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MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENGINEER'S THUMB

(Continued.) "Fritz! Fritz!" she cried, in English, "remember your promise after the last time. You said it should not be again. He will be silent! Oh, he will be silent! "You are mad. This!" he shouted, struggling to break away from her. "You will be the ruin of us. He has seen too much. Let me pass, I say!" He dashed her to one side, and, rushing to the window, cut at me with his heavy weapon. I had let myself go, and was hanging by the hands to the sill, when his blow fell. I was conscious of a dull pain, my grip loosened and I fell into the garden below. "I was shaken but not hurt by the fall; so I picked myself up and rushed off among the bushes as hard as I could run, for I understood that I was far from being out of danger yet. Suddenly, however, as I ran, a deadly dizziness and sickness came over me. I glanced down at my hand, which was throbbing painfully, and then, for the first time saw that my thumb had been cut off and that the blood was pouring from my wound. I endeavored to tie my handkerchief round it, but there came a sudden buzzing in my ears, and next moment I fell in a dead faint among the rosebushes. "How long I remained unconscious cannot tell. It must have been a very long time, for the moon had sunk, and a bright morning was breaking when I came to myself. My clothes were all sodden with dew, and my coat-sleeve was drenched with blood from my wounded thumb. The smarting of it recalled in an instant all the particulars of my night's adventure, and I sprang to my feet with the feeling that I might hardly yet be safe from my pursuers. But, to my astonishment, when I came to look round me, neither house or garden were to be seen. I had been lying in an angle of the hedge close by the high-road, and just a little lower down was a long building, which proved, upon my approaching it, to be the very station at which I had arrived upon the previous night. Were it not for the ugly wound upon my hand, all that had passed during those dreadful hours might have been an evil dream. "Half dazed, I went into the station and asked about the morning train. There would be one to Reading in less than an hour. The same porter was on duty, I found, as had been there when I arrived. I inquired of him whether he had ever heard of Col. Lyssander Stark. The name

said Bradstreet. "Well, I have drawn my circle, and I only wish I knew at what point upon it the folk that we are in search of are to be found." "I think I could lay my finger on it," said Holmes, quietly. "Really, now?" cried the inspector, "you have formed your opinion? Come, now, we shall see who agrees with you. I say it is south, for the country is more densely wooded there." "And I say east," said my patient. "I am for west," remarked the plain-clothes man. "There are several quiet little villages up there." "And I am for south," said I, "because there are no hills there, and our friend says that he did not notice the carriage so up any." "Come," cried the inspector, laughing; "it's a very pretty diversity of opinion. We have boxed the compass among us. Who do you give your casting vote to?" "You are all wrong." "But we can't all be." "That we can't all be," he placed his finger on the centre of the circle. "This is where we shall find them." "But the twelve-mile drive?" gasped Hatherley. "Six out and six back. Nothing simpler. You say yourself that the horse was fresh and glossy when you got in. How could it be that if it had gone twelve miles over heavy roads?" "Indeed, it is a likely race enough," observed Bradstreet, thoughtfully. "Of course there can be no doubt as to the nature of this gang." "None at all," said Holmes. "They are coiners on a large scale, and have used the machine to form the amalgam which has taken the place of silver." "We have known for some time that a clever gang was at work," said the inspector. "They have been turning out half-crowns by the thousand. We even traced them as far as Reading, but could get no further, for they covered their traces in a way that showed they were very old hands. But now, thanks to this lucky chance, I think that we have got them right enough." "But the inspector was mistaken, for those criminals were not destined to fall into the hands of justice. As we rolled into Elyford station we saw a gigantic column of smoke streamed up from behind a small clump of trees in the neighborhood, and hung like an immense ostrich feather over the landscape." "A house on fire?" asked Bradstreet, as the train steamed off again on its way. "Yes, sir!" said the station master. "When did it break out?" "I hear that it was during the night, sir, but it has got worse, and the whole place is a blaze." "Whose house is it?" "Dr. Becher's." "Tell me," broke in the engineer, "Dr. Becher's German, very thin, with a long, sharp nose?" The station-master laughed heartily. "No, sir, Dr. Becher is an Englishman, and there isn't a man in the parish who has a better lined nosecoat. But he has a gentleman staying with him, a patient, as I understand, who is a foreigner, and

he looks as if a little good Berkshire beef would do him no harm." The station-master had not finished his speech before we were all hastening in the direction of the fire. The road topped a low hill, and there was a great wide-spread white-washed building in front of us, spouting fire at every chink and window, while in the garden in front three fire engines were vainly striving to keep the flames under. "That's it!" cried Hatherley, in intense excitement. "There is the gravel-drive, and there are the rose bushes where I lay. That second window is the one that I jumped from." "Well, at least," said Holmes, "you have had your revenge upon them. There is no question that it was your oil lamp which, when it was crushed in the press, set fire to the wooden walls, though no doubt they were too excited in the chase after you to observe it at the time. Now, keep your eyes open in this crowd for your friends of last night, though I very much fear that they are a good hundred miles off by now." And Holmes's fears came to be realized, for from that day to this no word has ever been heard either of the beautiful woman, the sinister German, or the moose-Englishman. Early that morning a peasant had met a cart containing several people and some very bulky boxes driving rapidly in the direction of Reading, but there all traces of the fugitives disappeared, and even Holmes's ingenuity failed ever to discover the least clue as to their whereabouts. The firemen had been much perturbed at the strange arrangements which they had found within, and still more so by discovering a newly severed thumb upon a window sill of the second floor. About sunset, however, their efforts were at last successful, and they subdued the flames, but not before the roof had fallen in, and the whole place been reduced to such absolute ruin that, save some twisted cylinders and iron piping, not a trace remained of the machinery which had cost our unfortunate acquaintance so dearly. Large masses of muck and of tin were discovered stored in an out-house, but no coils were to be found, which may have explained the presence of those bulky boxes which have been already referred to. How our hydraulic engineer had been conveyed from the garden to the spot where he recovered his senses might have remained forever a mystery were it not for the soft month, which told us a very plain tale. He had evidently been carried down by two persons, one of whom had remarkably small feet and the other unusually large ones. On the whole, it was most probable that the silent Englishman, being less bold or less unworldly than his companion, had assisted the woman to hear the retreating man out of the way of danger. "Well," said our engineer, ruefully, as we took our seats to return once more to London, "it has been a pretty business for me! I have lost my thumb and I have lost a fifty-guinea fee, and what have I gained?" "Experience," said Holmes, laughing.

HANGED IN THE GROVE Aged Inmate of the Alms House Committed Suicide Yesterday Afternoon.

Joseph Aisley an aged inmate of the Alms House, hanged himself yesterday afternoon to the limb of a tree little more than three feet from the ground in a grove near the institution. The body was found hanging to a small tree in a corner of the gardens surrounding the institution a little after 6 o'clock last evening. Life had evidently been extinct for fully an hour, and there was evidence to show that suicide was planned with considerable deliberation. The place where the body was discovered is a small grove to the right of the front entrance of the institution and directly overlooking Courtenay Bay. A few yards of window blind cord had been used, one end being knotted firmly around a bough about three feet above the ground. The unfortunate old man must have strangled to death, for when found his posture indicated such. He was wearing on his head a thick cloth cap, and in his hand was clutched his walking stick. Edward C. Wood, the Alms House superintendent, said last evening that the deceased was of German nationality, and had been admitted to the institution on February 10 last. He had lived in the vicinity of Grand Bay, and his entrance permit was signed by Commissioner Barnhill. "The old man had little to say to anybody," said Superintendent Wood. "He was very inoffensive and quiet. He used to spend much of his time just walking around the gardens with the other inmates. He never showed any signs of being demented, so far as I am aware, and though eighty years of age, enjoyed good health. He was last seen in the building at dinner time, when he took a hearty meal." The body was discovered by one of the attendants, Superintendent Wood was immediately notified, and he cut the body down. This case, Coroner Berryman and the Alms House commissioners were informed of what had happened. An inquest will probably be held.

NEW COMPANIES Thomas W. Fleet, John A. Fleet, Margaret J. Fleet, of Nelson, Charles P. Fleet, of Melrose (Mass.), and William J. Fleet, of Boston, are applying for incorporation as "The Thomas W. Fleet Lumber Company, Limited." The object is to take over and operate the milling and lumbering business of Thomas W. Fleet, of Nelson. The proposed capital stock is \$35,000. John Sayre, of Sussex, Jacob Sayre, of Amherst, Phillip G. Sayre, of Coogee, Rainy Sayre, of Coogee, Jessie E. Sayre of Beereville and Mary Sayre of Sussex, are seeking incorporation as "The Sayre Company, Limited." The object is to acquire and carry on the general business of the Sayre Co., at Sussex, capital stock to be \$2,000. Abdallah Sayre, of Weldford, Kent county, has assigned to Harold H. Parlee for the benefit of his creditors. A meeting of the latter is called at Sussex, Sept. 1st. Mr. Dipsey says he gives his advice to the Equitable (see what's happened to it)—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"QUITE SURPRISING" THE RAPID WAY THE IRVING CIGAR HAS GAINED IN POPULARITY GET THE HABIT--SAVE THE BANDS

THE LATEST SHERLOCK HOLMES STORIES Are being published exclusively by THE EVENING TIMES in this territory. These stories are now running in many of the largest papers in United States and Canada. Subscribe for the TIMES and get the Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes complete.

P. E. I. VESSEL LOST ON THE MAGDALENS Schooner Victory Was Driven on a Bar and Became a Total Wreck. Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug. 30—(Special)—Another Charlottetown vessel is lost, and the Magdalen have claimed another victim. This time it is the schooner Victory, owned and sailed by Captain Hugh Bruce, of this city. The Victory was coming out of Grand Entry yesterday, partly loaded with herring for the Portland Packing Company, when she was driven on the bar and became a total wreck. The crew consisting of three men besides the captain, are all saved. "Mr. Dipsey says he gives his advice to the Equitable (see what's happened to it)—Cleveland Plain Dealer. The Victory was here about ten days ago. Then she went to Cape Breton and took coal to Grand Entry. She was 88 tons register, built in 1880 at Mosher's River, (N. S.), and bought this spring by Captain Bruce from Augustus Leblanc. She is registered in Halifax. A TONGUE TWISTER A Boston man who was passing a vacation at one of the Maine lake resorts sends the following effusion which as an exercise in tongue twisting will make a good substitute for "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot to tot'er the tot could totter ought the Hottentot tot to taught to tot or taught or what ought to be taught her. If to tot and to tot the Hottentot tot, be taught by a Hottentot tutor ought the tutor get but if the Hottentot tot hoot and toot at the Hottentot totor.

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