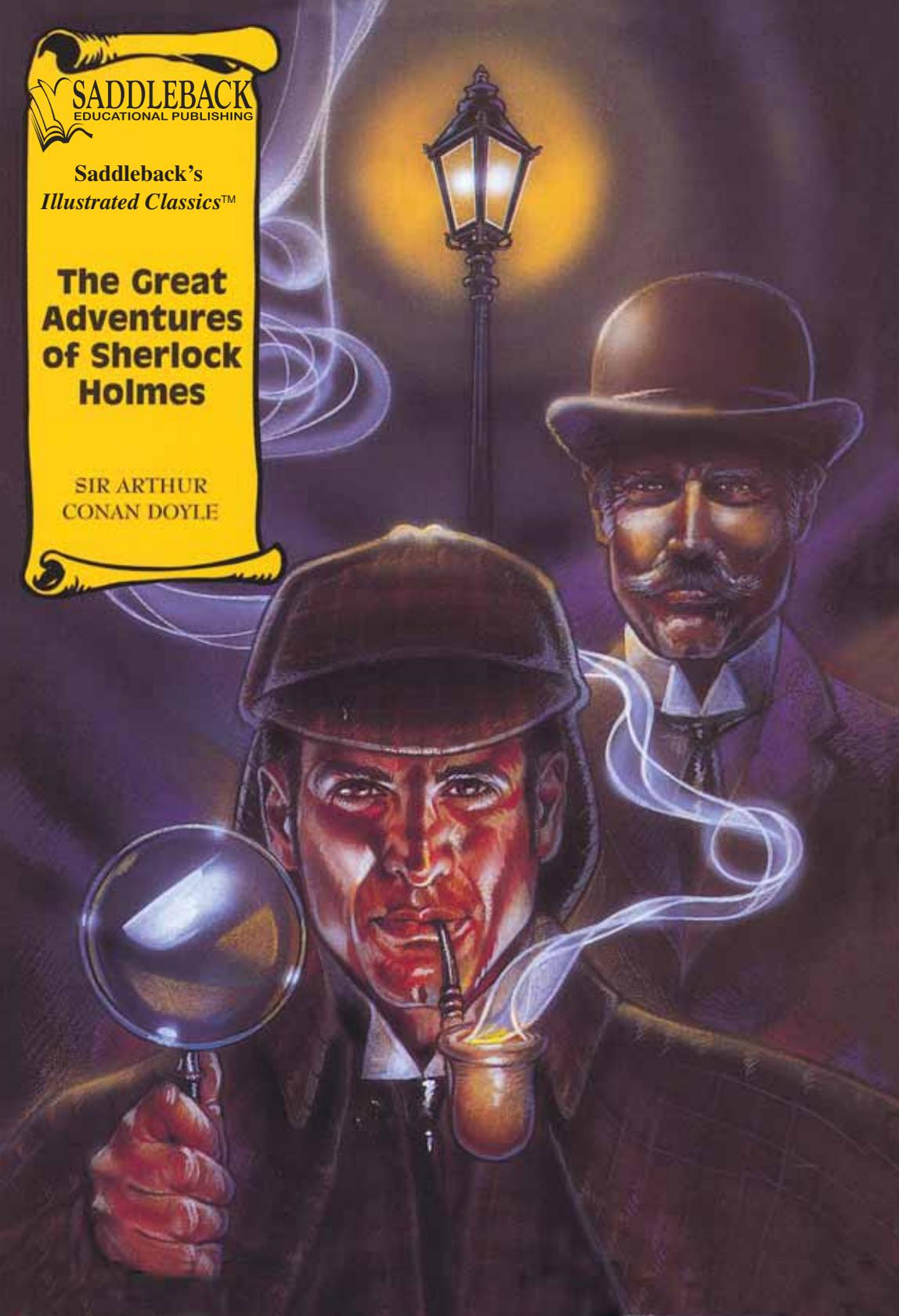


**SADDLEBACK**
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING

Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics™

**The Great
Adventures
of Sherlock
Holmes**

SIR ARTHUR
CONAN DOYLE



The Great Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM



Three Watson
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Welcome to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

With these graphically *Illustrated Classics*TM, you learn what happens in the story in a number of different ways. One way is by reading the words a character says. Another way is by looking at the drawings of the character. The artist can tell you what kind of person a character is and what he or she is thinking or feeling.

This series will help you to develop confidence and a sense of accomplishment as you finish each novel. The stories in Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*TM are fun to read. And remember, fun motivates!

Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world's greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics*[™], you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.

Step-By-Step

The following is a simple guide to using and enjoying each of your *Illustrated Classics*[™]. To maximize your use of the learning activities provided, we suggest that you follow these steps:

1. ***Listen!*** We suggest that you listen to the read-along. (At this time, please ignore the beeps.) You will enjoy this wonderfully dramatized presentation.
2. ***Pre-reading Activities.*** After listening to the audio presentation, the pre-reading activities in the Activity Book prepare you for reading the story by setting the scene, introducing more difficult vocabulary words, and providing some short exercises.
3. ***Reading Activities.*** Now turn to the “While you are reading” portion of the Activity Book, which directs you to make a list of story-related facts. Read-along while listening to the audio presentation. (This time pay attention to the beeps, as they indicate when each page should be turned.)
4. ***Post-reading Activities.*** You have successfully read the story and listened to the audio presentation. Now answer the multiple-choice questions and other activities in the Activity Book.

Remember,

“Today’s readers are tomorrow’s leaders.”



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a British author, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1859. He studied medicine and became a doctor, but he only practiced medicine for a short time.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle created Sherlock Holmes, the world's best-known detective. The character of the brilliant detective Holmes is partly based on one of Doyle's teachers who was known for his careful use of reason and observation. Holmes, his bungling assistant, Dr. Watson, and his arch-enemy, Professor Moriarity are some of the most popular characters in literary history. Doyle finally got tired of writing about Holmes and wrote a story in which the detective drowned. But the public outcry was so great he had to bring him back to life in another story!

Though he is famous for the 56 short stories and four novels in which Holmes appeared, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle also wrote plays, historical novels, and romances. He was knighted in 1902 for his activities during the Boer War.

He died in 1930.

Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™

The Great Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

THE MAIN CHARACTERS



Helen
Stoner



Dr. Watson



Sherlock Holmes



James McCarthy



Miss Turner

Of all the different cases of Sherlock Holmes, none was more strange than The Adventure of the Speckled Band. I awoke early one morning to find Sherlock Holmes standing by the side of my bed....

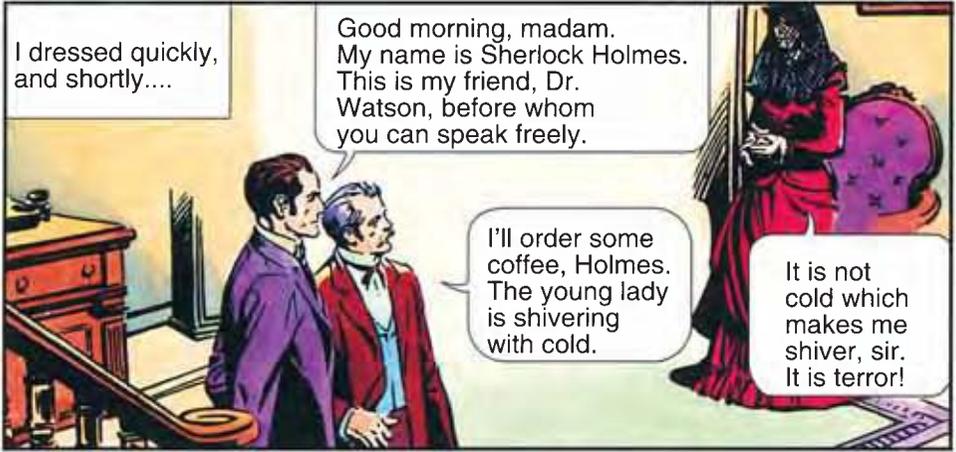
Sorry to wake you up, Watson, but there is a young lady here to see me.



At this early hour, Holmes? It's a quarter past seven!

It may be an interesting case, and I thought you would wish to follow it from the beginning.

I would not miss it for anything!



When she raised her veil, we could see she was indeed very much afraid.

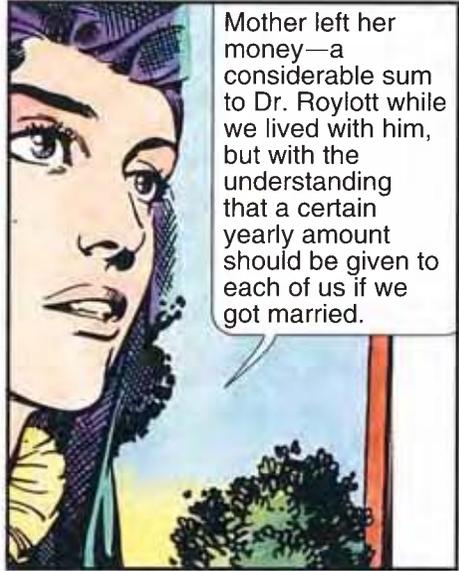




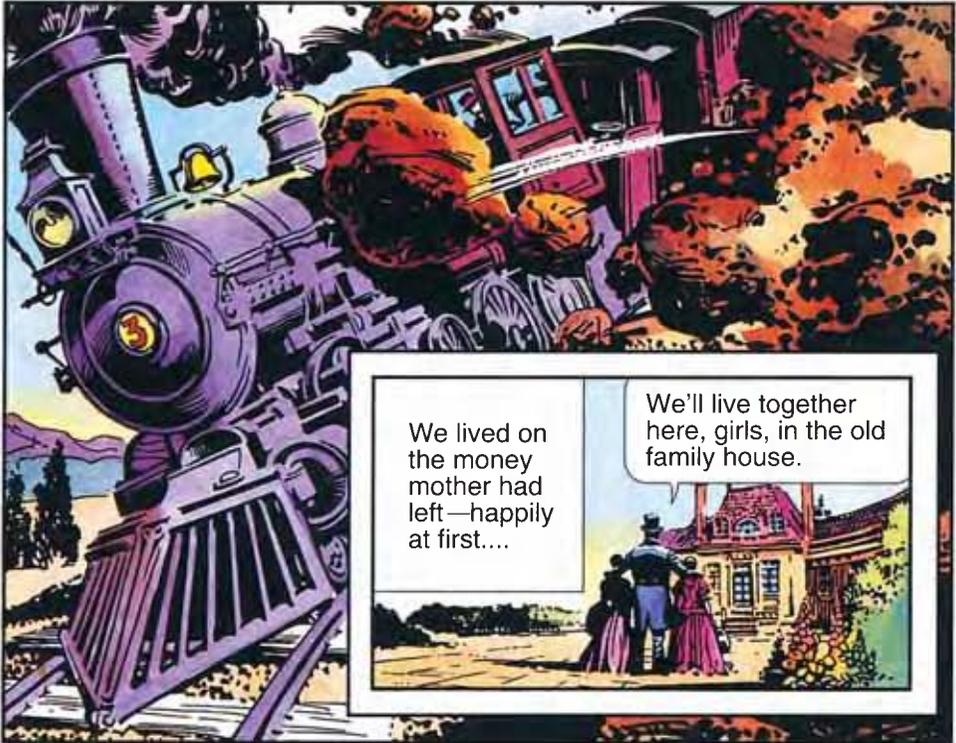
When Dr. Roylott was in India, he married my mother. She was the young widow of Major-General Stoner. My sister Julia and I were twins....



Mother left her money—a considerable sum to Dr. Roylott while we lived with him, but with the understanding that a certain yearly amount should be given to each of us if we got married.



Shortly after our return to England, eight years ago, my mother died in a railway accident. Dr. Roylott then gave up his medical practice.



We lived on the money mother had left—happily at first....

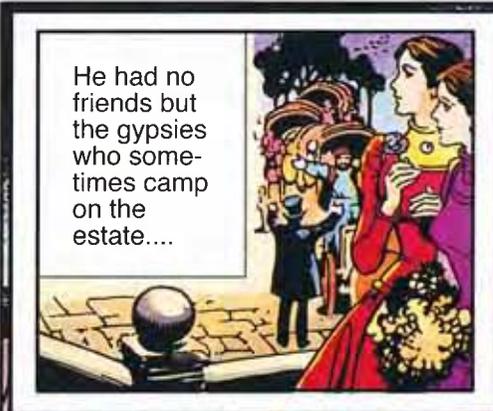
We'll live together here, girls, in the old family house.



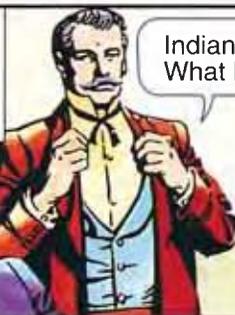


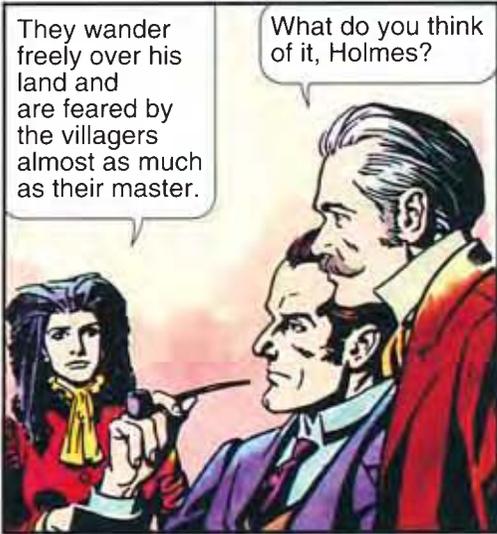
But a terrible change came over our stepfather. He began to quarrel with anyone who crossed his path.

Last week he hit the town blacksmith.



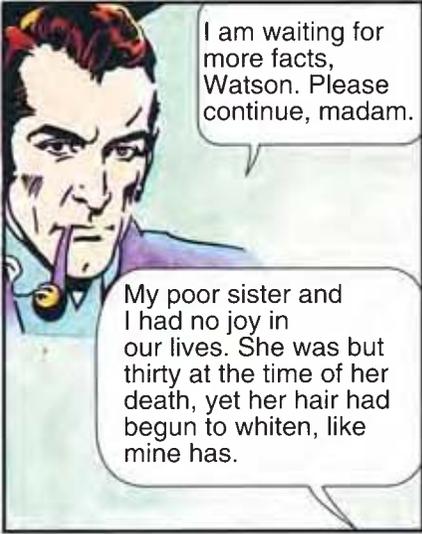
He has an interest also in Indian animals, which are sent over to him....





They wander freely over his land and are feared by the villagers almost as much as their master.

What do you think of it, Holmes?



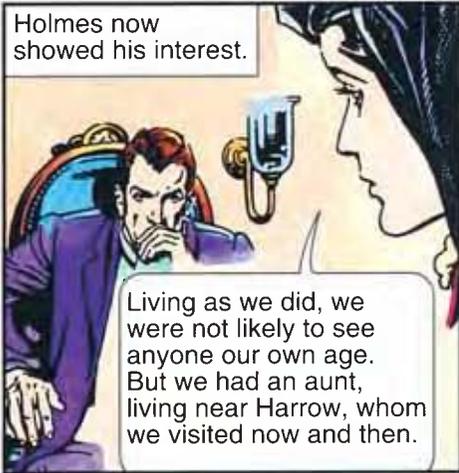
I am waiting for more facts, Watson. Please continue, madam.

My poor sister and I had no joy in our lives. She was but thirty at the time of her death, yet her hair had begun to whiten, like mine has.



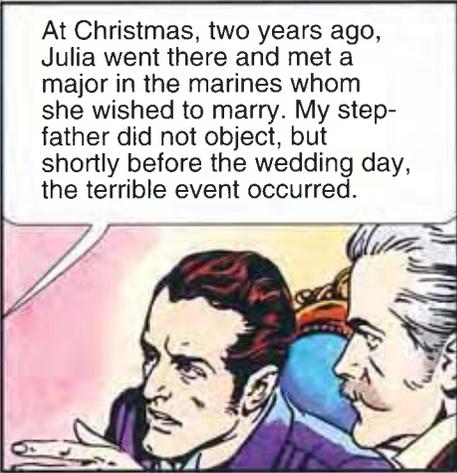
Your sister is dead then?

She died two years ago. That is what I wish to speak to you about!

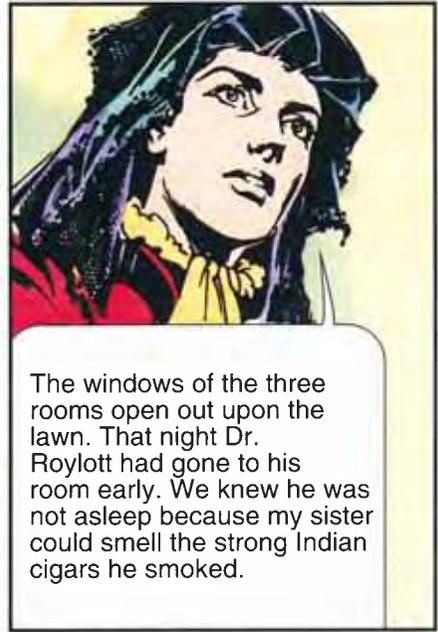


Holmes now showed his interest.

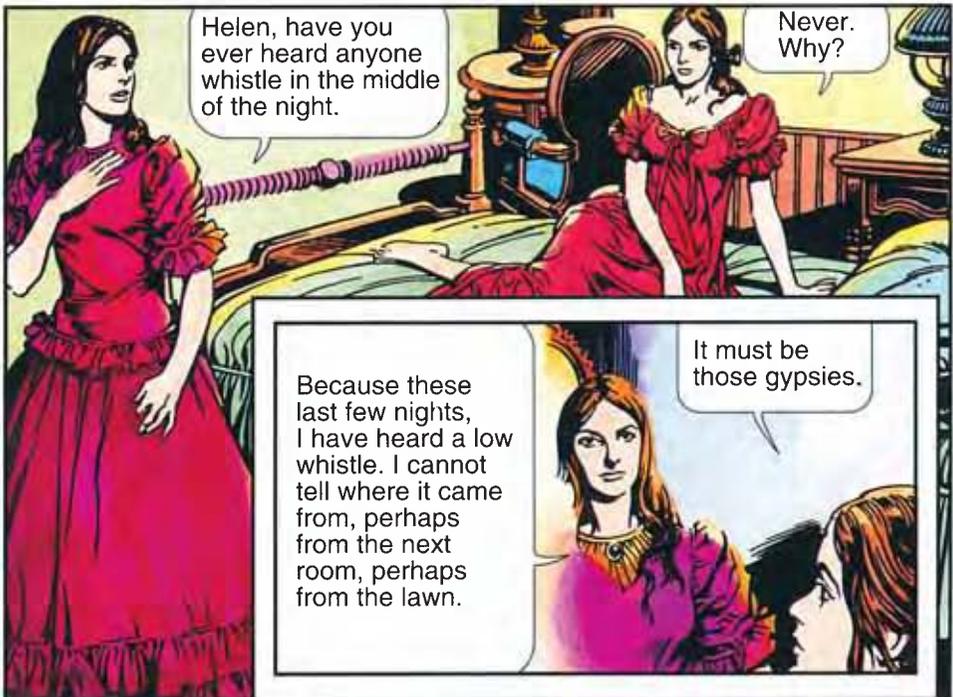
Living as we did, we were not likely to see anyone our own age. But we had an aunt, living near Harrow, whom we visited now and then.



At Christmas, two years ago, Julia went there and met a major in the marines whom she wished to marry. My step-father did not object, but shortly before the wedding day, the terrible event occurred.



My sister had come into my room, where we sat talking about her wedding. Then, as she rose to leave....

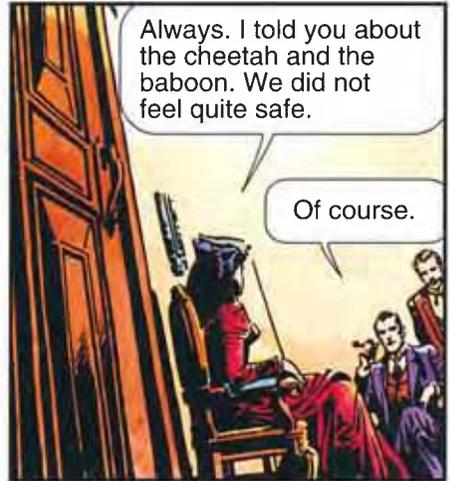


*a large house belonging to someone who owns a lot of land



She said it was not important, smiled, and closed my door. Moments later I heard her key turn in the lock.

Did you always lock yourselves in at night?



Always. I told you about the cheetah and the baboon. We did not feel quite safe.

Of course.

That night a feeling of danger kept me from sleeping.



My sister and I were very close....It was a wild night, the wind howling outside, the rain beating against the windows.



Something terrible is going to happen... I know it.



Suddenly...

Good heavens! It's my sister!

Ai-eeee....

As I opened my door I heard a low whistle, such as my sister told me about, and a few moments later a clanging sound as if a large piece of metal had fallen.



Ai-eee-help!

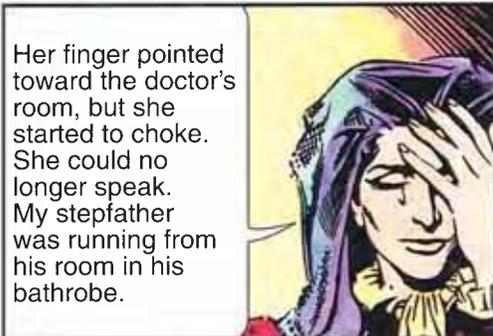
I'm coming, Julia!



My sister came out of her room, her face white with terror, reaching out for help, moving backward like a drunk....



Then in a voice I shall never forget she screamed....



But I knew it was too late....



She died within a few minutes....

Are you sure about this whistle and clanging sound?



The coroner asked me at the investigation. I thought that I heard it, but because of the sound of the storm, I may have been fooled.

Was your sister dressed?



No, she was in her night-gown. In her hands she held a burnt match and a match box.

Showing that she had lit a match when alarmed. That is important. What did the coroner find out?



He was unable to find the cause of her death. The door was locked on the inside. The windows were blocked by shutters with iron bars. The walls and floor were found to be solid. I am sure my sister was alone when she met her end. There were no marks of violence upon her.

What about poison?



The doctors found no trace of it.

What do you think your sister died of then?



Pure fear and shock, but I cannot imagine why.

Were there gypsies on the land at the time?



Yes, There usually are.

Hmm—most puzzling....

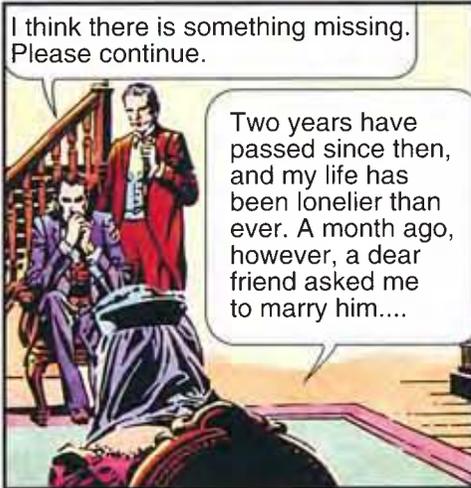


What did you gather from this speckled band?

Sometimes I thought it was the wild talk of a high fever or perhaps that it meant the band of gypsies.



Perhaps it referred to the spotted handkerchief some of them wear.



I think there is something missing. Please continue.

Two years have passed since then, and my life has been lonelier than ever. A month ago, however, a dear friend asked me to marry him....

My stepfather agreed to it....



His name is Percy Amitage, father. We hope to be married in the spring.

Spring, eh? That's good news.



Two days ago, repairs were started on the house, and my bedroom wall was broken through.

Now where shall I sleep?

Good work, lads!

Now I have had to move into the room in which my sister died...to sleep in her bed.



Imagine, then, my terror last night when....



That low whistle...the one I heard when Julia died.

My lamp showed nothing. I dressed, and at daylight got a dog-cart at the Crown Inn nearby, and drove to Leatherhead.



My one purpose since then has been to ask your help....



That was wise. But have you told me all?

Y-yes.

I think not. You are protecting your stepfather.

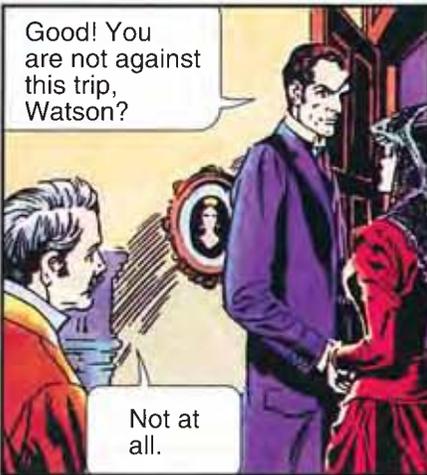
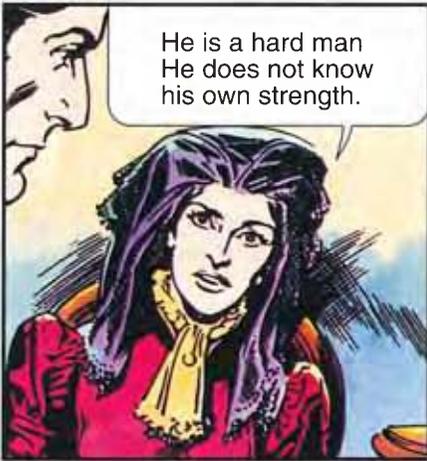


W-what do you mean?

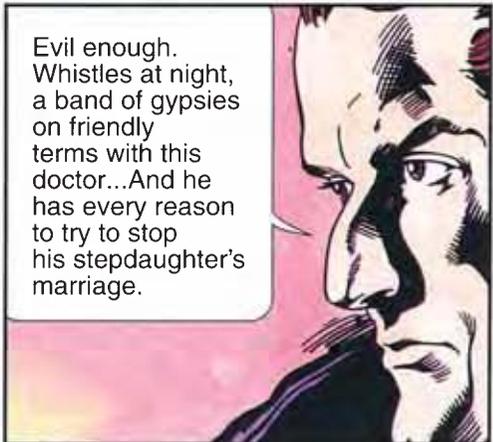
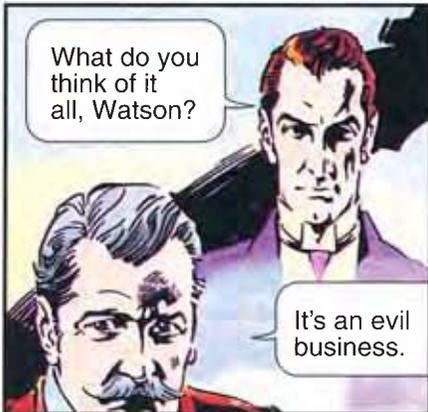
These marks—four fingers and a thumb! Your stepfather's no doubt!

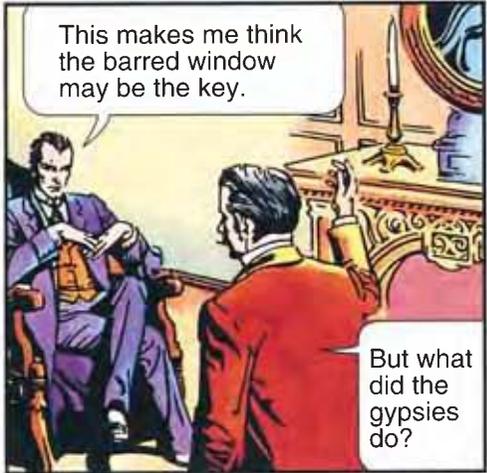
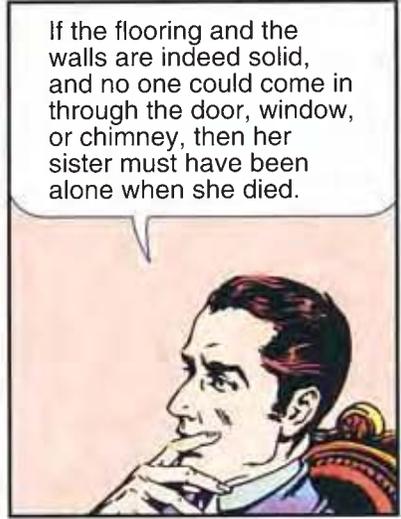


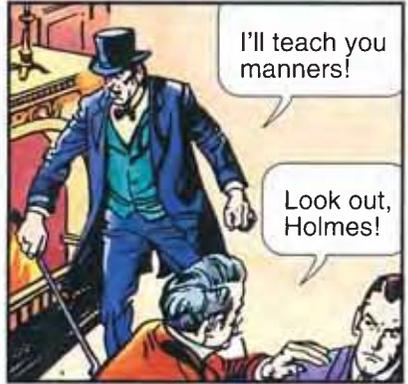
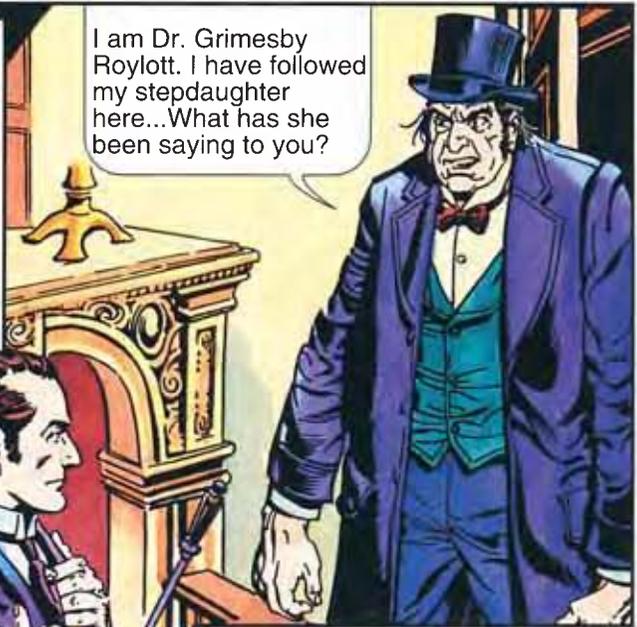
Ohh!



After Helen Stoner had gone....



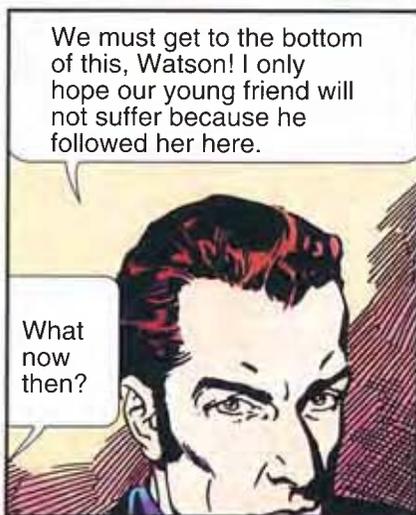
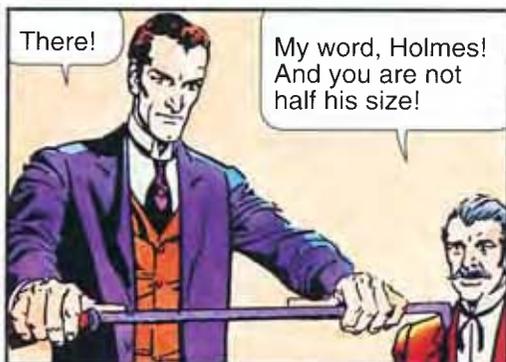




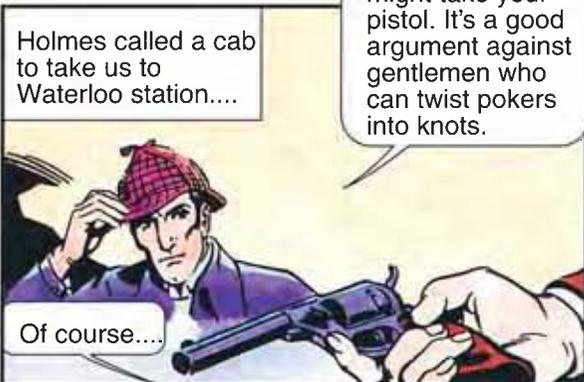
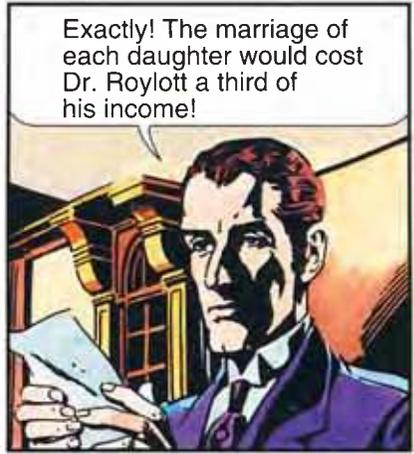
He threw down the poker and walked out of the room.



As he spoke, he picked up the steel poker, and with a burst of strength....



It was nearly one o'clock when Holmes returned....



At Waterloo we caught a train for Leatherhead.



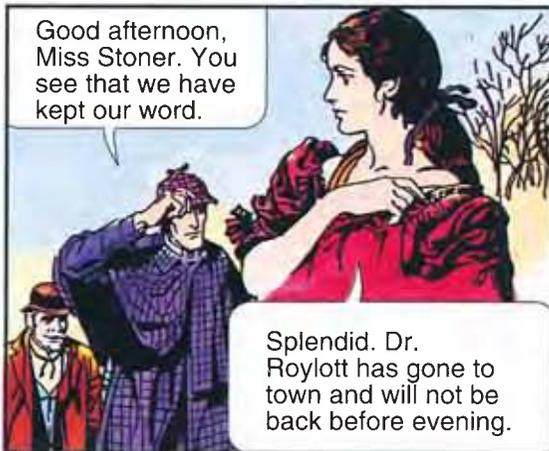
As we rode through the country later....



At the highest point ahead we could see the towers of a very old house....



We sent the cab back on its way....



Don't worry, Miss Stoner. You must lock yourself up from him tonight. If he becomes dangerous we will take you away.

A scene showing three characters: a man in a red coat and hat (Watson), a man in a purple checkered coat and red cap (Sherlock Holmes), and a woman in a red dress and white shawl (Miss Stoner). They are standing outdoors with trees in the background.

Now we must use our time well. Please take us at once to the rooms which we must look at.

Follow me, then.

A scene showing the three characters from the previous panel walking away from the viewer. Watson is on the left in a red coat, Holmes is in the middle in a purple checkered coat, and Miss Stoner is on the right in a red dress. They are walking on a path towards a building with a red roof.

Although the house was being repaired, there were no workmen present. Holmes studied the window carefully....

This, I believe was your old bedroom, the center one your sister's, and the one next to the main building was Dr. Roylott's bedroom.

Exactly. But I am now sleeping in the middle one.

A scene showing the three characters standing in a courtyard looking at a row of four houses with red roofs. The houses are arranged in a line, with a path leading between them. The central house is the focus of their attention.

I see no real need for repairs at that end wall.

No. I believe it was an excuse to move me from my room.

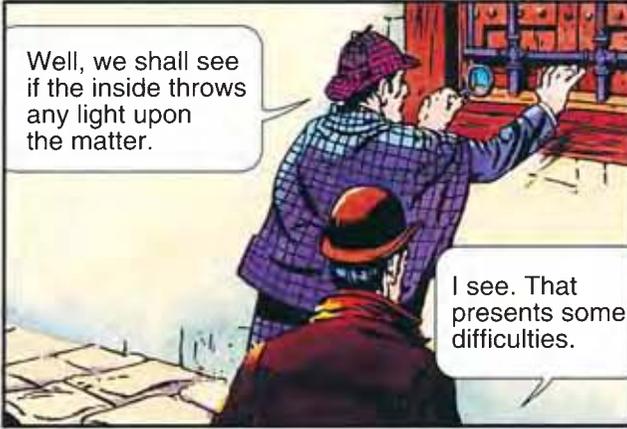
A scene showing the three characters in a close-up. Holmes is on the left, looking thoughtful with his hand to his chin. Miss Stoner is in the middle, and Watson is on the right.

At the back runs the corridor on which these three rooms open. Are there windows?

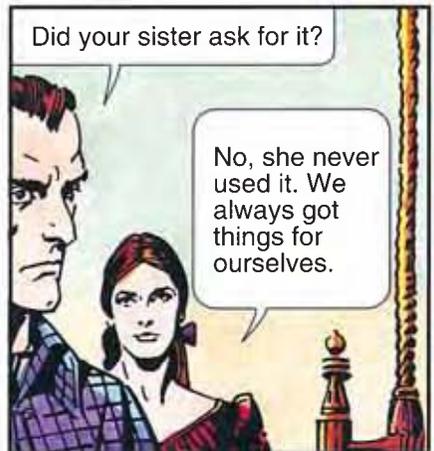
Yes, but they are too small for anyone to pass through.

A scene showing a close-up of Holmes and Miss Stoner. Holmes is on the left, looking towards Miss Stoner on the right. They appear to be in a narrow hallway or room.

Asking Miss Stoner to close the shutters from inside, Holmes tested them with his magnifying glass.



Then pointing to a thick bell rope which hung beside the bed...



Holmes gave the bell rope a quick tug.

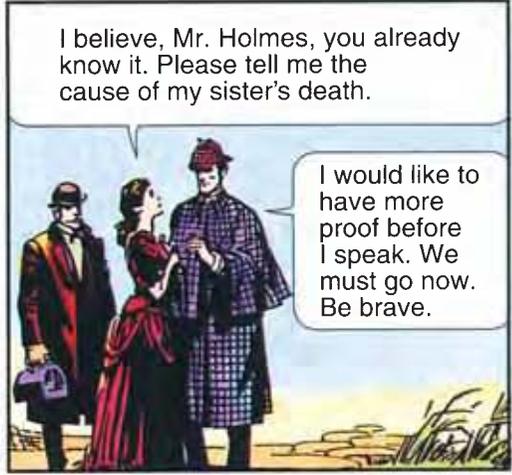
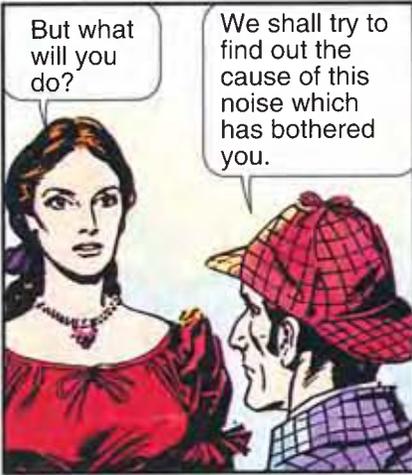


*An opening in the wall for supplying fresh air.

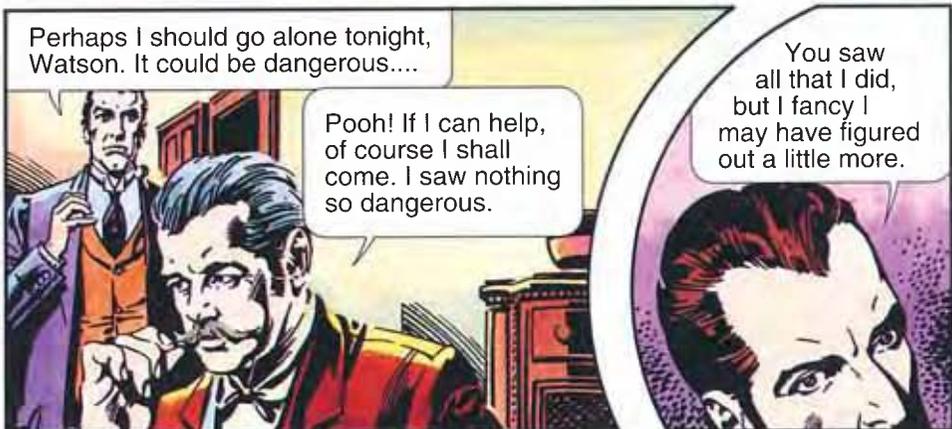
A small dog leash, with a loop at the end, caught Holmes' eyes....

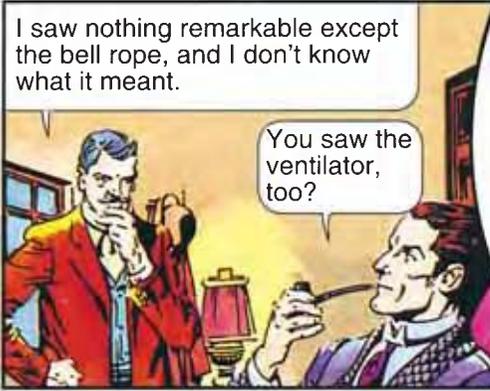
Never have I seen my friend's face so sad or his brow so dark....





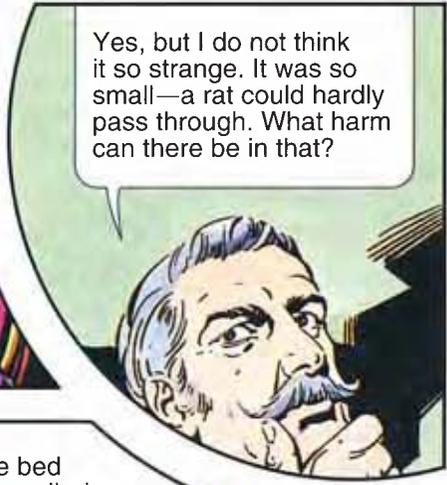
Sherlock Holmes and I then took a room in the Crown Inn. At nightfall...





I saw nothing remarkable except the bell rope, and I don't know what it meant.

You saw the ventilator, too?

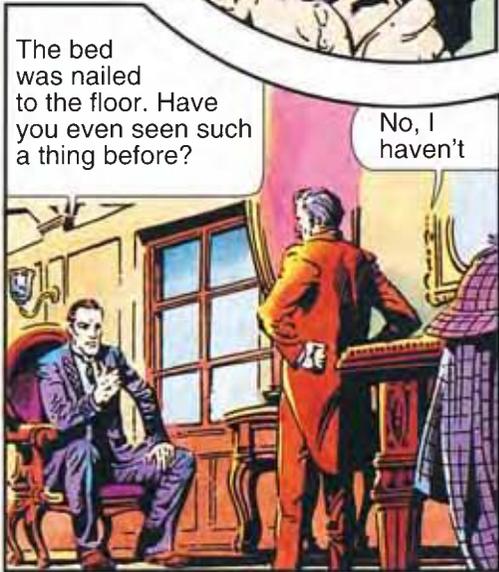


Yes, but I do not think it so strange. It was so small—a rat could hardly pass through. What harm can there be in that?



A ventilator is made, a cord is hung, and a lady who sleeps in bed dies. Does that not strike you?

I don't see the connection.



The bed was nailed to the floor. Have you even seen such a thing before?

No, I haven't



The bed must always be in the same place under the ventilator and the rope—which was never meant for a bellpull!

And at last I began to see what Holmes was hinting at...



By Jove! We are only in time to stop some horrible crime!

When a doctor goes wrong, he is the worst of all criminals.

We waited for the lights to go out....



About nine o'clock, the lights went out, and the Manor house was all dark.



A moment later we were on the dark road, with one yellow light leading us through the dark to the house....



Suddenly, out from behind a clump of bushes, there darted what seemed to be an ugly and bent child.



For the moment, Holmes was as jumpy as I....

But soon he broke into a low laugh....

I had forgotten the baboon and the cheetah.



Then Holmes whispered softly....

We climbed in the open window and slipped off our shoes. Quietly Holmes closed the shutters and looked around the room....





Holmes had brought a cane which he placed upon the bed beside him, along with some matches and a candle....



Then he turned down the lamp....



We waited then in complete darkness....



The village clock struck one and two and three, and still we sat waiting for whatever might happen.



Suddenly, there was a beam of light...



Then the smell of burning oil and heated metal...



I heard a sound of movement...then all was silent again.



For half an hour I sat with straining ears. Then suddenly I heard another sound—like that of a small jet of steam from a kettle...



Instantly, Holmes jumped from the bed and lit a match, hitting quickly at the bellpull with his cane....



I heard a low, clear whistle....



While I could not see what my friend hit at, I could see his face, deadly pale and filled with horror.

There was a moment of silence when he had ceased to strike followed by a terrible sound of pain and fear and anger....



He led the way to Dr. Roylott's room. Twice he knocked at the door.



He entered the room...I at his heels.

There sat Dr. Roylott, his eyes were open but they saw nothing. Around his head he had a peculiar yellow band, with brown speckles, which seemed to be tightly set around his head....



Suddenly, his strange headband began to move....



A snake!



He died seconds after he was bitten!

A swamp adder, Watson, the most poisonous snake in India.



Murderers often die the very way they have planned for someone else! Let us put this creature back into its den.



He threw the noose around the reptile's neck....



Careful, Holmes!

carried it away from him to the open safe....



Ah! He is safely put away now!

and closed the safe upon it.

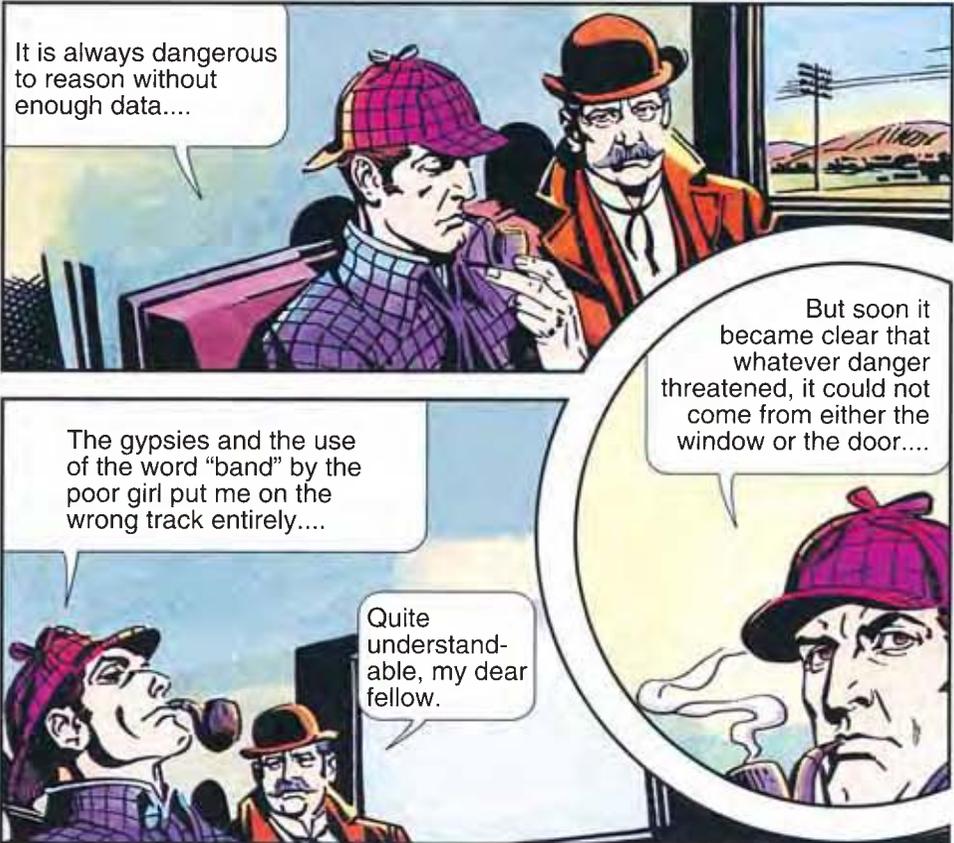


We can now get Miss Stoner and notify the police.

After breaking the sad news to the terrified girl, we took her to her aunt's home at Harrow.

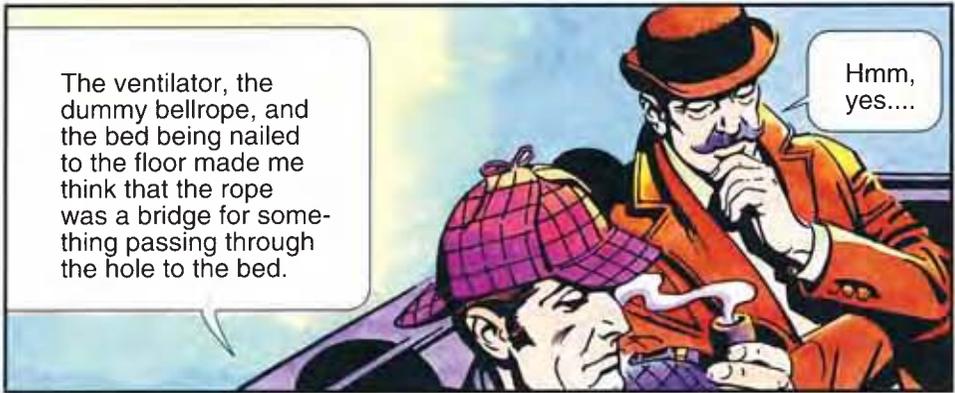


As we traveled home next day, Holmes told me a few points I had missed....



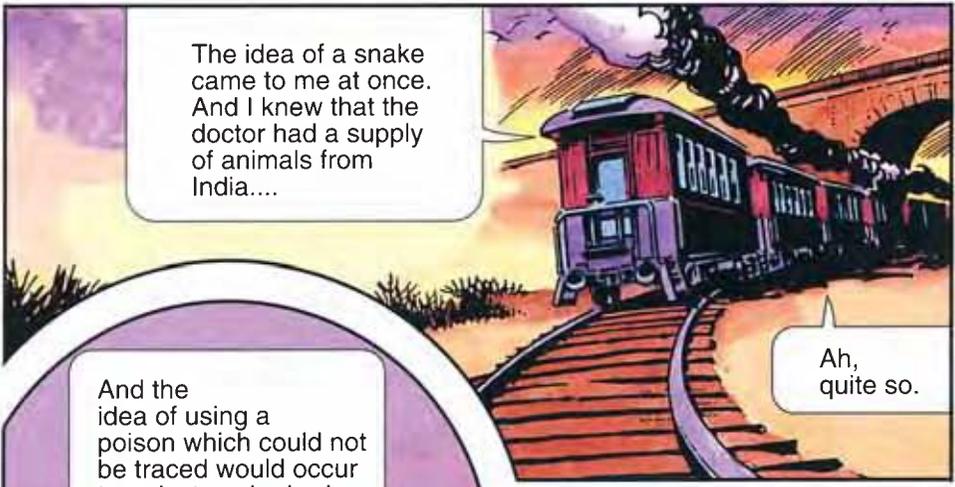
*An official meeting to find the cause of an unusual death.

Quickly, Holmes explained why he changed his mind.



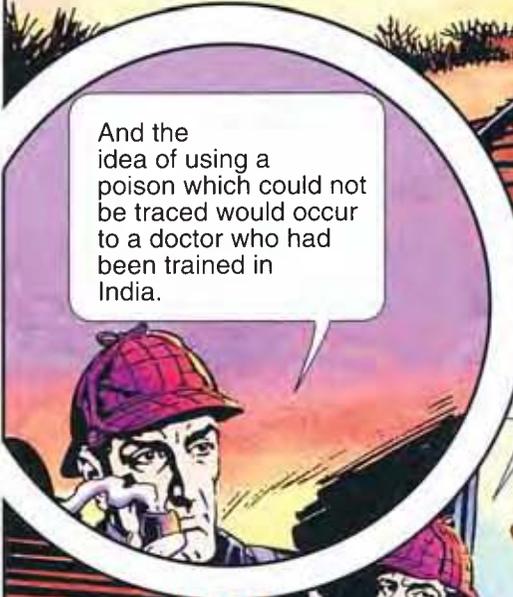
The ventilator, the dummy bellrope, and the bed being nailed to the floor made me think that the rope was a bridge for something passing through the hole to the bed.

Hmm, yes....



The idea of a snake came to me at once. And I knew that the doctor had a supply of animals from India....

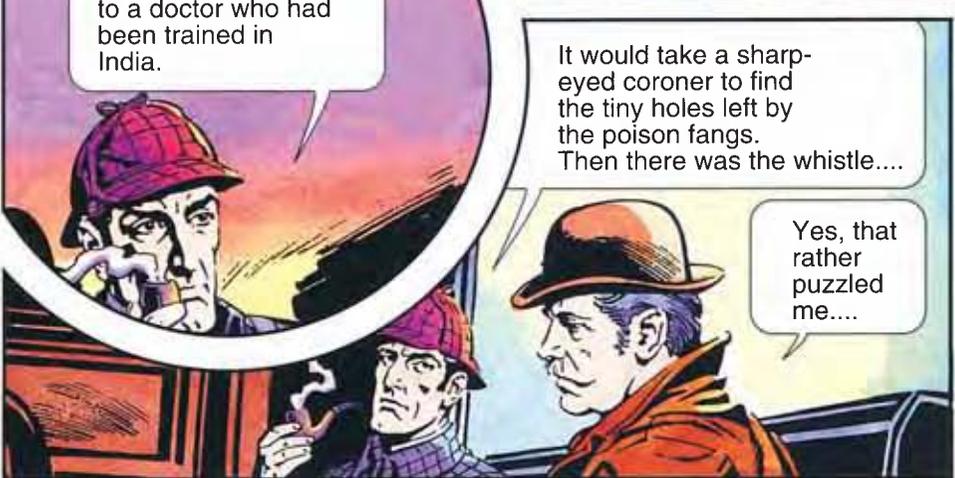
Ah, quite so.



And the idea of using a poison which could not be traced would occur to a doctor who had been trained in India.

It would take a sharp-eyed coroner to find the tiny holes left by the poison fangs. Then there was the whistle....

Yes, that rather puzzled me....



He had to be able to get the snake back. He trained it, using the milk we saw, to return to the sound of the whistle.

Tweet-tt!

Hiss!

He would put it through the ventilator late at night, knowing that it would crawl down the rope and land on the bed....



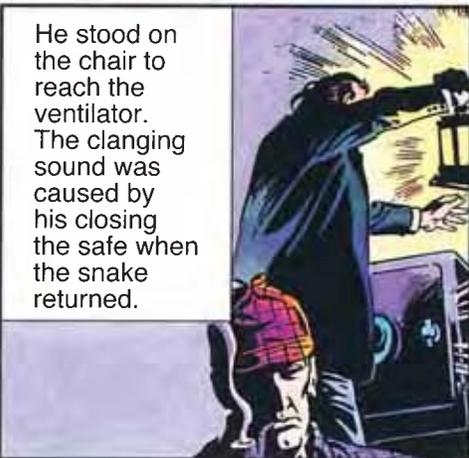
It might or might not bite the sleeper....



She might escape every night for a week...but sooner or later she must be bitten.

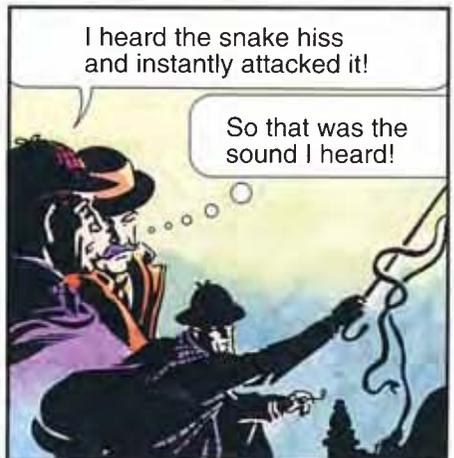


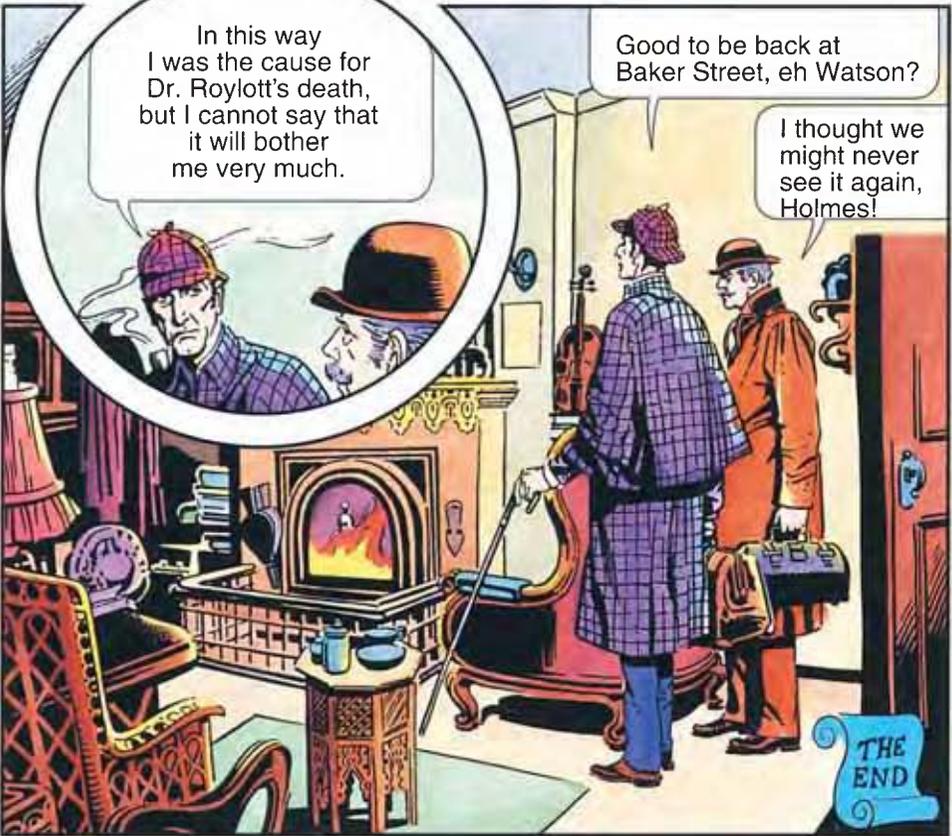
He stood on the chair to reach the ventilator. The clanging sound was caused by his closing the safe when the snake returned.



I heard the snake hiss and instantly attacked it!

So that was the sound I heard!

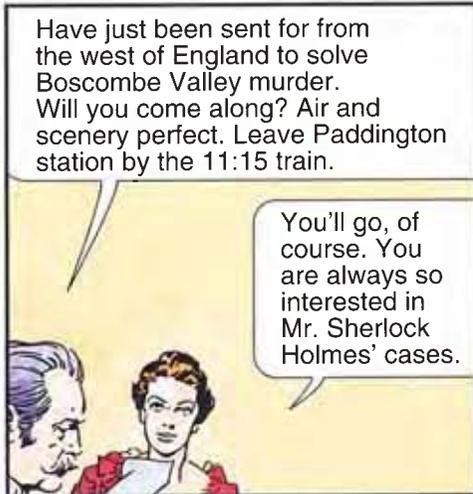




A telegram from Sherlock Holmes to my house was how I first learned of the Boscombe Valley Mystery....



The message from Holmes, although short, sounded interesting....



And so shortly....



And as our train passed Reading....



The London newspapers have not told the full story. I think it is one of those simple cases which are always so very difficult. But they have a serious case against the murdered man's son.



Is it a murder, then?

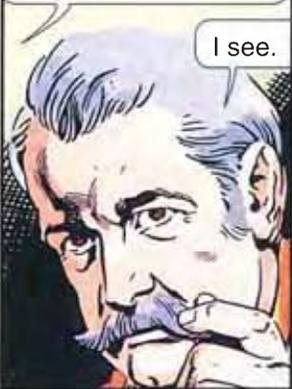
We shall see for ourselves.



The largest landowner in the Boscombe Valley is Mr. John Turner. He had made his money in Australia. One of his farms was rented to a Mr. Charles McCarthy, also an ex-Australian....



The men had known each other in Australia. Turner was the richer man, but when McCarthy rented part of his property, they stayed friends and were often together.



I see.

McCarthy had one son, a lad of eighteen, and Turner had a daughter the same age, but neither of them had living wives. McCarthy kept two servants—a man and a girl. Turner had some half-dozen....



Last Monday, June 3rd, McCarthy left his home about 3 P.M. and walked down to the Boscombe Pool, a small lake. He had told his servant he was to meet someone there. He never returned!

From McCarthy's farmhouse to the pool is a quarter of a mile. Two people saw him passing: an old woman and William Crowder, Mr. Turner's gamekeeper. Both witnesses say McCarthy was alone.



The gamekeeper adds that just after seeing Mr. McCarthy pass he had seen his son James going the same way, carrying a gun. He thought the son was following his father. He thought no more of it until he heard of the murder.

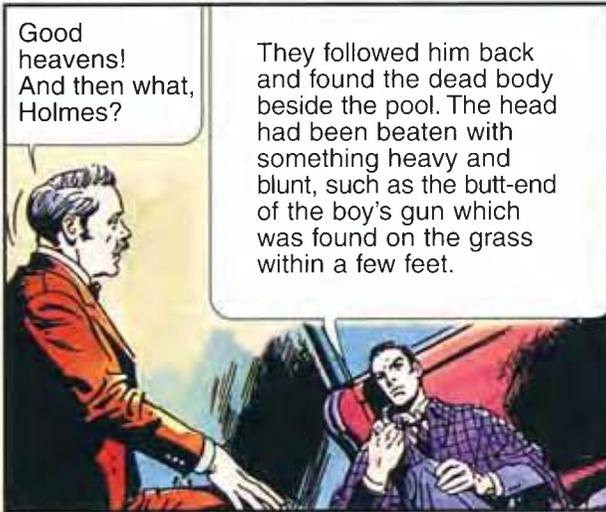


The daughter of the lodge-keeper was in the woods picking flowers. She saw Mr. McCarthy and his son having a violent argument near the pool.



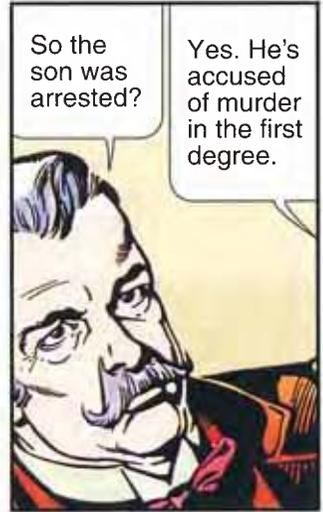
She was frightened by their yelling, and ran away, afraid they were going to fight. She had just finished telling this to her mother when young McCarthy ran into the house, saying he had found his father dead. He was very excited, he didn't have his gun or hat, and his right hand and sleeve were stained with blood.





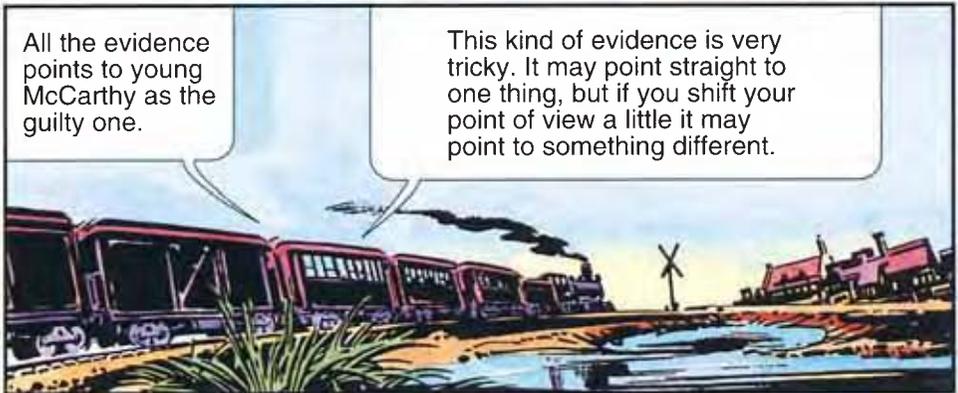
Good heavens! And then what, Holmes?

They followed him back and found the dead body beside the pool. The head had been beaten with something heavy and blunt, such as the butt-end of the boy's gun which was found on the grass within a few feet.



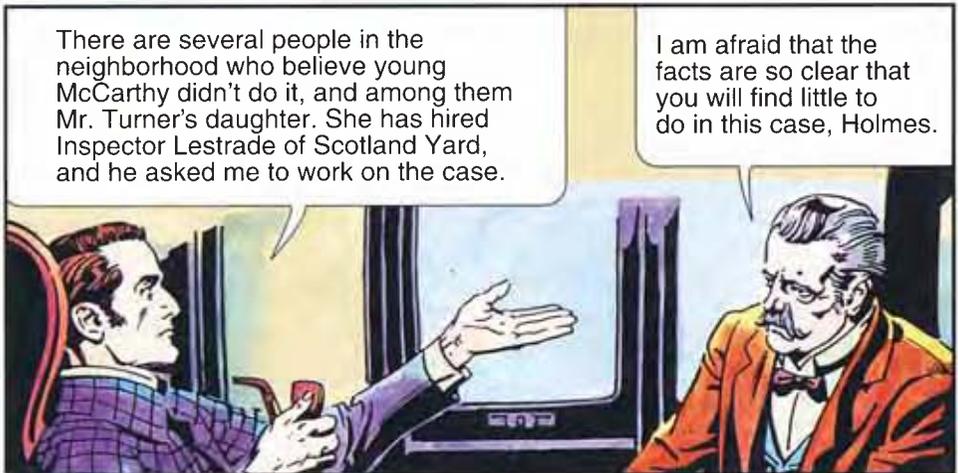
So the son was arrested?

Yes. He's accused of murder in the first degree.



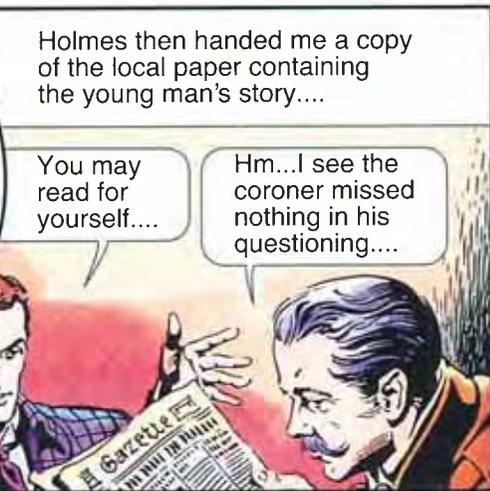
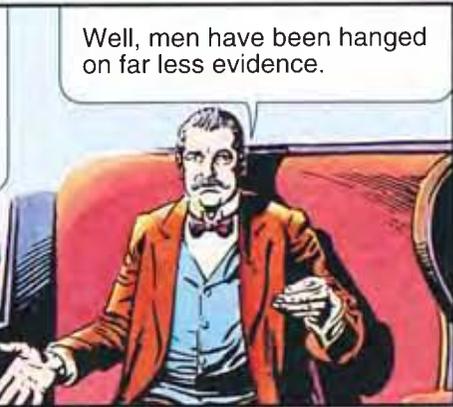
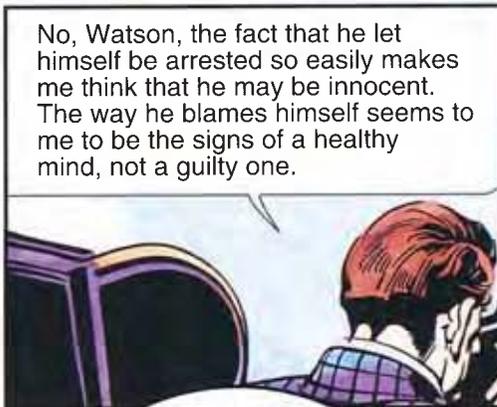
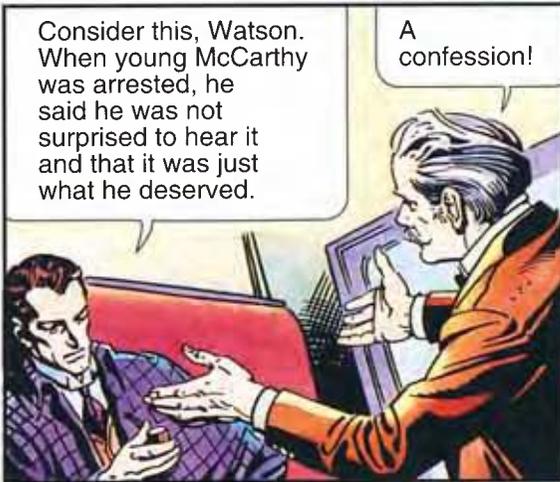
All the evidence points to young McCarthy as the guilty one.

This kind of evidence is very tricky. It may point straight to one thing, but if you shift your point of view a little it may point to something different.



There are several people in the neighborhood who believe young McCarthy didn't do it, and among them Mr. Turner's daughter. She has hired Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard, and he asked me to work on the case.

I am afraid that the facts are so clear that you will find little to do in this case, Holmes.



As I read the story I could picture young James McCarthy telling his story to the coroner.*

I had just returned from three days at Bristol when I saw my father walk quickly out of the yard. Not knowing where he was going, I then took my gun and walked towards the Boscombe Pool....



"...thinking I would try to shoot a rabbit for dinner."

"On my way I did see William Crowder, the gamekeeper; but he is wrong in thinking that I was following my father. I didn't even know that he was in front of me."



"As I came near the pool I heard a cry...."

"Hurrying forward, I found him by the pool. He seemed surprised to see me."

Cooee!

That was dad's signal for me!



What are ye doin' here?

What d'ye mean, dad? I heard you call....



*A doctor who tries to find the cause of a sudden or violent death.

“We were arguing and almost began to fight...My father had a bad temper....”



“Not wanting to fight my father, I started back for the farm....”



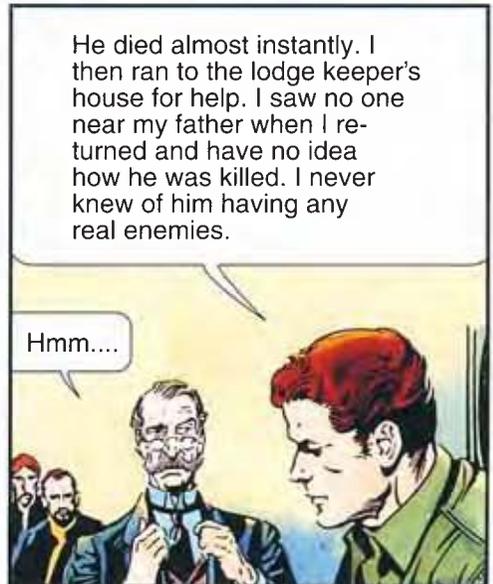
“I had not gone far, when suddenly I heard....”

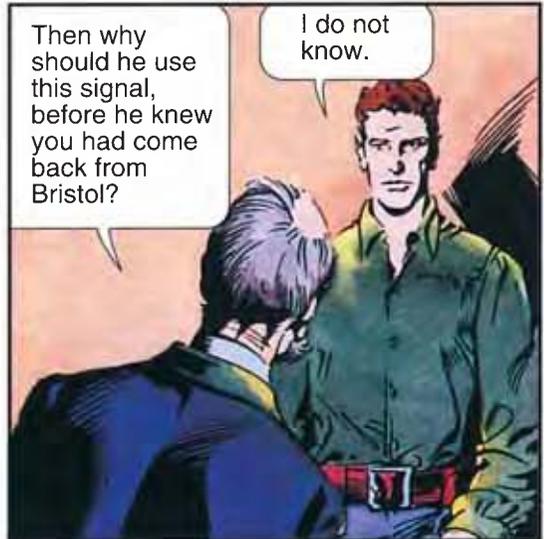


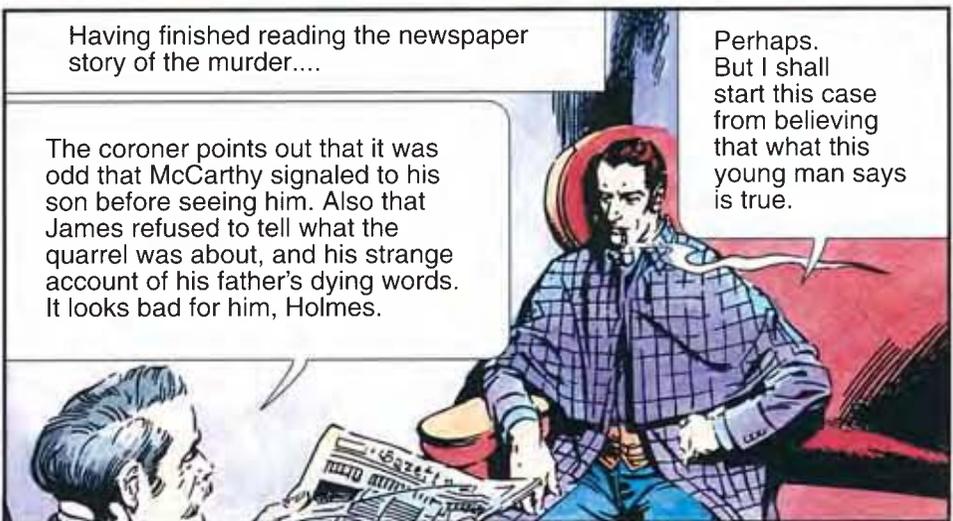
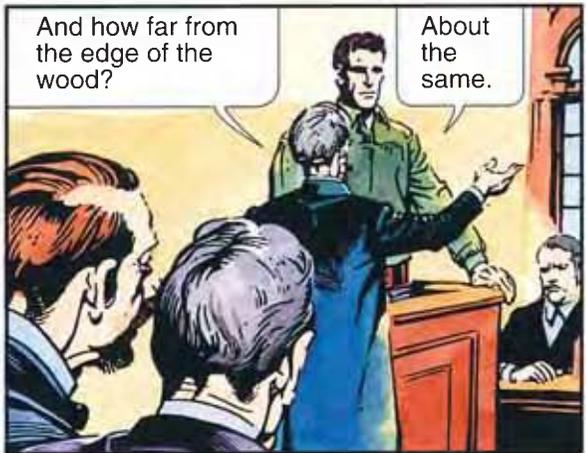
“And found my father lying upon the ground, with his head badly cut...I dropped my gun and held him in my arms....”



He died almost instantly. I then ran to the lodge keeper's house for help. I saw no one near my father when I returned and have no idea how he was killed. I never knew of him having any real enemies.





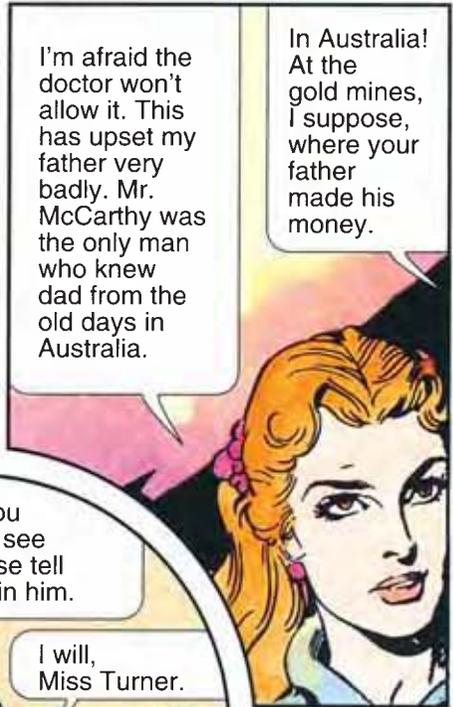
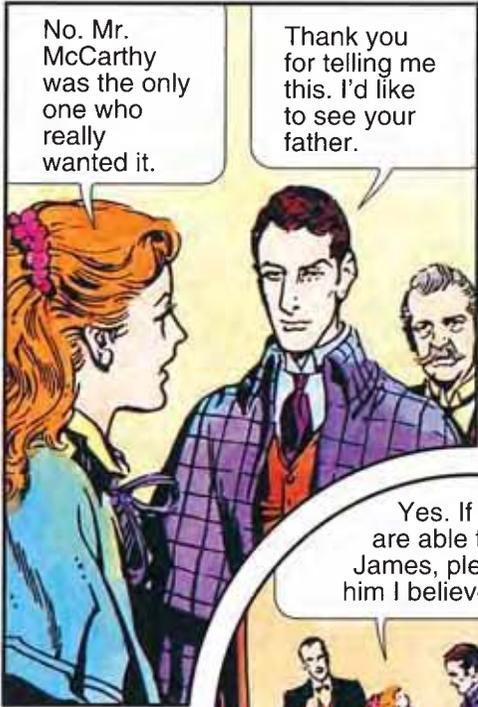


Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard was waiting at the station and had us driven to our rooms.



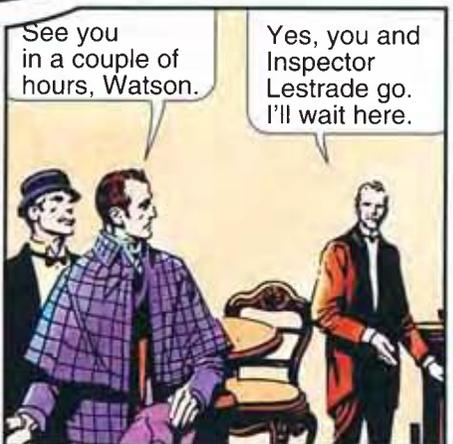
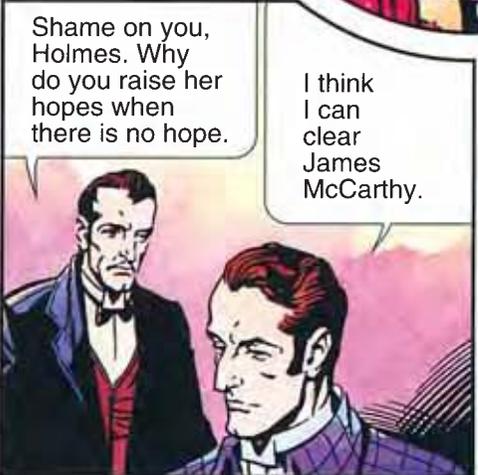
We entered our room, then suddenly....



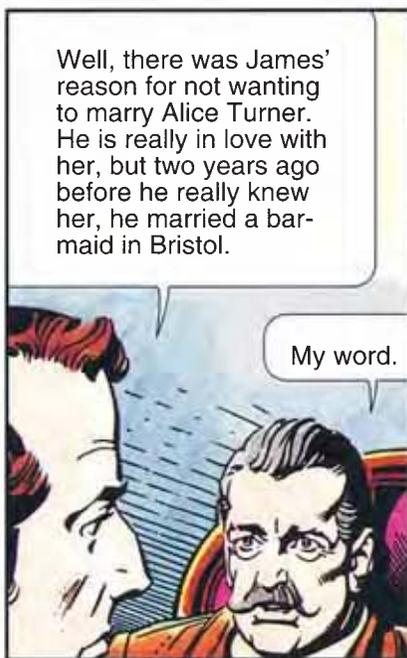
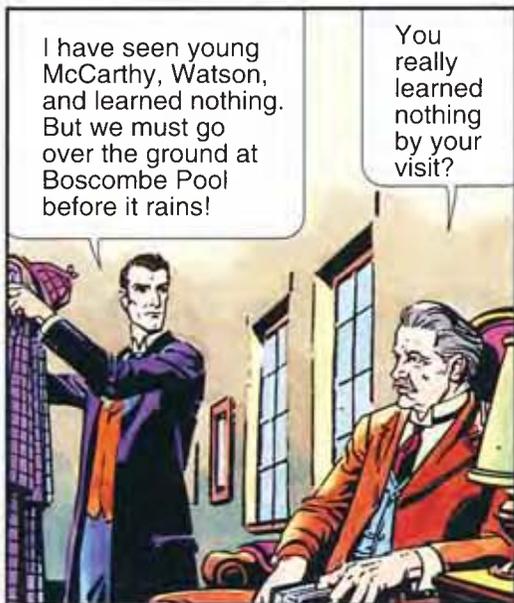


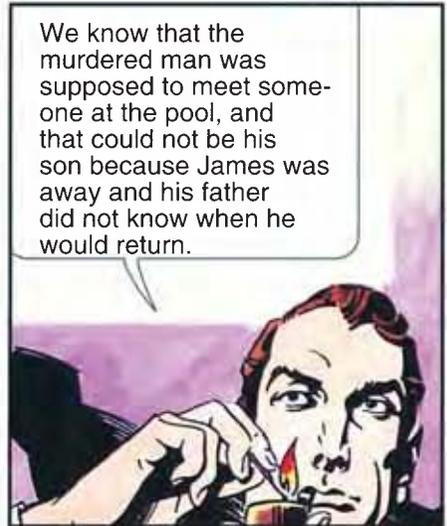
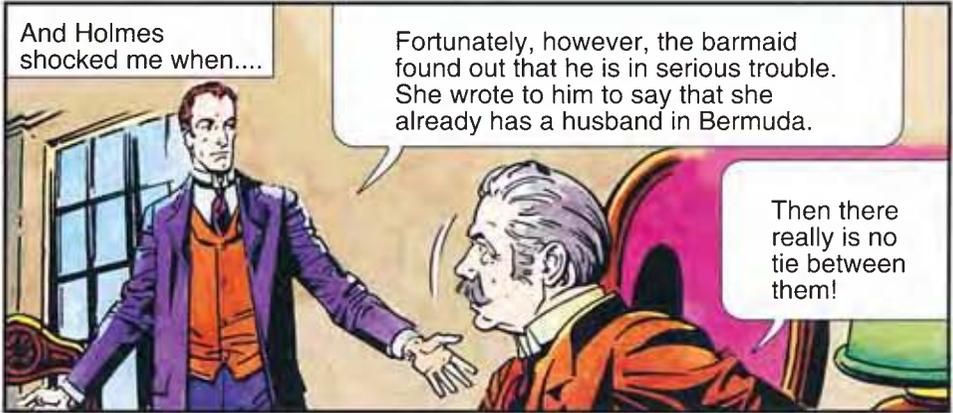
After the girl had left, Inspector Lestrade argued with Holmes....

With that Holmes headed for the next train to Herford to see the prisoner.



And later when he returned....





At nine o'clock Inspector Lestrade called for us...

Poor Mr. Turner is badly shaken. He was an old friend of McCarthy's. In fact, he was such a good friend that he gave him his farm rent free.



And as we rode toward the Boscombe Valley pool...

It seems strange that this McCarthy, a poor man, should talk of marrying his son to Turner's daughter, who will someday get all her father's money.



And he talked about it as if Miss Turner and her father were sure to agree if only his son wanted to marry her.



It is even more strange since Miss Turner herself told us that James does not want to marry her, at least not now. Can you not figure something out from that?

Listen, Holmes. I find it hard enough to get the facts without going after guesses.



At Hatherly Farm, Holmes picked up a pair of McCarthy's boots and a pair of his son's.

Having measured the boots Holmes went to the courtyard.



I hope these will help you, sir.

They will do nicely, thank you.



Ah! From here we can follow the path to Boscombe Pool.

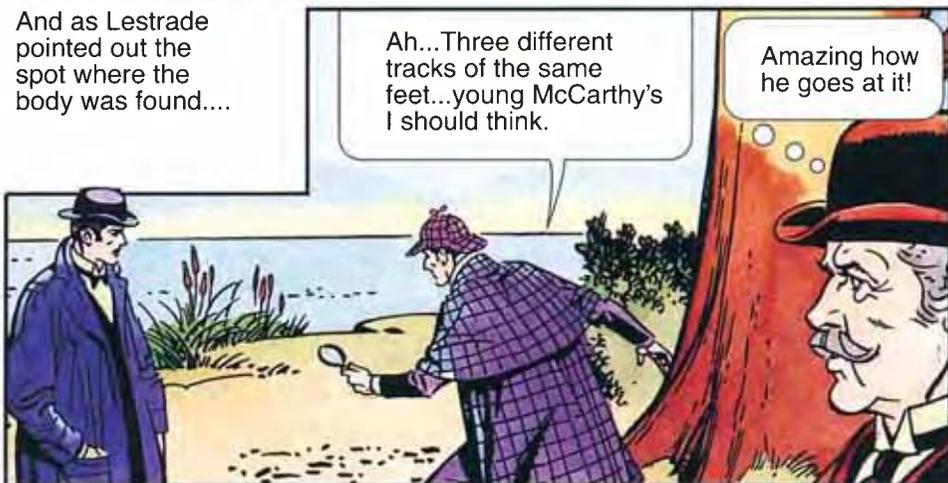
Remember, Holmes, I still think young McCarthy must have done it.



Swiftly and silently, Holmes went to the pool.

Ah, good! There are many marks here!

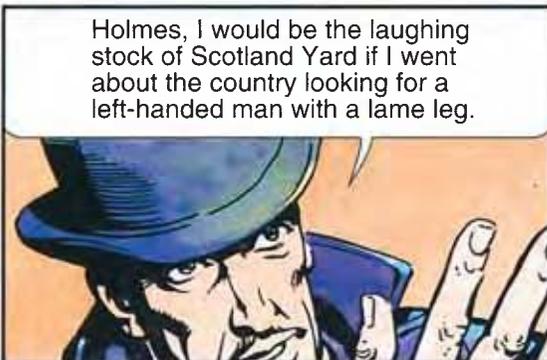
And as Lestrade pointed out the spot where the body was found....

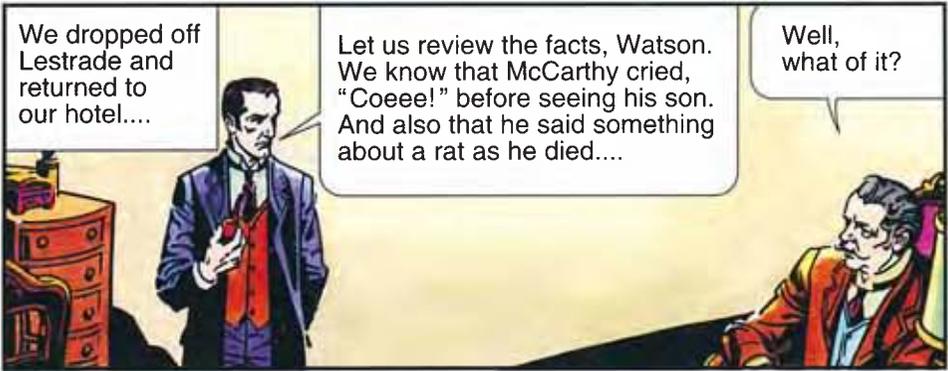


Ah...Three different tracks of the same feet...young McCarthy's I should think.

Amazing how he goes at it!

Holmes ran up and down carefully tracing the tracks until....

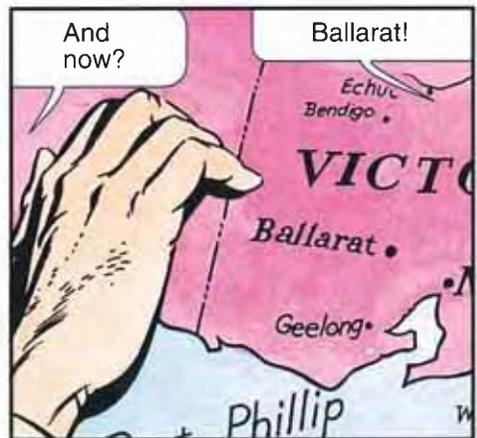


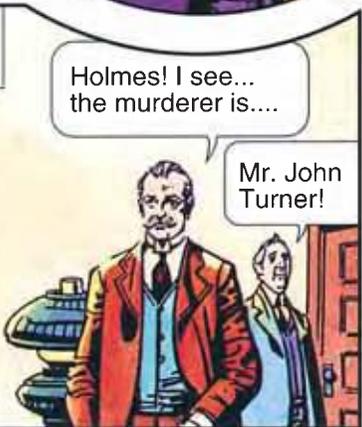
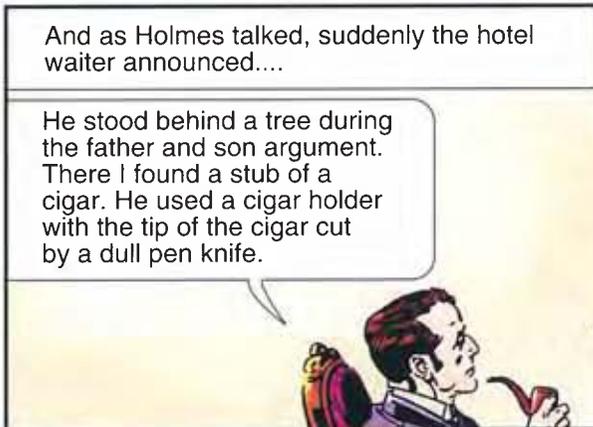
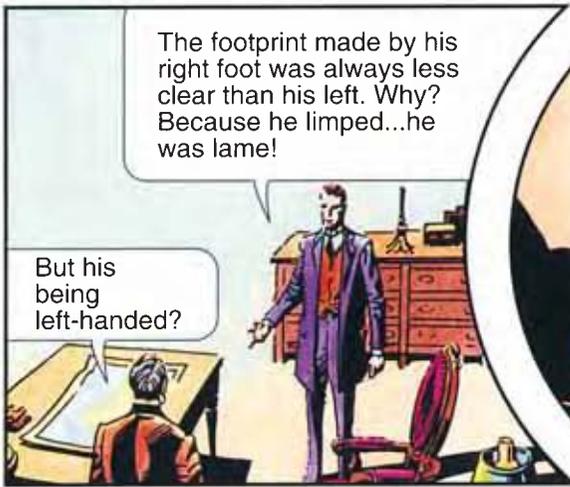
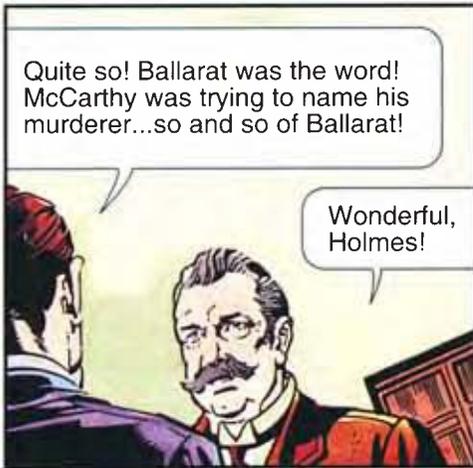


Sherlock Holmes took a folded map from his pocket.

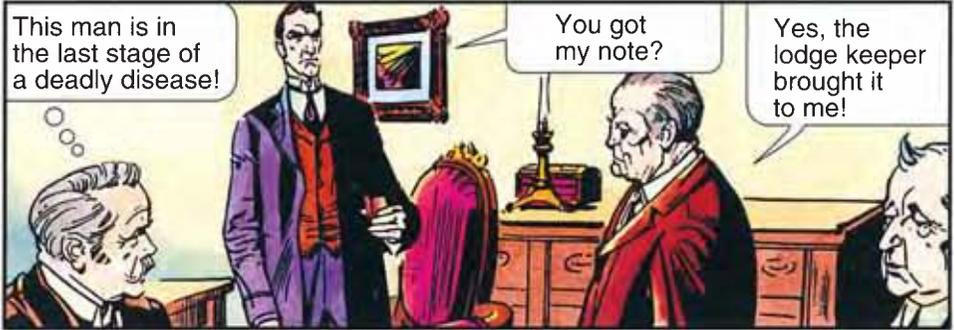


And as Holmes removed his hand....

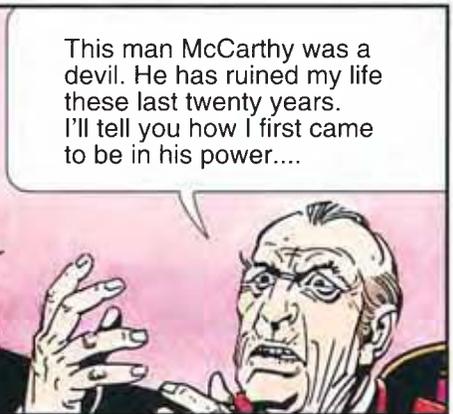
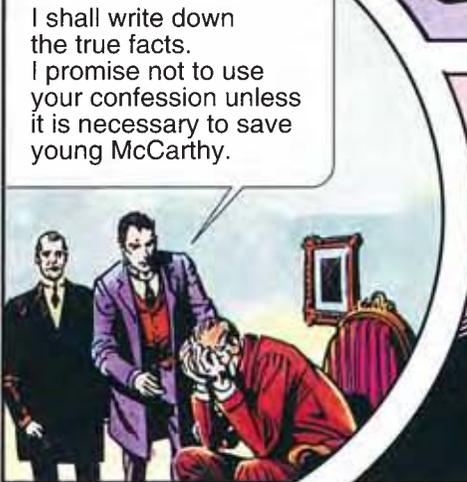




The man who entered limped slowly forward. Although of an unusually powerful build, it was clear to me from his pale face he was ill....



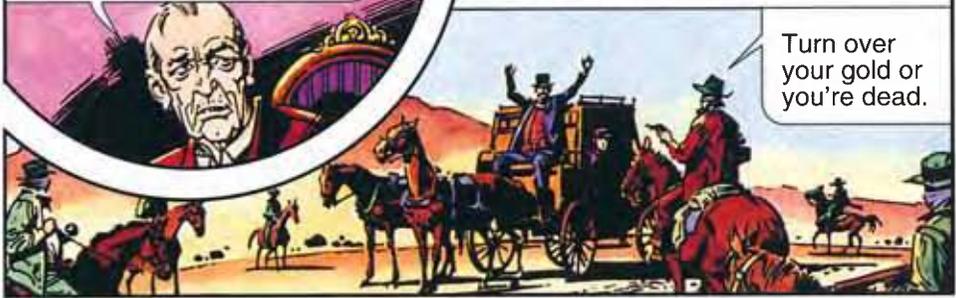
And as the old man sank his face in his hands....



I was a hot-blooded young man then at the gold mines. I had no luck with my claim and met some bad friends. I became a highway robber.

“There were six of us, sticking up a station from time to time, or stopping wagons. I was called Black Jack of Ballarat, and we are still remembered in Australia as the Ballarat gang...”

Turn over your gold or you're dead.



“One day we attacked a gold shipment and killed four of the six troopers, losing half of our own men before we got the gold...”



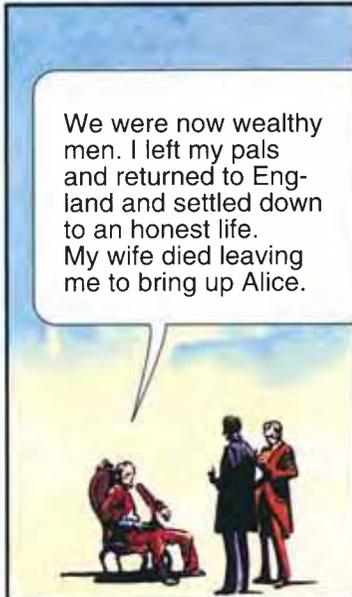
“This man McCarthy was the wagon driver. I let him live though I saw his mean eyes study my face very carefully.”

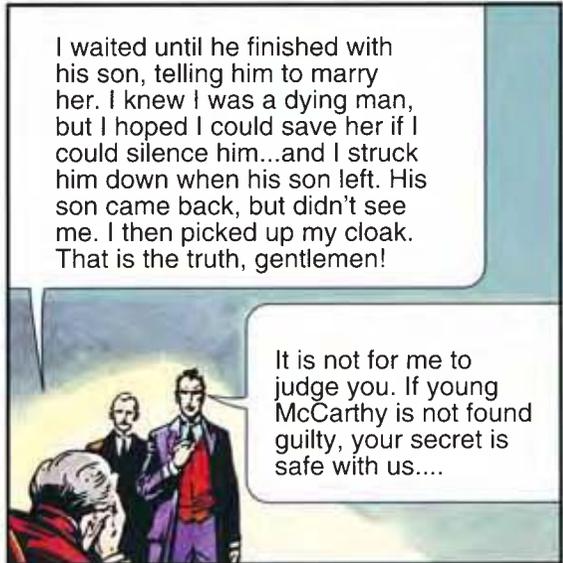
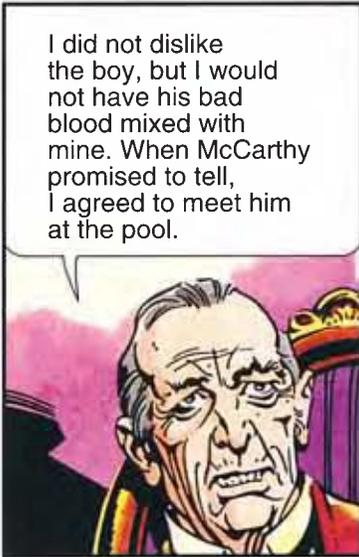
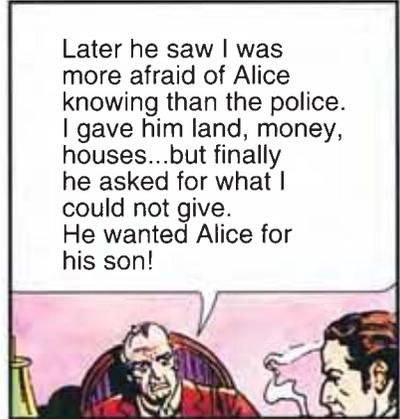
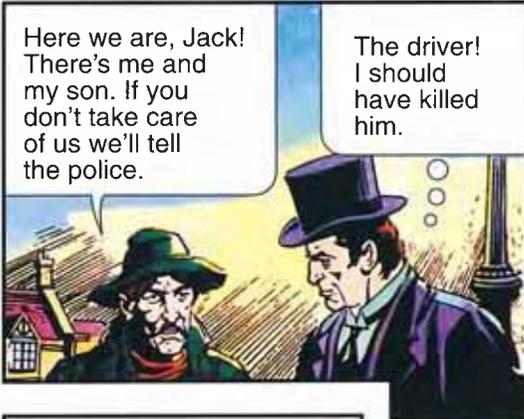
We were now wealthy men. I left my pals and returned to England and settled down to an honest life. My wife died leaving me to bring up Alice.

All was going well until one day...

Make one move and you're dead!

We got it, Jack! Let's go!





James McCarthy was found not guilty because of the testimony of Sherlock Holmes. Old Turner died shortly after. The son and daughter are now happily married knowing nothing of the black cloud of the past.*



*Statement of fact in court.

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