

It was a large, square room, looking all the larger for the absence of all furniture. A vulgar, flaring paper adorned the walls, but it was blotched in places with mildew, and here and there great strips had become detached and hung down, exposing the yellow plaster beneath. Opposite the door was a showy fireplace, surmounted by a mantle-piece of imitation white marble. On one corner of this was stuck the stump of a red wax candle. The solitary window was so dirty that the light was hazy and uncertain, giving a dull gray tinge to everything, which was intensified by the thick layer of dust which coated the whole apart-

All these details I observed afterward. At present my attention was centered upon the single grim, motionless figure which lay stretched upon the boards with vacant, sightless eyes staring up at the discolored ceiling. It was that of a man about forty-three or forty-four years of age, middle-sized, broad-shouldered, with crisp, curling black hair and a short, stubbly beard. He was dressed in a heavy broadcloth frock coat and waistcoat, with light colored trousers and immaculate collar and cuffs. A top hat, well brushed and trim, was placed upon the floor beside him. His hands were clinched and his arms thrown abroad, while his lower limbs were interlocked as though his death-struggle had been a grievous one. On his rigid face there stood an expression of horror and, as it seemed to me, of hatred, such as I have never seen upon human features. This malignant and terrible contortion, combined with the low forehead, blunt nose and prognathous jaw, gave the dead man a singularly simious and ape-like appearance, which was increased by his writhing, unnat-ural posture. I have seen death in many forms, but never has it appeared to me in a more fearsome aspect than in that dark, grimy apartment, which looked out upon one of the main arteries of suburban London.

Lestrade, lean and ferret-like as ever, was standing by the doorway, and greeted my companion and myself. "This case will make a stir, sir," he remarked. "It beats anything I have seen, and I am no chicken."

"There is no clew," said Gregson. "None at all," chimed in Lestrade. Sherlock Holmes approached the body, and, kneeling down, examined it intently. "You are sure that there is no wound?" he asked, pointing to numerous gouts and splashes of blood which lay all round.

"Positive!" cried both detectives. to a second individual—presumably the murderer, if murder has been com mitted. It reminds me of the streumstances attendant on the death of Van Jansen, in Utrecht, is the year 1834. Do you remember the case, Gregson?" "No, sir."

"Read it up-you really should. There is nothing new under the sun. It has all been done before."

As he spoke, his nimble fingers were flying here, there and everywhere, reeling, pressing, unbuttoning, examining, while his eyes wore the same far-away expression which I have already remarked upon. So swiftly was the examination made that one would hardly have guessed the minuteness with which it was conducted. Finally, he sniffed the dead man's lips, and then glanced at the soles of his patentleather boots.

"He has not been moved at all?" he "No more than was necessary for the

purpose of our examination.

"You can take him to the mortuary now," he said. "There is nothing more to be learned."

Gregson had a stretcher and four men at hand. At his call they entered the room, and the stranger was lifted and carried out. As they raised him,



SHERLOCK HOLMES APPROACHED THE BODY.

a ring tinkled down and rolled across the floor. Lestrade grabbed it up and stared at it with mystifled eyes.

'There's been a woman here," he

cried. "It's a woman's wedding-ring." He held it out, as he spoke, upon the palm of his hand. We all gathered round him and gazed at it. There could be no doubt that that circle of plain gold had once adorned the finger of a

"This complicates matters," said Gregson. "Heaven knows, they were complicated enough before!" "You're sure it doesn't simplify

them?" observed Holmes. "There's nothing to be learned by staring at it. What did you find in his pockets?"

"We have it all here," said Gregson, pointing to a litter of objects upon one of the bottom steps of the stairs. "A

gold watch, No. 97,163, by Barraud, of London. Gold Albert chain, very heavy and solid. Gold ring, with masonic device. Gold pin-bulldog's head, with rubies as eyes. Russian leather card-case, with cards of Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland, corresponding with the E. J. D. upon the linen. No purso, but loose money to the extent of seven pounds thirteen. Pocket name of Joseph Stangerson upon the fly-leaf. Two letters-one addressed

"At what address?"

Stangerson."

"American Exchange, Strand-to be left till called for. They are both from the Guion Steamship company, and re-Liverpool. It is clear that this unfortunate man was about to return to New York."

"Have you made any inquiries as to this man Stangerson?

"I did it at once, sir," said Gregson. "I have had advertisements sent to all has gone to the American Exchange, but he has not returned yet."

"Have you sent to Cleveland?" "We telegraphed this morning."

"How did you word your inquiries?" "We simply detailed the circumstances, and said that we should be glad of any information which could help us.'

"You did not ask for particulars on any point which appeared to you to be crucial?"

"I asked about Stangerson." "Nothing else? Is there no circum-stance on which this whole case appears to hinge? Will you not telegraph again?"

"I have said all I have to say," said Gregson, in an offended voice.

Sherlock Holmes chuckled to himself, and appeared to be about to make some remark, when Lestrade, who had been in the front room while we were holding this conversation in the hall, reappeared upon the scene, rubbing his hands in a pompous and self-satisfied manner.

"Mr. Gregson," he said, "I have just



LETTERS A SINGLE WORD.

portance, and one which would have been overlooked had I not made a careful examination of the walls."

The little man's eyes sparkled as he poke, and he was evidently in a state of suppressed exultation at having scored a point against his colleague.

"Come here," he said, bustling back into the room, the atmosphere of which felt cleaner since the removal of its ghastly inmate. "Now stand there!"

He struck a match on his boot and held it up against the wall.

"Look at that!" he said, triumphant-

I have remarked that the paper had fallen away in these parts. In this particular corner of the room a large piece had peeled off, leaving a yellow square of coarse plastering. Across this bare space there was scrawled in blood-red letters a single word:

"RACHE." "What do you think of that?" eried the detective, with the air of a showman exhibiting his show. "This was overlooked because it was in the darkest corner of the room, and no one thought of looking there. The murderer has written it with his or her own blood. See this smear where it has trickled down the wall! That disposes of the idea of suicide, anyhow. Why was that corner chosen to write it on? I will tell you. See that candle on the mantel piece. It was lit at the time, and if it was lit this corner would be the brightest instead of the darkest portion of the wall."

"And what does it mean, now that you have found it?" asked Gregson, in a deprecatory voice.

"Mean? Why, it means that the writer was going to put the female name Rachel, but was disturbed before he or she had time to finish. You mark my words, when this case comes to be cleared up you will find that a woman named Rachel has something to do with it. It's all very well for you to laugh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. You may be very smart and clever, but the old hound is best, when all is said

and done. "I really beg your pardon!" said my companion, who had ruffled the little man's temper by bursting into an explosion of laughter. "You certainly have the credit of being the first of us to fird this out, and, as you say, it bears every mark of having been written by the other participant in

but with your permission I shall do so

now. As he spoke he whipped a tape measure and a large, round magnifying glass from his pocket. With these two instruments he trotted noiselessly about the room, sometimes stopping, occasionally kneeling, and once lying flat on his face. So engrossed was he with his occupation that he appeared to have forgotten our presence, for he chattered away to himself under his breath the whole time, keeping up a running fire of exclamations, groans, whistles, and little cries suggestive of encouragement and hope. As I watched him I was irresistibly reminded of a pure-blooded, well-trained fox-hound as it dashes backward and forward through the covert, whining in its eagerness, until it comes across the lost seent. For twenty minutes or more he continued his researches, measuring with the most exact care the distance between marks which were entirely invisible to me, and occasionally applying his tape to the walls edition of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' with in an equally incomprehensible manner. In one place he gathered very carefully a little pile of gray dust from to E. J. Drebber and one to Joseph the floor and packed it away in an envelope. Finally he examined with his glass the words upon the wall, going over every letter of it with the most minute exactness. This daue, he appeared to be satisfied, for he refer to the sailing of their boats from placed the tape and glass in his pocket. "They say that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," he remarked

with a smile. "It's a very bad definition, but it does apply to detective Gregson and Lestrade had watched

the maneuvers of their amateur comthe newspapers, and one of my men panion with considerable curiosity and some contempt. They evidently failed to appreciate the fact, which I had begun to realize, that Sherlock Holmes' smallest actions were all directed toward some definite and practical end. "What do you think of it?" they

> "It would be robbing you of the credit of the case if I was to presume to help you," remarked my friend. "You are doing so well now that it would be a pity for anyone to inter-fere." There was a world of sarcasm in his voice, as he spoke. "If you will let me know how your investigations go," he continued, "I shall be happy to give you any help I can. In the meantime, I should like to speak to the constable who found the body. Can you give me his name and address?

Lestrade glanced at his note-book. 'John Rance," he said. "He is off duty now. You will find him at 46 Audley court, Kennington park gate." Holmes took a note of the address.

"Come along, doctor," he said; "we shall go and look him up. I'll tell you one thing which may help you in the case," he continued, turning to the two detectives. "There has been murder done, and the murderer was a man. He was more than six feet high, was in the prime of life, had small feet for his height, wore coarse, squaretoed boots and smoked a Trichinopoly cigar. He came here with his victim in a four-wheeled cab, which was drawn by a horse with three old shoes and one new one on his off fore-leg. all probability the murderer l florid face, and the finger-nails of his right hand were remarkably long. These are only a few indications, but they may assist you."

Lestrade and Gregson glanced at each other with an incredulous smile. "If this man was murdered, how was it done?" asked the former.

"Poison," said Sherlock Holmes, curtly, and strode off. "One other thing, Lestrade," he added, turning round at the door; "'Rache' is the German for 'revenge;' so don't lose your time looking for Miss Rachel."

With which Parthian shot he walked away, leaving the two rivals openmouthed behind him.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT JOHN HANCE HAD TO TELL

It was one o'clock when we left No. 3 Lauriston gardens. Sherlock Holmes led me to the nearest telegraph office, whence he dispatched a long telegram. He then hailed a cab, and ordered the driver to take us to the address given us by Lestrade.

"There is nothing like first-hand evidence," he remarked; "as a matter of fact, my mind is entirely made up upon the case, but still we may as well learn all that is to be learned."

"You amaze me, Holmes," said I. Surely you are not as sure as you pretend to be of all those particulars which you gave."

"There's no room for a mistake," he answered. "The very first thing which I observed on arriving there was that a cab had made two ruts with its wheels close to the curb. Now, up to last night, we have had no rain for a week, so that those wheels, which left such a deep impression, must have been there during the night. There were the marks of the horse's hoofs, too, the outline of one of which was far more clearly cut than that of the other three, showing that that was a new shoe. Since the cab was there after the rain began, and was not there at any time during the morning -I have Gregson's word for that-it follows that it must have been there during the night, and, therefore, that it brought those two individuals to the

"That seems simple enough," said I; "but how about the other man's height?"

"Why, the height of a man, in nine cases out of ten, can be told from the length of his stride. It is a simple calculation enough though there is no use my boring you with figures. I had this fellow's stride, both on the clay outside and on the dust within. Then I had a way of checking my calculation. When a man writes on a wall, his instinct leads him to write about the level of his own eyes. Now, that writing was just over six feet from the ground. It was child's play." "And his age?" I asked.

"Well, if a man can stride four and a half feet without the smallest effort, last night's mystery. I have not he can't be quite in the sere and yel-

had time to examine this room yet, low That was the breadth of a puddle on the garden walk which he had evidently walked across. Patent-leather boots had gone round and Square-toes had hopped over. There is no mystery about it at all. I am simply applying to ordinary life a few of those precepts of observation and deduction which I advocated in that article. Is there anything else that puzzles you?"

"The finger-nails and the Trichinopoly," I suggested.
"The writing on the wall was done

with a man's forefinger dipped in blood. My glass allowed me to observe that the plaster was slightly scratched in doing it, which would not have been the case if the man's nail had been trimmed. I gathered up some scat-tered ash from the floor. It was dark in color and flaky-such an ash as is only made by a Trichinopoly. I have

upon the subject. I flatter myself that

I can distinguish at a glance the ash of

any known brand either of cigar or of

tobacco. It is just in such details that

the skilled detective differs from the

Gregson and Lestrade type." "And the florid face?" I asked. "Ah, that was a more daring shot, though I have no doubt that I was right. You must not ask me that at

the present state of the affair." (Te be continued.)

Notice to Teachers. examine all persons who may desire to offer themselves as candidates for

teachers of the public schools of this county, at Red Cloud on the third Saturday of each month. Special examinations will be held

on the Friday preceeding the 3d Sat-urday of each month. The standing required for 2d and 3d grade certificates is the same—no

grade below 70 per cent., average 80 per cent; for first grade certificateno grade below 80 per cent., average 90 per cent. in all branches required

D. M. HUNTER, County Supt.

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of an order of sale issued from the office of C. B. Crone clerk of the district court of the tenth judicial district, within and for Webster county, Nebraska, upon an action pending, therein, wherein Charles J. Pickford is plantiff, and against John A. Sibert, Mary E. Sibert, Burnham Tulleys & Co., Lyander W. Tulleys, and Clarence K. Besse, Trustee and beneficiary Frustee defendants.

I shall offer for sale at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, at the east door of the court-house, at Red Cloud, in said Webster county, Nebraska, (that being the building wherein the last term of said court was holden) on the 16th day of Pecember A. D. 1803 at 11 o'clock A. M., of said day, the following described property to-wit: The southeast quarter of section thirty-five (35) township one (1) north of range twelve (12) west of the 6th P. M., containing according to government survey 460 acres.

Given under my hand this 10th day of November A. D., 1803.

GEO. E. COON, Sheriff. by A. J. TOMLINSON, Deputy. GEO.W .Barker, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of an order of sale issued from the office of C. B. Crone, clerk of the district court of the tenth judicial district, within and for Webster county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action pending, therein, wherein A. O. Bereston pending, therein, wherein A. O. Bereston pending, therein, wherein a constant of the property of the prop ter county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action pending, therein, wherein, A. 9. Berg, Plaintiff, and against Maniev B. McNitt. Antoinette McNitt and the Hanover National Bank defendants, I shall offer for sale at public vendue, to the bighest bidder for cash in hand, at the east door of the court-house, at Red Cloud, in said Webster County, Nebraska, (that being the building wherein the last torm of said court was holden) on the 26th, day of December, A. D. 1883, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, the following described property, towit: Heginning at the n. e. corner of n. w. \(\frac{1}{2}\) of section thirteen (13) town one (1) range eleven (11) W. offihe 6th P. M. Thence S. variation 13° 10° cast 341 feet. Thence W. same variation 1500 feet. Thence N. same variation 341 feet to north line of said section. Thence east along line of said section 500 feet to the place of beginning, containing eleven (11) and 74—100 acres more or less all in the north-west quarter of section number thirteen (13) town one (1) range cleven (11) W. 6th P. M. Also the north-east quarter of section thirteen (13) town one (1) range cleven (11) W. 6th P. M. Also the southeast quarter (\frac{1}{2}\) of the south-west and lots five and six all in the south-west quarter (\frac{1}{3}\) of section twelve (12) town ene (1) range eleven (11) W. 6th P. M. Also the southeast quarter (\frac{1}{3}\) of the south-west and lots five and six all in the south-west quarter (\frac{1}{3}\) of section twelve (12) town ene (1) range eleven (11) W. 6th P. M. Also the south-wand six all in the south-west quarter (\frac{1}{3}\) of section twelve (12) town ene (1) range eleven (11) W. 6th P. M. Also the south-wand six all in the south-west quarter (\frac{1}{3}\) of section twelve (12) town ene (1) range eleven (11) W. 6th P. M. Also the south-wand the s

GEO. E. COON, Sheriff. by A. J. Tomainson, Deputy. O. C. Case, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Sheriff's Sale.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the justice court of Webster county, Neb., in a judgment obtained before Stephen Bayles a justice of the peace of Webster county, Nebraska, on the sixth day of October, 1833, in favor of The Red Cloud Electric Plant as piaintiff, and against S. T. Burt as defendant, for the sum of thirty-one and 24-flotbs dollars, and costs taxed at \$13, 25 and accruing costs. I have levied upon the following goods and chattels, taken as the property of said defendant, to satisfy said judgment to-wit; One square 5 foot show case, one small oval front show case, one silver coffee urn, one slat partition with arch, one small ice chest and contents, one dining room extension, one sterl triangle, 6 high round top lunch counter chairs, 3 small square tables, 1 square drop leaf table, 1 stand, 1 bent arm chair cane seat, one galvanized from water tank and contents, one large refrigerator, one lounge, 2 leating stoves, one large kitchen Range, one large power ice cream freezer, one water cooler, 2 clocks, one clear lighter, 2 small boxes butternuts, 2 small pieces rag carpet, 2 pieces human carpet, 1 bedstead, 1 dresser, 1 comode, and all the kitchen and dining room furniture and fixtures, and everything useful and ornamental belonging to the restaurant rooms known as the Delmonico, in the Moon block at Red Cloud, Nebraska, valued at the sum of two hundred and ten dollars and ten cents:

And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1993 in front of the building known as Chaney & Chaffin's law office, on Weister street, the first door south of the Rink, at the hour of one o'clock p, m of said day when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned.

By A. J. Tomilinson, Deputy, Jas. MeNeny, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Sheriff's Sale.

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of an order of sale issued from the office of C. B. Crone clerk of the district count of the tenth judicial district, within and for Webeter county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action is plaintiff, and against Hattle E. Feight, Harry Feight, James Walsh, the James Walsh Mercautile Company and J. Francis Smith, Trustice are defendants.

I shall offer for sale at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, at the east door of the court house, at Red Cloud, in said Webster county, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of said court was holden on the sith day of January A. D. 1834, at 11 o'clock a, m., of said day, the following described property, to-wit; lot three (3) block one (1) in William's addition its Red Cloud, Webster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this sth day of Decemter A. D. 1833.

er A. D. 1803.

Geo. E. Coon, Sheriff.
by A. J. Tomlinson, Deputy,
James McNeny, Plaintiffs' Attorney,

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For sale by C L Cotting.

only made by a Trichinopoly. I have made a special study of eigar ashesin fact, I have written a monograph made the subject. I flatter myself that

Weekly Tribune

Notice is hereby given that I will xamine all persons who may desire offer themselves as candidates for eachers of the public schools of this

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Report of V. B. Fulton, City Clerk.

