


# 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 Black Peter

No. 6 of the Series

(Concluded from last week.)

"See here, mister," said he, "I make no complaint of being mishandled in this fashion, but I would have you call things by their right names. You say I murdered Peter Carey? I say I killed Peter Carey, and there's all the difference. Maybe you don't believe what I say. Maybe you think I am just stringing you a yarn."

"Not at all," said Holmes. "Let us hear what you have to say."

"It's soon told, and, by the Lord, every word of it is true. I know Black Peter, and when he had cut his hand I offered a harpoon through his shaps for I knew that it was his or not. That's how he died. You can call it murder, anyhow, I'd as soon die with a rope round my neck as with Black Peter's knife in my back."

"How came you there?" asked Holmes.

"I'll tell it you from the beginning. Just sit me up a little so as I can speak easy. It was in '83 that it happened—August of that year. Peter Carey was master of the Sea Unicorn, and I was spare harpooner. We were coming out of the ice pack on our way home, with head winds and a week's southerly gale, when we picked up a little craft that had been blown north. There was one man on her—a landsman. The crew had thought she would founder and had made for the Norwegian coast in a daze. I guess they were all drowned. Well, we took him on board, this man, and he and the skipper had some long talks in the cabin. All the baggage we took off with him was one tin box. So far as I know, the man's name was never mentioned, and on the second night he disappeared as if he had never been. It was given out that he had either thrown himself overboard or fallen overboard in the heavy weather that we were having. Only one man knew what had happened to him, and that was me, for with my own eyes I saw the skipper tip up his heels and put him over the rail in the middle watch of a dark night two days before we sighted the Shetland lights."

"Well, I kept my knowledge to my self and waited to see what would come of it. When we got back to Scotland it was easily hushed up, and nobody asked any questions. A stranger died by accident, and it was nobody's business to inquire. Shortly after Peter Carey gave up the sea, and it was four years before I could find where he was. I guessed that he had done the deed for the sake of what was in that tin box and that he could afford now to pay me well for keeping my mouth shut."

"I found out where he was through a sailor man that had met him in London, and down I went to squeeze him. The first night he was reasonable enough and was ready to give me what would make me free of the sea for life. We were to fix it all two nights later. When I came I found him three parts drunk and in a vile temper. We sat down, and we drank, and we yarned about old times, but the more he drank the less I liked the look on his face. I spotted that harpoon upon the wall, and I thought I might need it before I was through. Then at last he broke out at me, spitting and cursing, with murder in his eyes and a great clasp knife in his hand. He had not time to get it from the sheath before I had the harpoon through him. Heaves, what a yell he gave! And his face gets between me and my sleep. I stood there, with his blood splashing round me, and I waited for a bit, but all was quiet, so I took heart once more. I looked round, and there was the tin box on the shelf. I had as much right to it as Peter Carey, anyhow, so I took it with me and left the hut. Like a fool, I left my hazy pouch upon the table."

"Now I'll tell you the queerest part of the whole story. I had hardly got outside the hut when I heard some one coming, and I hid among the bushes. A man came slinking along, went into the hut, gave a cry as if he had seen a ghost and legged it as hard as he could run until he was out of sight. Who he was or what he wanted is more than I can tell. For my part, I walked ten miles, got a train at Tunbridge Wells, and so reached London and no one the wiser."

"Well, when I came to examine the box I found there was no money in it

and nothing but papers that I would not dare to sell. I had lost my hold on Black Peter and was stranded in London without a shilling. There was only my trade left. I saw these advertisements about harpooners and high wages, so I went to the shipping agents, and they sent me here. That's all I know, and I say again that if I killed Black Peter the law should give me thanks, for I saved them the price of a hempen rope."

"A very clear statement," said Holmes, rising and lighting his pipe. "I think, Hopkins, that you should lose no time in conveying your prisoner to a place of safety. This room is not well adapted for a cell, and Mr. Patrick Cairns occupies too large a proportion of our carpet."

"Mr. Holmes," said Hopkins, "I do not know how to express my gratitude. Even now I do not understand how you attained this result."

"Simply by having the good fortune to get the right clew from the beginning. It is very possible if I had known about this notebook it might have led away my thoughts, as it did yours. But all I heard pointed in the one direction. The amazing strength, the skill in the use of the harpoon, the rum and water, the sealskin tobacco pouch with the coarse tobacco—all these pointed to a seaman and one who had been a whaler. I was convinced that the initials 'P. C.' upon the pouch were a coincidence and not those of Peter Carey, since he seldom smoked and no pipe was found in his cabin. You remember that I asked whether whisky and brandy were in the cabin. You said they were. How many landsmen are there who would drink rum when they could get these other spirits? Yes, I was certain it was a seaman."

"And how did you find him?"

"My dear sir, the problem had become a very simple one. If it were a seaman it could only be a seaman who had been with him on the Sea Unicorn. So far as I could learn he had sailed in no other ship. I spent three days in wiring to Dundee, and at the end of that time I had ascertained the names of the crew of the Sea Unicorn in 1883. When I found Patrick Cairns among the harpooners my research was nearing its end. I argued that the man was probably in London and that he would desire to leave the country for a time. I therefore spent some days in the east end, devised an arctic expedition, put forth tempting terms for harpooners who would serve under Captain Basil—and behold the result!"

"Wonderful!" cried Hopkins. "Wonderful!"

"You must obtain the release of young Neligan as soon as possible," said Holmes. "I confess that I think you owe him some apology. The tin box must be returned to him; but, of course, the securities which Peter Carey has sold are lost forever. There's the cab, Hopkins, and you can remove your man. If you want me for the trial, my address and that of Watson will be somewhere in Norway. I'll send particulars later."

## The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton

No. 7 of the Series

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IT is years since the incidents of which I speak took place, and yet it is with diffidence that I allude to them. For a long time, even with the utmost discretion and reticence, it would have been impossible to make the facts public, but now the principal person concerned is beyond the reach of human law, and with due suppression the story may be told in such fashion as to injure no one. It records an absolutely unique experience in the career both of Mr. Sherlock Holmes and of myself. The reader will excuse me if I conceal the date or any other fact by which he might trace the actual occurrence.

We had been out for one of our evening rambles, Holmes and I, and had returned about 6 o'clock on a cold, frosty winter's evening. As Holmes turned up the lamp the light fell upon a card on the table. He glanced at it and then, with an ejaculation of disgust, threw it on the floor. I picked it up and read:

CHARLES AUGUSTUS MILVERTON,  
Applauder Towers,  
Avenue  
Hamptstead

"Who is he?" I asked.

"The worst man in London," Holmes answered as he sat down and stretched his legs before the fire. "Is anything on the back of the card?"

I turned it over.

"Will call at 6.30—C. A. M.," I read.

"Hum! He's about due. Do you feel a creeping, shivering sensation, Watson, when you stand before the serpents in the zoo and see the siltthy, gliding, venomous creatures, with their deadly eyes and wicked, flattened faces? Well, that's how Milverton impresses me. I've had to do with fifty murderers in my career, but the worst of them never gave me the repulsion which I have for this fellow. And yet I can't get out of doing business with him—indeed, he is here at my invitation."

"But who is he?"

"I'll tell you, Watson. He is the king of all the blackmailers. Heaven help the man, and still more the woman, whose secret and reputation come into the power of Milverton! With a smiling face and a heart of marble, he will squeeze and squeeze until he has drained them dry. The fellow is a genius in his way and would have made his mark in some more savory trade. His method is as follows: He allows it to be known that he is prepared to pay very high sums for letters which compromise people of wealth and position. He receives these wares not only from treacherous valets or maids, but frequently from genteel ruffians who have gained the confidence and affection of trusting women. He deals with no big game hand. I happen to know that he paid £700 to a footman for a note two lines in length and that the ruin of a noble family was the result. Everything which is in the market goes to Milverton, and there are hundreds in this great city who turn white at his name. No one knows where his grip may fall, for he is far too rich and far too cunning to work from hand to mouth. He will hold a card back for years in order to play it at the moment when the stake is best worth winning. I have said that he is the worst man in London, and I would ask you how could one compare the ruffian who in hot blood bludgeons his mate with this man who methodically and at his leisure tortures the soul and wrings the nerves in order to add to his already swollen money bags?"

I had seldom heard my friend speak with such intensity of feeling.

"But surely," said I, "the fellow must be within the grasp of the law?"

"Technically, no doubt, but practically not. What would it profit a woman, for example, to get him a few months' imprisonment if her own ruin must immediately follow? His victims dare not hit back. If ever he blackmailed an innocent person, then indeed we should have him, but he is as cunning as the evil one. No, no; we must find other ways to fight him."

"And why is he here?"

"Because an illustrious client placed her piteous case in my hands. It is the Lady Eva Blackwell, the most beautiful debutante of last season. She is to be married in a fortnight to the Earl of Dovercourt. This feud has several imprudent letters—imprudent, Watson; nothing worse—which were written to an impecunious young squire in the country. They would suffice to break off the match. Milverton will send the letters to the earl unless a large sum of money is paid him. I have been commissioned to meet him and to make the best terms I can."

At that instant there was a clatter and a rattle in the street below. Looking down, I saw a stately carriage and pair, the brilliant lamps gleaming on the glossy harnesses of the noble chestnuts. A footman opened the door, and a small, stout man in a shaggy astrakhan overcoat descended. A minute later he was in the room.

Charles Augustus Milverton was a man of fifty, with a large, intellectual head, a round, plump, hairless face, a perpetual frozen smile and two keen gray eyes which gleamed brightly from behind broad gold rimmed glasses. There was something of Mr. Pickwick's benevolence in his appearance, marred only by the insincerity of the fixed smile and by the hard glitter of those restless and penetrating eyes. His voice was as smooth and suave as his countenance as he advanced with a plump little hand extended, murmuring his regret for having missed us at his first visit. Holmes disregarded the outstretched hand and looked at him with a face of granite. Milverton's smile broadened; he shrugged his shoulders, removed his overcoat, folded it with great deliberation over the back of a chair and then took a seat.

"This gentleman?" said he, with a wave in my direction. "Is it discreet? Is it right?"

"Dr. Watson is my friend and partner."

"Very good, Mr. Holmes. It is only in your client's interests that I protested. The matter is so very delicate."

"Dr. Watson has already heard of it."

"Then we can proceed to business. You say that you are acting for Lady

**Timber Land Notice.**  
United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, August 14 1905. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress 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, Hellen Miller, of Lake City, county of Modoc, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2971, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 SE 1/4 SW 1/4 NE 1/4 and SW 1/4 NW 1/4 of Section No. 29 in Township 40 S., R. 22 E., W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on Thursday, the 23 day of November, 1905. He names as witnesses: James Dodson, of Adel, Oregon, Eldon Woodcock, George Hankins and P. M. Curry, of Lakeview, 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 November 1905.

38 47 J. N. Watson, Register.

**Final Proof.**  
Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 9th, 1905. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 21st day of November, 1905, viz:

William H. Benefield, H. E. No. 2498, for the W 1/2 NE 1/4 SE 1/4 NW 1/4 and NW 1/4 SE 1/4 sec. 18 Tp. 36, S., R. 22 E., W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz:

C. W. Dent of Lakeview, Oregon, Edmund Lynch, J. M. Parrish, B. C. Hankins, of Push, Oregon.

J. N. Watson, Register. 41 45

**Notice For Publication.**  
Department of the Interior, Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 4, 1905. NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 25th day of November, 1905, viz:

Albert Dent, H. E. No. 2045, for the SE 1/4 NE 1/4 E 1/2 SE 1/4 sec. 31, Sw 1/4 Sw 1/4

sec. 32 Tp. 39 S., R. 17 E., W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz:

Charles Palmerlee, James I. Meick, of Vistilla; George L. Holbrook, A. W. Howard, W. D. Tracy, of Lakeview, Oregon. J. N. Watson, Register. 45

**Notice for Publication.**  
Department of the Interior, Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 16, 1905. NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on 27th day of November 1905; viz:

Gideon Sherman, H. E. No. 2709, for the SW 1/4 NE 1/4 W 1/2 SE 1/4 and SE 1/4 SE 1/4 sec. 17, Tp. 12 S., R. 21 E., W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Geo Sherman, B. L. Reid, A. M. Smith, James Vincent, all of New Pine Creek, Oregon. J. N. Watson, Register. 42 46

**Notice For Publication.**  
Department of the Interior, Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Sept. 29, 1905. NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 13th day of November, 1905, viz:

Edwin T. Bishop, H. E. No. 2258, for the NE 1/4 SW 1/4, N 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 6, and NW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 5, Tp. 40 S., R. 20 E., W. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, to-wit:

W. G. Spencer, Al. Cheney, Elbert S. Morris, I. W. Bishop, all of Lakeview, Oregon. J. N. Watson, Register. 44

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# The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

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# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

(Continued on next page.)