

35c. FOR LADIES' MUFF. How can we sell Muffs at this price? 35c. We must have a room and all Furs must go regardless of what they cost. We still have a good assortment of Fine Furs.

\$1.98 FOR LADIES' JACKET. Black Cheviot Umbrella back, a very good garment and well worth double the money. We have some very good styles left in Fine Garments.

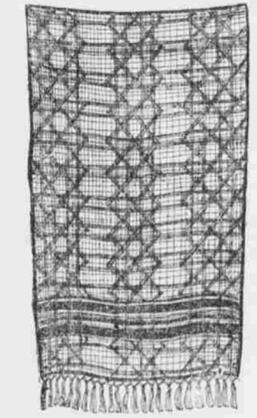
9c. CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR. Our stock of Children's Underwear is much larger than we want to carry, so have cut the price deep to close. White, 9c. upward. Scarlet and Gray at cost.

25c. LADIES' AND MEN'S UNDERWEAR. Greatest Bargain in this department ever offered. All grades of White, Gray and Scarlet; price astonishing.

\$16.75 No 3 Sewing Machine. \$16.75 Demorest Sewing Machine.

AT WALTER'S, 128 Wyoming Ave.

A Fish Net Tidy. The Modern Priscilla calls attention to the fact that an exceedingly attractive tidy may be made of fish net with baby ribbon. Two wider pieces of ribbon are used in the border and tied in fringes of silk form a finish.



THE TIDY OF FISH NET AND RIBBON. Bon are used in the border and tied in fringes of silk form a finish. The tidy could also be made of coarse serin, the threads being drawn for the ribbon. In this case the straight rows should be first run in and the diagonal rows secured in place by passing under the straight rows, the corners being tucked in place with needle and silk. This design can also be used for a scarf.

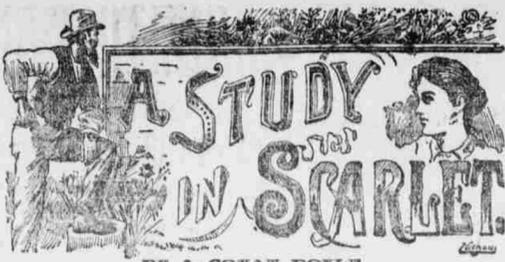
Saving Laundry Work. A writer in Decorator and Furnisher tells of the expedient of a thoughtful mother whose large family of children made much laundry work. For breakfast and luncheon, instead of large tablecloths, she provided half yard squares made from a good quality of butcher's linen. These were hemmed and an initial worked in one corner—eight or ten squares for the use of each child. These were laid diamondwise under each plate and renewed as needed, the laundress finding these small pieces much easier to care for than the large cloths.

The same writer offers the suggestion that if good sized, milky white glass beads are sewed on table mats, crocheted in heavy cotton or made of coarse cord, their efficiency in protecting the table from hot dishes is absolute. For general use this is certainly a good idea, though these mats are not specially pretty for company days.

Table fruit will keep twice as long if kept in separate lots. Contact hastens decay. One bad apple will spoil a barrel. A warm footbath with an ounce of sea salt is almost as restful as a nap.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B.F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.



CHAPTER VII. LIGHT IS THE DARKNESS.

The intelligence with which Lestrade greeted us was so momentous and so unexpected, that we were all three fairly dumfounded. Gregson sprang out of his chair and up to the remainder of his whisky and water. I stared in silence at Sherlock Holmes, whose lips were compressed and his brows drawn down over his eyes.

"Stangeron, too!" he muttered. "The plot thickens!" "It was quite thick enough before," grumbled Lestrade, taking a chair. "I seem to have dropped into a sort of council of war."

"Are you—are you sure of this piece of intelligence?" stammered Gregson. "I have just come from his room," said Lestrade. "I was the first to discover what had occurred."

"We have been hearing Gregson's view of the matter," Holmes observed. "Would you mind letting us know what you have seen and done?" "I have no objection," Lestrade answered, seating himself. "I freely confess that I was of the opinion that Stangeron was concerned in the death of Drebber. This fresh development has shown me that I was completely mistaken."

"Nothing of any importance," the man's novel, with which he had read himself to sleep, was lying upon the bed, and his pipe was on a chair beside him. There was a glass of water on the table, and on the window-sill a small chip ointment-box containing a couple of pills. Sherlock Holmes sprang from his chair with an exclamation of delight. "The last link," he cried, excitedly. "My case is complete. The two detectives stared at him in amazement."

"I have now in my hands," my companion said, confidently, "all the threads which have formed such a tangle. There are, of course, details to be filled in, but I am as certain of all the main facts, from the time that Drebber parted from Stangeron at the station up to the discovery of the body of the latter, as if I had seen them with my own eyes. I will give you a proof of my knowledge. Could you lay your hand upon those pills?"

"I have them," said Lestrade, producing a small white box. "I took them and the purse and the telegram, intending to have them put in a place of safety at the police station. It was the merest chance, my taking these pills, for I am bound to say that I do not attach any importance to them."

"Give them here," said Holmes. "Now, doctor," turning to me, "are those ordinary pills?" "They certainly were not. They were of a pearly gray color, small, round and almost transparent against the light. From their lightness and transparency I should imagine that they are soluble in water," I remarked.

"Precisely so," answered Holmes. "Now, would you mind going down and fetching that poor little devil of a terrier which has been bad so long, and which the landlady wanted you to put out of its pain yesterday?"

I went downstairs and carried the dog upstairs in my arms. Its labored breathing and glazing eye showed that it was not far from its end. Indeed, its snow-white muzzle proclaimed that it had already exceeded the usual term of canine existence. I placed it upon a cushion on the rug.

"I will now out one of these pills in two," said Holmes, and drawing his penknife he gauged the action to the word. "One-half we return into the box for future purposes. The other half I will place in this wine glass, which is a teaspoonful of water. You perceive that our friend, the doctor, is right, and that it readily dissolves."

"This may be very interesting," said Lestrade, in the injured tone of one who suspects that he is being laughed at. "I cannot see, however, what it has to do with the death of Mr. Joseph Stangeron."

"Patience, my friend, patience! You will find in time that it has everything to do with it. I shall now add a little milk to make the mixture palatable, and on presenting it to the dog we find he laps it up readily enough."

As he spoke he turned the contents of the wine glass into a saucer and placed it in front of the terrier, who speedily lapped it dry. Sherlock Holmes' earnest demeanor had so far convinced us that we all sat in silence, watching the animal intently, and expecting some startling effect. None such appeared, however. The dog continued to lie stretched upon the cushion, breathing in a labored way, but apparently neither the better nor worse for its draught.

Holmes had taken out his watch, and as minute followed minute without result, an expression of the utmost chagrin and disappointment appeared upon his features. He gnawed his lip, drummed his fingers upon the table, and showed every other symptom of acute impatience. So great was his emotion that I felt sincerely sorry for him, while the two detectives smiled derisively, by no means displeased at this check which he had met.

"It can't be a coincidence," he cried, at last, springing from his chair and pacing wildly up and down the room; "it is impossible that it should be a mere coincidence. The very pills which I suspected in the case of Drebber are actually found after the death of Stangeron. And yet they are inert. What can it mean? Surely my whole chain of reasoning cannot have been false. It is impossible! And yet this wretched dog is none the worse. Ah, I have it! I have it! With a perfect shriek of delight he rushed to the box, out the other pill in two, dissolved it, added milk and presented it to the terrier. The unfortunate creature's tongue seemed hardly to have been moistened in it before it gave a convulsive shiver in every limb, and lay as rigid and lifeless as if it had been struck by lightning."

Sherlock Holmes drew a long breath and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "I should have more faith," he said. "I ought to know by this time that when a fact appears to be opposed to a long train of deductions it invariably proves to be capable of bearing some other interpretation. Of the two pills in that box, one was the most deadly poison and the other was entirely harmless. I ought to have known that before ever I saw the box at all."

This last statement appeared to me to be so startling that I could hardly believe that he was in his sober senses. There was the dead dog, however, to prove that his conjecture had been correct. It seemed to me that the mists in my own mind were gradually clearing away, and I began to have a dim, vague perception of the truth.

"All this seems strange to you," continued Holmes, "because you failed at the beginning of the inquiry to grasp the importance of the single real clue which was presented to you. I had the good fortune to seize upon that, and everything which has occurred since then has served to confirm my original supposition, and, indeed, was the logical sequence of it. Hence things which have perplexed you and made the case more obscure have served to enlighten me and to strengthen my conclusions. It is a mistake to confound strangeness with mystery. The most commonplace crime is often the most mysterious because it presents no new or special features from which deductions can be drawn. This murder would have been infinitely more difficult to unravel had the body of the victim been simply found lying in the roadway without any of those outre and sensational accompaniments which have rendered it remarkable. These strange details, far from making the case more difficult, have really had the effect of making it less so."

Mr. Gregson, who had listened to this address with considerable impatience, could contain himself no longer. "Look here, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, "we are all ready to acknowledge that you are a smart man, and that you have your own methods of working. We want something more than mere theory and preaching now, though. It is a case of taking the man. I have made my case out, and it seems I have been engaged in this second affair. Lestrade went after his man, Stangeron, and it appears that he was wrong too. You have thrown out hints here, and hints there, and seem to know more than we do, but the time has come when we feel that we have a right to ask you straight how much you do know of the business. Can you name the man who did it?" "I cannot help feeling that Gregson is right, sir," remarked Lestrade. "We have both tried, and we have both failed. You have remarked more than once since I have been in the room that you had all the evidence which you require. Surely you will not withhold it any longer."

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"And delay in arresting the assassin," I observed, "might give him time to perpetrate some fresh atrocity. Thus pressed by us all, Holmes showed signs of irresolution. He continued to walk up and down the room with his head sunk on his chest and his brows drawn down, as was his habit when lost in thought."

"There will be no more murders," he said at last, stopping abruptly and facing us. "You can put that consideration out of the question. You have asked me if I know the name of the assassin. I do. The mere knowing of his name is a small thing, however, compared with the power of laying our hands upon him. This I expect very shortly to do. I have good hopes of managing it through my own arrangements; but it is a thing which needs delicate handling, for we have a shrewd and desperate man to deal with, who is supported, as I have had occasion to prove, by another who is as clever as himself. As long as this man has no idea that anyone can have a clue there is some chance of securing him; but if he had the slightest suspicion he would change his name and vanish in an instant among the four million inhabitants of this great city. Without meaning to hurt any of your feelings, I am bound to say that I consider these men to be more than a match for the official force, and that is why I have not asked your assistance. If I fail I shall of course incur all the blame due to this omission; but that I am prepared for. At present I am ready to promise that the instant I can communicate with you without endangering my own combinations I shall do so."

Gregson and Lestrade seemed to be far from satisfied by this assurance or by the depreciating allusion to the detective police. The former had flushed up to the roots of his flaxen hair, while the other's beady eyes glistened with curiosity and resentment. Neither of them had time to speak, however, before there was a tap at the door and the spokesman of the



"JUST GIVE ME A HELP WITH THIS BUCKLE, CABMAN."

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street arose, young Higgins, introduced his insignificant and unsavory person. "Please, sir," he said, touching his forelock, "I have the cab downstairs." "Good boy," said Holmes, blandly. "Why don't you introduce this pattern at Scotland Yard?" he continued, taking a pair of steel handcuffs from a drawer. "See how beautifully the dog is none the worse. Ah, I have it! I have it! With a perfect shriek of delight he rushed to the box, out the other pill in two, dissolved it, added milk and presented it to the terrier. The unfortunate creature's tongue seemed hardly to have been moistened in it before it gave a convulsive shiver in every limb, and lay as rigid and lifeless as if it had been struck by lightning."

"The old pattern is good enough," remarked Lestrade, "if we can find the man to put them on." "Very good, very good," said Holmes, smiling. "The cabman may as well help me with my boxes. Just ask him to step up, Higgins."

I was surprised to find my companion speaking as though he were about to set out on a journey, since he had not said anything to me about it. There was a small portmanteau in the room, and this he pulled out and began to strap. He was busily engaged at it when the cabman entered the room. "Just give me a help with this buckle, cabman," he said, kneeling over his task, and never turning his head.

The fellow came forward with a somewhat sullen, defiant air, and put down his hands to assist. At that instant there was a sharp click, the jangling of metal, and Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet again. "Gentlemen," he cried, with flashing eyes, "let me introduce you to Mr. Jefferson Hope, the murderer of Enoch Drebber and Joseph Stangeron."

The whole thing occurred in a moment—so quickly that I had no time to realize it. I have a vivid recollection of that instant, of Holmes' triumphant expression and the ring of his voice, of the cabman's dazed, savage face, as he glared at the glittering handcuffs, which had appeared as if by magic upon his wrists. For a second or two we might have been a group of statues. Then with an inarticulate roar of fury, the prisoner wrenched himself free from Holmes' grasp, and hurled himself through the window. Woodcock and glass gave way before him; but before he got quite through, Gregson, Lestrade and Holmes sprang upon him like so many stag-hounds. He was dragged back into the room, and then commenced a terrible conflict. So powerful and so fierce was he, that the four of us were shaken off again and again. He appeared to have the convulsive strength of a man in an epileptic fit. His face and hands were terribly mangled by the passage through the glass, but loss of blood had no effect in diminishing his resistance. It was not until Lestrade succeeded in getting his hand inside his neck-cloth and half strangling him that we made him realize that his struggles were of no avail; and even then we felt no security until we had pinioned his feet as well as his hands. That done, we rose to our feet breathless and panting.

"We have his cab," said Sherlock Holmes. "It will serve to take him to Scotland Yard. And now, gentlemen," he continued, with a pleasant smile, "we have reached the end of our little mystery. You are very welcome to put any questions that you like to me now, and there is no danger that I will refuse to answer them."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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