



A STUDY IN SCARLET

By A. Conan Doyle.

PART II—Chapter VI—Continued.

"He gazed at me with bleared, drunken eyes for a moment, and then I saw a horror spring up in them and convulse his whole features, which showed me that he knew me."

"I had always known that vengeance would be avenged, but had never hoped for the contentment of soul which now possessed me."

"You dog!" I said, "I have hunted you from Salt Lake City to St. Petersburg, and you have always escaped me. Now at last your wanderings have come to an end, for either you or I shall never see tomorrow's sun rise."

"He shrunk still further away as I spoke, and I could see on his face that he thought I was mad. So I was for the time. The pulses in my temples beat like sledgehammers, and I believe I would have had a fit of some sort if the blood had not gushed from my nose and relieved me."

"He staggered back with a livid face, and I saw the perspiration break out upon his brow, while his teeth chattered. At the sight, I leaped my back against the door and laughed loud and long."

"What do you think of Lucy Ferrier now?" I cried, locking the door and shaking the key in his face. "Punishment has been slow in coming, but it has overtaken you at last."

"I saw his coward lips tremble as I spoke. He would have begged for his life, but he knew well that it was useless."

"Would you murder me?" he stammered. "There is no murderer," I answered. "Who talks of murdering a mad dog? What mercy had you upon my poor darling when you dragged her from her slaughtered father and bore her away to your accursed and shameless harem?"

"It was not I who killed her father," he cried. "But it was you who broke her innocent heart," I shrieked, thrusting the box before him. "Let the high God judge between us. Choose and eat. There is death in one and life in the other. I shall take what you leave. Let us see if there is justice upon the earth, or if we are ruled by chance."

"He covered away with wild cries and prayers for mercy, but I drew my knife and held it to his throat until he had obeyed me. I saw his eyes close, and I stood facing each other in silence for a minute or more, waiting to see which was to live and which was to die."

"I shall I ever forget the look which came over his face when the first warning pang told him that the poison was in his system? I laughed as I saw it, and held Lucy's marriage ring in front of his eyes. 'That,' I said, 'is the emblem of a placid smile upon his face, as though he had been able in his dying moments to look back upon a useful life, and on work well done.'

"I have already explained to you that what is out of the common is usually a guide rather than a hindrance. In solving a problem of this sort, the grand thing is to be able to reason backward. That is a very useful accomplishment and a very easy one, but people do not practice it much. It is the only method of life that is more useful to reason forward, and so the other comes to be neglected. There are fifty who can reason synthetically for one who can reason analytically."

"Now, this was a case in which you were given the result and had to find everything else for yourself. Now, let me endeavor to show you the different steps in my reasoning. To begin with, the crime was clearly the murder of a man, who was known to me by name. The ordinary London growler is considerably less wide than a gentleman's brougham."

"That was the first point gained. I then walked slowly down the garden path, which happened to be composed of a clay soil, peculiarly suitable for taking impressions. No doubt it appeared to you to be a mere trampled line of slush, but to my trained eyes every mark upon its surface had a meaning."

not imagine that it was a very unheard-of idea. The forcible administration of poison is by no means a new thing in criminal annals. The case of Dolokov in Odessa, and Leturier, in Montpelier, will occur at once to any toxicologist."

"And now came the great question as to the reason why. Robbery had not been the object of the murder, for nothing was taken. Was it politics, then, or was it a woman?"

"It must have been a private wrong, and not a political one, which called for such a methodical revenge. When the inscription was discovered upon the wall I was more inclined than ever to my opinion."

"The thing was too evidently a blind. When the ring was found, however, it settled the question. Clearly the murderer has used it to remind his victim of some dead or absent woman."

"It had already come to the conclusion, since there were no signs of struggle, that the blood which covered the floor had burst from the murderer's nose in his excitement. 'I could perceive that the track of the blood coincided with the track of his feet. It is seldom that any man, unless he is very full-blooded, breaks out in this way through emotion, so I hazarded the opinion that the criminal was probably a robust and ruddy-faced man. Events proved that I judged correctly.'

"Having left the house, I proceeded to do what Gregory had neglected. I telegraphed to the head of the police at Cleveland, limiting my inquiry to the circumstances connected with the marriage of Enoch Drebbler. The answer was conclusive."

"I told me that Drebbler had applied for the protection of the law against an old rival in love, named Jefferson Hope, and that that same Hope was at present in Europe. I knew now that I held the clew to the mystery in my hand, and all that remained was to secure the murderer."

"I had already determined in my own mind that the man who had walked into the house with Drebbler was none other than the man who had driven the cart to the Green Meadow. 'The marks in the road showed me that the horse had wandered on in a way which would have been impossible had there been any one in charge of it.'

"Where, then, could the driver be, unless he were inside the house? Again, it is absurd to suppose that any sane man would carry out a deliberate crime under the very eyes, and in the presence, of a third person, who was sure to betray him."

"Lastly, supposing one man wished to dog another through London, what better means could be adopted than turn cab driver? The considerations led me to the irresistible conclusion that Jefferson Hope was to be found among the jarveys of the metropolis."

"If he had been one there was no reason to believe that he had conspired to be on the contrary, from his point of view, any sudden change would be likely to draw attention to himself."

"He would probably, for a time at least, continue to perform his duties. There was no reason to suppose that he was going under an assumed name. 'Why should he change his name in a country where no one knew his original one?' I then organized my street arab detective corps, and sent them systematically to every cab proprietor in London until they ferreted out the man that I wanted."

"I then organized my street arab detective force, and with good quickly I took advantage of it and all fresh in your recollection. The murder of Stangerston was an incident which could hardly in any case have been prevented."

"Through it, as you know, I came into possession of the pills, the existence of which I had already surmised. You see, the whole thing is a chain of logical sequences without a break or flaw."

"It is wonderful!" I cried. "Your merits should be publicly recognized. You should publish an account of the case. If you want, I will for you."

Children's Corner



What the Fairies Did. Starlight and Moonbeam were very busy over their work when Bogmyrtle, the Brownie, suddenly stood in front of them and said: "I know what I would do if I were you two fairies."

"What would you do?" inquired both fairies together. "Well, I would just go with Bogmyrtle, and have a game of hide-and-seek among the flowers," said the Brownie."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed Starlight. "It would be nice if we could!" "But let's see we can't," said Moonbeam. "For we have got all these pocket handkerchiefs to wash and iron before we can do as we like. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"That difficulty can soon be overcome," said Bogmyrtle, "if you will take my advice. There is a little girl called Kathleen at the house over there, and she is having a washing-day, and washing all her dollies' clothes; so if you were to take those pocket handkerchiefs and put them into her basket when she isn't looking, she will be sure to wash them, too, for she is enjoying herself ever so much and won't mind a few extra things to wash. I'm sure."

"The fairies thought that the Brownie's suggestion a capital one, and agreed upon it at once, and very soon they were having such fun among the flowers. 'I wonder how all these rose leaves got among my dollies' clothes,' exclaimed Kathleen. 'I am sure I didn't put them there myself,' and she picked them out and threw them away, little dreaming that they were the fairies' pocket handkerchiefs."

"So when Starlight and Moonbeam came, hoping to find them washed and ironed, they were not there, of course; and as they knew that the Brownie would be very angry when she heard what had happened, they were obliged to go in search of new ones. But the roses were nearly over, so they had to promise to give the rose bushes who sold the rose-leaf pocket handkerchiefs ever so many dewdrops as payment, and both determined not to take Bogmyrtle's advice any more, but when they had any work to do to stick to it until it was finished, and play afterward."

Tommy's Surprise. One night after Tommy was ready for bed and had on his clean, white nightgown, he climbed up in mamma's lap and asked for just one story more. Mamma drew her chair up by the grate and held Tommy close in her arms, and he reached out his two little bare feet to the fire. As they were so warm and light, and Tommy was very happy, and waited as still as a mouse for the story to begin."

"A very long, long time ago," said mamma, "there was a beautiful grove of big, big trees. Their tops reached up higher than any trees you ever saw, and their branches reached out farther. Every day they drank in the sunshine and grew bigger and bigger. Everything all around them was very bright and pretty."

"But one day the wind began to blow, and the rain came down more and more, till the lakes and rivers spread over everywhere and covered the trees all up; and it kept thundering and lightning, and the ground shook so hard that some mountains were shaken all to pieces and great big stones sent flying into the air."

"The grove of big trees had all been blown down, and a great mountain of dirt was heaped up over them. How do you suppose the trees felt? They were jammed in tight, and squeezed hard under the big mountain, and it was dark, very dark in there. And I suppose they thought, 'We can never work any more; we will never see the sunshine again.'"

"And there the trees stood for years and years and years—oh, a great deal longer than any one who lives upon this earth can remember. But one day, you down in the ground under the mountain, came a great crashing, tumbling, rumbling, grumbling noise, and next there was a big hole in the mountain that reached clear down to where the trees were, and the sun could shine in on them once more!"

"But if you had looked in there for the trees you never could have found them, for they had all been broken up and jammed tight together and turned black and hard till they looked more like a big black rock. And when the men who made the hole saw the shining stuff, they said: 'Here it is, here it is!'"

"And the black, shining stuff said: 'What's that? what's that? Oh, light! it's daylight! My! Who ever thought we'd see daylight again? Why, we've been shut in here years and years and years! We want to get out and look around.'"

"But when it went to move it was very hard and stiff, not at all as it was when it was tall green trees and waved in the wind."

"Then the men took their big iron tools and began breaking it up into pieces. They loaded it into little carts and drew it out into the bright sunshine. The black, shining stuff looked at the men and said: 'See those trees growing there on the mountain! They look like bushes. When we were trees we used to reach ever so much higher than they do. Oh, how changed everything is—except the sunshine. That looks just as it used to. But we want to do some work again.'"

"And pretty soon a man came and bought it. He brought a big load of it here on the cars for us to burn in our grate."

Then Tommy opened his eyes and said: "Mamma, what is coal?" "And mamma said: 'Yes. And when it turns red hot it is giving back the sunshine it drank in so long, long ago, when it was tall green trees.'—Youth's Companion.

Whistle Away. Whistle away, my merry boy; With happy face and heart of joy; Whistle a tune when things go wrong. And whistling lightens it for you, if'er your task is hard to do. Whether it be sowing the seeds, Gathering fruit or raking hay, Or driving cows, whistle away.

Whistle a tune if you can't sing, And that should seem the next best thing That you can do; perhaps 'twill cheer The hearts of some who chance to hear. Better to whistle than to pout And scold and fret, no one can doubt. So keep a merry heart, my lad, And thus make other people glad; Do all the good you can each day, And as you toil whistle away. —Toronto Truth.

Uncle Bob's Imposthosias. Uncle Bob—How old is your doll, Nellie? Nellie (aged 5)—Why, Uncle Bob, I'm surprised at you! Uncle Bob—Why are you surprised, dear? Nellie—Because this is a lady doll, and it's awfully rude of a man to ask a lady's age.

The Domestic Service Problem. "I wonder why it is," queried small Tommy, "that women are always complaining about their hired girls?" "Oh," replied his 6-year-old sister, "they do it so other women will know they can afford to keep 'em."

Tommy Made a Distinction. Mamma—You must not play with those naughty boys, Tommy. They are rough and rude. Tommy—All right, mamma. But you don't mind if I fight them, do you? Carker for Papa. Papa—Willie, don't you know it is wrong to tell stories like that? I never told stories when I was a little boy.

Willie—When did you begin, papa? What He Meant. Slight mistakes in speaking a foreign language or in understanding it when some one else speaks it are commonly nothing more than amusing, but a member of the Alpine Club mentions the following instance, which might have had serious results: He was climbing one of the Alps with a guide, who persisted in talking bad English instead of indifferent French.

"My guide," he says, "had just crossed a snow bridge over a wide crevasse, and turned to await me on the farther side. I asked him if it was weak. He answered 'No strong.' 'Naturally I attempted to walk across it instead of crawling. I had almost reached the other side when the bridge gave way, and, after a delirious scramble to save myself, I subsided helplessly into the crevasse. 'However, I did not go far, and when I had crawled out, with snow down my neck and up my arms and in all my pockets, I discovered that my friend had meant 'Not strong.' I strongly enjoyed him to reserve his English henceforth for use in the valleys.'"

Cricket-Fighting. The Chinese are inveterate gamblers, and never lose an opportunity to bet, no matter how trivial the cause may be. One of their great institutions is cricket-fighting, the crickets being caught, fed and trained as carefully as is a blooded horse. There is a fixed diet for them, part of their food consisting of honey and boiled chestnuts. If they get sick, they are fed with molasses. Prior to fighting, their weight is ascertained and duly recorded, there being a fixed regulation as to their size and weight. On the door of the house in which the fight is to take place the record of each cricket is pasted up, and the owner of the winner gets 10 per cent of all the bets. The cricket-pit is a low tub placed on the table, and, after weighting, the contestants are put in it and tickled with straws until they rush at each other with loud chirrups and fight until one of them is killed. Good fighting crickets are very valuable and are often sold for large sums.

Revised from Mother Goose. There was an old magnate who lived in a stew. So wealthy that he didn't know what to do. He bought a few statues—He dabbled in art—And soon he was back to his penurious start. —Baltimore American.

A Warm One. Gerald—It was a hot game. Geraldine—Naturally; it was played on a gridiron.

FARM AND GARDEN



Shading the Stables. When it is the custom to keep the horses and cows in the stables at night, and also for a portion of the day some provision should be made for shade as well as for keeping out flies. The plan shown in the illustration has the merit of being simple as well as effective. Cover the opening with fine wire netting, placing it so that it will not interfere with the management of the glass window from the inside. Then make a frame with light strips of lumber of the form shown, and cover it with canvas, or with a strip of unbleached muslin bracing it at either corner as shown. This device is readily made and will add greatly to the comfort of the animals in the stable. The same arrangement could be applied to the window spaces of the poultry house and in such a position it would not be necessary to use the fine wire screen for the wire netting of ordinary mesh would keep out intruders.

Illinois Apple Orchards. Emerson Babcock gives Green's Fruit Grower information in regard to orcharding in Illinois as follows: "An apple orchard syndicate in Clay and Richland Counties has sold the apples of its orchards, which aggregate three hundred and twenty acres, for \$11,500. This fruit is from young orchards just coming into bearing. There are one hundred and twenty acres planted with 3,300 Jonathan apple trees. Jonathan is highly prized for its hardness, protractiveness and the fine quality of its fruit. The best apple orchards of Illinois are on the southern border, embracing seventy-five thousand acres of apple orchards, mostly planted during the past ten or twelve years. This is the first general crop from these orchards. One thousand acres of apple orchards may be seen near Flora, Ill., and the trees there are heavily laden with fine fruit this season. Ben Davis is the variety most largely grown. The problem now is to get enough laborers to harvest the fruit from such a vast acreage of apple orchards, and to secure apple barrels for such orchards. Three hundred and thirty car loads of empty apple barrels have been built near Flora, with a capacity for each of one hundred and fifty bushels of fruit per day. A cold storage house, with a capacity of 45,000 barrels of apples, has been built at Flora this year."



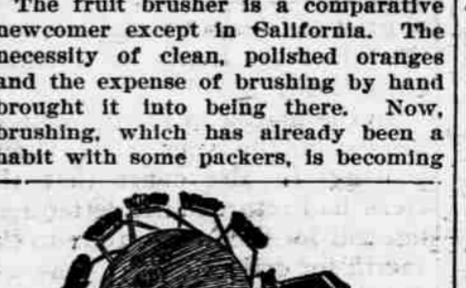
A Handy Fodder Stack. How best to stack corn fodder to keep and be handiest in getting at when feeding is often a question given much thought by the farmer. This method possesses many advantages that will recommend it above others: Set two posts twelve or sixteen feet apart where you wish the stack to be. Across from one to the other, four and a half or five feet from the ground, spike a 2 by 4. Stand the fodder against this with the butts on the ground and the smaller ends coming together at the top. There should be a space of two or three feet at the bottom. This will give the rat, dog and cat an opportunity to keep the stack clear of mice. This stack will turn the rain and snow of winter, will keep dry and bright and when used will not be opened to the weather, as no stalks are left exposed by removing the top.—Farm Journal.

Iowa Horse Sales. At the big sale of fine horses at Sioux City good prices were obtained. The top figure was \$90.50, which was paid for a load of good, heavy, blocky geldings and mares of all colors. The draft horses ranged from \$50 to \$60, general purpose horses from \$35 to \$45.50, yearlings and 2-year-olds from \$12.50 to \$26, and sucking colts from \$6 to \$11.—National Stockman.

Prevention of Fruit Rot. As a precaution against the fruit rot of peaches all mummified fruits should be gathered and destroyed in the winter or early spring, and at picking season no decayed fruit should be allowed to remain on the trees or on the ground in the orchard, but it should be gathered and burned as soon as noticed.

Fruit Brusher. The fruit brusher is a comparatively newcomer except in California. The necessity of clean, polished oranges and the expense of brushing by hand brought it into being there. Now, brushing, which has already been a habit with some packers, is becoming more necessary on account of the widespread of white fly and other insects causing smut. It is not only expensive, but difficult to get at short notice the number of men necessary to hand brush a car of oranges. With a brusher, it is claimed, one man can do the work of several.—Florida Agriculturist.

Economical Pork Production. Economical pork production is based largely on the selection of good breeding stock from year to year. This must be combined with intelligent feeding. The most common error is that of neglecting little pigs at time of weaning. Pigs stunted at this time of life never make profitable pork. One should handle his hogs so as to have them ready for market at from six to eight months, weighing at this time from 200 to 225 pounds. In spite of the fact that corn is frequently denounced as a hog food, it cannot be denied that it is the best and cheapest food that is available on Western farms. Green feed, such as rape, clover and alfalfa, are not sufficiently used as foods for growing hogs. These foods not only supply nutrients that are highly important, but they serve



The young animal pays more than the adult because it grows and increases rapidly; the younger the animal the lower the cost of production. A pig farrowed in early spring and marketed in the fall will give a much larger profit than will one kept through the winter. There is also a great demand, with better prices, for a small carcass, a weight not exceeding 150 pounds being preferred to an animal that is heavier.