

# A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued.

After a very brief pause the detective continued:

"Of course, after that there was nothing more to be done. I found out where Lieutenant Charpentier was, both two officers with me and arrested him. When I turned him on the shoulder and warned him to come quietly with us, he answered us as bold as brass. 'I suppose you are arresting me for being concerned in the death of that scoundrel Drebbler,' he said. We had said nothing to him about it, so that his alluding to it had a most suspicious aspect."

"Very," said Holmes.  
"He still carried the heavy stick which the mother described him as having with him when he followed Drebbler. It was a stout oak cudgel."  
"What is your theory then?"  
"Well, my theory is that he followed Drebbler as far as the Brixton road. When there a fresh altercation arose between them, in the course of which Drebbler received a blow from the stick in the pit of the stomach, perhaps, which killed him without leaving any mark. The night was so wet that no one was about, so Charpentier dragged the body of his victim into the empty house. As to the candle and the blood and the writing on the wall and the ring, they may all be so many tricks to throw the police on to the wrong scent."

"Well done!" said Holmes in an encouraging voice. "Really, Gregson, you are getting along. We shall make something of you yet."

"I gather myself that I have managed it rather neatly," the detective answered proudly. "The young man who entered a statement in which he said that after following Drebbler some came the latter perceived him and took a cab in order to get away from him. On his way home he met an old shipmate and took a long walk with him. On being asked where this old shipmate lived, he was unable to give any satisfactory reply. I think the whole case fits together uncommonly well. What amuses me is to think of Lestrade, who had started off upon the wrong scent. I am afraid he won't make much of it. Why, by Jove! here's the very man himself!"

It was, indeed, Lestrade, who had ascended the stairs while we were talking, and who now entered the room. The assurance and jaunty which generally marked his demeanor and dress were, however, wanting. His face was disturbed and troubled, while his clothes were disarranged and untidy.

He had evidently come with the intention of consulting with Sherlock Holmes for on perceiving his colleague he appeared to be embarrassed and put out.

He stood in the center of the room, fumbling nervously with his hat, and uncertain what to do.

"This is a most extraordinary case," he said, at last—"a most incomprehensible affair."

"Ah, you find it so, Mr. Lestrade?" cried Gregson, triumphantly. "I thought you would come to that conclusion. Have you managed to find the secretary, Mr. Joseph Stanger-son?"  
"The secretary, Mr. Joseph Stanger-son," said Lestrade, gravely, "was murdered at Halliday's Private Hotel about 6 o'clock this morning."

## CHAPTER VII.

### Light in the Darkness.

The intelligence with which Lestrade greeted us was so momentous and so unexpected that we were all three fairly dumfounded.

Gregson sprang out of his chair and upset the remainder of his whisky and water.

I stared in silence at Sherlock Holmes, whose lips were compressed and his brows drawn down over his eyes.

"Stanger-son, too!" he muttered.

"The plot thickens."  
"It was quite thick enough before," grumbled Lestrade, taking a chair. "I seem to have dropped into a sort of council of war."

"Are you—are you sure of this piece of intelligence?" stammered Gregson.  
"I have just come from his room," said Lestrade. "I was the first to discover what had occurred."

"We have been hearing Gregson's view of the matter," Holmes observed.  
"Would you mind letting us know what you have seen and done?"

"I have no objection," Lestrade answered, seating himself. "I freely confess that I was of the opinion that Stanger-son was concerned in the death of Drebbler. This fresh development has shown me that I was completely mistaken. Full of the one idea, I set myself to find out what had become of the secretary. They had been seen together at Euston Station about half past eight on the evening of the third. At two in the morning Drebbler had been found in the Brixton Road. The question which confronted me was to find out how Stanger-son had been employed between 8:30 and the time of the crime and what had become of him afterward. I telegraphed to Liverpool, giving a description of the man, and warning them to keep a watch upon the American boats. I then set to work calling upon all the hotels and lodging houses in the vicinity of Euston. You see, I argued that if Drebbler and his companion had become separated, the natural course of the latter would be to put on somewhere in the vicinity for the night and then hang about the station again next morning."

"They would be likely to arrive on some morning-place beforehand," remarked Holmes.

"So it proved. I spent the whole of yesterday evening in making inquiries entirely without avail. This morning I began very early, and at eight o'clock I reached Halliday's Private Hotel, in Little George street. On my inquiry as to whether a Mr. Stanger-son was lying there, they at once answered me in the affirmative."

"No doubt you are the gentleman he was expecting," they said. "He had been waiting for a gentleman for two days."

"Where is he now?" I asked.  
"He is upstairs in bed. He wished to be called at nine."

"It seemed to me that my sudden appearance might shake his nerves and lead him to say something unguarded. The Boots volunteered to show me the room; it was on the second floor, and there was a small corridor leading up to it. The Boots pointed out the door to me, and was about to go down stairs again, when I saw something that made me feel sickish, in spite of my twenty years' experience. From under the door there curled a little red ribbon of blood, which had meandered across the passage and formed a little pool along the skirting at the other side. 'I gave a cry which brought the Boots back. He nearly fainted when he saw it. The door was locked on the inside, but we put our shoulders to it and knocked it in. The window of the room was open, and beside the window, all huddled up, lay the body of a man in his night-dress. He was quite dead, and had been for some time for his limbs were rigid and cold. When we turned him over the Boots recognized him at once as being the same gentleman who had engaged the room under the name of James Stanger-son. The cause of death was a deep stab in the left side, which must have penetrated the heart. And now comes the strangest part of the affair. What do you suppose was above the murdered man?"

"I felt a creeping of flesh and a presentiment of coming horror, even before Sherlock Holmes answered."

"The word 'Raucha' written in letters of blood," he said.

"That was it," said Lestrade, in a struck voice; and we were all silent for a while.

There was something so methodical and so incomprehensible about the deeds of this unknown assassin, that it imparted a fresh ghastliness to his crimes.

My nerves, which were steady enough on the field of battle, tingled as I thought of it.

"The man was seen," continued Lestrade. "A milkboy, passing on his way to the dairy, happened to walk down the lane which leads from the mews at the back of the hotel. He noticed that a ladder, which usually lay there, was raised against one of the windows of the second floor, which was wide open. After passing, he looked back and saw a man descend the ladder. He came down so quietly and openly that the boy imagined him to be some carpenter or joiner at work in the hotel. He took no particular notice of him, beyond thinking in his own mind that it was early for him to be at work. He has an impression that the man was tall, had a reddish face, and thought it was early for him to be at work. He must have stayed in the room some little time after the murder, for we found blood-stained water in the basin, where he had washed his hands, and marks on the sheet, where he had deliberately wiped his knife."

I glanced at Holmes on hearing the description of the murderer which tallied so exactly with his own.

There was, however, no trace of exultation or satisfaction upon his face.

"Did you find nothing in the room which could furnish a clue to the murderer?" he asked.

"Nothing, Stanger-son had Drebbler's keys in his pocket, but it seems that this was usual, as he did all the morning. There was nothing of these extraordinary times, robbery is certainly not one of them. There were no papers or memoranda in the murdered man's pockets, except a single telegram, dated from Cleveland about a month ago, and containing the words 'J. H. is in Europe.' There was no name appended to this message."

"And there was nothing else?" Holmes asked.

"Nothing of any importance. The man's towel with which he had read himself to sleep, was lying upon the bed, and his pipe was on a chair beside him. There was a glass of water on the table and on the window sill a small chip ornament box containing a couple of pills."

Sherlock Holmes sneezed from his chair with an exclamation of delight.

"The best luck," he cried, exultantly. "My nose is complete."

The two detectives stared at him in amazement.

"I have now in my hands," my companion said confidently, "all the traces which have formed such a tangle. There are, of course, details to be filled in, but I am certain of all the main facts, from the time that Drebbler parted from Stanger-son at the station, up to the discovery of the body of the latter, as if I had seen them with my own eyes. I will give you proof of my knowledge. Could you lay your hands upon those pills?"

"I have them," said Lestrade, producing a small white box. "I took them and the purse and the telegram, intending to have them put in a place of safety at the police station. It was the merest chance my taking these pills, for I am bound to say that I do not attach any importance to them."

"Give them here," said Holmes. "Now, doctor, turning to me, 'are those ordinary pills?'"

"They certainly were not. They were of a pearly gray color, small, round, and almost transparent against the light."

"From their lightness and transparency, I should imagine that they are soluble in water," I remarked.

"Precisely so," answered Holmes.

"Now, would you mind going down and fetching that poor little devil of a terrier which has been bad so long, and which the landlady wanted you to put out of its pain yesterday?"

I went downstairs and carried the dog upstairs in my arms. Its labored breathing and glazing eye showed that it was not far from its end.

Indeed, its snow white muzzle proclaimed that it had already exceeded the usual term of canine existence. I placed it upon a cushion on the rug.

"I will now cut open of these pills in

two," said Holmes, and drawing his penknife, he suited the action to the word. "One half we return into the box for future purposes. The other half I will place in this wine glass, in which is a teaspoonful of water. You perceive that our friend, the doctor, is right, and that it readily dissolves."

"This may be very interesting," said Lestrade, in the injured tone of one who suspects that he is being laughed at. "I can not see, however, what it has to do with the death of Mr. Joseph Stanger-son."

"Patience, my friend, patience. You will find in time that it has everything to do with it. I shall now add a little milk to make the mixture palatable, and on presenting it to the dog you will find that he licks it up readily enough."

As he spoke he turned the contents of the wine glass into a saucer and placed it in front of the terrier, who speedily licked it dry.

Sherlock Holmes' earnest demeanor had so far convinced us that we all sat in silence, watching the animal intently and expecting some startling effect.

None such appeared, however. The dog continued to lie stretched upon the cushion, breathing in a labored way, but apparently neither the better nor the worse for its draught.

Holmes had taken out his watch, and as minute followed minute without result, an expression of the utmost chagrin and disappointment appeared upon his features.

He gnawed his lip, drummed his fingers upon the table and showed every other symptom of acute impatience.

So great was his emotion that I felt sincerely sorry for him, while the two detectives smiled derisively, by no means displeased at this check which he had met.

"It can't be coincidence," he cried at last, springing from his chair and pacing wildly up and down the room: "It is impossible that it should be a mere coincidence. The very pills which I suspected in the case of Drebbler are actually found after the death of Stanger-son. And yet they are inert. What can it mean? Surely my whole chain of reasoning cannot have been false. It is impossible! And yet this wretched dog is none the worse. Ah, I have it, I have it!"

With a perfect shriek of delight he rushed to the box, cut the other pill in two, dissolved it, added milk, and presented it to the terrier.

The unfortunate creature's tongue hardly seemed to have been moistened in it before it gave a convulsive shiver in every limb, and lay as rigid and lifeless as if it had been struck by lightning.

Sherlock Holmes drew a long breath and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"I should have more faith," he said: "I ought to know by this time that when a fact appears to be opposed to a long train of deductions it invariably proves to be capable of bearing some other interpretation. Of the two pills in that box one was the most deadly poison and the other was entirely harmless. I ought to have known that before ever I saw the box at all."

This last statement appeared to me to be so startling that I could hardly believe that he was in his sober senses.

There was the dead dog, however, to prove that his conjecture had been correct.

It seemed to me that the mists in my own mind were gradually clearing away, and I began to have a dim, vague perception of the truth.

"All this seems strange to you," continued Holmes, "because you failed at the beginning of the inquiry to grasp the importance of the single real clue which was presented to you. I had the good fortune to seize upon that, and everything which has occurred since then has served to confirm my original supposition, and, indeed was the logical sequence of it. Hence, things which have perplexed you and made the case more obscure have served to enlighten me and to strengthen my conclusions. It is a mistake to confound strangeness with mystery. The most commonplace crime is often the most mysterious because it presents no new or special features from which deductions may be drawn. This murder would have been infinitely more difficult to unravel had the body of the victim been simply found lying in the roadway without any of those outer and sensational accompaniments which have rendered it remarkable. These strange details, far from making the case more difficult, have really had the effect of making it less so."

(To be continued.)

## Things That May Interest You.

Over a million persons die yearly in Europe of consumption.

Five hundred and eighty-seven distinct languages are spoken in Europe.

Out of 2,599 murders of Christians in Turkey last year there were only 61 cases in which the murderers were punished.

The longest railway run in the world without changing is on the Canadian Pacific, from Halifax to Vancouver, 3,462 miles.

The biggest orchard in the world is near Santa Barbara, Cal. It covers 1,700 acres and contains 31,000 fruit and nut trees.

The amount of heat generated by a man's body in a day's work is sufficient to raise 63 pounds of water from freezing to boiling point.

Lord Kelvin, who is now 78 years of age, is entitled to place no less than 26 letters, indicating various titles of honor, after his name.

During the past ten years immigration to America from Germany, Ireland and England has decreased, while that from Italy, Austria and Russia has increased.

There are 6,000 monks on the promontory of Athon. They pay to the sultan 2,000 pounds a year for the privilege of being allowed to govern themselves.

The number of ships in the American whaling fleet has fallen off in the last twelve years from 97 to 40, and much the same is the case with the Scotch whaling industry.



## THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

One of the most disagreeable features of a protracted illness is the more or less close confinement to which the patient is subjected, if he is compelled to keep his bed, his discomfort and impatience are of course greatly intensified. Even in health a life spent in bed would soon become intolerable to the most ardent sluggard; and we can well pardon one whose nerves have been made irritable by long confinement, for showing at times a dissatisfaction with everything around him. A little skill in the arrangements of the bed, however, will at least render the patient's condition endurable.

First of all, we must have a mattress which presents a firm, even surface; one stuffed with curled hair will exactly meet our wants. Feather beds are a constant nuisance to both patient and nurse. The mattress should be turned and shaken at frequent intervals, in order that it may not become compacted at any point.

The sheets and linen should be soft and kept as spotless as possible. If the sick person is very restless, it is better to change them often, as the accumulation of wrinkles is extremely irritating. It is better to be over-particular in this respect, since during a long confinement the skin becomes exquisitely sensitive, and predisposes the patient to bed-sores.

The coverings of the bed should be warm, but not so weighty as to be uncomfortable. The top spread should either be of spotless white or of some fancy figure which may be changed at intervals, and so give relief by pleasing the eye.

It is not necessary to urge the propriety of taking the whole bed to pieces every morning, and thoroughly exposing the mattress and each piece of bed-clothing separately to the action of fresh air.

There are many other things which will suggest themselves, if only we are sufficiently impressed with the importance of making as comfortable as possible those who are condemned to spend a greater part of their days in bed.—Housewife.

## THE FIVE-CENT CIGAR.

Its Average Life Has Been Figured at Five Years.

"The average life of the nickel cigar is five years," said a prominent tobacco man, "and it is curious to note the differences which have enabled cigar men to arrive at this general average of the five-cent cigar's life. Many cigars of this class run through a long series of years."

"There are some brands now that have been running for more than a quarter of a century under the same name, and they are really the same cigars, made in the same way, having the same flavor and all that sort of thing. In this connection I have been impressed by the remark which we often hear about certain brands of cigars that a man had been smoking for two years, or longer, but that the cigar was getting so bad that he had concluded to quit buying it at all. 'It is nothing like the same cigar,' he said; 'the taste has changed, and it tastes like a mixture of cabbage leaves.' Now, he was altogether wrong about that. I know the cigar, know how it is made, and all about it, and I know that no sort of change has been made in the process of manufacture. The trouble is that a man's taste changes. He may get up feeling badly, his stomach may be in bad shape, and, of course, the cigar will not taste as it did when his system was in better condition. The cigar is blamed, and he simply dashes the thing into the street, and quits buying it. Instances of this sort are very common. Mind you, I do not mean to say that some of the brands do not change. There are tricks in the cigar business, just as there are tricks in other trades. But in nine cases out of ten the trouble is with the smoker. But, recurring to the age of cigars, the average to which I have referred has been settled upon by tobacco men and is accepted throughout the country. It is reached by taking the two extremes—the good and the bad five-cent cigar, and figuring back to the middle. Some five-cent cigars close with the first lot made. They are failures, having nothing in them to recommend them to the public. The material out of which they are made would not make decent 'three-fors.' The higher grades of five-cent cigars are made as carefully and with as much skill as the cigars that are sold at a higher price, and I do not mind saying that many of them are really far superior in material, flavor and method of manufacture. So many of them, however, are of the cheap kind that the average is lowered to five years, while the average life of the higher priced cigars will run to a much higher figure."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Take two wine bottles of even size and close them with corks, as shown in figure. Cut the top of the corks in wedge shape. Take two table knives with heavy handles and place them on the edges of the corks, as shown in figure, their points touching each other. On the points of the knives place a thin glass filled with so much water that it balances on the tips of the knives.

Then carefully let a small metal ball or piece of money attached to a string down into the water without touching bottom, and you will see the glass sway down, and then up again, as soon as you remove the ball from the water.

This experiment is best done with music, as the glass will appear to be dancing to the tune that is played.

## How a Shrewd Jew Won a Sincere Friend.

Here is a little story which never before has been told in print, but which is surely as well worth the telling as the histories of wars and crimes and sharp tricks in the money market with which our minds are filled nowadays. A certain shrewd Hebrew merchant, whom we shall call Kejee, built, a few years ago, a huge department store in one of our large cities. It was planned to occupy a whole block. But the corner lot, forty feet square, was owned by an old German watchmaker named Weber, who refused to sell it.

"No, I will not give up my home," he said. "I bought it when property here was cheap, and I have lived and worked here for fifty-two years. I will not sell it."

"But," Lejee patiently reasoned, "you virtually gave up business years ago. You make or sell no watches now. Your sons have other pursuits. You don't live in the house, only sit in the office all day long, looking out of the window."

The office was a small corner room in the second story, with an open fireplace around which were set some old Dutch tiles. A battered walnut desk was fitted into the wall and before it stood an old chair and a sheepskin cover.

The old man's face grew red. "You are right," he said. "I don't work here. I have enough to live on without work. But I am an old man and want to live in this room. It is home to me. When my wife and I first came here we were poor. I worked in the shop below, but we lived here. Gretta fried the cakes and worst over that fire; the cradle stood in that corner. Little Jan was born here; his coffin was carried out of that door. Gretta is dead for many a long year. But when I sit here and look out of the window I think she is with me. For thirty years she and I looked out of that window and talked of the changes in the street below."

Lejee was silenced for the time, but began his arguments again the next day, doubling his offer.

"The lot is worth that to me," he said, "as I own the block, but to nobody else. You are throwing away a large sum which would be a great help to your sons that you may include a bit of sentiment. Have you the right to do that?"

Weber was hard pushed. His boy were struggling on with small means; this money would set them on their feet, would enable them to marry. What right had he to spoil their lives that he might sit and dream of old times? The next day he gave his consent and the sale was made.

The old man lived in the suburbs; he never came to that part of the town while the building was in progress. When it was finished and the huge department store was thrown open to the public Lejee one day asked him to come in. He led him through the great crowded salesrooms, piled one on top of another for nine stories, and then drew him into a narrow passage and flung open a door.

"There is your little office, just as you left it," he said. "We have built around it, and beside it, and over it, but not a brick in it has been touched. There is your fire with the old tiles and your desk, and your chair was brought back to-day. It is your office, Mr. Weber, and if you will sit here as long as you live and think of them that are gone, and watch the changes in the street below, I shall feel there is a blessing on the big house because you have a friend in it."

"Neither Cart Nor Dog," a truism; nevertheless every tradesman thinks every other trade except his own is a "snap." So it was with Silas Green, farmer, who aspired to the ease, wealth and dignity of a lawyer. Press.

Finally opportunity presented itself, and Silas opened up a stable at Whitmore Lake, a summer resort of modest pretensions.

All went well for a time; for Silas knew a "single rig" from a "double rig," and such distinctions met the modest requirements of the quiet residents. But one day trouble, in the guise of a smart city-young-man, presented itself. Silas was called upon to produce an unheard-of vehicle—known to Whitmore Lake.

"I wish a dog cart, don't you know," said the spruce young man.

"Mister," said Silas, "there ain't no dog cart in the place, an' if there was there ain't a dog in the bull country big enough to draw it. Lemme show you out with a top buggy."

"Drew the Line at Ping-Pong." Here's a letter from Mirandy's college. She says she's in love with Ping-Pong.

"She is, hey? Well, she'd better get him up; we ain't gorry 'er stand for Chinaman marrying inter this family."—Woman's Home Companion.

Lost Her Job. Snake Charmer—So the fat lady got too much anti-fat. How is she now? Sword Swallower—Oh, in reduced circumstances.

Not Many Rich in Britain. Only 80,231 of the 700,000 British subjects who died last year had anything to leave by will.

A man occasionally takes a day off to celebrate the anniversary of his birth, but when a woman celebrates hers she usually takes a year off.

## THE DANCING WINE GLASS.



Take two wine bottles of even size and close them with corks, as shown in figure. Cut the top of the corks in wedge shape. Take two table knives with heavy handles and place them on the edges of the corks, as shown in figure, their points touching each other. On the points of the knives place a thin glass filled with so much water that it balances on the tips of the knives.

Then carefully let a small metal ball or piece of money attached to a string down into the water without touching bottom, and you will see the glass sway down, and then up again, as soon as you remove the ball from the water.

This experiment is best done with music, as the glass will appear to be dancing to the tune that is played.

Quick-Witted. A rather good story is told of a distinguished philosopher who happened to be staying at a country house where there were other guests. One morning a youngster looking out of the window, observing a large flock of rooks alighting on the grass, cried out: "What an awful lot of crows!" upon which the philosopher, in a tone intending to convey a gentle rebuke, enquiringly said: "Well, my young friend, are crows so awful?" The boy quickly answered: "I didn't say 'What a lot of awful crows,' but 'What an awful lot of crows.'" The philosopher remained silent, and the boy whispered to a companion, "Had him that time, I think!"

Position. I. They sat in the hammock. Quiet and still. They looked at her daddy—Amy and Bill.

II. But daddy went in soon. (Some daddies will.) They sat in the hammock—Amy & Bill.

—Chicago Journal.

We have found upon investigation that the term "refined" is applied promiscuously to anyone who is slender, and who doesn't care for boiled cabbage.

When a wise man bears a husband and wife quarrelling it's him to the tall grass.

GREATLY CONDEMNED GARS, Not at All Beautiful, but These Fish Have Good Sense.

Nearly all the inland waters of southern and middle America are infested by the long-nosed and toothful, though not toothsome, gar. In the Mississippi it occasionally reached a size that