

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1905.

MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE "GLORIA SCOTT."

(Continued.)

"I have some papers here," said my friend Sherlock Holmes, as we sat one winter's night on either side of the fire, "which I really think, Watson, that it would be worth your while to glance over. These are the documents in the extraordinary case of the Gloria Scott and this is the message which struck Justice of the Peace Trevor dead with horror when he read it."

He had picked from a drawer a little parchment cylinder and, unrolling the tape, he handed me a sheet not crumpled upon a half-sheet of stale newspaper.

"The supply of gases for London is going steadily up," he ran. "Head-keeper Winslow, we believe, has been now told to receive all orders for flypaper and for preservation of young hempham's life."

"You look a little bewildered," said he. "I cannot see how such a message as this could inspire horror. It seems to me to be rather grotesque than otherwise."

"Very likely. Yet the fact remains that the reader who was a fine, robust, old man, was knocked clean down by it as if it had been the butt end of a pistol."

"You assume my curiosity," said I. "What right did you say just now that there were very particular reasons why I should study this case?"

"Because it was the first in which I was ever engaged."

I had often endeavored to elicit from my companion what had first turned his mind in the direction of criminal research, but had never caught him before in a communicative humor. Now he sat forward in his armchair and spread out the documents upon his knees. Then he lit his pipe and sat for some time smoking and turning them over.

"You never heard me talk of Victor Trevor?" he asked. "He was the only friend I made during the two years I was at college. I was never a very sociable fellow. Watson, always rather fond of moping in my rooms and working out my own little methods of thought, so that I never mixed much with the men of my year."

"But fencing and boxing I had few athletic tastes, and then my line of study was quite distinct from that of the other fellows, so that we had no real contact at all. Trevor was the only man I knew."

"One evening, shortly after my arrival, we were sitting over a glass of port after dinner, when young Trevor began to talk about those habits of observation and inference which I had already formed into a system, although I had not yet appreciated the part which they were to play in my life. The old man evidently thought that his son was exaggerating in his description of one or two trivial facts which I had performed."

"Come, now, Mr. Holmes," said he, laughing good-humoredly. "I'm an excellent subject, if you can deduce anything from me."

"I fear there is not very much," I answered. "I might suggest that you have been about in fear of some personal attack within the last twelve months."

and that only through the accident of his bull terrier pressing on to my stable one morning as I went down to chapel.

"It was a curious way of forming a friendship, but it was effective. I was laid by the heels for ten days, and Trevor used to come in to inquire after me. At first it was only a minute's chat, but soon his visits lengthened, and before the end of the term we were close friends. He was a hearty, full-blooded fellow, full of spirit and energy, the very opposite to the most respects, but we had some subjects in common, and it was a bond of union when I found that he was as friendly as I. Finally, he invited me down to his father's place at Domesbury, in Norfolk, and I accepted his hospitality for a month of the long vacation."

"Old Trevor was evidently a man of some wealth and consideration, a J. P., and a landed proprietor. Domesbury is a little hamlet just to the north of Langmere, in the country of the Broads. The house was an old-fashioned, wide-spreading, oak-beamed brick building, with a five-lined avenue leading up to it. There were excellent wildfowl shooting in the fens, remarkably good fishing, a small but select library, taken over, as I understood, from a former owner, and a tolerable cook, so that he would be a fastidious man who could not put in a pleasant month there."

"Trevor senior was a widower, and my friend his only son."

"There had been a daughter, I heard, but she had died of diphtheria while on a visit to Birmingham. The father interested me extremely. He was a man of little culture, but with a considerable amount of rude strength, both physically and mentally. He knew hardly any books, but he had travelled far, had seen much of the world, and had remembered all that he had learned. In person he was a thick-set, burly man with a shock of grizzled hair, a broad, weather-beaten face, and blue eyes which were keen to the verge of fierceness. Yet he had a reputation for kindness and charity on the country side, and was noted for the leniency of his sentences from the bench."

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"The laugh faded from his lips, and he stared at me in great surprise."

"Well, that's true enough," said he. "You know, Victor, turning to his son, 'when we broke up that poaching gang they swore to knife me, and Sir Edward Holly has actually been attacked. I've always been on my guard since then, though I have no idea how you know it.'"

"You have a very handsome stick," I answered. "By the inscription I observed that you had not had it more than a year. Did you have taken some pains to bore the head of it and your mallet lead into the hole so as to make it a formidable weapon. I argued that you would not take such precautions unless you had some danger to fear."

"Anything else?" he asked, smiling.

"You have bored a good deal in your youth."

"Right again. How did you know it? Is my nose knocked a little out of the straight?"

"No," said I. "It is your ears. They have the peculiar flattening and thickening which marks the boxing man."

"Anything else?"

"You have done a good deal of digging by your callousities."

"Made all my money at the gold fields."

"You have been in New Zealand."

"Right again."

"You have visited Japan."

"And you have been most intimately associated with someone whose initials were J. A. and whom you afterward were eager to forget."

"Mr. Trevor stood slowly up, fixed his large blue eyes upon me with a strange wild stare, and then pitched forward, with his face among the wall-paper which stretched the cloth in a dead faint."

"You can imagine, Watson, how shocked both his son and I were. His attack did not last long, however, for when we undid his collar and sprinkled the water from one of the finger glasses over his face he gave a gasp or two and sat up."

"Ah, boys," said he, forcing a smile, "I hope I haven't frightened you. Strong as I look, there is a weak place in my heart, and it does not take much to knock me over. I don't know how you manage this, Mr. Holmes, but it seems to me that all the detectives of fact and of fancy would be children in your hands. That's your line of life, sir, and you may take the word of a man who has seen something of the world."

"And that recommendation, with the exaggerated estimate of my ability which he prefaced it, was, if you will believe me, Watson, the very first thing which ever made me feel that a profession might be made out of what had up to that time been the merest hobby. At the moment, however, I was too much concerned at the sudden illness of my host to think of anything else."

"I hope that I have said nothing to pain you," said I.

"Well, you certainly touched upon rather a tender point. Might I ask how you know, and how much you know?"

He spoke now in a half-jesting fashion, but a look of terror still lurked at the back of his eyes.

"It is simplicity itself," said I, "when you bared your arm to draw that ink into the host I saw that J. A. had been tattooed in the bend of the elbow. The letters were still legible, but it was perfectly clear from their blurred appearance and from the straining of the skin around them, that efforts had been made to obliterate them. It was obvious, then, that those initials had once been very familiar to you, and that you had afterwards wished to forget them."

"What an eye you have!" he cried, with a sigh of relief. "It is just as you say. But we won't talk of it. Of all ghosts the ghosts of our old lovers are the worst. Come into the billiard room and have a quiet pipe."

"From that day, and all his cordiality, there was always a touch of suspicion in Mr. Trevor's manner toward me. Even his son remarked it. 'You've given the governor such a turn,' said he, 'that he'll never be sure again of what you know and what you don't know.' He did not mean to show it. I am sure, but it was so strongly in my mind that it peeped out at every action. At last I became so convinced that I was causing him uneasiness that I drew my visit to a close. On the very day, however, before I left, an incident occurred which proved in the sequel to be of importance."

"We were sitting out upon the lawn on garden chairs, the three of us, basking in the sun and admiring the view across the Broads, when a maid came out to say that there was a man at the door who wanted to see Mr. Trevor."

"What his name?" asked my host.

"What does he want, then?"

"(To be continued.)"

THE BULL'S PREJUDICAMENT

The following took place on a freight train on the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad in North Carolina.

It seems that one of the cars contained a bull which was baited with a rope, and attached to the rope was a tag bearing the animal's destination.

MUST AGAIN STAND TRIAL

Cole's Case to be Taken Up in
Portland in January.

Portland, Me., Oct. 10.—(Special.)—Edward F. Cole must again stand trial on the charge of murdering his friend, John F. Steeves, of Hillsboro (N. B.). When the jury early this morning brought in word of their disagreement, it was the general opinion that the state would not press the charge, and let the prisoner go free, but County Attorney Eaton today announced that this would not be done, and that the case would be brought to trial in the January term of the superior court, the first available date.

There is one witness whom neither side summoned at the trial just closed, and whose testimony may have an important bearing on the final verdict. This is a man at a coal plant here, whom Cole says he went to see on the morning of April 12 to secure employment. He was interviewed by the state, it is said, but his evidence was not likely to be beneficial to its case. The defence may produce him in January, and his testimony may decide the trial.

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Lectures at York Theatre.

Commencing tomorrow night and continuing five nights, Prof. William Winslow, LL.B., Ph.D., president of the Boston College of Vitosophy, and the world's most eminent phrenologist, will lecture on the new science of character known as "Vitosophy," which is now attracting world-wide attention. "Vitosophy" proves that it is unnecessary for any one to be either poor, sick, weak or unhappy and insures happiness to all who practice it by putting each person in his right vocation, environment, climate and companionship. The following clipping from the Bloomington, Illinois, Daily Bulletin, attests the high standing of Prof. Winslow in the United States:

"The gentleman modestly lecturing at the Coliseum the past week is one of the most noted characters in America. The man at a coal plant here, whom Cole says he went to see on the morning of April 12 to secure employment. He was interviewed by the state, it is said, but his evidence was not likely to be beneficial to its case. The defence may produce him in January, and his testimony may decide the trial."

John M. Driscoll has returned from Montreal.

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