Gastonia, N. C., April 11, 1895.

Cook Dor Ausum.

No 15



CHAPTER III.

IN QUEST OF A SOLUTION It was half-past five before Holmes returned. He was bright, cager and in excellent spirits—a mood which in his case altornated with fits of the

"There is no great mystery in this matter," he said, taking the cup of tea which I had poured out for him. "The facts appear to admit of only one caplamation."

"What! you have golved it already?"
"Well, that will be too much to say.
I have discovered a suggestive fact, that is all. It is, however, very suggestive. The details are still to be added. I have just found, on consulting the back files of the Times, that Maj. the back nies of the Times, that his. Sholto, of Upper Norwood. late of the Thirty-fourth Hombay infantry, died upon the 28th of April, 1883."

"I may be very obtuse, Holmes, but I fail to see what this suggests."

"No? You surprise me. Look at it in this way, then. Capt. Morstan dis-appears. The only person in London whom he sould have visited is Maj. Sholto. Maj. Sholto denies having heard that he was in London. Four years later Sholto dies. Within a week of his death Capt. Moretan's daughter receives a valuable present, which is repeated from year to year, and now cul-minates in a letter which describes bor as a wronged woman. What wrong can it refer to except this deprivations of her father? And why should the presents begin immediately after Sholto's death, unless it is that Sholto's heir knows something of the mystery, and desires to make compensation? Have you any alternative theory which will meet the facts?

"But what a strange compensation! And how atrangely made! Why, too, should be write a letter now, rather than six years ago? Again, the letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have? It is too much to suppose that her father is still alive. There is no other injustice in her case that you know of."

"There are difficulties; there are extainly difficulties," said Sherlock Holmes, pensively. "But our expedi-tion of to-night will solve them all. Ah, here is a four-wheeler, and Miss Morstan is inside. Are you all ready? Moretan is inside.

Then we had better go down, for it is a little past the hour."

I picked up my hat and my heaviest stiek, but I observed that Holmes took his revolver from his drawer and alipped it into his pocket. It was clear that he thought that our night's work

might be a serious one.
Nies Morstan was muffled in a dark cloak, and her sensitive face was composed, but pale. She must have been more than woman if she did not feel spessinoss at the strange enterprice upon which we were emberking. yet her self-control was perfect, and she readily answered the few additional questions which Sherlock Holmes

"Maj. Sholto was a very particular friend of papa'a," she maid. "His lot-ters were full of allusions to the major. He and papa were in command of the troops at the Andaman Islands, so they were thrown a great deal together. the way, a curious paper was found in pape's deak which no one could under-stand. I don't suppose that it is of the alightest importance, but I thought you might care to see it, so I brought it with me. It is here."

Holmes unfolded the paper carefully and smoothed it out upon his knee. He then very methodically examined it all over with his double lens.

'It is paper of native Indian manube remarked. "It has at some time been pinned to a board. The disgram upon it appears to be a plan of part of a large building with numer-ous halls, corridors, and passages. At one point is a small cross done in red ink, and above it is '3.87 from left,' in ink, and above it is "3.37 from left," in faded penell-writing. In the left-hand sorner is a curious hieroglyphic likes four orosses in a line with their arms touching. Beside it is written, in very rough and coarse characters, 'The sign of the four,-Jonathan Small, Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, Dost Akbar. No, I confess that I do not see how this bears upon the matter. Yet it is evidently a document of importance. It has been kept earefully to a pocket

"It was in his pocketbook that we

"Preserve it carefully, then, Miss Morstan, for it may prove to be of us to us. I begin to suspect that this mat-ter may turn out to be much deeper to us. I begin to su and more subtle than I at first supposed. I must reconsider my ideas." He leaned back in the cab, and I could see by his drawn brow and his vacant eye that he was thinking intently. Miss Morstan and I chatted in an underions about our present expedition and its possible outcome, but our companion maintained his impenetrable reserve until the end of our journey.

It was a September evening, and not yet seven o'clock, but the day had been a droary one, and a dense drizzling fog law low muon the great city. Mudlay low upon the great city. Mud-colored clouds drooped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the were but misty splotches of dif-light which threw a feeble cirglimmer upon the alleny pave-The yellow glare from the shop-

vaporous sir, and threw a murky. hifting radiance across the crowded thoroughfare. There was to my mind something serie and ghost-like in the endless procession of faces which fitted seroes these parrow bars of light—and faces and glad, haggard and merry. Like all human kind, they fitted from the gloom into the light, and so back the gloom into the light, and we some late the gloom once more. I am not subject to impressions, but the dell, heavy evening, with the strange busi-ness upon which we were engaged, combined to make me nervous and depressed. I could see from Miss Mor-stan's manner that she was suffering from the same feeling. Holmes alone could rise superior to petty influences. He held his open notabook upon his knee, and from time to time he jotted down figures and memoranda in the light of his pocket lastern.

At the Lyceum theater the crowds were already thick at the side entrances. In front a continuous stream of hancoms and four-wheelers were rattling up, discharging their cargoes of shirt-fronted men and beshawled, or anire-fronted men and beshawled, bediamonded women. We had hardly reached the third pillar, which was our rendezvous, before a small, dark, brisk man in the dress of a coachman ac-

coated us.
"Are you the parties who come with Miss Morstan?" he saked.

"I am Miss Morstan, and these two gentlessen are my friends," said abe. He bent a pair of wonderfully pene-trating and questioning eyes apon us. "You will excuse me, miss," he said, with a certain dogged manner, "but I was to ask you to give me your word that seither of your companions is a police officer." "I give you my word on that," she

He gave a shrill whistle, on which a strost Arab led across a four-wheeler and opened the door. The man who had addressed us mounted to the box.

while we took our places inside. We had hardly done so before the driver whipped up his horse, and we plunged away ata furious pace through the foggy streets.
The situation was a curious one. We

were driving to an unknown place, on an unknown errand Yet our invitawhich was either a complete bonz—which was an inconceivable hypothesis—or cise we had good reason to think that important issues might bang upon our journey. Miss Morstan's demeanor was as resolute and collected as ever. endcavored to cheer and amuse her by reminiscences of my adventures in Afghanistan; but, to tell the truth, I was myself so excited at our situation and so curious as to our destination that my stories were slightly involved. To this day she declares that I told her one moving aneedote as to how a musket looked into my tout at the dead of night, and how I fired a double-barrelied timer cub at it. At first I had some idea as to the direction in which we were driving; but soon, what with our pace, the fog, and my own limited knowledge of London, I lost my bear-ings, and know nothing, save that we

ermed to be going a very long way berlock Holmes was never at fault -ever, and he muttered the same



"THE SARIB AWITS YOU."

as the cab rattled through squares and in and out by tortuous by-streets
"Rochester row," said he. Vincent square. Now we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge road. We are making for the Surrey side apparently. Yes, I thought so. Now we are on the bridge. You can eatch glimpses of the

We did indeed gut a fleeting view of a stretch of the Thacses with the lamps shining upon the broad, slient water; but our cab deshed on, and was soon involved in a labyrinth of streets upon the other side.

"Wordsworth road," said my som-panion. "Priory road. Lark Rall lane. Stockwell place. Robert street. Cold Harbor lane. Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashion

regions."
We had, indeed, reached a questionable and forbidding neighborhood.
Long lines of dull brisk houses were only relieved by the course glare and tawdry brilliancy of public houses at the corner. Then came two rows of two-storied villas, each with a fronting two-storied villas, each with a fronting of ministure garden, and then again interminable lines of new staring brick buildings—the mounter tentacies which the giant city was throwing out into the country. At last the eab driw up at the third house in a new terrace. None of the other houses were inhabited, and that at which we stored was

as cark as its neighbors, save for a single glimmer in the kitchen window. ism. I seldom come in contact with On our knocking, however, the door the rough grown live, as you see, with some little atmosphere of elewas instantly thrown open by a Hindoo servant elad in a yellow turban, white, loose-fitting clothes, and a yellow mah. There was something strangely incon-graous in this oriental figure framed in the commonplace doorway of a third-rate suburban dwelling house.

"The sahib awaits you," said he, and even as he spoke there came a high piping voice from some inner room. "Show them in to me, khitmutgar," it cried. "Show them straight in to me." "Show them straight in to me.

CHAPTER IV

THE STORY OF THE BALD-HEADED MAN.
We followed the Indian down the sordid and common passage, ill lit and worse furnished, until he came to a door upon the right, which he threw open. A blass of yellow light streamed out upon us, and in the center of the glare there stood a small man with a very high head, a bristle of red grare there stood a amail man with a very high head, a bristle of red hair all round the fringe of it, and a bald shining soalp, which shot out from among it like a mountain peak from fir trees. He writhed his hands together as he stood, and his features were in a perpetual less. mands together as he stood, and his features were in a perpetual jerk, now smiling, now secwiling, but never for an instant in repose. Nature had given him a pendulous lip, and a too visible line of yellow and irregular teeth, which he strove feebly to conceal by line of yellow and irregular teeth, which he strove feebly to conceal by constantly passing his hand over the lower part of his face. In spite of his obtrusive baldness, he gave the impression of youth. In point of fact he had just turned his thirtieth year.

"Your servant, Miss Morstan," he kept repeating in a thin, high voice. "Your servant, gentlemen. Pray step into my little sanctum. A small place, miss, but furnished to my own liking. An case of art in the howling desert of South London."

South London "

We were all astomished by the ap-pearance of the spartment into which he invited us. In that sorry house it looked as out of place as a diamond of the first water in a setting of brass. The richest and glossiest of curtains and tapostries draped the walls, looped back here and there to expose son richly mounted painting or Oriental vase. The carpet was of amber and black, so soft and so thick that the foot sank pleasantly into it, as into a bed of moss. Two great tigar-akins thrown athwart it increased the suggestion of eastern luxury as did a buge hookah which stood upon a mai in the corner. A lamp in the fashion of a silver dove was hung from an almost invisible golden wire in the center of the room. As it burned it filled the air with a subtle and aromatic odor.

"Mr. Thackleus Sholto," said the little man, still jerking and smiling. "That is my name. You are Miss Morstan, of course. And those gentlemen..." "This is Mr. Sherlock Holmos, and this Dr. Watson.

"A doctor, sh?" cried be, much ex-"A doctor, ear gried se, much exmited. "Have you your stethoscope?
Might! ask you—would you have the
kindness? I have grave doubts as to
my mileal valve, if you would be so very
good. The sortie! may rely upon, but
I should value your opinion upon the
miteal."

I listened to his heart as requested. but was smalle to find anything amissave indeed that he was in an ecstasy of fear, for he shivered from head to foot. "It appears to be normal. I said. "You have no cause for uneasi-

"You will excuse my anxiety, Miss forsten," he remarked, airily. "I am Morstan," he remarked, airily. "I am a great sufferer, and I have long had suspicions as to that valve. I am de-lighted to hear that they are unwarranted. Had your father. Miss Mor-stan, refrained from throwing a strain upon his heart he might have been

I could have struck the man across the face, so hot was I at this callous and off-hand reference to so delicate a matter him Morstan sat down an her face grew white to the lips. w in my heart that he was dead." mid sha

"I can give you every information,"
said he, "and, what is more, I can do
you justice; and I will too, whatever
Brother Bartholomew may say. I am
so glad to have your friends here, not only as an escort to you, but also as witnesses to what I am about to do and may. The three of us can show a bold front to Brother Barthelomew. But let as have no outsiders—no police or offi-cials. We can sattle everything satis-factorily among ourselves, without any interference. Nothing would amony Brother Bartholomew more than any publicity." He sat down upon a low settee and blinked at us inquiringly

with his weak, watery blue eyes.
"For my part," said Holmes, "whatever you may choose to say will go no further." I nodded to show my agreen

"That is well! That is well!" said he "May I offer you a glass of Chianti, Miss Morstan? Or of Tokay? I keep no other wines. Shall I open a Sask? No? Well, then, I trust that you have no objection to tobacco amoke, to the mild bulsamic odor of the sestern tobacco. I am a little nervous, and I find my hookah an invaluable sedative." He applied a taper to the great bowl. He applied a taper to the great bowl, and the smoke bubbled merrily through the rose water. We sat all three in a semioircle, with our heads advanced, and our chine upon our hands, while the strange, jerky little fellow, with his high, shining head, puffed unesally

in the center.
"When I first determined to make this communication to you," said he,
"I might have given you my address,
but I feared that you might disregard my request and bring unpleasant peo-ple with you. I took the liberty, there-tore, of making an appointment in such a way that my man Williams might be able to see you first. I have complete confidence in his discretion, and he had orders, if he were dissatisfied, to prowill excuse these precentions, but I am a man of somewhat retiring, and I might even my refined, testes, and there is nothing more unsethetis than a soliceman. I have a natural shrink-

with some little atmosphere of ele-gance around me. a may call myself a patron of the arta. It is my weakness. The landscape is a gassuine Carot, and, though a counciescur might perhaps throw a doubt upon that Salvator Ross, there cannot be the least question about the Rouguereau. I am partial to the modern French school."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Sholto," "You will excuse me, Mr. Shores, and Miss Morstan, "but I am here at your request to learn something which you desire to tell ms. It is very late, and I should desire the interview to be

as short as possible."
"At the best it must take some time," "At the best it must take some time,"
he answered; "for we shall certainly
have to go to Norwood and see Brother
Bartholomew. We shall all go and try
if we can get the better of Brother
Bartholomew. He is very angry with
me for taking the course wand has
seemed right to me. I had quite high
words with him last night. You caunot imagine what a terrible fellow he
is when he is angry." s when he is angry."

"If we are to go to Norwood it would perhaps be as well to start at once," I He laughed until his cars were quite

"That would hardly do," he cried. "I don't know what he would say if I



THAT WOULD HARDLY DO."

rought you in that sudden way. No. must prepare you by showing you bow we all stand to each other. In the first place, I must tell you that there are several points in the story of which I am myself ignorant. I can only lay the facta before you as far as I know

them myself.
"My father was, as you may have ed, Maj. John Sholto, once of the guoused, Maj. John Shoito, once of the Indian army. He retired some eleven years ago, and came to five at Pondicherry lodge in Upper Norwood. He had prespered in India, and brought back with him a considerable sum of money, a large collection of valuable curiosities and a staff of native serv anta. With these advantages he bought himself a bouse and lived in great lix-ury. My twin brother Bartholomew and I were the only children. "I very well remember the sensation

which was caused by the disappearance of Capt. Morstan. We read the details in the papers and, knowing that he had been a friend of our father's, we discussed the case freely in his presence. He used to join in our speculations as to what could have happened. Never for an instant did we suspect that he had the whole secret hidden in his own breast—that of all men he alone knew the fate of Arthur

"We did know, however, that mystery—some positive danger—over-hung our father. He was very fearful of going out alone, and he always employed two prize fighters to act as por-ters at Pondicherry lodge. Williams, who drove you to-night, was one of them He was on. e light-weight champion of England. Our father would never tell us what is manthat he feared, but he had a most marked averagon to men with wooden legs. On one occa-sion he actually fired his revolver at a wooden-legged man, who proved to be a harmless tradesman canvassing for orders. We had to pay a large sum to hush the matter up. My brother and I used to think this a mere whim of my father's, but events have since led us to change our opinion.

"Early in 1883 my father received a letter from India which was a great abook to him. He nearly fainted at the breakfast table when he opened it, and from that day be stelessed to his death. What was to the letter we could never discover, but I could see as he held it that it was short and written in a scrawling hand. He had suffered for years from an onlarged spleas, but he now became rapidly worse, and towards the end of April we were informed that he was beyond all hope, and that he wished to make a last communication

"When we entered his room he wa when we entered his room he was propped up with pillows and breathing heavily. He besought us to lock the door and to come upon either side of the bed. Then, gramping our hands, he made a remarkable statement to us, in a voice which was broken as much by emotion as by pals. I shall try and give it to you in his own very words.

"I have only one thing," he said, which weighs upon my mind at this supreme moment. It is my treatment of poor Moretan's orphan. The cursed greed which has been my besetting at through life has withheld from her the treasure, half at least of which should have been here. And yet I have made no use of it myself—so blind and is avarios. The mere foolish a thing is foolish a thing is avarios. The mere feeling of possession has been so dear to me that I could not bear to share it with another. See that chaplet tipped with pearls beside the quinine bottle? Even that I could not bear to part with, although I had got it out with the design of sending it to her. You, my sons, will give her a fair share of the Agra treasure. But send her nothing—not even the chaplet—until I am gons. After all, man have been as had gone. After all, men have been as bad so this and have resovered.

"I will tell you how Morstan died."
he sontinued. 'He had suffered for
years from a weak heart, but he concealed it from everyone. I alone knew
it. When in India, he and I, through a
remarkable chain of circumstances,
came into poscession of a considerable
treasure. I brought it over to England, and on the night of Morstan's arrival he came straight over here to
claim his chara. He walked over from
the station, and was admitted by my
faithful old Lai Chowdar, who is now
dead. Morstan and I had a difference
of opiniou as to the division of the
treasure, and we came to heated words.

casure, and we came to heated words. irensure, and we came to heated words.
Morstan had sprung out of his chair in a paroxysm of anger, when he suddenly pressed his hand to his side, his face turned a dusky hue, and he fell backwards, catting his head against the corner of the treasure-chest. When I stooped over him I found, to my horror, that he was dead.

"For a long time I sat half dis-tracted, wondering what I should do. My first impulse was, of course, to call for assistance; but I could not but recognize that there was every chance that I would be accused of his murder. that I would be accused of his murder. His death at the moment of a quarrel, and the gram in his head, would be black against me. Again, an official inquiry could not be made without bringing out some facts about the treasure, which I was particularly anxious to keep secret. He had told me that no soul upon earth knew where he had gone. There seemed to be no necessity why any soul ever should know. ould know.

should know.

"I was still pondering over the matter, when, looking up, I saw my servent. Lel Chowdar, is the doorway. He stole in, and boited the door behind him. "Do not fear, sahib," he said. "No one need know that you have killed him. Let us hide him away, and who is tho wiser?" "I did not kill him." said I. Lel Chowdar shook his head, and smiled. "I heard it all, sahib," said he. "I heard you quarrol, and I heard the blow. But my lips are scaled. All are asleep in the house. Let us put him away togother." That was snough to decide me. If my own servant could not believe my innocence, how could I hope to make it good before twelve foolish tradesmen in a jury bon? Lel Chowdar and I disa jury box? Lel Chowder and I dis-posed of the body that sight, and within a few days the London papers were full of the mysterious disappear-ance of Capt. Moretan. You will see from what I say that I can hardly be blamed in the matter. My fault lies in blamed in the matter. My fault lies in the fact that we concealed, not only the body, but also the treasure, and that I have clung to Morstan's share na well as to my own. I wish you, therefore, to make restitution. Put your ears down to my mouth. The treasure is hidden in—' At this instant a horrible change over his expression: his eyes came over his expression; his eyes stared wildly, his jaw dropped, and he yelled in a voice I can never forget: yelled in a voice I can never forget:
'Keep him out! For Christs sake keep
him out! We both stared round at the
window behind as upon which his gaze
was fixed. A face was looking in at us
out of the darkness. We could see the
whitening of the nose where it was
pressed against the glass. It was a
bearded, hairy face, with wild, cruel
eyes and an expression of concentrated
malevolonce. My brother and I rushed
towards the window, but the man was
gone. When we returned to my father gone. When we returned to my father his head had dropped and his pulse had

sensed to beat. "We searched the garden that night, but found no sign of the intruder, save that just under the window a single But for that one trace, we might have thought that our imaginations had con-jured up that wild, force face. We soon, however, had another and more striking proof that there were secret agencies at work all around us. The window of my father's room was found open in the morning, his cupboards and boxes had been rifled, and upon his cheat was fixed a torn plees of paper, with the words 'The sign of the four' scrawled across it. What the phrase meant, or who our secret visitor



THE LETTLE MAN STOPPED TO LIGHT HIS HOOKAH

save been, we never knew. As far as we can judge, none of my father's property had been actually stolen, though everything had been terried out. My brother and I naturally asso-ciated this possibler incident with the clated this possibler incident with the fear which baunted my father during his life; but it is still a complete mys-

tery to us."

The little man stopped to relight his hooksh, and puffed thoughtfully for a few moments. We had all satabsorbed, listening to his extraordinary narra-tive. At the short account of her lather's death Miss Morstes had turns deadly white, and for a moment I feared that she was about to faint. She railled, however, on drinking a gissa of water which I quietly poured out for her from a Venetian carafe upon the her from a Venetian earafe upon the side table. Sheriosis Holmen leaned back in his chair with an abstracted expression and the lide drawn low over his glittering open. As I glanced at him I could not but think how on that very day he had complained bit-terly of the commonplacemens of life.

would tax his suggestly to the utind Mr. Thaddens Sholto looked from one Mr. Thaddens Sholto looked from one to the other of us with an obvious pride at the effect which his story had pro-duced, and then continued between the weife of his

at the effect which his story had produoed, and then continued between
the puffs of his overgrewed pipe.

"hiy brother and i," said he, " were,
as you may imagine, much excited as
to the treasure which my father had
spoken of For weeks and for menths
we day and ceiven in every part of the
garden, without discovering its whereabouts. It was maddening to think
that the hiding place was on his very
lips at the moment that he died. We
could judge the splendor of the missing
riches by the chaplet which he had
seen out. Over this chaplet my
brother Hartholomew and I had some
little discussion. The pearls were evidently of great value, and he was
averse to part with them, for, between
friends, my brother was himself a little inclined to my father's fault. He
thought, too, that if we parted with
the chaplet it might give rise to goestp,
and finally bring us into trouble. It
was all that I could do to persuade him
to let me find out Miss Morstan's address and send her a detached pearl at
fixed intervals, so thest at least the dress and send her a detached pearl at fixed intervals, so that, at least, she might never feel destitute."

"It was a kindly thought," said our companion. carnestly. "It was ex-

"It was a kindly thought," mid our companion. carnestly. "It was extremely good of you."
The little man waved his hand deprecatingly. "We were your trustees," he mid. "That was the view which I took of it, though Brother Bartholomew could not altogether see it in that light. We had plenty of money ourselves. I desired no more. Healdes, it would have been such bad taste to have treated a young lady in so searyy a

Mr. Thaddous Sholto caned, and eat twitching on his luxurious settee. We all remained silont, with our thoughts upon the new development which the mysterious business had taken. Holmes was the first to spring to his feet, "You have done well, sir, from first to last," said he. "It is possible that we may be able to make you some small return by throwing some light upon that which is still dark to you. But, as Miss Morston remarked just now, it is late, and we had best put the matter through without delay."

Our new acquaintance very delib-erately soiled up the tube of his bookah, and produced from behind a curtain a very long befrogged top cost with Astrakhan collars and cuffs. This with Astrakhan collars and onffs. This he buttoned tightly up, in spite of the extreme closeness of the night, and finished his attire by putting on a rabbit-skin cap with hanging lappets which covered the cars, so that no part of him was visible save his mobile and peaky face. "My health is somewhat fragile," he remarked, as he ted the way down the passage. "I am compelled to be a valetudinarian."

Our cab was awaiting us outside, and our programme was evidently prear-ranged, for the driver started off at on at a rapid pace. Thaddens Sholte talked incommutly, in a voice which rose

"Bartholomew is a clever fellow," said he. "How do you think he found out where the treasure was? He had come to the conclusion that it was somewhere indoors; so he worked out all the cubic space of the house and made measurements everywhere, so that not one inch should be unaccount ed for. Among other things, he found that the beight of the building was seventy-four feet, but on adding to-gether the heights of all the separate gether the heights of all the separate rooms, and making every allowance for the space between which he ascertained by borings, he could not bring the total to more than seventy feet. There were four feet unaccount of for. These could only be at the top of the building. He keeked a hole, therefore, in the lab-and-plaster celling of the behalt were mad them. ing of the highest room, and there, aure enough, he came upon another little garret above it, which had been sealed up and was known to no one. In the center stood the tressure-chest, resting upon two rafters. He lowered it through the hole, and there it lies. He computes the value of the jewels at not less than half a million sterling." At the mention of this gigastic sum At the mention of this gigastic sum we all stared at one another open-eyed. Miss Morstan, could we seeme her rights, would change from a needy governess to the richert betrees in England. Surely it was the place of a loyal friend to rejoice at such news; yet I am ashamed to my that selfabress took me by the soul, and that my heart turned as hoavy as lead within me. I stammered out some few halting words of congratulation, and then ast downcast, with my head drooped, deaf to the babble of our new acquaintance. He was clearly a con-

quaintance. He was clearly a confirmed hypochondrise, and I was dream firmed hypocenonaries, and I was draum-ily conscious that he was pouring forth interminable trains of symptoms, and imploying information as so the com-position and action of immunerable quack nostrams, some of which he bore about in a leather case in his posicet. I about in a leather case in his posicet. I trust he may not remember any of the answers which I gave him that night. Holmes declares that he overheard me caution him sgainst the great danger of inking more than two drops of castor ofl, while I recommended strychnine in large doses as a sadative. However that may be, I was cartalaly releved when our cab pulled up with a jerk and the coachman spring down jork and the coachman sprang down

to open the door.
"Thin, Mine Moretan, in Pandisherry lodge," said Mr. Thaddens Sholte, as lodge," said he handed ber out.

THE MONASIVE SER.

Now Deposits Balay For burn County-Minney of the Rich Find of Gars

Produces to Cylindighs.

Mearly every land-owner in Searth burg county is washing his tensels for monattle, and some valuable it for monattle, and some valuable it is monattle and coveries are made daily. Monattle to the doubted to may paragolar section but is mattered all over this count As fine a sample as we have seen we have seen we last week cont up by a friend for Laurens county. Prospectors are a in force, endeavoring to means head on land, but our farmers are headly look, very wisely arguing that the had as well resp the profits so strangers. Produces to C. Hundbie

had as well resp the profits as stone-gors.

The Headlight last week erests to Dr. H. C. Weite, one of the landing chemists of the United States, for his opinion. In routy, Dr. White says:

"Momento is an one of the main! Therium. It is used in propering the manual in a new form of gas burner, the Welshach, that has recently lesse introduced. The extract of Therian is extremely refractory, and when heated, very brillians. I do not know the exact commercial value of the coo-but it is great—about \$100 or \$200 a ton."

The little man waved his hand deprecatingly. "We were your trustees." he mid. "That was the view which I took of it, though Brother Bartholomew could not altogether see it in that light. We had plenty of money courselves. I desired no more. Besides, it would have been such bad taste to have treated a young lady in so searry a fashion. 'Le manuvis gout mene an orime.' The French have a very meat way of putting these things. Our difference of opinion on this subject went so far that I thought it best to set up rooms for myself; so I left Pondicherry lodge, taking the old kluitmutgra and Williams with me. Yesterday, however, I hearned that un event of extreme importance has occurred. The treasure has been discovered. I instantly communicated with Him Norsun, and it only remains for us to drive out to Norwood and demand our shares. I explained my views last night to Brother Bartholomew; so we shall be expected, if not welcome, visitors."

Mr. Thaddons Sholto caased, and sat twitching on his luxurious settee. We all remained silont, with our thoughts upon the new development which the mysterious businesshad taken. Holmes was the first to apring to his feet.

"You have done well, sir, from first to last," said he. "It is possible that we may be able to make you some small return by throwing some light upon that which is still dark to you. But, as Miss Morstan remarked just how, it is late, and we had beet put the

Two Lives Sered.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junctic City, lil. was told by her doctor at had Consumption and that there are no hupe for her, but two bottles. De King a New discovery completely cured her and also saves her life. Mr. Thus. Eggers, 139 Florida St. Sa Francisco, saffered from a dreading cold, approaching Consumption, trie without result everything also, the bought our bettle of Dr. King's Her Discovery and in two weeks we cuied. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these as assumptes, that prove the wonderful of feacy of this medicine is Coughs as Colds. Free trial bottles at Cuery Kennedy's Drug Store. Regular de 50c. and \$1.00.

Can't Hotes Cutton at 5 c

Mr. W. R. Capelinet, of Bertia, a west known former of that meeting writes a long article to the Raising Notes & Observer relative to the panal belity of making cutton presidenty in North Carolina at 5 cents a grand. By

bility of making cotton predicably in North Carelina at 5 cents a grand. He does not believe that in the most fasters can afford to raise the stagle at that very low price. Mr. Capebors in precessly eight. The farmers who try it, exert a few of the "infunity" kind, will freeze to death in winter if they had to cover the caseless with blankets lought with the profits of authorises. Of the tenant system Mr. Capebort says:

"The tenant system of sultivating cotton is most meneral. An avenue tenant family of five—man, wife and three children 12, 9 and 5 years—will produce, on a good plantation, six belies of cotton, cuto, pork and vegatables to serve and family. Property owner furnishes land, building, team, tends ments and forage for team, and divides crups when housed, equally. Result, three bules of cotton, tenna's change prostat price \$75 with which mid family have to purchase clothes, sugar, four, and, is fact, pay every other expects for five people, seve enumers for products. Can any couple live on \$15 per year, all that cotton can farille in the of land, buses, home and implements and forage enough to find the leans. Where is the profit at 5 cents?"

Gid Possio

Old people who require medicine to require the bewels and bidness will find the true menedy in Electric Mitters. This medicine done not attendate and contains so whitney nor other interiors, but note as a lonic and a location. It note middle interjeast, but note as a tente and a terative. It note mildly as the stan arts and breaks and breaks and breaks and breaks and breaks as the organs, thereby as ing kature is the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is as a collect appetent and aids denote Old People find it just exactly when they need. Price Bity conic me bett at Ourry & Enmedy's Drugstons.

Me Was Systemated

ishary Haula,

A little boy was board to council to be had already had the "ableboom much, weater, broking cough lands feeting" and had been small them all, but he had never non-