

'One shoe seems a useless thing to steal,' said Holmes. 'I am sure the shoe will be found in the hotel and returned to you. But now we must tell you some things about the Baskerville family.'

Dr Mortimer took out the old Baskerville papers and read them to Sir Henry. Holmes then told him about the death of Sir Charles.

'So this letter is from someone who is trying to warn me, or frighten me away,' said Sir Henry.

'Yes,' said Holmes. 'And we have to decide if it is sensible for you to go to Baskerville Hall. There seems to be danger there for you.'

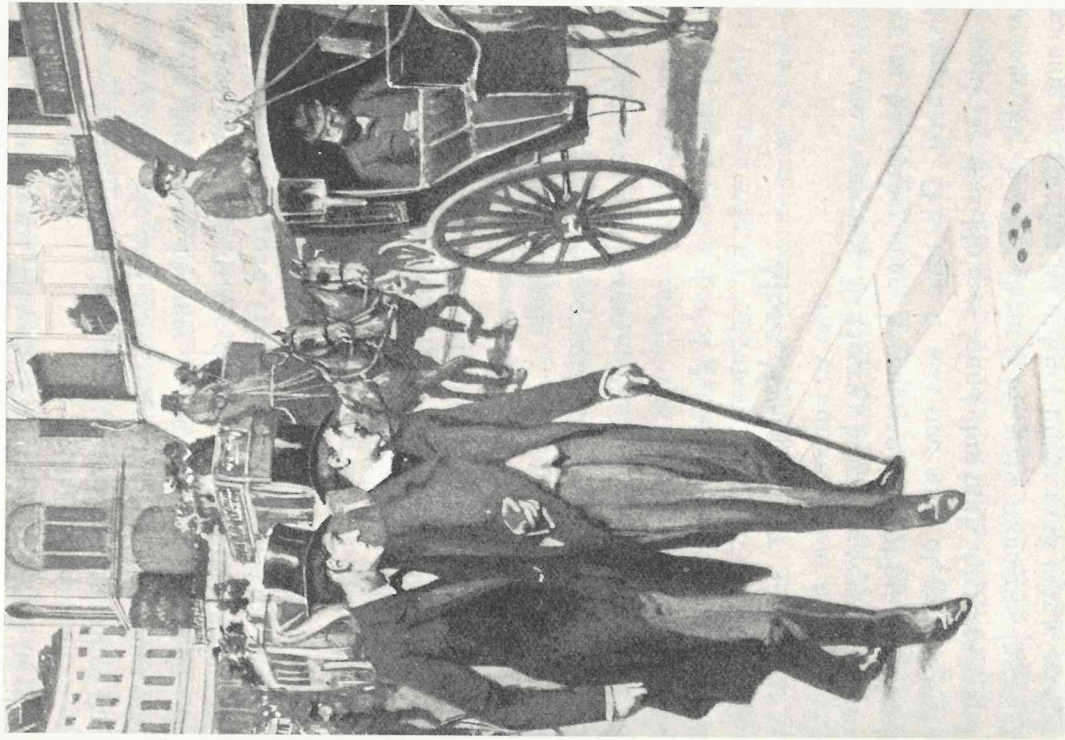
'There is no man or devil who will stop me from going to the home of my family,' said Sir Henry angrily. 'I want some time to think about what you have told me. Will you and Dr Watson join me for lunch at my hotel in two hours' time? By then, I'll be able to tell you what I think.'

Dr Mortimer and Sir Henry said goodbye, and decided to walk back to their hotel.

As soon as our visitors had gone, Holmes changed from the talker to the man of action.

'Quick, Watson. Your coat and hat. We must follow them.' We got ready quickly and went into the street. Our friends were not far ahead of us and we followed. We stayed about a hundred metres behind them.

Suddenly Holmes gave a cry. I saw a taxi driving along very slowly on the other side of the road from our friends.



*'That's our man, Watson! Come along!'*