

# A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER V.

Our Advertiser brings a Visitor.

"Morning's exertions had been too much for my weak health, and I had retired in the afternoon."

After Holmes' departure for the concert, I lay down upon the sofa and endeavored to get a couple of hours' sleep. It was a useless attempt.

My mind had been so much excited by all that had occurred and the strange facts and surmises crowded into it.

Every time that I closed my eyes I saw before me the distorted, babe-like countenance of the murdered man.

So sinister was the impression which that face produced upon me that I found it difficult to feel anything but gratitude for him who had removed its owner from the world.

If ever human features bespoke vice of the most malignant type there were certainly those of Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland.

Still, I recognized that justice must be done and that the depravity of the victim was no condemnation in the eyes of the law.

The more I thought of it the more extraordinary did my companion's hypothesis, that the man had been poisoned, appear.

I remembered how he had sniffed his lips and had no doubt that he had detected something which had given rise to the idea.

Then, again, if not poison, what had caused the man's death, since there was neither wound nor mark of strangulation?

But on the other hand, whose blood was that which lay so thickly upon the floor, nor had the victim any weapon with which he might have wounded an antagonist.

As long as all these questions were unsolved I felt that I could have no easy matter, either for Holmes or myself.

His quiet, self-confident manner convinced me that he had already formed a theory which explained all the facts, though what it was I could not for an instant conjecture.

He was very late in returning—so late that I thought that the concert could have not detained him all the time. Dinner was on the table before he appeared.

"It was magnificent," he said, as he took his seat. "Do you remember what Darwin says about music? He claims that the power of producing and appreciating it exists among the human race long before the power of speech was arrived at. Perhaps that is why we are so subtly influenced by it. There are vague memories in our souls of those misty centuries when the world was in its childhood."

"That's rather a broad idea," I remarked.

"One's ideas must be as broad as Nature if they are to interpret Nature," he answered. "What's the matter? You're not looking quite yourself. This Brighton road affair has upset you."

"What is that?" I asked, "I ought to be more case-hardened after my Afghan experiences. I saw my own comrades hacked to pieces at Malwaid without losing my nerve."

"I can understand. There is a mystery about this which stimulates the imagination; where there is no imagination there is no horror. Have you seen the evening paper?"

"No."

"It gives a fairly good account of the affair. It does not mention the fact that when the man was raised up a woman's wedding ring fell upon the floor. It is just as well it does not."

"Why?"

"Look at this advertisement," he answered. "I had one sent to every paper this morning immediately after the affair."

He threw the paper across to me and I glanced at the place indicated. It was the first advertisement in the "Found" column.

"In Brighton road," it ran, "a plain gold wedding ring, found in the roadway between the White Hart Tavern and Holland Grove. Apply Dr. Watson, 221 B Baker street, between 8 and 9 this evening."

"Excuse my using your name," he said. "If I used my own some of these dunderheads would recognize it, and want to meddle in the affair."

"That is all right," I answered. "But suppose any one applies. I have no right to refuse."

"Oh, yes, you have," said he, handing me one. "This will do very well. It is almost a fac-simile."

"And who do you expect will answer this advertisement?"

"Why, the man in the brown coat—our friend friend with the square toes. If he does not come himself he will send an accomplice."

"Would he not consider it as too dangerous?"

"Not at all. If my view of the case is correct, and I have every reason to believe that it is, then the man who risks anything that loses the ring. According to my notion he dropped it while stooping over Drebber's body, and did not miss it at the time. After leaving the house he discovered his loss and hurried back, but found the police already in possession, owing to the woman's folly in leaving the candle burning. He had to pretend to be drunk in order to allay the suspicions which might have been aroused by his appearance at the gate. Now put yourself in that man's place. On thinking the matter over, it must have occurred to him that it was possible that he had lost the ring in the road after leaving the house. What would he do then? He would eagerly look out for the evening papers in the hope of seeing it among the articles found. His eye, of course, would light upon this. He would be overjoyed. Why should he fear a trap? There would be no reason, in his eyes, why the finding of the ring should be connected with the murder. He would come. He will come. You shall see him within an hour."

"And then?" I asked.

"Oh, you can leave me to deal with him. Have you any arms?"

"I have my old service revolver and a few cartridges."

"You had better clean it and load it. He will be a desperate man, and though I shall take him unawares it is as well to be ready for anything."

I went to my bedroom and followed his advice. When I returned with the pistol the table had been cleared, and Holmes was ensconced in his favorite occupation of scraping upon his violin.

"The plot thickens," he said, as I entered. "I have just had an answer to my American telegram. My view of the case is the correct one."

thought, and having seen her safely inside, I perched myself behind. That's an art which every detective should be an expert at. Well, away we rattled, and never drew rein until we reached the street in question. I hopped off before we came to the door, and stroked down the street in an easy bounding way. I saw the cab pull up. The driver jumped down, and I saw him open the door and stand expectantly. Nothing came out, though. When I reached him he was groping about frantically in the empty cab, and giving vent to the finest assorted collection of oaths that ever I listened to. There was no sign or trace of his passenger, and I fear it will be some time before he gets his fare. On inquiring at No. 12, I found that the house belonged to a respectable paper hanger, named Keenwick, and that no one of the name of either Sawyer or Dennis had ever been heard of there.

"You don't mean to say," I cried, in amazement, "that that tottering, feeble old woman was able to get out of the cab while it was in motion, without either your driver seeing her, or the 'old woman' being d---d!"

"We were the old women to be so taken in. It must be he saw that he was followed, no doubt, and used this means of giving me the slip. It shows that the man has been a young man, and an actor of no mean order. The get-up was imitable. He was after it not as lonely as I imagined he was, but has friends who are ready to risk something for him. Now, doctor, you are looking done up. Take my advice and turn in."

I was certain, although very weary, so I obeyed his injunction.

I left Holmes seated in front of the smoldering fire, and long into the watches of the night I heard the low, melancholy wailings of his violin, and knew that he was still pondering over the strange problem which he had set himself to unravel.

"Does Doctor Watson live here?" asked a clear but rather harsh voice. We could not hear the servant's reply, but the door closed, and some one began to ascend the steps.

The footfall was an uncertain and shuffling one. A look of surprise passed over the face of my companion as he listened to it.

It came slowly along the passage, and there was a feeble tap at the door. "Come in!" I cried.

At my summons, instead of the man of violence whom we expected, a very old and wrinkled woman hobbled into the apartment.

She appeared to be dazzled by the sudden blaze of light, and after dropping a courtesy, she stood blinking at us with her bearded eyes and fumbling in her pocket with nervous, shaky fingers.

I glanced at my companion, and his face had assumed such a disconcerting expression that it was all I could do to keep my countenance.

The old crone drew out an evening paper, and pointed at our advertisement.

"It's this as has brought me, good gentlemen," she said, dropping another courtesy: "a gold wedding ring in the Brighton road. It belongs to my girl, Sally, who was married only five months, which her husband is steward aboard a Union boat, and what he'd say if he come 'ome and found her without her ring is more than I can think he being short enough at the best of times, but more especially when he has the drink. If it pleases you, she went to the circus last night along with—"

"Is that her ring?" I asked.

"The Lord be thanked!" cried the old woman. "Sally will be a glad woman this night. That's the ring," I inquired, taking up a pencil.

"'13 Duncan street, Houndeditch. A weeny way from here."

"The Brighton road does not lie between any circus and Houndeditch," said Sherlock Holmes, sharply.

The old woman faced around and looked at me, and then only then I perceived that she was a young girl in a red dress.

"The gentleman asked me for my address," she said. "Sally lives in lodgings at 3 Mayfield place, Peckham."

"And your name is—"

"My name is Sawyer, here is Dennis, who's the married man, and a smart, clean lad, too, as long as he's at sea, and no steward in the company more thought of; but when on shore, what with the women and what with liquor shops—"

"Here is your ring, Mrs. Sawyer," I interrupted, in obedience to a sign from my companion: "It clearly belongs to your daughter, and I am glad to be able to restore it to the rightful owner."

With many mumbled blessings and professions of gratitude, the old crone pecked it away in her pocket, and shuffled to her door.

Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet the moment she was gone and rushed into his room.

He returned in a few seconds enveloped in an ulster and a cravat. "I'll follow her," he said, hurriedly; "she must be an accomplice, and will lead us to him, whether he's a Socialist, or what."

The hall door had hardly slammed behind our visitor before Holmes had descended the stairs.

Looking through the window, I could see her walking feebly along the other side, while her pursuer dogged her some little distance behind.

"Either his whole theory is incorrect," I thought to myself, "or else he will be led now to the heart of the mystery."

There was no need for him to ask me to wait up for him, for I felt that sleep was impossible until I heard the result of his adventure.

It was close upon nine when he set out. I had no idea how long he might be, but I sat stolidly puffing at my pipe and skipping over the pages of Henri Murger's "Vie de Boheme."

Ten o'clock passed, and I heard the footstep of the maids as they entered to bed. Eleven and the more stately tread of the landlady passed my door, bound for the same destination.

It was close upon twelve before I heard the sharp sound of his latchkey. The instant he entered I saw by his face that he had not been successful.

Amusement and chagrin seemed to be struggling for the mastery, until the former suddenly carried the day, and he burst into a hearty laugh.

"I wouldn't have the Scotland Yard know it for the world," he cried, dropping into a chair, "I have chaffed them so much that they would never have let me hear the end of it. I can afford to laugh, because I know that I will be even with them in the long run."

"What is it then?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't mind telling a story against myself. That creature had come a little way when she began to limp and showed every sign of being footsore. Presently she came to a halt and halted a four-wheeler which was passing. I managed to be so close to her as to hear the address, but I had not been so anxious for she sent it out loud enough to be heard at the other side of the street. Drive to 13 Duncan street, Houndeditch," she cried. This begins to look genuine, I

thought, and having seen her safely inside, I perched myself behind. That's an art which every detective should be an expert at. Well, away we rattled, and never drew rein until we reached the street in question. I hopped off before we came to the door, and stroked down the street in an easy bounding way. I saw the cab pull up. The driver jumped down, and I saw him open the door and stand expectantly. Nothing came out, though. When I reached him he was groping about frantically in the empty cab, and giving vent to the finest assorted collection of oaths that ever I listened to. There was no sign or trace of his passenger, and I fear it will be some time before he gets his fare. On inquiring at No. 12, I found that the house belonged to a respectable paper hanger, named Keenwick, and that no one of the name of either Sawyer or Dennis had ever been heard of there.

"You don't mean to say," I cried, in amazement, "that that tottering, feeble old woman was able to get out of the cab while it was in motion, without either your driver seeing her, or the 'old woman' being d---d!"

"We were the old women to be so taken in. It must be he saw that he was followed, no doubt, and used this means of giving me the slip. It shows that the man has been a young man, and an actor of no mean order. The get-up was imitable. He was after it not as lonely as I imagined he was, but has friends who are ready to risk something for him. Now, doctor, you are looking done up. Take my advice and turn in."

I was certain, although very weary, so I obeyed his injunction.

I left Holmes seated in front of the smoldering fire, and long into the watches of the night I heard the low, melancholy wailings of his violin, and knew that he was still pondering over the strange problem which he had set himself to unravel.

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Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. U. S. Land Office, Vancouver, Wash., June 18, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

Frank C. Young, of Portland, county of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 236, for the purchase of the sw<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> sec. 24, Range 11 east, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Thursday, the 17th day of September, 1892.

She names as witnesses: Frank C. Young, of Portland, Or.; Andrew J. Derby, of Troutlake, Wash.; James F. Cox, of Troutlake, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 17th day of September, 1892.

W. R. DUNBAR, Register.

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Mary Ellen Duck, of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 237, for the purchase of the sw<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> sec. 24, Range 11 east, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Thursday, the 17th day of September, 1892.

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Ernest G. Williams, of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 238, for the purchase of the sw<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> sec. 24, Range 11 east, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Thursday, the 17th day of September, 1892.

He names as witnesses: Lem Collins, Elisha Thomas, Fred Blow, James M. Shannon, of Wasco, Oregon.

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Ernest G. Williams, of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 239, for the purchase of the sw<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> sec. 24, Range 11 east, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Thursday, the 17th day of September, 1892.

He names as witnesses: Lem Collins, Elisha Thomas, Fred Blow, James M. Shannon, of Wasco, Oregon.

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Ernest G. Williams, of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 240, for the purchase of the sw<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> sec. 24, Range 11 east, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Thursday, the 17th day of September, 1892.

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Ernest G. Williams, of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 241, for the purchase of the sw<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> sec. 24, Range 11 east, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Thursday, the 17th day of September, 1892.

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Ernest G. Williams, of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 242, for the purchase of the sw<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> sec. 24, Range 11 east, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Thursday, the 17th day of September, 1892.

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Ernest G. Williams, of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 243, for the purchase of the sw<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> sec. 24, Range 11 east, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Thursday, the 17th day of September, 1892.

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Ernest G. Williams, of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 244, for the purchase of the sw<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> sec. 24, Range 11 east, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Thursday, the 17th day of September, 1892.

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Ernest G. Williams, of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 245, for the purchase of the sw<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> sec. 24, Range 11 east, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Thursday, the 17th day of September, 1892.

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Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. U. S. Land Office, Vancouver, Wash., June 18, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892.

Ernest G. Williams, of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 246, for the purchase of the sw<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> sec. 24, Range 11 east, W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Vancouver, Wash., on Thursday, the 17th day of September, 1892.

He names as witnesses: Lem Collins, Elisha Thomas, Fred Blow, James M. Shannon, of Wasco, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 17th day of September, 1892.

W. R. DUNBAR, Register.

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(Successor to E. L. Smith,  
 Oldest Established House in the Valley.)  
 DEALER IN  
**Dry Goods, Groceries,  
 Boots and Shoes,  
 Hardware,  
 Flour and Feed, etc.**

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

## Lumber Wood, Posts, Etc.

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Have opened an office in Hood River. Call and get prices and leave orders, which will be promptly filled.

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 Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Dalles ..... 7 A. M.  
 Arrive Portland ..... 4 P. M.  
 Leave Portland ..... 7 A. M.  
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