

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

Sir A. Conan Doyle.

CAPTER XIV.

The Conclusion.

"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.

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 his cell, with a placid smile upon his face, as though he had been able in his dying moments to look back upon a life well and on work well done.

"Gerson and Lestrade will be wild about his death," Holmes remarked, as we chatted over it 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 misled 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 is hardly to 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 really of the common is usually a puzzle rather than a hindrance. In solving a problem of this sort the great 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 every day affairs of life it is more useful to reason forward, and I do not see 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," I answered, "but I can make it clear to you. 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 own 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 growler 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 mass of 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 foot-marks 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, be-

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.

On entering the house this last inference was confirmed. My well-booted man lay before me. The tall one, then, had done the murder, if murder there was. There was no wound upon the dead man's person, but the agitated expression upon his face assured me that he had foreseen his fate before it came upon him. Men who die from heart disease or any sudden natural cause never by any chance exhibit agitation upon their features. Having sniffed the dead man's lips, I detected a slightly sour smell, and I came to the conclusion that he had had poison forced upon him. Again, I argued that it had been forced upon him from the hatred and fear expressed upon his face. By the method of exclusion I had arrived at this result, for no other hypothesis would meet the facts. Do not imagine that it was a very unheard-of idea. The forcible administration of poison is by no means a new thing in criminal annals. The case of Dolson, in Odessa, and of Leturier, in Montpellier, will occur at once to any toxicologist.

"And now came the great question as to the reason why. Robbery had not been the object of the murder, for nothing was taken. Was it politics, then, or was it a woman? That was the question which confronted me. I was inclined from the first to the latter supposition. Political assassins are only too glad to do their work and to fly. This murder had, on the contrary, been done most deliberately, and the perpetrator had left his tracks all over the room, showing that he had been there all the time. It must have been a private wrong, and not a political one, which called for such a method of revenge. When the inscription was discovered upon the wall I was more inclined than ever to my opinion. The thing was too evident to be a mistake. When the ring was found, however, it settled the question. The murderer had used it to remove the victim of some dead or absent woman. It was at that point that I asked Gerson whether he had reported in his telegram to Cleveland as to any particular point in Mr. Hope's career. He answered you to me, but in the negative."

I then proceeded to make a careful examination of the room, which confirmed me in my opinion as to the murderer's height, and furnished me with the additional clue as to the victim's identity, and as to the time of the crime. I had already seen the signs of a struggle, that the door which covered the door had been from the murderer's escape. The track of the murderer's foot, the track of the victim's foot, and the track of the man who had driven the cab, all three were found. It is a common mistake to suppose that any man who drives a cab would be likely to break it up, or to take it through a narrow passage, or to do anything else which would lead to the discovery of the vehicle. Events proved that I had not been wrong.

Having left the house, I proceeded to do what Gerson had promised. I telegraphed to the head of the police at Cleveland, limiting my authority to the circumstances connected with the marriage of Enoch Drebber. The answer was conclusive. It told me that Drebber had already applied for the protection of the law against an old rival in love, named Jefferson Hope, and that this same Hope was at present in Europe. I knew now that I held the clue to the mystery in my hand, and all that remained was to secure the murderer."

"I had already determined in my own mind that the man who had walked into the house with Drebber was none other than the man who had driven the cab. The marks in the road showed me that the horse had wandered on in a way which would have been impossible had there been any one in charge of it. Where, then, could the driver be, unless he were inside the house? Again, it is absurd to suppose that any sane man would carry out a deliberate crime under the very eyes, as it were, of a third person, who was sure to betray him. Lastly, supposing one man wished to dog another through London, what better means could he adopt than to turn cab-driver? All these considerations led me to the irresistible conclusion that Jefferson Hope was to be found among the jaro-ves of the metropolis."

"If he had been one there was no reason to believe that he had ceased to be. On the contrary, from his point of view, any sudden change would be likely to draw attention to himself. He would probably, for a time at least, continue to perform his duties. There was no reason to suppose that he was going under an assumed name. Why should he change his name in a country where no one knew his original one? I, therefore, organized my street-arab detective corps, and sent them systematically to every cab-proprietor in London until they ferreted out the man that I wanted. How well they succeeded, and how quickly I took advantage of it, are still fresh in your recollection. The murder of Gerson was an accident, which

could hardly in any case have been prevented. Through it, as you know, I came into possession of the pills, the existence of which I had already surmised. You see, the whole is a chain of logical sequences without a break or flaw.

"It is wonderful!" I cried. "Your merits should be publicly recognized. You should publish an account of the case. If you won't I will for you."

"You may do what you like," he continued, handing a paper over to me; "look at this!"

It was the Echo for the day, and the paragraph to which he pointed was devoted to the case in question. "The public," it said, "have lost a sensational treat through the sudden death of the man Hope, who was suspected of the murder of Mr. Enoch Drebber and of Mr. Joseph Stanger-son. The details of the case will probably never be known now, though we are informed upon good authority that the crime was the result of an old-standing and romantic feud, in which love and Mormonism bore a part. It seems that both the victims belonged, in their younger days, to the Latter-day Saints, and Hope, the deceased prisoner, halls also from Salt Lake City. If the case has had no other effect, it at least brings out in the most striking manner the efficiency of our detective police force, and will serve as a lesson to all foreigners that they will do wisely to settle their feuds at home, and not to carry them on to British soil. It is an open secret that the credit of this smart capture belongs entirely to the well-known Scotland Yard of-ficials, Messrs. Lestrade and Gerson. The man was apprehended, it appears, in the rooms of a certain Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who has himself, as an amateur, shown some talent in the detective line, and who, with such instructions, may hope in time to attain to some degree of their skill. It is expected that a formal notice of some sort will be presented to the two officers as a fitting recognition of their services."

"I told you so when we started," cried Sherlock Holmes, with a laugh. "That is the result of a study in Scarlet. I got them a first prize."

REBEL'S CAPITAL TAKEN

MEXICAN FEDERALISTS MARCH INTO PIEDRAS NEGRAS.

Thousands of Refugees Cross Into United States When General Maas Appears With Victorious Army.

Without firing a shot federal soldiers late Tuesday took possession of Piedras Negras, erstwhile provisional capital of the Constitutionalists culminating the victorious march of the government army under General Maas through the state of Coahuila, the home of Venustiano Carranza, revolutionary commander-in-chief. With the exception of four stragglers who were cut down by federal cavalry while attempting to escape across the border, all of the Constitutionalists troops in Piedras Negras marched away with the approach of the government army. They were not pursued, the victorious troops contenting themselves with a search of the city for rebels who might be in hiding.

The federals were first sighted shortly after noon Tuesday on a hill-top, two miles south of the city. Cannon was planted and when all was made ready for a battle a troop of cavalry was sent over the hill at a gallop and into the city. In the meantime the handful of Constitutionalists had shouldered their arms and marched away. The federal advance guard encountered no resistance, and marched into Piedras Negras through the Alameda to the deserted Constitutionalists administration building, and took possession Tuesday night the city was policed by troops, and there had been no looting.

While the city was being evacuated and before the federals took possession panic prevailed among the residents who made a rush for the international bridge. As an act of mercy to terror-stricken women and children the quarantine established by the city of Eagle Pass was partially lifted and several thousand persons were permitted to cross the boundary and were marched under guard to quarantine camps outside Eagle Pass.

Reports as to the status of the revolution were meager, but indicate that the federals had scattered and that the Constitutionalists are still in control. A report from a com-munist party in Mexico says that the revolution is still in progress and that the federalists are still in control of the state of Coahuila. Reports as to the status of the revolution were meager, but indicate that the federals had scattered and that the Constitutionalists are still in control.

At Piedras Negras.

WIFE REFUSED TO BELIEVE HIS FRAME-UP ABOUT COLEMAN

Reports that President Wilson was attempting to prod Democratic Senators into quick action on the currency bill and a published statement that he would class as a "rebel" any Democrat who did not support him, brought out an emphatic denial from the White House Wednesday. The President made public the following letter:

"To the Editor of the Washington Post—Sir: I am quoted in your issue of this morning as saying that any one who does not support me is no Democrat, but a rebel. Of course I never said any such thing. It is contrary both to my thought and to my character, and I must ask that you give a very prominent place in your issue of to-morrow to this denial. Very truly yours, "Woodrow Wilson."

CUTS OWN THROAT INSTEAD OF WIFE'S

After standing over the pleading figure of his wife with a drawn knife for two hours, Buck Pitts, of Athens, Ga., cut his own throat when officers, summoned by other people in the building, suddenly stepped into the room at Madison, to which he had followed the woman. The pair had been separated for several months.

SHERIFF AVERTS LYNCHING

His threat to "bathe the hills with blood before he would be arrested," came near costing Willie Boule, a negro, his life in Natchez, Miss. He was arrested in Harrison by Sheriff T. B. Hammett, appointed to succeed his son who was killed in the bloody fight at Harrison a few days ago. Hammett urged the crowd to allow him to discharge his duty as an officer of the law and Boule was spared.

BREAK FROM JAIL

Two negro prisoners, Jim Doby and John Richardson, charged with burglary and arson, while being fed Tuesday afternoon knocked Jaller Nicholson of Edgefield, down and escaped. Mr. Nicholson, though stunned, recovered, procured his gun and fired at them without effect. A posse is in pursuit.

MANIAC RUNS AMUCK

In a fit of religious mania early Wednesday a youthful church worker at Liverpool, Eng., William McDonald, ran amuck with a loaded revolver and killed three of his fellow church workers. He then committed

ROMAN NUMERALS DOOMED

Secretary McAdoo Thursday instructed the supervising architect of the treasury to use Arabic instead of Roman numerals on all public buildings. The order was issued because of the difficulties the average citizen finds in quickly interpreting Roman numerals. The order, though a revolutionary one, was expected to be

HAVE BUSINESS ROW

Two Partners Have Fatal Shooting Scrape at Olar.

Joe Kimsey was shot and killed by Victor Kears Saturday evening, the shooting taking place on the principal street of Olar. Kimsey, who was a planter, and Kears were business associates in a lunch room at Olar, and the dispute which ended fatally is said to have begun with a discussion of business differences. Kimsey was shot twice, one bullet taking effect in the left side in the region of the heart. The other struck him in the right arm. Details as to the actual shooting are meagre. After the affair Kimsey was taken to a doctor's office where he died about twenty minutes later. Kimsey leaves a wife and three children. Kears is married and has one child.

COW LEADS TO MURDER CHARGE

E. C. Burnseed and his son, Cleve, are in jail at Statesboro, Ga., charged with the murder of Pharris Davis, who was found dead near his father's farm. It is believed that trouble, starting when the dead man's cow got into Cleve Burnseed's pasture, led

SHOULD NOT FALTER

CURRENCY REFORM BILL SHOULD BE PASSED

DURING THE SESSION

President Wilson Makes Plain His Conviction That the Democrats Should Break the Alliance of Disaffected Republicans or Pass Act at Once in Spite of It.

The currency bill and President Wilson's determination to write it into law before long became the storm centre of legislative activity at Washington on Tuesday. A series of conferences at the White House made apparent a rather doubtful situation surrounding the bill in the Senate committee on banking and currency and resulted in a general conference among Senate Democrats.

President Protom Clarke, of the Senate, Senator Kern, majority leader, Senator Lewis, Democratic whip, Chairman Owen of the banking and currency committee and Senator Ollie James of Kentucky were called to the White House to discuss the situation. After the conferences it became apparent that measures were to be taken to get the Democrats of the Senate behind the currency bill as a party measure.

President Wilson took the attitude that the determination of the Senate banking and currency committee to conclude its hearings "on or before October 25" showed that the Republicans of the committee, with the aid of two or three Democrats opposed to the bill, were controlling the situation and that the Democratic majority should at once take steps to demonstrate its responsibility of legislation.

All the senators who conferred with the president took the position that as the Democrats were responsible for currency legislation they should take the matter into their own hands. It was indicated that one method which might be pursued was to withdraw the bill from the consideration of the full committee, where it is now tied up, and turn it over to the committee Democrats as was done in the House.

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KNOCKED OFF BUILDING

AEROPLANE FLIES INTO CROWD WATCHING ITS FLIGHT.

Aviator Beachy Loses Control of His Machine Causing it to Brush Roof Where Spectators Stood.

Miss Ruth Hildreth, daughter of W. E. Hildreth, of New York City, was killed, and her sister, Dorothy Hildreth, was perhaps fatally injured late Tuesday near Rochester, N. Y., when Lincoln Beachy lost control of a hundred-horse power aeroplane and it swept off a roof from which they were watching the exhibition. Ruth Hildreth fell upon an automobile and her skull was fractured. Among those slightly hurt were Lieuts. Richardson and Bellinger, of the United States aviation corps, and Beachy.

Beachy is said to have planned to execute a somersault in the air. A crowd had gathered for the exhibition. To gain a good view the Misses Hildreth and the navy officers climbed to the top of a small building used as headquarters by naval aviators.

Beachy recognized the party and dipped his machine in salute. They waved. The aeroplane went to the end of the field, turned and came back. When it was over the heads of the Hildreth party the machine was seen to dip. The aeroplane came so close to the party as to sweep all to the ground. The machine careened wildly and pitched to the earth, unseating the aviator and wrecking the machine.

Ruth Hildreth was unconscious when spectators reached her and blood was gushing from a gaping wound in her head. Her sister also was unconscious. Dorothy Hildreth sustained a broken arm and leg and may have internal injuries. Her condition is said to be critical. Lieuts. Bellinger and Richardson escaped with cuts and bruises that are not serious. Beachy sprained an arm and ankle. He said that as he reached a point directly over the naval building he momentarily lost control of his machine because his foot slipped from one of the controls.

FEDERALS ARE EXECUTED.

General Alvarez and 125 Soldiers Main After Torreon Fell.

Gen. Alvarez and his staff of the Federal army, together with 125 Federal soldiers, were executed Wednesday in Torreon, under orders of Gen. Francisco Villa, of the Constitutionalists according to information from reliable sources brought into Laredo Texas Wednesday. With the city of Torreon, the rebels captured practically all of the arms and artillery of the Federals. The battle lasted four days, with heavy losses on both sides.

Three hundred refugees, most of them Americans, left Torreon before the capture of that city by the Constitutionalists and are making their way overland to the border, according to a dispatch received Wednesday night. They are expected to reach Laredo Friday.

It was learned that the Constitutionalists gained the advantage which resulted in the capture of Torreon through a ruse. With the battle at its height Gen. Villa withdrew his forces, a portion of which he started on an apparent retreat toward Santa Rosalia. Believing that the entire rebel army had been put to flight a large force of Federals started in troops were well on their way, however, the main body of rebels, who were in hiding, slipped into the city and after a sanguinary battle, gained possession.

So far as can be ascertained none of the foreigners was injured either while the street fighting was in progress or during the reprisals which followed the rebel victory, the constitutionalist commander providing for them, especially the Americans.

ATHLETICS LEAD SERIES.

Win Three Out of the First Four Championship Games.

Philadelphia has now won three out of the first four games. Bush, a recruit, held New York safe Thursday, while Philadelphia suffered Tesreau and Crandall. Friday Bender won his second game, although hard hit, Merkle getting a home run in the seventh with two on.

THIRD GAME AT NEW YORK

Phila . . . 320 000 210—8 12 1
N. Y. . . 000 010 100—2 5 1

BATTERIES: Bush and Schang; Tesreau, Crandall and McLean.

Fourth game at Philadelphia:
N. Y. . . 000 000 320—5 8 0
Phila . . . 010 320 000—6 9 0

BATTERIES: Demaree, Marquard and McLean and Wilson; Bender and Schang.

SAVES MAN'S LIFE.

But for the protection of a folded handkerchief in his left breast, postet, L. J. Hughes, general manager of a saw mill at Paxton, Fla., would have been killed by Tim Williamson, a timekeeper on the job. Williamson tried to stab his partner but the handkerchief caught the knife and saved Hughes' life.

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