

Sherlock Holmes Story

Adventure of Three Students

Concluded

"Our guide cried aloud in his astonishment and dismay. 'Good gracious, Mr. Holmes, you are surely not going to leave me in this abrupt fashion! You don't seem to realize the position. Tomorrow is the examination. I must take some definite action tonight. I cannot allow the examination to be held if one of the papers has been tampered with. The situation must be faced.'

"You must leave it as it is. I shall drop round early tomorrow morning and chat the matter over. It is possible that I may be in a position then to indicate some course of action. Meanwhile, you change nothing—nothing at all."

"Very good, Mr. Holmes."

"You can be perfectly easy in your mind. We shall certainly find some way out of your difficulties. I will take the black clay with me; also the pencil cuttings. Goodby."

When we were out in the darkness of the quadrangle we again looked up at the windows. The Indian still paced his room. The others were invisible.

"Well, Watson, what do you think of it?" Holmes asked as we came out into the main street. "Quite a little parlor game—sort of three card trick. Is it not? There are your three men. It must be one of them. You take your choice. Which is yours?"

"The fowl mouthed fellow at the top. He is the one with the worst record. And yet that Indian was a sly fellow also. Why should he be pacing his room all the time?"

"There is nothing in that. Many men do it when they are trying to learn anything by heart."

"He looked at us in a queer way."

"So would you if a flock of strangers came in on you when you were preparing for an examination next day and every moment was of value. No, I see nothing in that. Pencils, too, and knives—all was satisfactory. But that fellow does puzzle me."

"Who?"

"Why, Bannister, the servant. What's his game in the matter?"

"He impressed me as being a perfectly honest man."

"So he did me. That's the puzzling part. Why should a perfectly honest man—well, well, here's a large stationer's. We shall begin our researches here."

There were only four stationers of any consequence in the town, and at each Holmes produced his pencil chips and bid high for a duplicate. All were agreed that one could be ordered, but that it was not a usual size of pencil and that it was seldom kept in stock. My friend did not appear to be depressed by his failure, but shrugged his shoulders in half humorous resignation.

"No good, my dear Watson. This, the best and only final clue, has run to nothing. But, indeed, I have little doubt that we can build up a sufficient case without it. By Jove, my dear fellow, it is nearly 9, and the landlady babbled of green peas at 7.30. What with your eternal tobacco, Watson, and your irregularity at meals, I expect that you will get notice to quit and that I shall share your downfall—not, however, before we have solved the problem of the nervous tutor, the careless servant and the three enterprising students."

Holmes made no further allusion to the matter that day, though he sat lost in thought for a long time after our belated dinner. At 8 in the morning he came into my room just as I finished my toilet.

"Well, Watson," said he, "it is time we went down to St. Luke's. Can you do without breakfast?"

"Certainly."

"Soames will be in a dreadful fidget until we are able to tell him something positive."

"Have you anything positive to tell him?"

"I think so."

"You have formed a conclusion?"

"Yes, my dear Watson; I have solved the mystery."

"But what fresh evidence could you have got?"

"Ah! It is not for nothing that I have turned myself out of bed at the untimely hour of 6. I have put in two

hours' hard work and covered at least five miles, with something to show for it. Look at that!"

He held out his hand. On the palm were three little pyramids of black, doughy clay.

"Why, Holmes, you had only two yesterday."

"And one more this morning. It is a fair argument that wherever No. 3 came from is also the source of Nos. 1 and 2. Eh, Watson? Well, come along and put friend Soames out of his pain."

The unfortunate tutor was certainly in a state of pitiable agitation when we found him in his chambers. In a few hours the examination would commence, and he was still in the dilemma between making the facts public and allowing the culprit to compete for the valuable scholarship. He could hardly stand still, so great was his mental agitation, and he ran toward Holmes with two eager hands outstretched.

"Thank heaven that you have come! I feared that you had given it up in despair. What am I to do? Shall the examination proceed?"

"Yes, let it proceed, by all means."

"But this rascal!"

"He shall not compete."

"You know him?"

"I think so. If this matter is not to become public we must give ourselves certain powers and resolve ourselves into a small private court martial. You there, if you please, Soames! Watson, 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 judicial appearance.

"You will kindly close the door," said Holmes. "Now, Bannister, will you please tell us the truth about yesterday'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 suggestions 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 probable enough, since the moment that Mr. Soames' back was turned you released 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 further 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 pleasant open face. His troubled blue eyes glanced at each of us and finally rested 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 upraised hand, tried to control his writing features. The next he had thrown himself on his knees beside the table, and, burying his face in his hands, he had burst into a storm of passionate sobbing.

"Come, come," said Holmes kindly, "it is human to err, and at least no one can accuse you of being a callous criminal. 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 papers were in your room the case began to take a definite shape in my mind. The printer one could, of course, dismiss. 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 contemplating the possibility of some one having in broad daylight, under the eyes of all these opposite rooms, forced himself through it. Such an idea was absurd. 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 returned 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 enter and see if they were indeed the proofs. It was not a dangerous exploit, for he could always pretend that he had simply looked in to ask a question."

"Well, when he saw that they were indeed the proofs it was then that he 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 Bannister. "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 athletic grounds this morning, saw that tenacious black clay is used in the jumping pit and carried away a specimen 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 bewildered me. I have a letter here Mr. Soames, which I wrote to you early this morning in the middle of a restless night. It was before I knew that my sin 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 incredible. 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 employer 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 understood their message. If Mr. Soames saw them the game was up. I flopped 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 future how high you can rise."

He wanted No Help.

The humor of a situation sometimes depends not merely on a spoken

phrase, but may turn on the way it is used, the accent that marks the expression. One day recently a tottering, peevish old man entered the lobby of a fashionable New York hotel and made a more or less labored advance toward the elevator used exclusively to reach the guest rooms. He was not a guest, but had been in the house on earlier occasions. One of the hall boys who had been but a little time on the force approached the old man and in a manner that should have indicated a disposition to be courteously helpful said to him, "Anything you want, sir?" The old man misinterpreted the hall boy's inquiry as a challenge. He halted for an instant, long enough to glare at the youth, then resumed his way, saying more to himself than in answer to the query, "Going up to see my mother." And, sure enough, he was on his way to see his mother, ninety-eight years old, who was younger in appearance than he and not so peevish by half.

A Heart to Heart Confession.

"It seems," he said, "to give her the greatest happiness just to sit and listen to her talented husband talk."

"Yes," she replied; "the silly little thing! Sometimes it seems to me that when a woman is foolish she can be about seven times more foolish than any other creature on earth."—Chicago Record-Herald.

NOTICE OF PROBATE.

STATE OF IOWA, Crawford County, In Probate.

In the District Court of Iowa in and for Crawford County—Notice of the reading and probate of Will.

To Whom It May Concern: You are hereby notified to appear at the court house in Denison, Crawford County, Iowa, on the 14th day of November 1905, at 2 o'clock p. m., to then and there attend the probate of an instrument in writing purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Maggie Losch late of said county, deceased at which time and place you will appear and show cause, if any you know, why said Will should not be admitted to probate.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the seal of the District Court this 27th day of September 1905.

CLAUS PAHL, Clerk.

NOTICE OF PROBATE OF WILL.

STATE OF IOWA, Crawford County, In Probate.

In the District Court of Iowa in and for Crawford County—Notice of the reading and probate of Will.

To Whom It May Concern: You and each of you are hereby notified to appear at the court house in Denison, Crawford County, Iowa, on the 14th day of November 1905, at 2 o'clock p. m., to then and there attend the probate of an instrument in writing purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Henry Bendixen late of said county, deceased, at which time and place you will appear and show cause, if any you know, why said Will should not be admitted to probate.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the seal of the District Court this 28th day of September 1905.

CLAUS PAHL, Clerk.

ORIGINAL NOTICE.

STATE OF IOWA, vs Emma Jeschke Plaintiff vs Reinhardt, Joseph Defendant.

In the District Court of Crawford County, Iowa, at the City of Des Moines, D. 1905.

To Reinhardt Joseph Defendant: You are hereby notified that on or before the 1st day of November A. D. 1905, a petition will be filed by said plaintiff, Emma Jeschke, in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Crawford County, Iowa, claiming of you a debt of money on the ground of your drunkenness; the custody of the minor children and for alimony; for further particulars see petition when on file. And that unless you appear thereto and defend before noon of the 2nd day of the next term of said court, commencing at Denison Iowa, the 10th day of November A. D. 1905 default will be entered against you and judgment rendered thereon. Dated this 27th day of September A. D. 1905.

P. J. KLINKER, Attorney for plaintiff.

HANS MILLER, Administrator.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

STATE OF IOWA, In Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Hans Miller late of Crawford County, deceased.

Notice of appointment of administrator.

To Whom It May Concern: You are hereby notified that on the 28th day of September 1905 letters of administration were issued to the undersigned, as administrator of the above estate, and all creditors of said estate are notified to file their claims in the office of the Clerk of the District Court, in and for Crawford County, Iowa, within one year from the date of this notice, according to law, and have the same allowed and ordered paid by the said court, or stand forever barred therefrom. Dated September 28 1905.

P. J. KLINKER, Administrator.

Personally Conducted Tour to Colorado and the Pacific Coast.

Leave Chicago Oct. 17th, via the Chicago, La Salle & North-Western Lines and the newly opened Salt Lake Route, \$175.00 from Chicago includes all expenses, railroad fare, sleeping car, dining car, hotel accommodations, ample time for numerous side trips at Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Exclusively first class. For itineraries and particulars address S. A. Hutchison, Manager Tourist Department, 212 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

DeWitt's With Haze For Piles, Burns, Sores.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given: That by virtue of a Special Execution, by me directed, issued out of the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the State of Iowa, in and for Crawford County, upon a judgment rendered in said court in favor of J. P. Conner and against: Karl Trostin, Hans Jensen, Lena Kuehl, Oella Kuehl, Lizzie Kuehl, Bertie Kuehl, Emma Kuehl, Hugo Kuehl, Hans Jensen, Fritz Kuehl, Hans Johnson, Hans Hansen.

I have levied on the property of the said Karl Trostin et al, to-wit: The North East Quarter of the North West Quarter of Section twenty seven township eighty-five North Range Forty West of the 24th P. M. and that on the 27th day of October A. D. 1905, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Court House in Denison, Crawford County, Iowa, I will proceed to sell said property, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy said execution, amounting to Four Hundred and Twenty Dollars, plus Thirty One Dollars, attorney's fees, and Twenty six and twenty cents, Dollars, costs together with interest and accruing costs, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash. Dated September 25th, 1905.

38-21 Sheriff of Crawford County, Iowa.

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From 8 a. m. to 6 p. m., and return every four weeks.



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FOR MEN

I can cure you of any chronic disease that you may have. Perhaps you do not realize how much your happiness depends upon the state of your health. If you are suffering from any of the diseases, which ruin the lives of so many men, unfitting them for business call to see me. I can cure you.

If, after investigation, (which costs you nothing,) I find that I cannot cure you, I will tell you so frankly, thus avoiding any expense to you but

IF I UNDERTAKE YOUR CASE I WILL CURE YOU.

If you are suffering from nervous debility I want to talk to you. I can cure this trouble and, by so doing restore you to health and vigor.

Remember that the longer a case is let run the harder it is for me to cure and the more it will cost you.

See me on my next visit and let me start you on the road to health.

FOR WOMEN.

I can successfully treat you for any weakness that you may be afflicted with. Lack of perfect health means the loss of nearly every thing that a woman holds dear in life and if you are not perfectly well call to see me.

Consultation costs you nothing and is always confidential. Many chronic diseases if taken in time are easily cured by the skilled specialist and the cost is so trifling compared with the suffering endured by their neglect, that it is infinitely cheaper to be made well again.

If women realize how much their mental balance depended upon their bodily vigor they would not hesitate to be cured. Do not delay coming to see me but do so at once and you will never regret it.

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