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# THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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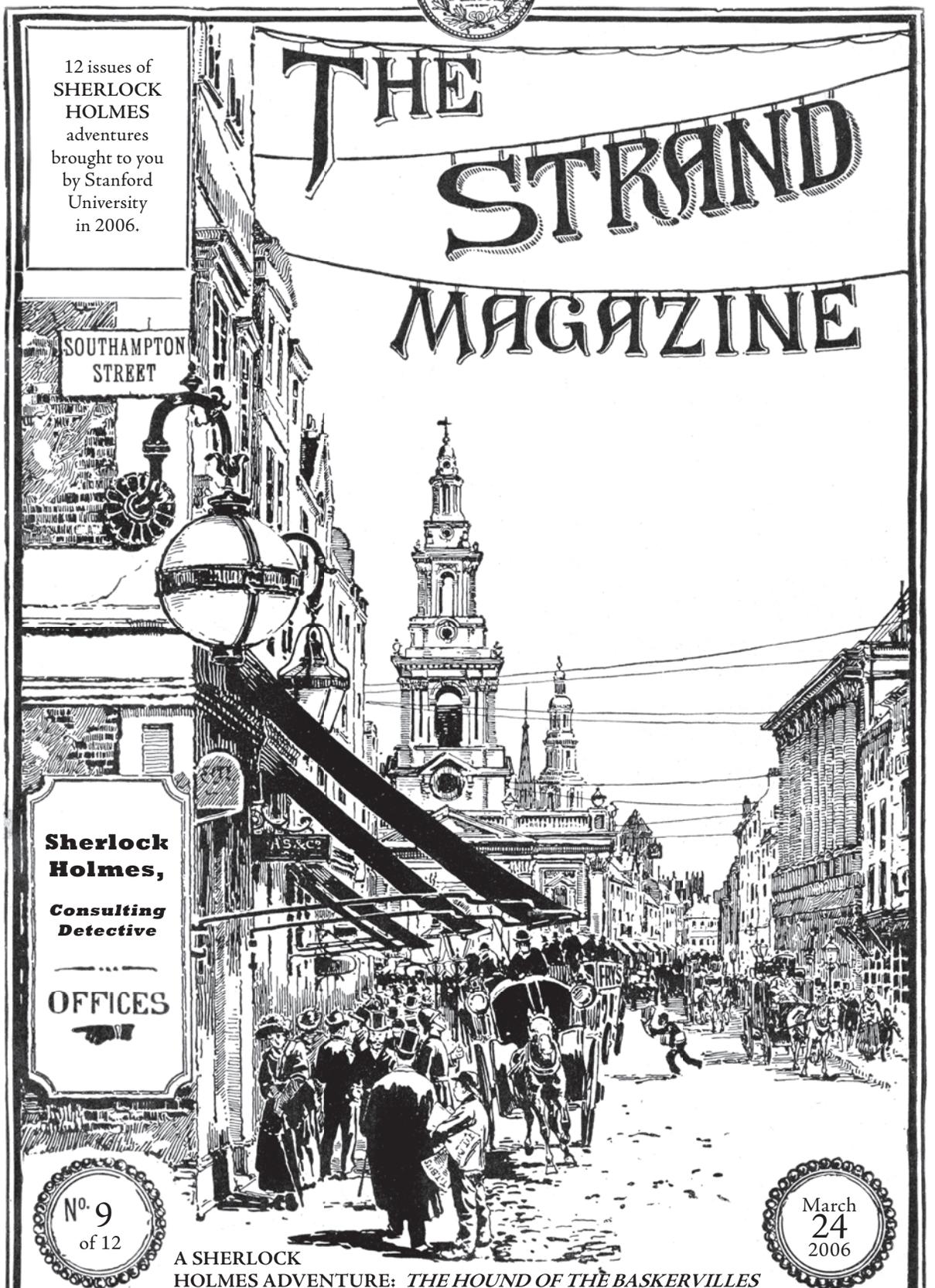
**Sherlock  
Holmes,**  
  
**Consulting  
Detective**

**OFFICES**

No. 9  
of 12

A SHERLOCK  
HOLMES ADVENTURE: *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES*

March  
24  
2006



# Thank You!

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## PREVIOUSLY IN *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES*

### CHAPTER 10

The day after their adventure on the moor, Watson and Sir Henry are both low-spirited, and the dismal weather reflects their mood. Watson records in his diary all the evidence that a supernatural agency might be at work, but he refuses to believe in such a thing.

Barrymore is angry about Sir Henry and Watson's attempt to apprehend Selden. Sir Henry insists that they had a right to try to catch such a dangerous criminal before he hurt someone else. When Barrymore reveals that plans are afoot to help Selden leave the country, Sir Henry agrees not to pursue him further.

In return, Barrymore reveals a bit of information about Sir Charles's death that he stumbled across after the inquest. Mrs. Barrymore found a fragment of a burnt letter at the back of the hearth. It had arrived the morning of Sir Charles's death, and contained a plea by a woman who wished him to meet her at the garden gate in the yew alley, the place where he met his death. Her initials were "L. L."

Watson meets Mortimer, who has lost his spaniel on the moor. Mortimer says that the only woman with the initials "L. L." in the area is Laura Lyons, daughter of Old Frankland, the man who is known as a crank for his continual litigation. She had fallen on hard times when her ne'er-do-well husband deserted her. The local gentry, including Sir Charles, took up a collection to establish her in a typewriting business. Watson decides to find her and ask about the letter.

Barrymore reveals to Watson the disturbing news that Selden has not been heard from for three nights. Moreover, Selden had told Barrymore that he saw a stranger out on the moor, but, apart from the man being a gentleman, he knows nothing else about him. Watson resolves to find the mysterious man and get to the bottom of the matter.

### CHAPTER 11

Watson sets off for the village of Coombe Tracey to interview Laura Lyons about her letter to Sir Charles. Suspicious and defensive, she at first denies having written to Sir Charles. When Watson quotes the bit of the letter that remained unburned, she admits that she had asked to see Sir Charles on a private matter. After persistent questioning, Watson learns that Mrs. Lyons needed money in order to divorce her husband, who was trying to force her to live with him. She claims that help came from another source, so she did not keep the appointment, but refuses to tell Watson the details. Finding that he has reached a dead end, Watson decides to begin his search for the other man on the moor, wondering if he was the bearded man who had shadowed Sir Henry in London.

On the way home, he passes the home of Frankland, Mrs. Lyon's estranged father, who invites him inside for a celebratory glass of wine. Frankland has won two lawsuits on matters that seem designed to annoy his neighbors. He complains to Watson that the local constabulary provides inadequate protection when the local people burn him in effigy or take other sorts of revenge, but that, in return, he is withholding some information that the constabulary would love to have. He has seen a child crossing the moor with food, and imagines that it is intended for the convict. Knowing that Barrymore takes Selden his food, Watson concludes that the child must be bringing food to the mysterious stranger. At that moment, Frankland spots the child on the hillside and shows him to Watson through the telescope that he uses to spy on his neighbors.

Quickly taking his leave, Watson follows the boy's trail and discovers a stone hut that has retained part of its roof. Inside, he finds evidence that someone is living there, as well as a paper that says, "Dr. Watson has gone to Coombe Tracey." He resolves to wait until the man returns to find out whether he intends good or evil.

With apprehension, he hears the stranger returning. A shadow falls across the doorway, and a familiar, friendly voice invites him to come outside.

## The Hound of the Baskervilles.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

# SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY CONAN DOYLE.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### DEATH ON THE MOOR.



FOR a moment or two I sat breathless, hardly able to believe my ears. Then my senses and my voice came back to me, while a crushing weight of responsibility seemed in an instant to be lifted from my soul. That cold, incisive, ironical voice could belong to but one man in all the world.

"Holmes!" I cried—"Holmes!"

"Come out," said he, "and please be careful with the revolver."

I stooped under the rude lintel, and there he sat upon a stone outside, his grey eyes dancing with amusement as they fell upon my astonished features. He was thin and worn, but clear and alert, his keen face bronzed by the sun and roughened by the wind. In his tweed suit and cloth cap he looked like any other tourist upon the moor, and he had contrived, with that cat-like love of personal cleanliness which was one of his characteristics, that his chin should be as smooth and his linen as perfect as if he were in Baker Street.

"I never was more glad to see anyone in my life," said I, as I wrung him by the hand.

"Or more astonished, eh?"

"Well, I must confess to it."

"The surprise was not all on one side, I assure you. I had no idea that you had found my occasional retreat, still less that you were inside it, until I was within twenty paces of the door."

"My footprint, I presume?"

"No, Watson; I fear that I could not

undertake to recognise your footprint amid all the footprints of the world. If you seriously desire to deceive me you must change your tobacconist; for when I see the stub of a cigarette marked Bradley, Oxford Street, I know that my friend Watson is in the neighbourhood. You will see it there beside the path. You threw it down, no doubt, at that supreme moment when you charged into the empty hut."

"Exactly."

"I thought as much—and knowing your admirable tenacity I was convinced that you were sitting in ambush, a weapon within reach, waiting for the tenant to return. So you actually thought that I was the criminal?"

"I did not know who you were, but I was determined to find out."

"Excellent, Watson! And how did you localize me? You saw me, perhaps, on the night of the convict hunt, when I was so imprudent as to allow the moon to rise behind me?"

"Yes, I saw you then."

"And have, no doubt, searched all the huts until you came to this one?"

"No, your boy had been observed, and that gave me a guide where to look."

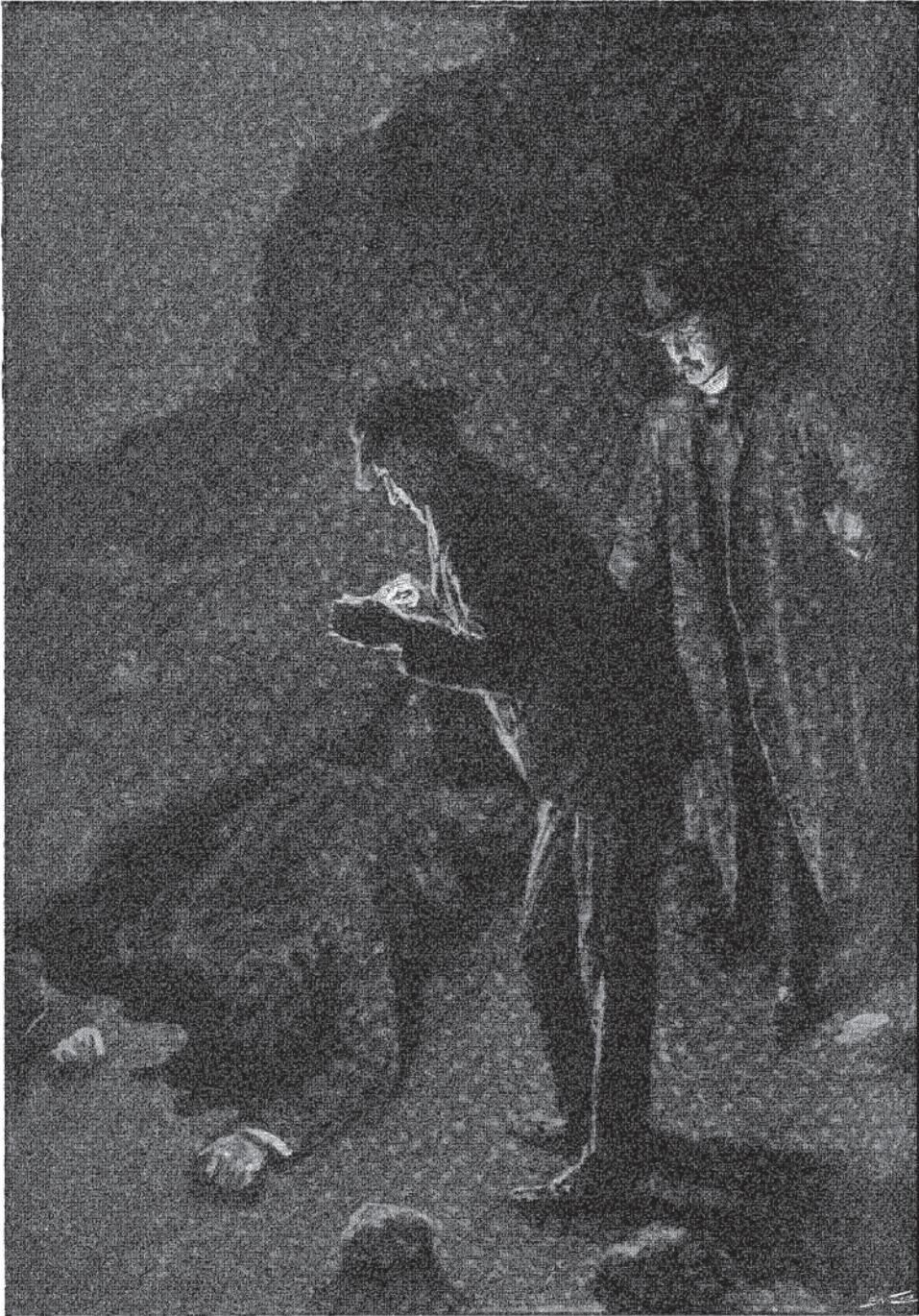
"The old gentleman with the telescope, no doubt. I could not make it out when first I saw the light flashing upon the lens." He rose and peeped into the hut. "Ha, I see that Cartwright has brought up some supplies. What's this paper? So you have been to Coombe Tracey, have you?"

"Yes."

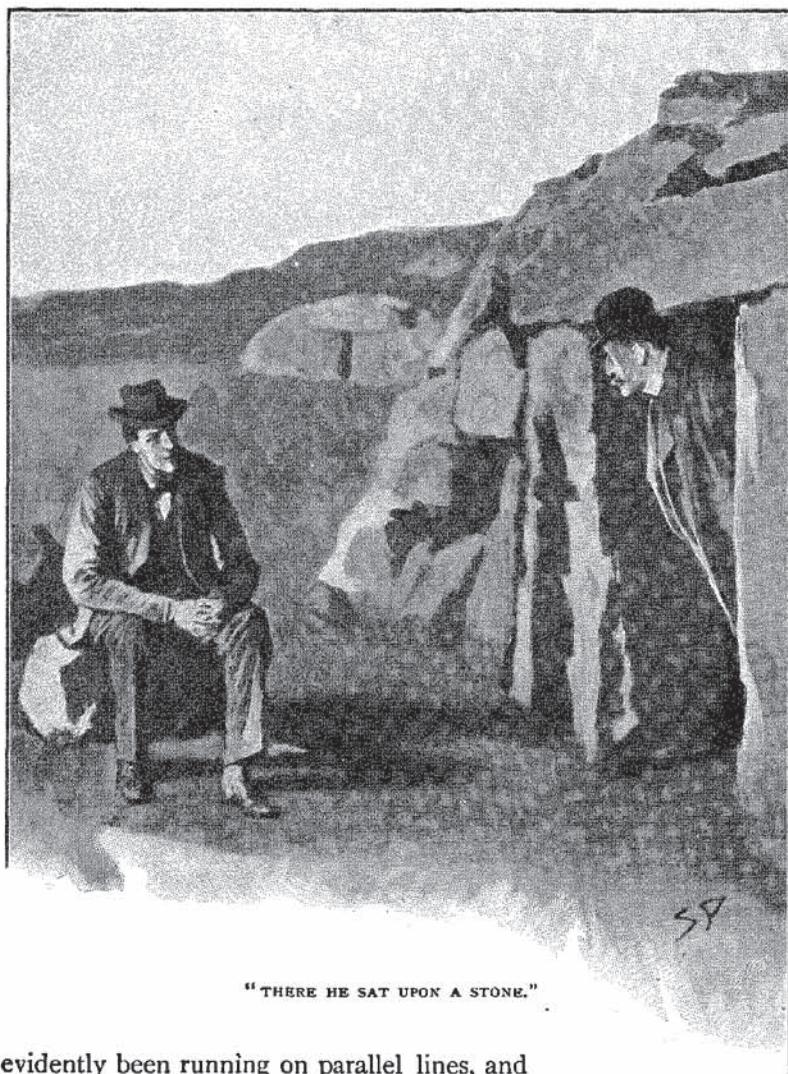
"To see Mrs. Laura Lyons?"

"Exactly."

"Well done! Our researches have



“IT WAS A PROSTRATE MAN FACE DOWNWARDS UPON THE GROUND.”  
(SEE PAGE 126.)



"THERE HE SAT UPON A STONE."

evidently been running on parallel lines, and when we unite our results I expect we shall have a fairly full knowledge of the case."

"Well, I am glad from my heart that you are here, for indeed the responsibility and the mystery were both becoming too much for my nerves. But how in the name of wonder did you come here, and what have you been doing? I thought that you were in Baker Street working out that case of black-mailing."

"That was what I wished you to think."

"Then you use me, and yet do not trust me!" I cried, with some bitterness. "I think that I have deserved better at your hands, Holmes."

"My dear fellow, you have been invaluable to me in this as in many other cases, and I beg that you will forgive me if I have seemed to play a trick upon you. In truth, it was partly for your own sake that I did it, and it was my appreciation of the danger

which you ran which led me to come down and examine the matter for myself. Had I been with Sir Henry and you it is evident that my point of view would have been the same as yours, and my presence would have warned our very formidable opponents to be on their guard. As it is, I have been able to get about as I could not possibly have done had I been living at the Hall, and I remain an unknown factor in the business, ready to throw in all my weight at a critical moment."

"But why keep me in the dark?"

"For you to know could not have helped us, and might possibly have led to my discovery. You would have wished to tell me something, or in your kindness you would have brought me out some comfort or other, and so an unnecessary risk would be run. I brought Cartwright down with me—you

remember the little chap at the Express office—and he has seen after my simple wants: a loaf of bread and a clean collar. What does man want more? He has given me an extra pair of eyes upon a very active pair of feet, and both have been invaluable."

"Then my reports have all been wasted!" My voice trembled as I recalled the pains and the pride with which I had composed them.

Holmes took a bundle of papers from his pocket.

"Here are your reports, my dear fellow, and very well thumbed, I assure you. I made excellent arrangements, and they are only delayed one day upon their way. I must compliment you exceedingly upon the zeal and the intelligence which you have shown over an extraordinarily difficult case."

I was still rather raw over the deception

which had been practised upon me, but the warmth of Holmes's praise drove my anger from my mind. I felt also in my heart that he was right in what he said, and that it was really best for our purpose that I should not have known that he was upon the moor.

"That's better," said he, seeing the shadow rise from my face. "And now tell me the result of your visit to Mrs. Laura Lyons—it was not difficult for me to guess that it was to see her that you had gone, for I am already aware that she is the one person in Coombe Tracey who might be of service to us in the matter. In fact, if you had not gone to-day it is exceedingly probable that I should have gone to-morrow."

The sun had set and dusk was settling over the moor. The air had turned chill, and we withdrew into the hut for warmth. There, sitting together in the twilight, I told Holmes of my conversation with the lady. So interested was he that I had to repeat some of it twice before he was satisfied.

"This is most important," said he, when I had concluded. "It fills up a gap which I had been unable to bridge, in this most complex affair. You are aware, perhaps, that a close intimacy exists between this lady and the man Stapleton?"

"I did not know of a close intimacy."

"There can be no doubt about the matter. They meet, they write, there is a complete understanding between them. Now, this puts a very powerful weapon into our hands. If I could only use it to detach his wife——"

"His wife?"

"I am giving you some information now, in return for all that you have given me. The lady who has passed here as Miss Stapleton is in reality his wife."

"Good heavens, Holmes! Are you sure of what you say? How could he have permitted Sir Henry to fall in love with her?"

"Sir Henry's falling in love could do no harm to anyone except Sir Henry. He took particular care that Sir Henry did not *make* love to her, as you have yourself observed. I repeat that the lady is his wife and not his sister."

"But why this elaborate deception?"

"Because he foresaw that she would be very much more useful to him in the character of a free woman."

All my unspoken instincts, my vague suspicions, suddenly took shape and centred upon the naturalist. In that impassive, colourless man, with his straw hat and his butterfly-net, I seemed to see something terrible—a creature of infinite patience and

craft, with a smiling face and a murderous heart.

"It is he, then, who is our enemy—it is he who dogged us in London?"

"So I read the riddle."

"And the warning—it must have come from her!"

"Exactly."

The shape of some monstrous villainy, half seen, half guessed, loomed through the darkness which had girt me so long.

"But are you sure of this, Holmes? How do you know that the woman is his wife?"

"Because he so far forgot himself as to tell you a true piece of autobiography upon the occasion when he first met you, and I daresay he has many a time regretted it since. He *was* once a schoolmaster in the North of England. Now, there is no one more easy to trace than a schoolmaster. There are scholastic agencies by which one may identify any man who has been in the profession. A little investigation showed me that a school had come to grief under atrocious circumstances, and that the man who had owned it—the name was different—had disappeared with his wife. The descriptions agreed. When I learned that the missing man was devoted to entomology the identification was complete."

The darkness was rising, but much was still hidden by the shadows.

"If this woman is in truth his wife, where does Mrs. Laura Lyons come in?" I asked.

"That is one of the points upon which your own researches have shed a light. Your interview with the lady has cleared the situation very much. I did not know about a projected divorce between herself and her husband. In that case, regarding Stapleton as an unmarried man, she counted no doubt upon becoming his wife."

"And when she is undeceived?"

"Why, then we may find the lady of service. It must be our first duty to see her—both of us—to-morrow. Don't you think, Watson, that you are away from your charge rather long? Your place should be at Baskerville Hall."

The last red streaks had faded away in the west and night had settled upon the moor. A few faint stars were gleaming in a violet sky.

"One last question, Holmes," I said, as I rose. "Surely there is no need of secrecy between you and me. What is the meaning of it all? What is he after?"

Holmes's voice sank as he answered:—

"It is murder, Watson—refined, cold-blooded, deliberate murder. Do not ask me for particulars. My nets are closing upon

him, even as his are upon Sir Henry, and with your help he is already almost at my mercy. There is but one danger which can threaten us. It is that he should strike before we are ready to do so. Another day—two at the most—and I have my case complete, but until then guard your charge as closely as ever a fond mother watched her ailing child. Your mission to-day has justified itself, and yet I could almost wish that you had not left his side—Hark !”

A terrible scream—a prolonged yell of horror and anguish burst out of the silence of the moor. That frightful cry turned the blood to ice in my veins.

“Oh, my God !” I gasped. “What is it? What does it mean ?”

Holmes had sprung to his feet, and I saw his dark, athletic outline at the door of the hut, his shoulders stooping, his head thrust forward, his face peering into the darkness.

“Hush !” he whispered. “Hush !”

The cry had been loud on account of its vehemence, but it had pealed out from somewhere far off on the shadowy plain. Now it burst upon our ears, nearer, louder, more urgent than before.

“Where is it ?” Holmes whispered ; and I knew from the thrill of his voice that he, the man of iron, was shaken to the soul. “Where is it, Watson ?”

“There, I think.” I pointed into the darkness.

“No, there !”

Again the agonized cry swept through the silent night, louder and much nearer than ever. And a new sound mingled with it, a deep, muttered rumble, musical and yet menacing, rising and falling like the low, constant murmur of the sea.

“The hound !” cried Holmes. “Come, Watson, come ! Great heavens, if we are too late !”

He had started running swiftly over the moor, and I had followed at his heels. But now from somewhere among the broken ground immediately in front of us there came one last despairing yell, and then a dull, heavy thud. We halted and listened. Not another sound broke the heavy silence of the windless night.

I saw Holmes put his hand to his forehead like a man distracted. He stamped his feet upon the ground.

“He has beaten us, Watson. We are too late.”

“No, no, surely not !”

“Fool that I was to hold my hand. And you, Watson, see what comes of abandoning

your charge ! But, by Heaven, if the worst has happened, we’ll avenge him !”

Blindly we ran through the gloom, blundering against boulders, forcing our way through gorse bushes, panting up hills and rushing down slopes, heading always in the direction whence those dreadful sounds had come. At every rise Holmes looked eagerly round him, but the shadows were thick upon the moor and nothing moved upon its dreary face.

“Can you see anything ?”

“Nothing.”

“But, hark, what is that ?”

A low moan had fallen upon our ears. There it was again upon our left ! On that side a ridge of rocks ended in a sheer cliff which overlooked a stone-strewn slope. On its jagged face was spread-eagled some dark, irregular object. As we ran towards it the vague outline hardened into a definite shape. It was a prostrate man face downwards upon the ground, the head doubled under him at a horrible angle, the shoulders rounded and the body hunched together as if in the act of throwing a somersault. So grotesque was the attitude that I could not for the instant realize that that moan had been the passing of his soul. Not a whisper, not a rustle, rose now from the dark figure over which we stooped. Holmes laid his hand upon him, and held it up again, with an exclamation of horror. The gleam of the match which he struck shone upon his clotted fingers and upon the ghastly pool which widened slowly from the crushed skull of the victim. And it shone upon something else which turned our hearts sick and faint within us—the body of Sir Henry Baskerville !

There was no chance of either of us forgetting that peculiar ruddy tweed suit—the very one which he had worn on the first morning that we had seen him in Baker Street. We caught the one clear glimpse of it, and then the match flickered and went out, even as the hope had gone out of our souls. Holmes groaned, and his face glimmered white through the darkness.

“The brute ! the brute !” I cried, with clenched hands. “Oh, Holmes, I shall never forgive myself for having left him to his fate.”

“I am more to blame than you, Watson. In order to have my case well rounded and complete, I have thrown away the life of my client. It is the greatest blow which has befallen me in my career. But how could I know—how *could* I know—that he

## THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.

would risk his life alone upon the moor in the face of all my warnings?"

"That we should have heard his screams—my God, those screams!—and yet have been unable to save him! Where is this brute of a hound which drove him to his death? It may be lurking among these rocks at this instant. And Stapleton, where is he? He shall answer for this deed."

"He shall. I will see to that. Uncle and nephew have been murdered—the one frightened to death by the very sight of a beast which he thought to be supernatural, the other driven to his end in his wild flight to escape from it. But now we have to prove the connection between the man and the beast. Save from what we heard, we cannot even swear to the existence of the latter, since Sir Henry has evidently died from the fall. But, by heavens, cunning as he is, the fellow shall be in my power before another day is past!"

We stood with bitter hearts on either side of the mangled body, overwhelmed by this sudden and irrevocable disaster which had brought all our long and weary labours to so piteous an end. Then, as the moon rose, we climbed to the top of the rocks over which our poor friend had fallen, and from the summit we gazed out over the shadowy moor, half silver and half gloom. Far away, miles off, in the direction of Grimpen, a single steady yellow light was shining. It could only come from the lonely abode of the Stapletons. With a bitter curse I shook my fist at it as I gazed.

"Why should we not seize him at once?"

"Our case is not complete. The fellow is wary and cunning to the last degree. It is not what we know,

but what we can prove. If we make one false move the villain may escape us yet."

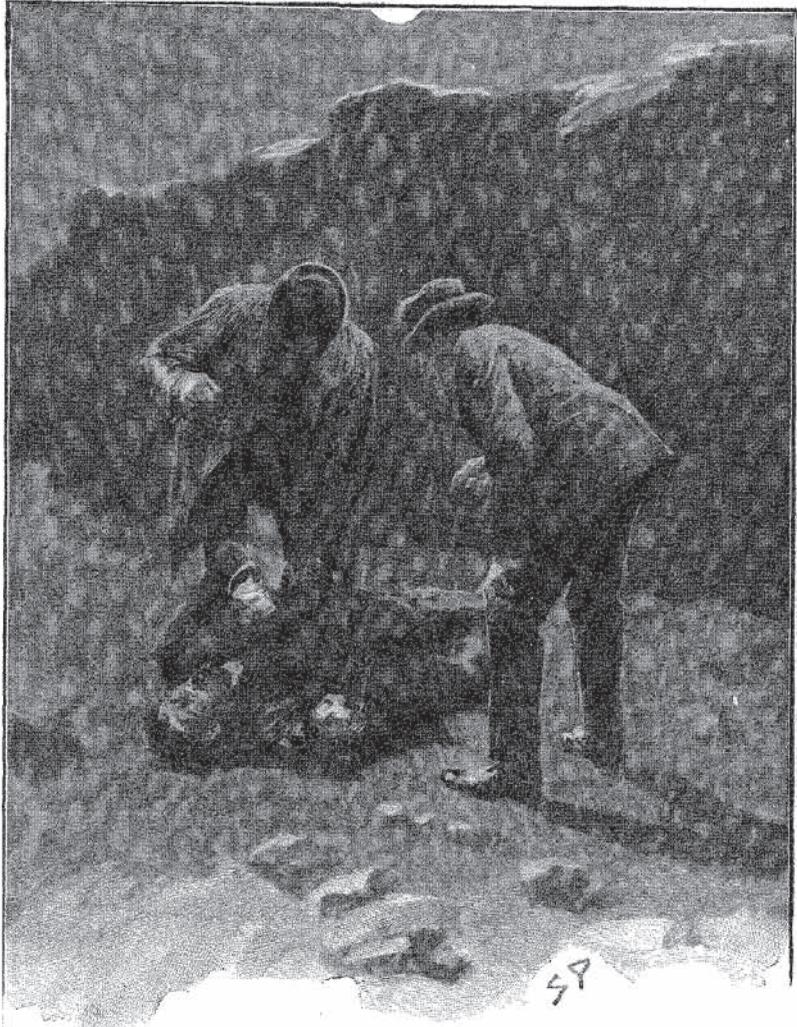
"What can we do?"

"There will be plenty for us to do to-morrow. To-night we can only perform the last offices to our poor friend."

Together we made our way down the precipitous slope and approached the body, black and clear against the silvered stones. The agony of those contorted limbs struck me with a spasm of pain and blurred my eyes with tears.

"We must send for help, Holmes! We cannot carry him all the way to the Hall. Good heavens, are you mad?"

He had uttered a cry and bent over the body. Now he was dancing and laughing and wringing my hand. Could this be my stern, self-contained friend? These were hidden fires, indeed!



"IT WAS THE FACE OF SELDEN, THE CRIMINAL,"

"A beard! A beard! The man has a beard!"

"A beard?"

"It is not the Baronet—it is—why, it is my neighbour, the convict!"

With feverish haste we had turned the body over, and that dripping beard was pointing up to the cold, clear moon. There could be no doubt about the beetling forehead, the sunken animal eyes. It was, indeed, the same face which had glared upon me in the light of the candle from over the rock—the face of Selden, the criminal.

Then in an instant it was all clear to me. I remembered how the Baronet had told me that he had handed his old wardrobe to Barrymore. Barrymore had passed it on in order to help Selden in his escape. Boots, shirt, cap—it was all Sir Henry's. The tragedy was still black enough, but this man had at least deserved death by the laws of his country. I told Holmes how the matter stood, my heart bubbling over with thankfulness and joy.

"Then the clothes have been the poor fellow's death," said he. "It is clear enough that the hound has been laid on from some article of Sir Henry's—the boot which was abstracted in the hotel, in all probability—and so ran this man down. There is one very singular thing, however: How came Selden, in the darkness, to know that the hound was on his trail?"

"He heard him."

"To hear a hound upon the moor would not work a hard man like this convict into such a paroxysm of terror that he would risk recapture by screaming wildly for help. By his cries he must have run a long way after he knew the animal was on his track. How did he know?"

"A greater mystery to me is why this hound, presuming that all our conjectures are correct——"

"I presume nothing."

"Well, then, why this hound should be loose to-night. I suppose that it does not always run loose upon the moor. Stapleton would not let it go unless he had reason to think that Sir Henry would be there."

"My difficulty is the more formidable of the two, for I think that we shall very shortly get an explanation of yours, while mine may remain for ever a mystery. The question now is, what shall we do with this poor wretch's body? We cannot leave it here to the foxes and the ravens."

"I suggest that we put it in one of the huts until we can communicate with the police."

"Exactly. I have no doubt that you and I could carry it so far. Halloo, Watson, what's this? It's the man himself, by all that's wonderful and audacious! Not a word to show your suspicions—not a word, or my plans crumble to the ground."

A figure was approaching us over the moor, and I saw the dull red glow of a cigar. The moon shone upon him, and I could distinguish the dapper shape and jaunty walk of the naturalist. He stopped when he saw us, and then came on again.

"Why, Dr. Watson, that's not you, is it? You are the last man that I should have expected to see out on the moor at this time of night. But, dear me, what's this? Somebody hurt? Not—don't tell me that it is our friend Sir Henry!" He hurried past me and stooped over the dead man. I heard a sharp intake of his breath and the cigar fell from his fingers.

"Who—who's this?" he stammered.

"It is Selden, the man who escaped from Princetown."

Stapleton turned a ghastly face upon us, but by a supreme effort he had overcome his amazement and his disappointment. He looked sharply from Holmes to me.

"Dear me! What a very shocking affair! How did he die?"

"He appears to have broken his neck by falling over these rocks. My friend and I were strolling on the moor when we heard a cry."

"I heard a cry also. That was what brought me out. I was uneasy about Sir Henry."

"Why about Sir Henry in particular?" I could not help asking.

"Because I had suggested that he should come over. When he did not come I was surprised, and I naturally became alarmed for his safety when I heard cries upon the moor. By the way"—his eyes darted again from my face to Holmes's—"did you hear anything else besides a cry?"

"No," said Holmes; "did you?"

"No."

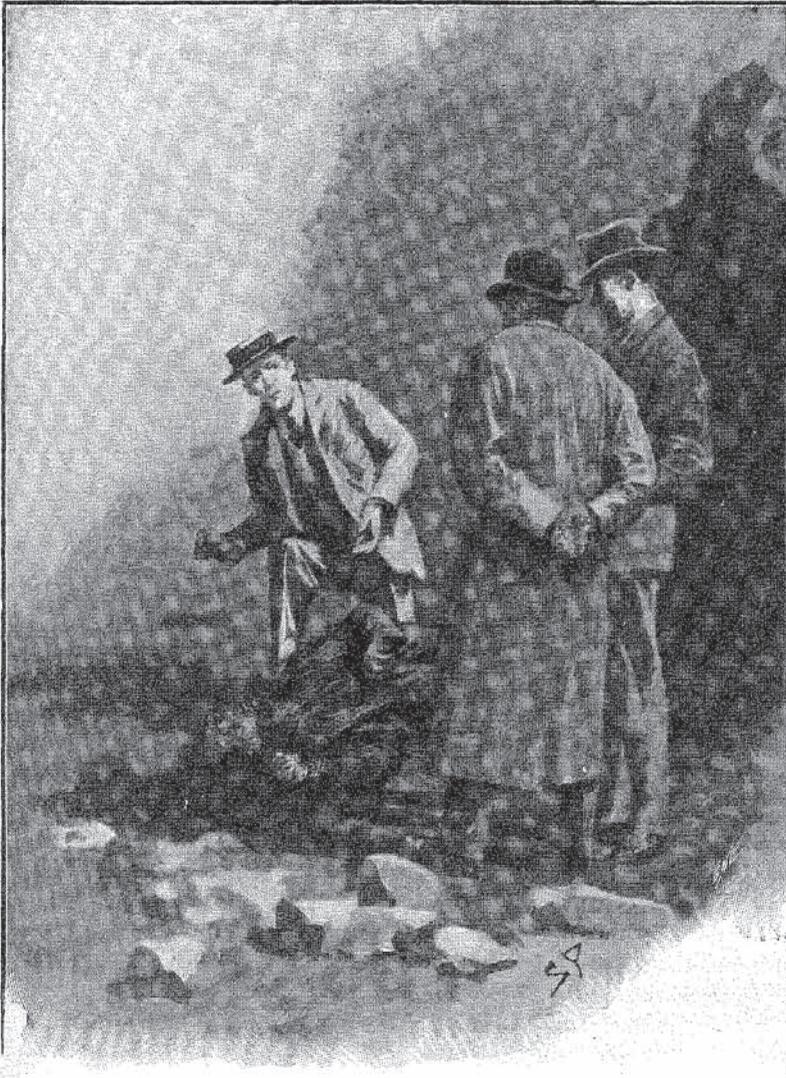
"What do you mean, then?"

"Oh, you know the stories that the peasants tell about a phantom hound, and so on. It is said to be heard at night upon the moor. I was wondering if there were any evidence of such a sound to-night."

"We heard nothing of the kind," said I.

"And what is your theory of this poor fellow's death?"

"I have no doubt that anxiety and exposure have driven him off his head. He



“ ‘WHO—WHO’S THIS?’ HE STAMMERED.”

has rushed about the moor in a crazy state and eventually fallen over here and broken his neck.”

“That seems the most reasonable theory,” said Stapleton, and he gave a sigh which I took to indicate his relief. “What do you think about it, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?”

My friend bowed his compliments.

“You are quick at identification,” said he.

“We have been expecting you in these parts since Dr. Watson came down. You are in time to see a tragedy.”

“Yes, indeed. I have no doubt that my friend’s explanation will cover the facts. I will take an unpleasant remembrance back to London with me to-morrow.”

“Oh, you return to-morrow?”

“That is my intention.”

“I hope your visit has cast some light

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upon those occurrences which have puzzled us?”

Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

“One cannot always have the success for which one hopes. An investigator needs facts, and not legends or rumours. It has not been a satisfactory case.”

My friend spoke in his frankest and most unconcerned manner. Stapleton still looked hard at him. Then he turned to me.

“I would suggest carrying this poor fellow to my house, but it would give my sister such a fright that I do not feel justified in doing it. I think that if we put something over his face he will be safe until morning.”

And so it was arranged. Resisting Stapleton’s offer of hospitality, Holmes and I set off to Baskerville Hall, leaving the naturalist to return alone. Looking back

we saw the figure moving slowly away over the broad moor, and behind him that one black smudge on the silvered slope which showed where the man was lying who had come so horribly to his end.

"We're at close grips at last," said Holmes, as we walked together across the moor. "What a nerve the fellow has! How he pulled himself together in the face of what must have been a paralyzing shock when he found that the wrong man had fallen a victim to his plot. I told you in London, Watson, and I tell you now again, that we have never had a foeman more worthy of our steel."

"I am sorry that he has seen you."

"And so was I at first. But there was no getting out of it."

"What effect do you think it will have upon his plans, now that he knows you are here?"

"It may cause him to be more cautious, or it may drive him to desperate measures at once. Like most clever criminals, he may be too confident in his own cleverness and imagine that he has completely deceived us."

"Why should we not arrest him at once?"

"My dear Watson, you were born to be a man of action. Your instinct is always to do something energetic. But supposing, for argument's sake, that we had him arrested to-night, what on earth the better off should we be for that? We could prove nothing against him. There's the devilish cunning of it! If he were acting through a human agent we could get some evidence, but if we were to drag this great dog to the light of day it would not help us in putting a rope round the neck of its master."

"Surely we have a case."

"Not a shadow of one—only surmise and conjecture. We should be laughed out of court if we came with such a story and such evidence."

"There is Sir Charles's death."

"Found dead without a mark upon him.

You and I know that he died of sheer fright, and we know also what frightened him; but how are we to get twelve stolid jurymen to know it? What signs are there of a hound? Where are the marks of its fangs? Of course, we know that a hound does not bite a dead body, and that Sir Charles was dead before ever the brute overtook him. But we have to *prove* all this, and we are not in a position to do it."

"Well, then, to-night?"

"We are not much better off to-night. Again, there was no direct connection between the hound and the man's death. We never saw the hound. We heard it; but we could not prove that it was running upon this man's trail. There is a complete absence of motive. No, my dear fellow; we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that we have no case at present, and that it is worth our while to run any risk in order to establish one."

"And how do you propose to do so?"

"I have great hopes of what Mrs. Laura Lyons may do for us when the position of affairs is made clear to her. And I have my own plan as well. Sufficient for to-morrow is the evil thereof; but I hope before the day is past to have the upper hand at last."

I could draw nothing farther from him, and he walked, lost in thought, as far as the Baskerville gates.

"Are you coming up?"

"Yes; I see no reason for further concealment. But one last word, Watson. Say nothing of the hound to Sir Henry. Let him think that Selden's death was as Stapleton would have us believe. He will have a better nerve for the ordeal which he will have to undergo to-morrow, when he is engaged, if I remember your report aright, to dine with these people."

"And so am I."

"Then you must excuse yourself and he must go alone. That will be easily arranged. And now, if we are too late for dinner, I think that we are both ready for our suppers."

(To be continued.)

*I stooped under the rude lintel, and there he sat upon a stone outside, his grey eyes dancing with amusement as they fell upon my astonished features.* (1)

Just as Holmes enjoyed trumping Watson's deductions about the walking stick at the beginning of the story, now he revels in his friend's astonishment.

*"...for when I see the stub of a cigarette marked Bradley, Oxford Street, I know that my friend Watson is in the neighbourhood."* (1)

This imaginary tobacconist's shop would have been located just a few blocks from Baker Street.

*I was still rather raw over the deception which had been practised upon me, but the warmth of Holmes's praise drove my anger from my mind.* (3-4)

Holmes often hurts Watson's feelings by withholding information from him. Later, Holmes has a logical explanation for his deception, and Watson always forgives him. For information about an interesting made-for-TV version of *Hound* that explores this dynamic in depth, see the Masterpiece Theatre website: [www.pbs.org/wgbh/masterpiece/hound/](http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/masterpiece/hound/). Richard Roxburgh and Ian Hart give studied and emotional performances as Holmes and Watson, while the hound itself, a computer-generated nightmare, is perhaps less successful than the human element. The story is somewhat altered from the original in order to focus on Holmes and Watson's difficult friendship.

*When I learned that the missing man was devoted to entomology the identification was complete.* (4)

It is ironic that Stapleton's one harmless passion, the study of insects, leads to his downfall.

*And a new sound mingled with it, a deep, muttered rumble, musical and yet menacing, rising and falling like the low, constant murmur of the sea.* (5)

Holmes and Watson hear the hound before they see it. The hound is an elusive presence in the story — an

authorial choice that makes the beast more frightening and formidable when it finally does appear. Illustrators of *Hound* must decide what conception of the hound will have maximum impact. Is it better to represent the beast as a monster, or to leave him a shadowy presence? Filmmakers face the same dilemma.

At left, the cover illustration for the first complete edition of *Hound* shows the animal in silhouette against the moon. The stylish, art-deco cover sports a red background with gold tracery and question marks. The interior illustrations by Sidney Paget had appeared in the original *Strand Magazine* series. This edition was published in England by Georges Newnes, owner of *The Strand Magazine*, in 1902.

*There could be no doubt about the beetling forehead, the sunken animal eyes.* (7)

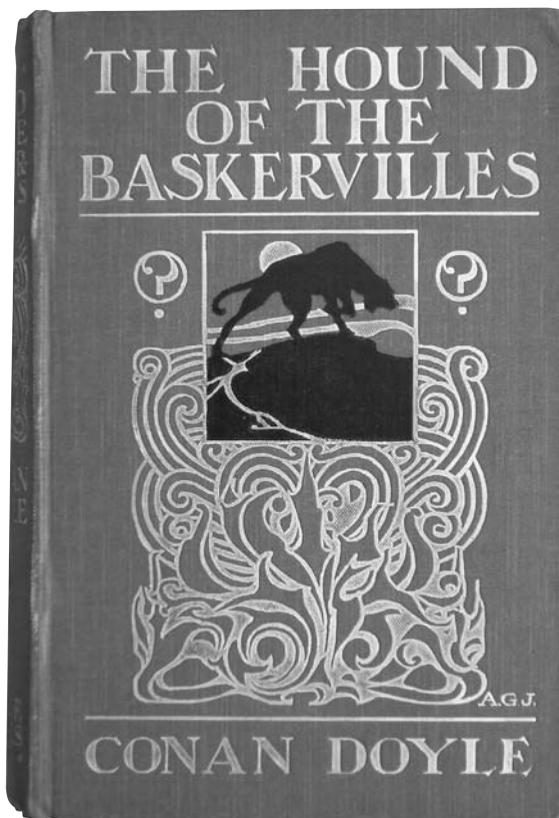
Again, Watson emphasizes Selden's "beetling"—or Neanderthal—brow and his "animal" eyes to show that he is a "born" criminal. Perhaps this is one reason that Holmes and Watson neglect to take much trouble over Selden's corpse, while, if it had been Sir Henry's body, they might have considered carrying it to the hall.

*"My difficulty is the more formidable of the two, for I think that we shall very shortly get an explanation of yours, while mine may remain for ever a mystery."* (7)

Holmes is right: Watson's question is answered a few paragraphs later, while Holmes's own "difficulty" must wait until the end of the story for its explanation.

*"Sufficient for tomorrow is the evil thereof...."* (9)

Holmes paraphrases the King James New Testament: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" (Matthew 6:34).



This cover illustration is signed "A.G.J.," the (unknown) artist's initials.

**HOUND ON FILM**

Out of perhaps 250 films involving Holmes in some capacity or other, *The Hound of the Baskervilles* has been made into feature films at least 20 times since 1914, not counting the many television versions. Each version has its own quirks; a few have little or no relationship to the book. Multiple versions exist in English, German, French, Italian, and Russian.

British silent film actor Eille Norwood, who has the distinction of having made more Holmes films than anyone (47 in all), starred in a 1921 silent version of *Hound*. His Holmes, forced to speak only through caption cards, was also slow-moving and deliberate, because Norwood saw Holmes as a man who could not be rattled. (Our modern Holmeses, such as Basil Rathbone and Jeremy Brett, tend to be more highly strung.) Norwood's films were set in post-World-War-I England, not in Victorian times, as Conan Doyle would have preferred. Aside from that small quibble, he enjoyed

Norwood's performances, and once gave him a Holmesian dressing gown as a gift, which Norwood wore in the films. Filmed on location in Dartmoor, the Norwood *Hound* featured over-the-top acting, typical of the silent film era, plus a hound whose jaws were made to look fiery – none too successfully – with scratches on the film.



The Rathbone-Bruce *Hound* is available on DVD.

Basil Rathbone is considered by many to be the foremost interpreter of Holmes. Visually, Nigel Bruce as Watson appears slightly too elderly, but it is the buffoonish behavior written into the scripts that viewers have criticized most. Fortunately, the rapport between Rathbone and Bruce does not disappoint. Their first outing together as Holmes and Watson was a 1939 version of *Hound*, and its success inspired 13 more films, several only loosely based on the Conan Doyle canon.

The Rathbone-Bruce version of *Hound* captures the original's feeling of the moor's spooky landscape, even with studio sets. By necessity, the film plays fast and loose with the plot, in order to squeeze a 15-chapter novel into a film that is less than 90 minutes long. Its memorable last line of dialogue refers rather strangely to Holmes's drug habit. As Holmes says a hasty good-night and rushes from the room, he shouts, "Quick, Watson, the needle!"

Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke's portrayals of Holmes and Watson in Granada's 1988 production of *Hound* for British television remains the favorite version of many viewers. The plot remains largely intact, although the pacing of events is, of necessity, somewhat condensed. Brett's eccentric and neurotic, but appealing, portrayal of Holmes is unique.

In a 2003 Masterpiece Theatre version shown on PBS, Richard Roxburgh and Ian Hart give studied and emotional performances as Holmes and Watson, while the hound itself, a computer-generated nightmare, is perhaps less successful than the human element. This version is distinguished by its emphasis on Holmes and Watson's friendship in the context of the story. The PBS Masterpiece Theatre web site contains extensive material on both versions: <http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/masterpiece/hound/>. The story is somewhat altered from the original in order to focus on Holmes and Watson's difficult friendship.

**OTHER MEMORABLE HOUNDS**

*Der Hund von Baskerville*. Dir. Carl Lamac. Perf. Bruno Güttner and Fritz Odemar. Ondra-Lamac, 1937. A series of silent films loosely based on *The Hound of the Baskervilles* was made in Germany from 1914-1921, and another in 1929. This 1937 "talking" film was one of two movies found in Hitler's bunker at his death. The other was *Der Mann, wer Sherlock Holmes war* (*The Man who was Sherlock*



Basil Rathbone did not get top billing in this version of *Hound*, but was upstaged by a matinee idol named Richard Greene, little remembered today.

*Holmes*; 1937), about two con men who impersonate Holmes and Watson. It is known that Hitler loved movies, but we have no indication what he thought of Sherlock Holmes.

*The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Peter Cushing and André Morell. Hammer Films, 1959. First color version of *Hound*.

*The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Stewart Granger and Bernard Fox, Universal 1972. A made-for-TV movie, with William Shatner as Stapleton, that received less than glowing reviews.

*The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, Michael White, 1978. "A Grimpen Mire of comic enervation"—*Financial Times*. "Truly one of the crummiest movies ever made"—*Time Out*.

*Priklyucheniya Sherloka Kholmsa i doktora Vatsona: Sobaka Baskerviley*, (*The Hound of the Baskervilles*). Dir. Igor Maslennikov. Perf. Vasili Livanov and Yuri Veksler. Gostelradio/Lenfilm, 1981. One of a series of Sherlock Holmes mysteries filmed for Russian television from 1979 to 1986.

For more information about movie and TV versions of Sherlock Holmes stories, see:

• Alan Barnes. *Sherlock Holmes on Screen: A Complete Film and TV History*. Reynolds & Hearn: London, 2002.

• Internet Movie Database. [www.imdb.com](http://www.imdb.com).

• Scott Allen Nollen. *Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at*



Above, Rathbone and Bruce as Holmes and Watson.



Left, in this poster for the 1939 *Hound*, the hound is represented only by its bloodstained footprints.

*the Cinema*. McFarland: London, 1996.

• PBS Masterpiece Theatre—*The Hound of the Baskervilles*. <http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/masterpiece/hound/>.

## A DOUBLE-BARRELED DETECTIVE STORY (1902) — by Mark Twain

American author and satirist Mark Twain (actually Samuel Clemens, 1835-1910) wrote a parody of Sherlock Holmes stories in 1902, soon after reading *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. In this pastiche, a child is born with a hound's heightened sense of smell because his mother was frightened by dogs when she was pregnant with him. The main attraction of the story is a pretentious and bumbling Sherlock Holmes who visits a mining camp, where he is called upon to solve a mystery, only to be outdone by the young man who can follow a scent like a hound. In this first passage, the miners are quite impressed with Sherlock and enjoy watching him think:

Meantime the road in front of the tavern was blocked with villagers waiting and hoping for a glimpse of the great man. But he kept his room, and did not appear. None but Ferguson, Jake Parker the blacksmith, and Ham Sandwich had any luck. These enthusiastic admirers of the great scientific detective hired the tavern's detained-baggage lockup, which

looked into the detective's room across a little alleyway ten or twelve feet wide, ambushed themselves in it, and cut some peep-holes in the window-blind. Mr. Holmes's blinds were down; but by and by he raised them. It gave the spies a hair-lifting but pleasurable thrill to find themselves face to face with the Extraordinary Man who had filled the world with the fame of his more than human ingenuities. There he sat - not a myth, not a shadow, but real, alive, compact of substance, and almost within touching distance with the hand.

"Look at that head!" said Ferguson, in an awed voice. "By gracious! that's a head!"

"You bet!" said the blacksmith, with deep reverence. "Look at his nose! look at his eyes! Intellect? Just a battery of it!"

"And that paleness," said Ham Sandwich. "Comes from thought—that's what it comes from. Hell! duffers like us don't know what real thought is."

"No more we don't," said Ferguson. "What we take for thinking is just blubber-and-slush."



"Right you are, Wells-Fargo. And look at that frown—that's deep thinking—away down, down, forty fathom into the bowels of things. He's on the track of something."

"Well, he is, and don't you forget it. Say—look at that awful gravity—look at that pallid solemnity—there ain't any corpse can lay over it."

"No, sir, not for dollars! And it's his'n by hereditary rights, too; he's been dead four times a'ready, and there's history for it. Three times natural, once by accident. I've heard say he smells damp and cold, like a grave. And he—"

"Sh! Watch him! There - he's got his thumb on the bump on the near corner of his forehead, and his forefinger on the off one. His think-works is just a grinding now, you bet your other shirt."

"That's so. And now he's gazing up toward heaven and stroking his mustache slow, and—"

"Now he has rose up standing, and is putting his clues together on his left fingers with his right finger. See? he touches the forefinger—now middle finger—now ring-finger—"

"Stuck!"

"Look at him scowl! He can't seem to make out that clue. So he—"

"See him smile!—like a tiger—and tally off the other fingers like nothing! He's got it, boys; he's got it sure!"

"Well, I should say! I'd hate to be in that man's place that he's after."

*Later, Holmes sums up the case using his famous method.*

When quiet fell, Mr. Holmes resumed:

"We perceive, then, that three facts are established, to wit: the assassin was approximately light-witted; he was not a stranger; his motive was robbery, not revenge. Let us proceed. I hold in my hand a small fragment of fuse, with the recent smell of fire upon it. What is its testimony? Taken with the corroborative evidence of the quartz, it reveals to us that the assassin was a miner. What does it tell us further? This, gentlemen: that the assassination was consummated by means of an explosive. What else does it say? This: that the explosive was located against the side of the cabin nearest the road—the front side—for within six feet of that spot I found it.

"I hold in my fingers a burnt Swedish match—the kind one rubs on a safety-box. I found it in the road, six hundred and twenty-two feet from the abolished cabin. What does it say? This: that the train was fired from that point. What further does it tell us? This: that the assassin was left-handed. How do I know this? I should not be able to explain to you, gentlemen, how I know it, the signs being so subtle that only long experience and deep study can enable one to detect them. But the signs are here, and they



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are reinforced by a fact which you must have often noticed in the great detective narratives – that all assassins are left-handed."

"By Jackson, that's so," said Ham Sandwich, bringing his great hand down with a resounding slap upon his thigh; "blamed if I ever thought of it before."

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" cried several. "Oh, there can't anything escape him—look at his eye!"

*Twain's Holmes accuses the wrong man. Worse, the murder was committed right under Holmes's nose, and he was set up by the murderer to serve as an alibi. After Holmes pronounces his verdict, Stillman, the hound-man, proves him wrong point by point, parodying some of Holmes's words to Watson over Dr. Mortimer's walking stick at the beginning of Hound.*

"The criminal is present, I believe. I will show him to you before long, in case I am right in my guess. Now I will tell you all about the tragedy, from start to finish. The motive wasn't robbery; it was revenge. The murderer wasn't light-witted. He didn't stand six hundred and twenty-two feet away. He didn't get hit with a piece of wood. He didn't place the explosive against the cabin. He didn't bring a shot-bag with him, and he wasn't left-handed. With the exception of these errors, the distinguished guest's statement of the case is substantially correct."

*The full text of this story is readily available online.*

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