

# The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," Etc.



ILLUSTRATED BY F. D. STEELE

## The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist

No. 4 of the Series

(Continued from last week.)

"Hello, there!" called the stranger, looking at the man in the dark coat. "What are you doing here? You look like a man who has just come from the States. Tell me, what are you doing here?"

"I'm looking for a woman," said the man in the dark coat. "I saw her in the States, and I want to see her again. She's a very nice girl, and I want to see her again."

"That's what I'm asking you, you've got to be honest. You can't be honest where she is."

"We met the night on the road. There was no one else. We were both alone. She was the young lady."

"Good Lord, good Lord! What a story!" cried the stranger in an outburst of despair. "They've got her—she's been kidnapped. Woodley and the other person. Come, man, come! If you really are her friend, stand by me, and you'll save her. If I have to leave my carcass in Charleston wood."

He ran distractedly, his pistol in his hand, toward a gap in the hedge. Holmes followed him, and I, leaving the horse grazing beside the road, followed Holmes.

"This is where they came through," said he, pointing to the marks of several feet upon the muddy path. "Hello! Stop a minute! Who's this in the bush?"

It was a young fellow about seven feet, dressed like a hostler, with leather cuffs and gaiters. He lay upon his back, his knees drawn up, a terrible cut upon his head. He was insensible, but alive. A glance at his wound told me that it had not penetrated the bone.

"That's Peter, the groom," cried the stranger. "He drove her. The beastly fellow pulled him off and clubbed him. Get him up; 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 us.

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

As he spoke a woman's shrill scream—a scream which vibrated with a frenzy of horror—burst from the thick green clump of bushes in front of us. It ended suddenly on its highest note with a choke and a gurgle.

"This was! This was! They are in the lower wing!" cried the stranger, darting through the bushes. "Ah, the cowardly dog! Follow me, gentlemen! Too late, too late, by the living God!"

As he had been suddenly upon a lovely maid of seventeen surrounded by an ornate crowd. On the farther side of it, under the shadow of a solitary oak, there was a small group of three people. One was a woman, our client, drooping and pale, a handkerchief round her mouth. Opposite her stood a brutal, heavy fellow, as I mistookly guessed, and he had good legs barred with one arm and a man waving a falling stick. His whole attitude suggestive of a man of letters. Between them stood a young man, a bearded man, who, with a sharp surprise over a high, broad nose, had evidently just completed the wedding service, for he pocketed his prayer book as we appeared and slipped the minister bridegroom upon the last in jovial congratulation.

"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. Williamson, the ex-clergyman, bowed to us with mock politeness, and the bully, Woodley, advanced with a shout of brutal and exultant laughter.

"You can take your head 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 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 ruffian, 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 blood spurt from the front of Woodley's forehead. He spun round with a sick groan and fell upon his back, his hands and feet twitching suddenly to a dreadful convulsed palsy. The old man, still clad in his surplice, burst into such a spring of foot oaths as I have never heard and pulled out a revolver of his own, but before he could raise it he was looking down the barrel of Holmes' weapon.

"Enough of this," said my friend coldly. "Drop that pistol, Watson, pick it up! Hold it to his head! Thank you, you, Carruthers, give me that revolver. We'll have no more violence. Come; hand it over!"

"Who are you, then?"

"My name is Sherlock Holmes."

"Good Lord!"

"You have heard of me, I see. I will represent the official police until their arrival. Here, you!" he shouted to a frightened groom who had appeared at the edge of the glade. "Come here. Take this note as hard as you can ride to Farnham." He scribbled a few words upon a leaf from his notebook. "Give it to the superintendent at the police station. Until he comes I must detain you all under my personal custody."

The strong, masterful personality of Holmes dominated the tragic scene, and all were equally puppets in his hands. Williamson and Carruthers found themselves carrying the wounded Woodley into the house, and I gave my arm to the frightened girl. The injured man was laid on his bed, and at Holmes' request I examined him. I carried my report to where he sat in the old tapestry hung dining room with his two prisoners before him.

"He will live," said I.

"What?" cried Carruthers, springing out of his chair. "I'll go upstairs and finish him first. Do you tell me that that girl, that angel, is to be tied to Roaring Jack Woodley for life?"

"You need not concern yourself about that," said Holmes. "There are two very good reasons why she should under no circumstances be his wife. In the first place, we are very safe in questioning Mr. Williamson's right to solemnize a marriage."

"I have been ordained," cried the old rascal.

"And also unfrocked."

"Once a clergyman, always a clergyman."

"I think not. How about the license?"

"We had a license 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."

"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 is the only time that ever I knew what love was—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 employment 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 employment long if she had thought that I was following her about the country roads."

"Why didn't you tell her of her danger?"

"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."

"Well," said I, "you call that love, Mr. Carruthers, but I should call it selfishness."

"Maybe the two things go together. Anyhow, I couldn't let her go. Besides, with this crowd about it was well that she should have some one

near to look after her. Then, when the cable came, I knew they were bound to make a move."

"What cable?"

Carruthers took a telegram from his pocket.

"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 saw."

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 you served Jack Woodley! You can blast about the girl to your heart's content, for that's your own affair, but if you ramble on your pals to this plain clothes 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 all I ask is a few details for my private curiosity. However, if there is any difficulty in your telling me I'll do the talking, and then you'll see how far you have a chance of holding back your secrets. In the first place, where did you come from, South Africa or the States—you, Williamson, you, Carruthers, and Woodley?"

"The 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 Carruthers.

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

Carruthers nodded 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 Carruthers.

"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 voyage. 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. Meanwhile your arrangement was rather upset by the fact that you had yourself fallen in love with the lady. You could no longer bear the idea of this ruffian 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 you."

"It strikes me, Williamson, 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 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 devilry in the 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 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 different.' 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 dogcart."

Holmes rose and tossed the end of his cigarette 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 case, I perceive three of the county constabulary in the drive, and I am glad to see that the little hostler is able to keep pace with them, so it is likely that neither he nor the interesting bridegroom will be permanently damaged by their morning's adventures. I think, Watson, that in your medical capacity you might wait upon Miss Smith and tell her that if she is suff-

## THE GUARANTEED COMPOUND Interest Gold Bond

### The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York . . .

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President  
W. L. HATHAWAY, Ore. Manager.

This gold bond differs from any policy written by this or any other life insurance company in the following essential particulars:

1st. The policy is by its terms, payable in Gold Coin. This refers to both the principal sum and the interest:

2d. It guarantees annually, for a specified term of years, 3 per cent in gold on all premiums previously paid.

These credits may be drawn at the time they are made or at any other time, but as long as they are allowed to remain with the Company, they will be increased by 3 1/2 per cent interest, compounded annually, until the end of the said term, and, in the event of the death of the insured, any such accumulated credits will be paid with the sum insured.

3d. At the end of the period during which premium payments are required (10, 15 or 20 years, as the case may be), the Company, if required, will exchange this Bond for a new one a stipulated amount, payable at the death of the insured and, in the meantime, drawing 3 per cent simple interest annually on its par value, PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN. The accumulated surplus or dividend will at the same time be paid in cash, or it may be applied to increase the amount of the new 3 per cent Bond, which will also thereafter participate annually in the dividends of the Company.

In addition to these features which are peculiar to the Gold Bond, it also combines all the advantages of the Distribution Policies of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, such as full participation in the surplus earnings of the Company, Cash Surrender and Loan Values, grace in payment of premiums, Automatic Paid-up Insurance, etc.

Full information regarding this exceedingly popular and attractive combination of Investment and Protection

for any particular age or amount may be obtained by applying to the Company's nearest agent,

J. Q. Willis

Lakeview, Ore.

### TIMBER LAND NOTICE

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, August 8th, 1905. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the Act of June 3, 1878 entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, the following persons have this day filed in this office their sworn statements to-wit:

Kate Barry, of Lakeview, county of Lake, state of Oregon. Sworn statement No. 3001, for the purchase of the NE 1/4 SE 1/4 SE 1/4 NE 1/4 and Lots 1 and 2 Sec. 6, T. 40 S., R. 22 E. W. M.

Nellie Barry, of Lakeview, county of Lake, state of Oregon. Sworn statement No. 3002, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 SE 1/4 SE 1/4 SE 1/4 and SW 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 6, T. 40 S., R. 22 E. W. M.

That they will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes and to establish their claim in said land before Register & Receiver at Lakeview, Ore., on Monday the 23 day of October 1905.

They name as witnesses: Thomas M. Nash, Benjamin Daly and Dennis Sullivan of Lakeview, Oregon, and John Barry of Adel, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely to the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 23rd day of October 1905, 57-70 J. N. Watson, Register.

### Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—NOTICE is hereby given that, by an order of the County Court of Lake County, State of Oregon, duly made and entered on the 2nd day of September, 1905, the undersigned was duly appointed Administrator of the ESTATE of WILLIAM BAHNKA, deceased.

All persons having claims against said Estate are hereby required to present the same, with the proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice, to the undersigned Administrator, at the First National Bank of Lakeview, in Lakeview, Lake County, State of Oregon.

Dated this 7th day of September, 1905.

DICK J. WILCOX,

Administrator of the ESTATE of WILLIAM BAHNKA, Deceased. 36-40

## The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

This latest and best work of Dr. Doyle is now running serially in the Lake County Examiner.

### The Most Progressive

and up-to-date Newspaper in Eastern Oregon.

ONLY \$2.00 THE YEAR

## EXCURSIONS TO PORTLAND

for Lewis & Clark Exposition

\$30 FROM RENO

Above rate is for 10-day tickets, good going on Train No. 5 from Reno, connecting at Roseville or Sacramento with Special Excursion Train leaving San Francisco every Saturday. Return from Portland on any regular train; or tickets may be exchanged for return by steamer to San Francisco for \$2 extra.

21-Day and Special Tour Tickets

with stop-overs, at special rate. Ask local agent for rate from your town and full information regarding tickets, trains and Special Tour Tickets via Ogden.

A. H. RISING, Acting D. F.  
and P. A. Reno, Nevada.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

(Continued on next page.)