

# A STUDY IN SCARLET

By Sir A. Conan Doyle.

## CHAPTER VI.

The papers next day were full of the "Brixton Mystery," as they termed it. Each had a long account of the affair, and some had leaders upon it in addition. There was some information in them which was new to me. I still retain in my scrapbook numerous clippings and extracts bearing upon the case. Here is a condensation of a few of them:

The Standard commented upon the fact that lawless outrages of the sort usually occurred under a Liberal administration. They arose from the unsettling of the minds of the masses, and the consequent weakening of all authority. The deceased was an American gentleman who had been residing for some weeks in the metropolis. He had stayed at the boarding house of Mme. Charpentier, in Torquay Terrace, Camberwell. He was accompanied in his travels by his private secretary, Mr. Joseph Stanger-son. The two bid adieu to their landlady upon Tuesday, the 4th inst., and departed to Euston Station with the avowed intention of catching the Liverpool express. They were afterwards seen together on the platform. Nothing more is known of them until Mr. Drebbler's body was, as recorded, discovered in an empty house in the Brixton Road, many miles from Euston. How he came there, or how he met his fate, are questions which are still involved in mystery. Nothing is known of the whereabouts of Stanger-son. We are glad to learn that Mr. Lestrade and Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard, are both engaged upon the case, and it is confidently anticipated that these well-known officers will speedily throw light upon the matter.

The Daily News observed that there was no doubt as to the crime being a political one. The despotism and hatred of Liberalism which animated the Continental governments, had had the effect of driving to our shores a number of men who might have made excellent citizens were they not soured by the recollection of all that they had undergone. Among these men there was a stringent code of honor, any infringement of which was punished by death. Every effort should be made to find certain some particulars of the habits of the deceased. A great step had been gained by the discovery of the address of the house at which he had boarded, a result which was entirely due to the acuteness and energy of Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard.

Sherlock Holmes and I read these notices over together at breakfast, and they appeared to afford him considerable amusement.

"I told you that whatever happened, Lestrade and Gregson would be sure to score."

"That depends on how it turns out."

"Oh, bless you! It doesn't matter in the least. If the man is caught, it will be on account of their exertions. If he escapes, it will be in spite of their exertions. It's heads I win and tails you lose. Whatever they do, they will have followers. 'Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.'"

"What on earth is this?" I cried for at this moment there came the pattering of many steps in the hall and on the stairs, accompanied by audible expressions of disgust upon the part of our landlady.

"It's the Baker Street division of the detective police force," said my companion, gravely, and as he spoke there rushed into the room half a dozen of the dirtiest and most ragged street arabs that ever I clapped eyes on.

"Tention!" cried Holmes, in a sharp tone, and the six dirty little scoundrels stood in a line like so many disreputable statues. "In future you shall send up Wiggins alone to report, and the rest of you must wait in the street. Have you found it, Wiggins?"

"No, sir, we hain't," said one of the youths.

"I hardly expected you would. You must keep on until you do. Here are your wages." He handed each of them a shilling. "Now, off you go, and come back with a better report next time."

He waved his hand, and they scampered away downstairs like so many rats, and we heard their shrill voices next moment in the street.

"There's more work to be got out of one of those little beggars than out of a dozen of the force," Holmes remarked. "The mere sight of an official-looking person seals men's lips. These youngsters, however, go everywhere and hear everything. They are as sharp as needles, too; all they want is organization."

"Is it on this Brixton case that you are employing them?" I asked.

"Yes; there is a point which I wish to ascertain. It is merely a matter of time. Hallo! we are going to hear some news now with a vengeance! Here is Gregson coming down the road, with beautiful written upon every feature of his face. Sound for us, I know. Yes, he is stopping. There he is!"

There was a violent peal at the bell, and in a few seconds the fair-

haired detective came up the stairs three steps at a time, and burst into our sitting-room.

"My dear fellow," he cried, writing "Holmes' unresponsive head," "congratulate me! I have made the whole thing as clear as day!"

A shade of anxiety seemed to me to cross my companion's expressive face.

"Do you mean that you are on the right track?" he asked.

"The right track! Why, sir, we have the man under lock and key!"

"And his name is?"

"Arthur Charpentier, sub-lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy," cried Gregson, pompously rubbing his fat hands and inflating his chest.

Sherlock Holmes gave a sigh of relief and relaxed into a smile.

"Take a seat and try one of those cigars," he said. "We are anxious to know how you managed it. Will you have some whiskey and water?"

"I don't mind if I do," the detective answered. "The tremendous exertions which I have gone through during the last day or two have worn me out. Not so much bodily exertion, you understand, as the strain upon the mind. You will appreciate that Mr. Sherlock Holmes, for we are both brain-workers."

"You do me too much honor," said Holmes, gravely. "Let us hear how arrived at this most gratifying result."

The detective seated himself in the armchair and puffed complacently at his cigar. Then suddenly he slapped his thigh in a paroxysm of amusement.

"The fun of it is," he cried, "that that fool Lestrade, who thinks himself so smart, has gone off upon the wrong track altogether. He is after the secretary, Stanger-son, who had no more to do with the crime than the babe unborn. I have no doubt that he has caught him by this time."

The idea tickled Gregson so much that he laughed until he choked.

"And how did you get your clew?"

"Ah, I'll tell you all about it. Of course, Dr. Watson, this is strictly between ourselves. The first difficulty which we had to contend with was the finding of this American antecedents. Some people would have waited until their advertisements were answered, or until parties came forward and volunteered information. That is not Tobias Gregson's way of going to work. You remember the hat beside the dead man?"

"Yes," said Holmes. "By John Underwood & Son, 219, Camberwell Road."

Gregson looked quite crestfallen. "I had no idea that you noticed that," he said. "Have you been here?"

"No."

"Hah! cried Gregson, in a relieved voice. "You should never neglect a chance, however small it may seem."

"To a great mind nothing is too little," remarked Holmes, sententiously.

"Well, I went to Underwood's and asked him if he had sold a hat of that size and description. He looked over his books, and came on it at once. He had sent the hat to Mr. Drebbler, residing at Charpentier's boarding establishment, Torquay Terrace, Thus I got at his address."

"Smart, very smart," murmured Sherlock Holmes.

"I next called upon Madame Charpentier," continued the detective. "I found her very pale and distressed. Her daughter was in the room too, an uncommonly fine girl she is, too. She was looking red about the eyes, and her lips trembled as I spoke to her. That didn't escape me, no. I began to smell a rat. You know the feeling, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, when you come upon the right scent—a kind of thrill in your nerves. Have you heard of the mysterious death of your late boarder, Mr. Enoch J. Drebbler, of Cleveland?" I asked.

"The mother nodded. She didn't seem able to get out a word. The daughter burst into tears. I felt more than ever that these people knew something of the matter."

"At what o'clock did Mr. Drebbler leave your house for the train?" I asked.

"At eight o'clock," she said, gulping in her throat to keep down her agitation. "His secretary, Mr. Stanger-son, said that there were two trains—one at 9:15 and one at 11. He was to catch the first."

"And was that the last you saw of him?"

"A terrible change came over the woman's face as I asked the question. Her features turned perfectly livid. It was some seconds before she could get out the single word, 'Yes,' and when it did come it was in a husky, unnatural tone."

"There was silence for a moment, and then the daughter spoke in a calm, clear voice.

"No good can ever come of falsehood, mother," she said. "Let us be frank with this gentleman. We did see Mr. Drebbler again."

"God forgive you!" cried Madame Charpentier, throwing up her hands and sinking back in the chair.

"You have murdered your brother!"

"Arthur would rather that we spoke the truth," the girl answered, firmly.

"You had best tell me all about it now," I said. "Half confidences are worse than none. Besides, you do not know how much we know of it."

"On your head be it, Alice!" cried her mother; and then, turning turning to me: "I will tell you all, sir. Do not imagine that my agitation or be-

half of my son arises from any fear lest he should have had a hand in this terrible affair. He is utterly innocent of it. My dread is, however, that in your eyes and in the eyes of others he may appear to be compromised. That, however, is surely impossible. His high character, his profession, his antecedents would forbid it."

"Your best way is to make a clean breast of it. If your son is innocent he will be none the worse."

"Perhaps, Alice, you had better leave us together," she said, and her daughter withdrew. "Now, sir," she continued, "I had no intention of telling you all this, but since my poor daughter has disclosed it I have no alternative. Having once decided to speak, I will tell you all, without omitting any particular."

"It is your wisest course," said I.

"Mr. Drebbler has been with us nearly three weeks. He and his secretary, Mr. Stanger-son, had been traveling on the Continent. I noticed a Copenhagen label upon each of their trunks, showing that that had been their last stopping place. Stanger-son was a quiet, reserved man, but his employer, I am sorry to say, was far otherwise. He was coarse in his habits and brutish in his ways. The very night of his arrival he became very much the worse for drink, and, indeed, after twelve o'clock in the day he could hardly ever be said to be sober. His manners toward the maid-servants were disgustingly free and familiar. Worst of all, he speedily assumed the same attitude toward my daughter, Alice, and spoke to her more than once in a way which, fortunately, she is too innocent to understand. On one occasion he actually seized her in his arms and embraced her—an outrage which caused his own secretary to reproach him for his unmanly conduct."

"But why did you stand all this?" I asked. "I suppose that you can get rid of your boarders when you wish?"

"Mrs. Charpentier blushed at my pertinent question.

"Would it be so bad if I had given him notice on the very day he came, she said. 'But it was a sore temptation. They were paying a pound a day each, fourteen pounds a week, and this is a slack season. I am a widow, and my boy in the navy has not much money. I grudged to lose the money. I acted for the best. The fact was too much, however, and I gave him notice to leave on a moment's notice. That was the reason of his going.'"

"Well?"

"My heart grew light when I saw him drive away. My son is on leave from his regiment, and he is passionately fond of his sister. When I closed the door behind them a salutation was heard from the hall. 'Alice, in less than an hour there was a ring at the bell, and I learned that Mr. Drebbler had returned. He was much excited and evasive in the way he spoke. He turned the way into the room where I was sitting with my daughter, and made some incoherent remarks about having missed his train. He then turned to Alice, and before my very face proposed to her that she should fly with him. 'You are of age,' he said, 'and there is no law to stop you. I have money enough and to spare. Never mind the old girl here, but come along with me now straight away. You shall live like a princess.' Poor Alice was so frightened that she shrunk away from him, but he caught her by the wrist and endeavored to draw her toward the door. I screamed, and at that moment my son Arthur came into the room. What happened then I do not know. I heard oaths and the confused sounds of a scuffle. I was too terrified to raise my head. When I did look up I saw Arthur standing in the doorway, laughing, with a stick in his hand. 'I don't think that the fellow will trouble us again,' he said. 'I will just go after him and see what he does with himself.' With those words he took his hat and started off down the street. The next morning we heard of Mr. Drebbler's mysterious death."

"This statement came from Mrs. Charpentier's lips with many gasps and pauses. At time she spoke so low that I could hardly catch the words. I made shorthand notes of all she said, however, so that there should be no possibility of a mistake."

"It's quite exciting," said Sherlock Holmes, with a yawn. "What happened next?"

# NEGRO KILLS WOMAN

## HOT WEATHER AND WHISKEY CAUSE DEATH.

### Man Shoots Down Woman Because She Did Not Tell Him Where His Wife Was.

Hot weather and mean whiskey seem to be the predominant causes of murders and misdemeanors in Georgetown of late. Thursday night at nine o'clock Joe Williams, a negro, while under the influence of liquor, and because Julia Eaddy could not or would not tell him where his wife was, drew a pistol and shot her twice, once in the side and the other bullet broke her leg. The woman died Friday. The shooting occurred within 150 yards of where Carrie Richardson, another colored woman, was shot and killed Monday afternoon by her husband, Robert Richardson.

It seems that Joe Williams and his wife, Belle, have been separated several months, and Belle has gone away, her family not knowing where she is. He evidently believed she did know and were keeping her whereabouts a secret. As soon as Williams fired the last shot he made a wild dash for the woods, falling heavily several times from the effects of the liquor. Sheriff Ward and Magistrate J. M. Butler hastened to the scene of the crime, and with several others engaged in a hot pursuit Friday, with a crowd of negroes at his back, the sheriff is said to have the negro cornered in a spur of Gapway Bay, near Graves Station. And the news of his capture is momentarily expected. The colored population is much worked up, and if the strong arm of the law and the sheriff do not intervene it is said that the people of his own race would make short work with Joe Williams.

Some indignity, with a pistol pointed at his head, he was taken to the police station, where he is being held for trial. He is said to be a native of the South, and is reported to have been in the habit of drinking heavily, and to have been a member of a secret society. He is said to have been a member of a secret society, and to have been a member of a secret society.

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# HE TALKS TOO MUCH

## AMBASSADOR WILSON IS IN MORE SERIOUS TROUBLE

### HE IS SEVERELY REBUKED

#### Bryan Cables Ambassador at London to Disclaim All Responsibility for the Interview—Administration Discussed Probability of Immediate Dismissal of the Ambassador.

Henry Lane Wilson, fur-loughed ambassador to Mexico, issued a statement at Washington Wednesday attacking the recent statement accredited to the British foreign office, declaring that Great Britain had recognized the Huerta government as a provisional government only; that recognition was prompted by a desire to contribute to the restoration of order and also because of Wilson's congratulatory speech on the occasion of the reception of the Mexican City diplomatic corps by Huerta.

Mr. Wilson said: "If this statement really emanated from the British foreign office, it is at variance with its traditions and with the character which it has maintained before the world for two centuries. I doubt the genuineness of the statement, as it is a pure subterfuge unworthy of the British foreign office. As there existed at the time of this recognition only a provisional government in Mexico, the government of Great Britain could not have recognized it as a provisional government, and if it had done so, it would have been a recognition of the Huerta government as a provisional government, and not as a provisional government of Mexico."

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# WHIPS HIS ASSAILANT

## AFTER BEING SHOT HAMPTON MAN GIVES FIGHT.

### Drunken Man Shoots Up the Town, Firing at Several Before He Is Rendered Harmless by Beating.

Chas. S. Blocker, a prominent young white man of Hampton, was shot and probably fatally wounded Tuesday night about 10 o'clock by Jesse Smith. The shooting occurred on Lee avenue, the main thoroughfare of the town, in front of the store of W. Fred Lightsey, in which Mr. Blocker works as manager for Mr. Lightsey. The wound was inflicted in the lower intestines, and the exact nature and effects of it can not be ascertained without an exploratory incision.

It seems that Smith, who prior to this time has been repeatedly incarcerated in the local jail on charges ranging from drunk and disorderly to murder, and who was tried for murder and acquitted several years ago, proceeded to get drunk Tuesday and to shoot up the town. Mr. W. M. Bishop and several other young men were, it is said, threatened by Smith, and the drunken man shot at Mr. Bishop twice before the altercation with Mr. Blocker, but his aim proved untrue.

Hearing the shooting, six traveling men at the local hotel went out to investigate, but Smith, who had been shot, had already fled. When he arrived at his store on Lee avenue, he was shot and wounded. He was taken to the hospital, but he is said to be in a very serious condition. It is possible that he will die. The police are making a search for Smith, but he is said to have fled to the country.

Mr. Blocker, who had just come into the town, heard the shooting and thought that he had been shot. When he arrived at his store on Lee avenue, he was shot and wounded. He was taken to the hospital, but he is said to be in a very serious condition. It is possible that he will die. The police are making a search for Smith, but he is said to have fled to the country.

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