

## The Stock Broker's Clerk

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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## Part One

Shortly after my marriage I had bought a connection in the Paddington district. Old Mr. Farquhar, from whom I purchased it, had at one time an excellent general practice; but his age, and an affliction of the nature of St. Vitus's dance from which he suffered, had very much thinned it. The public not unnaturally goes on the principle that he who would heal others must himself be whole, and looks askance at the curative powers of the man whose own case is beyond the reach of his drugs. Thus as my predecessor weakened his practice declined, until when I purchased it from him it had sunk from twelve hundred to little more than three hundred a year. I had confidence, however, in my own youth and energy, and was convinced that in a very few years the concern would be as flourishing as ever.

For three months after taking over the practice I was kept very closely at work, and saw little of my friend Sherlock Holmes, for I was too busy to visit Baker Street, and he seldom went anywhere himself save upon professional business. I was surprised, therefore, when, one morning in June, as I sat reading the British Medical Journal after breakfast, I heard a ring at the bell, followed by the high, somewhat strident tones of my old companion's voice.

"Ah, my dear Watson," said he, striding into the room, "I am very delighted to see you! I trust that Mrs. Watson is well."

"Thank you, we are both very well," said I, shaking him warmly by the hand.

And I hope, also," he continued, sitting down in the rocking-chair, "that the cares of medical practice have not entirely obliterated the interest which you used to take in our little deductive problems."

"On the contrary," I answered, "it was only last night that I was looking over my old notes, and classifying some of our past results."

"I trust that you don't consider your collection closed?"

"Not at all. I should wish nothing better than to have some more of such experiences."

"Today, for example?"

"Yes, today, if you like."

"And as far off as Birmingham?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"And the practice?"

"I do my neighbor's when he goes. He is always ready to work off the debt."

"Ha! nothing could be better," said Holmes, leaning back in his chair and looking keenly at me from under his half-closed lids. "I perceive that you have been unwell lately. Summer colds are always a little trying."

"I was confined to the house by a severe chill for three days last week. I thought, however, that I had cast off every trace of it."

"So you have. You look remarkably robust."

"How, then, did you know of it?"

"My dear fellow, you know my methods."

"You deduced it, then?"

"Certainly."

"And from what?"

"From your slippers."

I glanced down at the new patent-leathers which I was wearing. "How on earth—" I began, but Holmes answered my question before it was asked.

"Your slippers are new," he said. "You could not have had them more than a few weeks. The soles which you are at this moment presenting to me are slightly scorched. For a moment I thought they might have got wet and been burned in the drying. But near the instep there is a small circular wafer of paper with the shopman's hieroglyphics upon it. Damp would of course have removed this. You had, then, been sitting with your feet outstretched to the fire, which a man would hardly do even in so wet a June as this if he were in his full health."

Like all Holmes's reasoning the thing seemed simplicity itself when it was once explained. He read the thought upon my features, and his smile had a tinge of bitterness.

"I am afraid that I rather give myself away when I explain," said he. "Results without causes are much more impressive. You are ready to come to Birmingham, then?"

"Certainly. What is the case?"

"You shall hear it all in the train. My client is outside in a four-wheeler. Can you come at once?"

"In an instant." I scribbled a note to my neighbor, rushed upstairs to explain the matter to my wife, and joined Holmes upon the door-step.

"Your neighbor is a doctor," said he, nodding at the brass plate.

"Yes; he bought a practice as I did."

"An old-established one?"

"Just the same as mine. Both have been ever since the houses were built."

"Ah! then you got hold of the best of the two."

"I think I did. But how do you know?"

"By the steps, my boy. Yours are worn three inches deeper than his. But this gentleman in the cab is my client, Mr. Hall Pycroft. Allow me to introduce you to him. Whip your horse up, caddy, for we have only just time to catch our train."

The man whom I found myself facing was a well-built, fresh-complexioned young fellow, with a frank, honest face and a slight, crisp, yellow moustache. He wore a very shiny top hat and a neat suit of sober, black, which made him look what he was—a smart young City man, of the class who have been labelled cockneys, but who give us our crack volunteer regiments, and who turn out more fine athletes and sportsmen than any body of men in these islands. His round, ruddy face was naturally full of cheeriness, but the corners of his mouth seemed to me to be pulled down in a half-comical distress. It was not, however, until we were all in a first-class carriage and well started upon our journey to Birmingham that I was able to learn what the trouble was which had driven him to Sherlock Holmes.

"We have a clear run here of seventy minutes," Holmes remarked. "I want you, Mr. Hall Pycroft, to tell my friend your very interesting experience exactly as you have told it to me, or with more detail if possible. It will be of use to me to hear the succession of events again. It is a case, Watson, which may prove to have something in it, or may prove to have nothing, but which, at least, presents those unusual and out-of-the-way features which are as dear to you as they are to me. Now, Mr. Pycroft, I shall not interrupt you again."

Our young companion looked at me with a twinkle in his eye.

The worst of the story is, said he, that I show myself up as such a confounded fool. Of course it may work out all right, and I don't see that I could have done otherwise; but if I have lost my crib and get nothing in exchange I shall feel that a soft Johnnie I have been. I'm not very good at telling a story, Dr. Watson, but it is like this with me:

I used to have a billet at Coxon & Woodhouse's, of Draper's Gardens, but they were let in early in the spring through the Venezuelan loan, as no

doubt you remember, and came a nasty cropper. I had been with them five years, and old Coxon gave me a ripping good testimonial when the smash came, but of course we clerks were all turned adrift, the twenty-seven of us. I tried here and tried there, but there were lots of other chaps on the same lay as myself, and it was a perfect frost for a long time. I had been taking three pounds a week at Coxon's, and I had saved about seventy of them, but I soon worked my way through that and out at the other end. I was fairly at the end of my tether at last, and could hardly find the stamps to answer the advertisements or the envelopes to stick them to. I had worn out my boots padding up office stairs, and I seemed just as far from getting a billet as ever.

At last I saw a vacancy at Mawson & Williams's, the great stock-broking firm in Lombard Street. I dare say E. C. is not much in your line but I can tell you that this is about the richest house in London. The advertisement was to be answered by letter only. I sent in my testimonial and application, but without the least hope of getting it. Back came an answer by return, saying that if I would appear next Monday I might take over my new duties at once, provided that my appearance was satisfactory. No one knows how these things are worked. Some people say that the manager just plunges his hand into the heap and takes the first that comes. Anyhow it was my innings that time, and I don't ever wish to feel better pleased. The screw was a pound a week rise, and the duties just about the same as at Coxon's.

"Thank you, we are both very well," said I, shaking him warmly by the hand.

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## LOCAL COLORED MAN IS SHOT BY OFFICER

(Special to The Palladium)

SPRINGFIELD, O., Oct. 24.—Harry Scott, colored, North Third street, Richmond, Indiana, was shot through the neck late yesterday by Deputy Sheriff Walter Lewis, when he attempted to escape after being arrested on a charge of whiskey running.

Clarence Reese, colored, also of Richmond, is in jail on the same charge. Hospital authorities say Scott's wound is not serious and he will be arraigned in court when sufficiently recovered.

The two men were arrested when a paper cover over some liquor in their automobile blew off as the officers came along.

After they had placed the men under arrest and were starting for the county jail, Scott broke away from the officers and started to run.

When he failed to heed the officers' command to halt, the deputy opened fire, hitting the fugitive in the neck. Scott then stopped, surrendered and was taken to the city hospital for treatment.

## Expert Traces Genealogy Of John Rudolph Waymire

Dr. and Mrs. William M. Reser, of Lafayette are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ratliff, Dr. Reser, who is a genealogist and health officer of Tippecanoe county, while here, is tracing the genealogy of John Waymire, who

emigrated to this country from Germany in 1750. The Ratliffs, Hoovers and Crawford of this county are the principal descendants of Waymire in the vicinity.

## Everyday Ad-Ventures

That Puts the Joy Back Into Life—When you've been thinking for the last two falls that "next fall" you'd be able to find a comfortable little house somewhere on the outskirts of town that you could rent at a reasonable figure—

And lately you've been wondering if you'll EVER be able to move your family out of the much-too-small apartment in which they've been living and your wife tells you that you "simply have to do something before next month"—

But after you've hunted around for a house, you decide that they don't make "For Rent" signs any more, because everything you see is for sale and that doesn't interest you at all—

And you're just about at the end of your resources, when a friend happens to drop a remark about there being some very interesting properties offered for rent in the Real Estate columns of that day's Palladium.

And you look for yourself and find that he was right—and then some—because you see a description of just the place you've been looking for at a rent you can afford to pay—and the next day you sign the papers—

That Puts the Joy Back Into Life!

(Copyright 1921)

## Colder Days

will Soon be Here

Don't be caught without that good, warm and comfortable

## Suit or Overcoat

If you have not purchased, now is the time to do so—and you will find no better place to buy than right here at this store. We know our selection will please.



LOEHR &amp; KLUTE

725 Main Street.

Richmond, Ind.

The Richmond Home of Hart, Schaffner &amp; Marx Clothes.

PALLADIUM WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

## Boston Store

H. C. HASEMEIER CO.

## Harvest Sale

## SECOND WEEK

of this Great Sale. Get in on the 35 to 65% Savings which this sale offers

With the first reach touch of Autumn weather at hand, it is but fair to expect that THE BOSTON STORE would be right "on the job" with an exposition and sale of Fall Suitings and Silks. And such a showing! You will revel in the smartness of patterns as much as in the varieties of colors and combinations.

## Canton Crepe

\$3.50 a Yard

Rich and clinging, for frocks. There is no doubt about the popularity of this splendid silk fabric.

## Satin Canton

\$4.75 a Yard

With a shimmering face, splendidly adapted for the straightline frocks, 40 inches wide; brown, navy, black, etc.



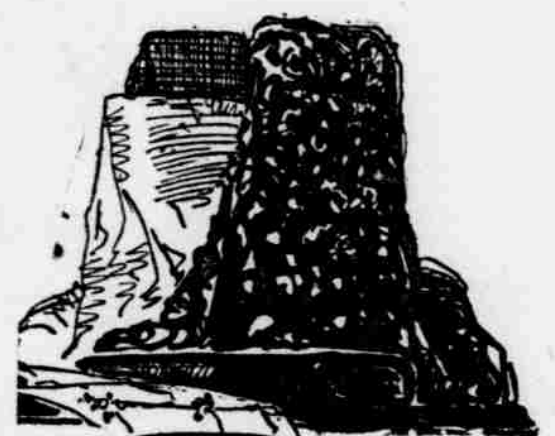
## Black Silks

for Less Than Pre-War Prices

36-inch Black Messaline, all silk, a yard.....\$1.29  
36-inch Black Satin, all silk, a yard.....\$1.69  
36-inch Black Taffeta, all silk, a yard.....\$1.69  
40-inch Black Charmeuse, all silk, a yard.....\$1.79

## KREPE KNIT, \$4.00 a Yard

The very last word in Silk. If you have not seen it, let us show you. In all wanted street shades, also sport colors.



## EXTRA SPECIAL

SALE PRICE

\$1.98

YARD

36-inch Satin Messaline  
36-inch Chiffon Taffeta  
36-inch Knitted Tricolette  
40-inch Crepe de Chine  
36-inch Novelty Silk

## Corduroys and Velvets

CORDUROY—36 inches, wide wale, in a full range of the wanted colors. This quality last years sold at \$2.25—  
a yard.....\$1.50

COSTUME VELVET—36-inch, a beautiful quality, of course, in navy, brown, taupe, black. Very special, a yard—  
only.....\$3.50

CHIFFON SILK VELVET—40 inches wide in a perfect chiffon weight; black, brown, navy; one of the most popular dress fabrics of the year. A yard.....\$5.50

## WOOL GOODS at Harvest Sale Prices

## Wool Jersey

Full 54 inches wide, just the thing for jumper dresses. The peculiar quality of these cloths is well adapted to the jumper dresses. Cuts economically and sews easily. The wanted shades. Yard—

\$2.50 yard

## Navy Blue Tricotine

Fifty to 54 inches wide, all wool, made from fine selected Australian wool, firmly woven and beautifully finished.

\$2.95, \$3.95, \$5.00 yard

## Woolen Coatings

We have made a point to have for your choosing all the best Coatings brought out for the Fall and Winter seasons. Come and see the Coatings; they will not only surprise you in quality, but also in the lowness of price—

Austrol Coatings are, a yard.....\$3.50  
Wool Velour Coatings are, a yard.....\$4.00  
Fancy Diagonal Coatings are, a yard.....\$3.00  
Bolivia Coatings are, a yard.....\$6.50

All Coating Materials are 54 inches wide

## Extra Storm Serge

Fine for children's dresses; gives good service; yard-wide, in navy and brown. A yard—

\$1.00

## French Challie

How good it seems to see these fine, soft French Challies back again for kiddies' dresses or mother's pretty house dress. We are showing a good range of patterns. A yard—

\$1.19

## WOOL SUITINGS

The new Autumn Woolen Skirtings in Plaids, Stripes and Checks are creating comment for the beauty of styles, also the lowness of price. The width in every case is 54 inches, and in almost every case one width is ample for a Skirt pattern, making the price very moderate, indeed.

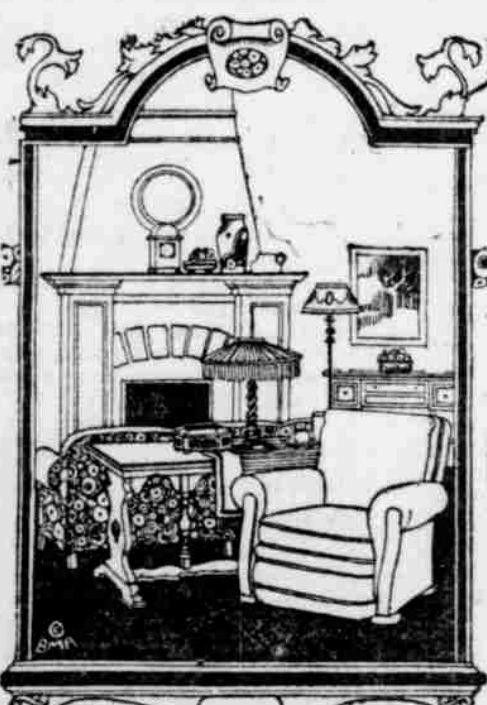
\$3.00

\$4.50

\$6.00

THE STORE WITH ONLY ONE PRICE

## Yes Indeed!



Many folks are daily finding to their great satisfaction that good Furniture and Rugs are sold here at very reasonable prices. We invite you to come a few steps off Main and look us over.

No obligation to buy. Courteous attention only.

"There's a Reason"

Dunings  
FURNITURE & RUG SHOP

17 South Seventh

AGAIN WE SAY: All-Wool 50-inch Navy Blue French Serge, splendid for women and children, fine for pleating, a yard.....\$2.00