

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE NORWOOD BUILDING.

FROM the point of view of the criminal expert," said Mr. Sherlock Holmes, "London has become a singularly uninteresting city since the death of the late lamented Prof. Moriarty."

"I can hardly think that you would be so much interested in the death of a man who was a criminal expert," said Mr. Watson, "but you are a man of many talents, and I am sure you are interested in the death of a man who was a criminal expert."

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ering hand and picked up the Daily Telegraph, which still lay upon Holmes' knee.

"We must use what time we have," said Holmes. "Watson, would you have the kindness to take the paper and to read the paragraph in question?"

"Underneath the vigorous head lines which our client had quoted, I read the following suggestive narrative: 'The community is certainly the gainer, and no one the loser, save the poor out-of-work specialist whose occupation has gone. With that man in the field, one's morning paper presented infinite possibilities. Often it was only the smallest trace, Watson, the faintest indication, and yet it was enough to tell me that the great malignant brain was there, as the gentlest tremors of the edges of the web remind one of the faint spider which lurks in the center. Petty thefts, wanton assaults, purloined possessions—outrage—to the man who held the clue all could be worked into one connected whole. To the scientific student of the higher criminal world, no capital in Europe offered the advantages which London then possessed. But now! He shrugged his shoulders in humorous deprecation of the state of things which he had himself done so much to produce.'

"At the time of which I speak, Holmes had been back for some months, and I had his request had ready my pocket and returned to share the old quarters in Baker street. A young doctor, named Verner, had purchased my small Kensington practice, and given with astonishingly little demerit the highest price that I ventured to ask—an incident which only explained itself many years later, when I found that Verner was a distant relation of Holmes, and that it was my friend who had really found the money.

"Our months of partnership had not been so uneventful as he had stated, for I had, on looking over my notes, that this period includes the case of the papers of ex-President Murillo, and also the shocking affair of the Dutch steamship Friesland, which so nearly cost us both our lives. His cold and stern nature was always averse, however, from anything in the shape of public applause, and he bound me in the most stringent terms to say no further word of himself, his methods, or his successes—a prohibition which, as I have explained, has only now been removed.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes was leaning back in his chair after his whimsical protest, and was unfolding his morning paper in a leisurely fashion, when our attention was arrested by a tremendous rattle at the bell, followed immediately by a hollow drumming sound, as if someone were beating on the outer door with his fist. As it opened there came a tumultuous rush into the hall, rapid feet clattered up the stairs, and in a few moments a wild-eyed and frantic young man, pale, dazed, and gasping, burst into the room. He looked from one to the other of us, and under our gaze of inquiry he became conscious that some apology was needed for this unceremonious entry.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Holmes," he cried. "You mustn't blame me. I am nearly mad. Mr. Holmes, I am the unhappy John Hector McFarlane."

"He made the announcement as if the same alone would explain both his name and his manner, but I could see, by my companion's unresponsive face, that it meant no more to him than to me.

"Have a cigarette, Mr. McFarlane," said he, pushing his case across. "I am sure that, with your symptoms, my friend, Watson here would prescribe a sedative. The weather has been so very warm these last few days. Now, if you feel a little more composed, I should be glad if you would sit down to that chair, and tell us very slowly and gently who you are, and what it is that you want. You mentioned your name, as if I should recognize it, but I assure you, that beyond the obvious facts that you are a bachelor, a solicitor, a Freemason, and an asthmatic, I know nothing whatever about you."

his shoulder I caught a glimpse of one or two uniformed policemen outside. "Mr. John Hector McFarlane," said Lestrade, "is a man of some importance. Our unfortunate client rose with a ghastly face.

"I arrest you for the willful murder of Mr. Jonas Oldacre, of Lower Norwood. McFarlane turned to us with a gesture of despair, and sank into his chair once more like one who is crushed.

"One moment, Lestrade," said Holmes. "Half an hour more or less can make no difference to you, and the gentleman was about to give us an account of this very interesting affair, which might aid us in clearing it up."

"I think there will be no difficulty in clearing it up," said Lestrade, grimly. "None the less, with your permission, I should be much interested to hear his account."

"Well, Mr. Holmes, it is difficult for me to refuse you anything, for you have been of use to the force once or twice in the past, and we owe you a good turn at Scotland Yard," said Lestrade, "but I must remain with my prisoner, and I am bound to warn him that anything he may say will appear in evidence against him."

"I wish nothing better," said our client. "I am sure that you should hear and recognize the absolute truth."

"I must explain first," said McFarlane. "His name was familiar to me, for many years ago my parents were acquainted with him, but they drifted apart. I was very much surprised, therefore, when yesterday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he walked into my office in the city. But I was still more astonished when he told me that he had been in the habit of his hand several sheets of a note book, covered with scribbled writing—here they are—and he laid them on my table."

"Here is my will," said he. "I want you, Mr. McFarlane, to cast it into proper legal shape. I will sit here while you do so."

"I set myself to copy it, and you can imagine my astonishment when I found that, with some reservations, he had left it to me. It was a will with white eyelashes, and when I looked up at him I found his keen, grey eyes fixed upon me with an amused expression. I could hardly believe my own senses as I read the terms of the will, but I explained to him that he had known my parents in his youth, and that he had always heard of me as a very deserving young man, and was assured that his money would be in worthy hands. Of course, I could only stammer out my thanks. The will was duly finished, signed and witnessed by my clerk. This is it on the blue paper, and these slips, as I have explained, are the rough draft. Mr. Jonas Oldacre then informed me that there were a number of documents—building leases, title deeds, mortgages, scrip and so forth—which it was necessary that I should see and understand. He said that his mind would not be easy until the whole thing was settled, and he begged me to come out to his house at Norwood that night, bringing the will with me, and to arrange matters. Remember, my boy, not one word to your parents about the affair until everything is settled. We will keep the matter as secret as possible, and I am very insistent upon this point, and made me promise it faithfully.

Absent Minded.
From the Boston Herald.
Captain Alexander Hutchins of Ellsworth, Me., although a sea captain of ability, has always been noted for absent-mindedness. On one occasion, while at home between trips, he decided to have a spare chamber in his house lathed and plastered. Being somewhat of a carpenter, he undertook this part of it himself, and labored at it industriously for a day or two.

It was finally lathed according to his ideas, and as he drove the last nail and surveyed his work, not without pride, he called his wife to see what a good job he had done.

She climbed the stairs, and then paused, somewhat perplexed, and, after looking in vain for an entrance, said, "Why, Alice, where's the door?"

"By thunder," exclaimed the captain, in amazement. "I forgot all about it." He had actually lathed himself in the room.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Not a Convert.
From the Philadelphia Ledger.
The ship steward was under discussion. "As I understand it," said the senator from the interior, "you want the government to pay you for going into a profitable business."

Worth Knowing.
—that Alcock's are the original and only genuine porous plasters; all other so-called porous plasters are imitations.

The Husband's Suspicion.
From the Philadelphia Press.
"Gee whizz!" explained Luschman, the next morning. "I haven't a cent in my pocket, but I have two hundred dollars."

TERRIBLE SCALY ECZEMA.
Eruptions Appeared on Chest, and Face and Neck Were All Broken Out—Cured by Cuticura.

Reforms in Diplomatic Service.
From the Autobiography of Andrew D. White, Copyright by The Century Co.

As the very first thing to be done, whether our diplomatic service remains as at present or be improved, I would urge, as a condition precedent to any change, that the service should be reorganized in each of the greater capitals of the world at which we have a representative, a suitable embassy or legation building or apartment, owned or leased for a term of years by the American government. Every other great power, and many of the smaller nations, have provided such quarters for their representatives, and some years ago President Cleveland recommended to Congress a similar policy.

Under the present system the head of an American embassy or mission abroad is at a wretched disadvantage. In many capitals he finds it at times impossible to secure a proper furnished apartment; and, in some, very difficult to find any suitable apartment at all, whether furnished or unfurnished. Even if he finds proper rooms, they are frequently in an unfit quarter of the town, remote from the residences of his colleagues, from the public offices, from everybody and everything related to his work. His term of office being generally short, he is usually considered a rather undesirable tenant, and is charged accordingly. Besides this, the fitting and furnishing of such an apartment is a very great burden, both as regards trouble and expense. He has to have two or three families by expenditures of this kind.

Evils of Existing System.
But this is not the worst. The most serious result of the existing system concerns our country.

I have elsewhere shown how, in one very important international question at St. Petersburg, our mistaken policy in this respect once cost the United States a sum which would have forever put that embassy, and, indeed, many others besides, on the very best footing.

Present Crying Needs.
The United States, as perhaps the wealthiest nation in existence—a nation far-reaching in the exercise of its foreign policy, with vast and increasing commercial and other interests throughout the world—should, in all substantial matters, be equally well provided for.

UNDER WHICH KING.
"The More Postum the More Food—the More Coffee the More Poison."
The President of the W. C. T. U. in a young giant State in the Northwest says:

"I did not realize that I was a slave to coffee till I left off drinking it. For three or four years I was obliged to take a nerve tonic every day. Now I am free, thanks to Postum Food Coffee.

"After finding out what coffee will do to its victims, I could hardly stand to have my husband drink it; but he was not willing to quit. I studied for months to find a way to induce him to leave it off. Finally I told him I would make no more coffee.

suitable house or apartment in every capital is the foremost and most elementary of necessities.

And while such a provision is the first thing, it would be wise to add, as other nations do, a moderate allowance for furniture, and for keeping the embassy or legation properly cared for during the interim between the departure of one representative and the arrival of another.

Salaries Should Be Increased.
And in order fully to free my mind I will add that, while the provision for a proper embassy or legation building is the first of all things necessary, it might also be well to increase somewhat the salaries of our representatives abroad.

Indian Spares Consumptive.
From the Washington Post.
A retired colonel of the United States army told this story between halves of a football game the other day:

"After the Fort Kearny fight with the Indians I was sent out scouting with my troop, rounding up a band of hostiles. The week before we left a consumptive Englishman showed up at the post. He was a friend of the colonel's, and he was trying roughing it as a last chance. He was in a bad way.

"When the orders came he asked to go along. He was still strong enough to ride, and we took him, although rather against my judgment. Of course, such a thing wouldn't be allowed now a days, but that was on the old frontier, where rules were lax.

Dictating Letters by Telegraph.
Peter V. DeGraw, fourth assistant postmaster general of the United States, has recently installed, and now has in daily operation one of the most unique adjuncts ever adopted by a government official.

There's a reason.
The stronger you drink Postum the more food you get; the stronger you drink coffee the more poison you get. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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