

# The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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## III—THE ADVENTURE OF THE DANCING MAN.—Continued.

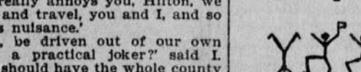
"Yes, I saw him at his work. But I will tell you everything in order. When I got back after my visit to you, the very first thing I saw next morning was a fresh crop of dancing men. They had been drawn in chalk upon the black wooden door of the tool house, which stands beside the lawn in full view of the front windows. I took an exact copy, and here it is." He unfolded a paper and laid it upon the table. Here is a copy of the hieroglyphics:



"Excellent!" said Holmes. "Excellent! Pray continue."  
"When I had taken the copy, I rubbed out the marks, but two mornings later, a fresh inscription had appeared. I have a copy of it here."



Holmes rubbed his hands and chuckled with delight.  
"Our material is rapidly accumulating," said he.  
"Three days later a message was left scrawled upon paper and placed under a pebble upon the sun dial. Here it is. The characters are, as you see, exactly the same as those already seen. After that I determined to lie in wait, so I got out my revolver and I sat up in my study, which overlooks the lawn and garden. About two in the morning I was seated by the window, all being dark save for the moonlight, when I heard a step behind me, and there was my wife in her dressing gown. She implored me to come to bed. I told her frankly that I wished to see who it was who played such absurd tricks upon us. She answered that it was some harmless practical joke, and that I should not take any notice of it.  
"If it really annoys you, Hilton, we might go and travel, you and I, and so avoid this nuisance."  
"What be driven out of our own house by a practical joker?" said I. "Why, we should have the whole county laughing at us."  
"Well, come to bed," said she, "and we can discuss it in the morning."  
"Suddenly, as she spoke, I saw her face grow whiter yet in the moonlight, and her hand tightened upon my shoulder. Something was moving in the shadow of the tool house. I saw a dark, creeping figure which crawled along the corner and squatted in front of the door. Seizing my pistol, I was rushing out, when my wife threw her arms around me and held me with convulsive strength. I tried to throw her off, but she clung to me most desperately. At last I got clear, but by the time I had opened the door and reached the house the creature was gone. He had left a trace of his presence, however, for there on the door was the very same arrangement of dancing men which had already twice appeared, and which I have copied on that paper. There was no other sign of the fellow anywhere, though I ran all over the grounds. And yet the amazing thing is that he must have been there all the time, for when I examined the door again in the morning he had scrawled some more of his pictures under the line which he had already seen."  
"Have you that fresh drawing?"  
"Yes, it is very short, but I made a copy of it, and here it is."  
Again he produced a paper. The new dance was in this form:



"Tell me," said Holmes—and I could see by his eyes that he was much excited—"was this a mere addition to the first, or did it appear to be entirely separate?"  
"It was on a different panel of the door."  
"Excellent! This is far the most important of all for our purpose. It fills me with hopes. Now, Mr. Hilton Cubitt, please continue your most interesting statement."  
"I have nothing more to say, Mr. Holmes, except that I was once with my wife that night for having held me back when I might have caught the skulking rascal. She said that she feared that I might come to harm. For an instant it had crossed my mind that perhaps she might be in danger, but she was so nervous and begged me to come back."  
"I dare say you are right. But if you could have stopped, I might possibly have been able to return with you in a day or two. Meanwhile you will leave me these papers, and I think that it is very likely that I shall be able to pay you a visit shortly and to throw some light upon your case."  
Sherlock Holmes preserved his calm professional manner until our visitor had left us, although it was easy for me, who knew him so well, to see that he was profoundly excited. The moment that Hilton Cubitt's broad back had disappeared through the door my comrade rushed to the table, laid out all the slips of paper containing dancing men in front of him, and threw himself into an intricate and elaborate calculation. For two hours I watched him as he covered sheet after sheet of paper with figures and letters, so completely absorbed in his task that he had evidently forgotten my presence. Sometimes he was making progress and whistled and sang at his work; sometimes he was puzzled and would sit for long spells with a furrowed brow and a vacant eye. Finally he sprang from his chair with a cry of satisfaction, and walked up and down the room rubbing his hands together. Then he wrote a long telegram upon a cable form. "If my answer to this is as I hope, you will have a pret-

ty case to add to your collection, Watson," said he. "I expect that we shall be able to go down to Norfolk tomorrow, and to take our friend some very definite news as to the secret of his annoyance."  
I confess that I was filled with curiosity, but I was aware that Holmes liked to make his disclosures at his own time and in his own way, so I waited until it should suit him to take me into his confidence.  
But there was a delay in that answering telegram, and two days of impatience followed, during which Holmes

pricked up his ears at every ring of the bell. On the evening of the second there came a letter from Hilton Cubitt. All was quiet with him, save that a long inscription had appeared that morning upon the pedestal of the sun

dial. It enclosed a copy of it, which is here reproduced.



Holmes bent over this grotesque frieze for some minutes, and then suddenly sprang to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and dismay. His face was haggard with anxiety.  
"We have let this affair go far enough and it is time to take a train to North Walsham tonight."  
I turned up the time table. The last had just gone.  
"Then we shall breakfast early and take the very first in the morning," said Holmes. "Our presence is most urgently needed. Ah, here is our expected cablegram. One moment, Mrs. Hudson, there may be an answer. No, that is quite as I expected. This mes-

sage makes it even more essential that we should not lose an hour in letting Hilton Cubitt know how matters stand, for it is singular and a dangerous web in which our simple Norfolk squire is entangled."

"So, indeed it proved, and as I come to the dark conclusion of a story which had seemed to me to be only childish and bizarre, I experience once again the dismay and horror with which I was filled. Would that I had some brighter ending to communicate to my readers, but these are the chronicles of fact, and I must follow to their dark crisis the strange chain of events which for some days made Riding Thorpe Manor a household word through the length and breadth of England.  
We had hardly alighted at North Walsham, and mentioned the name of our destination, when the station master hurried towards us. "I suppose that you are detectives from London?" said he.  
A look of annoyance passed over Holmes' face.  
"What makes you think such a thing?"  
"Because Inspector Martin from Norwich has just passed through. But maybe you are the surgeons. She's not dead—or wasn't by last accounts. You may be in time to save her yet—though it may be for the galleys."  
Holmes' brow was dark with anxiety.  
"We are going to Riding Thorpe Manor," said he, "but we have heard nothing of what has passed there."  
"It's a terrible business," said the station master. "They are shot, both Mr. Hilton Cubitt and his wife. She shot him and then herself—so the servants say. He's dead and her life is despaired of. Dear, dear, one of the oldest families in the county or Norfolk, and one of the most honored."

Without a word Holmes hurried to a carriage, and during the long seven miles' drive he never opened his mouth. Seldom have I seen him so utterly despondent. He had been uneasy during all our journey from town, and I had observed that he turned over the morning papers with anxious attention, but now this sudden realization of his worst fears left him in a blank melancholy. He leaned back in his seat lost in gloomy speculation. Yet there was much around to interest us, for we were passing through as singular a country side as any in England, where a few scattered cottages represented the population of today, while on every hand enormous square towered churches bristled up from the flat, green landscape and told of the glory and prosperity of old East Anglia. At last the violet rim of the German ocean appeared over the green edge of the Norfolk coast, and the driver pointed with his whip to two old brick and timber gables which projected from a grove of trees. "That's Riding Thorpe Manor," said he.  
As we drove up to the porticoed front door, I observed in front of it, beside the tennis lawn, the black tool house and the pedestalled sun dial with which we had such strange associations. A dapper little man, with a quick, alert manner and a waxed mustache, had just descended from a high dog cart. He introduced himself as Inspector Martin, of the Norfolk con-

stable, and he was considerably astonished when he heard the name of my companion.

"Why, Mr. Holmes, the crime was only committed at three this morning. How could you hear of it in London and get to the spot as soon as I?"  
"I anticipated it. I came in the hope of preventing it."  
"Then you have important evidence, of which you are ignorant, for they were said to be a most united couple."  
"I have only the evidence of the dancing men," said Holmes. "I will explain the matter to you later. Meanwhile, since it is too late to prevent this tragedy, am very anxious that I should use the knowledge which I possess in order to insure that justice be done. Will you associate me in your investigations, or will you prefer that I should act independently?"  
"I should be proud to feel that we were acting together," Mr. Holmes, said the inspector, earnestly.  
"In that case I should be glad to hear the evidence and to examine the premises without an instant of unnecessary delay."

Inspector Martin had the good sense to bring his friend to things in his own fashion, and contented himself with carefully noting the results. The local surgeon, an old, white haired man, had just come down from Mrs. Hilton Cubitt's room, and he reported that her injuries were serious, but not necessarily fatal. The bullet had passed through the front of her brain, and it would probably be some time before she could regain consciousness. On the question of whether she had been shot or had shot herself, he would not venture to express any decided opinion. Certainly the bullet had been discharged at very close quarters. There was only the one pistol found in the room, two barrels of which had been emptied. Mr. Hilton Cubitt had been equally conceivably that he had shot her and then himself, or that she had been the criminal, for the revolver lay upon the floor midway between them. "Has he been moved?" asked Holmes.  
"We have moved nothing except the lady. We could not leave her lying wounded upon the floor."  
"How long have you been her doctor?"  
"Since four o'clock."  
"You are the doctor?"  
"Yes, in the stable here."  
"And you have touched nothing?"  
"Nothing."  
"You have acted with great discretion. Who sent for you?"  
"The housemaid, Saunders."  
"Was it she who gave the alarm?"  
"She and Mrs. King, the cook."

"Where are they now?"  
"In the kitchen, I believe."  
"Then I think we had better hear their story at once."  
The old hall, oak paneled, and high windowed, had been turned into a court of investigation. Holmes sat in a great, old-fashioned chair, his inexorable eyes gleaming like a second sun. I could read in them a man's purpose to devote his life to this quest until the client whom he had failed to save should at last be avenged. The trim Inspector Martin, the old, grey headed country doctor, myself, and a stolid village policeman made up the rest of that strange company.

The two women told their story clearly enough. They had been aroused from their sleep by the sound of an explosion, which had been followed a minute later by a second one. They slept in adjoining rooms, and Mrs. King had rushed in to Saunders. Together they had descended the stairs. The door of the study was open, and a candle was burning on the table. Their master lay upon his face in the center of the room. He was quite dead. Near the window his wife was crouching, her head leaning against the wall. She was horribly wounded, and the side of her face was red with blood. She breathed heavily, but was incapable of saying anything. The passage, as well as the room, was full of smoke and the smell of powder. The window was certainly shut and fastened upon the inside. Both women were positive upon the point. They had at once sent for the doctor and for the constable. Then, Mr. Hilton Cubitt and his wife. She shot him and then herself—so the servants say. He's dead and her life is despaired of. Dear, dear, one of the oldest families in the county or Norfolk, and one of the most honored."

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## RIFAT HUSSEIN BEY.

By Anatole Hurteaux.  
It was Rifat Hussein Bey's third day in office as chief of the sultan's secret service at Stambul. He sat in his magnificent office and looked at an imposing stack of papers piled up on his large mahogany desk.  
He did not feel like working and stepped over to the window, lit a cigarette and looked out into the courtyard, where soldiers and zaphirs walked solemnly up and down awaiting his orders.  
Rifat sighed as the memory of the beautiful rose garden which he had looked into from his modest office in Aleppo came back. There were no roses here, he thought, though plenty the thorns in his new position.  
All the old secretary, opened the door, made a deep, respectful salaam and handed his chief a card.  
"Let her come in," Rifat ordered gruffly.  
With the languid, slow movements which became his high dignity he arose to meet his visitor. But suddenly his eyes sparkled, the color shot up into his cheeks as he looked upon the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.  
She sank gracefully down in the low, comfortable chair which she politely offered her and seemed very much at ease, not the least perturbed or bashful.  
"Oh, these Frankish women," Hussein Bey thought.  
He looked at her intently as she sat there smiling, and inhaled with rapture the cool and interesting story which emanated from her elegant dress. How poor the rose garden at Aleppo seemed now.  
"You wish to speak to me, madame?" he asked in faultless French.  
It was a mere bagatelle, a most commonplace and uninteresting story she had to tell, but she told it in the most charming manner, which suggested to him a promenade in the woods in moonlight.  
"I wonder if I dare," he asked himself.  
He thought of his 45 years, his embonpoint, his red whiskers, his little near-sighted eyes, his bald head and last of all—his wife, Scheffa Fannur, who was still at Aleppo, and never suspected the temptations which surrounded her and master at Stambul. "I am sure that this beautiful woman will risk it, for I do not care. I will risk it anyway."  
And he did.  
An expression of disdain in the beautiful face of his visitor. A few indignant words—but ten minutes later Rifat Hussein Bey had her promise to give him the name of the woman who lived in the garden of the Brasserie Romont Freres.  
"Not a bad office after all," he said to himself as she left him with a pressure of her hand, which promised more than many words. "I could read in her Stambul very much."  
Once more he opened the window, but he did not sigh for his rose garden any longer. The cold fresh air from the Bosphorus, however, sobered him somewhat and he began to regret his rashness.  
"—n it," he muttered. "I must be more careful about this woman, who may be nothing but the tool of my enemies who are jealous because of my promotion."  
He took off his eyeglasses and polished them carefully with his silk handkerchief.  
"Oh, the devil," he said, have not I all the detectives of Stambul to find out for me who this woman is and whether I run any risk by having anything to do with her?  
He pressed a button on his desk and gave orders to tell Mulasim Munir, Effendi to look up the record of Mme. Madeline Cocotte, living at Rue Venetk, 28 Paris, and report to him in person before 5 o'clock the same afternoon.  
Mulasim (lieutenant) Munir Effendi was famous for his abilities as a detective, but as he was poor and lacked the necessary bakisch to convince his superiors of his right to promotion he had now for years in vain been waiting to be made a juesbaschi (captain).  
After luncheon Rifat Hussein Bey came into his office with a smiling face. The work seemed like play to him as he went through the immense stack of papers which he reports, but he finished without finding any from Munir Effendi. He consoled himself, however, with the thought that it would arrive in the 2 o'clock mail.  
Two o'clock came, but no report.  
Three, 4, 5 o'clock brought the same disappointment.  
Hussein Bey chewed his penholder into shreds in fury. A quarter past 5 he said to himself: "I will not go."  
Half past he said: "She is too beautiful."  
He rushed from the office, called a cab and told the driver to drive as fast as the horses would run to Brasserie Romont Freres.  
When Rifat Hussein Bey came to his office the next morning he found Mulasim Effendi waiting for him, and when he had admitted him into his private sanctum he found himself listening to the following official report:  
"Mme. Madeline Cocotte is the wife of an employe of the firm of Stefanides & Gaitanopoulos and mother of a girl of 2 years. Yesterday evening, at 6 o'clock sharp Mme. Cocotte arrived at the Brasserie Bomont Freres, where she seemed to be waiting for somebody. Five minutes after 6 she was joined by a rather stout gentleman of about 40 years of age, who, dressed in black and evidently near-sighted, dressed in black Prince Albert coat and wearing the red ribbon of a Turkish order, with whom she left the garden. Together they entered cab No. 13,185 and were driven to Pera Palace, where they engaged a private dining room and partook of a dinner, consisting of oysters, en nature, potage bisque, ragout a la Richelieu, poulet de la bresse, salade, aux truffes and ice, with one bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea. At half past 11 she left the restaurant alone. The gentleman followed ten minutes later, after having paid the bill of 82 francs."  
During the reading of this report by Mulasim Effendi in the most matter of fact manner the chief of police turned very pale, and when it was over he turned to the Mulasim with the words:  
"I fully recognize your unusual ability and will personally see that you are promoted to jues-baschi immediately. But you will remain silent my dear fellow, won't you?"

"Bible Against Tattooing."  
At a meeting of the missionary Association of the city, held on the 15th inst., the following resolutions were adopted:  
"You sailors disgust me," he said, "with your ships and ladies and anchors and flags tattooed all over your arms and hands and breasts. It is not only silly to tattoo, it is positively wicked and impious."  
"Aunt, there, sky pilot," said an aged shellback, "I can't prove them words by the Log of Grace."  
"But I can though," said the missionary, quick as a flash, and he read from Leviticus xix, 28:  
"Thou shalt not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you."

"Good Recipes."  
Fine Frosting Without Eggs—To make frosting or filling for cakes without eggs boil a cup of sugar and 1/4 cup of milk together until it will make a soft ball in water, remove from the stove, flavor, and stir until it thickens, then spread on the cake or layers. For chocolate filling, use brown sugar. Two cups of sugar and a half cup of milk should be used for both frosting and filling. This makes a beautiful soft frosting when just right.—Aunt Hannah.  
Sponge Cake—Two cups of sugar, 7 eggs, 1 cup of flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder, 1/2 cup of milk, and 1 teaspoon of lemon extract. Whip sugar and eggs together until thick and white, add flour, sifted with powder and salt, then the extract. Mix together quickly. Bake in tin, lined with buttered paper, for 35 minutes. Very good.—A Lassie.

"Needed One."  
Manager—We have got to get another understudy.  
Star—What for?  
Manager—For the audience. It didn't show up at all last night.

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"Good Recipes."  
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Sponge Cake—Two cups of sugar, 7 eggs, 1 cup of flour, 1 teaspoon of baking powder, 1/2 cup of milk, and 1 teaspoon of lemon extract. Whip sugar and eggs together until thick and white, add flour, sifted with powder and salt, then the extract. Mix together quickly. Bake in tin, lined with buttered paper, for 35 minutes. Very good.—A Lassie.

## STRAW AND HAY CARRIER.

It is often necessary in some branch of farm work to carry straw or hay or even leaves and chaff for some distance outdoors and there is always the annoyance of its blowing about. A simple carrier may be easily made with a piece of stout unbleached muslin and two 2x2 scantlings or even lighter material. Have the muslin six feet wide and any convenient length then tack it to the scantling on either side

all but a space in the middle which is left for the hands. The material to be carried may be loaded on this then the whole thing folded together and easily carried. The appliance is easily made, costs but a trifle and will save much labor and the loss of material. The illustration shows the idea plainly and portions marked A, A, being the spaces left for the hands to carry it by.

When one speaks of poultry in connection with any low-growing plant most people can see only the scratching birds and the ruined plants but the combination has been and is being profitably carried out. If one selects one of the larger breeds of hens for this combination the scratching part of the proposition will be reduced to a minimum and if the fowls are not required to obtain their entire living from the patch of strawberry plants, they will do comparatively little damage. It is, of course, understood that the fowls are not allowed on the patch until after the fruit has been gathered but from that time until they go into winter quarters they will be exceedingly useful for they will take care of all the insects, do little damage in the way of scratching which can be readily repaired by going over the patch each day, and their droppings will add materially to the richness of the soil. If the plantation covers a considerable area it will be a good plan to have several small colony houses on the plot so that the hens may have their own quarters and thus work over a smaller area. The profit from this combination is good and neither will interfere with the other especially if the fowls are raised for egg production. Try it on a small scale and increase as experience proves it.

Unquestionably if one can raise the food on the farm which is fed to the stock that supplies the manure, stable manure is the most profitable fertilizer to use, but if the manure must be bought and carted a considerable distance then it is a question if one can afford to use it entirely or even in considerable quantity. Indeed, in the event of one raising truck in considerable quantity the commercial fertilizers will give the best returns. While it is not advised to do away with stable manure entirely, by any means, there are truckers who use little of it relying upon the high grade commercial fertilizers entirely and keeping up the humus in the soil by green manuring. Local conditions must determine if this is the most profitable plan but it is true in any case that if a high grade of commercial fertilizer is used and it is added to the crop it is generally profitable. Stable manure, to be equally profitable, should be from grain fed animals and be raised on the farm or bought at a low price with a short haul. The combination of stable manure at a low price and of high grade fertilizers is probably to be preferred to the commercial fertilizer and the stable manure, though the latter can be worked out by trying it under local conditions. The experiments along this line will not, of necessity, be costly and it will certainly prove interesting and likely profitable in the end.

Experience has shown that too much lime is often used through the impression that it contains, of itself, considerable fertilizing value. If, as explained in our weeks ago, it is used with an idea of setting free some of the plant foods in the soil that is one thing but if the idea is to use it largely for soil acidity then a little will often suffice. Especially on sandy soils is the lime overdose for used to correct soil acidity on such soils 25 bushels per acre of slaked lime is generally sufficient and on heavy soils double that quantity or 50 bushels at most is ample. It should be remembered that while the litmus paper test is generally reliable there are chemicals in the soil which have the same effect on the litmus paper as the acidity of the soil so that the surest way is to test a portion of the soil if the soil is thought to be sour by using lime on it at the rate of 50 bushels per acre and comparing the result in the crop with an equal area not limed. Another season one will know exactly what to do.

Many poultrymen experts as well as novices do well with the incubator but fail to raise a fair proportion of the chicks; to say the least this is discouraging but a little study of the situation should convince one that the trouble is largely due to too much heat in the brooders. In our experience the best way to overcome this is to locate the brooders indoors where they will not require to be heated to such a degree as they do when the brooders are in an open shed or a not-too-warm poultry house. The cool and damp shed or house together with the practice of permitting the chicks to run out of doors too soon has much to do with the great mortality which exists among chicks raised in brooders. Then too, many brooders are so constructed that the heat is so concentrated while the other portion of the brooder is nearly cold; as a consequence the chicks

clean out across the middle of the stock and extending down about two inches. See figure B in the cut. The scion, or shoot from the fruiting tree, should be cut so that not less than three buds are above the point where it is inserted into the stock. Trim this scion to a wedge shape point at one end, see figure A in cut, a little the thickest on the outside edge, and after spreading the cut in the stock apart insert the scion being careful that the layers just beneath the bark (technically called the cambium layers) of both stock and scion come in close contact. Cover the end of the stock and the opening of cleft well with the grafting wax to exclude air and the work is done. Figure C shows the scion and stock adjusted.

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