

ago. 12,000 rifled muskets came duly to hand and were shipped to Halifax as instructed.

We will be able to seize the other two steamers as per programme. Trowbridge has followed the President's orders. We will have Briggs under arrest before this reaches you. Cost \$2,000. We want more money. How shall we draw? Bills all forwarded to Slidell and rect's recd. Write as before.

J. H. C.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has lately been very much in what has come to be styled "the public eye," partly by his ingenious detective work in the case of the young Anglo-Syrian, George Edalji, and partly because of his recent marriage. His successful detective work is especially interesting for reasons which it may be worth while to recall. After Sherlock Holmes had become so famous, many persons were ready to believe that the creator of Sherlock could himself do things quite as remarkable. When Dr. Doyle (as he was then) visited South Africa during the Boer War, he was a good deal annoyed because people would persist in sending him envelopes and pieces of writing and other things, with the request that he would examine them closely and deduce from them all sorts of facts. Of course, this kind of thing was a nuisance, and Dr. Doyle took refuge in a vast stolidity, declaring that he could make nothing of all this material, and that he was unable to deduce from them any facts whatever. Then public opinion changed, and it was said: "Oh, it's easy enough to write detective stories, because you simply commence at the end and work backward to the beginning. No matter how ingenious the puzzle may be, the man who contrives it could not himself work out a puzzle which someone else contrived." And so Dr. Doyle no longer got any credit for being himself a real Sherlockian. But the Edalji case has shown that Conan Doyle is not only a Sherlock but also a Mycroft. Roused by the injustice done to an innocent man, he set himself to work, exposed the incompetence and prejudice of the local Lestrades, proved that their deductions were entirely false, and showed

that the evidence upon which the court had convicted Edalji was absolutely worthless. It was a brilliant demonstration, and the Home Secretary was fairly forced to release Edalji from imprisonment.

This triumph of Conan Doyle's ingenuity came just at about the time when he was married. Some sensational correspondent cabled the news of his engagement and coupled it with a statement to the effect that Sir Arthur had been one of the three most inveterate bachelors in England and that no one had supposed that he would ever marry. We have already pointed out in these pages that, so far from having been a life-long bachelor, he had, in fact, been married many years and that his first wife had died not very long before. Indeed, those who remember his visit to America in 1894 will also remember that he cut short a highly successful course of public reading, so that he might go back to England to spend Christmas with his wife, who was an invalid. As this seems to have been generally forgotten, it may be of interest to recall some of the facts connected with Conan Doyle's only visit to the United States. He came here in October, 1894, and gave forty public readings under the direction of Major Pond. He was immensely successful. A certain frank heartiness, curiously tinged with timidity, greatly took the fancy of his audiences; and he might have continued here indefinitely had he cared to do so. He was pleased with everything, prowled about in all sorts of unusual places, and took a sort of boyish delight in his adventures. The only thing which seemed to trouble him was our over-heated railway cars, hotels and houses. He was himself an exceedingly warm-blooded person, wearing no overcoat even in the coldest weather, and preferring to lecture in a frock-coat so that he might dispense with his waistcoat, the absence of which he concealed by buttoning up his "Prince Albert." Dr. Doyle's popularity was a source of great embarrassment to him; for his audiences always remained in the hope of meeting one whose personality had so charmed them. As a rule, at the moment when he stopped reading, he would rush for the wings and