

THE ADVENTURE OF THE STOCKBROKERS CLERK pdf

1: Episode # "The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk" Through The Pages of Sherlock Holmes

"The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk" is one of the 56 short Sherlock Holmes stories written by British author Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It is the fourth of the twelve collected in The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes in most British editions of the canon, and third of eleven in most American ones (owing to the omission of the "scandalous" "Adventure of the Cardboard Box").

It first appeared in print in the March issue of The Strand magazine. It was published again in December of the same year as part of the anthology The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. Shortly before Hall Pycroft is due to start work for a prestigious London firm, a man named Arthur Pinner offers him a better paid position in another city. When Hall Pycroft discovers that Arthur and Henry Pinner are the same person, he seeks help from the brilliant consulting detective Sherlock Holmes. The story has been adapted for radio. Plot One Saturday morning in June, Dr. Watson receives a visit from his friend and former housemate the detective Sherlock Holmes. Holmes asks Watson if he would like to accompany him to Birmingham and join him in the investigation of a case. Holmes leads Watson to a cab, in which his client, Hall Pycroft, is waiting. On the train journey to Birmingham, Hall Pycroft tells Watson the facts of the case. Hall Pycroft is from London. To his surprise, Hall Pycroft got the job on the strength of his application letter alone and without an interview. Arthur Pinner talks to Hall Pycroft. Arthur Pinner was a man of medium build with dark hair, dark eyes, a black beard, a large nose and a bad gold filling in one of his teeth. Arthur Pinner tells him not to do so. Pinner bet the manager five pounds that he would never hear from Pycroft again. Hall Pycroft and Henry Pinner. The following day, Hall Pycroft went to Birmingham and got a room in a hotel. Fifteen minutes before the appointed time of his meeting with Henry Pinner, he went to Corporation Street. He found that the building housed the offices of several companies but could not find a sign for the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited. Henry Pinner then appeared. He looked a lot like his brother Arthur, except that he had lighter colored hair and did not have a beard. He explained that the company had recently moved to the building and did not have a sign yet. Henry Pinner led Hall Pycroft to his offices, two dusty rooms that were furnished with only two chairs, a table and a waste paper basket. He gave Pycroft some work to do in the meantime. He gave him a large book which was an alphabetical listing of all the businesses in Paris. Pycroft was told to mark all the hardware shops in the directory. The task took him a week. Henry Pinner told Pycroft not to work too hard and suggested he visit the music hall. He laughed at his suggestion. When Henry Pinner laughed, Pycroft saw that he had a bad gold filling in exactly the same tooth as Arthur Pinner. Pycroft was in no doubt that Henry and Arthur Pinner were the same man. Pinner altered his appearance by shaving off his beard and wearing a wig. Confused at what was going on, Pycroft decided to contact Sherlock Holmes. They see Pinner buy a newspaper and go up to his offices. Pycroft, Holmes and Watson go into the office. They find Pinner, who looks extremely distressed, reading the newspaper. Pycroft introduces Holmes and Watson as friends of his who are looking for work. Pinner says that he might be able to find positions for them, before saying, "And now I beg that you will go. Pinner excuses himself for a few minutes and goes into the other room. When strange sounds start to come out of the other room, Holmes breaks the door down. He finds Pinner in a closet, trying to hang himself with his own suspenders. Pinner is still alive but barely conscious. Holmes breaks the door down. Sherlock Holmes says that he will now have to call the police, although he does not like to do so without being able to give them the full facts. He knows that Pinner told Pycroft to write a note saying that he accepted the job in order to get a sample of his handwriting. This indicates that someone planned to imitate Pycroft. Pycroft was sent to Birmingham and kept busy to prevent him from coming back to London. Holmes knows that two people must be involved, Pinner and the man who is imitating Pycroft. Pinner had to play the role of the employer in Birmingham as well because he did not want to involve a third person. Holmes still does not understand why Pinner tried to hang himself. Pinner manages to say, "The paper". Watson looks at the newspaper that Pinner was reading. He sees that it is not a Birmingham newspaper but a London one, the Evening Standard. Watson reads that Beddington, a safe-cracker and forger who usually works with his brother, has been arrested. Beddington killed a security guard and emptied the safe. Sherlock Holmes is

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relieved that he is now able to provide the Birmingham police with all of the facts. In the adaptation, the two criminals are named as Jethro Beddington safe-cracker and forger and Ned Beddington a confidence trickster who pretends to be the two Pinner brothers. He adds that he and Watson would be happy to provide references for Pycroft if necessary.

2: The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk - Wikipedia

'The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk' is a tale that follows Watson and Holmes as they work to crack a tricky mystery. In this lesson, we will ride along with the gentleman and see how they.

Retrieved November 15, , from <http://www.browhappy.com/2014/11/15/Arthur-Conan-Doyle-Adventure-3-Next-The-Adventure-of-the-Stockbroker-s-Clerk/>: Arthur Conan Doyle, "Adventure 3: Next The embedded audio player requires a modern internet browser. You should visit [Browse Happy](http://www.browhappy.com/) and update your internet browser today! Shortly after my marriage I had bought a connection in the Paddington district. 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. 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 trust that Mrs. Watson has entirely recovered from all the little excitements connected with our adventure of the Sign of Four. I should wish nothing better than to have some more of such experiences. He is always ready to work off the debt. Summer colds are always a little trying. I thought, however, that I had cast off every trace of it. You look remarkably robust. 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. 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. He read the thought upon my features, and his smile had a tinge of bitterness. You are ready to come to Birmingham, then? What is the case? My client is outside in a four-wheeler. Can you come at once? Both have been ever since the houses were built. Then you got hold of the best of the two. But how do you know? Yours are worn three inches deeper than his. But this gentleman in the cab is my client, Mr. Allow me to introduce you to him. Whip your horse up, cabby, for we have only just time to catch our train. 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 labeled 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. 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. Pycroft, I shall not interrupt you again. Watson, but it is like this with me: 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 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 paddling up office stairs, and I seemed just as far from getting a billet as ever. I dare say E. 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. I had never heard the name before and could not imagine what he wanted with me; but, of course, I asked her to show him up. In he walked, a middle-sized, dark-haired, dark-eyed, black-bearded man, with a touch of the Sheeny about his nose. He had a brisk kind of way with him and spoke sharply, like a man who

knew the value of time. Hall Pycroft, I believe? He can never say enough about it. I had always been pretty sharp in the office, but I had never dreamed that I was talked about in the City in this fashion. I read the stock exchange list every morning. I had a hard enough fight to get this berth, and I am very glad to have it. You are not in your true sphere. By that day you will be the business manager of the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited, with a hundred and thirty-four branches in the towns and villages of France, not counting one in Brussels and one in San Remo. My brother, Harry Pinner, is promoter, and joins the board after allotment as managing director. He knew I was in the swim down here, and asked me to pick up a good man cheap. A young, pushing man with plenty of snap about him. Parker spoke of you, and that brought me here to-night. We can only offer you a beggarly five hundred to start with. But suddenly a little chill of doubt came upon me. You are not to be talked over, and quite right, too. You will find him at b Corporation Street, where the temporary offices of the company are situated. Of course he must confirm your engagement, but between ourselves it will be all right. You have only got your deserts. There are one or two small thingsâ€”mere formalitiesâ€”which I must arrange with you. You have a bit of paper beside you there. I had gone up to ask him about you, and he was very offensive; accused me of coaxing you away from the service of the firm, and that sort of thing. At last I fairly lost my temper. Why should I consider him in any way? Good-night; and may you have all the fortune that you deserve! You can imagine, Dr. Watson, how pleased I was at such an extraordinary bit of good fortune. I sat up half the night hugging myself over it, and next day I was off to Birmingham in a train that would take me in plenty time for my appointment. I took my things to a hotel in New Street, and then I made my way to the address which had been given me. The names of the occupants were painted at the bottom on the wall, but there was no such name as the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited. I stood for a few minutes with my heart in my boots, wondering whether the whole thing was an elaborate hoax or not, when up came a man and addressed me. He was very like the chap I had seen the night before, the same figure and voice, but he was clean shaven and his hair was lighter. I was expecting you, but you are a trifle before your time. I had a note from my brother this morning in which he sang your praises very loudly. Come up with me, and we will talk the matter over. I had thought of a great office with shining tables and rows of clerks, such as I was used to, and I dare say I stared rather straight at the two deal chairs and one little table, which, with a ledger and a waste paper basket, made up the whole furniture. Pray sit down, and let me have your letter. He swears by London, you know; and I by Birmingham; but this time I shall follow his advice. Pray consider yourself definitely engaged. The purchase will be completed in a week, and meanwhile you will remain in Birmingham and make yourself useful. I want you to take it home with you, and to mark off all the hardware sellers, with their addresses. It would be of the greatest use to me to have them. Their system is different from ours. Stick at it, and let me have the lists by Monday, at twelve. If you continue to show zeal and intelligence you will find the company a good master. On the one hand, I was definitely engaged and had a hundred pounds in my pocket; on the other, the look of the offices, the absence of name on the wall, and other of the points which would strike a business man had left a bad impression as to the position of my employers. However, come what might, I had my money, so I settled down to my task.

3: The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk - Wikidata

"The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk" is one of the most popular Sherlock Holmes short story adventures written by Sir Authur Conan Doyle. It was collected in The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.

Similarities between this case and that of The Adventure of the Red Headed League are obvious, and the change of locale from London to Birmingham hardly hides this fact. Was this perhaps a sign that Conan Doyle was getting bored of his creation? There is also no great mystery for Holmes to solve, as the evidence presented to Sherlock Holmes in London, was sufficient for him to come to a logical deduction; and most readers will probably guess the plot line, despite Watson being in the dark throughout the story. There is no evidence though to suggest that Conan Doyle meant for this message to come out of the story, and indeed, the period when Conan Doyle was writing was one where people took risks to better themselves. All of his time had been spent rebuilding the practice, and so Holmes and Watson had not spent any time together. When Holmes visits Watson, the detective brings along a client, Hall Pycroft; with Holmes hoping that Watson would accompany him on another case. The case is explained to Watson by Hall Pycroft on the railway journey up to Birmingham. Hall Pycroft has a twinkle in his eye as he explains, knowing the story makes him seem like a fool. Pycroft must have a decent reputation for the firm took him on without a face-to-face interview, with arrangements made via the postal system. The job is a good one, and the wages offered more than reasonable. The Franco-Midland Hardware Company has nothing to do with stockbroking, and deals with hardware stores on the continent, but the terms of employment are better than those offered by Mawson and Williams. So despite the job being in Birmingham rather than London, Pycroft accepts the new job offer. In Birmingham, things are also not what Pycroft expected. Pycroft then discovers that Arthur Pinnar and Harry Pinnar are the same person, both having a gold tooth in the same place. This last discovery sees Pycroft return to London to seek the help of Holmes. Holmes asks Pycroft to introduce him and Watson to Harry Pinnar as prospective new staff by the names of Harris and Price. Whatever Pinnar is reading has had a profound impact on him, but he speaks briefly to the three, before excusing himself from the room. Soon, strange noises emanate from the adjoining room, and Holmes breaks down the door, discovering that Harry Pinnar has attempted suicide. Watson though is able to revive him. Holmes starts to explain the case as he sees it, although Pycroft and Watson are still in the dark. Obviously the job in Birmingham was designed to keep Pycroft away from London, and the fact that he has not resigned from Mawson and Williams, and the fact that no one at the firm has met him, suggests that there was someone at the firm impersonating Pycroft. In the newspaper is report of the attempted theft of a large number of bonds from the safe at Mawson and Williams. During the burglary, the night watchman had been killed, but the thief had been captured shortly afterwards, and was to be charged with theft and murder. The thief has been identified as Beddington a known villain, who along with his brother, had just been released from five years of imprisonment. Beddington will likely be put to death for his crimes, hence the attempted suicide of Pinnar. With Pinnar recovering, Pycroft is sent to call the police, whilst Holmes and Watson stand guard, and so another case is closed.

4: Category:The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk - Wikimedia Commons

The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk is a short Sherlock Holmes story written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The case of the Stockbroker's clerk sees Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson leave their normal surroundings of London, and investigate a strange hardware company in Birmingham.

A few days before joining the company, Mr Pycroft is visited by a man called Arthur Pinner who offers him a position in his firm, the Franco-Midland Hardware Company Ltd. At first, his job consists in looking up every single Parisian hardware store in the phonebook after which he must look for all the furniture stores. When he comes back, he notices that the Pinner's brothers have the exact same gold filling, a rather peculiar observation that he decides to share with Sherlock Holmes. The detective, who has decided to meet the strange characters, goes to Birmingham with Watson. Mr Pinner whose behavior is kind of unusual seems shocked, livid and panicky. He disappears for a while in the other room, from which odd noises start to occur. Holmes dashes into the room and finds Mr Pinner nearly hanged. The poor lad had just read in the news that his brother had been arrested for burglary and murder. The public, not unnaturally, goes upon 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 trust that Mrs Watson has entirely recovered from all the little excitements connected with our adventure of the "Sign of Four"? I should wish nothing better than to have some more of such experiences. He is always ready to work off the debt. Nothing could be better! Summer colds are always a little trying. I thought, however, that I had cast off every trace of it. You look remarkably robust. 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. 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. He read the thought upon my features, and his smile had a tinge of bitterness. You are ready to come to Birmingham, then? What is the case? My client is outside in a four-wheeler. Can you come at once? He bought a practice as I did. Both have been ever since the houses were built. But how do you know? 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, cabby, for we have only just time to catch our train. 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 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. 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 outri features which are as dear to you as they are to me. Now, Mr Pycroft, I shall not interrupt you again. 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 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. I dare say EC 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 the manager just plunges his hand into the heap and takes the first that comes. Well, I was sitting doing a smoke that very evening after I had been promised the appointment, when up came my landlady with a card which had "Arthur Pinner, financial agent," printed upon it. I had never heard the name before, and could not imagine what he wanted with me, but of course I asked her to show him up. In he walked—a middle-sized, dark-haired, dark-eyed, black-bearded man, with a touch of the sheeny about his nose. He had a brisk kind of way with him and spoke sharply, like a man that knew the value of time. He can never say enough about it. I had always been pretty smart in the office, but I had never dreamed that I was talked about in the City in this fashion. I had a hard enough fight to get this berth, and I am very glad to have it. You are not in your true sphere. By that day you will be the business manager of the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited, with one hundred and thirty-four branches in the towns and villages of France, not counting one in Brussels and one in San Remo. It has been kept very quiet, for the capital was all privately subscribed, and it is too good a thing to let the public into. My brother, Harry Pinner, is promoter, and joins the board after allotment as managing director. He knew that I was in the swim down here, and he asked me to pick up a good man cheap—a young pushing man, with plenty of snap about him. Parker spoke of you, and that brought me here tonight. But suddenly a little chill of doubt came over me. You are not to be talked over, and quite right too. You will find him at B, Corporation Street, where the temporary offices of the company are situated. Of course he must confirm your engagement, but between ourselves it will be all right. You have only got your deserts. There are one or two small things—mere formalities—which I must arrange with you. You have a bit of paper beside you there. I had gone up to ask him about you, and he was very offensive—accused me of coaxing you away from the service of the firm, and that sort of thing. At last I fairly lost my temper. Why should I consider him in any way? Here is your advance of a hundred pounds, and here is the letter. Good-night, and may you have all the fortune that you deserve. You can imagine, Dr Watson, how pleased I was at such an extraordinary bit of good fortune. I sat up half the night hugging myself over it, and next day I was off to Birmingham in a train that would take me in plenty of time for my appointment. I took my things to an hotel in New Street, and then I made my way to the address which had been given me. The names of the occupants were painted up at the bottom on the wall, but there was no such name as the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited. I stood for a few minutes with my heart in my boots, wondering whether the whole thing was an elaborate hoax or not, when up came a man and addressed me. He was very like the chap that I had seen the night before, the same figure and voice, but he was clean shaven and his hair was lighter. I was expecting you, but you are a trifle before your time. I had a note from my brother this morning, in which he sang your praises very loudly. Come up with me and we will talk the matter over. I had thought of a great office with shining tables and rows of clerks such as I was used to, and I dare say I stared rather straight at the two deal chairs and one little table, which, with a ledger and a waste-paper basket, made up the whole furniture. Pray sit down and let me have your letter. He swears by London, you know, and I by Birmingham, but this time I shall follow his advice. Pray consider yourself definitely engaged. The purchase will be completed in a week, and meanwhile you will remain in Birmingham and make yourself useful. I want you to take it home with you, and to mark off all the hardware sellers with their addresses. It would be of the greatest use to me to have them. Their system is different to ours. Stick at it and let me have the lists by Monday, at twelve. Good day, Mr Pycroft, if you continue to show zeal and intelligence, you will find the company a good master. On the other, the look of the offices, the absence of name on the wall, and other of the points which would strike a business man had left a bad impression as to the position of my employers. However, come what might, I had my money, so I settled down to my task. I went round to my employer, found him in the same dismantled kind of room, and was told to keep at it until Wednesday, and then come again. On Wednesday it was still unfinished, so I hammered away until Friday—that is, yesterday.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE STOCKBROKERS CLERK pdf

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The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk (STOC) is a short story written by Arthur Conan Doyle first published in The Strand Magazine in march This is the 18th Sherlock Holmes story.

7: Editions of The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk by Arthur Conan Doyle

*Year Published: Language: English Country of Origin: England Source: Doyle, A. C. ().The Memoirs of Sherlock
www.enganchecubano.com, England: George Newnes.*

8: The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk - The Arthur Conan Doyle Encyclopedia

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"The Adventure of the Stockbroker's Clerk" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle January 26, January 26, / Lady Emily Rose This case takes place shortly after Watson's marriage following The Sign of Four.

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