

The Adventure of the Abbey Grange.

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes, exactly. You put the very question which I have asked myself again and again. There can be no doubt that this fellow must have known the house and its habits. He must have perfectly understood that the servants would all be in bed at that comparatively early hour and that no one could possibly hear a bell ring in the kitchen. Therefore he must have been in close league with one of the servants. Surely that is evident. But there are eight servants, and all of good character."

"Other things being equal," said Holmes, "one would suspect the one at whose head the master threw a decenter. And yet that would involve treachery toward the mistress to whom this woman seems devoted. Well, the point is a minor one, and when you have Randall you will probably find no difficulty in securing his accomplice. The lady's story certainly seems to be corroborated, if it needed corroboration, by every detail which we see before us." He walked to the French window and threw it open. "There are no signs here, but the ground is iron hard, and one would not expect them. I see that these candles in the mantelpiece have been lighted."

"Yes; it was by their light and that of the lady's bedroom candle that the burglars saw their way about."

"And what did they take?"

"Well, they did not take much—only half a dozen articles of plate or of the sideboard. Lady Brackenstall thinks that they were themselves so disturbed by the death of Sir Eustace that they did not ransack the house, as they would otherwise have done."

"No doubt that is true, and yet they drank some wine, I understand."

"To steady their nerves."

"Exactly. These three glasses upon the sideboard have been untouched, I suppose."

"Yes, and the bottle stands as they left it."

"Let us look at it. Hello, hello! What is this?"

The three glasses were grouped together, all of them tinged with wine and one of them containing some drops of beeswing. The bottle stood near them, two-thirds full, and beside it lay a long, deeply stained cork. Its appearance and the dust upon the bottle showed that was no common vintage which the murderers had enjoyed.

A change had come over Holmes' manner. He had lost his listless expression, and again I saw an alert light of interest in his keen, deep-set eyes. He raised the cork and examined it minutely.

"How did they draw it?" he asked.

Hopkins pointed to a half opened drawer. In it lay some table linen and a large corkscrew.

"Did Lady Brackenstall say that screw was used?"

"No; you remember that she was senseless at the moment when the bottle was opened."

"Quite so. As a matter of fact, the screw was not used. This bottle was opened by a pocket screw, probably contained in a knife and not more than an inch and a half long. If you will examine the top of the cork, you will observe that the screw was driven in three times before the cork was extracted. It has never been transfixed. This long screw would have transfixed it and drawn it up with a single pull. When you catch this fellow you will find that he has one of these multiplex knives in his possession."

"Excellent!" said Hopkins.

"But these glasses do puzzle me, I confess. Lady Brackenstall actually saw the three men drinking, did she not?"

"Yes; she was clear about that."

"Then there is an end of it. What more is to be said? And yet you must admit that the three glasses are very remarkable, Hopkins. What? You see nothing remarkable? Well, well, let it pass. Perhaps when a man has special knowledge and special powers like my own it rather encourages him to seek a complex explanation when a simpler one is at hand. Of course it must be a mere chance about the glasses. Well, good morning, Hopkins. I don't see that I can be of any use to you, and you appear to have your case very clear. You will let me know when Randall is arrested and any further developments which may occur. I trust that I shall soon have to congratulate you upon a successful conclusion. Come, Watson; I fancy that we may employ ourselves more profitably at home."

"During our return journey I could see by Holmes' face that he was much puzzled by something which he had observed. Every now and then by an effort he would throw off the impression and talk as if the matter were clear, but then his doubts would settle down upon him again, and his knitted brows and abstracted eyes would show that his thoughts had gone back once more to the great dining room of the Abbey Grange in which this midnight tragedy had been enacted. At last by a sudden impulse just as our train was crawling out of a suburban station he sprang on to the platform and pulled me out after him."

"Excuse me, my dear fellow," said he as we watched the rear carriages of our train disappearing round a curve. "I am sorry to make you the victim of what may seem a mere whim; but, on my life, Watson, I simply can't leave that case in this condition. Every instinct that I possess cries out against it. It's wrong—it's all wrong—I'll swear that it's wrong. And yet the lady's story was complete, the maid's corroboration was sufficient, the detail was fairly exact. What have I to put up against that? Three wineglasses—

sure in all. But if I had not taken things for granted, if I had examined everything with the care which I should have shown had we approached the case do novo and had no cut and dried story to warp my mind, should I not then have found something more definite to go upon? Of course I should. Sit down on this bench, Watson, until a train for Chislehurst arrives, and allow me to lay the evidence before you, imporing you in the first instance to dismiss from your mind the idea that anything which the maid or her mistress may have said must necessarily be true. The lady's charming personality must not be permitted to warp our judgment."

"Surely there are details in her story which, if we looked at in cold blood, would excite our suspicion. These burglars made a considerable haul at Sydenham a fortnight ago. Some account of them and of their appearance was in the papers and would naturally occur to any one who wished to invent a story in which imaginary robbers should play a part. As a matter of fact, burglars who have done a good stroke of business are, as a rule, only too glad to enjoy the proceeds in peace and quiet without embarking on another perilous undertaking. Again, it is unusual for burglars to operate at so early an hour; it is unusual for burglars to strike a lady to prevent her screaming, since one would imagine that was the sure way to make her scream; it is unusual for them to commit murder when their numbers are sufficient to overpower one man; it is unusual for them to be content with a limited plunder when there was much more within their reach, and, finally, I should say that it was very unusual for such men to leave a bottle half empty. How do all these unusuals strike you, Watson?"

"Their cumulative effect is certainly considerable, and yet each of them is quite possible in itself. The most unusual thing of all, as it seems to me, is that the lady should be tied to the chair."

"Well, I am not so clear about that, Watson, for it is evident that they must either kill her or else secure her in such a way that she could not give immediate notice of their escape. But at any rate I have shown, have I not, that there is a certain element of improbability about the lady's story? And now, on the top of this, comes the incident of the wineglasses?"

"What about the wineglasses?"

"Can you see them in your mind's eye?"

"I see them clearly."

"We are told that three men drank from them. Does that strike you as likely?"

"Why not? There was wine in each glass."

"Exactly, but there was beeswing only in one glass. You must have noticed that fact. What does that suggest to your mind?"

"The last glass filled would be most likely to contain beeswing."

"Not at all. The bottle was full of it, and it is inconceivable that the first two glasses were clear and the third heavily charged with it. There are two possible explanations, and only two. One is that after the second glass was filled the bottle was violently agitated, and so the third glass received the beeswing. That does not appear probable. No, no, I am sure that I am right."

"What, then, do you suppose?"

"That only two glasses were used and that the drops of both were poured into a third glass, so as to give the false impression that three people had been here. In that way all the beeswing

would be in the last glass, would it not? Yes, I am convinced that this is so. But if I have hit upon the true explanation of this one small phenomenon then in an instant the case rises from the commonplace to the exceedingly remarkable, for it can only mean that Lady Brackenstall and her maid have deliberately lied to us, that not one word of their story is to be believed, that they have some very strong reason for covering the real criminal and that we must construct our case for ourselves without any help from them. That is the mission which now lies before us, and here, Watson, is the Sydenham train."

The household at the Abbey Grange were much surprised at our return, but Sherlock Holmes, finding that Stanley Hopkins had gone off to report to headquarters, took possession of the dining room, locked the door upon the inside and devoted himself for two hours to one of those minute and laborious investigations which form the solid basis upon which his brilliant edifices of deduction were reared. Seated in a corner like an interested student who observes the demonstration of his professor I followed every step of that remarkable research. The window, the curtains, the carpet, the chair, the rope—each in turn was minutely examined and duly pondered. The body of the unfortunate baronet had been removed, and all else remained as we had seen it in the morning. Finally, to my astonishment, Holmes climbed up on to the massive mantelpiece. Far above his head hung the few inches of red cord which were still attached to the wire. For a long time he gazed upward at it, and then in an attempt to get nearer to it he rested his knee upon a wooden bracket on the wall. This brought his hand within a few inches of the broken end of the rope, but it was not this so much as the bracket itself which seemed to engage his attention. Finally he sprang down with an ejaculation of satisfaction.

"It's all right, Watson," said he. "We have got our case—one of the most remarkable in our collection. But, dear me, how slow witted I have been and how nearly I have committed the blunder of my lifetime! Now, I think that, with a few missing links, my chain is almost complete."

"You have not your missing link—

900 DROPS CASTORIA Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. Fac Simile Signature of Dr. J. C. Feltner NEW YORK. 35 Dimes - 35 CENTS EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Feltner In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA THE GREAT COMBINATION, NEW YORK CITY.

PATENTS PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or plan for expert search and free report. Free advice how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., in ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent. Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 622 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GASNOW & Co. Land Notice. JOHN MULLAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, 1310 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C. All persons who have heretofore made FINAL PROOF in any kind of Land, Mineral or Timber Entries, which has been accepted by the Register or Receiver of any U. S. Land Office can have the issuance of their U. S. Patent for said Lands promptly attended to by sending me their Duplicate Receipts, or Certificates of Entry, and an agreement to pay me \$10 whenever said Patents shall issue. JOHN MULLAN, Oregon, California and Nevada State Agent.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS, ETC. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C. \$1,250 Reward. The Harney County Live Stock Association, of which I am a member, pays \$750 reward for evidence leading to the conviction of parties stealing stock belonging to its members. In addition I offer \$500 reward for horses and horse shoe bar on either or both jaws. Recorded in 8 counties. Horses vented when sold. Horses sold to pass through this section will be reported in this paper. If not so reported, please write or telephone The Times Herald, Main St., Burns, Oregon W. W. Snows, File, Ore.

FOR SALE. Fine Sheep Ranch in Modoc County. The Examiner has for sale one of the sheep ranches in Modoc county, which is the best range in California. It consists of 560 acres all under fence. It lies along Pitt river for 2 1/2 miles. Besides other buildings there are two houses 1 1/2 miles apart. It is an ideal sheep ranch. If taken quick it will be sold for \$6000.

THE WILLIAMSON-HAFFNER NEWS CO. BEEF, MUTTON, PORK, SAUSAGE, ETC., ALWAYS ON HAND AT THE ..Lakeview Meat Market.. JOHN WENDELL, Proprietor. BUILDING NORTH OF HOTEL LAKEVIEW

The DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TO CROSS THE CONTINENT Though Salt Lake City, Glenwood Springs, Leadville, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver. A Daylight Ride Through Nature's Art Gallery Passing Castle Gate, Canyon of The Grande, Tennessee Pass, Mars Pass and the Royal Gorge. 3 TRAINS DAILY BETWEEN OGDEN AND DENVER 3 EQUIPMENT AND SERVICE SECOND TO NONE SEEK NO PARTNER FOR BETTER CAN'T BE FOUND For Detailed Information Address A. C. McBRIDE, General Agent, PORTLAND OREGON

THE LAKE COUNTY EXAMINER LATEST LAND AND STOCK NEWS EIGHT PAGES LOCAL AND COUNTY NEWS TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. ESTABLISHED IN 1880. PRINTING IS AN ART IN which THE EXAMINER excels. We have all the late styles in type and keep in stock a large assortment of high grade stationery so that there is no delay in executing a large order. Our prices will be found to compare favorably with other prices.

man, Watson, man. Only one, not a very formidable person. Strong as a bull—witness the blow that bent that poker! Six foot three in height, active as a squirrel, dexterous with his fingers; finally, remarkably quick witted, for this whole ingenious story is of his concoction. Yes, Watson, we have come upon the handiwork of a very remarkable individual. And yet, in that bell rope he has given us a clue which should not have left us a doubt. "Where was the clew?" "Well, if you were to pull down a bell rope, Watson, where would you expect it to break? Surely at the spot where it is attached to the wire. Why should it break three inches from the top, as this one has done?" "Because it is frayed there?" "Exactly. This end, which we can examine, is frayed. He was cunning enough to do that with his knife. But the other end is not frayed. You could not observe that from here, but if you were on the mantelpiece you would see that it is cut clean off without any mark of fraying whatever. You can reconstruct what occurred. The man needed the rope. He would not tear it down for fear of giving the alarm by ringing the bell. What did he do? He sprang upon the mantelpiece, could not quite reach it, put his knee on the bracket—you will see the impression in the dust—and so got his knife to bear upon the cord. I could not reach the place by at least three inches, from which I infer that he is at least three inches a bigger man than I am. Look at that mark upon the seat of the oaken chair! What is it?" "Blood." "Undoubtedly it is blood. This alone puts the lady's story out of court. If she were seated on the chair when the crime was done, how comes that mark? No, no; she was placed in the chair after the death of her husband. I'll wager that the black dress shows a corresponding mark to this. We have not yet met our Waterloo, Watson, but this is our Marengo, for it begins in defeat and ends in victory. I should like now to have a few words with the nurse, Theresa. We must be wary for awhile if we are to get the information which we want." "She was an interesting person, this stern Australian nurse—factious, suspicious, ungracious. It took some time before Holmes' pleasant manner and frank acceptance of all she said thawed her into a corresponding amiability. She did not attempt to conceal her hatred for her late employer." "Yes, sir, it is true that he threw the decenter at me. I heard him call my mistress a name, and I told him that he would not dare to speak so if her brother had been there. Then it was that he threw it at me. He might have thrown a dozen if he had but left my bonny bird alone. He was forever ill treating her, and she too proud to complain. She will not even tell me all that he has done to her. She never told me of those marks on her arm that you saw this morning, but I know very well that they come from a stab with a batpin. The sly devil—God forgive me that I should speak of him so now that he is dead! But a devil he was if ever one walked the earth. He was all honey when first we met him, only eighteen months ago, and we both feel as if it were eighteen years. She had only just arrived in London. Yes, it was her first voyage. She had never been from home before. He won her with his title and his money and his false London ways. If she made a mistake she has paid for it if ever a woman did. What month did we meet him? Well, I tell you it was just after we arrived. We arrived in June, and it was July. They were married in January of last year. Yes, she is down in the morning room again, and I have no doubt she will see you, but you must ask too much of her, for she has gone through all that flesh and blood will stand." Lady Brackenstall was reclining on the same couch, but looked brighter than before. The maid had entered with us and begun once more to foment the bruise upon her mistress' brow. "I hope," said the lady, "that you have not come to cross examine me again?" "No," Holmes answered in his gentlest voice; "I will not cause you any unnecessary trouble, Lady Brackenstall, and my whole desire is to make things easy for you, for I am convinced that you are a much tried woman. If you will treat me as a friend and trust me you may find that I will justify your trust." "What do you want me to do?" "To tell me the truth." "Mr. Holmes?" "No, no, Lady Brackenstall; it is no use. You may have heard of any little reputation which I possess. I will stake it all on the fact that your story is an absolute fabrication." "Mistress and maid were both staring at Holmes with pale faces and frightened eyes." "You are an impudent fellow!" cried Theresa. "Do you mean to say that my mistress has told a lie?" Holmes rose from his chair. "Have you nothing to tell me?" "I have told you everything." "Think once more, Lady Brackenstall. Would it not be better to be frank?" "For an instant there was hesitation in her beautiful face. Then some new, strong thought caused it to set like a mask." "I have told you all I know." Holmes took his hat and shrugged his shoulders. "I am sorry," he said. And without another word we left the room and the house. There was a pond in the park, and to this my friend led the way. It was frozen over, but a single hole was left for the convenience of a solitary swan. Holmes gazed at it and then passed on to the lodge gate. Then he scribbled a short note

(Continued on next page).