## TO PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

The Superintendent of Public Schools of Franklin county will be in Louisburg on the second Thursday of February, April, July, September, October and December, and remain for three days, if necessary, for the purpose of examining applicants to teach in the Public Schools of this county. I will also be in Louisburg on Saturday of each week, and all public days, to attend to any business connected with my

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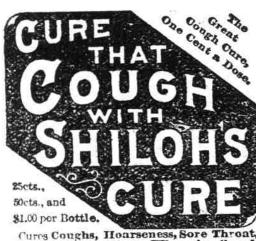
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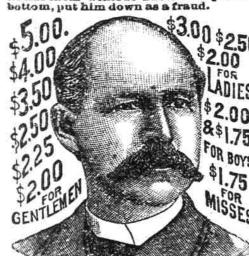
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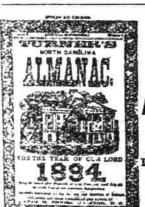
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By A. CONAN DOYLE.

I passed my hand over my brow. "My head is in a whirl," I remarked; "the more one thinks of it the more mysterious it grows. How came these two men-if there were two men-into an empty house? What has become of else." the cabman who drove them? How could one man compel another to take poison? Where did the blood come from? What was the object of the and went back and pushed the door murderer, since robbery had no part in it? How came the woman's ring there? into the room where the light was Above all, why should the second man a-burnin'. There was a candle flickerin' write up the German word "rache" be- on the mantle-piece-a red wax onefore decamping? I confess that I can and by its light I saw-" not see any possible way of reconciling all these facts."

My companion smiled approvingly. "You sum up the difficulties of the situation succinctly and well," he said. "There is much that is still obscure, though I have quite made up my mind on the main facts. As to poor Lestrade's discovery it was simply a blind intended to put the police upon a wrong track, by suggesting socialism and secret societies. It was not done by a German. The A, if you noticed, was printed somewhat after the German fashion. Now a real German invariably prints in the Latin character, so and not the wolf; Mr. Gregson or Mr. that we may safely say that this was not written by one, but by a clumsy imitator, who overdid his part. It was simply a ruse to divert inquiry into a wrong channel. I'm not going to tell you much more of the case, doctor. You know a conjurer gets no credit when once he has explained his trick, and if I show you too much of my method of working, you will come to the conclusion that I am a very ordinary. individual after all."

"I shall never do that," I answered; "you have brought detection as near an exact science as it ever will be brought in this world."

My companion flushed up with pleasure at my words and the earnest way in which I uttered them. I had already observed that he was as sensitive to flattery on the score of his art as any girl could be of her beauty.

"I'll tell you one other thing," he said. "Patent-leathers and Squaretoes came in the same cab, and they walked down the pathway together as friendly as possible-arm-in-arm, in all probability. When they got inside they walked up and down the roomor rather, Patent-leathers stood still while Square-toes walked up and tiently. down. I could read all that in the dust; and I could read that, as he walked, he grew more and more excited. That is shown by the increased length of his strides. He was talking | part muffled round-" all the while, and working himself up, no doubt, into a fury. Then the tragedy occurred. I've told you all I know myself, now, for the rest is mere surmise and conjecture. We have a | aggrieved voice. "I'll wager he found good working basis, however, on which to start. We must hurry up, for I want to go to Halle's concert, to hear

Norman Neruda, this afternoon." This conversation had occurred while our cab had been threading its way through a long succession of dingy streets and dreary by-ways. In the dingiest and dreariest of them our driver suddenly came to a stand. "That's Audley court in there," he said, pointing to a narrow slit in the line of dead-colored brick. "You'll

find me here when you come back." Audley court was not an attractive locality. The narrow passage led us into a quadrangle paved with flags and lined by sordid dwellings. We picked our way among groups of dirty children and through lines of discolored linen until we came to No. 43, the door of which was decorated with a small slip of brass, on which the name Rance was engraved. On inquiry we found that the constable was in bed, and we were shown into a little front parlor, to await his coming.

He appeared presently, looking a little irritable at being disturbed in his slumbers. "I made my report at the office," he said. Holmes took a half-sovereign from

his pocket, and played with it pensively. '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 "Just let us hear it all in your own

way, as it occurred." Rance sat down on the horse-hair sofa and knitted his brows, as though

"I'll tell it ye from the beginning," he said. "My time is from ten at night to six in the morning. At eleven there was a fight at the White Hart; but, bar that, all was quiet enough on the beat. At one o'clock it began to rain, and I met Harry Murcher-him who has the Holland Grove beat-and we stood together at the corner of Henrietta street a-talkin'. Presently - maybe about two, or a little after-I thought I would take a look round, and see that all was right down the Brixton road. It was precious dirty and lonely. Not a soul did I meet all the way down, though a cab or two went past me, I was a-strollin' down. thinkin' between ourselves how uncommon handy a four of gin hot would be, when suddenly a glint of a light caught my eye in the window of that same house. Now, I knew that them two houses in Lauriston gardens was empty on account of him that owns them, who won't have the drains seed to, though the very last tenant what lived in one of them died o' typhoid

"Why, that's true, sir," he said; malignant type, they were certainly though I shall take him unawares, it ple with money, every Christian

get up to the door, it was so still and so lonesome that I thought I'd be none the worse for some one with me. I ain't afeared of anything on this side of the grave; but I thought that maybe it was him that died o' the typhoid in-

specting the drains what killed him. The thought gave me a kind o' 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

"There was no one in the street?" "Not a livin' soul, sir, nor as much as a dog. Then I pulled myself together open. All was quiet inside, so I went

"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 knows a deal more than you

Holmes 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 Lestrade will answer for that. Go on, though. What did you do next?" Rance resumed his seat, without, however, losing his mystified expres-

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. "I've seen many a drunk chap in my time," he said, "but never | you." anyone so cryin' drunk as that cove. He was at the gate when I came out, a-leanin' up ag'n the railin's and a-singin' at the pitch of his lungs about Columbine's new-fangled banner, or some such stuff. He couldn't stand, far less help."

"What sort of a man was he?" asked John Rance appeared to be somewhat irritated at this digression. "He was an uncommon drunk sort o' man,"

he said. "He'd ha' found hisself in the station if we hadn't been so took up." "His face-his dress-didn't you notice them?" Holmes broke in, impa-

"I should think I did notice them, seeing that I had to prop him up-me and Murcher between us. He was a long chap, with a red face, the lower

"That will do," cried Holmes. "What became of him?" "We'd enough to do without lookin' after him," the policeman said, in an

his way home all right." "How was he dresse 1?" "A brown overcoat." "Had he a whip in his hand?"

"A whip-no."

"He must have left it behind," muttered my companion. "You didn't happen to see or hear a cab after that?"

"There's a half sovereign for you." my companion said, standing up and taking his hat. "I am afraid, Rance, that you will never rise in the force. That head of yours should be for use as well as ornament. You might have gained your sergeant's stripes last night. The man whom you held in your hands is the man who holds the clew of this mystery, and whom we are seeking. There is no use of arguing about it now; I tell you that it is so. Come along, doctor.'

We started off for the cab together, leaving our informant incredulous, but obviously uncomfortable.

"The blundering fool!" Holmes said. bitterly, as we drove back to our lodgings. "Just to think of his having such an incomparable bit of good luck, and not taking advantage of it." "I am rather in the dark still. It is

true that the description of this man tallies with your idea of the second party in this mystery. But why should he come back to the house after leaving it? This is not the way of criminals."

"The ring, man, the ring; that was what he came back for. If we have no other way of catching him we can always bait our line with the ring. I shall have him, doctor, I'll lay you two to one that I have him. I must thank determined not to omit anything in his | you for it all. I might not have gone but for you, and so have missed the finest study I ever came across; a study in scarlet, eh? Why shouldn't we use a little art jargon? There's the scarlet thread of murder running through the colorless skein of life, and our duty is to unravel it, and isolate it, and expose every inch of it. And now for lunch, and then for Norman Neruda. Her attack and her bowing are splendid. What's that little thing of Chopin's she plays so magnificently: Tra-la-lalira-lira-lay."

Leaning back in the cab, this amateur blood-hound caroled away like a lark, while I meditated upon the manysidedness of the human mind.

CHAPTER V. OUR ADVERTISEMENT BRINGS A VISITOR too much for my weak health, and I been too much excited by all that had COPYRIGHTS.

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of the victim was no condonement in the eyes of the law.

extraordinary did my companion's hypothesis, that the man had been poisoned, appear. I remember how he had sniffed his lips, and had no doubt that he had detected something which had given rise to the idea. Then, again, if not poison, what had caused the man's death, since there was neither wound nor marks of strangulation? But, on the other hand, whose blood was that which lay so thickly upon the floor? There were no signs of a struggle, nor had the victim any weapon with which he might have wounded an antagonist. As long as all these questions were ansolved, I felt that sleep would be no easy matter, either for Holmes or myself. His quiet, self-confident manner convinced me that he had already formed a theory which explained all the facts, though what it was I could not for an instant conjecture.

He was very late in returning-so late that I knew that the concert could not have detained him all that time. Dinner was on the table before he appeared.

"It was magnificent," he said, as he took his seat. "Do you remember what Darwin says about music? He claims that the power of producing and appreciating it existed among the human race long before the power of speech was arrived at. Perhaps that is why we are so subtly influenced by it. There are vague memories in our sion. "I went back to the gate and souls of those misty centuries when sounded my whistle. That brought | the world was in its childhood." "That's rather a broad idea," I re-

marked. "One's ideas must be as broad as nature if they are to interpret nature," he answered. "What's the matter? Yeu're not looking quite yourself. This Brixton road affair has upset

"To tell the truth, it has," I said. "I ought to be more case hardened after my Afghan experiences. I saw my own comrades hacked to pieces at Maiwand without losing my nerve."

"I can understand. There is a mystery about this which stimulates the nagination; where there is no imagination there is no horror. Have you seen the evening paper?"

"It gives a fairly good account of the affair. It does not mention the fact that when the man was raised up a woman's wedding ring fell upon the floor. It is just as well it does not."

"Look at this advertisement," he answered. "I had one sent to every paper this morning immediately after the affair." lle threw the paper across to me,

and I glanced at the place indicated. It was the first announcement in the "Found" column. "In Erixton road



I GLANCED AT THE PLAN INDICATED.

this morning," it ran, "a plain gold wedding ring, found in the roadway between the White Hart tavern and Holland grove. Apply Dr. Watson, 221B Baker street, between eight and nine this evening."

"Excuse my using your name," he said. "If I used my own some one of these dunderheads would recognize it and want to meddle in the affair." "That is all," I answered. "But sup-

posing anyone applies, I have no ring. "Oh, yes, you have," said he, handing me one. "This will do very well. It is almost a fac-simile."

"And who do you expect will answer this advertisement?" "Why, the man in the brown coatour florid friend with the square toes.

If he does not come himself he will send an accomplice." "Would he not consider it as too dangerous?"

"Not at all. If my view of the case is correct, and I have every reason to believe that it is, this man would rather risk anything than lose the ring. According to my notion he dropped it while stooping over Drebber's body, and did not miss it at the time. After leaving the house he discovered his loss, and huvried back, but found the police already in possession, owing to his own folly in leaving the candle burning. He had to pretend to be drunk in order to allay the suspicions which might have been aroused by his appearance at the gate. Now put yourself in that man's place. On thinking the matter over, it must have occurred to him that it was possible that he had lost the ring in the road Our morning's exertions had been after leaving the house. What would he do then? He would eagerly look out was tired out in the afternoon. After for the evening papers, in the hope of Holmes' departure for the concert, I seeing it among the articles found. lay down upon the sofa and endeav. His eye, of course, would light upon ored to get a couple of hours' sleep. It this. He would be overjoyed. Why was a useless attempt. My mind had should he fear a trap? There would be no reason in his eyes why the findoccurred, and the strangest fancies ing of the ring should be connected and surmises crowded into it. Every with the murder. He would come. He time that I closed my eyes I saw be will come. You shall see him within an hour."

"And then?" I asked. "Oh, you can leave me to deal with him, then. Have you any arms?" "I have my old scrvice revolver and

a few cartridges." "You had better clean it and load it. He will be a desperate man, and, is as well to be ready for anything." I went to my bedroom and followed

must be done, and that the depravity his advice. When I returned with the pistol the table had been cleared and Holmes was engaged in his favorite The more I thought of it the more occupation of scraping upon his violin. "The plot thickens," he said, as I entered. "I have just had an answer to my American telegram. My view

of the case is correct.'

"And that is?" I asked, eagerly. "My fiddle would be better for new strings," he remarked. "Put your pistol in your pocket. When the fellow comes speak to him in an ordinary way. Leave the rest to me. Don't frighten him by looking at him too hard.' "It is eight o'clock now," I said,

glancing at my watch. "Yes. He will probably be here in a few minutes. Open the door slightly. That will do. Now put the key on the inside. Thank you! This is a queer book I picked up at a stall yesterday-



VERY OLD AND WRINKLED WOMAN HOBBLED INTO THE APARTMENT.

Latin at Liege, in the Lowlands, in 1042. Charles' head was still firm on his shoulders when this little brownbacked volume was struck off."

"Who is the printer?" "Philippe de Croy, whoever he may have been. On the fly-leaf, in very superseded by a cash basis. The faded ink, is written, "Exlibris Guliolmi Whyte.' I wondered who William Whyte was. Some pragmatical few years forced upon the farmseventeenth century lawyer, I sup- ers the necessity of raising their pose. His writing has a legal twist about it. Here comes our man, I think."

As he spoke there was a sharp ring at the bell. Sherlock Holmes rose softly, and moved his chair in the direction of the door. We heard the The result has been a change that sake of saving 50 cents to run the risk servant pass along the hall, and the for the time, while passing from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure sharp click of the latch as she opened it the credit with its buying to a your cough. It never fails. This ex-"Does Dr. Watson live here?" asked a clear but rather harsh voice. We

could not hear the servant's reply, but the door closed, and some one began to ascend the stairs. The footfall was an decreased volume of general busuncertain and shuffling one. A look of | iness in the South. But this has surprise passed over the face of my brought about a more solid condicompanion as he listened to it. I came tion of business in those dependslowly along the passage, and there was a feeble tap at the door. "Come in!" I cried.

At my summons, instead of the man many years. Merchants are carof violence whom we expected, a very rying small stocks and buying old and wrinkled woman hobbled into only as needed; farmers are paythe apartment. She appeared to be ing off their debts to such an exdazzled by the sudden blaze of light, and, after dropping a courtesy, she stood blinking at us with her bleared eyes and fumbling in her pocket with | farmers are less in debt than for nervous, shaky fingers. I glanced at | years. The money that formerly my companion, and his face had assumed such a disconsolate expression that it was all I could do to keep my that it was all I could do to keep my at home, and the full result is che news featur s of the day prier and the full result is artistic, and literary qualities of the magent The old crone drew out an evening

paper, and pointed at our advertisement. "It's this as has brought me, for supplies than in any year good gentlemen," she said, dropping since the war ended. another courtesy; "a gold weddingring in the Brixton road. It belongs to my girl Sally, as was married only this time twelvementh, which her husband is steward aboard a union G. Newman, Buffalo, N. Y., is more than I can think, he being hoarseness as Dr. Bull's Cough short enough at the best o' times, but more especially when we has the drink. If it please you, she went to the circus last night along with-"

"Is that her ring?" I asked. "The Lord be thanked!" cried the old woman. "Sally will be a glad woman this night. That's the ring." "And what may your address be?" I inquired, taking up a pencil.

"18 Duncan street, Houndsditch. A weary way from here." "The Brixton road does not lie between any circus and Houndsditch," said Sherlock Holmes, sharply. The old woman faced round and

looked keenly at him from her little | able slike to the home dress-maker sud red-rimmed eyes. "The gentleman asked me for my address," she said. "Sally lives in lodgings at 3 Mayfield Place, Peckham." "And your name is-"

"My name is Sawyer-bers is Dennis, which Tom Dennis married her-and a smart, clean lad, too, as long as he's



BER PURSUEB DOGGED HER SOME LITTLE DISTANCE BEHIND.

more thought of; but when on shore, what with the women and what with liquor shops-" TO BE CONTINUED

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"They show that the whole economic policy of Southern farm interests is undergoing a change and the credit system is being low price of cotton for the past own foodstuffs, and added to this was the decision of bankers trade with farmers, and hence a Mothers, do not be without it. ent upon farm trade throughout the South than we have had for tent that without exception these letters from bankers say that the that this section is probably less in debt to the North and West

Nothing so good for affections of the throat and chest. Miss J. boat, and what he'd say if he come | writes: "We think there is nothome and found her without her ring | i w so valuable for coughs and Syrup. Have used it in our family for the last five years, and would not like to be without it."

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