

# A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

## CHAPTER VI.

Our prisoner's furious resistance did not apparently indicate any ferocity in his disposition toward ourselves, for on finding himself powerless he smiled in an affable manner, and expressed his hopes that he had not hurt any of us in the scuffle.

"I guess you're going to take me to the police station," he remarked to Sherlock Holmes. "My cab's at the door. If you'll loose my legs I'll walk down to it. I'm not so light to lift as I used to be."

He rose and stretched his legs, as though to assure himself that they were free once more.

"If there's a vacant place for a chief of the police, I reckon you are the man for it," he said, gazing with undiminished admiration at my fellow-lodger. "The way you kept on my trail was a caution."

"You had better come with me," said Holmes to the two detectives. "I can drive you," said Lestrade. "Good! and Gregson can come inside with me. You, too, doctor; you have taken an interest in the case, and may as well stick to us."

I assented gladly, and we all descended together. Our prisoner made no attempt to escape, but stepped calmly into the cab which had been his, and we followed him. Lestrade mounted the box, whipped up the horse and brought us in a very short time to our destination.

We were ushered into a small chamber, where a police inspector noted down our prisoner's name and the names of the men with whose murder he had been charged.

The official was a white-faced, unemotional man, who went through his duties in a dull, mechanical way.

"The prisoner will be put before the magistrates in the course of the week," he said; "in the meantime, Mr. Jefferson Hope, you have anything that you wish to say? I must warn you that your words will be taken down and may be used against you."

"I've got a good deal to say," our prisoner said, slowly. "I want to tell you gentlemen all about it."

"Hadn't you better reserve that for your trial?" asked the inspector.

"I may never be tried," he answered. "You needn't look startled. It isn't suicide I am thinking of. Are you a doctor?"

He turned his fierce dark eyes upon me as he asked this last question.

"Yes, I am," I answered.

"Then put your hand here," he said, with a smile, motioning with his manacled wrists toward his chest.

I did so, and became at once conscious of an extraordinary throbbing and commotion which was going on inside.

In the silence of the room I could hear a dull humming and buzzing which proceeded from the same source.

"Why," I cried, "you have an aortic aneurism!"

"That's what they call it," he said, placidly. "I went to a doctor last week about it, and he told me that it was bound to burst before many days passed. It has been getting worse for years. I don't want to be a member as a common cut-throat."

The inspector and the two detectives had a hurried discussion as to the advisability of allowing him to tell his story.

"Do you consider, doctor, that there is immediate danger?" the former asked.

"Most certainly there is," I answered.

"In that case, it is clearly our duty, in the interests of justice, to take his statement," said the inspector. "You are at liberty, sir, to give your account, which I again warn you will be taken down."

"I'll sit down, with your leave," the prisoner said, sitting the action to the word. "This aneurism of mine makes me easily tired, and the trouble we had half an hour ago has now mended matters. I'm on the brink of the grave, and I am not likely to lie to you. Every word I say is the absolute truth, and how you use it is a matter of no consequence to me."

With these words, Jefferson Hope leaned back in his chair and began the following remarkable statement:

I can vouch for the accuracy of the subjoined account, for I have had access to Lestrade's notebook, in which the prisoner's words were taken down exactly as they were uttered.

"It doesn't much matter to you why I hated these men," he said; "it's enough that they were guilty of the death of two human beings—a father and a daughter—and that they had therefore, forfeited their own lives. After the lapse of time that has passed since their crime, it was impossible for me to secure a conviction against them in any court."

"That girl that I spoke of was to have married me twenty years ago. She was forced into marrying that same Drebber, and broke her heart over it."

"I took the marriage ring from her dead finger, and I vowed that his dying eyes should rest upon that very ring, and that his last thoughts should be of the crime for which he was punished."

"I have carried it about with me, and have followed him and his accomplices over two continents until I caught them. They thought to tire me out, but they could not do so. If I die tomorrow, as is likely enough, I die knowing that my work in this world is done, and well done. They have perished, and by my hand. There is nothing left for me to hope for or to desire."

"I was rich and I was poor, so that it was no easy matter for me to follow them. When I got to London my pocket was about empty, and I found that I must turn my hand to something for my living."

"Driving and riding are as natural to me as walking, so I applied to a cab owner's office, and soon got employment. I was to bring a certain sum a week to the owner, and whatever was over that I might keep for myself."

"There was seldom much over, but I managed to scrape along somehow. The hardest job was to learn my way about, for I reckon that of all the mazes that ever were contrived, this city is the most confusing."

"They were at a boarding house at

Cumberland, over on the other side of the river. When once I found them out I knew that I had them at my mercy."

"I had grown my beard, and there was no chance of their recognizing me."

"I would dog them and follow them until I saw my opportunity. I was desperate, and they should not escape me again."

"Sometimes I followed them on my cab, and sometimes on foot, but the former was the best, for then they could not get away from me."

"It was only early in the morning or late at night that I could earn anything, so that I began to get behind-hand with my employer."

"During two weeks I drove behind them every day, and never once saw them separate. Drebber himself was drunk half the time, but Stangerson was not to be caught napping."

"I watched them late and early, but never saw the ghost of a chance; but I was not discouraged, for something told me that the hour had almost come. My only fear was that this thing in my chest might burst a little too soon and leave my work undone."

"At last one evening, I was driving up and down Torquay Terrace, as the street was called in which they boarded, when I saw a cab drive up to their door."

"Presently some luggage was brought out, and after a time Drebber and Stangerson followed it and drove off. I whipped up my horse and kept within sight of them, feeling ill at ease, for I feared that they were going to shift their quarters."

"At Euston station they got out, and I left a boy to hold my horse and followed them on to the platform. I heard them ask for the Liverpool train, and the guard answer that one had just gone, and that there would be another for some time."

"Stangerson seemed to be put out at that, but Drebber was rather pleased than otherwise. I got so close to them in the bustle that I could hear every word that passed between them."

"Drebber said that he had a little business of his own to do, and that if the other would wait for him he would soon rejoin him."

"His companion remonstrated with him, and reminded him that they had resolved to stick together, and why retribution had come upon him. He answered that the matter was a delicate one, and that he must go alone."

"I could not catch what Stangerson said to that, but the other burst out swearing, and reminded him that he was nothing more than his paid servant, and that he must not presume to dictate to him."

"On that the secretary gave it up as a bad job, and simply bargained with him that if he missed the last train he should rejoin him at Halliday's private hotel, to which Drebber answered that he would be back on the platform before eleven, and made his way out of the station."

"The moment for which I had waited so long had at last come. I had my enemies within my power. To grieve they could protest each other, but singly they were at my mercy. I did not act, however, with undue precipitation. My plans were already formed."

"There is no satisfaction in vengeance unless the offender has time to realize who it is that strikes him, and why retribution had come upon him. I had my plans arranged by which I should have the opportunity of making the man who had wronged me understand that his old sin had found him out."

"It chanced that some days before a gentleman who had been engaged in looking over some houses in the Brixton road had dropped the key of one of them in my carriage. It was claimed that same evening and returned. But in the interval I had taken a spooling of it, and had a duplicate constructed."

"By means of this I had access to at least one spot in this great city where I could rely upon being free from interruption. How to get Drebber to that house was the difficult problem which I had now to solve."

"He walked down the road and went into one or two liquor shops, staying for nearly half an hour in the last of them."

"When he came out he staggered in his walk, and was evidently pretty well on. There was a hansom just in front of me and he hailed it."

"I followed it so close that the nose of my horse was within a yard of his driver the whole way."

"We rattled across Waterloo Bridge and through miles of streets until, to my astonishment, we found ourselves back in the terrace in which he had boarded."

"I could not imagine what his intention was in returning there, but I went on and pulled up my cab a hundred yards or so from the house. He entered it and his hansom drove away. Give me a glass of water, if you please; my mouth gets dry with the talking."

"That's better," he said. "Well, I waited for a quarter of an hour or more, when suddenly there came a noise like people struggling to enter the house. Next moment the door was flung open and two men appeared, one of whom was Drebber and the other was a young chap whom I had never seen before."

"This fellow had Drebber by the collar, and when they came to the head of the steps he gave him a shove and a kick which sent him half across the road."

"You hound!" he cried, shaking his stick at him. "I'll teach you to insult an honest girl!"

"He was so hot that I think he would have thrashed Drebber with his cudgel, only that the cur staggered away down the road as fast as his legs would carry him. He ran as far as the corner, and then, seeing my cab, he hailed me and jumped in."

"Drive me to Halliday's private hotel," said he.

"When I had him fairly inside my cab my heart jumped so with joy that I feared lest at this last moment my aneurism might go wrong."

"I drove along slowly, weighing in my own mind what it was best to do. I might take him right out into the country and there in some deserted lane have my last interview with him. I had almost decided on this when he solved the problem for me."

"The craze for drink had seized him again and he ordered me to pull up outside a gin place. He went in, leaving word that I should wait for him. There he remained until closing time,

and when he came out he was so far gone that I knew the game was in my own hands."

"Don't imagine that I intended to kill him in cold blood. It would only have been rigid justice if I had done so, but I could not bring myself to do it. I had long determined that he should have a show for his life if he chose to take advantage of it."

"Among the many billets which I have filled in America during my wandering life, I was once a janitor and sweeper out of the laboratory at York College."

"One day the professor was lecturing on poisons, and he showed his students some alkaloid, as he called it, which he had extracted from some South American arrow poison and which was so powerful that the least grain meant instant death. I spotted the bottle in which this preparation was kept, and when they were all gone I helped myself to a little of it."

"I was a fairly good dispenser, so I worked this alkaloid into small, soluble pills, and each pill I put in a box with a similar pill made without poison. I determined at the time that, when I saw my chance, my gentlemen should each have a draw out of one of these boxes, while I eat the pill that remained."

"It would be quite as deadly, and a good deal less noisy, than firing across a handkerchief. From that day I had always my pill boxes with me, and the time had now come when I was to use them."

"It was nearer one than twelve, and a wild, bleak night, blowing hard and raining in torrents. Dismal as it was outside, I was glad within—so glad that I plain as I see you all in this room. All the way they were ahead of me, and one on each side of the horse, until I pulled up at the house in the Brixton road."

"There was not a soul to be seen, nor a sound to be heard, except the dripping of the rain. When I looked in at the window, I found Drebber all huddled together in a drunken sleep. I shook him by the arm. 'It's time to go out,' I said."

"All right, cabby," said he. "I suppose he thought we had come to the hotel that he had mentioned, for he got out without another word and followed me down the garden."

"I had to walk beside him to keep him steady, for he was still a little top-heavy. When we came to the door I opened it and led him into the front room. I give you my word that, all the way, the father and daughter were walking in front of us."

"It's infernally dark," said he, stamping about.

"I'll soon have a light," I said, striking a match and putting it to a wax-candle which I had brought with me. "Now, Enoch Drebber," I continued, turning to him and holding the light to my own face, "who am I?"

(To be continued.)

### ONE CROWN AT A TIME.

Way King Edward Did Not Take Flying Ship Trip.

King Edward VII, as is well known, is much interested in all matters relating to flying ships, and especially is he interested in Santos-Dumont and his efforts. A few weeks before the coronation it was extensively rumored that the king had quite made up his mind to accompany the clever young Brazilian in one of his aerial flights; that he had, in fact, made all arrangements for his travel through the air. A certain well known scientific peer asked his majesty one evening after dinner whether the rumor concerning the royal aerial voyage was really true.

"Now, Lord—," answered King Edward, laughing and putting his hand to his forehead, "is it likely that I would take this flying ship trip? The coronation has not yet taken place, and I can assure that I wish to wear my earthly crown before I put on the other."

### Medicine of Dog Barks.

Little Ethel, aged 4, and her grandmother were great chums. One day the old lady was taking a dose of medicine and the child inquired:

"Grandma, what's 'at'?"

"That is medicine, my dear."

"What is it made of, grandma?"

"Out of leaves and roots and barks," replied grandma.

"Oh, grandma," said Ethel, as her big eyes opened in wonder, "is it made of little dog barks?"

### A Funny Moon.

One summer evening a little girl was out doors washing her feet. After a while she happened to look at the moon, just under a cloud. She jumped up and ran into the house as fast as she could, and said:

"I'm not going to stay out there and that moon slipp'n' and slid'n' round like that."

Pa knew.

"Pa, what does 'absent-minded' mean?"

"My boy, that's easy. Did you ever stop to think?"

"Yes."

"And your thoughts ran on?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's it." — Indianapolis News.

### Proof Positive.

Lady—You say you were a soldier and a hero in the late war?

Tramp—Yes'm.

Lady—How can you prove your bravery?

Tramp—Give me a match and I'll light your gasolene stove for you.—Detroit Free Press.

### Takes It Out in Trade.

Ascum—I notice that Mr. Kloseman has become a regular attendant at church. When did he get religion?

Brownie—He didn't. It's just business with him. He loaned Rev. Mr. Gassaway \$10 some time ago, and he's had to take it out in pew rent.—Philadelphia Press.

### Impossible.

Brown—Do you think she is a clever girl?

Smith—Um-m! Rather too good looking, don't you think?

# GOVERNOR OF OREGON

## Uses Pe-ru-na For Colds in His Family and Grip



CAPITOL BUILDING, SALEM, OREGON.

A Letter From the Executive Office of Oregon.

Peruna is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Pe-ru-na as a cathartic remedy are pouring in from every state in the union. Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Pe-ru-na is the cathartic remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing cathartics as their greatest enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Pe-ru-na is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh out of its victims. Pe-ru-na not only cures catarrh, but prevents it. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and so forth.

The governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Pe-ru-na. He keeps it continually in the house. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he says:

State of Oregon,  
Executive Department,  
Salem, May 9, 1898.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.: Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Pe-ru-na medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.

Yours very truly,  
W. M. Lord.

It will be noticed that the governor says he has not had occasion to use Pe-ru-na for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold. Using Pe-ru-na to promptly cure colds, he protects his family against other ailments. This is exactly what every other family in the United States should do. Keep Pe-ru-na in the house. Use it for coughs, colds, la grippe, and other climatic affections of winter, and there will be no other ailments in the house. Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled "Winter Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

### The Remark was Ambiguous.

"That young man has a brilliant future before him," said the phrenologist.

And the little Boston boy who was having his bumps examined polished his spectacles and exclaimed:

"Pardon me, but you open up a very interesting field of inquiry. Where else could my future be if it were not before me?"

### Genuine Philosopher.

"Craps all burnt to flinders?"

"Yes."

"No rain in sight?"

"Not a drop."

"Totally ruined, ain't you?"

"Totally!"

"Well, what air you a-smilin' over?"

"I'm smilin' at the prospect of the sheriff comin' to lay on nothin'!" — Atlanta Constitution.

### Parents' Responsibility Great

It is the right of every child to be well born, and to the parents it must look to health and happiness. How inconceivably great is the parents' responsibility, and how important that no taint of disease is left in the blood to be transmitted to the helpless child, entailing the most pitiable suffering, and marking its little body with offensive sores and eruptions, catarrh of the nose and throat, weak eyes, glandular swellings, brittle bones, white swelling and deformity.

How can parents look upon such little sufferers and not reproach themselves for bringing so much misery into the world? If you have any disease lurking in your system, how can you expect well developed, healthy children? Cleanse your own blood and build up your health, and you have not only enlarged your capacity for the enjoyment of the pleasures of life, but have discharged a duty all parents owe to posterity, and made mankind healthier and happier.

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There is no remedy that so surely reaches deep-seated, stubborn blood troubles as S. S. S. It searches out even hereditary poisons, and removes every taint from the blood, and builds up the general health. If weaklings are growing up around you, right the wrong by putting them on a course of S. S. S. at once. It is a purely vegetable medicine, harmless in its effects, and can be taken by both old and young without fear of any bad results.

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Acts Pleasantly,  
Acts Beneficially,  
Acts truly as a Laxative.

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### May Not Be.

Wigg—Bjones has patented a new pocketbook.

Wagg—There ought to be money in that.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

### Certainly Seemed Strange.

"Yes," she explained to Johnny, "we have asked God for a little baby." Not long after twins arrived.

"Well," commented Johnny to his father, "it's mighty funny that you didn't know how big an order you gave."

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Fiso's Cure for Consumption. Price 25 cents.

### Dividing the Blame.

"I see it stated that the Alps have cost 301 lives in the past ten years."

"Yet it doesn't seem quite right to put all the blame directly on the Alps."

"Why not?"

"Don't you think most of them were killed by the climb-it?"

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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Few Savers in Sheffield.

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A mingling of the two colors—a green veil disposed over a blue hat, or knots of velvet ribbon on the combined shades, gives tone to the simplest toilette.

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Permanently Cures No fits or nervousness after Stryker's cure by Stryker's Great Remedy. Send for FREE BOOK (25¢) trial bottle and treatise. Dr. H. H. Kavan, Ltd., 111 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### Mind Over Matter.

Mrs. Jenke—How did you manage to keep cool yesterday? It was so hot.

Mrs. Brown—Why, I went out shopping for Christmas things.—Detroit Free Press.

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## Bad Coughs

"I had a bad cough for six weeks and could find no relief until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Only one-fourth of the bottle cured me."

L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption. Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then stop. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

### A Stay-at-Home Traveler.

Stranger—What wonderful tales old Blinks relates! He must have been a great traveler in his day.

Native—He was never outside the county in his life, but you see, his mind has wandered for years.

His Suit.

Hodge—I've got a suit of clothes for every day in the week.

Podge (suspiciously)—I never see you wear any but the one you have on now.

Hodge (cheerfully)—That's the suit.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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