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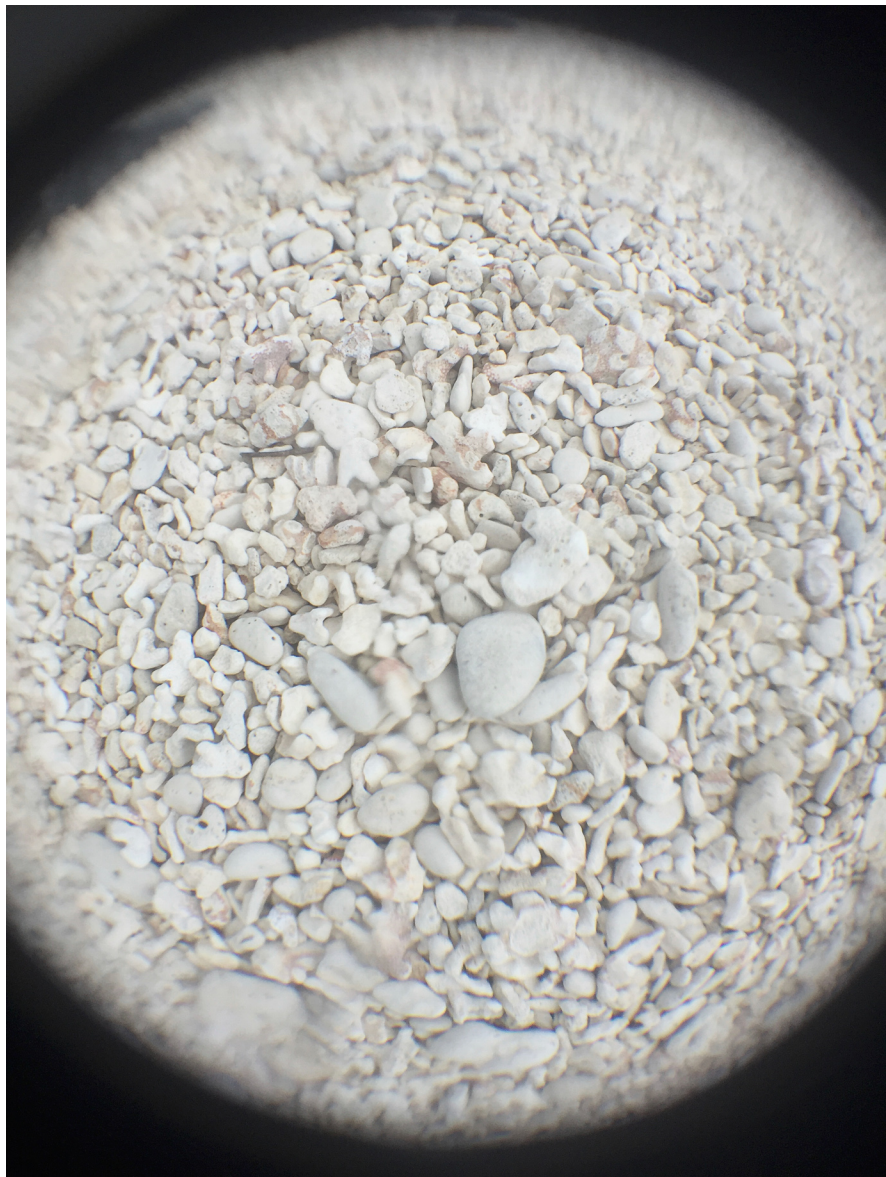




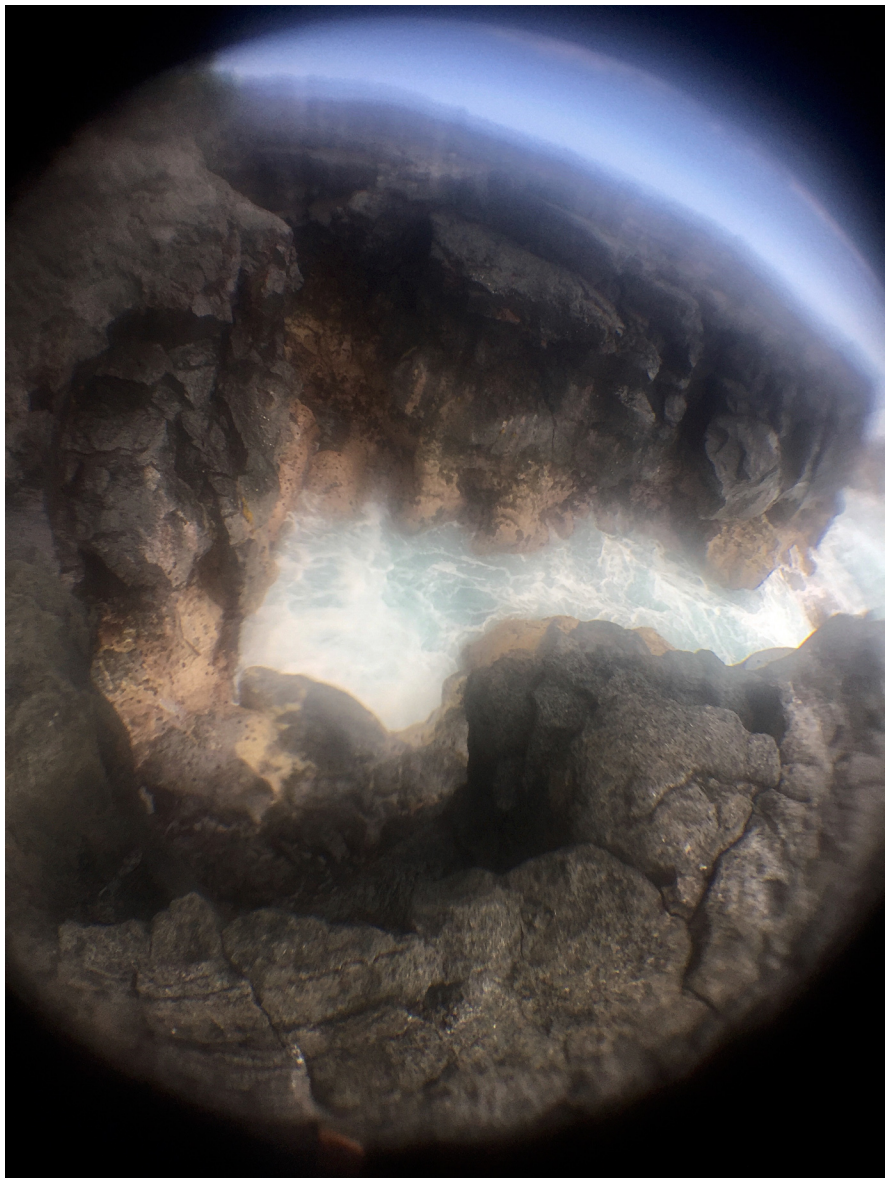














eNd Of 1

2Nd sEqUENCe













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3Rd SeQUEnCe









































eND of 3

4tH sEQUenCe













A STUDY IN SCARLET

25

came to Number 86, the door of which was decorated with a small slip of brass on which the name *Lawson* was engraved. On inquiry the constable was in bed, and we found that the constable was in bed, and we were shown into a little front parlour to await his coming.

He appeared presently, looking a little perturbed at being disturbed in his slumbers.

"I made my report at the office," he said. "Haines took a half-sovereign from his pocket and played with it awhile. 'We thought that we should like to hear it all from your own lips,' he said."

"I shall be most happy to tell you anything I can," the constable answered, with his eyes upon the little golden disc.

"Just sit on here if all in your own way, as it is."

"I'll tell it to you from the beginning," he said.

"My time is from late at night to six in the morning. At eleven there was a light at the door. I saw it, but I was too tired to get up."

"What time was that?" he asked.

"At one o'clock it began to rain. I heard some noise—and saw some light at the door of Number 86—and saw some light at the door of Number 86—and saw some light at the door of Number 86."

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what killed him. The thought gave me a kind of turn, and I walked back to the gate to see if I could see Murcher's lantern, but there wasn't no sign of him nor of anyone else."

"There was no one in the street?"

"Not a livin' soul, sir, nor as much as a dog. Then I pulled myself together and went back and pushed the door open. All went quiet inside, so I went into the room where the light was a-burnin'."

"There was a candle flickerin' on the mantelpiece—a red wax one—and by its light I saw—"

"Yes, I know all that you saw. You walked round the room several times, and you knelt down by the body, and then you walked through and tried the kitchen door, and then—"

"John Rance sprang to his feet with a frightened face and suspicion in his eyes."

"Where was you hid to see all that?" he cried. "It seems to me that you know a deal more than you should."

"Haines laughed and threw his card across the table to the constable. "Don't get arresting me for the murder," he said. "I am one of the hounds and not the wolf. Mr. Cresson or Mr. Lestrade will answer for that. Go on, though. What did you do next?"

"Rance resumed his seat, without, however, losing his mystified expression. "I went back to the gate and sounded my horn. That brought Murcher and two more to the spot."

"Was the street empty then?"

"Well, it was as far as anybody that could be of any good goes."

"What do you mean?"

"The constable's features broadened into a grin. "You seen many a drunk chap in my time, but never anyone as crazy as that."

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