

# The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes

"You fasten all the windows?"

"Yes."

"Were they all fastened this morning?"

"Yes."

"You have a maid who has a sweetheart?"

"I think that you remarked to your uncle last night that she had been out to see him?"

"Yes, and she was the girl who waited in the drawing room, and who may have heard uncle's remarks about the coronet."

"I see. You infer that she may have gone out to tell her sweetheart, and that the two may have planned the robbery?"

"But what is the good of all these vague theories," cried the banker, impatiently. "When I have told you that I saw Arthur with the coronet in his hands?"

"Wait a little, Mr. Holder. We must come back to that. About this girl, Miss Holder. You saw her return by the kitchen door. I presume?"

"Yes; when I went to see if the door was fastened for the night I met her slipping in. I saw the man, too, in the gloom."

"Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes; he is the green grocer who brings our vegetables around. His name is Francis Prosper."

"He stood," said Holmes, "to the left of the door—that is to say, further up the path than is necessary to reach the door?"

"Yes, he did."

"And he is a man with a wooden leg?"

"Something like that, sir. He has a very young lady's expressive black eyes. 'Why, you are like a magpie,' said she. 'How do you know that?'" She smiled, but there was no answering smile in Holmes' thin, eager face.

"I should be very glad now to go upstairs," said he. "I shall probably wish to go over the outside of the house again. Perhaps I had better take a look at the lower windows before I go up."

He walked swiftly round from one to the other, pausing only at the large one, which looked from the hall onto the stable lane. This he opened, and then made a very careful examination of the sill with his powerful magnifying lens. "Now we shall go upstairs," he said at last.

The banker's dressing room was a plainly furnished little chamber, with a gray carpet, a large bureau and a long mirror. Holmes went to the bureau first and looked hard at the lock.

"Which key was used to open it?" he asked.

"That which my son himself indicated—that of the cupboard of the lumber room."

"Have you it here?"

"That is it on the dressing table."

Sherlock Holmes took it up and opened the bureau.

"It is a noiseless lock," said he. "It is no wonder that it did not wake you. This case, I presume, contains the coronet. We must have a look at it." He opened the case and, taking out the diamond, laid it upon the table. It was a magnificent specimen of the jeweler's art, and the thirty-six stones were the finest that I have ever seen. At one side of the coronet was a cracked edge, where a corner holding three gems had been torn away.

"Now, Mr. Holder," said Mr. Holmes, "here is the corner which corresponds to that which has been so unfortunately lost. Might I beg that you will break it off?"

The banker recoiled in horror. "I should not dream of trying," he said.

"Then I will," Holmes suddenly bent his strength upon it, but without result. "I feel it give a little," said he; "but, though I am exceptionally strong in the fingers, it would take me all my time to break it. An ordinary man would find it impossible to break it, Mr. Holder? There would be a noise like a pistol shot. Do you tell me that all this happened within a few yards of your bed and that you heard nothing of it?"

"I do not know what to think. It is all dark to me."

"But perhaps it may grow lighter as we go. What do you think, Miss Holder?"

"I confess that I still share my uncle's perplexity."

"Your son had no shoes or slippers on when you saw him?"

"He had nothing on save only his trousers and shirt."

"Thank you. We have certainly been favored with extraordinary luck during this inquiry, and it will be entirely our own fault if we do not succeed in clearing the matter up. With your permission, Mr. Holder, I shall now continue my investigations outside."

He went alone, at his own request, for he explained that any unnecessary footmarks might make his task more difficult. For an hour or more he was at work, returning at last with his feet heavy with snow and his features as inscrutable as ever.

"I think that I have seen now all that there is to see, Mr. Holder," said he; "I can serve you best by returning to my rooms."

"But the gems, Mr. Holmes. Where are they?"

"I cannot tell."

The banker wrung his hands. "I shall never see them again!" he cried. "And my son? You give me hope?"

"My opinion is in no way altered."

"Then, for God's sake, what was this dark business which was acted in my house last night?"

"If you can call upon me at my Baker street rooms tomorrow morning between 9 and 10 I shall be happy to do what I can to make it clearer. I understand that you give me carte blanche to act for you, provided only that I get back the gems, and that you place no limit on the sum I may draw."

"I would give my fortune to have them back."

"Very good. I shall look into the matter between this and then. Goodbye; it is just possible that I may have to come over here again before evening."

It was obvious to me that my companion's mind was now made up about the case, although what his conclusions were was more than I could even dimly imagine. Several times during our homeward journey I endeavored to sound him upon the point, but he always glided away to some other topic, until at last I gave it over in despair. It was not yet 3 when we found ourselves in our room once more. He hurried to his chamber and was down again in a few minutes, dressed as a common loafer. With his collar turned

up, his shiny, seedy coat, his red cravat and his worn boots, he was a perfect example of the class, so I hope that I may be back in a few hours." He cut a slice of beef from the joint on the sideboard, sandwiched it between two round of bread, and thrusting this rude meal into his pocket, he started off upon his expedition.

I had just finished my tea when he returned, evidently in excellent spirits, swinging an old elastic-sided boot in his hand. He chuckled it down into a corner and helped himself to a cup of tea.

"I only looked in as I passed," said he. "I am going right on."

"Where to?"

"Oh, to the other side of the West End. It may be some time before I get back. Don't wait up for me in case I should be late."

"How are you getting on?"

"Oh, so so. Nothing to complain of. I have been out to Streatham since I saw you last, but I did not call at the house. It is a very sweet little problem, and I would not have missed it for a good deal. However, I must not sit gossiping here, but must get these detestable clothes off and return to my highly respectable self."

I could see by his manner that he had stronger reasons for satisfaction than his words alone would imply. His eyes twinkled and there was even a touch of color upon his hollow cheeks. He hastened upstairs, and a few minutes later I heard the slam of the hall door, which told me that he was once more off on his congenial hunt.

I waited until midnight, but there was no sign of his return, so I retired to my room. It was no uncommon thing for him to be away for days and nights on end when he was hot upon a scent, so that his lateness caused me no surprise. I do not know at what hour he came in, but when I came down to breakfast in the morning there he was with a cup of coffee in one hand and a paper in the other, as fresh and trim as possible.

"You will excuse my beginning without you, Watson," said he; "but you remember that our client has rather an early appointment this morning."

"Why, it is after nine now," I answered. "I should not be surprised if that were he. I thought I heard a ring."

It was, indeed, our friend the financier. I was shocked by the change which had come over him, for his face, which was naturally of a broad and massive mould, was now pinched and fallen in, while his hair seemed to me at least a shade whiter. His entered with a weariness and lethargy which was even more painful than his violence of the morning. Before he had pushed heavily into the armchair which I nudged forward for him.

"I do not know what I have done to be so severely tried," said he. "Only two days ago I was a happy and prosperous man, without a care in the world. Now I am left to a lonely and dishonored age. One sorrow comes close upon the heels of another. My niece Mary has deserted me."

"Deserted you?"

"Yes. Her bed this morning had not been slept in, her room was empty, and a note for me lay upon the hall table. I had said to her last night, in sorrow and not in anger, that if she had married my boy all might be well with him. Perhaps it was thoughtless of me to say so. It is to that remark that she refers in this note: 'My Dearest Uncle: I feel that I have brought trouble upon you, and that if I had acted differently this terrible misfortune might never have occurred. I cannot, with this thought in my mind, ever again be happy under your roof and I feel that I must leave you forever. Do not worry about my future, for that is provided for; and, above all, do not search for me, for it will be fruitless labor and an ill-service to me. In life or in death, I am ever your loving uncle, MARY.'

"What could she mean by that note, Mr. Holmes? Do you think it points to suicide?"

"No, no, nothing of the kind. It is perhaps the best possible solution. I trust, Mr. Holder, that you are nearing the end of your troubles."

"Ha! You say so! You have heard something, Mr. Holmes; you have learned something! Where are the gems?"

"You would not think £1,000 apiece an excessive sum for them?"

"That would be unnecessary. Three thousand will cover the matter. And there is a little reward, I fancy. Have you your check book? Here is a pen. Better make it out for £4,000."

With a dashed face the banker made out the required check. Holmes walked over to his desk, took out a little triangular piece of gold with three gems in it and thrust it down upon the table.

With a shriek of joy our client clutched it up.

"You have it!" he gasped. "I am saved! I am saved!"

The reaction of joy was as passionate as his grief had been, and he hugged his recovered gems to his bosom.

"There is one other thing you owe, Mr. Holder," said Sherlock Holmes, rather sternly.

"Owe!" He caught up a pen. "Name the sum and I will pay it."

"That is not the sum I do me. You owe a very humble apology to that noble lady, your son, who has carried himself in this matter as I should be proud to see my own son do, should I ever chance to have one."

"I told you yesterday, and I repeat to-day, that it was not."

"You are sure of it. Let us hurry to him at once, to let him know that the truth is known."

"It knows it already. When I had cleared it all up I had an interview with him, and, finding that he would not tell me the story, I told it to him, on which he had to confess that I was right, and to add a few very details which were not yet quite clear to me. Your news of this morning, however, may open his lips."

"For heaven's sake, tell me, then what is this extraordinary mystery?"

"I will do so, and I will show you the steps by which I reached it. And let me say

## Blowing will never make it work

It must have a natural draft. Is it your cook stove, range, heater or furnace that won't work? Why not telephone 960 for our inspector. No charge. A careful examination by us means no obligation on our part of any kind

**A FEW ITEMS OUT OF OUR INVENTORY**

2,000,000 pounds of Stove Repairs

1,000,000 pounds of Furnace Pots and Grates.

75,000 pounds of Water Front.

Asbestos of every kind.

Blackening, Yellow Label—best on earth.

Fire Brick and Fire Clay.

Gasoline Stove Repairs.

Ideal Metal Polish.

Polishing Brushes and Mittens.

Reducing Stove Covers.

Registers and Ventilators.

Soot Destroyers.

Stove Pipe Shelves.

Stove Pipe and Elbows.

**OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS**

1206-1208 Douglas St. Telephone 960.

Robert Uhlig, Pres. Hugo Schmidt, Vice Pres. Geo. A. Wilcox, Treas. C. M. Eason, Sec'y.

**QUAKER MAID RYE**

Awarded Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair 1904

The whiskey with a reputation; combining purity, quality and age.

**S. HIRSCH & CO.**  
Kansas City, Mo.

**Every Woman**

is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spindle. The new Tangle Spindle. As few women know, it is the most convenient, most economical, and most efficient of all spinning machines.

For Sale by **SHERMAN & MCCONNELL DRUG CO.**  
Cor. 16th and Dodge Sts., Omaha.

**DETECTIVES**

Should be used in every household to get rid of insects, prevent diseases and preserve food. Read for free book of "Detectives." Circulars: Detective Bureau, Chicago, Ill.

**Moore's Stoves Always Please**

Are you planning to buy either a heating or cooking stove? Be sure to see Moore's complete line—the latest—the most improved—the best for all purposes. Buy it and be comfortable.

**Nebraska Furniture and Carpet Co.,**  
413-415 N. 24th St., South Omaha.

**Prattle of the Youngsters.**

Uncle Ned—Tommy, did you throw your old shoes after the bride? In our opinion Tommy (a born diplomat)—Naw, I threw my old slippers.

"Mamma," said Harry, "I wish you would make Mabel quit punching me with her elbow. I'm afraid she'll get it."

"Got what, dear?" asked his mother.

"The bargain-counter habit," answered the small observer.

Miss Primleigh was known as the village gossip. One day little Nellie, who had just got a new dress, exclaimed: "Oh, dear! I do wish Miss Primleigh could see it!"

"Why do you want her to see it?" queried her mother.

"Cause then everybody in town would know I had it," answered Nellie.

When Louise was a little girl her mother died, and for several years she and her father lived very quietly. But when Louise was years old her father married again, and a strong fight to preserve independence moved into a bigger house, bought horses, employed a corps of servants and again took up his social duties.

One day Louise met a former neighbor, the mother of one of her playmates. "Well, Louise, how are you getting along?" she was asked.

"Oh, beautifully," replied Louise. "You must come over and see us. Everything's new but papa!"



**A. I. Root, Incorporated**

1210-1212 Howard Street  
Omaha

**Very Good Printers**

Likewise

**Book Binders and Makers of Blank Books**

**Married Women**

Every woman covets a shapely, pretty figure, and many of them deplore the loss of their girlish forms after marriage. The bearing of children is often destructive to the mother's shapeliness. All of this can be avoided, however, by the use of **Mother's Friend** before baby comes, as this great liniment always prepares the body for the strain upon it, and preserves the symmetry of her form. **Mother's Friend** overcomes all the danger of child-birth, and carries the expectant mother safely through this critical period without pain. Thousands gratefully tell of the benefit and relief derived from the use of this wonderful remedy. Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Our little book, telling all about this liniment, will be sent free.

**Mother's Friend**

The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**TURN IN AT THE SIGN**

and get a bottle of that **DELICIOUS BEER**

**STORZ BLUE RIBBON**

Keep a case in the home.

**Sunbeam Lamps**

BRIGHTEST LIGHT LEAST CURRENT

SOLD IN OMAHA BY **WESTERN ELECTRICAL COMPANY**

TELEPHONE 456. 1212 FARNAM STREET

DEALERS IN ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

**Life-Malt**

**THE TONIC YOU LIKE**

Produces Wonderful Results

Gives strength to the weak—energy to the exhausted.

**Greatest Strength Builder**  
Known to Medical Science

When exhausted from **ANY CAUSE WHATSOEVER** try it. Results will prove all elaius.

As a sleep producer it is unequalled.

It restores lost vitality.

Order from your druggist. 15c A Bottle

Heat—electric light—janitor service—  
all night and Sunday elevator service—a fire proof building—all cost the tenant of The Bee Building nothing extra.