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\$4.00 Saddles.....	\$3.25	\$12 Saddles.....	\$9.00
\$7.00 Saddles.....	\$5.50	\$16 Saddles, 23 lbs.	\$13.50
\$8.00 Saddles.....	\$6.50	\$17 Saddles, 25 lbs.	\$14.50
\$9.00 Saddles.....	\$7.50	\$20 Saddles, 27 lbs.	\$17.00
\$10.50 Saddles.....	\$8.50	\$30 Saddles, 30 lbs.	\$25.00
\$11.00 Saddles.....	\$8.50		

These prices are just what these saddles have been sold for, not shoved up to make it look like a big cut on them, but they are actual values. Call and get one of them now for you will never buy them that low again. Leather is going up again and no telling where it will stop. Next week I will have a full line of Fur and Plush Robes on hand. Call in and see them. They were bought early and right and will be sold right. I have a full line of Harness, etc., on hand to select from. Buggy Top and Harness Repairs a specialty. You are invited to call.

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WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sherlock Holmes Story

Adventure of Three Students
Concluded

"Watson, I have always done you an injustice. There are others. What could this NN be? It is at the end of a word. You are aware that Johann Faber is the most common maker's name. Is it not clear that there is just as much of the pencil left as usually follows the Johann?" He held the small table sideways to the electric light. "I was hoping that if the paper on which he wrote was thin some trace of it might come through upon this polished surface. No, I see nothing. I don't think there is anything more to be learned here. Now for the central table. This small pellet is, I presume, the black, doughy mass you spoke of. Roughly pyramidal in shape and hollowed out, I perceive. As you say, there appear to be grains of sawdust in it. Dear me, this is very interesting. And the cut—a positive tear, I see. It began with a thin scratch and ended with a jagged hole. I am much indebted to you for directing my attention to this case, Mr. Soames. Where does that door lead to?"

"To my bedroom."
"Have you been in it since your adventure?"
"No, I came straight away for you." "I should like to have a glance round. What a charming, old-fashioned room! Perhaps you will kindly wait a minute until I have examined the floor. No, I see nothing. What about this curtain? You hang your clothes behind it. If any one were forced to conceal himself in this room he must do it there, since the bed is too low and the wardrobe too shallow. No one there, I suppose?"

As Holmes drew the curtain I was aware from some little rigidity and alertness of his attitude that he was prepared for an emergency. As a matter of fact, the drawn curtain disclo-



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Daulat Ras.

ed nothing but three or four suits of clothes hanging from a line of wires. Holmes turned away and stooped suddenly to the floor.

"Hello! What's this?" said he. It was a small pyramid of black, puttylike stuff, exactly like the one upon the table of the study. Holmes held it out on his open palm in the glare of the electric light.

"Your visitor seems to have left traces in your bedroom as well as in your sitting room, Mr. Soames."

"What could he have wanted there?" "I think it is clear enough. You came back by an unexpected way, and so he had no warning until you were at the very door. What could he do? He caught up everything which would betray him, and he rushed into your bedroom to conceal himself."

"Good gracious, Mr. Holmes, do you mean to tell me that all the time I was talking to Bannister in this room we had the man prisoner if we had only known it?"

"So I read it."
"Surely there is another alternative, Mr. Holmes. I don't know whether you observed my bedroom window?"

"Lattice paneled, lead framework three separate windows, one swinging on hinge and large enough to admit a man."

"Exactly. And it looks out on an angle of the courtyard so as to be partly invisible. The man might have effected his entrance there, left traces as he passed through the bedroom, and finally, finding the door open, have escaped that way."

Holmes shook his head impatiently. "Let us be practical," said he. "I understand you to say that there are three students who use this stair and are in the habit of passing your door?"

"Yes, there are."
"And they are all in for this examination?"

"Yes."
"Have you any reason to suspect any one of them more than the others?"

Soames hesitated. "It is a very delicate question," said he. "One hardly likes to throw suspicion where there are no proofs."

"Let us hear the suspicions. I will look after the proofs."

"I will tell you, then, in a few words the character of the three men who inhabit these rooms. The lower of the three is Gilchrist, a fine scholar and athlete; plays in the Rugby team and the cricket team for the college and got his blue for the hurdles and the long jump. He is a fine, manly fellow. His father was the notorious Sir Jabez Gilchrist, who ruined himself on the turf. My scholar has been left very poor, but he is hardworking and industrious. He will do well."

"The second floor is inhabited by Daulat Ras, the Indian. He is a quiet, inscrutable fellow, as most of those Indians are. He is well up in his work, though his Greek is his weak subject. He is steady and methodical. The top floor belongs to Miles McLaren. He is a brilliant fellow when he chooses to work—one of the brightest intellects of the university—but he

is, wayward, dissipated and unprincipled. He was nearly expelled over a card scandal in his first year. He has been idling all this term, and he must look forward with dread to the examination."

"Then it is he whom you suspect?" "I dare not go so far as that, but of the three he is perhaps the least unlikely."

"Exactly. Now, Mr. Soames, let us have a look at your servant, Bannister."

He was a little, white faced, clean shaven, grizzled fellow of fifty. He was still suffering from this sudden disturbance of the quiet routine of his life. His plump face was twitching with his nervousness, and his fingers could not keep still.

"We are investigating this unhappy business, Bannister," said his master.

"Yes, sir."
"I understand," said Holmes, "that you left your key in the door?"

"Yes, sir."
"Was it not very extraordinary that you should do this on the very day when there were these papers inside?"

"It was most unfortunate, sir. But I have occasionally done the same thing at other times."

"When did you enter the room?" "It was about half past 4. That is Mr. Soames' tea time."

"How long did you stay?" "When I saw that he was absent, I withdrew at once."

"Did you look at these papers on the table?" "No, sir; certainly not."

"How came you to leave the key in the door?" "I had the tea tray in my hand. I thought I would come back for the key. Then I forgot."

"Has the outer door a spring lock?" "No, sir."
"Then it was open all the time?"

"Yes, sir."
"Any one in the room could get out?"

"Yes, sir."
"When Mr. Soames returned and called for you, you were very much disturbed?"

"Yes, sir. Such a thing has never happened during the many years that I have been here. I nearly fainted, sir."

"So I understand. Where were you when you began to feel bad?" "Where was I, sir? Why, here, near the door."

"That is singular, because you sat down in that chair over yonder near the corner. Why did you pass these other chairs?"

"I don't know, sir. It didn't matter to me where I sat."
"I really don't think he knew much about it, Mr. Holmes. He was looking very bad—quite ghastly."

"You stayed here when your master left?" "Only for a minute or so; then I locked the door and went to my room."

"Whom did you suspect?" "Oh, I would not venture to say, sir. I don't believe there is any gentleman in this university who is capable of profiting by such an action. No, sir; I'll not believe it."

"Thank you; that will do," said Holmes. "Oh, one more word. You have not mentioned to any of the three gentlemen whom you attend that anything is amiss?"

"No, sir; not a word."
"You haven't seen any of them?"

"No, sir."
"Very good. Now, Mr. Soames, we will take a walk in the quadrangle, if you please."

Three yellow squares of light shone above us in the gathering gloom.

"Your three birds are all in their nests," said Holmes, looking up. "Hello! What's that? One of them seems restless enough."

It was the Indian, whose dark silhouette appeared suddenly upon his blind. He was pacing swiftly up and down his room.

"I should like to have a peep at each of them," said Holmes. "Is it possible?"

"No difficulty in the world," Soames answered. "This set of rooms is quite the oldest in the college, and it is not unusual for visitors to go over them. Come along, and I will personally conduct you."

"No names, please!" said Holmes as we knocked at Gilchrist's door. A tall, flaxen haired, slim young fellow opened it and made us welcome when he understood our errand. There were some really curious pieces of mediæval domestic architecture within. Holmes was so charmed with one of them that he insisted on drawing it in his notebook, broke his pencil, had to borrow one from our host and finally borrowed a knife to sharpen his own. The same curious accident happened to him in the rooms of the Indian—a silent little hook nosed fellow, who eyed us askance and was obviously glad when Holmes' architectural studies had come to an end. I could not see that in either case Holmes had come upon the clew for which he was searching. Only at the third did our visit prove abortive. The outer door would not open to our knock and nothing more substantial than a torrent of bad language came from behind it. "I don't care who you are. You can go to blazes!" roared the angry voice. "Tomorrow's the exam., and I won't be drawn by any one."

"A rude fellow!" said our guide, flushing with anger as we withdrew down the stair. "Of course he did not realize that it was I who was knocking, but none the less his conduct was very uncourteous and, indeed, under the circumstances rather suspicious."

Holmes' response was a curious one. "Can you tell me his exact height?" he asked.

"Really, Mr. Holmes, I cannot undertake to say. He is taller than the Indian, not so tall as Gilchrist. I suppose five foot six would be about it."

"That is very important," said Holmes. "And now, Mr. Soames, I wish you good night."

(Continued Next Week.)

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