

# The RETURN of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE  
Illustrated by F. D. STEELE

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE PRIORY SCHOOL

(Continued.)

Out of them we dragged a bicycle, Palmer-tyred, one pedal bent, and the whole front of it horribly smeared and ellobbered with blood. The other side of the bushes a man was projecting. We ran round, and there lay the unfortunate rider. He was a tall man, full-bearded, with spectacles, one glass of which had been knocked out. The cause of his death was a frightful blow upon the head, which had crushed in part of his skull. That he could have gone on after receiving such an injury said much for the vitality and courage of the man. He wore shoes, but no socks, and his open coat disclosed a night-shirt beneath it. It was undoubtedly the German master.

Holmes turned the body over reverently, and examined it with great attention. He then sat in deep thought for a time, and I could see by his ruffled brow that this grim discovery had not, in his opinion, advanced us much in our inquiry. "It is a little difficult to know what to do, Watson," said he, at last. "My own inclination is to push this inquiry on, for we have already lost so much time that we cannot afford to waste another hour. On the other hand, we are bound to inform the police of the discovery, and to see that this poor fellow's body is looked after."

"I could take a note back." "But I need your company and assistance. Wait a bit! There is a fellow cutting peat up yonder. Bring him over here, and he will guide the police."

I brought the peasant across, and Holmes dispatched the frightened man with a note to Dr. Huxtable. "Now, Watson," said he, "we have picked up two clues this morning. One is the bicycle with the Palmer tyre, and we see what that has led to. The other is the bicycle with the patched Dunlop. Before we start to investigate that, let us try to realize what we do know, so as to make the most of it, and to separate the essential from the accidental."

"First of all, I wish to impress upon you that the boy certainly left of his own free will. He got down from his window and he went off, either alone or with someone. That is sure."

"Well, now, let us turn to this unfortunate German master. The boy was fully dressed when he fled. Therefore, he foresaw what he would do. But the German went without his socks. He certainly acted on very short notice."

"Undoubtedly." "Why did he go? Because, from his bedroom window, he saw the flight of the boy; because he wished to overtake him and bring him back. He seized his bicycle, pursued the lad, and in pursuing him met his death."

"So it would seem." "Now I come to the critical part of my argument. The natural action of a man in pursuing a little boy would be to run after him. He would know that he could overtake him. But the German does not do so. He turns to his bicycle. I am said that he was an excellent cyclist. He would not do this if he did not see that the boy had some swift means of escape."

"The other bicycle." "Let us continue our reconstruction. He meets his death five miles from the school—met by a bullet, mark you, which even a lad might conceivably discharge, but by a savage blow dealt by a vigorous arm. This had, then, had a companion in his flight. And the flight was a swift one, since it took five miles before an expert cyclist could overtake them. Yet we survey the ground round the scene of the tragedy. What do we find? A few cattle-tracks, nothing more. I took a wide swing round, and there is no path within fifty yards. Another cyclist could have had nothing to do with the actual murder, nor were there any human footmarks."

"Holmes," I cried, "this is impossible." "Admirable!" he said. "A most illuminating remark. It is impossible as I state it, and therefore in some respect I

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head coachman once, and cruel had he treated me. It was him that sacked me without a character on the word of a lying corn-chandler. But I'm glad to hear that the young lord was heard of in Liverpool, and I'll help you to take the news to the Hall."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "We'll have some food first. Then you can bring round the bicycle." "I haven't got a bicycle." Holmes held up a sovereign.

"I tell you, man, that I haven't got one. I'll let you have two horses as far as the Hall."

"Well, well," said Holmes, "we'll talk about it when we've had something to eat."

When we were left alone in the stone-floored kitchen, it was astonishing how rapidly that sprained ankle recovered. It was nearly nightfall, and we had eaten nothing since early morning, so that we spent some time over our meal. Holmes was lost in thought, and once or twice he walked over to the window and stared earnestly out. It opened on to a spindly courtyard. In the far corner was a outhouse, where a grimy lad was at work. On the other side were the stables. Holmes had sat down again after one of these excursions, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with a loud exclamation.

"By Heaven, Watson, I believe that I've got it!" he cried. "Yes, yes, it must be so. Watson, do you remember seeing any cow-tracks today?" "Yes, several."

"Where?" "Well, everywhere. They were at the manure, and again on the path, and again near where poor Heidegger met his death."

"Exactly. Well, now, Watson, how many cows did you see on the moor?" "I don't remember seeing any."

"Strange, Watson, that we should see tracks all along our line, but never a cow on the whole moor. Very strange, Watson, eh?" "Yes, it is strange."

"Now, Watson, make an effort, throw your mind back. Can you see those tracks upon the path?" "Yes, I can."

"Can you recall that the tracks were sometimes like that, Watson?" he arranged a number of bread-crumbs in this fashion: . . . . . "and sometimes like this": . . . . . "and occasionally like this": . . . . . "Can you remember that?" "No, I cannot."

"But I can. I could swear to it. However, we will go back at our leisure and verify it. What a blind beetle I have been, not to draw my conclusion!" "And what is your conclusion?"

"Only that it is a remarkable cow which walks, canters, and gallops. By George! Watson, it was no brain of a country publican that thought out such a blind as that. The coast seems to be clear, save for that lad in the smithy. Let us slip out and see what we can see."

There were two rough-haired, unkempt horses in the tumble-down stable. Holmes raised the hind leg of one of them and laughed aloud.

"Old shoes, but newly shod—old shoes, but new nails. This case deserves to be a classic. Let us go across to the smithy."

RAY STANNARD BAKER  
Ray Stannard Baker's reputation as a contributor of special articles to McClure's has grown big enough to overshadow his earlier name as a writer of fiction. The reading public was reminded of his story-telling by the appearance in Collier's of "Lottridge," one of the prize competition stories. Mr. Baker has found still further encouragement to return to fiction in the following letter from a New Jersey boy: "Just a little while ago I was reading some old McClure's and I read the story of 'Capturing a Confederate Mail,' about the civil war and I want to know if you would write some more."

AT BEULAH CAMP  
The services at Beulah Camp are being largely attended. Word from the camp grounds last evening was that on Sunday morning there was a prayer service led by Mr. Tanner, and a testimony service followed, many testimonies being given. Rev. W. B. Wiggins, A. B., preached an able sermon in the morning, and in the afternoon there was a service of song and preaching by Rev. Mr. Hoopie.

Rev. H. F. Grass, P. L. Cosman and Rev. Mr. Hoopie led largely attended meetings yesterday.

At the tip of the tongue should be Buster Brown, the best cigar for 5c.

A HARVARD MAN'S ORATION.  
(Yale Banner.)  
A Harvard sophomore was reciting a memorized oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed, and a look of blank despair came over his face. He began as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen: Washington is dead, Lincoln is dead"—then, forgetting, he hesitated a moment, and continued, "and—I am beginning to feel sick myself."

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"You infernal spies," the man cried.

## MORNING NEWS IN BRIEF.

### Local

The flag on the American consulate is at half-mast out of respect to the late secretary of state, John Hay.

There was no quorum of the board of school trustees last night. A meeting had been called to discuss repairs to be made to the schools during the holidays.

A party of some fifty-seven laborers from Montreal arrived yesterday by I. C. R. for work with McArthur & McVay on their section of the water extension.

Mrs. Charles McAuliffe, of Albert (A. County), will join a party of four sailing from Rimouski on the steamer Bavarian, on a trip to the old country. They expect to visit England, Scotland, Ireland and France, and return in September.

At the thirty-first annual closing of Mount St. Vincent Academy at Halifax last Thursday, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of St. John, received a premium in Class D senior division for rhetoric, Latin, derivation, mythology, music, arithmetic, Grecian history and physical culture. She returned home Saturday evening.

A meeting of the creditors of James Kennedy, lumberman, was held in the office of T. P. Regan yesterday. It is announced that, with the exception of one large creditor, virtually all have accepted the offer of twenty-five cents in the dollar. No action was taken as it is understood an effort will be made to arrange matters satisfactorily to all parties.

The fifty-eighth annual meeting of the Congregation Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will take place at Pleasant River (N. S.), tomorrow. The delegates from here are Rev. W. S. Pritchard and Mrs. Pritchard, C. E. Macmillan, Miss Flewelling, J. W. Flewelling, Mrs. C. H. Dearborn and Mrs. E. Elliott.

R. C. Elkin's steam yacht Hudson, with a party on board, returned last evening after a four days' cruise on the river and

Grand Lake. The party was composed of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Elkin, Miss Mabel Elkin, Capt. and Mrs. E. C. Elkin, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Dowling and Miss Grace Dowling. Robert Elkin, of Cumberland Bay, accompanied the party on their return.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE  
Rev. E. Beach, author of the book of Alaskan and Western stories, "Fardners" is one of the few men who have crossed Katmai Pass. Katmai is considered one of the most dangerous passes in Alaska, and the number of men who have perished in attempting to cross it reaches near to one hundred. Mr. Beach went into Alaska overland from Seattle, in 1900, and his route made it necessary for him to cross Katmai. The worst danger lay in the cold and the high winds, which under certain conditions rushed through the pass at hurricane speed. Beach and his two companions camped below the pass for several days, waiting for an opportunity to dash through. The wind subsided, the journey was begun, and all went well un-

til the party were just at the ridge of the divide. Then the hurricane of wind and rain began again, and Beach and his companions had the fight of their lives. It took the last ounce of muscle and the last atom of energy to reach safety. A few days previously, they heard, five men had lost their lives in an attempt to get through. Mr. Beach looks upon that adventure as the most thrilling event of all his three years' experience in Alaska.

ONE HUNDRED SONS-IN-LAW.  
(Boston Herald.)  
A few years ago, in the town of Littleton, N. H., lived a man named Ben Fiske, who was the typical New Englander. One day a visitor at his house asked him if he had a large family. "No," he replied. "I have only three girls, but I have 100 sons-in-law."

"How is that?" asked the stranger, astonished. "Well, stranger, it is this way: My oldest girl married a pretty good sort of a man. He counts one. The other two girls married good-for-nothing men. They are nothing but ciphers. As I and two ciphers make 100, you've got it."

Buster Brown, the most popular cigar on the market, 5c. for a long smoke.

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ALL ABOUT A SLOVEN  
There were some lively remarks exchanged last evening between two well known teamsters on Waterloo street. It appears that one of the teamsters wished to borrow a sloven for use yesterday, and procured Mr. Dibblee's. The latter keeps his sloven on Golding street, as does also Mr. Smith.

The teamster borrowing, got what he supposed to be Mr. Dibblee's sloven, and as a result had Mr. Smith playing the part of the detective all day yesterday.

Last evening, however, Mr. Smith was keeping a sharp look-out, and presently he was seen to leap upon the road and grab a horse by the head. Then the fun commenced. There were explanations, but Mr. Smith could not see the matter in the light of a misunderstanding.

After a short tongue to tongue scrap, Mr. Smith permitted the driver to take his load to its destination, and return the vehicle.

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