

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

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

The latter looked out with three tiers of vacant, melancholy windows, which were blank and dreary, save that here and there a "To Let" card had developed like a cat's paw from the bearded panes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Holmes glanced at me and raised his eyebrows sarcastically.

"With two such men as yourself and Lestrade upon the ground, there will not be much for a third party to find out," he said.

Gregson rubbed his hands in a self-satisfied way.

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

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

"No, sir."

"No, Lestrade?"

"No, sir."

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

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

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

It was a large, square room, looking all the larger for the absence of all furniture.

Opposite the door was a showy fireplace. On one corner of this was stuck the stump of a red wax candle.

The solitary window was so dirty that the light was hazy and uncertain, giving a dull gray tinge to everything, which was intensified by the doubt, which was in the air, that the whole apartment.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"There is no clew," said Gregson.

"None at all," chimed in Lestrade.

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

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

"Positive!" cried both detectives.

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

"No, sir."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"There's been a woman here," he cried. "It's a woman's wedding ring."

He held it out as he spoke, upon the palm of his hand. We all gathered round him and gazed at it.

"There could be no doubt that that circle of plain gold had once adorned the finger of a bride."

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

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

"We have it all here," said Gregson, pointing to a little box of objects upon one of the bottom steps of the stairs.

"A gold watch, No. 97,163, by Barrault, of London. Gold Albert chain, very heavy and solid. Gold ring, with Masonic device. Gold pin—bulldog's head, with rubies as eyes. Russian leather card case, with cards of Enoch J. Drebbler, of Cleveland, corresponding with the E. J. D. upon the linen.

No purse, but loose money to the extent of seven pounds thirteen. Pocket edition of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' with name of Joseph Stanger upon the fly leaf. Two letters—one addressed to E. J. Drebbler and one to Joseph Stanger."

"At what address?"

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

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

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

"Have you sent to Cleveland?"

"We telegraphed this morning."

"How did you word your inquiries?"

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

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

"I asked about Stanger."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Now, stand there!"

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

"Look at that!" he said triumphantly.

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

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

RACHE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It would be robbing you of the credit of the case if I was to presume to help you," remarked my friend. "You are doing so well now that it would be a pity for any one to interfere." There was a world of sarcasm in his voice as he spoke.

"If you will let me know how your investigations go," he continued, "I shall be happy to give you any help I can. In the meantime, I should like to speak to the constable who found the body. Can you give me his name and address?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

Why He Wanted to Go.

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

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

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

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

"No, ma'am."

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

"Yes, ma'am."

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

"No, ma'am."

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

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

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

Make Requests of Their Brains.

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

TRACY DEAD

NOTED OUTLAW SUICIDES TO ESCAPE CAPTURE.

Closely Pursued and Twice Wounded, He Put an End to His Existence—Body Found in a Wheat Field Near the Eddy Ranch, Where He Spent the Last Few Days of His Life. Fatal Wound Made by 45 Caliber Revolver.

Spokane, Aug. 6.—Harry Tracy is dead. The notorious criminal, convict, outlaw, desperado and multi-murderer committed suicide last evening, after being shot twice by his pursuers. His body was found at an early hour this morning, cold and dead, lying face upward, and the hands still caressing the famous 30-30 rifle and 45-caliber Colt's revolver. The resting place was in a wheat field near the Eddy home, where Tracy spent the last few days, and whither he had been tracked by his hunters.

The body was taken to Davenport, under care of Sheriff Gardner of Lincoln county. Its disposition will be decided later by the officials in charge.

After eluding for nearly two months all law, setting at naught all efforts of the authorities of two states to capture or kill him, battling the best man hunters of the Pacific Coast, and traveling across two states with impunity, demanding and receiving entertainment all along the line, this criminal wonder has at last been sent to his final resting place.

A party from Creston, Wash., had the honor of running to earth the outlaw, and are due to receive the rewards of \$8,000 offered by the governments of Washington and Oregon and by private individuals. The party was made up of the following persons, citizens of Creston: C. A. Straub, deputy sheriff; Dr. E. C. Lanter, Maurice Smith, attorney, and J. J. Morrison, a railroad section foreman. These four men, armed to the teeth and bent on achieving success where others had failed, set out from Creston yesterday afternoon about two o'clock. They were working on the information of the Goldfinch youth, who had been forcibly made the companion of the Oregon convict for over 24 hours at the Eddy ranch, and proved said information to be well founded and worthy of belief.

Proceeding in a southeasterly direction for about 11 miles, the pursuing party made all possible haste in getting near the Eddy ranch, which is situated on Lake creek, about three miles directly south of Fellows, on the Washington Central railway, where the outlaw was said to be located. The country is what is called "scab," and when near the ranch the party took all precautions as to ambushes or surprise.

They approached the place in safety, and when within some few hundred yards came across Farmer Eddy mowing in a field. The party went to him, and while engaging him in conversation they saw a man issue from the barn, which could be plainly seen from where the party stood on a rise of the ground. "Is that Tracy?" asked one of the party. "It surely is," laconically replied Eddy. With this information at hand, and the man so close to the hunters, there was naturally a great deal of excitement. The party separated, and Lanter and Smith accompanied Eddy in the direction of the barn, while the other two men swung around to cut off any break for liberty in another direction.

Neering that structure, the two men hunters stepped behind the barn on a slight eminence, from which they could watch everything that went on, and the farmer continued up to the barn door. When he arrived there Tracy came from the barn again and began helping the farmer unhitch the horse. He carried no rifle, although he had his revolver in his pocket.

The fugitive saw the men carrying rifles, and turning sharply on Farmer Eddy, said: "Who are those men?" "I don't see any men," said the host. Whereupon Tracy pointed out the two men on the hill, waiting to be sure of their man before they began shooting. Eddy informed his companion who the men were, and at that time the officers, stepping a little closer, commanded: "Hold up your hands!"

At this juncture the outlaw jumped behind Eddy and placed both the man and his horse between himself and the hunters. In this position he commanded the farmer to lead his horse to the barn, and remaining under this cover he moved toward the shelter. When nearly to the stable he broke and dashed inside. He did not linger long, but in the twinkling of an eye reappeared, a rifle in hand, and started on a dead run down the valley. Turning to the two men looking for him, the desperado fired two shots, but without his usual precision. Neither bullet took effect, and without waiting for further fighting Tracy took to his heels and made all possible haste down the valley leading south from the barn.

The man hunters were off in pursuit, firing as rapidly as possible at their fleeing quarry.

Coming to an immense rock, the outlaw saw a chance to get rid of his pursuers, and accordingly dodged behind it and began a fusillade which he probably imagined would end the struggle.

Eight shots in all were fired, and these eight will take some of the effluence off the reputation of the Oregon convict as a dead shot. Seeing he was not succeeding in his endeavors, he left his position behind the rock and made a dash for the wheat field not far distant. Just as he was entering the field he stumbled, and falling on his face crawled on into the field on his hands and knees.

This led the hunters to believe that they had at least wounded the man, but it was getting dark, and they did not dare to proceed, as they could not see their man nor know how ready he was to take a "pot shot." Therefore, after holding a consultation, they decided to surround the place and wait for daylight.

Shortly after Tracy's disappearance into the wheat field the watchers heard a shot which sounded as though it came from about the spot to which he had crawled. No investigation was made, however, until morning, at that shot is supposed to have been the fatal one and to have been responsible for having sent the noted desperado into the Great Beyond.

In the morning search was made and the body was found lying face upwards near the edge of the wheat field.

Upon examination of the body it was found that the wound which resulted in the outlaw's death was inflicted by the 45-caliber revolver, held close to the head. The top of the head was badly mangled. Two bullet wounds on the left leg showed the cause of the man's despair and subsequent suicide.

HAVE A FAMILY NOW.

Farmer Shandrow and Wife Adopt a Whole Orphan Asylum.

South Haven, Mich., Aug. 7.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shandrow, of South Haven, have adopted a whole orphan asylum, 22 children in all. The children are not all infants. Some of them are bright, rosy-cheeked youngsters, already old enough to go to school. Mr. and Mrs. Shandrow have made more than a competence off their 200-acre fruit farm, and it has been their life long regret that children have never been born to them. To please his wife, Shandrow wrote to the Smith Foundation hospital at Minneapolis, asking them to send several children for a summer's outing, with the privilege of choosing from them in case he should want to adopt a boy. The Minneapolis institution is a small one, and the management promptly forwarded the visible supply of children over 3 years old, no less than 22 boys and girls. They have just decided to adopt all of them.

CORDWOOD SHORTAGE.

Independence, Or., Aug. 11.—A condition that demonstrates the improved commercial conditions in the valley is the scarcity of cordwood. While the shortage does not assume the character of a wood famine, yet the price is considerably advanced over that of last year, and the wood marketed is not as good. Wood dealers say the cause of all this is the inability to obtain men to cut wood, and they think next year will see a still greater advance. Men can obtain work at more desirable and profitable figures and so the demand for wood fuel is greater than the supply.

Men Get Work in More Desirable Lines, and Choppers are Hard to Find.

M'BRIDE HOLDS OVER.

Supreme Court of Washington Decides the Governorship Case.

Olympia, Wash., Aug. 11.—The state supreme court has handed down an important decision in the test case brought at the last term of the court as to the permanent increase of the membership of the supreme court, and as to whether there exists a vacancy in the offices of governor and lieutenant governor as a result of the death of Governor Rogers. The opinion of the court is unanimous that there is no governor to be elected this fall, but that McBride fills the vacancy to the end of his term. The judges are divided on the question of an increase from five to seven in the membership of the court.

FIFTEEN WERE KILLED.

Railroad Wreck in Iowa Worse Than at First Reported.

Marshalltown, Ia., Aug. 11.—It is now known that 15 persons were killed in the freight wreck on the Milwaukee road Wednesday afternoon. Of the injured two or three cannot recover. It is thought that more bodies may be found, as the wreckage has not yet been entirely cleared away.

KILLED BROTHER-IN-LAW.

Joseph Stockham Murders Frank T. Aegers at Hoquiam, Washington.

Hoquiam, Wash., Aug. 8.—Joseph Stockham shot and killed his brother-in-law, Frank T. Aegers. The shooting was the result of a quarrel, and occurred in the police court room, whither Aegers had gone to pay a fine imposed upon him in the matter. Three shots were fired.

Thankful Schwab Is Alive.

New York, Aug. 11.—On news of the recovery of President Charles M. Schwab, of the United States Steel Corporation, becoming known at Koginewart, where Mr. Schwab is a large property holder, thanksgiving mass was celebrated, says a dispatch to the Herald from Vienna. The service was attended by all the municipal dignitaries and a large number of visitors. The town was decked with American flags.

RECEIVED CROWNS

EDWARD AND ALEXANDRIA NOW KING AND QUEEN.

Scene in Westminster Abbey was Marvelous—Aged Archbishop of Canterbury Nearly Overcome, and it was with Difficulty That He Completed the Ceremony of the Coronation.

London, Aug. 9.—Edward VII, R. I., by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, was today crowned with out hitch or harm, and tonight London is noisily celebrating the event for which the world has awaited as, perhaps, it never awaited any other coronation.

In all respects the coronation was impressive. That pride of empire which marked Queen Victoria's jubilee was lacking; and in its stead there prevailed among all classes a keen recollection that only six weeks ago their king lay in danger of death, and this day produced thankfulness and genuine sympathy for the man rather than adulation for the king. This, however, did not prevent the public from voicing appreciation of such military display as the short military procession gave them a chance to see.

Until the booming of the guns announced that the crowning of King Edward had been achieved, there lingered in the minds of thousands a nervous apprehension that even at the last moment some untoward event might once more plunge the nation into consternation. When this was passed the unrestrained jubilation was as much a tribute to the king's personal popularity as it was an evidence of relief from the tension of the last few weeks. So while the scenes on the streets were robbed of many of those elements that usually accompany a great pageant, they will long be remembered,