

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1905.

## MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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### THE ADVENTURE OF THE SPECKLED BAND

(Continued.)

"Done about the same time as the bell-rope," remarked Holmes.

"Yes, there were several little changes carried out about that time."

"They seem to have been of a most interesting character—dummy bell-ropes, and ventilators which do not ventilate. With your permission, Miss Stoner, we shall carry our researches into the inner apartment."

Dr. Grimesby Roylott's chamber was larger than that of his stepdaughter, but was as plainly furnished. A camp-bed, a small wooden shelf full of books, mostly of a technical character, an armchair beside the bed, a plain wooden chest against the wall, a round table, and a large iron safe were the principal things which met the eye. Holmes walked slowly round and examined each and all of them with the keenest interest.

"What's in here?" he asked, tapping the safe.

"My stepfather's business papers."

"Oh! you have seen inside, then?"

"Only once, some years ago. I remember that it was full of papers."

"There isn't a cat in it, is there?"

"No. What a strange idea!"

"Well, look at this!" He took up a small saucer of milk which stood on the top of it.

"No, we don't keep a cat. But there is a cheetah and a baboon."

"Ah, yes, of course! Well, a cheetah is just a big cat, and yet a member of the same family as the lion. I don't see why there is any mystery about it. There is one point which I should wish to determine. He squeaked down in front of the wooden chair, and examined the seat of it with the greatest attention.

"Thank you. That is quite settled," said he, rising and putting his hands in his pockets. "Hello!" here he was something interesting!

The object which had caught his eye was a small dog-leash hanging on one corner of the bed. The leash, however, was curled upon itself, and tied so as to make a loop of white-cord.

"What do you make of that, Watson?"

"It's a common enough leash. But I don't know why it should be tied."

"That is not quite so common, is it? Ah, me! it's a wicked world, and when a clever man turns his brains to crime it is the worst of all. I think that I have seen enough now, Miss Stoner, and with your permission we shall walk out upon the lawn."

I had never seen my friend's face so grim or his brow so dark as it was when we turned from the scene of this investigation. We had walked several times up and down the lawn, neither Miss Stoner nor myself liking to break in upon his reverie.

"It is very essential, Miss Stoner," said he, "that you should absolutely follow my advice in every respect."

"I shall most certainly do so."

"The matter is too serious for any hesitation. Your life may depend upon my plan."

"I assure you that I am in your hands."

"In the first place, both my friend and I must spend the night in your room."

"Both Miss Stoner and I gazed at him in astonishment."

"Yes, it must be so. Let me explain. I believe that that is the village inn over there?"

"Yes, that is the 'Crown'."

later before ever we came to Stoke Moran."

"My dear Holmes!"

"On yes, I did. You remember in her statement she said that her sister could smell Dr. Roylott's cigar. Now, of course, that suggested at once that there must be a communication between the two rooms. It could only be a small one, or it would have been remarked upon at the coroner's inquest. I deduced a ventilator."

"But what harm can there be in that?"

"I cannot say that I have."

"Did you observe anything very peculiar about that bed?"

"No."

"It was clamped to the floor. Did you ever see a bed fastened like that before?"

"I cannot say that I have."

"The lady could not move her bed. It must always be in the same relative position to the ventilator and to the rope for so we may call it, since it was clearly just in time to prevent some subtle and horrible crime."

"Shuttle enough and horrible enough. When a doctor does go wrong he is the first of criminals. He has nerve and he has knowledge. Palmer and Pritchard were among the heads of their profession. This man strikes even deeper, but I think, Watson, that we shall be able to strike deeper still. But we shall have horrors enough before the night is over; for goodness' sake let us have a quiet pipe and turn our minds for a few hours to something more cheerful."

"About 9 o'clock the light among the trees was extinguished and all was dark in the direction of the Manor House. Two hours passed slowly away, and then, suddenly, just at the stroke of 11, a single bright light shone out right in front of us."

"That is our signal," said Holmes, springing to his feet; "it comes from the middle window."

"As we passed out he exchanged a few words with the landlady, explaining that faintly in the morning the next day, and we heard the hoarse roar of the doctor's voice and saw the fairy light of the trap drove on, and a few minutes later we saw a sudden light spring up among the trees as the lamp was lit in one of the sitting rooms."

"Do you know, Watson," said Holmes, as we sat together in the gathering darkness, "we are really some scrapes as to taking you to-night. There is a distinct element of danger."

"Can I be of assistance?"

"Your presence might be invaluable."

"It is very kind of you."

"You speak of danger. You have evidently seen more in these rooms than was visible to me."

"No, but I fancy that I may have deduced a little more. I imagine that you saw all that I did."

"I saw nothing remarkable save the bell-rope, and what purpose that could answer I confess is more than I can imagine."

"You saw the ventilator in the wall?"

"Yes, but I do not think that it is such a very unusual thing to have a small opening between two rooms. It was so small that a rat could hardly pass through."

"I knew that we should find a ventila-

our shoulders at any moment. I confess that I felt easier in my mind when, after following Holmes's example and slipping off my shoes, I found myself inside the bedroom. My companion noiselessly closed the shutters, moved the lamp up to the table and cast his eyes around the room. All was as we had seen it in the day time. Then creeping up to me and making a trumpet of his hand, he whispered in my ear so gently that it was all I could do to distinguish the words:

"The least sound would be fatal to our plans."

I nodded to show that I had heard.

"We must sit without a light. He would see it through the ventilator."

I nodded again.

"Do not go to sleep; your very life may depend upon it. Have your pistol ready in case we should need it. I will sit on the side of the bed and you in that chair."

I took out my revolver and laid it on the corner of the table.

Holmes had brought up a long thin cane, and this he placed upon the bed beside him. By it he laid the box of matches and the stump of a candle. Then he turned down the lamp, and we were left in darkness.

"I should never forget that dreadful vigil! I could not hear a sound not even the drawing of a breath, and yet I knew that my companion sat open eye, with in a few feet of me, in the same state of nervous tension in which I myself sat."

The shutters but off the least rays of light, and we waited in absolute darkness. From outside came the occasional cry of a night-bird, and once at our window a long cat-like wailing, which told us that the cheetah was indeed at liberty. Far away we could hear the deep tones of the parish clock, which boomed out every quarter of an hour. Slowly, slowly, and one at a time, twelve struck, and then one and two and three, and still we sat waiting silently for whatever might befall.

(To be continued.)

WHAT'S IN MCCLURES

McClure's has always something that

completes attention, something immediate

and significant that is important to all

Americans. The September number adds

to an unbroken series of "McClure Ar-

ticles" an illuminating study of commercial

piracy, the first of a series of articles

study of the Kansas Oil War, and an ex-

cursion into the marvels of modern biol-

ogy. "Prolonging the Prime of Life,"

which is an authoritative account of the

discoveries of a group of scientists who

have determined that old age is a disease.

Color printing has never achieved more

perfect results than in the eight full-page

reproductions of Langens' paintings of

the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which

accompany William Allen White's descrip-

tion of the wonders "On Bright Angel

Trail," a bit of descriptive writing which

may well take place with the classics of

our language. Eugene Wood, George Ran-

dolph, Mrs. W. W. Woodrow, and Norvell

Harrison supply a round of short stories

with thrilling, light, or serious to fit

every mood.

"Be it so," said the manager: "we'll give you the part of the king. If you do that

passably well, we'll give you something a

higher title—a sup, for instance. True,

there's a big difference between the two, but

I see no reason why a man who can play

the king well may not make the mark

some day as chief of supes."

An itching palm causes a crook in the finger.

The fortunate people are those who be-

lieve they are.

### CHILDREN WILL MOURN

Death of Mary Mapes Dodge,  
Editor of St. Nicholas.

(Boston Transcript.)

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of St.

Nicholas Magazine, author of stories for

children and poet, died in her summer

cottage in Ontario, Pa., Tuesday, N. Y.,

on Monday. Mrs. Dodge had been in

ill-health for several months, but re-

covered sufficiently two months ago to go

to Ontario Park. She had been editor of

St. Nicholas since its establishment in

1873.

Mary Mapes was born in New York in

1838, and was the daughter of Professor

James J. Mapes, who forty years ago was

one of the best-known of New Yorkers. He

was a scholar, a philosopher, an eminent

scientist, and a noted inventor, a bril-

liant talker, and famous wit. Statesmen

and writers were constant visitors at the

house. He fed his children on old English

ballads and Walter Scott. Two of his

daughters became prominent musicians,

one an artist, and the fourth, Mary, while

having a talent for both these acqui-

rements, had a sharp literary tendency

and a quick ear for language. Her mother,

like her father, was a person of rare cul-

ture. She had listened to her grandmo-

ther's reminiscences of the Revolution,

when she was saluted by the world's

hero, Washington, and danced with the

world's chivalier. Lafayette. While still

a young woman Mary Mapes Dodge was

left a widow. She returned to her father's

home, but, to avoid the crowded conver-

sation there, she fitted up an old, barn-

like building nearby, and with deft, feini-

sh touches, decorated its principal room

and made it her study. She wrote a vol-

ume entitled "Iverson Stories." It had

a good sale. But her tremendous success

was with the celebrated Dutch story,

"Hans Brinker, or, The Silver Skates."

On closing this book, as a critic said, one

does not seem to be reading about Hol-

land, but living in Holland. It is sold in

great editions were published in London.

It was translated into many tongues, ap-

pearing rapidly in Paris, Berlin, Copen-

hagen, Milan, Constantinople and in Hol-

land it is regarded as a classic.

Mrs. Dodge's first journalistic work was

as editor of Heath and Home, associ-

ated with Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Dor-

othy G. Mitchell ("The Marvel"). The

paper did not succeed.

When St. Nicholas was started by Ros-

well Smith and Dr. Holland, she was

made editor, and, under her management,

that magazine has proved one of the

phenomenal successes in periodical lit-

erature, having paid a dividend from the

very first. While editing the magazine,

Mrs. Dodge has written three books:

"Rhymes and Jingles," "Theophilus and

Others," and "Along His Way." Her

poems were wholesome and joyous, reflect-

ing her own buoyant personality. She

permitted none of her own heroines to

be sentimental. Miss Ellen Elias Dandy,

in one of her books, is severely taken to

task for cooing a pet chicken instead of

helping her tired sister tend the baby.

While retaining the title of editor-in-

chief of St. Nicholas and making occa-

sional contributions to the magazine, Mrs.

Dodge had retired from actual editorial

control for the last four years.

(Boston Transcript, Edit.)

The death of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge

is a loss to American literature, but a

still greater loss to American childhood.

She was our feminine Hans Christian An-

derson. She wrote for children and she

understood her constituency. Perhaps to

young men and women of the present day

whose early reading has been selected for

them, no name is better known or more

affectionately regarded by them than hers.

No doubt the stories of Miss Alcott in-

spired as strongly to them at the time,

but Mrs. Dodge had the advantage of be-

ing able to send a monthly message into

thousands of homes year after year. In-

deed the St. Nicholas Magazine has been

established for over thirty years, almost

a full generation, and it has never had

any other editor-in-chief. Even before the

day of that popular periodical, she con-

ducted a children's department in Heath

and Home, and among her co-workers

were Mrs. Stowe and Donald G. Mitchell.

Left a widow in her young womanhood,

with two boys to care for, she had the

inspiration of constant association with

a child life to guide her intuitions and give

a strength to the natural bent of her tal-

ents. Her poems, her stories and her

sketches were bright and wholesome, and

her supervision over the work of others

passing through her hands, was assured

that it would possess these same qual-

ities. Few women have occupied the edi-

torial chair so long as she did and fewer

still have identified themselves so closely

with their work. We can recall but one

who had seen longer service in that po-

sition. Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, who began in

1828 her editorial work on the Ladies'

Magazine, afterwards merged in Godey's

Lady's Book, and ended it in 1877, a pe-

riod of forty-nine years. A nearer con-

temporary was Mary L. Booth, the first

editor of Harper's Bazar, who conducted

that publication from its founding in

1867 until her death in 1889.

### Good Casters Ives' Brass Beds

ON

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An imperfect caster is liable to injure carpets or rugs

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The double wheel divides the weight and its wide face does

not mark the floor, while it turns so easily to the motion of

the bed that it never injures carpets.

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10 CENT CIGAR

has been such a success. Smoked and

liked by all good judges of cigars.

HARRIS, HARKNESS &amp; CO.,

MAKERS.

### HUMORS OF HISTORY---127



Queen Margaret and the Robber.

The Wars of the Roses arose from the claim of the Duke of York to the throne of Henry VI, who was of the House of Lancaster. The Lancastrians were defeated at Northampton, at Towton, at Barnet, and other places, and the Duke of York assumed the crown as Edward IV. After one of the battles Henry IV's wife, Queen Margaret, fled with her young son into a forest, where a robber waylaid them. In response to his demands for money, the Queen gave him the little purse by the hand saying, "My friend, this is the son of your lawful King. I confide him to your care." The robber responded to the appeal, and assisted the Queen and her son to rejoin their friends.

Store Closes at 10 O'clock Friday Evening, and 1 p. m. on Saturday.

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INFANTS' LONG WHITE DRESSES, trimmed tucking, lace and embroidery; for ages 1 to 3 years. CLEARANCE PRICES, 12c, 20c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, \$1.19, \$1.29 and \$1.49. Formerly 45c to \$3.00.

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INFANTS' LONG WHITE SKIRTS, trimmed tucking and embroidery. CLEARANCE PRICES, 20c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, \$1.19, \$1.29 and \$1.49. Formerly 60c to \$2.00.

CHILDREN'S WHITE NIGHT DRESSES, trimmed tucking and embroidery; for ages 1 to 5 years. CLEARANCE PRICES, 12c, 20c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, \$1.19, \$1.29 and \$1.49. Formerly 35c to \$2.00.

CHILDREN'S WHITE LAWN GIMMIES OR BLOUSES, trimmed tucking, lace and embroidery; for ages 2 to 12 years. CLEARANCE PRICES, 12c, 20c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, \$1.19, \$1.29 and \$1.49. Formerly 40c to \$2.00.

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