

# A STUDY In Scarlet

"When I had him fairly inside my cab my heart jumped so with joy that I feared lest at this last moment my aneurism might go wrong. I drove along slowly, weighing in my own mind what it was best to do. I might take him right out into the country, and there in some deserted lane have my last interview with him. I had almost decided upon this, when he solved the problem for me. The craze for drink had seized him again, and he ordered me to pull up outside a gin palace. He went in, leaving word that I should wait for him. There he remained until closing-time, 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 sweep-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. I was a fairly good dispenser, so I worked this alkaloid into small, soluble pills, and each pill I put in a box with a similar 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 ate 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 about 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 within—so glad that I could have shouted out from pure exultation. If any of you gentlemen have ever pined for a thing and longed for it during twenty long years, and then suddenly found it within your reach, you would understand my feelings. I lit 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 out of 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, 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.

"'We'll 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?'

"He gazed at me with bleared, drunken eyes for a moment, and then I saw a horror spring up in them and convulse his whole features, which showed me that he knew me. He staggered back with a livid face, and I saw the perspiration break out upon his brow, while his teeth chattered. At the sight I leaned my back against the door and laughed loud and long. I had always known that vengeance would be sweet, but had never hoped for the contentment of soul which now possessed me.

"'You do?' I said; 'I have hunted you from Salt Lake City to St. Petersburg, and you have always escaped me. Now at last your wanderings have come to an end, for either you or I shall never see to-morrow's sun rise.' He shrank still farther away as I spoke, and I could see on his face that he thought I was mad. So I was for the time. The pulses in my temples beat like sledge-hammers, and I believe I would have had a fit of some

man at 231B Baker street. I went round, suspecting no harm, and the next thing I knew, this young man here had the bracelets on my wrists, and as neatly shackled as ever I was in my life. That's the whole story, gentlemen. You may consider me to be a murderer; but I hold that I am just as much an officer of justice as you are."

So thrilling had the man's narrative been, and his manner was so impressive, that we had sat silent and absorbed. Even the professional detectives, blasé as they were in every detail of crime, appeared to be keenly interested in the man's story. When he finished we sat for some minutes in a stillness which was only broken by the scratching of Lestrade's pencil as he gave the finishing touches to his shorthand account.

"There is only one point on which I should like a little more information," Sherlock Holmes said at last. "Who was your accomplice who came for the ring which I advertised?"

The prisoner winked at my friend jocosely. "I can tell my own secrets," he said, "but I don't get other people into trouble. I saw your advertisement, and I thought it might be a plant, or it might be the ring I wanted. My friend volunteered to go and see. I think you'll own he did it smartly."

"Not a doubt of that," said Holmes, heartily.

"Now, gentlemen," the inspector remarked gravely, "the forms of the law must be complied with. On Thursday the prisoner will be brought before the magistrates, and your attendance will be required. Until then I will be responsible for him." He rang the bell as he spoke, and Jefferson Hope was led off by a couple of warders, while my friend and I made our way out of the station and took a cab back to Baker street.



"I DESCRIBED DREBBER'S DEATH TO HIM."

CHAPTER VII.  
THE CONCLUSION.

We had all been warned to appear before the magistrates upon the Thursday; but when the Thursday came there was no occasion for our testimony. A higher Judge had taken the matter in hand, and Jefferson Hope had been summoned before a tribunal where strict justice would be meted out to him. On the very night after his capture the aneurism burst, and he was found in the morning stretched upon the floor of the cell, with a placid smile upon his face, as though he had been able in his dying moments to look back upon a useful life and on work well done.

"Gregson and Lestrade will be wild about his death," Holmes remarked, as we chatted it over next evening. "Where will their grand advertisement be now?"

"I don't see that they had very much to do with his capture," I answered. "What you do in this world is a matter of no consequence," returned my companion, bitterly. "The question is, what can you make people believe that you have done? Never mind," he continued, more brightly, after a pause, "I would not have missed the investigation for anything. There has been no better case within my recollection. Simple as it was, there were several most instructive points about it."

"Simple?" I ejaculated.

"Well, really, it can hardly be described as otherwise," said Sherlock Holmes, smiling at my surprise. "The proof of its intrinsic simplicity is that without any help, save a few very ordinary deductions, I was able to lay my hand upon the criminal within three days."

"That is true," said I.

"I have already explained to you that what is out of the common is usually a guide rather than a hindrance. In solving a problem of this sort, the grand thing is to be able to reason backward. That is a very useful accomplishment and a very easy one, but people do not practice it much. In the everyday affairs of life it is more useful to reason forward, and so the other comes to be neglected. There are fifty who can reason synthetically for one who can reason analytically."

"I confess," said I, "that I do not quite follow you."

"I hardly expected that you would. Let me see if I can make it clear. Most people, if you describe a train of events to them, will tell you what the result would be. They can put those events together in their minds, and argue from them that something will come to pass. There are few people, however, who, if you told them a result, would be able to evolve from their inner consciousness what the steps were which led up to that result. This power is what I mean when I talk of reasoning backward, or analytically."

"I understand," said I.

"Now, this was a case in which you were given the result and had to find everything else for yourself. Now, let me endeavor to show you the different steps in my reasoning. To begin at the beginning: I approached the house, as you know, on foot, and with my mind entirely free from all impressions. I naturally began by examining the roadway, and there, as I have already explained to you, I saw clearly the marks of a cab, which, I ascertained by inquiry, must have been there during the night. I satisfied myself that it was a cab and not a private carriage by the narrow gauge of the wheels. The ordinary London

grounder is considerably less wide than a gentleman's brougham.

"This was the first point gained. I then walked slowly down the garden path, which happened to be composed of a clay soil, peculiarly suitable for taking impressions. No doubt it appeared to you to be a mere trampled line of slush, but to my trained eyes every mark upon its surface had a meaning. There is no branch of detective science which is so important and so much neglected as the art of tracing footsteps. Happily, I have always laid great stress upon it, and much practice has made it second nature to me. I saw the heavy footmarks of the constables, but I saw also the tracks of the two men who had first passed through the garden. It was easy to tell that they had been before the others, because in places their marks had been entirely obliterated by the others coming upon the top of them. In this way my second link was formed, which told me that the nocturnal visitors were two in number, one remarkable for his height (as I calculated from the length of his stride) and the other fashionably dressed, to judge from the small and elegant impression left by his boots.

"(To be continued.)"

**Little Lord Fauntleroy**  
Was a beautiful child but he had one drawback, his face was covered with pimples. His grandfather bought a bottle of Haller's Sarsaparilla and was so pleased at its result that he took 4 bottles himself and cured his rheumatism. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

**Be Sure and Read This.**  
Our correspondents are doing some excellent work and we hope that they will continue to give us all of the news as often as possible. We are by your efforts able to give the news of the entire county. During the coming year, we propose to give premiums to our correspondents for faithful service, as follows:  
To the one who writes the most often we will give a prize of.....\$3.00  
To the 2d best..... 2.00  
To the 3d best..... 1.00  
Any one in the county can compete, provided there is not a correspondent in your neighborhood already working for the same.

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And no foolishness. Beggs' Cherry Cough Syrup will cure where all others fail. Sold and warranted by Deyo & Grice.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



an arbitrary word used to designate the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled off the watch.

**Here's the idea**  
The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and his into the grooves, firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.

It positively prevents the loss of the watch by theft, and avoids injury to it from dropping.

IT CAN ONLY BE HAD with Jax, Boss Filled or other watch cases bearing this trade mark.

All watch dealers sell them without extra cost. Ask your jeweler for pamphlet, or send to the manufacturers.

**Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.**

**DR. HATHAWAY & CO., SPECIALISTS (Regular Graduates.)**

Are the leading and most successful specialists and will give you help.



**Young and middle aged men.**  
Remarkable results have followed our treatment of many cases of chronic diseases. Many years of careful and successful experience in the use of curative medicine, and our own and our assistants' orders of men who have weak, undeveloped, or diseased organs, or who are suffering from errors of youth and excess who are nervous and impatient, the source of their troubles, and the contempt of their friends and companions, leads us to guarantee to all patients, if they can sustain it, our own exclusive treatment will afford a cure.

**WOMEN:** Don't you want to get cured of that weakness with a treatment that you can use at home without instruments? Our wonderful treatment has cured others. Why not you? Try it.

**CATALEPSY** and diseases of the Skin, Blood, Heart, Liver and Kidneys.

**STYPHILIS**—The most rapid, safe and effective remedy. A complete Cure Guaranteed.

**SKIN DISEASES** of all kinds cured where many others have failed.

**UNNATURAL DISCHARGES** promptly cured in a few days. Quick, pure and safe. This includes Gleet and Gonorrhoea.

**TRUTH AND FACTS.**  
We have cured cases of Chronic Diseases that have failed to get cured at the hands of other specialists and medical institutions.

**REMEMBER** that there is hope for you. Consult no other, as you may waste valuable time. Obtain our treatment at once.

**BEWARE** of free and cheap treatments. We give the best and most scientific treatment at moderate prices—no low cost can be done for safe and skillful treatment. **FREE** consultation at the office or by mail. Thorough examination and careful diagnosis. A home treatment can be given in the majority of cases. Send for Sympson Blank No. 1 for Men; No. 2 for Women; No. 3 for Skin Diseases. All correspondence answered promptly. Business strictly confidential. Entire treatment sent free from observation. Refer to our patients, banks and business men.

Address or call on  
**DR. HATHAWAY & CO.,**  
3, E. Corner Sixth and Felix Sts., Rooms 1 and 2 (Up Stairs), ST. JOSEPH, MO.

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IS AS SAFE AND HARMLESS AS  
**A Flax Seed Poulitice.**  
It is applied right to the parts. It cures all diseases of women. Any lady can use it herself. Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS. Mailed to any address on receipt of \$1.  
Dr. J. A. McGill & Co., 3 and 4 Panama Place, Chicago, Ill.  
For sale by C. L. Cotting.

J. L. MINER, President. HUGH MINER, Asst. Cashier. W. A. Sherwood, Cashier.  
**People's Bank of Red Cloud,**  
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA,  
Transact a General Banking Business,  
Special attention given to Collections  
Banking Office in Miner Bros Store.

**WRIGHT! WRIGHT! WRIGHT**  
**Wright is the Man.**  
He has the largest line of Stoves in Red Cloud.  
You can not afford to miss seeing his stock before buying as you will lose money.  
W. W. Wright, the Hardware Man.

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Dealer in Second-Hand Goods  
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**PLATT & FREES CO.**  
Chicago Lumber Yard  
RED CLOUD, NEB.  
Lumber, Lime, Coal and Cement.

**SMITH & CO.,**  
—PROPRIETORS OF—  
**CITY DRAY LINE.**  
Orders promptly filled. Your patronage solicited.

**Transfer Line,**  
I will haul anything from Trunk to a Threshing Machine to any part of the city as cheap as any man on earth.  
Any order left at Conover & Abright's feed store will receive prompt attention. Yours for business,  
JOHN BARKLEY.

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PROPRIETOR  
**City Livery, Feed and Sale Stable**  
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.  
Farmers patronage cordially solicited. Good rigs at reasonable rates night or day. Horses boarded by day or week.

**TRADERS LUMBER CO.,**  
DEALERS IN  
**LUMBER AND COAL,**  
BUILDING MATERIAL, ETC.  
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

**Burlington Route**  
**BEST LINE**  
TO  
**DENVER**  
AND  
**CALIFORNIA**

**Sheriff's Sale.**  
Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale issued from the office of C. B. Cronk, clerk of the district court of the Tenth Judicial district, within and for Webster county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action pending therein, wherein, Beatrice Savings Bank, Plaintiff, and against, Gertrude Marsden, et al., Minor executor of the last will and testament of Peter Marsden, deceased, The Smith Bros. Loan and Trust company, Geo. Marsden, Freddie Marsden, Walter Harris, Addie Cummings, Mary Ann Bersford, John Marsden deceased, devisees under the last will and testament of Peter Marsden deceased, defendants.  
I shall offer at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, at the east door of the court house at Red Cloud, in said Webster county, Nebraska, (that being the building where the last term of said court was held) **On the 5th Day of March A. D. 1894,**  
at one o'clock p. m. of said day, the following described property, to wit:  
Northwest quarter (nw 1/4) of section twenty-one (21) and west half (w 1/2) of the southwest quarter (sw 1/4) of section twenty-one (21) in Township one (1), north of range eleven (11), west of the sixth principal meridian, in Webster county, Nebraska.  
Given under my hand this 20th day of January, A. D. 1894.  
J. W. RUSCHBY, Sheriff.  
GRIGGS, RINAKER & BIRDS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

If you want cheap furniture, that is brand new, call on J. B. Wright, the new and second hand furniture man.



"HE GAZED AT ME WITH BLEARED DRUNKEN EYES A MOMENT."

"That was how Enoch Drebber came to his end. All I had to do then was to do as much for Stangerson, and so pay off John Ferrier's debt. I knew that he was staying at Halliday's private hotel, and I hung about all day, but he never came out. I fancy that he suspected something when Drebber failed to put in an appearance. He was cunning, was Stangerson, and always on his guard. If he thought he could keep me off by staying indoors he was very much mistaken. I soon found out which was the window of his bedroom, and early next morning I took advantage of some ladders which were lying in the lane behind the hotel and so made my way into his room in the gray of the dawn. I woke him up and told him that the hour had come when he was to answer for the life he had taken so long before. I described Drebber's death to him, and I gave him the same choice of the poisoned pills. Instead of grasping at the chance of safety which that offered him, he sprang from his bed and flew at my throat. In self-defense I stabbed him to the heart. It would have been the same in any case, for Providence would never have allowed his guilty hand to pick out anything but the poison.

"I have little more to say, and it's as well, for I am about done up. I went on cabbaging it for a day or so, intending to keep it at that until I could save enough to take me back to America. I was standing in the yard when a ragged youngster asked if there was a cabby there called Jefferson Hope, and said that his cab was wanted by a gentleman at 231B Baker street. I went round, suspecting no harm, and the next thing I knew, this young man here had the bracelets on my wrists, and as neatly shackled as ever I was in my life. That's the whole story, gentlemen. You may consider me to be a murderer; but I hold that I am just as much an officer of justice as you are."