he Adventure of the Priory School.

(Continued.)

te did so, and at the end of a few ed yards lost the tracks as we ed from the boggy portion of the Fellowing the path backward, picked out another spot where a trickled neross it. Here, once in triesled a mark of the bleycle, in was the mark of the bleycle, agh searly obliterated by the boofs agh searly obliterated by the boofs agh searly obliterated by the boofs was the mark of the bicycle, After that there was no sign, the path ran right on into Ragged the wood which backed on to school. From this wood the cycle s have emerged. Holmes ant down s bowlder and rested his chin in his I had smoked two eighrettes he moved

well, well," said he at last, "It is espre possible that a cumning man at change the tire of his bicycle in to leave unfamiliar tracks, A ml who was capable of such a ght is a man whom I should be ni to do business with. We will m this question undecided and hark to our morass again, for we have good deal unexplored."

entimed our systematic survey medge of the sodden portion of the and soon our perseverance was usly rewarded. Right across the er part of the bog lay a miry path. s gave a cry of delight as he apand it. An impression like a fine she of telegraph wires ran down the er of it. It was the Palmer tire.

re is Herr Heldegger, sure sh" eried Holmes exultantly. "My ing seems to have been pretty ed Watson." congratulate you

Bet we have a long way still to go. gir walk clear of the path. Now let follow the trail. I fear that it will lead very far."

this portion of the moor is interof with soft patches, and, though frequently lost sight of the track, sways succeeded in picking it up

Do you observe," said Holmes, "that riler is now undoubtedly forcing ace? There can be no doubt of it. at this impression, where you get a tires clear. The one is as deep as stler. That can only mean that the is throwing his weight on to the the bar, as a man does when he is sting. By Jove, he has had a fall!" here was a broad, irregular smudge wing some yards of the track. Then were a few footmarks, and the reappeared once more.

"A side slip," I suggested.

ses held up a crumpled branch fowering gorse. To my horror I eved that the yellow blossoms sealidabased with crimson. On the a too, and among the heather were ristains of eletted blood.

"Bud! Brand "Bud! Stand Watson! Not an unnecessary p: What do I read here? He ossided he stood up he remountproceeded. But there is no mek, Cattle on this side path. was surely not gored by a buil? ible! But I see no traces of me else. We must push on, Wat-Surely, with stains as well as the to guide, he cannot escape us

search was not a very long one. tacks of the tire began cally upon the wet and shining Smorenty, as I booked ahead. om of metal caught my eye from the thick masse bushes. Out of we dragged a bicycle, Paimer one pedal bent and the whole of R horribly smeared and slob with blood. On the other side the bushes a stor was projecting. a round and there lay the un me rider. He was a tall man burded, with spectacles, one glass which had been knocked out. The s of his death was a frightful at apon the head, which had crush a part of his skuil. That he could ne gone on after receiving such an say said much for the vitality and age of the man. He wore shoes, to socks, and his open cont dissed a nightshirt beneath it. It was biedly the German master.

lishes turned the body over rever my and examined it with great at 4. He then sat in deep thought time, and I could see by his rufbrow that this grim discovery had a la his opinion, advanced us much our inquiry

It is a little difficult to know what 4 Watson," said he at last. "My a inclinations are to push this inso, for we have already lost so but time that we cannot afford to te another hour. On the other hand, are bound to inform the police of covery and to see that this poor m's body is looked after." Teogld take a note back."

But I need your company and as tee Wait a bit! There is a felcutting peat up yonder. Bring him he here, and he will guide the po-

brought the peasant across, and es dispatched the frightened man the note to Dr. Huxtable.

", Watson," said he, "we have upten clews this morning. One be keyele with the Pulmer tire. many what that has led to. The by tame bierele with the ratched Dunlop, Before we start to investigate that let us try to realize what we do know, so as to make the most of it and to separate the essential from the accidental."

"First of all, I wish to impress upon you that the boy certainly left of his own free will. He got down from his window, and he went off either alone or with some one. That is sure."

I assented.

"Well, now, let us turn to this upfortunate German master. The boy was fully dressed when he fled. Therefore he for v what he would do. But the Ge, in went without his socks. He certainly acted on very short notice."

"Undoubtedly." "Why did be go? Because from his bedroom window he saw the flight of the boy; because he wished to overtake him and bring him back. He seized his bicycle, pursued the lad and in pursuing him met his death."

"So it would seem." "Now I come to the critical part of my argument. The natural action of a man in pursuing a little boy would be to run after him. He would know that he could overtake him. But the German does not do so. He turns to his bleycle. I am told that he was an excellent cyclist. He would not do this if he did not see that the boy had some swift means of escape."

"The other bleycle." "Let us continue our reconstruction. He meets his death five miles from the school-not by a bullet, mark you. which even a lad might conceivably discharge, but by a savage blow dealt by a vigorous arm. The lad, then, had a companion in his flight. And the flight was a swift one, since it took five miles before an expert cyclist could overtake them. Yet we survey the ground round the scene of the tragedy. What do we find? A few cattle tracks, nothing more. I took a wide sweep round, and there is no path within fifty yards. Another cyclist could have had nothing to do with the actual murder. nor were there any human footmarks." "Holmes," I cried, "this is impossi-

"Admirable!" he said. "A most illuminating remark. It is impossible as I state it, and therefore I must in some respect have stated it wrong. Yet you saw for yourself. Can you suggest any fallacy?"

"He could not have fractured his skull in a fall?"

"In a morass, Watson?"

"I am at my wits' end."
"Tut, tut! We have solved some worse problems. At least we have plenty of material, if we can only use it. Come, then. and, having exhausted the Palmer, let us see what the Dun lop with the patched cover has to offer

it onward for some distance, but soon the moor rose into a long, heather tufted curve, and we left the water course behind us. No further belp from tracks could be hoped for. At the spot where of the Dunlop tire it we saw the e led to Holdernesse might equ. towers of which rose Hall, the st., some miles to our left, or to a low gray village which lay in front of us and marked the position of the Chesterfield highroad.

As we approached the forbidding and squalld inn with the sign of a gamecock above the door Holmes gave a sudden groan and chitched me by the shoulder to save himself from falling. He had had one of those violent strains the door, where a squat, dark elderly been sold to some one else. man was smoking a black clay pipe.

"How are you, Mr. Reuben Hayes?"

"Who are you, and how do you get my name so par?" the countryman answered, with a suspicious flash of a pair of cunning eyes.

"Well, it's printed on the board above your head. It's ensy to see a man who is master of his own house. I suppose you haven't such a thing as a carriage in your stables?

'No, I have not." "I can hardly put my foot to the ground."

"Don't put it to the ground."

"But I can't walk.

"Well, then, hop." Mr. Reuben Hayes' manner was far from gracious, but Holmes took it with admirable good humor.

is really rather an awkward fix for me. I don't mind how I get on."

"Neither do I." said the morose land "The matter is very important. I

would offer you a sovereign for the use of a bleycle.

The landlord pricked up his ears "Where do you want to go?" "To Holdernesse Hall."

"Pals of the dook, I suppose?" said the landlord, surveying our mud stained garments with ironical eyes Holmes laughed good naturedly.

"He'll be giad to see us anyhow."

"Because we bring him news of his lost son." The landlord gave a very visible start."

What, you're on his track?" "He has been heard of in Liverpool. They expect to get him every hour." secre connex nassed over the

(Continued on last page.)





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Notice is hereby given that the under signed has filed in the County Court of Lake County, Oregon, the final account of his administration of said estate, and that Monday, the second day of October 1905, at the hour of 10 oclock A. M., at the County Judge's office in Lakeview, Oregon, has been appointed by the Court as the time and place for hearing objections to said report and to the settlement of said estate thereon.

F. M. CHRISMAN, Administrator. Dated August 17th, 1805.

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