

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

Sherlock Holmes seemed delighted at the idea of sharing rooms with me. "I have my eye on a suite in Baker street," he said, "which would suit us down to the ground. You don't mind the smell of strong tobacco, I hope?"

"I always smoke 'ship's' myself," I answered.

"That's good enough. I generally have chemicals about, and occasionally do experiments. Would that annoy you?"

"By no means."

"Let me see—what are my other shortcomings I get in the slumps at times, and don't open my mouth for days on end. You must not think I am sulky when I do that. Just let me alone and I'll soon be all right. What have you to confess now? It's just as well for two fellows to know the worst of each other before they begin to live together."

I laughed at this cross examination. "I keep a bullpup," I said, "and object to rows, because my nerves are shaken, and I get up at all sorts of ungodly hours, and I am extremely lazy. I have another set of views when I am well, but those are the principal ones at present."

"Do you include violin playing in your category of rows?" he asked, anxiously.

"It depends on the player," I answered. "A well played violin is a treat for the gods; a badly played one—"

"Oh, that's all right," he cried with a merry laugh. "I think we may consider the thing as settled—that is, if the rooms are agreeable to you."

"When shall we see them?"

"Call for me here at noon, tomorrow, and we'll go together and settle everything," he answered.

"All right—noon exactly," said I, shaking his hand.

We left him working among his chemicals, and we walked together toward my hotel.

"By the way," I asked suddenly, "how the deuce did he know that I had come from Afghanistan?"

My companion smiled an enigmatical smile.

"That's just his little peculiarity," he said. "A good many people have wanted to know how he finds things out."

"Oh, a mystery, is it?" I cried, rubbing my hands. "This is very piquant. I am much obliged to you for bringing us together. The proper study of mankind is man, you know."

"You must study him then," Stamford said, as he bid me good-by. "You'll find him a knotty problem, though. I'll wager he learns more about you than you about him. Good-by."

"Good-by," I answered; and stroled on to my hotel, considerably interested in my new acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

We met next day, as he had arranged, and inspected his rooms at No. 221B Baker street, of which he had spoken at our meeting.

They consisted of a couple of comfortable bedrooms and a single, large, airy sitting room, cheerfully furnished, and illuminated by two broad windows.

So desirable in every way were the apartments, and so moderate did the terms seem when divided between us that the bargain was concluded upon the spot, and we at once entered into possession.

That very evening I moved my things round from the hotel, and on the following morning Sherlock Holmes followed me with several boxes and portmanteaus.

For a day or two we were busily employed in unpacking and laying out our property to the best advantage. That done, we gradually began to settle down and to accommodate ourselves to our new surroundings.

Holmes was certainly not a difficult man to live with. He was quiet in his ways, and his habits were regular.

It was rare for him to be up after ten at night, and he had invariably breakfasted and gone out before I rose in the morning.

Sometimes he spent his day at the chemical laboratory, sometimes in the dissecting rooms, and occasionally in long walks, which appeared to take him into the lowest portions of the city. Nothing could exceed his energy when the working fit was upon him; but now and again a reaction would seize him, and for days on end he would lie upon the sofa in the sitting room, hardly uttering a word or moving a muscle from morning to night.

On these occasions I have noticed such a dreamy, vacant expression in his eyes, that I might have suspected him of being addicted to the use of some narcotic, had not the temperance and cleanliness of his whole life forbidden such a notion.

As the weeks went by, my interest in him and my curiosity as to his aims in life gradually deepened and increased.

His very person and appearance were such as to strike the attention of the most casual observer. In height he was rather over six feet, and so exceedingly lean that he seemed to be considerably taller.

His eyes were sharp and piercing, save during those intervals of torpor to which I have alluded; and his thin, hawk-like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision.

His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of determination.

His hands were invariably blotted with ink and stained with chemicals, yet he was possessed of extraordinary delicacy of touch, as I frequently had occasion to observe when I watched

him manipulating his fragile philosophical instruments.

The reader may set me down as a hopeless busybody, when I confess how much this man stimulated my curiosity, and how often I endeavored to break through the reticence which he showed in all that concerned himself.

Before pronouncing judgment, however, he remembered how objectless was my life and how little there was to engage my attention.

My health forbade me from venturing out unless the weather was exceptionally genial, and I had no friends who would call upon me and break the monotony of my daily existence.

Under these circumstances, I eagerly hailed the little mystery which hung around my companion, and spent much of my time in endeavoring to unravel it.

He was not studying medicine. He had himself, in reply to a question, confirmed Stamford's opinion upon that point.

Neither did he appear to have pursued any course of reading which might fit him for a degree in science or any other recognized portal which would give him an entrance into the learned world.

Yet his zeal for certain studies was remarkable, and within eccentric limits his knowledge was so extraordinary. His simple and minute that his observations have fairly astounded me.

Surely no man would work so hard to attain such precise information unless he had some definite end in view. Desultory readers are seldom remarkable for the exactness of their learning.

No man burdens his mind with small matters unless he has some very good reason for doing so.

His ignorance was as remarkable as his knowledge. Of contemporary literature, philosophy and politics he appeared to know next to nothing.

Upon my quoting Thomas Carlyle, he inquired in the naivest way who he might be and what he had done. My surprise reached a climax, however, when I found incidentally that he was ignorant of the Copernican theory, and of the composition of the solar system.

That any civilized human being in this nineteenth century should not be aware that the earth traveled round the sun appeared to me such an extraordinary fact that I could hardly realize it.

"You appear to be astonished," he said, smiling at my expression of surprise. "Now that I do know it, I shall do my best to forget it."

"To forget it!"

"You see," he explained, "I consider that a man's brain originally is like a little empty attic, and you have to stock it with such furniture as you choose. A fool takes in all the lumber of every sort that he comes across, so that the knowledge which might be useful to him gets crowded out, or at best is jumbled up with a lot of other things, so that he has a difficulty in laying his hands upon it. Now, the skillful workman is very careful indeed as to what he takes into his brain attic. He will have nothing but the tools which may help him in doing his work, but of these he has a large assortment, and all in the most perfect order. It is a mistake to think that that little room has elastic walls and can distend to any extent. Depend upon it, there comes a time when for every addition to knowledge you forget something that you knew before. It is of the highest importance, therefore, not to have useless facts elbowing out the useful ones."

"But the solar system?" I protested.

"What the deuce is it to me?" he interrupted, impatiently; "you say that we go round the sun. If we went round the moon it would not make a pennyworth of difference to me or to my work."

I was on the point of asking him what that work might be, but something in his manner showed me that the question would be an unwelcome one.

I pondered over our short conversation, however, and endeavored to draw my deductions from it. He said that he would acquire no knowledge which did not bear upon his object. Therefore, all the knowledge which he possessed was such as would be useful to him.

I enumerated in my own mind all the various points upon which he had shown me that he was exceptionally well informed. I even took pencil and jotted them down.

I could not help smiling at the document when I had completed it. It ran in this way:

SHERLOCK HOLMES—His Limits.

1. Knowledge of literature—Nil.

2. Knowledge of philosophy—Nil.

3. Knowledge of Astronomy—Nil.

4. Knowledge of Politics—Feeble.

5. Knowledge of botany—Variable.

Well up in bella donna, opium and poisons generally. Knows nothing of practical gardening.

6. Knowledge of geology—Practical, but limited. Tells at a glance different soils from each other. After walks has shown me splashes upon his trousers, and told me by their color and consistence in what part of London he had received them.

7. Knowledge of chemistry—Profound.

8. Knowledge of anatomy—Accurate, but unsystematic.

9. Knowledge of sensational literature—Immense. He appears to know every detail of horror perpetrated in the century.

10. Plays the violin well.

11. Is an expert single stick player, boxer and swordsman.

12. Has a good practical knowledge of British law.

When I had got so far in my list I threw it into the fire in despair.

"If I cannot find what the fellow is driving at by reconnoitering all these accomplishments and discovering a calling which needs them all, I said to myself, 'I may as well give up the attempt at once.'"

I see that I have alluded above to his powers upon the violin. These were very remarkable, but as eccentric as all his other accomplishments. That he could play pieces, and difficult pieces, I knew well, because at my request he had played me some of Mendelssohn's "Lieder," and other favorites.

When left to himself, however, he would seldom produce any music or attempt any recognized air.

Leaning back in his armchair of an evening he would close his eyes and scrape carelessly at the fiddle, which was thrown across his knee. Sometimes the chords were sonorous and melancholy. Occasionally they were fantastic and cheerful.

Clearly they reflected the thoughts which possessed him, but whether the music aided these thoughts, or whether the playing was simply the result of a whim or fancy, was more than I could determine.

I might have rebelled against these exasperating solos had it not been that he usually terminated them by playing in quick succession a whole series of my favorite airs as a slight compensation for the trial upon my patience.

During the first week or so we had no callers, and I had begun to think that my companion was as friendless a man as myself.

Presently, however, I found that he had many acquaintances, and those in the most different classes of society. There was one little shrew, rat-faced, dark-eyed fellow who was introduced to me as Mr. Lestrade, and who came three or four times in a single week.

One morning a young girl called, fashionably dressed, and stayed for half an hour or more. The same afternoon brought a gray-headed, seedy visitor, looking like a Jew peddler, and who appeared to be much excited, and who was closely followed by a slipshod elderly woman.

On another occasion an old white-haired gentleman had an interview with my companion; and on another a railway porter in his velvet uniform. When any of these nondescript individuals put in an appearance Sherlock Holmes used to beg for the use of the sitting room, and I would retire to my bedroom. He always apologized to me for putting me to this inconvenience.

"I have to use this room as a place of business," he said, "and these people are my clients."

Again I had an opportunity of asking him a point blank question, and again my delicacy prevented me from forcing another man to confide in me. I imagined at the time that he had some strong reason for not alluding to it, but he soon dispelled the idea by coming round to the subject of his own accord.

It was upon the 4th of March, as I have good reason to remember, that I rose somewhat earlier than usual, and found that Sherlock Holmes had not yet finished his breakfast.

The landlady had become so accustomed to my late habits that my place had not been laid nor my coffee prepared.

With the unreasonable petulance of mankind I rang the bell and gave a curt intimation that I was ready.

Then I picked up a magazine from the table and attempted to while away the time with it, while my companion munched silently at his toast.

One of the articles had a pencil mark at the heading, and I naturally began to run my eye through it.

Its somewhat ambitious title was "The Book of Life," and it attempted to show how much an observant man might learn by an accurate systematic examination of all that came in his way.

It struck me as being a remarkable mixture of shrewdness and of absurdity. The reasoning was close and intense, but the deductions appeared to me to be far-fetched and exaggerated.

The writer claimed by a momentary expression, a twitch of muscle, or a glance of the eye, to fathom a man's inmost thoughts.

Deceit, according to him, was an impossibility in the case of one trained to observation and analysis. His conclusions were as infallible as so many propositions of Euclid.

So startling were his results as to appear to the uninitiated that, until they learned the process by which he had arrived at them, they might consider him as a necromancer.

(To be Continued.)

The Marrying Age.

The marrying age, according to statistics, is steadily advancing. This accounts, perhaps, for another fact, that women are beginning to look younger and more girlish in the shady twenties and the early thirties than they used to do. Twenty-five years ago a woman of 32 who was unmarried would have been regarded as a hopeless old maid. Now she is quite a girl at that age and her marriage is still thought of. If we continue to grow old in this leisurely fashion the very name "old maid" will disappear from our vocabulary, if indeed it has not done so already.

First Woman to Win Scholarship.

Miss Helen E. Wallace, a brilliant student at the Melbourne, Australia, university, has been awarded the Shakespeare scholarship of 150 pounds. This is the most important scholarship in the gift of the university, and it has never before been won by a woman.

In Memory of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson's long association with the Strand, London, is to be commemorated by placing a beautiful stained glass window in St. Clement's Dane chapel.

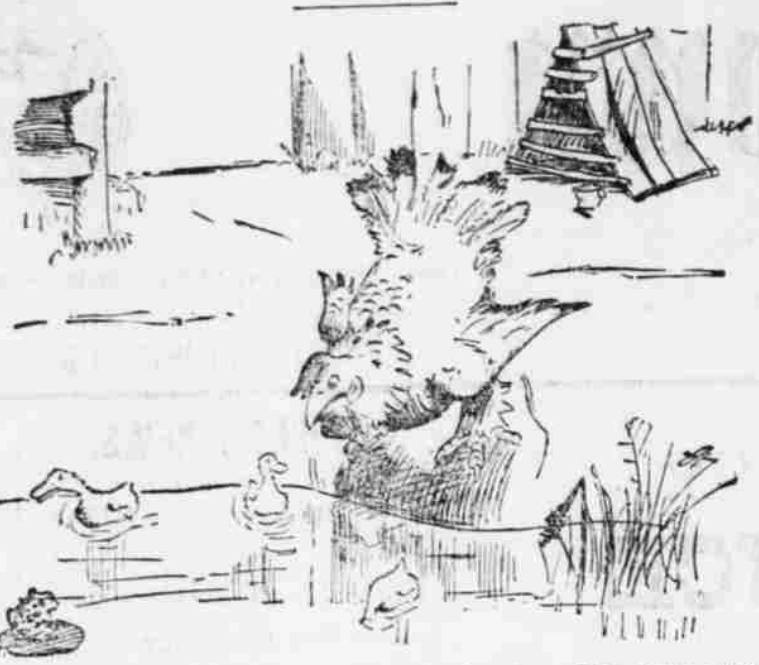
Beth's Surprise.

Beth was delighted with her aunt's new changeable spring gown. "Oh, mama!" she exclaimed, excitedly, "the colors of Aunt Mary's new silk dress are all extemporaneous!"—Judge.

A Wise Girl.

Alice—How long should a girl know a man before becoming engaged to him? Grace—Oh, long enough for him to propose.

STRANGE.



Old Hen (seeing her brood go in water for first time—Well, that's queer. I am sure we never did anything like that when I was young—Chicago American.)

WINDMILL IN A TREE.

Happy Blending of Nature and Mechanical Construction.

A windmill is apt to be a very prosaic and ugly construction, but many attempts have been made with varying success to beautify these very useful and economical power producers. Our engraving illustrates how nature and mechanics are sometimes blended. The trees serve only as a support for the platform at the top, and as side rails of a ladder, it being necessary only to provide rounds. The trees serve also to stay the iron supports. The windmill, which was built by J. G. Benster, of Moline, Ill., is of peculiar construction,



WINDMILL IN A TREE.

there being no gear wheels nor crank, the power being transmitted by an involute wheel which is a part of the steel wheel to which the fans are attached. The surface of the involute is perfectly smooth, as is also that of the wheel attached to the pitman carrier, the one rolling upon the other. The mast is of tubing, the pitman being carried down inside. The wires for throwing the mill out of gear are attached to a timber on the outside of the mast. From this it will be seen that the trees are not needed for actual support.

A number of these mills have been attached to trees and have been giving excellent results. It is also possible to carry the mills around on a wagon and set them to work at any part of a field.—Scientific American.

SOCIAL INSTINCTS OF ANTS.

Show Strong Sense of Devotion to Common Weal—True to Duty.

In order not to leave my readers under the impression of crime among ants, I shall give an account of a trait of devotion to the common weal, writes August Forel in the International Monthly. A swarm of Formica pratensis was closely pressed in its nest by an army of the same species, and crowds of alarmed defenders issued from the entrances to the nest and flew to take part in the fight. Like Satan, the tempter of old, I placed near them a beautiful drop of honey on a piece of paper.

At any other time the honey would have been covered in a few instants with ants gorging themselves, but this time numerous working ants came upon it, tasted it for scarcely a second, and returned to it restlessly three or four times. Conscientiousness, the feeling of duty, invariably prevailed over gourmandism, and they left the honey to go and be killed while defending the community. I am bound to own, however, that there are ants less social, in which gourmandism does prevail.

Compared to the manners of other sociable animals, and especially to those of man, the manners of ants exhibit a profound and fundamental segregation of facts of convergence, due to their social life. Let me mention devotion, the instinctive sentiment of duty, slavery, torture war, alliances, the raising of cattle, gardening, barvesting, and even social degenerescence through the attraction of certain harmful means of enjoyment. It would be ridiculous and erroneous to see in the fulfillment of this series of acts, individual reasoning, the result of calculated reflection, analogous to ours. The fact that each is fixed and circumscribed within one species, as well as the fatalistic character it has in that species, prove this superabundantly.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION CURED BY PE-RU-VA.



Mr. Hal P. Denton, Chief Department Publicity and Promotion of National Export Exposition, writes, Philadelphia, Dec. 20, 1899. The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O. Gentlemen:—"Toward the latter part of August I found myself in a very much run-down condition. I suffered particularly from catarrh of the stomach, aggravated no doubt by the responsibilities and worry incident to the exploitation of a great international exposition. What I ate distressed me and I would lie awake at night 'throwing over,' if I may use that expression, the affairs of the previous day.

"My family physician said I had nervous prostration and recommended a sea voyage. I gradually grew worse. A kind friend whom I had known in Ohio recommended Peruna. Though skeptical, I finally yielded to his advice. After using one bottle I was much improved and with the fifth bottle came complete recovery. I am in perfect health today and owe everything to Peruna."

Very truly yours, HAL P. DENTON.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice free.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Exactly. "Do you think it is possible to love two girls at the same time?" "Not if they know it."—Melbourne Weekly Times.

We are not to blame because you have rheumatism; but you are—if you do not try Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

A Story of the Prairie

The Century magazine is about to print a serial which will have an especial interest to people who are at home on the prairies. It is called "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," and the author is Eleanor Gates, a young woman who spent her childhood in Dakota and who thus writes from the closest personal observation.

The time of Miss Gates' story is about 25 years ago; it is put in the form of a personal narrative of the life of a little girl, and there is hardly a phase or event of prairie life which is not touched upon in these pages—the alizzard, breaking colts, horse stealing by Indians, school days on the frontier, fighting gophers and badgers, cattle raising and other typical phases of hardship or prosperity.

It is not a novel, but the same characters appear and reappear in the story with a reality which impresses the reader with confidence in the truth of the narrative.

"The Biography of a Prairie Girl" will begin in the August number of the Century and it will be illustrated.

Candid.

A—"You see that lady over there? She is Mrs. A. I fell in love with her at first sight. What do you think of that?" B—"I think it would have been better had you taken a second look.—Ex.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fit or other ailment after first use of the S. B. H. Hair Splitting Cream. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and full particulars. D. B. H. KANSAS, Ltd., 101 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Pegasus Has His Opportunity.

"His poetry," the public complained, "smells of the lamp."

At this Pegasus reverted to his equine side and indulged in a horse laugh.

"I suppose it's the odor of that gasoline vehicle he tied up to after I hooked and threw him," whinnied the faithful steed.—Automobile Magazine.

Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."—J. A. Gruenfelder, Grantfork, Ill.

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend. Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.