

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 lose 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, and stopped 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, have you 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."

"Haven'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 remembered as a common cut-throat."

The inspector 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 not 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 subsequent 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 doesn't matter 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 accomplice over two continents until I caught them. They thought they were out, but they could not do it. 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."

"They were 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 at 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

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. It was a fairly good dispenser, so I worked this alkaloid into small, soluble pills, and each pill I put in a box with a smaller pill made without poison. I determined at the time that, when I had 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 without end from pure gratulation."

"If any of you gentlemen have ever pulled for a thing and longed for it during twenty long years, and then suddenly found it within reach, you would understand my feelings."

"I lighted a cigar and puffed at it to steady my nerves, but my hands were trembling and my temples throbbing with excitement."

"As I drove I could see old John Ferrier and sweet Lucy looking at me from the darkness and smiling at me just as 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 gave 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.

"'Well, 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.)

DECATUR'S FLAGSHIP PRESIDENT.



Nothing in international relations more clearly illustrates the camaraderie between England and the United States than the fact that the famous war frigate President lies tenderly cared for and revered as a historic relic in a London dock. The President was Admiral Decatur's flagship, and in the war of 1812 her guns were the last of the American arms to be trained on a British foe. Such a scourge had she been to British shipping that the admiralty issued a special order that she must be taken as any hazard. But "orders" do not take American naval vessels, and the old President lived in freedom to witness peace, and now for nearly a century her dismantled hull has been slumbering at the India dock in London harbor. The President and the equally famous old Constitution were twin ships, and the former was the first flagship on a European station flying the Stars and Stripes. It was of the President that Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote:

"Ay! Tear her tattered ensign down! Long has it waved on high!"

CITY'S MARVELOUS GROWTH.

Modern Town Where a Year Ago There Was a Cornfield.

The rapidity with which things are done in the West is strikingly shown in the case of Anadarko, Ok., a little city which recently celebrated the first anniversary of its founding, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Marvellous has been its history, from the sale of the first lot in a cornfield, Aug. 6, 1901, to its present metropolitan appearance. Large brick blocks have taken the place of the tents and shanties in use then. Graded streets and broad sidewalks displaced the corn-rows long ago, telephone lines form a network at some of the busy corners, and everywhere may be seen improvements not

crimson of his, and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone: "There has been absolutely nothing done since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of." Here the phrase is used in precisely the same form and in the same meaning that it is by the professor of slang in this day.

Shakespeare uses it as "nothing done," but in the same sense, in "Measure for Measure," "King Lear" and "Othello." Enough is shown to prove that the latest slang is, after all, old and of good use. Hitching this wagon of a slang phrase to the stars, De Quincey and Shakespeare, it becomes classic.

It is a fair deduction to be drawn from the De Quincey quotation that the phrase "nothing done" was slang in the day of his writing, and was used

USE OF WATER AT MEALS.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald insists that the avoidance of water at meals is a mere "sanitary superstition." It is not possible for any normally constituted human being to eat his way to the first quarter of a modern dinner of over-heated made dishes and greasy viands, without experiencing a distinct longing for a cooling diluent, and before the end of the second course that craving assumes the urgency of positive distress, but he suffers if warned to forbear. Has not Professor Orthodoxy enumerated five distinct sources of peril from indulging that propensity, and proved that the water instinct is wrong, and that nature knows nothing about it?

The most specious of these arguments is the alleged risk that the introduction of cold water would coagulate the albumen of the ingesta, and thus complicate the labors of the digestive organs. But it is not evident that those organs should be allowed a casting vote in the decision of that controversy?

Dr. Schrodt, the author of "Natur-Heilkunde," holds, on the contrary, that our diet is not half fluid enough, and demonstrates that organic warmth will soon reduce over-cold beverages to the right medium, and that a craving which nothing but fresh water will satisfy is a clear proof that the stomach is suffering from an excess of caloric and a deficiency of moisture.

Just wait, and that distress will subside, insists Professor O—x. Yes; the subtle chemistry of the organism will eventually find means to satisfy its needs from internal sources, just as the agony of a famished man will give way to a dull torpor; the system has made another forced loan on the reserve stores of its own tissues, and made the sufferer a little more comfortable, though also a little leaner. Even thus the disappointed stomach will make shift to lead moisture from some other part of the organism which it is less sorely needed and the distress subsides, though a feeling of vague discomfort remains, suggesting that the sort of moisture reabsorbed from the lower alimentary duct is not exactly what the stomach wanted.

What Age is He?

The Navy Department is trying to answer the question: "How old is Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, retired?" Is he 90 or 100? The records do not show and Rear Admiral Selfridge will not tell. He says it is nobody's business how old he is. But as he entered the navy in 1818, and must have been at least 15 years old at that time, the supposition is that he is between 90 and 100. The Admiral's oldest son, Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, Jr., owns to being 66 years. The senior Selfridge was born in Hubbardston, Mass.—Philadelphia Press.

Singular Signs for Travelers.

On the banks of a rivulet near Strabane is a stone with this singular inscription, which was no doubt intended for the information of strangers traveling by the road: "Take notice that when this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." This recalls the famous finger post which is said to have been erected by order of a surveyor of roads in Kent: "This is a bridge path to Faversham. If you can't read this you had better keep the main road."

French Happy Home Broken Up.

A Parisian lady has been compelled by the police to break up her happy home, consisting of 20 hens, 50 cocks, 30 pigeons, a goat, 4 cats, 8 dogs, a parrot and a dozen small birds. Her neighbors objected to being kept awake all night by the cats and dogs, and to being roused up at an unearthly hour by the crowing of the cocks.

Stunted.

Cittman—I hear the Popeys have moved out near you. Have you seen their baby? Isn't it a tiny little mite? Subbubs—Yes, but you must remember it passed the first six months of its life in a flat.—Philadelphia Press.

A woman's idea of a bargain is something she can't afford when she needs it and which is offered at a reduction when she has no use for it.

FLOWERS FOR OUR RULERS.

Bouquets Are Supplied Gratuitously to Congressmen and Senators.

Cut flowers are supplied gratuitously by Uncle Sam to a number of persons and institutions in the city of Washington and members of Congress have come to regard them as among the most desirable of their perquisites. The greenhouses from which the flowers in question come are maintained principally to supply the city parks with the plants which make them such a feature of the city's beauty throughout the greater part of the year. After the White House is supplied the hospitals and other public institutions receive flowers. Many other worthy causes also share in the distribution. Families of members of the cabinet, the supreme court and legislative members come next. This custom, which has prevailed for years, of distributing the cut flowers is still followed.

Besides the greenhouses in charge of the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Ground, and the White House conservatory, other gardeners are those of the Agricultural Department and the botanical gardens. The latter are under the direction of the Senate Committee on Library. The gardens of the Department of Agriculture are devoted largely to the growing of plants other than floral.

The flowers from the White House conservatory are used for daily decorations of the executive mansion and it is for state functions and all other ordinary occasions that the supply of the park greenhouses is drawn upon. Through this source of supply not an inconsiderable amount that would otherwise have to be spent for flowers for many state dinners runs well up into the hundreds and sometimes even thousands of dollars. The floral decorations for the Prince Henry dinner, which were most elaborate, would have cost \$4,000 if purchased in the flower market. As it was the real expenditure in the floral decorations was only a few hundred.

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OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

4:30 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days.	4:30 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 4:30 p. m. Saturday 10:30 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 a. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Willamette River. Water permitting, Oregon City, Newberg, Seaside, Independence, Corvallis and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Water permitting, Oregon City, Dayton, Astoria and Way Landings.	5:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
11:00 a. m. Daily except Monday.	Snake River. Riparian to Lewiston.	11:00 a. m. Daily except Monday.

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JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

Arch Erected in Richmond by Daughters of Confederacy.

A beautiful memorial arch is being erected in Richmond, Va., to Jefferson Davis by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It was designed by Louis A. Gudbrand and the cost will be \$75,000.

ONE HUNDRED-MILE COAST.

Sliding Down the Side of a Mountain in a Hand Car.

Lord Ernest Hamilton describes his experience of a thrilling but perilous pastime, the descent in a small hand car of a wonderful mountain railway in Peru.

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