



CHAPTER I
THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

HERLOCK HOLMES took his bath from the corner of the mantelpiece and his hypodermic syringe from its neat morocca case. With his long, white, nervous fingers he adjusted the delicate needle, and rolled back his left shirt-cuff. For some little time his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the sinewy forearm and wrist all dotted and scarred with innumerable puncture marks. Finally he thrust the sharp point home, pressed down the tiny piston, and sank back into the velvet-lined armchair with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Three times a day for many months I had witnessed this performance, but custom had not reconciled my mind to it. On the contrary, from day to day I had become more irritated at the sight, and my conscience swelled nightly within me at the thought that I had lacked the courage to protest. Again and again I had registered a vow that I should deliver my soul upon the subject, but there was that in the cool, nonchalant air of my companion which made him the last man with whom one would care to take anything approaching to a liberty. His great powers, his masterly manner, and the experience which I had had of his many extraordinary qualities, all made me dimly and backward in crossing him.

Yet upon that afternoon, whether it was the Beune which I had taken with my lunch, or the additional exasperation produced by the extreme deliberation of his manner, I suddenly felt that I could hold out no longer.

"Which is it to-day?" I asked. "morphine or cocaine?"

He raised his eyes languidly from the old black-letter volume which he had opened. "It is cocaine," he said, "a seven per cent solution. Would you care to try it?"

"No, indeed," I answered, brusquely. "My constitution has not got over the Afghan campaign yet. I cannot afford to throw any extra strain upon it."

He smiled at my vehemence. "Perhaps you are right, Watson," he said. "I suppose that its influence is physically a bad one. I find it, however, so transcendently stimulating and clarifying to the mind that its secondary action is a matter of small moment."

"But consider!" I said, earnestly. "Count the cost! Your brain may, as you say, be roused and excited, but it is a pathological and morbid process, which involves increased tissue-change and may at last leave a permanent weakness. You know, too, what a black reaction comes upon you. Surely the game is hardly worth the candle. Why should you, for a mere passing pleasure, risk the loss of those great powers with which you have been endowed? Remember that I speak not only as our comrade to another, but as a medical man to one for whose constitution he is to some extent answerable."

He did not seem offended. On the contrary, he put his finger-tips together and leaned his elbows on the arms of his chair, like one who has a relish for conversation.

"My mind," he said, "rebels at stagnation. Give me problems, give me work, give me the most abstruse



"MY MIND REBELS AT STAGNATION."

cryptogram or the most intricate analysis, and I am in my own proper atmosphere. I can dispense them with artificial stimulants. But I abhor the dull routine of existence. I crave for mental exaltation. That is why I have chosen my own particular profession—or rather created it, for I am the only one in the world."

"The only unofficial detective?" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"The only unofficial consulting detective," he answered. "I am the last and highest court of appeal in detection. When Gregson or Lestrade or Athelney Jones are out of their depths—which the matter is laid before me. I examine the case, as an expert, and pronounce a specialist's opinion. I claim no credit in such cases. My name figures in no newspaper. The work itself, the pleasure of finding a field for my peculiar powers, is my highest reward. But you have yourself had some experience of my methods of work in the Jefferson Hope case."

"Yes, indeed," said I, cordially. "I was never so struck by anything in my life. I even embodied it in a small brochure with the somewhat fantastic title of 'A Study in Scarlet.'"

He shook his head sadly. "I glanced over it," said he. "Honestly, I cannot congratulate you upon it. Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science, and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have attempted to mix it with the romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love story or an

eloquence into the fifth proposition of Euclid."

"But the romance was there," I remonstrated. "I could not tamper with the facts."

"Some facts should be suppressed, or at least a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them. The only point in the case which deserved mention was the curious analytical reasoning from effects to causes by which I succeeded in unravelling it."

I was annoyed at this criticism of a work which had been specially designed to please him. I confess, too, that I was irritated by the egotism which seemed to demand that every line of my pamphlet should be devoted to his own special doings. More than once during the years that I had lived with him in Baker street I had observed that a small vanity underlay my companion's quiet and didactic manner. I made no remark, however, but sat nursing my wounded leg. I had had a pistol bullet through it sometimes before, and though it did not prevent me from walking, it ached wearily at every change of the weather.

"My practice has extended recently to the continent," said Holmes. "After awhile, filling up his old brier-root pipe. "I was consulted last week by François Le Villard, who, as you probably know, has come rather to the front lately in the French detective service. He has all the Celtic power of quick intuition, but he is deficient in the wide range of exact knowledge which is essential to the higher developments of his art. The case was concerned with a will, and possessed some features of interest. I was able to refer him to two parallel cases, the one at Riga in 1857, and the other at St. Louis in 1871, which have suggested to him the true solution. Here is the letter which I had this morning, acknowledging my assistance." He tossed over, as he spoke, a crumpled sheet of foreign newspaper. I glanced my eyes down it, catching a profusion of notes of admiration, with stray "magnifices," "coup de maîtres," and "tour de force," all testifying to the ardent admiration of the Frenchman.

"He speaks as a pupil to his master," said I.

"Oh, he rates my assistance too highly," said Sherlock Holmes, lightly. "He has considerable gifts himself. He possesses two out of the three qualities necessary for the ideal detective. He has the power of observation and of deduction. He is only wanting in knowledge; and that may come in time. He is now translating my small works into French."

"Your works?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" he cried, laughing. "Yes, I have been guilty of several monographs. They are all upon technical subjects. Here, for example, is one 'Upon the Distinction Between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos.' In it I enumerate a hundred and forty forms of cigar, cigarette and pipe tobacco, with colored plates illustrating the difference in the ash." It is a point which is continually turning up in criminal trials, and which is sometimes of supreme importance as a clew. If you can say definitely, for example, that some murder had been done by a man who was smoking an Indian lunkah, it obviously narrows your field of search. To the trained eye there is as much difference between the black ash of a Trichinopoly and the white fluff of bird's-eye as there is between a cabbage and a potato."

"Right, so far," said I. "Anything else?"

"He was a man of untidy habits—very untidy and careless. He was left with good prospects, but he threw away his chances, lived for some time in poverty, with occasional short intervals of prosperity, and finally, taking to drink, he died. That is all I can gather."

I sprang from my chair and limped impatiently about the room with considerable bitterness in my heart.

"This is unworthy of you, Holmes," I said. "I could not have believed that you would have descended to this. You have made inquiries into the history of my unhappy brother, and you now pretend to deduce this knowledge in some fanciful way. You cannot expect me to believe that you have read all this from his old watch! It is unlikely, and, to speak plainly, has a touch of charlatanism in it."

"My dear doctor," said he, kindly, "pray accept my apologies. Viewing the matter as an abstract problem, I had forgotten how personal and painful a thing it might be to you to assure you, however, that I never even knew that you had a brother until you handed me the watch."

"Then how in the name of all that is wonderful did you get these facts? They are absolutely correct in every particular."

"Ah, that is good luck. I could only say what was the balance of probability. I did not at all expect to be so accurate."

"But it was not mere guess work?"

"No, no; I never guess. It is a shocking habit—destructive to the logical faculty. What seems strange to you is only so, because you do not follow my train of thought or observe the small facts upon which large inferences may depend. For example, I began by stating that your brother was careless. When you observe the lower part of that watch case you notice that it is not only dented in two places, but it is bent and marked all over from the habit of keeping other hard objects, such as coins or keys, in the same pocket. Surely it is no great feat to assume that a man who treats a fifty-guinea watch so cavalierly must be a careless man. Neither is it a very far-fetched inference that a man who inherits an article of such value is pretty well provided for in other respects."

I nodded to show that I followed his reasoning.

TO BE CONTINUED.]
A Greater Scoundrel.

A famous master of Trinity college, Cambridge, had been a friend in early days of one Jemmy Gordon, a soldier. But Jemmy went to the bad, was struck off the rolls, and lived on what he could get from old acquaintances. One day he met his master and asked for a shilling.

"Gordon," thundered the master, "if you could show me a greater scoundrel than yourself I would give you half a crown," and he stalked stiffly away to his rooms. In half an hour's time the butler announced that Mr. Pompous, the esquire beadle, wished to see the master. Now, the master had a special detestation of the beadle, who, when admitted and curtly asked what he wanted, replied: "Mr. Gordon informed me that you desired to see me." Said the master: "Gordon has made an ass of you!" In ten minutes more the butler came again, grinning, and said: "Mr. Jemmy Gordon has called and says you owe him half a crown, sir."

"In this case it certainly is so," I replied, after a little thought. "The Newcastle Chronicle

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE CROP MOVEMENT.
Good Roads Would Distribute It Equally
Throughout the Year.

With the approach of another dry-handling season and the heavy movement of tonnage incident to the large prospective yield, comes anew the subject of good roads as an auxiliary to a more equal distribution of movement throughout the year, says the Railway Review. Under present conditions producers and carriers alike suffer from the congestion which is necessitated at certain seasons of the year by the demands of farm work on the one hand and the impassable roads on the other. Farmers, perhaps more than any other industrial class, have their hours of labor regulated by the weather. During rains or immediate thereafter—providing the rains be long continued—is practically impossible for them to work. The fields are in no condition for cultivation and the roads are, in a majority of cases, impassable, so that in the course of the year the farmer is subjected to many hours of enforced idleness. The common carrier is also similarly affected principally, however, as a result of the effect of the wet weather on the farmer rather than upon himself. During the period of dry weather, when crop work is imperative, and roads are good, agricultural products are rushed to the initial markets with the utmost dispatch, filling the warehouses and creating a demand for cars that cannot readily be supplied, if at all. It is an uncommon sight to see at many of the western shipping points numerous wagon loads of grain standing all day and oftentimes at night, because of the lack of transportation facilities to carry off the accumulation with which the various warehouses are already filled. Indeed, instances have been known where wagons were thus obliged to wait three or four days before they could be unloaded. The remedy for much of this congestion is to be found in the construction of good roads of such a character as not to be easily affected by the weather. Some railroad companies, appreciating the value of such construction, have offered to haul the necessary material from the quarries or other sources of supply, to the various distributing points at extremely low rates, and in some cases without charge. It is probable that the adoption of a rule of free carriage within reasonable limits by all roads would prove a profitable undertaking. The advantage of a regularly distributed delivery throughout the year would largely offset the extra expense incurred by such a regulation. If to the free transportation of material could be added the employment of criminals upon the roads, instead of using them in competition with the artisans outside of our penitentiaries, an additional benefit would result. It is, of course, admitted that the adoption of this plan would increase the expense of the maintenance of the various institutions of correction and punishment throughout the United States, but that would cheerfully be met by the property owners, in view of the larger advantages growing out of road improvement. It would also do away with the competition between criminal and other labor, a competition that is now in some quarters severely felt and bitterly assailed.

This question is one which should be generally taken up by the local papers of each community. It is believed that railway managers are sufficiently advanced in the advantage of such a movement to willingly cooperate with the local authorities wherever any well-directed effort is made. The work will necessarily make slow progress, and it is therefore cannot be too early commenced.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK Oct. 14.

LIVE STOCK—Steers..... 13 75

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