

A Scandal of Bohemia.

BY CONAN DOYLE.

II.—Continued.

"I was still balancing the matter in my mind, when a hansom cab drove up to Briony Lodge and a gentleman sprang out. He was a remarkably handsome man, dark, aquiline and mustached—evidently the man of whom I had heard. He appeared to be in a great hurry, shouted to the cabman to wait, and brushed past the maid who had opened the door with the air of a man who was thoroughly at home.

"He was in the house about half an hour and I could catch glimpses of him through the windows of the sitting room, pacing up and down, talking excitedly and waving his arms. Of her I could see nothing. Presently he emerged, looking even more hurried than before. As he stepped up to the cab he pulled a gold watch from his pocket and looked at it earnestly. 'Drive like the devil,' he shouted, 'first to Gross & Hankey's in Regent street and then to the church of St. Monica in the Edgeware road. Half a guinea if you do it in twenty minutes.' 'Away they went, and I was just wondering whether I would not do well to follow them, when up the lane came a neat little landau, the coachman with his coat only half buttoned and his tie under his ear, while all the tags of his harness were sticking out of the buckles. It hadn't pulled up before she shot out of the hall door and into it. I only caught a glimpse of her at the moment, but she was a lovely woman, with a face that a man might die for.

"The church of St. Monica, John," she cried, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.'

This was quite too good to lose, Watson. I was just balancing whether I should run for it or whether I should perch behind her landau when a cab came through the street. The driver looked twice at such a shabby fare, but I jumped in before he could object. 'The church of St. Monica,' said I, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.' It was twenty-five minutes to twelve, and, of course, it was clear enough to see what was in the wind.

"My cabby drove fast, I don't think I ever drove faster, but the others were there before us. The cab and the landau, with their steaming horses, were in front of the door when I arrived. I paid the man and hurried into the church. There was not a soul there save the two whom I had followed and a surprised clergyman, who seemed to be expostulating with them. They were all three standing in a knot in front of the altar. I lounged up the side aisle like any other idler who had dropped into the church. Suddenly, to my surprise, the three at the altar faced round to me, and Godfrey Norton came running as fast as he could toward me.

"Thank God!" he cried. "You'll do, come! Come!"

"What then?" I asked.

"Come man, come, only three minutes or it won't be legal."

"I was half dragged up to the altar, and, before I knew where I was, I found myself mumbling responses which were whispered in my ear and vouching for things of which I knew nothing, and generally assisting in the secure tying of Irene Adler, spinster, to Godfrey Norton, bachelor. It was all done in an instant, and there was the gentleman thanking me on the one side and the lady on the other, while the clergyman beamed on me in front. It was the most preposterous position in which I ever found myself in my life, and it was the thought of it that started me laughing just now. It seems that there had been some informality about their license, that the clergyman absolutely refused to marry them without a witness of some sort, and that my lucky appearance saved the bridegroom from having to sally out into the streets in search of a best man. The bride gave me a sovereign, and I mean to wear it on my watch chain in memory of the occasion."

"This is a very unexpected turn of affairs," said I, "and what then?"

"Well, I found my plans very seriously menaced. It looked as if the pair might take an immediate departure, and so necessitate very prompt and energetic measures on my part. At the church door, however, they separated, he driving back to the Temple and she to her own house. 'I shall drive out in the park at five as usual,' she said as she left him. I heard no more. They drove away in different directions and I went off to make my own arrangements."

"Which are?"

"Some cold beef and a glass of beer," he answered, ringing the bell. "I have been too busy to think of food, and I am likely to be busier still this evening. By the way, Doctor, I shall want your co-operation."

"I shall be delighted."

"You don't mind breaking the law?"

"Not in the least."

"Nor running a chance of arrest?"

"Not in a good cause."

"Oh, the cause is excellent!"

"Then I am your man."

"I was sure that I might rely on you."

he said, as he turned hungrily on the simple fare which our landlady had provided, "I must discuss it while I eat, for I have not much time. It is nearly five now. In two hours we must be on the scene of action. Miss Irene, or Madame, rather, returns from her drive at seven. We must be at Briony Lodge to meet her."

"And what then?"

"You must leave that to me. I have already arranged what is to occur. There is only one point on which I must insist. You must not interfere, come what may. You understand?"

"I am to be neutral?"

"To do nothing whatever. There will probably be some small unpleasantness. Do not join in it. It will end in my being conveyed into the house. Four or five minutes after the sitting-room window will open. You are to station yourself close to that open window."

"Yes."

"You are to watch me, for I will be visible to you."

"Yes."

"And when I raise my hand—so—you will throw into the room what I give you to throw and will at the same time raise the cry of 'Fire!' You quite follow me?"

"Entirely."

"It is nothing very formidable," he said, taking a long cigar-shaped roll from his pocket. "It is an ordinary plumber's smoke rocket, fitted with a cap at either end to make it self-lighting. Your task is confined to that. When you raise your cry of fire it will be taken up by quite a number of people. You may then walk to the end of the street and I will rejoin you in ten minutes. I hope that I have made myself clear?"

"I am to remain neutral, to get near the window, to watch you, and at the signal to throw in this object, then to raise the cry of fire and to wait you at the corner of the street."

"Precisely."

"Then you may entirely rely on me."

"That is excellent. I think perhaps it is almost time that I prepared for the new role I have to play."

He disappeared into his bedroom and returned in a few minutes in the character of an amiable and simple minded Nonconformist clergyman. His broad black hat, his baggy trousers, his white tie, his sympathetic smile and his general look of peerless and benevolent curiosity were such as Mr. John Hare alone could have equalled. It was not merely that Holmes changed his costume. His expression, his manner, his very soul seemed to vary with every fresh part he assumed.

The stage lost a fine actor, even as science lost an acute reasoner, when he became a specialist in crime.

It was a quarter past seven when we left Baker street, and it still wanted ten minutes to the hour when we found ourselves in Serpentine avenue. It was already dusk, and the lamps were just being lighted as we paced up and down in front of Briony Lodge, waiting for the coming of its occupant. The house was just as I had pictured from Sherlock Holmes succinct description, but the locality appeared to be less private than I expected. On the contrary, for a small street in a quiet neighborhood, it was remarkably animated. There were a group of shabbily dressed men standing in a corner smoking and laughing, a scissors grinder with his wheel, two guardsmen who were flirting with a nurse girl, and several well-dressed young men who were lounging up and down with cigars in their mouths.

"You see," remarked Holmes, as we paced to and fro in front of the house, "this marriage rather simplifies matters. The photograph becomes a double-edged weapon now. The chances are that she would be as adverse to its being seen by Mr. Godfrey Norton as our client is to its coming to the eyes of his Princess. Now the question is, Where are we to find this photograph?"

"Where, indeed?"

"It is most unlikely that she carries it about with her. It is cabinet size; too large for easy concealment about a woman's dress. She knows that the King is capable of having her way laid and searched. Two attempts of the sort have already been made. We may take it, then, that she does not carry it about with her."

"Where, then?"

"Her banker or her lawyer. There is that double possibility. But I am inclined to think neither. Women are naturally secretive, and they like to do their own secreting. Why should she hand it over to any one else? She could trust her own guardianship, but she could not tell how indirect or political influence might be brought to bear upon a business man. Besides, remember that she had resolved to use it within a few days. It must be in her own house."

"But it has been twice burgled."

"Pshaw! They did not know how to look."

"But how will you look?"

"I will not look."

"What then?"

"I will get her to show me."

"But she will refuse."

"She will not be able to. But I hear the rumble of wheels. It is her carriage. Now carry out my orders to the letter."

As he spoke the gleam of the sidelights of a carriage came round the curve of the

avenue. It was a smart little landau which rattled up to the door of Briony Lodge. As it pulled up one of the loafing men at the corner dashed forward to open the door in the hope of earning a copper, but was elbowed away by another loafer who had rushed up with the same intention. A fierce quarrel broke out, which was increased by the two guardsmen, who took sides with one of the loungers, and by the scissors-grinder, who was equally hot upon the other side. A blow was struck, and in an instant the lady, who had stepped from her carriage, was the centre of a little knot of flushed and struggling men, who struck savagely at each other with their fists and sticks. Holmes dashed into the crowd to protect the lady, but just as he reached her he gave a cry and dropped to the ground with the blood running freely down his face. At his fall the guardsmen took to their heels in one direction and the loungers in the other, while a number of better dressed people, who had watched the scuffle without taking part in it, crowded in to help the lady and to attend to the injured man. Irene Adler, as I will still call her, had hurried up the steps, but she stood at the top, with her superb figure outlined against the lights of the hall looking back into the street.

"Is the poor gentleman much hurt?" she asked.

"He is dead," cried several voices.

"No, no, there's life in him," shouted another. "But he'll be gone before you can get him to the hospital."

"He's a brave fellow," said a woman. "They would have had the lady's purse and watch if it hadn't been for him. They were a gang, and a rough one too. Ah, he's breathing now."

"He can't lie in the street. May we bring him in, marm?"

"Surely. Bring him into the sitting room. There is a comfortable sofa. This way, please!" Slowly and solemnly he was borne into Briony Lodge and laid out in the principal room, while I observed the proceedings from my post by the window. The lamps had been lit, but the blinds had not been drawn, so that I could see Holmes as he lay upon the couch. I do not know whether he was seized with

compuaction at that moment for the part he was playing, but I know that I never felt more heartily ashamed of myself in my life than when I saw the beautiful creature against whom I was conspiring, or the grace and kindness with which she waited upon the injured man. And yet it would be the blackest treachery to Holmes to draw back now from the part which he had entrusted to me. I hardened my heart, and took the smoke rocket from under my ulster. After all, I thought, we are not injuring her. We are but preventing her from injuring another.

Holmes sat up upon the couch and I saw him motion like a man in need of air. A maid rushed across and threw open the window. At the same instant I saw him raise his hand, and, at the signal, I tossed my rocket into the room with a cry of fire. The word was no sooner out of my mouth than the whole crowd of spectators, well dressed and ill-gentlemen, hostlers, and servant maids—joined in a general shriek of fire. Thick clouds of smoke curled through the room, and out at the open window. I caught a glimpse of rushing figures, and a moment later heard the voice of Holmes from within assuring them that it was a false alarm. Slipping through the shouting crowd I made my way to the corner of the street, and in ten minutes was rejoiced to find my friend's arm in mine, and to get away from the scene of the uproar.

He walked swiftly and in silence for some minutes until we had turned down one of the quiet streets that lead towards the Edgeware road.

"You did it very nicely, Doctor," he remarked. "Nothing could have been better. It is all right."

"You have the photograph?"

"I know where it is."

"And how did you find out?"

"She showed me, as I told you that she would."

"I am still in the dark."

"I do not wish to make a mystery," said he laughing. "The matter was perfectly simple. You, of course, saw that everyone on the street was an accomplice. They were all engaged for the evening."

"I guessed as much."

"Then, when the row broke out, I had had a little moist red paint in the palm of my hand. I rushed forward, fell down, clapped my hand to my face and became a piteous spectacle. It is an old trick."

"That also I could fathom."

"They carried me in. She was bound to have me in. What else could she do? And into her sitting room, which was the very room which I suspected. It lay between that and her bedroom, and I was determined to see which. They laid me on a couch, I motioned for air, they were compelled to open the window, and you had your chance."

"How did that help you?"

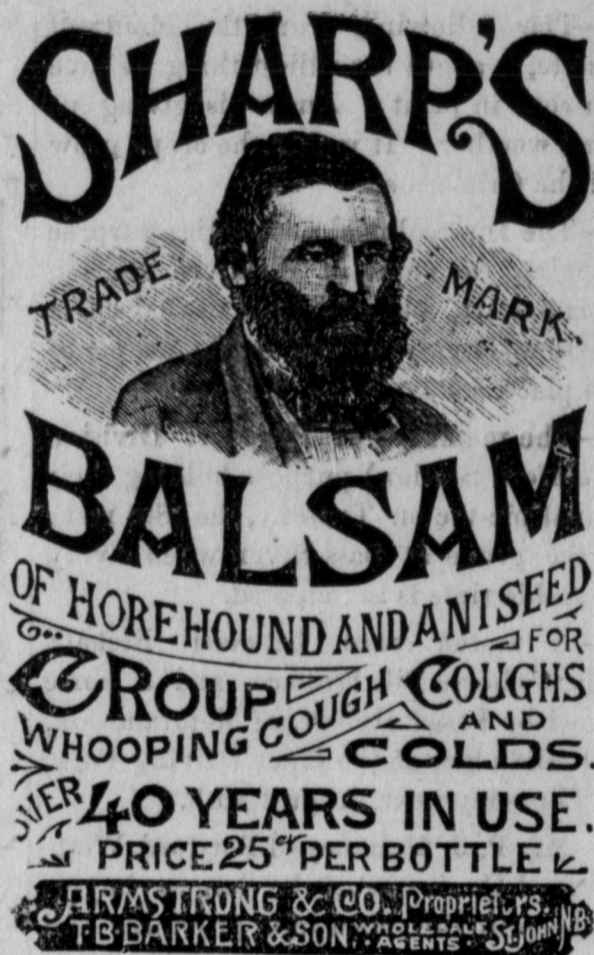
"It was all important. When a woman thinks that her house is on fire her instinct is to rush at once to the thing she values most. It is a perfectly overpowering impulse and I have more than once taken advantage of it. In the case of the Darlington substitution scandal it was of use to me and also in the Arnsworth Castle business. A married woman grabs

SPECIAL MARK DOWN SALE!

Note a few of the many Bargains we are offering at our SPECIAL MARK DOWN SALE now going on. The season has been cold and backward and our stock of Spring and Summer Goods is still very large. We have marked everything down to prices that are bound to effect a speedy sale. Buyers will find this a splendid opportunity to secure nice Goods at Low Prices.

- Ladies' Fine French Kid Gloves, former price \$1.22, marked down to 89c.
- Ladies' Black Kid Gloves, Mosquitare Cut, 6 and 8 button lengths, former price \$1.65, marked down to \$1.25.
- Black Silk Warp Henrietta, former price \$1.88, marked down to \$1.10.
- Fine quality All Wool Black Henrietta, Silk Finish, former price \$1.00, marked down to 75c.
- Fine quality All Wool Serges, Double Width, new summer shades, marked down from 50c to 37½c.
- Shaker Flannel, faggy stripes, marked down from 8½c to 7c.
- Men's Fine French Balbriggan Undershirts and Drawers, former price 75c, marked down to 50c, all sizes.

D. C. SULLIVAN,
114 Main Street, MONCTON



Walter Wilson & Son,

(Late A. Richardson & Co.)

MANUFACTURERS OF



SAWS

UNION STREET,

St. John, N. B.

First-Class

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

WATER STREET,

CHATHAM, N. B.,

F. O. PETTERSON, - - PROPRIETOR.

A Fine stock of Cloths to select from kept constantly on hand.

Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

PEDIGREE

Trotting Stallion

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Foaled July, 1885, dappled brown and weighs 1175 lbs., stands 16 hands high. Sired by the noted stallion King Bird Jr., (better known as Call's King Bird); he by the imported King Bird; he by Winthrop Bush Messenger. Dam of Stranger was the noted Christopher mare; she by Morning Star; he by Old Faladin, an imported English thoroughbred. This horse's grand dam on both sides, is Saladin. A glance at the above pedigree will convince anyone that breeding from this horse will insure a trotter almost every time. John McManus, of Memramcook, owns one of his get for which he refused the neat sum of two hundred dollars when one year old, being the only one of his get in New Brunswick.

WILLIAM CLARK, Manager and owner.

Lamp Goods.

Chandeliers, 2, 4 and 6 lights.

HALL, TABLE AND BRACKET LAMPS in great variety.

BURNERS, CHIMNEYS, WICKS, ETC.

Wholesale and Retail.

J. R. CAMERON, 64 Prince Wm. St., St. John.

JOHN HANNAH,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
Woven Wire **Mattresses,**
Of Different Grades for the Trade only. Warranted not to sag.
To be had from all the principal furniture and general dealers in the Maritime Provinces.
Repairing promptly done. 105 CITY ROAD, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FARM MACHINERY
AND IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.
ROTARY MILLS & SHINGLE MACHINES.
PIANOS AND ORGANS.
FINEST CANADIAN AND AMERICAN SEWING MACHINES.
Special attention given to repairs for all kinds of Machinery. Bring or send me the piece, whether broken or not, and I can get it duplicated for you. I do not wish to sell the cheapest, but I shall strive to select goods as good as the best, give good value, fair terms; and hope by upright dealing and careful attention to business to merit a share of the patronage of the citizens of Kent County.
Agent for FIRE, LIFE and ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
E. E. PECK, Office—305 Main St. Moncton, N.B.
Telephones—Office, 45; Residence, 37 A.

MILLER'S TANNING EXTRACT CO., LIMITED.
—WORKS AT—
Millerton and Mortimore, N. B.
Cable Addresses—"Hypotan," London; and "Miller," Miramichi.
A very complete stock of General Goods, cheap for Cash or Trade, at OUR MORTIMORE STORE.

Change of Business.
GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF DRY GOODS.
\$20,000 - - - WORTH - - - \$20,000
Will be sold at cost, on Goods other than Staples much less than cost, as we mean to dispose of the entire stock. Bargains in everything. The stock is still complete and well selected in all lines. Purchasers will save from 15 to 50 per cent. We will sell for CASH only. Those who have accounts are requested to call and settle. Sale will continue till all is sold. Call early in the day to avoid the rush.
J. FLANAGAN
MONCTON, N. B.
RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.
—WHOLESALE—
Wine and Spirit Merchants,
—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—
TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS,
54 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Bonded Warehouse No. 8.

James D. Irving
LUMBER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS
—COMPRISING—
SHEATHING, WAINSCOTTING, FLOORING, CLAPBOARDS, WINDOW and DOOR CASINGS, MOULDINGS, LATHS, &c.
FLOUR CHEAP FOR CASH.
Bustouche, N. B., June 22, 1891.