

## The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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## PART ONE.

I had called upon my friend Sherlock Holmes upon the second morning after Christmas, with the intention of wishing him the compliments of the season. He was lounging upon the sofa in a purple dressing gown, a pipe-rack within his reach upon the right, and a pile of crumpled morning papers, evidently newly studied, near at hand. Beside the couch was a wooden chair, and on the angle of the back hung a very seedy and disreputable hard-felt hat, very much the worse for wear, and cracked in several places. A lens and a forceps lay upon the seat of the chair suggested that the hat had been suspended in this manner for the purpose of examination.

"You are engaged," said I; "perhaps I interrupt you."

"Not at all. I am glad to have a friend with whom I can discuss my results. The matter is a perfectly trivial one" (he jerked his thumb in the direction of the old hat), "but there are points in connection with it which are not entirely devoid of interest and even of instruction."

I seated myself in his arm-chair and warmed my hands before his crackling fire, for a sharp frost had set in, and the windows were thick with ice crystals. "I suppose," I remarked, "that homely as it looks, this thing has some deadly story linked on to it—that it is the clew which will guide you in the solution of some mystery, and the punishment of some crime."

"No, no. No crime," said Sherlock Holmes, laughing. "Only one of those whimsical little incidents which will happen when you have four million human beings all jostling each other within the space of a few square miles. Amid the action and reaction of so dense a swarm of humanity, every possible combination of events may be expected to take place, and many a little problem will be presented which may be baffling and bizarre without being criminal. We have already had experience of such."

"So much so," I remarked, "that of the last six cases which I have added to my notes, three have been entirely free of any legal crime."

"Precisely. Well, I have no doubt that this small matter will fall into the same innocent category. You know Peterson, the commissionaire?"

"Yes."

"It is to him that this trophy belongs."

"Is it his hat?"

"No, no," he found it. Its owner is unknown. I beg that you will look upon it, not as a battered billycock, but as an intellectual problem. And, first, as to how it came here. In company with a good, fat goose, which, I have no doubt, roasting at this moment in front of Peterson's fire. The facts are these: about four o'clock on Christmas morning, Peterson, who, as you know, is a very honest fellow, was returning from some small jollification, and was making his way homeward down Tottenham Court Road. In front of him he saw a man in a light-colored suit, walking with a slight stagger, and carrying a white goose slung over his shoulder. As he reached the corner of Goodge street, a row broke out between this stranger and a little knot of roughs. One of the latter, having rushed forward to protect the stranger from his assailants; but the man, shocked at having broken the window, and seeing an official-looking person in uniform rushing toward him, dropped his goose and took to his heels, and vanished amid the labyrinth of small streets which lie at the back of Tottenham Court Road. The roughs also had fled at the appearance of Peterson, so that he was left in possession of the field of battle, and also of the spoils of victory in the shape of this battered hat and a most unimpeachable Christmas goose."

"Which surely he returned to their owner?"

"My dear fellow, there lies the problem. It is true that 'For Mrs. Henry Baker' was printed upon a small card which was tied to the bird's left leg, and it is also true that the initials 'H. B.' are legible upon the lining of this hat; but as there are some thousands of Bakers in this city of ours, it is not an easy task to restore lost property to any one of them."

"What, then, did Peterson do?"

"He brought round both hat and goose to me on Christmas morning, knowing that even the smallest problems are of interest to me. The goose we retained until this morning, when there were slight signs that, in spite of the slight frost, it would be well that it should be eaten without unnecessary delay. I find it has carried off, therefore, to fulfill the ultimate destiny of a goose, while I continue to retain the hat of the unknown gentleman who lost his Christmas dinner."

"Did he not advertise?"

"No."

"Then what clue can you have as to his identity?"

"Only as much as we can deduce."

"From his hat?"

"Precisely."

"But you are joking. What can you gather from this old battered felt?"

"Here is my lens. You know my methods. What can you gather yourself as to the individuality of the man who has worn this article?"

I took the tattered object in my hands and turned it over rather ruefully. It was a very ordinary black hat of the usual round shape, hard, and much the worse for wear. The lining had been of red silk, but was a good deal discolored. There was no maker's name; but, as Holmes had remarked, the initials "H. B." were scrawled on one side. It was pierced in the brim for a hat-securer, but the elastic was missing. For the rest, it was cracked, exceedingly dusty, and spotted in several places, although there seemed to have been some attempt to hide the discolored patches by smearing them with ink.

"I can see nothing," said I, handing it back to my friend.

"On the contrary, Watson, you can see everything. You fail, however, to reason from what you see. You are too timid in drawing your inferences."

"Then, pray tell me what it is that you can infer from this hat?"

He picked it up and gazed at it in the peculiar introspective fashion which was characteristic of him. "It is perhaps less suggestive than it might have been," he remarked, "and

yet there are a few others which represent at least a strong balance of probability. That the man was highly intellectual is to course, obvious upon the face of it, and also that he was fairly well-to-do within the last three years, although he has now fallen upon evil days. He had foresight, but has less now than formerly, pointing to a moral retrogression, which, when taken with the decline of his fortunes, seems to indicate some evil influence, probably drink, at work upon him. This also may account for the fact that his wife has ceased to love him."

"My dear Holmes!"

"He has, however, retained some degree of self respect," he continued, disregarding my remonstrance. "He is a man who leads a sedentary life, goes out little, is out of training, and is, in the least, a middle-aged, grizzled hair which he has had cut within the last few days, and which he annoys with lime-cream. These are the more patent facts which are to be deduced from this hat. Also, by the way, that it is extremely improbable that he has had glass laid on in his house."

"You are certainly joking, Holmes."

"Not in the least. Is it possible that even now, when I give you these results, you are unable to see how they are attained?"

"I have no doubt that I am very stupid; but I must confess that I am unable to follow you. For example, how did you deduce that this man was intellectual?"

"The decline of his fortunes, then?"

"This hat is three years old. These flat brims curled at the edges came in then. It is a hat of the very best quality. Look at the band of ribbed silk and the excellent lining. If this man could afford to buy so expensive a hat three years ago, and has had no hat since, then he has assuredly gone down in the world."

"Well, that is clear enough certainly. But how about the foresight and the moral retrogression?"

Sherlock Holmes laughed. "Here is the foresight," said he, putting his finger upon the little disk and loop of the hat-securer. "They are never sold upon hats. If this man ordered one, it is a sign of a certain amount of foresight, since he went out of his way to take this precaution against the wind. But since we see that he has broken the elastic, and has not troubled to replace it, it is obvious that he has less foresight now than formerly, which is a distinct proof of a weakening nature. On the other hand, he has endeavored to conceal some of these stains upon the felt by daubing them with ink, which is a sign that he has not entirely lost his self-respect."

"Your reasoning is certainly plausible."

"The further points, that he is middle-aged, that his hair is grizzled, that it has been recently cut, and that he uses lime-cream, are all to be gathered from a close examination of the lower part of the lining. The lens discloses a large number of hair-ends, clean cut by the scissors of the barber. They all appear to be adhesive, and there is a distinct odor of lime-cream. This dust, you will observe, is not the gritty, gray dust of the street, but the fluffy brown dust of the house showing that it has time; while the marks of moisture upon the inside are proof positive that the wearer perspired very freely, and could, therefore, hardly be in the best of training."

"But his wife—you said that she had ceased to love him."

"This hat has not been brushed for weeks. When I see you, my dear Watson, with a week's accumulation of dust upon your hat, and when your wife allows you to go out in such a state, I shall fear that you also have been unfortunate enough to lose your wife's affection."

"But he might be a bachelor."

"Nay, he was bringing home the goose as a peace-offering to his wife. Remember the card upon the bird's leg."

"You have an answer to everything. But how on earth do you deduce that the goose is not laid on in his house?"

"One tallow stain, or even two, might come by chance; but when I see no less than three, I think that there can be little doubt that the individual must be brought into frequent contact with burning tallow—walks upstairs at night probably with his hat in one hand and a guttering candle in the other. Anyhow, he never got tallow-stains from a gas-jet. Are you satisfied?"

"Well, it is very ingenious," said I, laughing; "but since, as you said just now, there has been no crime committed, and no harm done, save the loss of a goose, all this seems to be rather a waste of energy."

Sherlock Holmes had opened his mouth to reply, when the door flew open, and Peterson, the commissionaire, rushed into the apartment with flushed cheeks and the face of a man who is astonished.

"The goose, Mr. Holmes! The goose, sir!" he gasped.

"What of it, then? Has it returned to life and flapped off through the kitchen window?" Holmes twisted himself round upon the sofa to get a fairer view of the man's excited face.

"See here, sir! See what my wife found in its crop!" He held out in his hand and displayed upon the centre of the palm a brilliantly scintillating blue stone, rather smaller than a bean in size, but of such purity and radiance that it twinkled like an electric point in the dark hollow of his hand.

Sherlock Holmes sat up with a whistle. "By Jove, Peterson!" said he, "this is treasure in the house! I suppose you know what you have got?"

"A diamond, sir? A precious stone. It cuts into glass as though it were putty."

"It's more than a precious stone. It is the precious stone."

"Not the Countess of Morcar's blue carbuncle?" I ejaculated.

"Precisely so. I ought to know its size and shape, seeing that I have read the advertisement about it in The Times every day lately. It is absolutely unique, and its value can only be conjectured, but the reward offered of £1000 is certainly not within a twentieth part of the market price."

"A thousand pounds! Great Lord of mercy!" The commissionaire plumped down into a chair, and stared from one to the other of us.

"That is the reward, and I have reason to know that there are sentimental considerations in the background which would induce the countess to part with half her fortune if she could but recover the gem."

"It was lost, if I remember aright, at the 'Hotel Cosmopolitan,'" I remarked.

"Precisely so, on December 23d, just five days ago. John Horner, a plumber, was accused of having abstracted it from the lady's jewel-case. The evidence against him was so strong that the case has been referred to the Assizes."

"I have some account of the matter here, I believe. He rummaged amid his newspapers, glancing over the dates, until at last he smothered one out, doubled it over, and read the following paragraph:

"Hotel Cosmopolitan Jewel Robbery. John Horner, 26, plumber, was brought up upon the charge of having the 23d inst. abstracted from the jewel-case of the Countess of Morcar the valuable gem known as the blue carbuncle. James Ryder, apparition at the hotel, gave his evidence to the effect that he had shown Horner up to the dressing-room of the Countess of Morcar upon the day of the robbery, in order that he might solder the second bar of the grate, which was some little time, but had finally been called away. On returning, he found that Horner had disappeared, and that the small morocco casket in which, as it afterwards transpired, the countess was accustomed to keep her jewel, was lying empty upon the dressing-table."

"Horner instantly gave the alarm, and the case was referred to the Assizes. Horner was arrested, but the stone could not be found either upon his person or in his rooms. Catherine Cusack, maid to the countess, deposed to having heard Ryder's cry of dismay on discovering the robbery, and to having rushed into the room, where she found matters as described by the last witness. Inspector Bradstreet, B division, gave evidence as to the arrest of Horner, who struggled frantically, and protested his innocence in the strongest terms. Evidence of a previous conviction for robbery having been given against the prisoner, the magistrate refused to deal summarily with the offence, but referred it to the Assizes. Horner who had shown signs of intense emotion during the proceedings, fainted away at the conclusion, and was carried out of court."

"I was a nervous bankrupt, weak, worn and 'all in'—I was too weak to work; too nervous to think and my business was going to ruin."

Until I was a complete physical and mental wreck with financial ruin hanging over my head, I never realized that the system manufactured only so much nerve force every twenty-four hours, and that if through worry, overwork, excitement, grief, or constant nervous strain, or other excesses, you used up your nerve force faster than it was made, that in time you were bound to become a nervous bankrupt, just like a man who continually spends more money than he makes, and that in time you were bound to become a financial bankrupt."

I knew I was fast losing my old time strength and endurance, and that I was getting extremely nervous, but I did not attach much importance to it until one day I found that I was suffering terrible tortures from an awful debilitating weakness that put my nerves all on edge. The slightest thing completely upset me. I had a dull heavy aching pain in the lower back part of my head, and sometimes a very disagreeable sense of fullness in the front and top of my head. I could not sleep well at night. A continuous round of thoughts would chase one another through my brain. I would often find myself in a state of profuse perspiration, which was very weakening. Sometimes I suffered from heart palpitation and indigestion. I would often wake up in the middle of the night with a horrible nightmare, and think I was chained to my bed. Finally my pains, aches, and extreme nervousness and weakness became so alarming that I was afraid I was going to die, and I often thought of committing suicide."

The above is a hypothetical case, which a physician says is typical of thousands. It is alarming to think how very few people really have strong nerves nowadays, and how many hundreds of thousands suffer from exhaustion of the nerve-vital fluid. Their nerve cells are very much like the cells of a storage battery in an electric car, in which the electricity has run so low that the car can hardly move. In such cases, unless they do something quickly to increase the supply of nerve-vital fluid, so as to furnish increased power to the nerves, they are likely to go all to pieces at any moment and suffer indescribable tortures. Most remarkable results are usually obtained by these unfortunate sufferers from the free administration of Nuxated Iron—two tablets three times a day after meals. This valuable product contains the principal chemical constituent of active living nerve force in a form which most nearly resembles that in the nerve and brain cells of man."

It also contains organic iron like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. This form of iron will not blacken nor injure the teeth nor upset the stomach. It is an entirely different thing from metallic iron which people usually take. Nuxated Iron may therefore be termed both a blood and a nerve food, as it feeds strength-giving iron to your blood and the principal chemical ingredient of active, living nerve force to your brain and nerve cells."

Over four million people are using Nuxated Iron annually, and from the remarkably beneficial results which it has produced, the manufacturers feel so certain of its efficacy that they guarantee satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. Beware of substitutes, look for the word "Nuxated" on every package."

After using Nuxated Iron we shall be pleased to have you write us what it does for you for publication. Your name will be withheld. Nuxated Iron for the blood and nerves is sold by all druggists."

**NUXATED IRON** ENRICHES THE BLOOD—GIVES YOU NEW STRENGTH AND ENERGY

**Jehre's** The Underselling Store

The Bank of REAL Service

2nd National Bank

## The Theatres

## MURRAY

"The Man Magnificent", which is now playing at the Murray Theatre, is like a trip through the Canadian woods with Frank Mayo as a guide. The star has a fighting role in the Universal action drama which makes the love theme even more dramatic. Pretty Dorothy Devore plays opposite the star in the leading feminine role.

## RICHMOND

Traffic is tied up for fifteen minutes, one traffic cop is dropped in the sewer, the Mayor and Alderman are tapped on the head with a twelve-foot drygoods box and Charlie Chaplin is stuck in a pile of hot tar in the opening scenes of "A Day's Pleasure", which is showing at the Richmond Theatre.

This production marks Chaplin's fourth picture of the million dollar class which he is producing for distribution by First National Exhibitors' Circuit. Eastern critics who have seen advance runs of the production declare that it embodies the hearty laughs of his previous First National successes, "Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and "Sunnyside," but is in itself the most unqualified laugh success he has yet produced.

The famous comedian makes a decided departure from his previous picture, intending to eschew the slapstick for events that are likely to happen on a busy street corner and on an excursion boat.

## MURRAY VAUDEVILLE

Just like a vacation to a weary man. That's the effect of The Spirit of Mardi Gras on the professional vaudeville attendee. It is a relief from the hum-drum, and the only regret is the same as that which haunts the vacationist—he knows that next week he must return to the same old grind.

Four beautiful girls and a clown jazz band turn the trick. Those musical wizards equipped with saxophones, violin, trombone, drums and piano, kick up a lively racket which syncopates up and down one's rhythmic column. Popular airs sung by bewitching maids in fine costume is the spice of the pudding.

Beaggy and Clause present a clever and graceful roller skating novelty. Several difficult feats by the couple found much approval. The male member of the team does a whirl on one foot which excites comment. They close with a unique offering.

Dunlevy and Merrill slightly overdo their "Much Ado About Nothing". They have the peculiar trait of making one smile yet feel angry at himself for doing it.

Frank Mayo in "The Man Magnificent" is the film feature.

## MURRETTE

Mary Pickford's latest United Artists production, "Through the Back Door," is shown as the feature attraction at the Murrette theatre.

This picture shows Mary Pickford in a child role which at the same time is a character part. The story is a combination of comedy and drama, punctuated with many of those laughable pranks for which Little Mary is famous when portraying a pig-tailed kiddie.

From the farms of Belgium to the mansions of Long Island the camera follows this clever little actress in "Through the Back Door." Mother love and the heart-hunger of a child all bound up in an intricate society drama, supply the emotional impulses of the play.

The scenario is from the pen of Marion Fairfax, well known photoplaywright and dramatist, Jack Pickford and Alfred E. Green directed, while that wizard of the lens Charles Rosher, presided over the camera.

The management has arranged a special added program of distinctive numbers, which promises to make the show at the Murrette a real treat.

## WASHINGTON

The big motion picture event of the

## WEDNESDAY

PURE LARD, 5 lbs. .... 60c

Hamburger, lb. .... 10c

RED BEANS, per can ..... 8c

SALMON (Tall Pink) 2 for ..... 25c

CORN, per can ..... 11c

PEAS, per can ..... 11c

TOMATOES, per can ..... 11c

MILK (tall cans) ..... 11c

PEACHES (heavy syrup) ..... 20c

PINEAPPLE, sliced ..... 23c

NUT OLEOMARGARINE, lb. .... 20c

B. B. SUPERIOR, lb. .... 23c

PEANUT BUTTER, 2 lbs. .... 25c

**BUEHLER BROS.**

715 MAIN STREET

## Special Battery Sale

for Ford Cars

Starting Wed., Sept. 7th

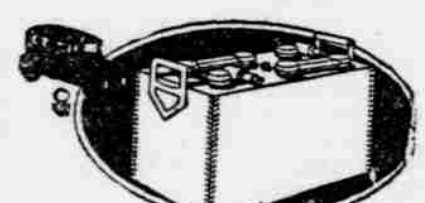
and lasting until Saturday night, Sept. 10. Now is the time to buy a battery for your Ford car at a big savings. These batteries are assembled as you order them right in our own shop, assuring you of a fresh, new battery which will give you extra long wear. Come in and ask us more about them.

We Allow \$12.00 on Trade for Your Old Battery

Free Inspection Free Water in All Batteries

Paragon Battery Service Station

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season will take place next Sunday at the Washington, when Manager Gruenewald will present for the first time in Richmond Metro's prodigious production of Rex Ingram's picturization of Vicente Ibanez's great novel, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", which has been adapted for the screen by June Mathis.

A canvass of the art world revealed the fact that anything approaching visualization of the Four Horsemen, as pictured in the Bible is all but unobtainable.

After an almost endless search it was found that Arthur Denison, a world famous collector of old prints, held one of the two remaining copies of an original set of Albrecht Durer's etchings on wood, done in 1511. In this collection is a series of drawings of the Horsemen—"War, Famine, Pestilence and Death" as pictured during the age of the religious zealots. The prints show the painstaking attention to detail as characteristic of the early workers on wood and the imaginative flights of these close students of the Bible. When Director Ingram saw these prints, he immediately arranged to use them in the camera's visualization of the Biblical scourge.

THREE RUSS EX-GENERALS HIRED AS GRAPE PICKERS

MONTEPIER, France, Sept. 6.—One hundred Russian refugees recently answered an advertisement of a vineyard owner, offering temporary work at grape picking. Fifty of them

were engaged, among whom the owner was astounded to find three ex-generals of the Russian imperial army.

**LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE**

**It's Toasted**

Notice this delicious flavor when you smoke Lucky Strike—it's sealed in by the toasting process

**THE AMERICAN SMOKE**

**PALACE**

TODAY Paramount Offers

**ETHEL CLAYTON**

In one of her latest screen successes

**The Price of Possession**

Also the last of the Thunderbolt Jack stories and a Mutt and Jeff comedy.

**WASHINGTON**

Today and Tomorrow

**"WALLY" REID**

—in—

**"TOO MUCH SPEED"**

A story of love and racing cars, and a daredevil driver who proved a fast worker in both.

Filled with the thrill-and-laugh-stuff that makes a moving picture move!

**NEWS and COMEDY**

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

**"THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED"**

An out of the ordinary photoplay—Don't miss it.

**Did You Know That**

The Three Hundredth Performance of

**REX INGRAM'S**

Prodigious Picturization of Vicente

Blasco Ibanez's Great Novel

**"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"**

Was Celebrated at the La Salle Theater, Chicago, last Tuesday.

It Must Be Some Picture. Will be Here at the Washington Soon!

—Also—

Fox News and Newsettes

Coming Thursday

James Oliver Curwood's Great Drama

**"The Golden Lure"**

Try a Palladium Want Ad

**The New Edison HARRISON'S EDISON SHOP**

"IN THE WESTCOTT PHARMACY"

**MURRAY**

"BETTER COME EARLY" Pipe Organ Concert Orchestra

**Keith Big Time Vaudeville**

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

**The Spirit of Mardi Gras**

Ten People—Four beautiful girls and a Clown Jazz Band of six men in "Vaudeville's most pretentious singing and dancing offering". Gorgeous scenery and costumes. Direct from the Keith and Orpheum circuits. The greatest act ever booked in Richmond.

**DUNLEVY & MERRILL**

Two Clever Comedians in "Much Ado About Nothing"

**BEAGGY and CLAUSE**

A Roller Skating Novelty

**FRANK MAYO**

—in—

**"THE MAN MAGNIFICENT"**

Five Reels of Thrills

Coming Thursday—Mack and Stanton; Fulton and Burt; The Nagfys; Rose, Ellis and Rose.