

in such a hurry would slam himself on the forehead with the screen door. He would run right into it. Try it for yourself some time, Sheriff; and you'll understand.

"That was what Farnam had tried to do. The door had struck him a hard blow on the forehead; hard enough to leave that mark of which traces still remain.

"But there is one clue which is more important than all the others. Jim will recall that when the ice-box top fell it smashed a bottle of imported olive oil which had evidently been taken out by Mrs. Forrest and placed on the ledge. The falling cover which smashed Mart's hand also smashed that bottle of olive oil.

"The oil was spattered for a considerable distance. It is a heavy substance and spurted out in large blots. Now then, in substantiation of my contention that Farnam was standing at the ice-box gripping it with his left hand you will see—" He rose, strode across to Farnam and lifted the long left arm above the man's head.

"There!" he said. And his finger pointed to the large greasy splotch under the left armpit which he had noticed the day he arrived in Karnak.