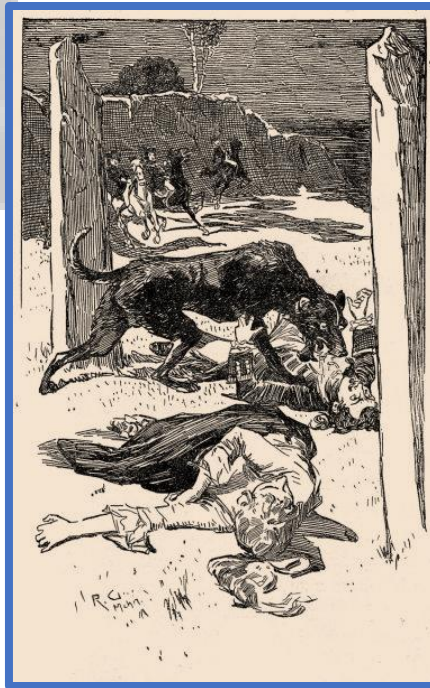
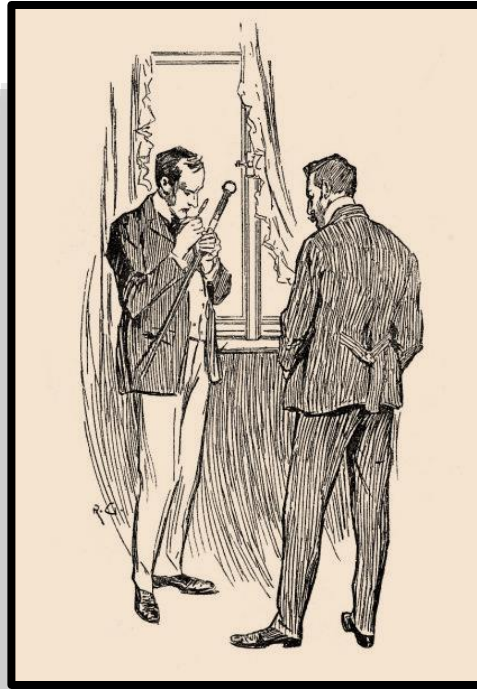
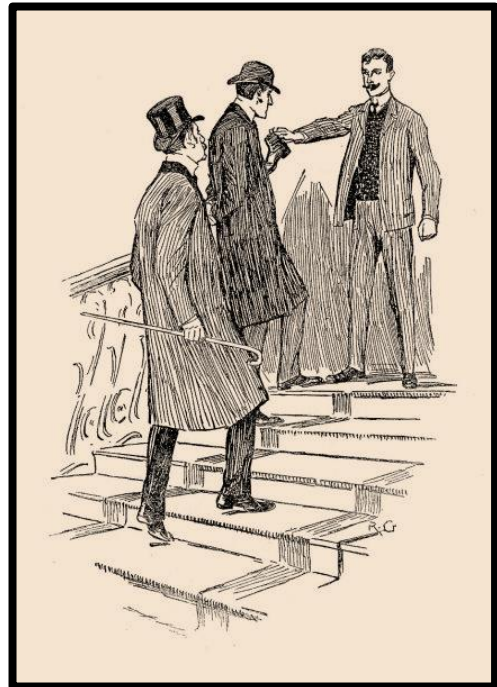
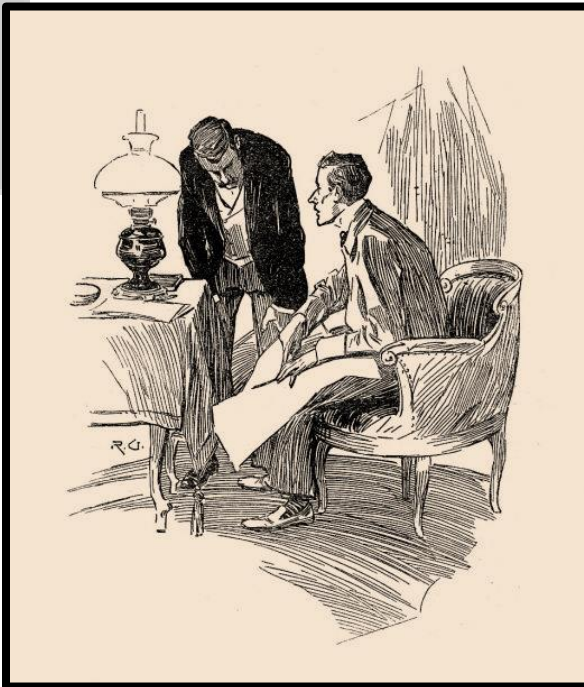
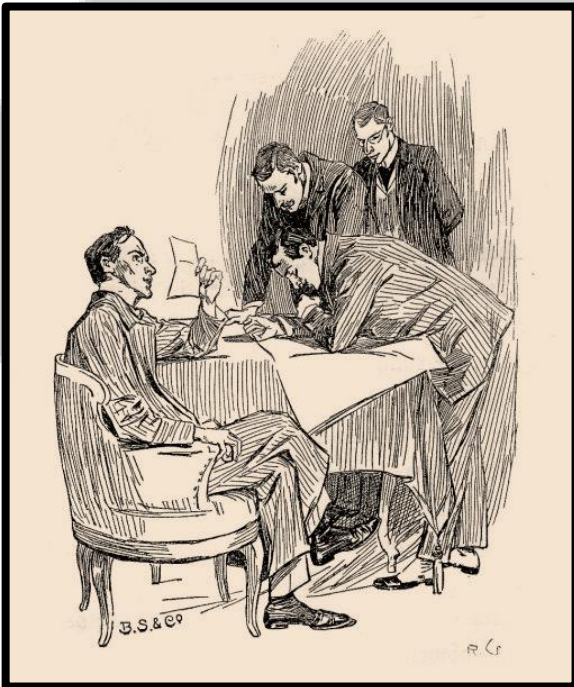
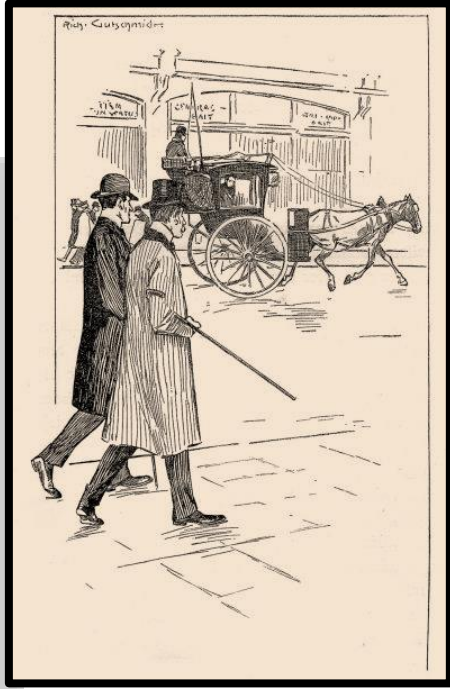
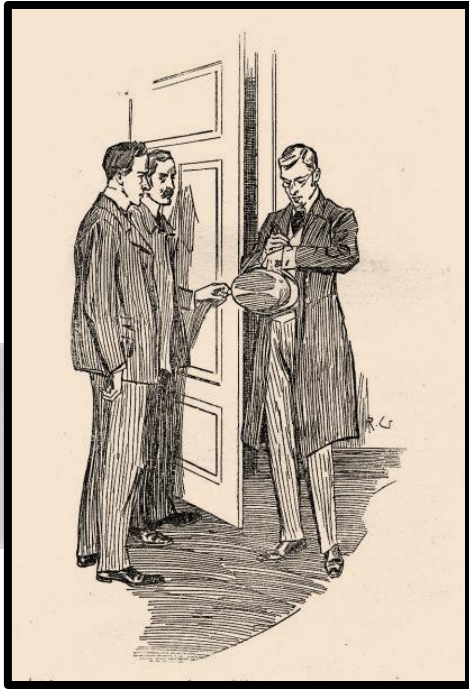


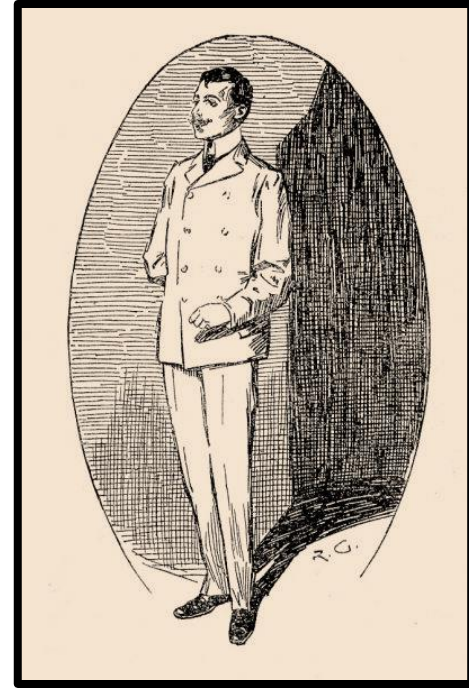
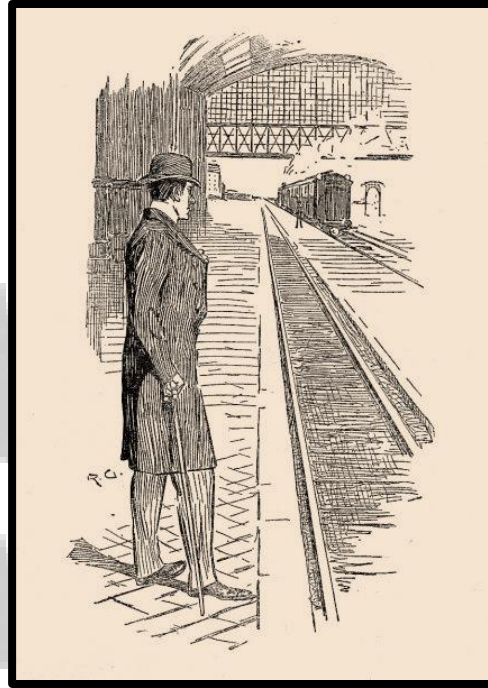
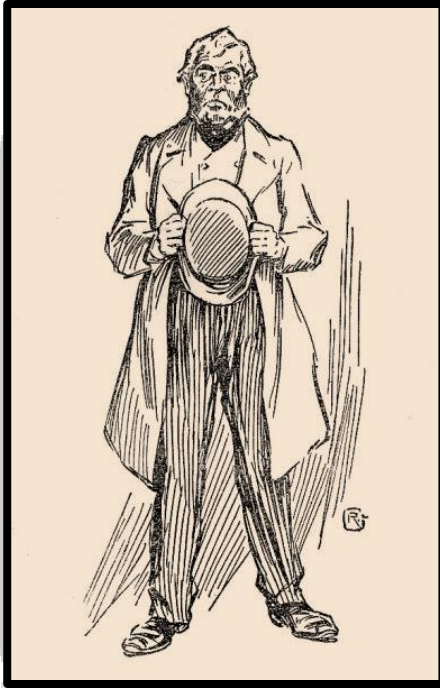
# The Illustrations of the 60 Stories of the Canon

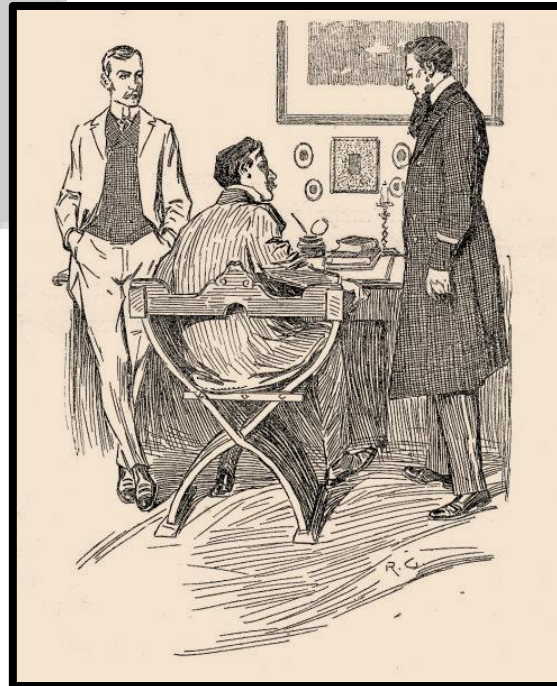
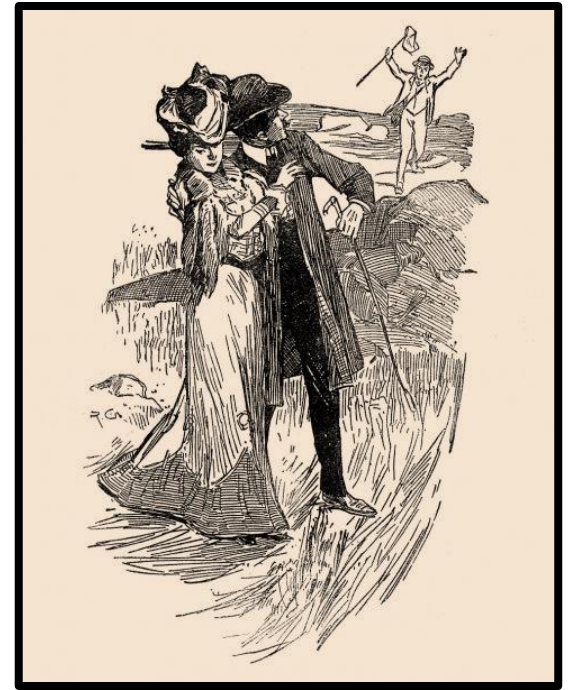
## *Adventure XXVII -- The Hound of the Baskervilles*

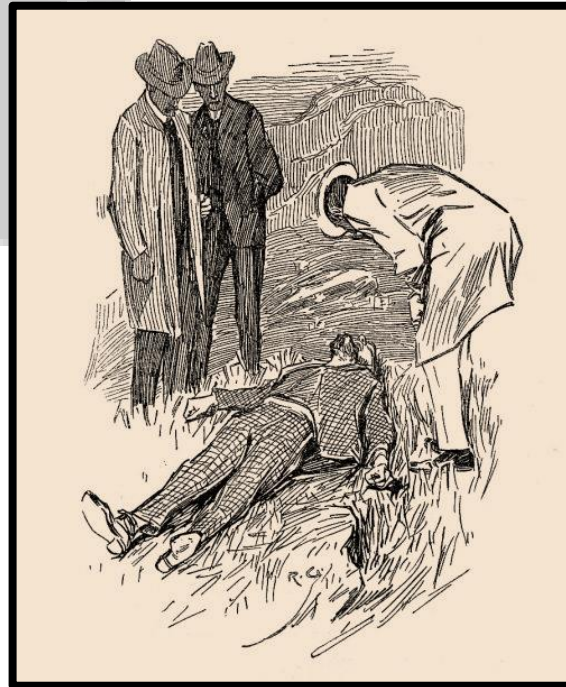
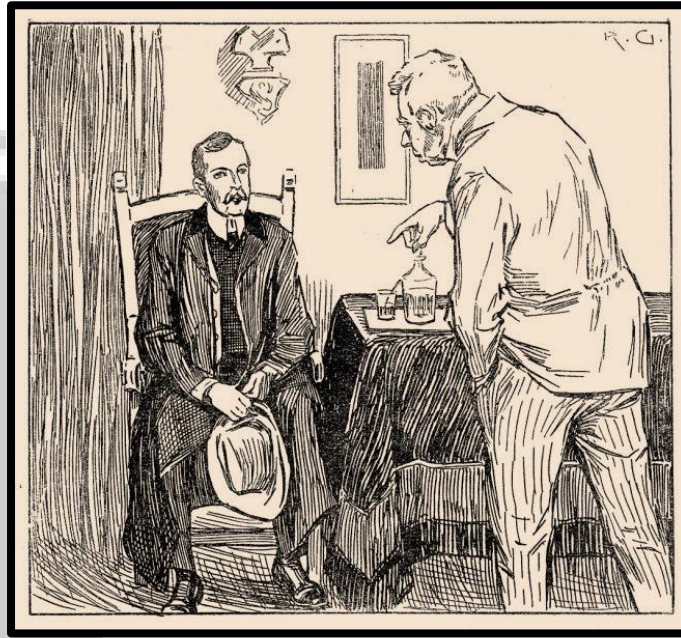








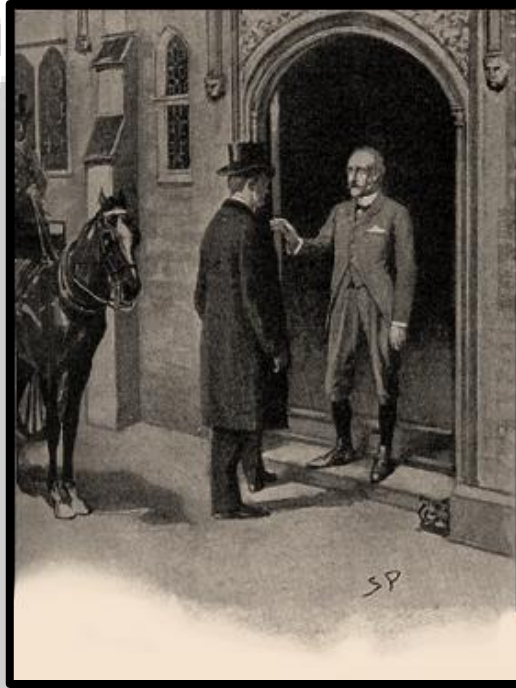
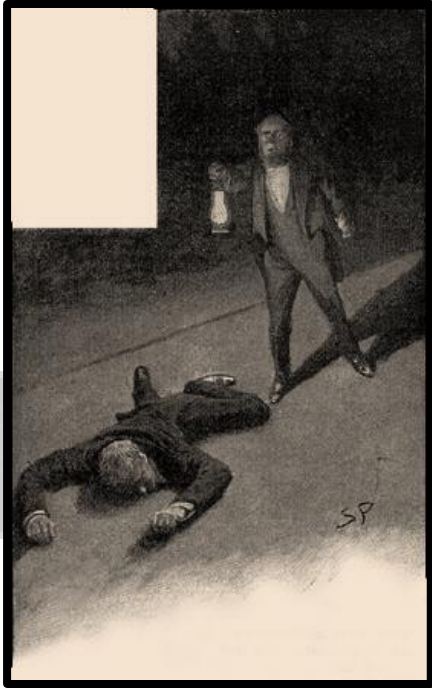


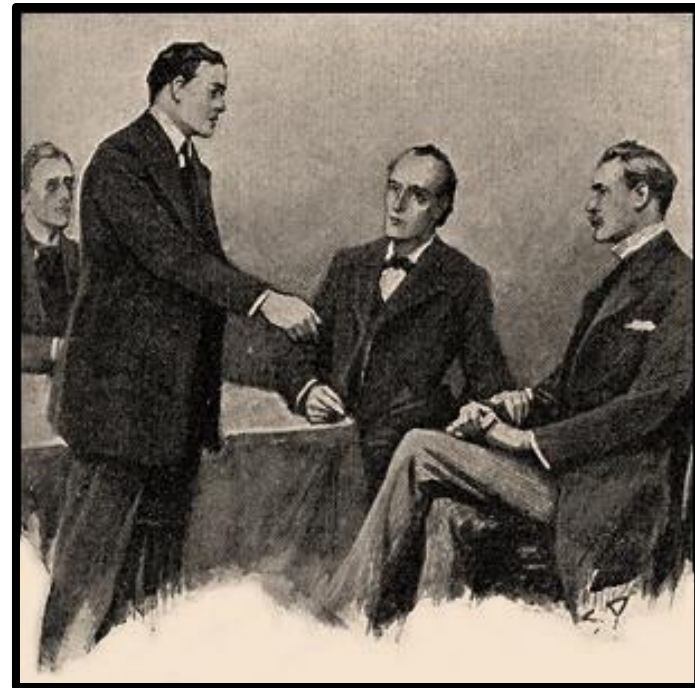
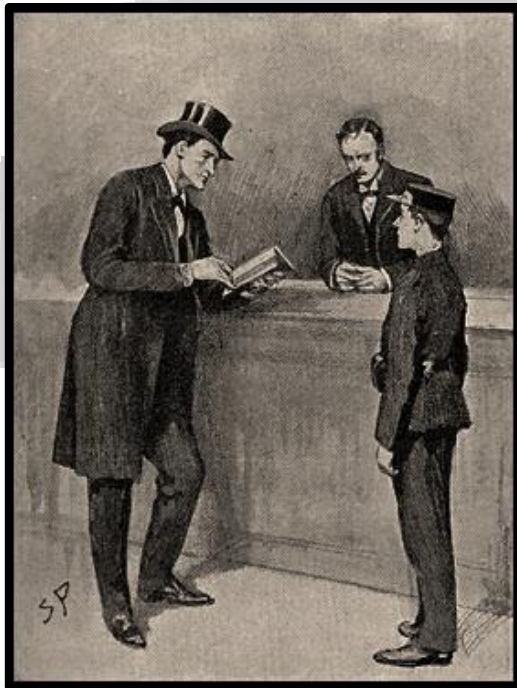
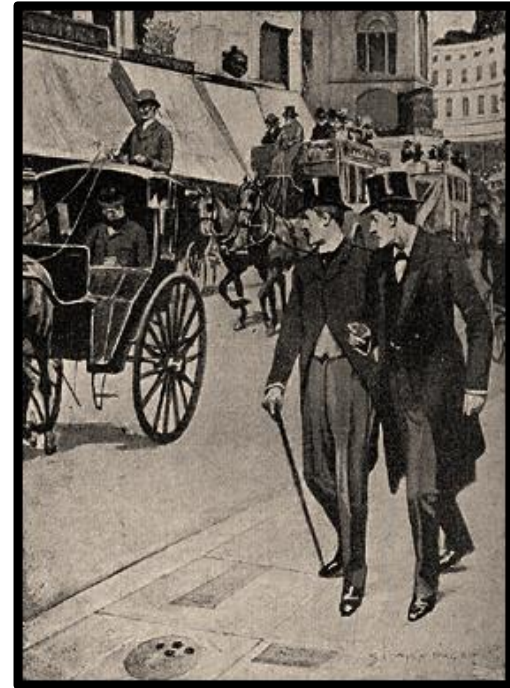




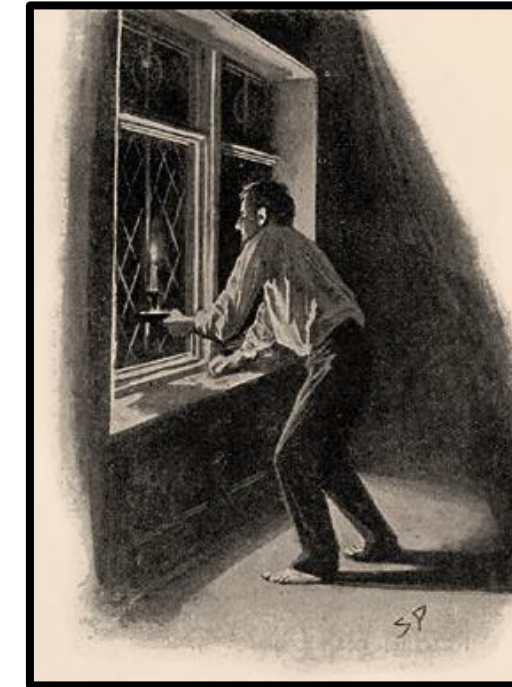
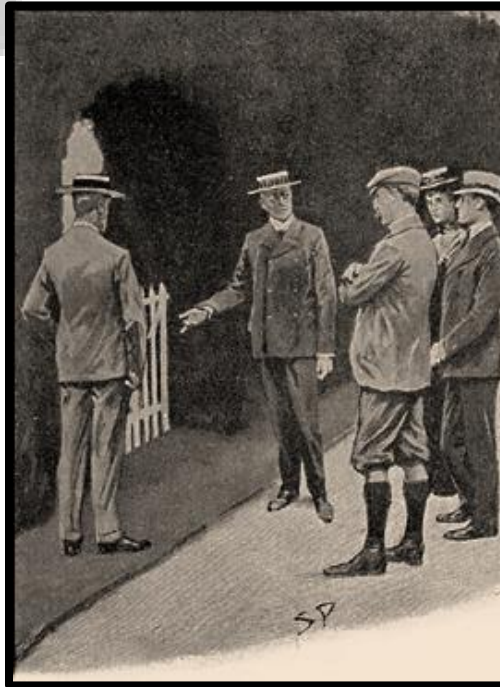


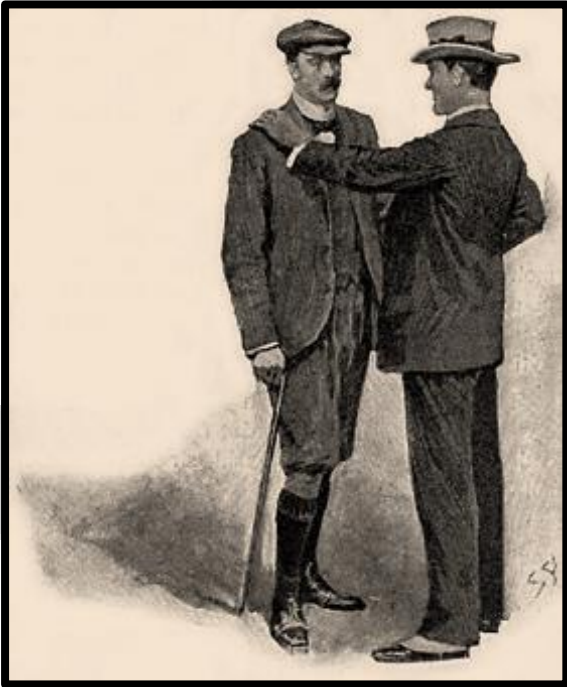




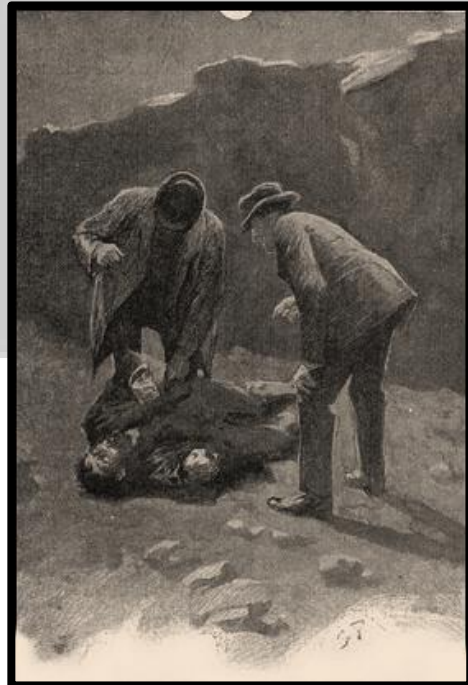
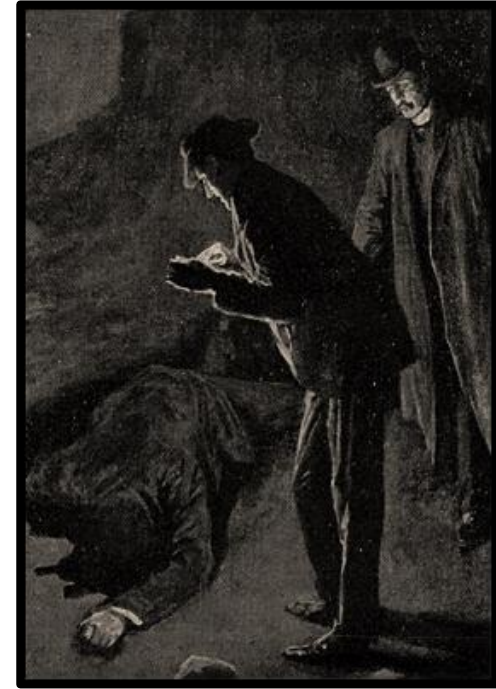
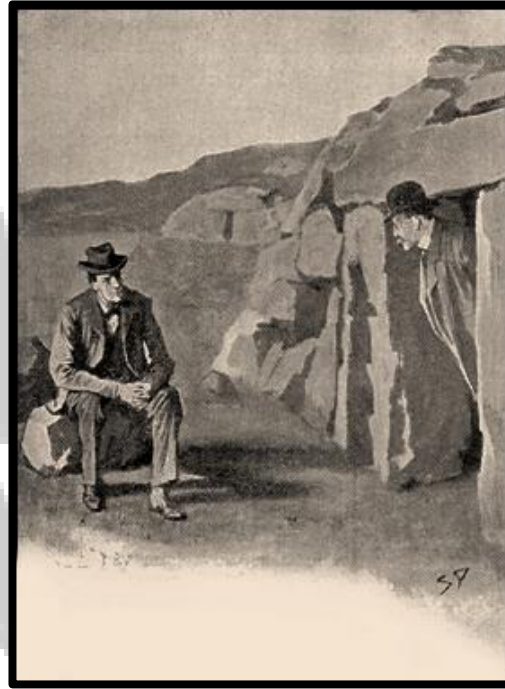


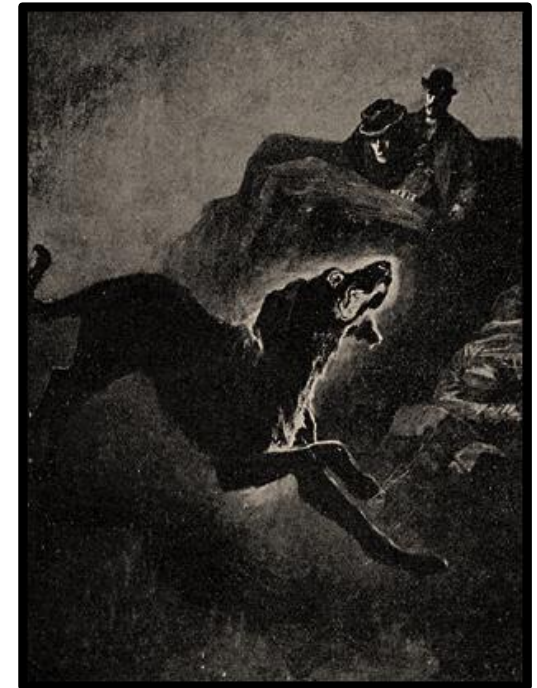




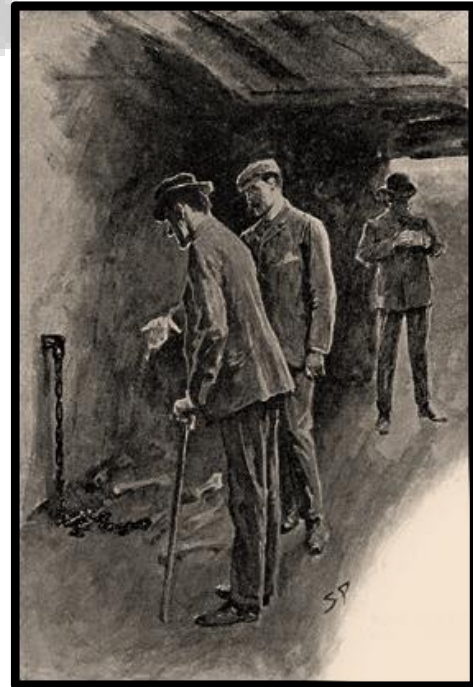








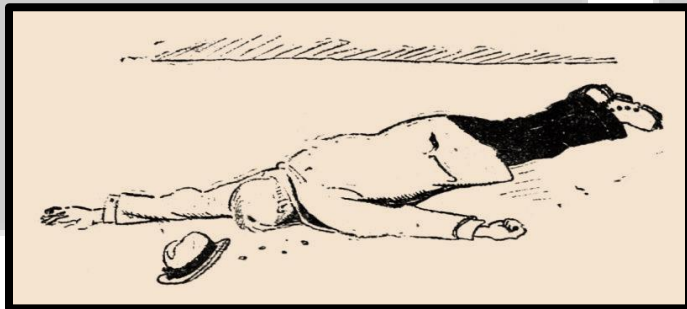
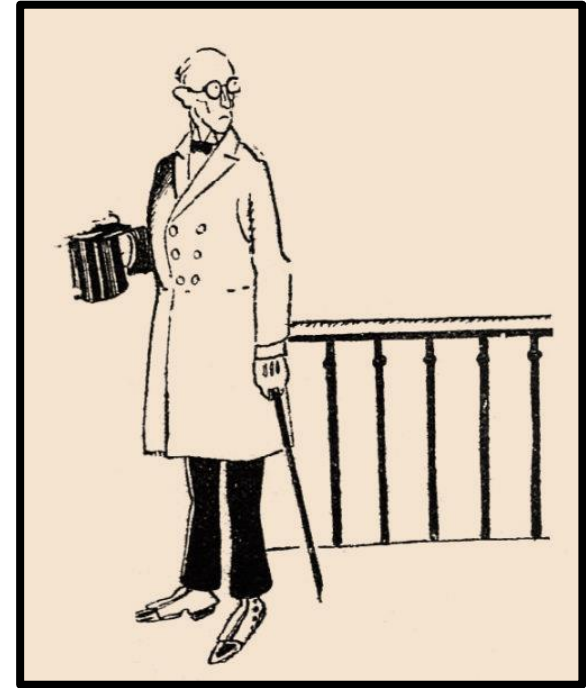
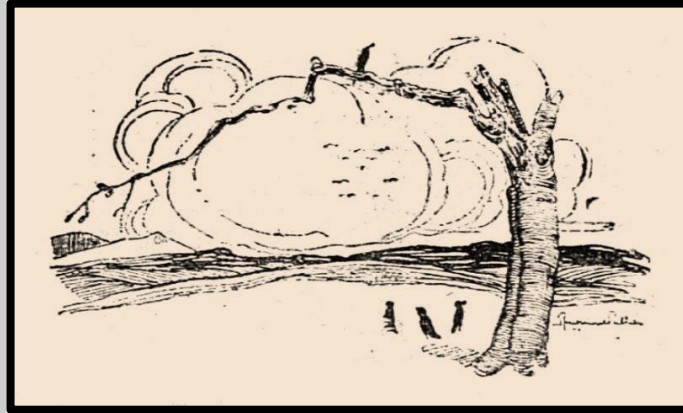


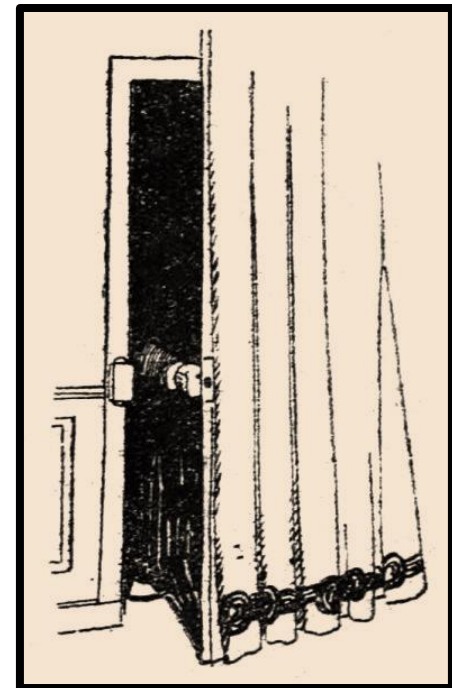
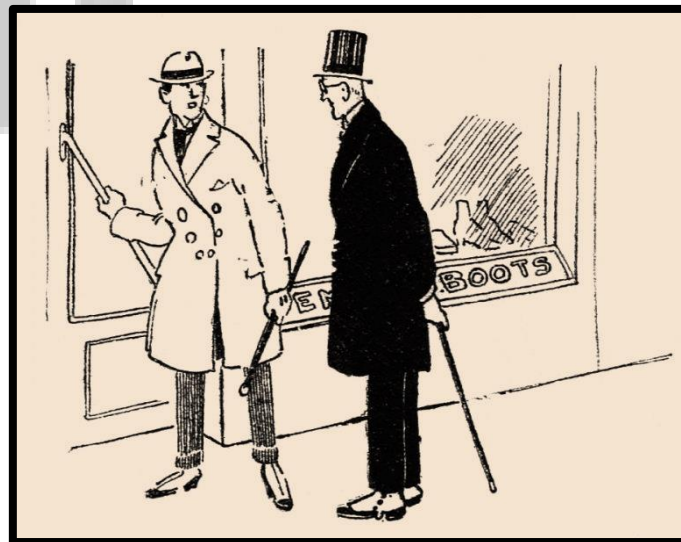
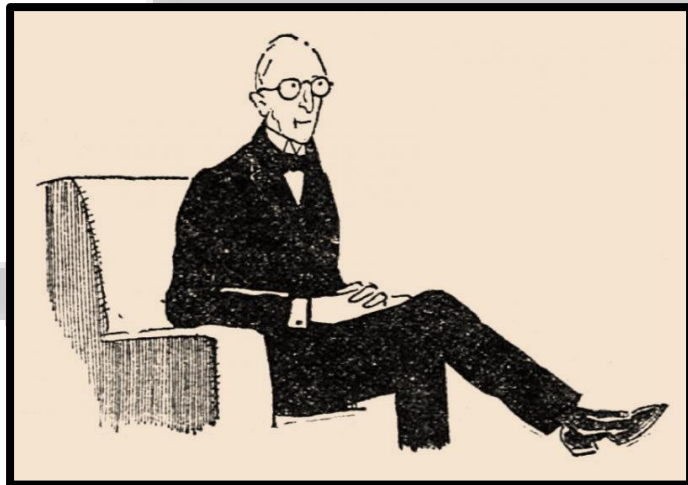
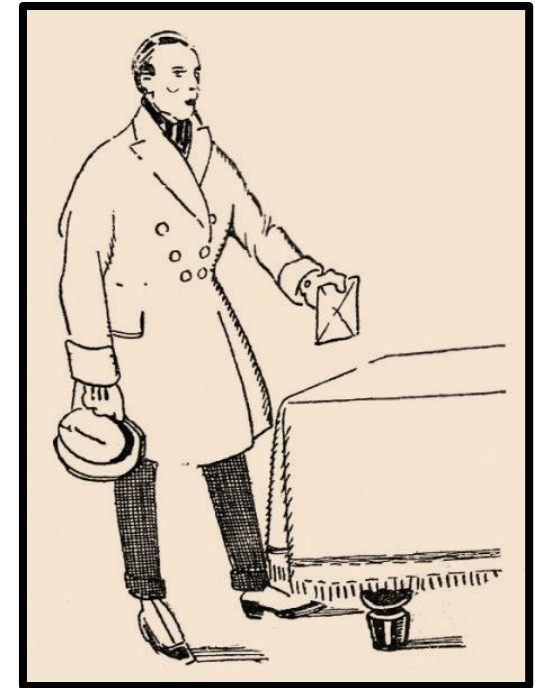


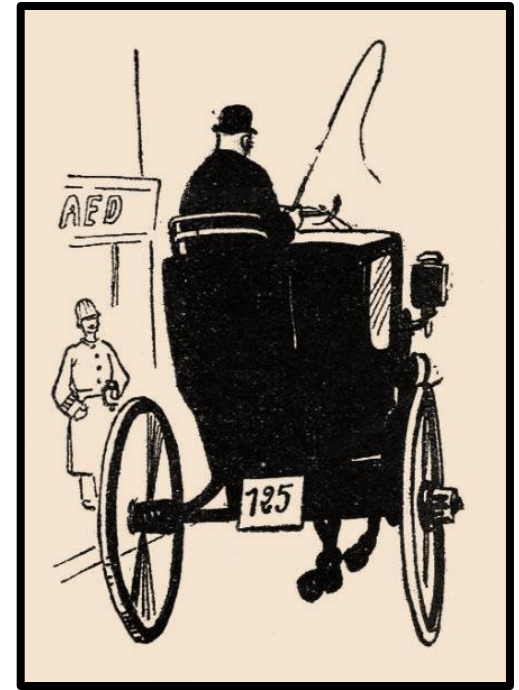
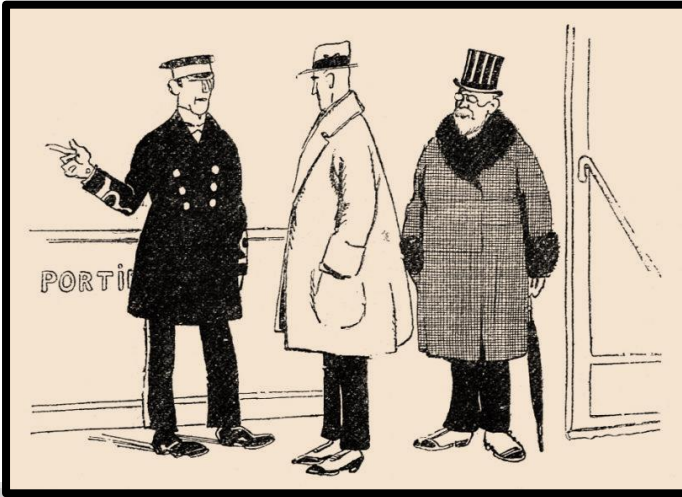


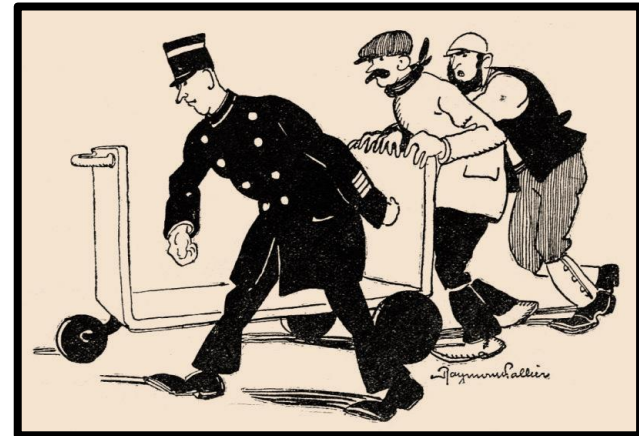
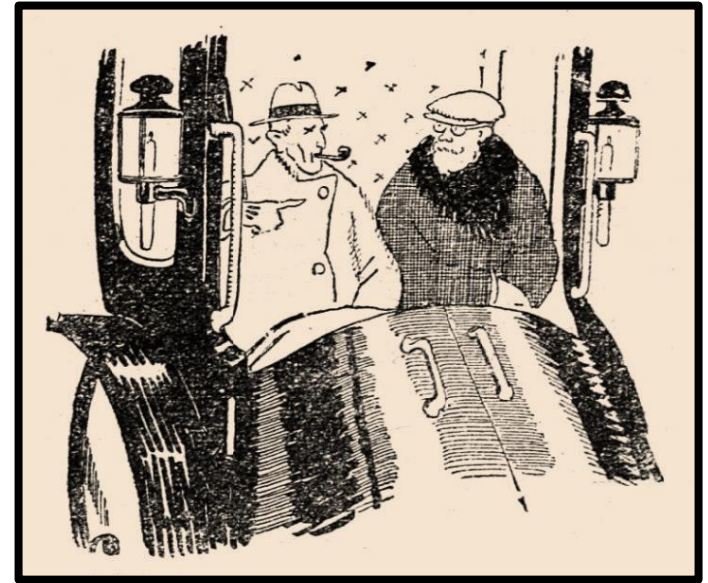
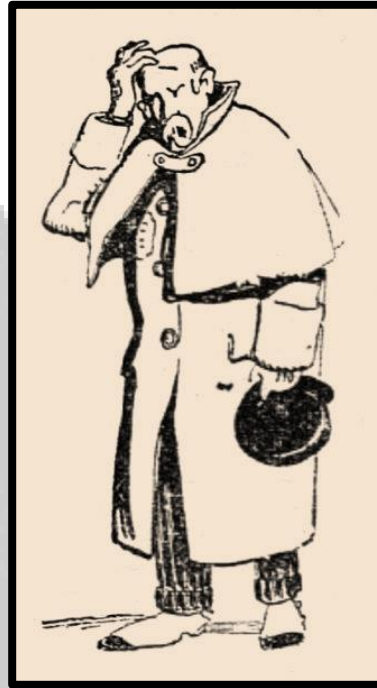
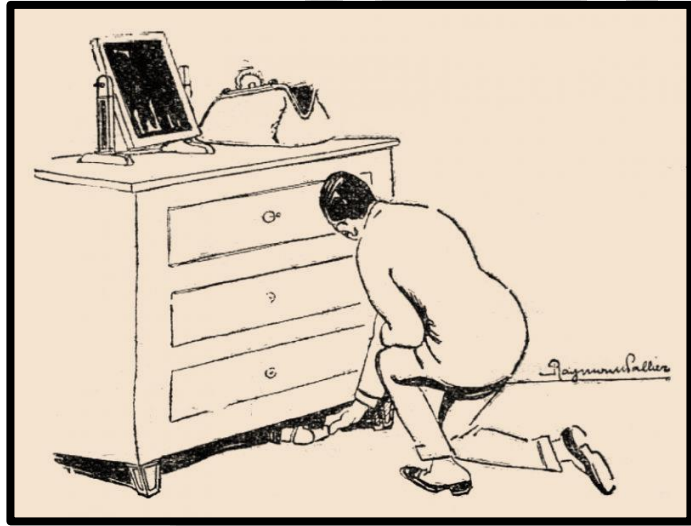




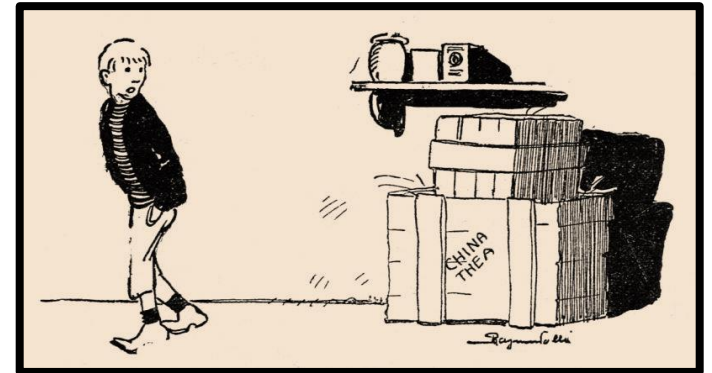
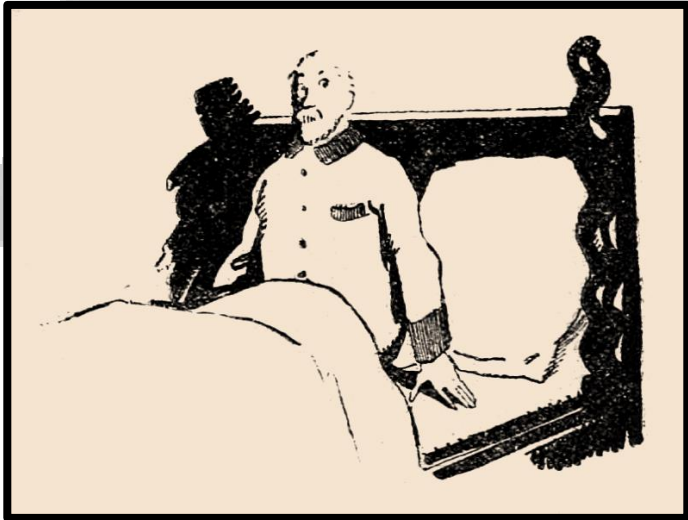
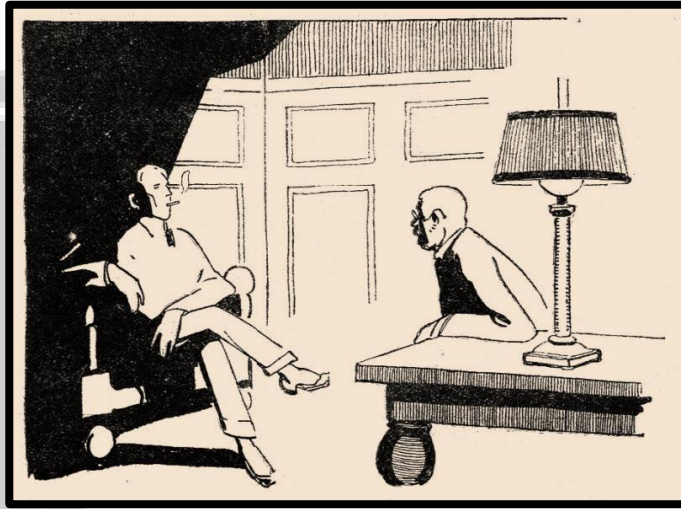


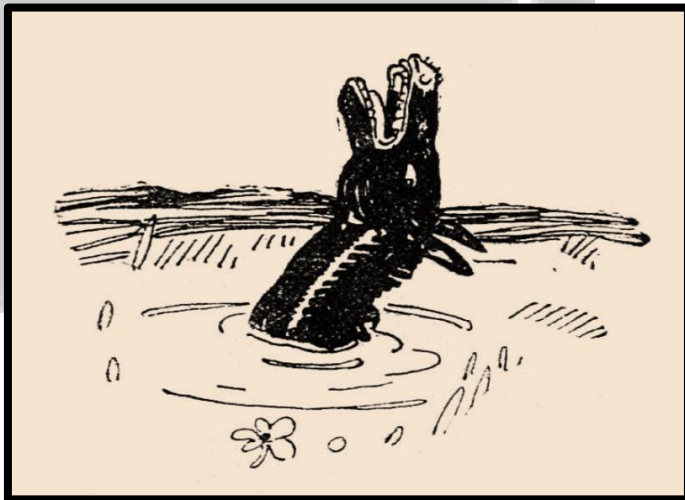
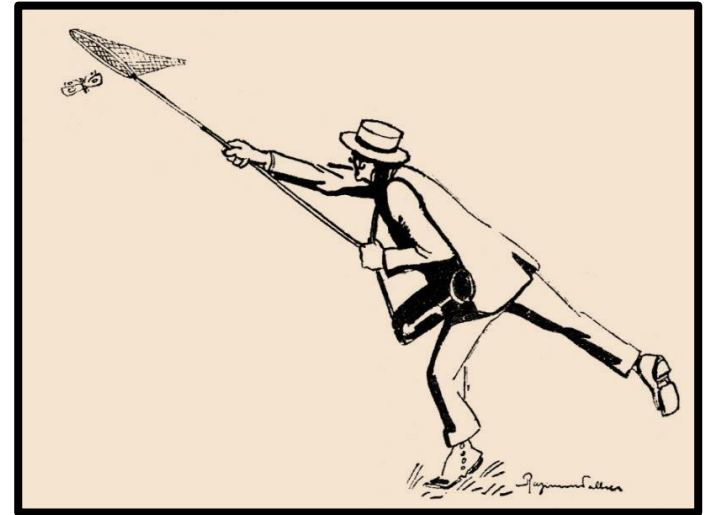
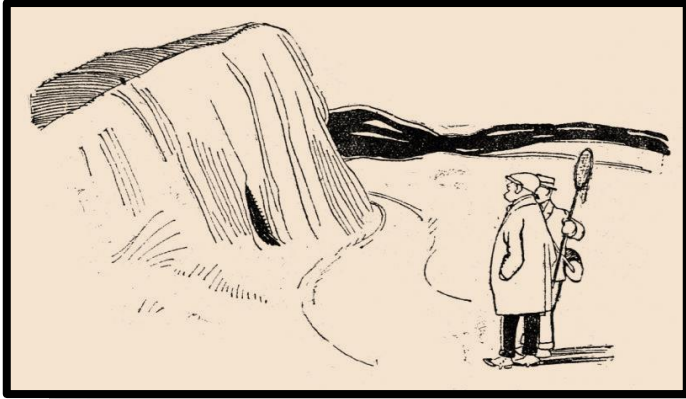


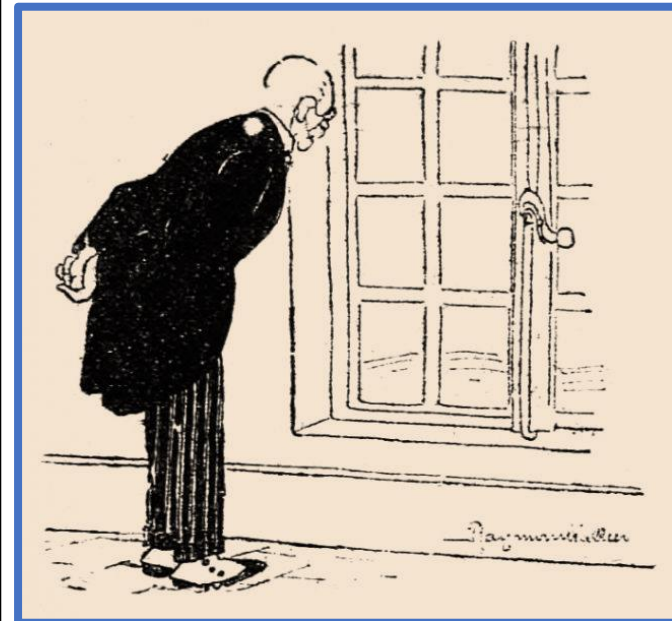
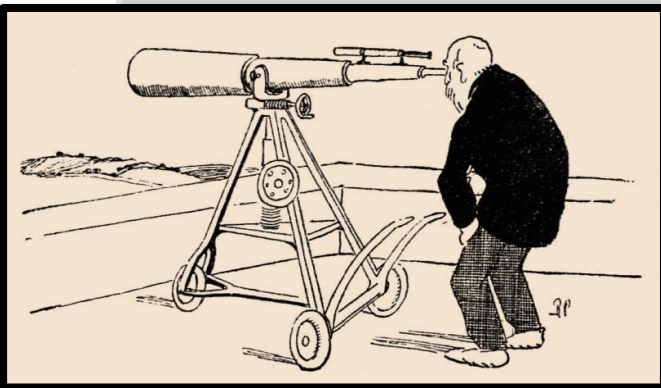
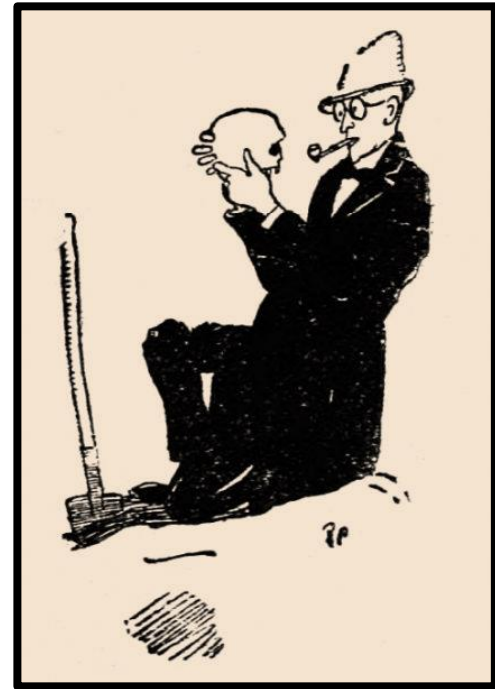
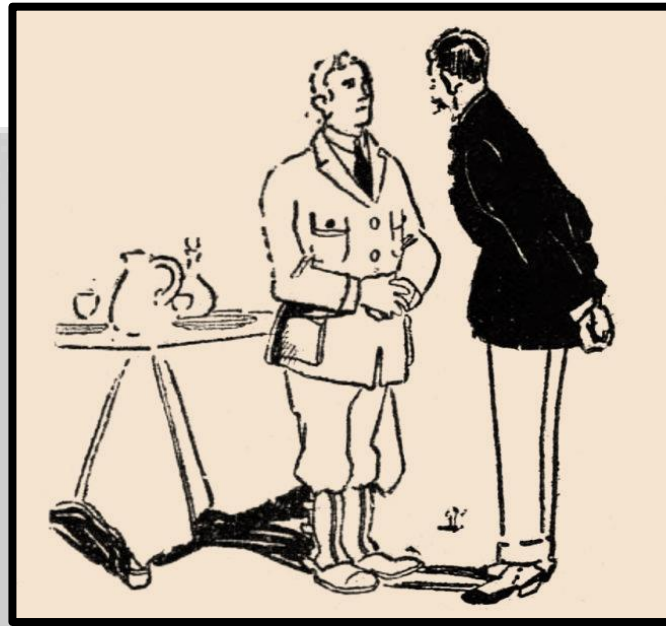


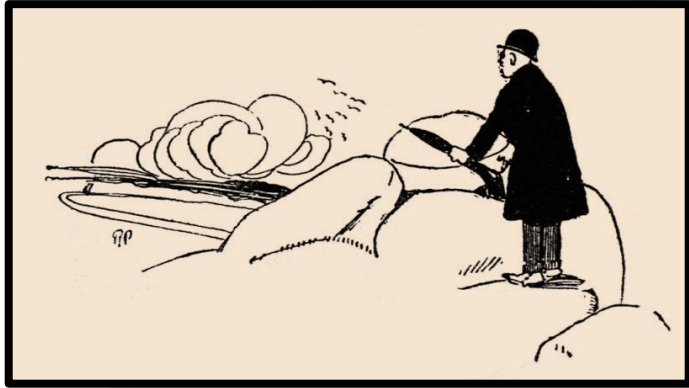


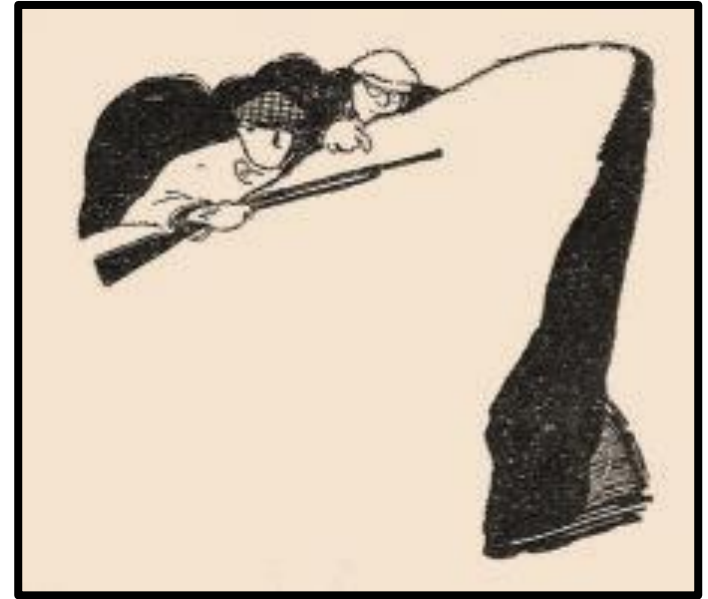


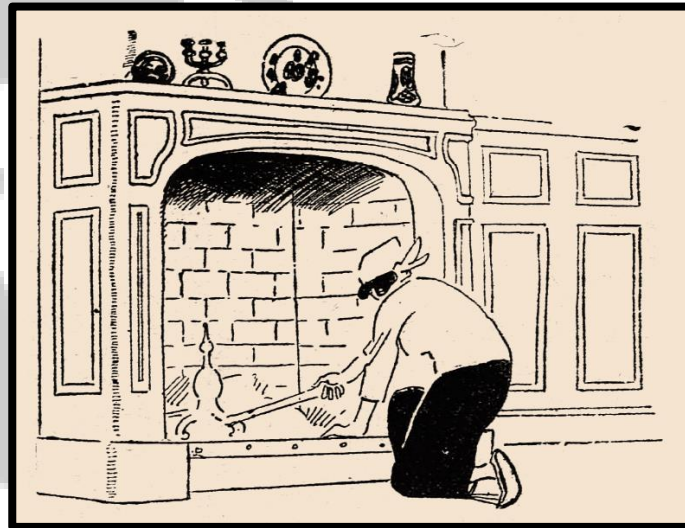
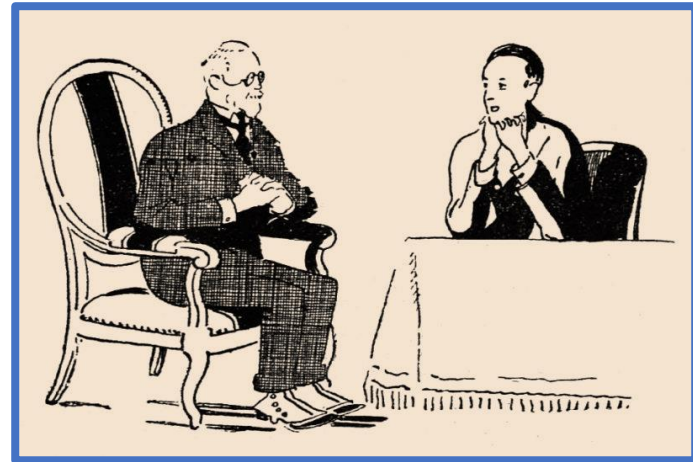
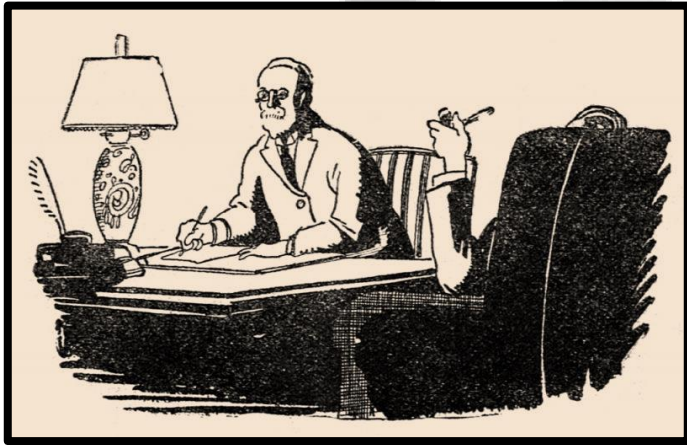


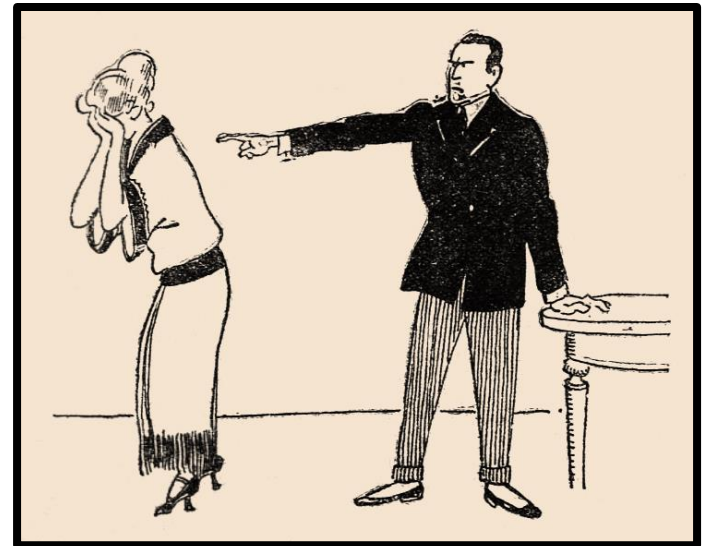
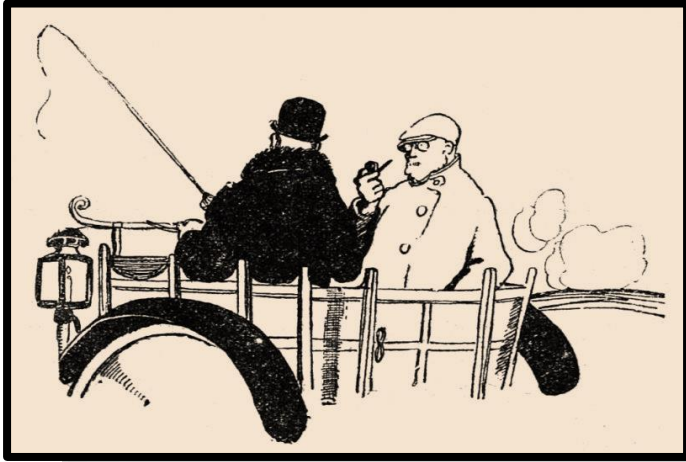


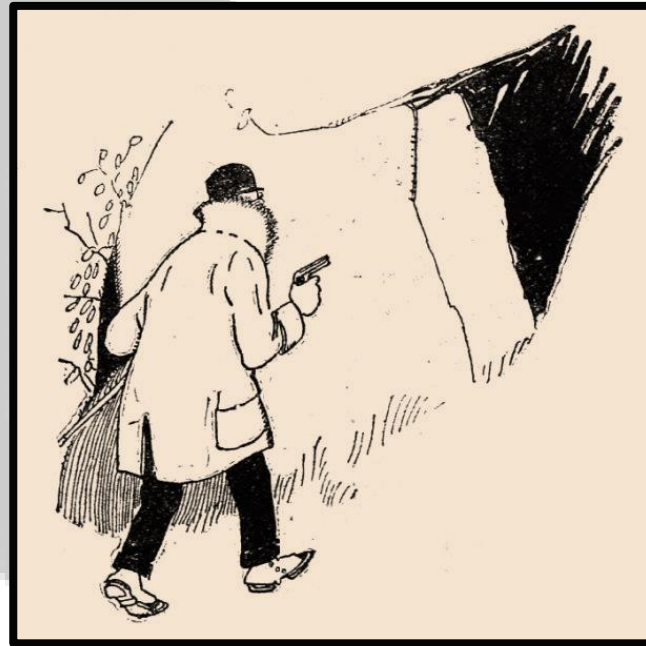
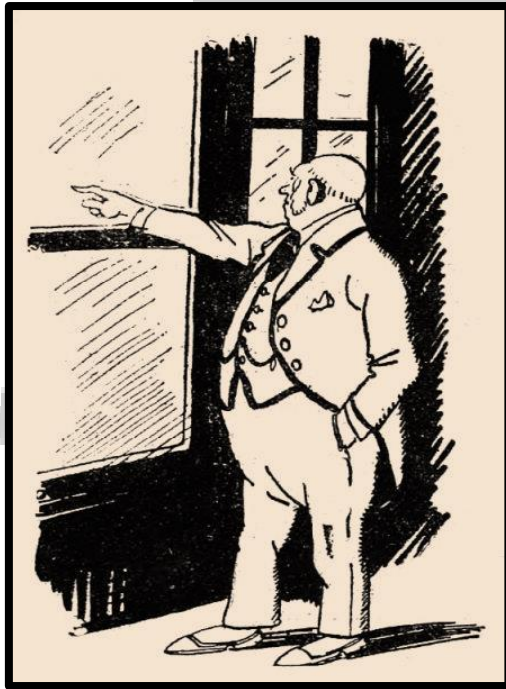
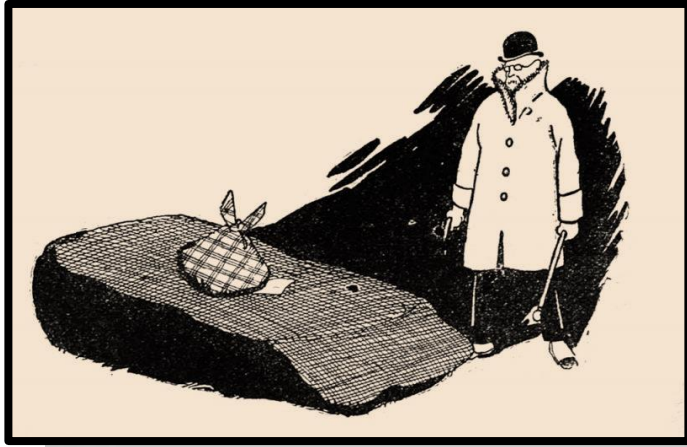




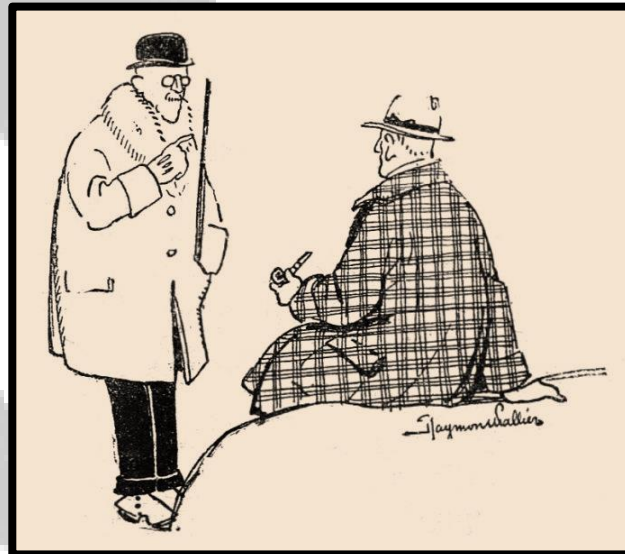
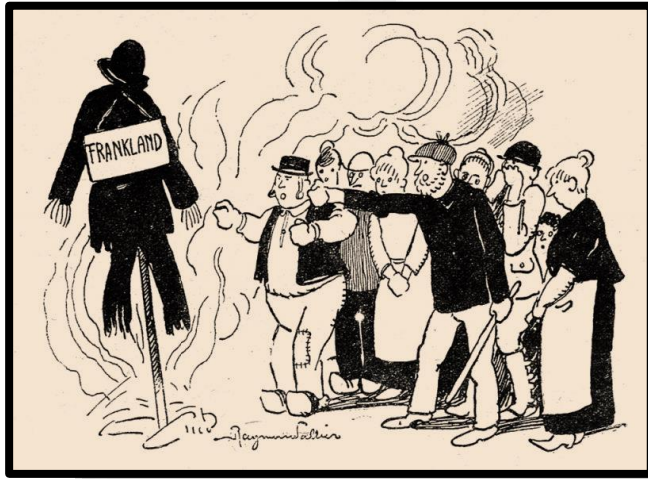


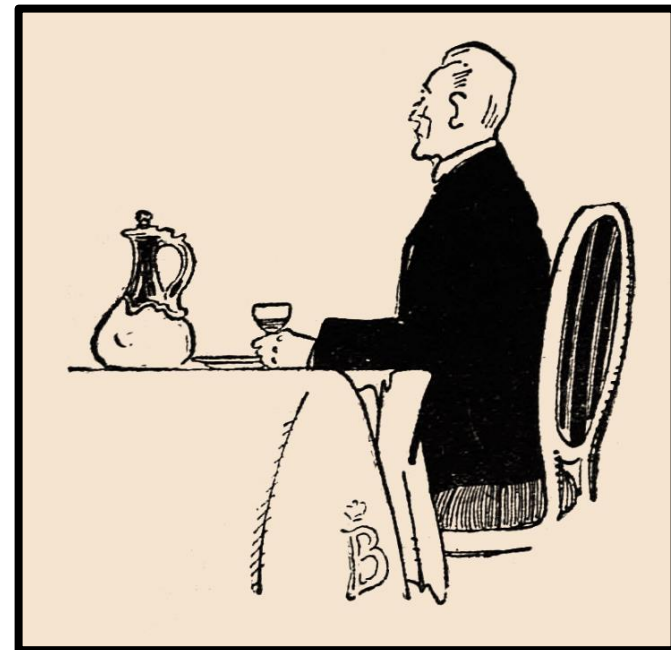
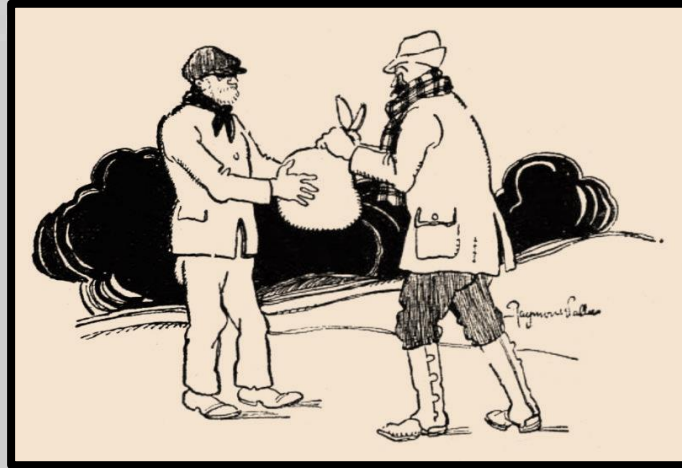


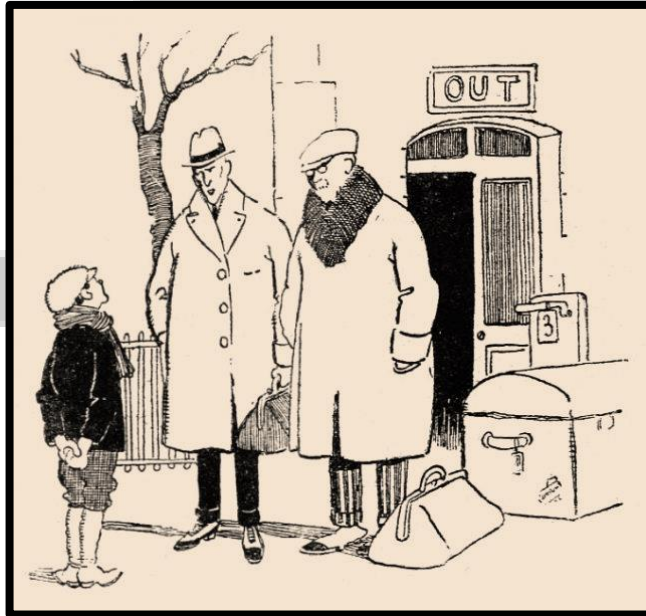
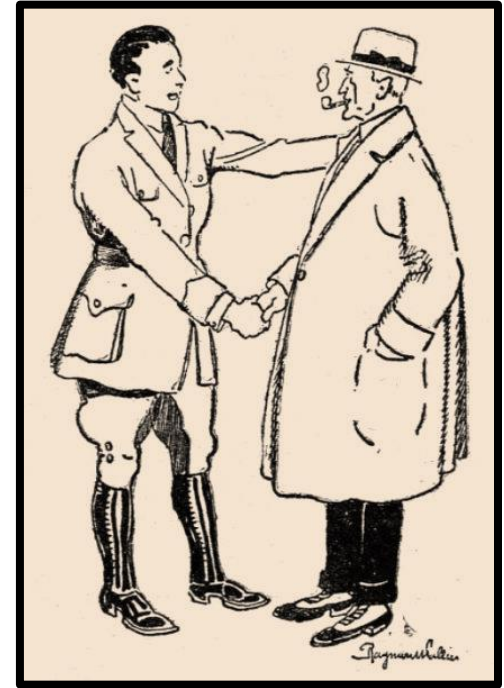
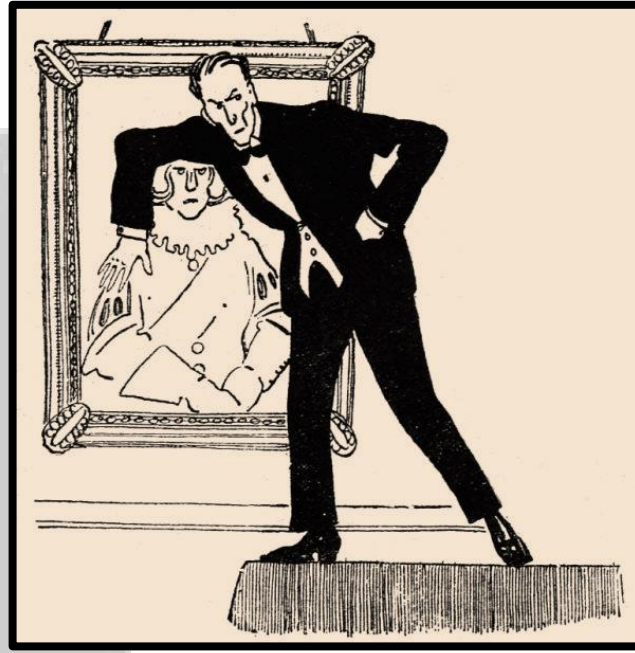
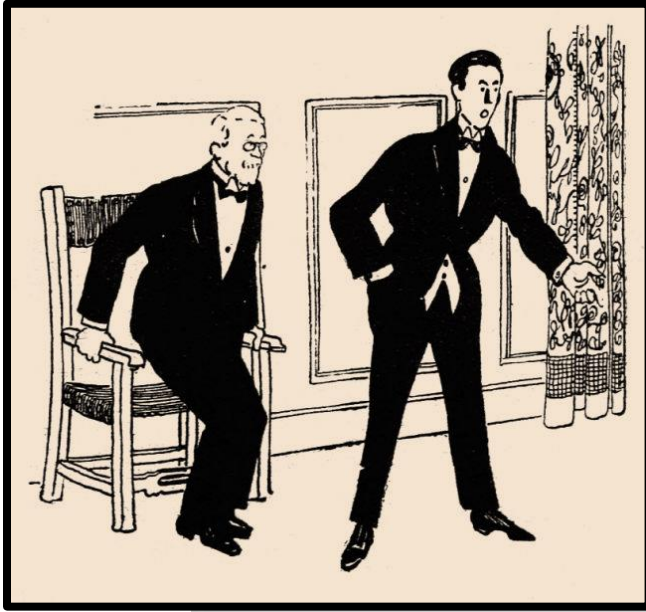




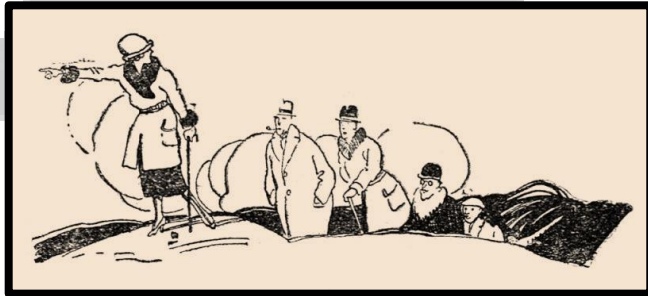


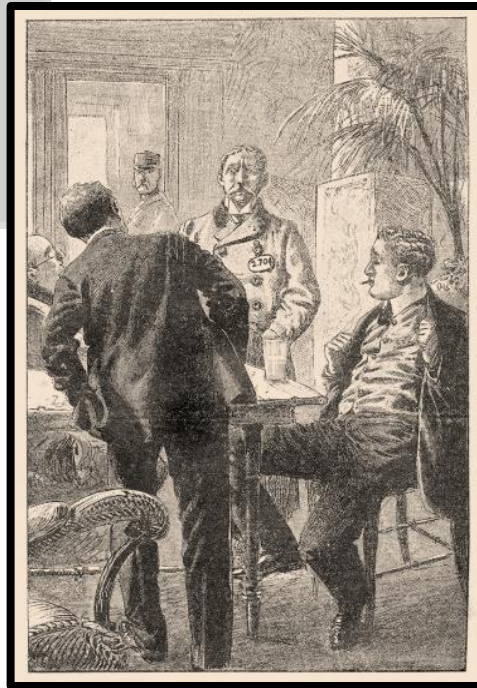
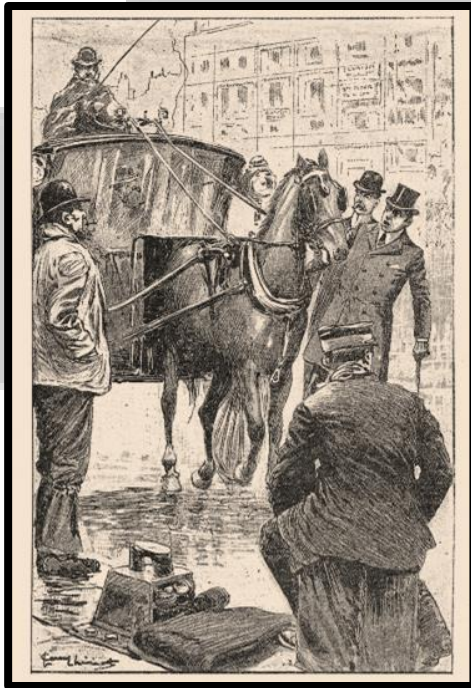
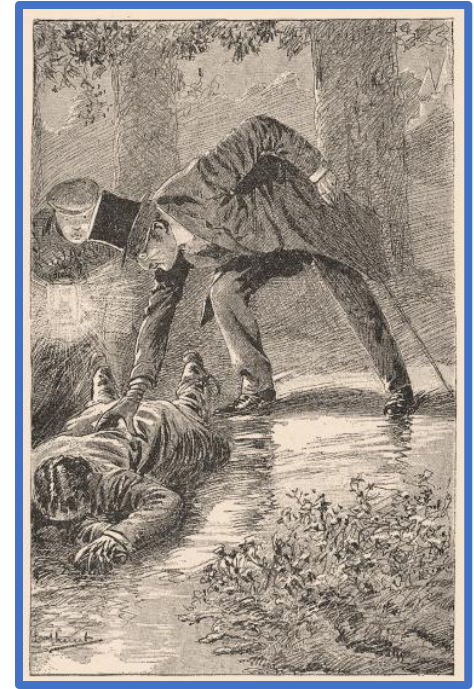
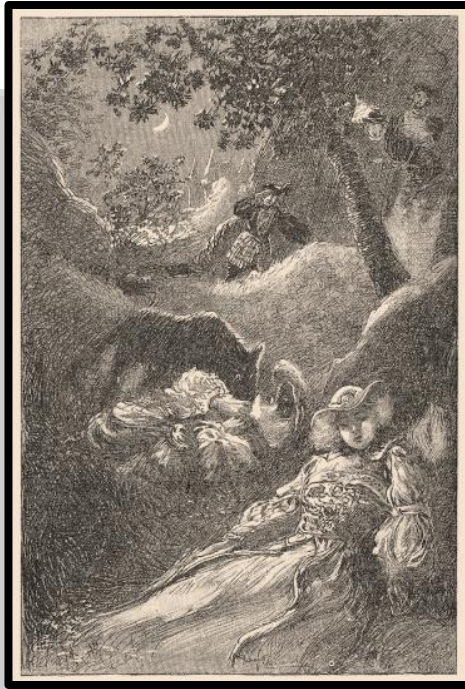


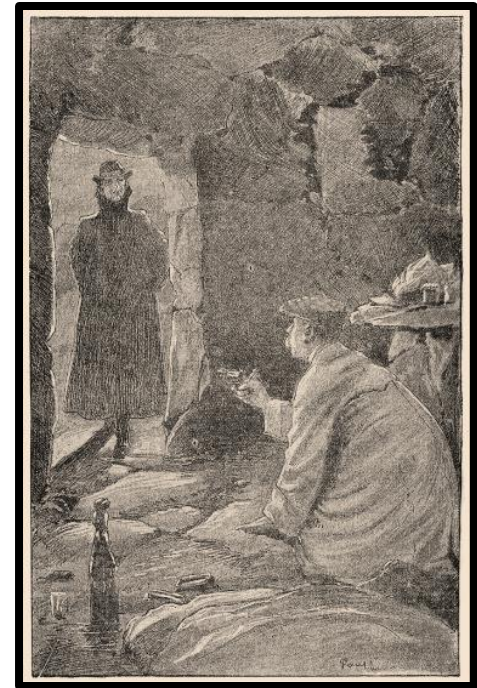
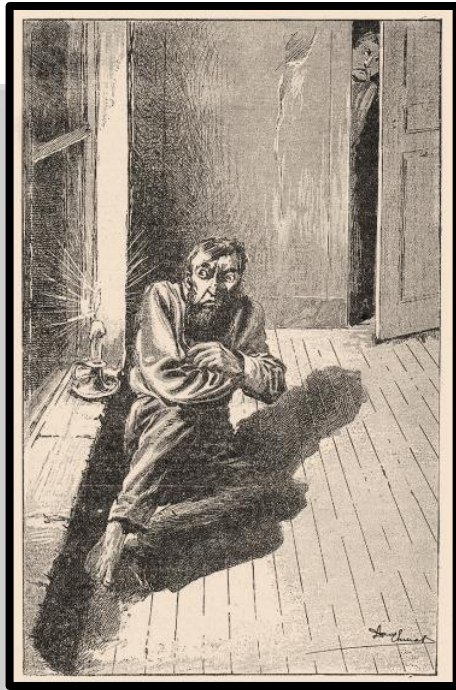


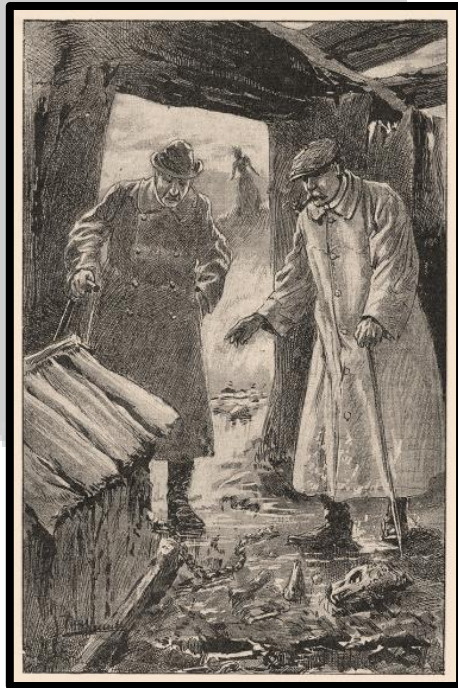














THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, BY CONAN DOYLE



I WAS AWARE OF A BUSHY BLACK BEARD AND A PAIR OF PIERCING BLACK EYES  
TURNED UPON US.



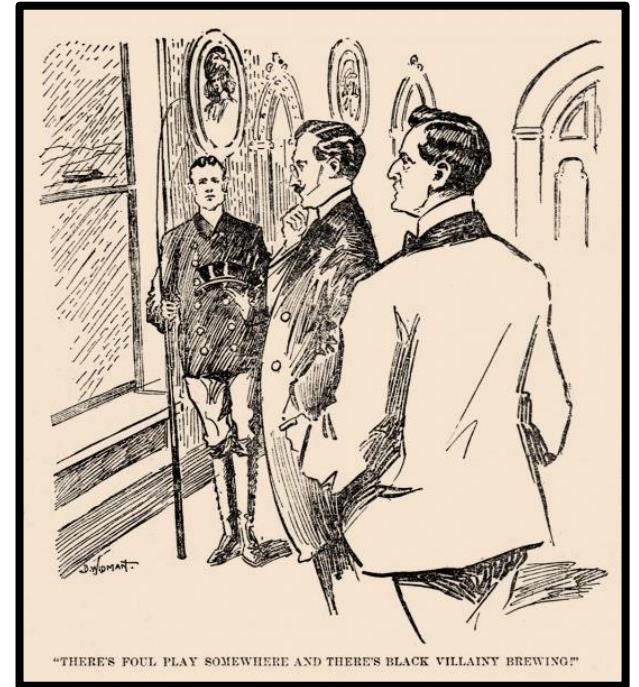
THE DRIVER POINTED WITH HIS WHIP. "BASKERVILLE HALL," SAID HE.



HIS FACE SEEMED TO BE RIGID WITH EXPECTATION AS HE STARED OUT INTO THE  
BLACKNESS OF THE MOOR.



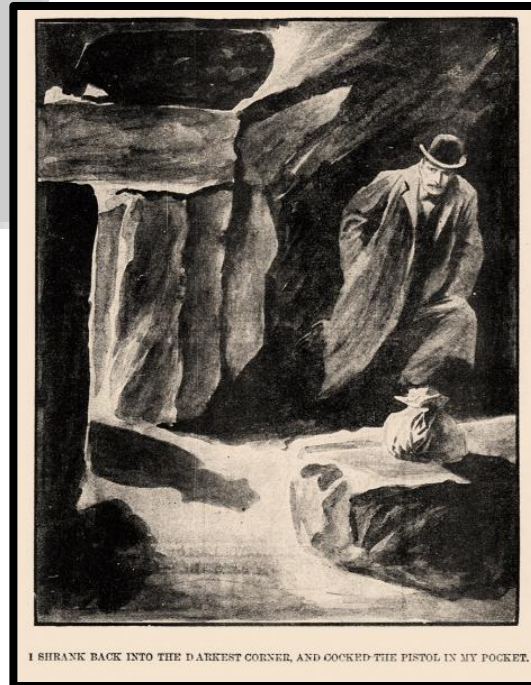
SIR HENRY SUDDENLY DREW MISS STAPLETON TO HIS SIDE.



"THERE'S FOUL PLAY SOMEWHERE AND THERE'S BLACK VILLAINY BREWING!"



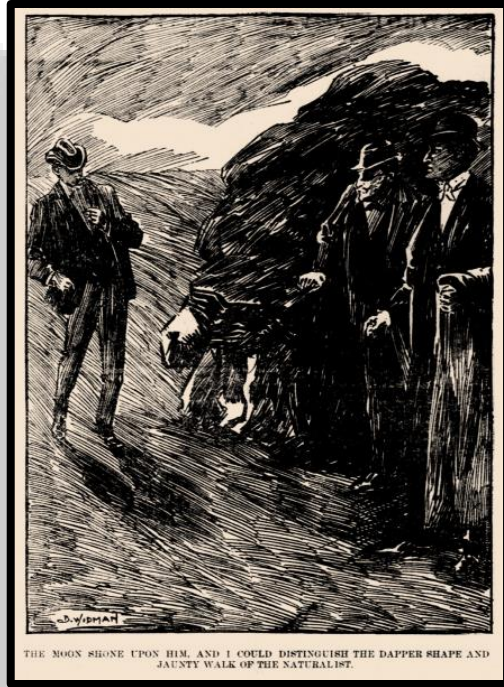
"IT WAS ABOUT THE LATE SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE THAT I HAVE COME HERE TO SEE YOU."



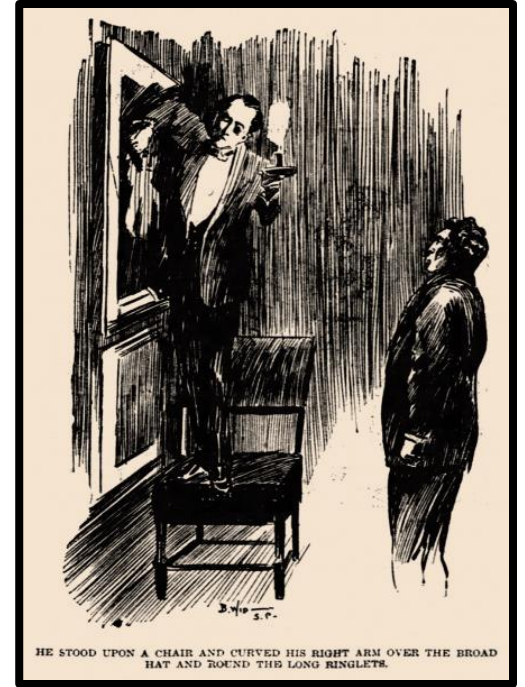
I SHRANK BACK INTO THE DARKEST CORNER, AND COCKED THE PISTOL IN MY POCKET.



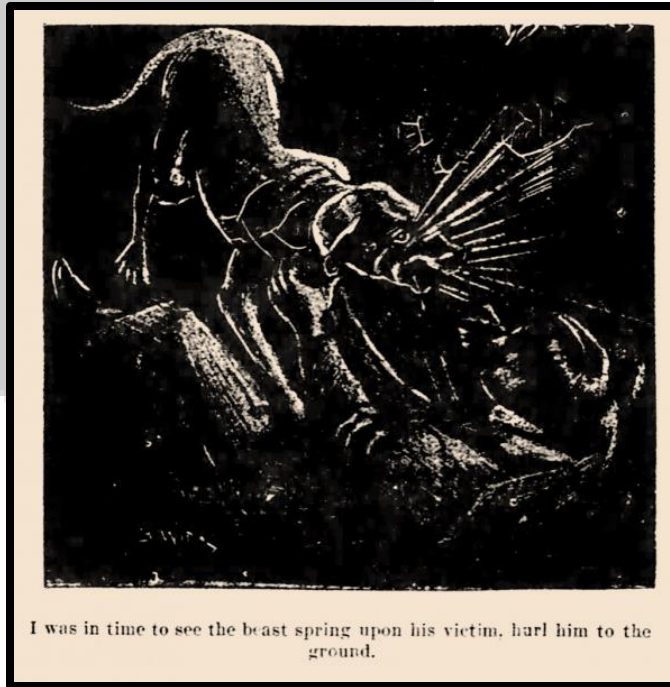
IT WAS A PROSTRATE MAN, FACE DOWNWARDS.



THE MOON SHONE UPON HIM, AND I COULD DISTINGUISH THE DAPPER SHAPE AND JAUNTY WALK OF THE NATURALIST.



HE STOOD UPON A CHAIR AND CURVED HIS RIGHT ARM OVER THE BROAD HAT AND ROUND THE LONG RINGLETS.



I was in time to see the beast spring upon his victim, hurl him to the ground.



"AND NOW, MY DEAR WATSON, WE HAVE HAD SOME WEEKS OF SEVERE WORK, AND FOR ONE EVENING, I THINK, WE MAY TURN OUR THOUGHTS INTO MORE PLEASANT CHANNELS."