


**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 Priory School!

No. 5 of the Series

(Continued from last week.)

An instant later his feet were on my shoulders, but he was hardly up before he was down again.

"Come, my friend," said he, "our day's work has been quite long enough. I think that we have gathered all that we can. It's a long walk to the school, and the sooner we get started the better."

He hardly opened his lips during that weary trudge across the moor, nor would he enter the school when he reached it, but went on to Mackleton station, whence he could send some

telegrams. Late at night I heard him consoling Dr. Huxtable, prostrated by the tragedy of his master's death, and later still he entered my room as stern and vigorous as he had been when he started in the morning. "All goes well, my friend," said he, "I presume that before tomorrow evening we shall have reached the solution of the mystery."

At 11 o'clock next morning my friend and I were walking up the famous new avenue of Holderness Hall. We were ushered through the magnificent Elizabethan doorway and into his grace's study. There we found Mr. James Wilder, demure and courtly, but with some trace of that wild terror of the night before still lurking in his furtive eyes and in his trembling features.

"You have come to see the duke? I am sorry, but the fact is that the duke is far from well. He has been very much upset by the tragic news. We received a telegram from Dr. Huxtable yesterday afternoon, which told us of your discovery."

"I must see the duke, Mr. Wilder?"

"But he is in his room."

"Then I must go to his room?"

"I believe he is in his bed."

"I will see him there."

Holmes' odd and inexorable manner showed the secretary that it was useless to argue with him.

"Very good, Mr. Holmes. I will tell him that you are here."

After an hour's delay the great nobleman appeared. His face was more endeavorous than ever, his shoulders had rounded, and he seemed to me to be an altogether older man than he had been



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Collier's Weekly.

"You infernal spies!" the man cried.

the morning before. He greeted us with a stately courtesy and seated himself at his desk, his red beard streaming down on the table.

"Well, Mr. Holmes?" said he.

But my friend's eyes were fixed upon the secretary, who stood by his master's chair.

"I think, your grace, that I could speak more freely in Mr. Wilder's absence."

The man turned a shade paler and cast a malignant glance at Holmes.

"If your grace wishes?"

"Yes, yes; you had better go. Now, Mr. Holmes, what have you to say?"

My friend waited until the door had closed behind the retreating secretary.

"The fact is, your grace," said he

"that my colleague, Dr. Watson, and myself had an assurance from Dr. Huxtable that a reward had been offered in this case. I should like to have this confirmed from your own lips."

"Certainly, Mr. Holmes."

"It amounted, if I am correctly informed, to £5,000 to any one who will tell you where your son is?"

"Exactly."

"And another thousand to the man who will name the person or persons who keep him in custody?"

"Exactly."

"Under the latter heading is included no doubt not only those who may have taken him away, but also those who conspire to keep him in his present position?"

"Yes, yes," cried the duke impatiently. "If you do your work well, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, you will have no reason to complain of niggardly treatment."

My friend rubbed his thin hands together with an appearance of avidity, which was a surprise to me, who knew his frugal tastes.

"I fancy that I see your grace's check book upon the table," said he. "I should be glad if you would make me out a check for £5,000. It would be as well perhaps for you to cross it. The Capital and Counties bank, Oxford street branch, are my agents."

His grace sat very stern and upright in his chair and looked stonily at my friend.

"Is this a joke, Mr. Holmes? It is hardly a subject for pleasantry."

"Not at all, your grace. I was never more earnest in my life."

"What do you mean, then?"

"I mean that I have earned the reward. I know where your son is, and I know some at least of those who are holding him."

The duke's head had turned more aggressively red than ever against his ghastly white face.

"Where is he?" he gasped.

"He is, or was last night, at the Fighting Cock inn, about two miles from your park gate."

The duke fell back in his chair.

"And whom do you accuse?"

Sherlock Holmes' answer was an astounding one. He stepped swiftly forward and touched the duke upon the shoulder.

"I accuse you," said he. "And now, your grace, I'll trouble you for that check."

Never shall I forget the duke's appearance as he sprang up and clawed with his hands, like one who is sinking into an abyss. Then, with an extraordinary effort of aristocratic self command, he sat down and sank his face in his hands. It was some minutes before he spoke.

"How much do you know?" he asked at last without raising his head.

"I saw you together last night."

"Does any one else beside your friend know?"

"I have spoken to no one."

The duke took a pen in his quivering fingers and opened his check book.

"I shall be as good as my word, Mr. Holmes. I am about to write your check, however unwelcome the information which you have gained may be to me. When the offer was first made I little thought the turn which events might take. But you and your friend are men of discretion, Mr. Holmes?"

"I hardly understand your grace."

"I must put it plainly, Mr. Holmes. If only you two knew of this incident there is no reason why it should go any further. I think £5,000 is the sum that I owe you, is it not?"

But Holmes smiled and shook his head.

"I fear, your grace, that matters can hardly be arranged so easily. There is the death of this schoolmaster to be accounted for."

"But James knew nothing of that. You cannot hold him responsible for that. It was the work of this brutal ruffian whom he had the misfortune to employ."

"I must take the view, your grace, that when a man embarks upon a crime he is morally guilty of any other crime which may spring from it."

"Morally, Mr. Holmes; no doubt you are right; but surely not in the eyes of the law. A man cannot be condemned for a murder at which he was not present and which he loathes and abhors as much as you do. The instant that he heard of it he made a complete confession to me, so filled was he with horror and remorse. He lost not an hour in breaking entirely with the murderer. Oh, Mr. Holmes, you must save him—you must save him! I tell you that you must save him! The duke

and James were both staring at each other.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, that was the state of affairs when I first saw you two days ago. I had no more idea of the truth than you. You will ask me what was James' motive in doing such a deed. I answer that there was a great deal which was unreasoning and fanatical in the hatred which he bore my heir. In his view he should himself have been heir of all my estates, and he deeply resented these social laws which made it impossible. At the

command and was pacing the room with a convulsed face and with his clenched hands waving in the air. At last he mastered himself and sat down once more at his desk. "I appreciate your conduct in coming here before you spoke to any one else," said he. "At least we may take counsel how far we can minimize this hideous scandal."

"Exactly," said Holmes. "I think, your grace, that this can only be done by absolute frankness between us. I am disposed to help your grace to the best of my ability, but in order to do so I must understand to the last detail how the matter stands. I realize that your words applied to Mr. James Wilder and that he is not the murderer."

"No, the murderer has escaped."

Sherlock Holmes smiled demurely.

"Your grace can hardly have heard of any small reputation which I possess or you would not imagine that it is so easy to escape me. Mr. Reuben Hayes was arrested at Chesterfield on my information at 11 o'clock last night. I had a telegram from the head of the local police before I left the school this morning."

The duke leaned back in his chair and stared with amazement at my friend.

"You seem to have powers that are hardly human," said he. "So Reuben Hayes is taken? I am right glad to hear it if it will not react upon the fate of James."

"Your secretary?"

"No, sir; my son."

It was Holmes' turn to look astonished.

"I confess that this is entirely new to me, your grace. I must beg you to be more explicit."

"I will conceal nothing from you. I agree with you that complete frankness, however painful it may be to me, is the best policy in this desperate situation to which James' folly and jealousy have reduced us. When I was a very young man, Mr. Holmes, I loved with such a love as comes only once in a lifetime. I offered the lady marriage, but she refused it on the grounds that such a match might mar my career. Had she lived I would certainly never have married any one else. She died and left this one child, whom for her sake I have cherished and cared for. I could not acknowledge the paternity to the world, but I gave him the best of educations, and since he came to manhood I have kept him near my person. He surmised my secret and has presumed ever since upon the claim which he has upon me and upon his power of provoking a scandal which would be abhorrent to me! The pretence had something to do with the unhappy issue of my marriage. Above all, he hated my young legitimate heir from the first with a persistent hatred."

"You may well ask me why, under these circumstances, I still kept James under my roof. I answer that it was because I could see his mother's face in his and that for her dear sake there was no end to my long suffering. All her pretty ways, too—there was not one of them which he could not suggest and bring back to my memory. I could not send him away. But I feared so much lest he should do Arthur—that is, Lord Saltire—a mischief that I dispatched him for safety to Dr. Huxtable's school."

James came into contact with this fellow Hayes because the man was a student of mine and James acted as agent. The fellow was a rascal from the beginning, but in some extraordinary way James became intimate with him. He had always a taste for low company. When James determined to kidnap Lord Saltire it was of this man's service that he availed himself. You remember that I wrote to Arthur upon that last day. Well, James opened the letter and inserted a note asking Arthur to meet him in a little wood called the Ragged Shaw, which is near to the school. He used the duchess' name and in that way got the boy to come. That evening James bicycled over—I am telling you what he has himself confessed to me—and he told Arthur, whom he met in the wood, that his mother longed to see him, and that if he would come back into the wood at midnight he would find a man with a horse, who would take him to her. Poor Arthur fell into the trap. He came to the appointment and found this fellow Hayes with a led pony. Arthur mounted, and they set off together. It appears—though this James only heard yesterday—that they were pursued, that Hayes struck the pursuer with his stick and that the man died of his injuries. Hayes brought Arthur to his public house, the Fighting Cock, where he was confined in an upper room, under the care of Mrs. Hayes, who is a kindly woman, but entirely under the control of her brutal husband."

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(Continued on next page.)

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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 NE¼ SE¼ SE¼ NE¼ and Lots 1 and 2 Sec. 6, T. 40 S., R. 22 E. W. M.

Neillie Barry, of Lakeview, county of Lake, state of Oregon. Sworn statement No. 3002, for the purchase of the NW¼ SE¼ SE¼ SE¼ and SW¼ NE¼ 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 to said land before Register & Receiver at Lakeview, Or., on Monday the 23 day of October 1905.

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

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 23d day of October 1905.

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. 30-40

## The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

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Dr. Doyle is now running serially  
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