

I'm not a bot























The next morning, the sun is shining and the house seems less, well, cursed.Even so, both Watson and Sir Henry agree that they heard a woman crying the night before.Watson suspects that the crying woman is Mrs. Barrymore, and that Barrymore's responsible.Watson's suspicions about Barrymore's character only increase when he walks into town and finds out that it wasn't Barrymore, but Barrymore's wife who received the telegram Holmes sent to check out his alibi while Sir Henry was in town.Could Barrymore have been in London spying on Sir Henry after all?A man runs up to Watson in the village and introduces himself: it's Stapleton, from nearby Merripit House.He's carrying a butterfly net. He announces that he is a "naturalist" (a scientist who studies nature, particularly animals and plants).Stapleton asks if Sherlock Holmes has any theories behind the Hound of the Baskervilles to explain Sir Charles' death.Watson is like, whuh? Holmes? How did you know--?Stapleton promises him that everyone in the neighborhood knows why Watson is here.Evidently, Holmes is known far and wide after his recent win on Britain's Got Talent.(Stapleton invites Watson to Merripit House to meet his sister.As they walk through the moors, Stapleton tells Watson that the ground in this area is not stable: there are bogs and marshes all over the place.Stapleton warns that, if Watson went into the Mire on his own, he would probably drown in the swamp. The two men hear a long, low howl over the moor.Apparently, the local people believe that this howl belongs to the Hound of the Baskervilles.Stapleton thinks it's a bittern—a kind of bird that's nearly extinct in England. They walk past the remains of a prehistoric town. (Okay, could this setting get any creepier, with the mysterious howls and the ancient ruins?)Stapleton suddenly spots a butterfly and goes running off into the Mire.Watson watches him anxiously, worried that he'll lose his footing and sink.As Watson stares after Stapleton, a woman suddenly approaches him.Watson assumes that she is Stapleton's sister, even though she doesn't look very much like him.She quickly warns him, "Go straight back to London, instantly"(7.91).When Stapleton returns to the path, she suddenly changes the subject and starts talking about the flowers on the moor.Stapleton addresses her as "Beryl!" (7.98) (an unusual name, but any Sailor Moon fans out there will recognize "Beryl" as a woman's name.)Beryl mentions that she has already introduced herself to "Sir Henry." Watson is like, ummm, no, I'm just Dr. Watson.Beryl blushes in embarrassment.When Watson walks off in the direction of Baskerville Hall, Beryl rushes over to speak to him.She apologizes for confusing him with Sir Henry but refuses to explain why it's so important for Sir Henry to leave. The next morning, Watson mentions that he heard the sobbing woman. Henry also mentions that he heard it, but had thought it was a dream. Watson notices that the butler appears flustered. He later learns that the man's suggestion that it could not have been his wife crying is a lie, because he sees her red and swollen eyes.

Watson thinks on it, speculating that Barrymore might be the bearded stranger back in London. He investigates whether the letter Holmes sent had reached Mr. Barrymore's hands, but discovered it reached Mrs. Barrymore instead, who claimed that her husband was busy upstairs. Watson wishes Holmes could join him. A small stranger appears, carrying a butterfly net. He calls Watson by name, and introduces himself as Mr. Stapleton of Merripit House, and says he will accompany him on his walk home. Stapleton asks after Henry and expresses his hope that the baronet should carry on his uncle's work, also adding that he thinks local superstition is nonsense. However, he does believe that something must have scared his uncle enough to induce a heart attack. Watson is surprised that Stapleton knew about Charles' condition, but Stapleton explains that Mortimer told him. Stapleton mentions Sherlock Holmes, which initially makes Watson suspicious; however, he realises that Holmes is a celebrity and that his reputation has preceded him. Watson refuses to answer any questions about the case. Walking close to the moor, Stapleton points out that the place is dangerous and mysterious, especially around the great Grimpen mire, a stretch where a type of quicksand can envelop man or beast. At that moment, the two spot a pony being swallowed up by the sand. The two hear a low, sad moan that the locals suspect is the howling of the hound of the Baskervilles. Stapleton also points out some small, stone buildings that he claims were Neolithic residences. Stapleton runs away after a butterfly, and Watson suddenly meets Miss Stapleton, who is very beautiful, and tells him to return to London without saying anything to her brother. Mr. Stapleton discovers that his sister had thought Watson was Sir Henry, not Watson, and proper introductions are made. The three walk to Merripit House, and Watson remarks that it is a strange and sad location for them to choose. Stapleton tells Watson that they get along fine, but Miss Stapleton is unconvinced. Stapleton also tells Watson that he used to work as a schoolmaster up north, but prefers the moors since he can collect insects. Watson leaves and asks that he tell Sir Henry of his desire to pay a visit. On the way home, Watson is stopped by Miss Stapleton who runs to catch him. She tells him to forget her warning – she tries to play off her outburst, claiming to be concerned about the curse and first to not disagree with her brother, who wants a charitable Baskerville to live there. The Hound of the Baskervilles Chapter 7 Full Text VII. — THE STAPLETONS OF MERRIPIT HOUSE The fresh beauty of the following morning did something to efface from our minds the grim and grey impression which had been left upon both of us by our first experience of Baskerville Hall. As Sir Henry and I sat at breakfast the sunlight flooded in through the high mullioned windows, throwing watery patches of colour from the coats of arms which covered them. The dark panelling glowed like bronze in the golden rays, and it was hard to realise that this was indeed the chamber which had struck such a gloom into our souls upon the evening before. "I guess it is ourselves and the house that we have to blame," said the baronet. "We were tired with our journey and chilled by our drive, so we took a grey view of the place. Now we are fresh and well, so it is all cheerful once more." "And yet it was not entirely a question of imagination," I answered. "Did you, for example, happen to hear someone, a woman I think, sobbing in the night?" "That is curious, for I did when I was half asleep fancy that I heard something of the sort. I waited quite a time, but there was no more of it, so I concluded that it was all a dream." "I heard it distinctly, and I am sure that it was really the sob of a woman." "We must ask about this right away." He rang the bell and asked Barrymore whether he could account for our experience. It seemed to me that the pallid features of the butler turned a shade paler still as he listened to his master's question. "There are only two women in the house, Sir Henry," he answered. "One is the scullery-maid, who sleeps in the other wing. The other is my wife, and I can answer for it that the sound could not have come from her." And yet he lied as he said it, for it chanced that after breakfast I met Mrs. Barrymore in the long corridor with the sun full upon her face. She was a large, impassive, heavy-featured woman with a stern set expression of mouth. But her tell-tale eyes were red and glanced at me from between swollen lids. It was she, then, who wept in the night, and if she did so her husband must know it. Yet he had taken the obvious risk of discovery in declaring that it was not so. Why had he done this? And why did she weep so bitterly? Already round this pale-faced, handsome, black-bearded man there was gathering an atmosphere of mystery and of gloom. It was he who had been the first to discover the body of Sir Charles, and we had only his word for all the circumstances which led up to the old man's death. Was it possible that it was Barrymore after all whom we had seen in the cab in Regent Street? The baronet might have been lying, but I could not believe that such an impression might easily have been produced in the great Grimpen postmaster, and find whether the last telegram had really been placed in Barrymore's own hands. Be the fact as it might, I should at least have something to report to Sherlock Holmes. Sir Henry had numerous papers to examine after breakfast, but that the time was propitious for my excursion. It was a pleasant walk of four miles along the edge of the moor, leading me at last to a small grey hamlet, in which two large buildings, which proved to be the inn and the house of Dr. Mortimer, stood high above the rest. The postmaster, who was also the village grocer, had a clear recollection of the telegram. "Certainly, sir," said he, "I had the telegram delivered to Mr. Barrymore exactly as directed." "Who delivered it?" "My boy here, James, you delivered that telegram to Mr. Barrymore at the Hall last week, did you not?" "Yes, father, I delivered it." "Into his own hands?" I asked. "Well, he was up in the loft at the time, so that I could not put it into his own hands, but I gave it into Mrs. Barrymore's hands, and she promised to deliver it at once." "Did you see Mr. Barrymore?" "No, sir, I tell you he was in the loft." "If you didn't see him, how do you know he was in the loft?" "Well, surely his own wife ought to know where he is," said the postmaster testily. "Didn't he get the telegram? If there is any mistake it is for Mr. Barrymore himself to complain." It seemed hopeless to pursue the inquiry any farther, but it was clear that in spite of Holmes's ruse we had no proof that Barrymore had not been in London all the time. Suppose that it were so—suppose that the same man had been the last who had seen Sir Charles alive, and the first to dog the new heir when he returned to England. What then? Was he the agent of others or had he some sinister design of his own? What interest could he have in persecuting the Baskerville family? I thought of the strange warning clipped out of the leading article of The Times. Was that his work or was it possibly the doing of someone who was bent upon counteracting his schemes? The only conceivable motive was that which had been suggested by Sir Henry, that if the family could be scared away a comfortable and permanent home would be secured for the Barrymores. But surely such an explanation would be quite inadequate to account for the deep and subtle scheming which had been going on since the appearance of the Hound of the Baskervilles. How could I set my mind at rest by pursuing an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House." "Your net and box would have told me as much," said I, "for I knew that Mr. Stapleton was a naturalist. But how did you know me?" "I have been calling on Mortimer, and he pointed you out to me from the window of his surgery as you passed. As our road lay the same way I thought that I would overtake you and introduce myself. I trust that Sir Henry is none the worse for his journey?" "He is very well, thank you." "We were all rather afraid that after the sad death of Sir Charles the new baronet might refuse to live here. It is asking much of a wealthy man to come down and bury himself in a place of this kind, but I need not tell you that it means a very great deal to the country-side. Sir Henry has, I suppose, no superstitious fears in the matter?" "I do not think that it is likely." "Of course you know the legend of the fiend dog which haunts the family?" "I have heard of it." "It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor." He spoke with a smile, but I seemed to read in his eyes that he took the matter more seriously. "The story took a great hold upon the imagination of Sir Charles, and I have no doubt that it led to his tragic end." "But how?" His nerves were so worked up that the appearance of an invisible trail which led to no more complex case had come to him in all the long series of his sensational investigations. I walked back along the green, lonely road, that my friend might soon be freed from his pre-occupations and able to come down to take this heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders. Suddenly my reverie was interrupted by the sound of running feet behind me and by a voice which called me by name. I turned, expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger who was pursuing me. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven, prim-faced man, faxen-haired and lean-jawed, between thirty and forty years of age, dressed in a grey suit and wearing a straw hat. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he carried a green butterfly-net in one of his hands. "You will, I am sure, excuse my presumption, Dr. Watson," said he, as he came panting up to where I stood. "Here on the moor we are homely folk and do not wait for formal introductions. You may possibly have heard my name from our mutual friend, Mortimer. I am Stapleton, of Merripit House