

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

No. 3 Lauriston Gardens wore an ill-omened and minatory look. It was one of four, which stood back some little way from the street, two being occupied and two empty.

The latter looked out with three tiers of vacant, melancholy windows, which were blank and dreary, save that here and there a "To Let" card had developed like a cataract upon the bleared panes.

A small garden sprinkled over with a scattered eruption of sickly plants separated each of these houses from the street, and was traversed by a narrow pathway, yellowish in color, and consisting apparently of a mixture of clay and gravel.

The whole place was very sloppy from the rain which had fallen through the night. The garden was bounded by a three-foot brick wall with a fringe of wood rails upon the top, and against this wall was leaning a stalwart police constable, surrounded by a small knot of loafers, who craned their necks and strained their eyes in the vain hope of catching some glimpse of the proceedings within.

I had imagined that Sherlock Holmes would at once have hurried into the house and plunged into a study of the mystery.

Nothing appeared to be further from his intention. With an air of nonchalance, which under the circumstances seemed to me to border upon affectation, he lounged up and down the pavement, and gazed vacantly at the ground, the sky, the opposite houses and the line of railings.

Having finished his scrutiny, he proceeded slowly down the path, or rather down the fringe of grass which flanked the path, keeping his eyes riveted upon the ground.

Twice he stopped and once I saw him smile and heard him utter an exclamation of satisfaction. There were many marks of footsteps upon the wet, clayey soil, but since the police had been coming and going over it I was unable to see how my companion could hope to learn anything from it.

Still, I had had such extraordinary evidence of the quickness of his perceptive faculties that I had no doubt he could see a great deal which was hidden from me.

At the door of the house we were met by a tall, white-faced, flax-haired man, with a notebook in his hand, who rushed forward and wrung my companion's hand with effusion.

"It is indeed kind of you to come," he said. "I have had everything left untouched."

"Except that!" my friend answered, pointing to the pathway. "If a herd of buffaloes had passed along, there could not be a greater mess. No doubt, however, you had drawn your own conclusions, Gregson, before you permitted this."

"I have had so much to do inside the house," the detective said, evasively. "My colleague, Mr. Lestrade, is here. I had relied upon him to look after this."

Holmes glanced at me and raised his eyebrows sardonically. "With two such men as yourself and Lestrade upon the ground, there will not be much for a third party to do find out," he said.

Gregson rubbed his hands in a self-satisfied way.

"I think we have done all that can be done," he answered. "It's a queer case, though, and I knew your taste for such things."

"You did not come here in a cab?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"No, sir."

"Nor Lestrade?"

"No, sir."

"Then let us go and look at the room."

With which inconsequent remark he strode on into the house, followed by Gregson, whose features expressed his astonishment.

Holmes walked in and I followed him with that subdued feeling at my heart which the presence of death inspires.

It was a large, square room, looking all the larger for the absence of all furniture. Opposite the door was a showy fireplace. On one corner of this was stuck the stump of a red wax candle.

The solitary window was so dirty that the light was hazy and uncertain, giving a dull gray tinge to everything, which was intensified by the thick layer of dust which coated the whole apartment.

All these details I observed afterward. At present my attention was centered upon the single grim, motionless figure which lay stretched upon the boards, with vacant, sightless eyes staring up at the discolored ceiling.

It was that of a man about forty-three or forty-four years of age, middle-sized, broad shouldered, with crisp, curling black hair, and a short, stubby beard.

His hands were clenched and his arms thrown abroad, while his lower limbs were interlocked as though his death struggle had been a grievous one.

On his rigid face there stood an expression of horror, and, as it seemed to me, of hatred, such as I have never seen upon human features.

This malignant and terrible contortion, combined with the low forehead, blunt nose, and prognathous jaw, gave the dead man a singularly simious and ape-like appearance, which was increased by his writhing, unnatural posture.

Lestrade, lean and ferret-like as ever, was standing by the doorway and greeted my companion and myself.

"This case will make a stir, sir," he remarked. "It beats anything I have seen, and I am no chicken."

"There is no clew," said Gregson. "None at all," chimed in Lestrade.

Sherlock Holmes approached the body and kneeling down, examined it intently.

"You are sure that there is no wound?" he asked, pointing to numerous gouts and splashes of blood which lay all around.

"Positive!" cried both detectives.

"Then of course this blood belongs to a second individual—presumably the murderer, if murder has been committed. It reminds me of the circumstances attending on the death of Van Jansen, in Utrecht, in the year 34. Do you remember the case, Gregson?"

"No, sir."

"Read it up—you really should. There is nothing new under the sun. It has all been done before."

As he spoke his nimble fingers were flying here, there and everywhere, feeling, pressing, unbuttoning, examining, while his eyes wore the same far away expression which I have already remarked upon.

So swiftly was the examination made that one would hardly have guessed the minuteness with which it was conducted. Finally, he sniffed the dead man's lips and then glanced at the soles of his patent leather boots.

"He has not been moved at all?" he asked.

"No more than was necessary for the purpose of our examination."

"You can take him to the mortuary now," he said. "There is nothing more to be learned."

Gregson had a stretcher and four men at hand. At his call they entered the room, and the stranger was lifted and carried out.

As they raised him a ring tingled down and rolled across the floor. Lestrade grabbed it up and stared at it with mystified eyes.

"There's been a woman here," he cried. "It's a woman's wedding ring." He held it out as he spoke, upon the palm of his hand. We all gathered round him and gazed at it. There could be no doubt that that circle of plain gold had once adorned the finger of a bride.

"This complicates matters," said Gregson. "Heaven knows, they were complicated enough before."

"You're sure it doesn't simplify them?" observed Holmes. "There's nothing to be learned by staring at it. What did you find in his pockets?"

"We have it all here," said Gregson, pointing to a litter of objects upon one of the bottom steps of the stairs. "A gold watch, No. 97,163, by Barraud, of London. Gold Albert chain, very heavy and solid. Gold ring, with Masonic device. Gold pin—bulldog's head, with rubies as eyes. Russian leather card case, with cards of Enoch J. Drebbler, of Cleveland, corresponding with the E. J. D. upon the linen. No purse, but loose money to the extent of seven pounds thirteen. Pocket edition of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' with name of Joseph Stangerson upon the fly leaf. Two letters—one addressed to E. J. Drebbler and one to Joseph Stangerson."

"At what address?"

"American Exchange, Strand—to be left till called for. They are both from the Guion Steamship Company, and refer to the sailing of their boats from Liverpool. It is clear that this unfortunate man was about to return to New York."

"Have you made any inquiries as to this man Stangerson?"

"I did it at once," said Gregson. "I have had advertisements sent to all the newspapers, and one of my men has gone to the American Exchange, but he has not returned yet."

"Have you sent to Cleveland?"

"We telegraphed this morning."

"How did you word your inquiries?"

"We simply detailed the circumstances, and said that we should be glad of any information which could help us."

"You did not ask for particulars on any point which appeared to you to be crucial?"

"Nothing else? Is there no circumstance on which this whole case appears to hinge? Will you not telegraph again?"

"I have said all I have to say," said Gregson, in an offended voice.

Sherlock Holmes chuckled to himself, and appeared to be about to make some remark, when Lestrade, who had been in the front room while we were holding this conversation in the hall, reappeared upon the scene, rubbing his hands in a pompous and well-satisfied manner.

"Mr. Gregson," he said, "I have just made a discovery of the highest importance, and one which would have been overlooked had I not made a careful examination of the walls."

The little man's eyes sparkled as he spoke, and he was evidently in a state of suppressed exultation at having scored a point against his colleague.

"Come here," he said, bustling back into the room, the atmosphere of which felt cleaner since the removal of its ghastly inmate.

"Now, stand there!"

He struck a match on his boot and held it up against the wall.

"Look at that!" he said triumphantly.

I have remarked that the paper had fallen away in parts. In this particular corner of the room a large piece had peeled off, leaving a yellow square of coarse plastering.

Across this bare space there was scrawled in blood-red letters a single word:

RACHEL.

"What do you think of that?" cried the detective, with the air of a showman exhibiting his show. "This was overlooked because it was in the darkest corner of the room, and no one thought of looking there. The murderer has written it with his or her own blood. See this smear where it has trickled down the wall! That disposes of the idea of suicide, anyhow. Why was that corner chosen to write it on? I will tell you. See that candle on the mantelpiece. It was lighted at the time, and if it was lighted this corner would be the brightest instead of the darkest portion of the wall."

"And what does it mean, now that you have found it?" asked Gregson, in a deprecatory tone.

"Mean? Why, it means that the writer was going to put the female name Rachel, but was disturbed before he or she had time to finish. You mark my words, when this case comes to be cleared up you'll find that a woman named Rachel has something to do with it. It's all very well for you to laugh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. You may be very smart and clever, but the old hound is the best, when all is said and done."

"I really beg your pardon!" said my companion, who had ruffled the little man's temper by bursting into an explosion of laughter. "You certainly have the credit of being the first of us to find out, and, as you say, it bears every mark of having been written by the other participant in last night's mystery. I have not had time to examine this room yet, but with your permission I shall do so now."

As he spoke he whipped a tape measure and a large, round, magnifying glass from his pocket.

So engrossed was he with his occupation that he appeared to have forgotten our presence, for he chattered away to himself under his breath the whole time, keeping up a running fire of exclamations, groans, whistles and little cries suggestive of encouragement and of hope.

As I watched him I was irresistibly reminded of a pure-blooded, well-trained fox hound as it dashes backward and forward through the covert, whining in its eagerness, until it comes across the lost scent.

For twenty minutes or more he continued his researches, measuring with the most exact care the distance between marks which were entirely invisible to me, and occasionally applying his tape to the walls in an equally incomprehensible manner.

In one place he gathered very carefully a little pile of gray dust from the floor, and packed it away in an envelope. Finally he examined with his glass the word upon the wall, going over every letter of it with the most minute exactness.

This done, he appeared to be satisfied, for he replaced his tape and his glass in his pocket.

"They say that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," he remarked, with a smile. "It's a very bad definition, but it does apply to detective work."

Gregson and Lestrade had watched the maneuvers of their amateur companion with considerable curiosity and some contempt.

They evidently failed to appreciate the fact, which I had begun to realize, that Sherlock Holmes' smallest actions were all directed toward some definite and practical end.

"What do you think of it, sir?" they both asked.

"It would be robbing you of the credit of the case if I was to presume to help you," remarked my friend. "You are doing so well now that it would be a pity for any one to interfere." There was a world of sarcasm in his voice as he spoke. "If you will let me know how your investigations go," he continued, "I shall be happy to give you any help I can. In the meantime, I should like to speak to the constable who found the body. Can you give me his name and address?"

"John Rance," he said. "He is off duty now. You will find him at 46 Audley Court, Kensington Park Gate." Holmes took a note of the address.

"Come along, doctor," he said; "we shall go and look him up. I'll tell you one thing which may help you in the case." He continued, turning to the two detectives. "There has been murder done, and the murderer was a man. He was more than six feet high, was in the prime of life, had small feet for his height, wore coarse, square-toed boots, and smoked a Trichinopoly cigar. He came here with his victim in a four-wheeled cab, which was drawn by a horse with three old shoes and one new one on his off foreleg. In all probability the murderer had a florid face, and the finger nails of his right hand were remarkably long. These are only a few indications, but they may assist you."

Lestrade and Gregson looked at each other with an incredulous smile.

"If this man was murdered, how was it done?" asked the former.

"Poison," said Sherlock Holmes, curtly, and strode off. "One other thing, Lestrade," he added, turning round at the door. "Rachel is the German for 'revenge,' so don't lose your time looking for Miss Rachel."

With which Partisan shot he walked away leaving the two rivals open-mouthed behind him.

(To be continued.)

Why He Wanted to Go.

Up at primary school No. 9 in Brooklyn the other day, one of the boys presented a note from his mother, asking to be allowed to go home at 2 o'clock.

The teacher looked at him severely. "See here," she said, "you've been out a great deal lately, and here you have a note to go out again. Now, we can't do things that way. If you are coming to school I want you to stay here. What do you want to go out for?"

"My mother wanted me to go to New York," replied the small boy.

"Wouldn't Saturday afternoon do just as well?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you have to go at 2 o'clock?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Wouldn't half past 2 do as well?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, what do you have to go for anyway?"

"Please, ma'am, my cousin's dead."

The expression on the teacher's face was wonderful to behold as she gave the boy permission to go.—New York Evening Mail.

Make Bequests of Their Brains.

The Cornell Brain Association, of which Prof. Burt G. Wilder is president, has received more than 100 bequests of the brains of highly educated people, as a result of the circulation of a unique form of "will and testament," which he drew up and asked them to sign.

BURYING THE DEAD AT MANILA.



HOW THE DEAD ARE BURIED AT MANILA.

The Manila cemetery consists of two circular walls, about seven feet thick pierced with holes, in which the coffins are placed. After a coffin has been deposited the hole is bricked up and faced with a memorial tablet. These graves are leased for five years, at the end of which time, unless the lease is renewed, the coffins are taken out and the bones thrown into a pile just outside the wall.

The walls of the cemetery are constructed of earth and rubble faced with stone, and the tropical rains soak through and rot the coffins. This method of burial dates back to the days of the domination of the Spanish friars.

All sorts of designs are placed on the memorial tablet which seals the tomb and sometimes after a lease expires and another body has been placed in the grave the same tablet is replaced.

The women of Manila are ever faithful in their mourning for their dead and fresh wreaths adorn the tombs of the departed ones constantly.

CHICAGO TO HAVE A HOME FOR DESITUTE DOGS.

Destitute dogs that have not the comforts of home will no longer be given the short shrift of the city pound in Chicago, owing to the ministrations of the exclusive set of society women, who have interested themselves in the cause of the lone lorn canine.

Led in the movement by Mrs. C. A. White, of Michigan avenue, 100 women will found a retreat for canines, called the Home for Destitute Dogs.

Mrs. White is a lover of animals, and the sufferings of vagabond canines appeal especially to her. She has herself a large assortment of dogs of high



MRS. C. A. WHITE.

degree, and has entertained many a "blue ribbon" in her kennels. She possesses the finest Japanese spaniels in the country, and is Vice President of the Chicago Kennel Club.

When Mrs. White invited a number of her friends to her home to see if something could not be done for the four-footed friendless, she found enthusiastic support in her philanthropic plans from the women assembled. She argued that while there was a cat hospital in the city, homeless dogs were unprovided for, and she proposed that a retreat for them be built. She offered to give up her intended visit to the seashore to perfect the scheme. The site for the home has been selected and the work of putting up the home will soon be started.

Sick as well as homeless dogs will be cared for, and the destitute dogs will be offered for adoption to any who will promise to care for them and treat them as a canine pet should be treated.

Funds for maintaining the home will be secured by subscriptions. Dogs which cannot be cured will be made away with painlessly.

SAYS LONDON IS SQUALID.

Eminent English Architect Compares It with Cities in America.

A candid friend of London appeared recently, says the London Mail, in the person of Mr. Trevall, the new president of the Society of Architects. In his presidential address at St. James hall Mr. Trevall said:

"The impression that always falls upon one when returning from either the European or American continents to London is the wretchedly narrow and insignificant looking streets, with the low, mean, small shops and dwellings by contrast with what we have just left behind us. It is of little interest to be told just how many hundreds of miles of the same sort of thing London contains more than does any other metropolis in Christendom or elsewhere."

"The fact still remains in your mind in a general sense that London looks squalid and miserable by comparison and that feeling affects one for days, until he once more gets seasoned into the old haunts and relapses into that comfortable frame of mind that, after all, even the Strand and Chancery lane, or Fleet street and Ludgate circus, with all their advertising abominations, look at least familiar and homely."

The Sun Is a Faithful Servant.

Man's most faithful and tireless servant is the sun. Although there has been much talk of late years of harnessing this "glorious orb," the fact is it has been in harness and diligently at work from the creation of the world down to the present time. But the genius of man is destined to bring about still greater results than are now apparent. Several more or less practical plans of utilizing the sun's rays have been invented, but none so perfect, so full of promise as the great sun motor now engaged in storing up the sun's heat at the well-known Pasadena ostrich farm in California. By the sun's heat water is boiled, the steam working a powerful engine capable of pumping some 1,400 gallons of water in a minute.

From the distance the California sun motor looks like a huge open umbrella inverted and with a piece sawn off its top. It is balanced on a high steel framework and is set at such an angle that it will catch the sunbeams on its 1,788 mirrors. Each of these mirrors measures two feet in length and three inches across and reflects the sunshine on to a long cylinder, corresponding to the handle of the umbrella, which holds about 100 gallons of water. The boiler is made of steel, covered with a heat-absorbing material.

The hot, persistent California sun that shines almost every day in the year when reflected from the mirrors on the boiler causes such heat that it is possible to obtain 150 pounds of steam pressure in one hour from cold water. When the machine is made ready for work—a task for a boy, who has merely to turn a crank until the indicator shows that the sun is truly focused on the mirrors—it will more around so that its face is kept turned to the sun all day without further manipulation under the force of an automatic engine. The boiler is automatically supplied with water, a safety valve releasing the steam if the pressure should become too great.

All day every day from an hour after sunrise to a half hour before sundown this tireless heat concentrator keeps its shining face turned to the sun, storing up an energy which may be put to almost any use. It works under the powerful California sun as well in winter as in summer.

A FUNERAL PYRE.

Misers' Hoard Disappeared in Fire Kindled by His Heirs.

Misers are notorious for their old wills and strange secretion of property. In "The Story of My Life" an interesting incident is told of hidden valuables and their fate. Mr. and Mrs. Close, at Nottingham, England, were reputed very rich and great misers. After their death the heirs, a nephew and his wife, came to the house and ransacked it for the money and diamonds which their deceased relatives were supposed to have secreted there.

Cupboards and drawers were searched in vain. Nothing particular was found. At last, in the attic, a great trunk was discovered. "Here it is!" they said. But when the trunk was opened the upper part was found to be full of nothing but hair-combs, as if all the waste from hair-brushes had been saved for years. Below these was a lot of very much soiled old curl-papers; and under them, again, were several pairs of old and very much worn coats.

"What a mess!" said young Mrs. Close, in disgust. "We'll have it burned. What creatures our relatives must have been!"

The trunk was taken down into the courtyard, a huge bonfire made, and the trunk upset in it. As it was burning the woman stood by with a stick, poking the rubbish. Accidentally she poked open one of the curl-papers. It was a fifty-pound note!

In agony she pulled and poked at the fire, but it was too late; most of the notes were burned. She saved only about eight hundred pounds.

Naturally her husband was angry and unjust. Every time he saw the burned heap in the courtyard he burst forth afresh. So his wife sent for the ashman and had the debris removed.

Still the diamonds had not been found. Finally an old charwoman who had worked in the house was found in the almshouse. She was asked if she knew anything about the diamonds; if there were any, and where they were kept.

"Oh, yes," she said, "there were diamonds very fine ones; but small good they ever did old Mrs. Close for she always kept them sewn up and hidden away in her old stays."

All the stays had been burned in the fire. The diamonds might not have been destroyed but the ashman had removed every vestige of the ashes. Not a trace of them could be found.

Monotony.

"You ought to have a change of scene," said the physician.

"But, my dear sir," protested the patient, "I am a traveling man by profession."

"Well, that's the point. Stay home awhile and see something besides hotel rooms and depots."—Washington Star.

Much Study of Consumption.

Within the last ten years more new methods have been devised for dealing with consumption than any other human ailment.

Some artists couldn't draw a salary without the aid of tracing-paper.

The husband of a jealous wife nearly always thinks to himself, "Well, there is some reason for it; I am a sweet old thing."

Who is the most worthless man you ever knew?