

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter VI—Continued.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Would you murder me?" he stammered.

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

"It was not I who killed her father," he cried.

"But it was you who broke her innocent heart," I shrieked, thrusting the box before him. "Let the high God judge between us. Choose and eat. There is death in one and life in the other. I shall take what you leave. Let us see if there is justice upon the earth, or if we are ruled by chance."

"He covered away with wild cries and prayers for mercy, but I drew my knife and held it to his throat until he had obeyed me."

"Then I swam the other, and we stood facing each other in silence for a minute or more, waiting to see which was to live and which was to die."

"Shall I ever forget the look which came over his face when the first warning pang told him that the poison was in his system? I laughed as I saw it, and held Lucy's marriage ring in front of his eyes."

"It was but for a moment, for the action of the alkaloid is rapid. A spasm of pain contorted his features; he threw his hands out in front of him, staggered and then, with a hoarse cry, fell heavily upon the floor."

"I turned him over with my foot and placed my hand upon his heart. There was no movement. He was dead!"

"The blood had been streaming from my nose, but I had taken no notice of it. I don't know what it was that put it into my head to write upon the wall with it."

"Perhaps it was some mischievous idea of putting the police upon a wrong track, for I felt light hearted and cheerful. I remembered a German being found in New York with 'rache' written up above him, and it was argued at the time in the newspapers that the secret societies must have done it."

"I guessed that what puzzled the New Yorkers would puzzle the Londoners, so I dipped my finger in my own blood and printed it on a convenient place on the wall."

"Then I walked down to my cab and found that there was nobody about, and that the night was still very wild. I had driven some distance, when I put my hand into the pocket in which I usually kept Lucy's ring, and found that it was not there."

"I was thunderstruck at this, for it was the only memento that I had of her. Thinking that I might have dropped it when I stooped over Drebber's body, I drove back and leaving my cab in a side street, I went boldly up to the house—for I was ready to dare anything rather than lose the ring."

"When I arrived there I walked right into the arms of a police officer who was coming out, and only managed to disarm his suspicions by pretending to be hopelessly drunk."

"That was how Enoch Drebber came to his end. All I had to do then was to do as much for Stangerson, and so pay off John Ferris's debt."

"I knew that he was staying at Halliday's private hotel, and I hung about all day but he never came out. I fancy that he suspected something which Drebber failed to put in an appearance."

"He was cunning, was Stangerson, and always on his guard. If he thought he could keep me off by staying in doors he was very much mistaken. I soon found out which was the window of his bedroom, and early next morning I took advantage of some ladders which were lying in the lane behind the hotel, and so made my way into his room in the gray of the dawn."

"I woke him up and told him that the hour had come when he was to answer for the life he had taken so long before. I described Drebber's death to him, and I gave him the same choice of the poisoned pills."

"Instead of grasping at the chance of safety which that offered him, he sprang from his bed and flew at my throat. In self-defense I stabbed him to the heart. It would have been the same in any case, for Providence would never have allowed his guilty hand to pick out anything but the poison."

"I have little more to say, and it's as well, for I am about done up. I went on cabbaging it for a day or so, intending to keep at it until I could save enough to take me back to America."

"I was standing in the yard when a ragged youngster asked if there was a cabby there called Jefferson Hope, and said that his cab was wanted by a gentleman at 221B Baker street."

"I went round, suspecting no harm, and the next thing I knew, this young man here had the bracelets on my wrists, and as neatly shackled as ever I was in my life."

"That's the whole of my story, gentlemen. You may consider me to be a murderer, but I hold that I am just as much an officer of justice as you are."

"So thrilling had the man's narrative been, and his manner was so impressive, that we had sat silent and absorbed."

"There is only one point on which I should like a little more information," Sherlock Holmes said at last. "Who was your accomplice who came for the ring which I advertised?"

"The prisoner winked at my friend Jockosey."

"I can tell my own secrets," he said, "but I don't get other people into trouble. I saw your advertisement, and I thought it might be a plant, or it might be the ring I wanted. My friend volunteered to go and see. I think you'll own he did it smartly."

"Not a doubt of that," said Holmes, heartily.

"Now, gentlemen," the inspector remarked, gravely, "the forms of the law must be complied with. On Thursday the prisoner will be brought before the magistrates, and your attendance will be required. Until then I will be responsible for him."

CHAPTER VII.

We had all been warned to appear before the magistrates upon the Thursday; but when the Thursday came there was no occasion for our testimony."

"A higher judge had taken the matter in hand, and Jefferson Hope had been summoned before a tribunal where strict justice would be meted out to him."

"On the very night after his capture the aneurism burst, and he was found in the morning stretched upon the floor of the cell, with a placid smile upon his face, as though he had been able in his dying moments to look back upon a useful life, and on work well done."

"Gregson and Lestrade will be wild about his death," Holmes remarked, as we chatted it over next morning. "Where will their grand advertisement be now?"

"I don't see that they had very much to do with his capture," I answered.

"What you do in this world is a matter of no consequence," returned my companion, bitterly. "The question is what can you make people believe that you have done? Never mind," he continued, more brightly after a pause, "I would not have missed the investigation for anything. There has been no better case within my recollection. Simple as it was, there were several most instructive points about it."

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

"Now, this was a case in which you were given the result and had to find everything else for yourself. Now, let me endeavor to show you the different steps in my reasoning. To begin at the beginning, I approached the house, as you know, on foot, and with my mind entirely free from all impressions. I naturally began by examining the roadway, and there, as I have already explained to you, I saw clearly the marks of a cab, which I ascertained by inquiry, must have been made there during the night. I satisfied myself that it was a cab and not a private carriage by the narrow gauge of the wheels. The ordinary London growler is considerably less wide than a gentleman's brougham."

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

"I saw the heavy footmarks of the constables, but I saw also the tracks of the two men who had first passed through the garden. It was easy to tell that they had been before the others, because in places their marks had been entirely obliterated by the others coming upon the top of them."

"On entering the house this last inference was confirmed. My well-booted man lay before me. The tall one, then, had done the murder, if murder there was."

"There was no wound upon the dead man's person, but the agitated expression upon his face assured me that he had foreseen his fate before it came upon him. Men who die from heart disease or any sudden natural cause never by any chance exhibit agitation upon their faces."

"Having sniffed the dead man's lips, I detected a slightly sour smell, and I came to the conclusion that he had had poison forced upon him. Again I argued that it had been forced upon him, from the hatred and fear expressed upon his face."

"By the method of exclusion I arrived at this result, for no other hypothesis would meet the facts. Do

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

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

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

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

"I had already come to the conclusion, since there were no signs of a struggle, that the blood which covered the floor had burst from the murderer's nose in his excitement."

"I could perceive that the track of blood coincided with the track of his feet. It is seldom that any man, unless he is very full-blooded, breaks out in this way through emotion, so I hazarded the opinion that the criminal was probably a robust and ruddy-faced man. Events proved that I judged correctly."

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

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

"I had already determined in my own mind that the man who had walked into the house with Drebber was none other than the man who had driven the cab."

"The marks in the road showed me that the horse had wandered on in a way which would have been impossible had there been any one in charge of it."

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

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

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

"He would probably, for a time at least, continue to perform his duties. There was no reason to suppose that he was going under an assumed name."

"Why should he change his name in a country where no one knew his original one? I therefore organized my street arab detective corps, and sent them systematically to every cab proprietor in London until they ferreted out the man that I wanted."

"How well they succeeded and how quickly I took advantage of it are still fresh in your recollection. The murder of Stangerson was an incident which was entirely unexpected, but which could hardly in any case have been prevented."

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

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

"You may do what you like, doctor," he answered. "See here!" he continued, handing a paper over to me; "look at this!"

"It was the Echo for the day, and the paragraph to which he pointed was devoted to the case in question."

"The public," it said, "have lost a sensational treat through the sudden death of the man Hope, who was suspected of the murder of Mr. Enoch Drebber and of Mr. Joseph Stangerson."

"The details of the case will probably never be known now, though we are informed upon good authority that the crime was the result of an old-standing and romantic feud, in which love and Mormonism bore a part."

"It seems that both the victims belonged, in their younger days, to the Latter-Day Saints, and Hope, the deceased prisoner, hailed also from Salt Lake City. If the case had had no other effect, it at least brings out in the most striking manner the efficiency of our detective force, and will serve as a lesson to all foreigners that they will do wisely to settle their feuds at home, and not to carry them on to British soil."

"It is an open secret that the credit of this smart capture belongs entirely to the well-known Scotland Yard officials, Messrs. Lestrade and Gregson. The man was apprehended, it appears, in the rooms of a certain Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who has himself, as an amateur, shown some talent in the detective line, and who, with such instructors, may hope in time to attain some degree of their skill."

"It is expected that a testimonial of some sort will be presented to the two officers as a fitting recognition of their services."

"Didn't I tell you so when we started?" cried Sherlock Holmes, with a laugh. "That's the result of all our Study in Scarlet—to get them a testimonial!"

"Never mind," I answered. "I have all the facts in my journal, and the public shall know them. In the meantime you must make yourself contented by the consciousness of success, like the Roman miser—"

"Populus me sibi lat, at mihi plaudo ipse domi sinu ac nummos contemplar in arca."

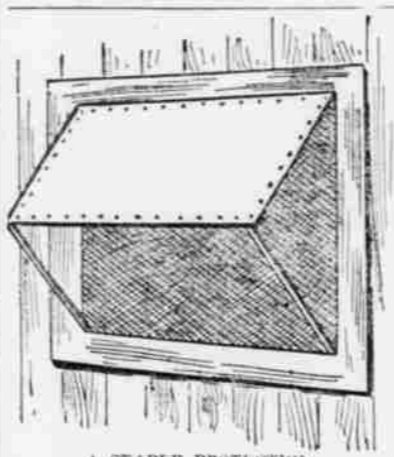
THE END.



FARM AND GARDEN

Shading the Stables.

Where it is the custom to keep the horses and cows in the stables at night, and also for a portion of the day some provision should be made for shade as well as for keeping out flies. The plan shown in the illustration has the merit of being simple as well as effectual. Cover the opening with fine wire netting, placing it so that it will not interfere with the management of the glass window from the inside. Then make a frame with light strips of lumber of the form shown, and cover it with canvas, or with a strip of unbleached muslin, bracing it at either corner as shown. This device is readily made and will add greatly to the comfort of the animals in the stable. The



A STABLE PROTECTION.

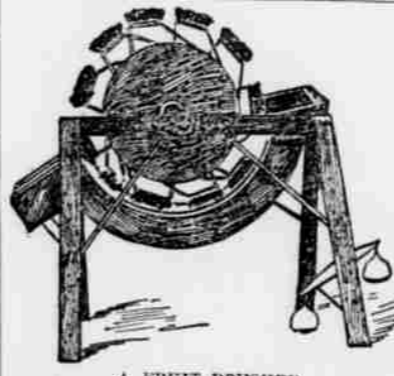
same arrangement could be applied to the window spaces of the poultry house and in such a position it would not be necessary to use the fine wire screen for the wire netting of ordinary mesh would keep out intruders.

Illinois Apple Orchards.

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

For Brushing Fruit.

The fruit brusher is a comparative newcomer except in California. The necessity of clean, polished oranges and the expense of brushing by hand brought it into being there. Now, brushing, which has already been a habit with some packers, is becoming



A FRUIT BRUSHER.

more necessary on account of the widespread of white fly and other insects causing smut. It is not only expensive, but difficult, to get at short notice the number of men necessary to hand brush a car of oranges. With a brusher, it is claimed, one man can do the work of several.—Florida Agriculturist.

Economical Pork Production.

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

to give variety to the ration, a factor that is very important and one that is frequently overlooked. As one writer puts it, squealing hogs are not profitable hogs.—Iowa Homestead.

Value of Small Fruits.

Not all farmers seem to know the value of small fruits to a family when grown in their own gardens. You commence with strawberries; they continue about a month. You pick perhaps from six to twelve quarts a day. You have them on the table, if you please, at breakfast, dinner and tea, and you want little else except bread and butter. In one way or another the family consumes about eight quarts a day, and while they last no medicines for bodily ailments are required, as a quart of strawberries daily will generally dispel all ordinary diseases not permanently in the system. After strawberries come raspberries, and they last about three weeks. Then we have blackberries, the cultivated varieties. Next currants ripen, and they remain until early grapes mature. So, taking the season through any family with half an acre of land in a garden can grow small fruits that make country life delightful and at the same time save hundreds of dollars in table supplies.—Home and Farm.

In Place of a Silo.

Not every farmer has a silo or a corn shredding machine. They cost too much for the man who has but two or three cows. But he can pick the ears from his corn stover and have the grain ground, and the cob, too, if he so wishes, then have the stover well cured in the field, and when he takes it to the barn have it cut into pieces not more than a half inch long and shorter if possible. Then moisten it with warm water if such is convenient to the cow stables and cover it up to steam for twenty-four hours at least before feeding. Put on each cow's ration as much and such grain as her condition calls for, and if she does not do as well as she would on ensilage she will do better than on dry corn stover. If obliged to wet it with cold water, it will be better for standing forty-eight hours, to germinate a little heat by fermentation.—American Cultivator.

A Handy Fodder Stack.

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

Iowa Horse Sales.

At the big sale of range horses at Sioux City good prices were obtained. The top figure was \$90.50, which was paid for a load of good, heavy, blocky geldings and mares of all colors. The draft horses ranged from \$50 to \$80, general purpose horses from \$35 to \$45.50, yearlings and 2-year-olds from \$25.50 to \$26, and sucking colts from \$8 to \$11.—National Stockman.

Prevention of Fruit Rot.

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

Farm Notes.

Skim milk for hogs and the big profit in it is all the talk now. Ohio is a clover growing State. It is also becoming an alfalfa growing State.

The market for coarse flax fiber is almost unlimited, according to a Western grower.

A recent circular of the United States Department of Agriculture defines the laws regulating interstate shipment of birds and game.

The agricultural building of the St. Louis world's fair is reported as planned to cover twenty-two acres and the palace of horticulture seven and a half acres.

The attendant who enters the stable to milk a cow with a pipe in his mouth is not the proper man to perform that duty. Milking should be regarded as the cleanest and most important work on a dairy farm, as milk not only absorbs odors, but is also quickly affected by any foreign substance.

Hundreds of horses are ruined every year because they are not given water when they require it. There may be regular times for watering, but rules cannot safely be made to govern the duty. On warm days, when the horses perspire freely, they give off from their bodies large quantities of moisture, and should be watered often even if allowed but a small quantity at a time.

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



She—He declares he loves the very ground I tread upon. He—Ah! I thought he had his eyes on the estate.—Harvard Lampoon.

Subbuhs—Why are you sneaking into the house so quietly? Commute—Sh—h! The cook has company, and I do not wish to disturb them.

"I can safely say that no man ever attempted to bribe me, gentlemen." "Don't be down-hearted, old chap; your luck may change."

Citizen—I see you raise your own vegetables. Suburbanite—No! I simply plant a small garden so as to keep the chickens at home.—Life.

The Lawyer—I really hope I don't annoy you with all these questions. His Fair Client—Not at all. I'm used to it. I have a 6-year-old son.

He—I fancy men believe in friendship rather more than women do. She—Possibly, but the great trouble is it's generally their own friendship they believe in.

Wisdom—Honestly, now, did you learn anything while you were in college? Graduate—Um—m—well, I learned how to state my ignorance in scientific terms.

"Is your family fond of cereals, Mr. Jump?" "Oh, very! We're reading several in the Parlor Portfolio now, and can't hardly wait from week to week."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Cassidy—Shtop kickin' about yer hard luck, man! Some mornin' ye'll wake up an' find yerse' famous. Casey—Faith, O'll bet ye when that mornin' comes 'twill be me luck to oversleep mesel'.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—I hope you washed the fish thoroughly before you put in on the broiler, Della. Della—Shure, what would be the use of that, ma'am? Hasn't it been livin' in the water all its life?—Philadelphia Press.

"Oh, well, my dear," observed he to his wife, "you will find that there are a great many worse men in the world than I am." "How can you be so cynical, John?" replied his wife reproachfully.—Syracuse Herald.

Silas—So Zeke won't have anything but first-class literature? Cyrus—No. Why, he wouldn't even subscribe to a magazine because he saw "Entered as second-class matter" on the front page."

Superintendent—It is our usual custom to let a prisoner work at the same trade in here as he did outside. Now, what is your trade? Shoemaker, blacksmith or — "Please, sir, I was a traveling salesman."

Constance—I am going out in Aigy's launch. Penelope—But naphtha launches are very dangerous. Constance—I know it. But Aigy gave me the choice of either going out with him on his naphtha launch or his sailboat.

"I see a crank out West announces his invention of a 'theater hat for ladies that will shut up when the curtain rises.'" "If he'd only invent a box party that would do that he'd deserve a medal."—Philadelphia Press.

"Here's a letter from Miranda at college. She says she's in love with Ping Pong." "She is, hey? Well, she'd better give him up. We ain't goin' ter stand for no Chinaman marrying inter this family."—Woman's Home Companion.

Mr. Skinner—You'll have to wait a while for your wages this week. I can't pay you to-day. Clerk—See here, now, that won't do, sir. I've got to live, you know. Mr. Skinner—Nonsense! What put that idea into your head.—Chicago Tribune.

Lady (to furniture clerk)—I like the Louis XIV. and the Louis XVI. designs equally well. It wouldn't do, I suppose, to have both chairs in the parlor? Clerk—Oh, yes, madam; they would harmonize well—only two years' difference, you see.—Judge.

Teacher (to class in geography)—And who knows what the people who live in Turkey are called? Class (unanimously)—Turks! Teacher—Right. Now, who can tell me what those living in Austria are called. Little Boy—Please, mum, I know. Ostriches!—Judge.

Hasty Harry—What you fishin' here widout any bait for? Don't you know dat fish won't eat a bare hook? Strenuous Stove (scornfully)—Watt! Don't you see dat if de fish don't bite I ain't got to go to de trouble of takin' 'em off'n d' hook. Where's yer professional instinct?

"Oh, maw," said the 10-year-old hopeful, "do you see how wet my clothes are?" "Yes, young man," spoke mamma, sternly, "and you have been in swimming." "No, maw." "Then how did you get wet?" "Why, some boys wanted me to go in swimming, and I ran away so fast I perspired."

"Young man," said the Irish magistrate, as a youthful prisoner was brought before him. "I would advise you to make a full confession if you want to get off with a light sentence." "And if I don't confess, then what?" asked the young man. "Oh, in that event," replied the magistrate, "I shall probably have to acquit you for want of evidence."

The First-Born: "Yes, it took my wife and me and my mother and my wife's mother and two sisters and an old aunt of mine and half a dozen of our cousins to pull our first baby through till it was 2 years old." "And did the little one become stronger by that time?" "No, we had another by that time, and came out of the dream."—Chicago Record-Herald.