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BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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ied me to the nearest telegraph office, when he dispatched a long telegram. He then halled a cab and ordered the driver to take us to the address given

us by Lestrade. "There's nothing like first-hand evidence." he remarked: "as a matter of to go to Halle's concert to hear Norman Neruda this afternoon."

on the case, but still we may as well

This conversation had occurred learn all that is to be learned."

"You amaze me, Holmes," said I. "Surely you are not as sure as you pretend to be of all those particulars

which you gave."
"There is no room for mistake." he answered, "The very first thing which I observed on arriving there was that m cab had made two ruts with its wheels close to the curb. Now, up to rast night we have had no rain for a week, so that those wheels, which left such a deep impression, must have been made there during the night. There were the marks of the horse's hoofs, too, the outline of one of which was far more clearly cut then that of the door of which was decorated with the other three, showing that there a small slip of brass, on which the was a new shoe. Since the cab was name Rance was engraved. there after the rain began, and was not there at any time during the morn--I have Gregson's word for thatit follows that it must have been there coming. during the night, and therefore that

house."
"That seems simple enough," said !: how about the other man's he said. height?"

"Why, the height of a man, in nine his cases out of ten can be told from the sively. length of his stride. It is a simple colculation enough, though there is no use my boring you with figures. I said, this fellow's stride, both on the clay outside and the dust within. Then I spything I can," the constable another of checking my calculas swered, with his eyes upon the little culation enough, though there is no imd a way of checking my calcula-tions. When a man writes on a wall, his instinct leads him to write about the level of his own eyes. Now, that writing was just over six feet from the ground. It was child's play,"
"And his age?" I asked.

Well, if a man can stride four and a half feet without the smallest effort. he can't be quite in the sere and yellow. That was the breadth of a nud-dle on the garden walk which he had evidently walked across, Patent isather boots had gone around and Equare toes had hopped over. There rain and I met Harry Murcher—him is no mystery about it at all. I am who has the Holland Grove beat—and simply appyling to ordinary life a few of those precents of observation and Henrietta street a-talkin'.. Presently deduction which I advocated in that —maybe about two, or a little after—I article. Is there anything else that puzzles you?"

"The finger nalls and the Trichinopoly," I suggested.
"The writing on the wall was done

with a man's forefinger dipped in My glass allowed me to observe that the plaster was slightly scratched in doing it, which would not had been trimmed. I gathered up same house. Now, I knew that them some scattered ash from the floor. It two houses in Lauriston Garden was dark in color and ficky-such an ash as is only made by a Trichonopoly. I have made a special study of cignr -in fact. I have written a monoor of tobacco. It is in just such details that the skilled detective differs doorfrom the Gregson and Lestrade type," "And the florid face?" I asked.

"Ah, that was a more daring shot, though I have no doubt that I was for?" right. You must not ask me that at the present state of the affair."

bassed my hand over my brow. "My head is in a whirl." I remarked: "the more one thinks of it, the more roysterious it grows. How came these two men-if there were two men-in-to an empty house? What has become of the cabman who drove them? How could one man compel another to take poison? Where did the blood come What was the object of the murderer since robbery had no part in it? How came the woman's ring there? Above all, why should the second man write up the German word Rache before decamping? I confess that I cannot see any possible way of reconciling all these facts."

My companion smiled approvingly You sum up the difficulties of the situation succinctly and well." he said. "There is much that is still obscure though I have quite made up my mind on the main facts. As to poor Lestrade's disovery, it was simply a blind intended to put the police upon a wrong track, by suggesting socialism and secret societies. It was not done by a German. The A. if you noticed, was printed somewhat after the German fashion. Now a real German invariably prints in the Latin character, so that we may safely say that this was not written by one, but by a clumsy imitator, who overdid his part. It was simply a that?" he cried. ruse, to divert inquiry into a wrong channel. I'm not going to tell you much more of the case, doctor. You know a conjurer gets no credit when once he has explained his trick, and if I show you too much of my method of working you will come to the conclusion that I am a very ordinary individual after all."

"I shall never do that," I answered: "you have brought detection as near however, losing his mystified expresam exact science as it ever will be sion. brought in this world."

My companion flushed up with pleasure at my words and the earnest way in which I uttered them. I had all ready observed that he was as sensitive to flattery on the score of his art as any girl could be of her beauty,

"I'll tell you one other thing," he said, "Patent-leathers and Square toes came in the same cab and they walked down the pathway together as friendly as possible-arm in arm, in all probability. When they got inside the gate when I came out, a leanin' up they walked up and down the roomor rather. Patent-leathers stood still. while Square-toes walked up and cown. I could read all that in the stuff. He couldn't stand, far less dust; and I could read that, as he heip."
walked, he grew more and more ex- "What sort of a man was he?"

cited. That is shown by the increased It was 1 o'clock when we left 3 length of his strides. He was talking Lauriston Gardens. Sherlock Holmes all the while, and working himself up, no doubt, into a fury. Then the tragedy occurred. I've told you all I know yself, now for the rest is mere surmise and conjecture. We have a good working basis, however, on which to start. We must hury up, for I want

> while our cab had been threading its way through a long succession of dingy streets and dreary by-ways

In the dinglest and dreariest of them our driver suddenly came to a stand. "That's Audley Court in there," said pointing to a narrow slit in the

line of dead-colored brick. "You'll find me here when you come back." Audley Court was not an attractive locality. The parrow passage led us into a quadrangle paved with flags and

lined by sordid dwellings. We picked our way among groups of dirty children and through lines of discolored linen until we came to No. 46,

On inquiry we found that the Constable was in bed, and we were shown into a little front parlor to await his

He appeared presently, looking a litit brought those two individuals to the ti irritable at bing disturbed in his slumbers "I made my report at the office."

Holmes took a half sovereign from nocket, and played with it pen-

"We thought that we should like to

golden disk.

"Just let us hear it all in your own way, as it occurred."

Rance sat down on the horsehair sofa and knitted his brows, as though determined not to omit anything in his parrative."

"I'll tell it we from the beginning," said. "My time is from eight at night to six in the morning. At eleven there was a fight at the White Hart; but, bar that, all was quiet enough on the beat. At one o'clock it began to we stood together at the corner thought I would take a look round and see that all was right down the Brixton road. It was precious dirty and lonely. Not a soul did I meet the way down though a cab or two went past me. I was a-strollin' down, thinkin' between ourselves how common handy a four of gin hot would be, when suddenly a glint of light emnty on account of him that owns them, who wont have the drains seed to, though the very last tenant that lived in one o' them died o' tynhoid graph upon the subject. I flatter my-self that I can distinguish at a giance therefore at seeing a light in the winthe ash of any known brand of cigar dow, and I suspected as something was wrong "You stopped and then walked back

to the garden cate," my compenion in-terrupted. "What did you do that

Rance gave a violent jump and stared at Sherlock Holmes with the utmost amazement upon his features. "Wby, that's true, sir," he said, though how you come to know it Heaven only knows! You see, when I got up to the door, it was so still and so lonesome that I thought I'd be none the worse for some one with me. sin't afeared of nothing on this side o' the grave; but I thought maybe it was him that died o' typhold inspecting the drains what killed him. The thought gave me a kind o' turn, and I walked back to the gate to see if I

"There was no one in the street?" "Not a livin' soul, sir, nor as much as a dog. Then I pulled myself together and went back and pushed the door open. All was quiet inside, so I went into the room where the light was a burnin'. There was a certle flickerin' on the mantel-piece-a red wax one-and by its light I saw-

could see Murcher's lantern, but there

wasn't no sign of him nor any one

'Yes, I know all that you saw. You walked round the room several times, and you knelt down by the body, and then you walked through and tried the kitchen door, and then-John Rance sprang to his feet with

a frightened face and suspicion in his "Where was you hid to see

"It seems to me that you know a deal more than you

Holmes laughed and threw his card across the table to the constable.

"Don't get arresting me for the murder," he said, "I am one of the hounds, and not the wolf; Mr. Gregson or Mr. Lestrade will answer for that. Go on, though. What did you do next?" Rance resumed his sent, without,

"I went back to the gate and sounded my whistle. That brought Mur-

cher and two more to the snot. "Was the street empty, then?" "Well, it was, so far as anybody that

could be of any good goes."
What do you mean?" The constable's features broadened

into a grin. "I've seen many a drunk chap in my time," he said, "but never any one so cryin' drunk as that cove. agin the railin's and a-singin' at the pitch of his lungs about Columbine's New-fangled Banner, or some

asked Sherlock Holmes John Rance appeared to be some

that irritated at this digression. "He was an uncommon drunk sort o' man," he said. "He's ha' found hisself in the station if we hadn't been

took up. "His face-his dress-didn't you notice them?" Holmes broke in, impatiently

"I should think I did notice them, sceing that I had to prop him up--me and Murcher between us. He was a long chap with a red face, the lower part muffled round-"That will do," cried Holmes," What

"We'd enough to do without lookin' after him," the policeman said, in an aggrieved voice, "I'll wager he found his way home all right." "How was he dressed?" "A brown overcoat."

"A whip-no." "He must have left it behind," muttered my companion. "You didn't happen to see or hear a cab after

"Had he a whip in his hand?"

"No" "There's a half sovereign for you." companion said, standing up and taking his hat. "I am afraid, Rance, that you will never rise in the force That head of yours should be for use as well as ornament. You might have grined your sergeant's stripes last right. The man whom you held in your hands is the man who holds the clew of this mystery, and whom we are seeking. There is no use of arguing about it now: I tell you that it is so. Come along doctor."

We started off for the cab together eaving our informent incredulous, but obviously uncomfortable

The blundering fool!" Holmes sold hitterly, as we drove back to our lodgings. "Just to think of his having such incomparable bit of good luck, and not taking advantage of it."

I am rather in the dark still. It is true that the description of this man tallies with your idea of the second party in this mystery. But why should he come back to the house after leaving it? That it not the way of crimitals.

what he came back for. If we have no kind in the United States. Its designer other way of catching him we can alays balt our line with the ring. I shall have him, doctor-I'll lay you two to one that I have him. I must thank you for it all. I might not have gone but for you, and so have missed ure. The mosnic work of the marble the finest study I ever came across; a floor and ceiling is elaborate, and the atudy in scarlet, eh? Why shouldn't interior is in the form of a chapel, with we use a little art jargon? There's an altar. Electric lights around the the scarlet thread of murder running celling are lighted automatically by through the colorless skein of life, and our duty is to unravel it and isolate it. and expose every inch of it. And now for lunch, and then for Norman Neruda. Her attack and her bowing are splen-What's that little thing of Chopin's she plays so magnificently; Tra-ia-lalira-lira-lay?"

Leaning back in the cab, this amateur bloodhound caroled away like a lark, while I meditated upon the many- sidedness of the human mind.

STRANDED IN THE DESERT.

Fully Equipped Steamer Rests on Sends Bor dering the Colorado River.

There does not seem' to be much use for a ship in the desert country of California, which borders on the Colorado river, yet travelers in that region may see there a veritable "ship of the des-Far from any body of water capable of floating even a mud-cow, may be found a big stern-wheel steamer, accustomed to ply up and down the river, carrying passengers and freight. She has been lying there since last September, stranded high and dry on the sands a mile and a half from the stream's present course.

This strange condition of affairs has come about simply because the Colorado, a mighty stream, but one of the most treacherous of rivers, chose to cut a new channel for itself early in the fall without notice or warning.

One night last September the Alviso tied up to the shore a couple of miles above Needles, awaiting telegraphic orders. She was loaded with passengers and supplies, and as travel is sometimes leisurely pursued on the Colorado, all hands turned in for a good night's sleep. Fetween 3 and 4 o'clock, Captain Babson was aroused by Indians, who warned him that for some reason the river was falling rapidly, and advised him to pull out into midstream as quickly as possible. This the captain tried to do, but the water had already gone down so low that his prow stuck fast in the mud when he got up steam and tried to turn the paddle wheels and move out into navigable water. And there he has stuck ever since, becoming resigned to his situation perforce and hopefully awiating the flood water that comes down at the times of the melting of the Colorado and Wyoming snows.

WHAT THE WISE ONES SAY.

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises. either of virtue or mischief.

The only real belief is in absolute conquest; and the earlier the battle begins, the easier and the shorter it will be. If one can keep irritabliity under, one may escape the struggle to the Ideath with passion. - Juliana Ewing.

There are twenty-four hours in a day, and not a moment in the twentyher mind .- De Finol.

If you wish to be miserable you must think about yourself about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will be as wretched as you choose-Charles Kings-

As many as 7,287 men have been elected to the national house since the American congress was organized. The number does not include those who beyond the altar lies the washtub. have occupied seats and been thrown out on contests.



MACKAY MAUSOLEUM IN GREENWOOD,

IN A \$300,000 MAUSOLEUM.

Where the Remains of the Late Millionaire Mackay Rest.

The Mackay mausoleum in Greenwood lemetery, Brooklyn, in which the body of the late millionaire new rests, was completed two years ago and is one "The ring, man the ring! That was of the most elaborate structures of the was a Kentuckian and its cost was \$300,000. A large granite cross surmounts the building, and at each corner of the roof there is a life size figceiling are lighted automatically by the opening of the bronze doors of the mausoleum. There are 22 crypts for bodies in the building.

The body of Mr. Mackay's son, John W. Mackay, Jr., who was killed in France in 1895, was placed in the mausoleum soon after its completion, and the body of Mrs. Mackay's mother rests there. The body of Marcus Daly has been resting in one of the crypts, pending the erection of a Daly family Harry Tracy Severens and he was vault. The body of Mr. Mackay was placed in the crypt directly under the altar in the mausoleum.

POSTERS FOR WORLD'S FAIR.

Old Flag Used to Drape a Figure Is Found Effective.

Among the poster designs submitted to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company is what is called the Columblan series. In posing this poster an old flag with a local history was ob-



WORLD'S PAIR POSTER

tained and the figure was draped with the stars and stripes conspicuously displayed. It is thought that circulation in foreign countries of such a design may enthuse Americans abroad,

A Gold Cradle.

In 1720 a certain German Prince sent to Queen Ulrica Eleonora, of Sweden, a cradle of solid gold as a christening present for her child. The ship containing the gift was driven by a terrible gale on to the shores of the Island of Tjorn, where it became a total wreck. The inhabitants of the Island massacred the shipwrecked mariners and pillaged the ship, but the cradle, by a curious chain of circumstances was saved, and now lies buried in a lonely part of the island. The story glish and Gaelic. having by some means revived, the present King of Sweden has offered four in which a woman may not change 10,000 kronen-about £500-to whoever discovers Queen Ulrica's cradle of gold.

Empty Seats.

church, and, fearing lest he should take verger with the following question: "Hi. Mistor Varjin, are theer onny o' these seats vacant thant's not full?"

After her schooldays are over the sweet girl graduate is apt to learn that

Even the Wall street graduate has his sheepskin.

BANDIT TRACY.



Harry Tracy, the bandit who has been terrorizing Oregon and Washington and who in his criminal career has killed nine persons, is a native of Grand Rapids, Wis. His real name is reared at Pittsfield, Wis.

FAVORITE OF KINGS.

Wonder of Her Age, Mmc. Janauschek Is Now Penniless.

Penniless and suffering from paralysis, Mme. Fanny Janauschek, one of the greatest actresses of her day, the

pride of Europe and the wonder o America, is living In a cheap boardinghouse at Saratogo Springs, N. Y., having gone to the famous health res in hope of regaining her health Once she was rich and feted and en

vied; now all of her jewelry has been MME. JANAUSCHER sold to supply her needs, and she finds herself deserted by all of her friends and unsupplied with even the common luxuries of the poor.

The story of Mme. Januaschek's life is romantic. In her prime she was the queen of the European stage. Royal and imperial gifts were showered upon her. She numbered among her most ardent admirers the late Empress of Russia, the King of Bavaria, the King of Holland, Louis Napoleon and viceroys, ambassadors and noblemen by the score. All of these had paid their tribute to the tragedienne, and when she first came to the United States, in 1867, the jewels she brought with her as presents from her devotees in Europe were worth \$200,000. It has been said of her, so successful has been her stage career, that she hypnotized her audiences.

The Hermit Woman of Oban.

A woman has for some time past created considerable stir in Scotland by her not only free but apparently obstinate choice of a hermit's life in a cave, some sixteen miles from Oban. Despite the inclement weather, the woman, who is apparently about forty years old, steadily refuses to leave her cave, and, since the latter is below high-water mark, the landowner, the Marquis of Breadalbane, can not dislodge her. She has now strewn some dried bracken over the cave, but her plight during wet weather has been deplorable. The woman's name is Christina MacMaster. She speaks En-

Unexpected Erudition.

An absent-minded professor of languages dropped into a restaurant one day for luncheon, "What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter. "Fried One Sunday morning a countryman "ggs." replied the professor. "Over?" attended service in a certain London said the waiter, meaning of course to ask whether he wanted them cooked a sent that was not free, he stopped the on both sides or only one. "Ova?" echoed the professor, surprised at his apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly. That is what I ordered. Ova gallinae." This the waiter interpreted as meaning "extra well done," and that is the way they came to the table.

Love's young dream is all right until the matrimonial alarm clock goes off Baltimore American. and causes a rude awakening.



Knicker-"Were there any suspicions characters about?" Bocker-"Only two policemen."

As they reckon time: "How long has she been on the stage?" "Only about three divorces."-Chicago Record-Herald. Some one has named a cigar after

Mary MacLane. It emits a blue flame and sulphurous smoke.-St. Paul Globe. Nathan Hale is reported to have said: "I am sorry that I am hot a cat so I

could give nine lives to my country."-Harvard Lampoon. "Noodelles never disagrees with any. body." "Yes; that's what makes it so disagreeable to have him around"-Indianapolis News.

Father-"Well, my son, what did you learn at school to-day?" Little Progtor-"Not to sass Tommy McNutt"-Chicago Daily News.

Bragge-"I was knocked senseless by a cricket-ball two years ago." The boy in the corner-"When does yer expect ter get over it?"-Tit-Bits. Truth's echo: "Good men, you know,

are scarce." "Yes, I know, and ereq bad men have to make themselves so at times."-Boston Courier. The optimist: Grandpa-"Well, Horace, we haven't caught any fish; if a

hard lines." Horace-"But we had good luck digging worms."-Chicago News. Pugilistic.-Nell-"Did Miss Bllyums act as if it was a severe blow when she didn't get the prince?" Belle-"Yes,

she took the count."-Philadelphia Record. Sunday-school teacher-"And so Lot's wife was turned to sait. Can any one tell why?" Wicked Willy from the rear)-"She was too fresh."-Harvard Lampoon.

Hardhead-"Well, every man has a right to his opinion." Pepprey-"Yes, but the trouble is he can't be made to realize that there may be a wrong to it "-Philadelphia Press,

"That author keeps his identity close-

ly concealed." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "until I read his books 1 thought it was due to modesty." "Isn't It?" "No. Discretion."-Washington Star. Far from It: Girl with the Gibson-

girl neck-"Fan Billiwink has begun to show her age, hasn't she?" Girl with the Julia Marlowe dimple-"I should say not. She's begun to try to hide it" -Chicago Tribune. It was her first ride in an automobile

and she was deeply interested in the horn that was used to notify people to clear the way. "Papa," she said. 'Well?" he returned. "Make it snore some more."-Chicago Post. 'Haven't you read that lovely new

novel?" asked the first summer girl. 'No," replied the other, "the only edition of it I've seen has a horrid yellow cover that doesn't accord with any of my gowns."-Philadelphia Press.

Sociable: "Well, well," remarked Farmer Korntop at the Zoo, "this here lion 'pears to be real good-natured." 'Mebbe," suggested his good wife, "it's one o' them social lions ye read about in the papers."—Philadelphia Press. "This is a remarkable climate." and

the tourist. "It is," answered the old settler. "Ever since I have been here I have wondered how a climate could change so many times a day and every time for the worse."-Washington Stat. Upgardson-"I hear there is some

complaint that the continual dampness is rendering many pianos useless." Atom-"I have heard of its ruining \$ great many planos, but I haven't head any complain about it."—Chicago Trib une. The superintendent-"Now. children

why do we love to go to the benutiful parks? What do we find there that is always fresher and purer than it is is the city?" Truthful Tommy (with cheerful promptness)-"Pop-corn, sir." -Ex. "Yes, count, in all the park there is no place I like so well as under this

old, old tree." (Sighing sentimentally) "There are tender associations rea see." "Aha. I comprehend, man sels. You have yourself planted the tree"-Punch. "I can't imagine anything more as satisfactory than a meal at our board

ing house," said the chronic kickst "No?" replied the impressionable young man. "Evidently you never got a kis from your best girl over the telephone" -Pulladelphia Press. "How does it come you resigned rost position as office boy?" inquired the

gentleman of little Jimmie; "didn't 198 like your employer?" "Yes," replied Jimmie, "I like him well enuf, but i didn't like th' brand uv seegars be smokes,"-Ohio State Journal. Baker-"Didn't see you in your auto-mobile yesterday," Butler-"That was because I was under it, probably That's where I spent the greater part of the day, fixing things that hadgetest of kilter. I don't know as I shall se

much riding in my machine; but I still learn a powerful lot about machiners. -Boston Transcript. Remarkable item: "Got a big stor to-day," said the marine reperise "What is it? Wreck?" asked the di editor. "No. The brig Albatross cant

into port from the South Atlantic and she's the first one to come in in a month that doesn't report having had he deck covered with volcanic ashes white five hundred miles from Martinique.

