

**YOU WILL FIND AT  
H. Z. WHITE and CO'S**

Pineapples, Oranges, Banannas,  
Strawberries, Cherries and all  
kinds of Florida Vegetables arriv-  
ing daily. They also have nice

**NEW GROCERIES**

Fine Cigars and Tobaccos which  
They will sell Cheap. Get their  
PRICES BEFORE YOU BUY . . . .

Phone . . . . . 342

**Americus Shoes**

A Great line of Men's and Ladies'  
Shoes at \$3.50 and \$4.00.

**Roxie Ward at \$2.00**

AND  
**DIXIE GIRL AT \$1.50.**

We lead all others in good Shoes at moderate  
prices.

**BROWN SHOE CO.,**

107 North Main Street Phone 295

**FURNITURE!**

If it is a gocart, a room of Matting,  
an iron or brass bed, a pair of  
lace curtains or anything to fur-  
nish or beautify the home then  
call on ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**The Spencer Housefurnishing Co**  
SPENCER'S LEADING FURNITURE DEALERS.

**W. H. BRITT, Mgr**  
SPENCER, N. C.

**P.S. WE SELL FOR CASH**  
OR ON EASY PAYMENTS.

**The Return of  
SHERLOCK  
HOLMES**

By A. CONAN DOYLE,  
Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,"  
"The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign  
of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," Etc.



ILLUSTRATED  
BY F. D. STEELE

you here! I'll take the armchair in  
the middle. I think that we are now  
sufficiently imposing to strike terror  
into a guilty breast. Kindly ring the  
bell!"

Bannister entered and shrank back  
in evident surprise and fear at our ju-  
dicial appearance.

"You will kindly close the door," said  
Holmes. "Now, Bannister, will you  
please tell us the truth about yester-  
day's incident?"

The man turned white to the roots of  
his hair.

"I have told you everything, sir."

"Nothing to add?"

"Nothing at all, sir."

"Well, then, I must make some sug-  
gestions to you. When you sat down  
on that chair yesterday did you do so  
in order to conceal some object which  
would have shown who had been in  
the room?"

Bannister's face was ghastly.  
"No, sir; certainly not."  
"It is only a suggestion," said Holmes  
suavely. "I frankly admit that I am  
unable to prove it. But it seems prob-  
able enough, since the moment that  
Mr. Soames' back was turned you re-  
leased the man who was hiding in that  
bedroom."

Bannister licked his dry lips.

"There was no man, sir."

"Ah, that's a pity, Bannister. Up to  
now you may have spoken the truth,  
but now I know that you have lied."

The man's face set in sullen defiance.

"There was no man, sir."

"Come, come, Bannister!"

"No, sir; there was no one."  
"In that case you can give us no fur-  
ther information. Would you please  
remain in the room? Stand over there  
near the bedroom door. Now, Soames,  
I am going to ask you to have the  
great kindness to go up to the room of  
young Gilchrist and to ask him to step  
down into yours."

An instant later the tutor returned,  
bringing with him the student. He was  
a fine figure of a man—tall, lithe and  
agile, with a springy step and a pleas-



Copyright by Collier's Weekly.  
Gilchrist.

ant open face. His troubled blue eyes  
glanced at each of us and finally rest-  
ed with an expression of blank dismay  
upon Bannister in the farther corner.

"Just close the door," said Holmes.  
"Now, Mr. Gilchrist, we are all quite  
alone here, and no one need ever know  
one word of what passes between us.  
We can be perfectly frank with each  
other. We want to know, Mr. Gilchrist,  
how you, an honorable man, ever came  
to commit such an action as that of  
yesterday."

The unfortunate young man staggered  
back and cast a look full of horror  
and reproach at Bannister.

"No, no, Mr. Gilchrist, sir, I never  
said a word—never one word!" cried  
the servant.

"No, but you have now," said Holmes.

"Now, sir, you must see that after  
Bannister's words your position is  
hopeless and that your only chance lies  
in a frank confession."

For a moment Gilchrist, with uprais-  
ed hand, tried to control his writing  
features. The next he had thrown him-  
self on his knees beside the table, and,  
burying his face in his hands, he had  
burst into a storm of passionate sob-  
bing.

"Come, come," said Holmes kindly.  
"It is human to err, and at least no one  
can accuse you of being a callous crim-  
inal. Perhaps it would be easier for  
you if I were to tell Mr. Soames what  
occurred, and you can check me where  
I am wrong. Shall I do so? Well, well,  
don't trouble to answer. Listen, and  
see that I do you no injustice."

"From the moment, Mr. Soames, that  
you said to me that no one, not even  
Bannister, could have told that the pa-  
pers were in your room the case began  
to take a definite shape in my mind.  
The printer one could, of course, dis-  
miss. He could examine the papers in  
his own office. The Indian I also  
thought nothing of. If the proofs were  
in roll he could not possibly know  
what they were. On the other hand, it  
seemed an unthinkable coincidence  
that a man should dare to enter the  
room, and that by chance on that very  
day the papers were on the table. I  
dismissed that. The man who entered  
knew that the papers were there. How  
did he know?"

"When I approached your room I  
examined the window. You amused  
me by supposing that I was contem-  
plating the possibility of some one hav-  
ing in broad daylight, under the eyes  
of all these opposite rooms, forced him-  
self through it. Such an idea was ab-  
surd. I was measuring how tall a  
man would need to be in order to see  
as he passed what papers were on the  
central table. I am six feet high, and  
I could do it with an effort. No one  
less than that would have a chance.  
Already, you see, I had reason to think  
that if one of your three students was  
a man of unusual height he was the  
most worth watching of the three.

"I entered, and I took you into my  
confidence as to the suggestions of the  
side table. Of the center table I could  
make nothing until in your description  
of Gilchrist you mentioned that he was  
a long distance jumper. Then the  
whole thing came to me in an instant,  
and I only needed certain corroborative  
proofs, which I speedily obtained.

"What happened was this: This young  
fellow had employed his afternoon at  
the athletic grounds, where he had  
been practicing the jump. He return-  
ed carrying his jumping shoes, which  
are provided, as you are aware, with  
several sharp spikes. As he passed  
your window he saw, by means of his  
great height, these proofs upon your  
table and conjectured what they were.

No harm would have been done had  
it not been that as he passed your door he  
perceived the key which had been left  
by the carelessness of your servant.  
A sudden impulse came over him to en-  
ter and see if they were indeed the  
proofs. It was not a dangerous ex-  
ploit, for he could always pretend that  
he had simply looked in to ask a ques-  
tion.

"Well, when he saw that they were  
indeed the proofs it was then that they  
yielded to temptation. He put his  
shoes on the table. What was it you  
put on that chair near the window?"

"Gloves," said the young man.

Holmes looked triumphantly at Ban-  
nister. "He put his gloves on the chair,  
and he took the proofs, sheet by sheet,  
to copy them. He thought the tutor  
must return by the main gate and that  
he would see him. As we know, he  
came back by the side gate. Suddenly

he heard him at the very door. There  
was no possible escape. He forgot his  
gloves, but he caught up his shoes and  
darted into the bedroom. You observe  
that the scratch on that table is slight  
at one side, but deepens in the direction  
of the bedroom door. That in itself is  
enough to show us that the shoe had  
been drawn in that direction and that  
the culprit had taken refuge there. The  
earth round the spike had been left on  
the table, and a second sample was  
loosened and fell in the bedroom. I  
may add that I walked out to the ath-  
letic grounds this morning, saw that  
tenacious black clay is used in the  
jumping pit and carried away a spec-  
imen of it, together with some of the  
fine tan or sawdust which is strewn  
over it to prevent the athlete from  
slipping. Have I told the truth, Mr.  
Gilchrist?"

"The student had drawn himself erect.  
"Yes, sir; it is true," said he.  
"Good heavens! Have you nothing  
to add?" cried Soames.

"Yes, sir, I have, but the shock of  
this disgraceful exposure has bewilder-  
ed me. I have a letter here Mr. Soames,  
which I wrote to you early this morn-  
ing in the middle of a restless night.  
It was before I knew that my sn had  
found me out. Here it is, sir. You will  
see that I have said: 'I have determined  
not to go in for the examination. I  
have been offered a commission in the  
Rhodesian police, and I am going out  
to South Africa at once.'"

"I am indeed pleased to hear that you  
did not intend to profit by your unfair  
advantage," said Soames. "But why  
did you change your purpose?"  
Gilchrist pointed to Bannister.

"There is the man who set me in the  
right path," said he.  
"Come now, Bannister," said Holmes.  
"It will be clear to you from what I  
have said that only you could have let  
this young man out, since you were  
left in the room and must have locked  
the door when you went out. As to his  
escaping by that window, it was in-  
calculable. Can you not clear up the  
last point in this mystery and tell us  
the reasons for your action?"

"It was simple enough, sir, if you  
only had known, but with all your  
cleverness it was impossible that you  
could know. Time was, sir, when I  
was butler to old Sir Jabez Gilchrist,  
this young gentleman's father. When  
he was ruined I came to the college as  
servant, but I never forgot my old em-  
ployer because he was down in the  
world. I watched his son all I could  
for the sake of old days. Well, sir,  
when I came into this room yesterday,  
when the alarm was given, the very  
first thing I saw was Mr. Gilchrist's  
tan gloves a-lying in that chair. I  
knew those gloves well, and I under-  
stood their message. If Mr. Soames  
saw them the game was up. I slipped  
down into that chair, and nothing  
would budge me until Mr. Soames  
went for you. Then out came my poor  
young master, whom I had dandled on  
my knee, and confessed it all to me.  
Wasn't it natural, sir, that I should  
save him, and wasn't it natural also  
that I should try to speak to him as his  
dead father would have done and make  
him understand that he could not profit  
by such a deed? Could you blame me,  
sir?"

"No, indeed," said Holmes heartily,  
springing to his feet. "Well, Soames,  
I think we have cleared your little  
problem up, and our breakfast awaits  
us at home. Come, Watson. As to  
you, sir, I trust that a bright future  
awaits you in Rhodesia. For once you  
have fallen low. Let us see in the fu-  
ture how high you can rise."

**The Adventure of  
the Golden  
Pince-Nez**

No. 10 of the Series

Copyright, 1904, by A. Conan Doyle and Collier's  
Weekly.

Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

**W**HEN I look at the three  
massive manuscript vol-  
umes which contain our  
work for the year 1894,  
I confess that it is very  
difficult for me out of  
such a wealth of mate-  
rial to select the cases which are most

interesting in themselves and also  
the same time most conducive to a study  
of those peculiar powers for which my  
friend was famous. As I turn over the  
pages I see my notes upon the re-  
story of the red leech and the terrible  
death of Crosby, the banker. Here I  
so I find an account of the Adven-  
tragedy and the singular contents of  
the ancient British barrow. The fa-  
mous Smith-Mortimer succession case  
comes also within this period, and  
do the tracking and arrest of Hunt,  
the boulevard assassin, an exploit  
which won for Holmes an autograph  
letter of thanks from the French pre-  
sident and the order of the Legion  
Honor. Each of these would furnish  
a narrative, but on the whole I am of  
opinion that none of them unites as  
many singular points of interest as the  
episode of Yoxley Old Place, which in-  
cludes not only the lamentable death  
of young Willoughby Smith, but also  
those subsequent developments which  
threw so curious a light upon the causes  
of the crime.

It was a wild, tempestuous night, to-  
ward the close of November. Holmes  
and I sat together in silence all the  
evening, he engaged with a powerful  
lens deciphering the remains of the  
original inscription upon a palimpsest,  
I deep in a recent treatise upon sur-  
gery. Outside the wind howled down  
Baker street, while the rain beat fierce-  
ly against the windows. It was  
strange there, in the very depths of the  
town, with ten miles of man's handi-  
work on every side of us, to feel the  
iron grip of Nature and to be conscious  
that to the huge elemental forces all  
London was no more than the molehills  
that dot the fields. I walked to the  
window and looked out on the deserted  
street. The occasional lamps gleamed  
on the expanse of muddy road and shin-  
ing pavement. A single cab was  
splashing its way from the Oxford  
street end.

"Well, Watson, it's as well we have  
not to turn out tonight," said Holmes,  
laying aside his lens and rolling up one  
sitting. "It is trying work for the eyes.  
So far as I can make out it is nothing  
more exciting than an abbe's accounts  
dating from the second half of the fif-  
teenth century. Hello, hello, hello!  
What's this?"

Amid the droning of the wind there  
had come the stamping of a horse's  
hoofs and the long grind of a wheel as  
it rasped against the curb. The cab  
which I had seen had pulled up at our  
door.

"What can he want?" I ejaculated as  
a man stepped out of it.  
"Want? He wants us. And we, my  
poor Watson, want overcoats and cravats  
and galoshes and every aid that  
man ever invented to fight the weather.  
Wait a bit though! There's the cab off  
again! There's hope yet. He'd have  
kept it if he had wanted us to come.  
Run down, my dear fellow, and open  
the door, for all virtuous folk have been  
long in bed."

When the light of the hall lamp fell  
upon our midnight visitor I had no dif-  
ficulty in recognizing him. It was  
young Stanley Hopkins, a promising  
detective, in whose career Holmes had  
several times shown a very practical  
interest.

"Is he in?" he asked eagerly.  
"Come up, my dear sir," said Holmes'  
voice from above. "I hope you have no  
designs upon us such a night as this."  
The detective mounted the stairs, and  
our lamp gleamed upon his shining wa-  
terproof. I helped him out of it, while  
Holmes knocked a blaze out of the logs  
in the grate.

"Now, my dear Hopkins, draw up  
and warm your toes," said he. "Here's  
a cigar, and the doctor has a prescrip-  
tion containing hot water and a lemon  
which is good medicine on a night like  
this. It must be something important  
which has brought you out in such a  
gale."

"It is indeed, Mr. Holmes. I've had  
a bustling afternoon, I promise you.  
Did you see anything of the Yoxley  
case in the latest editions?"

"I've seen nothing later than the fif-  
teenth century today."  
"Well, it was only a paragraph and  
all wrong at that, so you have not mis-  
sed anything. I haven't let the grass  
grow under my feet. It's down in Kent,  
seven miles from Chatham and three  
from the railway line. I was wired for  
at 3:15, reached Yoxley Old Place at 5,  
conducted my investigation, was back

**GET ONE OF THESE  
FOUNTAIN SYRINGES  
AND SAVE MONEY**

**ONE WEEK ONLY, MAY 29 TO JUNE 3.**

For one Week only, we will sell a pure gum, two quart, rapid FLOW FOUNTAIN SYRINGE for 59 CENTS. This Syringe has never sold for less than \$1.00 and the regular price is \$1.25. While we have a good stock of these syringes on hand the probabilities are that there will not be enough to last through the week, and as we cannot duplicate them at this price the sale will close as soon as this lot is sold. As we wish to extend the advantage of this special sale to as many people as possible, Only one syringe will be sold to one person. If you need a fountain syringe you cannot afford to miss this chance to get a high grade article at the low price we have put on this lot. As those who put off buying one until the last of the week are apt to be disappointed, we urge you to come early and insure getting your share of the saving. Sale positively closes JUNE 3rd or sooner if the syringes sell out. See them in the window.

**The Salisbury Drug Co.,**

115 N. Main Street

'Phone 178.