

Sir Charles told everyone what he had written in his will.
'That's very interesting,' said Holmes.

'I hope you don't suspect everyone who got something from the will,' said Dr Mortimer. 'I received £1,000.'

'Indeed!' said Holmes. 'And who else received money?'
'A lot of people received a little money. He gave a lot of money to a number of hospitals. The rest all went to Sir Henry, who received £740,000.'

'I had no idea it was so much,' said Holmes in surprise.
'The Baskerville lands are worth about one million pounds,' Dr Mortimer said.

'Dear me,' said Holmes. 'A man could kill for that much. One more question. If something happened to our young friend here, who would get Baskerville Hall and all its lands?'

'Well, as you know, Sir Charles had two brothers. Sir Henry is the only son of Sir Charles' younger brother. The youngest brother of the three, Roger, was a criminal. The police wanted him, so he had to leave England. They say he looked exactly like the family picture of old Sir Hugo, who first saw the Hound. He was the same kind of man, too. He went to South America, where he died of a fever. So if Sir Henry died, Baskerville Hall would go to James Desmond, who is a cousin of the Baskervilles. James Desmond is an old man, who lives in the north of England. His life is very simple and he would not want to be rich.'

'Thank you, Dr Mortimer,' said Holmes. 'Now, Sir Henry, I agree that you should go to Baskerville Hall as

quickly as possible. But you must not go alone. I myself cannot leave London at the present time. I am working on another case. I am trying to save one of the most important men in England from a difficult situation. I hope my friend Watson will go with you. If there is danger, you could not have a better man by your side.'

Sir Henry and I were both very happy with this idea. So we arranged to travel to Devonshire on the following Saturday.

Just as we were leaving Sir Henry's room, he gave a cry and got down on his knees by the table.

'Here's my brown shoe that was lost,' he said, reaching under the table.

'That's very strange,' said Dr Mortimer. 'We both searched the room before lunch, and it wasn't under the table then.'

None of the people who worked at the hotel could explain how the shoe had got back into the room.

So we had another mystery. On the way back to Baker Street in the taxi, Holmes sat thinking deeply. All through the afternoon and the evening he went on thinking silently, and smoking pipe after pipe.

Just before dinner, a telegram arrived. It was from Sir Henry and said: 'Have just heard that Barrymore is at the Hall.'

'So we don't have the answer to the mystery of the man with the beard,' said Holmes. 'But perhaps we shall soon have an answer to another question.'