MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

MEMOIRS OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES,

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE COPPER BEECHES

(Continued.)

"'My sole duties, then,' I asked, 'are to take charge of a single child?'

"'No, no, not the sole, not the sole, my dear young lady' he cried. 'Your duty would be, as I am sure your good sense would suggest, to obey any little commands my wife might give provided always that they were such commands as a lady might with propriety obey. You see no difficulty, heh?'

"'I should be happy to make myself useful.'

"'Quite so. In dress now, for example. We are faddy people, you know—faddy but kind hearted. If you were asked to wear any dress which we might give you, you would not object to our little whim, heh?'

"'No,' said I, considerably astonished at his words.

"'Or to sit here or sit there—that would not be offensive to you?'

"'Oh, no.'

"'Or to cut your hair quite short before you come to us.'

"I could hardly believe my ears. As you may observe, Mr. Holmes, my hair is somewhat luxuriant and of a rather peculiar tint of chestnut. It has been considered artistic. I could not dream of sacrificing it in this off-hand fashion.

"'I am afraid that that is quite impossible,' said I. He had been watching me eagerly out of his small eyes, and I could see a shadow pass over his face as I spoke.

"'I am afraid that it is quite essential,' said he. 'It is a little fancy of my wife's, and ladies' fancies, you know, madam, ladies' fancies must be consulted. And so you won't cut your hair?'

"'No, sir, I really could not' I answered firmly.

"'Ah, very well;' then that quite settles the matter. It is a pity, because in other respects you would really have done very nicely. In that case Miss Stoper, I had best inspect a few more of your young ladies.'

"The manageress had sat all this while busy with her papers without a word to either of us, but she glanced at me now with so much annoyance upon her face that I could not help suspecting that she had lost a handsome commission through my refusal.

"'Do you desire your name to be kept upon the books?' she asked.

"'If you please, Miss Stoper.'

"'Well, really, it seems rather useless, since you refuse the most excellent offers in this fashion,' said she, sharply. 'You can hardly expect us to exert ourselves to find another such opening for you. Good-day to you, Miss Hunter,' She struck a gong upon the table and I was shown out by the page.

"Well, Mr. Holmes when I got back to my lodgings and found little enough in the cupboard and two or three bills upon the table I began to ask myself whether I had not done a very foolish thing. After all, if these people had strange fads and expected obedience on the most extraordinary matters, they were at least ready to pay for their eccentricity. Very few governesses in England are getting £100 a year. Besides, what use was my hair to me? Many people are improved by wearing it short, and perhaps I should be among the number. Next day I was inclined to think that I had made a mistake, and by the day after I was sure of it. I had almost overcome my pride so far as to go back to the agency and inquire whether the place was still open, when I received this letter from the gentleman himself. I have it here, and I will read it to you.

"The Copper Beeches, near Winchester.

"'Dear Miss Hunter: Miss Stoper has very kindly given me your address, and I write from here to ask you whether you have reconsidered your decision. My wife is very anxious that you should come, for she has been much attracted by my description of you. We are willing to give £30 a quarter, or £120 a year, so as to recompense you for any little inconvenience which our fads may cause you. They are not very exacting after all. My wife is fond of a particular shade of electric blue, and would like you to wear such a dress indoors in the morning. You need not, however, go to the expense of purchasing one, as we have one belonging to my dear daughter, Alice (now in Philadelphia). which would, I should think, fit you very well. Then, as to sitting here or there, or amusing yourself in any manner indicated, that need cause you no inconvenience. As regards your hair, it is no doubt a pity, especially as I could not help remarking its beauty during our short interview, but I am afraid I must remain firm upon this point, and I only hope that the increased salary may recompense you for the loss. Your duties, as far as the child is concerned, are very light. Now, do try to come, and I shall meet you with the dog cart at Winchester. Let me know your train. Yours faithfully,

JEPHRO RUCASTLE.'

"That is the letter which I have just received, Mr. Holmes, and my mind is made up that I will accept it. I thought, however, that before taking the final step I should like to submit the whole matter to you for consideration."

"Well, Miss Hunter, if your mind is made up, that settles the question" said Holmes, smiling.

"But you would not advise me to refuse?"

"I confess that it is not the situation which I should like to see a sister of mine apply for."

"What is the meaning of it all, Mr. Holmes?"

"Ah, I have no data. I cannot tell. Perhaps you have yourself formed some opinion?"

"Well, there seems to me to be only one possible solution. Mr. Rucastle seemed to be a very kind, good-natured man. Is it not possible that his wife is a lunatic, that he desires to keep the matter quiet for fear she should be taken to an asylum, and that he humors her fancies in every way in order to prevent an outbreak?"

"That is a possible solution in fact, as the matter stands, it is the most probable one. But in any case, it does not seem to be a nice household for a young lady."

"But the money, Mr. Holmes, the money!"

"Well, yes, of course, the pay is good—too good. That is what makes me uneasy. Why should they give you £120 a year, when they could have their pick for £40? There must be some strong reason behind."

"I thought that if I told you the circumstances you would understand afterward if I wanted your help. I should feel so much stronger if I felt that you were at the back of me."

"Oh, you may carry that feeling away with you. I assure you that your little problem promises to be the most interesting which has come my way for some months. There is something distinctly novel about some of the features. If you should find yourself in doubt or in danger"——

"Danger! What danger do you foresee?"

Holmes shook his head gravely.

"It would cease to be a danger if we could define it," said he. "But at any time, day or night, a telegram would bring me down to your help."

"That is enough." She rose briskly from her chair with the anxiety all swept from her face. "I shall go down to Hampshire quite easy in my mind now. I shall write to Mr. Rucastle at once, sacrifice my poor hair tonight and start for Winchester tomorrow." With a few grateful words to Holmes she bade us both good-night and bustled off upon her way.

"At least," said I, as we heard her quick, firm step descending the stairs, "she seems to be a young lady who is very well able to take care of herself."

"And she would need to be," said Holmes, gravely, "for I am much mistaken if we do not hear from her before many days are past."

It was not very long before my friend's prediction was fulfilled. A fortnight went by, during which I frequently found my thoughts turning in her direction and wondering what strange side-alley of human experience this lonely woman had strayed into. The unusual salary, the curious conditions, though whether a fad or a plot, or whether the man were a philanthropist or a villain, it was quite beyond my powers to determine. As to Holmes, I observed that he sat frequently for half an hour on end, with knitted brows and an abstracted air, but he swept the matter away with a wave of his hand when I mentioned it. "Data! data! data!" he cried impatiently. "I can't make bricks without clay." And yet he would always wind up by muttering that no sister of his should ever have accepted such a situation.

The telegram which we eventually received came late one night, just as I was thinking of turning in, and Holmes was settling down to one of those all-night chemical researches which he frequently indulged in, when I would leave him stooping over a retort and a test-tube at night and find him in the same position when I came down to breakfast in the morning. He opened the yellow envelope, and then, glancing at the message, threw it across to me.

"Just look up the trains in Bradshaw," said he, and turned back to his chemical studies.

The summons was a brief and urgent one:

"Please be at the Black Swan Hotel at Winchester at mid-day to-morrow," it said. "Do come! I'm at my wits' end.

HUNTER."

"Will you come with me?" asked Holmes, glancing up.

"I should wish to."

"Just look it up, then."

"There is a train at half-past nine," said I, glancing over my Bradshaw. "It is due at Winchester at 11.30."

"That will do very nicely. Then perhaps I had better postpone my analysis of the acetones, as we may need to be at our best in the morning."

By eleven o'clock the next day we were well upon our way to the old English capital. Holmes had been buried in the morning papers all the way down, but after we passed the Hampshire border he threw them down and began to admire the scenery. It was an ideal spring day, a light-blue sky flecked with little fleecy white clouds drifting across from west to east. The sun was shining very brightly, and yet there was an exhilarating nip in the air which set an edge to a man's energy. All over the countryside, away to the rolling hills around Aldershot, the little red and gray roofs of the farm-steadings peeped out from amid the light green of the new foliage.

"Are they not fresh and beautiful?" I cried with all the enthusiasm of a man fresh from the fogs of Baker street.

But Holmes shook his head gravely.

"Do you know, Watson," said he, "that it is one of the curses of a mind with a turn like mine that I must look at everything with reference to my own special subject. You look at these scattered houses and you are impressed by their beauty. I look at them, and the only thought which comes to me is a feeling of isolation and of the impunity with which crime may be committed there."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Who would associate crime with these dear old homesteads?"

"They always fill me with a certain horror. It is my belief, Watson, founded upon my experience, that the lowest and vilest alleys in London do not present a more dreadful record of sin than does the smiling and beautiful countryside."

"You horrify me!"

"But the reason is very obvious. The pressure of public opinion can do in the town what the law cannot accomplish. There is no lane so vile that the scream of a tortured child or the thud of a drunkard's blow does not beget sympathy and indignation among the neighbors, and then the whole machinery of justice is ever so close that a word of complaint can set it going, and there is but a step between the crime and the dock. But look at these lonely houses, each in its own fields, filled for the most part with poor, ignorant folk who know little of law. Think of the deeds of hellish cruelty, the hidden wickedness which may go on, year in, year out, in such places, and none the wiser. Had this lady who appeals to us for help gone to live in Winchester I should never have had a fear for her. It is the five miles of country which makes the danger. Still, it is clear that she is not personally threatened."

"No. If she can come to Winchester to meet us she can get away."

"Quite so. She has her freedom."

"What can be the matter, then? Can you suggest no explanation?"

"I have devised seven separate explanations, each of which would cover the facts as far as we know them. But which of these is correct can only be determined by the fresh information which we shall no doubt find waiting for us. Well, there is the tower of the cathedral, and we shall soon learn all that Miss Hunter has to tell."

The Black Swan is an inn of repute in the High street, at no distance from the station, and there we found the young lady waiting for us. She had engaged a sitting-room, and our lunch awaited us upon the table.

"I am so delighted that you have come," she said, earnestly. "It is so very kind of you both; but indeed I do not know what I should do. Your advice will be altogether invaluable to me."

"Pray tell us what has happened to you."

"I will do so, and I must be quick, for I have promised Mr. Rucastle to be back before three. I got his leave to come into town this morning, though he little knew for what purpose."

"Let us have everything in its due order." Holmes thrust his long, thin legs out toward the fire and composed himself to listen.

"In the first place, I may say that I have met, on the whole, with no actual ill-treatment from Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle. It is only fair to them to say that, But I cannot understand them, and I am not easy in my mind about them."

"What can you not understand?"

(To be Continued.)

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

KINGS COUNTY PROBATE

Hampton, N. B., Sept. 11—The probate court of Kings county, after proof of the will of the late T. A. Langstroth, D. D. S., of Sussex, deceased, issued letters testamentary to the widow, Mrs. Julia H. Langstroth, sole executrix named in the will. The estate is valued at $1,000 real and $100 personal property. A. A. Stockton, K. C., proctor.

Letters of administration of the estate of the late John J. Gormley, of Waterford, deceased, were, on petition, granted to his father, James Gormley. The estate consists of personal property, valued at $160. George Myers and J. M. McIntyre were accepted as bondsmen. J. M. McIntyre, proctor.

The citation to pass the accounts of Mrs. Isabel M. Morrell, widow, administratrix of the estate of the late John Morrell, of Hampton, deceased, issued on July 20th, was returnable September 7, and after proof of service, the accounts were duly passed. W. E. Trueman, proctor.

Ottawa, Sept. 11—(Special)—The Canada Central fair opened oday. The weather was excellent and the attendance large.

A Serious Strike

There's "a strike on" from head to foot when the Kidneys stop working properly. Dull headaches, tiredness, dizziness, puffiness under the eyes, bad skin, foul stomach, no appetite, sharp pains in the back, swollen feet—all due to Kidney Trouble.

It may be weakness, or the beginning of a serious disease.

It is DANGEROUS. Sick Kidneys make mind and body sick.

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cure sick Kidneys. They do that one thing—do it every time. They make the Kidneys well—and keep them well. If there is anything wrong with the Kidneys, GIN PILLS never fail to relieve the pain and CURE the trouble. We have such faith in GIN PILLS that we authorize your druggist to refund the money if they fail to cure.

50c a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at your druggists or we will send you a box free if you write mentioning this paper.

THE BOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

MONCTON WOMAN DROPPED DEAD

Mrs. Placide Gogan Died Suddenly Yesterday---Japanese Official in Moncton.

Moncton, Sept. 11—(Special)—Mrs. Gogan, wife of Placide S. Gogan, a well-known I. C. R. employe, dropped dead while sitting in her home on Cornhill street about 3.30 this afternoon. Mrs. Gogan had been suffering from heart trouble for some years, but was in about her usual health. She was out driving yesterday and attended church and was about town this morning. She got dinner for her husband. After dinner one of her neighbors was in to see her, and she remarked that she was feeling better than for some time, but a few moments later she fell from her chair and expired immediately. Heart trouble was the cause of death. Deceased was fifty-six years of age, and is survived by her husband. She was a sister of J. J. Crossman, of I. C. R., Moncton.

The body of Gunner Drake, who was killed about ten days ago by falling from a train near Ottawa, was brought to Moncton this morning for burial. Deceased's parents live at Turtle Creek, Albert county, and the body was interred at Upper Coverdale.

Yoshia Kinoshita, formerly passenger traffic manager of the Japanese government railways, is here inquiring into the system of operating the Intercolonial. Kinoshita has been sent out by the Japanese government to gather western ideas in reference to the management of big railways and especially to learn something about the system relating to passenger and freight traffic. He met Hon. H. R. Emmerson and Deputy M. J. Butler, General Manager Pottinger, and other I. C. R. officials, and was much pleased with the courtesy shown him.

Kinoshita, when asked about the peace terms did not care to discuss them, but said no doubt there was a good deal of dissatisfaction among his people over the terms. He thought it was better for a nation to make peace, as they could make money by working and not by fighting.

Kinoshita left tonight for Quebec and will spend a few months more in Canada and the United States before returning home to report to his government.

ONE MAY DIE

Ottawa, Sept. 11—(Special)—The only one who is expected not to recover from today's accident on the C. P. R. at Hammond is D. Cole, colored porter, who received internal injuries. Engineer Gaffner, although badly hurt, is doing fairly well and Cardwell, the colored porter, will pull through. On Cardwell's person was his diploma as a medical man. He talked cooly of his injuries and said that the fracture to his skull was not serious.

STEAMER SEIZED

Russian Officials Capture a Craft Loaded With Arms and Ammunition.

Helsingfors, Finland, Sept. 11—Customs officials discovered on Saturday a store containing 660 carbines of Swedish manufacture with bayonets and 120,000 cartridges on a barren island in the Gulf of Bothia, near Kemi. On Saturday morning a boat belonging to the customs service discovered a 300 ton steamer near Kalfskaer Rock, 20 miles outside Jakobstad. The captain and members of the crew, who spoke in English, declared that the steamer was fully loaded with rifles and cartridges and thereupon the customs officials ordered the captain to take his vessel into port and discharge its cargo.

The steamer proceeded towards the shore, the customs boat going in the meanwhile toward a nearby island. Suddenly several explosions were heard from the steamer and the customs officers on returning found the vessel sinking and her crew in lifeboats disappearing hurriedly towards the south. The officers impressed into service a number of fishermen who unloaded most of the rifles and ammunition on the beach.

The steamer grounded in shoal water. Her name was painted over, only the letters "John Bash fton" being visible. American and German flags were found on board the vessel.

FISHERY REPORT

HALIFAX, Sept. 11.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Digby—Herring plenty; hake and haddock fair.
Pt. La Tour—Haddock and halibut fair.
Salmon River—Cod and halibut fair.
Lunenburg—Cod fair; other branches dull.
Sambro—Few cod fish reported; no bait.
Margaree—Cod and haddock reported plenty.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Malpeque—Cod fair.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Pt. Escuminac—Cod fair; no mackerel.

QUEBEC.

Port Daniel—Cod fair; no herring.
Gascons—Cod, herring and squid fair.
Newport Point—Cod and herring fair.
Pt. St. Peter—Cod, herring and squid fair.
All branches dull at Alberton, Arichat, West Arichat, Lockeport, Sand Point, Chéticamp, Port Hood, Petit de Grat, Descousse, Bloomfield, Louisburg, and Southwest Point, Anticosti.

BAIT AND ICE.

Bait obtainable at Annapolis Basin, Digby, North Head, Seal Cove, Ripplings, Grand Manan.

Bait obtainable at Northhead, Seal Cove and Ripplings, Grand Manan.

Ice at Digby, Tiverton, Freeport, Westport, St. Mary's Bay, Sandy Cove, Yarmouth, Whitehead, Canso, Georgetown, Port la Tour, Lockeport, Lunenburg, Pubnico, Queensport, Pt. Hood Island, Liverpool, Louisburg, Arichat, Seven Islands, North Head, Grand Manan, Half Island Cove and Halifax.

Frozen bait at Pt. Mulgrave, Half Island Cove and Queensport.

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Tones the Stomach and Stirs the Liver to Healthy Action

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