

MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL.

(Continued.)

"But this paragon has one fault. He is a bit of a Don Juan, and you can imagine that for a man like him it is not a very difficult part to play in a quiet country district. When he was married it was all right, but since he has been a widower we have had no end of trouble with him. A few months ago we were in hopes that he was about to settle down again, for he became engaged to Rachel Howells, our second housemaid; but he has thrown her over since then and taken up with Janet Tregellis, the daughter of the head gamekeeper. Rachel—who is a very good girl, but of an excitable Welsh temperament—had a sharp touch of brain fever, and goes about the house now—or did until yesterday—like a black-eyed shadow of her former self. That was our first drama at Hurlstone; but a second one came to drive it from our minds, and it was prefaced by the disgrace and dismissal of butler Brunton.

"This was how it came about. I have said that the man was intelligent, and this very intelligence has caused his ruin, for it seems to have led to an insatiable curiosity about things which did not in the least concern him. I had no idea of the lengths to which this would carry him, until the merest accident opened my eyes to it.

"I have said that the house is a rambling one. One day last week—on Thursday night, to be more exact—I found that I could not sleep, having foolishly taken a cup of strong cafe noir after my dinner. After struggling against it until two in the morning, I felt that it was quite hopeless, so I rose and lit the candle with the intention of continuing a novel which I was reading. The book, however, had been left in the billiard-room, so I pulled on my dressing gown and started off to get it.

"In order to reach the billiard-room I had to descend a flight of stairs and then to cross the head of a passage which led to the library and the gun-room. You can imagine my surprise when, as I looked down this corridor, I saw a glimmer of light coming from the open door of the library. I had myself extinguished the lamp and closed the door before coming to bed. Naturally my first thought was of burglars. The corridors at Hurlstone have their walls largely decorated with trophies of old wars. From one of these I picked a battle-axe, and then, leaving my candle behind me, I crept on tiptoe down the passage and peeped in at the open door.

"Brunton, the butler, was in the library. He was sitting, fully dressed, in an easy chair, with a slip of paper which looked like a map upon his knee, and his forehead sunk forward upon his hand in deep thought. I stood dumb with astonishment, watching him from the dark-

depairing voice. "A fortnight—say at least a fortnight!"

"A week," I repeated, "and you may consider yourself to have been very leniently dealt with."

"He crept away, his face sunk upon his breast, like a broken man, while I put out the light and returned to my room.

"For two days after this Brunton was most assiduous in his attention to his duties. I made no allusion to what had passed and waited with some curiosity to see how he would cover his disgrace. On the third morning, however, he did not appear, as was his custom, after breakfast to receive my instructions for the day. As I left the dining-room I happened to meet Rachel Howells, the maid. I have told you that she only recently recovered from an illness, and was looking so wretchedly pale and wan that I remonstrated with her for being at work.

"You should be in bed," I said. "Come back to your duties when you are stronger."

"She looked at me with so strange an expression that I began to suspect that her brain was affected.

"I am strong enough, Mr. Musgrave," she said.

"We will see what the doctor says," I answered. "You must stop work now, and when you go downstairs just say that I wish to see Brunton."

"The butler has gone," said she.

"Gone! Gone where?"

"He is gone. No one has seen him. He is not in his room. Oh, yes, he is gone, he is gone!" She fell back against the wall with shriek after shriek of laughter, while I, horrified at this sudden hysterical attack, rushed to the bell to summon help. The girl was taken to her room, still screaming and sobbing, while I made inquiries about Brunton. There was no doubt about it that he had disappeared. His bed had not been slept in, he had been seen by no one since he had retired to his room the night before, and yet it was difficult to see how he could have left the house, as both windows and doors were found to be fastened in the morning. His clothes, his watch, and even his money were in his room, but the black suit which he usually wore was missing. His slippers, too, were gone, but his boots were left behind. Where then could butler Brunton have gone in the night, and what could have become of him now?

"Of course we searched the house from cellar to garret, but there was no trace of him. It is, as I have said, a labyrinth of an old house, especially the original wing, which is now practically uninhabited, but we ransacked every room and cellar without discovering the least sign of the missing man. It was incredible to me that he could have gone away leaving all his property behind him, and yet where could he be? I called in the local police, but without success. Rain had fallen on the night before, and we examined the lawn and the paths all around the house, but in vain. Matters were in this state, when a new development quite drew our

THE TERRORS OF THE SEA Sailors Suffer Awful Hardships in Typical North Atlantic Gale Battered for Six Days on Portion of Wreckage.

Boston, Oct. 16.—A typical North Atlantic shipwreck tale, in which eight seamen suffered so fearfully from exposure, hunger and thirst, that six of them either died outright, were washed away or, crazed by their awful experience, hurled themselves into the sea, was brought out today by the two survivors of the well known coasting schooner Vanname and King, of New Haven, which was beaten to pieces by a gale off the South Carolina coast on October 6th.

The two men who lived through the five days' and were rescued by the schooner Stillman F. Kelly, are William Thomas and William G. Warner, both about 29 years old, six feet three inches tall, who hail from Antigua, British West Indies.

The six who one by one succumbed, were: Captain William A. Maxwell, of New Jersey; Mate E. A. Chase, home unknown; Engineer, a German, name unknown; Colored steward, name unknown; Colored seaman, William Grizell and Alfred Arthur, both of Jamaica.

The Vanname and King, which has been plying up and down the coast since 1886, left Charleston, (S. C.), for New York on October 3rd with a cargo of hard pine. Two days later she ran into a heavy gale and after wallowing about in the heavy seas for several hours, sprang a leak. The pumps were started but within a short time the engine room was flooded and the pumps choked.

At 8 o'clock on Friday with her hold nearly full of water, the little schooner was hove down on her beam ends. The crew clambered up on the weather side and lashed themselves to the bulwarks. There they remained, soaked to the skin by every sea that broke over them all day Friday, constantly on the watch for some passing vessel. That night the storm increased in fury and one great wave thundered aboard and snapped both legs of Seaman Arthur and sweeping Seaman Grizell into the sea.

Arthur's companions could do nothing to ease his sufferings, but when on Saturday the schooner turned completely over, they managed to cut his lashings and drag him on to a piece of the after-hull. It was several hours before they were all huddled together on their little raft. That night Arthur died in the arms of Captain Maxwell, and to relieve the overloaded raft his body was quietly dropped into the sea.

Sunday brought a ray of hope when a craft was sighted but the gloom shut in again as she passed by without heeding the little group of arm-waving seamen.

That night, however, the weather subsided and a little rain fell, which was eagerly caught in the tarpaulin and brought a slight relief. It was only temporary and not long after Mate Chase's mind gave way entirely, and the raft was again lightened when he threw himself into the sea.

The next victim of the terrific strain was Captain Maxwell, who on Monday forenoon became violently insane and followed his mate's example of self-destruction as a relief to his sufferings.

The spectacle of two men voluntarily throwing themselves into the sea proved too much for the German engineer, and a few hours after Captain Maxwell's death the raft was lightened for the fourth time when the crazed seaman jumped into the waves.

The last victim was the colored steward, who expired on the raft late Monday night and whose body was also dropped overboard by the two remaining seamen.

Relief came 12 hours later when the schooner Stillman F. Kelly, bound up the coast from Ceylon (G. A.), to this port, sighted the little raft and hove to alongside.

Both Thomas and Warner had to be taken off in slings and for two days were unable to move.

The rescue took place of Cape Lookout in lat. 33.10 and lon. 76.30. The Kelley arrived here this afternoon but the seamen were still too exhausted to land. Each of

them lost 30 or 40 pounds in weight during their five days' exposure.

The schooner Vanname and King, reported lost off Cape Hatteras, was owned principally by New Haven men and was a three masted vessel used in the coast lumber trade. William H. King, the local agent for the vessel, said tonight that the schooner left Charleston (S. C.) about six days ago for New York with a cargo of lumber and that was the last he had heard of her. She was engaged solely in the lumber trade between those two ports, having had that run for many years.

The Vanname and King was blown out to sea several years ago and was reported lost after she had been abandoned, but later was picked up by a coast steamer and repaired. The ill fated boat carried seven men aside from Captain Maxwell. She was built in the Fair Haven shipyards in 1886. Her gross tonnage registered 735 tons and her net tonnage 629. Her length was 100 feet.

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"My sister Eva was also in very poor health, so we began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and continued the treatment for seven months. During that time I gained about thirty pounds in weight, and am now strong and well and entirely free of those dizzy spells. My sister gained nearly as much as I did, and we believe there is no treatment for pale, weak people so good as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

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