

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Mr. Gregson, who had listened to this address with considerable impatience, could contain himself no longer. "Look here, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, "we are all ready to acknowledge that you are a smart man, and that you have your own methods of working. We want something more than mere theory and preaching now, though. It is a case of taking the man. I have made my case out and it seems I was wrong. Young Charpentier could not have been engaged in this second affair. Lestrade went after his man, Stangerson, and it appears that he was wrong, too. You have thrown out hints here and hints there, and seem to know more than we do, but the time has come when we feel that we have a right to ask you straight how much you do know of the business. Can you name the man who did it?"

"I cannot help feeling that Gregson is right, sir," remarked Lestrade. "We have both tried, and we have both failed. You have remarked more than once since I have been in the room that you had all the evidence which you require. Surely you will not withhold it any longer?"

"Any delay in arresting the assassin," I observed, "might give him time to perpetrate some fresh atrocity."

Thus pressed by us all, Holmes showed signs of irresolution.

He continued to walk up and down the room with his head sunk on his chest and his brows drawn down, as was his habit when lost in thought.

"There will be no more murders," he said, at last, stopping abruptly and facing us. "You can put that consideration out of the question. You have asked me if I know the name of the assassin. I do. The mere knowing of his name is a small thing, however, compared with the power of laying our hands upon him. This I expect very shortly to do. I have good hopes of managing it through my own arrangements; but it is a thing which needs delicate handling, for we have a shrewd and desperate man to deal with who is supported, as I have had occasion to prove, by another who is as clever as himself. As long as this man has no idea that any one can have a clew, there is some chance of securing him; but if he had the slightest suspicion, he would change his name, and vanish in an instant among the four million inhabitants of this great city. Without meaning to hurt either of your feelings, I am bound to say that I consider these men to be more than a match for the official force, and that is why I have not asked your assistance. If I fail I shall, of course, incur all the blame due to this omission; but that I am prepared for. At present I am ready to promise that the instant I can communicate with you without endangering my own combinations I shall do so."

Gregson and Lestrade seemed to be far from satisfied by this assurance, or by the depressing allusion to the detective police.

The former had flushed up to the roots of his flaxen hair, while the other's beady eyes glistened with curiosity and resentment.

Neither of them had time to speak, however, before there was a tap at the door and the spokesman of the street arab, young Wiggins, introduced his insignificant and unsavory person.

"Please, sir," he said, touching his forelock, "I have the cab down stairs."

"Good boy," said Holmes, blandly. "Why don't you introduce this pattern at Scotland Yard?" he continued, taking a pair of steel handcuffs from a drawer. "See how beautifully the spring works. They fasten in an instant."

"The old pattern is good enough," remarked Lestrade. "If we can find the man to put them on."

"Very good, very good," said Holmes, smiling. "The cabman may as well help me with my boxes. Just ask him to step up, Wiggins."

I was surprised to find my companion speaking as though we were about to start out on a journey since he had not said nothing to me about it.

There was a small portmanteau in the room, and this he pulled out and began to strap.

He was busily engaged at it when the cabman entered the room.

"Just give me a help with this buckle, cabman," he said, kneeling over his task, and never turning his head.

The fellow came forward with a somewhat sullen, defiant air, and put down his hands to assist.

At that instant there was a sharp click the jangling of metal, and Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet again.

"Gentlemen," he cried, with flashing eyes, "let me introduce to you Mr. Jefferson Hope, the murderer of Enoch Drebber and Joseph Stangerson."

The whole thing occurred in a moment—so quickly that I had no time to realize it.

I have a vivid recollection of that instant, of Holmes' triumphant expression and the ring of his voice, of the cabman's dazed, savage face, as he glared at the glistening handcuffs, which had appeared as if by magic upon his wrists.

For a second or two we might have been a group of statues. Then, with an inarticulate roar of fury, the prisoner wrenched himself free from Holmes' grasp, and hurled himself through the window.

Woodwork and glass gave way before him; but before he got quite through Gregson, Lestrade and Holmes sprang upon him like so many stag-hounds.

He was dragged back into the room, and then commenced a terrific conflict. So powerful and so fierce was he that the four of us were shaken off again and again. He appeared to have the convulsive strength of a man in an epileptic fit.

His face and hands were terribly mangled by the passage through the glass, but loss of blood had no effect in diminishing his resistance.

It was not until Lestrade succeeded

in getting his hand inside his neck-cloth and half strangling him that we made him realize that his struggles were of no avail; and even then we felt no security until we had pinioned his feet as well as his hands. That done, we rose to our feet, breathless and panting.

"We have his cab," said Sherlock Holmes. "It will serve to take him to Scotland Yard. And now, gentlemen," he continued, with a pleasant smile, "we have reached the end of our little mystery. You are very welcome to put any questions that you like to me now, and there is no danger that I will refuse to answer them."

PART II.

The Country of the Saint.

CHAPTER I.

In the central portion of the great North American Continent there lies an arid and repulsive desert, which for many a long year served as a barrier against the advance of civilization.

From the Sierra Nevada to Nebraska, and from the Yellowstone river in the north to the Colorado upon the south, is a region of desolation and silence.

Nor is nature always in one mood throughout this grim district. It comprises snow-capped and lofty mountains and dark gloomy valleys.

There are swiftly-flowing rivers which dash through jagged canyons; and there are enormous plains, which in winter are white with snow, and in summer are gray with the saline alkali dust. They all preserve, however, the common characteristic of barrenness, inhospitality and misery.

There are no inhabitants of this land of despair.

A band of Pawnees or of Blackfeet may occasionally traverse it in order to reach other hunting-grounds, but the hardest of the braves are glad to lose sight of those awesome plains and to find themselves once more upon their prairies.

The coyote skulks among the scrub, the buzzard flaps heavily through the air, and the clumsy grizzly bear lumbers through the dark ravines, and picks up such sustenance as it can among the rocks. These are the sole dwellers in the wilderness.

In the whole world there can be no more dreary view than that from the northern slope of the Sierra Blanco.

As far as the eye can reach stretches the great flat plainland, all dusted over with patches of alkali, and intersected by clumps of the dwarfish chaparral bushes.

On the extreme verge of the horizon lie a long chain of mountain peaks, with their rugged summits flecked with snow. In this great stretch of country there is no sign of life, nor of anything appertaining to life.

There is no bird in the steel-blue heaven, no movement upon the dull, gray earth—above all there is absolute silence. Listen as one may, there is no shadow of a sound in all that mighty wilderness, nothing but silence—complete and heart-shuddering silence.

It has been said there is nothing appertaining to life upon the broad plain. That is hardly true.

Looking down from the Sierra Blanco, one sees a pathway traced out across the desert, which winds away and is lost in the extreme distance.

It is rutted with wheels and trodden down by the feet of many adventurers. Here and there are scattered white objects which glisten in the sun and stand out against the dull deposit of alkali.

Approach and examine them! They are bones; some large and coarse, others smaller and more delicate. The former have belonged to oxen, the latter to men.

For fifteen hundred miles one may trace this ghastly caravan route by these scattered remains of those who had fallen by the wayside.

Looking down on this very scene, there stood upon the 4th of May, 1847, a solitary traveler.

His appearance was such that he might have been the very genius or demon of the region. An observer would have found it difficult to say whether he was nearer to forty or to sixty.

His face was lean and haggard, and the brown, parchment-like skin was drawn tightly over the projecting bones; his long, brown hair and beard were all flecked and dashed with white; his eyes were sunken in his head, and burned with an unnatural luster, while the hand which grasped his rifle was hardly more fleshy than that of a skeleton.

As he stood, he leaned upon his rifle for support, and yet his tall figure and the massive framework of his bones suggested a wiry and vigorous constitution.

His gaunt face, however, and his clothes, which hung so baggily over his shriveled limbs, proclaimed what it was that gave him that senile and decrepit appearance.

The man was dying—dying from hunger and from thirst.

He had toiled painfully down the ravine, and on to this little elevation, to the vain hope of seeing some signs of water.

Now the great salt plain stretched before his eyes, and the distant belt of savage mountains, without a sign anywhere of plant or tree which might indicate the presence of moisture.

In all that broad landscape there was no gleam of hope. North, and east, and west he looked with wild, questioning eyes, and then he realized that his wanderings had come to an end, and that there, on that barren crag, he was about to die.

"Why not here, as well as in a feather bed, twenty years hence," he muttered, as he seated himself in the shelter of a boulder.

Before sitting down, he had deposited upon the ground his useless rifle, and also a large bundle tied up in a gray shawl, which he had carried slung over his right shoulder.

It appeared to be somewhat too heavy for his strength, for, in lowering it, it came down on the ground with some little violence.

Instantly this broke from the gray parcel a little moaning cry, and from it there protruded a small, scared face, with very bright, brown eyes, and two little speckled, dimpled fists.

"You've hurt me!" said a childish voice, reproachfully.

"Have I, though?" the man answered, penitently; "I didn't go for to do it."

As he spoke, he unwrapped the gray shawl and extricated a pretty little girl of about five years of age, whose dainty shoes and smart pink frock, with its little linen apron, all bespoke a mother's care.

The child was pale and wan, but her healthy arms and legs showed that she had suffered less than her companion.

"How is it now?" he answered, anxiously, for she was still rubbing the tow-sy-golden curls which covered the back of her head.

"Kiss it and make it well," she said, with perfect gravity, showing the injured part up to him. "That's what mother used to do. Where's mother?"

"Mother's gone. I guess you'll see her before long."

"Gone, eh?" said the little girl. "Funny, she didn't say good-bye; she 'most always did if she was just going over to auntie's for tea, and now she's been away for three days. Say, it's awful dry, ain't it? Ain't there no water nor nothing to eat?"

"No, there ain't nothing, dearie. You'll just need to be patient awhile, and then you'll be all right. Put your head up again me, like that, and then you'll feel better. It ain't easy to talk when your lips are like leather, but I guess I'd best let you know how the cards lie. What's that you've got?"

"Pretty things! Fine things!" cried the little girl, enthusiastically, holding up two glittering fragments of mica.

"When we goes back to home I'll give them to brother Bob."

"You'll see prettier things than them soon," said the man, confidently. "You just wait a bit. I was going to tell you, though—you remember when we left the river?"

"Well, we reckoned we strike another river soon, d'ye see. But there was somethin' wrong; compasses or map or somethin', and it didn't turn up. Water ran out. Just except a little drop for the likes of you and—"

"And you couldn't wash yourself," interrupted his companion, gravely, staring up at his grimy visage.

"No, nor drink. And Mr. Bender, he was the first to go, and then Indian Pete, and then Mrs. McGregor, and then Johnny Hones, and then, dearie, your mother."

"Then mother's a dealer too," cried the little girl, dropping her face in her pinafore and sobbing bitterly.

"Yes; they all went except you and me. Then I t'ought there was some chance of water in this direction, so I heaved you on my shoulder and we tramped it together. It don't seem as though we've improved matters. There's an almighty small chance for us now!"

"Do you mean that we are going to die, too?" asked the child, checking her sobs, and raising her tear-stained face.

"I guess that's about the size of it." "Why didn't you say so before?" she said, laughing selflessly. "You gave me such a fright. Why, of course, now as long as we die we'll be with mother again."

"Yes, you will, dearie." "And you, too, I'll tell her how awful good you've been. I'll bet she meets us at the door of heaven with a big pitcher of water, and a lot of back-sweet cakes, hot and toasted on both sides, like Bob and me was fond of."

"How long will it be first?" "I don't know—not very long." The man's eyes were fixed on the northern horizon. In the blue web of the heaven there appeared three little specks which increased in size every moment, so rapidly did they approach. They speedily resolved themselves into three large brown birds, which circled over the heads of the two wanderer, and then settled upon some rocks which overlooked them.

They were buzzards, the vultures of the West, whose coming is the forerunner of death.

(To be continued.)

WENT HIM SOME BETTER.

Girl Improved on Excuse Offered by Her Little Brother.

Annie was late, and like a sensible child, she recognized the fact and stopped running. Not so Johnnie. He belonged to the class that never knows when it has enough of either joy or trouble, so he kept up his laborious trot until the school door was reached.

There he leaned dejectedly and breathed heavily. Annie eyed him, with a scorn that grew as she looked. Later on they stood in the office looking like a set of illustrations for a new version of the "Lives of the Hunted," and Johnnie was talking. "I couldn't mean it," he sobbed. "It wuz me big sister Katie's fault. She made me eat three eggs, an' me mudder says I can't hold that much till I'm nine years old, and—"

He would have babbled on indefinitely, the tears rolling off his fat, foolish little face, but the principal handed him his admission slip and turned to Annie. That young lady had a passion for acquisition, so without further ado she acquired Johnnie's excuse.

"I ate too many eggs, too, and it made me late," she explained.

"Indeed," said the principal, "and how many did you eat?"

Annie's lips curled scornfully as she remembered Johnny and his miserable little three eggs.

"I ate seventy-four," she replied, blandly.—New York Evening Sun.

What Alligators Eat.

More than once curious things have been found in the stomach of a shark, but never has such an extraordinary collection been found as was discovered recently in the stomach of an alligator.

This alligator was killed in the Soudan, and was more than 12 feet in length. In its stomach were discovered eighty-five stones, several birds' claws, two human finger nails and three hoofs of a donkey, to one of which a piece of rope was attached.

Uncle Sam's Puget Sound Navy Yard and Dry Docks

UNCLE SAM had no need to erect formidable fortifications and extensive naval and military works, in order to make sure of protection for the waters and commercial interests of the Pacific Northwest, but when our Uncle Sam located the Puget Sound Naval Station he assured such protection for all time to come under all possible events, domestic or foreign.

At the same time he located these works in a position absolutely impregnable, a very Gibraltar of security against attack or interference, as an examination of location and surroundings will show.

In the first place, the location of Port Orchard bay, on which the station is built, is 100 miles interior from the Pacific, reached only through the straits of San Juan de Fuca, that wonderful body of water through which pours the present enormous streams of North-western commerce. This water is susceptible of fortifications and of defense beyond the ability of the combined war fleets of all earth to force an entrance.

Forts at Port Townsend and other points eastward from the entrance of the straits already protect the passage, while beyond, as the course lies further in toward the naval station, the channel narrows into abutting natural defenses.

Should the naval powers of earth ever force these, there would remain torpedoes, bomb, dynamite mines, chains, and like means of destruction of the advancing engines of war, strung and hung in the narrow channels nearer the station, beyond any conceivable ability of present or future naval powers to pass.

On such a situation is based the claim that the location, for safety and strength, is the finest that the world knows today. Other features are quite as favorable, including depth of water, character of anchorage grounds, shore for docks and wharfs, surrounding lands and conditions, including climatic conditions and protection from all winds by an absolutely land-locked harbor, set within densely timbered hills.

Views of the Station, its works and surroundings herewith given, disclose but a small part of the interesting and instructive features to be learned by a visit to Bremerton, as the little city surrounding the Station, has been named.

Carved out of the virgin forest, the works occupy an enclosure of some sixty acres of level land, that comes down to the water on just the level needed for works and docks, while far-

ther construction, ships running through that body of water directly up to the coal bunkers near the mines, and in going and coming clear their bottoms of barnacles, saving the scraping process in dry dock. The rolls of employees at present exceed 800 men, with the certainty of constant large increases as the works are extended.

The present works comprise the following: Drydock, the largest government dock in the United States.

Wharf and docks, largest and most commodious on the Pacific Coast.

Brick and steel fire-proof construction and repair buildings.

Steam engineering building, with equipment.

Brick warehouse and store house.

Administrative building and naval offices.

Marine barracks with modern appliances and conveniences.

Officers' quarters, five fine residences for naval officials.

Buildings in process; Equipment, ordnance and other shops.

Considering the magnitude of the Station as it exists today, it seems al-

most impossible that it has all been accomplished in ten short years. The location was made in 1851, the first work commenced the year following. The very land enclosed in the station yards, was part of an original homestead entry made in October 1875, although the land, which had been "lumbered," had been entered upon for that purpose as early as 1858. This homestead was patented to one Williams, who sold to William Bremer, from whom the government purchased the station tract of 86 acres, which was upon recommendation of two commissions, one of naval officers and one of

civilians, Congress acting upon the report of those commissions. Bremerton City takes its name from the original land owner. No foot of the land where the station is was cleared until the government commenced it in the year stated. Mr. Bremer had built a small dock for the bay boats, which still stands a pioneer finger mark compared with the extensive docks of modern equipment and construction where now float the mightiest fighting machines of modern times.

While the government authorities have proceeded with increasing confi-

dence, ever since the establishment of the Puget Sound Station 16 years ago, there has been no practical vest on a large scale, until since the close of the Spanish war, and our sequestered and scarred battleships of the first class have come to the town, followed by Wisconsin and latterly the great Oregon after Santiago and her double Philadelphia as the latest comer. All these ships steamed in from the Pacific, up through the straits, and by the interior fastnesses, with probably no small misgivings. Arrived at the Station each and all have now been through the paces of test of the facilities for repair and overhauling, with the most complete satisfaction to all concerned. In maneuvering, docking, or what not, each and every feature has been a success. As to the Oregon, her broken plates wrenched asunder when the ship was on the rocks in Asia, have been replaced with the ease that a skiff would be handled by the ships carpenter. The dry dock thus

first tested by these greatest of battle ships, proved adequate for even much larger vessels. All machinery and apparatus worked to a charm, so that this evidence, if needed, closes the chapter of approval for the Puget Sound Station. Besides the mechanical results with respect to health of men, and attractive surroundings, in fact as to all other elements entering into the case.

Bremerton, the city of the Station, to-be, has its foundation of course in the labor employed, and the traffic of the Station and of its officers and managers. Suddenly rising to several thousand of population, the little city is struggling to keep pace with its own unexpected importance and growth, and fortunately is in the hands of enterprising men of high character, who are seized with the spirit and character of the enterprise that has come to them, and who evince a disposition to co-operate with the government purpose and to make their city a credit.

This is shown in the character of improvements, in street construction and all the municipal improvements as far as undertaken. There is a water main already installed, by utilization of fine streams of pure water, with sufficient head for fire protection, and on a scale for all future requirements.

The young city government keeps pace with the federal requirements and its forests, in short there is that harmony and co-operation so desirable under the circumstances. Among other steps in this direction, the town is at present organizing a Sailor's and Marine Club, after the manner of those clubs at Mare Island and Brooklyn, in the interest of improvement, and advantages for the sea-faring employes when at the Station. Schools, churches, and society of the rising order are features of the young city of Port Orchard Bay, which also has that modern necessity, the newspaper, the Weekly News, conducted by the Gale Brothers. This was established one year ago.

Kitsap is the inexpressive name of the interior, sound-encircled county that has received this great improvement and development. A region densely timbered, sparsely settled, and with its chief business shore and bay traffic hitherto, finds its solitude transformed into noise and bustle, with hints of the mighty world outside, by comparisons of the bells and machinery of the world's hitherto

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