THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

It was the end of November, and Holmes and I sat, upon a raw and foggy night, on either side of a blazing fire in our sitting-room in Baker Street. 'The whole course of events,' said Holmes, 'was simple and direct.' He was referring to a recent case in which a number of individuals in the same employ and working in close proximity had fallen ill, and all with the same symptoms of stomach cramps and fever. 'So had they all simply washed their hands after using the toilet this could have been avoided', I offered. 'Elementary, my dear Watson', said Sherlock Holmes.

'Certainly, there carry all the concentration at what has passed on the table,' he said to his fingers twice of the course of events. 'Mlle Camille Baskerville's problem may well in turn disappear, and the infamous Urquhart Hound goes...

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