

The Hound of The Baskervilles

"The company had come to a halt, more sober men, as you may guess, than when they started. The most of them would by no means advance, but three of them, the boldest, or it may be the most drunken, rode forward down the gully. Now, it opened into a broad space, in which stood two of those great stones, still to be seen there, which were set by certain forgotten peoples in the days of old. The moon was shining brightly upon the clearing, and there in the center lay the unhappy maid where she had fallen, dead of fear and of fatigue. But it was not the sight of her body, nor yet was it that of the body of Hugo Baskerville, lying near her, which raised the hair upon the heads of these three dæmoniac rogues, but it was that, standing over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood a foul thing, a great, black beast, shaped like a hound, yet larger than any hound that ever lived, and with a head that seemed to be made of fire. And even as the three men were looking at the thing, the thing looked at them, and as it turned its blazing eyes and dripping jaws upon them, the three shrieked with fear and rode for dear life, still screaming, across the moor. One, it is said, died that very night of what he had seen, and the other two were but broken men for the rest of their days.

"Such is the tale, my sons, of the coming of the hound which is said to have plagued the family so sorely ever since. If I have set it down it is because that which is clearly known has less terror than that which is but hinted at and guessed. Nor can it be denied that many of the family have been unhappy in their deaths, which have been sudden, bloody and mysterious. Yet may we shelter ourselves in the infinite goodness of Providence, which would not forever punish the innocent beyond that third or fourth generation which is threatened in Holy Writ, that Providence, my sons, I hereby commend you, and I counsel you by way of caution to forbear from cursing the moor in those dark hours when the powers of evil are exalted.

"[This from Hugo Baskerville, to his sons, Roger and John, with instructions that they say nothing thereof to their sister Elizabeth.]

When Dr. Mortimer had finished

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



A PLEASING GUIMPE DRESS—4124.

The guimpe dresses are more than ever in vogue this year, and no mail maiden should be without several. A pleasing frock of this kind is sketched and a few suggestions as to its making may not be amiss. The waist has tucks in front to regulate the fullness, while the skirt is a straight, gathered one, finished with two deep tucks above the hem. The sleeve ends at the elbow to allow the guimpe sleeve to appear below. The waist fronts are full and separated at the center to reveal the guimpe. The dress is fastened in a pretty bow. The dress proper should be made of a pongee, washing fabric or cloth, while any of the sheer white stuffs, like Swiss, batiste or lawn, may serve for the guimpe. The medium size calls for 3-4 yards of material.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT,

ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

reading this singular narrative, he

pushed his spectacles up on his fore-

head, and stared back at Mr. Sherlock

Holmes. The latter yawned and tossed

the end of his cigarette into the fire.

"Well?" said he.

"Do you find it interesting?"

"To a collector of fairy tales."

Dr. Mortimer drew a folded newspaper

out of his pocket.

"Now, Mr. Holmes, we will give you

something a little more recent. This is

the Devon County Chronicle, of May

14 of this year. It is a short account

of the facts elicited at the death of Sir

Charles Baskerville which occurred a

few days before that date."

My friend leaned a little forward,

and his expression became intent. Our

visitor readjusted his glasses and be-

gan to read.

"The recent sudden death of Sir

Charles Baskerville, whose name has

been mentioned as the probable Liberal

candidate for Mid-Devon at the next

election, has cast a gloom over the

county. Though Sir Charles had re-

sided at Baskerville Hall for a com-

paratively short period, his amiability

of character and extreme generosity

had won the affection and respect of

all who had been brought into contact

with him. In these days of nouveau

riches it is refreshing to find a case

where the son of an old county fam-

ily which has fallen upon evil days is

able to make his own fortune and to

bring it back with him to restore the

fallen grandeur of his line. Sir

Charles, as is well known, made large

sums of money in South Africa, and

more wise than those who go on

until the wheel turns against them,

he realized his gains and returned to

England with them. It is only two

years since he took up his residence

at Baskerville Hall, and it is com-

monly talked how large were those schemes

of reconstruction and improvement which

he realized himself. It was his open-

ly expressed desire that the whole

country should, within his own life-

time, profit by his good fortune, and

be a better place than it is at present.

He had many personal reasons for

his generous donations to local and

county charities have been frequently

chronicled in these columns.

The circumstances connected with

the death of Sir Charles cannot be said

to have been entirely cleared up by the

inquest, but at least enough has been

done to dispose of those rumors, which

local superstition has given rise to,

that he was murdered by a hound.

There is no reason whatever to suspect

that he was murdered, and the death

could be from any but a natural cause.

Sir Charles was a widower, and a man

who may be said to have been in some

ways of an eccentric habit of mind. In

spite of his considerable wealth he

was simple in his personal tastes, and

his indoor servants at Baskerville Hall

consisted of a married couple, named

Barrymore, the husband acting as but-

ler and the wife a housekeeper. Their

evidence, corroborated by that of sev-

eral friends, tends to show that Sir

Charles' health had for some time been

impaired, and points especially to some

affection of the heart, manifesting

itself in changes of color, breathless-

ness, and acute attacks of nervous

depression. Dr. James Mortimer, the

friends and medical attendant of the

deceased, has given evidence to the

same effect.

The facts of the case are simple.

Sir Charles Baskerville was in the

habit every night before going to bed

of walking down the famous Yew Al-

ley of Baskerville Hall. The evidence

of starting on the next day for

Sir Charles declared his intention

of starting on the next day for

London, and had ordered Barrymore

to prepare his luggage. That night he

went out as usual for his nocturnal

walk, in the course of which he was

never returned. At twelve o'clock Bar-

rymore, finding the hall door still open,

became alarmed, and, lighting a lan-

tern, went in search of his master. The

footmarks were easily traced down the

moor. There were indications that Sir

Charles had stood for some little time

here. He then proceeded down the Al-

ley, and it was not until he reached the

end of it that he was discovered. One

fact which has not been explained is the

statement of Barrymore that his mas-

ter's footprints altered their character

gate, and that he passed the moor

thence onwards to his place, as if he

were on horseback. One Murphy, a

horse dealer, was on the moor at 10

o'clock, and he has given evidence to

the effect that he heard cries, but he

has been unable to give any account

of the words which he heard. He de-

clares that he heard cries, but he has

been unable to give any account of

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clares that he heard cries, but he has

and a tenant for Baskerville Hall. It is understood that the next-of-kin is Mr. Henry Baskerville, if he be still alive, the son of Sir Charles Baskerville's younger brother. The young man when last heard of was in America, and inquiries are being instituted with a view to informing him of his good fortune."

Dr. Mortimer refolded his paper and

replaced it in his pocket.

Those are the public facts, Mr.

Holmes, in connection with the death

of Sir Charles Baskerville."

"I must thank you," said Sherlock

Holmes, "for calling my attention to a

case which certainly presents some fea-

tures of interest. I had observed some

newspaper comment at the time, but

I was exceedingly preoccupied by that

little affair of the Vatican canons, and

in my anxiety to oblige the Pope I lost

touch with several interesting English

cases. This article, you say, contains

all the public facts?"

"It does."

"Then let me have the private ones."

He leaned back, put his finger-tips

together, and assumed his most im-

passive and judicial expression.

"In doing so," said Dr. Mortimer, who

had begun to show signs of some

strong emotion, "I am telling you

which I have not confided to anyone.

My motive for withholding it from the

coroner's inquiry is that a man of sci-

ence shrinks from placing himself in

the public position of seeming to in-

duce a popular superstition. I have

further motive that Baskerville Hall,

the paper says, would certainly re-

main unimpaired if anything were done

to increase its already rather grim re-

putation. For both these reasons I

thought that I was justified in re-

fraining rather less than I knew, since

with you there is no reason why I

should not be perfectly frank."

"The moor is very sparsely inhab-

ited, and those who live near each other

are thrown very much together. For

this reason, I saw a good deal of Sir

Charles Baskerville. With the excep-

tion of Mr. Stapleton, of Laffer Hall,

and Mr. Stapleton, of Laffer Hall,

there are no other men of education

within many miles. Sir Charles was a

nervous man, but the chance of his ill-

ness brought us together, and a com-

munity of interests in science kept us

so. He had brought back much sci-

entific information from South Africa,

and many a charming evening we have

spent together discussing the compara-

tive anatomy of the Bushman and the

Hottentot."

"Within the last few months it be-

came increasingly plain to me that Sir

Charles' nervous system was strained

to the breaking point. He had taken

this legend which I have read you ex-

ceedingly to heart—so much so that,

although he would walk in his own

grounds, nothing would induce him to

go upon the moor at night. Incred-

ibly, he may appear to you, Mr.

Holmes, he was honestly convinced

that a dreadful fate overhung his fam-

ily, and certainly the records which he

was able to give of his ancestors were

ghastly and impressive. The idea of some

evil presence constantly haunted

him, and on more than one occasion he

has asked me whether I had on my

medical journeys at night ever seen any

strange creature or heard the baying

of a hound. The latter question he put

to me several times, and always with

a voice which vibrated with excite-

ment.

"I can well remember driving up to

his house in the evening, some three

weeks before the fatal event. He

chanced to meet me at his hall door. I

was standing in front of him, and he

was looking at me with a look which

his eyes fix themselves over my shoul-

der and stare past me with an expres-

sion of the most dreadful horror. I

was round and about just time to

catch a glimpse of something which I

took to be a large black cat passing

at the head of the drive. So excited

and alarmed was he that I was com-

pelled to go down to the spot where

for it. It was gone, however, and the

impression on his mind. I stayed with

that occasion, and it was on

which he had shown that the confided

to my keeping that narrative which I

read to you when first I came. I men-

tioned this small episode because it as-

sumes some importance in view of the

tragedy which followed, but it was con-

sidered entirely trivial and that his excite-

ment had no justification.

"It was at my advice that Sir Charles

was about to go to London. His heart

was, I knew, affected, and the constant

chimerical cause of it, however

was evidently having a serious effect

upon his health. I thought that a few

months among the distractions of town

would send him back a new man. Mr.

Stapleton, a mutual friend, was con-

siderably concerned at his state of health,

and of the same opinion. At the last

moment, however, he was unable to

attend to the matter, and the result was

a discovery, sent Perkins, the groom, on

horseback to me, and as I was sitting

up late I was able to reach Baskerville

Hall within an hour of the event. I

checked and corroborated all the facts

which were mentioned at the inquest. I

followed the footprints down the Yew

CORPORATIONS BOW TO PEOPLE'S WILL

Passage of Public Utilities Bill in New York Triumph for Reform.

New York, June 2.—The passage of

the public utilities bill, which has at-

tracted so much attention while under

discussion in the New York Legisla-

ture, does not make Governor Hughes

of this state a candidate for the presi-

dency any more than one swallow

makes a summer. It is true that Gov-

ernor Hughes is responsible for the

law. He wrote it and he forced it

through an unwilling legislature. It

is also true that it is the most ad-

vanced legislation that has yet been

enacted in the direction of corpora-

tion control, and the fact that it has

been unanimously indorsed by the

legislature is a fact which nearly

all the great corporations of the

country have their headquarters in

which is the seat of the "money power"

of which we are all so much afraid,

is even more remarkable. No one