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Vapor Bath and you will have the best  
aid of modern civilization. All in stock  
and sold at wholesale rates to introduce  
Address all orders to  
M. R. BENN Douglastown, N. B.

# THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES ...

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

"No, no, my dear fellow, there is no  
cause for alarm. It is not upon this  
occasion the instrument of evil, but  
it will rather prove to be the key  
which will unlock our mystery. On  
this syringe I base all my hopes. I  
have just returned from a small scout-  
ing expedition and everything is favor-  
able. Eat a good breakfast, Watson,  
for I propose to get upon Dr. Arm-  
strong's trail today, and once on it I  
will not stop for rest or food until I  
run him to his burrow."

"In that case," said I, "we had best  
carry our breakfast with us, for he is  
making an early start. His carriage  
is at the door."

"Never mind. Let him go. He will  
not follow me. When you have finish-  
ed, come downstairs with me, and I  
will introduce you to a detective who  
is a very eminent specialist in the  
work that lies before us."

When we descended I followed  
Holmes into the stable yard, where he  
opened the door of a horse box and let  
out a squat, lop eared, white and tan  
dog, something between a beagle and a  
foxhound.

"Let me introduce you to Pompey,"  
said he. "Pompey is the pride of the  
local doghouse—no very great flier,  
as his build will show, but a staunch  
hound on a scent. Well, Pompey, you  
may not be fast, but I expect you will  
be too fast for a couple of middle aged  
London gentlemen, so I will take the  
liberty of fastening this leather leash  
to your collar. Now, boy, come along  
and show what you can do." He led  
him across to the doctor's door. The  
dog sniffed round for an instant and  
then with a shrill whine of excitement  
started off down the street, tugging at  
his leash in his efforts to go faster.  
In half an hour we were clear of the  
town and hastening down a country  
road.

"What have you done, Holmes?" I  
asked.

"A threadbare and venerable device,  
but useful upon occasion. I walked  
into the doctor's yard this morning and  
shot my syringe full of aniseed over  
the hind wheel. A doghouse will fol-  
low aniseed from here to John o'  
Groat's, and our friend Armstrong  
would have to drive through the Cam  
before he would shake Pompey off his  
trail. Oh, the cunning rascal! This is  
how he gave me the slip the other  
night."


The dog had suddenly turned out of  
the road into a grass grown lane. Half  
a mile farther this opened into another  
broad road, and the trail turned hard  
to the right in the direction of the  
town which we had just quitted. The  
road took a sweep to the south of the  
town and continued in the opposite  
direction to that in which we had  
started.

"This detour has been entirely for  
our benefit, then?" said Holmes. "No  
wonder that my inquiries among those  
villages led to nothing. The doctor has  
certainly played the game for all it is  
worth, and one would like to know the  
reason for such elaborate deception.  
This should be the village of Trumping-  
ton to the right of us. And, by Jove,  
here is the brougham coming round the  
corner. Quick, Watson—quick, or we  
are done!"

He sprang through a gate into a field,  
dragging the reluctant Pompey after  
him. We had hardly got under the  
shelter of the hedge when the carriage  
rattled past. I caught a glimpse of  
Dr. Armstrong within, his shoulders  
bowed, his head sunk on his hands, the  
very image of distress. I could tell by  
my companion's graver face that he  
also had seen.

"I fear there is some dark ending to  
our quest," said he. "It cannot be long  
before we know it. Come, Pompey!  
Ah, it is the cottage in the field!"

There could be no doubt that we had  
reached the end of our journey. Pom-  
pey ran about and whined eagerly out-  
side the gate, where the marks of the



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brougham's wheels were still to be  
seen. A footpath led across to the lone-  
ly cottage. Holmes tied the dog to the  
hedge, and we hastened onward. My  
friend knocked at the little rusty door  
and knocked again without response.  
And yet the cottage was not deserted.  
For a low sound came to our ears—a  
kind of drone of misery and despair  
which was indescribably melancholy.  
Holmes paused irresolute, and then he  
glanced back at the road which he had  
just traversed. A brougham was com-  
ing down it, and there could be no mis-  
taking those gray horses.

"By Jove, the doctor is coming back!"  
cried Holmes. "That settles it. We are  
bound to see what it means before he  
comes."

He opened the door, and we stepped  
into the hall. The sound of wheels  
loudly upon our ears until it became  
one long, deep wail of distress. It came  
from upstairs. Holmes darted up, and  
I followed him. He pushed open a  
half closed door, and both stood ap-  
pealed at the sight before us.

A woman, young and beautiful, was  
lying dead upon the bed. Her calm,  
pale face, with dim, wide opened blue  
eyes, looked upward from amid a great  
tangle of golden hair. At the foot of  
the bed, half sitting, half kneeling, his  
face buried in the clothes, was a young  
man, whose frame was racked by his  
sobs. So absorbed was he by his bitter  
grief that he never looked up until  
Holmes' hand was on his shoulder.

"Are you Mr. Godfrey Staunton?"

"Yes, sir—but you are too late.  
She is dead."

The man was so dazed that he could  
not be made to understand that we  
were anything but doctors who had  
been sent to his assistance. Holmes  
was endeavoring to utter a few words  
of consolation and to explain the alarm  
which had been caused to his friends  
by his sudden disappearance when  
there was a stir upon the stairs, and  
there was the heavy, stern, question-  
ing face of Dr. Armstrong at the door.

"So, gentlemen," said he, "you have  
attained your end and have certainly  
chosen a particularly delicate moment  
for your intrusion. I would not brawl  
in the presence of death, but I can as-  
sure you that if I were a younger man  
your monstrous conduct would not  
pass with impunity."

"Excuse me, Dr. Armstrong, I think  
we are a little at cross purposes," said  
my friend, with dignity. "If you  
could step downstairs with us we may  
each be able to give some light to the  
other upon this miserable affair."

A minute later the grim doctor and  
ourselves were in the sitting room be-  
low.

"Well, sir?" said he.

"I wish you to understand, in the  
first place, that I am not employed by  
Lord Mount-James and that my sym-  
paties in this matter are entirely  
against that nobleman. When a man  
is lost it is my duty to ascertain his  
fate, but having done so the matter  
ends so far as I am concerned, and so  
long as there is nothing criminal I am  
much more anxious to hush up private  
scandals than to give them publicity.  
If, as I imagine, there is no breach of  
the law in this matter, you can abso-  
lutely depend upon my discretion and  
my co-operation in keeping the facts out  
of the papers."

Dr. Armstrong took a quick step for-  
ward and wrung Holmes by the hand.

"You are a good fellow," said he. "I  
had misjudged you. I think the best  
thing that my companion at leaving poor  
Staunton all alone in this plight caused  
me to turn my carriage back and so to  
make your acquaintance. Knowing as  
much as you do, the situation is very  
different from what it was at first."

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maintained in the same state, kneeling at  
the end of her bed, until this morning  
death put an end to her sufferings.  
That is all, Mr. Holmes, and I am  
sure that I can rely upon your discre-  
tion and that of your friend."

Holmes grasped the doctor's hand.

"Come, Watson," said he, and we  
passed from that house of grief into  
the pale sunlight of the wintry day.

## The Adventure of the Abbey Grange

No. 12 of the Series

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It was on a bitterly cold  
and frosty morning to-  
ward the end of the win-  
ter of '97 that I was  
awakened by a tugging  
at my shoulder. It was

Holmes. The candle in  
his hand shone upon his eager, stoop-  
ing face and told me at a glance that  
something was amiss.

"Come, Watson; come!" he cried.  
"The game is afoot. Not a word! Into  
your clothes and come!"

Ten minutes later we were both in a  
cab and rattling through the silent  
streets on our way to Charing Cross  
station. The first faint winter's dawn  
was beginning to appear, and we could  
dimly see the occasional figure of an  
early workman as he passed us, blur-  
red and indistinct in the opalescent  
London reek. Holmes nestled in sil-  
ence into the fur of my coat, and was  
glad to do the same, for the air was  
most bitter, and neither of us had  
broken our fast.

It was not until we had consumed  
some hot tea at the station and taken  
our places in the Kentish train that  
we were sufficiently thawed to  
speak and I to listen. Holmes drew a  
note from his pocket and read it aloud:

Abbey Grange, Marsham, Kent.  
2.30 a.m.

My Dear Mr. Holmes—I should be very  
glad of your immediate assistance in what  
promises to be a most remarkable case.  
It is something quite in your line. Except  
for releasing the lady, I will see that ev-  
erything is kept exactly as I have found  
it, but I beg you not to lose an instant, as  
it is difficult to leave Sir Eustace there.  
Yours faithfully,

STANLEY HOPKINS.

"Hopkins has called me in seven  
times, and on each occasion his sur-  
mises have been entirely justified," said  
Holmes. "I fancy that every one of his  
cases has gone into your way into your col-  
lection, and I must admit, Watson, that  
you have some power of selection,  
which atones for much which I deplore  
in your narratives. Your fatal habit of  
looking at everything from the point  
of view of a story instead of as a sci-  
entific exercise has ruined what might  
have been an instructive and even  
classical series of demonstrations. You  
slur over work of the utmost fineness  
and delicacy in order to dwell upon  
sensational details which may excite  
but cannot possibly instruct the reader."

"Why do you not write them your-  
self?" I said, with a sad bitterness.

"I will, my dear Watson, I will. At  
present I am, as you know, fairly busy,  
but I propose to devote my declining  
years to the composition of a textbook  
which shall focus the whole art of de-  
tection into one volume. Our present  
research appears to be a case of murder."

"You think this Sir Eustace is dead,  
then?"

"I should say so. Hopkins' writing  
shows considerable agitation, and he is  
not an emotional man. Yes, I gather  
there has been violence and that the  
body is left for our inspection. A most  
suicidal would not have caused him to  
send for me. As to the release of the  
lady, it would appear that she has been  
arrested in her room during the tragedy.  
We are moving in high life, Watson—  
cracking paper, 'E. B.' monogram,  
coat of arms, picturesque address. I  
think that Friend Hopkins will live up  
to his reputation and that we shall have  
an interesting morning. The crime was  
committed before 12 last night?"

"How can you possibly tell?"

"By an inspection of the trains and  
by reckoning the time. The local police  
had to be called in; they had to com-  
municate with Scotland Yard; Hopkins  
had to go out, and he is in turn had to  
send for me. All that makes a fair  
night's work. Well, here we are at  
Chislehurst station, and we shall soon  
set our doubts at rest."

A drive of a couple of miles through  
narrow country lanes brought us to a  
park gate, which was opened for us by  
an old lodge keeper, whose haggard  
face bore the reflection of some great  
disaster. The avenue ran through a  
noble park between lines of ancient  
elms and ended in a low, wide-spread  
house pillared in front after the fash-  
ion of Palladio. The central part was  
evidently of a great age and shrouded  
in ivy, but the large windows showed  
that modern changes had been carried  
out, and one wing of the house ap-  
peared to be entirely new. The youthful  
figure and alert, eager face of Inspect-  
or Stanley Hopkins confronted us in  
the open doorway.

"I'm very glad you have come, Mr.  
Holmes, and you, too, Dr. Watson.  
But, indeed, if I had my time over  
again I should not have troubled you,  
for since the lady has come to herself  
she has given so clear an account of  
the affair that there is not much left  
for us to do. You remember that Lew-  
isham case of burglars?"

"What, the three Randalles?"

"Exactly; the father and two sons.  
It's their work. I have not a doubt of  
it. They did a job at Sydenham a fort-  
night ago and were seen and described.  
Rather cool to do another so soon and  
so near, but it is they beyond all doubt.  
It's a hanging matter this time."

"Sir Eustace is dead, then?"

"Yes; his head was knocked in with  
his own poker."

"Sir Eustace Brackenstall, the driver  
tells me."

"Exactly; one of the richest men in  
Kent. Lady Brackenstall is in the  
morning room. Poor lady, she has had  
a most dreadful experience. She seem-  
ed half dead when I saw her first. I  
think you had best see her and hear  
her account of the facts. Then we will  
examine the dining room together."

Lady Brackenstall was no ordinary  
person. Seldom have I seen so grace-  
ful a figure, so womanly a presence  
and so beautiful a face. She was a  
blond, golden haired, blue eyed, and  
would no doubt have had the perfect  
complexion which goes with such col-  
oring had not her recent experience  
left her drawn and haggard. Her suf-  
ferings were physical as well as men-  
tal, for over one eye rose a hideous,  
plum colored swelling, which her maid,  
a tall, austere woman, was bathing as-  
siduously with vinegar and water. The  
lady lay back exhausted upon a couch,

but her quick observant gaze as we  
entered the room and the alert ex-  
pression of her beautiful features  
showed that neither her wits nor her  
courage had been shaken by her terri-  
ble experience. She was enveloped in  
a loose dressing gown of blue and sil-  
ver, but a black sequin covered dinner  
dress was hung upon the couch beside  
her.

"I have told you all that happened,  
Mr. Hopkins," she said, wearily.  
"Could you not repeat it for me? Well,  
if you think it necessary I will tell  
these gentlemen what occurred. Have  
they been in the dining room yet?"

"I thought they had better hear your  
ladyship's story first."

"I shall be glad when you can ar-  
range matters. It is horrible to me to  
think of him still lying there." She  
shuddered and buried her face in her  
hands. As she did so the loose gown  
fell back from her forearms. Holmes  
uttered an exclamation.

"You have other injuries, madam!  
What is this?" Two vivid red spots  
stood out on one of the white, round  
limbs. She hastily covered it.

"It is nothing. It has no connection  
with this hideous business tonight. If  
you and your friend will sit down, I  
will tell you all I can."

To be continued



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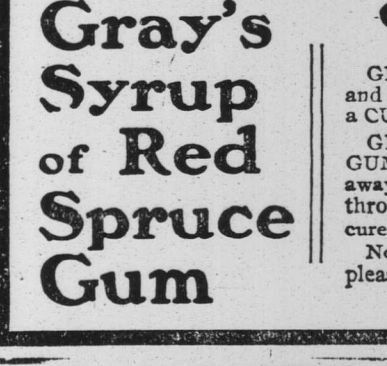
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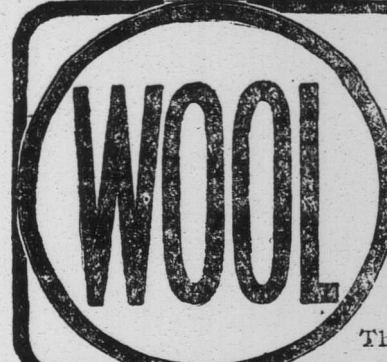
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Spruce  
Gum**

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away the soreness—soothes and heals the  
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cured.  
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pleasant to take.  
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binations of powder, shot and wadding,  
loaded by machines which give invariably  
results are responsible for the superiority  
of Winchester "Leader" and "Repeater."  
Factory Loaded Smokeless Powder Shells.  
There is no guesswork in loading them.  
Reliability, velocity, pattern and penetra-  
tion are determined by scientific apparatus  
and practical experiments. Do you shoot  
them? If not, why not? They are  
**THE SHELLS THE CHAMPIONS SHOOT**

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**FROST & WOOD CO.**

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rubber or steel tires, Truck waggons, single  
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Wagons, Farm Implements of every description  
from a Harrow to a Binder or Thresher.

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for yourself.

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