone type and adapted to receive the well-known record tablets of commerce. These tablets are generally arranged in a staggered row, each being supported on an upright spindle or shaft journaled in a standard fashion to a table. Upon each shaft just below the table is secured a disk having equally spaced radially projecting pins of its periphery. The disks are all of the same size, with the same number of pins, and they are driven together by the tables at the same speed by means of a belt, having perforations spaced to fit the pins and operated by a motor of any desirable construction. The registering devices make it possible to insure the contact of each stylus with a corresponding point of each record by the mere act of placing the stylus on the proper line. Power being applied to rotate the records, identical sounds issue from each of the horns, and the combined body of sound may be made as strong as desired by using an appropriate number of records. Therefore, it is possible to provide an exact reproduction of the human voice or to make it louder or softer.



AGRICULTURAL. Sowing Crimson Clover. The seeds of crimson clover, when sown in corn are put in the last cultivation of the corn, in July or August, according to locality and the growth of the corn. It is the general practice to simply scratch the seed in and while this is often sufficient it results in loss in seasons when drought prevails or even when the season is only a little more than ordinarily dry. Twelve to fifteen pounds of seed should be used per acre, and it should be put in just before the last cultivation of the corn so that the latter process will cover it well. Of course it will not stand the winter in all sections, but if handled in the manner suggested it will do well in most sections where the red clover succeeds. The feeding value of clover hay is high, as is its fertilizing value, so that nothing of the value of having a clover crop on the soil during the winter, so that every farmer should make great efforts to



GERALD M'KINNIE AT THE AGE OF FOUR MONTHS.

lations are high class and among the fastest. She was purchased by Mr. McKinnie of the Centlivre Brothers. The Gerald colt at the time the picture was taken was four months old. He is a beautiful black, with not a white hair on him, and shows a wonderful gain for his age. To Mend a Broken Leg. A broken leg of a fine young pure-bred pullet was mended by winding carefully with surgeon's plaster, which can be bought for a few cents per roll at the drug store. It is not the same as court plaster. Wind closely, the courses overlapping, but not so tightly as to stop circulation. The bird was turned loose at once and received no further care, but the leg seems as good as ever after four or five weeks.—D. H. B. in Farm and Home. Sawdust as a Mulch. It is a practice in some sections to mulch young orchards during the summer in order that the soil moisture may be conserved and many different materials are used for the purpose. In some localities sawdust may be so cheaply obtained that orchardists are tempted to use it. There is no danger to be apprehended from the use of sawdust provided it is used properly. When used as a mulch sawdust should not be spread too heavily, for it is apt to heat, and if close to the trees this heat will be injurious. It spread rather thinly and not placed in contact with the trees no injury is likely to result. Where straw or hay can be had at a low price it is to be preferred to sawdust. Fertilizing the Strawberry. From a careful study of the anatomy of the strawberry plant the Wisconsin station is of the opinion that a liberal top dressing with fine manure or a very fertile soil after the fruiting season is the most rational method of fertilizing the strawberry plantation. This dressing protects the crowns of the plants from excessive summer heat and furnishes the young roots with abundant nourishment throughout the growing season, developing strong plants which are able to store up in the short stems a good supply of reserve material for the first leaf growth the following spring. Lima Beans. Lima beans demand considerable potash and lime. Wood ashes are consequently beneficial to them, but if ashes are unobtainable the potash salts will be found excellent. A light application of nitrate of soda will give the young plants a good start.

Stopping Nose-Bleed. Bleeding at the nose is quite frequent among boys, and sometimes is difficult to stop. It is common to make light of this trouble, but occasionally serious results and even death follow, and it is not wise to think little of it in your own case or to laugh at another thus affected. Besides, we should not think that a loss of blood is good for us. There are many cures suggested, such as swallowing salt, bathing the face in cold water, etc., which are of little value except to allay one's fright until the bleeding stops of itself. The true cure lies in the stopping of the artery in advance. By stopping the flow of blood into the nose you stop the bleeding, and this may be easily done when you know how.

Two large arteries supply the face and nose with blood. These arteries pass upward from the neck, across the lower jaw a little back of the mouth, one on each side. Run the thumb and finger across the bone of the lower jaw on either side, and you will soon discover the artery. By pressing this firmly where it passes across the bone, you will stop the flow of blood. This is necessary only to find the artery on the right side of the jaw, and press the thumb and finger firmly upon this until the bleeding ceases, which will generally be in a moment or two. The pressure should be continued a short time longer, however, in order to give opportunity for the opening into the nose through which the blood has flowed to contract, otherwise the bleeding may begin again after the pressure ceases. One can even more easily perform this service for another than himself, and when you have learned to stop your own nose-bleed in this way, you will be prepared to do a kind act for some one else. But few boys know this secret.—Boys' World.

The Father of Figures. The Arabic figures that we use today did not originate in Arabia, as is generally supposed, but in Hindoostan. Spain was the first European country to adopt them, the system having been introduced there by the Moors.

The original figures were formed entirely of straight lines, and the number 10 was represented by a circle.

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THE ORIGINAL TEN NUMERALS.

ber of angles formed by the lines denoted the number that the symbol was intended to represent. Thus the 0 was first a perfect circle—a figure without angles. At the base of the seven there was a small crossline, which was necessary to make up the seven angles. And, though we have long discarded it, you rarely see a 7 without it in Germany and France.—Little Chronicle.

A Little Boy's Moral Strength. The widow of an English army officer was visiting me with her son, a charming little fellow about 5 years old, relates Harper's Magazine. The mother told me with pride how honorable he was, how high-minded, and that she had never for an instant seen in him indications of any traits that were low or base.

The child was put to bed every night at 6. We dined at 7. I was sitting in the drawing room one evening before dinner. The room was dark, the doors open, and my seat commanded a view of both the stairway and the dining room. The table was set, and in the center was a dish of tempting peaches. Presently there came to my ears the

voice of a man! "I believe I hear the voice of a man!" exclaimed Principia as she tipped across the room and placed her ear against the elevator shaft. Miraposa joined her aged spinster sister and together they heard these words, spoken in dulcet tones, float up from the flat below: "Ah, thirty love. Now let's make it forty love!" "Horror!" Miraposa, do you think they are speaking of osculation?" "Sister Principia, I am shocked at your suggestion. The honor of the building demands an investigation. Come."

Together they stoically stalked down the stairway to the flat below. The door was open and Harold McSwat bade them enter. "We are having a delightful game of ping-pong. Miss Flatdeweller has just won the game. Will you join us?" The invitation was coldly declined, and the spinsters sought the seclusion of the apartments, crushed that the vernacular of ping-pong had robbed them of a choice bit of gossip.—Toledo Bee.

We like to console ourselves with the delusion that the grapes just beyond our reach are sour.