

# MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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## THE ADVENTURE OF THE NOBLE BACHELOR

(Continued.)  
"You're angry, Robert," said she.  
"Well, I guess you have every cause to be."

"Pray make no apology to me," said Lord St. Simon, bitterly.

"Oh, yes, I know that I have treated you real bad and that I should have spoken to you before I went; but I was kind of rattled, and from the time when I saw Frank here again I just didn't know what I was doing or saying. I only wonder I didn't fall down and do a faint right there before the altar."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Moulton, you would like my friend and me to leave the room while you explain the matter?"

"If I may give an opinion," remarked the strange gentleman, "we've had just a little too much secrecy over this matter already. For my part, I should like all Europe and America to hear the rights of it." He was a small, wiry, sunburnt man, clean shaven, with a sharp face and alert manner.

"Then I'll tell our story right away," said the lady. "Frank here and I met in '84, in McQueen's camp, near the Rockies, where pa was working a claim."

We were engaged to each other, Frank and I; but then one day father struck a rich pocket and made a pile, while poor Frank here had a claim that petered out and came to nothing. The richer pa grew, the poorer was Frank; so at last pa wouldn't hear of our engagement lasting any longer, and he took me away to 'Frisco. Frank wouldn't throw up his hand, though; so he followed me there, and he saw me without pa knowing anything about it. It would only have made him mad to know, so we just fixed it all up for ourselves. Frank said that he would go and make his pile, too, and never come back to claim me until he had as much as pa. So then I promised to wait for him to the end of time and pledged myself not to marry any one else while he lived.

"Why shouldn't we be married right away, then," said he, "and then I will feel sure of you, and I won't claim to be your husband until I come back?"

Well, we talked it over, and he had fixed it all up so nicely, with a clergyman all ready in waiting, that we just did it right there; and then Frank went off to seek his fortune, and I went back to pa.

"The next I heard of Frank was that he was in Montana, and then he went prospecting in Arizona, and then I heard of him from New Mexico. After that came a long newspaper story about how a mine-camp had been attacked by Apache Indians, and there was my Frank's name among the killed. I fainted dead away, and I was very sick for months after. Pa thought I had a decline, and took me to half the doctors in 'Frisco. Not a word of news came for a year or more, so that I never doubted that Frank was really dead. Then Lord St. Simon came to 'Frisco, and we came to London, and a marriage was arranged, and pa was pleased, but I felt all the time that no man on this earth would ever take the

place in my heart that had been given to my poor Frank.

"Still, if I had married Lord St. Simon, of course I'd have to do my duty by him. We can't command our love, but we can our actions. I went to the altar with him with the intention to make him just as good a wife as it was in me to be. But you may imagine what I felt when, just as I came to the altar rails, I glanced back and saw Frank standing and looking at me out of the first pew. I thought it was his ghost at first; but when I looked again there he was still, with a kind of question in his eyes as if to ask me whether I were glad or sorry to see him. I wonder I didn't drop. I know that everything was turning round, and the words of the clergyman were just like the buzz of a bee in my ear. I didn't know what to do. Should I stop the service and make a scene in the church? I glanced at him again, and he seemed to know what I was thinking, for he raised his finger to his lips to tell me to be still. Then I saw him scribble on a piece of paper, and I knew that he was writing me a note. As I passed his pew on the way out, I dropped my bouquet over to him, and he slipped the note into my hand when he returned me the flowers. It was only a line asking me to join him when he made the sign to me to do so. Of course I never doubted for a moment that my first duty was now to him, and I determined to do just whatever he might direct."

"When I got back I told my maid, who had known him in California and had always been his friend. I ordered her to say nothing, but to get a few things packed and my ulster ready. I knew I ought to have spoken to Lord St. Simon, but it was dreadful hard to do, and I just made up my mind to run away and explain afterward. I hadn't been at the table ten minutes before I saw Frank out of the window at the other side of the road. He beckoned to me and then began walking into the park. I slipped out, put on my things and followed him. Some woman came talking something or other about Lord St. Simon to me, and I seemed to me from the little I heard as if he had a little secret of his own before marriage also—but I managed to get away from her, and soon overtook Frank. We got into a cab together, and away we drove to some lodgings he had taken in Gordon Square, and that was my true wedding after all those years of waiting. Frank had been a prisoner among the Apaches, had escaped, came on to 'Frisco, found that I had given him up for dead and had gone to England, followed me there and had come upon me at last on the very morning of my second wedding."

"I saw it in a paper," explained the American. "It gave the name and the church, but not where the lady lived."

"Then we had a talk as to what we should do, and Frank was all for openness, but I was so ashamed of it all that I felt as if I should like to vanish away and never see any of them again—just sending a line to pa, perhaps, to show him that I was alive. It was awful to me to think of all those lords and ladies sitting round

that breakfast table and waiting for me to come back. So Frank took my wedding clothes and things and made a bundle of them, so that I should not be traced, and dropped them away somewhere where no one could find them. It is likely that we should have gone on to Paris tomorrow, only that this good gentleman, Mr. Holmes, came round to us this evening, though how he found us is more than I can think, and he showed us very clearly and kindly that I was wrong and that Frank was right, and that we should be putting ourselves in the wrong if we were so secret. Then he offered to give us a chance of talking to Lord St. Simon alone, and so we came right away round to his rooms at once. Now, Robert, you have heard it all, and I am very sorry if I have given you pain, and I hope that you do not think very meanly of me."

Lord St. Simon had by no means relaxed his rigid attitude, but had listened with a frowning brow and a compressed lip to this long narrative.

"Excuse me," he said, "but it is not my custom to discuss my most intimate personal affairs in this public manner."

"Then you won't forgive me? You won't shake hands before I go?"

"Oh, certainly, if it would give you any pleasure." He put out his hand and coldly grasped that which was extended to him.

"I had hoped," suggested Holmes, "that you would have joined us in a friendly supper."

"I think that there you ask a little too much," responded his lordship. "I may be forced to acquiesce in these recent developments, but I can hardly be expected to make merry over them. I think that, with your permission, I will now wish you all a very good-night." He included us all in a sweeping bow and stalked out of the room.

"Then I trust that you at least will honor me with your company," said Sherlock Holmes. "It is always a joy to meet an American, Mr. Moulton, for I am one of those who believe that the folly of a monarch and the blundering of a minister in far-gone years will not prevent our children from being some day citizens of the same world-wide country under a flag which shall be a quartering of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes."

"The case has been an interesting one," remarked Holmes, when our visitors had left us, "because it serves to show very clearly how simple the explanation may be of an affair which at first sight seems to be almost inexplicable. Nothing could be more natural than the sequence of events as narrated by this lady, and nothing stranger than the result when viewed, for instance, by Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard."

"You were not yourself at fault at all, then?"

"From the first, two facts were very obvious to me, the one that the lady had been quite willing to undergo the wedding ceremony, the other that she had repented of it within a few minutes of returning home. Obviously something had occurred during the morning, then, to cause her to change her mind. What could that something be? She could not have spoken to any one when she was out, for she had been in the company of the bridegroom. Had she seen some one, then? If she had, it must be some one from America, because

actor told the following at Mr. Cleveland's expense:—

"When the last Cleveland baby was born, Mr. Cleveland was asked about the weight, which he gave as twelve pounds. Dr. Bryant, who was present, interrupted the ex-President to say that the nurse had reported the young hopeful to be an eight-pounder."

"Well," said Mr. Cleveland, "I know, for I weighed him with the same scales that Mr. Jefferson and I use when we go fishing!"

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After the signing the members of the Russian mission will go to Christ Church, Portsmouth, where a tea and service will be held. The Russian Orthodox Bishop at New York, accompanied by twenty priests and about seventy choirists, arrived this evening on a special train. Mr. Witte and the members of his suite will leave for New York at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning. Baron Komura before going to Oyster Bay will visit Harvard, his alma mater.

Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 4.—Baron Komura, Mr. Takahira and the members of the Japanese mission held a reception in the ballroom of the hotel this evening. It was an exceedingly pleasant affair marked by the most friendly exchanges between the Russians and Japanese. Governor McLane and his staff, Admiral Mead and the naval officers in the harbor, the newspaper correspondents and all the hotel guests were present.

In the midst of the gaiety Mr. Witte and Baron de Rosen accompanied by the baroness and followed by all the Russian suite entered and paid their respects to the hosts. The greetings and exchanges between the erstwhile foes were very cordial. Mr. Witte after he withdrew from the line, finding that he was becoming the center of a throng who desired to be presented, quietly left the ball room. Supper was served and there were many banquets and toasts to Roosevelt and peace.

At the close of the reception Baron Komura, speaking to the Associated Press, said that he was very satisfied with the result of the peace conference, adding that what has been done here had been for the best interests of Russia and Japan. He attached no importance to the telegram from Lidsapudze saying that the Russians were apprehensive of a Japanese attack. He regarded it as simply an indication of the natural nervousness and tension that existed on both sides and he should not be surprised if a similar telegram came from the Japanese lines.

**A HEAVY BABY**  
(Boston Herald.)

Ex-President Cleveland and "Joe" Jefferson were speakers at a dinner at Sandwich, Cape Cod, where the veteran

she had spent so short a time in this country that she could hardly have allowed any one to acquire so deep an influence over her that the mere sight of him would induce her to change her plans so completely. You see we have already arrived, by a process of exclusion, at the idea that she might have seen an American. Then who could this American be, and why should he possess so much influence over her? It might be a lover; it might be a husband. Her young womanhood had, I knew, been spent in rough scenes and under strange conditions. So far I had got before I ever heard Lord St. Simon's narrative. When he told us of a man in a pew, of the change in the bride's manner, of so transparent a device for obtaining a note as the dropping of a bouquet, of her resort to her confidential maid, and of her very significant allusion to claim-jumping—which in miner's parlance means taking possession of that which another person has a prior claim to—the whole situation became absolutely clear. She had gone off with a man, and the man was either a lover or was a previous husband—the chances being in favor of the latter.

"And how in the world did you find them?"

"It might have been difficult, but friend Lestrade held information in his hands the value of which he did not himself know. The initials were, of course, of the highest importance, but more valuable still was it to know that within a week he had settled his bill at one of the most select London hotels."

"How did you deduce the select?"

"By the select prices. Eight shillings for a bed and eightpence for a glass of sherry pointed to one of the most expensive hotels. There are not many in London which charge at that rate. In the second one which I visited in Northumberland avenue, I learned by inspection of the book that Francis H. Moulton, an American gentleman, had left only the day before, and on looking over the entries against him I came upon the very items which I had seen in the duplicate bill. His letters were to be forwarded to No. 226 Gordon square; so thither I travelled, and being fortunate enough to find the loving couple at home, I ventured to give them some paternal advice, and to point out to them that it would be better in every way that they should make their position a little clearer both to the general public and to Lord St. Simon in particular. I invited them to meet him here, and, as you see, I made him keep the appointment."

"But with no very good result," I remarked. "His conduct was certainly not very gracious."

"Ah, Watson," said Holmes, smiling, "perhaps you would not be very gracious either, if, after all the trouble of wooing and wedding, you found yourself deprived in an instant of wife and fortune. I think that we may judge Lord St. Simon very mercifully, and thank our stars that we are never likely to find ourselves in the same position. Draw your chair up, and hand me my violin, for the only problem we have still to solve is how to while away these bleak autumnal evenings."

(The End.)



Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. A.D. 1529

Henry VIII., the personification of the fabled Bluebeard, had in all six wives. The first, Catherine of Aragon, he divorced, having doubts, after twenty years of married life, as to the legality of his marriage with her. The King's fancy was taken by one of her maids of honor, Anne Boleyn, granddaughter of the first Duke of Norfolk. It is said that Catherine discovered Henry making love to Anne, who was quite complaisant.

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Is Nature's Remedy for Tired, Fagged-out and Run-down Men

If taken regularly contributes to the Perfect Health, Makes Life Worth Living.

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## BRITISH LUMBER MARKET

The following remarks about the state of the spruce markets on the west coast of England appear in the current number of the Timber Trades Journal:

"As written in our last notes, there is a better tone all round, with enhanced prices. The foregoing prediction is still in evidence at the time of writing, and we hear that 27 1/2 s. c.i.f. has been paid for a St. John steamer cargo by Bristol Channel importers, whilst North West coast firms are reported to have bought above this figure. We should not omit to mention that the latter purchase includes a fair line of 8x11, and a good percentage of 9-in. From St. John we hear that large quantities of logs are still being landed, and that the rain that is wanted badly has not come to swell the rivers. A well-known Canadian lumber journal reports that deal shipments from points at head of the Bay of Fundy have been 25 per cent. less, and from Halifax 40 per cent. less than last year, while it is estimated that the total Nova Scotia spruce shipments will be 40 per cent. less than 1904. On the other hand, the demand for spruce is so great that cargo could not be secured at the present time to move same at anything like fair rates, for there are practically no steamers enquiring for Canadian freights, and tonnage cannot be engaged today from Miramichi at 42s. 6d. or St. John at 37s. 6d., and should by chance a stray steamer enquire for a Canadian freight, each shipper would do his utmost to secure her."

The burden of the same journal's Liverpool note is also optimistic. They are in part as follows: "The spruce market shows a tendency upwards for cargoes to arrive. Some good parcels of Quebec spruce deals have arrived by the regular liners for Watson & Todd and Harrison, Robinson & Co., which are finding a ready market, owing to their superior quality."

"Don't you think that a newspaper in smaller, more compact form would be appreciated?" asked the publisher.

"No," answered his wife. "It must be large enough for a man to hold in front of his face when there are women standing in a street car."—Le Bon Vivant.

## Butter!

## Butter!

We have just received a large lot of very choice Creamery and Dairy Butter, in solids, lumps and one pound prints.

We are also agents for the Apus Veneer Co., and have in stock all the time a full line of their famous Picnic, Market and Delivery Baskets. This is Picnic season. Call and select your baskets.

Also in stock a full line of J. Bruce Payne's celebrated Cigars, including the "Pharaoh" and other brands.

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One of the best equipped and most efficient of Ladies' Colleges in this country. Prepares for the UNIVERSITY and for LIFE.

ALL DEPARTMENTS.  
Music, Art, Elocution, Stenography, Domestic Science, Physical Culture, etc.  
Finishing courses arranged for.  
Definite aim to develop intelligent and refined Christian Womanhood.

**WRITE FOR CALENDAR**  
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MRS. GRANT NEEDHAM, Lady Principal.  
REV. W. D. ARMSTRONG, M. A. D. D., President.

**Rothsay College For Boys,**  
Rothsay, N. B.

Caleendars for the year 1905-1906 briefly descriptive of the school and its work, have been prepared and may be obtained by addressing the principal at Rothsay. School will re-open for the Michaelmas Term in the afternoon of

Tuesday, Sept. 12th.

**FOR SALE.**

One 2500 lbs **Flow Scale** suitable for warehouse use.

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## C. P. R. LOSES FIRST ROUND

Railway Commission Approves  
G. T. P. Location in Spite of  
C. P. R. Objections.

Ottawa, Sept. 4.—The railway commission heard today the objections of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the location plans of the G. T. P. from Portage la Prairie, 275 miles westward. Mr. Aylesworth along with Mr. Pringle, M. P., appeared for the C. P. R., and Mr. Biggar, chief counsel for the G. T. R., appeared for his company. Mr. Biggar asked for the approval of the plans which was already approved as far as location was concerned by the minister of railways and the governor general in council. Mr. Aylesworth contended that the minister had not approved of the plans according to the statute. The road should have been through new territory and thirty miles away from other railways. He asked for a reference on this point to the supreme court.

Mr. Biggar claimed that if the minister had approved of the plans in the way suggested by the C. P. R., he would have been departing from the statute. He said there was nothing to refer to the supreme court and the board had no other course to refer to the supreme court and the board had no other course under the railway act than to approve of the plans.

## Thin Blood Makes a Weak Body

But You Can Enrich the Blood  
and Send New Vigor Through  
the System by Using Dr.  
Chase's Nerve Food.

Every nerve and every muscle of the body depends on the blood for nourishment. Thin, watery blood makes weak nerves and flabby forcing blood through fails in its work. The lungs, the stomach, the liver, kidneys and bowels all do their work in an imperfect way, and you drag about weak, tired and miserable.

The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food makes a radical change in every human system that is starved and impervious for want of rich, pure and life-sustaining blood.

Gradually, certainly and naturally it instills new vigor into every nook and corner of the body, restores health and vitality, and puts a new joy into life.

Note your increase in weight while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food; 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

They were in the wood. Said he, looking things unutterable. "I wish I were a fern, Gustie."

"Why?" she asked.

"Why, perhaps—you would press me, too."

She evidently hated to do it, but it is best to nip such things in the bud; so she replied, "I'm afraid you're too green, Tommy. The poor fellow almost blubbered."

"It is feared that Komura will refuse to treat with Witte," said the man who is interested in the war in Asia.

"That sir," responded Col. S. H. L. of Kentucky, "would be an outrage, sir. They may have their differences of opinion, but no gentleman, sir, will refuse to treat when his turn comes."—Washington Star.