The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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I confess that I had not up to now taken a very serious view of the case, which had seemed to me rather gro-tesque and bizarre than dangerous, that a man should lie in wait for and follow a very handsome woman is no unheard of thing, and if he has so little mucacity that he not only dared not address her, but even fled from her approach, he was not a very formidable assainmt. The ruffian Woodley was a very different person, but, except on one occasion, he has not molested our client, and now he visited the house of Carrothers without intruding upon her presence. The man on the blcycle was doubtless a member of those week-end parties at the hall of which the publican had spoken, but who he was, or what he wanted, was as obscure as ever. It was the severity of Holmes' manner, and the fact that he slipped a revolver into his pocket, before leaving our rooms which impressed me with the feeling that tragedy might prove to hurk behind this curious train of events.

A rainy might had been followed by a glorious morning, and the heath covered country side, with the glowing clumps of flowering gorse, seemed all the more beautiful to eyes which were weary of the duns and drabs and slate greys of London. Holmes and I walked along the broad sandy read table. greys of Landon. Holmes and I walked along the broad, sandy road inhaling the fresh morning air, and rejoicing in the music of the birds and the fresh breath of spring. From a rise of the road on the shoulder of Crooksbury hill, we could see the grim hall bristling out from amidst the ancient oaks, which will as they were, were still younger than the building which they surrounded. Holmes pointed down the long tract of road, which wound, a reddish yellow band, between the brown of the heath and the budding green of the woods. Far away, a black

word." "You're too late. She's my wife." "You're word." "You're widow." "You'r

"Hallon! Stop there!" he shouted, holding its bicycle to block our road. "Where till you get that dog cart? Pull up, man!" he yelled, drawing a pistol from his side pocket. "Pull up, I may, et, by George, I'll put a bullet into your horse." olmes threw the reins into my lap.

and sprang down from the cart.

Towns the man we want to see.

Where is Miss Violet Smith?" he said,
in his quack, clear way.

That's what I'm asking you. You're

her dug cart. You ought to know here the is."
"We must the dog cart on the road, here was no one in it. We drove back help the young lady."

The the young lady."
Good Lord! Good! Lord! what shall
I do? saied the stranger, in an ecstasy
of despair. "They've got her, that hellhound Woodley and the blackguard
parson. Come, man, come, if you really
are her trand. Stand by me and we'll

are her, at I have to leave my carcass in Charlegton wood."

He raw distractedly, his pistol in mand, lowerds a gap in the hedge, dollars followed him, and I, leaving the done graning beside the road, followed

and he pointing to the marks of several feet upon the muddy path. "Halloa? Blop a minute! Who's this in the best?"

It was a young fellow about seventeen, descord like an ostler, with leather courts and gatters. He lay upon his back, his knees drawn up, a termest, his knees drawn up, a ter-be end upon his head. He was in-misse, but alive. A glance at his und take me that it had not pene-ted the bone.

wound taid me that it had not penetrated the bone.

That's Feter, the groom," cried the
siveness. He drove her. The beasts
have pulled him off and clubbed him.
Let him lie; we can't do him any good,
but we may save her from the worst
fate that can befall a woman."

We ran frantically down the path,
which wound among the trees. We had
reached the shrubbery which surrounded the house when Holmes pulled up.

They didn't go to the house. Here
are their marks on the left—here, beside the haurel bushes. Ah! I said so."

As he sprike, a woman's shrill scream

a scream which vibrated with a
frenty of horror—burst from the thick,
green stump of bushes in front of us.
It ended suddenly on its highest note
with a choke and a gurgle.

This way! This way! They are
in the teating alley," cried the stranger, during through the bushes. "Ah,
the covering dogs! Follow me, gentlemen! Too late! too late! by the living lings?"

We had broken suddenly into

IV-THE ADVENTURE OF THE client, drooping and faint, a handker-soliTARY CYCLIST.—Continued chief around her mouth. Opposite her stood a brutal, heavy faced, red tached young man, his gaitered parted wide, one arm akimbo, the other waving a riding crop, his whole attitude suggestive of triumphant bravado Between them an elderly, grey bearded man, wearing a short surplice over a man, wearing a short surplice over a light tweed suit, had evidently just completed the wedding service, for he pocketed his prayer book as we ap-peared, and slapped the sinister brideupon the back in jovial congratuation.

"They're married!" I gasped.
"Come on!" cried our guide; "come on!" He rushed across the glade, Holmes and I at his heels. As we approached, the lady staggered against the trunk of the tree for support. Wilmsmyn the wedler liamson, the ex-clergyman, bowed to us with mock politeness, and the bully, Woodley, advanced with a shout of brutal and exhultant laughter.
"You can take your board off Pah."

You can take your beard off, Bob.' "You can take your beard off, Bob." said he. "I know you, right enough. Well, you and your pals have just come in time for me to be able to introduce you to Mrs. Woodley."

Our guide's answer was a singular one. He snatched off the dark beard which had dispulsed him and there."

which had disguised him and threw it on the ground, disclosing a long, sallow, clean shaven face below it. Then he raised his revolver and covered the young rufflan, who was advancing upon

young rufflan, who was advancing upon him with his dangerous riding crop swinging in his hand.

"Yes," said our ally, "I am Bob Carruthers, and I'll see this woman righted, if I have to swing for it. I told you what I'd do if you molested her, and, by the Lord! I'll be as good as my word."

"You're too late. She's my wife." "No, she's your widow

His revolver cracked, and I saw the

"Once a clergyman, always a clergy man. "I think not. How about the license?"

"I think not. How about the license?"

"We had a licence for the marriage. I have it here in my pocket."

Then you got it by a trick. But, in any case, a forced marriage is no marriage, but it is a very serious felony, as you will discover before you have finished. You'll have time to think the point out during the next ten years or so, unless I am mistaken. As to you, Carruthers, you would have done better to keep your pistol in your pocket." ter to keep your pistol in your pocket."
"I begin to think so. Mr. Holmes, but when I thought of all the precaution I had taken to shield this girl—for I loved her, Mr. Holmes, and it the only time that ever I knew what love was—it fairly drove me mad to thele it fairly drove me mad to think that she was in the power of the greatest brute and bully in South Africa—a man whose name is a holy terror from Kimberley to Johannesburg. Why, Mr. Holmes, you'll hardly believe it, but ever since that girl has been in my em-ployment I never once let her go past this house, where I knew the rascals were lurking, without following her on my bicycle, just to see that she came to no harm. I kept my distance from her, and I wore a beard, so that she should not recognize me, for she is a good and high spirited girl, and she

wouldn't have stayed in my employ-ment long had she thought that I was following her about the country roads. "Why didn't you tell her of her dan-"Because, then, again, she would have left me, and I couldn't bear to



face that. Even if she couldn't love me, it was a great deal to me just to see her dainty form about the house, and to hear the sound of her voice."

LILLIAN RUSSELL
TAKES TO "Well, said I, "you call that love, Mr. Carruthers, but I should call it self-

"Maybe the two things go together. Anyhow, I couldn't let her go. Besides with this crowd about, it was well that should have someone near to look ir her. Then, when the cable came, I knew they were bound to make a

"What cable?" Carruthers took a telegram from his

"That's it," said he. It was short and concise :

"The old man is dead."
"Hum!" said Holmes. "I think I see how things worked, and I can understand how this message would, as you say, bring them to a head. But while you wait, you might tell me what you

The old reprobate with the surplice burst into a volley of bad language.
"By heaven!" said he, "if you squeal
on us, Bob Carruthers, I'll serve you as

on us, Bob Carruthers, I'll serve you as you served Jack Woodley. You can bleat about the girl to your heart's content, for that's your own affair, but if you round on your pals to this plainclothes copper, it will be the worst day's work that ever you did."

"Your reverence need not be excited." said Holmes, lighting a cigarette. "The case is clear enough against you and case is clear enough against you, and all I ask is for a few details for my private curiosity. However, if there's any difficulty in your telling me, I'll do the talking, and then you will see how far you have a chance of holding back your secrets. In the first place, three of you came from South Africa on this

game-you, Williamson, you ruthers, and Woodley." "Lie number one," said the old man;
"I never saw either of them until two
months ago, and I have never been in Africa in my life, so you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Busy-body Holmes!"

What he says is true," said Car-

Well, well, two of you came over. His reverence is our own home made article. You had known Ralph Smith in South Africa. You had reason to believe that he would not live so long. You found out that his niece would inherit his fortune. How's that-eh?

Carruthers and Williamson swore. "She was next of kin, no doubt, and you were aware that the old fellow would make no will. "Couldn't read or write," said Car-

ruthers.
"So you came over, the two of you, and hunted up the girl. The idea was that one of you was to marry her, and the other have a share of the plunder For some reason Woodley was chosen as the husband. Why was that?" "We played cards for her on the voy-

age. He won."

"I see. You got the young lady into your service, and there Woodley was to do the courting. She recognized the drunken brute that he was, and would have nothing to do with him. Mean-while, your arrangement was rather upset by the fact that you had your-self fallen in love with the lady. You could no longer bear the idea of this

rufflan owning her?"
"No, by George, I couldn't!"
"There was a quarrel between you. He left you in a rage, and began to make his own plans independently of

"It strikes me, Williamson, that there isn't very much that we can tell this gentleman," cried Carruthers, with a bitter laugh. "Yes, we quarreled, and he knocked me down. I am level and he knocked me down. I am level with him on that, anyhow. Then I lost sight of him. That was when he picked up with this cast padre here. I found that they had set up housekeeping together at this place on the line that she had to pass for the station. I kept my eye on her after that, for I knew there was some deviltry in the wind. I saw them from time to time. wind. I saw them from time to time. wind. I saw them from time to time, for I was anxious to know what they were after. Two days ago Woodley came up to my house with this cable, which showed that Ralph Smith was dead. He asked me if I would stand by the bargain. I said I would not. He asked me if I would marry the girl myself, and give him a share. I said I would myself and give him a share. myself, and give him a share. I said I would willingly do so, but that she would not have me. He said, 'Let us get her married first, and after a week or two she may see things a bit differ-ent. I said I would have nothing to do with violence. So he went off cursing, like the foul mouthed blackguard that he was, and swearing that he would have her yet. She was leaving me this week-end, and I had got a trap to take her to the station, but I was so uneasy in my mind that I followed her on my bicycle. She had got a start, however, and before I could catch her the mischief was done. The first thing I knew about it was when I saw you two gentlemen driving back in her dog cart Holmes rose and tossed the end of his

"I have been "When rigarette into the grate. "I have been very obtuse, Watson," said he. "When in your report you said that you had seen the cyclist as you thought arrange his necktie in the shrubbery, that alone should have told me all. However, we may congratulate ourselves upon a curious, and, in some respects, a unique case. I perceive three of the county constabulary in the drive, and I am glad to see that the little ostler is able to keep pace with them, so it is likely that neither he nor the interest-ing bridegroom will be permanently damaged by their morning's adven-tures. I think, Watson, that in your medical capacity, you might wait upon medical capacity, you might wait upon Miss Smith and tell her that if she is sufficiently recovered, we shall be happy to escort her to her mother's happy to escort her to her mother's nome. If she is not quite convolescent, ou will find that a hint that we were bout to telegraph to a young clearician in the Midlands, would probably omplete the cure. As to you, Mr. what you could to make amends for your share in an evil plot. There is my card, sir, and if my evidence car help to you in your trial, it shall be at your disposal."

In the whirl of our incessant activity. it has often been difficult for me, as the reader has probably observed, to round off my narratives, and to give those final details which the curious might expect. Each case has been the pre-lude of another, and the crisis once over, the actors have passed forever out of our busy lives. I find, however, a short note at the end of my manua short note at the end of my manuscript dealing with this case, in which I have put it upon record that Miss Violet Smith did indeed inherit a large fortune, and that she is now the wife of Cyril Morton, the senior partner of Morton & Kennedy, the famous Westminster electricians. Williamson and Woodley were both tried for abduction and assault, the former getting seven years and the latter ten. Of the fate of Carruthers, I have no record but of Carruthers, I have no record, but I am sure that his assault was not viewed very gravely by the court, since Woodley had the reputation of being a most dangerous ruilian, and I think that a few months were sufficient to satisfy the demands of justice.

(Continued Next Week)

Queen Elena of Italy is said to bediamonds and rubles it will stop rheumatism.

Wife—I shall see the doctor in the people. One was a woman, our carning.

TAKES TO DRAMA

Will Star Next Season in "The Happiness of Women"-Keep Pace With Marie Tempest.

New York special: Lillian Russell to emulate Marie Tempest, forsake her top notes, give up comic opera and become a legitimate dramatic star in light comedy. The news made Broad-way blink with wonder today and caused the facade of the Casino to assume a disconsolate expression.

winked the other eye incredulously.
Others accepted it as the inevitable.
"And Lillian Russell a grandmother!"
—which she is not—was all they said.
Klaw & Erlanger confirmed the report. "Marie Tempest is not the only

prima donna who can make the jump from comic opera to the legitimate," they said. "Lillian's ours!"

This is the way it happened: Russell, tiring of comic opera, did bur-lesque for two seasons at Weber & Fields'. Then came her starring ven-ture in the operatic version of "The School for Scandal," in which she showed a hitherto unsuspected talent

for straight comedy parts. Meanwhile Marie Tempest, Miss Russell's old operatic rival, had made a success in "The Marriage of Kitty," and it gave Klaw & Erlanger an idea. So yesterday they signed Miss Russell as a star and announced that they would open the season at the Savoy theater by presenting her in "The Happiness of Women," an English adaptation.

If you made no mistakes in 1905 in garden and fruit orchard you were fortunate. It might be well to remember that one swallow does not make a sum-

Rise Liars,

And Salute Your Queen, Ho, All Ye Faithful Followers of Ananias GIVE EAR!

A Young Girl said to a Cooking School Teacher in New York: "If You make One Statement as False as That, All You have said about Foods is Absolutely Unreliable."

This burst of true American girl indignation was caused by the teacher saying that Grape-Nuts, the popular pre-digested food, was made of stale bread shipped in and sweetened.

The teacher colored up and changed the subject.

There is quite an assortment of traveling and stay-at-home members of the tribe of Ananias who tell their falsehoods for a variety of reasons.

In the spring it is the custom on a cattle ranch to have a "round up," and brand the cattle, so we are going to have a "round up," and brand these: cattle and place them in their proper

FIRST PASTURE.

Cooking school teachers-this includes "teachers" who have applied to us for a weekly pay if they would say "something nice" about Grape-Nuts and Postum. and when we have declined to hire them to do this they get waspy and show their true colors.

This also includes "demonstrators" and "lecturers" sent out by a certain Sanitarium to sell foods made there, and these people instructed by the small-be-whiskered-doctor-the head of the institution-to tell these prevarications (you can speak the stronger word if you like). This same little doctor conducts a small magazine in which there is a department of "answers to correspondents," many of the questions as well as answers being written by the aforesaid doctor:

In this column sometime ago appeared the statement: "No, we cannot recommend the use of Grape-Nuts, for it is nothing but bread with glucose poured over it." Right then he showed his a member of the of Ananias. He may have been a member for some time before, and so he has caused these "lecturers" to descend into the ways of the tribe wherever they go.

When the young lady in New York put the "iron on" to this "teacher" and branded her right we sent \$10.00 to the girl for her pluck and bravery.

SECOND PASTURE.

Editors of "Trade" papers known as grocers' papers.

Remember, we don't put the brand on all, by any means. Only those that require it. These members of the tribe have demanded that we carry advertising in their papers and when we do not consider it advisable they institute a campaign of vituperation and slauder, printing from time to time manufactured slurs on Postum or Grape-Nuts. When they go far enough we set our legal force at work and hale them to the judge to answer. If the pace has been hot enough to throw some of these "cattle" over on their backs, feet tied and "bellowing," do you think we should be blamed? They gambol around with tails held high and jump stiff legged with a very "cocky" air while they have full range, but when the rope is thrown over them "it's different."

Should we untie them because they bleat soft and low? Or should we put the iron on, so that people will know the brand? Let's keep them in this pasture.

THIRD PASTURE.

Now we come to a frisky lot, the "Labor Union" editors. You know down in Texas a weed called "Loco" is sometimes eaten by a steer and produces a derangement of the brain that makes the steer "batty" or crazy. Many of these editors are "Locoed" from hate of anyone who will not instantly obey the "demands" of a labor union and it is the universal habit of such writers to go straight into a system of person-

al vilification, manufacturing any sort of falsehood through which to vent their spleen. We assert that the common citizen has, a right to live and breathe air without asking permission of the labor trust and this has brought down on us the hate of these editors. When they go far enough with their libels, is it harsh for us to get judgments against them and have our lawyers watch for a chance to attach money due them from others? (For they are usually irrespon-

Keep your eye out for the "Lo coed" editor.

Now let all these choice specimens take notice:

We will deposit one thousand or fifty thousand dollars to be covered by a like amount from them, or any one of them, and if there was ever one ounce of old bread or any other ingredient different than our selected wheat and barley with a little salt and yeast used in the making of Grape-Nuts, we will lose the money.

Our pure food factories are open at all times to visitors, and thousands pass through each month, inspecting every department and every process. Our factories are so clean that one could, with good relish, eat a meal from the floors.

The work people, both men and wom en, are of the highest grade in the state of Michigan, and according to the state labor reports, are the highest paid in the state for similar work.

Let us tell you exactly what you will see when you inspect the manufacture of Grape-Nuts. You will find tremendous elevators containing the choicest wheat and barley possible to buy. These grains are carried through long conveyers to grinding mills, and there converted into flour. Then the machines make selection of the proper quantities of this flour in the proper proportion and these parts are blended into a general flour which passes over to the big dough mixing machines, there water, salt and a little yeast are added and the dough kneaded the proper length of time.

Remember that previous to the barley having been ground it was passed through about one hundred hours of soaking in water, then placed on warm floors and slightly sprouted, developing the diastase in the barley, which changes the starch in the grain into a form of sugar.

Now after we have passed it into dough and it has been kneaded long enough, it is moulded by machinery into loaves about 18 inches long and 5 or 6 inches in diameter. It is put into this shape for convenience in second cook-

These great loaves are sliced by machinery and the slices placed on wire trays, these trays, in turn, placed on great steel trucks, and rolled into the secondary ovens, each perhaps 75 or 80 feet long. There the food is subjected to a long low heat and the starch which has not been heretofore transformed, is turned into a form of sugar generally known as Post Sugar. It can be seen glistening on the granules of Grape-Nuts if held toward the light, and this sugar is not poured over or put on the food as these prevarientors ignorantly assert. On the contrary the sugar exudes from the interior of each little granule during the process of manufacture, and reminds one of the little white particles of sugar that come out on the end of a hickory log after it has een sawed off and allowed to stand for a length of time This Post Sugar is the most digest-

ible food known for human use. It is so perfect in its adaptability that mothers with very young infants will pour little warm milk over two or three spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, thus washing the sugar off from the granules and carrying it with the milk to the bottom of the dish. Then this milk charged with them running loose.

Post Sugar is fed to the infants producing the most satisfactory results, for the baby has food that it can digest quickly and will go off to sleep well fed and contented. When baby gets two or three months old it is the custom of some mothers to

allow the Grape-Nuts to soak is the milk a little longer and become mushy, whereupon a little of the food can be fed in addition to the milk containing the washed off sugar. It is by no means manufactured for

a baby food, but these facts are stated as an illustration of a perfectly digest-It furnishes the energy and strength

for the great athletes. It is in common use by physicians in their own families and among their patients, and can be seen on the table of every first-class college in the land.

We quote from the London Lancet analysis as follows: "The basis of nomenclature of this preparation is evidently an American

pleasantry, since 'Grape-Nuts' is derived solely from cereals. The preparatory process undoubtedly converts the food constituents into a much more digestible condition than in the raw cereal. This is evident from the remarkable solubility of the preparation, no less than one-half of it being soluble in cold water. The soluble part contains chiefly dextrin and no starch. In appearance 'Grape-Nuts' resembles fried bread-crumbs. The grains are brown and erisp, with a pleasant taste not unlike slightly burnt malt. According to our analysis the following is the composi-tion of 'Grape-Nuts'; Moisture, 6.02 per cent; mineral matter, 2.01 per cent; fat, 1.60 per cent; proteids, 15.00 per cent; soluble carbohydrates, &c., 49.40 per cent; and unaltered carbohydrates (insoluble), 25.97 per cent. The features worthy of note in this analysis are the excellent proportion of proteid. mineral maters, and soluble carbohydrates per cent. The mineral matter was rich in phosphoric acid. 'Grape-Nuts' is described as a brain and nerve food, whatever that may be. Our analysis, at any rate, shows that it is a nutritive of a high order, since it contains the constituents of a complete food in very satisfactory and rich proportion and in an easily assimilable state.

An analysis made by the Canadian Government some time ago shows that Grape-Nuts contains nearly ten times the digestible elements contained in ordinary cereals, and foods, and nearly twice the amount contained in any other food analyzed.

The analysis is familiar to practically every successful physician in America and London. We print this statement in order that

the public may know the exact facts upon which we stake our honor and will back it with any amount of money that any person or corporation will put

We propose to follow some of these choice specimens of the tribe of Ann-

When you hear a cooking school teacher or any other person assert that either Postum or Grape-Nuts are made of any other ingredients than those printed on the packages and as we say they are made, send us the name and address, also name of two or three witnesses, and if the evidence is clear enough to get a judgment we will right that wrong quickly.

Our business has always been conducted on as high a grade of human intelligence as we are capable of, and we propose to clear the deck of these prevaricators and liars whenever and wherever they can be found.

Attention is again called to the general and broad invitation to visitors to go through our works, where they will be shown the most minute process and device in order that they may understand how pure and clean and wholesome Grape-Nuts and Postum are.

There is an old saying among business men that there is some chance to train a fool, but there is no room for a liar, for you never can tell where you we hereby serve notice on all the members of this ancient tribe of Ananias that they may follow their calling in other lines, but when they put forth their lies about Grape-Nuts and Postum, we propose to give them an opportunity to answer to the proper authorities.

The New York girl wisely said that if a person would lie about one item, it brands the whole discourse as abso-

lutely unreliable. Keep your iron ready and brand these "mavericks" whenever you find

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts and Postum