

The Strange Adventure of the Abbey Grange

This long screw would have transixed it and drawn it up with a single pull. When you catch this fellow, you will find that he has one of those multiplex knives in his possession.

“Excuse me,” 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.

“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 on the dress of her husband? I'll wager that the black dress shows corresponding marks to this. We have not yet met our Waterloo, Watson, but this is our Marsden; for it begins in defeat and ends in victory. I would like now to have a few words with the nurse, Theresa. We must be wary, for a while, if we are to get the information which we want.”

“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 beeping would be in the last glass, would it not? Yes, I am convinced that this is so. But if I have hit upon the right 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 Sydneyham train.”

showed that Miss Fraser of Adelaide, with her maid had made the voyage in her. The boat was now on her way to Australia somewhere in the south of the Buez canal. Her officers were the same as in the one exception. The first officer, Mr. Jack Crocker, had been made a captain, and was to take charge of their new ship, the Bess Rock, sailing in two days' time from Southampton. He lived at Sydneyham, but he was likely to be in that morning for instructions if we cared to wait for him.

“No, Mr. Holmes had no desire to see him, but would be glad to know more about his record and character.

“His record was magnificent. There was not an officer in the fleet to touch him. As to his character, he was reliable on duty, but a wild, desperate fellow off the deck of his ship, headed down, but loyal, honest and kind-hearted. That was the plith of the information with which Holmes left the office of the Adelaide-Southampton company. Thence he drove to Scotland Yard, but instead of entering, he sat in his cab with his hands drawn down, lost in profound thought. Finally he drove round the Charing Cross telegraph office, sent off a message, and then, at last, we made for Baker street once more.

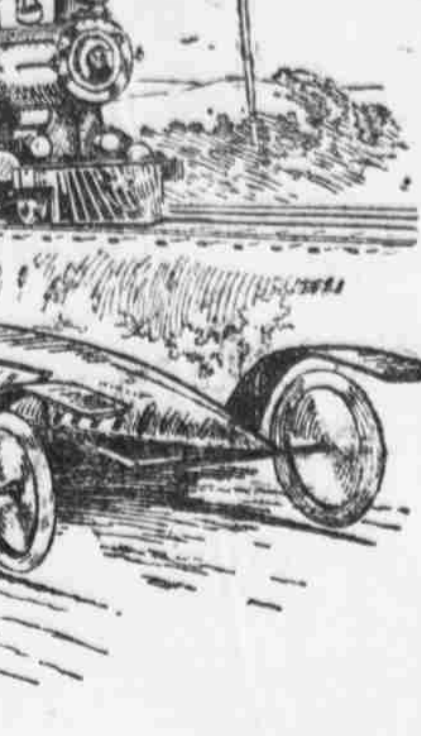
“No, I couldn't do it, Watson,” said he, as we re-entered our room. “Once that warrant was made out, nothing on earth would have him. Once or twice in my career I feel that I have done more real harm by my discovery of the criminal than ever he had done by his crime. I have learned caution now, and I had rather play tricks with the laws of England than with my own conscience. Let us know a little more before we act.”

“I believe that you are a wizard, Mr. Holmes. I really sometimes think that you have powers that are not human. Now, how on earth could you know that the stolen silver was at the bottom of that pond?”

he had as many lives as a cat, he would owe them all to me! But it's the lady, Mary-Mary Fraser! For never will I call her by that accursed name. When I think of getting her into trouble, I who would give my life just to bring one smile to her dear face, it's that that turns my soul into water. And yet—and yet—what else could I do? I'll tell you my story, gentlemen, and then I'll ask you, as man to man, what you could do.

“I must go back a bit. You seem to know everything, so I expect that you know that I met her when she was a passenger and I was first officer of the Rock of Gibraltar. From the first day I met her she was the only woman to me. Every day of that voyage I loved her more, and many a time since have I knelt down in the darkness of the night and kissed the deck of that ship because I knew her dear feet had trod it. She was never engaged to me. She treated me as fairly as ever a woman treated a man. I have no complaint to make. It was all love on my side, and all good comradeship and friendship on hers. When we parted she was a free woman, but I could never again be a free man from sea. “Next time I came back from sea, I heard of her marriage. Well, why shouldn't she marry whom she liked? Title and money—could carry them better than she? She was born for all that beautiful and dainty. I didn't grudge over her. I was indeed glad to hear of her marriage. I just rejoiced that good luck had come her way, and that she had not thrown herself away on a penniless sailor. That's how I loved Mary Fraser.

“Well, I never thought to see her again, but last voyage I was promoted, and the ship was not so much attached, so I had to wait for a couple of months with my people at Sydneyham. One day out in a country lane I met Theresa Wright, her old maid. She told me all about her, about him, about everything. I told her, as usual, that I nearly drove her mad. This drunken brute, that he should dare to raise his hand to her, whose boots he was not worthy to lick! I met Theresa again. Then I met Mary herself—and met her again. Then she would meet me no more. But the other day I had a certain lady gentleman, in my voyage within a week, and I determined that I would see her once before I left. Theresa was always my friend, for she loved Mary and hated this villain almost as much as I did. From her I learned the ways of the house. Mary used to sit up reading in her own little room downstairs. I crept round the door, and I watched her through the window. At first she would not open to me, but in her heart I know that now she loves me, and she could not leave me in the frosty night. She whispered to me to come along. I got up before six, so as to let me into the dining room. Again I heard from her own lips things that made my blood boil, and again I cursed this brute, who mishandled the woman I loved. Well, gentlemen, I was standing with her just as she was in the room, in all the vilest name that a man could use to a woman, and welled her across the face with the stick he had in his hand. I had sprung for the poker, and it was a fair fight between us. I had my arm, when his first blow fell. Then it was my turn, and I went through him as if he had been a rotten pumpkin. Do you think I was sorry? Not I! It was his life or mine, but far more than that, it was his life or hers, for now she could leave her in the hands of this madman? That was how I killed him. Was I wrong? Well, then, what would either of you gentlemen have done, if you had been in my position?



THE BIG RACE. Human Lives Are Sacrificed.

At this time of the year many automobile experts are looking ahead to a final test between the automobile and the locomotive. Already the automobile has made faster time than any locomotive, but there is danger ahead for all concerned in such races. This season of the year reminds us that we are all more or less in a race for life in which death overtakes many who are run down and in a weakened condition, ready to take up with the germs of grip, pneumonia, spring fever, later typhoid and the many weaknesses which often end with consumption and the grave. A reliable tonic is what is needed, something which will put the machinery of the body in strong, vigorous action.

RULES OF HEALTH.

Remember this, that our bodies will not stand the strain of over-work without good, pure blood any more than the engine can run smoothly without oil. After many years of study in the active practice of medicine, Dr. E. V. Pierce found that when the stomach was out of order, the blood impure and there were symptoms of general break-down, a tonic made of the algerative extract of the following medicinal plants and roots was the best corrective. This he called: Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The ingredients: Golden Seal (Hydrastis Canadensis). Queen's root (Stillingia Siliyatica). Stone root (Collinsonia Canadensis). Cherrylark (Prunus Virginiana). Bloodroot (Sanguinaria Canadensis). Mandrake (Pachyphyllyum Pelatum).

For over a third of a century this tonic and algerative has been more largely used than any other blood medicine or nerve tonic. Being made without alcohol, this "Medical Discovery" does not shrink up the red blood corpuscles, but on the other hand it increases their number, and they become round and healthy. It helps the stomach to assimilate or take up the proper elements from the food, thereby helping digestion and curing dyspepsia, heartburn and many uncomfortable symptoms, such as heart-palpitation due to gas formed in the stomach. It is especially adapted in diseases attended with excessive tissue waste, especially in convalescence from the various spring fevers, whether of a malarial or typhoid character. As a tonic and reconstructive during and after the influenza of grip it will prove of particular value. It has been extensively used as a re-builder after the severity of a rheumatic attack.

Mrs. Gertrude Vandenberg, of 961 College Avenue, Appleton, Wis., says: "I had always enjoyed the best of health until last summer when I had scarlet fever, the effects of which seemed to remain, causing defective hearing; my strength did not return, and I felt acute temple pains, and exhaustion, also I would perspire freely if I made the slightest physical exertion. The doctor did everything he could to drive the humor out of my system, but was unable to do any good. I began to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and soon found it was helping me slowly but surely. I took it for twelve weeks, when I was restored to perfect health. My appetite is excellent, my complexion much improved, and I am able to attend to my duties with renewed vigor and strength. I heartily recommend your "Golden Medical Discovery" as a wonderful "strength-giver."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pills regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

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