ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

"Well, if we can't, we can't," said Holmes, cheerfully.

"Perhaps she could not or would not have told you much."

"I did not wish her to tell me anything. I only wanted to look at her. However, I think that I have got all that I want. Drive us to some decent hotel, cabby, where we may have some lunch, and afterwards we shall drop down upon friend Lestrade at the police station."

We had a pleasant little meal together, during which Holmes would talk about nothing but violins, narrating with great exultation how he had purchased his own Stradivarius, which was worth at least five hundred guineas, at a Jew broker's in Tottenham Court Road, for fifty-five shillings. This led him to Paganini, and we sat for an hour over a bottle of claret while he told me anecdote after anecdote of that extraordinary man. The afternoon was far advanced and the hot glare had softened into a mellow glow before we found ourselves at the police station. Lestrade was waiting for us at the door.

"A telegram for you, Mr. Holmes," said he.

"Ha! It is the answer!" He tore it open, glanced his eye over it, and crumpled it into his pocket. "That's all right," said he.

"Have you found out anything?"

"I have found out everything."

"What!" Lestrade stared at him in amazement. "You are joking."

"I was never more serious in my life. A shocking crime has been committed, and I think that I have now laid bare every detail of it."

"And the criminal?"

Holmes scribbled a few words upon the back of one of his visiting cards and threw it over to Lestrade.

"That is he," he said; "you cannot effect an arrest until to-morrow night at the earliest. I should prefer that you would not mention my name at all in connection with the case, as I choose to be associated only with those crimes which present some difficulty in their solution. Come on, Watson." We strode off together to the station, leaving Lestrade still staring with delighted face at the card which Holmes had thrown him.

"The case," said Sherlock Holmes, as we chatted over cigars that night in our rooms at Baker Street, "is one where, as in the investigations which you have chronicled under the names of the 'Study in Scarlet' and of the 'Sign of Four,' we have been compelled to reason backward from effects to causes. I have written to Lestrade asking him to supply us with the details which are now wanting, and which he will only get after he has secured his man. That he may be safely trusted to do, for although he was absolutely devoid of reason, he is as tenacious as a bulldog when once understands what he has to do, and indeed it is just this tenacity which has brought him to the top at Scotland Yard.

"Your case is not complex, then?" I asked.

"It is fairly complex in essentials. We know who the author of the revolting business is, although one of the victims still escapes us. Of course you have formed your own conclusions."

"I presume that the Jim Browner, the steward of a Liverpool boat, is the man who you suspect."

"Oh! I more than a suspicion."

"And you shall see that anything save very strong circumstantial evidence."

"In the first place, I shall have to assume, what I think_ is__ probable, that_ there_ has_ been_ some_ quarrel_ between_ this_ Jim_ Browner_ and_ the_ young_ Frenchman_ who_ met__ his_ death__ on_ board_ his_ boat_ _ The_ __ _ _ _