

# A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

## CHAPTER VI.

The papers next day were full of the "Brixton Mystery," as they termed it. Each had a long account of the affair, and some had leaders upon it in addition.

There was some information in them which was new to me. I still retain in my scrap book numerous clippings and extracts bearing upon the case.

Here is a condensation of a few of them: The Daily Telegraph remarked that in the history of crime there had seldom been a tragedy which presented stranger features.

The German name of the victim, the absence of all motive and the sinister inscription on the wall all pointed to his perpetration by political refugees and revolutionists.

The Socialists had many branches in America, and the deceased had, no doubt, infringed their unwritten laws and had been tracked down by them.

After a long search for the perpetrator, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, the Darwinian theory, the principles of Malthus and the Hatchiff Highway murders, the articles dealing with advising the government and advocating a closer watch over foreigners in England.

The Standard commented upon the fact that lawless outrages of the sort usually occurred under a Liberal administration.

They arose from the unsettlement of the minds of the masses and the consequent weakening of all authority. The deceased was an American gentleman who had been residing for some weeks in the metropolis. He had stayed at the boarding-house of Mme. Charpentier, in Torquay Terrace, Camberwell.

He was accompanied in his travels by his private secretary, Mr. Joseph Stangeron. The two had left their landlady upon Tuesday, the 4th inst., and departed to Euston station with the avowed intention of catching the Liverpool express. They were afterward seen together on the platform.

He died at Euston station with the avowed intention of catching the Liverpool express. They were afterward seen together on the platform.

Nothing more is known of them until Mr. Drebbler's body was, as recorded, discovered in an empty house in the Brixton road, many miles from Euston.

How he came there, or how he met his fate, are questions which are still involved in mystery.

Nothing is known of the whereabouts of Stangeron. We are glad to learn that Mr. Lestrade and Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard, are both engaged upon the case, and it is confidently anticipated that these well-known officers will speedily throw light upon the mystery.

The Daily News observed that there was no doubt as to the crime being a political one. The despotism and hatred of Liberalism which animated the Continental governments had had the effect of driving to our shores a number of men who might have made excellent citizens were they not soured by the recollection of all they had undergone.

Among these men there was a stringent code of honor and infringement of which was punished by death. Every effort should be made to find the secretary, Stangeron, and to ascertain some particulars of the habits of the deceased.

A great step had been gained by the discovery of the address of the house at which he had boarded, a result which was entirely due to the acuteness and energy of Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard.

Sherlock Holmes and I read these notices over together at breakfast, and they appeared to afford him considerable amusement.

"I told you that whatever happened, Lestrade and Gregson would be sure to score."

"That depends on how it turns out." "Oh, bless you, it doesn't matter in the least. If the man is caught, it will be an account of their exertions; if he escapes, it will be in spite of their exertions. It's heads I win, tails you lose. Whatever they do, they will have followers. A fool always finds a bigger fool to admire him."

"What on earth is this?" I cried, for at this moment there came the pattering of many steps in the hall and an old man, accompanied by audible expressions of disgust on the part of our landlady.

him notice on the very day he cannot, she said. "But it was a score temptation. They were paying a pound a day each—14 pounds a week, and this is a slack season. I am a widow, and my boy in the navy has cost me much. I grudged to lose the money. I acted for the best. This last was the much, however, and I gave him notice to leave on account of it. That was the reason of his going."

"Well!" "My heart grew light when I saw him drive away. My son is on leave just now, but I did not tell him anything of this, for his temper is violent and he is passionately fond of his sister. When I closed the door behind them a load seemed to be lifted from my mind. As it is less than an hour there was a ring at the bell, and I learned that Mr. Drebbler had returned. He was much excited and begged the way for drink. He forced his way into the room where I was sitting with my daughter and made some incoherent remark about having missed his train. He then turned to Alice, and, before my very face, proposed to her that she should fly with him. "You are of age," he said, "and there is no law to stop you. I have money enough, and to spare. Never mind the old girl here, but come along with me now, straight away. You shall live like a princess!" Poor Alice was so frightened that she shrieked away from him, but he caught her by the wrist and endeavored to draw her toward the door.

"I screamed, and at that moment my son Arthur came into the room. What happened then I do not know. I heard oaths and confused sounds of a scuffle. I was too terrified to raise my head. When I did look up I saw Arthur standing in the doorway laughing with a stick in his hand. "I don't think that fine fellow will trouble us any more," he said. "I will just go after him and see what he does with himself. With these things he took his hat and started off down the street. The next morning we heard of Mr. Drebbler's mysterious death."

"This statement came from Mrs. Charpentier's lips with many gasps and pauses. At times she spoke so low that I could hardly catch the words. I made short-hand notes of all that she said, however, so that there could be no possibility of a mistake.

"It's quite exciting," said Sherlock Holmes, with a yawn. "What happened next?" "When Mrs. Charpentier paused," the detective continued, "I saw that the whole case hung on one point. Fixing her with my eye in a way which I always found effective with women, I asked her at what hour her son returned.

"I do not know," she answered. "Not know?" "No, he has a latch key and let himself in."

"After you went to bed?" "Yes." "When did you go to bed?" "About eleven."

"Your son was gone at least two hours?" "Yes." "Possibly four or five?" "Yes."

"What was he doing during that time?" "I do not know," she answered, "turning white to her very lips."

(To be continued.)

Things That May Interest You.

## WEALTH IN A BOG.

An Easterner Taught California Land Owners a Lesson.

## BOUGHT UP PEATLAND

This He Turned Into a Celery Farm and Staked a Great Industry.

First Crop of Celery Raised on Land Which Was Bought for a Song—Production and Marketing of the Crop Is Full of Interest—Many of the Eastern States Are Supplied and Some Heavy Profits Are Made.

There is many a fortune lost by not being able to recognize a good thing when one sees it. Some one, a great many years ago, said that opportunity calls but once upon the same person. He is supposed to rap at the door and if he gets no answer he passes on never to return that way. This sounded so nice and fanciful that it became a proverb, but like many other accepted sayings, has not a grain of truth in it. As a matter of fact, opportunity is hanging about each man's door fairly aching for an invitation to come in, but most men are so obtuse they do not recognize him.

When the old man, Hervey, found, a few years ago, that a goodly portion of his lands at Smetzer, Orange county, in Southern California, lay in the bog of peat, he was sorry he had bought them. A little later, when a valuable team with which he was endeavoring to break up a portion of the peat lands became bogged and

stand the work. The planting begins in June and continues through July and August, and the hot summer sun beats down upon the fields and the heat and the rank odors of the swamp, laden with fever and malaria, are more than the average white man can endure. The Orientals, however, keep healthy, as a rule, and do not seem to much mind the heat.

In a week or so after the plants have been set, the laborers go through the patch and press the dirt around the plants in such a manner as to cause the stalks to grow uprightly and close together. This process is repeated two or three times and then the "bankers,"



BOG SHOES WORN BY HORSES.

as the two-share plows are called, are put into the fields and the soil is thrown up against the plants, burying all but the tops. As the stalks push upward the banking is repeated and the stalks are thus kept bleached and tender till it is time for the cutting. This is also done with horse power. A four-wheeled vehicle fitted with sharp knives which pass under the rows of celery is drawn through the fields, clipping the stalks from the roots and leaving them still standing in the rows. So rapidly do these machines do the work but five teams and machines are required to harvest the crop from the entire 3,000 acres.

Following the cutters come a small army of Celestials who take the sev-

ered stalks by the tops and lift them from the earth, and with rapid and skilful motions shake the dirt therefrom, trim the roots and tops with knives made for the purpose, and lay the stalks to one side of the row where the packers find them and tie them into bundles and put them in crates ready for shipment. The harvest begins in October and lasts till well toward the spring. As the rainy season begins about November 1, it will be seen that the most of this work takes place at the most disagreeable season of the year. Day after day the yellow men drag their mud-laden feet up and down the long rows, and amid the pelting, chilly rains work steadily and uncomplainingly on, receiving at the end of the week a pittance the white man would scorn; and yet, most of these laborers have a comfortable bank account.

It takes strong soul to raise good celery year after year, and this is just what the soil of the peat swamp is. For hundreds, thousands and perhaps millions of years the rains of winter have carried down to the tule swamp the vegetation of the mountains mixed with the soil borne along with the rushing torrents the rains send down



BANKING THE CELERY WITH A DOUBLE PLOW.

Some of this swamp land brought the owners as much as \$10 an acre. The most of it, however, went for less than half that sum. Today the land is worth \$400 an acre, and of the 3,000 acres which are being utilized the owners will obtain this year a revenue of \$300,000.

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and a hundred other cities in the East are eating celery raised in the great tule swamp of Orange county. More than 20 cars a day are shipped from the fields and the most of it goes east of the Mississippi river. It has taken some work and expense to put the swamp in condition to bring this income, but nothing compared with the return it yields.

The first work was to drain the swamp sufficiently to permit of the land being worked. In order to do this a huge drainage canal, 14 feet wide and 12 feet deep, was run from the swamp to the ocean four miles away. The lateral drains empty into this. Chinese labor was employed in digging the ditches and laying the tile through the soft earth and the same labor was used in clearing the swamp of the tule and other growth and putting the ground in condition to be plowed. Then came the problem, how to plow the land. Notwithstanding the drainage, the lands were still soft and spongy and the cart of bogging the horses was not slight. The stranger from the East was again equal to the emergency. He had, in the course of his travels, had experience in navigating upon snowshoes, and he proceeded to rig shoes for the horses on a modified snowshoe plan. Now the horses plow the land, bank the celery, pull the cutting machines over the fields and carry away the crop in safety.

hows, passing by, heard the heed of the house use language that was calculated to loose the thunderbolts of heaven on the whole neighborhood. She stopped, ran up to the door, and, pressing the button, listened eagerly at the speaking tube. "What in the world is your husband doing?" she asked, as the dulcet voice of Eve inquired her errand. "Oh," replied Eve, "he is merely raising Cain. It requires strong language to raise a child like that."

And thus an expression was coined which promises to outlast history itself. —Portland Oregonian.

DIED OF STARVATION. Sad Fate of a Prospecter in That Great Deathtrap, the Colorado Desert. J. P. Fay recently returned from a trip across the Colorado desert with news of the death of J. A. Adams, Deputy County Surveyor of San Bernardino County and a grandson of John Brown, the abolitionist of national fame, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Republic. Adams met with a horrible death, wandering away from the surveying camp while temporarily deranged and perishing of starvation.

"We were out on the desert prospecting for gold," said Fay. "An Indian, whom we had employed to show us where to find water on the desert, caught his foot in the stirrup while mounting his horse and fell on his back. The horse started to run, dragging the Indian by one foot. As the ground was covered by jagged rocks, the Indian would have been killed had not Adams run up and seized the horse by the bit. The animal, wild with fright, reared and plunged. Adams was twice thrown upon the rocks, and once the horse's hoof struck him, but he still gripped the bit until Mr. Lanere and I succeeded in releasing the Indian."

After all the danger was over Adams sat down upon a rock and began laughing, and when asked if he was hurt replied: "Oh, no, I'm only a little tired, but I guess you will have to help me set this arm." We then started for Yuma, Adams riding some twenty miles that afternoon and never once complaining, though we could see by his drawn features that he was suffering intense pain.

"At dusk we camped for the night, and within an hour the sick man was delirious and raving like a maniac. Some time during the night he left camp. As soon as we discovered that he had gone we made every effort to find him, but could not do much until daylight, when we found his tracks all that day and until about 9 o'clock the next day, when we came to a hard, rocky place at the foot of some rock hills. Here we lost the trail, and, try as we might, we could not find it again.

"For three days we searched the hills, but not a trace of the man could we discover, though we well knew that somewhere within a radius of twenty or thirty miles lay the body of one of the bravest men that ever lost his life in that great deathtrap—the Colorado desert.

WAITERS AND EYEGLASSES. Hotels and Restaurants Object to Help Wearing Optical Aids. "Ever see a waiter wearing glasses?" demanded the inquisitor. No one could remember, although just why a waiter should not be seen with glasses as well as any other man was not apparent.

"It's just like the wearing of beards," went on the inquisitor. "The proprietors of our important hotels, restaurants and cafes will not permit either beards or glasses to be worn by their waiters. It is possible that in some old-fashioned family or commercial hotel the servitors may be found with their noses straddled by optical helps, but you won't find 'em along Broadway.

"Now, this is a fact worthy of note, because in every other calling in life the number of persons wearing glasses is on the increase, and even in our schools a considerable percentage of very small children will be found wear-

ing glasses. And while, as I say, hotel, restaurant and cafe proprietors are opposed to the glasses, still I have seldom found a waiter whose eyes indicated that he was in the slightest need of them.

"You may argue that restaurant waiters are generally young men. Grant you that instantly, but, all the same, thousands of men of similar age have to wear them in almost every other occupation.

"The majority of these servitors commence in boyhood, and the demand of their vocation causes no strain on the eyesight. Consequently that may account in a measure for the absence of any necessity for the use of specs. Moreover, the steam from hot vands would render them useless probably." —New York Evening Telegram.

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At 8:00 A. M. 5:30 P. M. via Huntington	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Pullman, Moscow, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, East.	8:10 A. M.
St. Paul Portland 6:15 A. M. via Spokane	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	7:00 A. M.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND. 4:30 P. M. All selling dates subject to change 4:00 P. M. For San Francisco— Sail every 5 days.

Daily, Sun. Saturday 7:00 P. M.	Columbia River Steamers.	4:00 P. M. Ex. Sunday
4:45 A. M. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Winnemucca River. Water permitting. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence, Clatskanie and Way Landings.	4:30 P. M. Ex. Sunday
7:00 A. M. Wed. and Sat.	Winnemucca and Yamhill Rivers. Water permitting. Oregon City, Independence, Clatskanie, and Way Landings.	3:30 P. M. Mon., Wed. and Fri.

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