

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

In choosing a few typical cases which illustrate the remarkable mental qualities of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I have endeavored, as far as possible, to select those which represented the minimum of sensationalism, while offering a fair field for his talents. It is however, unfortunately, impossible to entirely separate the sensational from the criminal, and a chronicler is left in the dilemma that he must either sacrifice details, which are essential to his statement, and so give a false impression of the problem, or he must use matter which, chance, and not choice, has provided him with. With this short preface I shall turn to my notes of what proved to be a strange, though a peculiarly terrible, chain of events.

It was a blazing hot day in August. Baker Street was like an oven, and the glare of the sunlight upon the yellow brickwork of the houses across the road was painful to the eye. It was hard to believe that these were the same walls which loomed so gloomily through the fogs of winter. Our blinds were half-drawn, and Holmes lay curled upon the sofa, reading and re-reading a letter which he had received by service in India had trained me to stand heat better than cold, and a thermometer reading paper was uninteresting. Parliament had risen. Everybody was out of town, and I yearned for the glades of the New Forest or the shingle of Southsea. A depleted bank account had caused me to postpone my holiday, and as to my companion, neither the country nor the sea presented the slightest attraction to him. He loved to lie in the very centre of five millions of people, with his filaments stretching out and running through them, responsive to every little rumor or suspicion of unsolved crime. Appreciation of nature found no place among his many gifts, and his only change was when he turned his mind from the evil-doer of the town to track down his brother of the country.

Finding that Holmes was too absorbed for conversation, I had tossed aside the barren paper, and leaning back in my chair, I fell into a brown-study. Suddenly my companion's voice broke in upon my thoughts. "You are right, Watson," said he. "It does seem a most preposterous way of settling a dispute."

"Most preposterous!" I exclaimed; and then, suddenly realizing how he had echoed the inmost thought of my soul, I sat up in my chair and stared at him in blank amazement.

"What is this, Holmes?" I cried. "This is beyond anything which I could have imagined."

He laughed heartily at my perplexity. "You remember," said he, "that some little time ago, when I read you the passage in one of Poe's sketches in which a close reasoner follows the unspoken thoughts of his companion, you were inclined to treat the matter as a mere tour de force of the author. On my remarking that I was constantly in the habit of doing the same thing, you expressed incredulity."

"Oh, no!"

"Perhaps not with your tongue, my dear Watson, but certainly with your eyebrows. So when I saw you throw down your paper and enter upon a train of thought, I was very happy to have the opportunity of reading it off, and eventually of breaking into it, as a proof that I had been in rapport with you."

But I was still far from satisfied. "In the example which you read to me," said I, "the reasoner drew his conclusions from the actions of the man whom he observed. If I remember right, he stumbled over a heap of stones, looked up at the stars, and so on. But I have been seated quietly in my chair, and what clues can I have given you?"

"You do yourself an injustice. The features are given to man as the means by which he shall express his emotions, and yours are faithful servants."

"Do you mean to say that you read my train of thoughts from my features?"

"Your features, and especially your eyes. Perhaps you cannot yourself recall how your reverie commenced?"

"No, I cannot."

"Then I will tell you. After throwing down your paper, which was the action which drew my attention to you, you sat for half a minute with a vacant expression. Then your eyes fixed themselves upon your newly framed picture of General Gordon, and I saw by the alteration in your face that a train of thought had been started. But it did not lead very far. Your eyes flashed across to the unframed portrait of Henry Ward Beecher which stands upon the top of your books. You then glanced up at the wall, and, of course, your meaning was obvious. You were thinking that if the portrait were framed, it would just cover that bare space, and correspond with Gordon's picture over there."

"You have followed me wonderfully!" I exclaimed.

"So far I could hardly have gone astray. But now your thoughts went back to Beecher, and you looked hard across as if you were studying the character in his features. Then your eyes ceased to pucker, but you continued to look across, and your face was thoughtful. You were recalling the incidents of Beecher's career. I was well aware that you could not do this without thinking of the mission which he undertook on behalf of the North at the time of the civil war, for I remember your expressing your passionate indignation at the way in which he was received by the more turbulent of our people. You felt so strongly about it that I knew you could not think of Beecher without thinking of that also. When, a moment later I saw your eyes wander away from the picture, I suspected that your mind had now turned to the civil war, and when I observed that your lips set, your eyes sparkled, and your hands clinched, I was positive that you were indeed thinking of the gallantry which was shown by both sides in that desperate struggle. But then, again, your face grew sadder; you shook your head. You were dwelling upon the sadness and horror and useless waste of life. Your hand stole towards your own old wound and a smile quivered on your lips, which showed me that the ridiculous side of this method of settling international questions had forced itself upon your mind. At this point I agreed with you that it was preposterous, and was glad to find that all my deductions had been correct."

"Absolutely," said I. "And now that you have explained it, I confess that I am as amazed as before."

"It was very superficial, my dear Watson, I assure you. I should have intruded it upon your attention had you not shown some incredulity the other day. But I have in my hands here a little problem which may prove to be more difficult of solution than my small essay in thought-reading. Have you observed in the paper a short paragraph referring to the remarkable contents of a packet sent through the post to Miss Susan Cushing, of Cross Street, Croydon?"

"No; I saw nothing."

"Miss Susan Cushing, living at Cross Street, Croydon, has been made the victim of what must be regarded as a peculiarly revolting practical joke, unless some more sinister meaning should prove to be attached to the incident. At two o'clock yesterday afternoon a small packet, wrapped in brown paper, was handed in by the postman. The card-board box was inside, which was filled with coarse salt. On opening this, Miss Cushing was horrified to find two human ears, apparently quite freshly severed. The box had been sent by parcel post from Belfast upon the morning before. There is no indication as to the sender, and the matter is the more mysterious as Miss Cushing, who is a maiden lady of fifty has led a most retired life, and has so few acquaintances or correspondents that it is a rare event for her to receive anything through the post. Some years ago, however, when she resided in Penge, she let apartments in her house to three young medical students, whom she was obliged to get rid of on account of their noisy and irregular habits. The police are of opinion that this outrage may have been perpetrated upon Miss Cushing by these youths who owed her a grudge, and who hoped to frighten her by sending her these relics of the dissecting-rooms. Some probability is lent to the theory by the fact that one of these students came from the north of Ireland, and, to the best of Miss Cushing's belief, from Belfast. In the meantime the matter is being actively investigated, Mr. Lestrade, one of the very smartest of our detective officers, being in charge of the case."

"So much for the *Daily Chronicle*," said Holmes, as I finished reading. "Now for our friend Lestrade. I had a note from him this morning, in which he says: 'I think that this case is very much in your line. We have every hope of clearing the matter up, but we find a little difficulty in getting anything to work upon. We have, of course, wired to the Belfast post-office, but a large number of parcels were handed in upon that day, and they have no means of identifying this particular one, or of remembering the sender. The box is a half-pound box of honeydew tobacco, and does not help us in any way. The medical student theory still appears to me to be the most feasible, but if you should have a few hours to spare, I should be very happy to see you out here. I shall be either at the house or in the police station all day.' What say you, Watson? Can you rise superior to the heat, and run down to Croydon with me on the off chance of a case for your annuals?"

"I was longing for something to do."

"You shall have it, then. Ring for your boots, and tell them to order a cab. I'll be back in a moment, when I have changed my dressing-gown and filled my cigar-case. A shower of rain fell while we were in the train, and the heat was far less oppressive in Croydon than in town. Holmes had sent on a wire, so that Lestrade, as wiry, as dapper, and as ferretlike as ever, was waiting for us at the station. A walk of five minutes took us to Cross Street, where Miss Cushing resided.

It was a very long street of two story brick houses, neat and prim, with whitened stone steps and little groups of aproned women gossiping at the doors. Half-way down, Lestrade stopped and tapped at a door, which was opened by a small servant girl. Miss Cushing was sitting in the front room, into which we were ushered. She was a placid-faced woman with large, gentle eyes, and grizzled hair curving down over her temples on each side. A worked antimacassar lay upon her lap, and a basket of colored silks stood upon a stool beside her. "They are in the out-house, those dreadful things," said she, as Lestrade entered. "I wish that you would take them away altogether."

"So I shall, Miss Cushing. I only kept them here until my friend Mr. Holmes should have seen them in your presence."

"Why in your presence, sir?"

"In case he wished to ask any questions. What is the use of asking me questions, when I tell you that I know nothing whatever about it?"

"Quite so, madam," said Holmes in his soothing way. "I have no doubt that you have been annoyed more than enough already over this business."

"Indeed I have, sir. I am a quiet woman and live a retired life. It is something new for me to see my name in the papers and to find the police in my house. I won't have these things in here, Mr. Lestrade. If you wish to see them you must go to the out-house."

It was a small shed in the narrow garden which ran down behind the house. Lestrade went in and brought out a yellow card-board box with a piece of brown paper and some string. There was a bench at the edge of the path, and we all sat down while Holmes examined, one by one, the articles which Lestrade handed to him.

"This string is exceedingly interesting," he remarked, holding it up to the light and sniffing at it. "What do you make of this string, Lestrade?"

"It has been tarred."

"Precisely. It is a piece of tarred twine. You have also, no doubt, remarked that Miss Cushing has cut the cord with a scissors as can be seen by the double fray on each side. This is of importance."

"I cannot see the importance," said Lestrade.

"The importance lies in the fact that the knot is left intact, and that this knot is of a peculiar character."

"It is very neatly tied. I have already made a note to that effect," said Lestrade, complacently.

"So much for the string then," said Holmes, smiling; "now for the box wrapper. Brown paper, with a distinct smell of coffee. What, you did not observe it? I think there can be no doubt of it. Address printed in rather straggling characters: 'Miss S. Cushing, Cross Street, Croydon.' Done with a broad pointed pen, probably a J, and with very inferior ink. The word Croydon has been spelt originally with an i, which has been changed to y. The parcel was directed then by a man—the printing is

distinctly masculine—of limited education and unacquainted with the town of Croydon. So far, so good! The box is a yellow half-pound honeydew box, with nothing distinctive save two thumb-marks at the left bottom corner. It is filled with rough salt of the quality used for preserving hides and other of the coarser commercial purposes. And embedded in it are these very singular inclosures."

He took out the two ears as he spoke, and laying a board across his knees, he examined them minutely, while Lestrade and I, bending forward on each side of him, glanced alternately at these dreadful relics and at the thoughtful, eager face of our companion. Finally he returned them to the box once more, and sat for a while in deep thought.

"You have observed, of course," said he at last, "that the ears are not a pair?"

"Yes, I have noticed that. But if this were the practical joke of some students from the dissecting-rooms, it would be as simple for them to send two odd ears as a pair."

"Precisely. But this is not a practical joke."

"You are sure of it?"

"The presumption is strongly against it. Bodies in the dissecting-rooms are injected with preservative fluid. These ears bear no signs of this. They are fresh, too. They have been cut off with a blunt instrument, which would hardly happen if a student had done it. Again carbolic or rectified spirits would be the preservatives which would suggest themselves to the medical mind, certainly not rough salt. I repeat that there is no practical joke here, but that we are investigating a serious crime."

A vague thrill ran through me as I listened to my companion's words and saw the stern gravity which had hardened his features. This brutal preliminary seemed to shadow forth some strange and inexplicable horror in the background. Lestrade, however, shook his head like a man who is only half convinced.

"There are objections to the joke theory no doubt," said he; "but there are much stronger reasons against the other. We know that this woman has led a most quiet and respectable life at Penge and here for the last twenty years. She has hardly been away from her home for a day during that time. Why on earth, then, should any criminal send her the proofs of his guilt, especially as, unless she is a most consummate actress, she understands quite as little of the matter as we do?"

"That is the problem which we have to solve," Holmes answered, "and for my part I shall set about it by presuming that my reasoning is correct, and that a double murder has been committed. One of these ears is a woman's, small, finely formed, and pierced for an ear-ring. The other is a man's, sunburned, discolored and also pierced for an ear-ring. These two people are presumably dead, or we should have heard their story before now. To-day is Friday. The packet was posted on Thursday morning—on Tuesday, or earlier. If the two people were murdered, who but their murderer would have sent this sign of his work to Miss Cushing? We may take it that the sender of the packet is the man whom we want. But he must have some strong reason for sending Miss Cushing this packet. What reason, then? It must have been to tell her that the deed was done; or to pain her, perhaps. But in that case she knows who it is. Does she know? I doubt it. If she knew, why should she call the police in? She might have buried the ears, and no one would have been the wiser. That is what she would have done if she had wished to shield the criminal. But if she does not wish to shield him she would give his name. There is a tangle here which needs straightening out."

He had been talking in a high quick voice, staring blankly up over the garden fence, but now he sprang briskly to his feet and walked towards the house.

"I have a few questions to ask Miss Cushing," said he.

"In that case I may leave you here," said Lestrade, "for I have another small business on hand. I think that I have nothing further to learn from Miss Cushing. You will find me at the police station."

"We shall look in on our way to the train," answered Holmes.

A moment later he and I were back in the front room, where the impassive lady was still quietly working away at her antimacassar. She put it down on her lap as we entered, and looked at us with her frank, searching blue eyes.

"I am convinced, sir," she said, "that this matter is a mistake, and that the parcel was never meant for me at all. I have said this several times to the gentleman from Scotland Yard, but he simply laughs at me. I have not an enemy in the world, as far as I know, so why should any one play me such a trick?"

"I am coming to be of the same opinion, Miss Cushing," said Holmes, taking a seat beside her. "I think that it is more than probable—"

He paused, and I was surprised on glancing round to see that he was staring with singular intenceness at the lady's profile. Surprise and satisfaction were both for an instant to be read upon his eager face, though when she glanced round to find out the cause of his silence he had become as demure as ever. I stared hard myself at her flat grizzled hair, her trim cap, her little gilt ear-rings, her placid features, but I could see nothing which could account for my companion's evident excitement.

"There were one or two questions—" "Oh, I am weary of questions!" cried Miss Cushing, impatiently.

"You have two sisters, I believe."

"How could you know that?"

"Ah, the Conqueror, perhaps?"

"No the May Day, when last I heard. Jim came down here to see me once. That was before he broke the pledge. But afterwards he would always take drink when he was ashore, and a little drink would send him stark, staring mad. Ah! it was a bad day that ever he took a glass in his hand again. First he dropped me, and then he quarrelled with Sarah and now that Mary has stopped writing, we don't know how things are going with them."

It was evident that Miss Cushing had come upon a subject on which she felt very deeply. Like most people who lead a lonely life, she was shy at first, but ended by becoming extremely communicative. She told us many details about her brother-in-law, the steward, and then wandering off on to the subject of her former lodgers, the medical students, she gave us a long account of their delinquencies, with their names and those of their hospitals. Holmes listened attentively to everything, throwing in a question from time to time.

"About your second sister, Sarah," said he. "I wonder since you are both maiden ladies, that you do not keep house together."

"Ah, you don't know Sarah's temper, or you would wonder no more. I tried it when I came to Croydon, and we kept on until about two months ago, when we had to part. I don't want to say a word against my own sister, but she was always meddling and hard to please, was Sarah."

"You say that she quarrelled with your Liverpool relations?"

"Yes, and they were the best of friends at one time. Why, she went up there to live just in order to be near them. And now she has no word hard enough for Jim Browner. The last six months that she was here she would speak of nothing but his drinking and his ways. He had caught her meddling, I suspect, and given her a bit of his mind, and that was the start of it."

"Thank you, Miss Cushing," said Holmes, rising and bowing. "Your sister Sarah lives, I think you said, at New Street, Wallington? Good-by, and I am very sorry that you should be troubled over a case with which, as you say, you have nothing whatever to do."

There was a cab passing as we came out, and Holmes hailed it. "How far to Wallington?" he asked.

"Only about a mile sir."

"Very good. Jump in, Watson. We must strike while the iron is hot. Simple as the case is, there have been one or two very instructive details in connection with it. Just pull up at a telegraph office as you pass, cabby."

Holmes sent off a short wire, and for the rest of the drive lay back in the cab with his hat tilted over his nose to keep the sun from his face. Our driver pulled up at a house which was not unlike the one which we had just quitted. My companion ordered him to wait, and had his hand upon the knocker, when the door opened, and a grave young gentleman in black, with a very shiny hat, appeared on the step.

"Is Miss Sarah Cushing at home?" asked Holmes.

"Miss Sarah Cushing is extremely ill," said he. "She has been suffering since yesterday from brain symptoms of great severity. As her medical adviser, I cannot possibly take the responsibility of allowing any one to see her. I should recommend you to call again in ten days." He drew on his gloves, closed the door, and marched off down the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The North-West Trade in Horses.

Calgary, the prosperous metropolis of Alberta, is nothing if not pushing and enterprising. At present the centre of a great prairie and ranching territory, it aspires to be something more, and is sending a largely and influentially signed petition to the Imperial Government, through Lord Stanley, asking for the establishment of a purchasing depot and training school for Army horses in Alberta.

The petition claims, and truly, that there are now many thousands of horses in the provisional province awaiting purchase, a fair proportion of which are suitable for Army purposes; that a steady improvement in the class of horses being raised is taking place, owing to greater care in breeding; and that the Canadian Pacific and its branches, in running through this great horse-ranching district, affords splendid facilities for distributing trained horses on very short notice to any part of the Empire.

It is also pointed out that economy would be subserved by training the horses where they are raised, and in buying and shipping them in large numbers. The character of the climate is such that out-door training could go on during most of the year, while sufficient land, say 1,000 acres, would no doubt be donated to the Imperial Government near Calgary, for an ample training farm if desired. The necessary buildings could be erected of wood and stone, it is claimed, at one-half the cost of putting them up in England, whilst provender for the horses and food for the employes would be far cheaper. It is estimated, finally, that under such an arrangement every Army horse would cost £5 less than it does at present.

We hope that every success will crown this most laudable enterprise, and that the citizens of Calgary may see some substantial result follow upon their action.

The Bible in Turkey.

The Bible, it appears, is to be subjected to a still more rigid censorship in Turkey than has hitherto been the case. According to a correspondent at Constantinople, Turkish minor officials are not content with wholesale confiscation, in defiance of Imperial laws and treaties which are supposed to guarantee religious liberty, but they have now undertaken to revise the Bible, and to declare what portions of it must be eliminated before they sanction its free circulation in the Kingdom of Heaven as regarded with suspicion, and are to be recast or omitted. The Old Testament, it is stated, gives particular offence. Its promises relating to the restoration of the Jews to Palestine are interpreted as rank treason to the Turk, who is in possession of the land. The "revised edition" is to say nothing about Jew or Hebrew, or the law of the Jews, the old dispensation having been in a measure, at least, superseded by the law of Islam.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The best butter is made in Denmark. Omnibuses, to run by electricity, are to be used in London. San Francisco has three hotel bell "boys" who are over fifty years of age.

While struggling to don his ulster, Melvin Tirlay, a young man of Bangor, Me., broke his collar-bone. A stone, in size and shape closely resembling a sheep, was plowed up by Peter Bushey, at Pinnebog, Mich. The Palace Hotel, San Francisco, is illuminated with 8,000 incandescent lights. It has its own electric plant.

Tiburzi, the notorious Sicilian bandit, enjoyed the distinction of having been sentenced to death thirty-seven times. He has just died of old age. Susan Porter, of Burlington, Me., tried to see how long she could exist without food. Fifty-two days of fasting she foolishly endured, and then died.

An immense fortune has been made by Peter Muller, in the preparation and sale of cod-liver oil. He employs 70,000 persons, on the Lofoden Islands, off Norway. A French astronomer is of the opinion that the red glow of the planet Mars is caused by crimson vegetation. He thinks that the grass and foliage there are red, not green, as they are on earth.

Some burglars, while exploring a St. Louis house, unintentionally started a music-box, and the tune it played seemed to make such a racket that they dropped it and fled, without any booty. A dog in Bethlehem, Pa., is friendly with every body but Simon Slade. Its dislike for him has existed for two years, and was caused by Simon cutting off the animal's tail. Whenever it sees him it barks at him.

Twenty thousand butterflies are in the collection recently given to the California Academy of Sciences, by Dr. H. H. Behr. He had been forty-eight years gathering them, and among them are specimens from all sections of the world. Brides are proverbially lovely; but this was not the case with a bride recently espoused in Tom Green County, Texas. She had lost one leg in a railroad accident, and one arm in a fight with Comanches. The groom was also maimed, he having lost one arm, one leg, and one eye.

Five Centuries into the Past in as Many Hours.

It is barely five hours since leaving Spain and yet here we suddenly find ourselves in the midst of people totally different from those with whom we breakfasted in race, religion, and civilization. In the morning we were living in the nineteenth century, surrounded by science, learning, and art, and among a people who, if differing from ourselves in race, still belong to our age and fundamentally are in sympathy with us in aim, religion and thought. At noon all is changed. White men have become black; trousers have become burnouses; hats, turbans; cathedrals, mosques; crosses, crescents; enlightenment, darkness. Civilization has been left behind, and in five little hours hardly more than one might pass at the opera, our ship has borne us backward along the path of time as many centuries. It is dreamy, weird, fantastic, and the doctor even thought he smelled brimstone and suggested that "his majesty" had been shifting the scenes. Often have we been requested upon the programme to fancy a lapse of five years between the acts, and we have accomplished it, but never have we parting with five centuries. There is much, of course, to remind us of our epoch—the villas, the flags, the steamer, ourselves—but it is far too little to disturb the illusion—we and the rest are merely anachronisms, incongruous and out of place. The city is an absurd relic of medieval life, and it is difficult to take it seriously. It must be, in its homely, every-day life, but little changed from what it was one thousand years ago—for notwithstanding its close proximity to the advancing civilization of Europe, with the indolent contentment of the degenerate Moslem—it has not only declined to be influenced thereby, but, from a total lack of any native inclination to keep abreast of the world, it has failed even to hold its own, and is to-day far to leeward of the position it occupied several centuries ago. It is truly a Rip Van Winkle.—Alfred Jerome Weston, in Scribner.

Don't Worry.

A man's business life is too short to waste any portion of his time in fretting over any trifling matter of business. If a man has a mind to be annoyed by every little mishap that occurs in his establishment he can keep himself in constant hot water by worrying. There is neither sense nor reason in flying into a fit of passion because a careless clerk breaks a stone fixture, leaves a faucet running, smashes a jug, or commits some other trifling blunder. Constant fretting on the part of employers makes clerks and book-keepers nervous, and, in this condition of mind and body, they are far more apt to make mistakes than they otherwise would be. Business worry wears a man out very rapidly, and when the habit of fussing is once acquired, it is extremely difficult to rid oneself of it. There are men who work themselves into a perfect fit of passion over little insignificant matters not worthy of serious thought and consideration. There are other men who fret because they fear something unpleasant is going to happen to their business career; they may have obligations to meet, a note due at the bank, while their customers cannot be depended upon to help them out of a tight corner, but there is no earthly use in borrowing trouble until trouble comes, and then every enterprising merchant should manfully meet it. There is a great difference in merchants. Some wear themselves out before middle life, become irritable, morose, snappish and disagreeable in the conduct of a very small business, while other men, with vast interests and great responsibilities who are calm and well poised, patient and nervy, live to a good old age without borrowing trouble or shattering their nerves over trifles.

Not so Bad.

Little Dot—"Mamma, I was playin' with your four o'clock tea set while you was away, an' when you bring it out for company, you'll be awfully mortified 'cause you'll think one of the cups has a hair in it; but it isn't a hair."

Mamma—"What is it?" Little Dot—"It's only a cross."