CASE BOOK

Volume II



"But I have heard, Mr. Holmes, that you can see deeply into the manifold wickedness of the human heart."

Helen Stoner

CASE BOOK

Volume II

The MANSION MURDERS

BY

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and Raymond Edwards

Consulting Detective Game™



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INTRODUCTION



Welcome to the MANSION MURDERS, the first supplement (Volume II) in the SHERLOCK HOLMES CONSULTING DETECTIVE series.

A few words appear necessary concerning the use of the Mansion. At the beginning of the **Clue Book** is an informal tour of the premises. Notice that the rooms mentioned are followed by a letter-number in parentheses. These correspond to the ***Key*** that follows which further identifies the room names as numbered on the floorplan. (In case it is not obvious, G = Ground Floor, U = Upstairs, D = Downstairs.)

The four cases that use the Mansion (Case 12 does not) are formatted in the following manner: the ***London Clue Points*** are first, exactly as they are in Volume I; then, a ***Mansion Directory*** which details the household and staff for that case, the rooms they occupy and any room changes from the ***Main Key***; then, the ***Mansion Case Description***; and lastly the ***Mansion Clue Points*** themselves.

The Mansion Clue Points operate exactly as do the London Clue Points. When you decide whom you want to interview in the Mansion, look at the ***Mansion Directory*** for the case to find that person's room number. Then, go to the appropriate clue in the Mansion Clue Points Section. If you want to go to a specific room, unoccupied or unchanged, check the ***Main Key*** in the front of the **Clue Book**. Each Mansion Clue Point counts as a turn for scoring purposes.

Each of the four Mansion Cases has its own ***Case Description*** in addition to its other Case Description in this **Case Book**. Just as the Case Description in the **Case Book** is "free," the ***Mansion Case Description*** does not count as a turn.

GAME TIME TRAVEL SCALE: To clarify once again, the **GTTS** is applicable to the characters in the cases, not the players. It is a way to check the timing of characters traveling around London. Since the time-distance on the map represents an approximate walking time, the following **CHANGE** is now in effect for the cases of Volume II and all succeeding Volumes to reflect travel by cab:

If the course of a character's journey takes him or her across at least one District Boundary, e.g. from SW to WC, we assume them to be travelling in a cab at twice the usual rate. In other words, only half the time has elapsed. Calculate the travel time using the normal five minutes per inch, then half that time.

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CASE 11

The Termination of a Teetotaler

Saturday, 8 September, 1888

"Please, Doctor Watson, please, you must get Mr. Holmes to help Donald,please, you must!" The young woman drops her head into her gloved hands and bursts into tears. Watson puts his arm around her shoulders and tries to comfort her. At the same time he looks towards Holmes, his eyes pleading for help.

Holmes is standing at the fireplace filling his pipe from the well-worn Persian slipper that serves as his tobacco pouch. He is making no effort to hide his look of discomfort and annoyance and gives no indication that he will help Watson comfort their sobbing visitor.

"Ah, don't despair Watson, help has arrived." Holmes moves towards us as we stand in the open doorway. "Come in, Wiggins, come in all of you. Everyone take a seat. As you can see, Watson is in need of some help."

Watson leaves his charge to her solitary sobbing and joins us. Holmes is putting on his inverness coat and felt hat and moving with determined speed toward the door.

"Holmes, you can't leave now!"

"I can and must. I have an important appointment that will not keep."

"But Holmes, it's a woman in trouble."

"Come, Watson. I have always looked to you as the expert on the fairer sex. I am sure our friends can help you clear up this matter. It should be of some interest. Good day."

Holmes punctuates this last statement with a slam of the door. Watson sighs and turns his attention to us. His expression makes it clear that we are not viewed as adequate substitutes for Holmes. Another sigh escapes from Watson as he looks over to the young woman who is the cause of his perplexity.

"Mrs. Sipton? Do you feel up to talking to my friends? They may be able to help us with your problem."

"If I could...just have a ...."

At this moment the door opens and Mrs. Hudson moves her stout but motherly frame into the room. "Excuse me, Doctor Watson. Mr. Holmes asked me to look in on you. Said you might need my help."

"Yes? Yes! Yes, indeed. If you could take Mrs. Sipton and help her, uh, freshen up?"

"Mrs. Sipton? *The* Mrs. Sipton?"

"Yes," answers Watson.

"Oh, the poor dear." Mrs. Hudson moves from the door towards Mrs. Sipton who rises to meet her. "Come along, dear. A little cool water on those swollen eyes will help you feel better. Come along, dearie." With a comforting hug she guides the young Mrs. Sipton out through the door, closing it gently behind them.

As the door closes, Watson collapses into an empty chair across from us. "At

times Holmes's lack of sensitivity can be rather trying," sighs Watson. "I am sure he must have his reasons.

"Well, let me fill you in. Around nine-thirty last night Sir Alfred Sipton, the tea tycoon, was stabbed to death in his study at the Sipton mansion. Most of the family and staff claimed to have been out or in their quarters at the time of the murder and shed no light on this foul deed. Cecilia, Mrs. Sipton, says she was at the opera at the time of the murder. For some yet unexplained reason, there were

he must have his reasons.

"Well, let me fill you in. Around nine-thirty last night Sir Alfred Sipton, the tea tycoon, was stabbed to death in his study at the Sipton mansion. Most of the family and staff claimed to have been out or in their quarters at the time of the murder and shed no light on this foul deed. Cecilia, Mrs. Sipton, says she was at the opera at the time of the murder. For some yet unexplained reason, there were two men from Scotland Yard at the mansion at the time of the murder. They were the ones who heard Sir Alfred cry out for help. When they broke through the study door they found a man, Donald Stillwater, bent over Sir Alfred's body, his hand on the knife that was embedded in Sir Alfred's heart."

"Then the murderer has been apprehended," states Wiggins.

"The police have charged Stillwater with the murder of Sir Alfred and are holding him at Old Bailey," replies Watson.

"Then what is it that Mrs. Sipton wants of Holmes?"

As if Wiggins's last question were her cue, a refreshed Mrs. Sipton re-enters the room. All the men around the table stand as she settles into the chair next to Watson. She is a beautiful woman whose age cannot be more than twenty-five. Her long auburn hair frames a face whose natural beauty needs no artificial aids to make it breathtaking. Her long delicate fingers still hold the lace handkerchief that had been the reservoir for her tears, but now her clear blue eyes look at us without a trace of dampness.

"I have just been explaining to our friends and associates the tragic events that have befallen you. Mr. Wiggins has just asked what you wanted from Holmes. I think you should answer that question."

"Yes, I would be happy to," says Mrs. Sipton in a stong clear voice. "I must apologize for the way I carried on. It--"

"Not at all, my dear. It is understandable." Watson gets nods of agreement from the rest of us around the table.

"Thank you. You have been most understanding, Doctor Watson." Mrs. Sipton turns her attention to us, "Last night I lost my beloved husband and my best friend has been accused of his murder. I just can't believe that Donald had anything to do with Alfred's murder. We have been friends since childhood. Donald is one of the most God-fearing and gentle of men; murder is just not part of his nature."

"Did your husband and Donald know each other?"

"Yes, Donald and I met Alfred at the same time, six years ago. At that time, we were both members of the Salvation Army. Alfred was donating money to open up some new penny sit-ups.* Donald and I helped him on that project, and today Donald is in charge of one of them as well as a soup kitchen. He'll soon be a Major. He...oh, you can see he is not the type of man who could commit a murder."

* The penny sit-ups were Salvation Army hostels where, for a penny, destitute people could spend the night in a shelter. They were not allowed to lie down, but had to spend the night sitting on hard wooden pews.

"I assume Donald denies that he is the murderer?"

"Of course!"

"So you have talked to him?"

"No. No I haven't...but...," at this point her clear eyes again begin to fill with tears.

"Please, my dear," says Watson. "If we are to help, you must answer our questions."

"I'm sorry. I'm alright now. What is it that you want to know?"

"What reason do the police have to think that Donald would want to murder your husband?"

"My husband was much older than I, old enough to be my father. In his way he was a kind man; he was always good to me and his family. He was lonely and needed someone to help with his charitable works. At first, right after our marriage, Alfred was very nice to Donald. Then, for some unknown reason he became jealous of Donald."

"Jealous?" Wiggins cannot stop his eyebrows from rising.

"It's not what you think. Donald is like a brother to me. We grew up together in the same house. Donald's mother died when we were young and my mother took him in and raised him like a son. Alfred never accepted my feelings for Donald. It became an obsession with him. He forbade me to see him under any circumstances. I devoted all of my time to charitable work and household tasks.

"About three years ago Alfred's health began to deteriorate. He developed a heart condition which grew progressively worse. Dr. Agar, Alfred's doctor, told him he must take the stress out of his life or die. Alfred retired from the daily running of the business and spent his time at home. My time was taken up caring for him."

"So there was enmity between your husband and Donald?"

"No! That's why none of this makes any sense. About eight months ago Alfred apologized to me for the way he had treated Donald and myself. He invited Donald to the house and apologized to him also. Donald was even helping him with his plans for a new hostel in the East End. They were on their way to becoming friends."

"Do you have any idea who would want to murder your husband?"

"No. None at all. I just know it wasn't Donald. Please, can you help me?"

"We'll try," Watson and Wiggins respond in unison.

CASE 12

The Tale of the Twisted Trail

Monday, 15 April, 1889

"I dearly hope that you will be able to help me Mr. Holmes. It's a matter of life and death. May I call you Sherlock?"

"Mrs. Swellverly,---"

"Scarlet."

"Mrs. Swellverly, I look upon my clients as part of an equation, that part that supplies the known fragments of an unknown mystery. It is my job to find the missing fragments and to solve the mystery. If I take your case, and I will only take it if I find it of interest, all I need from you are the facts."

"Don't you just love it when men talk that way? It's so overwhelming. I was told that you have one of the best brains in London."

Mrs. Scarlet Swellverly has had an overwhelming effect on us all since she swirled into the rooms at 221B Baker Street ten minutes ago. Her pale yellow dress has a large hoop skirt, the type that was fashionable in America. It vies with us for the little remaining space available in the crowded room. Her shoulders are draped with a white, Spanish lace shawl which accentuates her bright yellow hair. Her fair, cream-colored skin is smooth and clear, the cream color broken only by the rosiness of her cheeks. She is an overwhelmingly beautiful woman in her mid-twenties. She carries her five-and-a-half foot frame with confidence and grace. Her accent gives every indication that she is from the southern United States.

After introducing herself, she has settled onto the small settee, her large hoop skirt covering the whole seat. Watson has been hovering at her side since she entered. He still stands by the settee, as if awaiting her command. Not even Holmes' demonstration of his invulnerability to Mrs. Swellverly's southern charms can remove the large grin from Watson's face.

"What is this matter of life and death of which you speak?" asks Holmes from his wicker chair.

"It's my brother, Mr. Holmes; his life is in danger." Mrs. Swellverly opens the beaded purse she has been clutching in her gloved hand. She removes a yellow handkerchief and delicately wipes her eyes. This demonstration of distress chases the smile from Watson's face, while the pause gives Holmes time to retrieve a cigar from the coal shuttle. Mrs. Swellverly has regained her composure and continues, "Robert is here somewhere in London mixed up with a group of men that mean him harm, deadly harm."

"Oh, my poor girl." Watson now sets himself down at the end of the settee and tries to comfort the comely Mrs. Swellverly.

"Thank you, Doctor, you are so kind."

This brings the smile back to Watson's face.

Holmes leans back in the wicker chair, exhaling the first smoke from his cigar. "What is your brother's complete name?" he asks.

"Robert Lee Lavoisier."

"Your antecedents are French?"

"Yes."

"Please, tell me the story from the beginning. Leave out nothing .Give me only the facts that you know; do not offer your opinions until I ask for them. Continue."

"Our family is from Savannah, Georgia. My grandfather settled there after Waterloo. I'm afraid he was on the losing side. He did well in America and by the thirties he had quite a large tobacco plantation. My father was born and raised in Georgia as was my mother, so my brother and I are true American natives. My father was an officer in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. He had joined with Robert E. Lee and other Georgians in the first regiment from Georgia. He greatly admired Lee and named by brother after him. My brother was born in the first year of the war, I in the last.

"My father survived the war, but not the peace. The slaves were set free, and the family fortune was lost. My father turned to drink and memories. We lived off the small income we got from renting out our land to sharecroppers. Our mother made sure we received a good education and looks to my brother to regain the family fortune.

"My brother went into the tobacco brokerage business three years ago, and with a lot of hard work and money that he borrowed from my husband, Robert was making a success of the business. Last year he expanded into exporting and went into partnership with Macaulay Treyer of London. The business grew as Treyer sent in more and more orders. This year my brother had to borrow heavily to buy the tobacco to fill Treyer's orders. Again he borrowed from my husband as well as mortgaging the plantation. The tobacco was shipped, but no payment was received from Treyer. My brother faces ruin. The plantation will be lost and that will destroy father, and the loss of the money could bankrupt my husband."

She pauses to wipe her eyes and catch her breath. Watson, now smileless, looks apprehensively at Holmes, who is busy examining his cigar which he rolls in his fingers, a faint trace of a smile on his lips as he catches Watson's expression.

"Robert was prepared to kill. With all of his dreams falling around him he could think of nothing other than catching Treyer. He took the first ship out of Savannah; I followed on the next ship. He must be stopped before he kills Treyer or Treyer kills him. Please, Mr. Holmes, you must help me find Robert!"

"Why do you think Treyer would kill your brother?"

"My husband made inquiries into Treyer's background and found out that he is a known criminal. I'm sure he would not stop at murder if the need arose, and with Robert in the frame of mind that he's in, murder can be the only outcome."

"This sounds like a matter more suited for the skills of the police than mine." Holmes rises from his chair and tosses the remainder of his cigar into the fireplace. "Do you know where your brother is?"

"No. The ship he took went to Le Havre and then he was to cross the channel to London. He should have arrived in Le Havre on the thirteenth. I arrived in London yesterday on the *Lucania*. I have not been able to find Robert or Treyer."

"You said earlier that a group of men wish to do your brother harm. What is this group?"

"Well, won't Treyer have a gang with him if he's a criminal? Oh, you must help me find my brother, Mr. Holmes." Mrs. Swellverly breaks down in tears.

"As I said, this is a matter for the police. They have greater resources at their disposal than I." Holmes walks towards the door to his room and opens it.

"Good day, Mrs. Swellverly."

"Holmes, you must help! You can't leave like this!" implores Watson.

"If you and our friends here want to help, please do so, but I have other pressing matters. Good day."

With this Holmes closes his door leaving us with the sobbing Mrs. Swellverly. Watson looks at us with pleading eyes. "Will you help, Wiggins?"

"Of course, Doctor."

"See, my dear, everything will be alright; we'll find your brother."

"Thank you, Doctor Watson; you are so kind."

"Call me John. I am sure Holmes will change his mind and help."

"Thank you, John. I will be waiting to hear from you. If you find Robert send
word to me at the Metropole. It has been a pleasure meeting you all, and thank you for wanting to help," she says to us as she leaves.

"Where should we start, Wiggins?"

"I'm not sure."

"Come, let's ask Holmes; he must help."

Watson knocks on Holmes' empty door but gets no answer. He opens the door onto an empty room, the curtains flapping at the open window the only clue to Holmes' mysterious disappearance.

CASE 13

The Case of the Defenestrated Debutante

Saturday, 8 June, 1889

MOSER'S DETECTIVE AGENCY
18 Maiden Lane
London, WC

Wiggins—
It's time you pay your debt for all the times I've pulled Holmes irons out of the fire!
Meet me at G.B Farnum's 100 Eaton Place.
Bring your friends.
Meet me there Matt
Wiggins

CASE 14

The Retirement of a Retired Colonel

Saturday, 27 July, 1889

Watson sits in the wicker chair, his eyes fixed on some unknown point on the wall. He continuously rolls a cigarette up and down his fingers with a nervous thumb, totally oblivious to our arrival at 221B Baker Street. Holmes is seated at the table finishing the last bit of his breakfast. Watson's plate is untouched.

"Just in time to join me for some tea," says Holmes as we join him at the table.

"How can you sit there and eat breakfast!" shouts Watson jolted from his reverie.

"Ah, Watson, I thought you were never going to rise from that chair. He has been in it all night," says Holmes to us. "Won't you join us? I did save you a little breakfast. The eggs—"

"Dammit, Holmes! How can you act as if nothing has happened? We must look into this matter. These men are my friends and comrades." Watson adds emphasis to his outrage by flinging his well-worn, but unlit cigarette into the fireplace and moves towards the door. Grabbing his coat and hat, Watson continues, "If you won't help, I will!" He punctuates this last by slamming the door and stomping down the stairs.

"Good ol' Watson. Charging off to right the world's wrongs. A man of action. Action to Watson is equated with movement, not thought. He sat up all night pondering, not the facts, but what action he could take."

"What happened, Mr. Holmes? I've never seen Doctor Watson so upset," says Wiggins.

"Last night Watson and I attended a reunion of Watson's old regiment. This was at the request of Major Ian Smyth-Thomas, a member of the regiment who spent time in the hospital with Watson. Needless to say, Watson was looking forward to this reunion; he spent last week talking of little else. We arrived for the dinner and all went well until the company retired to the drawing room for cigars and brandy. The group broke up into little clusters, each recounting its favourite war stories. The two Lieutenants who kept me entertained seemed to have made most of their conquests in London's theatre district, each detailing a conquest greater than the other's." Holmes refills his teacup as he speaks.

"At around ten a lull in the conversation and a preponderance of empty wine glasses led me to believe that the evening was over, and that Watson and I would be able to catch the last of Sarasote's concert at St. James. As I started looking for Watson, I noticed some commotion by the library door. As I moved towards it, most of the company started to move into the library; I followed. We were greeted by a grisly sight. There, hanging from the centre of the library dome, three feet above the floor, was the body of Sir James Saunders, the guest of honour."

"Unbelievable," says Wiggins. "This took place in the room next to where you and Watson were?"

"Yes, along with the rest of the officers of the Berkshires and their guests, about fifty people." Holmes now rises from his chair, moves to the Persian slipper and fills his black brier. After it is lighted, he returns his attention to us. "I think I have figured out all the main points of the case, although the motive is not yet clear. I would like you to look into this matter. I think it is important that Watson works this one out for himself, with your help."

"Can you tell us more?"

Holmes does not immediately respond, but puffs on his pipe until he is blanketed in a cloud of his beloved tobacco smoke. After the tension in the room has risen a few degrees, Holmes removes his pipe and smiles before replying to Wiggins' last question. "No, I think I have told you enough. It is a simple enough problem, and I am hoping that you will shed some light on the motive for this murder."

"Shouldn't you tell us all you know? Every minute we wait may give the murderer a chance to get away."

"I think we have nothing to fear in that regard."

CASE 15

The Case of the Toxic Trinity

Monday, 16 September, 1889

Since his arrival at 221B Baker Street, Sir Harold Hobson has been continually pacing up and down the length of the room. Watson stands in front of the fireplace, his left elbow resting on the mantel while his right hand holds a cigarette. Watson's eyes follow Sir Harold as he continues his nervous journey, but this time Sir Harold stops when he reaches the centre of the room, removes a gold watch from his vest pocket and snaps it open.

"I thought you said that Holmes would return shortly?" says Sir Harold, looking at Watson and not his watch, which he snaps shut to add emphasis to his remark.

"I said I expected him soon," replies Watson. "Holmes, as I told you, is involved in a case just now, and that case will dictate his time. If you would care to tell us what help you need, we may be able to assist you."

"Alright, what choice do I have? Yesterday my son Elliot was arrested for murder. Ridiculous! Elliot is about as capable of murder as is the Queen Mother. God knows, at times I have wished he would show more aggressiveness, more manliness, but Saturday was the first time I have seen his blood get hot."

"If you could start from the beginning, Sir Harold, it would be easier to ascertain the facts of the case," says Watson in his best Holmesian manner. "Please be seated."

"As you may know, I am in charge of the redevelopment of Kingsway, one of the largest such projects to be undertaken in London. This weekend I had invited a number of people to my home who will be, or might be, involved in the project. Three of those guests, Adrian Nettleship, Charles Duckett and Malcolm Post, were found dead yesterday morning; foul play is suspected. Well, more than suspected, since Elliot has been arrested for the murder of Malcolm Post, and may be charged with the others." Sir Harold removes a gold cigarette case from his pocket and removes a cigarette, taps its end on the case and places it in his mouth.

"If you could just recount the events as they occurred, Sir Harold, we may be able to get a clearer picture of what happened," says Watson as he reaches over to light Sir Harold's cigarette.

"Yes, I can see that. I have gone over the events of the last few days a number of times in the past twenty-four hours, but I can't make any sense of it. But, I'll tell you what I do know.

"My house guests arrived Friday night for dinner and socializing; everything went pleasantly. Saturday was spent in going over the plans for the upcoming redevelopment and other related business discussions. Nothing unexpected happened during the day. I talked to Nettleship, but again only about business matters. I had a brief conversation with Post that went well—he seemed like a knowledgeable and hard-working young man—and it looked like I would be able to award him some contracts.

"Then Saturday evening, after dinner, things changed. Post began to drink

heavily and got very belligerent. At around nine-thirty, I was called into the drawing room where my son and Post were engaged in an argument. Elliot had accused Post of making advances towards Mary, my daughter-in-law. I asked Elliot to go to his room and suggested to Post that it might be a good idea if he also retired for the evening. Thinking that everything was under control, I returned to the billiards room. Ten minutes later there was a commotion on the staircase; it was Elliot and Post having a real Donnybrook Fair." At this point Sir Harold's demure demeanor gives way to a wan smile.

"I am sorry, this is not a frivolous matter, but you don't know my son. I think that was his first fight. My son has spent his life buried in books. His mother died when he was young, and I had my work. I'm afraid Elliot didn't get much attention while growing up from anyone but his schoolmasters.

"Well, to get back to what happened Saturday night. We broke up the fight and got Elliot and Post calmed down. Again I sent Elliot to his room, and I informed Mr. Post that I wanted him out of my house first thing next morning. He said he had to talk to me, that he had something important to tell me. I told him to go to his room until morning or to leave my house then and there. He went to his room.

"I went to talk to Elliot, but he was in Mary's room, so I decided to wait until morning. It had turned into an exhausting day and I went to bed. I slept like a rock until I was awakened at five in the morning and told of Post's death. An hour later Nettleship's body was found in his room, and, shortly after, a check of Duckett's room turned up his body. The police were called and after investigating and interviewing everybody, they arrested Elliot. So far Elliot has only been charged with the murder of Post, but they are thinking of charging him with Nettleship's murder as well. That's about all I know, Doctor."

"Quite a story, Sir Harold. Do you have any questions, Wiggins?"

"Have you talked to your son since the bodies were discovered?"

"Yes. I have just come from the Old Bailey where Elliot is being held. He says that he didn't do it and knows nothing about any of the deaths. Henry Swathmore, my solicitor, has retained Edward Hall as barrister. It was Hall that recommended Holmes to me."

"Does your son work in your business?"

"No. My son calls himself a scientist, a chemist. He works at home."

"Is there anything else you think we should know?"

"I have told you all I know at this time. Will you help me?"

"We'll be glad to look into it," says Wiggins. "I would like a list of your house guests, Sir Harold."

"Yes, I thought of that. Anything that you will want to know about the household staff you can find out from Palmer, my head butler, I trust him implicitly." Sir Harold hands Wiggins the following list:

Sir Richard Crookes, MP: Sir Richard chairs the Greater London Construction Committee and is in charge of finance for the project.

Brian H. Baden-Powell: Architect for the project.

Russell Garner: Contractor.

Charles Duckett: Contractor.

Malcolm Post: Contractor.

Adrian Nettleship: With his brother Herbert is the largest supplier of building supplies in England.

Solution Section



"As a rule, when I have heard some slight indication of the course of events, I am able to guide myself by the thousands of other similar cases which occur to my memory."

Sherlock Holmes

SOLUTION

Case 11

Watson is pouring a cup of tea, Sipton tea of course, for Mrs. Sipton, who has just joined us at the familiar table at 221B Baker Street.

"I came as soon as I got the telegram, Doctor Watson. What have you found out?"

"It must be from Holmes; I know nothing about it. I have neither seen nor heard from Holmes since he left this morning." Watson pauses at the sound of footsteps on the hall stairs. "That must be him now."

The door opens, but instead of the hawk-like profile of Holmes we are greeted with the rat-like face of Lestrade, an annoyed Lestrade.

"Where's Holmes?" shouts Lestrade as he waves a telegram. "What does he mean, 'I will clear up the matter of Sir Alfred's death'?"

"If you will step inside, Lestrade, I will be glad to explain," comes the familiar voice of Holmes from the hallway. Lestrade moves into the room with Holmes right behind him. "Please take a seat, Inspector, and have a cup of tea. I will answer all your questions in due time."

Holmes removes his coat and hat and places them on the coat rack. All eyes follow him as he goes over to the fireplace and picks up his pipe. He rolls it in his hand for a few moments and then replaces it in its rack. He picks up a cigarette instead and lights it.

"Come, Holmes, don't keep us in suspense," says Watson after Holmes has enjoyed the first puff on his Bradley.

"What is this hogwash about Sir Alfred's death? It's clear that Stillwater is the murderer!" exclaims Lestrade.

"I must admit, Inspector, that after talking with Stillwater that the circumstantial evidence did point to Stillwater and no other, with the exception of Sir Alfred himself."

"Sir Alfred! Are you out of your mind, Holmes?" responds Lestrade.

"Quite the contrary, Inspector. It was pure logic, based on the known facts, that led to that conclusion. If it is true that no one else was in the room other than Sir Alfred and Stillwater, and Stillwater himself seems to agree to that, it doesn't leave many suspects, does it, Inspector?"

"Only one is needed," states Lestrade.

"But hopefully the guilty one. This case raised some important questions that had to be answered. First, why would someone kill a dying man? I can think of only two reasons. One, that that person knows something that can do the murderer harm if it is revealed; two, such hatred that the act of murder is more important than the death of the person. Second, was Sir Alfred really that close to death? As it was important to find out the true state of Sir Alfred's health, I went to see Sir Alfred's doctor.

"Doctor Agar confirmed that Sir Alfred's health was such that he had only a short time to live, days, weeks at most. Thus, my original problem remained, why kill a dying man? I did, however, get a piece of data that entirely changed the fabric of this case. Sir Alfred was physically incapable of shouting as a result of an operation he had eight years ago. Did you know that, Mrs. Sipton?"

"No, I don't think it ever came up. I knew of the operation but not of the fact that he could not shout. I never heard him shout, but Alfred would never have shouted even if he were capable of doing so."

"This, of course, changed the whole case," continues Holmes. "If Sir Alfred didn't shout, we can only conclude that there was another person present."

"But even Stillwater says that it was Sir Alfred who called out," states a thoughtful Lestrade.

"I believe that is what Stillwater thinks. Think about what happened, Lestrade. Stillwater enters a dark room, apprehensive, unsure of what he's getting into and expecting no one other than Sir Alfred. He hears a shout and finds Sir Alfred's body, and he sees no one else in the room. It is logical for him to jump to the conclusion, as did the police, that it was Sir Alfred who cried out.

"Let us take a look at the floorplans to the Sipton mansion. If we look at Sir Alfred's study (G-22) we can see that next to the fireplace, in front of which the body was found, is the door to Sir Alfred's office (G-21). If someone had murdered Sir Alfred before Stillwater arrived and then stood behind that door, keeping it ajar, and then shouted at the right time, I think that under these circumstances, it would be taken as Sir Alfred's voice. We know that one of the officers ran immediately to the veranda door and out onto the veranda and saw no one. A check of the door into the Great Drawing Room showed that it was locked from the study side.

"The murderer could easily exit Sir Alfred's office into the children's antechamber (G-20) and from there into the children's rooms (G-17) and out the French window when the coast was clear. If you talked to the older child, Alfred, you learned that he wasn't able to sleep, and he saw his father come into the room after he heard someone shouting.

"Inspector, if you check with Hofstadter and the Sipton Tea Company, I think you will get enough evidence to show that Roger Thomson was embezzling money from the Sipton firm. He framed Stillwater, I believe, in the hope of throwing suspicion on Mrs. Sipton."

"How did he know that he had been discovered?" asks Wiggins.

"Roger found out from his mother. Sir Alfred must have told her of his discovery. She told her son, hoping to bring about a reconciliation; instead she brought about a murder."

SOLUTION

Case 12

"What is the meaning of this, Holmes?" shouts Lestrade as he comes charging through the door at 221B Baker Street waving a telegram in his hand.

Lestrade's question goes unanswered as Holmes has not yet returned to his familiar abode. We are present along with Dr. Watson, but, unlike Inspector Lestrade, we have had no word from Holmes since his novel and unexpected departure this morning.

"Holmes has not yet returned," says Wiggins to Lestrade once the latter has come to a stop in the centre of the room. "Be seated. I am sure Holmes will return any moment now."

"Yes, Lestrade, take a seat and I will be right with you." As if responding to Wiggins' cue, Holmes now enters the room through the door Lestrade had left open. Holmes is dressed in the garb of a seaman: heavy peacoat, seaman's cap and well-worn blue trousers. On his left cheek is a long scar and over his right eye is a black patch.

"Holmes, I demand—"

Before Lestrade can state his demand, Holmes has entered his bedroom and closed the door behind him. Lestrade drops into the wicker chair and sighs in frustration.

"What does the telegram say, Inspector?" asks Watson. Without answering, Lestrade hands the telegram to Watson who reads it aloud. "Come to Baker Street and I will clear up the murder of Abdullah Al-Saud, Holmes."

"Who's Abdullah Al-Saud?" asks Watson.

"All in due time, Watson. All in due time," says Holmes as he re-enters the room, attired now in his mouse-coloured dressing gown. Gone are the scar and eye-patch. He walks over to the fireplace, removes a cigar from the coal scuttle and lights it.

"Holmes, I am a busy man, so if you have any information it is your duty to give it to me," states Lestrade.

Holmes savours the first puff of his cigar and seems to concentrate all of his attention on the cloud of smoke that he has sent sailing towards Inspector Lestrade.

"Inspector, it was I who called you here to give you the name of the murderer, and so I will."

"Well?"

"I'll start from the beginning. Earlier today a woman called on us requesting our help in locating her so-called 'brother.' I did not find the woman's story credible. To begin with she claimed to be from the southern United States, yet she stated that Robert E. Lee, that great son of Virginia, came from Georgia —a mistake that raised great doubts in my mind that she was indeed a native daughter of the American South." Another cloud of smoke is sent on its journey across the room as Holmes turns his attention towards Lestrade.

"There was one other thing that increased my doubts. There are certain cases that the professional police are better equipped to handle than I, and this was one of them. Why did she come to me for advice? And then when I gave it to her she chose to ignore it. Why?"

"About time you admitted that the Yard is the right place to go," beams Lestrade.

"I always have, Lestrade. When it comes to ferreting out a missing person or providing protection to an endangered person, the Yard is the place to go. My talents lie in other directions, that of thinking problems through to their logical conclusions and, at other times, that of defining the problem to be solved.

"The problem that Mrs. Swellverly presented to us was why would a client lie to us if she wanted our help? Obviously, she wanted us to find something or somebody, without our knowing what or who."

"You must admit that she must have had a great deal of faith in your abilities, Mr. Holmes."

"Perhaps, Wiggins, but she did not accurately predict my response. When I realized that her story was not straightforward, I excused myself and went into my room to change into a disguise. I then exited through the window and waited for Mrs. Swellverly to leave. I followed her from Baker Street to the Metropole Hotel, where I found out that she also used the name Winifred Engels. She checked out of the Metropole and took a hansom to 37 Bloomsbury Way, an address that should be familiar to you, Wiggins."

"Yes, that's where we found the body of Akram Fahmi on Friday."*

"Right, and it seems that our Mrs. Swellverly, or Miss Engels as I will refer to her, was an acquaintance of Mr. Fahmi and was looking for something that he had. That corresponds with what you found out when checking the passengers of the *Eastern Empress* last week. She then went to the Bow Street Police Station, hoping to find something that might have been left by Fahmi; again, no luck. The next stop was the Bridge House Hotel. I watched her pay some money to the clerk and leave. Shen then went by the Cummins and Goins messenger service and gave them a letter to deliver. As the messenger came out, I learned that the letter was going to Abdullah Al-Saud. What do you think of that, Wiggins?"

"Interesting, since we came to the conclusion last week that Al-Saud murdered Fahmi."

"Last week!" shouts Lestrade, who has been quietly taking notes during Holmes's dissertation. "Why wasn't I informed?"

"We had no hard evidence, Inspector, just something we came across while we were investigating the mummy murders."

"Was Swellverly working with Al-Saud?" asks Wiggins.

"No. Her next stop was at her boarding house on Southwark Street. While she was taking a bath down the hall, I entered her room and went through the luggage there. I found some letters from Fahmi that left little doubt that Fahmi and Engels were working together as well as being more than good friends. It seems they were involved in smuggling something referred to as the 'black bird' into London."

"Yes, that tallies with what we found," interjects Wiggins.

"Our prey then left her boarding house, dressed as a man, a sailor —a rather appropriate choice of disguise considering my own. She walked from her boarding house to the Bridge House Hotel where she checked into a room under the name of Macaulay Treyer. I signed in as Sam Hawk right after her."

"I knew I could smell your hand in this!" exclaims Lestrade.

"You're a hard man to fool, Inspector. I got the room across the hall from hers and waited. I didn't have long to wait, for within minutes a large man came charging down the hall and through the open door of Engels' room. She was standing there waiting, with a gun in her hand. She had removed her cap, so

* See Case 5.

there was no doubt of her identity. She shouted 'This is for Akram!' A knife appeared in his hand out of nowhere, but before he could use it, three shots hit him in the chest, causing him to collapse to the floor. She was immediately on her way out of the room and down the hall towards the back door. After seeing that the man was beyond help, I followed her.

"She led me to the Cunard Line's ship *Caronia* where she had registered as Mary O'Shaughnessy. I confronted her and asked the reason for her visit to us this morning. She gave me the following story. She and Akram Fahmi had stolen the Maltese Falcon from a private collector in France. A collector, as it turns out, who had connections with the French underworld which is controlled by Giraud. They made it out of France one step ahead of Giraud's men.

"Their next stop was Egypt. They had a potential buyer in Alexandria, but once they got there things began to go awry. They discovered that their buyer did not have much potential after all and that one Abdullah Al-Saud had found out about the treasure that they carried.

"Al-Saud was a Palestinian in the pay of the Turkish court, more specifically Mustafa Aziz, the Sultan's cousin. Mustafa Aziz is a fanatical art collector who likes to pay as little as possible for the valuable objects in his collection. Al-Saud offered two thousand pounds for the bird, not the figure Fahmi and Engels had in mind.

"In the meantime, Giraud had contacted Macauley Treyer requesting his help in getting the bird back. Giraud knew that Treyer, a high lieutenant in the Moriarty organization, has many contacts in the Mid-East. Treyer used his network to locate Fahmi and offered him twenty thousand pounds for the bird if delivered to London. It was still less money than they had orginally planned to get for the bird, but they also knew it was only a matter of time before one of the parties stopped offering money and turned to murder to get what they wanted.

"Fahmi brought the bird to London and turned it over to Treyer for twenty thousand pounds. Winifred Engels arrived a day later to find Fahmi dead and no trace of the money. There was no doubt in Miss Engel's mind that Al-Saud was responsible for Fahmi's death and the disappearance of the twenty thousand pounds.

"Lavoisier had arrived from Paris to pick up the bird, but he was picked up by Al-Saud instead. Not only had Al-Saud kidnapped Giraud's most trusted lieutenant, he had also defied and embarrassed Moriarty on his home turf. Treyer was turning London upside down looking for Lavoisier.

"At this point Miss Engels entered out lives with her fanciful story, hoping for us to find Lavoisier so that she could sell that information to Treyer and take her revenge on Al-Saud. She also set into motion her own plan for the murder of Al-Saud, her final revenge of Fahmi."

Holmes pauses for the first time since he started his long narrative and takes another puff on his cigar.

"Where is this Swellverly, Engels, O'Shaughnessy, whatever her name is, now?" demands Lestrade.

"I think the *Caronia's* first port of call is Cherbourg."

"You mean you let her get away?" cries Lestrade as he jumps from his chair.

"I saw no reason to detain her. I would only have to testify that I saw her shoot Al-Saud in self-defense."

"You ..." Lestrade thinks better of adding the expletive, but makes his feelings known by charging out of the room.

"Poor Lestrade, he'll now run down to the dock and yell at the ship to return," laughs Holmes.

"That's too bad," says Wiggins. "I had two more murders to tell him about. It seems that Treyer discovered where Al-Saud was keeping Lavoisier and freed him, killing two of Al-Saud's men at a Ground Street warehouse in the process."

"If my guess is right, Lavoisier should have the bird and be on his way back to France."

"I can't believe it, Holmes," sighs Watson. "What could that bird be made of that would be worth the lives of four men?"

"The stuff that dreams are made of, Watson. Men have always killed for their dreams."

SOLUTION

Case 13

Holmes lights his pipe and settles back in his armchair. He pauses a moment to blow an intricate series of smoke rings which expand and contract and intertwine. Finally he speaks.

"The first consideration that comes to mind in this case is the possible connection between the assault on Deborah Farnum and the theft of the Farnum jewels. Despite the curious coincidence of the timing of the two events, and coincidences generally raise the hackles on the back of my neck, it is obvious that the one had nothing to do with the other.

"Quite simply, if the assault had been tied to the robbery, it could only have been so as a diversion. If the assault *was* intended as a diversion, then one must assume it was a necessary element in the robbery plan, an element whose failure would have jeopardized the success of the plan.

"Who would it have been intended to divert? Since the only obvious entrances to the Upstairs Drawing Room were the door and the windows, it follows that the targets of such a diversion must have been either Wiggins, who was guarding the door, or Grumbacher, who was patrolling outside. Neither was tricked away from his post. And yet, the robbery took place successfully. Therefore, the diversion was no diversion at all, and thus had no connection with the theft. So, we have two separate crimes to solve.

"Let us consider the assault, if indeed it was such. Through Moser's fast thinking, the guests were quickly rounded up and isolated. By the process of elimination, comparing the list of guests invited with the names of the guests in the Ballroom and the Dining Room and checking with the coachman on who had left the party early through the proper channels, it is a simple matter to arrive at a list of suspects for Miss Farnum's assailant. As it happens, our suspect list amounts to just one person, Lyman Izard.

"Now, did Lyman Izard actually attack Miss Farnum? An interview with him might prove conclusive, but there is evidence, circumstantial to be sure, that the attack was no attack at all. From the testimony of Miss Goldberg, who was on the veranda at the time, we learned that Miss Farnum was *on* the balustrade, not struggling behind it and subsequently thrown over. That seems a rather precarious and dangerous place to defend oneself from an attacker. In addition, no one heard her cry out for help. She did not even scream as she was falling to the ground, a fairly instinctual reaction, one would think. Unless, of course, she jumped of her own volition. Mr. Izard's intentions may, in fact, have been heroic instead of villainous.

"As to the problem of the jewel theft, it would appear that the perpetrators must have been at least three in number. One must have been an exceedingly small man, another exceedingly strong nd the third must have been very familiar with the mansion, and in it at the time of the robbery; that is to say, a guest."

"Holmes!" interrupts Watson. "How can you make such outrageous statements?"

"My dear Watson, they are hardly outrageous. They are deductions easily arrived at and obvious."

"The theft could only have been accomplished in the following manner. Our Number Three Man must have been not only familiar with the environs but also with the preparations for the showing and safe-guarding of the jewels. He knew,

for instance, of the underground passage from the Porter's Lodge to the downstairs and that it would be the only way into, and out of, the mansion unseen. After all, the windows on both floors were locked from the inside, the front door was manned and the exit to the veranda was semi-patrolled by Grumbacher besides being much too public. He also must have known where the jewels were to be shown as well as the existence of the dumbwaiter going to that room. Finally, he must have been aware of the evening's disposition of staff, that all would be upstairs save the cook. No one who was not a close friend of the Farnums would have been party to that information. He must have been on the guest list and present.

"This, of course, would eliminate our two friends who possessed the extra invitations.

"So, Man Number Three is at the party, known and accepted by the host. Man Number One is outside, looking for his chance to steal into the Porter's Lodge and enter the mansion, informed by Number Three that the coachman would be running about with various duties and unable to stand guard on that entrance. Man Number Two is somewhere on the other side of the mansion waiting for a signal and keeping clear of Grumbacher.

"Back to Man Number Three, our invited guest. At some point in the evening he does create a diversion by somehow getting a bottle of gin to the cook. Again his foreknowledge comes into play; he is aware of the cook's problems with demon gin. On a prearranged signal or at a prearranged time - the specifics do not matter here - he meets Man Number One, the small chap, in the kitchen. Again, let me clarify; no one is downstairs besides the cook, and she has been quite effectively dealt with. Our small fellow climbs into the dumbwaiter and Number Three hoists him to the top floor and waits.

"Once in the jewel room, Man Number One opens a window, ties the rope he carries with him to the leg of the desk and drops it out. Man Number Two, our strong man, judges Grumbacher's rounds and when all is clear, scales the wall.

"By this time, the little man is back in the dumbwaiter on his way back down to the kitchen. He exits the house the same way he got in and Number Three rejoins the party upstairs.

"When Number Two completes his task above, he climbs down the rope and is gone into the night.

"With the physical evidence of the strange bone Wiggins found at the foot of the stairs in the Porter's Lodge and a foreknowledge of a previous case, the Case of the Lionized Lions I believe you called it, Watson, our Number One Man is Mabudo, our Number Two, the long-lost Thomas O'Neill and our Number Three, Barry O'Neill. It appears we have witnessed another O'Neill family jewel robbery."

SOLUTION

Case 14

"I must admit that this was a simple enough case," states Holmes as he looks up from his microscope. "In fact, it was rather transparent; so transparent, indeed, that it may have been insulting."

Holmes takes a box from the shelf above his work-table and removes a long, thin greenish-black cigar. After it is lighted, he removes a glass slide from a box next to the microscope and knocks some ash onto it before placing it under the microscope. He places the cigar in his mouth and looks into the eyepiece.

"You know, Wiggins, I cannot emphasize too strongly the value of a thorough knowledge of tobacco ash," says Holmes as he examines the ash. "If you can say, definitely, that some murder had been done by a man who was smoking an Indian Lunkah, you would obviously have significantly narrowed your field of search."

Holmes looks up from his microscope and takes a puff on the cigar, gives it a disdainful look and tosses it into the fireplace. "Yes, the Indian Lunkah would definitely narrow the search. Now, Wiggins, what did you find out about our retired colonel?"

"The first thing I checked was the library. It was clear that the crime had to have involved a number of people. To hang a man in a crowded house where you must keep him quiet is certainly not the most subtle way to kill him."

"You state the obvious, Wiggins. Subtlety was the last thing on the minds of the murderers. There can be little doubt that there was a conspiracy to kill Saunders, and there is little doubt that it would require the participation of the whole regiment, or at least that of the officers.

"As you pointed out, hanging is not the most logical method of murder, so it must have been chosen for another reason. The silly attempt to make it look like suicide couldn't even fool Lestrade. No, this was no ordinary murder, it was an execution for which hanging is a traditional method."

"An execution?" asks Watson, who has entered the room just in time to hear Holmes's last statement.

"Yes, an execution. We saw the ballots in the library. There were five executioners."

"Five?"

"Yes. You noticed the seven wineglasses, five broken in the fireplace an two untouched on the table. Five voted for execution, two against. I would assume that one of the nay voters was your friend, Smyth-Thomas."

"Smyth-Thomas?"

"Yes. Think about it, Watson. This is the ninth reunion of the Berkshires, but the first for which you have received an invitation, I believe?"

"Well, yes, that's true," states Watson, somewhat haughtily. "My regiment was the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers. I was attached to the Berkshires on a temporary basis only. I arrived two days before the battle of Maiwand and, as you know, was wounded, thus ending my assignment with the Berkshires. So you can see, Holmes, that I was only technically a member of the Berkshires."

"I was in no way trying to suggest that you were slighted socially, Watson, only that our invitation was out of the ordinary. Smyth-Thomas asked you to bring me; it seemed important to him."

"Yes, that's true."

"I think Smyth-Thomas was hoping our presence would stop the planned murder, and when it didn't, he was faced with a conflict between his conscience and his loyalty to his regiment. He was unable to betray either, and chose suicide instead."

"You're sure it was suicide?"

"Of course, You said he was found in a room locked from the inside with no other way in; what else could it have been?"

"Why did they kill him?"

"That was the question I couldn't answer, Watson. I assumed that it had something to do with the battle of Maiwand, but according to the paper Saunders wasn't there. What did you find out, Wiggins?"

"We discovered that Saunders was a traitor. It seems that he was feeding information to the Russians, who in turn gave it to the Afghans. In his position as quartermaster, he was privy to knowledge of British positions and movement plans. Informing the Russians of these details before the battle of Maiwand was his first act of treason."

"That must have been what Smyth-Thomas found out while writing the history of the regiment and why he destroyed his manuscript," says Holmes. "He didn't want to give away the motive. Poor Smyth-Thomas, he could have saved the trouble and his life."

"What do you mean, Holmes?"

"The government will cover it up, Watson. They won't want it to get out that a knighted diplomat was a Russian spy, and that the Army took it upon itself to execute him."

"What will happen to the regiment, Holmes?"

Before Holmes could answer there is a knock at the door and Billy enters with a telegram for Holmes.

"It's from Mycroft," says Holmes. "And it contains the answer to your question, Watson. It seems that General Roberts has seen fit to transfer the Berkshires to Borneo where their talents will be put to work for the Empire."

SOLUTION

Case 15

"Well, that was an interesting little case," says Holmes as we join him around the table at Baker Street. "Let me begin by making a few comments about motives and motivation. I am not that concerned with the motivation of the criminal; that is of importance to the court and the jury. In most cases the motive will become clear as one goes about solving the crime by following the physical evidence. If one goes after the motive first, without the benefit of hard evidence, one will have no way to separate which motive, out of many possibilities, may be the reason for the crime. Remember, the circumstances that may drive one man to murder, may merely drive another to mild anger.

"In this case, it was important to find out how the murders were perpetrated and in what sequence they occurred. We know that partially filled milk glasses were found in two of the victims' rooms and that each contained traces of opium. I checked with the cook who told me that on Saturday night, after she had already warmed the milk for Nettleship and Duckett, Post came into the kitchen and requested a cheese sandwich. The cook went to the cheese locker, leaving Post alone with the milk. With the evidence of the two empty drug packets found in his pocket, I think we can safely conclude that Post put the drugs into the milk.

"I think it is also clear that he did not intend the sedative to kill but merely to sedate. We know that Nettleship's death was caused by suffocation. I think it is safe to assume that Post put the narcotic into the milk so as to sedate Nettleship, after which he went into Nettleship's room and suffocated him. It was clear from interviewing Sir Harold and the other guests that there was something in their past that linked Post and Nettleship. If you checked with Henry Ellis at *The Times*, you probably deduced that Post blamed Nettleship for supplying his father with faulty building materials, thus causing his father's business failure and subsequent death. Nettleship, realizing that Post knew about his somewhat suspect business practices and wanting to prevent his making this reputation known, poisoned Post's liquor."

"They killed each other?"

"Yes. While Post was down in the kitchen putting the drug in the milk, Nettleship was in Post's room putting poison in his liquor bottle. Nettleship returned to his room and drank his drugged milk which was there waiting for him. Post, in the meantime, nervously quaffed several glasses of his whiskey while waiting for the sedative to take its planned effect. After a few drinks, Post went to Nettleship's room and, taking his pillow, suffocated him. This activity hastened the action of the fatal poison in Post's body. He dropped the pillow on the floor and stumbled towards the door, knocking over the sidetable. He was able to make it back down the hall to his room, but fell dead as soon as he opened the door."

"What about Duckett?"

"An innocent bystander, Wiggins. Having no control over the distribution of the glasses of milk, Post drugged both, not knowing that Ducket would add two packets of Leath & Ross Sedative Powder to the milk himself, thus turning his sleeping potion into a deadly mixture."

