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(Class por Annum.)

No 16



CHAPTER V

reached this final stage of our night's adventures. We had left the damp fog of the great city behind us, and the night was fairly line. A warm wind blew from the westward, and heavy alouds moved slowly surous the sky. with half a moon peeping occasionally through the rifts. It was clear enough to see for some distance, but Thaddens Sholto took down one of the skie-lamps from the carriage to give us a better

light upon our way.

Pondieherry lodge stood in its own grounds, and was girt round with a very high stone wall topped with broken glass. A single passes lass. A single narrow ironclamped door formed the only monus of entrance. On this our guide knocked with a peculiar postman-like rat tat.
"Who is there?" cried a gruff voice

from within.
"It is I, McMurdo. You surely know my knock by this time."

There was a grumbling sound and a clanking and jarring of keys. The door swung heavily back, and a abort. deep-chested man stood in the opening the yellow light of the lantern shining upon his protruded face and twinkling, distrustful eyes. "That you, Mr. Thaddeus? But who

are the others? I had no orders about

them from my master."
"No, McMurdo? You surprise me! told my brother last night that should bring some friends."

"He hain't been out o' his room to day. Mr. Thaddeus. and I have no or ders. You know very well that I must stick to regulations. I can let you in. but your friends they must just stop here they are."

This was an unexpected obstacle. Thaddeus Sholto looked about him in a perplexed and helpless manner. "This is too bad of you, McMurdo!" he said. "If I guarantee them, that is amough for you. There is the young lady, too. She cannot wait on the public road at this hour."

"Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus," said the perter, inexorably. "Folk may be friends o' yours, and yet no friends o' the master's. He pays me well to do my duty, and my duty I'll do. I dun't none o' your friends."

"Oh, yos, you do, McMurdo," cried herlock Holmes, genially "I don't think you can have forgotten me Don't you remember the amateur who fought three rounds with you at Ali-son's rooms on the night of your bene-fit four years back?"
"Not Mr. Sharlock Holmes!" roared

the prise fighter. "God's truth! how could I have mistook you? If instrail o' standin' there so quiet you had just stepped up and given me that cross hit of yours under the jaw. I'd ha' known without a question. Ah, you're one that has wasted your gifts, you have! You might have aimed high. if you had joined the fancy."
"You see, Watson, if all cir

I have still one of the scientific professions open to me," said Holmes, laugh-ing. "Our friend won't keep as out in ing. "Our friend the cold now, I am sure."

"In you come, sir. In you come and your friends," he answered. "Very sorry, Mr. Thaddous, but orders are very strict. Had to be certain of your ds before I let them in."

Inside, a gravel path wound through desolate grounds to a huge clump of a ouse, square and prosaic, all plunged in shadow save where a moonbeam struck one corner and glimmered in garret window. The vast size of the building, with its gloom and its deathly struck a chill to the heart Even Thaddens Sholto seemed ill at and the lantern quivered and ratcase, and the lan tled in his hand.

"I cannot understand it," he said "There must be some mistake. I dis-tinetly told Bartholomew that we should be here, and yet there is no light in his window. I do not know what to make of it."

"Does he always guard the premise in this way?" asked Holmes.

"Yes; he has followed my father's enstom. He was the favorite son, you know, and I somotimes think that my father may have told him more than he ever told me. That is Barthol omew's window up there where the moonshipe strikes (t is quite betelve but there is no light from within, I

"None," said Holmes, "But I see the glint of a light in that little win dow beside the door."

"Ah, that is the housekeeper's room That is where old Mrs. Bornstone sits. She can tell us all about it. But perhaps you would not mind waiting for a minute or two, for if we all go in together, and she has no word of ning, sho may be alarmed. But thi What is that?"

He held up the lantern, and his hand shook until the circles of light flickered and wavered all round us. Miss Mor atan seized my wrist, and we all stood with thumping hearts, straining our ears. From the great black hous sounded through the silent night the middest and most pitiful of soundsthe shrill, broken whimpering of a

"It is Mrs. Bernstone," said Shotte "She is the only woman in the house. Wait here. I shall be back in a me He hurried for the door, and knocked in his peculiar way. We could see a tall old woman admit him and sway with pleasure at the very

Oh, Mr. Thaddens, sir, I am so glad It was nearly cloven o'clock when we have come! I am so glad you list was nearly cloven o'clock when we have come. Mr Thaddeus, sir!" We heard her reiterated rejolcings until the door was closed and her voice died away into a muffled monotone.

Our guide had left us the lantern.

swung it slowly round, and Holmes pecred keenly at the bouse, and at the



HE HELD UP THE LANTERN.

great rubbish heaps which cumbered the grounds. Miss Morstan and I stood together, and her hand was in mine. A wondrous subtle thing is love, for here were we two who had never seen can other before that day, between whom no word or even look of affection had over passed, and yet now in an hour of trouble our hands instinctively sough for each other. I have marveled at it since, but at the time it seemed the most natural thing that I should go out to her so, and, as she has often told me, there was in her also the instinct to turn to me for comfort and protection. So we stood hand in hand, like two children, and there was peace in our hearts for all the dark things that surrounded us.

What a strange place!" she said, looking around.
"It looks as though all the moles in England had been let loose in it. I have seen something of the sort on the side of a hill near Ballarat, where the prospectors had been at work."

"And from the same cause," said

Holmes. "These are the traces of treasure-seekers. You must remember that they were six years looking for it. No wonder that the ground looks like a gravelpit."
At that moment the door burst open

and Thaddeus Sholto came running out, with his hands thrown forward and terror in his eyes.

"There is something amiss with Bar-tholomew!" he oried. "I am frightenod! My nerves cannot stand it." He was, indeed, half-blubbering with fear, and his twitching, feeble face, peeping out from the great Astrakhan collar, had the helpless, appealing expression of a terrifled child.

"Come into the house," said Holmes. in his crisp. firm way.

"Yes, do!" pleaded Thaddeus Sholto. "I really do not feel equal to giving diections

We all followed him into the house we all followed him into the nouse-keeper's room, which stood upon the left-hand side of the passage. The old woman was pacing up and down with a soared look and restless, picking ngers, but the sight of Miss Morstan appeared to have a soothing effect upo

"God bless your sweet onlin face?" she cried, with a hysterical sob. does me good to see you. Oh, but I have been sorely tired this day!"

Our companion patted her thin, work-worn hand, and murmured some few words of kindly womanly comfort which brought the color back into the other's bloodless cheek 'Master has locked himself in and

will not answer me," she explained. "All day I have walted to hear from him, for he often likes to be a one; but an hour ago I feared that something wa amiss, so I wont up and peeped through the keyhole. You must go up, Mr Thaddens—you must go up and look for yourself. I have seen Mr. Bartholomew Shotto in joy and in sorrow for ten long years, but I never saw him with such a face on him as that."

Sheriock Hokmes took the lamp and led the way, for Thaddena Shorto's teeth were chattering in his head. So shaken was he that I had to pass my hand under his arm as we went up the stairs, for his keess were translation. stairs, for his kness were trambling under him. Twice as we ascended Holmes whipped his lens out of his pocket and carefully examined marks which appeared to me to be mere smudges of dust upon the shapoless cocos-nut matting which served as stair-curpet. He walked slowly from step to step, bolding the lamp low, and

shooting keen glances to right and left. Miss Morstan had remained be-hind with the frightened housekeeper. The third flight of stairs anded straight passage of some length, with a great picture in Indian topestry upon

* right of it and three doors spon the left. Holmes advanced along it in the same slow and methodical way, while we kept close at his beels, with our long black shadows streaming back-wards down the corridor. The third oor was that which we were seeking Holmes knocked without receiving any answer, and then tried to turn the sendle and force it open. It was secked on the inside, however, and by a

broad and powerful bolt, as we could sco when we set our lamp up against it. The key being turned, however, the hole was not entirely closed. Shur lock Holmes bent down to it, and in stantly rose again with a sharp intak ing of the breath.
"There is something devilish in this,

Watson," said be, more moved than I had ever before seen him. "What de you make of it?"

I stooped to the hole, and recoiled in horror. Moonlight was streaming into the room, and it was bright with a vague and shifty radiance. Looking straight at me, und suspended, as it were, in the air, for all beneath was in shadow, there hung a face-the very face of our companion Thaddens. There was the same high, shining head, the anmo circular bristle of rehair, the same bloodless countenance The features were set, however, in horrible smile, a fixed and unnatural grin, which in that still and moonli room was more jarring to the nerver than any served or contention. So like was the face to that of our little friend that I looked round at him to make sure that he was indeed with us. Then I recalled to mind that he had men sioned to us that his brother and be

were twins.
"This is terrible?" I said to Holmes. "What is to be done?"
"The door must come down," be an-

swered, and, springing against it, he put all his weight upon the look. It creaked and groaned, but did not yield logether we flung ourselves upon it once more, and this time it gave way with a sudden suap, and we found our-selves within Bartholomew Sholto's

It appeared to have been fitted up a a chemical laboratory. A double line of glass-stoppered bottles was drawn up upon the wall opposite the door, and the table was littered over with Bunsen burners, test tubes and retorta In the corners stood carboys of acid in wicker baskets. One of those appeared to leak or to have been broken, for a atream of dark-colored liquid had trickled out from it, and the air was hoavy with a peculiarly pangent tarlike odor. A set of steps stood at one side of the room, in the midst of a litter of lath and plaster, and above them there was an opening in the dell-ing large enough for a man to pass through. At the foot of the stops a long coil of rope was thrown carclessly

together.
By the table, in a wooden arm-chair. the master of the house was seated all in a beap, with his head sunk upon his loft shoulder, and that ghastly, inscrut able smile upon his face. He was stiff and cold, and had clearly been dead many hours. It seemed to me that not only his features but all his limbs were twisted and turned in the most fan-tastic fashion. By his hand upon the table there lay a peculiar instrument,
—a brown, close-grained stick, with a
stone head like a hammar, rude!y
lashed on with coarse twine. Beside it was a torn sheet of note paper with some words scrawled upon it. glanced at it, and then handed it to me "You see," he said, with a significant

raising of the eyebrows.
In the light of the lantern I read. with a thrill of horror: "The sign of

"In God's name, what does it all "It means murder," said he, stooping over the dead man. "Ah, I expected it.

HE WAS STIFF AND COLD

Look here!" He pointed to what looked like a long dark thorn stuck in the skin just above the car. "It looks like a thorn," said I

"It is a thorn. You may pick it out But be careful, for it is poisoned."

I took it up between my finger and thumb. It came away from the skin so rendily that hardly any mark was left behind. One tiny speak of bloc bowed were the puncture had been. "This is all an insoluble mystery to me," said I. "It grows darker instead of olearer.

"On the contrary," he answered. "He elears every instant. I only require a few missing links to have an entirely

We had almost forgotten our con panion's presence since we entered the chamber. He was still standing in the doorway, the very picture of terrer, wringing his hands and monning to himself. Suddenly, however, he broke himself. Suddenty, nowner, out into a sharp, quervious cry.

They have robbed him of the trussure! There is the hole through which w it. I helped him to do it. was the last person who mw him! I left him here last night, and I heard him lock the door as I came down-

"What time was that?" "It was ten o'clock. And now he is dead and the police will be called in and I shall be suspected of having a hand in it. Oh, yes, I am sure I shall. But you don't think so, gentlamen? Surely you don't think that it was I? Is it likely that I would have brought you here if it were I? Oh. dear! oh, ear! I know that I shall go mad? He jerked his arms and stamped his feet in a kind of convulsive frenzy.

"You have no rearon for fear, Mr.

Shofto," said Holmes, kindly, putting his hand upon his shoulder. "Take n advice and drive down to the station report the matter to the police. Offer to sasist them in every way. We shall wait here until your return."

The little man obeyed in a half-stupefied fushion, and we heard him stumbling down the stairs in the dark.

CHAPTER VL SHERLOCK BOLMES GIVES A DEMONSTRA-"Now, Watson," said Holmes, rub-bing his hands, "we have half an hour to ourselves. Let us make good use of it. My onse is, as I have told you,

almost complete; but we must not err on the side of over-confidence. Simple as the case accus now, there may be

"Simple" I ejaculated.
"Surely," said he, with something of
the air of a clinical professor expounding to his class. "Just sit in the coring to his class. "Just sit in the corner there, that your footprints may not semplicate matters. Now to work. In the first place, how did these folks some, and how did they go? The door has not been opened since last night. How of the window?" He carried the lamp across to it, muttering his observations aloud the while, but addressing them to himself rather than to me. "Window is snitbed on the inner side. Framework is solid, i No hinges at the side. Let us open it. No water pips near. Roof quite out of reach. Yet a man has mounted by the window. It rained a little last night. Here is the print of a little last night. Here is the print of a mold upon the sill. And here is a circular muddy mark, and here again upon the floor, and here again by the table. See here, Watson! This is really a very pretty demonstration."
I looked at the round, well-defined

muddy disca. "That is not a fnot-"It is something much more valuable to us. It is the impression of a wooden stump. You see here on the sill is the boot mark, a heavy boot with a broad metal itsel, and beside it is the mark of

"It is the wooden-legged man." "Quite so. But there has been some one clas—a very able and efficient ally. Could you scale that wall, doctor?"

I looked out of the open window. The moon still shone brightly on that angle of the house. We were a good sixty feet from the ground, and, look where I would, I could see no foothold, nor as much as a crevies in the brickwork. work.

"It is absolutely impossible," I an swered.

"Without aid it is so. But suppose you had a friend up here who lowered you had a friend up here who lowered you this good, stout rope which I see in the corner, securing age end of it to this great hook in the well. Then, I think, if you were an active man, you might awarm up, wooden leg and all. You would depart, of course, in the same fashion, and your alls would. You would depart, of course, in the same fashion, and your ally would draw up the rope, until it from the hook, shut the window, snib it on the inside, and get away in the way that he originally eame. As a minor point, it may be noted. he continued, fingering the rope, "that our wooden-legged friend, though a fair elimber, was not a professional sailor. His hands were far from horny. My lens discloses more than one blood mark, especially toward the end of the rope, from which toward the end of the rope, from which I gather that he slipped down with such velocity that he took the skin off his hands."

"This is all very well," said I, "but the thing becomes more unintelligible than ever. How about this mysterious ally? How came he into the room?"

a Holn pensively. "There are features of in-terest about this ally. He lifts the case from the regions of the common-place. I fancy that this ally breaks fresh ground in the annals of crime in this country—though parallel cases anggest themselves from India, and if my memory serves me, from Senegam

"How came he, then?" I reiterated The door is locked, the window is in saible. Was it through the chim-

"The grate is much too small." be answered. "I had already comaklered hat possibility."

"How then?" I persisted "You will not apply my precept," he said shaking his head. "How often have I said to you that when you have elimi nated the impossible, whatover re-mains, however improbable, must be the truth? We know that he did not ome through the door, the window the chimney. We also know that could not have been concealed in the sible. Whence, then, did be come? "He came through the hole in the

roof," I erled. "Of course he did. He must have done so. If you will have the kindness to hold the lamp for me. we shall now extend our researches to the room above the secret room in which the treasure was found."

He mounted the steps, and, seizing a rafter with either hand, he awang him his face, he reached down for the lamp and held it while I followed him.

The chamber in which we found our selves was about ten feet one way by six the other. The floor was formed the rafters, with this lath-and-plast between, so that in walking one had to step from beam to beam. The roof ran up to an apex, and was evidently the inner shell of the true roof of th house. There was no furniture of any sort, and the accumulated dust years lay thick upon the floor.

"Hero you are you see," said Sher-lock Holmes, putting his hand against the sloping wall. "This is a trap-door which loads out onto the roof. I can press it back, and here is the roof itself, aloping at a gentle angle. This then, is the way by which Number Ope sutered. Let us see if we can find some other braces of his individuality."

He held down the lamp to the floor and as he did so I saw for the secon time that night a startled, surprised look come over his face. For myself, as I followed his game my skin was pold

under my flothes. The Boor was overed thickly with the prints of a naked foot-clear, well defined, per-fectly formed, but scarce half the size of those of an ordinary man.
"Holmes," I said, in a whisper, "a child has done this horrid thing."

ehild has done this nown thing.

He had recovered his self-possession in an instant. "I was staggered for the moment," he said, "but the thing to make wateral. My memory failed is quite natural. My memory failed me, or I should have been able to fore-tell it. There is nothing more to be learned here. Let us go down."

"What is your theory, then as to those footmarks?" I saked, eagerly, when we had regained the lower room

e more. 'My dear Watson, try a little analyais yourself, "said he with a touch of impatience. "You know my methods. Apply them, and it will be instructive

to compare results."
"I cannot conceive anything which will cover the facts." I answered. "It will be clear enough to you soon he said, in an off-hand way. "I think that there is nothing else of impor-



IS HELD DOWN THE LAMP TO THE PLOSS whipped out his lens and a tape meas ure, and hurried about the room on his knees, measuring, comparing, examin-ing, with his long thin nose only a few ing, with his long thin nose only a rew inches from the planks, and his bendy eyes gleaming and deep-set like those of a bird. So swift, silent and furtive were his movements, like those of a trained blood-hound picking out a seent, that I could not but think what a terrible original has more than the could have seent that I could not but think what a terrible criminal he would have made had he turned his energy and sagacity against the law, instead of exerting them in its defense. As he hunted about, he kept muttering to himself, and finally he broke out into loud crow of delight.

"We care certainly in luck," said he.
"We care the have very little trouble.

"We ought to have very little trouble now. Number One has had the misfortuns to tread in the creceote. You can see the outline of the edge of his amail foot here at the side of this evil-ameli-ing mess. The carboy has been cracked, you see, and the atuff has leaked out."

"What then?" I asked.

"What then?" I asked.

"Why, we have got him, that's all," said he. "I know a dog that would follow that scent to the world's and. If a pack can track a trailed herring across a shire, how far can a specially-trained hound follow so pungent a smell as this? It sounds like a sum in the rule of three. The answer should give us the—But halloo; here are the ocredited representatives of the law. Heavy steps and the clamor of loss

voices were sudible from below, and the hall door shut with a loud crash. "Before they come," said Holmes, fellow's arm, and here on his leg. What

do you feel?"
"The muscles are as hard as a board," answered. "Quite so. They are in a state of extreme contraction, far exceeding the usual rigor mortis. Coupled with this

distortion of the face, this Hippocratic mile, or 'risas sardonieus,' as the old writers called it, what conclud it suggest to your mind?

"Douth from some powerful vegeta-ble alkalold," 1 answered—"some strychnine-like substance which would produce tetanna."

"That was the idea which occurred to me the instant I saw the drawn muscles of the face. On getting into the room I at onne looked for the seens by which the poison had entered the system. As you saw, I discovered a thorn which had been driven or shot with no great force into the You observe that the part struck was that which would be turned toward the hole in the cailing if the man were erect in his chair. Now examine this thorn."

I took it up gingerly and held it in the light of the lantern. It was long, sharp and black, with a glassed look near the point as though some gummy substance had dried upon it. The blunt end had been tounded off with a knife.

"Is this an English thorn?" he asked "No, it certainly is not." "With all these data you should be able to draw some just inference. But here are the regulars; so the auxiliary forces may beat a retreat."

As he spoke, the steps which had been coming nearer sounded loudly or the passage, and a very stout, portly man in a gray suit strode heavily into the room. He was red-faced, burly and plethorio, with a pair of very small twinkling eyes which looked keeply out from behind swollen and puffy pouches. He was closely followed by an inspector in uniform, and by the still palpitating Thaddens Shoite.

a a business!" he eried, in mußed husky voice. "Here's a pretty business! But who are all these? Why: the house seems to be as full as a rat

"I think you very much recollect me Mr. Athelney Jones," said Holmes.

"Why, of course I do!" he wheezed.
"It's Mr. She look Holmes, the theoint. Remember you! I'll never forget ow you lectured inferences and affects in the llishop gate jawei case. It's true you set us on the right track; but you'll our now

that It was more by good luck their good guidance."
"It was a piece of very simple ressoning."

soning."

"Oh. come, now, come! Mover he sahamed to own up. But what is all this? Bad business! Bad business! Bad business! Bat business! Stern facts here—no room for theories. How lucky that I happened to be cut at Norwood over another ease! I was at the station when the message arrived. What d'you think the man died ef?"

"Oh. this is hardly a case for me to theories over," said Holmes, dryly.

"No, no. Still. we can't deny that you hit the nail on the head sometimes. Dear me! Door locked. I understand. Jewels worth half a million missing. How was the window?"

How was the window?"
"Fastoned; but there are steps on

"Well, well, if it was fastened the steps could have nothing to do with the matter. That's common sense. Man might have died in a fit; but then Man might have died in a fit; but then the jevrels are missing. Ha! I have a theory. These flashes some upon me at times. Just step ou dide, arrivant, and you, Mr. Shoito. Your friend can remain. What do you think of this, floimes? Sholto was on his own confession, with his brother last night. The brother died in a fit, on which sholto walked off with the treasure. How a that?"

"On which the dead man very considerately got up and looked the door on the inside."

"Humi There's a flaw there. Let us apply common sense to the matter.
This Thaddeus Sholto was with his brother; there was a quarrel; so much we know. The brother is dead and the we know. The brother is dead and the jewels are gone. So much also we know. No one saw the brother from the time Thaddens left him. His bed had not been elept in. Thaddens is evidently in a most disturbed state of mind. His appearance is—well, not attractive. You see that I am weaving my web round Thaddens. The set begins to close upon him."

"You are not quite in measuration of

"You are not quite in possession of the facts yet," and Holmes. "This splinter of wood, which I have every reason to believe to be poisoned, was in the man's scalp where you still sea the mark; this card, inscribed as you see it, was on the table; and beside it lay this rather curious stone-headed instrument. How does all that St into your theory?

"Confirms it in every respect," said the fat detective, pompounty. "House is full of Indian curiosities. Thaddens brought this up, and if this splinter be poisonous Thaddens may as well have made murderous use of it as any other made murderous use of it as any other card is some houseness." made murderous use or it as any other man. The card is some hoose-poems— a blind, as like as not. The only ques-tion is, how did he depart? Ah, of course, have is a hole in the root. course, here is a hole in the roof."

With great activity, considering his bulk, he sprang up the steps and aqueezed through into the garret, and immediately afterwards we heard his axulting voice proclaiming that he had found the trap-door.

"He can find comething," remarked

Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "He has occasional glimmerings of reason. I'l n'y a pas des cots ni incommodes que ceux qui ont de l'asprit!"

"You seel" said Athelney Joues, re-

appearing down the steps again.
"Pacts are better than mere theories, after all. My view of the case is confirmed. There is a trap-door commu-nicating with the roof, and it is partly

open."
"It was I who opened it."
"Oh, indeed! You did notice it,
then?" He seemed a little crestfallen
at the discovery. "Wall, whosver no-



"COMPIRMS IN IN SARBA BRELEGY"

ticed it, it shows how got away. Icapector!" "Yes, sir," from the passage.
"Ask Mr. Sholto to step this way.

Mr. Sholto, it is my duty to inform you that saything which you may say will be used against you. I arrest you is the queen's name as being concerned in the death of your brother."
"There, now! Didn't I tell you?"

oried the poor little man, throwing out his hands and looking from one to the "Don't trouble yourself about is. My

Shelto," said livimes. "I think that Shoito," and Holmes. "I think that I can engage to clear you of the charge,"
"Don't promise too much, Mr. Theorist don't promise too much!" amapped
the detective. "You may find it a harder ms ter than you think."
"Not only will I clear him, Mr.
Jones. but I will make you a free present of the name and description of one
of the two people who wase in this

of the two people who were in this room last night. His name, I have every reason to believe, is Jonathan Small. He is a poorly-educated man, small, notive, with his right lag off and wearing a woodca stamp which is worn away upon the inner side. His left host has a coarse, square-toed sole, with an iron band round the hoel. He is a middle-aged mon much sonbarned and has been a convict. These few im dientima may be of some unsistance to you, coupled with the fact that there is a grow deal of skin missing from the pulm of his hand. The other man "All the other man?" unled Athel-ney Jones, is a encering voice, but im-prement near the less, as I could easily

ee by the president of the other's

Sher lock flotmen, turning upon his in hope before long to the ship to be deep to the ship to be deep to the ship to be deep to the local of the pair of them. It with you, Watson."

He led the cet to the head of stair. "This anatypered common he said. "the caused or maker in agist of the original purpose."

journey."
"I have just been thinking on owered. "It is not right the Rowton should remain in this s

No. You must essent her he she lives with Mrs Could Formula Lower Camberwelli as it is not a far. I will walt for you here if will drive out again. Or pushess use too tired?"

will drive out nguin. Or purious are too thud?

"By no mease. I don't think less rest until I know more of this finds business. I have seen assembles the rough side of life, bust I given my word that this quiet measured stronge surprises to uight has distinguished and the surprises to uight has distinguished and provide the case out in the work the case out independently leave this follow Joses to analy many mary-mast which he may do to construct. When you have dead to the follows on the right-hand dide to a sufficient of the manner will see a wence bolding a young bit in the window. Should old man up and tall him, with my done ments, that I went Toby at each. "You." A dog, I suppose."

will bring Toby back in the sale you."
"A dog, I suppose."
"Yes—a queer mongrel, with a samaning power of count. - I we rather have Toby's help them of the whole defautive famous leader."

London."

"I shall bring him, then, "said 2. Age in one now. I conjut to be back before three, if I can get a fresh home."

"And I." mid Holmes, "shall one what I can learn from him. Harmstone and from the Indian servant, who, Mr. Thaddens tells me, shops in the man guret. Then I shall sindy the genet Jones's methods and listen to the test too delicate surement. Who shall swooth that day die Manachen workshale was night varutaben." Guette in shway pithy."

CORTINUED NEXT WERE.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK. OUT GROWING ALL OTHER

That is What Sorth Carell

Industrially North Carolina in prop-ing faster than any other State. Beaty week we hear of new outless fastering and enlargement of others. The fast ilent this growth is not necessaried with a sudden indust of mineralization immigrants is encouraging. Our hear terrs will probably be measured with native labor. It will not be so head to educate the children of workers as it would, were they foreign, or even from other States.

In the opinion of many the blass is not far distant when this State will be the theatre of great mining enterprises. More guid then has ever been taken from California is in our western bills, but it cannot be mined language it can externated from the pyrites only at great cost. Men are working now in this process; and the association by

that they have ancounted a benefit included forward to.

When the State becomes the populated, the market for our problem will be rearry to the farms, that will be rearry to the farm, that will be rearry to the farms that will be the farms will be worth farms and farms will be worth farms being in each toward antition mineral wealth from our alia.

It seems that the State is the feel thickly there are fleate is the feel will be the feel to the feel to the feel to the feel to the feel farms the farms that the feel feel to the f When the State he

been put into Morth Carolina measure many investure would be richer. Our uide capital will not some in suit! I becomes known that Morth Carolina are successfully levesting in the distri-Tim development of Morth Carolina in the opportunity and the district the young men of Morth Carolina.

The happinest marriage over isled in this sentime of the fife combby, that which construct a last thresh, the or ing parties to be a constant of the later Course of the later of the later

writes that he had heree I'd treather for many years, with a mine in his tract story that he had went affected. He tried many as Kohery curve has without any as results. A houst year, and here had not too Kleety Billery and better in construct the curve of the curv Mr. Fred Miller, of Levine writes that he had a Sevene