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# MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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## IT WILL OUT
OR,
A GREAT MYSTERY.

CHAPTER III.

I confess that I was considerably startled by this fresh proof of the practical nature of my companion's theories. My respect for his powers of analysis increased wondrously. There still remained some lurking suspicion in my mind, however, that the whole thing was a prearranged episode, intended to dazzle me, though what earthly object he could have in taking me in was past my comprehension. When I looked at him he had finished reading the note, and his eyes had assumed the vacant, lack-luster expression which showed mental abstraction.

"How in the world did you deduce that?" I asked.

"Deduce what?" said he, petulantly.

"Why, that he was a retired sergeant of marines."

"I have no time for trifles," he replied brusquely; then, with a smile, "Excuse my rudness. You broke the thread of my thoughts; but perhaps it is as well. So you actually were not able to see that that man was a sergeant of marines?"

"No, indeed."

"It was easier to know it than to explain why I know it. If you were asked to prove that two and two made four, you might find some difficulty, and yet you are quite sure of the fact. Even across the street I could see a great blue anchor tattooed on the back of the fellow's hand. That smacked of the sea. He had a military carriage, however, and regulation side-whiskers. There we have the marine. He was a man with some amount of self-importance and a certain air of command. You must have observed the way in which he held his head and swung his cane. A steady respectable, middle-aged man, too, on the face of him—all facts which led me to believe that he had been a sergeant."

"Wonderful!" I ejaculated.

"Commonplace," said Holmes, though I thought from his expression that he was pleased at my evident surprise and admiration. I said just now that there were no criminals. It appears that I am wrong—look at this!" He threw me over the note which the commissionaire had brought.

"Why," I cried, as I cast my eye over it, "this is terrible!"

This is the letter which I read to him:

"My Dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes:—There has been a bad business during the night at 3 Lauriston Gardens, off the Brixton Road. Our man on the beat saw a light there about two in the morning, and as the house was an empty one, suspected that something was amiss. He found the door open, and in the front room, which is bare of furniture, discovered the body of a gentleman, well dressed, and having cards in his pocket bearing the name of Enoch J. Drebber, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A. There had been no robbery, nor is there any evidence as to how the man met his death. There are marks of blood in the room, but there is no wound upon his person. We are at a loss as to how he came into the empty house; indeed, the whole affair is a puzzler. If you can come round to the house any time before twelve, you will find me there. I have left everything in statu quo until I hear from you. If you are unable to come I shall give you fuller details, and would esteem it a great kindness if you would favor me with your opinion.

Yours faithfully,
"TOBIAS GREGSON."

"Gregson is the smartest of the Scotland Yarders," my friend remarked; "he and Lestrade are the pick of a bad lot. They are both quick and energetic, but conventional—shockingly so. They have their knives into one another too. They are as jealous as a pair of professional beauties. There will be some fun over this case if they are both put upon the scent."

I was amazed at the calm way in which he rippled on."

"Surely there is not a moment to be lost," I cried; "shall I go and order you a cab?"

"I am not sure about whether I shall go. I am the most incurably lazy devil that ever stood in shoe leather—that is, when the fit is on me, for I can be spry enough at times."

"Why it is just such a chance as you have been longing for."

"My dear fellow, what does it matter to me? Suppose I unravel the whole matter, you may be sure that Gregson, Lestrade & Co., will pocket all the credit. That comes of being an unofficial personage."

"But he begs you to help him."

"Yes. He knows that I am his superior, and acknowledges it to me; but he would cut his tongue out before he would own it to any third person. However, we may as well go and have a look. I shall work it out on my own hook. I may have a laugh at them, if I have nothing else. Come on!"

He hustled on his overcoat, and bustled about in a way that showed that an energetic fit had superseded the apathetic one.

"Get your hat," he said.

"You wish me to come?"

"Yes, if you have nothing better to do."

A minute later we were both in a hansom, driving furiously for the Brixton Road.

It was a foggy, cloudy morning, and a dun-colored veil hung over the house-tops, looking like the reflection of the mud-colored streets beneath. My companion was in the best of spirits, and prattled away about Cremona fiddles, and the difference between a Stradivarius and an Amati. As for myself, I was silent, for the dull weather and the melancholy business upon which we were engaged depressed my spirits.

"You don't seem to give much thought to the matter in hand," I said, at last, interrupting Holmes's musical disquisition.

"No data yet," he answered. "It is a capital mistake to theorize before you have all the evidence. It biases the judgment.

"You will have your data soon," I remarked, pointing with my finger; "this is the Brixton Road, and that is the house, if I am not very much mistaken."

"So it is. Stop, driver, stop!" We were still a hundred yards or so from it, but he insisted upon our alighting, and we finished our journey upon foot.

No. 3 Lauriston Gardens wore an ill-omened and minatory look. It was one of four which stood back some little way from the street, two being occupied and two empty. The latter looked out with three tiers of vacant, melancholy windows, which were blank and dreary, save that here and there a "To Let" card had developed like a cataract upon the bleared panes. A small garden sprinkled over with a scattered eruption of sickly plants separated each of these houses from the street, and was traversed by a narrow pathway, yellowish in color, and consisting apparently of a mixture of clay and gravel. The whole place was very sloppy from the rain which had fallen through the night. The garden was bounded by a three-foot brick wall with a fringe of wood rails upon the top, and against this wall was leaning a stalwart police constable, surrounded by a small knot of loafers, who craned their necks and strained their eyes in the vain hope of catching some glimpse of the proceedings within.

I had imagined that Sherlock Holmes would have at once hurried into the house and plunged into a study of the mystery. Nothing appeared to be further from his intention. With an air of nonchalance which, under the circumstances seemed to me to border upon affection, he lounged up and down the pavement and gazed vacantly at the ground, the sky, the opposite houses, and the line of railings. Having finished his scrutiny, he proceeded slowly down the path, or, rather, down the fringe of grass which flanked the path, keeping his eyes riveted upon the ground. Twice he stopped, and once I saw him smile and heard him utter an exclamation of satisfaction. There were many marks of footsteps upon the wet, clayey soil, but since the police had been coming and going over it, I was unable to see how my companion could hope to learn anything from it. Still, I had had such extraordinary evidence of the quickness of his perceptive faculties that I had no doubt that he could see a great deal which was hidden from me.

At the door of the house we were met by a tall, white-faced, flaxen-haired man, with a note-book in his hand, who rushed forward and wrung my companion's hand with effusion.

"It is indeed kind of you to come," he said; "I have had everything left untouched."

"Except that!" my friend answered, pointing to the pathway. "If a herd of buffaloes had passed along there could not be a greater mess. No doubt, however, you had drawn your own conclusions, Gregson, before you permitted this."

"I have had so much to do inside the house," the detective said, evasively. "My colleague, Mr. Lestrade, is here. I had relied upon him to look after this."

Holmes glanced at me, and raised his eyebrows sardonically.

"With two such men as yourself and Lestrade upon the ground, there will not be much for a third party to find out," he said.

Gregson rubbed his hands in a self-satisfied way.

"I think that we have done all that can be done," he answered; "it's a queer case, though, and I knew your taste for such things."

"You did not come here in a cab?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"No, sir."

"Nor Lestrade?"

"No, sir."

"Then let us go and look at the room."

With which inconsistent remark he strode on into the house, followed by Gregson, whose features expressed his astonishment.

A short passage, bare-planked and dusty, led to the kitchen and offices. Two doors opened out of it to the left and to the right. One of these had obviously been closed for many weeks. The other belonged to the dining-room, which was the apartment in which the mysterious affair had occurred. Holmes walked in, and I followed him with that subdued feeling at my heart which the presence of death inspires.

It was a large, square room, looking all the larger for the absence of all furniture. A vulgar, flaring paper adorned the walls, but it was blotched in places with mildew, and here and there great strips had become detached and hung down, exposing the yellow plaster beneath. Opposite the door was a showy fireplace, surmounted by a mantle-piece of imitatin white marble. On one corner of this was stuck the stump of a red wax-candle. The solitary window was so dirty that the light was hazy, and uncertain, giving a dull-gray tinge to everything, which was intensified by the thick layer of dust which coated the whole apartment.

All these details I observed afterward. At present my attention was centered upon the single grim, motionless figure, which lay stretched upon the boards, with vacant, sightless eyes staring up at the discolored ceiling. It was that of a man about forty-three or forty-four years of age, middle-sized, broad-shouldered, with crisp, curling black hair, and a short, stubbly beard. He was dressed in a heavy broadcloth frock-coat and waistcoat, with light-colored trousers and immaculate collar and cuffs. A top-hat, well brushed and trim, was placed on the floor beside him. His hands were clinched, and his arms thrown abroad, while his lower limbs were interlocked as though his death struggle had been a grievous one. On his rigid face there stood an expression of horror, and, as it seemed to me, of hatred, such as I have never seen upon human features. This malignant and terrible contortion combined with the low forehead, blunt nose, and prognathous jaw, gave the dead man a singularly simious and apelike appearance which was increased by his writhing unnatural posture. I have seen death in many forms, but never has it appeared to me in a more fearsome aspect than in that dark, grimy apartment, which looked out upon one of the main arteries of suburban London. Lestrade, lean and ferret-like as ever, was standing by the doorway, and greeted my companion and myself.

"This case will make a stir, sir," he remarked. "It beats anything I have seen, and I am no chicken."

"There is no clew," said Gregson.

"None at all," chimed in Lestrade.

Sherlock Holmes, approached the body and kneeling down, examined it intently.

"You are sure that there is no wound?" he asked, pointing to numerous gouts and splashes of blood which lay alf around.

"Positive!" cried both detectives.

"Then, of course, this blood belongs to a second individual—presumably the murderer, if murder has been committed. It reminds me of the circumstances attendant on the death of Van Jansen, in Utrecht, in the year '34. Do you remember the case, Gregson?"

"No, sir."

"Read it up—you really should. There is nothing new under the sun. It has all been done before."

As he spoke, his nimble finers were flying here, there and everywhere, feeling, pressing, unbuttoning, examining, while his eyes wore the same faraway expression which I have already remarked upon. So swiftly was the examination made that one would hardly have guessed the minuteness with which it was conducted. Finally, he sniffed the dead man's lips, and then glanced at the soles of his patent-leather boots.

"He has not been moved at all?" he asked.

"No more than was necessary for the purpose of our examination."

"You can take him to the mortuary now," he said. "There is nothing more to be learned."

Gregson had a stretcher and four men at hand. At his call they entered the room, and the stranger was lifted and carried out. As they raised him, a ring tinkled down and rolled across the floor. Lestrade grabbed it up and stared at it with mystified eyes.

"There's been a woman here," he cried. "It's a woman's wedding-ring."

He held it out, as he spoke, upon the palm of his hand. We all gathered round him and gazed at it. There could be no doubt that that circle of plain gold had once adorned the finger of a bride.

"This complicates matters," said Gregson. "Heaven knows, they were complicated enough before!"

"You're sure it doesn't simplify them?" observed Holme. "There's nothing to be learned by staring at it. What did you find in his pockets?"

"We have it all here," said Gregson, pointing to a litter of objects upon one of the bottom steps of the stairs. "A gold watch, No. 97,163, by Barraud, of London. Gold Albert chain, very heavy and solid. Gold ring, with Masonic device. Gold pin—bull-dog's head, with rubies as eyes. Russian-leather card-case, with cards of Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland, corresponding with the E. J. D. upon the linen. No purse, but loose money to the extent of seven pounds thirteen. Pocket edition of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' with name of Joseph Stangerson upon the fly-leaf. Two letters—one addressed to E. J. Drebber and one to Joseph Strangerson."

"At what address?"

"American Exchange, Strand—to be left till called for. They are both from the Guion Steamship Company, and refer to the sailing of their boats from Liverpool. It is clear that this unfortunate man was about to return to New York."

"Have you made any inquiries as to this man Stangerson?"

"I did it at once, sir," said Gregson. "I have had advertisements sent to all the newspapers, and one of my men has gone to the American Exchange, but he has not returned yet."

"Have you sent to Cleveland?"

"We telegraphed this morning."

"How did you word your inquiries?"

"We simply detailed the circumstances, and said that we should be glad of any information which could help us."

"You did not ask for particulars on any point which appeared to you to be crucial?"

"I asked about Stangerson."

"Nothing else? Is there no circumstances on which this whole case appears to hinge? Will you not telegraph again?"

"I have said all I have to say," said Gregson, in an offended voice.

Sherlock Holmes chuckled to himself, and appeared to be about to make some remark, when Lestrade, who had been in the front room while we were holding this conversation in the hall, reappeared upon the scene, rubbing his hands in a pompous and self-satisfied manner.

"Mr. Gregson," he said, "I have just made a discovery of the highest importance, and one which would have been overlooked had I not made a careful examination of the walls."

To Be Continued.

## GUN TO FIGHT BALOONS.

**A New Idea in Ordinance Which Has Been Evolved by the United States War Department.**

A balloon gun, or rather a gun to demolish balloons, is the last evolution in artillery, and as in the case of so many of the world's death dealing contrivances, it comes from that supposedly most unwarlike of countries the United States.

The gun has just been completed, having been constructed by a firm of ordnance-makers, from plans drawn at the Rock Island Arsenal. It is purely an experiment, and if it proves efficient others like it will be built.

The U.S. War Department has been for some time investigating the problem of fighting-balloons, inasmuch as the latter are destined unquestionably to be an important factor in the warfare of the not-distant future. The balloon gun is mounted on a wagon and so placed upon "universal" bearings as to be aimed instantly at any point from zenith to horizon. After the manner of the machine weapon, it throws a continuous stream of projectiles like water turned on from a hose, and no gas exposed to its discharge for many months could possibly stay aloft.

The projectiles are conical and of solid steel, having no bursting charge, and weigh a pound apiece. A hollow conical stand fastened to the floor, of the waggon supports the gun, the arrangement being such that when it has to be aimed directly upward the marksman must lie beneath it. Its effective range is

A MILE AND A QUARTER.

Military experts whose opinions deserve respect express the belief that the next war between any two great powers, will evolve the perfected fighting-balloon—perfected, that is to say, up to the point of being an efficient engine of destruction. Already there has been devised a so-called aerial torpedo, which bears about the same relation to the future war-balloon that is borne by the Whitehead torpedo to the modern torpedo-boat.

This aerial torpedo is a small balloon which carries, suspended beneath it, about thirty pounds of dynamite or other high explosive done up in a suitable package. In its neck it has a small metal cylinder containing a simple electrical contrivance which will produce a spark at any time for which the instrument is set in advance.

The direction and force of the wind being ascertained the little balloon may be floated over a fortress or armed camp, and, if its mechanical apparatus has been set correctly, the spark will at the proper moment set fire to the gas in the balloon, causing the latter to explode and to drop its deadly load.

It has been ascertained by recent experiments in Germany that shrapnel can be used against balloons with great effect at moderate ranges, and the War Department contemplates making similar trials with its new balloon gun, in which actual balloons will be floated and employed, as targets. This will involve the destruction of a good many gas bags which cost money, but in recent years Uncle Sam has not paused at liberal expenditure of cash where military knowledge was to be secured. Millions of dollars' worth of guns and armour plate have been destroyed at the proving grounds to find out how many times the former could be fired without losing their usefulness and what shocks could be withstood by the latter.

## THE NEW BLUSH.

How ruthlessly scientists rob us of all romance nowadays. When one remembers how much havoc has been wrought by the blush, it is not a little disillusioning to be told that it is only caused by excess of blood in the brain which dilates the blood vessels, and that by the use of certain drugs, which shall be nameless, the modern maiden, of whom it is not often to be said that "a delicate blush mantled her cheek," may flush quite prettily on occasion.

## THE GULF STREAM.

**Abandonment of the Old Idea That it Reaches Europe as a Distinct Current.**

The best school geographies nowadays do not say that the climate of northwest Europe is rendered mild by the Gulf Stream as such. They admit the Gulf Stream as one of the most powerful influences contributing to the mild winter climate of that region, but the great current has ceased to figure alone as the element which makes England and Scotland fertile, while Labrador is a land of drift.

The fact is now well understood by the rader, in the same latitude, is bleak and very cold.

The best maps also no longer show the Gulf Stream as extending clear across the ocean. They show the current as flowing north as far as the neighborhood of Newfoundland, and beyond this region they depict a movement toward Europe of oceanic waters to which they have applied the same Gulf Stream that as a distinct current the Gulf Stream disappears south of Newfoundland. The enormous river in the ocean far greater than all other ocean currents rushes northward from the Straits of Florida, with a depth of 2,000 feet, a width of forty miles and a velocity of from three to over five miles an hour. But it gradually spreads out and thins until, in the region of the Grand Banks, it becomes dissipated like a stream in a swamp and is no longer recognizable as a distinct current.

There is, however, a constant set of warm surface waters, toward the European coast. The prevailing west winds carry them toward Europe, and their total influence is to modify the winter climate of that region, and this warmer water comes not only from the Gulf Stream, but also from the great current that flows north outside the Bahamas.

Many sailors do not realize the strength of the Gulf Stream current. Mr. John E. Pillsbury, who spent much time several years ago investigating the Gulf Stream for our Government wrote that one day his vessel was anchored in the stream, observing the current, when a sailing vessel was sighted ahead, drifting to the northward. The wind was very light, but as she came nearer and nearer, it became evident that there would be a collision unless steps were taken to prevent it. The crew of the sailing vessel trimmed their sails to the gentle air, but it was useless, for onward she went, carried by the irresistible force of the current directly toward the bow of the steamer. As the vessels approached one another, by a skilful use of the rudder on board the steamer she was moved to one side and the sailing vessel drifted past a few feet distant. The Captain of the latter was as astonished as he was thankful that his vessel was not lost. All that he could cry out in broken English, as he flashed by, was:

"I could not help it, the water bring me here."

## BONAPARTE FAMILY RECORD.

**London Truth Does Not Think it Such as to Commend Them as Rulers of Frenchmen.**

Dreyfus, Picquart, Esterhazy and Henry seem to have become sticks with which rival factions seek to knock each other about the head. But it is difficult to believe that any number of Frenchmen can be desirous to revert to the Bonaparte family for a ruler and it appears even more improbable that they would—were they to be afflicted with such a lunacy—select young Victor Bonaparte as the ruler.

The first Napoleon was a Corsican adventurer of gigantic intellect. He sacrificed France to his personal ambition. After having destroyed the lives of above a million of Frenchmen in an attempt to found an Empire of the West, in which France would have been a province, he was defeated, and the French lost the frontier that they had obtained before he became their Emperor. His two brothers, Jerome and Louis, were the poorest of creatures, and Jerome was one of the most despicable of scamps. Louis had a wife, and the pair cordially hated each other.

The lady's son, Louis Napoleon, was not without amiable qualities, but he was a born conspirator. When, in an evil hour for France, he managed to become Emperor he was surrounded by a crew of malefactors, who robbed and pillaged to their hearts' content. The second Emperor lost his health, and fell under the domination of his wife, a Spaniard. She forced him into war with Prussia, and the result was that France lost Alsace and Lorraine. During the second Empire, Jerome's son, Prince Napoleon, was an object lesson in proof of what a despicable being Imperial Highness may be. Physically he was a coward, and was almost proud of being one. He had but two occupations: To get as much money as he could out of his cousin and to intrigue against him. Young Victor is his son, He is a nonentity, and about as fit to rule a country as the silliest of the las whose existence is passed in aimless frivolity.

I understand the notion of continuity involved in "Le Roi est mort, vie le Roi," although I am not perhaps a confirmed believer in its universal advantages. But this Victor Bonaparte is not the descendant of a long line of Kings. He is not even the descendant of the first Napoleon, or of Louis Napoleon. Very possibly he is a harmless creature; but if we are to accept the doctrine of heredity, he certainly has not inherited any good qualities from his father or from his grandfather, for they had none. Even supposing that the French were anxious to find some one to become their monarch, he is the very last man whom they would be wise to select for that position. Two Bonapartes, as Emperors, have proved themselves a curse to France. Why, then, take a third from the same family?

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