the Mansion



Murders

SHERLOCK HOLMES CONSULTING DETECTIVE

CLUE BOOK

Volume II



"There's the scarlet thread of murder running through the colourless skein of life, and our duty is to unravel it, and isolate it, and expose every inch of it."

Sherlock Holmes

The MANSION MURDERS

BY

Gary Grady, Suzanne Goldberg

and Raymond Edwards

Consulting Detective Game™

RESIDENCE

TO LET, The Carleton House, 100 Eaton Place, SW. A Grand Manor originally reconstructed in 1783 as a town residence for the Prince of Wales. London's leading example of the French Neo-Classical Style. Spacious, elegant, exquisitely appointed. Contact Smith, Smith, Jones & Vanbrugh-Hawksmoor, 33 Great Wild Street, WC.

MANSION TOUR

Under the Portico of Ionic columns mounted on podiums, waits Mr. Renford T. Pennypacker of Smith, Smith, Jones & Vanbrugh-Hawksmoor. He is a small, energetic man whose broad and somewhat artificial smile, topped by a thin moustache waxed to two needle points, dominates an otherwise featureless face. He proffers a dainty hand which once accepted is drawn back to his stomach to intertwine with its partner, much in the manner of a diva about to render an aria. With a voice that pipes, twitters and sometimes squeaks, he sets about a guided tour of the mansion.

As we are outside, he points out the spaciousness of the Principal Court and notes that it is more than adequate to receive an almost limitless number of carriages, "enough to satisfy the most inveterate party-giver." He also mentions the large Coach Yard around to the southwest. The Porter's Lodge (G-50, G-51) and Blacksmith Shop (G-52) stand like a miniature Greek temple off to the right. To the left, abutting the main building, is the Upper Kitchen (G-40), Cook's Chambers (G-41, G-43) and a staircase (z) leading to the downstairs level.

"Deliveries of foodstuffs and such can be discreetly unloaded and whisked downstairs to their proper place, all without hindering the flow of more seemly traffic."

As a last note before we enter the building, Mr. Pennypacker points out the Front Balcony above and the two staircases (a & b) from which to gain access to it from the ground.

"Of course, one can stroll onto the Balcony from the bedrooms upstairs via French windows, but you will see for yourselves in good time. Now, if you will follow me?"

He leads us up the front stairs and into the First Hall (G-1) and turns left into an Antechamber where he points out a staircase (k).

"A servants' staircase, it leads downstairs and also upstairs. By closing this door beside the fireplace here, servants can be about their business, either up or down, in the most unobtrusive manner. You will notice, tucked away around this corner another staircase (o) leading to the kitchen below. It is used to service the Main Dining Room. To be used in lieu of or as an adjunct to the aforementioned stairs, is the dumb waiter (w). It is relatively small, 24"24"x18", yet it quite adequately connects the kitchen with this floor as well as continuing to the Drawing Room (U-1) upstairs."

He swings open two large doors and enters the Main Dining Room (G-27). His enthusiasm for the "stout, English oak" out of which the table, some thirty feet long, has been fashioned, the draperies of the"finest velour" over the tall windows which look out upon a "pleasant green sward" and the chandelier of "Venetian crystal" seems boundless. His monologue at long last over, he turns on his heel and advances into the adjacent room, the Library (G-26).

"This room is my personal favourite," he says, beginning to rhapsodize once again.

The Library, a cylindrical room, extends through the upper floor to a glass-domed cupola. An open gallery rings the room and a wrought-iron circular staircase (m) runs up to the gallery and down to the Sports Room (D-5), thus connecting all the floors of the mansion.

"There are close to twenty thousand books here, all leather-bound of course, on every subject imaginable. They are included in the rental price." With that Mr. Pennypacker sweeps into the Great Drawing Room (G-25).

"Here we have a room fit for large gatherings. Clear the furniture away and you have a ballroom. Arrange chairs in rows, insert a raised platform and you have a peformance hall. Very versatile. Notice, if you will, the top half of the casement windows—Belgian stained glass. Exquisite!"

In the adjacent room (G-22), Mr. Pennypacker points out the French windows which open out onto the Veranda (G-35) and the garden beyond.

"This room and the two in this direction can be adapted to almost any use. This could be a study or perhaps a billiard room. The near room (G-23) could be a Gentleman's Smoking Room and the farther one (G-24) could serve as a Small Drawing Room."

He turns and leads the way through the State Room (G-21), a luxuriously appointed conference-reception room and an Antechamber (G-20) and into the rooms beyond.

"The rooms clustered in this corner form a very nice private suite. The Antechamber (G-17) and the Salon (G-15) here are the only other rooms that have French windows and thus access to the Veranda. This Stairwell (G-16) contains a private staircase (h) to both the upstairs and downstairs. There is a Dressing Room (G-13) beyond the Bed Chamber (G-14) and a ... er ... Water Closet (G-12) also."

Blushing, Mr. Pennypacker hurries off through the Bed Chamber, the suite's Antechamber (G-11) and into a hallway. He pauses to point out another servants' staircase (g) that once again spans the three floors of the mansion amidst the corridor of servants' rooms (G-10, G-9, G-8, G-7, G-6, G-5).

"Here at the other side of the mansion we have the Master Study (G-3), its Closet (G-4) and adjoining Antechamber (G-2) as well as its Private Staircase (c) that leads to the Master Bedroom complex above (U-5, U-6, U-7)."

Mr. Pennypacker has succeeded in leading us in a full circle around the outer perimeter of the mansion so that we arrive back in the First Hall (G-1).

"Now if you are not too tired we will go upstairs." Without waiting for our reply, he starts down the two stairs into the Main Hall (G-30).

"Oh, next to the Porter's Room (G-31) is another servants' staircase (e) to the downstairs and beyond that, a staircase (d) from this floor to a Turkish Bath (U-26) above ... Ah, the Tribune (G-34) and the Grand Staircase (j)!"

In the centre of the Tribune, Mr. Pennypacker suddenly spins about with his arms outstretched. Just as suddenly he is embarrassed by his emotional display and freezes in midspin.

"Uh ... uhumm ... the marble used in this floor here and for the Grand Staircase is Florentine white, very rare and very pure. Notice the distinct sound the leather soles make when they come in contact with it." He gently taps his foot to illustrate.

Looking up toward the ceiling— the Tribune, like the Library, pierces the floor above— he points to the chandelier hanging there. "This chandelier is, of course, the twin of the one in the Main Dining Room."

Before we start upstairs via the Grand Staircase, Mr. Pennypacker points out a hidden alcove which contains the Card Room (G-18), an Office (G-19) and another servants' staircase (i) which leads to the downstairs.

"Oh, yes. Somewhere in the mansion is a secret room once used for... Well, never mind what it was used for."

Our trip upstairs is agonizingly slow due to Mr. Penny-

packer's almost reverential tread. He seems to delight in the sound his shoes make on the uncarpeted marble. Finally we curve around and up and arrive at the railing that lines the gallery to take one last look below.

"Behind me are a series of Bedrooms and such (U-11, U-12, U-13, U-14, U-15, U-16). All these have French windows and open out onto the terrace. Down the hall this way is the Upstairs Study (U-17) and right here— I must take you in— is the Tapestry Room (U-19).

"The Tapestry you see, almost covering the three walls of this room, is fifty-two feet in length and twelve feet in height. It dates from the thirteenth century. As you can see, it depicts scenes from the life of Christ, and was executed by Lady Anne of Coventry, single-handedly. Her brother had been deeply wounded in a joust involving her honour and as a plege against his recovery she took an oath to devote her life to God's service. The Tapestry was her expression of that devotion. The story has it that as she completed the final weave— it took her fifteen years to complete it— she dropped dead.

After a moment of silence, we exit the room and proceed toward the front of the mansion.

"More Bedrooms (U-20, U-22) and an upstairs Smoking Room (U-21) where that discreet servants' staircase (k) I mentioned when we were below enters the upper floor. Over here is another large Drawing Room (U-1), the last stop for the dumb waiter (w) and along the front, more Bedrooms (U-2, U-3, U-4). These three and the Antechamber to the Master Bedroom (U-5) all have French windows which open out to the Front Balcony."

We pass by the Master Bedroom Suite (U-5, U-6, U-7) and turn the corner.

"Ah, the Turkish Bath (U-26)... Decorated in a mosaic tile pattern which is an exact copy of the Sultan of Ismire's own private bath. Ours is much smaller, of course."

Continuing around, Mr. Pennypacker points out another Bedroom (U-8), a Supply Room (U-9) and the Upstairs Maid's Room (U-10), the main staircase (f) to the ground floor and a servants' staircase (g) which goes all the way downstairs. Finally we turn the corner again and enter a Storage Room (U-27). Our tour of the upstairs completed, we take the private staircase (h).

By the time we arrive at the bottom, it is evident that his zest for the tour is waning. We detect a severe cracking in his ever-present smile and the pointers of his moustache have begun to droop.

We turn the corner into the Furnace Room (D-15) to discover that the boiler sits in an open air shaft. The staircase (p) beside it ascends all the way to the roof.

We pass by the Coal Chute (U-16) and the Cellar Doors (n). Mr. Pennypacker is about to turn to the left but suddenly stops. When in airy wave of his hand he comments, "Well, down there are the usual servants' quarters, a wine cellar, cheese room, seed room, etc. Oh, an Armoury (D-10) with some unusual suits of Armour and other medieval artifacts but we can save that for another day."

He leads us through the Underground Passage (U-23) and up a staircase (y). Quite suddenly we find ourselves in the Porter's Lodge (G-50) and out into the Principal Court.

The tour completed, Mr. Pennypacker immediately turns the conversation from one of art and architecture to one of pounds and pence. He quotes the price for the rental of the mansion. "And that includes regular maintenance... It really is a bargain, don't you know... Of course, there is no need to make a decision at this moment... Certainly think about it..."

A carriage enters the Principal Court and Mr. Pennypacker suddenly brightens. He resurrects his all but faded smile, twirls the droop out of his moustache and murmurs breathlessly, "Lord Wiggleston!" He starts to move towards Lord Wiggleston when, as an afterthought, he waves his business card in our direction and mutters a dismissal.

MANSION KEY

GROUND FLOOR

1. First Hall
2. Antechamber
3. Master Study
4. Closet
5. Attendant's Room
6. Attendant's Room
7. W.C.
8. Storage Room
9. Attendant's Room
10. Attendant's Room
11. Antechamber
12. W.C.
13. Dressing Room
14. Bed Chamber
15. Salon
16. Stairwell
17. Antechamber
18. Card Room
19. Office
20. Antechamber
21. State Room
22. Antechamber
23. Smoking Room
24. Small Drawing Room
25. Great Drawing Room
26. Library
27. Dining Room
28. Antechamber
29. Cloak Room
30. Hall
31. Porter's Room
32. W.C.
33. Service Space
34. Tribune
35. Veranda
40. Upper Part of Kitchen
41. Cook's Chambers
42. Office Court
43. Cook's Chambers
44. Store Room
45. W.C.

50. Porter's Lodge
51. Bedroom
52. Blacksmith Shop

UPSTAIRS

1. Drawing Room
2. Red Room
3. Blue Room
4. Rose Room
5. Antechamber
6. Master Bedroom
7. Bath
8. Green Room
9. Supply Room
10. Maid's Room
11. White Room
12. Antechamber
13. Yellow Room
14. Bedroom
15. Sitting Room
16. Waiting Room
17. Upstairs Study
18. Library Balcony
19. Tapestry Room
20. Bedroom
21. Smoking Room
22. Bedroom
23. Bedroom
24. W.C.
25. W.C.
26. Turkish Bath
27. Storage Room

DOWNSTAIRS

1. Scullery
2. Kitchen
3. Cooler
4. Wine Cellar
5. Sports Room
6. Male Servant's Room
7. Male Servant's Room
8. Male Servant's Room
9. Male Servant's Room
10. Armory
11. Bath
12. Powder Room
13. Wash Room
14. Laundry
15. Furnace Room
16. Coal Chute
17. Seed Room
18. Store Room
19. Store Room
20. Store Room
21. Store Room
22. Shop
23. Underground Passage
24. Tool Room
25. Cheese Room
26. Still Room
27. Female Servant's Room
28. Female Servant's Room
29. Female Servant's Room
30. Female Servant's Room
31. Female Servant's Room
32. Female Servant's Room
33. Servant's Hall
34. Agent's Office
35. Agent's Pantry
36. W.C.
37. Stores
38. Stores
39. Lamp Room

STAIRS

a. To Balcony
b. To Balcony
c. Master's Private Stairs
d. Servants' Stairs to Turkish Bath
e. Servants' Stairs to Downstairs
f. Main Stairs to Upstairs
g. Servants' Stairs Up & Down
h. Private Staircase
i. Stairs - down
j. Grand Staircase
k. Servants' Stairs Up & Down
m. Library Stairs Up & Down
n. Cellar doors - down
o. Kitchen to Dining Hall
w. Dumb Waiter
y. From Porter's Lodge to Down
z. To Downstairs

Case 11
The Termination of a Teetotaler
Saturday, 8 September, 1888



Woburn Square

AREA SE

11 SE

"Yes, Donald Stillwater lives here," says Mrs. Johnson, landlady of the Dover Rooms. "He is such a nice young man, I can't believe he could murder anyone. There must be some mistake."

"Did Donald ever have friends, woman friends, to his rooms?"

"Of course not. I run a very respectable boarding house and Donald is one of my most respectable boarders. I thought you were here to help Donald."

"We are, but we must know the truth to do that. Could we see his room?"

"If it will help, yes."

There is not much to see in Donald's one small room. There is only a bed, dresser, wash stand and a small desk. The desk holds a Bible, the only book in the room, and some blank writing paper. The dresser contains only clothing. In the wash bowl we find some black ash, the residue of burnt paper.

49 SE

"Mr. Nigel was in class until half past nine."

50 SE

"Were the Lewis sisters here last night?"

"Were they ever!"

"For how long?"

"They left at twelve-forty-seven. I was counting the minutes."

55 SE

We are sitting at a table with Betty Harbuck in her small, well-kept apartment.

"It's such a shock. Who would want to murder a sick, dying man?" sighs Mrs. Harbuck. "He was so good to us. He set Michael up in a small shop and gave us a yearly income that, for the first time in our lives, made our life very comfortable. He was a good man."

"Do you know anything about his death?"

"Only what my daughter has told me."

82 SE

"I'm quite the popular one today," says Jack Tucker as he shows us into his small apartment. A woman is working over, what our nose tells us to be, a pot of boiling cabbage on the small stove in the corner. We sit down on a set of mismatched chairs clustered around the table. "Holmes was here a little earlier."

"What did he want?"

"He wanted to know what happened last night at the Sipton mansion."

"That's what we're interested in. Would you tell us what happened?"

"Sure. There's not much to tell. The inspector sent me and Peter Jones over to the Sipton Mansion. He didn't know what the old man wanted us for, but when you have that much money I guess you can call on the Yard for anything you want. We arrived at the mansion about eight o'clock. What a place! Never seen anything like it. Don't know what a bloke needs that much space for.

"Well, we were shown into the study and the old man was there in his wheelchair. Frail little guy. Couldn't have weighed more than six or seven stone. Told us in that low, raspy voice of his just to wait outside his study. He would call if he needed us.

"A little after eight I settled down in that Blue Drawing Room. Blimey, everything was blue, the chairs, the walls, the fixtures. Give me the East End any day. All I did was walk from one end of that room to the other. I got so tired of looking at blue. Even had a picture of this little rich kid dressed in blue. At eight-thirty one of the servants brung me some tea - no biscuits mind ye - just tea. Thank God for small favours, I always say. About the same time Sipton's sister, Agnes Thomson is her name, went into the old man's study. They were spatting about something; I could hear her yelling and pleading. But then she came out crying and went up the stairs.

"Well, it was about half after nine, and I was just finishing my fourth cup of tea, wishing I had a biscuit, when from the study I hear old Sipton scream out, 'Murderer! Murderer!' like the devil himself is in that room. I shout for Jones and head for the door. It was locked. Jones comes running up. We move back, put our shoulders into the door and it springs open. And there's this bloke bent over Sipton with a knife in his hand. He sees us and takes off for the open porch door. Jones tackles him and tries to get the knife away from him. I run up and cosh him one and then run outside on the porch, not another soul in sight. That's it. Sipton's as dead as a fish out of water. The murderer is out cold. Thought I had killed him, but I hear he came to at the Yard. That's all I know."

"Did you see anyone else?"

"No. I ran out onto the porch. If anyone else had run from the room out onto the grounds I would have seen him."

"Thanks for your time."

"Sure, don't mention it."

AREA SW

2 SW

"Ah, Wiggy, Wiggy, what can I tell you about Sipton? It would bore me to sleep. The good Sir Alfred was grist only for the financial writers not for the talents of Yours Truly. After all, I cannot make a silk purse out of a tea bag, so to speak. He neither drank, gambled, smoked, socialized nor chased women, or men. He had no culture, Wiggy, none at all. He did nothing but work and make money."

Langdale is stretched out on his settee at the Societies Club, a hookah on the floor in front of him. He pauses in his narrative long enough to fill his lungs with smoke from the strong Turkish tobacco.

"No, Wiggins, I am afraid I cannot entertain you with any tasty stories about Sir Alfred. To the oustide world he presented the image of a hard-working man of good character; I know it is boring. I know not what went on behind the walls of the Sipton mansion; I only peek in windows when the curtains are left open."

"What about the nephew, Roger Thomson?"

"Roger is a different story, humdrum, but different. Evolutionally, he is a step upward, and he has developed at least one vice, gambling. He loves to play cards for high stakes, but I suppose he can afford it.

"Now his mother is another story. She can afford her vices, too. In fact, her vices come quite reasonably priced; she likes young men. From what I hear she has caused her brother many a sleepless night worrying about her escapades becoming public. I understand he has paid out not a few pounds in trying to prevent that happening. In this day and age it seems like a harmless enough vice. Little did Sir Alfred know his sister's little adventures were public knowledge anyway, and nobody cared."

"What about Mrs. Sipton?"

"A perfect match, she seems to be scandal-free. I would be out of business if London had too many Alfred and Cecilia Siptons."

7 SW

"Yes, I know Mr. Rufus Hofstadter," answers the manager of the Carleton Club in a proprietary tone. "He joined several years ago under the sponsorship of Sir Alfred Sipton."

"We understand he dined here last evening. Did you happen to notice at what time he left?"

"Why, yes, I did. However, we do not like to impinge upon the privacy of our members."

"Perhaps you would rather speak with Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard?" we ask, hoping that the punctilious protector of Carleton members will not call our bluff. "We thought that our presence here would be less noticeable, less disruptive, than a visit from the official police, but if you insist..."

"As I do not wish to disturb the members any more than necessary, perhaps I can answer your questions. Mr. Hofstadter left here at about eleven o'clock after spending several hours over dinner and in the library."

13 SW

We find Inspector Lestrade in the small cubicle that is his office. There is only room for us to stand in front of his cluttered desk. He makes no effort to make us more comfortable. Lestrade is satisfied to make us feel like school children standing in front of the headmaster's desk.

"I can't believe that you're interested in the Sipton murder. It's an open and shut case. No doubt that Stillwater is the murderer. Why is Holmes wasting his time on this one?"

"I must admit, Inspector, that Holmes doesn't seem to have much interest in this case," says Wiggins, "but Watson does."

"Ah, Mrs. Sipton got to him, right?"

"She seems to have made an impression on him. Come on, Inspector, tell us what you've got."

"Alright. Don't want to stand in the way of Watson's chivalry." Lestrade settles into his role of dispenser of knowledge. "Yesterday afternoon the Home Secretary notified me that Sir Alfred Sipton had a personal family problem that might require the intervention of the police. He requested two men who were to arrive at eight last evening and report to Sir Alfred personally. I sent Jack Tucker and Peter Jones. They said that Sir Alfred had them wait in the antechamber to his study. He told them nothing other than that he would call if and when they were needed. After being kept waiting for over an hour, they heard Sir Alfred cry out.

"When they heard the shout, they made straight for his study and there found Stillwater bent over the body with the murder weapon, a Persian knife that had hung on Sir Alfred's wall, in his hand. As my men entered he tried to make a run for it out the veranda door through which he had come. The glass in the door was broken, showing how he had entered."

"Why did it take Sir Alfred so long to call for help?"

"He was asleep, Wiggins. He had fallen asleep in his wheelchair." Lestrade takes on the manner of a headmaster who has just realized that the student in front of him is not very bright. "Look, it's very simple. Sir Alfred is sitting in front of the fire. He falls asleep. The fire was almost out, the room was dark. What else would he be doing in a darkened room? Use your head, Wiggins. Hasn't Holmes taught you anything? Stillwater comes up to the veranda, goes to the study door. He finds it locked, so he breaks the glass and unlocks the door. He sees that Sir Alfred is asleep. He walks over to the knife hanging on the wall, removes it and stabs Sir Alfred. That's when Sipton screamed, bringing my men to the room. See, it's simple."

"Why would Stillwater want to kill Sir Alfred?"

"Because he was in love with Mrs. Sipton, and she may be in love with him. We haven't ruled out Mrs. Sipton as a co-conspirator. We're still investigating that angle. I am not a romantic like Watson. Too much experience with the darker side of human nature. If only Sir Alfred would have confided in my men, he might still be alive."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Sir Alfred must have had some inkling that his life was threatened and that Stillwater was the one threatening it."

"Do you have any proof of this?"

"As a matter of fact we do. We found letters addressed to Mrs. Sipton from Stillwater in Sir Alfred's desk. Very friendly letters, if you know what I mean. So Sir Alfred knew about Stillwater's feelings for his wife. He must have confronted Stillwater with this knowledge and that was when Stillwater threatened Sir Alfred's life. An open and shut case.."

"Could we see the letters?"

"No, you cannot. Now, if you will let me get back to my work I would appreciate it.."

"But, I don't understand ..."

"I am sure you don't Wiggins, but let Holmes explain it to you. I don't have time. Now get out."

22 SW

"Hello, Wagins. What brings you here?"

Murray is sitting behind one of his large work tables on which his feet are resting. A large sandwich is in his right hand. "I thought it was going to be a nice quiet day today."

"Sorry to interrupt your lunch. We're looking into Sir Alfred Sipton's death."

"Sipton! Oh my god!" Murray springs to his feet and rushes across the room to another work table covered with chemical apparatus. He removes a steaming flask from the ring stand. "My tea, forgot all about it."

Murray pours the contents from the flask into a large beaker and takes a sip. "What was it you wanted, Wakins?"

"Wiggins, sir."

"I have nothing on a Wiggins. When did he die?"

"No, sir. I'm Wiggins. We are looking into the murder of Sir Alfred Sipton. Have you found anything?"

"I found blood on the knife that matched Sir Alfred's. As the knife was found at the scene of the crime in the suspect's hand, I have no reason to believe it is not the murder weapon. That's about all."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else."

"Thank you, Murray."

"You're welcome, Wagins."

32 SW

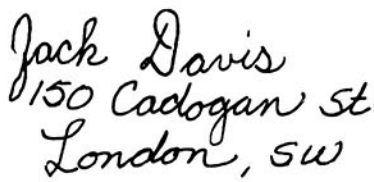
Wiggins has requested Inspector Tobias Gregson to accompany us to the post office. Gregson shows his Scotland Yard identification to the clerk.

"What can I do for you, Inspector?"

"Do you have a package that was addressed to 150 Cadogan Street? There is no such address. Could you check for me?"

"Sure." The clerk goes to a wall covered with pigeon holes of various sizes. After a moment he returns with a small package. "Is this it?"

"Let me check." Inspector Gregson takes the package and looks at the address.



"Let's take a look inside." Inspector Gregson opens the package and removes a small revolver. "Good work, Wiggins."

58 SW

Wiggins knocks at the solid wooden door, painted green, of 58 Lowndes Street. At the sound of the first knock a little peep window opens and we are greeted by a large eye and a gruff voice.

"What do you want?"

"We have some questions we would like to ask you."

"Who sent you?"

"Andre Landau."

"That little creep? I threw him out last night and told him not to come back, and I don't want any of his friends here. Now blow."

The little door slams. Wiggins knocks again, but gets no response. As we are walking down the walk a carriage pulls up and a tall man in evening clothes gets out.

"Isn't that---"

"It sure looks like it to me."

"They say he is going to be the next Prime Minister."

Before we can say more the noble gentleman moves up the walk and knocks on the green door which swings open and admits the next head of government.

"What goes on behind that green door?"

"I don't know. I wonder what secret it's keeping?"

93 SW

Sir Robert Hamilton steps out of his office to have a word with us in his antechamber.

"I only have a minute. Now what is it that you want to know?"

"We understand that Sir Alfred called you yesterday and requested police help, is that correct?"

"Yes."

"Did he give a reason?"

"Yes, he said it was a personal matter that he wanted to handle quietly. It did involve the possibility of a law violation, but he was hopeful that he would be able to handle it himself. He requested police presence in the hope that it would intimidate whomever he was going to confront. He assured me that whatever criminal matter was involved did not affect anyone oustide his household. That was about it."

"Did he mention who the person was?"

"No, and I didn't ask. Sir Alfred was a good friend and I trusted him to do what was right. He would not cover up a crime even to protect those close to him. I trusted his judgment, although perhaps this time I shouldn't have. If I had pressured him more, then I might have been able to help him in such a way that he wouldn't have been killed."

"Is there anything else you can tell us?"

"No. Please tell Cecilia, Mrs. Sipton, that we will keep checking into the matter, but from Lestrade's report it doesn't look good for her friend Stillwater. Now, I must get back to work."

"Thank you, Mr. Secretary."

AREA NW

14 NW

We are allowed into the bar of the Bagatelle Card Club after telling the doorman that we are interested in membership. The luxuriously appointed setting of the bar makes the ordering of anything other than brandy inappropriate. After our snifters have been placed before us, Wiggins engages the barman in conversation.

"Very nice club," states Wiggins.

"One of the best in London. Thinking of becoming members?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Chapman, the club's manager, is out at the moment. If you have any questions, I will be glad to answer them. My name is Edward."

"Thank you, Edward."

"Do you know any of the members? You will need a member as a sponsor."

"We know Roger Thomson."

"One of our more illustrious members. I am sure that with Mr. Thomson as a sponsor, you will have no trouble being accepted."

"We were to meet him here last night, but we were held up. Did he make it?"

"Oh, yes. Every Friday and Saturday without fail."

"We were going to drop by around nine last evening and have a drink with Roger. Guess we should have."

"Good thing you didn't. He left early, a little before nine. He didn't play last night, just sat at the bar. I wondered why - maybe he was waiting for you."

"Edward!" calls a man at the other end of the bar.

"Be right with you, Colonel Moran. Well, I have to get back to work. Nice talking to you."

We drain our snifters and leave.

21 NW

We walk up to the bar and order a pint before asking our questions.

"Do you know Rodney Harrington?" asks Wiggins as the drinks are set down before us.

"Harry? Sure. Comes in all the time. Nice bloke. Friend of yours?"

"He told us about your pub, and as we were in the neighbourhood we thought we would give it a try. Harry said he was in last night."

"That's right. Popped in for a quick one around nine or so and popped right out."

"Don't get much time when you have to drive people around. Harry must've had only about an hour of free time, I'd guess."

"Geez, mates, it gets mighty busy here on a Friday night. I only served him one pint, but I didn't really notice when he left. Well, I see Tom needs another pint. If you need anything, just shout."

"Thanks."

22 NW

"According to my records," responds the box office clerk, "the Sipton box was used last night, but only by Mrs. Cecilia Sipton."

"Do you know what time she left?"

"As a matter of fact, I do. I remember that her carriage was late arriving—I almost called her a hansom—but it did show up about a quarter after ten."

"Thank you."

42 NW

"Morphine would not be used for bronchial asthma because it could cause depression of respiration," says Doctor Watson.

43 NW

"Doctor Agar is at his office."

68 NW

"Sir Alfred's murder took me completely by surprise," says William Morris. "Ten years ago it surprised me that no one had murdered him. He was a terror in those days."

William Morris is in his mid-fifties, balding, over-weight and a chain smoker. He has informed us that he has been the Sipton family's solicitor for twenty years and that his father handled the Sipton family affairs before that.

"Do you know of any reason why Sir Alfred would be murdered?"

"No. As I said, it took me by surprise. I have not seen Sir Alfred in over two months. Yesterday I got a call from Hofstadter requesting that I come by the mansion at ten this morning. He said that Sir Alfred wanted to make some changes in his will. That's all he told me."

"Do you have any idea what changes he wanted to make?"

"No. He made out this will about six months ago and hasn't talked about it since, thank God."

"Why 'thank God'?"

"There was a time when he would make changes weekly. Take this person out, change this amount, change that person — it was never-ending."

"And you say this went on up until six months ago? Do you know what changed at that time?"

"Good question. I don't know. It was clear at that time that he didn't have long to live. He seems to have accepted that fact and came to the conclusion that taking care of those he would leave behind was important to him."

"What changes did he make in the past?"

"It would be unethical for me to say. I will tell you they covered almost everyone in the family at one time or another."

"Could you tell us what's in the most recent will?"

"I wouldn't feel comfortable in doing so, but the will is in probate and you can see it at Somerset House."

"So you have no idea what changes Sir Alfred might have been contemplating?"

"No."

"And nothing in the will that would indicate any suspects?'

"No. I will tell you that I think that the will was very fair to everyone involved."

"Thank you."

"If there is anything I can do to help catch Sir Alfred's murderer, please let me know," says Morris as we leave his office.

93 NW

"Yes, I was Sir Alfred's doctor," states Dr. Agar as we settle down in his spacious study. "For over fifteen years I have taken care of the Sipton family."

"Is there anything that you can tell us about the events of last night?"

"I was called to the house after the murder, so I can tell you nothing about that. I did look at the body, but again the papers have all of the basic facts. I went by Bart's and talked to Sir Jasper; again, nothing unexpected. The only thing that I found unusual was the report in the newspaper that stated Sir Alfred shouted for help."

"What was unusual about that?"

"Sir Alfred was incapable of shouting."

"But, surely when his life—"

"No, I mean he was physically incapable of shouting. Eight years ago I performed an operation on his larynx to remove a small growth. I was pleased that he did not lose his power of speech altogether. He was able to talk in a normal voice, somewhat raspy, but normal, but he was not able to shout."

"Have you told this to the police?"

"No, I didn't think it important. Is it?"

"I don't know, but it might be," Wiggins replies. "Do you have any idea who would want to murder Sir Alfred? You must have known him and the family well after all these years."

"You are right; I know them well. It's a very turbulent family, but murder? I don't think so. Sir Alfred didn't have long to live, and the whole family knew that, including Sir Alfred."

"How is the family taking his death?"

"Hard, especially his sister. I have had to sedate her quite heavily as she seems on the verge of a virtual breakdown. No matter how prepared for death you may think you are, it is always hard on the living. Even though Sir Alfred was not long for this world, he was murdered, and murder shocks everyone it touches."

AREA WC

3 WC

"Not much I can tell ya," starts out Peter Jones in response to our question about the events of last night. "The old geezer just told us to wait. Didn't tell us why we were there or anything. Jake stayed in that bloody Blue Drawing Room right outside the old man's study; I decided to stay close to the front door.

"It was a pretty quiet evening. Mrs. Agnes Thomson, the old man's sister, came in about half past eight. Nothing else really happened until about an hour later, half past nine. I know the time because that bloody clock chimed, must be the brother of Big Ben it's so loud.

"Well, it was still ringing in my ears when I hear Jake call out for me. I could tell by his voice that he wanted me in a hurry. So, I runs in to him. About killed myself on that bloody blue rug in that bloody blue room. Well, I get to Jake and he's trying to get into the geezer's study, but the door's locked. We both move back and puts our shoulders to the bloody door and it springs open. The room's dim but the light from the waiting room lights up this bloke, with this bloody heathen knife in his hand, kneeling over the old geezer, who's laid out on the floor with blood running out of his chest. The bloke sees us and takes off like a bloody rabbit. Well, I tackle him and am trying to get that heathen knife away from him, when good ol' Jake comes running by and thwacks him one on the head with his cosh. Thought he killed the bloke. Jake went through the bloody door and took a look about, but no one could be seen.

"Well, I check out the old geezer. He had sold his last pound of bloody tea."

5 WC

8:15 pm 19 WC to 58 SW

8:45 pm 14 NW to Belgrave Square

12 WC

"We have a question. What happens to letters or packages that are undeliverable?"

"They are held at the local office for two to eight weeks. If they are unclaimed after that time, they are sent to the dead letter office."

"Thank you."

17 WC

Wiggins pays the ls.7d. fee to examine Sir Alfred Sipton's will. We are shown to a small table where the clerk brings the will. Wiggins goes through its seven pages.

"I wish lawyers would write in plain English; it would make it easier to understand, but here are the main points. The stock in the Sipton Tea Company has been divided equally among Mrs. Cecilia Sipton, Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Mr. Roger Thomson and Lester Sipton. Each block is valued at over three hundred thousand pounds."

"Who is Lester Sipton?"

"Alfred's younger brother who lives in Aysgarth," answers Wiggins as he looks back at the first page of the will.

"Roger is to run the company as long as the rest of the family agrees. If they do not agree there is a complicated procedure to determine the head of the firm.

"Trust funds have been set up for Mrs. Sipton and Mrs. Agnes Thomson with a value of five hundred thousand and one hundred thousand pounds respectively. And two small trust funds of twenty-five thousand pounds each for his two great nephews." Wiggins stops for a moment and looks up at us. "Nice to have a rich uncle.

"The Salvation Army enlisted must be singing their praises to God, or Sir Alfred, as he left them a hundred thousand pounds to use in their battle for God's glory.

"His land holdings all go to Mrs. Sipton with the exception of his share of the Aysgarth Estate, which goes to his brother Lester. That's about it with the exception of some comparatively small bequests, mainly to the staff. Here's the list."

Rufus Hofstadter	£ 5,000
Donald Stillwater	£ 5,000
Bruce Nigel	£ 2,000
Margaret Brissman	£ 1,500
Wanda Lewis	£ 500
Dotty Lewis	£ 500
Rodney Harrington	£ 2,000
Jerome Strope	£ 500
Annie Strope	£ 500

18 WC

Moser settles his large frame into his chair and reaches for one of the long black cigars in the box on his desk.

"What do you want to know, Wiggins?" asks Moser as he

clips the end of his cigar.

"I understand that you did some work for Sir Alfred Sipton. Could you tell us anything about it, Matt?"

Moser rolls his cigar from hand to hand as he looks us over in a thoughtful manner. He seems to have come to some conclusion for he pops the cigar into his mouth and lights it. After sending a heavy blue cloud of smoke our way he says, "I'll tell you what, Wiggins. If you agree to dig up some information for me, I'll tell you what you want to know."

"What is it you want me to find out?"

"There are a couple of things I'm working on that I may need some help on. Having the opportunity to employ Holmes's famous force is something I'll have to give some thought to. Now, you don't know what information I may have. It may be something you need or it may not. But I have been of help to you in the past, so how about you taking a chance on me?"

"Alright, we agree. We will help you on whatever you request. Now what can you tell us about Sir Alfred?"

"Not much," grins Moser. "I went over Sipton's file this morning when I read about his death in the newspaper, just in case I was asked about my work for him. Eight months ago Sipton hired me to follow his wife and to report on her movements, with special attention to Donald Stillwater."

With this announcement, delivered in Moser's best dramatic voice, he leans back in his chair and sends another cloud of blue smoke towards us. After the appropriate interval for the pregnant pause, he continues, "After two months of efficient and brilliant surveillance, I reported my findings to Sipton." Another cloud of blue smoke comes our way.

"Well! What did you report?" demands Wiggins.

"That I could find no incriminating actions on the part of Mrs. Sipton. She spend her time away from home either at the Salvation Army office or visiting her parents, Mrs. and Mrs. Michael Harbuck. It's true that she did see Stillwater from time to time, but at no time did her actions show anything but friendship."

"That's it?" asks Wiggins.

"Ah, Wiggins, you always look for the worst in people and so did Sipton. He insisted that there was something between his wife and Stillwater. I explained to him that I didn't work that way, I only reported what I saw not what he wanted me to see. That was the end of my employment."

"That's it?"

"That's it, but remember, you owe me one."

"You're right, Matt, we owe you one."

19 WC

"Yes, I know Mrs. Agnes Thomson," replies the maitre d'. "She was here for a short time last evening."

"What time did she arrive?"

"A quarter to eight and she left at a little past eight. Mr. Landau left soon after."

"Mr. Landau?"

"Yes, the gentleman Mrs. Thomson was to dine with, Andre Landau."

"Can you tell us anything about him?"

"The only thing I can tell you is that Mr. Landau is a frequent patron and his dinner companion is always a woman some years his senior. The quality of his champagne depends upon the wealth of his companion."

"A gigolo?"

"In my position, a *bon viveur*, but I depend on tips."

"Thank you," says Wiggins as he discreetly places a couple of coins in the maitre d's open hand.

70 WC

Sergeant Peters gives us the following report:

"At two-forty p.m. Constable Williams was summoned to the residence of Mr. Steven Piggott by his manservant, Kingsbury Mulock, who stated that his employer had been shot. When Williams entered the study, he found Piggott slumped over his desk. He had been shot in the back of the head and was dead. Present in the study was Doctor Theodore Jackson who stated that he had found the body. He also stated that he had been waiting in the drawing room to see Mr. Piggott who had requested that he come. After waiting for close to thirty minutes, he went to Piggott's study to see what was causing the delay. That's when he found the body. Doctor Jackson claims that he heard no shot and saw no one enter or leave the Piggott home while he ws in the drawing room.

"Constable Williams requested help and Inspector Gregson of the CID arrived with more constables. A complete search of the house and grounds failed to turn up the murder weapon. Doctor Jackson was searched, along with his medical bag and carriage, again no weapon.

"In the room a pillow was found that was used to muffle the sound of the gunshot. A study window was open from which there was a ten foot drop to the ground. The ground was hard and showed no sign of footprints.

"Right now the case is open with murderer or murderers unknown."

87 WC

"You have to speak up, I can't hear too well," shouts Kingsbury Mulock, Mr. Piggott's manservant. "What do you want?"

"We're looking into Mr. Piggott's murger." states Wiggins.

"Mr. Piggott is dead. He was murdered," shouts Kingsbury.

"We know," shouts Wiggins, "Can you tell us what happened?"

"Don't know. Last I saw of him he was with Mr. Jacobs in the study. They would play chess together. Yesterday they were just talking, not playing. Then Doctor Jackson came. He said he would wait in the drawing room until Mr. Piggott was free. I went to the back of the house to do some chores. The next thing I knew, Doctor Jackson was back to get me. Said Mr. Piggott had been shot and for me to go and get the police. I did, that's all I know."

"Do you know who would want to kill Mr. Piggott?"

"No, he was just an old man like me. Why would anyone want to kill an old man? Nothing was taken, he had no enemies."

"Well, it looks like he had one."

88 WC

Our repeated knocks at the door of Andre Landau's flat finally produce their desired results.

"What do you want?" yells the small dusky-skinned man who opens the door. He has tar black hair which is held in place by a hair net. His eyes are as black as his hair and his handsome, clean-shaven face has an almost lustrous quality to it.

"Mr. Landau?"

"Yes," he replies as he adjusts his black-trimmed, red robe to cover more of his bare chest. "Who are you?"

"We are investigating Sir Alfred Sipton's death."

"You mean the old buzzard finally kicked off? Come in." We can see that red is Landau's favourite colour. The walls are covered in red as is most of the furniture. Black lacquer wood is the next most popular motif. "I was asleep when you knocked. Why do you want to talk to me?"

"Sir Alfred was murdered."

"Murdered?"

"Yes."

"Murdered, why?" Landau has moved over to his black lacquered desk, takes a cigarette from a silver cigarette case and lights it.

"Do you have any idea who would want to?"

"I didn't even know the old man. We don't travel in the same circle."

"You know his sister."

"She doesn't travel in his circle either. Look, I know nothing about any murder and I don't understand why you are here."

"You had a dinner engagement with Mrs. Thomson. Why was it broken?"

"I don't know. She showed up at Romano's and said that she wouldn't be able to have dinner with me."

"Family business that late at night?"

"That's what I said! But she wouldn't say anymore. She seemed upset. Ran off, wouldn't even have a drink."

"Where did you go when you left Romano's?"

"That's none of your business! Look, the police can't just ..." Andre stops to take a puff from his cigarette and looks us over. "You are from the police?"

"Well, no. Mrs. Sipton ..."

"I don't care about Mrs. Sipton. I don't know anything about any murder. Now get out before I call the police."

91 WC

The clerk in the administration office of Charing Cross Hospital informs us that Doctor Bolander was Mrs. Piggott's physician. We are told we can find him in Ward B, and we do. Doctor Bolander is a young man, about twenty-five, thin, tall and full of nervous energy.

"Yes, I was Mrs. Piggott's doctor," Doctor Bolander answers as we walk with him down the corridor. "She was admitted on my shift, so she became my patient. I diagnosed her problem as bronchial asthma. She had a mild attack. An attack may last from an hour to several days, and between attacks the patient is usually quite at ease. But notwithstanding the intensely distressing character of the attacks themselves, asthma is not one of the diseases that shorten life, except by way of secondary changes in the heart, and that's the great danger to someone of Mrs. Piggott's age."

"So it was her heart that failed?"

"That's what the Death Certificate said."

"You didn't fill out the certificate?"

"No. I was not on duty the night she died. The attending physician at the time of death fills out the Death Certificate."

"Who was that?"

"Doctor Jackson."

"Is he here?"

"No, he has a private practice and only does rounds once a week."

"What was the date of Mrs. Piggott's death?"

"Let me see, it would have been... I'm sorry, I've been here for eighteen hours and it's hard for me to think. I'll tell you what, ask at the front office and they can show you a copy of the Death Certificate."

Certificate of Death
CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL

Name of Deceased Betty Piggott

Cause of Death Heart failure due to asthma attack

Time of Death 1 am

Date of Death Sept. 1, 1888

Attending Physician Dr. T Jackson

Witness Clarinda Kentnor

Time 3:20 am Date 1 Sept 1888

"Did you ever talk to Mr. Piggott?"

"Yes. He was understandably upset. I had talked to him when his wife was first brought in and gave him every indication that she would recover with little difficulty, and then she dies. I can understand his feelings. When you see him—"

"You haven't heard that Mr. Piggott has been murdered?"

"No. When did it happen?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Poor old man. That's a shame."

"Do you know anything about it?"

"No, I only met him twice."

"So there's nothing more you can add?"

"No, I am sorry. I must get on with my rounds."

AREA EC

26 EC

"Yes, I was on duty the night Mrs. Piggott died," says Clarinda Kentnor. "She was in great pain after having an attack. I called Doctor Jackson and he told me to give her five cc's of morphine. I did, and that seemed to comfort her. I checked her an hour later and she was dead."

"What did Doctor Jackson say?"

"He said it was heart failure."

"I noticed that there is a two hour difference between the time of death and the time the Certificate was signed; is that normal?"

"It should be done right away. I had trouble getting Doctor Jackson ...."

"Why was that?"

"Well, Doctor Jackson drinks... Don't get me wrong, he's a good doctor, but at times he drinks and passes out.

36 EC

The guard shows us into a small whitewashed room occupied only by a well-worn wood table with two backless benches on either side. On the far side of the table sits a tall young man with light brown hair. Thick, gold-rimmed glasses rest on his large pointed nose. Several cuts and bruises mar his face. He is dressed in the uniform of the Salvation Army. As we enter he lifts his head to study us. A tentative, self-conscious smile appears on his lips as he nods his head in greeting.

"This is Stillwater. You got fifteen minutes." With this statement the guard slams the door and leaves us alone with the accused murderer.

"We are here at the request of Mrs. Sipton," begins Wiggins as we seat ourselves across from Stillwater. "She has asked us to help you. She thinks you are innocent. Is that true?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, as God is my witness!"

"We were hoping you had someone a little more earthly to corroborate your story. What were you doing at the Sipton mansion on the night of the murder?"

"Sir Alfred asked me to come."

"When was that?"

"In the late post yesterday. He requested that I come to the mansion last evening."

"Do you have the letter?"

"No, I destroyed it."

"Why?"

"Sir Alfred requested that I do so. He said it was important."

"Why was it important?"

"I don't know. It was, and is, a mystery to me. All he said was that Cissy, Mrs. Sipton, was in some kind of danger and that he needed my help."

"Could you recall exactly what the letter said?"

"Yes, I think so." Stillwater removes his glasses and begins to polish them with a handkerchief that he removes from his pocket. His eyes are fixed on a point above our heads as he continues. "It said, 'Donald, must see you tonight. Cecilia is in danger. Don't let anyone see you come.

Enter the grounds at the gardener's entrance and enter my study through the veranda door. I will leave it open. Be here at 9:30. I am counting on you. It is important that you destroy this letter.' And it was signed 'Sipton.'"

Stillwater replaces his glasses and turns his eyes to us. "That's all I know. It makes no sense to me. I don't understand what happened."

"Was Sir Alfred in the habit of calling on you for help?"

"No, Sir Alfred was not the type of man to call on anyone for help, but he was a dying man. Over the last few months he has been very friendly towards me and has had me to the mansion a number of times. He was worried about what would become of Cissy after his death. I assured him that I would look after her."

"Then you have no idea to what danger Sir Alfred was refering? "No, it was the first I had heard of it."

"Tell us what happened on the night of the murder."

"I entered through the gardener's gate as he had instructed and made my way across the lawn to the veranda. I could see a dim light in Sir Alfred's study. I made my way to the veranda door which was ajar. As I entered the room I heard the clock chime the half hour. I called out Sir Alfred's name, not loudly—it's funny how we tend to lower our voices in dark places. The answer I got still turns my blood cold. I heard Sir Alfred scream out 'Murderer! Murderer!' and then an agonizing yell." At this point Stillwater physically shivers and brings his handkerchief to his face. He takes two or three deep breaths before he continues. "I ran toward the screams; in the dim light I could only make out the dark silhouette of Sir Alfred slumped in his wheelchair.

"When I got to him there was still life left in him. He was trying to remove the knife that was embedded in his chest. I lifted him out of the chair and was trying to make him comfortable on the floor when the door burst open and two men came charging in. They grabbed me and started twisting my arm. I had removed the knife from Sir Alfred and they were trying to get it from me. I had to idea they were the police. I tried to make it out the door, but they knocked me unconscious. The next thing I knew I was being held at Scotland Yard and accused of the murder."

"Is that how you got the cuts on your face?"

"Yes, I tried to run out through the veranda door. Remember, I thought these men were the murderers. When one of them tackled me, my face hit the ground, and there was some glass by the door that cut my face. That's the last thing I remember."

"Did you see anyone other than Sipton in the room when you entered?"

"No, the room was dark. I didn't even see Sipton until he yelled out. I didn't see or hear anything."

At this point the door to the room opens and the guard reenters. "Time's up. Come on, Stillwater, back to your cell."

38 EC

We find Sir Jasper Meeks in his office, sipping a cup of hot tea. His feet are resting on the desk top, his glasses are resting on his forehead and his left hand holds a report which he is reading. As the door to his office opens, Meeks looks up from his report and, squinting, recognizes us.

"Hello, Wiggins. Haven't seen you for a while," greets Meeks as he adjusts his glasses to their more useful position. "What are you looking into today?"

"We're looking into the death of Sir Alfred Sipton. Have you done the autopsy yet?"

"Yes, but there's not much to tell. The knife entered the chest and punctured the left lung. A nice clean cut, didn't do much tissue damage. It was chronic congestive heart failure that caused his death. His liver was three times normal size. The congestion in his kidneys and intestinal tract was the worst I have ever seen. He was not long for this world, a matter of days or weeks at most."

"So it wasn't the stabbing that killed Sir Alfred?"

"No, the stabbing brought on the heart failure. So, in that sense, it was the cause of death. The ironic thing is that if the murderer would have waited, nature would have done his work for him."

"Anything else?"

"No, that's about it for Sipton."

39 EC

The reception area of the head ofices of the Sipton Tea Company is hung with black crepe, and we find outselves talking to one of the few office workers present in little more than a whisper.

"Could you tell me who's in charge here?" asks Wiggins in a quiet, pious manner.

"Why are you whispering? Speak up. What do you want?" replies the clerk whose strong voice takes us by surprise.

"We have been asked by Mrs. Sipton to look into the death of Sir Alfred. We weren't sure the office would be open."

"Blimey, are you kidding! The old man would turn over in his coffin if the great Sipton empire stopped for one hour."

"Are you in charge today?"

"No, I'm just one of the wage slaves. The boss, Thomson, won't be in today, and the head clerk is at the Strand store."

"What was the reaction of the employees to Sipton's murder?"

"Sipton was no friend to his employees—he paid low wages, demanded long hours and when they read his will, we, the employees, won't be remembered. So, to answer your question, no tears were shed. I assume it will have no effect on us since Thomson will continue to run the company."

"Any rumours about who might have committed the murder?"

"No, I'm sure it had nothing to do with the company. Thomson is now head of the firm, so if anyone wanted to knock off the head of Sipton Tea, it would have been Thomson who would have been the target."

"Thanks for your time."

"Right-o. Oh, do you know Hofstadter?"

"Sipton's secretary?"

"Right. If you see him, ask him what I'm to do with these papers Sipton wanted. It took me forever to find them; they were misfiled."

"What do they pertain to?"

"You said you were working for Mrs. Sipton?"

"Yes."

"Then I guess there's no harm in telling you. They deal with the Sipton holdings in Ceylon. It's very strange. Over forty percent of the tea was sold to American buyers, but there is no record of payment. This has been going on for almost two years. If you see Hofstadter, ask him what I should do. I tried to ring the mansion, but the line's been busy all day. Damn telephones."

"Send a telegram."

"Good idea, thanks."

52 EC

We find Porky in his usual position behind the bar of the Raven & Rat where we have dropped in for a pint of ale and some friendly conversation. There are only a few people in the place, and Porky seems happy to have our company as well as our shillings.

"So what are you folks up to today?" inquires Porky after bringing us our drinks.

"We've been looking into the murder of Sir Alfred Sipton. Know anything about that?"

"Don't get many teetotalers in here. Thought you might be looking into the death of the old man Steven Piggott, who lives down the street and was murdered yesterday afternoon."

"I think I saw something in the paper about it. Do they have any idea who did it?"

"Not that I know of. Sweetest old guy you'd ever want to meet. Used to come in every day at four o'clock for an ale and conversation. It was the conversation he really came in for; he loved to talk about his days in Africa. He could tell a good

tale when you plied him with ale."

"Then about a week ago his wife died and he really took it hard. Understandable, of course. They were married for over forty years. She had been sickly for years, but her death seems to have been unexpected despite the fact that she was hospitalized at Charing Cross at the time."

"Well, you never know, do you, Porky? You go along in life, reaching old age, a time when you should be able to enjoy the little time left to you, and bang, tragedy strikes."

"The doctor who found the old man's body came in right afterwards, and he even seemed shaken by the death. You would think they'd be used to death, but I guess nobody ever is."

53 EC

Israel Jacobs lets us into his one small room in which almost all the available space is taken over with books. He is in his late fifties and wears thick, gold-rimmed glasses.

"Yes, Steven was a good friend, my best friend. We got together every afternoon to play chess and yesterday was no exception. I went over to his house, but he couldn't play chess. Steven said he wanted to get a letter out before the two-thirty postal pick-up."

"Did he say what type of letter?"

"Yes. Steven felt that the doctor at the hospital was responsible for his wife's death and wanted her body exhumed and an autopsy performed. He said that he had asked Doctor Jacson to help him with the papers."

"Did you meet Doctor Jackson?"

"No."

"Did you see anyone in the house that day?"

"Only Kingsbury."

"What time did you leave?"

"About a quarter after two."

"Anything else you can tell us?"

"Not that I can think of."

64 EC

Doctor Jackson lets us into his private office and waits while we settle into the chairs arranged around his desk.

"Can I offer you anything? A drink, cigar? Maybe some tea?"

"No, thank you."

"Don't mind if I do, do you?" Without waiting for a reply, Doctor Jackson pours a glass of scotch, a tall glass. "What can I do for you?"

"Could you tell us what you know about the murder of Steven Piggott?"

"Mr. Piggott requested that I come by his house yesterday afternoon. I arrived about ten minutes past two and was told by his man that he was engaged with someone in his study. I told him I would wait in the drawing room until Mr. Piggott was free. I waited for over twenty minutes without a word from Mr. Piggott, so I went to check the study. That's when I found him dead. I heard no shot and saw no one enter or leave the house."

"What was your appointment with Mr. Piggott about?"

"He wanted my help on a letter that he was writing to the Coroner's Office. The letter had to do with an investigation into his wife's death."

"Were you her doctor?"

"No, but I was on hand when she died."

"Was there something suspicious about her death?"

"I didn't think so. His wife was very ill and very old. I saw no harm in easing his mind." Doctor Jackson has drained his glass and now refills it.

"Who did Piggott blame for his wife's death?"

"No one. He just wanted an autopsy done to make sure everything was alright. Now, if you will excuse me I have patients waiting."

69 EC

Major Barbara greets us in a very brisk military manner. She is a stout woman in her mid-forties, sharply dressed in her Salvation Army uniform with its sparkling brass buttons which dazzle the eyes.

"Sit, sit," orders the Major as she points to the chairs in front of her desk. "You're here about Captain Donald. Yes, yes, a tragedy, a true tragedy. Captain Donald was up for promotion, but now . . . ."

"Is there anything you can tell us about Donald?"

"I was the one who brought Donald into the Army. I remember the first day that Donald came to the mission, his bright young face looking for salvation, and I showed him the way. Oh, I had such hopes for him. God needs good strong soldiers to fight his battles. This is a Godless age we live in and Beelzelbub is strong. Oh, so strong."

"Major, could you just—"

"I am sorry, but with Donald arrested Lucifer has won another battle. But it's not the war."

"So you think Donald is—"

"Innocent! As innocent as the lamb. Oh, I know that the Spirit of Evil tried to drive a wedge between two strong warriors of God, but it was a battle Satan lost. Sir Alfred told me that he had misjudged Donald and hoped that God would forgive him. I told him that Donald did and so would God."

"Do you have any idea who was responsible for Sir Alfred's murder?"

"Yes!"

"Who?"

"Satan! He is behind all that is Evil, all that is Godless."

"Yes, of course, Major. We know only too well the power of evil, but we are more interested in the human agents, the front-line troops."

"May God guide you in your work."

"Amen, Major, amen," sighs Wiggins as we march out of Major Barbara's office.

91 EC

"I just got the report from Meeks on Piggott's autopsy," Randel Ffoulke, Coroner of London, informs us. "Death was caused by a bullet that entered the back of the head and lodged in the brain. Death was instantaneous."

"Any idea what type of gun?"

"No, I haven't gotten Murray's report yet. According to Meeks it looks like a small calibre gun; it was fired at close range but did not exit the body."

"Is there anything else you can tell us?"

"Yes. I was expecting to hear from Piggott, but not in this manner. I got a call from him the other day concerning his wife's death. He felt that there was some negligence on the part of the hospital. He wanted to have her body exhumed and an autopsy performed. I told him he would have to request it in writing along with the statement of at least one doctor that there was possible cause for such an action. If he did that, I would then take it to the Coroner's Jury for a ruling. In nine out of ten cases the Jury will honour such a request."

"Did you ever get the letter?"

"No, I was expecting it today. I told him that the jury meets once a month and for it to be considered this month, I would have to have his request today."

"Is this type of request unusual?"

"Not that unusual; we get three or four a month and unless someone contests the action, it is usually approved."

"Do you know what he suspected?"

"I don't think he suspected anything specifically. It was a feeling he had that she shouldn't have died. I explained to him that ninety-nine times out of a hundred nothing wrong is found, and he accepted that possibility."

93 EC

"Yes, I know Steven Piggott, a nice old bloke. I deliver his mail and pick it up."

"Did you pick up a letter yesterday?"

"No letters yesterday, only a package."

"Do you know where the package was going?"

"Funny that you should ask. I did notice. I used to work

in the South West district and that was where the package was going—150 Cadogan Street. Cadogan Street didn't go that high when I worked there, so I was wondering what rebuilding was going on there. Haven't been up there in years."

"Do you remember the name?"

"No, I just looked at the address."



CAST OF CHARACTERS

HOUSEHOLD

Sir Alfred Sipton, Murder victim (62)

Mrs. Cecilia Sipton, wife of Sir Alfred (26)

Agnes Thomson, sister of Sir Alfred (54)

Roger Thomson, son of Agnes Thomson and head of the Sipton Tea Co. (32)

Mrs. Prudence Thomson, wife of Roger (27)

Alfred Thomson, son of Roger & Prudence (6)

Roger Thomson II, son of Roger & Prudence (4)

Rufus Hofstadter, Sir Alfred's personal secretary (57)

STAFF

Bruce Nigel, Butler and head of staff (45)

Margaret Brissman, Cook (47)

Wanda Lewis, Upstairs maid (26)

Dotty Lewis, Upstairs maid (26)

Rodney Harrington, Coachman (29)

Jerome Strope, Gardener (33)

Annie Strope, Kitchen help (31)

Elaine Mondino, Agnes Thomson's maid (37)

Cynthia Deger, Scullery maid (16)

Mildred Dell-Olio, Governess (28)

CHARACTERS' ROOMS

GROUND FLOOR

3. Sir Alfred's Rooms
14. Mr. & Mrs. Thomson's Rooms
17. Thomson children's room
18. Hofstadter's office
19. Nigel's office
21. Sir Alfred's office
22. Sir Alfred's study
23. Blue Antechamber
24. Smoking Room

UPSTAIRS

5. Mrs. Sipton's Salon
6. Mrs. Sipton's Bedroom
10. Miss Dell-Olio's Room
11. Mr. & Mrs. Thomson's Room
12. The Thomsons' Antechamber
19. Mrs. Agnes Thomson's Room
20. Miss Mondino's Room

DOWNSTAIRS

27. Cynthia's Room
29. Wanda's Room
30. Dotty's Room

Bruce Nigel, butler and head of the Sipton house staff, greets us in the hall of the stately mansion. He is in his mid-forties tall and thin with light brown hair. Like many servants of the wealthy classes, he affects a condescending bourgeois manner.

"Mrs. Sipton has requested that I advise you concerning the members of the household and place myself at your service."

"Thank you."

"Would you like me to give you a description of the staff?"

"Please."

"I will start with myself. Bruce Nigel, age forty-five, in charge of the Sipton house staff for the past fifteen years. Before that I was Sir Alfred's personal valet. At that time it was a bachelor household which consisted of Sir Alfred, Margaret Brissman, who was then as she is now, the cook, and myself. Fifteen years ago Sr. Alfred was joined by his sister, Mr. Agnes Thomson, after her husband's death. Mr. Thomson had lost all of his money and had killed himself. Mrs. Thomson was obviously very distraught, and she became quite dependent upon her brother.

"We moved to larger quarters in Bloomsbury to accommodate our expanded household, which then included Mrs. Thomson, her son Roger, her maid Elaine Mondino and a young lad, Rodney Harrington. For the next ten years the household remained constant as Sir Alfred's business grew."

As he has been talking, Nigel has led us into the north antechamber where we are now sitting.

"Six year ago, when Sir Alfred married Mrs. Sipton, we moved into this mansion. Young Mr. Thomson, who had married the year before, was invited to bring his wife and infant son and come live at the mansion as well. About three years ago Mr. Hofstadter, Sir Alfred's personal secretary moved in. At that time Sir Alfred was recovering from a stroke, and was doing most of his work at home. Mr. Thomson, who had been working at Sipton Tea since graduating from Cambridge, moved up to the head office.

"That pretty much covers the members of the household. Oh, I forgot little Roger: he was born in the mansion four years ago. Any questions?"

"Are there any conflicts within the family?"

We can tell by the pained expression on Bruce Nigel's face that he finds this question of dubious taste.

"Mr. ..."

"Wiggins."

"Mr. Wiggins, I have been requested by my late employer's wife to talk to you and to answer your questions. I am doing so in the hope that you will find the truth in the matter of my employer's death. Sir Alfred was more than an employer to me, he was a man I admired and respected. My twenty years with him have given me the opportunity to gather a great many insights into his family. I did not violate his trust while he was alive, and I have no intention of doing so now that he is dead."

"Yes, of course. What can you tell us of the staff?"

"The Lewis sisters were hired when we moved into the mansion. They are good workers for the most part, but are not very serious young ladies. They spend most of their free nights in the music halls with young men whose intentions are quite obvious, far from honourable, and most likely successful.

"The Stropes came with the mansion. Mr. Strope was the gardener for the previous owner, and Sir Alfred kept him and his wife on. Good common stock, good workers both. They are in the south now, Dorset, and are not expected back until the end of next week.

"Miss Dell-Olio, the Thomson's governess, works directly for them, and as such is not answerable to me. She has been with us for six years and seems to be remarkable woman, intelligent, hard-working and of the highest moral character.

"I believe that covers everyone. Oh, Cynthia, the scullery maid. She has only been with us a month or so. We often take in girls from the Salvation Army for short periods, and she is one. She is a little slow, not too bright."

"You mentioned a Margaret Brissman?" asks Wiggins as he looks at his notebook.

"Yes, the cook. She is a dear woman and was very devoted to Sir Alfred."

"And Rodney ..."

"Rodney Harrington, who is now the coachman, has been with us since he was a boy of fifteen. He was in some ways like the son Sir Alfred never had. Sir Alfred has done a lot for him and was very fond of him."

"Could you tell us where we could find these people?"

"Yes. Margaret is in the kitchen (D-2). Rodney is in the blacksmith shop (G-52). I am sure you will find Wanda and Dotty in their room (D-27). Miss Dell-Olio should be in the children's nursery (G-17). No telling where Cynthia is, Margaret should know.

"Mrs. Agnes Thomson should be in her room (U-1), but I think the doctor asked that she not be disturbed. She has taken her brother's death very hard. Roger and Prudence Thomson can be found in their salon (G-14). Mrs. Sipton should be in her room (U-6). Mr. Hofstadter should be in his office (G-18). Did I miss anyone?"

"Miss Mondino?"

"She should be in Mrs. Agnes Thomson's room. Now if that is all, I do have things to do."

"Just a question or two, Mr. Nigel, if you don't mind?" We can tell that Nigel does mind.

"What do you want to know?"

"Where were you last night at the time of the murder?"

"I was at my educational class. I go every Friday. A man should always make an effort to improve himself, and I have always made that effort."

"What time did you get back to the mansion?"

"At ten-thirty."

"Do you have any idea who murdered Sir Alfred?"

"I have no reason to doubt the logic of the police. The evidence seems to indicate it was Stillwater."

"What do you know of Stillwater?"

"Not much. He has been to dinner here a number of times over the last six months with Sir Alfred and Mrs. Sipton. He seems to be a very good friend of Mrs. Sipton."

"Do you have any knowledge of anyone else's movements last night?"

"No. I now must get back to my duties. Good day."
"Oh, Mr. Nigel. Could you give me the name of the school you attended last night?"
"London School of Business, 49 Belvedere Road." Nigel turns and leaves the room.

MANSION ROOM CLUES

GROUND

G-14

Roger Thomson stands in front of the fireplace while his wife Prudence sits in a chair to his left. We are all seated, with the exception of Wiggins who likes to maintain level eyesight with the person he is interviewing.

"Cecilia asked us to talk to you, so we will, but I would appreciate it if you would be brief," says Roger Thomson.

"Yes, sir. What can you tell us about last night's events?"

"Nothing I am sure you don't already know. Last evening I was at my club, the Bagatelle, playing cards as I do every Friday. I arrived home at around ten to discover that my uncle had been murdered. I only know the details from talking to the police, and I am sure you have done that."

"Yes. Mrs. Thomson, could you please tell us what you know?"

"Really, Roger, I don't see why we have to be put through this. It was—"

"Prudence, just answer the man's questions so we can get this over with."

"I have told all of this to the police. Just because Cecilia—"

"Prudence! Please!"

"What do you want to know?"

"Do you have any idea who might have murdered Sir Alfred?"

"Yes, Donald Stillwater! The police found him standing over the body with a knife in his hand. My God, Roger, just because that little—"

"Prudence! Just answer his questions."

"Did you see or hear anything out of the ordinary last night?" asks Wiggins.

"Yes."

"What?"

"Uncle Alfred was murdered. That is out of the ordinary."

"Yes, of course, but you saw or heard nothing out of the ordinary before the murder?"

"No."

"Where were you at the time of the murder?"

"Roger, this is too much! I will not stand for it!" Mrs. Thomson rises out of her chair and turns her full attention to Wiggins. Her husband sighs with resignation and makes no effort to interrupt or stop his wife.

"I will tell you this once, and then I am leaving. I was in my room when Uncle Alfred was murdered. I heard nothing and I saw nothing. You tell Cecilia to face the fact that it was her friend that killed her husband and that everybody knows why. I consider it insulting that she brings in outsiders to poke into our lives. If you want to find out the reason Alfred was murdered, then you look to her. I think she was in on it, that Alfred knew and—"

"Prudence!"

"Shut up, Roger! Alfred knew about her and her churchmouse boy friend. I don't mean boy friend, I mean lover. Alfred's body may have been failing, but not his mind. Mark my word, he knew and was going to cut her out of his will, sending her back to the East End where she belongs. She's a tart and no matter how much money she has, she always will be. My husband works day and night in the business, and he hasn't done it to put money into that tart's pocket so she and her lover can live on his labour. Now that Alfred is dead I see no reason to stay under the same... Oh, get out of here and leave us alone!"

With this she storms out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Her husband reaches into his pocket and removes a cigarette case from which he removes a cigarette which he lights.

"I am sorry that my wife blew up, but I must say that I agree with her about the fact that we have told all we know, and I see no reason to say it again. I think my wife needs me now. So if you will excuse me."

With that statement Mr. Thomson also exits the room, but without slamming the door.

G-17

We find Miss Dell-Olio in the nursery with the two Thomson boys, Alfred and Roger. Miss Dell-Olio is seated in front of the French windows with a book resting on her lap, *The Ring and the Book* by Robert Browning. Her eyes are not fixed on the book or the children, but the ceiling. As we enter, she takes no notice of us, nor do the children, who are busy at play with their blocks, one stacking them up, while the other knocks them down. They both seem happy with this arrangement.

"Miss Dell-Olio, could we have a word with you?" Wiggins' question causes Miss Dell-Olio to sit up with a startled look on her face; the children still take no notice of us.

"Oh, I am sorry, I didn't hear you come in. May I help you?"

"Mrs. Sipton has asked us to look into the death of her husband. May we ask you a few questions?"

Alfred now looks up for the first time and gives us his full attention. His brother takes this opportunity to build their construction higher now that Alfred has stopped his destruction.

"Yes, of course."

"Did you see or hear anything last evening that might throw some light on the night's events?"

"No, not that I can think of. I put the children to bed at eight-thirty and then went to my room. I was in bed reading when I heard all the commotion. I went downstairs and was told what happened. I then went and checked on the children to make sure they were alright. Alfred was still awake and wanted to know what happened. His mother came in and told him, and we stayed with them until he fell asleep."

Alfred has now walked over to Miss Dell-Olio and climbs onto her lap.

"Did you know Great Uncle?" asks Alfred.

"No, we didn't."

"He went on a trip. A trip to heaven because he was old."

"Now, Alfred, go play with your brother." Miss Dell-Olio lifts Alfred off her lap. He now goes to Wiggins.

"Are you old?" asks Alfred of Wiggins.

"Not too old. Did you hear or see anything last night?"

"I heard God call Great Uncle."

"Alfred, don't say things like that," says Miss Dell-Olio.

"It's true, papa told me so."

"When?"

"This morning."

"What did you hear?"

"Last night I heard someone shout. It scared me; then papa came in and gave me a kiss and told me to go to sleep. Said that I was dreaming. I told him you can't dream when you're awake. After papa left, nanny came in and said you can dream when you're awake, and those are nice dreams, but I didn't think it was nice. This morning when I went to watch papa shave, he said maybe I heard God call Great Uncle."

"Children have such imaginations. Now go play, Alfred."

"Did you see Mr. Thomson last night?" asks Wiggins.

"No, he was out last night. Oh, he did look in on the children around ten-thirty and asked if they were alright; they were asleep. I stayed in their room the rest of the night in case they woke up."

Alfred is now back with his brother who has created a three foot structure out of their blocks. Alfred knocks it down on top of Roger, causing Roger to burst into tears. Miss Dell-Olio jumps up and runs to Roger's aid as we bid farewell.

G-18

"I am, was, Sir Alfred's private secretary and had been for over twenty years. He was a hard man, but he was fair, and he understood and rewarded my dedication to Sipton Tea & Spice. Even when I knew that Sir Alfred was dying I could not believe that there would not be a Sipton to serve. Mr. Thomson is a good man, but is not a Sipton."

"Do you know why anyone would want to kill Sir Alfred?"

"Ha, ha, ha. I am sorry, but as I said, I was with Sir Alfred for more than twenty years. In fifteen years he took a single grocery store with a hundred pounds capital and created an empire. You don't do that without creating a great deal of enmity. But he was a sick old man. I don't know why anyone would kill a dying man."

"Is there anything you can tell us that might shed light on this affair?"

"I don't know what. My duties have been rather light since Mr. Thomson has taken over the running of the firm, or rather, since Sir Alfred finally loosened his reins on the company. During the past few months, as Sir Alfred's health has grown steadily worse, my tasks have consisted primarily of writing his letters and assisting him in putting his affairs in order. I am one of the few people who can read his writing since his stroke, so he depends on me a great deal.

"Sir Alfred was never satisfied; you think every thing was taken care of, then all of a sudden he was back working on it. Mr. Thomson, from my position, has been doing a very good job running the firm, and Sir Alfred thought so too, but the more his health deterioriated, the more concerned he would become. Instead of trying to enjoy the little time left to him, he would just work harder. It was like he wanted to leave everything in perfect shape, and of course you can't. But his whole life revolved around work — work in his business, work in his charities. Yesterday was a perfect example."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he'd been going over the company books this past week, checking my work, checking everybody's work. Wanted me to go down to the office and get some papers and invoices. I have no idea why. Something upset him."

"What?"

"I have no idea. He never told me why I was to do things, only what to do. He had me make an appointment with his solicitor, William Morris, for this morning."

"And you don't know why?"

"No, I don't, although Morris was to bring Sir Alfred's will with him."

"Do you know why the police were called?"

"No, that was a complete surprise to me."

"Where were you last evening?"

"I was having dinner with friends at the Carleton. I got back to the mansion at a little before eleven. My first night out in weeks."

"Was Sir Alfred in the habit of working late in his study?"

"Every night, six days a week. Sunday he spent visiting the various charitable enterprises in which he had an interest. All in all, he was a good man. This was not the ending his life deserved."

G-21

We enter Sir Alfred's office through the door from his study. To the right is a large wooden desk that faces outward into the room. There is no chair behind it but plenty of space for his wheelchair. The wall to the left of the door is lined with file cabinets. The wall across from us is lined with books. Above the fireplace hangs a large painting of a clipper ship.

As we move into the room, we see that several of the file cabinet drawers are open, and some of the files are strewn about on the floor and on top of the cabinets. The desk also looks as if it has been rifled. Wiggins moves over to the desk and begins looking through the papers and books.

"A couple of things look to be of interest," he says. "Look at his appointment book - the page for yesterday has been torn out. The only appointment down for today is for ten and the name looks like ... God, this is terrible handwriting... looks like it says Morris."

Wiggins now begins a search of the desk drawers. "Here's something interesting, a receipt from Moser's Detective Agency, dated eight months ago. I wonder what our friend Matt found out. Doesn't look like anything else of interest. Wait, here's a letter addressed to Mrs. Sipton with a return address of Donald Stillwater, Dover Rooms, 11 Union Road, London." Wiggins opens the letter and begins reading.

"It's just a short note." Wiggins shows it to us.

Dearest Cissy,

Just a note to tell you that things are going well for me. I hope I will see you the next time you visit your parents. I plan to have dinner with them next Sunday. Hope I can see you then.

Yours with affection,
Donald

"Doesn't say much one way or the other, does it? Anything else?"

"Where does that door lead to?"

"To the children's room. Is it locked?"

"No."

"Well, put everything back and we'll leave."

G-22

We enter the scene of the crime, Sipton's study, from the Blue Antechamber. As we enter the room we examine the door between the study and the Blue Ante Chamber which was broken into by the police. It had been locked by a brass slide lock. The force the two constables applied had pulled the brass loop out by its screws.

To our left we see a large fireplace in front of which is a wheelchair. On the floor in front of the wheelchair we see the all-too-familiar chalk outline of the human form which tells us the location of Sir Alfred's penultimate resting place.

On the wall across from the fireplace hangs the infamous knife collection, consisting of over fifty knives of every style and period. The empty silver and jewelled scabbard of Persian origin indicates the source of the murder weapon that ended up in Sir Alfred's chest. It is positioned about five feet from the floor in the centre of the collection.

We now turn our attention to the two French windows that open out onto the veranda. One is locked form the inside while the other has a broken pane of glass at the level of the door handle. There are bits of broken glass on the floor.

There are two other doors in the study. The one that leads into the Great Drawing Room is locked from the study side. The other, leading into Sipton's office, is unlocked and ajar.

G-52

We find Rodney in the blacksmith shop working at the anvil, pounding on a red-hot horseshoe. He is a handsome young man, and we can see that his present occupation has given him a muscular and well-built body.

"Excuse me, could we have a word with you?" shouts Wiggins so that he can be heard over the hammering.

"What is it?" responds Harrington as he shoves the red hot shoe into a tub of water.

"We were wondering if we could talk to you about Sir Alfred's murder?"

"Are you the blokes Mrs. Sipton said would be around?" Harrington removes a large handkerchief from his back pocket and wipes the perspiration from his forehead.

"Yes, We were—"

"I know the questions, the police have made me go over everything three times. Where was I last night? Right? I see you got your notebook out so take it down. At a quarter past

seven last evening I brought the brougham around to take Mrs. Sipton and Mrs. Thomson to St. James Hall. I got them there at around seven thirty, but only Mrs. Sipton got out. She said that Mrs. Thomson wasn't feeling well and that I was to take her back to the mansion. I was doing so when Mrs. Thomson signalled me and told me to take her to Romano's, which I did. Arrived there at a quarter to eight. She told me to wait for her. She was back in about fifteen minutes and she she wanted to go back to the mansion. We arrived there at eight-thirty. I dropped her off and went to Serjeants' Inn to get a pint while I waited until it was time to pick up Mrs. Sipton at ten. I got to Serjeants' at nine and had a drink. At nine-thirty I left and was about to drive away when I noticed that one of the shaft-tugs had broken. It took me about twenty minutes to repair it so I didn't pick Mrs. Sipton up until about quarter past ten. That got us back to the mansion at around ten-thirty. The police were here and I spent the next two hours answering their questions."

"Thank you, Mr. Harrington."

"Call me Harry." Harry removes the horseshoe from the water and places it back into the fire. "If that's all you want, I've work to do."

"Just one or two questions, Harry. Do you know why Mrs. Thomson wanted to stop at Romano's?"

"No, I would guess to meet someone. She goes there quite often."

"Do you know whom she might have been meeting?"

"What does this have to do with the old man's death?"

"Maybe nothing, but we won't know that until we check it out. Look, Harry, Mrs. Sipton has requested our help. She doesn't think Stillwater killed Sir Alfred. You do want us to find the murderer, don't you?"

"Of course. The old man was always good to me and it's because of him that I don't want to talk about his sister, but I do want to help. The old man was very protective of her. She was a beautiful woman when she was younger; she's still a good looking old lady, but she's running after her youth. She, uh, she likes young men—there's no other way of saying it. The old man wanted me to keep an eye on her and make sure she didn't get hurt or become too public about her affairs. They were harmless flings, just an aging woman's fantasies. If she could attract young men, then she was young, but it was the Sipton money that attracted most of them.

"Every now and then, the old man would have me go and talk to them when it got too serious. Sometimes I would have to buy them off, other times just a frank talk would do it. It was for her own good."

"Do you know who she is seeing now?"

"Yes, a bloke by the name of Andre Landau. She's had dinner with Andre almost every night for the past month."

"What do you know about him?"

"He lives off lonely women. Not much more to know than that."

"Have you had a talk with him?"

"Yes. The old man told me to tell him that Mrs. Thomson had no money of her own, and that he could forget any idea that he would profit from their affair."

"What was his response?"

"Assured me that the thought never crossed his mind. That he truly loved her. Andre could sure talk, I almost believed him."

"Can you think of anyone who might have wanted to kill Sir Alfred?"

"No. Not a soul. If I had even a remote idea I would tell you." He removes the shoe from the fire. It is again red-hot, and he resumes his hammering.

UPSTAIRS

U-6

"I am so glad that you are looking into this," says Mrs. Sipton. We have found her in her salon, resting on a divan.

"have you found out anything that may help Donald?"

"We're still gathering information. Could I ask you a delicate questions, Mrs. Sipton?"

"If it will help, yes."

"Was there anything romantic between Donald and yourself?"

"Romantic! Of course not! He's like a brother to me. How could you even think such a thing?"

"Did Donald ever write you any letters?"

"Yes. Alfred has seen those letters and they are completely innocent. I am fond of Donald and he is very important to me, but Alfred was my husband and I loved him and was a good wife."

"I'm sorry. You must understand, for us to help, we must know the truth. If Donald didn't kill your husband, do you have any idea who did?"

"As I told you earlier, I have no idea who would want to. Alfred was a hard man, but fair. Who would want to deprive him of his last few days?" Tears have come to Mrs. Sipton's eyes.

"We'll leave you now. Don't worry, we will clear this up."

U-19

We tap quietly on the door to Mrs. Agnes Thomson's room. It soon opens half-way and we are greeted by a stout, dark-haired woman. From the room we can hear the sounds of a woman sobbing.

"Mrs. Thomson?"

"No, I'm Miss Mondino," she whispers as she moves out into the hall, closing the door behind her. "Mrs. Thomson can't see anyone at the present time, Doctor Agar's orders."

"Do you know what time Mrs. Thomson got in last night?"

"Between eight-thirty and nine. She was to go to the opera with Mrs. Sipton, but on the way there she started to feel ill and returned. She was in bed by a quarter past nine. I was with her at nine-thirty when the commotion was heard from downstairs. I went to see what the cause was, and it was I who told her of her brother's death. She took it quite hard; she was very close to her brother. I called Dr. Agar, and he came over and gave her a sedative.

"She hasn't been out of her room since nine o'clock last evening and I have been with her the whole time. I assume those are the questions you want answered; now I must get back to my mistress."

With that she re-enters Mrs. Thomson's room and gently closes the door on us and Mrs. Thomson's sobs.

DOWNSTAIRS

D-2

Margaret Brissman is found in the kitchen working at one of the large tables. She is being helped by a young woman, who we assume is Cynthia Deger. Margaret is a large woman with salt and pepper hair and a large, smiling face that is covered with freckles.

"Miss Brissman? Miss Deger?" inquires Wiggins.

"Margaret, dearie, just Margaret. This is Cynthia. Say hello, child." Cynthia pays no attention to Margaret's lesson in social intercourse; she just puts more energy into chopping the carrots that she has been working on. "You'll to forgive the child. She doesn't say much, but she tries."

"We would like to ask you some questions about Sir Alfred's murder."

"Love of duck, how many times must I tell everyone that I don't know anything? Me and the girl worked down here until nine and then both of us went to my rooms, and I tried to show her how to sew.

"I didn't know anything was wrong until the constable came and got me around ten-thirty. I don't know who would want to do such a thing."

"Now Dotty, that's not true. You're just jealous that Harry doesn't pay more attention to you. It's just his job to take Mrs. Thomson around."

"Oh, Wanda, at any hour of the day or night? Something's got to be going on, and you know it."

"I know no such thing."

"You do!"

"I don't!"

We are talking to the Lewis sisters, or, more correctly, we are listening to them. Every question starts an argument between them.

"Ladies, ladies!" cries Wiggins in frustration. "Just answer the questions."

"Yes, Wanda, just answer the questions."

"Me! You're the one who keeps talking nonsense!"

"Me!"

"Yes, you!"

"Where were you last night?" asks Wiggins, once again trying to get them back on track.

"We were at the White Eagle." The both seem to agree on this one since they answer in unison.

"What time did you get back?"

"Eleven-thirty."

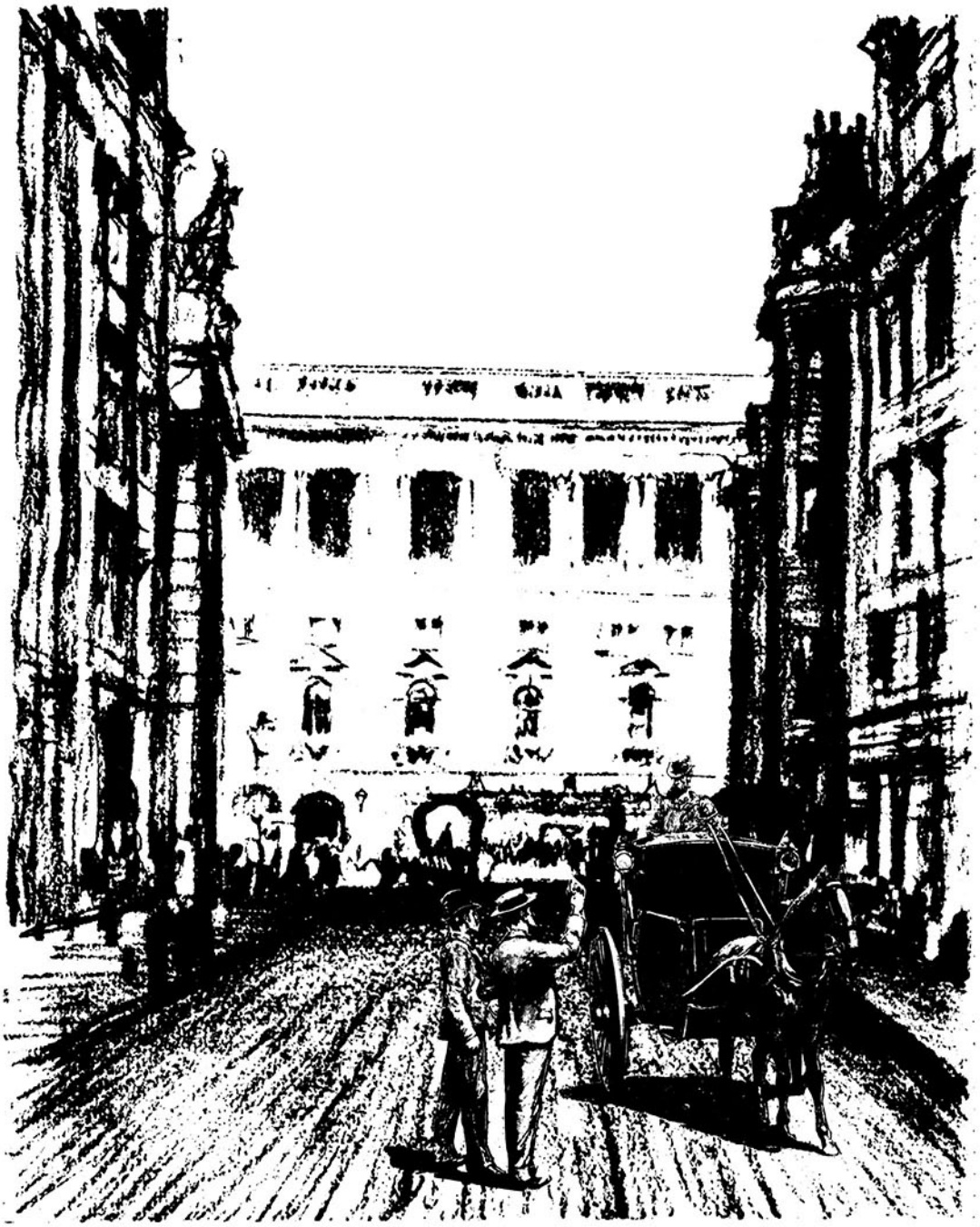
"Was not! It was twelve-thirty. I remember—"

"I don't care what you remember—"

"Thank you ladies," says Wiggins as he virtually runs from the room.



Case 12
The Tale of the Twisted Trail
Monday, 15 April, 1889



Gaiety Theater

AREA SE

3 SE

"Yeah, there was a young woman in here earlier, much to my bad luck."

"How's that?"

"This young beauty came in earlier today and rented a room for her brother, Macaulay Treyer. She said he was a seaman and would be in later. Well, he showed up a little while ago, took the key to his room and went upstairs. Something funny about that lad, had very small hands for a sailor, kept his head down. Wouldn't look me in the eyes, don't trust people who don't look you in the eyes.

"He wasn't up the stairs two minutes, when another sailor came in and requested a room. A tall man with very sharp features. *He* looked like an old salt. He also looked you in the eyes. He wanted a room right across the way from Treyer—gave me three shillings—I gave him the room."

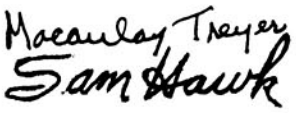
"Sounds like you've had a busy night."

"You haven't heard the worst. A few minutes after the second sailor went up, in comes a Turk, funny hat and all. Big man, scar over his left eye. He looks at me and asks for Treyer. I say "Room 7 at the top of the stairs and to the right,' and up he goes. I settle down in my chair to take a little nap, when all of a sudden I hear three shots. I jump up and start to head for the stairs, and I hear running footsteps towards the back door. I think, if there are shots, then there is someone shooting. Now I don't want to get shot at, so I turn around, go into the street and shout for a bobby. They're paid to be shot at.

"The constable came and went upstairs. The big Turk's lying there dead; three shots in the heart. The two sailors are gone without a trace."

"Do you know the other sailor's name?"

"Only what he put down in the book." He shows us the register:



"The police are upstairs now."

We go up the dimly lit stairs, turn right and come upon Room 7. In the centre of the small room lies the body of a large man, his chest covered with blood; he is quite dead. A constable is bending over the body. The sound of our footsteps causes him to look up. It is our old friend, Constable Shook.

"Wiggins, what are you doing here?" asks Shook.

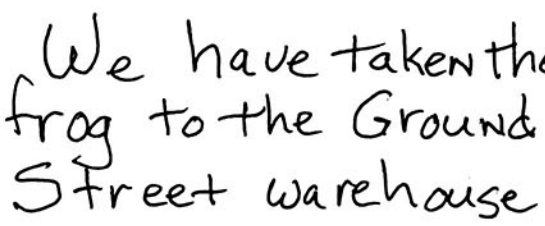
"We were here looking for somebody when we heard of the murder. Do you know who he is?"

"His passport says Abdullah Al-Saud."

"Anything else on the body?"

"Two knives, one in his hand and one in his boot. A few pounds in cash, that's about all. Wait, here's a note." The constable removes a piece of paper from the inside pocket of Al-Saud's coat. "Can't make it out, can you?"

He hands the note to Wiggins.



As Wiggins is handing the note back to the constable we hear the familiar voice of Inspector Lestrade. "Wiggins, what the hell are you doing here?"

"Good evening, Inspector. We were just passing and heard all the commotion and thought we would check it out."

"Right, and my mother is the Duchess of Windsor! Do you know him?"

"No."

"Did you see anything?"

"No."

"Do you know anything?"

"No."

"Then get the hell out of here. This isn't a circus sideshow. I may want to talk to you later; I smell Holmes's hand in this."

6 SE

"We are to pick up any mail for Miss Engels or Mrs. Swellverly at the Metropole Hotel and take it to The Borough Boardinghouse at 86 Southwark Street. In fact, she was here just a little while ago. She wanted to know if we had any messages for her, which we hadn't, and she gave us a letter to deliver to Abdullah Al-Saud, 19 Orsett Street."

19 SE

At the home of Abdullah Al-Saud, his Moslem servant tells us that he is not at home.

"Can you tell us when he is expected?"

"Alas, my master does not confide in this poor and humble servant. It may be that he is out only for the evening or he may be gone for some time. It is as my master and Allah will it."

38 SE

We see a crowd of people and much commotion in the the street.

39 SE

We come upon a hectic and confusing scene in this dingy warehouse district. The constable who has arrived only seconds before us is struggling to keep the gathering crowd away from the two men lying in puddles of blood in the street, apparently quite dead.

"Most excitin' thing I ever seen!" exclaims a youth nearby.

"What happened, lad?"

"These three blokes come walkin' out of the warehouse there. As soon as they're out the door, three other blokes jump out of a wagon and shout somethin' that sounded like 'the boss eats hay.' The man in the middle of the group comin' out of the building broke into a run and jumped into the wagon as the wagon blokes started shootin' and killed those two. Then the strangest part of all—right before they drove off across Blackfriars they threw something at the bodies that looked like a small pouch of some sort. The copper's got it now."

40 SE

"Yes, our passenger list for the Le Havre ferry includes the name of a Robert Lavoisier. He arrived yesterday, and we sent his bags to the Piccadilly Hotel."

53 SE

"It is true that a pouch containing thirty Roman coins was thrown at the bodies by the perpetrators of the Ground Street murders. We are making no further comment at this time."

86 SE

"Yes, that description fits Miss Engels. She let a room from me yesterday, the one at the top of the stairs."

"Is she in now?"

"I'm not sure. I haven't seen her come in or out."

"May we go up and see if she's in? We're friends."

"Alright, I'll take you up."

"No, we don't want to trouble you. We can find our way."

"Okay, love, let me know if you need anything."

"Thanks."

Wiggins takes the lead up the stairs to the room let by Miss Engels. We knock, but get no response. Wiggins takes a small tool from his pocket and inserts it into the lock; a few twists and the door opens.

"You're getting good at this, Wiggins."

"Shh, get in here."

We all enter the room to have a look around. The room is furnished with a large bed, dresser, wardrobe and a small desk. On the bed we find the pale yellow dress that Scarlet Swellverly was wearing earlier in the day at Baker Street. Next to it is a small suitcase, empty with the exception of a few lace unmentionables and a wooden case. Wiggins opens the wooden case to find a chrome-plated revolver, one of a pair, the other of which is not in its place.

A check of the wardrobe reveals it to be empty. The same is true of the dresser. On the desk we find a travelling secretary, a small wooden writing desk used by travellers for carrying stationery and writing instruments. The main compartment is locked. Wiggins again puts his handy tool to work and easily springs it open. He starts going through the papers he finds inside.

"Take a look at these letters. What do you make of them?" asks Wiggins as he hands them to us. The first was posted in Cairo on 30 March, 1889. The second was sent from London on 10 April, less than a week ago.

Royal Cairo Hotel

Dearest Winnie,

I must leave on the Eastern Empress for London today. Could not wait for your return. Al-Saud has been trailing me since Thursday. I don't like the set-up. We have a better offer from London, and I think it is safer that we travel separately.

Take the next ship to London. Register under the name of Scarlet Swellverly at the Metropole. I will contact you there.

Take care of yourself,

Love,

Akram

Dearest Winnie,

I am starting this letter on the voyage to London and will post it when I arrive. I cannot let the bird out of my sight as Al-Saud follows me every moment. I even sleep with it, but I do not sleep much.

I guess you are wondering what happened. While you were in Alexandria I was approached by an Englishman who knew about the bird. He told me that certain people would pay 20,000 English pounds for the bird if I would deliver it to London. Since the deal with Demetrius was not working out, and Al-Saud was on our trail, it was an offer I could not turn down.

The Englishman let it slip that they had a buyer in France, and that I could take it to Paris if that was preferable. When he told me the Paris contact was Lavoisier, I told him it was out of the the question, that I would take it to London. Giraud must have his hand in this. I will sleep much better when we are rid of this accursed black bird.

Tony is on the ship with me. I think it is the only thing that stops Al-Saud from killing me. Tony cannot leave the women alone. There is only one on the ship but that one has caused him to get a black eye.

Last night one of the passengers was murdered, not because of the bird but because of some mummy. I will be glad when this voyage is over.

At last we are in London. I have cabled Treyer concerning my arrival, and we are to meet this afternoon. I will be staying at my place at 37 Bloomsbury Way. I want you to go to the Metropole until it is safe for us to meet.

Love,

Akram

AREA SW

2 SW

"The Swellverlys and Lavoisiers of Savannah, Georgia? Really, Wiggins," signs a rather bored Langdale Pike, "I have a difficult enough time keeping up with London society and those who pretend to London Society, never mind American Society. Hmmm ... come to think it ... is there an American Society to keep up with?"

5 SW

"Why, Wiggins, you must tell me what is so special about this book. A big blond Irishman just left with your *Treasures of the Conquerors*. I must admit he didn't seem to be the literary sort. I must have betrayed these thoughts, because he mumbled something about his boss wanting the book."

"Lomax, if he checked the book out, he must have signed for it. What's his name?"

"Let's see, Mike O'Flaherty, it says here."

"Well, since the book is gone, maybe you can help us, Lomax."

"I might be able to, but why don't you pay a visit to old Armstead himself? I'm sure he could supply you with much more information than I could."

"That's a good idea. Thanks."

13 SW

Inspector Lestrade is out investigating a murder.

59 SW

We are shown into the office of the French Cultural Attache.

"What can I do for you?"

"Well, this may sound strange, but we have the names of a couple of people who we think may be French. It's a long shot, but perhaps you have heard of them?"

"There are a lot of Frenchmen."

"Yes, but we are interested only in one named Giraud and another named Robert Lavoisier."

At the mention of these names our smiling host sits up in his chair while the smile vanishes from his face. "Those are names well known in France, both in the underworld and in the political world. I would not like to say more, but my friends, you are playing with fire and I would be careful if I were you. Now if you will excuse me."

88 SW

"Well, that's a very interesting story, but there is no truth in it," remarks Lester Fribourg after hearing Wiggins' account of Mrs. Swellverly's tale of the tobacco swindle. "It's true that Macaulay does some of the buying, but only from the Middle East—Turkey and Egypt mainly. I do all the buying from the United States but deal only with Morris & Morris of Richmond, Virginia.

"I'll tell you one thing, nobody would do business in the way you described. I have been doing business with Morris & Morris for close to twenty years, but they never ship without a Letter of Credit from my bank to theirs. It wouldn't be good business practice, but I guess that's what your Mr. La.., what was his name?"

"Lavoisier."

"Yes, Lavoisier. I guess that's what Mr. Lavoisier found out."

"Is there any chance that your partner would do something like this on his own?"

"Always a chance, I guess, but I wouldn't think so. Treyer is more like a silent partner. I handle the day to day operations of the business; Treyer raises capital when we need it and, like I said, handles the imports from the Middle East, which account for about twenty percent of our imports."

"Is Mr. Treyer in now? We would like to talk to him."

"No. His office is in the city, 67 Upper Thames Street, Mid-East Trading Co."

"What can you tell us about Mr. Treyer?"

"You mean personally? Nothing. Our only contact is through this business. I don't even know if he's married or not. Asked him one time and he didn't answer me. Strange man, but works well as a partner."

"How long have you been partners?"

"Five years or so. I was expanding the company and needed capital; he heard about it and came to see me. He came up with the capital, and we have been partners ever since. Worked out fine for me. Well, I must get back to work."

AREA NW

18 NW

"I was told to give you this," says Parsons as we enter his shop. He hands us a box which contains a small hand-carved wooden bird painted black. In its beak is a rolled up paper, which, when unrolled, reads:

Giraud and Moriarty
Answer to no others.
Lavoisier and Treyer
Act as their brothers.
Misfortune to those
Who answer to another.

26 NW

"Yes, we have a Robert Lavoisier registered here," responds the desk clerk to our question.

"Is he in?" asks Wiggins.

"No," answers the clerk as he looks over the room keys hanging on their hooks. "It's very strange."

"What's that?"

"Right after I came on duty last night, a large man, a Turk, asked for Lavoisier. Lavoisier had a reservation, so we were expecting him, but he had not yet arrived. The Turk told me he would wait for Lavoisier in the bar and asked me to inform Lavoisier of this when he arrived.

"Monsieur Lavoisier appeared within an hour of the Turk's arrival. After he signed in and paid for a week's stay, he asked me to change some francs into pounds, which I did, a normal service of the hotel. I then told him that someone was waiting for him in the bar. He went into the bar and stayed there for about half an hour. Minutes before Lavoisier came out of the bar, a letter was delivered for him.

"I gave the letter to Monsieur Lavoisier and he read it immediately. He said, more to himself that to me, 'I thought he was to meet me here. Oh, well.' He then asked how he could get to Charles Street. I told him and he left. That's the last I saw him. His luggage arrived and was put in his room, but he has not returned. Very strange."

"Do you know who the Turk was?"

"No, no idea. He was a big ugly man with a scar over his left eye. He had a Vandyke beard and wore a fez. Quite a sight."

"Did anyone else talk to Lavoisier?"

"No, but you might talk to Jack, the bartender."

We enter the Piccadilly bar through the lobby door. Jack is busy shining an already sparkling bar, but we can see that there are not many customers to occupy his attention. We order a pint of ale and engage Jack in conversation.

"Yeah, I remember the Frenchman."

"Well, he's really an American," says Wiggins.

"Na, he was a frog. He accent was so thick you could cut it with a knife. When he and the A-rab were arguing, they were speaking French. No, I'm sure he was French."

"You're sure it was Lavoisier?"

"Yes! Look, he signed his bar bill, Robert Lavoisier, Room 234."

"What were Lavoisier and the Arab arguing about?"

"I don't know. I don't understand French. All I know is that the A-rab came in, sat down at that table over there, ordered a vodka and just sat there. After about a half-hour, Lavoisier came in. the A-rab waved him over to the table. They talked, the talk turned into an argument and the A-rab stormed out the door. Lavoisier ordered a brandy, drank it and left. That's all that happened."

"Thanks, Jack," we say, leaving a generous tip on the polished bar.

"Anytime."

We follow Wiggins back into the lobby. He suggests that we take a look upstairs and make sure that Lavoisier has not been to his room. We make our way up the stairs and to the door of room 234. Wiggins tries the knob, but the room is locked. As we watch the corridor for unwelcome visitors, Wiggins removes a long, thin metal hook from his coat pocket and inserts it into the keyhole. A few twists and turns and the door comes open.

We all slide into the room and close the door behind us. The light from the window allows us to see that the room has not been used recently. Inside the door are two suitcases, one large, one small. Wiggins bends down and opens the larger case and quickly goes through it. "Nothing but clothes," he informs us.

Wiggins closes the larger case and opens the smaller one. It contains a book and a revolver. Wiggins lifts the book from the case. "The title of the book is *Treasures of the Conquerors* by General Farnsworth Armstead," says Wiggins as he opens the book. "There's a bookmark here. The page shows a drawing of a bird, a statue. It's labeled 'Maltese Falcon.' The caption reads 'A solid gold falcon inlaid with jewels of the highest value.'

"There is also a letter," Wiggins shows it to us.

Robert,
Regards la statue et fais comparison avec celle dans ton livre. Si elle parait d'acord ailes le monie transferee.
Giraud

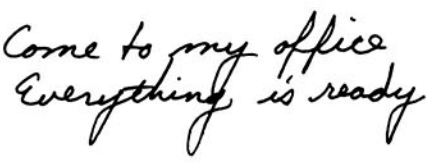
"We should leave." Wiggins replaces the book and letter in the suitcase and leads us out of the room. As we are making our way down the stairs we hear the desk clerk call out to us.

"Hey, wait!" he cries.

Not sure if our little breaking and entering has been found out, we move hesitantly towards the desk.

"I forgot to tell you something that might be of interest to you. Minutes after Lavoisier left another man showed up looking for him. He seemed annoyed that he had gone out. He waited for about thirty minutes, pacing up and down in the lobby and then left. Before leaving he gave me his card to give to Lavoisier. Here it is."

Printed on one side is: Macaulay Treyer, nothing more. On the other side is written:



We return the card to the desk clerk and thank him.

"Let me know what happened to Lavoisier; I'm curious," says the desk clerk as we leave.

27 NW

An elderly man admits us to the large house. His white hair and weathered face contrast gently with his slim and athletic build, perhaps the legacy of a military life. He leaves us in the foyer while he announces us to the General.

The foyer where we are left houses some of the General's art collection. On one pedestal is an alabaster vase. A card states that it once belonged to Alexander the Great, given to him in tribute by an Egyptian prince. In a glass-enclosed niche is a jade necklace once owned by Augustus Caesar's wife Livia. In all there must be at least fifteen such objects in the foyer.

General Farnsworth Armstead receives us in his study, the walls of which are covered with arms from the world over and from all eras. The suits of armour which line the wall stand in stark contrast to the frail old man who sits before us.

"Yes, Mr. Wiggins, what can I do for you?"
the General asks in a surprisingly strong voice.

"General, we've seen your book, *Treasurers of the Conquerors*, and we were wondering if you could tell us anything more about the statue of a bird referred to as the Maltese Falcon. Do you know its history and what has become of it?"

"Ah, yes, the Falcon. What I would give to get a glimpse of it. So you are interested in the history of the Bird, are you?

"What do you know about the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, later called the Knights of Rhodes and other things?"

We all feel a bit like pupils being quizzed by the teacher as Wiggins answers a bit hesitantly, "Not much — Crusaders or something, I think."

"Very good. Now you don't remember that Suleiman the Magnificent chased them out of Rhodes in 1523? Well, he did, and they settled in Crete. And they stayed there for seven years, until 1530 when they persuaded the Emperor Charles V to give them Malta, Gozo, and Tripoli—but with these conditions: they were to pay the Emporer each year the tribute of one falcon in acknowledgement that Malta was still under Spain, and if they ever left the island it was to revert to Spain. Understand? He was giving it to them, but not unless they used it, and they couldn't give or sell it to anybody else."

The old general has warmed to his subject and his eyes gleam brightly. "Have you any conception of the extreme, the immeasurable, wealth of the Order at that time?"

"If I remember," Wiggins says, "they were pretty well fixed."

The general smiles indulgently. "They were rolling in wealth. You've no idea. None of us has any idea. For years they had preyed on the Saracens, had taken nobody knows what spoils of gems, precious metals, silks, ivories—the cream of the cream of the East. That is history, sir. We all know that the Holy Wars to them, as to the Templars, were largely a matter of loot. Well, now, the Emperor Charles has given them Malta, and all the rent he asks is one insignificant bird per annum, just as a matter of form. What could be more natural than for some way of expressing their gratitude? Well, sir, that's exactly what they did, and they hit on the happy thought of sending Charles for the first year's tribute, not an insignificant live bird, but a glorious golden falcon encrusted from head to foot with the finest jewels in their coffers. And they had fine ones, the finest out of Asia."

General Armstead pauses for a moment, surveying our group to discern what effect his story is having. He resumes his tale with obvious pleasure. "The archives of the Order from the twelfth century on are still at Malta. They are not intact, but what is there holds no less than three references that can't be to anything else but this jeweled falcon. In J. Delaville LeRoulx's *Les Archives de l'Ordre de Saint-Jean* there is a reference to it—oblique to be sure, but a reference still. And the unpublished—because unfinished at the time of his death—supplement to Paoli's *Dell' origine ed instituto del sacro militar ordine* has a clear and unmistakable statement of the facts I am telling you.

"Grand Master Villiers de L'Isle Adam had this foot-high jeweled bird made by Turkish slaves in the castle of St. Angelo and sent it to Charles, who was in Spain. He sent it in a galley commanded by a French knight named Cormier or Corvere, a member of the Order." He pauses dramatically before continuing in a whisper. "It never reached Spain. You know of Barbarossa, Redbeard, Khaired-Din? No? A famous admiral of buccaneers sailing out of Algiers then. Well, sir, he took the knight's galley and he took the bird. The bird went to Algiers. That's a fact. That's a fact that the French historian Pierre Dan put in one of his letters from Algiers. He wrote that the bird had been there for more than a hundred years, until it was carried away by Sir Francis Verney, the English adventurer who was with the Algerian buccaneers for a while. Maybe it wasn't, but Pierre Dan believed it was, and that's good enough for me.

"There's nothing said about the bird in Lady Frances Verney's *Memoirs of the Verney Family during the Seventeenth Century*, to be sure. I looked. And it's pretty certain that Sir Frances didn't have the bird when he died in a Messina hospital in 1615. He was stony broke. But, sir, there's no denying that the bird *did* go to Sicily. It was there and it came into the possession there of Victor Amadeus II some time after he became king in 1713, and it was one of his gifts to his wife when he married in Chambery after abdicating."

The general is obviously enjoying himself. We resist the temptation to interrupt him despite the fact that we cannot understand what this has to do with the mystery at hand.

"Maybe they—Amadeo and his wife—took it along with them to Turin when he tried to revoke his abdication. Be that as it may, it turned up next in the possession of a Spaniard who had been with the army that took Naples in 1734—the father of Don Jose Monino y Redondo, Count of Floridablanca, who was Charles III's chief minister. There's nothing to show that it didn't stay in that family until at least the end of the Carlist War in '40. Then it appeared in Paris at just about the time that Paris was full of Carlists who had had to get out of Spain. One of them must have brought it with him. It is rumoured to have been in Paris since then, and my investigations have proved somewhat successful in locating it. However, as the present owner is quite, how should I put it, well-connected with those on both sides of the law, I prefer to keep my findings to myself.

"But I have been a foolish old man with all this talking. I hope I've answered your question. But pray, what do you know of the Bird? Has it been spotted?"

"Well, sir, that's a possibility we are investigating. Thank you for talking to us."

"It has been my pleasure. I trust you will keep me informed if the Bird turns up."

33 NW

The good-looking Mr. Uruburu answers our knock himself. The colours around his left eye have faded to a mottled yellow. "Hello. What can I do for you? I see that they arrested that Travis fellow."

"Actually, we're here on a different matter, Mr. Uruburu. Can you tell us anything about Akram Fahmi?"

"Oh, poor Fahmi. Did you hear how they tortured him?"

"Do you know who 'they' are?"

"Well, I think it was Al-Saud. Fahmi was frightened of him.

"We had a few friendly business dealings over the years. I saw him in Cairo a few weeks ago. When he learned I was coming to London he persuaded me to leave a bit early and accompany him. Al-Saud was hovering around him the entire voyage, and Fahmi never left that box he was carrying out of his sight for a minute. I think my presence on board might have provided some degree of safety, but now . . ."

"Do you know what was in the box?"

"No, we didn't go through customs together. But Fahmi did ask me to stay with him a bit longer when we landed. After shaking Al-Saud who was still following us, we took a

cab to the Princess Louise. Fahmi asked for a Mr. Treyer. The publican said, 'Fahmi?' and, in response to Fahmi's nod, told us a room was ready and that Treyer would join us shortly. In the room we found a bottle of brandy waiting for us. We had barely poured our drinks when a large man entered the room. He didn't say a word; he just walked over to the table, removed the lid from the box, and looked in. He laid the leather satchel he had been carrying on the table, took the box, and left—never said a word.

"Fahmi took the satchel; he removed fifty pounds which he handed to me with a 'Thank you.' He was obviously relieved to be rid of his burden. We had lunch there and that was the last I saw of him."

"Have you told the police of your suspicion about Al-Saud?"

"Look, Fahmi was my friend, but sticking my neck out now would help no one."

"Well, thank you. You've been most helpful."

"Have you talked to Fahmi's close friend and travelling companion, Miss Engels?"

"No, do you know where we night find her?"

"Last I heard she was staying at the Metropole."

50 NW

Winston Rawlinson, the proprietor, greets us himself as we enter the tranquility of the Reformed Funerals Company. "Good afternoon, my friends. Have you suffered a loss?" The words roll off his tongue with a quiet oiliness.

"No, we would just like to ask about a recent funeral I believe you performed, on one Akram Fahmi."

"Oh, well, there really is little to say. It was a very simple ceremony and cremation. Only two friends paid their last respects."

"Would you happen to know who they were?"

"Yes, I believe they signed the Guest Register. Let me see," he says as he turns back a page or two. "Yes, here it is, Winifred Engels and Anthony Uruburu. Now if that is all..."

Winifred Engels

A R. Uruburu.

We thank him and leave.

64 NW

As we walk up Stratton Street from the Piccadilly Hotel come upon a news stand on the other corner of Charles Street. Wiggins approaches the old man who is selling papers.

"Excuse me, pops."

"What's you want, kid?"

"I was wondering if you might have seen or talked to a Frenchman last evening."

"Could have," says the old man. "But I can't talk, I have a living to make, and I make it selling papers."

Wiggins removes a shilling from his pocket and hands it to the old man, miraculously jogging his memory and loosening his tongue.

"Last evening this dandy comes up to me and asks where Berkeley Square's at. I could tell from his speech that he was a Frenchie, spent some time over there in my youth. I points across the street and over he crosses. Well, there's this four-wheeler parked across the street, with the driver standing aside it. He, the driver that is, calls out to the Frenchie who heads his way. The driver opens the door, but the Frenchie don't want to get in. As he turns away a large man jumps out of the carriage, and he and the driver force the Frenchie into the four-wheeler, and off they goes."

"Did you call the police?"

"What for? They had gone."

"Did you get a good look at the driver and the other man?"

"No, it was dark. The only thing I could tell was the big bloke who jumped out of the carriage was wearing a funny looking hat, like the one the doorman at the Turkish bath wears."

"Thanks, pops."

"It's alright kid, anytime."

AREA WC

5 WC

"Here it is. Picked up a woman at the Metropole Hotel and took her to 37 Bloomsbury Way, waited a few minutes and then took her to the Bow Street Police Station and from there to the Bridge House Hotel. Drove to 6 Union Street and waited for her there. Then dropped her off at 86 Southwark Street."

14 WC

"No, your Mr. Macaulay Treyer appears to have kept on the right side of the law. He does not have a criminal record."

27 WC

"Mrs. Swellverly, Mrs. Swellverly. No, I don't think we have anyone here by that name," says the desk clerk.

"That would be Miss Engels," interjects another clerk who is sorting mail behind the desk. "She's a widow and Swellverly was her married name."

"How do you know?"

"She told me, earlier today when she checked out. She's expecting some mail under her married name and she was just informing me that a messenger would be by to pick it up."

"Do you know where she went?"

"No. Her luggage was picked up by a Cunard wagon, and she took a hansom."

"Didn't she want her mail forwarded?"

"No, as I said, she has a messenger, from Cummins & Goins, who comes for her mail."

"Is there anything for her now?"

"No. Sorry, there's nothing more I can tell you."

37 WC

Constable Stillson is in front of the late Fahmi's residence, nonchalantly leaning against the wall a few yards from the entrance gate. He is engaged in conversation with a young woman with a baby's perambulator in charge. Stillson's remarks are causing the young woman much self-conscious laughter. We find that Stillson's attentions are not completely directed towards the young woman, for as we try to make our way up the walk he turns and calls to us.

"Yo, Wiggins! Come on, you know better. The house is sealed, no one's allowed in."

"Anything new?" asks Wiggins.

"No. Very dull duty."

"So we notice," Our eyes follow the young woman as she perambulates away.

"She's a nice one," sighs Stillson. "What do you chaps want?"

"Just wondered if you have anything new to report?"

"No, as I said, very dull duty. The only bright spot was a visit from a golden-haired beauty named Winifred Engels. She was here earlier to find out if anything was left for her by Fahmi, claims to have been his friend. I sent her down to the station, much to my regret. In fact she was here the night you found Fahmi's body. Right after I chased you blokes out, she came by. Seemed quite upset when I told her of Fahmi's death. She ran off before I could find out any more. Wouldn't

know who she is, would you, Wiggins? Wouldn't mind meeting her off duty."

Before we can answer Stillson he spots another governess perambulating up the walk towards us. She gives a wave sending Stillson off in her direction.

"See you around, Wiggins."

70 WC

"There was a Miss Engels in earlier asking about the Fahmi murder. Wanted to know about a package that Fahmi was holding for her. Told her no such package was found. Asked her if she wanted to file a stolen property report, she said no and left.

AREA EC

19 EC

Akram Fahmi brought into England a black lacquered bird statuette with a declared value of £3.

30 EC

"Wiggins, come in. What can I help you with today?"

"Hello, Henry. We're following quite a twisted trail, and I don't know if you can help us or not. Our case seems to involve some Frenchmen, and we thought you might be familiar with them."

"Perhaps, perhaps. What are their names?"

"Robert Lavoisier and a Monsieur Giraud."

"You've hit the jackpot there, old boy. Giraud is reputedly the head of the French underworld. He is extremely powerful and very well-insulated from the law. My sources indicate that one of the people who helps to ensure that insulation is Robert Lavoisier, who acts as a very trusted lieutenant. They are not people to be trifled with, my friends."

35 EC

"I think you should be able to open the door now," calls Quintin Hogg, after apparently moving a mountain or two of books and boxes.

"Hello, Quintin," we greet the reporter, "glad to see you haven't been buried alive in here since we last saw you."

"Wiggins, friends, to what do I owe the inestimable pleasure of this visit? Does Holmes have you out doing his work for him again?" chuckles Hogg.

"We were wondering if you might be able to tell us anything about a Macaulay Treyer or his business parter, Lester Fribourg. Our investigations seem to involve them as well as a couple of Frenchmen, Robert Lavoisier and a man named Giraud. Can you help us?"

"I have heard of this Treyer fellow. I've followed rumours for some time of his involvement in underworld activities here in London, but I've never found any proof that those rumours are in fact true. And neither has the law, apparently, because the man has no criminal record. That would indicate that he has committed no crimes or that he has powerful connections."

"I've never heard of this man you refer to as his partner. I have occasionally heard Giraud's name mentioned in connection with criminal activities in France. But I discovered long ago that despite connections between activities here and those across the Channel, I had to limit my sphere of knowledge and activity to London. You should check with Henry Ellis at *The Times*. He always seems to be well abreast of the events and players on the continental stage."

"Thanks, Quintin."

36 EC

We manage to catch Edward Hall in his office and ask him if he knows anything about the people involved in our investigations.

"Treyer, Fribourg, Swellverly, Lavoisier, Giraud," Hall reads from the list we show him. "I can't say that I'm familiar with any of these names. Oh, yes, I believe there is a tobacco shop near my club called Fribourg and Treyer. The others sound a bit French. Have you check with Henry Ellis at *The Times*? He's a friend of yours, isn't he? Perhaps he has come across them during his visits to Paris."

37 EC

"This is the only telegram that has gone to Egypt today."

TO: PRINCESS ANAKA
CAIRO, EGYPT
AT LAST I AM FREE STOP WILL BE ON THE NEXT BOAT HOME STOP BE SURE YOU HAVE A LARGE SUPPLY OF TANNA LEAVES STOP I AM FAMISHED STOP
KATEBET

38 EC

"Yes, the Arab died a horrible and painful death," says Sir Jasper. "But you have certainly read the account in *The Times*."

"Has anyone been here to claim the body?"

"Yes, a Miss Engels, a beautiful woman. She signed for the body and arranged to have it sent to the Reformed Funerals Company at 50 Montague Place."

52 EC

"Well, now, mates. You're askin' some mighty delicate questions there when you throw out names like Treyer," says Porky with his usual affability, "and I can't really tell you too much. Got to be lookin' out for me health. If you really have to see Treyer, you can probably find him at his Mid-East Trading Company warehouse at 67 Upper Thames Street.

"I will tell you there was a big Irish bloke in with some news for some of the chaps. And the word's out on the street to be on the lookout for some Frenchie."

"Thanks, Porky. Sure there's nothing more you can tell us?"

"Like I said, Wiggins ol' chap, got to be lookin' out for meself."

67 EC

We find the Mid-East Trading Co. in a rundown waterfront warehouse. Its rundown condition does not come from lack of use for there are wagons being loaded and unloaded and the warehouse is well stocked with boxes from the world over. We walk over to a large, blond Irishman who is directing the work of a loading crew.

"Could you tell us where we could find Mr. Treyer?"

"Is he expectin' you, mates?"

"No."

"Then you not be seein' him."

"Could you tell him it's about Robert Lavoisier?"

"Wait here."

The Irishman moves towards the back of the warehouse, knocks on an office door and disappears behind it. A minute later the door opens and he waves for us to come back. We go through the door into a small office where two men and a woman are working at cluttered desks. The Irishman points his thumb at another door that is partially open. We continue through this door into a larger but equally cluttered office. The Irishman is right behind us and closes the door after we are all in. He leans his large frame against the door as we find ourselves standing in front of a large desk.

Behind the desk is a man of even greater size than the Irishman who now blocks the door. Treyer, for so we assume him to be, is in his late thirties and looks like he has spent more of his life unloading wagons than sitting behind a desk.

"Is Lavoisier alright?" snaps Treyer.

"That's what—"

"You tell that fat grease bag that you work for that if

anything happens to Lavoisier, no place is going to be safe for him. Not even in the Sultan's harem, but if I ever get my hands on him that will be the only place he'll be of any use."

"I'm sorry, you have us mixed up with someone else. We're looking for Lavoisier at his sister's request."

"Sister? What are you trying to pull!"

"His sister, Scarlet Swellverly from Savannah. She says you were partners with Lavoisier in a tobacco import business, and that you had a misunderstanding with him."

"What are you talking about! Aren't you from Al-Saud?"

"No, we're from Scarlet—"

"I don't know what game you're playing, but I don't like it." Treyer jumps to hs feet, triggering the large Irishman to move towards us. "If this is some trick of Al-Saud, you tell him I've got a few tricks of my own. He's not in his territory now, he's in mine. Now get out of here! Mike, show them out."

Mike opens the door for us and we are quickly on our way.

83 EC

"Yes, we picked up the luggage of a Miss Engels at the Metropole. It's here now. We're waiting to hear where she wants it forwarded."

"Do you know how we might get in contact with her?"

"No, she said she would contact us."

90 EC

"Do you know a Mr. Macauley Treyer?" we ask of the publican who has served us our drinks.

"Yes, he is the owner of this establishment."

"Is he in now?"

"No."

"Do you know where we can find him?"

"Might try his office at 67 Upper Thames Street."

"Do you remember a patron last week by the name of Akram Fahmi?"

"The name is not familiar. We have many guests, and I don't know all their names."



Case 13
The Case of the Defenestrated Debutante
Saturday, 8 June, 1889



Park Lane

AREA SE

3 SE

"Yes, Barry and I are good friends. I'm glad to see his legs are coming around."

"Have you seen him recently, Mr. Slade?"

"Oh, yes, quite a lot. Had dinner with him just the other night at G.B.'s."

"You mean Mr. Farnum?"

"Yep."

"Did Mr. Farnum talk at all about the party, specifically with regard to the jewels and the security preparations?"

"Sure. It came up during dinner. He even took us up to the room where the jewels were to be shown."

"Do you know Barry's brother Thomas?"

"Sure. Had dinner with Tommy in Brussels just two weeks ago."

"You haven't seen him in England then?"

"You know, I could have sworn I saw him in Dover when we landed but that would make no sense."

"Why not?"

"He told me he was off for Italy and gave me a letter for Barry."

"You delivered the letter, of course."

"Yep."

"Thank you, Mr. Slade."

"Call me Roy."

"Thanks, Roy."

16 SE

Just as we arrive at the home of Calvin Leach, we see him and a man wearing a gray morning suit and carrying a satchel get into a coach and speed away.

We hail a cabbie and start off in pursuit. Unfortunately, a milk wagon darts out into the road and blocks our path. By the time we are on our way again, our quarry is nowhere to be seen.

AREA SW

2 SW

"The Farnums are hardly uppercrust," says Langdale Pike, daintily sipping a purple-coloured liqueur. "His dead wife came from a very well-placed family, but he was never accepted. He is more a curiosity, despite the obvious wealth and reputation. I have not seen the guest list, although it was presumptuously sent to me, but I can imagine it contained quite a strange mixture of what one might characterize as oddballs . . . Actually, it might prove an interesting evening at that."

13 SW

"I certainly wish Mr. Farnum had kept his private showing private." says a disgruntled Lestrade. "All he succeeded in doing by publicizing it was to attract some of the best known jewel thieves in the world. No wonder they were stolen!"

"Well, Inspector, we'd certainly appreciate your thoughts on who might be responsible," says Wiggins, conning Lestrade ever so slightly.

"I've got my ideas, you can bet."

"Who, Inspector? We haven't a clue."

Wiggins sees he has hooked his fish when Lestrade opens the file that we are anxious to see.

"Let's see now... Randell Hooks would be a prime candidate. Constable Gelber reported seeing him getting off a train at Liverpool Street Station. Unfortunately, he lost track of Hooks in the crowd and we haven't been able to pick up his scent. He's a good upstairs man, can climb anything, with or without a rope. 'Course, he usually works alone and from what you tell me, this job needed several people... He's a loner too. More than that, he likes the place to be deserted when he works. Don't know if he's in town even, although, he likes the Langham when he is... Now Rudy Mullins and Jack Tandy look good for it. They were seen at the Raven & Rat last week. They're more the cut and slash type, but a private collection would be very attractive to them... There's always Thomas O'Neill. This job required the kind of style that O'Neill is known for, but he knows better than to show his face in London since that lion affair... Then there's Jeremy Bennett, a small-timer who lives in London. He'd never try it with a house full of people, though."

"Thank you, Inspector, for sharing your thoughts."

"Anytime, Wiggins."

25 SW

This time Bessie Dearth threatens to use her cane on us.

"I thought you caught that sneak-thief a year ago! Even though I never got the necklace back. He's back again, I tell you, and this time he's cleaned me out!"

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Dearth," pleads Wiggins, his eyes glued to the tip of her dancing cane as if it were a cobra.

"Calm myself! Calm myself, indeed! I'll calm myself when my cane finds the head of the wretch who, who . . ."

Fortunately for Wiggins, whose own head might have proved a handy substitute for that of the criminal, nature takes its course and the elderly Mrs. Dearth sinks exhausted into the nearest armchair.

Her maid runs to fetch a glass of water while her housekeeper Sybil explains for the out-of-breath Mrs. Dearth.

"Sometime in the night someone broke in and managed to cart away all Miss Bessie's jewelry."

"Were you here when it happened?"

"Fast asleep and so was Sarah."

"And you heard nothing?"

"Not a thing."

Sarah returns with the water and Mrs. Dearth takes it.

"It certainly has come to a pretty pass, a pretty pass, indeed. That darling girl thrown from the balcony. Every valuable I own stolen right out of my house. London has become unsafe for decent folk."

57 SW

While Diana Keating stays with Mr. Farnum, Mr. Dalrymple takes us aside.

"I'd rather we didn't bother G.B. right now. Is there anything I can do?"

"Believe me, I'd rather not bother anybody about this," says Moser, "but I'm afraid I have to... Mr. Farnum's entire jewel collection has been stolen."

"What! The jewels!"

Reacting to a cross look from a nurse behind the duty desk, Dalrymple lowers his voice.

"How did it happen?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out. In any case, I came over to tell Mr. Farnum and ask Campbell and Jenkins a couple of questions."

"Do you think they had something to do with it?"

"I have no reason to think so."

"Well, they are outside. I'll tell G.B. about the theft, in my own time."

A Dr. Gillespie goes up to Farnum, and Dalrymple excuses himself. Since he is bringing news about the girl, we sidle over to listen.

"She's stable now but she's still unconscious. There's no telling how long she'll stay that way."

Outside the hospital we find Campbell and Jenkins and quiz them about the events of the evening. Neither is very helpful and so we start to leave.

"Wait, sir," says Jenkins, "There was one thing. Some gentleman comes up to me and asks me to take a bundle down to Cook, which I do. It was a bottle."

"You took a bottle down to Cook?" asks Campbell aghast.

"Yeah, and why not?"

"Cook can't handle the stuff, that's why not!"

"Well, how was I to know?"

"Excuse me, Jenkins," breaks in Wiggins. "Who gave you the bottle?"

"I don't know who he was, sir."

"Anything unusual about him that would stand out in your mind?"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Something in his appearance. A limp or such."

"No, sir, nothing like that. But he did sort of sneak about. I was walking along and he sort of hisses at me like, from the Cloak Room. I go over to him and he pulls the bottle out of the coat he was holdin' in front of him, gives it to me and asks me to take it down to Cook. He slips me a fiver and tells me not to say anything to anyone. That's it."

"Thanks, Jenkins."

73 SW

The butler shows us into an antechamber just off the main hall and tells us that the Mistress will see us in a moment. True to his word, Miss Gaskell appears before we even have a chance to admire the lavish appointments.

We have heard her referred to as one of the great beauties of Europe, of course, but we are totally unprepared for the phenomenon on a personal level. She is, quite simply, stunning. Wiggins, specifically, is speechless to the point that he can only stare in dumb amazement at her question as to our business. Finally, he manages to sputter out his question.

"No, everything is fine here. Why?"

"I . . . uh . . . that is to say, we . . . uh . . . we had reason to believe that you might be the . . . uh . . . target of a burglary."

"Why ever should you think that?"

"Uh . . . well . . . we . . . it's difficult to explain. We're very, very sorry to have disturbed you."

With that Wiggins fairly races from the house. Once outside, he stops to mop his brow.

"Women that beautiful make me nervous."

"We noticed."

83 SW

It is several moments before our insistent ringing of the doorbell is answered by a young man of not more than twenty years of age. He is even paler than his fair colouring would warrant and has a rather dazed look in his blue-gray eyes. On his forehead is a bruise and there is a scratch down his left cheek. His dress clothes are rumpled. There is even a tear or two. Without a word, he turns away and walks back into his spacious flat. The invitation to follow is implicit.

The young man plops down in an armchair exhausted. Although he nods to Moser's questions, he seems abstracted, and we cannot tell if he is listening. Finally, stirred by some inner voice, he speaks.

"I tried to stop her," he says in a low, cracking tone.

"You tried to stop her, you say?"

"Yes . . . but she was determined to jump." He gingerly runs his finger along the scratch on his cheek.

"She was trying to get away from you, and the only way for her to do that was to jump off the balcony. And you tried to stop her, is that right?"

"No, no," he says wearily.

He rubs his eyes as if to clear away the cobwebs.

"She was trying to jump off the balcony, to kill herself. I was trying to stop her from killing herself."

"You were not after her jewels?"

"No! Of course not."

"Mr. Izard, why don't you start from the beginning and explain it all to us," says Wiggins.

He takes another moment or two to collect himself before beginning. "I love Deborah. I have loved her for a long time, but she has always thought of me as just a childhood playmate and nothing more. You see, both my parents were killed when an hippopotamus attacked their boat while they were sailing down the Nile River. I was but four years old. Mr. Farnum, an early business associate of my father's, became my guardian. He raised me and so Deborah and I grew up together. This past year I have been on 'The Grand Tour' and only just returned. I had hoped to declare my love tonight, did in fact, but Deborah was so upset she would not listen."

"She rejected your declaration and so you pushed her off the balcony," asserts Moser.

"No! Nothing of the kind!"

"Go ahead, Mr Izard," says Wiggins. "Why was Miss Deborah upset?"

"Of late she has become enamoured of an older man. I did not know who it was until tonight. It was Randolph Dalrymple."

"So when Mr. Dalrymple's engagement was announced . . ."

"Yes, exactly. I saw the stunned expression that came over her face and the tears begin to flow. She left the Ballroom and I followed her. I hoped, foolishly, to comfort her. I am afraid I imagined that once I declared my love, her tears would cease and she would look at me with new eyes. I suppose there is still a bit of the schoolboy in me."

"You followed her upstairs; then what happened?"

"She went into her room and closed the door. I could hear her sobbing and I called to her. I tried the door but it was locked. Then I decided to go through another room and out onto the balcony; I thought to get to her room through the French windows. By the time I got outside, she had already come out on the balcony and climbed the balustrade. I reached for her and grabbed her by the arm. We struggled for a moment, but I lost my grip and she went over."

"Why did you run away?"

"I panicked. I heard someone below cry 'Murderer!' and I just ran."

"In the struggle her bracelet must have come off?"

"Yes, in my hand."

"Where is it?"

"I left it in the room I went out of. I flung it somewhere there. I . . . now she's dead . . . I . . ."

The same stunned expression that was on his face when we arrived reasserts itself.

"She isn't dead, Mr. Izard."

"What?"

"At least she was still alive when they took her to St. George's Hospital. Her father's there with her now."

84 SW

"Oh, terrible tragedy, what! Terrible!"

Lord Bosworth Peckham sympathizes most vehemently over the fall of Deborah Farnum. His voice, gravelly and loud, the latter probably in relation to his own near-deafness, is the antithesis of the sentiments he expresses.

"Yes, sir, a tragedy indeed."

"So fresh and young. Pity, a great pity."

"Yes, sir, a pity. Could you tell us if you have had any problems here at home?"

"No, wasn't at home when it happened, was at the ball."

"Uh. . .was your home burglarized?"

"What's that? The Bulgars? A bad lot, what?"

Half out of his seat already, Wiggins rises all the way and shouts close to Lord Bosworth's ear.

"Did anyone break into your home to steal anything?"

"'Course not. Wouldn't stand for it."

"Uh. . .yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

AREA NW

14 NW

At the door of the elder O'Neills', we are met by Barry's lovely wife Mary. She recognizes us immediately and with the same gracious hospitality that characterized our previous visit, she invites us in and shows us to the sitting room.

"Both mother and father O'Neill are out at the moment, but if there is anything I can do, please ask. Oh, by the way, I heard nothing more about that terrible business with the

lions. Did you find out why they were killed?"

Wiggins, obviously taken with Mrs. O'Neill, is totally convinced of her innocence with regard to the nefarious activities of her spouse. As such, he is loathe to let the cat out of the bag, as it were.

"No, I'm afraid not. Baffling it was and baffling it still is."

"Oh. What are you investigating now and how can I help?"

"There was a rather unfortunate incident at Miss Farnum's debutante ball. We saw Barry there, of course. He was looking well, although still showing the effects of his accident."

"Yes, Barry's recovery has been quite slow and very painful. But he has faced the ordeal bravely. He told me just the other day that Dr. Ainstree said the last cast would come off his left leg any day now."

"That's just fine. Hmm, I take it that you have been staying here since the accident?"

"Yes. Mother O'Neill is an angel and father O'Neill, for all his gruffness, has been splendid. They've even put up with Barry's constant shadow, Madubo."

"Has Barry's brother Thomas been here at all?"

"No. I'm afraid father O'Neill and Thomas do not get on very well."

"One more question, if you don't mind. Why weren't you invited to the ball?"

"Mary O'Neill blushes prettily.

"Barry has become terribly protective of me lately. You see, we are going to have a child."

"Congratulations, Mrs. O'Neill. Please accept our apologies for having disturbed you."

"Oh, it's been no trouble at all. It has been nice to see you again."

21 NW

"Yes, that is certainly our receipt and my handwriting. Is there something wrong?"

"That's as may be. Would you have any idea who made this purchase?"

"I'm afraid I would not. We sold many a bottle of gin on that date, on every date, for that matter. Without more specific information, I'm afraid I just can't help you."

36 NW

"Yes, we had the pleasure of accommodating Mr. Glade. He stays with us whenever he is in London. I'm afraid, however, he has checked out."

"Do you know where he went?"

"No, sir."

48 NW

We inquire of Walter Latham if anything untoward occurred in his household during the night.

"No, nothing," he answers.

Having nothing else to ask and out of respect for Mr. Latham's prodigious hangover, we take our leave.

AREA WC

5 WC

"I've found our man!" exclaims Wiggins. "A cabbie remembers picking up a gentleman in spats and a gray morning suit at about one-thirty in the morning on the south side of Belgrave Square. He had a satchel with him, the cabbie says. He took him to Chichester Street."

19 WC

"Ya know, it's the oddest thing, twice last week I was broken into. The first time the lock was picked so neat I wouldn't have noticed except the press was used sometime in the night. The second time was a smash job, window in the back broken."

"What did they take?"

"Ya know, that's even odder. They didn't take nothin' that I could see. 'Course there ain't much to take."

32 WC

"Yes, I treated Barry O'Neill. His legs were broken up pretty badly. It's been a long, hard road back for him. But two months ago the cast finally came off that right leg and then just last week the other cast was removed."

"Doctor, this may sound like a strange question, but what did you do with the casts?"

"It is a strange question, but I've got an even stranger answer for you. The first one I discarded as a matter of course, but the second Barry asked to keep. Said he wanted it as a reminder to stay out of the way of falling objects."

47 WC

We are shown into the office of the business manager for Roy Slade's Extravaganza, Philbert Hornblatt.

"Mr. Slade is probably at his hotel, the Bridge House," reports Mr. Hornblatt in a piping voice.

"Do you know Barry O'Neill?"

"Of course. His act was one of our premier features in last year's tour. His accident was most unfortunate."

"Was Mr. Slade liable in any financial way for that accident?"

"No, but he and Mr. O'Neill are good friends and so monies were advanced to help him along."

"Has Mr. O'Neill been around lately?"

"Oh, yes. He and that savage have been around quite a bit."

"You mean Mabudo?"

"Yes, that's what he is called I believe. Curious little fellow, don't you think? Can't pass a mirror without fiddling with his beads and bones and feathers. A little frightening, too, even considering his small size."

"Do you know Barry's brother, Thomas O'Neill?"

"I met him on the Continent last year, yes."

"Have you seen him around recently?"

"No, can't say as I have."

"Thank you, Mr. Hornblatt."

AREA EC

52 EC

"The whole bloody lot?" exclaims Porky, disbelieving. "That musta been some take! And right under your noses, eh? I won't laugh Wiggins. It'll be a strain, but I won't laugh."

Despite this assertion, Porky dissolves in gales of laughter behind the bar. It is several moments before he can face us again, and when he does it is with tears in his eyes. His apology comes out as something between a sob and a cackle.

"Blimey. There's only a few blokes who could pull off something like that. Tudy Mullins and Jack Tandy, they been around and that's what they do for a living but not this. No, they couldn't a done this."

The thought once again tickles his funny bone, but before we can get offended he slaps a round of ale on the bar and very graciously says, "No charge, gents. No charge."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HOUSEHOLD

G.B. Farnum
Deborah Farnum

STAFF

Horace Wigglesworth, Butler
Mrs. Agnes Morris, Housekeepe
Ella Forrester, Cook
Jack Campbell, Footman
Max Jenkins, Footman
Wilma Wagner, Upstairs Maid
Laura Hastings, Maid
Eric Becton, Coachman
Peggy O'Leary, Scullery maid

CHARACTERS' ROOMS

GROUND FLOOR

25. Ballroom
41. Ella Forrester's Room

UPSTAIRS

1. Jewel Room
6. G.B. Farnum's Bedroom
10. Wilma Wagner's Room
11. Deborah Farnum's Bedroom

DOWNSTAIRS

7. Jack Campbell's Room
8. Horace Wigglesworth's Room
9. Max Jenkins' Room
27. Mrs. Morris' Room
30. Peggy O'Leary's Room
32. Laura Hastings

FARNUM MANSION

We come out into the First Hall from the Master Study Antechamber feeling a little ridiculous in our ill-fitting disguises' as servants in the Farnum household.

"They'll just have to do," says a harried Matthew Moser. "Farnum insisted we be discreet, blend in, as it were. If someone asks you to serve them, mumble something... in Chinese."

Moser gives us a long look then shakes his head in disgust. Absentmindedly he reaches into his inside jacket pocket for one of his cigars, then, deciding that decorum dictates otherwise, stuffs it back with a growl.

"Follow me. I'll give you the general background as we go."

G.B. Farnum is a theatrical entrepreneur who made his reputation in 1882 when he created a Zoological exhibition of wildlife from the Galapagos Islands as a memorial tribute to the late Charles Darwin. His distinguished career reached its zenith in 1887 when he was made impresario extraordinaire in charge of all official entertainments for the Queen's Jubilee Festival. With success, of course, came considerable wealth and with that wealth he acquired this magnificent home and a very famous jewel collection. Moser's services this evening are due to that collection.

"Normally the jewels are kept in the vault at the Bank of England but for his daughter's coming out party, Farnum decided to put the collection on display. That was earlier this evening in the Upstairs Drawing Room (U-1). Now the collection is all locked up, and Wiggins is on the door. Farnum's daughter Deborah is wearing two of the more famous pieces, a matching emerald bracelet and necklace originally made for and owned by Tzarina Catherine the First.

"Now, all the windows on both this floor and upstairs are locked from the inside. The only way in or out is through the front door or the French windows onto the veranda through the Antechamber to the Ballroom (G-25). I've got a man on the front door and three others on this floor. The butler, Wigglesworth, is in the Porter's Room (G-31) with a complete guest list taking invitations. There are four more men upstairs, including Wiggins. I've also got a man walking the perimeter of the mansion from the south side, all the way around to Eaton Place, and then back around again in reverse. So, things are pretty much covered. But I'm glad you're here. There's a rather strange collection of people here, when all is said and done, and I'd like you to just mill about and keep your eyes open."

We enter the Ballroom in time to hear the orchestra deliver a fanfare. Two men stand on the platform; one, a small, middle-aged man with a florid set of grizzled chin-whiskers and sideburns, holds up his hands and waves the people to gather round. Moser identifies him as G.B. Farnum.

"My friends, I have a special announcement to make. This is Deborah's night, of course, and I have no wish to 'upstage' her, but I am sure she will understand... My, my, I wish my Emily were here to see how lovely our daughter looks tonight...

He pauses, slightly teary-eyed, to gaze down on his daughter, a beautiful, fair-haired girl of seventeen dressed all in white. She both blushes and beams at the compliment.

"Ahem... as I was saying, I'm sure Deborah won't mind because it concerns our good friend Randolph Dalrymple."

He indicates the gentleman standing next to him, a tall, handsome man of about thirty years.

"In a word, Randolph is getting married!"

As the gathering applauds and crowds the platform, Farnum compels Dalrymple's fiancee, Diana Keating, to step up and join them.

Moser leads us into the adjacent room and out onto the veranda to show us the grounds. Several couples are out enjoying the night air. One of Moser's men strolls up to us.

"This is Grumbacher. He's walking the perimeter. Anything happening?"

"No, Chief."

"It takes you about how long to get around the place?"

"About ten to twelve minutes, Chief."

Grumbacher continues his rounds, passing around the north side of the mansion, and we make our way back to the Ballroom. There the orchestra is playing a waltz which is being danced by the happy couple alone. Moser continues to identify some of the guests for us.

"That rather hefty lady over there is the famous Italian diva, Gabriella Monzonetti. The oily fellow standing next to her is her personal manager, Alberto Grasa ... That *bon vivant* over there, the one with the attractive redhead on his arm, that's Lord Busby, seventeenth Earl of the line ... Gustav Bittrich, the concert pianist. I'm told he takes off those black leather gloves only to play."

The waltz ends and there is general applause from the guests for the couple. Immediately the orchestra strikes up a spirited gavotte.

"Oh, there's a rare bird," continues Moser. "Prince Kolana Kulamauhini, chief of a tribe of aborigines from the Cook Islands, discovered by and named after Captain Cook don't you know. The Prince claims to be Cook's descendant He's Christianized so that woman with him is his one and only wife ... There's Charles Samuel Keene, the *Punch* illustrator Poor man. He's sixty-six and these days his straight-line drawings are anything but."

Suddenly there is a shriek from outside, followed by a cry of "Murderer! Murderer!" We race out to the veranda to find a cluster of people gathered around the crumpled figure of Deborah Farnum lying on the flagstones.

"There!" points one of the guests to the balcony above. "He pushed her!"

We catch a quick glimpse of a man staring down over the edge of the balustrade before he disappears. Almost immediately another head pops into sight.

"Crenshaw!" shouts Moser, "up there with you! Get him!"

In short order, Moser succeeds in pushing the gathering crowd back into the Antechamber (G-22), including the six people who were already out on the veranda. He lets only Mr. Farnum, Mr. Dalrymple, his fiancee and a Dr. Fell through to attend to the fallen debutante. To his three 'ground floor men' he issues quick instructions to seal off the crowd in the Ballroom. He tells Grumbacher to continue his circuit around the south side of the mansion.

"Looks like he got away with the bracelet," says Moser.

"To hell with the jewelry!" exclaims Farnum. "How is she doctor?"

"She's still alive," says Dr. Fell. "We'll take her to St. George's."

The two household footmen, Jack Campbell and Max Jenkins, bring a throw rug to fashion a make-shift stretcher. We assist in carrying Deborah to the front door.

Moser speaks to Jones, who is stationed in the First Hall, while we load the girl into the first available coach big enough to hold the entire party and see them off.

"Chief," says Gardner, coming up to Moser, "we've got the doors locked between the Antechamber (G-22) and the Ballroom. The other door to the Library was already locked from the Library side. Fitch is in the Ballroom taking names."

What about the others on this floor?"

"Hogan and me rounded them up real quick. Hogan's with them in the Dining Room."

"Good," says Moser, checking his watch. "Nine minutes past two. A little over three minutes all told."

Crenshaw appears in the Antechamber (G-20) and makes the long trek towards us.

"Chief, he... uh... got away. I thought I heard someone running downstairs and so I followed. I looked in all the rooms on the south side and found an Attendant's Room (G-9) with a window open. A couple seconds later, Grumbacher came around the side of the house. He didn't see anything so I sent him back on his rounds. Then I sent Carson and Silvers outside to beat the bushes and told them to meet us back in the Attendant's Room."

Moser, suddenly weary, sits down on the hall steps. Another two or three minutes pass in silence as everyone ponders the situation. Moser reaches for a cigar. He looks at it, then puts it back.

Just then we hear Grumbacher shouting, "Chief!" from outside. He appears at the colonnaded entrance from Eaton Place, races across the Court and up the Portico stairs to us.

"Chief! There's a rope hanging out of the window upstairs!"

"Where upstairs?" asks a fearful Moser.

"The jewel room!"

A sudden panic comes over Moser's face. He dashes for the Grand Staircase and we follow. At the door to the Upstairs Drawing Room (U-1), we find Wiggins calmly sitting in an armchair perusing a copy of today's *Times*.

"What's going on, Matt?"

"Out of my way!"

Moser unlocks the door and charges in. He pauses a moment at the electric light switch as if dreading what will be revealed. Finally, he snaps it on.

In the centre of the room is a large wooden case with a glass lid. Although the lid is safely locked in place, the glass itself has been carefully cut out and rests against the case. The case, needless to say, is empty of jewels. Anchored to the leg of desk and trailing out the window is a rope.

Moser skirts the scene unbelievingly. He winds up by the door to the Library Gallery and leans heavily against the bar put there to secure it. After a couple of deep breaths he manages to regain his composure. Almost with an air of defiance, he reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a cigar and fairly rams it into his mouth.

"You never left the door, Wiggins?"

"I went down the hall a few steps when all the commotion erupted out back but no farther. Even so, I kept an eye on the door."

"You never heard anything?"

"Not a thing, Matt."

"Where's the staff?"

"The butler's still at his post in the Porter's Room," replies Gardner. "I told the housekeeper to take Laura Hastings and Peggy O'Leary to the Servants' Hall and to pick up the cook on the way. And the coachman is in the Porter's Lodge. The two footmen went with the Farnums to the hospital. Oh, the other maid, Wilma Wagner, went to her room. She was very upset about the girl."

MANSION ROOM CLUES

Ground Floor

G-9

As we enter the Attendant's Room we meet Carson and Silvers who have returned from their search outside.

"Nothing at all, Chief," says Carson.

"No doubt he went out this window, Chief," says Silvers, "but we lost him."

Wiggins spies something under a cabinet of sorts in the corner near the doorway and goes there to retrieve it.

"My God!" exlaims Moser, at the object Wiggins holds out to us. "That's the emerald bracelet! The one Miss Farnum was wearing. So it appears our thief ran off without the goods."

G-25

Fitch responds to our knock and lets us into the Ballroom. As we enter we are met by a chorus of voices, many of them irate.

"Pipe down!" shouts Moser. Shifting tacks he continues. "Now, folks, this should only take a minute or two longer. Please bear with us. I need not remind you that a tragic incident has taken place here this evening, and we need your cooperation to get to the bottom of it."

Moser turns back to Fitch, who hands him a list of the guests present in the room.

Thomas Ward
Catherine Ward
Gabriella Monzonetti
Alberto Grasa
William Schwartz
Cheryl Schwartz
Paul McCarthy
Lord Busby
Elmer Abernathy
Michael Shickich
Joan Greco
Walter Latham
Victor Greenwood
Prince Kolano Kulamauhini
Princess Luana Kulamauhini
Roland Jaquard
Rachel Ramirez
Thomas Mathew
Roy Slade
Gustav Bittrich
Rachel Smithfield
Roderick Sutherland
Caesar Kiernan
Calpurnia Kiernan
Rose Alaio
Mark Gifford
Cynthia Gifford
Thaddeus Allard
Betsy Miller
Isadora Gaskell
Thomas Wells
Lord Bosworth Peckham
Lita Kaan
Amy Ingersoll
Martin Fair
James Dudley
Bessie Dearth
Benjamin Spiegel
Chester Tharp
James Barlow
Suzanne Goldberg
Clive Tyrone
Michael Novosielski
Lydia Novosielski
Herbert Howarth
Jeremy Wintlow
Sir Billings Scheffield
Lady Lynda Scheffield
Edward Throgmorton
Miles Croftly
Nicholas Sandibar
Charles Camden

"Fitch, bring me the ones who were out on the veranda. I'll question them, then let 'em all go."

Fitch introduces Victor Greenwood, Michael Novosielski and his wife Lydia, Suzanne Goldberg, Caesar Kiernan and his wife Calpurnia.

"Now who saw what happened out there?"

They all begin to talk at once.

"Wait a minute! One at a time!"

"I believe I saw it first," asserts Mrs. Kiernan. "The girl was up on the balustrade and this man was pulling at her."

"And then what happened?"

"He pushed her off, the cad."

"Achum, yes. Who screamed, the girl?"

"No, I'm afraid I did," says Mrs. Novosielski.

Moser ponders this information for a few seconds then asks them all how long they were outside. Miss Goldberg, as it turns out, was out on the veranda some forty-five minutes before the incident.

"Did you notice anything else, anything strange or out of place?"

"No, well, wait a moment. Not more than five minutes after I went outside, well maybe it was ten, it was so beastly hot indoors, a man came out. He was very well dressed in grey morning dress."

"What was odd about him?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" says a puzzled Moser.

"No. There was nothing odd about him himself. It was what he did, or rather what he didn't do."

"What 'didn't he do'?"

"He came out and smiled but didn't say anything. He seemed to be waiting for something. I do believe it was for your man to pass from one side of the mansion to the other."

"He seemed to be waiting for Grumbacher to come and go out of sight?"

"Exactly."

"Then what?"

"As soon as your man, Grumbacher you called him, disappeared, the gentleman said 'Good evening,' walked straight out into the darkness and never came back, at least so far as I noticed."

"You mean out into the garden?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Miss Goldberg, that may be very helpful."

To the relief of everyone present Moser opens the door and lets them leave.

G-27

Moser's man Hogan admits us to the dining room and hands Moser a list of the names of the people sitting around the table.

"That bird over there, Chief," whispers Hogan, "he crashed the party. Fake invite and all. Jones caught him at the front door trying to leave. Says his name's Bender, Jeremy Bender."

Moser goes over to the small, balding fellow pointed out by Hogan. Before Moser can begin, the little man pipes up in a squeaky voice.

"Now look 'ere, copper, I admits to bein' 'ere uninvited like, but I 'ad nothin' to do with murderin' no little girl."

"I'm no 'copper', but why were you in such a hurry to leave?"

"I 'ears a row out back and, like I say, I ain't a guest really, so's I naturally hot foot it out. Simple as that."

"Where were you, exactly, when you heard the trouble?"

"I was lookin' out the window, out to the back yard. I 'ears this scream and I makes a straight shot to the front door. I can see this fella lookin' at me as I turn around but it was the

only way out besides where all the screamin' was comin' from. So's I tried to bluff past him but 'e nabs me."

"He's talking about Jones, Chief," inserts Hogan.

"Just how did you get your invitation?"

"Don't think I'll say, Gov."

"Well, maybe you'll tell Scotland Yard? Humm?"

The little man shrugs and settles back into his chair. Moser continues on, Hogan adding appropriate comments as necessary.

Lord Rutland, Jane Randall, Demetrius Sykes and Russell Tilker, all sixty plus years old, were discovered totally engaged in a game of bridge in the Smoking Room. They were a little out of sorts at having to suspend play and being herded into this room.

Schuyler Kackley and Edgar Joslin were found in the Master Study. Kackley takes up the narrative for the badly stuttering Joslin and explains that the two had gone there to enjoy a couple of Farnum's fine cigars.

"G.B. and I are old friends and I received his permission to indulge. Edgar and I were quietly smoking and sampling a fine liqueur when your man here hustled us away. None too gently, I might add."

Seated next to them are three rather curious men. They wear identical Russian peasant costumes and three of the widest grins we have ever seen. They are the Brothers Kamarovski, a world renowned acrobatic act, who unfortunately speak very little English. Before Moser can put any questions to them, they demonstrate their talents by assembling themselves into a three-high human totem pole. As Moser attempts to communicate with them, stacked as they are three-high, Hogan explains that they were found in the library practicing similar tricks.

"O'Neill!" exclaims Wiggins. "What are you doing here?"

Sitting apart from the others, his crutches leaning against the table is Barry O'Neill. His right foot is encased in a cast which, judging by his stiffly outstretched leg, appears to continue up the leg underneath the trouser.

"I have often been invited to this house and tonight is no exception."

"I see that you are still feeling the effects of your unfortunate accident last year."

"Yes. The healing process has been slow."

"Hard to get around is it?"

"Very. These crutches make poor substitutes for legs."

"May we ask where you were when Mr. Hogan found you?"

"I was in the Small Drawing Room (G-24) just outside there. Since dancing is not my forte these days, I was sitting quietly admiring the art work in that room."

"May we ask where your brother Thomas might be this evening?"

"My brother? Why I haven't seen or heard from Tommy in at least a year."

G-31

At the Porter's Room we find the butler, Horace Wigglesworth. First he gives us a copy of the entire guest list:

Schuyler Kackley
Gabriella Monzonetti
Alberto Grasa
Thaddeus Allard
Thomas Ward
Catherine Ward
Paul McCarthy
Sir Billings Scheffield
Lady Lynda Scheffield
Suzanne Goldberg
Clement Xavier
Edgar Joslin
Isadora Gaskell
Betsy Miller
Miles Croftly
Caesar Kiernan
Calpurnia Kiernan
Thurston Brown
Barry O'Neill
Lord Busby
Lord Bosworth Peckham
Lady Grace Peckham
Michael Shickich
Thomas Wells
Nicholas Sandibar
Randolph Dalrymple
Diana Keating
Igor Kamarovski
Ivan Kamarovski
Alexi Kamarovski
Rachel Smithfield
Joan Greco
Lita Kaan
Clive Tyrone
Laurence Richardson
Lyman Izard
Prince Kolano Kulamauhini
Princess Launa Kulamauhini
Bessie Dearth
William Schwartz
Cheryl Schwartz
James Dudley
Edward Throgmorton
Walter Latham
Gustav Brittrich
Amy Ingersoll
Thomas Mathew
Martin Fair
Jane Randall
Roland Jaquard
Rachel Ramirez
Benjamin Spiegel
Charles Camden
Marvin Pemberton
Sara Pemberton
Lord James Rutland
Roy Slade
Roderick Sutherland
James Barlow
Victor Greenwood
Patric Hennessy
Demetrius Sykes
Elmer Abernathy
Cehster Tharp
Mark Gifford
Cynthia Gifford
Jeremy Wentlow
Michael Novosielski
Lydia Novosielski
Donna Peacock
Laura Peacock
Russell Tilker
Rose Alaio
Herbert Howarth
Oliver Kepner

"There were two rather peculiar occurrences which I might mention," says Wigglesworth, drawing himself up stiffly to his full six foot, four-inch height.

"First, seventy-five invitations were sent out, but I have collected a total of seventy-seven.'

"Two extra invitations? Did you recognize anyone not on the list?"

"I am afraid, sir, that I am personally unacquainted with a fair number of the guests here this evening. Therefore I would know only if they gave me a bogus invitation."

"And all the invitations were genuine?"

"Indeed they were, sir. All seventy-seven of them came from the Englewood Engravers of Maiden Lane."

"What was the second oddity?"

"One of the guests, sir. A gentleman in a grey morning suit, sir."

"Perhaps he was one of the phony guests?"

"That is a possibility, although he was very well tailored, sir, right down to his spats."

"What was odd about him?"

"He was, well, sir, there is no other way to describe it, hanging about. In retrospect, he must have been waiting for me to leave my post, for when I did just that and returned only a moment or two later, I found him copying down several names from the guest list."

"Hmm. You didn't happen to see any of the names he wrote?"

"In fact, I did, sir. At least, I was able to see four of the names. They were Lord Packham, Miss Gaskell, Mrs. Dearth and Mr. Latham."

"What did the fellow do when you discovered what he was up to?"

"Why nothing, sir. He smiled, said something about the wonderful party and wandered back to the Ballroom, just as if nothing was amiss."

"It occurs to me that some of the guests may have left early. Do you remember any such?"

"Several people did leave, sir, but you would have to ask Eric out in the Porter's Lodge for their names. He would have arranged for their coaches."

"Thank you, Wigglesworth, you've been most helpful."

G-41

It would appear that Ella Forrester's artistry is not confined to the kitchen, for lining the walls of her room are some ten or twelve works rendered in needle-point. Each contains an aphorism of homespun wisdom set against a background of multi-coloured birds, bees or butterflies. Considering her drinking problem, it is surprising that she could keep so steady a hand for such delicate work. But perhaps such an observation is unkind.

G-50

Eric Becton is a large, fair-haired lad about twenty years old. His chief function in the household is the care and maintenance of the family coach and on soiree nights such as this, the care and maintenance of the guests' coaches.

"I directs traffic, you might say. Tellin' the coachmen what arrives where to park an' keepin' the cabbies from tanglin' up everythin'.

"You were out here all evening, were you?"

"Oh, yes, sir. In here and out in the court and in the coach yard."

"Do you remember who among the guests left early?"

"Indeed I do, sir. There was eleven people what left. Mr. Kepner left the earliest with a stomach ache. Then, Mr. Richardson, he said he had an early round of golf next morning. Uh, Mrs. Peacock and her daughter left. Mrs. Peacock sure looked cross about somethin'. Then Mr. an' Mrs. Pemberton. Uh, then Mr. Xavier and Mr. Brown, they left together. An' last was Mr. Hennessey. He sure had a snoot full."

"That's only nine, Eric."

"Yes, sir. Mr. Dalrymple an' his lady friend went with Mr. Farnum to the hospital."

"How is it that you didn't drive them?"

"Mr. Allard's coach was handiest and so they took it."

"Where do these stairs lead, Eric? asks Wiggins.

"To the downstairs."

Wiggins disappears down the dark staircase then comes back up holding something small and white.

What have you got there, Wiggins?"asks Moser.

"Looks to me like a bone."

"I had chicken for supper, sir. It must have dropped off the plate when I took it back to the kitchen."

"No, this isn't a chicken bone. It's a very old bone, very white and bleached. It reflected the light from that candle. I wouldn't have seen it otherwise."

G-51

Scattered about Eric Becton's room are various trappings and harnesses indicating an absorption with his work so intense that he must 'take it home with him.' There is little else of interest there.

Upstairs

U-6

The Master bedroom, housing as it does Mr. Farnum, the master of the house, is exactly what we expect it to be, lavish and luxurious. It is filled with signed photographs of some of the world's most famous artists and notables. Prominently displayed is an oil portrait of his deceased wife Beatrice. There is a desk in one corner, but a thorough search of it yields nothing particularly helpful to us.

U-10

"Now, now, calm yourself," says Wiggins in his most soothing voice. He has taken over from Moser whose bulldog approach had only succeeded in upsetting Miss Wagner further.

"We understand how upset you are about your mistress but please, if we could ask just a few questions. It might help us a good deal."

Miss Wagner reacts readily to such gentle masculine attention. She dabs daintily at her eyes with a handkerchief and nods to Wiggins to proceed.

"Good. Now what were your duties at the party? Where were you stationed?"

"I was in the Ballroom serving, sir. We were all in the Ballroom, the staff, I mean."

"Did you see Miss Deborah leave?"

"Yes, sir. I was at the other end of the room, but I saw her just as she was leaving."

Do you know exactly when that was? What was going on at the time?"

"Mr. Dalrymple and Miss Keating were dancing a waltz."

"Did you see anyone follow her?"

"Not that I noticed, sir."

"Well was there anyone hanging around Miss Deborah? Or maybe she received a note?"

"I didn't notice either, sir."

"Thank you, Miss Wagner."

Oh, sir, you will find out who did this to Miss Deborah, won't you."

Miss Wagner begins to sob again. Wiggins takes her hand and while he comforts her, we ease out of the room.

U-11

With the exception of Matthew Moser, who would not hesitate to invade the Queen's boudoir on an investigation, we all feel slightly uncomfortable at rumaging around in Deborah Farnum's bedroom.

"Matt, really! What are we doing here?"

"We are looking, Wiggins, looking for what there is to see."

Wagging a finger in the air, he proclaims, "After you have eliminated the possible, the truth, no matter how improbable *must* be possible."

He thinks it over for a moment, then with a wave of his hand, indicates that he has no time for philosophizing. He wanders over to a dressing table and picks up a small book with a metal clasp which locks it closed.

"That's the girl's diary, man!"

"Calm down, Wiggins. Ah!" he says, springing open the clasp. . ."Look at this."

He passes the book to Wiggins, who reluctantly takes it. Opened to the last entry and date June 8th, it says:

He loves another! How can I live without him!

Wiggins flips back through the book in an effort to dis-

cover who 'him' might be. Curiously, Deborah seems to have been so secretive a person that she did not mention names in her diary. Nevertheless, a clear picture of the girl's romantic fantasies emerges. Wiggins relocks the diary and sets it back on the dressing table.

Downstairs

D-2

We wander around a bit, staring at each other and at the hanging pots and pans until Wiggins finally asks, "What are we doing in the Kitchen, Matt? And what are we looking for?"

"How should I know! Look around, look around!"

As if to illustrate his own command, Moser begins 'looking around' with a vengeance. He skirts a table in the middle of the room, peering under it intently as if something of importance must be hiding underneath. Finding nothing, he spies a row of cupboards over a long sideboard and makes for them. Moving down the line, he opens each door, rummages about inside for a moment, then goes to the next. At the end of the line, he reverses direction and opens the cabinets below the sideboard one by one. Finally he turns back to the room. His eyes dart hither and yon and he clamps an unlit stub of a cigar firmly in his teeth.

"What's this?" asks Wiggins

"What! Oh, that's the dumbwaiter," replies Moser, dismissing it.

Moser moves to the oven while Wiggins plays with the dumbwaiter mechanism.

Getting down on all fours requires considerable effort on Moser's part, considering his great bulk. But somehow he manages. He reaches underneath the oven and pulls out a balled paper sack.

"This must go all the way to the top floor," comments Wiggins.

"What's that? Oh... Yes, it does," answers Moser, preoccupied with his find.

"Thought so. Judging from the time it took to come down, it must have been all the way up."

"Yeah, so? I know what you're thinking but look at the size of that thing. It'd take an undersized midget to get in there. Hey, look at this!"

From the sack he pulls forth a receipt. It is for one fifth of gin.

"From Gilbert's Wines & Spirits, Number 21 Beak Street."

D-7

A cursory search of Jack Campbell's room yields little. The room contains a small cot, a clothes cabinet, a washstand and a small dresser. There are several photographs on the dresser top, perhaps of relatives, and an opened letter from one "Marie" who reports that the picnic she attended with Campbell two weeks ago was, in her opinion, a great success.

D-8

Considering the general look of the room, Horace Wigglesworth is an exceedingly tidy man, a trait no doubt admirable in a butler. Doilies, on the nightstand by the bed, on the dresser top and on the small table near an armchair, are perfectly squared with the surfaces upon which they rest. The twenty or thirty books are lined up exactly with the edge of their bookshelf. Adding to the overall impression of moral uprightness is an *Holy Bible*, carefully placed on the aforementioned nightstand.

The first impression begins to deteriorate somewhat when two rather sensational novels, *The Moonstone* and *The Woman in White*, both by Wilkie Collins, are discovered in the drawer of the nightstand. It is completely shattered by the discovery of a sheaf of 'French Postcards' in the bottom dresser drawer under his nightshirts.

D-9

The impression gleaned from a quick look into Max Jenkins' room, the recently engaged footman in the Farnum household, is that he would rather be in another line of work.

Pinned to the wall are numerous newspaper clippings basically concerning fleet-footed equines. There are articles on the bloodlines of various champions, about the lives of famous jockeys and the results of various races, including the Grand National and the Irish Derby.

From these and the diminutive size of the boots underneath the bed, it is easy to deduce that Mr. Jenkins has dreams of becoming a jockey.

D-27

Mrs. Morris' stern personality is reflected in the look of her room. It is austere, not to say spartan, and contains nothing of a sentimental or personal nature, no trinkets or photographs or personal communications.

D-30

There is nothing much of interest to be found in Peggy O'Leary's room in the way of an aid to our investigations.

D-33

Assembled around the central table in the Servants' Hall are the housekeeper, Mrs. Morris, one of the maids, Laura Hastings, and the scullery maid, Peggy O'Leary. The object of their concern is the cook, Ella Forrester, who appears all but lifeless, head down on the table.

"My God!" says Moser, "has she been poisoned?"

"That's as you might say," replies a stern-voiced Mrs. Morris, "poisoned with the devil's own drink, gin."

Mrs. Morris explains that when they came downstairs, as ordered by Gardner, they found the cook in the Cooler inebriated and hysterical.

"She was ranting about some black heathen and clutching this." She holds up an empty bottle.

Suddenly roused, Ella speaks, terror in her voice, "A wee little one he was and comin' for me!"

Just as suddenly, the muscles of her face, pulled taut in an expression of fear, slacken, and her wide open eyes glaze over into blankness. Before anyone can catch her, her head falls back to the table with a loud 'thunk.'

"Peggy, fetch a damp towel... I wish I could find out where she got this, this... Everyone who knows her knows that she can't go near it but what this happens." She sighs, "She was certainly fine when I talked to her early in the evening."

"I saw her at nine o'clock or so," says Peggy, returning with a towel. "She showed no sign then, Mrs. Morris."

As Ella is propped up and the compress applied, Moser steers the conversation back to the problem at hand.

"Did anyone see Miss Farnum leave the Ballroom?"

"I did," says Peggy. "She was very upset."

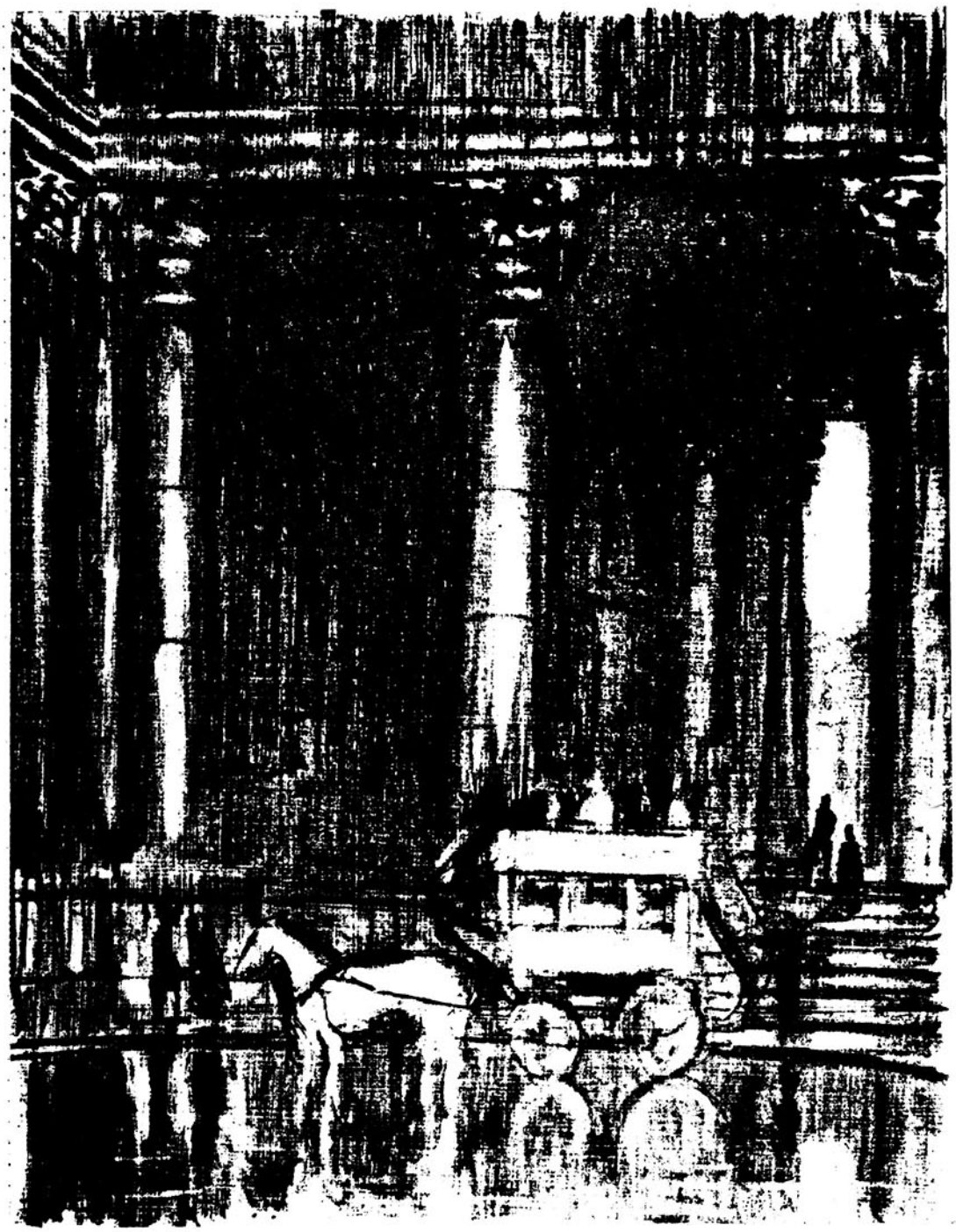
"What about?"

"I don't know, sir. She just rushed past me in tears, sir."

"Did any of you see anything or anyone suspicious?"

All three ladies shake their heads.

Case 14
The Retirement of a Retired Colonel
Saturday, 27 July, 1889



St. Martin's Porch

AREA SW

2 SW

As we enter the Societies Club we see Langdale shedding his coat as he has apparently arrived only minutes before us. "Ah, Wiggins, what brings you to this theatre of pompous insecurity today?"

"We're looking into the murder of Sir James Saunders."

"Aha! So it was murder. That makes it much more titillating. What can you tell me, dear boy?"

"What can you tell us?"

"Unfortunately, not much. Sir James did not lead a particularly flamboyant public life. But I have heard," says Langdale in his most confiding manner, "that he has been seen in some of London's darker, more secluded places with a dark-haired beauty. Despite my most sincere attempts, however, I have been unable to discover her identity. But I have heard, from one of my most reliable sources, that she is Russian."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course, Wiggins. He's the highest paid maitre d' in London ... thanks to me."

5 SW

"Here's Andrew Gibbons' book on the Afghan Campaigns you're looking for," says Lomax, offering the opened book to Wiggins. "This chapter is on Maiwand."

"Thanks, Lomax."

> ... Within a fortnight the native Afghan troops mutinied and deserted to Ayub Khan. On July 27, the two armies came within sight at Maiwand. The British, instead of resorting to their usual offensive tactics, formed in compact masses, and lying down received the various onslaughts of the Afghans. Once or twice the British cavalry attempted to charge but lost heavily in horses under the hot fire of the Ghazi sharpshooters. After several hours of such fighting, the Afghans stormed a part of the British position and captured a battery of horse artillery. The native troops of the British centre were thrown back upon the British soldiery. As a last resort a cavalry charge was ordered. Only a few officers and men responded. Thence the flight went on to Kandahar, over forty miles distant. From every village and hamlet the natives fired on the fleeing soldiers. In the disastrous fight at Maiwand, the British lost more than 1,500 men. Some idea of the desperate nature of the encounter can be gathered from the fact that whereas but fourteen officers and forty-two white soldiers were wounded, the number of the killed was twenty-six officers and two hundred and ninety-seven white soldiers.
>
> ... At the time of the disastrous Maiwand battle there were rumours of a British security leak. The Afghans had superior knowledge of British positions and numbers. Although there were suspicions that the Afghans had gained their information through the Russians, no conclusive evidence was ever found to support suspicions of treachery on the part of any British citizens.

8 SW

> Sherlock—
> If you are interested in the papers found in the room registered to Joseph Sand, come to my office at 91 SW.
> Mycroft

11 SW

General Roberts looks rather haggard, and we quickly learn the reason for this when we ask him about the death of Sir James Saunders.

"I've been up all night with this affair, and I have no public statement to make. An official inquiry is under way. The preliminary report indicates that Sir James took his own life, but I do not expect the official report for several days. Good day."

13 SW

"Suicide! What kind of fools do they think we at the Yard are! It was murder, no doubt about it." Lestrade throws the folder he has been reading down on his desk. "Wiggins, what are you doing here?"

"We're looking into the death of Sir James Saunders. Do you know anything about it?"

"If you listen to the War Office, I guess not. I just received the preliminary report from General Roberts, who is heading the military investigation. Listen to this." Lestrade picks up the folder that had just been unceremoniously flung on the desk and begins reading. "'... Preliminary indications are that Sir James Saunders' death was the result of suicide by hanging.'

"The War Office can have its 'suicide'. The Yard has plenty of other cases to work on, I can tell you."

22 SW

We walk into Murray's musty laboratory, marvelling at the ever-growing accumulation of clutter. "Hello, Wiggs, what can I do for you today?" calls the white-haired doctor with a twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Hello, Professor. We understand that some items were brought to you from the Carlton Mansion for examination. Have you had a chance to look at them?"

"Oh, you mean the Saunders case. A useless collection of 'evidence' if ever I saw such. What does Lestrade expect me to tell him about a handkerchief, a piece of rope and some broken wineglasses?"

"Could you tell anything about them?"

"Of course . The rope is a piece of rope. The handkerchief is spotted with blood and saliva. And there were fragments of several wineglasses, five judging from the pieces I have here, with a residue of wine, Bordeaux I would guess." With this last the twinkle returns to the bright eyes. "What do they expect?"

"Now in the Ribble case, we have the kind of evidence I can really sink my teeth into. Look at this gorgeous weapon." Murray points to a jewel-encrusted dagger covered with what we guess is dried blood. But before he can continue, as he is obviously anxious to do, we thank him and take our leave.

39 SW

Eva Vorontsov sits on the edge of her chair in the luxuriously appointed drawing room. She is a strikingly attractive dark-haired woman of near thirty. She twists and wrings a handkerchief in her delicate hands, pausing only to dab at her blood-shot eyes.

"Yes, I've known Sir James for years. We met in India."

"Eva! You shouldn't be up. You know what the doctor said," a tall, mustachioed man says, striding into the room. Turning to us he continues with brusqueness only thinly veneered with courtesy, "I am sorry, but I will have to ask you to leave. My sister is not feeling well, and this is a private residence. Good day."

We are outside the house before we know it.

47 SW

Roger Saunders is a very tired-looking young man. He is stretched out in his chair, his long legs propped up on his cluttered desk. Our knock brings him out of his much needed slumber.

"Doctor Saunders, could we talk to you?" asks Wiggins. "It's about your father's death. We are helping Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson."

"Come in. Take a seat if you can find one. I hear that Holmes and Watson were at the dinner last night."

"Yes, they were."

"I don't know what I can tell you. My father and I have not

been close for years. There was never a question of my not going into the army, but neither my father nor grandfather wanted me to be a doctor. They were only interested in glory; they were never interested in the price of glory."

"Do you have any idea who would want your father dead?"

"No, I have no idea. He wasn't Sir James to me; he was father, an imperfect father. My mother and father never got along, but in the last five years it has been a marriage in name only. My father, it seems had a wandering eye, along with other parts of his anatomy."

"How do you know this?" asks Wiggins, a little uncomfortably.

"My mother tells me. She never tires telling me of my father's weaknesses. She even had a private detective follow him for a while and had me go down and pick up the report."

"Could you tell us what he found?"

"I don't remember much; it must have been two or more years ago. The detective followed my father, who met with a woman a number of times. I don't think the detective even knew her name. My mother didn't care who the woman was, but just if there was one."

"Do you remember who the detective was?"

"No. A large unsavory sort of fellow. His office was in the theatre district, but I really don't recall his name. I don't think it has any bearing on my father's death. My mother didn't care what my father did so long as she remained the wife of Sir James Saunders, and it suited him to be the son-in-law of Lord Rutland. Neither one wanted a divorce."

Our candid view of the personal history of the Saunders family is interrupted by an excited orderly announcing that someone named Wilson is trying to bang his head through the wall in his room. As Roger Saunders leaves us he says:

"You have to remember that after three years of working in an asylum my family seems quite normal."

54 SW

We are told, somewhat curtly, that no information is available to civilians on Embassy employees or Russian nationals.

91 SW

"I have to hand it to you this time, Sherlock, you have uncovered something of the utmost importance to the Empire," begins Sherlock's brother. "The papers that you brought me contain some very sensitive documents. Documents that I am afraid have gotten into the wrong hands."

"The credit belongs to our friends here," responds Sherlock.

"Mr. Holmes," begins Wiggins, addressing Mycroft, "did you know Sir James Saunders?"

"Well, Wiggins, I had certainly met the man. We were not, by any means, intimate acquaintances."

"My dear brother, you rarely use such a tone of voice when speaking of your esteemed fellow statesmen, especially one who has been knighted for his services to the Queen and Empire."

"Disgusting! Do I have your assurance that what I tell you here will go no further?" Mycroft looks at each of us as we nod in assent. "*Sir* James was knighted for his *dis* service to Britain. As you may know, he was the chief negotiator in the treaty talks with Russia which resulted in the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1888. When the treaty was examined more closely we discovered that he had done a very fine job indeed, for Russia!"

"But why was he knighted?"

"Yes, it is curious, isn't it? But that is politics. If the knowledge of just how bad that treaty really is for Britain were known, the Opposition would waste no time in calling for new elections, and the Government could easily fall. However, in calling for knighthood for a job well done, the treaty was less likely to attract special scrutiny. Thus, *Sir* James."

"Well, my friends," says Sherlock, "I think we have discovered our motive."

94 SW

"I'm sorry. I can't really answer your questions. Have you checked with the author and scholar, Andrew Gibbons? He's very knowledgeable on the subject of the Afghan Campaigns, and could perhaps better assist you."

AREA NW

36 NW

"Think you'll find him in the bar," says the clerk at the lobby desk.

As we enter the bar we do not have many customers to choose from; only three people occupy the bar. From the ages of the two old men talking together we are left with only one choice.

"Are you Terence Lewis?" asks Wiggins of our only choice.

"What?"

"Are you Terence Lewis?"

"Yes, who are you? It doesn't matter, sit down. Have a drink."

We can tell that Lewis has been drinking for some time; it seems to take all his power to keep his head from sagging. He does not look at us at all, but continues staring glassily at the bottle of scotch in the center of the table.

"No, thank you, we just have a couple of questions we would like to ask you. Do you know anything about Sir James' death?"

"Sir James! What a joke. Did you know I loved that man; I would have died for him. So he's dead." He punctuates his statement by downing another draught of scotch. "Well, we'll all meet in hell."

"Do you know who killed Sir James?"

"Yes, I know." He pours another drink and downs it. "Sir James killed himself, he killed his honour; a Berkshire can't live without honour."

At this point, Lewis loses his battle to keep his head up and it falls to the table.

"Lewis! Lewis!" Wiggins tries his best to wake Lewis, but to no avail.

"Excuse me, sir. Is this Captain Terence Lewis of the Berkshires?"

While our attention has been directed to Lewis, two men of the Queen's Own Guards have entered the bar and now stand next to our table.

"Yes," replies Wiggins.

"Sergeant, take him to the wagon."

"Where are you taking him?" asks Wiggins.

"Back to his regiment."

39 NW

The Saunders' residence is a bee-hive of activity and the queen bee is the not-so-grieving widow, Vivian Saunders. Buzzing around her are a number of people awaiting her instructions.

"Mary! Make sure that the glassware is set up on the buffet table. Have everything ready by the time the service is over. Kate, Kate! Where is that girl? There you are. Did you get the guest rooms ready? I want Dame Margaret in the rose room."

"Mrs. Saunders, could we speak with you? We—" Wiggins is unable to complete his sentence.

"Are you from the mortuary? The body has to be at St. Paul's by ten tomorrow. It will—"

"Excuse me, we are not from the mortuary. We are from Sherlock Holmes—"

"The florist! You have to talk to John. John, where are you?"

"No, the detective. Sherlock Holmes, the detective."

"Detective?"

"Yes, about your husband's death. We're investigating it."

"I know nothing about that. Talk to the police or John."

"John?"

"John, my butler."

63 NW

"Yes, Terence is my nephew," says Sir George as we all settle down in his comfortable drawing room. "But he is not here. I haven't seen him in weeks. May I ask why you are looking for him?"

"Last night Sir James Saunders was murdered at the Carlton Mansion."

"Yes, I have heard that. Terence had a great deal of respect for Saunders."

"That's why we wanted to talk to him."

"I see." Sir George takes a cigar case from his pocket and removes a long black cigar.

"Sir?"

"My nephew, Terence, is he lost?"

"I wouldn't say, 'lost,'" replies Wiggins.

"He's not at the mansion nor at his mother's. We just have a few questions for him."

"Well, I don't know where Terence is, but I will tell you this, he was very close to Sir James Saunders. He was stationed with Saunders in India and was his aide when he was head of the regiment. I can't see him involved in any way in Saunders' death."

"Was Terence at the battle of Maiwand?"

"No. Nor was Saunders. They were both in Karachi at the time of the battle. Terry's father, my brother, was not so lucky. He was one of those killed in the battle. Saunders was the quartermaster for the regiment and Terence was assigned to him. When you find Terence tell him that I am available if he needs help."

"Yes, sir. Thank you."

70 NW

"Come in. It's not often that I am called upon by my reading public," says Andrew Gibbons, a slight but energetic man in his mid-forties, as he leads us into a small parlour. "What is it that I can do for you?"

"We have read parts of your book *The Afghan Campaigns*, specifically the chapter on the Battle of Maiwand, and we were wondering if you might be able to further elucidate some comments you made."

Gibbons is obviously flattered by our interest, and takes a moment to polish his spectacles and compose a serious mien before replying. "I will be happy to answer your questions if I can. What is it you want to know?"

"You mentioned rumours of treachery and information leaks that might have been involved in the terrible defeat suffered by British troops at Maiwand. Can you tell us any more about those rumours?"

"Well, I have no hard evidence, no proof, if that's what you mean. The University, which published the book, wanted me to remove that passage. 'You cannot impugn the honour of British soldiers and government officials without evidence in this way,' they said. I insisted that there had to have been a leak. I believe the information travelled through the Russians to the Afghanis, but this I don't know for sure. The rebel troops ambushed our troops. They seemed to know a great deal more than they could have gleaned from scouts, and a great deal earlier. I am personally convinced that there was a 'leak', but I would be much more inclined to call it 'treason.'"

Our scholarly Mr. Gibbons has become quite agitated during this little diatribe. His fists are clenched, and the colour in his face has risen.

"Do you have any idea who may have been responsible for the information leak?" asks Wiggins.

"No, I don't but it would have to have been someone with accurate and early information about troop movements."

"Thank you, Mr. Gibbons."

84 NW

We visit Buszard's early enough to miss the crush of afternoon patrons and manage to speak with the maitre d'.

"Oh, yes, of course I knew Sir James. He was a frequent patron, visiting us often two or three times a week. He has for years. I was shocked to read of his death."

"We understand he was often here with a woman. Could you tell us anything about her?"

"You refer to Miss Vorontsov, a lovely lady. Yes, they often met here for tea or a light luncheon. Perhaps you would like some tea yourselves?"

"No, thank you. Perhaps another day. You've been most helpful."

94 NW

"Yes, I know a Captain Lewis. He's my son," answers Mrs. Lewis to Wiggins' question.

"Have you seen him lately?"

"Yes, well actually, last night. Terry came home around 11:30. He seemed very upset, and he had been drinking heavily. He was only here for about an hour. Just long enough to change out of his uniform."

"Did he say why he was upset?"

"He didn't have to."

"Then you knew about the murder?"

"Murder? No, what murder? I was talking about my husband's death. Last night was the ninth anniversary of his death. He was killed at the Battle of Maiwand. What is this about a murder?"

"Last night Sir James Saunders was murdered at Carlton Mansion. Did you know him?"

"My God! Yes, well I know who he is. He was the commander of the Berkshires. Terry was his aide during his last two years of command. He became a father figure to Terry. But my son mentioned nothing of this to me. I thought he was upset over the memory of his father's death. Who killed Colonel Saunders?"

"That's what we're trying to find out. Where is your son now?"

"I don't know. He said he wanted to be alone and that he was going to check into a hotel for a day or two. He didn't tell me which one. He may have gone to his uncle, Sir George Lewis. After his father died, George became his adviser and confidant. But I think he would have told me if he was going there."

"Thank you, Mrs. Lewis."

AREA WC

18 WC

"I knew it, I knew it!" Matt Moser's large body rolls with laughter as we enter his office. "When I read of Sir James' death I knew you would be here for my help."

"You're just too sharp for me, Matt," responds Wiggins with humour.

"Here's what you want, the file on Colonel James Saunders, later *Sir* James Saunders."

"Thanks, Matt," says Wiggins as he reaches for the folder in Moser's hand. But before he can take it, Moser pulls it out of reach.

"Just a moment, Wiggins old friend. It seems that you have been coming to me for help more and more, but not much is coming my way."

"My appreciation, Matt, you always have that."

"And I value that, Wiggy, I do. But this time I want some credit. When Watson writes this one up, I want to be mentioned."

"I'll do what I can."

"That's all I ask, Wiggy, that's all I ask." Matt hands the folder to Wiggins.

"Not much here, Matt. Three days of following James Saunders."

"Quality, not quantity, has been the motto of my life."

"'Friday, Saunders meets a woman at Buszard's Tea

Room, has tea with her and they leave separately. Saturday, follow Saunders to a boarding house at 76 Southampton Row. Shortly after, the same woman arrives. They spend day and night there together. Monday, lunch again at Buszard's with same woman, again leave separately. Followed woman to the Russian Embassy; she entered by side door. Waited two hours but woman did not leave embassy. Tuesday, gave report to Roger Saunders. Wednesday, Mrs. V. Saunders cancelled surveillance, paid 20 pounds.' Twenty pounds! For three days work! Come on, Matt! You didn't even get the woman's name."

"Mrs. Saunders wasn't interested in the name of the woman. She only wanted to know if there was a woman. Like I said, Wiggy, quality is my motto and quality must be paid for."

31 WC

"It's so good to see you, John." Mrs. Grasso's greeting is directed to Watson who has accompanied us to the home of Smyth-Thomas's sister. She has already been informed of her brother's death. Only her red eyes indicate that her composure has taken some effort.

After Watson has comforted Mrs. Grasso and we have all offered our condolences, we settle down in the drawing room with some tea that the housekeeper has prepared for us.

"I must tell you, John, that I was expecting something like this to happen. I tried to persuade Ian a number of times to talk to you. You were his dearest friend outside of the regiment."

"What was the problem, Hope?"

"Well, as you no doubt know, John, ever since Alice's death— that was Ian's wife," says Mrs. Grasso for our benefit, "the regiment has become his whole life. A year ago Ian started to work on a history of the regiment. He loved it. Everytime he came to town all he could talk about was his 'history.' But then, a few weeks ago, he became despondent. I asked him what was troubling him. He had come across some irregularities in the records he was studying for the history. 'Irregularities' was all that he would say. He would not go into detail, but I know that he was very upset. I didn't realize just how upset. Oh, John" Mrs. Grasso sobs.

"Now, now, Hope. We did not come here to upset you. Perhaps we should leave. I will call upon you again soon."

"Please do, John. You are all welcome again as well," she adds, with the graciousness that Dr. Watson had led us to expect from the sister of Ian Smyth-Thomas.

"Good day."

39 WC

Our knock is answered by a white-haired butler. "Yes?"

"Hello, may we speak with Mrs. Saunders?"

"I am sorry. That is entirely out of the questions. Madam is under her doctor's care and cannot be disturbed. Good day."

76 WC

"Yes, I am Mrs. Warren the landlady," says the stout, middle-aged woman who answers our knock. "If you're looking for a room, I have no vacancies."

"No, we're not looking for a room. We are looking for a man and woman who may have, or at one time had, a room in your boarding house. The man's name is Sir James Saunders. Do you know him?"

"Sir James, is it? Now I ask you, does this look like the type of place that the swells would be staying at?"

"Maybe he used another name? Did you see today's *Times*? There was a picture of Sir James."

"I don't read, love, so I have no need to look at the *Times*, or any other paper."

"Here, I'll show it to you." Wiggins takes the paper, which he has been carrying under his arm, and shows Mrs. Warren Sir James's likeness.

"No, I don't think ... wait, it looks like Mr. Sand. Yes, that's Joseph Sand. I didn't recognize him in that monkey suit. He's had rooms here for years. He's a traveling wine merchant and is gone most of the time. You mean that is Sir James?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll be a duck! Right under my own roof. Why is he in the paper?"

"He has been murdered."

"No! He was such a nice man, you could tell he was well educated. Does his wife know yet? Poor dear, poor Anna."

"Anna?"

"Yes, Anna Sand. Very quiet woman. You know," Mrs. Warren moves closer to us and lowers her voice, "I don't generally much care for Russians. They're too loud, always complaining, and they drink too much. Not good British gin either but that greasy vodka. But Mrs. Sand, she don't never complain, a real lady."

"Is she here?"

"I don't think so. She travels with Mr. Sand. They come and go; I don't spy on my tenants. Mr. Sand pays his rent by the year, and that's the only time I need to see him."

"Could we see their rooms? We're investigating the murder."

"You're not going to take anything are you? I don't want to get into trouble with Mrs. Sand."

"No, we just want to take a quick look around."

We are led up two flight of stairs into two sparsely furnished rooms. Against one wall of the sitting room is a large desk with rolling chair and a file cabinet. Above the desk hangs a photograph of three people, two men and a woman, in front of the Taj Mahal. We recognize one of the men as James Saunders in the uniform of a British major.

In the centre of the room is a round oak table with two chairs arranged around it. A wicker rocking chair and side table complete the inventory of the sitting room.

"Will one of you investigate the other room?" requests Wiggins. "I'm going to check out the desk and filing cabinet."

Wiggins calls us over to the desk where he has stacked some folders and papers for our inspection. "What did you find in the other room?" asks Wiggins.

"Nothing out of the ordinary. Some linen, some night clothes, both male and female, a couple changes of clothing but none of the personal effects you would expect to find in a permanent residence."

"Yes, the whole place gives that impression. The files are a lot more interesting, however. Look, a report on British troop strength in India and Afghanistan, copies of treaties between England and Turkey, naval war plans for the Black Sea. I can tell you this, these papers do not belong here no matter who our Mr. Sand is."

"What do we do now?"

"I think we should take them to Mycroft. He'll know what to do."

AREA EC

38 EC

"Ah, Wiggins, come in. What brings my favourite sleuths today? I'm just about finished here, and then I'll be right with you. Make yourselves at home, if you can." adds Sir Jasper lightly, noting a couple of pale faces among us. We have never been particularly comfortable in the company of Meeks's cadavers.

"Have you performed the autopsy on Sir James Saunders?" Wiggins asks as Sir Jasper joins us at his desk.

"Yes, I have. There really is not much to tell. He died of strangulation. Besides the obvious ropeburns on his neck, there were similar, albeit much milder, ropeburns on his wrists. There is nothing else really, except that his tongue was bitten halfway through.

"Is there anything else I can help you with today?"

"No, thanks," we answer, anxious to be on our way. "Good-bye, Sir Jasper."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

OFFICERS

Colonel Raymond Edwards

Lieutenant Colonel Edward Jenkins

Major Dirk Hancock

Major Ian Smyth-Thomas

Major James Kirk

Captain Terence Lewis

Captain Anthony Braxton

Captain Peter Seeley

Captain Dennis Denham

Lieutenant Alfred Dobell

Lieutenant Warren Hyndman

Lieutenant Allen Clark

STAFF

Sergeant-Major Robert Hoddle

First Sergeant James Milner

Sergeant Joseph Sharp

Sergeant Edward Shepstone

Sergeant Howell Rowlands

Sergeant David Murray

Corporal Daniel Harris

Corporal William Wynn

Corporal Thomas Gouge

Private James Landcaster

Private Griffith Jones

Private Patrick Kelly

Private George Bowen

Private John Rees

CHARACTERS' ROOMS

GROUND FLOOR

3. Lt. Col. Jenkins' Office
5. Maj. Hancock's Office
6. Maj. Kirk's Office
9. Maj. Smyth-Thomas' Office
12. Col. Edwards' Suite
13. Col. Edwards' Suite
14. Col. Edwards' Suite
15. Col. Edwards' Suite
17. Col. Edwards' Office
22. Billiards Room

UPSTAIRS

2. Capt. Braxton's Room
3. Capt. Lewis's Room
4. Maj. Kirk's Room
6. Lt. Col. Jenkin's Room
10. Corporal's Room
11. Sergeants' Room
12. Hoddle's & Milner's Room
13. Lt. Dobell's Room
14. Lt. Hyndman's Room
16. Lt. Clark's Room
20. Capt. Seeley's Room
22. Capt. Denham's Room
23. Maj. Smyth-Thomas' Room
27. Privates' Room

Carlton Mansion

As we enter the Principal Court of the Carlton Mansion we notice a number of guards standing under the Portico. As we move closer we see that they are two uniformed constables and two uniformed members of the Queen's Own Guards with rifles slung over their shoulders. Our little group is scrutinized by the four guards, but they make no move to stop our progress towards the mansion's entrance. In the First Hall (G-1) stand two men in the uniform of the Royal Berkshires. One, a sergeant, moves to us and addresses Wiggins, who is in the lead.

"May I help you, sir?" asks the sergeant.

"We're here at the request of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Could se week the officer in charge?"

"Sherlock Holmes? The detective bloke that was here last night?"

"Yes."

"All right, go on in. You'll find Colonel Edwards in his office. Oh, by the way, you'll find a Doctor Watson in that Antechamber (G-2). He's a friend of Holmes, isn't he?"

"Yes, thank you."

Mansion Room Clues

Ground Floor

G-2

As we enter the room we see Watson seated in a large leather chair talking to a uniformed man seated across from him. The man wears the uniform of a sergeant in the Berkshire Regiment.

"Doctor Watson, are we disturbing you?" asks Wiggins.

"Ah, Wiggins! No, no, not at all. Come, pull up a chair, all of you, I have someone I want you to meet. This is Murray."

After Watson's introduction we all settle into the chairs around him.

"Murray saved my life at the battle of Maiwand. He was my orderly, and after I was wounded he got me back to our lines. I wouldn't be alive today if it wasn't for him. Smyth-Thomas was also wounded at Maiwand; we were roommates at the hospital. During the months of recuperation we became good friends. It was Ian who invited Holmes and me to the dinner last night. He wanted to meet Holmes.

"Last night was the ninth anniversary of the Battle of Maiwand. I was not, as you may know,originally assigned to the Berkshires, but rather to the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers. I was then transferred to the Berkshires and it was on my way there that I was wounded. So I was never officially on the rolls of the Berkshires. Last night I was here only as the Major's guest.

"Did Holmes tell you what happened last night?"

"Yes, that's why we are here."

"Then Holmes is taking an interest in the case. Good! When we left here last night, he didn't say a word. As soon as we got home, he went straight to bed. Not so much as a 'good night'!"

"He seems to have worked out a solution but he wouldn't let us in on it."

"Holmes and his love of the dramatic; I think he likes to see me upset."

"What can you tell us about what happened last night?" asks Wiggins.

"Holmes and I arrived at eight o'clock. We were met at the door by Major Smyth-Thomas. A pleasant meeting, he seemed genuinely glad to see us. We were immediately joined by Colonel Edwards and Lieutenant Dobell, the commander of the regiment and his aide. Nice young man, Lieutenant Dobell; he took to Holmes right off. Made sure he had everything that he wanted, must have asked him about every case he ever worked on. You know how Holmes always says that he isn't interested in fame, but don't let him fool you. He loves it when his genius is recognized.

"Dinner went well. Sir James gave a moving tribute to the men who fell at Miawand with special attention, of course, to the relatives of current members of the regiment. After dinner we all retired to the drawing room for brandy and conversation. I joined my old friend Braxton in a game of billiards. I noticed nothing until around ten when there was a commotion in the library. I couldn't believe my eyes. Sir James was hanging from the library ceiling, a horrible sight. I have never been able to get used to the sight of death, especially death caused by man."

"What can you tell us about Sir James?" asks Wiggins.

"Sir James Saunders, son of General T. Giffith Saunders. He followed in his father's footsteps and joined the Berkshires in 1862. He rose to the rank of Major by 1880. He was not at the Battle of Maiwand, but was stationed in Karachi, where he was in charge of supply for the Regiment. During the battle, Colonel Thomas, commander of the Regiment, was killed and Major Saunders was promoted to Colonel and put in command. There was talk three or four years ago of promotion to Brigadier-General, but Sir James retired from the army and joined the Foreign Office. He was knighted last year for his work on the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1888. That's about all I know concerning his career."

"What about his personal life?"

"Not much. The Saunders family is an old and honourable military family. There has been a Saunders in every major battle since Bosworth. The Genearl, Sir James's father, died in '85. His wife, Vivian, is the daughter of Lord Rutland. They have one son, Roger, whom I have met. He is an army doctor attached to the Royal Military Asylum. That's about all I know."

"Excuse me, sir," says Murray to Watson. "I have to go and check in with the Major."

"Just a moment, Murray," responds Watson. "Can you throw any light on what happened last night?"

"I'm afraid not, doc. After dinner I was helping with the brandy and port in the billiards room when you asked me to bring down Captain Braxton's duelling pistols. As I was coming out of the Captain's room I saw Captain Lewis talking with the Major outside his room—"

"You mean Smyth-Thomas?" interjects Wiggins.

"Right. He seemed upset, Captain Lewis I mean, but he has been in a bad mood for weeks. Anyways, when you and Captain Braxton were finished with the pistols, I brought them back upstairs and, dismissed, went to my room. I wasn't aware of any trouble until around 10:30 when Corporal Gilmore informed me of it and told me the Colonel, Colonel Edwards, wanted the company to form in the hall.

"We were questioned by the police, but I knew nothing and learned nothing. So I was sent back to my room."

"Thank you, Murray."

"You're welcome, sir. You might check with the other enlisted men. Maybe they know something."

"Well, Wiggins. Shall we look around?" says Watson as he rises from the large leather chair.

G-3

Lieutenant Colonel Jenkins seems to be totally preoccupied with paperwork as we enter his office.

"Excuse us, Colonel Jenkins," says Watson, "We are here to investigate the hanging of Sir James. Could you be of some assistance to us?"

Jenkins leans back in his chair and gives us a look before replying.

"I have no authority to speak on that matter. I suggest you make your inquiries to Colonel Edwards."

Before Watson can continue, Jenkins huddles back over his desk, oblivious to our presence.

G-17

As we enter Colonel Edwards' office we see a tall man standing with his back to us. He is looking out one of the tall French windows that line the office. He doesn't turn or acknowledge our entrance until Wiggins says:

"Colonel Edwards?"

He turns from the window and looks us over. In his right hand he holds a riding-crop which he keeps tapping against the top of his high black boot. In his left he holds an oval shaped cigarette.

"Yes, I am Colonel Edwards. What can I do for you?" He moves to the centre of the room and makes no effort to find a chair or to offer us one.

"We are investigating the murder of Sir James Saunders."

"Is that so? And who might you be?"

"We are working with Sherlock Holmes."

"There is nothing I can tell you. I have been ordered by General Roberts not to discuss the case with anyone outside the War Office. Now if you will excuse me, I have some papers to fill out." Colonel Edwards turns his back to us and resumes his staring out the window as we leave his office.

G-26

"Okay, look around, Doctor Watson, but don't touch anything. We're supposed to keep people out, but Murray said to help you."

"Thank you, Corporal. We'll only be a moment."

The rope that had strangled the life out of Sir James the previous night is still hanging from the ceiling. One end dangles ten feet, or so, above the floor while the other is tied fast to a pillar. The noose lies on the floor where it was flung when Sir James was cut down. There is an overturned chair underneath the rope.

"Look over here!" cries Wiggins. He is down on his knees in front of the fireplace probing the debris with a poker. "What do you make of this?"

Wiggins has separated from the ashes the fragments of several broken glasses, a somewhat scorched handkerchief, and a short length of rope, also somewhat charred. "I wonder what all these broken glasses are doing here? Look at this one." Wiggins holds in his hand the almost complete bowl of a goblet. "They haven't been here long. There's still a bit of wine in this one."

"Look here, on the table." Watson points to two full wineglasses on a silver tray. "The same type of goblet. Engraved with the Berkshire coat of arms with the 66th Foot underneath."

"Think it means anything?" asks Wiggins.

"I don't know. We'll tell Holmes when we see him."

"You saw the body, didn't you, Doctor Watson? Was there anything you could tell from it?" asks Wiggins.

"Nothing more than that he died from hanging. I don't know if the autopsy will reveal any more," answered Watson.

"Everything else looks normal," says Wiggins, poking with the stem of a broken wine glass an ashtray containing several oval cigarette ends.

Upstairs

U-2

"Leave it alone, Johnny, just leave it alone," Captain Braxton pacing back and forth.

"Please, Brax," says Watson, "how can you let this foul murder and blight on the Regiment go unpunished?"

"Blight on the Regiment!" retorts Braxton, pulling up short. "If you knew—"

He breaks off and resumes his pacing. No words from Watson will make him continue or explain.

U-3

A check of the captain's room shows the well-arranged billet of a military man. The bed is neatly made. The small wardrobe contains only military uniforms.

Wiggins calls in Private Rees, Captain Lewis' orderly. "Have you seen Captain Lewis today?"

"No, sir. I haven't seen Captain Lewis all day. When I knocked at his door this morning, I got no reply. His bed hadn't been slept in, and he wasn't at mess this morning."

"What about last night?"

"I was ordered by Colonel Edwards to take seven wine glasses into the Library. As I was coming out, Captain Lewis and Major Smyth-Thomas went in. That was the last I saw of him. 'Course, after they found Sir James' body, all bloody hell broke out. Lost track of everything after that."

U-4

Major Kirk answers our knock and hesitantly invites us in.

"Major, we are making an inquiry—"

"Doctor Watson, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's right. Major, are you able to—"

"I'm afraid I'm not able to do or say anything."

"But if you could just tell us a—"

"No, Doctor. I can say nothing."

"You don't even know why we are here."

"Yes I do, Doctor. It is in reference to the events of last evening. I can be of no help to you."

"*Will* not is more like it."

"As you will, Doctor. I am sorry."

U-5

The door opens a crack only and a deep bass voice from the other side asks us what we want.

"We don't mean to disturb you, Major Hancock, but we would like you to tell us what you can about the unfortunate events of last evening."

There is a muttering which we cannot hear completely. Something about "riddance" and "rubbish" or some such.

"What was that, Major? Will you let us in?

"No. Go away."

The door closes sharply.

U-6

Sergeant Sharp is in Lieutenant Colonel Jenkins' room when we enter. He tells us that Colonel Jenkins is probably in his office downstairs.

U-10

We find the corporal's quarters empty but hear voices in the sergeants' quarters next door.

U-11

Upon Sergeant Murray's recommendation we seek out his fellow sergeants upstairs. As luck would have it, all those enlisted men not on duty are gathered there. Our entrance into the room is met with a sudden hush in the general conversation, the suspension of various games of chance and ten or so suspicious stares. A stern looking, heavily mustachioed man steps towards us.

"Doctor Watson," asks Sergeant-Major Hoddle, "how can we help you and your friends?"

Despite the gracious offer, we sense in the tone a

hesitation to comply.

"Murray said you might be able to shed some light on this unfortunate business. Would you mind answering a few questions?"

"We are at your service, Doctor. Right, lads?"

There is a general murmur of acknowledgement, again, without much enthusiasm.

"Does anyone recall Sir James entering the Library?"

No one does.

"When was the library closed off to the guests?" asks Wiggins

"After dinner, as soon as the guests passed from the mess to the Main Drawing Room," says First Sergeant Milner.

"Was there any particular reason why it was closed off?"

"Can't say there was," says Milner.

"Darned inconvenient it was, too, beggin' your pardon," says Corporal Gouge. "I wanted to use the stairway in there to fetch some wine. It leads right down near the cellar door."

"Someone stopped you from going in?" asks Wiggins.

"Right. Colonel Jenkins stopped me at the Library door. Made me go all the way around to the servants' staircase."

There is a general sense of agreement over the whimsical vicissitudes of officers.

"Does anyone recall seeing anyone else going into the Library?"

Again, no one does.

"Thank you, gentlemen, for your time."

U-12

Neither Sergeant-Major Hoddle nor First Sergeant Milner are in their room when we go there. We hear the sound of voices in the sergeants' quarters down the hall.

U-13

"I'm afraid I can't tell you anything, Doctor Watson. As you probably know, I was with Mr. Holmes when, uh, well, when it happened."

The tone of his voice is calm enough but Lieutenant Dobell cannot keep from wringing his hands.

"You are sure there is nothing you can tell us?"

"No, Sir, that is, yes, Sir. I am sure that I can tell you nothing."

"Now see here, Dobell—"

"I must insist, Sir. I really have nothing to say."

U-14

Lieutenant Hyndman is adament in his refusal to speak.

"I am under strict orders to communicate with no one. I am sorry, Sir."

"I see ... You were with Holmes most of the evening, were you not?"

"I—, I'm sorry, Sir ... I can say nothing."

U-16

Lieutenant Clark sits on the edge of his bed pouring himself what is certainly not his first drink of the day.

"Jus' leave me 'lone, I say ... 'lone ..."

Watson and Wiggins exchange a look. Simultaneously, they shrug as if to say that there is nothing to be gained here. We leave quietly.

U-20

Captain Seely draws himself up to his full six-foot, four-inch height and says stiffly, "I have nothing to say, Doctor Watson, and that is that."

U-22

"I intend no disrespect, Doctor Watson, but my orders are quite clear."

"Captain Denham, I assure you that my thoughts are only for the good name of the regiment. The sooner this matter is cleared up, the better for all concerned."

"I appreciate your position, Doctor, but you must also appreciate mine. I will not violate my orders, no matter what the argument or appeal."

U-23

As Watson leads us up to Smyth-Thomas' room we discover a soldier pounding on one of the doors while unsuccessfully trying the door-knob.

"What's the problem, private?" shouts Watson.

"It's the major. He won't answer my call. I tried to wake him earlier, but got no answer then. He was up late so I thought he just wanted to sleep late, but he would never sleep this late. I'm worried, sir, I am."

"How do you know he is in the room? He might have left and locked the door after him."

"No, sir. I have a key and I've tried it. The door is locked from the inside." To demonstrate the truth of this last statement he removes a key from his pocket, inserts it into the lock and tries it, again unsuccessfully.

The private steps aside as Watson takes his place in front of the door. He is no more successful at getting the key to open the door. Watson steps back from the door, takes a deep breath and flings himself, shoulder first, into the door. There is a loud crack, but the door holds.

"Wiggins, Private, give me a hand," demands Watson.

Watson counts to three and all three shoulders hit the door simultaneously. The crack is louder this time, and the door gives way. Their momentum propels them into the room.

"Oh, my God!" cries the private.

"Ian! No, it can't be!" groans Watson.

As we enter the room we see the grisly sight that caused the private's outcry. Hanging in the centre of the room is the body of a man in full military dress. The body is suspended by a bright red curtain cord, one end attached to the lamp hook in the ceiling, the other around the man's neck. We all stand transfixed, watching the body rotate first to the right and then back to the left. The arms hang loosely at his side. The feet of Major Smyth-Thomas' body are only six inches off the floor, but those six inches were enough to strangle the life out of him.

"Help me cut him down," says Watson in a quiet, flat voice. Watson grabs the body by the legs and lifts it up as the soldier climbs upon a chair that stands next to the body and removes the cords from the ceiling. Wiggins then helps Watson gently lay the body of Smyth-Thomas on the bed against the left wall.

Watson removes a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his face, giving particular attention to his eyes. After blowing his nose and replacing the handkerchief in his pocket, Watson turns his attention to the body of his friend.

"I would say he has been dead for four or five hours," says Watson in his best professional manner. "Death by strangulation, a terrible way to die. No indication of drugs, no bruises or lacerations."

"Do you think it was suicide, Doctor Watson?" asks Wiggins.

"I don't know!" snaps Watson. "I'm sorry, Wiggins. My nerves are not holding up well. Ian was a good friend. I just don't know. Look around the room and see if you can find a note or anything that might give us a clue to what happened. Private, would you help Wiggins? You were the Major's orderly? Well then, you may spot something out of order ."

"Yes, sir."

Wiggins and the private start moving around the room. Wiggins stops at the desk next to the bed. Its top is bare with the exception of a photograph of a woman.

"Who's the woman in the photograph?" asks Wiggins.

"His sister, Mrs. Hope Grasso," replys the orderly. "She lives here in London. Someone will have to tell her about the Major's death."

"I've met her," comments Watson. "She was Ian's only family. I'll tell her."

"There's nothing in the drawers, just blank paper and some ink and pens," says Wiggins.

"Look at this!" cries the private from in front of the fireplace. He is kneeling there, poking at the smouldering embers. "It looks like the Major's papers and things have

been thrown into the fire."

He reaches into the fireplace and pulls out a barely charred page that has survived the inferno. In the centre of the page, written in small neat handwriting is:

A History of the
Princess Charlotte of Wales's
Royal Berkshire Regiment
66th Foot, Company C
During the Second Afghan War

"It looks like the only page that hasn't burned."

"Don't touch the ashes, Private. There may be some clue there. Don't let anyone but the authorities in."

"Yes, sir."

As we leave the room, the private closes the broken door and assumes his post.

U-27

No one seems to be to home in the privates' room. A cursory look around yields nothing of special interest. We leave, having advanced the solution of the case no further.



Case 15
The Case of the Toxic Trinity
Monday, 16 September, 1889



Duncannon Street from Charing Cross

AREA SE

61 SE

Herbert Nettleship is a small man in his early fifties. He is wiry and hard, his arms like steel bands. We have found the surviving Nettleship brother in the storage yard of *Nettleship Brothers: Building Supplies.*

"Mr. Nettleship?" asks Wiggins.

"Yes."

"Could we ask you a few questions?"

"About what?"

"Your brother's death."

"You from the police? I told you all I know."

"No, we're not from the police. We're working for Sir Harold Hobson ..."

"Yes, I can see that Sir Harold would want to have his own investigation. As I told the police, it doesn't make much sense to arrest Sir Harold's son, what's his name?"

"Elliot."

"Elliot, yes. I told them, the police, that it didn't make any sense to charge Elliot with Adrian's murder; it just doesn't fit together."

"What do you mean?"

"Why would Elliot Hobson want to kill Adrian? The police say that he must have seen Elliot kill Post. Post was poisoned! If Adrian had seen anything, Elliot could have postponed or covered it up. No, it doesn't make sense."

"Who do you think it was?"

"I have no idea."

"Did you talk to your brother over the weekend?"

"No. The last time that I saw him was Thursday last."

"Did you know Post?"

"No."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"No."

"Did you know Duckett?"

"Yes, we had worked together a number of times. We just supplied his company for the Daily Chronicle building."

"Do you know of any reason that your brother would be killed?"

"No."

"And you never heard of Post?"

"No."

"So you have no idea who or what caused your brother's death?"

"No, not at all. It's a mystery to me. I sure would like to find out; if you learn anything, let me know."

66 SE

Sixty-six Wallington Place turns out to be a storage yard with a small workshop at the back. We notice smoke coming from the rickety chimney, so we work our way through the clutter of wood and steel and knock on the shed door. A moment later the door opens and we are greeted by a young man dressed in working clothes.

"Can I help you?"

"Yes. We are investigating the deaths of Malcolm Post and two other men which occurred Saturday night. Could we ask who you are?"

"I'm Robert McWilliams, Malcolm's cousin. I came down from Manchester to work for Malcolm."

"When was the last time you saw your cousin?"

"Saturday. He came by to check some papers. He seemed upset, but wouldn't tell me anything."

"Are the papers still here?"

"Yes. In the desk. Come in."

McWilliams walks over to the desk and removes a large envelope. Across the envelope is written *Wallace Post Business Papers.* "Wallace was Malcolm's father. It was this paper on top that Malcolm seemed interested in." McWilliams hands the paper to Wiggins.

"It looks like a contract between the Post Construction Company of Manchester and the Nettleship Brothers of London for the supplying of materials for the construction of Ermen and Engels textile mill, dated November, 1870. Did Malcolm say anything to you about this?" asks Wiggins of McWilliams.

"No, just said he had to talk to his sister."

"Do you know where we can find her?"

"No. Funny thing about Malcolm's sister; he never talks about her much, and I have never met her. I know that she married and her husband died and, oh yes, her name is Beatrice."

"Did Malcolm drink much?"

"Yes, he did. Too much, I'm afraid."

"Thank you, Mr. McWilliams."

85 SE

"Why, yes. Sleeping powders are one of our most popular items."

"Are you familiar with many of your customers?"

"Well, of course, there are those I know and there are those I don't."

"Are any of these names familiar to you: Elliot Hobson, Malcolm Post, Charles Duckett or Adrian Nettleship?"

"Mr. Duckett is a regular customer, but I can't say that I know any of the other gents by name. That doesn't mean that they aren't customers, of course. I might know them if I saw them."

"What was Mr. Duckett in the habit of buying?"

"Just as you said, sleeping powders."

"What is the sleeping powder made of?"

"Each packet contains .15 grams of opium."

"That's it?"

"That's it."

AREA SW

13 SW

As we enter his office we see that Inspector Lestrade is donning coat and hat and heading towards the door.

"Inspector, could we speak with you a moment about the Hobson case?"

"Wiggins, I can't waste time with you on cases that are already solved. There's no doubt that the younger Hobson is guilty of the Post murder, by poison, and probably of Nettleship's as well. I must admit to being a bit baffled by Duckett's death, but we'll clear that one up, no doubt."

"But, Inspector—"

"I'm sorry, Wiggins. I have more important matters to tend to."

22 SW

"Listen carefully, I only have a few minutes," Murray informs us as we stand before one of his worktables. "I'm going on holiday, and I don't want to be held up."

"Yes, sir."

"I got two glasses of milk from the scene of the crime, both two-thirds empty. They both contained opium; the one labeled Duckett, three hundred parts per thousand; the one labeled Nettleship, one hundred parts per thousand. The bottle of whisky contained carbolic acid, five hundred parts per thousand."

"So what does that mean?"

"Opium is a common sedative, and in the concentration found in Nettelship's milk, the most it would do is put him to sleep. Duckett's dosage is another story; it could cause some problems in someone with bad health. I haven't received Meek's reports yet, so I don't know the state of Duckett's health.

"The carbolic acid is another kettle of fish. In the quantity found in the whisky bottle, which was half empty, it would kill the strongest man within a few hours. And there is no medical use for carbolic acid; no way that it could have accidently gotten into the whisky.

"Now I have to get going. I have a train to catch."

58 SW

The door to 58 Lowndes Street is painted bright green and attached to it is a large brass elephant's head. Wiggins pulls the elephant's trunk and lets it fall onto the brass base with a loud clank. Two more loud clanks and a small peep door opens. A deep, gruff voice asks, "What do you want?" A loud piano can be heard coming from behind the green door.

"Is Mrs. Malott in?"

"Who wants to know?"

"We are investigating the death of her brother."

"The police?"

"No."

The small door slams shut leaving us standing on the stoop. A few minutes later the door opens and the large man who belongs to the gruff voice reveals himself. "She'll see ya. Up the stairs and through the pink door."

As we move up the stairs we are able to see into a drawing room where a young piano player is playing the bawdiest of music hall hits. The room is populated by a half dozen men, a dozen or so scantily-clad women and many bottles of champagne.

Reaching the top of the stairs we notice that each door is painted a different colour. The pink one that we are looking for is at the end of the hall. As we pass a yellow door we hear the laughter of a man and woman, or maybe it is two women. A black doors swings open and a woman in a nun's habit comes out snapping a whip in the air as she says, "I'll be right back, your Lordship; you better not move." She slams the door and moves down the hall towards us. As she passes Wiggins she blows him a kiss.

"I'll be free in a few minutes, dearie," she says to Wiggins. "Come on in and see me." Wiggins turns a shade of pink that matches the door towards which we have been moving. Wiggins musters enough composure to knock on the pink door.

"Come in."

We enter a room that is decorated predominantly in pink. Seated behind a pink desk is a large, blonde-haired woman with chalk-white skin and bright pink lips. She stands as we enter. She is well over six feet tall, but at the moment she is standing none-too-steadily. On the desk which she now clutches for support sits a champagne bottle, mostly empty, and a glass, mostly full.

"What's this about my brother?"

"We have been asked by Sir Harold to investigate the deaths that took place Saturday."

"The murders, you mean!" She flops down in the chair. "Poor Mel, he never had an easy life. Mother died when he was born, and father drank himself to death by the time Mel was twelve. I helped as best I could with money, but you can see that my lifestyle was such that I couldn't keep him with me. Poor Mel."

"Did you see your brother in the last few days?"

"I saw him Saturday. He was upset about someone he met at Hobson's mansion. He wanted to talk about father and his business, what I remembered about his failure."

"Failure?"

"Our father had a construction business that was doing very will until he built the Ermen and Engels textile mill. Three months after its completion, it collapsed, killing forty people. An investigation into the affair blamed father for the accident and made him financially liable; he lost everything. He claimed that it wasn't his fault. After he started drinking, nothing was his fault. He blamed everyone for his problems. But Mel idealized his father and has always believed that someone else caused his downfall."

"And you don't?"

"I don't know. What does it matter after all these years? I told Mel to forget about it and get on with his own life. I guess he didn't take my advice."

"Did he say who he thought it was?"

"No, just that it was one of the people staying at Hobson's house."

At this point there is a knock at the door and a young woman sticks her head into the room and says, "Bea, his Lordship is at it again."

"I got to go. Let me know if you find out anything "

AREA NW

25 NW

"Mr. Duckett was a member of our club. He resided here during the week, a quiet man who kept to himself."

"Did he have any friends who visited him here?"

"Some, but none on a regular basis. Most of those who joined him for dinner were business associates. I understand that his wife is an invalid and does not come into London, so his social life is limited. There is nothing more that I can tell you."

36 NW

"I'm sorry, I don't know any Malcolm Post."

93 NW

"Yes, of course, I will be glad to answer your questions about Charles Duckett. He had been a patient, and a friend, for many years, and I am really shocked by his death."

"According to the Medical Examiner the autopsy revealed opium in his system. Can you explain this?"

"Yes. He often took sleeping powders consisting largely of opium. He suffered from insomnia, I'm afraid. Many nights he was unable to find the sweet peace of sleep until nigh upon dawn. I was not very comfortable prescribing any sedatives for him because of his bad heart."

"His heart?"

"Yes, his heart was quite diseased and weak. I told him that the powders were safe in reasonable quantities. I cautioned him that under no circumstances was he to take more than a double dosage."

AREA WC

5 SW

"No, we delivered no one to 100 Eaton Place last Saturday night."

17 WC

Beatrice Post married John Malott, 19 March, 1877.

John Malott died 15 April, 1884.

AREA EC

27 EC

"Yes, I heard the news yesterday, and I still can't believe it." Ralph Henderson shakes his head as he leads us into his office. "I have been head engineer for Duckett and Company for ten years now. Duckett was a good man to work for; he paid well and treated everyone fairly."

"Do you know any reason why someone would want to murder Mr. Duckett?"

"No, not at all."

"Do you know if Duckett knew Sir Harold or his son?"

"Duckett and I talked about the meeting at Sir Harold's and he mentioned that he did not know Sir Harold; his son didn't come up at all."

"Did Duckett know Malcolm Post?"

"Not that I know of. We have never had any business dealings with him."

"What about Adrian Nettleship?"

"Anyone in the construction business has dealt with the Nettleship brothers. They supplied the steel for a building that we just completed, the Daily Chronicle building."

"Any problems between Duckett and Nettleship?"

"No. They did ship us some brittle steel, but I caught it before it went up. After I complained to Herbert, they replaced it. No real problem. It would have been if I hadn't caught it."

"Have you worked with them before?"

"Yes, a number of times."

"Any problems?"

"There are always problems. The construction business works by bid, with the job going to the lowest bidder, so everyone tries to cut corners. Sometimes the Nettleships try to cut corners a little too much. You just have to keep your eyes open. After all, they are supplying the materials because they bid the lowest; so it's my job to make sure they don't cut too many corners. But that's the way it is with any supplier."

"Did you know Russell Garner?"

"Yes, of course. He was a good friend of Duckett's. We worked with his firm on the Christ's Hospital project. He would have no reason to do harm to Duckett."

"What about Baden-Powell?"

"The architect? Never met him and, to my knowledge, neither had Duckett."

"Sir Richard Crookes?"

"The MP? No. I am sure Duckett would have said something if he had."

"What about Duckett's personal life?"

"He had little. His wife is an invalid and stays at their country estate in Suffolk; she never comes to London. Duckett stays at his club, the Cavendish, during the week, and goes home over the weekends. Believe me, I have tried to think of who would want to do this to Duckett, and I just can't."

"Thank you."

30 EC

"Yes, when I heard of the triple murder, I looked through my files in a search for anything of interest involving the victims. I don't know for certain that there's a connection here, but it's something you may find interesting," says Henry Ellis as he hands us the following clipping:

CONTRACTOR FOUND RESPONSIBLE

Wallace Post, Manchester contractor, has been found guilty of negligence in suits brought by the Ermen & Engels Company involving the tragic collapse last summer of the company's new textile mill in which forty people were killed. Mr. Post is ordered to pay damages in excess of £40,000.

The Ermen & Engels mill was one of the most modern textile factories to be built in Britain. It was a model of industrial design. The excitement occasioned by the opening of this factory was dashed when, a mere three months after it became functional, the structure gave way causing great loss of life and property.

Mr. Post maintained throughout the investigation that he was unaware of defects in the building materials. He claimed that the inferior materials supplied had been misrepresented by their seller. The court ruled that the ascertaining of suitability of materials was the responsibility of the contractor.

6 EC

When we arrive at Old Bailey we are shown into the interview room where we find Elliot Hobson in conversation with Edward Hall.

"Ah, Wiggins, it's good to see you," says Edward Hall as we enter. "I am glad that Holmes is looking into this case."

"Please, you must believe me, I didn't kill anyone." This outburst has come from a slightly-built young man with sandy hair and spectacles.

"This is Elliot Hobson," says Edward Hall.

"Yes, I am sorry, but I just don't understand what's going on. I had no reason to kill Post, let alone Duckett or Nettleship. I didn't even know them. I—"

"Please, Mr. Hobson, if you would just answer some questions, we might be able to clear this up. Could you start by telling us why you were fighting with Malcolm Post?"

"It was really nothing. I admit I over-reacted. Try to understand, I have not had a lot of experience with women. In fact, my wife is the only woman in my life, past or present. I knew before Post arrived that he was a childhood friend of my wife's, and I must admit that I had some trepidation over his coming, for my wife was looking forward to his arrival.

"I am a scientist, and my life is not all that exciting for Mary, and when I found Post in the drawing room with her, both of them laughing, sitting close together, I don't know, something just snapped and I went for Post. Mary tried to reason with me, but I wouldn't listen to her. She went running from the room in tears.

"After my father came in and broke it up, I started to regain my composure. Post, who had obviously been drinking, wanted to talk to my father in private. My father was in no mood to listen to Post. I left and went to the W.C. before going to my room. When I arrived at my room, there was Post at the door trying to push his way in while Mary was trying to keep him out. That was too much. I shouted at him, and he took off at a run up the private staircase. I went after him. I chased him down the upstairs hall and caught him at the head of the grand staircase and hit him.

"Again, my father intervened and again I went off to my room. Mary was upset and I spent the night with her, apologizing. I didn't know of Post's murder until Sunday morning when I was arrested. That's it."

"You have no idea who did it?"

"No. None at all."

"And Nettleship and Duckett?"

"I had nothing to do with them. I talked to Nettleship for about an hour once, showed him my laboratory. He seemed interested. But, I really know no more."

38 EC

"I always know I can expect you to drop in when I've just received a shipment of corpses, Wiggins. Who are you and Holmes interested in today, as if I need to ask?"

"Hello, Sir Jasper. We're interested in the murders Saturday night at the Hobson mansion. Have you performed those autopsies yet?"

"You're in luck, Wiggins. I think I may be able to help you on this one."

"What did you find?"

"Well, where should be begin? Malcolm Post, aged thirty, was, plain and simply, poisoned, murdered. There was a high concentration of carbolic acid in his body, and it could not have gotten there accidentally. He had obviously consumed a large quantity of the poison, probably through some food or drink—I haven't talked to H.R. yet—and carbolic acid is a fast-acting and potent poison. He would have died within a few hours of ingestion.

"Adrian Nettleship, aged fifty-four, died of suffocation. I did find some opium in his body. Opium is a sedative, a popular sleeping powder much used by insomniacs. The amount of sedative in Mr. Nettleship's body is normal in quantity. It would not have had serious medical consequences in one, such as Nettleship, who was in good health. It would merely have put him to sleep. He died of suffocation.

"As I said, the opium would have no serious consequences in one of good health. Apparently, however, our Mr. Duckett was not such a man. His heart showed quite a bit of damage. I am expecting word from his private physician, Mr. Moore Agar, concerning his medical history, but a look at his heart told me all I need to know. In addition, the dosage of opium which he apparently ingested was much higher than would be normal for a sleeping powder. Surely he would have been warned of the danger of such a high dosage. At any rate, the dosage was too high for his weak heart. It simply stopped beating."

85 EC

"Yes, we are hired by Sir Harold Hobson to do cleaning at his home."

"Could we talk to the workers who were sent there Saturday night last? As you may know some men were murdered that night, and we thought perhaps your people might have noticed something out of the ordinary."

"You happen to be in luck, mates. They happen to be here right now, just getting ready to go out on another job. Sal, Minnie, come over here for a minute. These blokes want to ask you about the doings at the Hobson place the other night."

"What can we do for ya'?"

"Did you notice anything unusual while you were working Saturday night? Did you see anyone going up or down the stairs?"

"Saturday night, you say? Sunday morning, I calls it. But no matter. Certain I am that no one went up or down that grand staircase what I takes such pains to wash. But I can't say I noticed anything special."



CAST OF CHARACTERS

HOUSEHOLD

Sir Harold Hobson

Elliot Hobson

Mary Hobson

Sir Richard Crookes

Brian H. Baden-Powell

Russell Garner

Charles Duckett

Malcolm Post

Adrian Nettleship

STAFF

Erasmus Palmer

Phyllis Coker

Nole Coker

Maggie MacDonald

CHARACTERS' ROOMS

GROUND FLOOR

14. Mary & Elliot Hobson's Bedroom
15. Mary & Elliot Hobson's Salon

UPSTAIRS

2. Malcolm Post's Room
6. Sir Harold Hobson's Bedroom
13. Brian H. Baden-Powell's Room
14. Sir Richard Crook's Room
16. Russell Garner's Room
20. Charles Duckett's Room
22. Card Room
23. Adrian Nettleship's Room

DOWNSTAIRS

9. Erasmus Palmer's Room
27. Maggie MacDonald's Room
29. Nole & Phyllis Coker's Sitting Room
30. Nole & Phyllis Coker's Bedroom

"Yes, Sir Harold told me to expect you and to offer any assistance that you might require."

"Thank you. Could you tell us about the guests and events of the weekend?"

"Certainly. Perhaps you would like to join me on a brief tour of the house as we talk?"

"The staff here is quite small, as that is all that is needed for the customary needs of Sir Harold, Master Elliot and his wife Mary. Besides myself there is Mrs. Coker, the cook; Maggie MacDonald, a bright young girl who assists Mrs. Coker and performs the duties of maid; and Nole Coker, who is married to our cook and is something of a jack-of-all-trades. He handles much of the regular maintenance both inside and out. Because our household here is quite small we have many of our services done by hired people from outside. The larger cleaning jobs and the gardening, for instance, are not done by the regular staff. Similarly, we do not keep horses or coach in the stables here.

"Thus, on the rare occasions, such as this past weekend, when Sir Harold is entertaining guests we are rather hard put to handle all the work. We were quite busy with preparations all last week, but everything was ready when the guests arrived Friday. The dinner was exquisite as any special dinner prepared by Mrs. Coker and hosted by Mrs. Hobson would be. The gentlemen discussed business most of the time. After dinner they withdrew to the drawing room for cigars and brandy. Mrs. Hobson did not join them. They retired early.

"Saturday they spent most of the afternoon in the Library working on their plans and negotiating business. They adjourned about four in the afternoon. Dinner was at seven, and was attended by all the guests but Mr. Post who apologized that he had to check on something at his office and would be back as soon as possible.

"Not long after his return he and Master Elliot became embroiled in a quite heated argument in the drawing room. Sir Harold appeared to have calmed them down. But a few minutes later they had come to blows on the grand staircase. Very strange."

We have been loathe to interrupt Palmer's narrative, but we now ask, "Strange? What do you mean?"

"I have served this household for many years, but I have never seen Master Elliot fight with anyone at all. I cannot even recall having ever seen him even in a shouting match, much less a fisticuffs."

"Do you know what caused this altercation?"

"No, I am sorry, I do not. But Sir Harold asked Mr. Post to leave first thing in the morning. Actually, there is very little more that I can tell you. The bodies were found early yesterday morning, just after the cleaning crew had left, and Scotland Yard was notified at once. Nothing has been disturbed in the bedrooms occupied by the deceased. The police said that a man named Murray would be by to examine them, but he has not arrived. The other guests and staff are all here if you care to question any of them."

"You mentioned a cleaning crew. What crew is that?"

"We had a crew from Loughran & Company in to clean the main public areas, the foyer, grand staircase and ground floor halls. They come around midnight and are gone before the household begins to stir in the morning; this way they cause the least disturbance."

"Thank you, Palmer. You have been most generous with your time and observations."

"I do hope you find the murderer. I know that it cannot be Master Elliot. He would never hurt anyone. That I know. The Hobsons are good people."

Mansion Room Clues

Ground Floor

G-15

Mary Hobson is an attractive young woman whose face radiates an appealing blend of strength, honesty and gentleness.

"Please, let us talk in the drawing room where we can be more comfortable. We are so grateful to you for looking into this matter. You must clear poor Elliot. I know that he did not kill Malcolm."

As we take the proffered seats Wiggins says, "Mrs. Hobson, could you tell us more about your husband and Malcolm Post? Do you know what they were arguing about?"

"Well, they were arguing about me, but it was all so foolish. I just don't understand. I have never seen Elliot act so jealous before, and there was certainly no reason. Malcolm is like a brother to me. We are both from Manchester, you know, and when his father died, Malcolm became part of our family; though I have seen little of him in the past few years."

"Can you tell us what happened Saturday night?"

"Yes, I will try. Malcolm seemed to be quite agitated about something, and he said he needed to talk with me. We were in this drawing room, and Elliot started screaming at Malcolm to stay away from me. It was all quite embarrassing. Sir Harold came in and quieted Elliot down, suggesting to both men that they retire for the evening. I certainly thought it a good suggestion and went to my rooms.

"Almost immediately there was a knock at the door. It was Malcolm. He insisted that it was imperative that he speak with Sir Harold that very night and would I please arrange such an extraordinary meeting. Just then Elliot arrived and saw Malcolm at my door. Malcolm took off up the stairs and Elliot chased him through the upstairs hall and down the main staircase, where I understand they continued their schoolboy behaviour until Sir Harold broke it up and asked Malcolm to be gone in the morning.

"Elliot came back to our rooms, and apologized for his childishness. He was really very sweet, you know, telling me how much he loved me. He spent the entire night with me, so I know he had nothing to do with the murders, not that gentle Elliot could ever murder anyone."

"Is there anything else you can tell us about Malcolm Post, about his family or his business?"

"Not really. As I said, I haven't seen him in years. He always wanted to go into building construction, to follow in his father's footsteps. Malcolm was crushed when he died. I think he really wanted to go live with his sister instead of my family, but I guess she couldn't give him proper care and was very grateful to my parents for taking him in."

"Where is his sister now?"

"I think she lives in London, but I don't really know. She was much older than us. I'm sorry. I can't think of anything else that seems important. You really must prove Elliot's innocence."

Upstairs

U-2

We step gingerly over the chalk outline of a body in the doorway to the room last occupied by the late Malcolm Post. Only the feet jut into the hallway. As Palmer had promised,

nothing appears to have been touched. A cheese sandwich sits on the dressing table untouched. Wiggins picks up a jacket which lies on the unslept-in bed.

"Look at this," says Wiggins as he searches the jacket's pockets. "Looks like empty apothecary packets. From Leath & Ross."

U-13

"Excuse us, Mr. Baden-Powell. We were wondering if we might ask you a few questions?"

"Yes, of course. Ghastly business, this. How can I help you?"

"Did you know the other gentlemen who were here for the weekend?"

"I had met most of them at one time or another. I knew Charles Duckett quite well, as we were involved in several of the same building projects. And I did some work for Sir Richard a couple years ago. Of course, I've been a guest here at the Hobson home on more than one occasion."

"What did you think of Duckett?"

"He was a good man. I can't think of anyone who would want to harm him."

"What about Malcolm Post?"

"No, this was the first time I have met him. Looks like the last time."

"Did you have any talks with him?"

"No, I am afraid not."

"Did you know Nettleship?"

"Slightly. He and his brother had worked with one or two of the contractors that have done buildings of mine."

"What did you think of him?"

"Funny thing, Duckett asked me that same question. I don't know of anyone who has worked with the Nettleships who has not had some complaints about them. But that may be part of the business. They get the jobs because they bid the lowest; it's up to the contractor to make sure that the meet the standards."

"So, why was Duckett interested in Nettleship?"

"He didn't say. He said that he and Post had been talking and the subject came up. It didn't seem that important to him."

"On the night of the murders, where were you?

"I was in the card room playing cards with Sir Richard and Russell Garner until well into the morning."

"Did you see or hear anything during the night that might shed some light on the tragic events?"

"Nothing I can think of. We did hear some noise around two from Nettleship's room, but we didn't investigate it."

"Nothing else?"

"No, I'm sorry."

U-14

"I don't know how much I can help you or Sir Harold, but I'll try." Sir Richard accompanies us to the study. "I did not know either Mr. Nettleship or Mr. Post before three days ago. I had met Mr. Duckett, but did not really know him."

"During those three days, did you notice anything that might shed some light on what happened?"

"No, not that I can think of. I have known Sir Harold for a number of years and was here in my capacity as a member of Parliament. As you may know, Sir Harold was put in charge of the Kingsroad redevelopment project, which will involve close to two hundred thousand pounds of public monies before it is completed. It is my responsibility to oversee the expenditure of those funds.

"The main purpose of this weekend get-together was to meet some of the possible contractors who would be working on the project. The only person that I know personally, other than Sir Harold, is Brian Baden-Powell, the architect. He did some work on my country estate, remodelled the whole front facade in a—"

"Excuse me, Sir Richard. If you could start by telling us what happened Saturday night. Could you tell us what you heard or saw?"

"Yes, of course. I went upstairs after dinner, around nine-thirty, to freshen up before the cribbage game that Brian, Russell Garner and I had planned for ten. As I came out of my room at about ten minutes before ten, there, at the top of the main staircase stood Elliot and Post, shouting at each other. Elliot then slapped Post with such great force that it seemed to surprise Elliot as much as Post. Post took a swing at Elliot and missed; Elliot responded by landing a solid right to Post's jaw, causing Post to stumble backwards down the stairs. Elliot then ran down the stairs and grabbed Post, causing them both to fall down the last three stairs onto the landing. By this time, Sir Harold was there pulling them apart. After Sir Harold calmed them down, they went to their rooms. Sir Harold asked Post to leave the next morning.

"After the commotion had died down, Brian, Russell and I started our card game. We were in the card room until around four Sunday morning. We did hear some noise around two in the morning; at the time we didn't think much about it, but it might mean something."

"What kind of noise?"

"Like a table being overturned. We just assumed that Nettleship had gotten up and bumped into something."

"What time was this?"

"Like I said, around two, quarter after at the latest."

"Anything else?"

"No. The game broke up around three-thirty. We all went to our rooms and I didn't hear anything until five-thirty when I was awakened and told of the murders."

"Other than the disagreements between Elliot and Post, did you notice any other antagonisms or conflicts between any of the guests?"

"No. I wasn't looking for any, but none came to my attention."

"Thank you, Sir Richard."

U-16

Russell Garner is a trim, middle-aged man whose face is etched by years of fresh air and other elements of the outdoors.

"I'm afraid there is little I can tell you that can clarify the events of the past few days."

"Were you familiar with the deceased?"

"I knew Charles Duckett quite well. We sometimes competed for jobs, but I like to think that we were good friends. He was a fine man. As for the others, I had had some business dealings with Nettleship, but I had never met Post before this weekend."

"Is there anything else you can tell us?"

"No. I'm sure you've heard all about the public quarrel between Elliot and Post. I don't know what caused it. It's difficult to realize that three men died only a few feet from where we were playing cards."

U-20

This room, like the other guest rooms in the Hobson mansion, is simply decorated with fine old furniture. We look through some of Charles Duckett's clothing which hangs in the wardrobe. The drawers of the dresser reveal only a few more items of clothing. A sheaf of papers sitting on the night-table seem to be architectural drawings, supply needs and cost estimates. On the washstand is a Leath & Ross box containing six packets of powders.

U-23

As Palmer had promised, nothing appears to have been disturbed since the visit from Scotland Yard. Gas lights blaze brightly. Both a chair and a side table lie overturned upon the floor; a bed pillow rests beside them. A book, Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, lies on the bed.

U-26

A check of the Turkish Bath reveals an empty vial labeled carbolic acid hidden under a stack of towels.

Downstairs

D-2

"Here, lads, help yourselves to some of these tea cakes. I do so hope you will get to the bottom of this matter. Elliot is a fine boy and would ne'er harm a soul."

We gladly help ourselves to the fruits of Mrs. Coker's baking labours. It is good that we have something with which to occupy our mouths, as the matronly cook seems to occupy hers quite satisfactorily with talking. We find it difficult to slip in any questions, but as she seems intent on telling us everything she knows we content ourselves with tea cakes and listening. She manages to tend her simmering pots while she rambles on about the house full of guests whose sole purpose was to create more work for her, Phyllis Coker.

"Mrs. Coker, did you notice anything which might shed light on the deaths of the three gentlemen Saturday night?"

"Not that I can put my finger on. Maggie and I were in the kitchen cleaning up when Elliot and that Post fella were bandying words and blows. I was just about finished up in here; I had fixed up a platter of cold cuts for the gentlemen who were playing cards, and I had warmed milk for Mr. Nettleship and Mr. Duckett. Already had the glasses on the tray. Then that Post fella came in and real nice like asks me if I'd mind fixin' him a cheese sandwich. And that after not bein' here for dinner! I said I would even though I was beginning to think I would never get out of here. I went into the cheese room to fetch the cheese. And he didn't even wait for his sandwich but wanted Maggie to bring it up to him. So when Maggie came back from the laundry, she took it up with the cold cuts and milk. I went to my room, and that's all I know until the next morning when the house was full of talk of death and murder."

D-27

Maggie MacDonald is a lovely, red-haired lass with bright green eyes. She assures us of her eagerness to help us in any way to prove Elliot's innocence of which she is certain.

"What can you tell us of the guests or of the events of the weekend, especially of Saturday night? What did you see or hear?"

"I didn't notice anything which seems important. Everything seemed fine during the day and through dinner. I was in the kitchen with Mrs. C., I mean Mrs. Coker, Saturday night when Elliot got into the fight with that Mr. Post. I heard it had something to do with the Missus, that they were childhood friends or such like, but that doesn't seem like much reason for fightin'.

"Anyways, I was in the kitchen most of the time. Me and Mrs. C. were just about finished and I was ready to drop into my warm bed. I went out to the laundry. When I came back I found the tray all ready with the warmed milk for Mr. Duckett and Mr. Nettleship like the night before and a platter of cold cuts for the gentlemen who were playing cards. I was just about to take them up when Mrs. C came in from the cheese room muttering about the cheek of the man, Mr. Post she meant, skippin' dinner and then askin' for food at that hour. So I waited for her to fix the sandwich and took it up with the other things.

"Mr. Duckett was already in bed when I took him his milk. He thanked me and made a joke about 'his nightcap'. A nice man, Mr. Duckett was.

"The card-playing gentlemen all seemed in good spirits, and they thanked me for the food; said they'd be able to play all night with such supplies as they had.

"Mr. Post was sittin' there in his smokin' jacket, pourin' himself a drink. Quite a drinker, Mr. Post was. He asked me if I had brought the bottle, which I hadn't. Quite a God-send, he called it. Anyway, I gave him the sandwich, which he thanked me for, and said good-night.

"Mr. Nettleship did not answer my knock. I went on in and left his milk on the dressing table. On my way out I saw him coming from the Turkish Bath. That was the last I saw him alive.

"The cleaning crew was just gettin' started when I came downstairs again. I just couldn't believe the news when I heard it in the morning. Quite a shame it is, and a tragedy.

"Oh, my, I've just been talkin' away and neglectin' my work. Is there anything else you want to know?"

"Thank you, no. You've been most thorough."

D-29

We find Nole Coker in his room.

"Terrible thing, killin' is, still hard to believe. Worse than the East End, it is."

"Do you know anything that might shed some light on this terrible affair?"

"I'm not sure. Saturday afternoon I was working out in the back garden when I hear these two men shouting at each other on the veranda; you know, two of them that was murdered, the young one and the old one."

"Post and Nettleship?"

Yeah, them two. Well, the young one was really boiling, his face red, both hands fists. Thought he was going to hit the other man, so I starts to move towards them in case there's trouble. The old man starts to walk away and the young gent grabs him. I yell out for him to stop—they hadn't seen me out there—and this stops the young gent. He lets go of the old gent and looks at me, but not really seeing me, you know. Well, the old gent heads for the door and is opening it when the young one shouts 'Don't think you'll get away with this! I am going to expose you and make you pay for what you did!'

"The old man didn't answer, he just went in. The young gent stands there for a minute, and then he goes in."

"Did you hear what they were arguing about?"

"No, I was too far away at that time."

"Did you see either of them again?"

"Yeah, the older gent was at dinner, but the young one wasn't."

"Thanks, Nole."

"I surely hope this will help Mister Elliot. If there's nothing else I'd best be seeing to my Phyllis in the kitchen."



Answers: Case 11

Holmes solved this case in **4 Clue Points**. They were the Criminal Court, Old Bailey (**36EC**), Dr. Agar (**93NW**), the Thomson Children (**G-17**), and the Sipton Tea Company (**39EC**).

Part One

1. Roger Thomson.
2. Sipton knew of Roger's embezzlement of Sipton Tea Company funds.
3. They saw their father as he was leaving the scene, thus destroying his alibi.

Part Two

1. Dr. Jackson.
2. Jackson mailed it from the scene to himself.
3. Dr. Jackson feared exposure by Mr. Piggott for overdosing Mrs. Piggott.

Answers: Case 12

This case is slightly different in nature from the others. The chase itself is the thing! Therefore, count your quiz score only as your score for the case.

Part One

1. Scarlet Swellverly (aka Winifred Engels).
2. He killed Miss Engels' lover, Akram Fahmi.
3. Lavoisier, who is taking it to Giraud.

Part Two

1. Moriarty.
2. Giraud.
3. Moriarty's counterpart in Paris.

Answers: Case 13

Holmes solved the case in **5 Clue Points**. They were the Ballroom (**G-25**), the Dining Room (**G-27**), the Porter's Room (**G-31**), the Porter's Lodge (**G-50**), and the Servants' Hall (**D-33**).

Part One

1. Deborah Farnum herself.
2. Lyman Izard.
3. Barry & Thomas O'Neill with Mabudo.
4. By means of the dumbwaiter.
5. No.

Part Two

1. Gentleman Johnny Glade.
2. Bessie Dearth.
3. The 'Society Burglar' (Case of the Mystified Murderess).
4. Through Calvin Leach, the fence.

Answers: Case 14

Holmes solved this case in **3 Clue Points**. They were the Mansion Library (**G-26**), Mycroft Holmes (**8 SW**), and Mycroft Holmes' office (**91 SW**).

Part One

1. He was executed by the Regiment in an unofficial court-martial.
2. He betrayed the Regiment at Maiwand.
3. They both voted no in the court-martial.

Part Two

1. Smyth-Thomas committed suicide.
2. Eva Vorontsov.
3. They represented the voting "ballots" of the court-martial judges.

Answers: Case 15

Holmes solved this case in **6 Clue Points**. They were Post's room (**U-2**), Nettleship's room (**U-23**), Duckett's Room (**U-20**), the Kitchen (**D-2**), H.R. Murray (**22 SW**), and Henry Ellis (**30 EC**).

Part One

1. Adrian Nettleship.
2. Malcolm Post.
3. Malcolm Post.

Part Two

1. To prevent exposure for past wrong-doings.
2. Revenge.
3. Charles Duckett was killed by accident.

Quiz: Volume II

The MANSION MURDERS

Quiz: Case 11

Part One

1. Who killed Alfred Sipton? (50)
2. Why was he killed? (25)
3. How did the Thomson children figure in the case? (25)

Part Two

1. Who killed Steven Piggott? (20)
2. What happened to the murder weapon? (20)
3. Why was Steven Piggott killed? (10)

Quiz: Case 12

Part One

1. Who killed Abdullah Al-Saud? (50)
2. Why was he killed? (25)
3. Who now has the Black Bird? (25)

Part Two

1. Who does Macauley Treyer work for? (20)
2. Who does Lavoisier work for? (20)
3. Who is Giraud? (10)

Quiz: Case 13

Part One

1. Who caused the defenestration of Miss Deborah Farnum? (20)
2. Who was seen running from the balcony? (20)
3. Who stole the Farnum jewel collection? (20)
4. How was the locked jewel room entered? (20)
5. Were the jewel theft and Miss Farnum's fall related? (20)

Part Two

1. Who was the gentleman in the grey morning suit? (10)
2. Who did this gentleman rob? (10)
3. What other 'famous' criminal burglarized this same victim? (10)
4. How did the gentleman in the grey morning suit dispose of his take? (10)

Quiz: Case 14

Part One

1. Who killed Sir James Saunders? (50)
2. Why was he killed? (30)
3. What did Captain Lewis and Major Smyth-Thomas have in common? (20)

Part Two

1. Who killed Smyth-Thomas? (30)
2. What was the name of Sir James' mistress? (10)
3. What was the significance of the wine glasses? (10)

Quiz: Case 15

Part One

1. Who killed Malcolm Post? (40)
2. Who killed Adrian Nettleship? (40)
3. Who killed Charles Duckett? (20)

Part Two

1. Why was Post killed? (20)
2. Why was Nettleship killed? (20)
3. Why was Duckett killed? (10)

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