

## REMINISCENCES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

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### The ADVENTURE OF THE DEVIL'S FOOT

(Continued.)

"I have lived so long among savages and beyond the law," said he, "that I have got into a way of being a law to myself. You would do well, Mr. Holmes, not to forget it, for I have no desire to do you an injury."

"Nor have I any desire to do you an injury, Dr. Sterndale. Surely the clearest proof of it is that, knowing what I know, I have sent for you and not for the police."

Sterndale sat down with a gasp, overawed, perhaps, the first time in his adventurous life. There was a calm assurance of power in Holmes' manner which could not be withstood. Our visitor stammered for a moment, his great hands opening and shutting in his agitation.

"What do you mean?" he asked, at last. "If this is bluff upon your part, Mr. Holmes, you have chosen a bad man for your experiment. Let us have no more beating about the bush. What do you mean?"

"I will tell you," said Holmes, "and the reason why I tell you is that I hope frankness may beget frankness. What my next step may be will depend entirely upon the nature of your own defense."

"My defense."

"Yes, sir."

"My defense against what?"

"Against the charge of killing Mortimer Tregennis."

Sterndale mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Upon my word, you are getting on," said he. "Do all your successes depend upon this prodigious power of bluff?"

"The bluff," said Holmes, sternly, "is upon your side, Dr. Leon Sterndale, and not upon mine. As a proof I will tell you some of the facts upon which my conclusions are based. Of your return to Plymouth, allowing much of your property to go on to Africa, I will say nothing save that it first informed me that you were one of the factors which had to be taken into account in reconstructing this drama."

"I came back—"

"I have heard your reasons and regard them as unconvincing and inadequate. We will pass that. You came down here to ask me whom I suspected. I refused to answer you. You then went to the vicarage, waited outside it for some time, and finally returned to your cottage."

"How do you know that?"

"I followed you."

"I saw no one."

"That is what you may expect to see when I follow you. You spent a restless night at your cottage, and you formed certain plans, which in the early morning you proceeded to put into execution. Leaving your door just as day was breaking, you filled your pocket with some reddish gravel which was lying beside your gate."

Sterndale gave a violent start and looked at Holmes in amazement.

"You then walked swiftly for the mile which separated you from the vicarage. You were wearing, I may remark, the same pair of ribbed tennis shoes which are at the present moment upon your feet. At the vicarage you passed through the orchard and the side hedge, coming out under the window of the lodger, Tregennis. It was now daylight, but the household was not yet stirring. You drew some of the gravel from your pocket, and you threw it up at the window above you."

Sterndale sprang to his feet.

"I believe that you are the devil himself!" he cried.

Holmes smiled at the compliment. "It took two, or possibly three, handshakes before the lodger came to the window. You beckoned him to come down. He dressed hurriedly and descended to his sitting-room. You entered by the window. There was an interview—a short one—during which you walked up and down the room. Then you passed out and closed the window, standing on the lawn outside smoking a cigar and watching what occurred. Finally, after the death of Tregennis, you withdrew as you had come. Now, Dr. Sterndale, how do you justify such conduct, and what were the motives of your actions? If you prevaricate or trifle with me, I give you my assurance that the matter will pass out of my hands forever."

Our visitor's face had turned ashen gray as he listened to the words of his accuser. Now he sat for some time in thought with his face sunk in his hands. Then, with a sudden impulsive gesture, he plucked a photograph from his breast pocket, and

threw it on the rustic table before us. "That is why I have done it," said he.

It showed the bust and face of a very beautiful woman. Holmes stooped over it.

"Brenda Tregennis," said he.

"Yes, Brenda Tregennis," repeated our visitor. "For years I have loved her. For years she has loved me. That is the secret of that Cornish seclusion which people have marveled at. It has brought me close to the one thing on earth that was dear to me. I could not marry her, for I have a wife who has left me for years, and yet whom, by the deplorable laws of England, I could not divorce. For years I waited. And this is what we have waited for." A terrible sob shook his great frame, and he clutched his throat under his brindle beard. Then with an effort he mastered himself and spoke on.

"The vicar knew. He was in our confidence. He would tell you that she was an angel upon earth. That was why he telegraphed to me and I returned. What was my baggage or Africa to me when I learned that such a fate had come upon my darling? There you have the missing clew to my action, Mr. Holmes."

"Proceed," said my friend.

Dr. Sterndale drew from his pocket a paper packet and laid it upon the table. On the outside was written, "Radix pedis diaboli," with a red poison label beneath it. He pushed it towards me. "I understand that you are a doctor, sir. Have you ever heard of this preparation?"

"Devil's-foot root! No, I have never heard of it."

"It is no reflection upon your professional knowledge," said he, "for I believe that, save for one sample in a laboratory at Buda, there is no other specimen in Europe. It has not yet found its way either into the pharmacopoeia or into the literature of toxicology. The root is shaped like a foot, half human, half goatlike; hence the fanciful name given by a botanical missionary. It is used as an ordeal poison by the medicine-men in certain districts of West Africa, and is kept a secret among them. This particular specimen I obtained under very extraordinary circumstances in the Ubanghi country." He opened the paper as he spoke, and disclosed a heap of reddish-brown, snail-like powder.

"Well, sir," said Holmes, sternly.

"I am about to tell you, Mr. Holmes, all that actually occurred, for you already know so much that it is clearly to my interest that you should know all. I have already explained the relationship in which I stood to the Tregennis family. For the sake of the sister I was friendly with the brothers. There was a family quarrel about money which estranged this man Mortimer, but it was supposed to be made up, and I afterwards met him



Sterndale Sprang to His Feet.

as I did the others. He was a sly, subtle, scheming man, and several things arose which gave me a suspicion of him, but I had no cause for any positive quarrel.

"One day, only a couple of weeks ago, he came down to my cottage and I showed him some of my African curiosities. Among other things, I exhibited this powder, and I told him of its strange properties, how it stimulates those brain centers which control the emotion of fear, and how either madness or death is the fate of the unhappy native who is subjected to the ordeal by the priest of his tribe. I told him also how powerless European science would be to detect it. How he took it I cannot say, for I never left the room, but there is no doubt that it was then, while I

## Perfumer's Day Will Come

Then He Will Have Odors That Will Move Mankind Most Profoundly.

A perfumer was talking shop. "When will my trade," he said, "develop as it should? When will perfume sway men's minds as drink and fame do now?"

"I have a dog. Often in the country my dog will spy a dead, rotting, sun-dried bird or fish. The odor of that carcass fills my dog with ecstasy. He rolls upon it in a delirium. It is difficult, even with a club, to make him stop. Well, there, just there, is the perfume that sways dogs, and a dog perfumer, patenting it, would become a billionaire."

"The serpent arum is a plant of strong odor. The arum has, indeed, a stench. Well, this stench attracts to it from miles around all those insects that fed on carrion. If you look into

was opening cabinets and stooping to boxes, that he managed to abstract some of the devil's-foot root. I well remember how he pilled me with questions as to the amount and the time that was needed for its effect, but I little dreamed that he could have a personal reason for asking.

"I thought no more of the matter until the vicar's telegram reached me at Plymouth. This villain had thought that I would be at sea before the news could reach me, and that I should be lost for years in Africa. But I returned at once. Of course, I could not listen to the details without feeling assured that my poison had been used. I came round to see you on the chance that some other explanation had suggested itself to you. But there could be none. I was convinced that Mortimer Tregennis was the murderer; that for the sake of money, and with the idea, perhaps, that if the other members of his family were all insane he would be the sole guardian of their joint property, he had used the devil's-foot powder upon them, driven two of them out of their senses, and killed his sister Brenda, the one human being whom I have ever loved or who has ever loved me. There was his crime; what was to be his punishment?"

"Should I appeal to the law? Where were my proofs? I knew that the facts were true, but could I help to make a jury of countrymen believe so fantastic a story? I might or I might not. But I could not afford to fail. My soul cried out for revenge. I have said to you once before, Mr. Holmes, that I have spent much of my life outside the law, and that I have come at last to be a law to myself. So it was now. I determined that the fate which he had given to others should be shared by himself. Either that, or I would do justice upon him with my own hand. In all England there can be no man who sets less value upon his own life than I do at the present moment."

"Now I have told you all. You have yourself supplied the rest. I did, as you say, after a restless night, set off early from my cottage. I foresaw the difficulty of arousing him, so I gathered some gravel from the pile which you have mentioned, and I used it to throw up to his window. He came down and admitted me through the window of the sitting-room. I laid his offense before him. I told him I had come both as judge and executioner. The wretch sank into a chair paralyzed at the sight of my revolver. I lit the lamp, put the powder above it, and stood outside the window, ready to carry out my threat to shoot him should he try to leave the room. In five minutes he died. My God! how he died! But my heart was flint, for he endured nothing which my innocent darling had not felt before him. There is my story, Mr. Holmes. Perhaps, if you loved a woman, you would have done as much yourself. At any rate, I am in your hands. You can take what steps you like. As I have already said, there is no man living who can fear death less than I do."

Holmes sat for some time in silence. "What were your plans?" he asked, at last.

"I had intended to bury myself in Central Africa. My work there is but half finished."

"Go and do the other half," said Holmes. "I, at least, am not prepared to prevent you."

Dr. Sterndale raised his giant figure, bowed gravely, and walked from the arbor. Holmes lit his pipe and handed me his pouch.

"Some fumes which are not poisonous would be a welcome change," said he. "I think you must agree, Watson, that it is not a case in which we are called upon to interfere. Our investigation has been independent, and our action shall be also. You would not denounce the man?"

"Certainly not," I answered.

"I have never loved, Watson, but if I did, and if the woman I loved had met such an end, I might act even as our lawless lion-hunter has done. Who knows? Well, Watson, I will not offend your intelligence by explaining what is obvious. The gravel under the window-sill was, of course, the starting point of my research. It was unlike anything in the vicarage garden. Only when my attention had been drawn to Dr. Sterndale and his cottage did I find its counterpart. The lamp shining in broad daylight and the remains of powder upon the shield were successive links in a fairly obvious chain. And now, my dear Watson, I think we may dismiss the matter from our minds, and go back with a clear conscience to the study of those Chaldean roots which are surely to be traced in the Cornish branch of the great Celtic speech."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WILLIE HOPPE RETAINS BILLIARD TITLE



Champion Willie Hoppe.

Willie Hoppe retained his title as champion at 18.2 ball-line billiards by defeating Ora Morningstar in the final game of the championship tournament, 500 to 276.

Hoppe won first place in the tournament, having six wins to his credit

and one game lost. Second place went to Slosson, who won five games and lost two. Morningstar and Yamada, the Japanese, tied for third place, each with four games won and two lost. In the play-off Yamada won, thereby securing third position.

## RETURN BATTLE IS WANTED

Mandot, Clever Little New Orleans Pugilist, Seeks Another Fight With Joe Rivers.

In a recent fight between Mandot, the clever little New Orleans fighter, more popularly known as the French "Baker Boy," and Joe Rivers, the Mexican, held at Los Angeles, the former was clearly outpointed. Man-



Mandot, New Orleans Fighter.

dot is not satisfied, however, and is now seeking a return battle. In the first battle between these two little fellows Mandot was declared the victor.

## Chance Strong for Hofman.

A letter from former Manager Frank Chance of the Chicago Cubs says that he expects Artie Hofman to be a star for the Pittsburgh Pirates next season. He scored President Murphy for letting Hofman go in the trade with King Cole for Leach and Leifield. "Hofman should bat over .300, run the bases in old-time form and as a fielder give Pittsburgh the best man it has had since Fred Clarke retired as a player," says Chance's letter.

## Sculler Arnt to Become Farmer.

Richard Arnt, former champion professional sculler, who lost his title to Ernest Barry, the English champion, intends to settle on land in Sydney, Durnan, of Toronto, who was beaten by Barry, declares that no sculler on the American continent could compete successfully with Barry.

## Trial for Jacinto Calvo.

Jacinto Calvo, the young Cuban outfielder who will be given a trial by the Washington club next spring, in five times up against Jack Coombs of the Athletics poled out three safeties. Many members of the Athletics predict a great future for the youngster.

## GOSSIP AMONG SPORTS

Frank Navin has not been heard of since Ty Cobb asked for \$15,000 a year.

The Three-I league will open its 1913 season April 24 and close on Labor day.

George Stallings says if he fails in Beantown next season he will retire from the game.

Football players could get in shape by taking part in the rush for tickets for their big games.

Norgren, right half-back, deserves all the C's he was given and then some, the critics say.

Dick Smith, manager of the Springfield, Ill., team, will manage the Scranton team next season.

It is reported that Arthur Devlin the former Giant star, would like to play with the Senators.

Coombs, Plank and White were the pitchers who went through the season without making an error.

Minor league magnates are reported to favor the "limiting of salaries rule" they passed at Milwaukee.

It is denied at Kansas City there is any thought of trading Jap Barbeau to Indianapolis for Otto Williams.

Harry Steinfeldt is an applicant for the position as manager of the Columbus American association club.

Manager Clark Griffith picks Joe Engel, the young Washington twirler, to be a pitching star for the 1913 season.

American league pitchers are hoping against hope that Ty Cobb and President Navin will never come to terms.

John M. Ward didn't "stick" as manager at Boston, but he stayed the limit with the president of the American league.

Charley Brickley, Harvard's hero, has been offered \$500 per week by a New York agency for a little vaudeville sketch.

Carl Crandall, brother of Otis Crandall of the Giants, will get a chance to play short for the Indianapolis team next season.

Joe Wood had a wonderful season and it is doubtful if his .872 percent age for thirty-nine games will ever be duplicated.

Manager Jack Hayden is popular with the Louisville fans. They believe he will help the team rise to the top the coming season.

Artie Phelan doesn't seem to be much of a hit with the Reds. In every deal they propose they offer Artie as one of the men.

The Philadelphia Athletics will play an exhibition game with the Newark club at Newark on the latter's return from its training trip April 6.

Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics are picked to win the rag next season. The showing of the Mackmen in Cuba has boosted the rating.

Pendleton, star Princeton football and baseball player, is a much interviewed athlete. Some day a major league scout will look him over.

## START OF MAJOR LEAGUES

Resumption of Pennant Making Business Will Be on April 10 and Wind Up on October 5.

The business of pennant making in the big leagues will be resumed Thursday, April 10, next. This was the announcement made by President B. B. Johnson of the American league, who with Tom Lynch, head of the older organization, comprise a committee empowered to select the starting time for the flag race. Both leagues will get under way at the same dates, with prospects of 154-game schedules.

The date picked for the next campaign is no earlier than last year when the teams didn't encounter a great deal of trouble with cold weather. A week or ten days later would have been still suitable to several of the magnates, while still others think that they ought to start before the snow melts. The matter is placed in the hands of the league chiefs just on this account, as petty squabbling was eliminated and the presidents also see to it that the season is closed in time to permit the playing of the world series before steam is sizzling in the radiator.

By starting on April 10 the race will wind up probably October 4 in the eastern towns and October 5 in the west, where Sunday games stretch out the dying gasp. The closing on October 5 means that the world series games, whether played in the east or west, or between teams from each section, will begin on Tuesday, October 7. This is the same scheme that existed this fall.

The experiences of 1911 furnished a lasting lesson to the big league. Held back by the needless drawing out of the National race, the world series did not get under way until the middle of October, and the miserable weather which caused the match to cover a period of over two weeks convinced the powers that be that some concerted action was necessary.

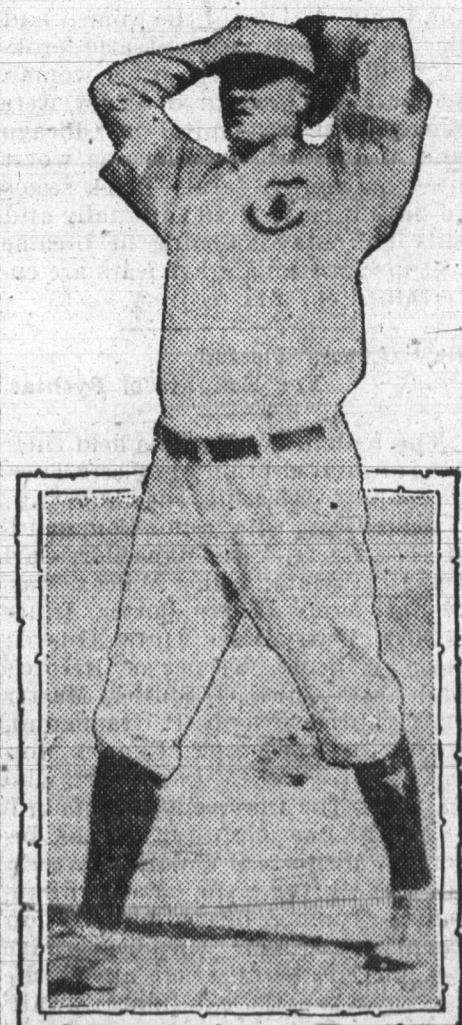
## CHANCE PLAYS CLEVER GAME

Recently Deposed Cub Leader Helps Los Angeles Team Win—Overall In Grand Form.

Frank Chance's baseball playing days are not ended. When he departed from Chicago for his home in Glendora, Cal., it was said he never would be able to make the round of the sacks again. However, he played in a contest at Los Angeles, Cal., a few days ago, and expects to participate in many more.

Chance was home only a few days when he was asked to take part in an exhibition contest. He readily consented, declaring his health would permit. Although he had promised to be on hand, it was not thought he would appear when the time came. He was present when the bell rang and played a fast game at first base and went through the innings without a murmur. His team won, 3 to 2.

Chance rather regretted it the following day, as his muscles were so lame he was barely able to walk. Yet



Orvie Overall.

he enjoyed the exercise and said he probably would play in the winter league on the coast and get in condition for next season.

Opposed to Chance in the exhibition contest was Orvie Overall, who formerly was a member of the Cubs. Although the ex-Cub leader was not responsible for Overall's departure from the West side ranks, he had the satisfaction of striking his former leader out.

Fred Shodgrass, whose miff of a fly ball lost the New York Giants the world's series championship, also was fanned by Overall if that contest.

In that same contest were Hall of the Boston Americans, Chief Meyers of the Giants, Schultz of the Philadelphia Nationals, Fromme of the Cincinnati Reds, Crayath of the Phillies and Johnny Kane, who formerly was utility infielder and outfielder on the Cub team.

## Best Place Hitter.

The Washington critics and fans declare that Eddie Foster is the best place hitter since the days of Willie Keeler.