

MARVEL  
PREVIEW

№ 5 \$1



# MARVEL PREVIEW

PRESENTS

# SHERLOCK HOLMES™

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**THE HOUND  
OF HELL!**



**ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S INCREDIBLE  
MYSTERY-ADVENTURE HERO**





**DUEL AT REICHENBACH FALLS**

*Holmes battles Prof. Moriarty—  
from "The Final Problem"*

Horne  
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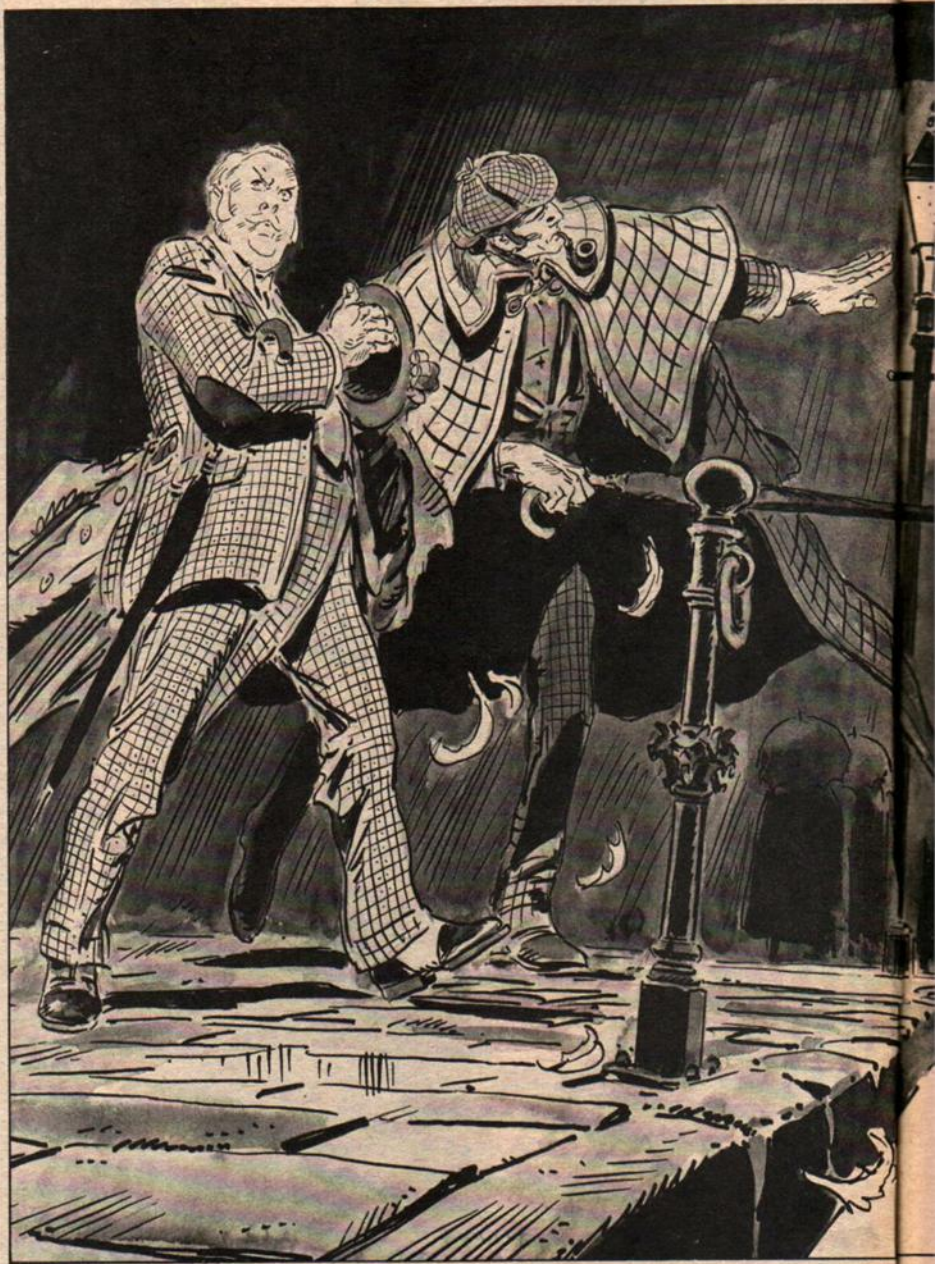
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# "THE GAME"

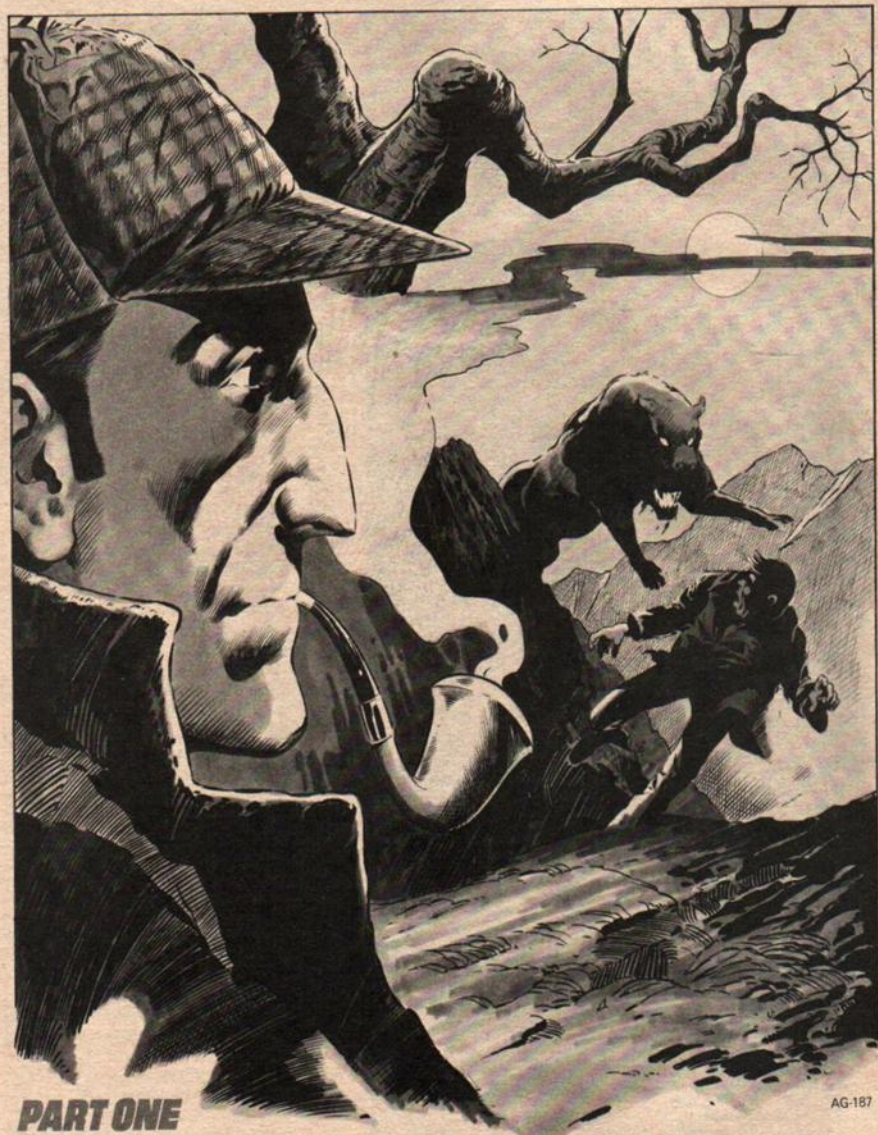
EDITORIAL/ARCHIE GOODWIN







ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S  
**SHERLOCK  
HOLMES**



**PART ONE**

AG-187

# "THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES"



MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, WHO WAS USUALLY VERY **LATE** IN THE MORNINGS, SAVE UPON THOSE NOT INFREQUENT OCCASIONS WHEN HE STAYED UP **ALL NIGHT**, WAS SEATED AT THE **BREAKFAST TABLE**.

I STOOD AT THE HEARTH-RUG AND EXAMINED THE WALKING STICK A VISITOR HAD LEFT **BEHIND** THE NIGHT BEFORE...



WELL WATSON? WHAT DO YOU **MAKE** OF IT?

IT WAS A FINE, THICK PIECE OF WOOD-- WITH AN **INSCRIPTION** AND **DATE** ENGRAVED IN A BROAD SILVER BAND JUST UNDER THE **BULBOUS HEAD**. IT WAS OF THE SORT KNOWN AS A '**PENANG LAWYER**'... MUCH LIKE THE STICKS CARRIED BY **OLD-FASHIONED FAMILY PRACTITIONERS**-- DIGNIFIED, SOLID, AND **REASSURING**.

HOLMES WAS SITTING WITH HIS **BACK** TO ME-- AND I HAD GIVEN HIM NO **CLUE** TO MY ACTIVITY...



HOW DID YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS **DOING**, HOLMES?

AM I TO ASSUME YOU NOW HAVE EYES IN THE **BACK** OF YOUR HEAD--?

OF COURSE NOT-- BUT I **DO** HAVE A WELL-POLISHED SILVER-PLATED COFFEE-POT IN **FRONT** OF ME.







BUT **TELL ME, WATSON--** WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF OUR VISITOR'S **STICK**?

SINCE WE HAVE BEEN SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO **MISS** HIM LAST NIGHT--AND THEREFORE HAVE NO NOTION OF HIS **ERRAND--** OUR ACCIDENTAL **SOUVENIR** NOW TAKES ON **IMPORTANCE...**



LET ME HEAR YOU **RECONSTRUCT** THE **MAN** BY AN EXAMINATION OF HIS **STICK**.

THUS, FOLLOWING SO FAR AS I COULD THE METHODS OF MY **COMPANION**, I ADDRESSED THE **STICK** WITH CLOSER SCRUTINY AND VENTURED MY **OBSERVATIONS...**



I WOULD SAY THAT DR. MORTIMER IS A SUCCESSFUL **ELDERLY** MEDICAL MAN...



...AND **WELL-ESTEEMED** SINCE THOSE WHO **KNOW** HIM HAVE PRESENTED HIM THIS MARK OF THEIR **APPRECIATION**.



GOOD, WATSON-- **EXCELLENT!**

FURTHERMORE, I WOULD SAY THAT PROBABILITY FAVORS HIM BEING A **COUNTRY** PRACTITIONER--WHO DOES A GREAT DEAL OF HIS VISITING OF **FOOT**.



WHY **SO?**

BECAUSE THE **STICK--**THOUGH ORIGINALLY A VERY **HANDSOME** ONE--HAS BEEN SO **KNOCKED ABOUT** THAT I CAN HARDLY IMAGINE A **TOWN** PRACTITIONER CARRYING IT...

AND THE THICK **IRON FERRULE** HERE ON THE BOTTOM IS **WORN DOWN--**SO IT IS EVIDENT THAT HE HAS DONE A GREAT AMOUNT OF **WALKING** WITH IT.



PERFECTLY **SOUND.**

AND THEN THERE IS THE  
"FRIENDS OF THE C.C.H."  
INSCRIPTION. I SHOULD GUESS  
THAT TO BE THE SOMETHING-  
SOMETHING **HUNT...**



...PERHAPS A LOCAL  
**HUNT CLUB** TO WHOM  
MEMBERS HE HAS ACCORDED  
SOME **SURGICAL ASSIST-**  
**ANCE** WHO HAVE MADE THIS  
SMALL PRESENTATION IN **RETURN.**

**REALLY, WATSON-- YOU EXCEL YOURSELF.**

I MUST **SAY** THAT IN ALL THE ACCOUNTS  
OF MY SMALL ACHIEVE-  
MENTS, YOU HAVE  
HABITUALLY UNDER-  
RATED YOUR **OWN**  
ABILITIES...



I MUST ADMIT THAT HIS WORDS GAVE ME  
KEEN **PLEASURE**, FOR I HAD OFTEN  
BEEN **PIQUED** BY HIS INDIFFERENCE TO MY  
ADMIRATION AND TO THE **PUBLICITY** I  
HAVE ATTEMPTED TO BRING TO HIS **METHODS...**

I WAS **PROUD**, TOO, TO THINK THAT I HAD  
SUFFICIENTLY MASTERED HIS SYSTEM AS  
TO **APPLY** IT IN A MANNER WHICH  
EARNED HIS **APPROVAL.**



INDEED, IT MAY BE THAT  
YOU ARE NOT **YOUR-  
SELF** LUMINOUS--  
BUT RATHER A  
**CONDUCTOR** OF  
LIGHT.



SOME PEOPLE,  
WITHOUT  
**POSSESSING**  
GENIUS--

-- NEVERTHELESS  
EMBODY A  
REMARKABLE  
POWER OF  
**STIMULATING**  
IT.



YES... I MUST  
**CONFESS**, MY  
DEAR FELLOW--



-- THAT I AM VERY MUCH  
IN YOUR **DEBT.**



HE HAD MOVED TO THE LIGHT EMITTING THROUGH THE WINDOW, AND THERE STUDIED THE CANE THROUGH A CONVEX LENS...

INTERESTING...



...THOUGH **ELEMENTARY**, OF COURSE.



STILL, THERE ARE CERTAINLY ONE OR **TWO** INDICATIONS UPON THE STICK...



...SERVING AS THE **BASIS** FROM WHICH WE MAY DERIVE SEVERAL **DEDUCTIONS**



OH? I TRUST THAT THERE IS NOTHING OF **CONSEQUENCE** WHICH HAS ESCAPED ME.

I AM **AFRAID**, MY DEAR **WATSON**--

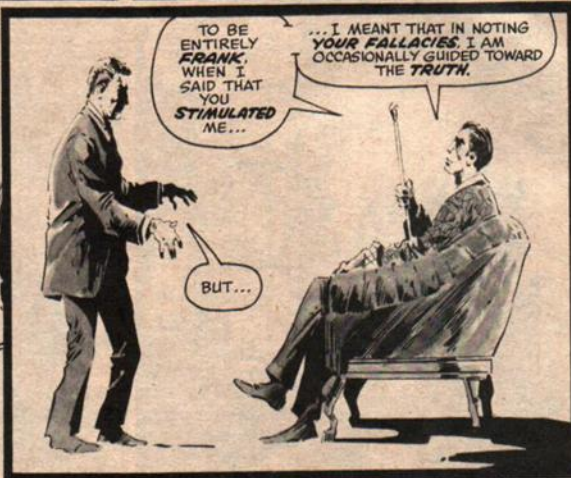


-- THAT **MOST** OF YOUR CONCLUSIONS WERE **ERRONEOUS**.

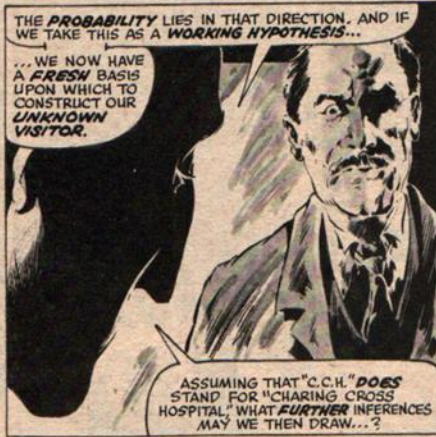
TO BE ENTIRELY **FRANK**, WHEN I SAID THAT YOU **STIMULATED** ME...

... I MEANT THAT IN NOTING **YOUR FALLACIES**, I AM OCCASIONALLY GUIDED TOWARD THE **TRUTH**.

BUT...









WELL...  
I...

**OBVIOUSLY** WATSON, AT THE MOMENT WHEN DR. MORTIMER  
**RETIRED** FROM THE HOSPITAL TO BEGIN HIS **OWN PRACTICE**.

WE **KNOW** THERE HAS BEEN A  
PRESENTATION. WE **BELIEVE**  
THERE HAS BEEN A CHANGE  
FROM A **TOWN HOSPITAL** TO  
A **COUNTRY PRACTICE**...



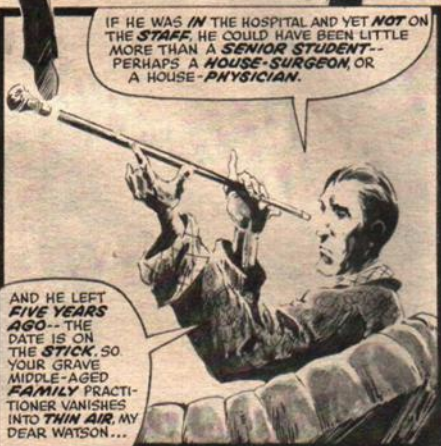
**IS IT, THEN, STRETCHING OUR  
INFERENCE TOO FAR TO SAY THAT THE  
PRESENTATION WAS ON THE OCCASION  
OF THE CHANGE--?**

WELL, IT  
CERTAINLY  
SEEMS  
**REASONABLE**  
ENOUGH.



**NOW:** YOU WILL  
PERCEIVE THAT HE  
COULD NOT HAVE BEEN  
ON THE **STAFF** OF THE  
HOSPITAL, SINCE ONLY A  
MAN WELL-ESTABLISHED  
IN A **LONDON PRACTICE**  
COULD **HOLD** SUCH A  
POSITION-- AND SUCH A  
MAN WOULD **NOT** DRIFT  
INTO THE COUNTRY.

WHAT  
WAS HE,  
THEN?



IF HE WAS **IN** THE HOSPITAL AND YET **NOT**  
THE **STAFF**, HE COULD HAVE BEEN LITTLE  
MORE THAN A **SENIOR STUDENT**--  
PERHAPS A **HOUSE-SURGEON**, OR  
A **HOUSE-PHYSICIAN**.

AND HE LEFT  
**FIVE YEARS**  
**AGO**-- THE  
DATE IS ON  
THE **STICK**, SO  
YOUR GRAVE  
MIDDLE-AGED  
**FAMILY PRACTITIONER**  
VANISHES  
INTO **THIN AIR**, MY  
DEAR WATSON...

...AND IN HIS PLACE MATERIALIZES A **YOUNG FELLOW** UNDER  
THIRTY, AMIABLE, UNAMBITIOUS, **ABSENT-MINDED**...



...AND THE POSSESSOR OF A  
FAVORITE **DOG** WHICH I  
SHOULD ROUGHLY DESCRIBE  
AS BEING **LARGER** THAN  
A **TERRIER**--

--BUT **SMALLER**  
THAN A **MASTIFF**.



**HAN!**  
ABSOLUTELY  
**REMARKABLE**.  
HOLMES.





AS FOR THE **DOG**, I HAVE NO MEANS OF **CORROBORATING** YOU...



... BUT IT WILL NOT BE DIFFICULT TO GLEAN A FEW PARTICULARS ABOUT THE MAN'S **AGE** AND PROFESSIONAL **CAREER**.

FROM MY SMALL MEDICAL SHELF, I EXTRACTED THE **MEDICAL DIRECTORY**...



THERE WERE **SEVERAL** MORTIMERs, BUT ONLY **ONE** WHO COULD BE OUR **SUBJECT**. I READ HIS RECORD **ALoud**...

MORTIMER, JAMES, M.R.C.S. 1882, **GRIMPEN, DARTMOOR, DEVON**. HOUSE-SURGEON FROM 1882 TO '84 AT **CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL**. WINNER OF THE JACKSON PRIZE FOR **COMPARATIVE PATHOLOGY**...

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE **SWEDISH PATHOLOGICAL SOCIETY**. AUTHOR OF "SOME FREAKS OF ATAVISM" PUBLISHED IN **LANCET**, 1882...



...AND PRESENTLY **MEDICAL OFFICER** FOR THE PARISHES OF **GRIMPEN, THORSLEY, AND HIGH BARROW**.

BUT NO MENTION OF YOUR **LOCAL HUNT CLUB**, WATSON.

THEREFORE, I THINK I AM **FAIRLY** JUSTIFIED IN MY SPECULATIONS.



AS FOR MY **ADJECTIVES**, I BELIEVE I SAID **AMABLE, UNAMBITIOUS, AND ABSENT-MINDED**...

IT IS MY EXPERIENCE THAT ONLY AN **AMABLE** MAN RECEIVES **TESTIMONIALS**...



...ONLY AN **UNAMBITIOUS** ONE ABANDONS A LONDON CAREER FOR THE **COUNTRY**...

...AND ONLY AN **ABSENT-MINDED** ONE LEAVES HIS WALKING STICK BUT NOT HIS **CALLING-CARD** AFTER WAITING AN HOUR IN YOUR **ROOM**.





AND  
THE  
DOG...?

HAS BEEN IN THE HABIT  
OF CARRYING THIS STICK  
BEHIND HIS MASTER.

BEING A  
HEAVY  
STICK, THE  
DOG HAS  
HELD IT  
TIGHTLY BY  
THE MIDDLE.



... LEAVING THE INCISED  
MARKS OF ITS **TEETH**  
PLAINLY VISIBLE.



THE DOG'S **JAW**, AS CALIBRATED BY  
THE SPACE BETWEEN THE **TEETH-  
MARKS**, IS TOO BROAD FOR A TERRIER  
AND NOT BROAD ENOUGH FOR A  
**MASTIFF**.

IT MAY  
HAVE  
BEEN--



**YES, BY JOVE-- IT IS A  
CURLY-HAIRED SPANIEL!**



BUT MY DEAR  
**FELLOW-- HOW  
CAN YOU  
POSSIBLY  
BE SO SURE  
OF THAT--?**



FOR THE VERY  
**SIMPLE** REASON,  
WATSON--



--THAT I  
SEE THE  
DOG  
**HIMSELF**  
ON OUR  
VERY  
**DOOR-  
STEP.**



AND **THERE** IS THE  
RING OF ITS  
**OWNER.**

DON'T MOVE. I **BEG**  
YOU, WATSON. HE IS A  
PROFESSIONAL **BROTHER**  
OF YOURS, AND YOUR  
**PRESENCE** MAY BE OF  
**ASSISTANCE** TO ME...



NOW IS THE DRAMATIC MOMENT OF *FATE*, WATSON, WHEN YOU HEAR THE STAIR CREAK UNDER THE STEP OF ONE WHO IS WALKING INTO YOUR *LIFE*, AND YOU KNOW NOT WHETHER FOR *GOOD* OR *ILL*.

WHAT DOES DR. JAMES MORTIMER, THE MAN OF *SCIENCE*, ASK OF *SHERLOCK HOLMES*, THE SPECIALIST IN *CRIME*?



COME IN!

SINCE I HAD EXPECTED A TYPICAL COUNTRY PRACTITIONER, THE APPEARANCE OF OUR VISITOR WAS A *SURPRISE* TO ME...

HE WAS A VERY TALL, *TWAIN* MAN WITH A LONG NOSE LIKE A *BEAK*—BETWEEN KEEN, *GREY* EYES SET CLOSELY TOGETHER AND SPARKLING BRIGHTLY FROM BEHIND A PAIR OF GOLD-RIMMED *GLASSES*.

HE WAS CLAD IN A PROFESSIONAL BUT RATHER *SLOVENLY* FASHION, FOR HIS FROCK-COAT WAS *DINGY* AND HIS TROUSERS *FRAYED*.



THOUGH *YOUNG*, HIS LONG BACK WAS ALREADY *BOWED*, AND HE WALKED WITH A FORWARD THRUST OF HIS *HEAD* AND A GENERAL AIR OF *PEERING BENEVOLENCE*...

AS HE ENTERED, HIS EYES FELL UPON THE STICK IN HOLMES' HAND, AND HE MOVED TOWARD IT WITH AN EXCLAMATION OF JOY...

I AM SO *RELIEVED*—! YOU SEE, I WAS NOT SURE WHETHER I HAD LEFT IT *HERE* OR IN THE *SHIPPING OFFICE*...



...AND I COULD NOT BEAR TO LOSE THAT STICK FOR THE *WORLD*.

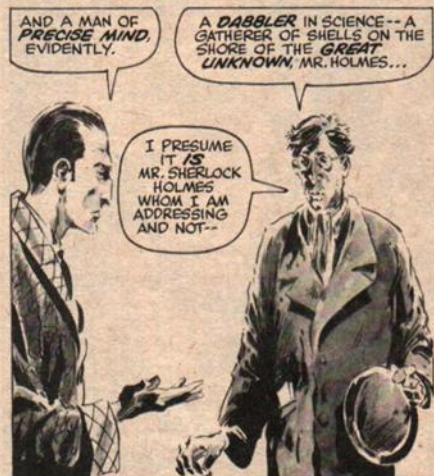
YES... A *PRESENTATION*, I SEE...

YES, SIR.



FROM *CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL*?







...BUT A **BRIEF** ONE, AS MORTIMER RETURNED HIS ATTENTION TO HOLMES...

YOU **INTEREST** ME VERY **MUCH**, MR. HOLMES. I HAD HARDLY EXPECTED SO **DOLICHOCEPHALIC** A SKULL--OR SUCH WELL-MARKED **SUPRA-ORBITAL DEVELOPMENT**.

AND WHILE IT IS NOT MY INTENTION TO BE **FULSOME**, I MUST CONFESS THAT I **COVET** YOUR SKULL...

A **CAST** OF IT--UNTIL THE **ORIGINAL** IS AVAILABLE-- WOULD BE A PRIZED ORNAMENT TO ANY **ANTHROPOLOGICAL MUSEUM**.

WOULD YOU HAVE ANY **OBJECTION** TO MY EXAMINING YOUR **PARIETAL FISSURE**...?

I WOULD MUCH RATHER YOU PLEASE BE **SEATED**, SIR.

OH... YES... OF **COURSE**.

HOLMES WAS THEN **SILENT** FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS, BUT HIS LITTLE DARTING GLANCES ILLUSTRATED THE **INTEREST** HE TOOK IN OUR CURIOUS COMPANION. FINALLY HE **SPOKE**...

I OBSERVE FROM YOUR **FOREFINGER**, SIR--

--THAT YOU MAKE YOUR OWN **CIGARETTES**.

HAVE NO HESITATION IN **LIGHTING** ONE.

THE MAN DREW OUT **PAPER** AND **TOBACCO**, AND TWIRLED THE ONE UP IN THE OTHER WITH SURPRISING **DEXTERITY**...

I **PERCEIVE**, SIR, THAT YOU ARE AN **ENTHUSIAST** IN YOUR LINE OF THOUGHT-- AS I AM IN **MINE**...

HOWEVER, I PRESUME THAT IT WAS NOT MERELY FOR THE PURPOSE OF EXAMINING MY **SKULL** THAT YOU HAVE CALLED HERE LAST NIGHT AND AGAIN **TODAY**...?







## 2. THE LEGEND





THE EXACT DATE OF THIS FAMILY PAPER IS 1742. MR. HOLMES.

IT WAS COMMITTED TO MY CARE BY SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE WHOSE SUDDEN AND TRAGIC DEATH SOME THREE MONTHS AGO CREATED SO MUCH EXCITEMENT IN DEVONSHIRE.

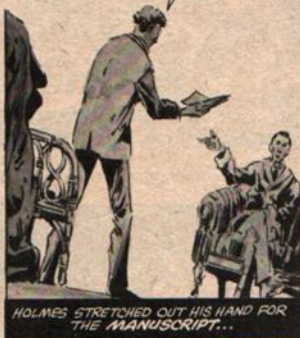


AS WELL AS HIS MEDICAL ATTENDANT, I WAS A PERSONAL FRIEND OF SIR CHARLES. HE WAS A STRONG-MINDED MAN, SIR... SHREWD, PRACTICAL AND AS UNIMAGINATIVE AS I AM MYSELF.



YET HE TOOK THIS DOCUMENT VERY SERIOUSLY.

...AND HIS MIND WAS PREPARED FOR JUST SUCH AN END AS DID EVENTUALLY OVERTAKE HIM.



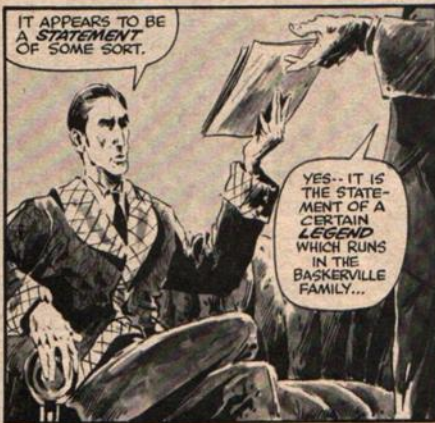
HOLMES STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND FOR THE MANUSCRIPT...

...AND I LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE YELLOW PAPER AND FADED SCRIPT AS HE FLATTENED IT OUT ON HIS KNEE. AT THE HEAD WAS WRITTEN: "BASKERVILLE HALL"--- AND AT THE BOTTOM, IN LARGE SCRAWLING FIGURES: "1742."

YOU WILL OBSERVE WATSON, THE ALTERNATIVE USE OF THE LONG "S" AND THE SHORT. IT IS ONE OF SEVERAL INDICATIONS WHICH ENABLED ME TO FIX THE DATE.



IT APPEARS TO BE A STATEMENT OF SOME SORT.



YES-- IT IS THE STATEMENT OF A CERTAIN LEGEND WHICH RUNS IN THE BASKERVILLE FAMILY...

BUT IT IS SOMETHING MORE MODERN AND PRACTICAL UPON WHICH YOU WISH TO CONSULT ME?



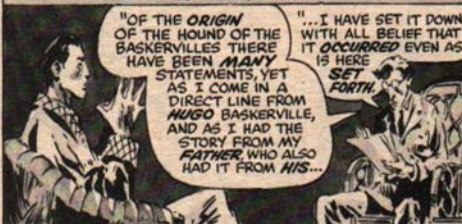
MOST MODERN, A MOST PRACTICAL, PRESSING MATTER-- WHICH MUST BE DECIDED WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

BUT THE MANUSCRIPT IS SHORT AND INTIMATELY CONNECTED WITH THE AFFAIR. WITH YOUR PERMISSION I WILL READ IT TO YOU...





HOLMES LEANED BACK IN HIS CHAIR, PLACED HIS FINGERTIPS TOGETHER, AND CLOSED HIS EYES WITH AN AIR OF RESIGNATION. DR. MORTIMER THEN BEGAN TO READ A CURIOUS, OLD-WORLD NARRATIVE...



"OF THE ORIGIN OF THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES THERE HAVE BEEN MANY STATEMENTS, YET AS I COME IN A DIRECT LINE FROM HUGO BASKERVILLE, AND AS I HAD THE STORY FROM MY FATHER, WHO ALSO HAD IT FROM HIS...

"...I HAVE SET IT DOWN WITH ALL BELIEF THAT IT OCCURRED EVEN AS IS HERE SET FORTH."

"AND I WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE, MY SONS, THAT THE SAME JUSTICE WHICH PUNISHES SIN MAY ALSO MOST GRACIOUSLY FORGIVE IT. LEARN, THEN, FROM THIS STORY NOT TO FEAR THE FRUITS OF THE PAST, BUT RATHER BE CIRCUMSPECT IN THE FUTURE..."

"...THAT THOSE FOUL PASSIONS WHEREBY OUR FAMILY HAS SO GRIEVOUSLY SUFFERED MAY NOT AGAIN BE LOOSED TO OUR UNDOING."



Know then that in the time of the Great Rebellion, this Manor of Baskerville was held by Hugo of that name...



...nor can it be denied that he was a most wild, profane, and godless man.

This, in truth, his neighbors might have pardoned, seeing that saints have never flourished in those parts...



...but there was in him a certain wanton and cruel humour which made his name a feared by-word through the West.

It chanced that this Hugo came to love (if indeed so dark a passion may be known under so bright a word) the daughter of a yeoman who held lands near the Baskerville estate.





*But the young maiden, being discreet and of good repute, would ever avoid him, for she feared his evil name and wicked nature.*



*So it came to pass that one Michaelmass this Hugo, with five or six of his idle and dissolute companions, stole down from the farm...*



*...and carried off the maiden, her father and brothers being away from home...*

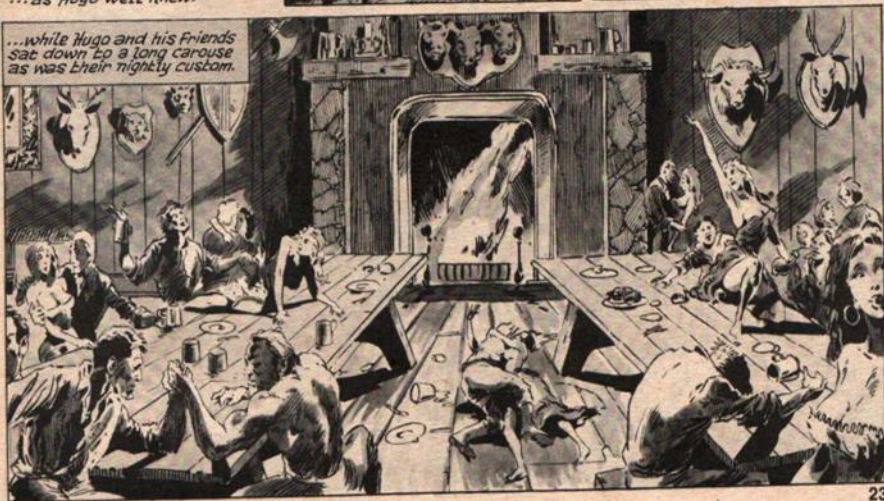
*When they had brought her back to Baskerville Hall against her will and under fierce protest...*

*...she was placed in an upper chamber and there imprisoned...*



*...as Hugo well knew.*

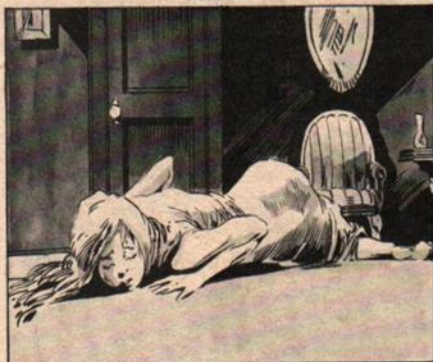
*...while Hugo and his friends sat down to a long carouse as was their nightly custom.*





*Now, the poor lass upstairs was like to have her wits turned by the singing and shouting and terrible oaths which came up to her from below...*

*...for they say the words used by Hugo Baskerville, when he was in wine, were such as to forever damn the man who voiced them.*



*At last, in the stress of her fear the maiden did that which might have daunted the bravest or most active of men...*

*...for by the aid of the growth of ivy which covered (and still covers) the south wall, she came down from under the eaves...*



*...and so homeward she dashed across the moor...*

*...there being three leagues betwixt the hall and her father's farm.*





*It chanced that some little time later Hugo left his guests to carry food and drink-- with other worse things, perchance-- up to his captive...*



*...and so found the cage empty and the bird escaped.*



*Then, as it would seem, he became as one that hath a devil, for he rushed down the stairs to the great Dining Hall...*



*...and sprang upon the great table. Flagon and trenchers flying before him, and he cried aloud before all the company...*



*...bellowing that he would that very night render his body and soul to the Powers of Evil if he might but overtake the wench.*



*And while the revellers stood aghast at the madness and fury of the man, one there was who, being more wicked-- or more drunken-- than the rest, cried out that they should put the hounds upon her.*





Whereat Hugo ran from the house, crying to his grooms that they should saddle his mare and unkennel the pack...



...and giving the hounds a kerchief of the maids...

...he swung them into line, and so off Full-cry in the moonlight over the moor.



Now for some space the revellers stood agape, but at length some sense came back to their crazed minds, and the whole of them, thirteen in number, also took horse...



...and started in pursuit as the Full moon shone clear above them.

They rode swiftly abreast taking that course which the maid must needs have taken if she were to reach her own home.



They had gone a mile or two when they passed one of the night-shepherds on the moorlands, and they cried to him to ask if he had seen the hunt.

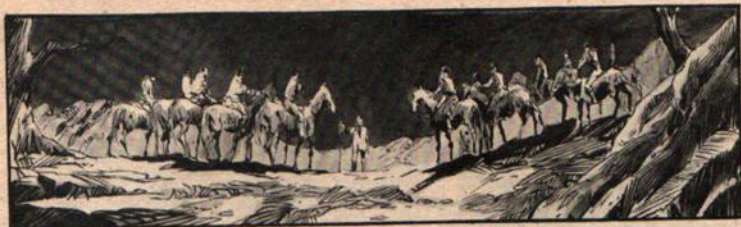


And the man, as the story goes, was so crazed with fear that he could scarce speak...

...but at last he said that he had indeed seen the unhappy maiden, with the hounds upon her track.







"But I have  
seen more than  
that," said he,  
"for Hugo  
Baskerville  
passed me  
upon his black  
mare--"

"--and there ran mute behind  
him such a Hound of Hell as  
God forbid should ever race  
at my heels!"



So the drunken squires cursed the shepherd  
and rode onward...



But soon their skins turned cold, for there came  
a sound of galloping across the moor...

...and the black mare, dabbled with white froth,  
thundered past with trailing bridle...



...and empty saddle.

Then the revellers rode close together, for a  
great fear was upon them. But they still  
followed over the moor...



...though each, had he been alone, would have  
been glad to turn his horse's head.



*Riding slowly in this fashion, they came at last upon the hounds. These, though known for their valour and breed, were whimpering in a cluster at the head of a deep gyal in the moor...*



*...some slinking away and some, with starting hackles and staring eyes, gazing back down the narrow valley behind them.*

*The company came to a halt, now more sober men, as you may guess, than when they started. The most of them would by no means advance...*

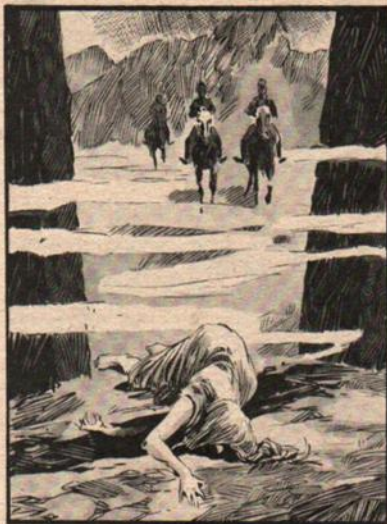


*...but three of them, the boldest--or the most drunken--rode forward down the gyal.*

*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 bright upon the clearing and through the thick fog, there in the centre they saw the unhappy maid where she had fallen, dead of fear and 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 dare-devil roisterers...*



*...but it was that, crouched over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood a foul thing--a great black beast, shaped like a hound...*



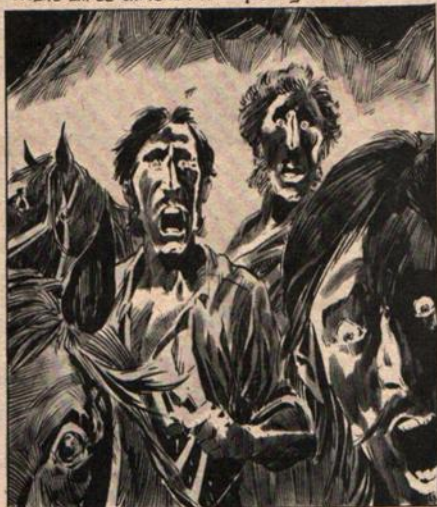
*...yet larger than any hound that mortal eye has ever rested upon...*



*And even as they looked,  
the thing tore the throat  
out of Hugo Baskerville...*



*...the three shrieked with quaking terror...*



*...on  
which,  
as it  
turned  
its  
blazing  
eyes  
and  
dripping  
jaws  
upon  
them...*



*...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 twain  
were but broken men for  
the rest of their days.



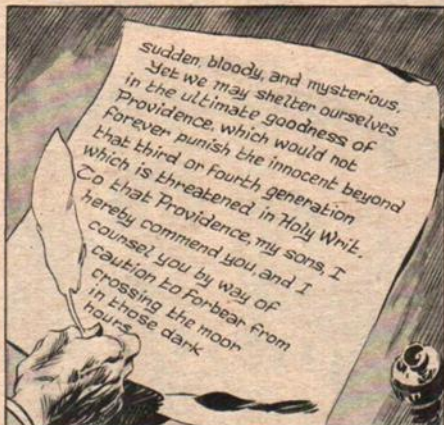
Such is the tale my sons, of the  
coming of the Hell-Hound which is  
said to have plagued the family  
so sorely ever since.



If I have set it down it is because  
that which is clearly known hath  
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.



sudden, bloody, and mysterious.  
Yet we may shelter ourselves  
in the ultimate goodness of  
Providence, which would not  
forever punish the innocent beyond  
that third or fourth generation  
which is threatened in Holy Writ.  
So that Providence, my sons, I  
hereby commend you, and I  
counsel you by way of  
caution to forbear from  
crossing the moon  
in those dark  
hours.

"--WHEN THE POWERS  
OF EVIL ARE  
EXALTED."

"THIS FROM HUGO  
BASKERVILLE TO HIS  
SONS RODGER AND JOHN,  
WITH INSTRUCTIONS THAT  
THEY SAY NOTHING  
THEREOF TO THEIR  
SISTER ELIZABETH."



WHEN DR. MORTIMER HAD  
FINISHED READING THE SINGULAR  
NARRATIVE, HE PUSHED HIS  
SPECTACLES UP ON HIS FOREHEAD  
AND STARED ACROSS AT  
MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES...



WELL?

BUT HOLMES MERELY COVERED A  
YAWN, APPARENTLY OF BOREDOM,  
AND TOSSED THE END OF HIS  
CIGARETTE INTO THE FIRE...



DO YOU NOT  
FIND IT  
INTERESTING--?

TO A COLLECTOR OF  
FAIRY-TALES.  
PERHAPS.





THEN, MR. HOLMES, PERHAPS I SHOULD GIVE YOU SOMETHING MORE RECENT...

THIS IS A CLIPPING FROM THE **DEVON COUNTY CHRONICLE** OF JUNE 14<sup>TH</sup> OF THIS YEAR. IT IS A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE **FACTS** ELICITED AT THE DEATH OF **SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE** WHICH OCCURRED A FEW DAYS PRIOR TO THAT DATE.

MY FRIEND NOW LEANED FORWARD WITH **RAPT ATTENTION** AS OUR VISITOR READJUSTED HIS SPECTACLES AND **BEGAN...**

"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 RESIDED AT BASKERVILLE HALL FOR A COMPARATIVELY **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 *nouveaux riches* it is refreshing to find a case where the scion of an old country family which has fallen upon unfortunate days is able to make his own fortune and to bring it back with him to restore the fallen grandeur of his line.

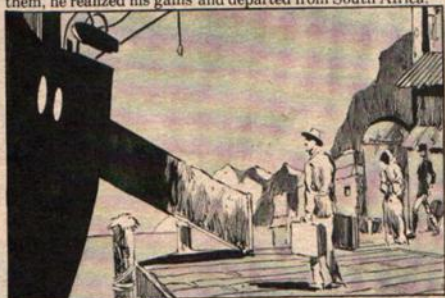
Sir Charles, as is well known, made large sums of money in South African speculation.



It is only two years since he returned to England and took up residence in Baskerville Hall.



More wise than those who go on until the wheel turns against them, he realized his gains and departed from South Africa.



But it is common talk how large were those schemes of reconstruction and improvement which have been interrupted by his death.



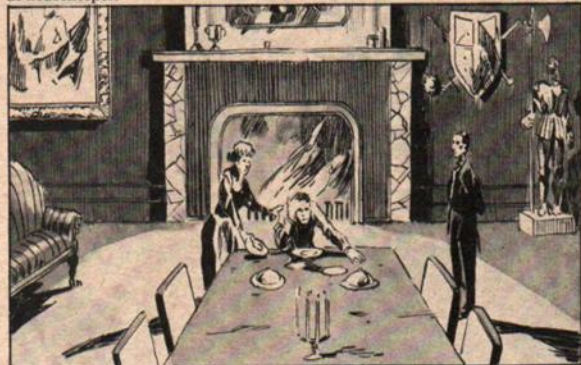


Being himself childless, it was his openly expressed desire that the whole countryside should, within his lifetime, profit by his good fortune, and many will have personal reasons for bewailing his untimely end.



His generous donations to local and county charities have been frequently chronicled in these columns.

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 taste, and his indoor servants at Baskerville Hall consisted of a married couple named Barrymore, the husband acting as butler and the wife as housekeeper.



Their testimony points especially to some affection of the heart, manifesting itself in changes of colour, breathlessness, and acute attacks of nervous depression.



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 to which local superstition has given rise.



There is no reason whatever to suspect foul play, or to imagine that death could be from any but natural causes.



Their evidence, corroborated by that of several friends, tends to show that Sir Charles' health has for some time been impaired.



Dr. James Mortimer, the friend and medical attendant of the deceased, has given evidence to the same effect.



The facts of the case are simple. On the 4th of June, Sir Charles had declared his intentions of starting next day for London, and had ordered Barrymore to prepare his luggage.

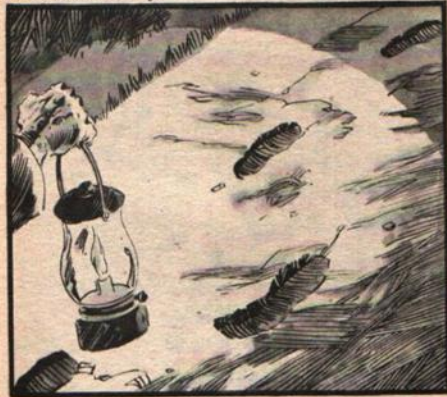


That night, he then went out for his usual nocturnal walk.

This night, he never returned.



The day had been wet, and Sir Charles' footmarks were easily traced down the alley.



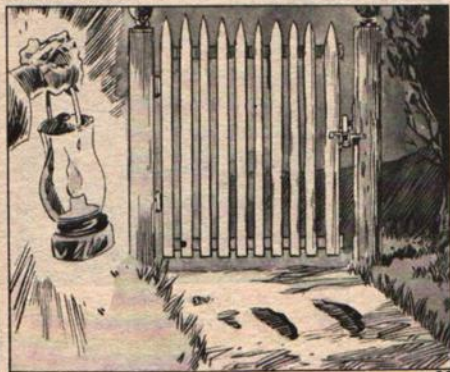
It was his habit every night, before going to bed, of walking down the famous Yew Alley of Baskerville Hall, in the course of which he would smoke a cigar.



At twelve o'clock, finding the hall door still open, Barrymore became alarmed and, lighting a lantern, went in search of his master.



Half-way down this walk there is a gate which leads out on to the moor. There were indications that Sir Charles had stood for some little time there.

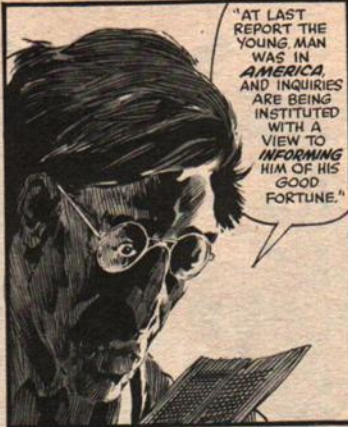




Had the prosaic finding of the coroner not finally put an end to the romantic stories which have been whispered in connection with the affair, it might have been difficult to find a new tenant for Baskerville Hall.



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.



"AT LAST REPORT THE YOUNG MAN WAS IN AMERICA, AND INQUIRIES ARE BEING INSTITUTED WITH A VIEW TO INFORMING HIM OF HIS GOOD FORTUNE."



THOSE ARE THE PUBLIC FACTS, MR. HOLMES, IN CONNECTION WITH THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE.

I MUST THANK YOU FOR CALLING MY ATTENTION TO A CASE WHICH CERTAINLY PRESENTS SOME FEATURES OF INTEREST.

YOU SAY THIS ARTICLE CONTAINS ALL THE PUBLIC FACTS. LET ME NOW HEAR THE PRIVATE ONES.



PLACING HIS FINGERTIPS TOGETHER, HOLMES LEANED BACK TO ASSUME HIS MOST IMPASSIVE AND JUDICIAL EXPRESSION...

IN DOING SO, MR. HOLMES, I WILL BE TELLING YOU THAT WHICH I HAVE NOT CONFIDED TO ANYONE.

MY MOTIVE FOR WITHHOLDING INFORMATION FROM THE CORONER'S JURY IS THAT A MAN OF SCIENCE SHRINKS FROM THE POSITION OF ENDORSING A POPULAR SUPERSTITION...



ALSO, AS THE ARTICLE SAYS, BASKERVILLE HALL WOULD CERTAINLY REMAIN UNTENANTED IF ANYTHING WERE TO INCREASE ITS ALREADY GRIM REPUTATION.

FOR BOTH THESE REASONS, I BELIEVED I WAS JUSTIFIED TO TELL LESS THAN I KNEW...



... BUT THERE IS NO REASON WHY I SHOULD NOT BE PERFECTLY FRANK WITH YOU.



THE MOOR IS VERY **SPARSELY INHABITED**, AND WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MR. FRANKLIN OF LAFTER HALL AND MR. STAPLETON, THE **NATURALIST** SIR CHARLES WAS THE ONLY OTHER MAN OF **EDUCATION** WITHIN MANY **MILES...**



...AND WHEN THE CHANCE OF HIS **ILLNESS** BROUGHT US TOGETHER, OUR COMMON INTERESTS IN SCIENCE **KEPT US SO.**

"HE HAD BROUGHT BACK **MUCH** SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION INDIGENOUS TO SOUTH AFRICA, AND WE SPENT MANY A PLEASANT EVENING **DISCUSSING THESE FACTS...**



"BUT IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS OF HIS **LIFE** IT BECAME INCREASINGLY **PLAIN** TO ME THAT HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM WAS **STRAINED TO THE BREAKING POINT.**



"HE HAD TAKEN THE **LEGEND** EXCEEDINGLY **TO HEART**—TO THE EXTENT THAT, ALTHOUGH HE WOULD WALK HIS **OWN** GROUNDS, **NOTHING** COULD INDUCE HIM TO SET FOOT UPON THE MOOR AT **NIGHT...**

"INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY **APPEAR** TO YOU, MR. HOLMES, THE IDEA OF SOME **GHASTLY PRESENCE** CONSTANTLY **HARUNTED HIM**—AND ON MORE THAN **ONE** OCCASION HE ASKED ME IF I HAD EVER SEEN A **STRANGE CREATURE** ON THE MOOR AT NIGHT, OR HEARD THE **BAYING** OF A **WOLF...**



"THE **LATTER** QUESTION HE PUT TO ME **SEVERAL** TIMES, AND ALWAYS WITH A VOICE WHICH VERGED ON **MYSTERY.**

"I CAN WELL REMEMBER DRIVING UP TO HIS HOUSE SOME **THREE** WEEKS BEFORE THE **FATAL** EVENT. I HAD DESCENDED FROM MY **GIG** AND WAS STANDING IN **FRONT** OF HIM, WHEN I SAW HIS **EYES** FIX THEMSELVES OVER MY **SHOULDER** AND FILL WITH AN EXPRESSION OF THE MOST **DREADFUL HORROR.**



"I **WHISKED** AROUND AND HAD JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GLIMPSE SOMETHING WHICH I TOOK TO BE A **LARGE BLACK CALF** PASSING AT THE HEAD OF THE **DRIVE.**





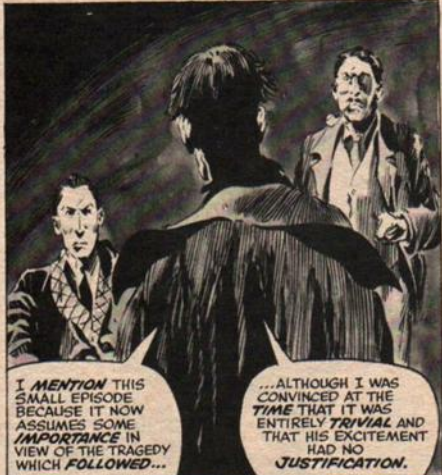
"SO EXCITED AND **ALARMED** WAS HE THAT I WAS COMPELLED TO SEARCH FOR THE ANIMAL."



"IT WAS **GONE**, HOWEVER AND THE INCIDENT APPEARED TO MAKE THE **Worst** IMPRESSION ON HIS MIND..."



"I STAYED WITH HIM ALL THE EVENING, AND IT WAS ON THIS OCCASION TO EXPLAIN THE **EMOTION** HE HAD DISPLAYED, THAT HE CONFIDED TO MY KEEPING THE DOCUMENT I EARLIER READ TO YOU..."



I MENTION THIS SMALL EPISODE BECAUSE IT NOW ASSUMES SOME **IMPORTANCE** IN VIEW OF THE TRAGEDY WHICH FOLLOWED...

...ALTHOUGH I WAS CONVINCED AT THE TIME THAT IT WAS ENTIRELY **TRIVIAL** AND THAT HIS EXCITEMENT HAD NO **JUSTIFICATION**.

IT WAS ON MY ADVICE THAT SIR CHARLES WAS ABOUT TO GO TO **LONDON**, HOWEVER CHIMERICAL THE CAUSE OF HIS ANXIETY MIGHT BE I KNEW IT WAS HAVING A SERIOUS AFFECT UPON HIS **HEALTH** - AND BELIEVED THAT A FEW MONTHS AMONG THE DISTRACTIONS OF **TOWN** WOULD SEND HIM BACK A **NEW MAN**.



MR. STAPLETON, A MUTUAL FRIEND WAS OF THE **SAME OPINION**... BUT AT THE LAST INSTANT CAME THE TERRIBLE **CATASTROPHE**.

"AFTER DISCOVERING SIR CHARLES'S **BODY**, BARRYMORE SENT PERKINS THE GROOM ON HORSEBACK TO **FETCH 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 FIRST FOLLOWING THE FOOTPRINTS DOWN THE YEW ALLEY..."

"...THEN PAUSING AT THE MOOR-GATE WHERE HE SEEMED TO HAVE WAITED, NOTING THE CHANGE IN THE SHAPE OF HIS PRINTS AFTER THAT POINT..."



"...AND OBSERVING THAT THERE WERE NO OTHER FOOTPRINTS ON THE SOFT GRAVEL, SAVE THOSE OF BARRYMORE."

"AND FINALLY, I CAREFULLY EXAMINED THE BODY, WHICH HAD NOT BEEN TOUCHED UNTIL MY ARRIVAL."



"SIR CHARLES LAY ON HIS FACE HIS ARMS OUT, FINGERS DESPERATELY DUG INTO THE GROUND..."

"...AND HIS FEATURES WERE CONVULSED TO SUCH SHOCKING EXTENT THAT I COULD HARDLY HAVE SWORN TO HIS IDENTITY."



"STILL, THERE WAS CERTAINLY NO PHYSICAL INJURY OF ANY KIND..."

"...BUT ONE FALSE STATEMENT WAS MADE BY BARRYMORE AT THE INQUEST. HE SAID THERE WERE NO TRACES ON THE GROUND AROUND THE BODY, PERHAPS HE DID NOT OBSERVE ANY..."



"...BUT I DID-- SOME LITTLE DISTANCE OFF, BUT STILL FRESH AND CLEAR."

"FOOTPRINTS--? MADE BY A MAN OR A WOMAN--?"

DR. MORTIMER LOOKED STRANGELY AT US FOR A MOMENT, AND HIS VOICE FELL ALMOST TO A WHISPER AS HE ANSWERED--



MR. HOLMES... THEY WERE THE FOOTPRINTS OF A GIGANTIC HOUND."



"SO EXCITED AND **ALARMED** WAS HE THAT I WAS COMPELLED TO **SEARCH** FOR THE ANIMAL."



"IT WAS **GONE**, HOWEVER AND THE INCIDENT APPEARED TO MAKE THE **WORST IMPRESSION** ON HIS **MIND**..."



"I **STAYED** WITH HIM ALL THE EVENING, AND IT WAS ON THIS OCCASION TO EXPLAIN THE **EMOTION** HE HAD DISPLAYED, THAT HE CONFIDED TO MY KEEPING THE DOCUMENT I **EARLIER READ** TO YOU..."



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### 3. THE PROBLEM

I CONFESS THAT AT THESE WORDS A **SHUDDER** PASSED THROUGH ME. THERE WAS A **THRILL** IN THE DOCTOR'S VOICE WHICH SHOWED THAT HE WAS HIMSELF DEEPLY MOVED BY THAT WHICH HE TOLD US. HOLMES LEANED FORWARD WITH HIS EXCITEMENT, AND HIS EYES HAD THE HARD DRY GLITTER WHICH SHOT FROM THEM WHEN HE WAS KEENLY INTERESTED...

you **SAW** THIS?

AND YOU SAID **NOTHING**?

AS CLEARLY AS I SEE **YOU**.

WHAT WAS THE **USE**?



HOW WAS IT THAT NO ONE **ELSE** SAW THEM?



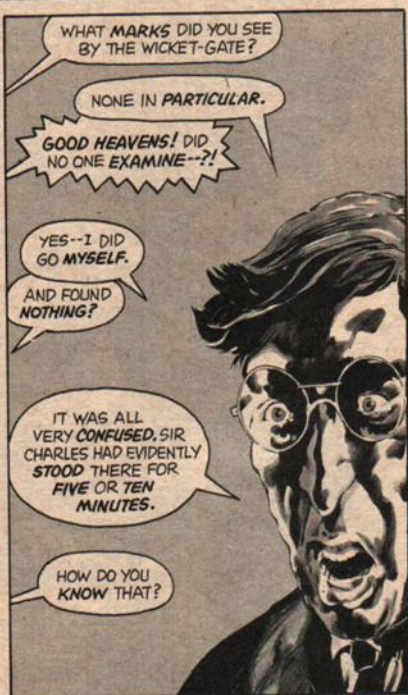
THE MARKS WERE SOME **TWENTY YARDS** FROM THE BODY, AND NO ONE GAVE THEM A **THOUGHT**-- NOR WOULD I, HAD I NOT KNOWN THE **LEGEND**.

THERE ARE MANY **SHEEP-DOGS** ON THE MOOR?



NO DOUBT, BUT **THIS** WAS NO **SHEEP-DOG**.















YOU SEE, THERE HAVE NOW COME TO MY EARS **SEVERAL** INCIDENTS WHICH ARE DIFFICULT TO **RECONCILE** WITH THE **SETTLED ORDER OF NATURE**.

FOR  
EXAMPLE...?

WELL, JUST **BEFORE** THE TERRIBLE EVENT OF SIR CHARLES'S **DEATH**, SEVERAL PEOPLE HAD SEEN A CREATURE UPON THE MOOR WHICH **CORRESPONDS** WITH THIS **BASKERVILLE DEMON**...

...AND WHICH COULD NOT **POSSIBLY** HAVE BEEN ANY ANIMAL KNOWN TO **SCIENCE**.

THEY ALL AGREED THAT IT WAS A **HUGE** CREATURE...

...**LUMINOUS**...  
**GHASTLY**... AND  
**SPECTRAL**.

I HAVE **CROSS-EXAMINED** THESE MEN, ONE OF THEM A **HARD-HEADED COUNTRY** MAN, ONE A **FARRIER**, AND ONE A **MOORLAND FARMER**...

I **ASSURE** YOU THAT THERE IS A REIGN OF **TERROR** IN THAT DISTRICT--AND THAT IT IS A **HARDY MAN INDEED** WHO WILL CROSS THE MOOR AT **NIGHT**.

--WHO **ALL** TELL THE **SAME** STORY OF THIS DREADFUL APPARITION, **EXACTLY** CORRESPONDING TO THE **NELL-HOUND** OF THE **LEGEND**.

AND **YOU**--A **TRAINED** MAN OF **SCIENCE**--BELIEVE THE REASON TO BE **SUPERNATURAL**?



SIR, I HAVE HITHERTO CONFINED MY INVESTIGATIONS TO *THIS* WORLD, IN A *MODEST* WAY I HAVE COMBATTED *EVIL*-- BUT TO TAKE ON THE *FATHER OF EVIL HIMSELF* WOULD PERHAPS BE SOMEWHAT TOO *AMBITIOUS* A TASK...



AND YET YOU *MUST ADMIT* THAT YOUR HOUND'S FOOT-PRINT WAS A THING OF *SUBSTANCE* AND *REALITY*...



THE *ORIGINAL HOUND* WAS REAL AND SUBSTANTIAL ENOUGH TO *RIP A MAN'S THROAT OUT*-- AND YET *DIABOLICAL*, AS WELL!

I NOW SEE THAT YOU HAVE *QUITE GONE OVER TO THE SUPER-NATURALISTS'* SIDE. BUT TELL ME *THIS*, DR. MORTIMER-- IF YOU *HOLD* THESE VIEWS, WHY HAVE YOU COME TO *CONSULT* ME AT ALL?



IN THE *SAME BREATH*, YOU TELL ME THAT IT IS *USELESS* TO INVESTIGATE SIR CHARLES'S DEATH, AND THAT YOU DESIRE ME TO *DO IT*.



I DID *NOT* SAY THAT I DESIRED YOU TO *DO IT*.

OH? THEN IN WHAT MANNER CAN I ASSIST YOU?



BY ADVISING ME AS TO WHAT I SHOULD DO WITH SIR *HENRY BASKERVILLE*, WHO ARRIVES AT *WATERLOO STATION*--

-- IN EXACTLY... *ONE HOUR AND A QUARTER*.



HE BEING THE *HEIR*.



YES--OUR *INQUIRIES* FOUND THAT HE HAD BEEN FARMING IN *CANADA*, FROM ALL *ACCOUNTS*, HE SEEMS TO BE AN *EXCELLENT* FELLOW IN *EVERY WAY*.

AND I SPEAK NOW, NOT AS A *MEDICAL* MAN, BUT AS TRUSTEE AND *EXECUTOR* OF SIR CHARLES'S *WILL*.

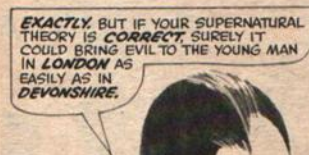
THERE IS NO *OTHER* CLAIMANT, I PRESUME?

THE *THIRD*-- *RODGER*-- WAS THE *BLACK SHEEP* OF THE FAMILY...

*NONE*. THE ONLY OTHER KINSMAN WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TRACE WAS *RODGER BASKERVILLE*, THE YOUNGEST OF THREE BROTHERS OF WHOM POOR SIR CHARLES WAS THE *ELDER*. THE *SECOND* BROTHER, WHO DIED *YOUNG*, IS THE *FATHER* OF THIS LAD *HENRY*.













HOLMES THEN RETURNED TO HIS SEAT WITH THAT QUIET LOOK OF **SATISFACTION** WHICH MEANT THAT HE ANTICIPATED A CONGENIAL TASK **BEFORE** HIM...



...AND THAT HE WOULD THEREFORE WISH TO BE **ALONE**.

GOING OUT, WATSON?



UNLESS I CAN **HELP** YOU.

NO, MY DEAR FELLOW, IT IS AT THE HOUR OF **ACTION** THAT I TURN TO YOU FOR **INVALUABLE** AID...

...BUT WHEN YOU PASS **BRADLEY'S**, WOULD YOU ASK HIM TO SEND UP A POUND OF HIS STRONGEST **SHAG TOBACCO**?



AND IT WOULD BE JUST AS **WELL** IF YOU COULD MAKE IT CONVENIENT NOT TO RETURN BEFORE **EVENING**...

AT THAT TIME, I SHOULD BE VERY **GLAD** TO COMPARE **IMPRESSIONS** WITH YOU ON THIS MOST **SPLENDID** AND **UNIQUE** PROBLEM WHICH HAS BEEN **SUBMITTED** TO US.



VERY WELL, HOLMES. I WISH YOU **LUCK**.

I KNEW THAT **SECLUSION** AND **SOLITUDE** WERE VERY **NECESSARY** TO MY FRIEND IN THOSE LONG HOURS OF **MENTAL CONCENTRATION**...



THEY WERE TIMES DURING WHICH HE WOULD WEIGH EVERY MINUTE PARTICLE OF **EVIDENCE**...



...CONSTRUCT **ALTERNATIVE THEORIES**, BALANCING ONE AGAINST THE **OTHER**...





...UNTIL HIS MIND WAS MADE UP AS TO WHICH POINTS WERE ESSENTIAL AND WHICH WERE IMMATERIAL.

ONLY THEN  
WOULD  
ACTION  
FOLLOW!

YOU SEE IT,  
WATSON...?  
YOU SEE  
IT?!

HOLMES!  
W-WHAT...?

THE BAND!  
THE  
SPECKLED  
BAND!

SUCH ACTION MIGHT PLUNGE US INTO  
CIRCUMSTANCES QUITE BIZARRE...  
EVEN HORRENDOUS. IT MOST  
DEFINITELY DID IN THE INFAMOUS  
"ADVENTURE OF THE SPECKLED BAND"...

...AND ALL THAT DR. MORTIMER  
HAD HINTED AT SEEMED TO  
PORTEND EVENTS EVEN MORE  
MACABRE THAN THAT GRISLY  
AFFAIR!

"CHRONICLED IN 'THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES,' AND--PERHAPS SOMEDAY--IN THESE PAGES, ARCHIE.



FOR THE PRESENT HOWEVER **NOTHING** WOULD TRANSPIRE UNTIL HOLMES' SOLITARY MUSINGS ENDED...



I THEREFORE SPENT THE DAY IN THE STAID COMFORT OF MY CLUB...



...AND IT WAS NOT UNTIL **EVENING** THAT I MADE MY WAY BACK DOWN **BAKER STREET**.



IT WAS NEARLY **NINE O'CLOCK** WHEN I FOUND MYSELF ENTERING THE **SITTING ROOM** ONCE AGAIN...



MY **FIRST** IMPRESSION AS I OPENED THE DOOR WAS THAT A **FIRE** HAD BROKEN OUT...

...FOR THE ROOM WAS SO FILLED WITH **DENSE SMOKE** THAT THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP UPON THE TABLE WAS **BLURRED** BY IT.



AS I ENTERED, HOWEVER, MY FEARS WERE **ASSUAGED**, FOR IT WAS THE **ACRID FUMES** OF STRONG, HARSH **TOBACCO** WHICH SEIZED ME BY THE **THROAT** AND SET ME **HELPLESSLY COUGHING**...

THROUGH THE **HAZE** I HAD A VAGUE VISION OF HOLMES IN HIS DRESSING GOWN, COILED UP IN THE **ARMCHAIR** WITH HIS **BRIAR-ROOT PIPE** BETWEEN HIS LIPS. SEVERAL ROLLS OF PAPER LAY AROUND HIM...



CAUGHT COLD, WATSON?

NO-- IT'S THIS **POISONOUS ATMOSPHERE** WHICH HAS SET MY LUNGS TO **VIOLENT PROTEST**--!













THE DEVIL'S AGENTS MAY BE OF FLESH AND BLOOD, WATSON.



BUT NOW, THERE ARE TWO QUESTIONS AWAITING US AT THE OUT-SET. FIRST, HAS AN CRIME BEEN COMMITTED AT ALL?

AND SECOND, WHAT IS THAT CRIME-- IF ANY-- AND NOW WAS IT COMMITTED?



OF COURSE, IF DR. MORTIMER'S SUPER-NATURAL SURMISE SHOULD BE CORRECT, THERE IS THE END OF OUR INVESTIGATION...AND PERHAPS OUR LIVES AS WELL.

BUT IT IS INCUMBENT UPON US TO EXHAUST ALL OTHER HYPOTHESES BEFORE FALLING BACK ON THE SUPERNATURAL.



I THINK WE'LL SHUT THAT WINDOW AGAIN, WATSON, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

IT IS A SINGULAR CON-VICTION, BUT I FIND THAT A CONCENTRATED ATMOSPHERE ENCOURAGES A CONCENTRATION OF THOUGHT...



I HAVE NOT YET PUSHED THE CONVICTION TO THE POINT OF GETTING INTO A BOX TO THINK...

...BUT THAT IS THE LOGICAL CONSEQUENCE, I SHOULD IMAGINE...



HAVE YOU TURNED THE CASE OVER IN YOUR MIND?



YES-- I HAVE THOUGHT A GOOD DEAL OF IT IN THE COURSE OF THE DAY...

AND WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?



BEWILDERING.

YES, IT CERTAINLY HAS A CHARACTER OF ITS OWN. THERE ARE POINTS OF DISTINCTION TO IT-- SUCH AS THAT CHANGE IN THE FOOT-PRINTS, FOR EXAMPLE...

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT, WATSON?











## 4. Sir HENRY BASKERVILLE

OUR CLIENTS WERE **PUNCTUAL** TO THEIR APPOINTMENT, FOR THE CLOCK HAD JUST STRUCK **TEN** WHEN DR. MORTIMER WAS SHOWN UP, FOLLOWED BY THE **YOUNG BARONET...**

THE LATTER WAS A SMALL, ALERT, **DARK-EYED** MAN ABOUT THIRTY YEARS OF AGE, VERY **STURDILY BUILT**, WITH THICK **BLACK EYEBROWS** AND A STRONG, **PUGNACIOUS** FACE. HE WORE A **RUDDY TWEED SUIT**, AND HAD THE WEATHER-BEATEN APPEARANCE OF A MAN CONDITIONED TO THE **OUTDOORS.**

YET THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HIS STEADY EYE AND QUIET ASSURANCE OF HIS BEARING WHICH INDICATED THE **GENTLEMAN...**



WHY, **YES...** AND THE STRANGE THING **IS**, MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, THAT IF MY **FRIEND** HERE HAD NOT PROPOSED COMING TO YOU THIS MORNING, I WOULD HAVE COME ON MY **OWN.**



I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU THINK OUT LITTLE **PUZZLES--** AND I'VE **HAD** ONE THIS MORNING WHICH WANTS MORE THINKING OUT THAN I'M ABLE TO **GIVE** IT.

PRAY TAKE A **SEAT**, SIR HENRY...





NOW, DO I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU HAVE HAD SOME REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE SINCE ARRIVING IN LONDON?

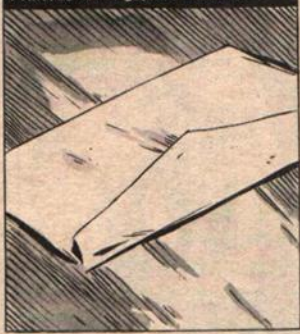


NOTHING OF MUCH IMPORTANCE, MR. HOLMES... MERELY A JOKE, AS LIKE AS NOT...

IT WAS THIS LETTER--IF YOU CAN CALL IT A LETTER--WHICH REACHED ME THIS MORNING.



HE LAID AN ENVELOPE ON THE TABLE, AND WE ALL BENT OVER IT. OF COMMON QUALITY, IT WAS GREYISH IN COLOUR, WITH THE ADDRESS PRINTED IN A CRUDE HAND...



WHO KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOTEL?



THAT'S THE PUZZLE, MR. HOLMES. NO ONE COULD HAVE KNOWN...

WE ONLY DECIDED ON THE HOTEL AFTER I MET DR. MORTIMER.

BUT DR. MORTIMER WAS, NO DOUBT, ALREADY STAYING THERE?



NO--I HAD BEEN STAYING WITH A FRIEND.

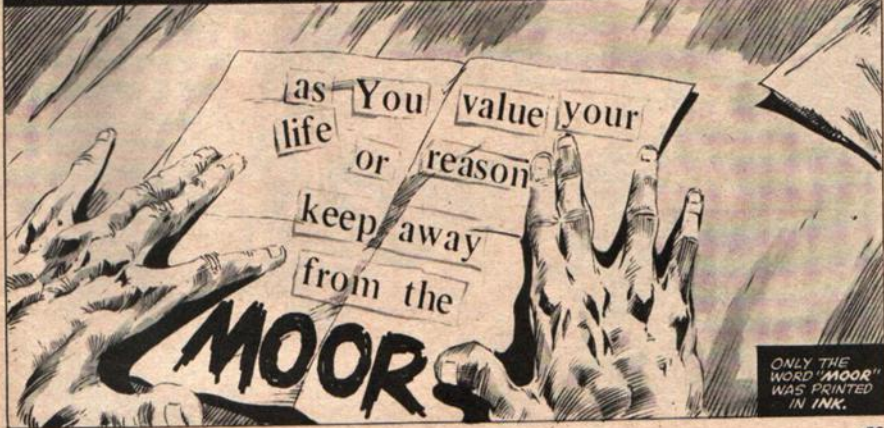
THERE WAS NO POSSIBLE INDICATION THAT WE INTENDED TO GO TO THAT HOTEL.

HMM. SOMEONE SEEMS TO BE VERY DEEPLY INTERESTED IN YOUR MOVEMENTS, SIR HENRY...



OUT OF THE ENVELOPE HOLMES TOOK A HALF-SHEET OF FOOLSCAP PAPER FOLDED INTO FOUR...

THIS HE OPENED AND SPREAD FLAT UPON THE TABLE, ACROSS THE MIDDLE OF IT A SINGLE SENTENCE HAD BEEN FORMED BY THE EXPEDIENT OF PASTING PRINTED WORDS UPON IT...



ONLY THE WORD "MOOR" WAS PRINTED IN INK.



NOW PERHAPS YOU WILL **TELL** ME, MR. HOLMES, WHAT IN THUNDER IS THE **MEANING** OF THAT--AND **WHO** IS IT THAT TAKES SO MUCH **INTEREST** IN MY AFFAIRS--?

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, DR. MORTIMER? YOU MUST CONCEDE THAT THERE IS NOTHING SUPER-NATURAL ABOUT **THIS** AT ANY RATE?

**NO, SIR--** BUT IT MIGHT VERY WELL COME FROM SOMEONE WHO WAS CONVINCED THAT THE BUSINESS IS SUPERNATURAL.

WHAT BUSINESS? IT SEEMS TO ME THAT **YOU** GENTLEMEN KNOW A GREAT DEAL MORE ABOUT MY AFFAIRS THAN I DO--!

YOU SHALL **SHARE** OUR KNOWLEDGE BEFORE YOU LEAVE THIS ROOM, SIR HENRY-- I **PROMISE** YOU THAT.

BUT WITH YOUR **PERMISSION**, WE WILL CONFINO OURSELVES FOR THE **PRESENT** TO THIS VERY INTERESTING **DOCUMENT**, WHICH MUST HAVE BEEN PUT TOGETHER AND POSTED **YESTERDAY EVENING...**

HAVE YOU YESTERDAY'S **TIMES**, WATSON--?

IT'S OVER IN THE **CORNER**, HOLMES.

MIGHT I **TROUBLE** YOU FOR IT, GOOD FELLOW--? THE **INSIDE** PAGE, PLEASE--WITH THE **LEADING** ARTICLES...

ACCEPTING THE REQUESTED PORTION OF THE **PAPER**, HE GLANCED SWIFTLY OVER IT, RUNNING HIS EYES UP AND DOWN THE **COLUMNS...**

CAPITAL **ARTICLE** THIS, ON **FREE TRADE**. PERMIT ME TO READ YOU AN **EXTRACT** FROM IT...

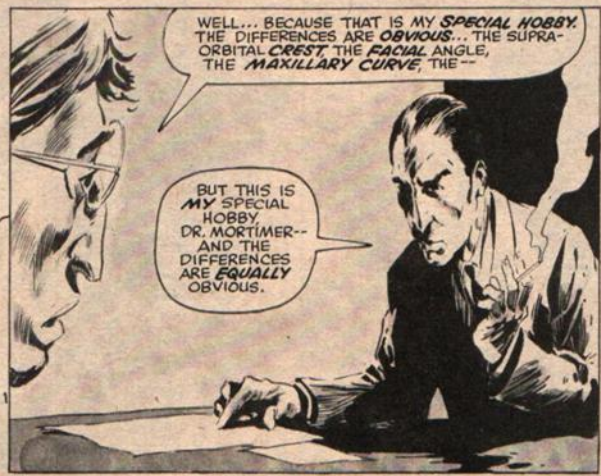
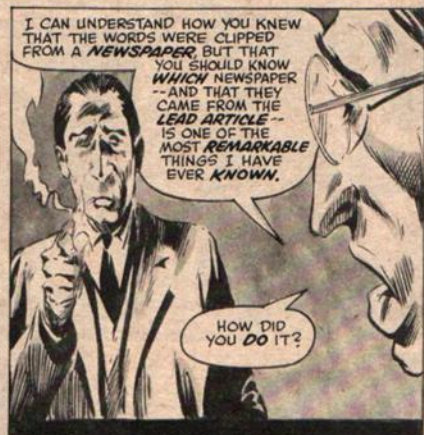
"YOU MAY BE CAJOLED INTO IMAGINING THAT **YOUR OWN** INDUSTRY WILL BE ENCOURAGED BY A PROTECTIVE TARIFF, BUT IT STANDS TO **REASON** THAT SUCH LEGISLATION MUST IN THE LONG RUN **KEEP AWAY** WEALTH **FROM** THE COUNTRY, DIMINISH THE **VALUE** OF OUR IMPORTS, AND LOWER THE GENERAL

CONDITIONS OF **LIFE** IN THIS ISLAND."

HA-HA! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF **THAT**, WATSON--? DON'T YOU THINK IT IS AN **ADMIRABLE SENTIMENT**?

I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THE **TARIFF** AND THINGS OF **THAT** SORT, BUT IT SEEMS TO **ME** THAT WE'VE GOTTEN A BIT OFF THE **TRAIL** SO FAR AS THE **NOTE** IS CONCERNED.







TO MY EYES, THERE IS AS MUCH DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE LEADED *BOURGEOIS* TYPEFACE OF A TIMES ARTICLE AND THE SLOVENLY PRINT OF AN EVENING *HALFPENNY* PAPER AS THERE IS BETWEEN YER NEGRO AND *ESKIMO*.



THE DETECTION OF TYPEFACES IS ONE OF THE MOST *ELEMENTARY* BRANCHES OF KNOWLEDGE TO THE SPECIAL EXPERT IN CRIME...

...THOUGH I CONFESS THAT ONCE WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG I CONFUSED *LEEDS MERCURY* WITH THE *WESTERN MORNING NEWS*.



BUT A *TIMES* LEADER IS ENTIRELY *DISTINCTIVE*, AND THESE WORDS COULD HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM *NOTHING ELSE*.



AS THE MESSAGE WAS ASSEMBLED *YESTERDAY*, THE STRONG *PROBABILITY* WAS THAT WE SHOULD FIND THE INDIVIDUAL WORDS IN *YESTERDAY'S ISSUE*.

SO FAR AS I CAN *FOLLOW* YOU, THEN, MR. HOLMES... SOMEONE CUT OUT THIS MESSAGE WITH A SCISSORS--



*NAIL* SCISSORS, SINCE THE BLADES HAD TO TAKE *TWO* SNIPS OVER "KEEP AWAY."

I *SEE*. SOMEONE, THEN, CUT OUT THE WORDS OF THE MESSAGE WITH A PAIR OF *SHORT-BLADED* SCISSORS, APPLIED THEM WITH PASTE--



*GUM*.

--WITH *GUM*... ONTO THE *PAPER*.

BUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHY THE WORD "*MOOR*" IS THE ONLY ONE *WRITTEN BY HAND*...



as You value your life or reason keep away from the *MOOR*

BECAUSE THE SENDER COULD NOT FIND IT IN *PRINT*.



THE *OTHER* WORDS ARE ALL *SIMPLE*, AND MIGHT BE FOUND IN *ANY* ISSUE. BUT "*MOOR*" WOULD BE *LESS COMMON*.



YES, THAT **WOULD** EXPLAIN IT.

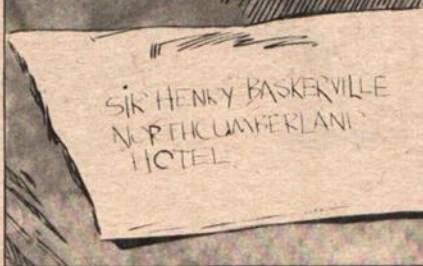
HAVE YOU READ ANYTHING **ELSE** IN THIS MESSAGE, MR. HOLMES...?



THERE ARE ONE OR **TWO** INDICATIONS, EVEN THOUGH THE UTMOST **PAINS** HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO REMOVE ALL **CLUES**.

THE **ADDRESS** YOU WILL OBSERVE IS PRINTED BY **HAND** IN ROUGH CHARACTERS. BUT **THE TIMES** IS A PAPER WHICH IS SELDOM FOUND IN **ANY** HANDS BUT THOSE OF THE **HIGHLY EDUCATED**.

WE MAY **ASSUME**, THEREFORE, THAT THE LETTER WAS COMPOSED BY AN **EDUCATED** MAN WHO WISHED TO POSE AS AN **UNEDUCATED** ONE -- AND HIS EFFORT TO CONCEAL HIS HANDWRITING SUGGESTS THAT HE MIGHT BE KNOWN OR **COME** TO BE KNOWN BY **YOU**.



**AGAIN**, YOU WILL OBSERVE THAT THE WORDS ARE NOT GUMMED ON IN AN **ACCURATE LINE** BUT THAT SOME ARE MUCH HIGHER THAN **OTHERS**. "LIFE" FOR EXAMPLE IS QUITE OUT OF ITS **PROPER PLACE**.

THIS MAY POINT TO **CARELESSNESS**, OR TO AGITATION AND **HURRY** ON THE PART OF THE CUTTER. ON THE WHOLE, I INCLINE TOWARD THE **LATTER** VIEW, SINCE THE MATTER WAS OBVIOUSLY **IMPORTANT** -- AND WITH NO **ROOM** FOR **CARELESSNESS**.

as You value Your  
life or reason  
keep away  
from the  
**MOOR**

THEREFORE, HE WAS IN A **HURRY**. BUT **WHY**? DID THE COMPOSER OF THE MESSAGE FEAR AN **INTERRUPTION**... AND FROM **WHOM**?



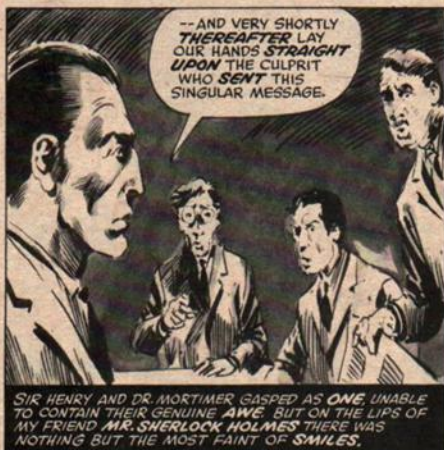
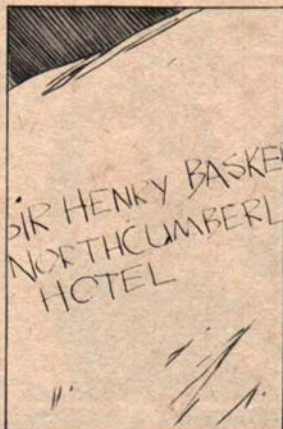
WE NOW SEEM TO BE ENTERING THE REALM OF **GUESS-WORK**, MR. HOLMES...

SAY RATHER THE REALM IN WHICH WE **BALANCE PROBABILITIES** TO CHOOSE THE MOST **LIKELY**. IT IS THE SCIENTIFIC USE OF THE **IMAGINATION**... BUT ALWAYS WITH SOME **MATERIAL BASIS** UPON WHICH TO LAUNCH OUR **SPECULATIONS**.

NOW YOU WILL NO DOUBT CALL THIS A **GUESS**, DR. MORTIMER... BUT I AM ALMOST **CERTAIN** THE ADDRESS ON THAT ENVELOPE WAS WRITTEN IN A **HOTEL** ROOM.







**NEXT** **ISSUE:** The **ADVENTURE** of The **HOUND** FROM **HELL**