

At that moment the door bell rang. It was the driver of the bearded man's taxi.

'I got a message that you wanted to see me,' said the driver. 'I hope there's nothing wrong.'

'No, no, my good man,' said Holmes. 'In fact I'll give you some money if you can answer my questions clearly. Tell me all about the man in your taxi this morning. He was watching this house at ten o'clock and then told you to follow the two gentlemen who came out of it.'

The taxi driver was surprised at how much Holmes seemed to know. He answered: 'The man told me that he was a detective, and that I should say nothing about him to anyone.'

'This is a serious business,' said Holmes, 'and you will be in trouble if you try to hide anything. What can you tell me?'

'The man told me his name,' said the driver.

Holmes looked like a man who has just won an important game. 'That was not very clever of him,' he said. 'What was his name?'

'His name,' said the taxi driver, 'was Sherlock Holmes.'

I have never seen my friend look more surprised. Then he laughed loudly. 'Tell me where he got into your taxi and everything that happened.'

We already knew most of what the taxi driver told us. But we learned that after we had lost sight of the taxi, it had gone to Waterloo station, where the man had caught his train. The taxi driver said that the man was well-

dressed and had a black beard and pale face. He was about forty and not very tall. The driver did not know the colour of the man's eyes.

Holmes gave the man a pound, and sent him away. Then he said:

'We have a very clever enemy, Watson. He is winning the game at the moment. We have no answers at all to the strange things that have happened in London. I hope you are more successful at Baskerville Hall, but I am not happy about sending you there. There is too much danger in this case.'

Holmes came to Waterloo station to say goodbye to us. Our friends told him that they were sure nobody had followed them since our last meeting. Sir Henry's other shoe had not reappeared. Holmes repeated his warning that Sir Henry should not go on the moor at night, and should not go anywhere alone. Then Holmes checked with me that I had my gun, an army revolver.

The journey was fast and enjoyable. We were met at Newtown station and driven to Baskerville Hall. The countryside we drove through was beautiful, but behind it we could see the long, dark, frightening hills of the moor.