SERIAL STORY

REMINISCENCES OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES

by ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Illustrations by V. L. BARNES

The ADVENTURE OF THE RED CIRCLE

(Continued.)

"One moment, Gregson," said Holmes. "I rather fancy that this lady may be as anxious to give us information as we can be to get it. You understand, madam, that your husband will be arrested and tried for the death of the man who lies before us? What you say may be used in evidence. But if you think that he has acted from motives which are not criminal, and which he would wish to have known, then you cannot serve him better than by telling us the whole story."

"Now that Gorgiano is dead we fear nothing," said the lady. "He was a devil and a monster, and there can be no judge in the world who would punish my husband for having killed him."

"In that case," said Holmes, "my suggestion is that we lock this door, leave things as we found them, go with this lady to her room, and form our opinion after we have heard what it is that she has to say to us."

Half an hour later we were seated, all four, in the small sitting-room of Signora Lucca, listening to her remarkable narrative of those sinister events, the ending of which we had chanced to witness. She spoke in rapid and fluent but very unconventional English, which, for the sake of clearness, I will make grammatical.

"I was born in Posilippo, near Naples," said she, "and was the daughter of Augusto Barelli, who was the chief lawyer and once the deputy of that part. Gennaro was in my father's employment, and I came to love him, as any woman must. He had neither money nor position—nothing but his beauty and strength and energy—so my father forbade the match. We fled together, were married at Bari, and sold my jewels to gain the money which would take us to America. This was four years ago, and we have been in New York ever since.

"Fortune was very good to us at first. Gennaro was able to do a service to an Italian gentleman—he saved him from some ruffians in the place called the Bowery, and so made a powerful friend. His name was Tito Castalotte, and he was the senior partner of the great firm of Castalotte and Zamba, who are the chief fruit importers of New York. Signor Zamba is an invalid, and our new friend Castalotte has all power within the firm, which employs more than three hundred men. He took my husband into his employment, made him head of a department, and showed his goodwill towards him in every way. Signor Castalotte was a bachelor, and I believe that he felt as if Gennaro was his son, and both my husband and I loved him as if he were our father. We had taken and furnished a little house in Brooklyn, and our whole future seemed assured, when that black cloud appeared which was soon to overspread our sky.

"One night, when Gennaro returned from his work, he brought a fellow-countryman back with him. His name was Gorgiano, and he had come also from Posilippo. He was a huge man, as you can testify, for you have looked upon his corpse. Not only was his body that of a giant, but everything about him was grotesque, gigantic and terrifying. His voice was like thunder in our little house. There was scarce room for the whirl of his great arms as he talked. His thoughts, his emotions, his passions, all were exaggerated and monstrous. He talked, or rather roared, with such energy that others could but sit and listen, cowed with the mighty stream of words. His eyes blazed at you and held you at his mercy. He was a terrible and wonderful man. I thank God that he is dead!

"He came again and again. Yet I was aware that Gennaro was no more happy than I was in his presence. My poor husband would sit pale and listless, listening to the endless ravings upon politics and upon social questions which made up our visitor's conversation. Gennaro said nothing, but I who knew him so well could read in his face some emotion which I had never seen there before. At first I thought that it was dislike. And then, gradually, I understood that it was more than dislike. It was fear—a deep, secret, shrinking fear. That night—the night that I read his terror—I put my arms round him and I implored him by his love for me and by all that he held dear to hold nothing from me, and to tell me why this huge man overshadowed him so.

"He told me, and my own heart grew cold as ice as I listened. My poor Gennaro, in his wild and fiery days, when all the world seemed against him and his mind was driven half mad by the injustices of life, had joined a Neapolitan society, the Red Circle, which was allied to the old Carbonari. The oaths and secrets of this brotherhood were frightful; but once within its rule no escape was possible. When we had fled to America Gennaro thought that he had cast it all off for ever. What was his horror one evening to meet in the streets the very man who had initiated him in Naples, the giant Gorgiano, a man who had earned the name of 'Death' in the South of Italy, for he was red to the elbow in murder! He had come to New York to avoid the Italian police, and he had already planted a branch of his dreadful society in his new home. All this Gennaro told me, and showed me a summons which he had received that very day, a Red Circle drawn upon the head of it, telling him that a lodge would be held upon a certain date, and that his presence at it was required and ordered.

"That was bad enough, but worse was to come. I had noticed for some time that when Gorgiano came to us, as he constantly did, in the evenings, he spoke much to me; and even when his words were to my husband those terrible, glaring, wild-beast eyes of his were always turned upon me. One night his secret came out. I had awakened what he called 'love' within him—the love of a brute—a savage. Gennaro had not yet returned when he came. He pushed his way in, seized me in his mighty arms, hugged me in his bear's embrace, covered me with kisses and implored me to come away with him. I was struggling and screaming when Gennaro entered and attacked him. He struck Gennaro senseless and fled from the house which he was never more to enter. It was a deadly enemy that we made that night.

"A few days later came the meeting. Gennaro returned from it with a face which told me that something dreadful had occurred. It was worse than we could have imagined possible. The funds of the society were raised by blackmailing rich Italians and

"One Moment, Gregson," said Holmes.

threatening them with violence should they refuse the money. It seems that Castalotte, our dear friend and benefactor, had been approached. He had refused to yield to threats, and he had handed the notices to the police. It was resolved now that such an example should be made of him as would prevent any other victim from rebelling. At the meeting it was arranged that he and his house should be blown up with dynamite. There was a drawing of lots as to who should carry out the deed. Gennaro saw our enemy's cruel face smiling at him as he dipped his hand in the bag. No doubt it had been prearranged in some fashion, for it was the fatal disc with the Red Circle upon it, the mandate for murder, which lay upon his palm. He was to kill his best friend, or he was to expose himself and me to the vengeance of his comrades. It was part of their fiendish system to punish those whom they feared or hated by injuring not only their own persons, but those whom they loved, and it was the knowledge of this which hung as a terror over my poor Gennaro's head and drove him nearly crazy with apprehension.

"All that night we sat together, our arms round each other, each strengthening each for the troubles that lay before us. The very next evening had been fixed for the attempt. By midday my husband and I were on our way to London, but not before he had given our benefactor full warning of his danger, and had also left such information for the police as would safeguard his life for the future.

"The rest, gentlemen, you know for yourselves. We were sure that our enemies would be behind us like our own shadows. Gorgiano had his private reasons for vengeance, but in any case we knew how ruthless, cunning, and untiring he could be. Both Italy and America are full of stories of his dreadful powers. If ever they were exerted it would be now. My darling made use of the few clear days which our start had given us in arranging for a refuge for me in such a fashion that no possible danger could reach me. For his own part, he wished to be free that he might communicate both with the American and with the Italian police. I do not myself know where he lived, or how. All that I learned was through the columns of a newspaper. But once, as I looked through my window, I saw two Italians watching the house, and I understood that in some way Gorgiano had found out our retreat. Finally Gennaro told me, through the paper that he would signal to me from a certain window, but when the signals came they were nothing but warnings, which were suddenly interrupted. It is very clear to me now that he knew Gorgiano to be close upon him, and that, thank God! he was ready for him when he came. And now, gentlemen, I would ask you whether we have anything to fear from the law, or whether any judge upon earth would condemn my Gennaro for what he has done?"

"Well, Mr. Gregson," said the American, looking across at the official, "I don't know what your British point of view may be, but I guess that in New York this lady's husband will receive a pretty general vote of thanks."

"She will have to come with me and see the chief," Gregson answered. "If what she says is corroborated, I do not think she or her husband has much to fear. But what I can't make head or tail of, Mr. Holmes, is how on earth you got yourself mixed up in the matter."

"Education, Gregson, education. Still seeking knowledge at the old university. Well, Watson, you have one more specimen of the tragic and grotesque to add to your collection. By the way, it is eight o'clock, and a Wagner night at Covent Garden! If we hurry, we might be in time for the second act."

Proof of Riches.

Patience—They say he was taken sick on the train.

Patrice—Indeed? What was the matter?

"Oh, he ate too much in a dining car."

"Oh! Is he as rich as that?"

Deadbeats of One Pattern

Veteran Credit Man Says They All Talk Alike and Try Same Tricks.

"Deadbeats," remarked an old credit man, "all talk alike. They are plausible to start with," he went on, "and are so free and easy they deceive every one but the most astute credit man. When they are dunned the first time they make a frank and positive promise to pay on a certain date. They do this so unreservedly that suspicion is disarmed. Of course they don't pay—but they have some of the best excuses in the world. They have had a run of hard luck, for instance. If the merchant takes this well, they will ask for more credit. If the merchant is obdurate they will come back with the statement that the merchant is making it unnecessarily hard for them to get along by crowding them; they will hint, also, that others have been soliciting their trade.

"Right there is the time to come down on them hard. Shut off their credit. Usually it is useless to sue, for such persons are judgment proof. The next move is to let them think you have forgotten them. They always are on the watch for the man who keeps nagging them all the time, but they grow careless of the man who leaves them alone. Some day they will leave an opening so that something can be attached or levied on, and then is the time to jump in and get your money.

"A favorite trick of the deadbeat is to offer his note for the account. These fellows think nothing of giving their notes. They would buy the continent of Asia if they could give their notes for it, and would clean up a fortune and get out of paying the note. Just listen to one of these deadbeats talk, remember what he says, and when the next one strikes you his language will be identical. It is almost as if it were the fixed ritual of their order."

Sway of the Police Magistrate.

In New York upward of 200,000 persons were arraigned before the police magistrates during the year 1910 and another hundred thousand were probably brought into their courts by summons. Over this huge army of people, many of whom are entirely innocent of any offense, the magistrates exert an almost undisputed sway, for their decisions are in nine cases out of ten absolutely final.

In other words, they pass judgment upon the personal liberty and rights of more than 25,000 citizens every month of the year, and, save in a few instances, their decisions are accepted without appeal or review of any kind. No other tribunal in the land administers justice on so vast a scale or exerts anything even approaching so unbridled a power. It is at once a court of first and last resort, presided over by a cadi, supreme arbiter of the facts and largely a law unto himself.—From the Century.

Captain Cook Statue.

None too soon, that renowned English navigator, Captain Cook, is to have a memorial in London. It will take the form of a statue of the explorer of the Northwest Passage, and is being executed by Sir Thomas Brock, R. A., the commissioners being the British Empire league. The statue is expected to be finished in November next, when it will be set up, appropriately enough, near the new Admiralty Arch, close to Trafalgar square. Many distinguished folk are expected to be present at the unveiling, which probably will be performed by the king, who, as a keen sailor, has taken a lot of interest in the memorial project.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Reckless Waste May Cause Extinction of Whale.

WASHINGTON.—Danger of the total extinction of the whale through "overfishing" is dealt with in the thirteenth annual report on fisheries, issued by the board of agriculture and fisheries.

It is unquestionable, says the report, that in the case of a slow-growing and slow-reproducing animal like the whale, although, owing to its wide range, it will probably never be absolutely exterminated, excessive hunting speedily results in a very marked depletion of the stock.

The practical extinction of the Basque and Greenland whale fisheries has abundantly proved this. It must be remembered, too, that this result was brought about by means of the open and hand harpoon—methods which are now obsolete.

The Greenland whale was a comparatively sluggish and timid animal, whose capture by the method referred to presented little difficulty, whereas the rorquals and other species were not only too swift, but too dangerous to be attacked in the same manner as the "right" whale.

With the introduction, however, of the harpoon with explosive shell, discharged from a cannon mounted in the bows of a steamer, the conditions were entirely changed, and the species formerly immune from attack could now be hunted with impunity.

The result of this revolution in the conditions under which the fishing could be prosecuted is seen in the enormous dimensions which the industry has attained at the present day.

It is estimated that in 1911 between 19,000 and 20,000 whales were captured in the southern hemisphere alone (South Georgia, South Shetland, South America and Africa), to which has to be added the catch in North America, Japan, Faroe, Iceland, Spitzbergen and Greenland, and these figures will probably be greatly exceeded in 1912, as numerous new companies have been formed to exploit Alaskan, Australasian and Sandwich island waters.

This wholesale destruction must inevitably tell its tale within a few years, and, as a matter of fact, in Newfoundland and Iceland fears are already entertained that the fishing is on the decline.

It would not, therefore, be a matter for surprise if, within a few years, it may be found necessary to establish, something in the nature of international control, and the precedent of the Behring seal fishery shows how vexed a question whaling may ultimately become.

Wild Man Flees to the Capital; Cop Nabs Him

"T.," alias "Gingerbread," the wild man from Borneo, escaped from his dugout at the Rockville fair the other day, and, coming to Washington, was locked up on a charge of disorderly conduct.

The wild man, who lives on raw meat and "eats 'em alive," was approached the following night by Policeman Andes of the Fifth precinct while doing a war dance in Pennsylvania Avenue Southeast.

"Who do you think you are, anyway?" inquired Andes.

"G-rrr! Woof!" responded the wild man.

Whereupon Policeman Andes called the wagon, and the wild man was taken to the station, put in a cell, and told to "sleep it off."

It is supposed that the wild man got tired of staying in a cage and eating raw meat and sleeping in hay. So he pushed the door of his dugout open, and walked 16 miles to Washington to get something that would take the taste of the meat out of his mouth.

When the news spread through Rockville that it probably had a wild man on its hands, a posse of vigilantes armed themselves with shotguns and pitchforks and raw meat, with which to appease his mean disposition.

When they could not find him, they went home and barred the front door.

The wild man is no beauty. He is a hairy individual, six feet tall, with a sinister cast of countenance. He has bulging eyes and an ecliptical-shaped head, with an indentation on the top, covered by a patch of hair. When seen at the fair grounds, mothers would draw their children to them when the wild man grinned, and strong men would shudder.

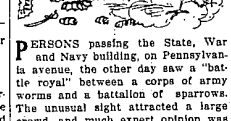
After spending a night at the Fifth Precinct station, the wild man was taken to Washington Asylum hospital for observation.

Never having had a wild man from Borneo on their hands, the hospital officials were puzzled.

And, on the blotter of the Fifth Precinct station is inscribed:

"'It,'" and opposite that, "crazy."

Sparrows Annihilate Worm Army on Navy Green.



PERSONS passing the State, War and Navy building, on Pennsylvania avenue, the other day saw a "battle royal" between a corps of army worms and a battalion of sparrows. The unusual sight attracted a large crowd, and much expert opinion was passed on the outcome of the battle, the problem facing the battalion of sparrows being the annihilation of the enemy before darkness set in.

The battalion of sparrows moved eastward in two columns from the northwest corner of the State, War and Navy lawn. One of the most interesting features of the "battle" was the warlike precision with which the sparrows moved.

It was estimated by onlookers that neither column of sparrows was over three feet wide. They worked in solid block formation and moved rapidly on the corps of army worms, which was solidly intrenched behind breastworks of grass.

Owing to their intrenched position, it was impossible for onlookers to estimate the strength of the worms, but it was generally conceded that the attacking battalion of sparrows was 500 strong.

Like Henry of Navarre at Ivry, the "commander" of the worms held his forces close to the "cannon" of the invading sparrows, but without avail, for the "charge of the five hundred" proved devastating to the intrenched worms.

The "battle" continued throughout the day, and at night not a sparrow was reported dead on the field, while hundreds of the enemy had been slain.

Claimed That Automobiles Spread Tuberculosis

ACTING as agents in the spread of tuberculosis, motor cars and high-powered automobiles are spreading disease and death in the Philippines, according to a report in the quarterly review of the bureau of public works of the islands. This is due to the great clouds of dust raised by the rapidly moving vehicles. The dust finds its way into the houses, which are built close on the edges of the narrow streets, and the high mortality among the Filipinos from tuberculosis is attributed in large measure to it.

The spread and increase of the "white plague" is not confined to human beings, according to the report, but cattle and other live stock are equal sufferers.

The Philippine government is experimenting with native oil on the roads, in the hope of remedying conditions.

Electrical devices to handle the 86,000,000 money orders returned annually to Washington to be audited will save $200,000 a year for the government, according to estimates by Charles A. Kram, auditor for the post-office department.

The tabulations are accomplished through a system of punched cards and electrical counters somewhat similar to the machines used by the federal census bureau. Heretofore, the annual audit of the money order business of the country has taken nearly a year. With the electric card punching and counting system the final settlement of money order accounts can be made within three months of the end of the fiscal year.

Richest in Healing Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

The Greatest Woman.

Who was or is the greatest woman in all history? Two hundred teachers answered the question and with enthusiasm and unanimity the judges awarded the prize to the one who made this reply: "The wife of the farmer of moderate means who does her own cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, brings up a family of boys and girls to be useful members of society, and finds time for intellectual improvement."

Significant.

"He proposed to her in a canoe."

"Did she accept him?"

"I presume so. The canoe capsized."

BREAKING OUT ON LEG

Hilltop, Kan.—"About two years ago I began to notice a breaking out on my leg. At first it was very small but soon it began to spread until it formed large blotches. The itching was terrible and almost constant. Many nights I could not sleep at all. After scratching it to relieve the itching it would burn so dreadfully that I thought I could not stand it. For nearly a year I tried all kinds of salves and ointment, but found no relief. Some salves seemed to make it worse until there were ugly sores, which would break open and run.

"One day I saw an advertisement of Cuticura Remedies. I got a sample of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and began by washing the sores with the Cuticura Soap, then applying the Cuticura Ointment twice a day. I noticed a change and got more Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in a few weeks I was cured. It has healed so nicely that no scar remains." (Signed) Mrs. Anna A. Law, Dec. 17, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

WOMEN AS NATURAL ENEMIES

Writer Advances Some Good Reasons Why This Unfortunate Condition Must Exist.

"The average woman now begins that study of society which will merge ultimately with the marriage campaign. She makes many discoveries which she admits frankly to herself. She comes to many conclusions," says Inez Haynes Gillmore in Harper's Bazar, "which sink unnoticed into her subconscious mind. If marriage, for instance, is her natural career, then men are her natural prey.

"But unfortunately there are never enough men in her world to go round; and of those from whom she may hope to choose some are much more desirable than others. Naturally she prefers the desirable ones—i. e., the 'eligibles.' But—and here she runs against her first obstacle—every other single woman in her circle has come to the same conclusion. From the instant she realizes this she must declare war on every other member of her sex.

"Men must often wonder at that minute and merciless examination to which, on a first meeting, every woman submits every other woman. Men must often marvel at the power of quick observation which women always develop in these circumstances. This is only the swift interrogation with which a warrior surveys the arms of his opponent. Women are forever discovering new and complex weapons in the possession of rivals. And, perhaps, the most terrifying element in the situation is psychological—her sense of bafflement, in that she cannot judge of women for men any more than they can judge of men for her. Every other woman becomes her enemy. To succeed in her world she must play a lone hand and a cut-throat game."

IT'S THE FOOD.

The True Way to Correct Nervous Troubles.

Nervous troubles are more often caused by improper food and indigestion than most people imagine. Even doctors sometimes overlook this fact. A man says:

"Until two years ago waffles and butter with meat and gravy were the main features of my breakfast. Finally dyspepsia came on and I found myself in a bad condition, worse in the morning than any other time. I would have a full, sick feeling in my stomach, with pains in my heart, sides and head.

"At times I would have no appetite, for days, then I would feel ravenous, never satisfied when I did eat and so nervous I felt like shrieking at the top of my voice. I lost flesh badly and hardly knew which way to turn until one day I bought a box of Grape-Nuts food to see if I could eat that. I tried it without telling the doctor, and liked it fine; made me feel as if I had something to eat that was satisfying and still I didn't have that heaviness that I had felt after eating any other food.

"I hadn't drank any coffee then in five weeks. I kept on with the Grape-Nuts and in a month and a half I had gained 15 pounds, could eat almost anything I wanted, didn't feel badly after eating and my nervousness was all gone. It's a pleasure to be well again."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.