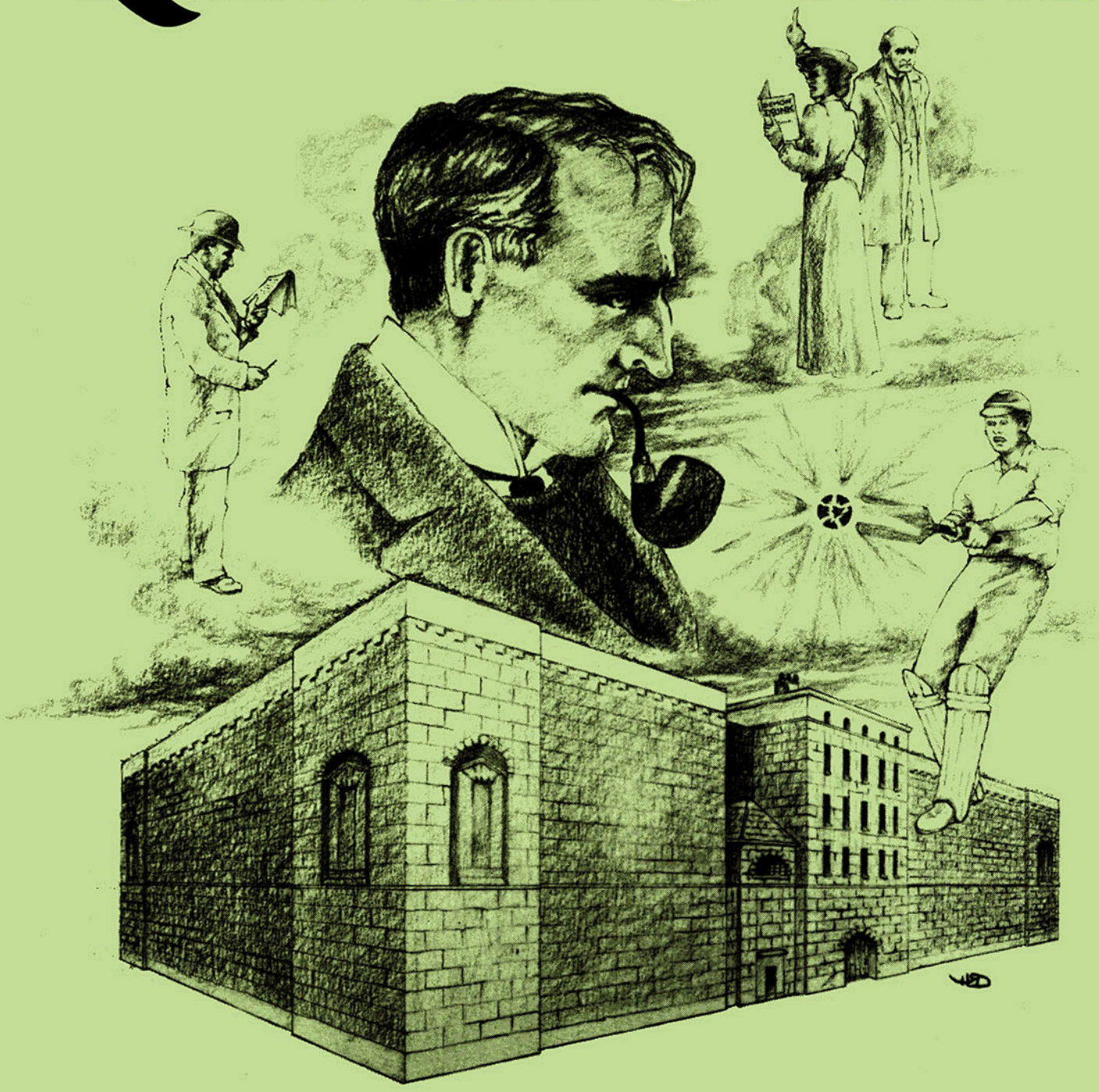
the Queen's Park



Affair

SHERLOCK HOLMES CONSULTING DETECTIVE



Sherlock Holmes

CONSULTING DETECTIVE™



"WHAT MAY YOU BE WANTIN'?"

the Queen's Park Affair

By

Gary Grady

&

Suzanne Goldberg

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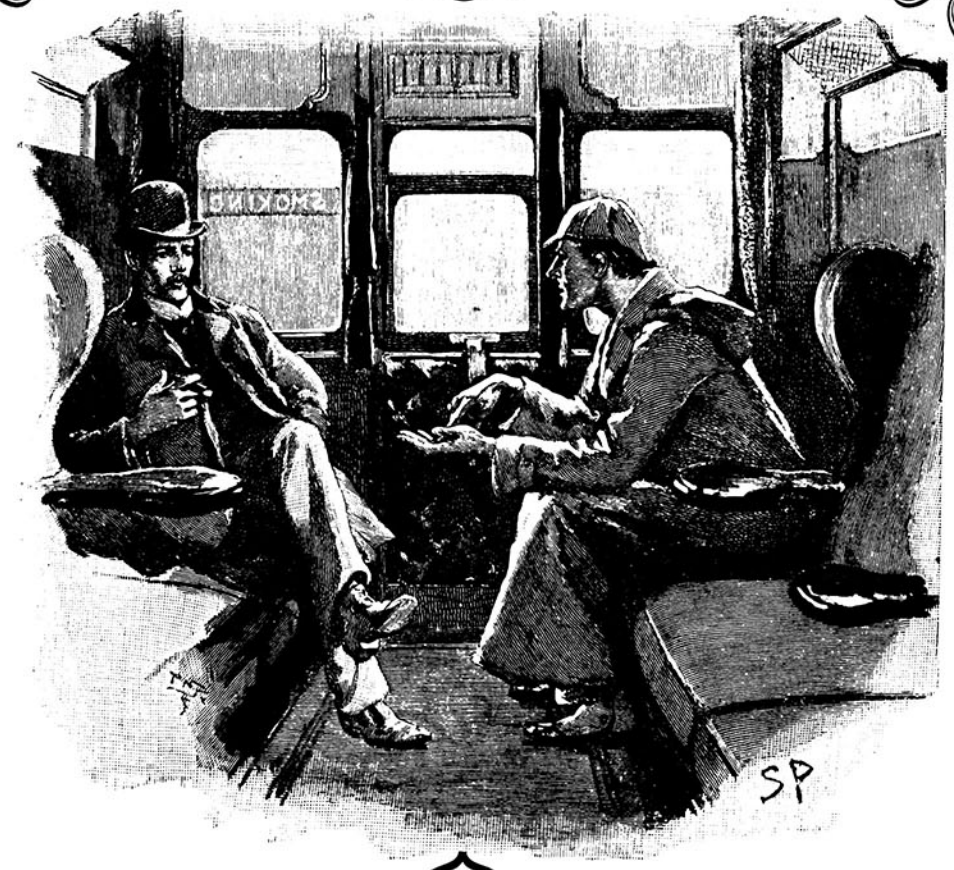
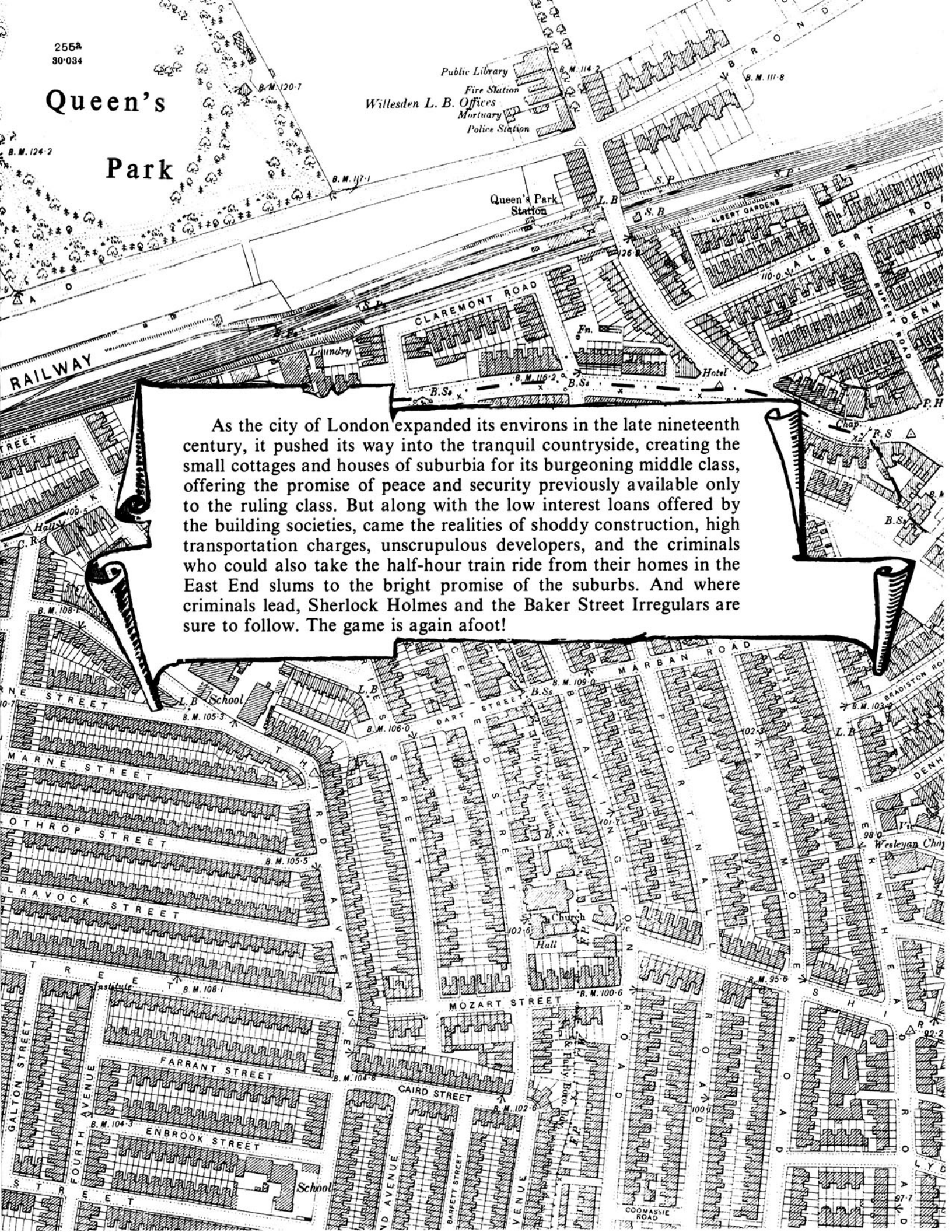


"It is my belief, Watson, founded upon my experiences, that the lowest and vilest of alleyways in London do not present a more dreadful record of sin than does the smiling and beautiful countryside. Look at these lonely houses, each in its own fields, filled for the most part with poor ignorant folk who know little of the law. Think of the deeds of hellish cruelty, the hidden wickedness which may go on, year in, year out, in such places, and none the wiser."

Sherlock Holmes



As the city of London expanded its environs in the late nineteenth century, it pushed its way into the tranquil countryside, creating the small cottages and houses of suburbia for its burgeoning middle class, offering the promise of peace and security previously available only to the ruling class. But along with the low interest loans offered by the building societies, came the realities of shoddy construction, high transportation charges, unscrupulous developers, and the criminals who could also take the half-hour train ride from their homes in the East End slums to the bright promise of the suburbs. And where criminals lead, Sherlock Holmes and the Baker Street Irregulars are sure to follow. The game is again afoot!

Wednesday, 5 September 1888

DAY ONE
THE QUEEN'S PARK AFFAIR

"Glad you could make it, Wiggins," says Holmes as we again enter the familiar surroundings of 221B Baker-street. "I trust you have some free time to help me with a new case."

"Yes, Mr. Holmes, I think we have some free time."

"Good." Holmes walks over to the fireplace and fills his old, black brier pipe with tobacco from the Persian slipper that hangs from the mantel. After his pipe is lit and the air begins to fill with the familiar odour of strong tobacco, Holmes continues. "You have helped me on many cases in the past and I have watched you develop your abilities. However, if you wish to develop into something more than just another detective in private clothing who is hired by the day or by the task, you must expand your vision to see everything. Once your vision has been expanded then your mind must be trained to interpret the complex forces that are at work.

"London is like a giant puzzle. When one piece is moved, all the others are affected. There is a controlling force behind most of the crime in this city, and it is constantly trying to expand its control and power over London's underworld. Like the rotting of a barrel of apples, the putrefaction will work its way up from the rotten bottom layer to the top layers, and we won't be able to tell where the underworld begins or ends.

"This envelope arrived earlier to-day." Holmes opens the envelope and pours the contents on the table. After looking over the various papers he puts them back into the envelope and places it in the centre of the table. After getting his pipe again going to his satisfaction, he turns his attention back to us. "Why don't you take a look at the contents of that envelope, Wiggins. It may be nothing, but then again, it may lead to something engaging. Are you interested?"

"Of course, Mr. Holmes."

"Good. I have observed indications that some strong forces are at work in this city. Just as the settling of an old building on its foundation and the creaking and twisting of its beams cause the rats to scramble to a safer haven, so also the shifts of power in the underworld cause the rats of that realm to scramble and scamper.

"To start with, take a look at the letter that just arrived. This may be an isolated event, or it may be the tip of something larger. Let us find out."

Clue Points for Wednesday, September 5

AREA QP

11 QP	43
17 QP	41
24 QP	41
25 QP	41
26 QP	41
27 QP	128
34 QP	41
37 QP	73
38 QP	41
41 QP	41
42 QP	45
48 QP	138
50 QP	65
55 QP	102
56 QP	40
58 QP	155
69 QP	93
71 QP	213
72 QP	185
81 QP	190
85 QP	180
90 QP	69
95 QP	3
96 QP	160
98 QP	230

AREA SE

3 SE	102
6 SE	155
7 SE	105
8 SE	21
10 SE	110
21 SE	180
26 SE	66
27 SE	265
29 SE	59
33 SE	235
35 SE	89
36 SE	147
38 SE	190
47 SE	30
48 SE	60
50 SE	83
55 SE	269
61 SE	102
71 SE	195
76 SE	180
85 SE	34
86 SE	155

AREA SW

2 SW	197
5 SW	71
8 SW	103
13 SW	72
16 SW	102
22 SW	130
23 SW	62
34 SW	169
37 SW	180
50 SW	54
56 SW	191
60 SW	37
68 SW	261
78 SW	30
86 SW	79
88 SW	2
90 SW	117
100 SW	16

AREA NW

3 NW	95
6 NW	190
7 NW	158
8 NW	88
10 NW	102
14 NW	7
16 NW	4
18 NW	91
24 NW	68
27 NW	24
34 NW	99
36 NW	41
44 NW	112
48 NW	20
51 NW	46
56 NW	190
67 NW	115
73 NW	87
76 NW	101
79 NW	78
81 NW	31
84 NW	155
89 NW	138
92 NW	81
96 NW	140
99 NW	131

AREA WC

4 WC	44
5 WC	109
10 WC	208
11 WC	180
14 WC	272
19 WC	207
27 WC	155
30 WC	13
34 WC	128
40 WC	155
50 WC	190
51 WC	180
52 WC	102
53 WC	41
54 WC	11
68 WC	17
70 WC	102
73 WC	155
75 WC	122
79 WC	201
83 WC	61
85 WC	162
93 WC	94

AREA EC

4 EC	49
5 EC	41
6 EC	22
10 EC	184
13 EC	9
14 EC	226
15 EC	128
22 EC	205
23 EC	224
25 EC	98
26 EC	84
27 EC	223
28 EC	155
29 EC	76
30 EC	28
31 EC	190
34 EC	55
35 EC	64
36 EC	180
38 EC	104
42 EC	42
47 EC	124
49 EC	253
51 EC	267
52 EC	255
56 EC	128
63 EC	143
66 EC	123
72 EC	51
77 EC	96
85 EC	145
86 EC	75
87 EC	85
90 EC	174
95 EC	102
96 EC	190

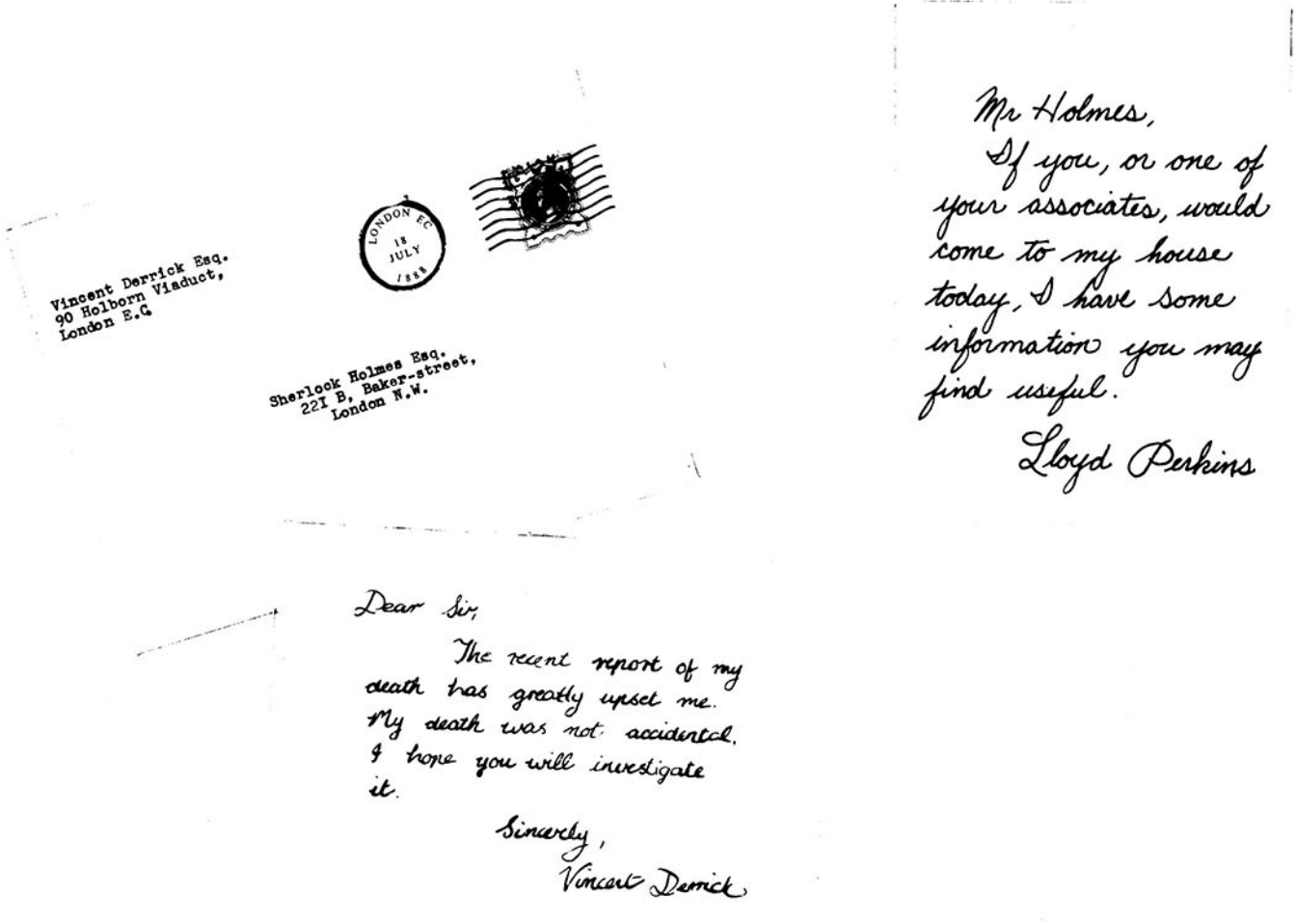
Thursday, 6 September 1888

DAY TWO
THE QUEEN'S PARK AFFAIR

We find Holmes already dressed, seated on the floor in the centre of a pile of newspapers. "Good morning. I am pleased to see that you are off to an early start. Have some coffee. Holmes points with the scissors he holds in his right hand to a steaming pot on the table. "I hope your investigations are progressing satisfactorily. I received a note this morning from Mr. Lloyd Perkins which may lead you in valuable directions.

"I have always thought that Sir Jasper was our last chance to get information before a body was interred in its final resting place, but a letter I received by the first post to-day seems to indicate otherwise. If we can make contact with the netherworld, we may open up a whole new area for the investigator. But, no matter from which world this letter comes, it sounds interesting, and I urge you to ponder its puzzle."

At this point Holmes verily leaps to his feet, piles his scissors and papers on his desk, grabs his hat and coat, and flings open the door. "Sorry to rush off like this, but I really must. I am sure Watson will welcome your company."



Vincent Derrick Esq.
90 Holborn Viaduct,
London E.C

LONDON EC
18
JULY
1888

Sherlock Holmes Esq.
221 B, Baker-street,
London N.W.

Mr Holmes,
If you, or one of your associates, would come to my house today, I have some information you may find useful.
Lloyd Perkins

Dear Sir,
The recent report of my death has greatly upset me. My death was not accidental. I hope you will investigate it.
Sincerely,
Vincent Derrick

Clue Points for Thursday, September 6

AREA QP

11 QP 43
17 QP 41
24 QP 41
25 QP 41
26 QP 41
27 QP 92
34 QP 41
37 QP 73
38 QP 41
41 QP 41
42 QP 45
48 QP 70
50 QP 65
55 QP 102
56 QP 40
58 QP 155
69 QP 93
71 QP 213
72 QP 185
81 QP 190
85 QP 63
90 QP 69
95 QP 3
96 QP 160
98 QP 230

AREA SE

3 SE 246
6 SE 155
7 SE 105
8 SE 21
10 SE 110
21 SE 90
26 SE 66
27 SE 265
29 SE 59
33 SE 228
35 SE 203
36 SE 141
38 SE 190
47 SE 74
48 SE 60
50 SE 83
55 SE 269
61 SE 57
71 SE 195
76 SE 134
85 SE 34
86 SE 19

AREA SW

2 SW 194
5 SW 71
8 SW 86
13 SW 189
16 SW 202
22 SW 256
23 SW 62
34 SW 169
37 SW 180
50 SW 204
56 SW 132
60 SW 37
68 SW 261
78 SW 30
86 SW 79
88 SW 56
90 SW 67
100 SW 16

AREA NW

3 NW 234
6 NW 32
7 NW 158
8 NW 88
10 NW 102
14 NW 108
16 NW 4
18 NW 91
24 NW 68
27 NW 24
34 NW 187
36 NW 41
44 NW 112
48 NW 20
51 NW 46
56 NW 5
67 NW 115
73 NW 33
76 NW 101
79 NW 78
81 NW 31
84 NW 29
89 NW 138
92 NW 25
96 NW 140
99 NW 131

AREA WC

4 WC 44
5 WC 163
10 WC 156
11 WC 23
14 WC 250
19 WC 186
27 WC 206
30 WC 13
34 WC 144
40 WC 80
50 WC 100
51 WC 139
52 WC 210
53 WC 41
54 WC 11
68 WC 17
70 WC 102
73 WC 39
75 WC 122
79 WC 201
83 WC 61
85 WC 162
93 WC 94

AREA EC

4 EC 49
5 EC 41
6 EC 22
10 EC 184
13 EC 9
14 EC 226
15 EC 128
22 EC 205
23 EC 224
25 EC 98
26 EC 84
27 EC 271
28 EC 198
29 EC 76
30 EC 28
31 EC 50
34 EC 55
35 EC 111
36 EC 180
38 EC 243
42 EC 42
47 EC 254
49 EC 253
51 EC 273
52 EC 244
56 EC 106
63 EC 143
66 EC 123
72 EC 51
77 EC 96
85 EC 145
86 EC 75
87 EC 85
90 EC 166
95 EC 238
96 EC 276

Friday, 7 September 1888

DAY THREE
THE QUEEN'S PARK AFFAIR

Upon our arrival at Baker-street we find Dr. Watson seated at the table with his used breakfast dishes still in front of him. He looks up from the newspaper he is reading as we enter.

"Good morning. Come in and help yourselves to some coffee. The papers are certainly full of gruesome murders. It appears that our friend Doctor Meeks has been kept quite busy.

"Holmes asked me to show you this letter which arrived by the morning post. He also wanted me to remind you that the Central News Agency is often a useful source of information."

"But isn't that an obituary service?"

"Yes, it is. To that end, their files are quite comprehensive — with regards to a certain class, that is."

Friday. September 7.

Dear Mr Holmes:

I understand that you have been looking for me. I am writing to inform you that I am all right and unharmed. I have had to go out of town for a few days on business and shall return in a day or two. I appreciate your concern, but your help is unnecessary. I will explain when I return.

Sincerely

Franklin Kearney

Clue Points for Friday, September 7

AREA QP

11 QP 211
17 QP 41
24 QP 41
25 QP 41
26 QP 41
27 QP 92
34 QP 41
37 QP 73
38 QP 41
41 QP 41
42 QP 125
48 QP 161
50 QP 252
55 QP 164
56 QP 40
58 QP 155
69 QP 93
71 QP 213
72 QP 185
81 QP 190
85 QP 63
90 QP 69
95 QP 3
96 QP 160
98 QP 230

AREA SE

3 SE 246
6 SE 12
7 SE 105
8 SE 21
10 SE 110
21 SE 90
26 SE 66
27 SE 265
29 SE 59
33 SE 235
35 SE 203
36 SE 141
38 SE 221
47 SE 15
48 SE 60
50 SE 83
55 SE 269
61 SE 57
71 SE 195
76 SE 134
85 SE 34
86 SE 8

AREA SW

2 SW 151
5 SW 71
8 SW 103
13 SW 177
16 SW 264
22 SW 262
23 SW 62
34 SW 169
37 SW 6
50 SW 148
56 SW 132
60 SW 37
68 SW 261
78 SW 30
86 SW 79
88 SW 38
90 SW 117
100 SW 16

AREA NW

3 NW 242
6 NW 8
7 NW 158
8 NW 88
10 NW 10
14 NW 108
16 NW 4
18 NW 91
24 NW 68
27 NW 247
34 NW 200
36 NW 41
44 NW 112
48 NW 52
51 NW 46
56 NW 53
67 NW 257
73 NW 14
76 NW 101
79 NW 78
81 NW 31
84 NW 29
89 NW 138
92 NW 35
96 NW 140
99 NW 131

AREA WC

4 WC 44
5 WC 135
10 WC 156
11 WC 23
14 WC 250
19 WC 207
27 WC 266
30 WC 13
34 WC 260
40 WC 80
50 WC 149
51 WC 139
52 WC 210
53 WC 41
54 WC 11
68 WC 17
70 WC 173
73 WC 39
75 WC 122
79 WC 212
83 WC 61
85 WC 162
93 WC 94

AREA EC

4 EC 126
5 EC 41
6 EC 22
10 EC 184
13 EC 9
14 EC 226
15 EC 47
22 EC 205
23 EC 224
25 EC 98
26 EC 84
27 EC 271
28 EC 128
29 EC 76
30 EC 28
31 EC 50
34 EC 55
35 EC 111
36 EC 180
38 EC 240
42 EC 42
47 EC 259
49 EC 253
51 EC 277
52 EC 249
56 EC 106
63 EC 143
66 EC 123
72 EC 51
77 EC 96
85 EC 145
86 EC 75
87 EC 85
90 EC 217
95 EC 238
96 EC 276

Saturday, 8 September 1888

DAY FOUR
THE QUEEN'S PARK AFFAIR

"Ah, Wiggins, friends, come in. Holmes said that I should expect you early, and I am glad to see that you are taking this investigation seriously."

"Mr. Holmes is not here?"

"No. You have to get up uncommonly early to beat Holmes. He woke me before he left to tell me that he would not be back until late this evening. He was dressed as a common labourer — even smelled a bit of horses, I daresay — and he was in a rather jaunty mood as he said he was off for a day of toil. I say, Wiggins, I believe Holmes enjoys those disguises of his as much as he does solving cases."

Clue Points for Saturday, September 8

AREA QP

11 QP	211
17 QP	41
24 QP	41
25 QP	41
26 QP	41
27 QP	92
34 QP	41
37 QP	73
38 QP	41
41 QP	41
42 QP	125
48 QP	161
50 QP	252
55 QP	164
56 QP	40
58 QP	172
69 QP	93
71 QP	213
72 QP	185
81 QP	136
85 QP	63
90 QP	69
95 QP	3
96 QP	160
98 QP	230

AREA SE

3 SE	246
6 SE	12
7 SE	105
8 SE	21
10 SE	110
21 SE	90
26 SE	66
27 SE	265
29 SE	59
33 SE	223
35 SE	203
36 SE	141
38 SE	178
47 SE	179
48 SE	60
50 SE	83
55 SE	269
61 SE	57
71 SE	195
76 SE	134
85 SE	34
86 SE	8

AREA SW

2 SW	274
5 SW	71
8 SW	278
13 SW	120
16 SW	239
22 SW	262
23 SW	62
34 SW	169
37 SW	180
50 SW	148
56 SW	132
60 SW	37
68 SW	261
78 SW	30
86 SW	79
88 SW	38
90 SW	117
100 SW	16

AREA NW

3 NW	234
6 NW	8
7 NW	158
8 NW	88
10 NW	10
14 NW	108
16 NW	4
18 NW	91
24 NW	68
27 NW	247
34 NW	200
36 NW	41
44 NW	239
48 NW	52
51 NW	46
56 NW	27
67 NW	257
73 NW	58
76 NW	101
79 NW	78
81 NW	31
84 NW	29
89 NW	138
92 NW	35
96 NW	140
99 NW	131

AREA WC

4 WC	44
5 WC	181
10 WC	156
11 WC	23
14 WC	239
19 WC	207
27 WC	266
30 WC	13
34 WC	260
40 WC	80
50 WC	149
51 WC	139
52 WC	155
53 WC	41
54 WC	11
68 WC	17
70 WC	173
73 WC	39
75 WC	122
79 WC	212
83 WC	61
85 WC	162
93 WC	94

AREA EC

4 EC	126
5 EC	41
6 EC	22
10 EC	184
13 EC	9
14 EC	226
15 EC	47
22 EC	239
23 EC	239
25 EC	98
26 EC	84
27 EC	281
28 EC	128
29 EC	76
30 EC	28
31 EC	50
34 EC	55
35 EC	111
36 EC	183
38 EC	240
42 EC	42
47 EC	259
49 EC	253
51 EC	279
52 EC	227
56 EC	106
63 EC	143
66 EC	123
72 EC	51
77 EC	96
85 EC	145
86 EC	75
87 EC	85
90 EC	159
95 EC	238
96 EC	276

Sunday, 9 September 1888

DAY FIVE
THE QUEEN'S PARK AFFAIR

A pensive Watson is pacing back and forth before the fireplace in the familiar sitting room of 221B Baker-street. In his hand he holds a rolled-up newspaper which he taps against his leg in time to his marching.

"Good morning, Doctor Watson."

"Good morning, good morning," says Watson curtly.

"Is Holmes about?"

"No, I haven't seen him since yesterday. Have you read this morning's paper, Wiggins?"

"No, sir, not yet."

"There was another murder in Whitechapel. Annie Chapman, aged forty-seven, was found brutally murdered. If I know Holmes he is probably in Whitechapel beginning his investigation as we speak. Would you care to join me for a cup of coffee?"

We have no sooner settled around the familiar table with steaming cups of coffee than we hear footfalls upon the stairs. "Ah, perhaps that is Holmes now."

In a moment Watson's statement is proved incorrect as we hear a knock at the door. "Come in," sighs Watson.

A man in his mid-thirties enters the room and quickly surveys our group around the table. He addresses Watson. "Mr. Holmes?"

"No, I am Doctor Watson. Mr. Holmes is not in at present."

"Ah, Doctor, I am pleased to make your acquaintance. I am Franklin Kearney."

Wiggins jumps to his feet. Watson's coffee cup drops into its saucer with a loud clank.

"I understand that Mr. Holmes has been looking for me."

"I should say!" exclaims Watson.

"Where have you been?" asks Wiggins.

Kearney seems mildly amused by the pandemonium his entrance has caused. Before our questions can be answered, however, Holmes glides through the open doorway and into the room. He is still dressed in the rough and dirty clothes of a labourer. The potent odour of our equine servants is strongly apparent. Holmes entrance does nothing to diminish the pandemonium. He removes his dusty cap and places it on the hat rack while he waits for the excitement to subside.

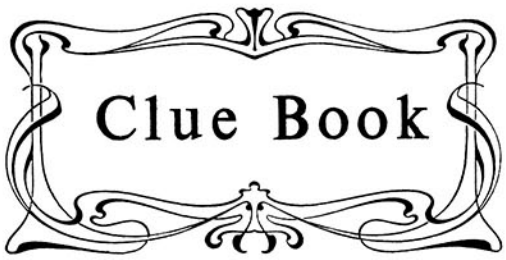
"Ah, Mr. Kearney, I presume," says Holmes to the visitor.

"Yes," he replies.

"How in the world did you know that, Holmes?" exclaims an astonished Watson.

"In a moment, Watson." To Kearney he says, "I am sure you have a very interesting story to tell. Please make yourself comfortable while I wash up. Then we can all hear your story."

Holmes disappears into his room. Watson pours Franklin Kearney a cup of coffee, and we all sit back in eager anticipation.


Clue Book

CLUE: 1

"How may I help you?" inquires the young man who has just introduced himself as Richard Kates.

"We would like to speak with Mr. Oswald Mason if we may. Could you please tell him that we are friends of Mycroft Holmes."

"Please wait here."

Almost immediately after he has disappeared into a private office he returns and beckons us to enter. "Mr. Mason will see you now," he says before leaving us with the bank official.

"So, you are friends of Mycroft. What can I do for you?"

"Well," begins Wiggins a bit hesitantly, "we were wondering if you could tell us anything about the financial position of Jabez Balfour?"

"Hmm. I am afraid you put me in a difficult position with such a question, sir. I really cannot discuss the affairs of our customers. However, as you are friends of Mycroft, I will say this. He was here on Monday seeking additional loans, but we were not able to approve the monies requested. Please ask no more, because I have already told you more than I should."

"Thank you for your confidence, Mr. Mason," says Wiggins in his silkiest voice. "It will go no further, you can rest assured. Good day."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 2

"Mr. Joslin is not expected in today," the young clerk behind the counter informs us.

"We understand that Mr. Joslin buys jewels," says Wiggins.

"Yes, sir. You would have to make an appointment with Mr. Johnson to get an appraisal. Mr. Johnson," the young man calls out to an older man seated at a desk next to a door at the back of the shop, "this gentleman is interested in selling some jewels."

The older man gets up from his desk and moves towards Wiggins. He is rather short and stocky and has a well-trimmed beard and gold wire-framed glasses.

"Yes, sir, what can I do for you? I am Leland Johnson, Mr. Joslin's assistant."

"I may be coming into some jewels soon," Wiggins says. "I was wondering if you might be interested in purchasing them."

"Lambert's is always interested in purchasing jewels if they meet our standards. Mr. Joslin does all of our buying. If you would like, I could make an appointment for you to see him."

"I haven't received the jewels yet, but when I do, I would like to see him."

"Just give us a call. Ask for me. I make all of Mr. Joslin's appointments."

"Thank you."

"Thank you, sir."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 3

Glenn Judson greets us with a powerful handshake, confirming the impression of strength which the middle-aged man's compact body and steel-grey eyes convey. The dark, yeasty atmosphere of the brewery is palpably present.

"We're interested in the relationship of the breweries, pubs and the temperence movement. We were wondering what you might be able to tell us about your business."

"Sounds like that newspaper article. What more do you want to know?"

"Does Balfour's decision to keep pubs out of his Queen's Park Garden development adversely affect your business?"

"Well, I'm not 'specially happy about it, but it really doesn't hurt me too much. There are still plenty of pubs. There are now, and there will be next year. All this means is that they'll all pop up on the fringes of this new development. That's what happened in Shaftesbury Park and Noel Park. That's what'll happen here. Besides, most of my customers are not in Queen's Park, anyway.

"Competition is a bit stiffer these days. It's tougher on the pubs. And there are brewery owners like the Shank brothers who don't always play fair, who'll do anything to get what they want."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't have any hard evidence, mind you, but I think they've carried this buying up of the independents a bit far. I know this one pub owner — I'm not naming any names here — who refused to sell. The next week he was discovered in his cellar, dead, under a pile of beer casks. 'Death by accidental cause' the coroner ruled. A bit suspicious, I say. He handled those casks all by himself for thirty years. Then the week after he doesn't sell, dead as a doornail."

"Do you have any idea what recommendations the Parliamentary Brewery Commission will issue next month when they make their findings public?"

"No. You know, I don't have anything against the teetotalers. They have a right to their opinion. What I don't like is people trying to tell other people what to do or not to do."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 4

"We have never had the pleasure to serve Sir Henry Cole," replies the clerk to Wiggins' question. "Is he the gentleman who was killed by Reginald Ormond?"

"Mr. Ormond is suspected, yes."

"A terrible business. Mr. Ormond is one of our clients. I hope it will not reflect on Tetley and Butler."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 5

We travel the length of the hall to the last door on the right where we stop and knock. We knock several times without receiving an answer.

On our way out we are met by a middle-aged woman whom we guess to be the landlady.

"Excuse me, madam," says Wiggins, "we are looking for Miss Wheelan. Do you know where we might find her?"

"Young people, these days! Out to all hours of the night with their show business and night life."

We wait in vain for an answer to our question before repeating it. "Do you know where we might find her?"

"No, I most certainly do not. She rarely comes in before the wee hours of the morning, and then she's gone again by early afternoon. But I don't know where she goes."

"Thank you, anyway."

She trundles on down the hall mumbling about "young people."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 6

A large crowd is gathered outside Victoria Station with a number of constables trying to maintain order. A growler, or what is left of one, is still smouldering in front of the station

as the workers clean up in the aftermath of the explosion.

"Thomson! Thomson!" Wiggins calls out to one of the constables.

"Hello, Wiggins." Thomson walks over to us.

"Looks like a real mess."

"Could have been worse. There weren't many people around. His Lordship was the only one to go up in a puff of smoke."

"Any idea who did it?"

"No. No one saw it. Lord Goodwin's driver was in the station checking on his ticket."

"Where was he going?"

"The boat-train to Paris."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 7

Our knock on the door brings an immediate response as the door flies open and we are face to face with a very small black man dressed in black pants and white shirt but bare of foot. He looks us up and down and lets out an unintelligible stream of yelps.

"Mo ku niha sabawa!" The little man then jumps once and slams the door in our faces.

From behind the closed door we hear a woman's voice yelling, "You little savage! What are you up to now?" The door again opens and we are now facing a motherly-looking woman in her late fifties. Behind her the small black man is standing on his tip-toes on a chair against the wall. He is trying to reach what looks like a blow-gun that rests on a shelf that is still a few inches away from his fingertips. "I am sorry about Mabudo. The little savage scares everyone. No tradesmen will call here anymore."

"Hello, Mrs. O'Neill," says Wiggins. "Are your sons at home?"

"Barry is. He just came home from the hospital Monday. Won't you come in. I'll get some tea." Mrs. O'Neill opens the door wide to let us in. Mabudo is jumping in an attempt to eliminate the inches that separate him from his favoured weapon. "Stop it, you little savage." Mrs. O'Neill pulls the chair out from under Mabudo, who goes flying into the air doing a backward somersault. He lands on his feet, still without the blow-gun.

"Baku no naka suba!" Mabudo does another backward somersault and runs up the stairs.

"Can you understand Mabudo now, Mrs. O'Neill?" asks Wiggins.

"Learn that heathen tongue? Never. Barry is the only one who can understand that savage. If only we could train him to do something useful, like clean the house or do the shopping, but no, the only thing he will do is the cooking. You should see what that little savage will cook. No Christian would touch it."

Mrs. O'Neill leads us into her drawing room and offers us seats. She disappears briefly into the rear of the house. Upon her return she informs us, "Barry will be out soon. He manages quite well on the crutches, but he is impatient to be on the road again, I fear."

Moments later the lion-tamer appears and Mrs. O'Neill excuses herself to make tea.

"Hello, Barry," says Wiggins.

"Wiggins, isn't it? Work for Holmes, right?"

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"We would like to ask you some questions about the Balfour robbery."

Mabudo has crept back down the stairs and joins his master who has remained standing despite some apparent discomfort.

"Ma saga no ito mosu kaku nanu sawada ma fuka do na? Wahido gasure mo da! Mamoda ito mosu ka ...."

"Modu, modu!" snaps Barry. He reaches behind him and picks the blow-gun off the shelf. He hands it to Mabudo.

"Don't worry, he doesn't have any darts," reassures Barry. "At least I don't think he does. What do you want to know?" he asks as he eases his body into an overstuffed chair. "You should know by now that the robbery doesn't fit my brother's style."

"Speaking of your brother, where is he?"

"I haven't seen Tommy in a couple of weeks. I don't know where he is."

"Do you have any idea who might have done the job?"

"No. I was thinking about it and couldn't come up with any one. It could be someone from the Continent, I suppose. I just don't know, Wiggins."

"How would you get rid of the jewels if you had them?"

"That's simple. The thief would steal them for one of only two reasons. Either he already has a buyer — a collector or buyer who contracted the job. Or he did the job on his own, to sell them for his own gain. Then he has only three real options that make any sense. One, get them out of the country, preferably to Amsterdam. That's where you'll get the best price. Two, sell them to the insurance company. You'll get the money with no questions asked, and the police will close the case. Three, sell them to a fence."

"How many fences are there?"

"Only one that I would trust for a job this size, Joslin at Lambert's."

"Where's that?"

"Oh, come now, Wiggins. You're a detective, you find it."

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 8

The landlady informs us that the police have ordered the room sealed. No one is to be admitted except in the company of the police.

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 9

"Northrup was a real artist, he was one of my top engravers." This assessment is made by Sir J. Edgar Boehm. "His design of the double florin is a masterpiece. His execution of Pistrucci's design of St. George and the Dragon is a work of art. Her Majesty loved it. Too bad I didn't have him do her portrait. She certainly didn't love that one."

We are in one of the inner rooms of the Royal Mint where the engraving is done. There are half a dozen men at work over their small work tables. Sir Edgar, the Royal Engraver, is our guide.

"Then Northrup didn't design the bank notes?"

"No. He was capable of engraving anything, of course. I can't tell you how upset I was over the whole affair. I had great hopes for Peter. If he would have worked hard and kept his nose clean, he could have taken my place when I retired."

"Can you recount to us the events which led up to Northrup's arrest?"

"Yes, they are still very vividly engraved on my mind. As I said, Northrup is an artist. His eye, mind and hands worked as one; he had the skill to copy anything. So, there was no serious technical problem of making the bank-note plates. The big problem in counterfeiting is the paper used in the five-pound note. Its manufacture is one of the best kept secrets in the world. It would take large sums of money to make even a less-than-perfect copy of the paper. Counterfeiting of bank-notes has never been a great threat to the economy because no one has been able to make a paper that

could fool any bank teller or businessman who handles money with any degree of intelligence, and most do. What has us so worried about the Northrup forgery is that the paper could fool all but the most expert examiner."

"How many notes were found?"

"Only two five-pound notes."

"Only two?"

"Yes. You see, Northrup was also responsible for maintaining the Royal Maces housed in the tower of London. He was a master goldsmith and it was his responsibility to check the ceremonial maces after each useage. Four months ago, right after the opening of Parliament, Northrup was at the Tower working, when one of his co-workers went to his workbench to borrow a tool. While looking through Northrup's drawers he came upon two five-pound notes printed on one sheet of paper. He called this to my attention. At first I just thought that it was a souvenir that Peter may have picked up from the printing department at the Bank of England. But, something didn't seem right. I called Albert Mackett-Beeson, head of the Currency Printing Office. He came over and looked at the bank notes. They were not printed by his office. He cut a small strip of paper and had it tested. It was counterfeit.

"Mackett-Beeson started an investigation. He had Peter followed for weeks. He had his dwelling searched and investigated his background. No evidence was gained. After three weeks of this, we again searched his work space and locker and this time found the start of a twenty-pound banknote plate. Mackett-Beeson thought it was time to arrest Peter, and this was done. There was enough evidence to convict Peter, but he wouldn't implicate anyone else. As of this moment the paper has not been found. That's about all I can tell you."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 10

"Donald Mills has a mild concussion, but he will be all right in a week or two," Mills' doctor informs us as he leads us to the patient's bed. "You can talk to him for a few minutes, but it will be painful for him to talk. His jaw was almost broken and he lost a number of teeth."

Mills is in his bed, but awake. His face looks like one big bruise. One eye is swollen shut.

"Hello, Mills. Could we ask you some questions?"

Mills looks at us with his one good eye, but makes no effort to answer us.

"Do you know who did this to you?"

Mills shakes his head, grimacing slightly at the pain.

"Have you seen him before?"

Again, Mills slowly shakes his head 'no.'

"What was in the bag?"

"Porsonal popers," mumbles Mills.

"What type of personal papers?"

"Porsonal."

"Have you heard of the Balfour jewels?"

With another shake of his head, Mills closes his one good eye and waves us away.

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 11

Agnes Ormond receives us in her well-appointed drawing room with her son Rodney standing by her side.

"We're sorry to bother you at this time, but if you are up to it we would like to ask you a few questions."

"I will try to answer them if I can. I do not understand what happened."

"We have heard it said that your husband and Sir Henry were enemies. Is that true?"

"No, that is not true. It is what the public likes to believe, but it is not true. Reginald would not kill Henry. Henry was my cousin and what he did in the past was to help me."

"What did he do?"

"That was twenty years ago. I see no reason to bring that up now. My husband and I worked it out and put it behind us. You will not find the reason there."

Mrs. Ormond breaks into a light sobbing. Her son tries to comfort her to little effect.

"Please, would you leave us now?" he requests. My mother needs to rest."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 12

"Yes, we did make a large pick-up at the Goodwin residence on Thursday. Rather hastily arranged, I might add."

"Can you tell us where the goods are being sent?"

"Yes, the entire shipment is being sent to the Goodwin family estate in Ireland."

"Thank you."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 13

Van Dutcher is a tall man, over six feet three inches, and very thin, which makes him look even taller. He has a very light complexion and blond, almost white, hair. The impression of fragility conveyed by his appearance is dispelled by his powerful handshake.

Dutcher shows us into his well-appointed flat. The walls are covered with paintings and drawings. All the furnishings are oriental and the tables are covered with Chinese and Japanese ceramics. Dutcher is dressed in a flowing black silk kimono. Given his height, we assume that it is custom-made.

Wiggins spends a few minutes looking at some of the paintings.

"That is French, a Cezanne, and a true source of pride and joy. As you can see, I have a number of paintings by him. That's a Monet, painted last year. He gave it to me personally."

"Very interesting," replies Wiggins. "A bit too modern for me."

"Many people feel they are the mad-dogs of painting, but I like them and some day they will get the recognition they deserve. Enough of art. What can I do for you? You say you work for Holmes?"

"Yes, we do. We have heard that you may be able to give us some information on the Balfour robbery."

"I hope I am not a suspect?" he says with some humour.

"Your reputation seems to leave little doubt that you have the ability to do the job."

"A diplomatic answer, uh, Wiggins, is it?"

"Yes, my name is Wiggins."

"What is it that you want to know? To start with I will tell you I had nothing to do with the burglary of the Balfour Mansion. In fact, I have found a new line of work. Not as exciting as my former, but more in conforming to society's laws. I am now a stock broker."

"Would you have any idea who might be behind the robbery?"

"I must admit that I have been putting some thought to that subject, but have come up with no answer. With the type of security the Balfours have, there are not many men who could pull the job off. The first person to come to mind is Lenny Woods, but he is serving time in Millbank. Thomas O'Neill, of course, but he doesn't like safes the size of Balfour's."

"You seem to know a lot about Balfour's security."

"I have been a guest at the Balfours many times. I handle the stocks for some of his home development Societies. I have done quite well off of his stocks, and it's all legal."

"So there's nothing you can tell us?"

"Not that I can think of. I really have been out of touch with my past environment for the last two years, so there may be people on the scene that I don't know about. That's a good feeling, makes me feel like an honest, upright citizen."

"If you weren't an upright citizen, how would you dispose of the jewels?"

"Amsterdam, no question."

"Why there?"

"Amsterdam, because that's where you will get high pound. In London, you might get twenty to twenty-five per cent of their value. In Amsterdam, sixty to seventy per cent is not an unreasonable expectation. They will just recut or reset them and put them on the market. Here, they are stolen goods, so everyone who handles them is taking a risk that could send them to prison, and they make sure they get paid for it. Most local thieves will unload jewels to a fence, won't take the risk involved in getting the jewels out of the country. It takes a lot of connections."

"If you wanted to sell them in London, who would you go to?"

"You won't quote me, will you?"

"No."

"There are only three fences that could handle a heist this size. Fritz Dolamore, Edgar Joslin and James Moriarty. I'm sure Holmes has run into the latter. He has his hands into almost everything that's illegal."

"Yes, we've heard much of Professor Moriarty. Well, we thank you for your time. We will keep what you told us to ourselves."

"I appreciate that. I was telling Balfour much of the same earlier. He is anxious to get his wife's jewels back. If you have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Balfour, you must know that she will not let him rest until they are recovered. I've told him to let the police handle it. After all, the jewels were insured."

"That sounds like the safest approach. Thank you, again, Mr. Dutcher."

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 14

"I am sorry. You have just missed him. He's on his way to Victoria Station."

"Where is he going?"

"I'm afraid I cannot answer precisely. He has left for the Continent and will be away indefinitely. I am closing the house up now."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 15

Wiggins' knock on the door elicits no reply. He knocks louder. This causes the door across the hall to open and the head of a middle-aged woman to appear.

"You won't get no answer, love. They left."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Northrup and her children. A Jardine van picked up their trunks this morning. Are you from the police?"

"No. Did she say where she was going?"

"Overseas. To start a new life. Didn't say where, just paid her due rent and left."

"Do you know her husband?"

"Peter? Yes."

"Have you seen him?"

"No." She looks up and down the hall to make sure that no one else is within earshot. "I think he was here on Monday. I'm not sure, but someone was in her room that she didn't want me to see."

"How did she pay you?"

"She owed five pounds and paid me with a five pound note."

"Has she been short of money since her husband was in prison?"

"No. In fact she seems to have had more money than before. In fact, she loaned me ten pounds a couple of months back when my husband was ill."

"Thank you."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 16

Mrs. Cecilia Sipton, the young and beautiful wife of the aging tea tycoon, Sir Alfred Sipton, joins us in the drawing room. "Good day. I understand you have some questions you would like to ask about our work with the Salvation Army." Her smile could easily be described as angelic.

"Well, we are interested in the Salvation Army and the temperance movement. Especially with regards to your dinner Tuesday night. We understand the Balfours were here."

"Yes, they were. We had quite a wonderful group of men here. Mr. Booth, of course, is as saintly as they come. But there were others here as well. Mr. Charrington was here. He has given so much to so many. He's truly a great man."

"Cecilia, where's — oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize you were entertaining guests. Excuse me."

"That's quite all right, Roger. Why don't you come in and join us. This is Mr. Wiggins and some friends of his. They were just asking about Tuesday night's dinner. This is Roger Thomson, Sir Alfred's nephew.

"Mr. Wiggins, I don't understand why exactly you are interested in the dinner?"

"Well, we are investigating the theft of Mrs. Balfour's jewelry." Wiggins hopes his explanation is satisfactory. The religious fervour in the young lady's eyes when she speaks of Booth and Charrington prompt him to add, "We are also interested in the temperance movement."

"They all get too carried away, if you ask me," says Thomson. "They spent hours arguing about whether they should feed the poor starving 'unfortunates' after the praying or before the praying. I'm sure all those 'unfortunates' care about is getting fed."

"Roger! How can you dismiss those poor people's souls, just because their bellies are empty?"

"Excuse me. I have better things to do than to continue these idle debates."

"You must forgive Roger. He has so many business concerns these days. My husband has not been in very good health of late, and Roger has taken over running the company."

"Actually, we were wondering if we might speak with Sir Alfred."

"I'm afraid that's impossible. He's with his doctor right now, Dr. Agar. Perhaps some other time."

"Thank you for your time, Mrs. Sipton. I just have one further question. Can you tell me at what time the Balfours left your home?"

"Yes. They left shortly after eleven."

"Thank you. Good day."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 17

May we speak with someone about Mr. Jabez Balfour's

account?" asks Wiggins of the young clerk who has intercepted us upon our entry into the Continental Bank building.

"That would be John Noily. He handles all the Balfour companies' accounts. Let me see if he is available."

The young man is gone for some time. When he finally returns his attitude is not quite as cordial as previously. "Mr. Noily asked me to inform you that he is not available to discuss the confidential business of this bank's customers. Good day."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 18

Jabez Balfour is well into his address by the time we arrive at the visitors gallery.

"London is the centre of the civilized world, but within her environs are found greater evils than in the darkest corners of Africa. Slavery, which was outlawed in the Empire a generation ago, can be found in every corner of this city. Slavery to the demon drink. A slave-master that steals the food out of the mouths of children. Demon gin turns the kindest man into a wife-beater and the wife-beater into a murderer. It destroys strength and builds weakness, and if left unchecked, it will destroy our Empire.

"I call, in the name of every decent Englishman, for the total prohibition of alcohol!"

Pandemonium breaks out on the floor as other members respond to Balfour's speech.

"Ready to take the pledge, Wiggins, or aren't you a decent Englishman?" We turn to find that it is Mycroft Holmes who is speaking to us. "Are you an admirer of Saint Jabez?"

"Just interested," replies Wiggins. "What do you think of Balfour, Mr. Holmes?"

"I think he is a powerful, articulate man who will use his skills to gain more power. Is my brother interested in him?"

"Not directly, that I know of."

"Ah, not directly. Just finding Jabez on the fringes then? I must admit it wouldn't surprise me."

"Why is that?" asks Wiggins.

"Jabez seems full of contradictions or perhaps the contradictions indicate that we don't have a true picture of Jabez."

"What does that mean?" asks Wiggins with a puzzled look on his face as he listens to Mycroft but watches Jabez.

"I'm not sure, Wiggins. If you figure it out, by all means, let me know. I just dropped in to see the show, but I have an appointment. Give my best to Sherlock. Good-bye, Wiggins."

"Good day, sir."

TIME: 1 Hour 30 Minutes

CLUE: 19

The sight we find in the middle of Leo Mills' dingy room is quite revolting. There, in the middle of the room, lies a body, still oozing blood. The body is that of a small man with light brown hair and sideburns. Wiggins picks up the right hand. It is covered with scar tissue, as is most of his right arm.

"Look at the fingers," says Wiggins, holding the hand up so we can see it. "Four of them are broken, bent almost to the wrist. His face looks like raw meat. Someone worked him over good and they knew how to do it."

A search of the room reveals four gold watches in the top dresser drawer.

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 20

The dark, oak-walled bar of the Marylebone Cricket Club is sparsely populated by white-trousered men with blue blazers, most of whom appear to be holding glasses of scotch. The French doors open onto the well-manicured grass of the cricket fields. We are waiting for the club's manager, Redvers Burne-Jones, to join us, which he soon does.

"Good afternoon. I am Redvers Burne-Jones, the club manager. What can I do for you?"

"Good afternoon. I am Harry Wiggins. My colleagues and I work for Mr. Sherlock Holmes. We are looking into some matters for him. Could we ask you some questions?"

"Yes. I have read all of Dr. Watson's writings and have become a great admirer of Mr. Holmes. What would you like to know?"

"There are two things that we are interested in. First, do you know Franklin Kearney?"

"Yes. He is a member of the club."

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"Let's see. Last Thursday at the club dinner. It was a dinner given by Jabez Balfour for the cricket team. Most of the members of this year's team work for one of Balfour's companies. Balfour is one of the club's major backers."

"Did you notice anything out of the ordinary in regards to Franklin Kearney?"

"No. I didn't talk to him for more than a minute or two that evening. He did spend a lot of time with Balfour, but that is to be expected. Franklin is a member of the Band of Hope, Balfour's temperance movement, as well as active in the club here."

"Franklin hasn't been heard from since Sunday. Any ideas where he might be."

"No, I'm sorry. I'm not a close friend or a confidant. I will ask around, and if I hear anything, I will let you know."

"What can you tell us about last Sunday's cricket match?"

"Again, not much. My duties here made it impossible for me to attend the match, so all I know is what I have been told. Each year, the professional players choose a team to play our club's team which is made up of amateur players. This is a game put on for charity."

"Which one?"

"Which charity? This year it was the Band of Hope."

"Balfour's charity?"

"Yes. I must admit that Balfour exercises a strong degree of influence over those he helps and employs. If you want to find out more about the match, the team's captain, Byron Anderson, is here to-day. Would you like to talk to him?"

"Yes, we would."

"I will get him."

We are soon joined by a man who is in his late twenties, athletically built and well-tanned.

"Wiggins?"

"Yes."

"I'm Byron Anderson. I understand you are interested in Sunday's match."

"Yes. What can you tell us?"

"It was a very strange match from the start. I am the team captain and am employed by the club as is Colin Kennedy. We train the members and play with them. Most of the members here are very good players. The club members who play on the team are chosen by the board members. This year all the players were cronies of Balfour's, not the club's best players, but all right.

"On the day of the match, everything seemed to go wrong. The umpires were late. The game started late. We lost the toss. Couldn't do anything. We were three hundred runs behind. Then, the batsman is blown up by the first ball on the fortieth over. More like a music hall comedy than a cricket game."

"Any idea who planted the bomb?"

"Bomb? I wouldn't exactly call it a bomb. Couldn't have killed any one. More noise and smoke than anything else."

"I thought that the batter was hurt."

"Sir Juilius, yes. But, I'm not sure that was because of the bomb or because he was bombed."

"Meaning?"

"Sir Juilius had been drinking, quite heavily."

"Have you any idea who planted the bomb?"

"No. I just thought it was a joke. In poor taste, but a joke. But, the team didn't take it that way. Seemed to scare them. After Sir Juilius was taken to his doctor, the rest of the team came back to the club. Lord Goodwin was extremely upset. He and the other members of the team, minus Kennedy, Lloyd Perkins, and myself, went into one of the private rooms. They were in there for close to two hours. The first to leave were Sir Vincent and Clive Dornin. Charged out of here like Napoleon was on their tails."

"Any idea what they were upset about?"

"Not really. The only thing I heard was Sir Vincent telling Dornin that he wasn't going to be controlled by some underworld thug and that they were not without their power. I have no understanding of what that means, but that's what he said. Now I must get back to the cricket field and earn my keep."

TIME: 1 Hour 30 Minutes

CLUE: 21

"Come in, my brothers and sisters, come in. Is it spiritual or material comforts you seek?"

We enter a large assembly hall, which is empty of people except for a few who are hanging banners above the stage. Bustling about with instantly apparent energy is a handsome woman in her mid-thirties with short-cropped dark hair and sparkling eyes. She approaches us with outstretched arms and, we feel sure, an open heart. "Come in, friends. I'm Sister Melissa."

"We've heard much of Mr. Charrington's projects. We were wondering if we could speak with him."

"I'm sorry. He's not here right now. Perhaps I can help you."

"Can you tell us anything about Jabez Balfour's work in the Temperance Movement."

Melissa pauses a moment before answering. "The Lord knows that I hate to speak ill of any one, and especially someone involved in His own good works. But I have to speak my mind, and I've always felt that Mr. Balfour speaks out of both sides of his mouth. I think the only reason he's excluding pubs from that development of his is because it's profitable to do so. I just hope the good Lord sees that some of those profits make their way to the poorer parts of the city. However, I know that Mr. Charrington thinks highly of him. And I also know that quite a few workingmen have been encouraged to save through his building societies, so I don't mean to judge him harshly."

"Thank you, Sister. You've been most helpful."

"Why don't you come back tonight for the rally. The striking matchgirls are holding a big meeting tonight with Eleanor Marx as one of the speakers. It's just criminal what's being done to those girls."

"We'll try to make it. Thanks."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 22

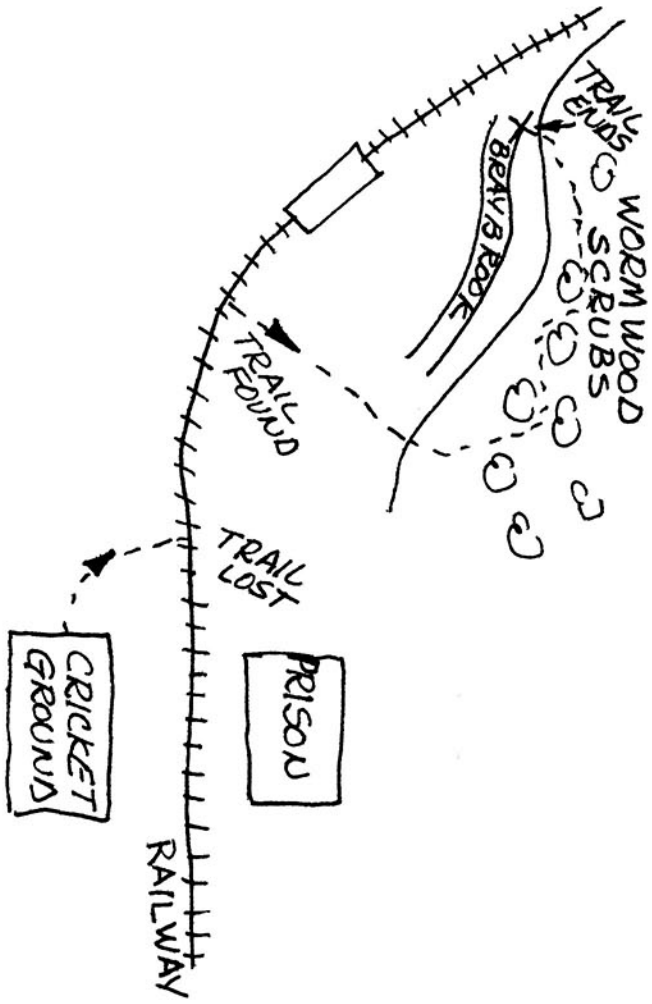
"Yes, I took Toby out to Wormwood-scrubs. The guards didn't want my help, they just laughed at us. They think because Toby isn't a bloodhound that he can't track. Well, little do they know."

"Did you find the trail?"

"Of course! We followed the trail up to the railroad tracks. The guards assumed that he had hopped a train and was gone. Fools. If they had the brains of their dogs ...."

"What did you find?"

"The trail did end at the rails, but I followed the tracks for awhile, and sure enough, the prisoner jumped off the train, just as I had figured. Toby and I picked up his trail and followed it. Here is the map of his trail."



TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 23

"Do you have a customer by the name of Donald Mills?"

"Yes, Mr. Mills buys clothes here quite regularly."

We are a bit at a loss to know what else to ask of the tailor. "Can you tell us anything about his account?" Wiggins asks, reddening slightly.

"Really, sir! I should simply ignore such a question, but I will tell you that Mr. Mills is in the habit of transacting his business on a cash basis. I trust you have no more insolent questions. Good day."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 24

Sir Juilius Benedict's butler shows us to the conservatory where we find Sir Juilius relaxing on a *chaise longue*. He is in his mid-forties, tall, with a badly pock-marked face. His left hand is bandaged and his right hand holds a glass. On the small table next to him is a bottle of gin and a gasogene.

"What can I do for you?" Sir Juilius gives no indication that we can take a seat around the small table, so we continue to stand.

"We would like to ask you some questions."

"Who are you?"

"We work for Sherlock Holmes."

"The detective? Well, I don't know what I can tell him. What do you want to know?"

"Do you know who put the bomb in the cricket ball?"

"No. Just a silly prank." A pained look comes over his face as he looks at his bandaged hand.

"Who would —"

"Look, I said I don't know who did it. It was a silly prank done in bad taste. I don't need a private detective to nose around in it. If you will excuse me, I need to rest."

"If I could ask just one more question? Do you know Franklin Kearney?"

"The cricket reporter?"

"Yes."

"I know of him. I read his column, and I've met him at the Marylebone club, but I don't really know the man. Now if you will leave, please."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 25

The door is answered by a tall, slender, blonde woman. We are somewhat surprised when the pretty young woman identifies herself as the landlady and asks how she can help us.

"We would like to speak to Colin Kennedy. Is he in?"

"I'm sorry. I haven't seen him all day. Perhaps he is with his fiancee. Have you tried there?"

"We are not acquainted with the lady. Would you be so kind as to give us her name and address?"

"Certainly. Her name is Lola Nelson. She lives somewhere near Blackfriars-bridge, but I don't know exactly where. Would you care to leave a card?"

"Thank you, yes," says Wiggins as he hands the landlady his card with a small flourish. "Good day."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 26

"Poor Goodwin. True, he was a bombastic bore, but to bombard him with explosives seems a little drastic." Langdale has joined us for a cup of tea. "He has followed his father to the great peerage in the sky by only six months."

"Any idea why Lord Goodwin was assassinated?"

"No. He really had no power other than the power of money. He was only twenty-six years old. He did have large land holdings in Ireland and all the lack of popularity which that causes, but the Irish are not bashful about claiming credit for their actions. Like his father, he was not active in politics, but, also like his father, he was interested in making money."

"How did he do that?"

"He was active in land development. Lord Goodwin owned all the land where the Queen's Park development is taking place. He's been working very closely with Jabez Balfour over the last few years. He also has large holdings in the West End."

"Anything in his private life...?"

"My boy, you are learning where to look for the important things, but alas, nothing that I could ever find, and if I can't find it, it must not be there. As I said, he was a bore. Only interested in money and sports, cricket mainly. He was a teetotaler and a gentleman when it came to women."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 27

After we receive no answer to our knocks on Miss Wheelan's door, we find the landlady. "Do you happen to know where we might find Miss Wheelan?" asks Wiggins with hat in hand.

"Middlesex Hospital," is the middle-aged woman's curt response. "I just can't have such goings-on in my rooms. Fights and near-killings and the such. I'll have to talk with that young lady when she returns." Still shaking her head, she slowly closes the door, leaving us standing there.

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 28

"I remember a reporter by the name of Franklin Kearney. He used to work for the *Police Gazette*. Why don't you go and see Quintin Hogg. I think he knows your Mr. Kearney."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 29

We find the young man alone in his rooms, reading the latest issue of the *Strand Magazine*. He seems a bit nervous and perhaps embarrassed as he clears off a couple of chairs for us. "Please. Come in and sit down. Are you from the police?"

"Not exactly. We work for Sherlock Holmes, the consulting detective."

"I've already told the police all I know. What else can I do?"

"I know you feel that you've already been over all this, but if you wouldn't mind telling us what happened, we would really appreciate it."

"Well, I'll tell you what I remember, but I just don't know if what I remember is really what happened. Leland — Leland Johnson, the head clerk — tells a different story, and I just don't know any more. It's all a blur."

"Just tell us what you remember, Mr. Idler."

"Sure. Leland and I arrived at our usual time, about eight, that is. Mr. Joslin came in about a quarter before the hour, and then Mr. Jones arrived for his appointment just as the clock was striking nine. He and Mr. Joslin were in the back office. There was a knock on the door, and I opened it to tell the men that we were not yet open.

"But as soon as I had unlocked the door, they pushed their way in and pulled out guns! One of them stayed by the door while the other went back to Mr. Joslin's office. I still can't believe this happened, but I guess he shot Mr. Joslin, because we heard shouting and then a shot. The gunman rushed out with Mr. Jones' black bag. Before they rushed from the store the one who had stayed by the front door broke into one of the display cases and grabbed a handful of watches. It was terrible."

"Can you describe the gunmen or Mr. Jones?"

"I can tell you what I remember, but Leland's description is a bit different and I just don't know. Both the men were small, and they looked a lot alike to me, like brothers, maybe. They were dressed in cheap, black suits. And one of them, the one who was holding the gun on Leland and me, had a lot of scars on his right hand, the one that was holding

the gun, like it had been burned sometime, maybe."

"How about Jones," prompts Wiggins, "can you give us a description?"

"He was a big man, an Irishman," the young man replies with little hesitation. "He was big and strong-looking. And when he left the shop he had a big, bleeding gash on his head. He looked mad!"

"You've been very helpful, Mr. Idler."

"I sure hope I still have a job. Do you have any idea what will become of Lambert's?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 30

"I have told all I know to the police and have nothing further to say."

"We just have —"

"I said I have nothing to say." The door slams in our face.

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 31

We find the Sporting Goods Department with little difficulty. The selection of items is somewhat overwhelming, and we could easily spend a good part of the day exploring the various items. A clerk eyes us a bit skeptically but approaches with what is probably a fair modicum of his usual eagerness.

"Good afternoon. Can I be of some assistance?"

Wiggins answers, taking his usual liberties with the truth, "Perhaps you can. We are friends of Franklin Kearney. We understand that he is a regular customer. Have you seen him this week?"

"Funny that you should ask. Mr. Kearney is indeed a regular customer, and I have been expecting him. Several months ago he ordered a handmade fly rod. He has been most eager to receive it. I spoke with him on the telephone on Saturday to inform him that it had arrived. He was quite excited, and said he would come in on Monday. I expected him to be waiting when the doors were opened. But he has not been in. I hope nothing has happened?"

"We hope not as well. I trust he will soon be in. Thank you for your time."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 32

Constable Robbins is standing outside the rooms of the late Leland Johnson. The rooms are on the fourth floor of the Duke of Wellington Arms.

"I'll let you in, but don't touch anything. The probate officer hasn't arrived from Somerset House yet."

"Thanks, Robbins," says Wiggins. "Do you know who found the body?"

"The manager, Mr. Smyth. I was the first policeman on the scene."

"What did you find?"

"Look over here." Robbins leads us across the sitting room that is in a state of disarray, to a broken window. Pointing to the courtyard below, Robbins continues. "I found his body down there. See the outline in chalk. That's where the body was."

"The body must've been been ten feet from the building."

"Twelve," states Robbins.

"Any idea what happened?"

"No. From the look of the room, someone was looking for something. But look here." Robbins leads us over to a large desk. The drawers have been pulled open and the contents dumped onto the desk. "Old coins, stamps. Must be worth something. The rooms are full of little items of value."

"Did any one live with Johnson?"

"No, he was bachelor; lived alone."

"Anything else you can tell us?"

"Only that Johnson had been worked over pretty good. Of course, it's hard to tell on a body that has fallen four floors what shape it was in before it hit the ground."

"I can see the difficulty."

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 33

The street in front of Lord Goodwin's house is crowded with Cummins & Goins wagons that are being loaded with boxes and crates by servants who, like an army of ants, bring boxes from the house and then return for another load, in a seemingly endless stream. The butler, who is directing the activity, informs us that Lord Goodwin is in the garden. After a few minutes' wait, while our calling cards are sent in, we are led to the garden and Lord Goodwin. He appears to be in his early twenties, is small and wiry, and seems to be full of nervous energy.

"What do you want?" asks Lord Goodwin as he lights a cigarette.

"We were hoping that your Lordship could fill us in on the details of Sunday's cricket match."

"Details? What details?" Lord Goodwin's high-pitched voice almost turns into a squeal.

"Anything that your Lordship might think important. Details about the bombing."

His Lordship takes a long puff of his cigarette, drops it to the ground and puts it out with his foot. We can see at least ten other butts on the ground that have been extinguished in the same way.

"Bombing! What do you know about the bombing?" He removes another cigarette from his gold case and lights it.

"Only that a small bomb was put in the cricket ball. The paper said, as a prank ...."

"Prank! It was no prank, I'll tell you that!" He pauses to take more puffs from his cigarette. "No, indeed. No prank. Everybody can say it doesn't mean anything, but I know that it does and I am not waiting around to ...."

"To what, sir? What does it mean?"

"It's a warning. A warning from a man whose warnings should be taken seriously. He controls ... I've said too much .... How do I know who you are? Get out! I have things to do"

"Are you leaving London, sir?"

"That is no concern of yours."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 34

"Yes, we sold the safe to the Balfours. Our top model, the Anchor Reliance. Will stand up to anything. The amount of explosives it would take to blow the safe open, would bring the house down!"

"Have you looked at the Balfour safe?"

"Yes. It was not the explosive that opened the safe, although whoever placed the explosive knew what he was doing."

"How was it opened?"

"If you have the time and skill, any safe can be opened. Ours is the best safe on the market. It was either opened by someone who knew the combination or who had enough skill to pick the combination."

"Which do you think?"

"That's a matter for the police, not me."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 35

A quite lovely young lady answers our knock. "Yes, can I help you?"

"Perhaps you can. We are looking for Colin Kennedy. Is he in?"

"No, I'm afraid not. I've not seen him for several days. His fiancee, Lola Nelson, stopped by early this morning and picked up some of his clothes, so I doubt he will be in today."

"Thank you."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 36

We find Langdale Pike seated in an overstuffed chair with an unusually large audience. Langdale notices us as we work our way towards him.

"Ah, Wiggins. Your presence must mean that Holmes is again in need of my help. Here, sit down next to me." Langdale removes his feet from the hassock and beckons Wiggins to sit. "I look upon it as my civic duty to help Holmes when he needs it. I assume you are here for information on the murder of Sir Henry Cole. Of course you are."

"Well...."

"Well, I am most certainly the one to fill you in on Cole and Ormond. When I was a young man and was just starting my career as a reporter, one of the first stories I covered was the Ormond Scandal, as we in the press called it. This would have been in sixty-seven, Wiggins, a little before your time.

"Ormond was the darling of the Conservatives, Disraeli's right-hand man. Cole was a member of the Liberal Party. Both were M.P.s from London and on the opposite side of every issue. There was little doubt that Disraeli was going to be the next P.M. and that his choice for Home Secretary was Ormond. Cole could not accept this and set out to destroy Ormond. He couldn't do it politically, so he attacked Ormond on a personal level. He had more than enough ammunition at hand. Ormond was a wealthy young man who loved women. He had married Agnes Duff, who, ironically, was a cousin of Henry Cole. Even after his marriage he continued to lead a wild life. His escapades kept the press in stories, most of them harmless enough, all but one.

"Ormond apparently fell in love with Lady Bradford, passionately in love. Indeed, there was even talk of divorce and elopement. But such steps, which would have placed the lovers beyond the pale of society, were fortunately never taken. For Ormond discovered that Lady Bradford was not content with his attentions alone, while Lady Bradford found out that Agnes Ormond was pregnant, and as Agnes' morals were beyond reproach, there could be little doubt that Ormond was the father.

"Enraged by the evidence that her lover had not abandoned his wife's bed, Lady Bradford wrote him a letter of furious reproach which arrived at Ormond's house while he was out of London. His wife, who said that she had been asked to open all his correspondence during his absence, read it with horror. In the letter, Lady Bradford stated that he must leave home immediately and join her, that one of her children was his, that he had no right to beget a child by his wife, and more to that effect. To make a long story short...."

"That's a new twist," mumbles Wiggins.

"Sorry, Wiggins?"

"I said there seem to be a lot of twists to this story."

"You haven't heard the half of them."

"I'm sure. Please continue."

"Needless to say, the letter got into the hands of Henry Cole, and he made use of it right away. He sent a copy to Disraeli and achieved his desired effect. Ormond was excluded from the party's inner circle. Cole leaked the story to the press — I know because I got it from him personally. I am surpised that Ormond didn't kill Cole then."

"What was the outcome of the scandal?"

"Ormond retained his seat in Parliament, but he changed his lifestyle, went back to his wife and son and appeared to the outside world a dutiful husband. He never again aspired to high public office but became a hard-working and powerful party member, although his power was out of view of the public as a whole."

"Why would Ormond kill Cole now, after all these years?"

"Who can tell, Wiggins. Maybe you and Holmes can find out and tell me. You will tell me, won't you?"

"If I find out anything that I can tell you, I will. What became of Lady Bradford?"

"After Lord Bradford died in eighty-one, she married Jabez Balfour, a man who could handle both her and her wealth."

"The head of the Temperance Society?"

"Yes, Jabez is a big advocate of temperance for others. Marion Jabez Balfour is one of London's largest land developers. He has made himself a fortune, while paying the workingmen eight per cent on the money they have invested in his building society. A powerful man, a Member of Parliament and founder of the Band of Hope Temperance Society."

"Thank you for the information, Pike. We have to leave, but I do have one more question."

"Of course, my boy, what is it?"

"Have you heard of Franklin Kearney, the sports reporter?"

"Sports! No, Wiggins, I know nothing about outdoor sports, or sports writers."

"Thanks again."

"Must you leave, Wiggins? I have a great story about Lord Marcus Carleton."

"Some other time."

"I am sure the others would like to hear it. It seems that Lord Carleton was staying at the P. of W.'s estate and seems to have tip-toed into a dark room and to have leapt joyfully into what he believed to be some obliging lady's bed, only to find himself in the protesting arms of the Bishop of Chester. When the P. of W. heard...."

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 37

Rose Derrick is in her mid-twenties, a plain woman with a stout figure and light brown hair. She is dressed in black, which she informs us is in remembrance of her father. We are sitting in her drawing room where she is reading the letter Wiggins had given to her.

"I don't understand. Where did it come from?"

"That's what we would like to know. It was sent to Mr. Holmes, and we want to know if it's your father's handwriting."

"It looks like it to me, but you be the judge. I have some of my father's handwritten papers. Would you like to see them?"

"Yes."

Rose Derrick walks over to a desk, removes some papers from a drawer and brings them to us. "You can borrow them and just return them after Mr. Holmes looks at them."

"Thank you, that would be helpful. Do you have any idea where the letter might have come from or who might

have written it?"

"No, I don't, but I'm glad that it's being looked into. I don't know whose hand held the pen, but I do know who is responsible for the letter."

"Who?"

"My father." Tears well up in her eyes as she sits down in one of the overstuffed chairs. She removes a handkerchief from her pocket and dabs at her eyes.

"Could you explain?"

"My father did not commit suicide. He was murdered."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so."

"Your father told you?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Two weeks ago!"

"Miss Derrick, I just don't understand. Your father...."

"Has been dead for two months. Yes, I know. But nevertheless, I talked to him. Through Madame Reuscher, the medium."

"Oh," responds Wiggins rolling his eyes, "a soothsayer."

"A medium to the next world is how I choose to look at it."

"Did your father tell you what happened to him?"

"Only that he was murdered."

"He didn't tell you who murdered him or why?"

"No. Only that he was murdered."

"Do you yourself have any theory of his death?"

"I know that my father would never commit suicide, no matter what anybody says. The coroner just took my step-mother's word that it was financial worries that drove him to kill himself. Financial worries that she caused. Now, with the insurance monies she no longer has any financial worries. Not her or her doctor friend."

"Do you think —"

"It doesn't matter what I think, does it? I can't prove anything. All I know is that my father is dead and someone murdered him. You're the detectives. Why don't you tell me who did it? Please excuse me."

Rose Derrick gives way to the tears she has been trying to hold back and does not respond to Wiggins' farewell.

Dear Sir,

I have received the report of the recent death of your horse. I understand that you have been greatly upset by this incident and that the loss of the animal was an emotional as well as a financial blow. While the accident did occur on property owned by the Lands Allotment Company, we in no way feel that we have been neglectful nor culpable in this accidental death. My staff has assured me that they have investigated the incident thoroughly. The facts indicate that the horse was not under human supervision at the time it fell into the excavated pit at the construction site. Nor had any permission been granted to you for use of that land which is private property.

I extend to you my heartfelt sympathy and condolences at this time, but I do sincerely hope you will reconsider bringing any court action.

Sincerely,
Vincent Derrick

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 38

A sign on the door to Lambert's reads: CLOSED DUE TO DEATH.

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 39

"I'll be bullocked if I sell out to that bloody brewery!"

"It's a fair price."

We are the only ones in the pub other than the two men behind the bar. They are engrossed in conversation and do not notice us until Wiggins gets their attention.

"You're a bit early, mates. Can't serve you yet."

"Have you seen Donald Mills?"

"Donny Mills? Not in the last couple of days. Have you seen Donny Mills, Olli?"

"He was in for a minute Tuesday. Not since."

"Do you know the name of his girl-friend?"

"Edna Wheelan. She's an actress. A real beauty. Isn't that right, Olli?"

"She certainly is, Stanley."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 40

"I am very sorry, but Sir Vincent is in a very important meeting at present. Without an appointment, it will be quite impossible for you to see him to-day. Perhaps I can be of assistance. I am Randolph Scott, Sir Vincent's secretary."

"Actually we wanted to ask him about last Sunday's cricket match."

"That I can't help you with, I'm afraid. Ever since his wife died last year, Sir Vincent has taken to spending most evenings at the Marylebone Cricket Club, but I know little about that aspect of his life. If there's nothing else, I will bid you good day."

"One further question, Mr. Scott. We are looking for Franklin Kearney, a sports reporter for the *Queen's Park Sporting Gazette* who has been missing since Sunday. He had several shares in your building society. Do you know him?"

"No our shares are held by the hundreds, thousands. At eight per cent per annum it is one of the best and safest investments one can make. I do believe I've read an occasional article by your Mr. Kearney, but that is all."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 41

"He is at the North Cricket field in Queen's Park."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 42

Gass & Company consists of a large lot filled with lumber, bricks and other building supplies and a small wooden building that is badly in need of repair. As we enter the yard there is an argument taking place between a large man in a workman's leather apron and a smaller man dressed in a tweed suit and bowler hat.

"Three hundred, twenty-eight pounds! Where did you get these bloody bricks, from Buckingham Palace? I told you I wanted seconds!" shouts the man in the bowler as he waves a sheet of paper at the bigger man.

"I've given you what you asked for. You're not going to get a better price anywhere in London, and you know it."

Some of the workmen start gathering around the bowler

hat. This seems to make the larger man a little nervous.

"So what do you want me to do, Pickering?"

"I'll give you two hundred and ninety pounds for the lot, in cash, right now. If not, turn around and take them back."

The large man climbs up on the wagon and sits for a moment. "All right, give me the money."

"I knew you'd see it my way, Hank." Pickering hands Hank an envelope and before he can check the contents, Pickering has his men unloading the wagon. "Good doing business with you."

"Mr. Pickering," shouts Wiggins as we move toward Pickering. "Can we have a word with you? We are investigators for —"

"If it's about the Tottenham-court project you'll have to talk to my solicitor."

"No. It's about —"

"I don't care what it's about, see my solicitor!"

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 43

Marion Jabez Balfour is only tall enough not to be called a dwarf. He is enormously fat and has a short satyr's beard and small, sparkling eyes. He is full of energy and his movements are much faster than one would expect from a man of his size. We have been seated in front of his small desk, empty except for three telephones, one of which is now being used by Balfour.

"Go ahead, close the deal. I know what I said yesterday, but that was yesterday. I can't go into that now. I'll call you later." Balfour hangs the receiver up and turns his attention to us. "I'm sorry to hold you up. I love the telephone, don't know what I did before we had them. Now, what can I do for you? You said you were private detectives working for Sherlock Holmes. Did my wife contact him?"

"No."

"Just a matter of time. She will call every detective in the city. She has her telephones, too."

"Mr. Holmes doesn't."

"That's surprising. I thought he called himself a 'scientific detective'?"

"He is a scientific detective, he just hasn't found a need for a telephone."

"Well, if you're not here to track down my wife's stolen jewels, why are you here?"

"We're trying to track down Franklin Kearney."

"Good! I've been worried about him myself. How can I help you?" Before we can answer, one of his telephones rings. "Excuse me. Balfour. Yes. Okay, meet me at the bank at eight-thirty. The appointment's at nine, so don't be late. Pardon the interruption."

"That's all right. When was the last time you saw Mr. Kearney?"

"At the Saturday meeting of the Queen's Park Temperance Society. He said nothing to me about leaving town. He was planning to be at the Society's business meeting yesterday. That he did tell me."

"Was it important for him to be there?"

"He's president of the Queen's Park Chapter, and, as such, it's quite usual for him to attend."

Again the telephone rings and Jabez answers it.

"Could you please excuse me? I have work that I must attend to. If you leave your card I will call you if I hear anything from Franklin."

"Thank you."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 44

We spy the mews off Sidmouth which are crowded with carts, coaches and horses of all descriptions and a number of coachmen and blacksmiths as well. We find the main doorway to Boosey and Company Jobmasters on Grey's Inn-road and enter there.

"Yes, sir, can I help you? Would a cart or a victoria be your pleasure for to-day? We can offer superb bargains, I assure you," the florid-faced jobmaster proffers.

"Actually, to-day we are more interested in information than in a carriage," says Wiggins, with the mildest hint of deferential apology. "Does Mr. Jabez Balfour happen to hire a conveyance from you?"

"Who's asking?"

"Friends of Sherlock Holmes, in the strictest confidence, of course."

"In confidence, you say? So be it. We do supply his household. He has one of our best broughams, and everything from harness and forage to coachman, but — I do say this in the strictest confidence — he owes us over a hundred guineas, and we may recall our carriage if we can not get payment soon."

"Don't worry, mum's the word."

"Are you sure that I can't interest you in a carriage for the afternoon. To-day we have a French-shaped victoria with rubber tyres, a coachman in breeches and boots, a horse worth fifty pounds in the trade, brass-mounted harness and rosebuds in the bridle for only ten shillings and sixpence for two hours. Of course, I could supply an equipage not quite so smart for seven shillings and sixpence. At that I still guarantee that it will excite the admiration and envy of the crowd."

"Not to-day, but we'll keep it in mind. Good day."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 45

Henry Ledgard greets us in the small glass-enclosed cubical that serves as his office.

"It's good of you to come. I know that something has happened to Franklin, but the police will do nothing without the proof of a crime. Quintin Hogg, who is one of Franklin's best friends, recommended that I contact Holmes. I am so glad he has sent some help. I've checked with Alice — Alice Gardner, Franklin's fiancee — and she has heard nothing from him. Now I ask you, would a man take off and not tell his fiancee or his best friend or his boss? Not likely I say, not likely at all."

"Do you have any idea what would cause him to disappear?"

"Don't you listen, boy? I just said I don't and no one I can find does. That's why I wrote to Mr. Holmes. That's why you are here. Now go out and find him!"

"Yes, sir!" Wiggins jumps out of his chair like a cub reporter on his first assignment. We are right behind him.

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 46

The butler informs us that Sir Miller Brandon is at his Queen's Park office at the Lands Allotment Company, 50 Harrow-road.

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 47

"I don't have a Mrs. Northrup listed on any of our ships."

"You picked up her bags this morning at 47 Aubin."

"Let me check. Yes, that was a Mrs. Smith-Jones and her children."

"Not her husband?"

"Yes, he was booked also, but did not show up. He sent a telegram for her to go along and that he would join her. I was here when the telegram arrived."

"Where did she go?"

"New York."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 48

Head guard Lewis Jones meets us in the visitors room of the prison.

"Thank you for seeing us on such short notice," says Wiggins as he and Jones shake hands. "I wonder if you could tell us about the events at the Sunday cricket match?"

"I'll try to tell you what I can. As you may or may not know, this prison is being built by the prisoners themselves. Those prisoners that work hard and behave themselves during the week are taken out for a day event. A soccer or cricket match is the usual reward. It's the warden's idea, it is."

"One you don't agree with."

"He's the guv'nor; it don't much matter what I think. Well, last Sunday we took the ten best workers to the cricket match across the road."

"The Marylebone and Players match?"

"Yes. It wasn't a very good match. The Players were way ahead. It didn't get interesting until the fortieth over. The Marylebone gentlemen were up to bat. When the first ball was hit, it exploded. Ka-boom! The ball explodes, the bat breaks and the striker is knocked to the ground. Everyone's so shocked, they just stand there and stare at the poor bloke. I was the first person to reach the striker. He wasn't injured, just dazed. He looked at me for a moment, reached into his pocket and took out a flask, took a big swig, and then broke out laughing. I think he had already had a mite too much to drink."

"Is that when the prisoner escaped?"

"Must've been. Needless to say, there was quite a bit of confusion. Everyone shouting and running around, it would have been easy for Northrup to slip away. I didn't notice he was gone until we started back to the prison. We called out the dogs right away and they traced him through the woods to the railroad track where we lost his trail. Must've hopped a train and made it out of London."

"What can you tell us about Northrup?"

"He was a quiet man, kept to himself. He was in prison on counterfeiting charges. Never did find the plates, so I hear. We were always hoping he would tell us."

"Anything else you can tell us?"

"No, not that I can think of. Oh, there was a crazy old man who was out walking his dog, who joined in tracking Northrup. Kept getting in our way."

"Do you know who he was?"

"No. His dog's name was Toby."

"Thank you for your help."

TIME: 40 Minutes

CLUE: 49

"Hello. Is Mr. Shank in?" asks Wiggins of the apron-clad, mustachioed man whose attention we finally attract.

"Which Mr. Shank do you mean, mates? Not that it much matters as neither of them is in at the moment."

"Well, we're actually looking for Arnold Shank, but we'd like to talk to anyone who can tell us a bit about the brewery business. We understand Mr. Shank is involved with Parliament's commission on the subject."

"He is indeed. And he loves to bend your ear on the subject. I can't tell you much about that, but if you want to trail along with me for a minute I can show you a bit of brewin'. My name's Zebediah."

We follow Zebediah into a huge room filled with what we learn are mash tuns. The brewery is quite large, and in an adjacent section men are busy filling casks, while behind that others are loading casks onto railroad cars. As our tutor begins explaining the process of sparging the mash with hot water, a middle-aged man with a very red face comes rushing in.

"Zeb, I want to see you in my office right away. Show your visitors out. We have no time for them to-day."

"That's Martin Shank, but I would put off your questions 'til another day if I were you."

With that, Zebediah shows us to the door and bids us farewell.

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 50

The door is opened by a rather plump, somewhat homely-looking woman who appears to be closer to thirty than twenty.

"Miss Nelson?" we enquire.

"Yes, I'm Lola Nelson. What can I do for you?" she asks with a quizzical look on her round face.

"We're looking for Colin Kennedy and were told that you might know where we could find him," says Wiggins in his usual straight-forward manner.

"Are you friends of Collie's? Do you know about the trip?"

"The trip?" Wiggins answers non-committally.

"We're moving to Dublin. Out of the clear blue sky he tells me to come to Dublin and marry him. Doesn't ask, mind you. More than two years now I've been trying to get that sweet giant to marry me. I hate to move so far from my family, but if it takes moving to Dublin to get him to marry me, then so be it," she concludes decisively.

"Miss Nelson, can you tell us anything about Colin's work?"

"All I know is that he works for Mr. Balfour. He really loves that man. I don't care what he does so long as it's not boxing. Those fighters kill each other. If you'll excuse me, I must get back to my packing."

"Good luck to you, Miss Nelson."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 51

A few sidelong glances are cast our way as we approach the desk of vice-president Neville Cardus, who eyes us with bewilderment. Wiggins immediately launches into his introductory speech.

"Sir, I have some very confidential questions to ask concerning Mr. Jabez Balfour. I trust you will be able to help me."

"I fear you will be disappointed, young man. Unless you can present me with some very good reasons why I should, I cannot divulge such information."

"Can you tell me anything about Mr. Balfour's dealings with the City and Suburban?"

"All that I am at liberty to say is that several of Mr. Balfour's companies have accounts with us."

"I understand your reticence, sir, and I thank you for your time."

We have already turned to leave when Mr. Cardus calls to us, "Just a minute." After glancing around and reassuring himself that no one else is within hearing, the banker continues, "I really should not be telling you any of this, but I personally am glad to see someone investigating Balfour's finances. He has several companies, and I suspect that some

of them are on the verge of defaulting on loans. I fear that there has been manipulating of the books, if not worse. If my fears are well-founded it could spell disaster for the financial community."

Neville Cardus looks somewhat shocked at himself at this disclosure. Before we can ask for more details he continues, "That's really all I can tell you — more than I should say, in fact. But I do believe it would be best for all if the true facts of Balfour's financial dealings were made known. Now I must bid you good day."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 52

As we enter the oak-paneled club a number of white-clad gentlemen at the bar raise their glasses in a toast. Most wear black armbands, but the mood is cheerful enough. We spot the Club's team captain, Byron Anderson, and greet him.

"I guess you've heard the news about young Goodwin," he says. "We have, of course, cancelled our re-match with the Players as a result. I can't say with sincerity that he'll be sorely missed around here. A bit of a glum one, he was."

Anderson pauses and takes a sip of his drink before indicating a group of the team members clustered in a corner of the room. "You'd think Goodwin was their best friend the way that group is moping about to-day. A bit hypocritical it seems to me. They knew him for the pampered, supercilious young blue blood that he was. I've heard most of them say as much.

"Perkins, now, was another matter. A real friendly fellow. Always the first to buy you a drink. Talk your ear off. Always wanted to know everything about everyone. Little bit of a gossip, if you know what I mean."

"Did he mention anything about a girl-friend or seem depressed?"

"No. He never seemed depressed. Quite the contrary. Seemed to see everything as funny. As for women, I don't think he had any interest in them. He told me that he liked to spend his week-ends at the Sir Galahad's, and you know what kind of place that is. Even tried to get me to go there with him. Imagine!"

"It doesn't sound like you think his death was suicide."

"I didn't say that. I have no idea what went on in the man's head. As the match is off, I think I will make good use of my day. It's a good thing, as well, since Kennedy has not shown up again. I don't know what Balfour sees in the big oaf." Anderson downs his drink, bids us good day and leaves.

Wiggins leads us over to the sullen group seated at the corner table. "My condolences, gentlemen," says Wiggins.

There is no verbal reply from the group that consists of Sir Miller Brandon, Morgan Pickering, Jack Knox and two other men who we have not seen before. They just stare at us with blank, expressionless faces.

"What?" says Sir Miller.

"Our condolences on the death of Lloyd Perkins and Lord Goodwin."

"What are you getting at?"

"Nothing. We just —"

"We would appreciate it if you would keep your nose out of our business. Now leave us alone."

Knowing when we are not wanted, we decide to leave.

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 53

"Please help! Get an ambulance!" The shouts come from a room at the end of the hall.

We follow Wiggins down the hall at a run. We come to an open door that leads into a room from where the shouts emanate. A young woman is in the middle fo the room, leaning over the body of a man. Wiggins rushes to the body and examines it.

"He's alive," states Wiggins. "Get the police and a doctor. Are you Edna Wheelan?"

"Yes," replies the young woman.

"And him?"

"Donald Mills."

"What happened?"

"Donald and I were having tea when there was a knock at the door. I answered it and there was a large man. He asked for Donald. I thought he must have been one of Donald's friends. I asked him in and called for Donald. When Donald saw him, he ran toward that chair." She points to a chair at the door. "Donald had set a black bag there when he arrived. The big man was only steps behind him. Donald got the bag and got it open and pulled a gun out, but the big man was upon him. He grabbed the gun, tore it out of Donald's hand and flung it across the room." She points to the far side of the room, where we see the gun lying on the floor.

"Then he hit Donald, very hard in the face. He was very fast for a man his size. He hit Donald again and again. I tried to stop him, but he pushed me away like I was a kitten. Then he brought his fist down upon Donald's head like a hammer. Donald crumpled to the floor. The man picked up Donald's bag and walked out."

"Do you know what was in the bag?"

"No. Donald was very mysterious about it. He kept saying it was our passport to happiness. It doesn't look like it now."

At this point a policeman and two ambulance attendants arrive. While the attendants place Donald on the stretcher, the policeman questions Miss Wheelan, getting the same story we have just heard.

"What hospital are you taking him to?" the policeman asks the attendants.

"Middlesex."

The attendants carry Mills out accompanied by Miss Wheelan. The Bow-street policeman asks us a few questions before he continues in his course of interviewing the other residents of the apartment house.

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 54

The Balfour Mansion is an imposing Georgian structure and so is the Balfour butler.

"Are you from the police?" the butler asks us.

"No we are private detectives working for Mr. Sherlock Holmes. We would like to see Mr. Balfour."

"Mr. Balfour is at his Queen's Park office, the Liberator Building Society."

"Is Mrs. Balfour at home?"

"I will see if she wishes to receive you."

A few minutes later we are led into a large drawing room and told that Mrs. Balfour will soon be down to see us. In fact, it is not very long before we are joined by a woman of aristocratic bearing, not exactly beautiful, but certainly striking and confident. She is in her mid-fifties but retains the figure of a much younger woman.

"Ralph says that you are private detectives in the employ of Sherlock Holmes. Is that correct?"

"Yes, madam."

"Did my husband send for you?"

"No. We —"

"Then I will hire you myself. You know that last night someone broke into my safe and stole my jewels."

"Yes. We —"

"I suppose you will want to see the 'scene of the crime'? This way." She leads us across the hall into a study. Wig-

gins' repeated attempts to explain our visit are ignored as Mrs. Balfour leads us to her objective. "This is the safe in which my jewels were kept. Well, go ahead, look at it."

The safe is a large one with 'Leath & Ross' painted across the front. Around the tumbler is a scorched area. Wiggins tries the tumbler and it turns easily. He tries the door and it swings open with ease. Looking into the safe, we can see that it is empty.

"What do you think?" asks Mrs. Balfour.

"Looks like a good safe," says Wiggins.

"Of course it's a good safe. The best we would find."

"What was kept in it?"

"My jewels, of course. Some of my husband's business papers. They were not touched. He has removed them to his office."

"Were your jewels insured?"

"Yes, of course, with Pearl. But money alone can't cover the loss. Some of those jewels have been in my family for hundreds of years. When will Holmes be here?"

"I will have to talk to him about it."

"Please do so right away. I want those jewels recovered."

"I will mention it to him."

"Good. Anything else?"

"I do have a question."

"Yes?"

"Have you ever heard of Franklin Kearney?"

"Kearney. No. Never heard of him. Who is he?"

"A reporter who is missing and head of the Queen's Park Temperance Society."

"No, I wouldn't know him. The Temperance Society is one of my husband's interests which I do not share. Now, if you have no further questions, I will bid you good day and let you get on with your investigation."

"Mrs. Balfour, may we have a word with your servants before we go?"

"Of course. I will have Ralph assist you." Mrs. Balfour abruptly leaves the room and returns almost immediately with the butler.

"Ralph can direct you to the other members of the household and answer your questions. I hope that you will have good news for me soon." Mrs. Balfour withdraws, leaving us with Ralph Bell.

"What would you like to know? This household has been totally topsy-turvy since the burglary."

"Anything you can tell us about the burglary would be helpful, I'm sure," says Wiggins, wondering how we had so quickly become involved in this investigation.

"I am afraid there's not much to tell. Freddy, Freddy Weed the coachman, had driven the Balfours to the Siptons' home. I had the night off, and I went to the pub for the evening to enjoy a couple of pints in the company of some friends. Upon my return, I discovered a lamp burning in the downstairs study, and when I entered the room I saw that the window was open and the smell of explosives was still in the air. The safe was blackened and tools lay strewn about on the floor. Just then I heard the carriage, and I ran out into the hall to tell Mr. Balfour what had happened. He told me and Freddy to search the grounds, but the burglar was gone.

"I don't know what else I can tell you, and I don't think Freddy or Elna will be able to help you either. But if you'd like, I can introduce you to them. Elna, our cook, has been sick in bed all week, however, and unless it is absolutely necessary it would be better if she were not disturbed."

"Perhaps we could speak with Freddy."

Ralph then leads us outside to where a yellow and red decorated brougham sits. "Freddy, these people are here investigating the jewel theft," says Ralph to the thin, liveried coachman. "They would like to ask you a few questions."

"I'll be glad to answer, but I was with the Master and Mistress all evening. What could I possibly know?"

"Have you noticed anything out of the ordinary lately?" asks Wiggins. "Any strange people about?"

"Not that I've noticed. But I'm often out driving, you know."

"Do you usually drive Mr. Balfour out to his business appointments?"

"Sometimes I do. But mostly I drive the Mistress wherever she wants to go."

"Well, thank you. If we think of other questions, perhaps we will come back. Good day."

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 55

"Yes, I've known Sir Henry for many years," answers the barman. "It's just terrible. And to cut off his head, the murderer must be mad."

"We understand that he had a luncheon meeting here with the other members of the Parliamentary Beer Act Commission. Can you tell us anything about that?"

"He never showed, Sir Henry that is. The others were here all right, and Mr. Ormond mentioned how unlike Sir Henry it was to be late for an appointment. They stayed for quite a while, had a bit of lunch, if I remember correctly. I don't know what they were talking about, but it got a bit heated. Mr. Shank especially seemed to be pretty upset."

"Do you know what they were arguing about?"

"No, I was very busy and can't tell you anything about their conversation or even when they left."

"Thank you for your time."

"I sure hope they catch that murderer and see to hanging him."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 56

"What are you doing here, Wiggins?" The question comes from Inspector Lestrade. He is standing by a broken display case, his ever-present note-book in his hand.

"Hello, Inspector. Do you mind if we look around?"

"Yes, but I'll save you the trouble of bringing up all the times Holmes has helped me and just let you in. I have so many cases now, I can use all of the help I can get."

"Thank you, Inspector. What are the details?"

"Listen closely, because I am only going through them once. The two employees, Eric Idler and Leland Johnson, arrived at the shop at eight o'clock, as they do every morning, to set up the shop. At a quarter before nine Mr. Joslin arrived. He had a nine o'clock appointment with a Mr. Jones. At nine o'clock Mr. Jones, carrying a black bag like a doctor's bag, showed up for his appointment. He and Mr. Joslin went into Joslin's office, there, in the back.

"A few minutes later there was a knock at the front door — the store doesn't open until half past nine. When Mr. Idler opened the door, two men, armed with pistols, pushed their way in. One of the two men stood by the door, holding his gun on Johnson and Idler. The other gunman made his way to Joslin's office. He kicked open the door and charged in. Shouts were heard; then a single shot. A moment later, the gunman ran out of the office carrying Jones' black bag. The other gunman moved over to the glass case and smashed it with his gun. He then grabbed a handful of watches, and stuffed them into his pockets. They then left the store.

"Before Johnson and Idler could do anything, Jones, his head bloodied, came running out of the office. He looked around the shop, and then ran out. Johnson, at this point, went into his boss's office and found him dead, shot once through the heart. Idler ran into the street and called the police. By that time both the robbers and Jones were gone.

"Is that a correct summation of the events?" Lestrade asks Johnson and Idler, who have been listening to his retelling.

"Yes, Inspector," they answer in unison.

"Any questions, Wiggins?"

"Do you have descriptions of the robbers and Jones?"

"Give him your descriptions," Lestrade says to the two clerks.

"Go ahead, Eric," offers Johnson.

"Both the robbers were small, I would say five-foot-three, five-five at the most. They both had light brown hair and long sideburns. You know, they looked alike, almost like brothers. Both were dressed in cheap black suits. The one who stayed by the door, his right hand, the one that held the gun, it was covered with scars. It was almost black. Like it had been badly burned at some time."

"Anything else?' asks Lestrade.

"No. My eyes stayed on that gun pointed at me. He just kept it pointed at my heart. The gun looked like a cannon."

"Leland?"

"I think the gun looked so big to Eric that everything else shrank in comparison. I was standing near my desk, the one by Joslin's office door. The one who entered Joslin's office was tall, almost six feet. He did have brown hair. The one standing by the door was small, but he was an Indian with dark skin and black hair. Dark skin, that's what Eric saw when he stared at the hand holding the gun, not burn scars."

"I'm just not sure," sighs Eric. "It all happened so fast."

"What were their voices like?"

"They didn't say a word." They both agree on that.

"What about the man who called himself Jones?"

"He was big!" states Idler with Johnson nodding agreement. "Tall, over six feet. Light reddish hair. He was built like an athlete, like a boxer. Must have weighed two hundred pounds. And he had an accent, like an Irish brogue."

"I would agree with that," states Leland. "He had a bad gash on his head when he ran out of here."

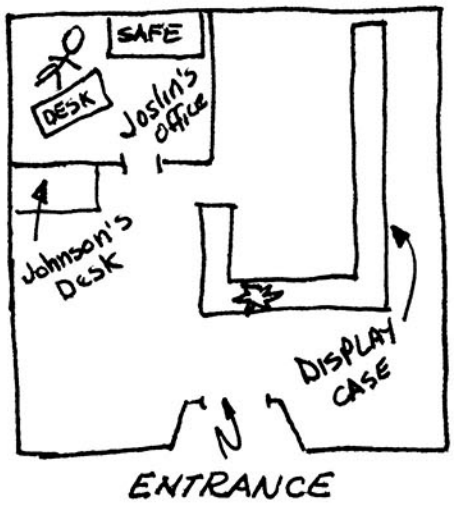
"Had you ever seen him before?"

"No. He called and wanted an appointment with Joslin. I gave him one. Mr. Joslin mentioned to me that he did not know who Jones was."

"Could we see the office?" asks Wiggins.

"Go ahead."

The office is small and contains only a large safe, a desk and three chairs. Wiggins makes a sketch of the layout.



"Anything else, Wiggins?" asks Lestrade.

"Not that I can think of."

"Good. Let's lock the place up." Both Lestrade and Wiggins put away their note-books and we leave the shop.

TIME: 1 Hour 30 Minutes

CLUE: 57

"Artemus hasn't been around for over a week."

"Do you know where he is?"

"God only knows, or should I say the devil?"

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 58

The caretaker is the only person at Lord Goodwin's London house.

"It's a shame. He was not much more than a boy. Too young to die that way."

"Do you know where his Lordship was going?"

"No, he wouldn't say. Very strange. Very strange doings."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 59

"Barry O'Neill was discharged on Monday. No one was sorry to see his heathen little shadow leave, I can tell you. I believe he is staying with his parents while he recuperates."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 60

Mrs. Duggan informs us that her husband is at the North Cricket Field at Queen's Park. He and the team are practicing there.

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 61

The landlady greets us at the door of the boarding house at which Franklin Kearney has rooms.

"Mr. Ledgard told me you would be by, and I am glad you came. Someone was in Mr. Kearney's rooms last night."

"Who?"

"I don't know. I heard footfalls in the middle of the night. I've been worried about Mr. Kearney. It simply is not like him to leave and not tell anyone."

"And last night?"

"Oh, yes. I went to the door after I was sure I heard something, and I could hear someone moving about. I knocked on the door and called Mr. Kearney's name. Again I heard movement and then silence. I must admit I was a bit frightened, but I opened his door, and, sure enough, I found a lamp on and the window open, but no one was there."

"Was anything missing?"

"Yes. His dresser drawers were all open and empty. His portmanteau was gone as well as his valise and the toilet articles on his washstand."

"You seem to know his room very well."

"Of course. I've taken care of it for five years. If you are trying to infer that...."

"Please, I am not trying to infer anything. We are just trying to locate Mr. Kearney. Do you have any idea of his whereabouts?"

"No. I can only tell you that it is most unlike him to disappear this way."

"Thank you for your help."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 62

Warden Devine has called Leonard Woods into his of-

fice. Woods is a small man in his late forties. He has thinning grey hair that matches the colour of his skin.

"These people are here to ask you a few questions, Woods." Devine addresses Woods as he stands before us, cap in hand and eyes fixed on the floor. "They work with Mr. Sherlock Holmes and are interested in gaining some information on jewel thieves."

"I've been locked up here for the last two years. What could I know?"

"Come now, Woods. Things have not changed that much on the outside. I'm sure you can give these people some help if you want to."

"Why would I want to?"

"You should be getting out of here in a few months unless you break some rules that might add some more time onto your sentence. It's happened to you before."

"You can't .... What do you want to know?"

"There was a two hundred thousand pound jewel theft from the Balfour Mansion Tuesday night," answers Wiggins.

"The Warwick Jewels!" Woods' eyes leave the floor for the first time to look at us directly. His eyes are steel grey and shine with intelligence. "Many a night I dreamed of those beauties. Any idea who pulled the job?"

"No, we were hoping you could help us."

"I have no idea who could have pulled this off. It was a cracker-box job, right?"

"Cracker-box?"

"A safe."

"Ah, yes. Yes, it was."

"Do you know what kind?"

"Yes, I do." Wiggins takes out his notebook and looks for the page he wants. "Here it is. A Leath & Ross, model Anchor Reliance."

"That's the best you can buy. How they get into it?"

"Looks like they used explosives."

"No. You would blow the bloody mansion down before you could blow that door off. No. You would have to torch it or pick it."

"Meaning?"

"A welding torch. You would cut out the tumbler, put in a small amount of nitroglycerin to blow out the lock bar and presto, it pops open. It would take about two hours and a lot of equipment."

"And to pick it?"

"That would take longer, three hours at least, but the only equipment needed would be a good ear, great fingers and a lot of knowledge."

"Who could do it?"

"I'm no squealer."

"What you tell us won't leave this room."

"Remember, Woods, if you help us, I'll help you," says Warden Devine.

"This is for Holmes, right, and not for the police?"

"Yes, for Holmes," answers Wiggins.

"Well, the only one who could pick it would be me and maybe the Dutchman, Van Dutcher. I don't know about the Dutchman, but I have an air-tight alibi, don't I, Warden?"

"That you do, Woods."

"There are only two torchmen I would use, Willard Jaffe and John Kellogg. But when you're dealing with jewels you need someone to dispose of them — that's the hard part."

"Who could do that?"

"Little out of my line. Tommy O'Neill would know. You could ask around the White Eagle, if you dare. That's the social club for most of the crackmen and other rifraff in greater London."

"Anything else you can tell us?"

"Only that this is a big job and going to cause a lot of heat. Whoever has those jewels is only going to get a fraction of their value. If I had pulled a job I would try to sell them back to the insurer."

"Thanks for your help. I appreciate it," says Wiggins.

"Just keep where you got it to yourself. Tell Holmes I may call on him for help someday."

"I am sure that he would like to meet you."

The warden calls for a guard who leads Woods away."

"Did you see the gleam in his eyes when you mentioned the Warwick jewels? I have a feeling that Woods won't be taking the straight and narrow path of a law-abiding citizen when he leaves here. Well, I hope he was able to help you."

"I am sure that he was. Thank you for your help, Warden."

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 63

"Yes, sir, would you like a room? We have some vacancies with marvelous views of the canal."

"No, I would like to talk to someone about Vincent Derrick. I have a few questions."

"Oh, dear. That was a messy affair which I'm sure we'd all rather simply forget about. But if you must ask your questions I can probably answer them as well as anyone as I was working the desk and I've already answered all the questions of the police. I must say you don't look like the police."

"We're private detectives, assistants to Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"What is it you wish to know?"

"Whatever you can tell us, actually. Did you know Mr. Derrick? Did he stay here often? Did you notice anything out of the ordinary on the night of his death?"

"Mr. Derrick was a regular, albeit not terribly frequent, guest. As you must certainly know, he was president of the Lands Allotment Company. Occasionally business would detain him in Queen's Park and he would stay the night instead of traveling back to the City. The night in question was a Friday, and I gather there was to be a lengthy meeting on Saturday of the boards of the Lands Allotment Company and other of Mr. Balfour's business interests. Mr. Balfour frequently booked our larger rooms for his business meetings.

"Mr. Derrick checked in late in the afternoon. He dined with several business associates in one of our private dining rooms. Later that evening he rang for the valet. He gave him his suit to be pressed and his boots for polishing.

"They were his only suit and boots as he was only staying the one night, but it was certainly strange for him to be wandering around outside without them, with just his slippers and dressing gown. No one saw him leave, and the room was not disturbed in the least. I wonder if he could have been sleep-walking? A terrible shame at any rate, and deaths are never good for business. I can't think of anything else to tell you."

"You've been most helpful. Thank you."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 64

"I hope your presence, Wiggins, indicates you are looking for Franklin?"

"Yes we are, Quintin."

"Good. I'm getting worried about Frank. It's not like him to just up and vanish. Not like him at all."

"How long have you known him?"

"Over sixteen years. We went to school together. London University. When we got out we were going to start our own literary review, devote our lives to the higher arts. Our job at the *Police Gazette* was just a vulgar interlude while we raised the capital to start our journal. But we adapted to the world of yellow journalism and never made our con-

tribution to higher art. I'm sure the art world is all the better for it. I know the sports world is the better for it, for Frank is a great sports reporter. He was also a good police reporter, but the work wasn't good for him."

"What do you mean?"

"As you well know, Wiggins, investigating the underworld and the seamier side of London can place a lot of pressure on a sensitive and intelligent man like Frank. His is an all-too-often told story. After a few years of seeing the dark side of society, he turned to drink and gambling. Gradually at first, not enough to affect his work, he began to drink, just enough to raise his spirits. But as time went by, it took more and more drink to raise less and less spirit. I tried everything to help, but nothing worked. He was about to lose his job and I saw nothing before him but the life of a drunkard and an early death."

"I take it that dire eventuality did not occcur."

"You're right, it didn't. What I am going to tell you may sound like a testimonial from a temperance meeting, perhaps because it is. One night, after a week of drinking, Frank was chasing, or being chased by — I can't remember which — a herd of pink pygmy elephants through the streets of Stepney. This chase led him right into the arms of a Salvation Army worker, Alice Gardner. Frank found safety from his irate elephants and Alice found a soul to save. Over the next few weeks Alice spent every day with Frank, sobered him up, made sure he made it to work, took him to the meeting hall every night and poured fire and brimstone into him instead of gin. It was just what Frank needed. You see, when he was sober, he knew what the demon drink did to him, but he wasn't strong enough alone to fight it. With Alice's help he was."

"How long ago was this?"

"Let's see, eight years ago this month, I think. Yes, that's right, eight years ago. Within six months Frank was his old self again, full of life and optimism. He quit the *Police Gazette* and went to work for the *Queen's Park Sporting Gazette*. That's what Frank needed, fresh air, a new start, a chance to get out of the cesspool of London."

"And what of Alice Gardner?"

"They are still together. Going to be married next month. I'm to be best man."

"A long courtship."

"Yes. It was slow in developing. Frank took his pledge seriously. He joined the Salvation Army and then the Band of Hope. He has become a leader in the Queen's Park Temperance Society and, as far as I know, has not had a drink in eight years. Alice was at his side each step of the way, but I think neither of them realized that they were falling in love, too busy with 'good works.' Alice started nursing school and Frank began gaining a reputation as one of London's best sports writers. Then, two years ago, with Alice an established nurse and Frank a pillar of the community, they had time to fall in love. It was quite pleasurable to watch."

"So you have kept in touch with Mr. Kearney over the years?"

"Oh, yes. Even now we talk of starting our literary journal. He's my best friend. I hope I won't have to start saying he *was* my best friend."

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"We had lunch a week ago, but I talked to him on the phone Sunday night."

"What did you talk about?"

"He wanted to know if I would be in the office Monday. He wanted to go through the files. I told him, 'yes,' and he said that he would be in. Monday came, but Frank did not."

"Which files?"

"The newspaper's."

"Did he say what he was looking for?"

"No. But when we had lunch last week he did seem preoccupied with something. When I asked him about it, all he would say was he couldn't talk about it yet. He had no proof. He wouldn't say more."

"Why would he need to check your files when he has access to his own paper's files?"

"You'll have to ask him. The files of the *Police Gazette* are the best criminal files outside of Scotland Yard. If that's the type of information he was looking for, this is the place to come. But I just don't know. I do know that Frank would not go away without telling someone, either Alice or me. I do hope you'll help find him, Wiggins."

"We'll try, Quintin. Do you have anything that might give us a lead?"

"No. I've been racking my brain to recall what Frank said. There's something there but I can't quite pull it out. If I think of anything, I'll let you know."

"By the way, Quintin. These scraps of paper were found in Kearney's desk," says Wiggins, producing the small, scribbled-upon papers. "Do you know what they mean?"

"Sure. Those are betting stubs. Franklin never did give up his gambling, but that wasn't a problem for him like his drinking."

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 65

We have been waiting in the antechamber of Sir Miller's office for over an hour before he finally sees us. His private office is a large room, the southern wall of which consists of large glass windows. In front of these are two over-sized drafting tables, each covered by a stack of blueprints. The north wall is completely covered with a large map of London in which are stuck pins of various colours. Sir Miller sits with his back to the map behind a substantial desk on which lay still more papers and survey maps.

"You have five minutes. What do you want?" Sir Miller's greeting and demeanor make it clear that the absence of chairs is not an oversight, but a planned efficiency. His office is for work and not for relaxed conversation.

"We are working for Sherlock Holmes and would like to ask you a few questions."

"What interest can Holmes have in me?"

"One of the things we are looking into is the disappearance of Franklin Kearney."

"I didn't know Franklin was missing."

"The last he was seen was Sunday. Do you know him?"

"I've met Kearney a number of times at the Temperance Society and the cricket club. I do not know him outside of those circles. What do you think happened to him?" Sir Miller has been working on a stack of papers ever since our entry, and he places one aside, drawing others into the stack.

"We aren't sure yet."

"How is it that I can help you?"

"We would like to know what you can tell us about the incident with the bomb at the cricket match."

"Why?" For the first time Sir Miller puts down his papers and turns his gaze toward us. "What's it have to do with Kearney?"

"That's what we're trying to find out."

"It had nothing to do with Kearney."

"You sound quite sure."

"I am."

"With what *does* it have to do?"

"I believe your five minutes are up. I have much work to do. Good day."

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 66

Our knock at the door to Willard Jaffe's room elicits no

response from inside but does cause a door down the hall to open and a woman's head to poke out.

"Save wear and tear on your knuckles, love. If he's there, he's passed out and can't answer. Most likely he's at the White Eagle getting ready to come home and pass out."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 67

"Mr. Jamison is not in at the moment. If you would care to leave your card I will make sure that he gets it."

"Do you expect him later?"

"You never can tell with these reporters. He may be back later to-day or he may be in tomorrow. I really can't say."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 68

Andy Collins is alone in the small room which serves as the London office of the world-famous Pinkerton Detective Agency. He is standing by the large oval window watching the activity on Old Bond-street.

"I've been here for two years, but I'll never get used to the hustle and bustle of this city. Mighty different than Omaha. What can I do for you folks?"

"We work for Sherlock Holmes."

"Sherlock Holmes. Sure have heard a lot about that chap. A real egg-head, I hear. Looks for all those little clues and things with a magnifying glass. We mainly look for men. Easier to find. But that doesn't answer what I can do for you."

"We're looking for Franklin Kearney. He's been missing since Sunday. He had one of your cards."

"Is that right?"

"Yes."

Collins sits down at his desk. The broad smile on his face remains, but we can detect a hardening in his eyes as he looks us over. Wiggins squirms a little in his chair as he waits in vain for more from Andy Collins.

"Could you tell us anything about Mr. Kearney?" Wiggins finally asks.

"Nope!"

"Excuse me?"

"No, I can't."

"*Can't* or *won't*?"

"You're right. Won't."

"May I ask why?"

"You just did. Now, I may be from Omaha and you may be from the largest city in the world, but I know that just because someone comes in and says that he works for Sherlock Holmes doesn't make it a fact. Let's say that you do work for Sherlock Holmes, why should I tell you anything about what took place between a client and myself?"

"It can be verified that we work for Mr. Holmes, and it can be verified that he has been engaged to find Mr. Kearney by his employer, Mr. Ledgard."

"It can, can it?" Andy reaches for the phone on his desk and dials a number. "Inspector Lestrade? Andy Collins of Pinkerton's here. How are you to-day? Good. I've got in my office a young man and his associates, who claim that they work for Sherlock Holmes. Do you know anything about him? Uh-huh. Right. I understand, Inspector. Yes. Thank you."

Collins hangs up the receiver. He still has his broad smile and hard eyes. He reaches for a cigarette from the box on his desk, offers us one and sits back and lights his.

"I can tell you this much. Franklin Kearney came in a week ago and requested that we do some investigating for him. I tried to send him elsewhere; I even suggested Mr. Holmes. You see, we aren't really an investigating agency. We are here mainly to serve our American offices. Hunt down criminals who try to escape justice by fleeing the States. Mr. Kearney made it clear that he came to us precisely because we aren't a normal, London-based agency. He was afraid that someone with influence would be able to infiltrate London agencies. I suggested the American, Matt Moser, but, no, he wanted Pinkerton's. Can't blame him, we're the best.

"He was supposed to be here Tuesday to pick up his report, but he didn't show. The report is in that safe in the corner, and that's where it will stay until Mr. Kearney comes for it. It could be that its contents would be useful to Holmes, but I can't even tell you what use Kearney was going to make of the information, mainly because I don't know.

"I do consider Mr. Kearney our client, however, so I will also put some men on his trail. That's our specialty. That's all I will tell you, Mr. Wiggins."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 69

We find all eleven members of the Players cricket team at practice. When they stop for a break we move over to talk to them. John Duggan, the team captain, is the first to answer our question about Franklin Kearney.

"We all know Frank Kearney, I would guess. Sorry to hear that he's missing." Nods of agreement come from the other members of the team. "He's a good reporter and seems a nice enough chap."

"When did you last see him?"

"I guess it was at the match on Sunday."

"Did you talk to him?"

"We talked before the start of the match."

"About what?"

"Nothing specific. Just about the match."

"What can you tell us about the match?"

"Oh, brother, what a match. From the very start this match was screwy. This is the first time we had played these gentlemen. I do know Anderson and Kennedy — they are good men — but the rest didn't take the game very seriously. A little too much drinking and fooling around. We're professionals and that's the way we like to play, professionally. No drinking, no bombs."

"Who do you think was responsible for the bomb?"

"Well, they deny it, but I think it was the gentlemen. Just another joke." The rest of the team seems to agree with this analysis. "I wish we could tell you more, but we were there to play cricket and that's what we tried to do. Hope you find Kearney."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 70

* If you have not already done so, *
please read **CLUE: 138** before proceeding

Wiggins boldly approaches the constable at the desk. "Good afternoon. Could you please tell me who is handling the Vincent Derrick case?"

"Nobody's 'andling it, that's 'oo. It's done been 'andled. The coroner says it was death by 'accidental causes' so it's not up to us any more."

"Well, who was handling it?" asks a slightly frustrated Wiggins.

"That would be Sergeant Thompkins. 'E investigated the 'scene of the crime.' But I'm sure 'e'll tell you the same's 'e told the deceased's daughter. The coroner couldn't find no signs of foul play."

"Is Sergeant Thompkins in now?"

"This is 'is day off. You might find 'im at 'ome."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 71

"Wiggins, what can I do for you? Are you seeking my recommendations for your pleasure reading? If your French is up to it, you should read the latest from the pen of Monsieur Zola."

"Sorry, Lomax, but I don't have time for much in the way of pleasure reading these days. We're trying to find a sports reporter who's missing. Franklin Kearney. Do you know him?"

"Yes, I do. As a matter of fact, he was doing some research last week."

"What was he researching ?"

"Brewing. The industry, I guess. I asked him if the *Sporting Gazette* was becoming a political paper, he seemed so interested in Parliament's upcoming Beer Law vote. He wouldn't say why he was so interested, but he was looking for information on the recent trends in brewing: the effect on the pubs, the buying up of so many pubs by the breweries, pub bankruptcies, and especially the public stock prices of the breweries."

"Can you summarize some of that information for us?"

"The big breweries competed hectically during the last decade. They encouraged larger and more opulent public houses. The publicans have overspent on their new premises, and are now having trouble making their interest payments. Some are now putting their pubs up for sale, although they don't bring the same prices they brought a couple years ago. The breweries raised a lot of new capital on the Stock Exchange, but now the bottom has dropped out of the market; dividends and worse are in doubt in some cases."

"Thanks, Lomax."

"I sure hope nothing has happened to Frank."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 72

Scotland Yard is a veritable beehive of activity with representatives of seemingly all walks and stations of life coming and going. Lestrade's office is no exception. He is bending over his desk studying the contents of a file while talking to Tobias Gregson, who sits at the side of Lestrade's desk smoking a cigarette.

"Well, it doesn't look like the O'Neill brothers. It could be Lenny Woods, he's the best there is."

"No. He's in Millbank," answers Gregson.

Lestrade looks up for the first time.

"Oh, Wiggins, just what I need! What do you want?"

"We were wondering if we could get your help in finding a missing person?"

"Who?"

"Franklin Kearney."

"The reporter?" asks Gregson.

"Yes."

"Never heard of him," snarls Lestrade. "How long has he been missing?"

"Since Sunday."

"Sunday! He's probably tying on a drunk. Wait a few days and he'll show up."

"We don't think so. He's a member of the temperance society."

"He wouldn't be the first person to fall off of that wagon, Wiggins."

"We —"

"Look, Wiggins. We have a decapitated M.P., an escaped convict and a burglary, I don't need a missing reporter."

"Lestrade's right, Wiggins. We don't have time to look into Kearney's disappearance at this time. Why don't you check with the local police station and see if they can help you. If you find any hard evidence that points to foul play, let us know."

"We'll do that. Thank you, Inspectors."

"Give my regards to Holmes," says Gregson. Lestrade is back looking at his folder.

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 73

"Come in, come in. Please excuse the mess. We've only just moved in and there's still much to unpack. This is the second time we've had to move in less than a year. I question whether it's worth it. But you surely have not come to hear my problems. What can I do for you?"

"We're trying to find Franklin Kearney. Have you seen him recently?"

"No. He wasn't at the regular Tuesday night meeting which is very unlike him. And I really want to talk to him about Mr. Balfour and these moves."

"Excuse me, but may I ask what Mr. Balfour has to do with the moves?" asks Wiggins.

"Well, he has his connections in the real estate business, you know," she says with a slight air of confidentiality, "and gets us quite favourable rent. We're most grateful. But, as I mentioned, this is the second time in nine months that we've had to move. 'Most sorry, you know, but the building's been sold, and I'm just one little stockholder,' he says, 'But I've found another quite suitable location, and at the same rent.' As if that makes up for carting all these boxes around and fixing up the place to make it nice. But I know I shouldn't complain. He does so much for the Band of Hope, and I think it's wonderful that he won't allow the pubs into his new developments.

"But it's Franklin that you be wanting, and not all this long story. Have you spoken with Miss Gardner? Perhaps she can help you."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 74

"I've told you I have nothing to say."

"Wait! We aren't from the police."

"Who are you?"

"We work for Sherlock Holmes."

"That's the same. What does he want with my Peter?"

"We are interested in the events surrounding his escape."

"I can't help you."

"If you help us, maybe we can find your husband. He may be in trouble ...."

"Peter is al ... I told you, I can't tell you nothin.'"

The door closes on us and the conversation.

"At least she didn't slam it this time," says Wiggins as we turn to leave.

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 75

"Yes, we carry the insurance on the Balfour jewels."

"How much are they insured for?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"How long has the policy been in force?"

"For six years, ever since the Balfours have been married."

"Have you paid the insurance?"

"No, not yet. We have our investigation underway now. This is normal when sums of this size are involved. Mr. Balfour has requested that we handle it as fast as we can. He seems anxious to get the claim settled."

"Who's handling your investigation?"

"Francis Baird."

"Has anyone approached you with an offer to sell the jewels back?"

"No."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 76

We find the name of John Kellogg on one of a pair of large double doors on the third floor of an old warehouse at 29 Queen Victoria-street. Our knock is answered by a woman in her mid-thirties. The wrinkles are starting to show in her face, and there are streaks of grey in what once must have been raven-black hair, but she is still a strikingly handsome woman.

"Yes?" is her only comment to us as she opens, part way, one of the large doors.

"Is John Kellogg in?" asks Wiggins.

"Yes."

"Could we see him?"

"John, there are some people here to see you," she calls into the space behind her.

"Bring them in," comes the reply. "They can't see me from there."

"Come in." She opens the door for us. We enter a large area that was once a warehouse but is now used as an artist's studio. "John's in the back, behind the large nude woman."

We head for the back, following Wiggins' brisk lead. We soon come upon a large, nude woman with her back towards us. A man is busy rubbing her with a damp red cloth. The woman is made of bronze.

"What can I do for you, mates?" he asks as we come into view.

"We would like to talk to you for a moment, if you have the time."

"Always have time for patrons of the arts." He puts down his red rag, wipes his hands on his trousers and moves towards us. "What can I show you?"

"We're detectives ...."

"Blimey! What I tell you, Cynthia, more police. I knew when I read about the Balfour robbery that you people would be on me like flies on honey. Well, I told that rat-faced colleague of yours that I know nothing."

"We're not from the official police. We work for Sherlock Holmes."

"I don't care who you work for. I've been clean for years. I am now an artist. I know nothing about any robberies and don't care who's doing them. So, unless you want to talk about my sculptures, get out before I call the official police."

Kellogg brandishes a large wooden mallet to add emphasis to his request. Cynthia makes no effort to hide her disgust as she holds the door open for our exit, and she slams it as soon as we are back in the hall.

"I sure would like to know who the model was for that sculpture," sighs Wiggins as we leave the warehouse.

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 77

"Sure, I've known Frank Kearney for years," says Winston Randall, the cigar-chomping editor of the *Sporting Times*. "You say he's missing? Afraid I don't know anything that might help you."

"He was working on an article about last Sunday's Queen's Park cricket match between the Players and Marylebone. We don't know of any connection between the match and Kearney's disappearance, but have you heard anything about the match?"

"I heard about the bomb, if that's what you mean. I didn't hear any real details or explanation. Bloody strange it sounded. I just don't know what to make of Jabez Balfour."

"What do you mean?"

"He makes such a show of being a friend of the sportsman. And he has certainly contributed to the Marylebone club and to boxing circles, but he has angered a lot of people who expected him to keep that heath around the North Cricket Ground in Queen's Park open for athletics. Now it appears that it will become another of his real estate developments, and I've heard a few grumbles. Of course, it's quite unrealistic for people to expect him to leave a lot of valuable land undeveloped just for them to have a place to play. Boys will be boys." He chuckles at his own humour.

"If I hear anything about Kearney I'll let you know."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 78

We enter the coachbuilder's shop where numerous craftsmen are busy at their various jobs: wheelwrights, bodymakers and curriers among others are conscientiously working in their separate areas. In the centre of the spacious shop stands a brougham which appears complete except for its paint, varnish and finishing touches. Five large workmen are piled in and upon the carriage. They are jumping up and down and swaying the carriage from side to side.

"I gather from your amazed stares that you've never seen this most crucial stage of carriage testing," says a broadly-grinning young man with extended hand. "My name is Wilson Offord. Can I help you?"

"What are they doing?"

"Testing the chassis, of course. If it stands up to that load, it should be quite adequate for normal use. I realize that I may be presuming, but you don't look as if you've come to see about having a carriage built. Is there something I can do for you?"

"We were admiring Mr. Jabez Balfour's brougham recently and wondered who might be the manufacturer."

"I really can't say, but I suggest you check with a jobmaster such as Boosey's. I understand that Mr. Balfour does not now keep his own coach. It can be quite expensive, as I am sure you are aware. Presumably Mr. Balfour concluded that the jobmaster was a more expedient course."

"Would you by any chance know who might be the owner of a black brougham with yellow and red pinstriping?

"I'm sorry, but there must be dozens, perhaps hundreds. However, if you have any questions about carriage-making I would be most happy to answer them."

Wiggins, always ready with a question when given the opportunity, asks the young Mr. Offord, "What are all those different woods used for?"

"An excellent question, indicating an observant eye. Different timbers are best for different things. For instance, this is English ash," he says pointing to one pile. "It's tough, light, and easily bent. We use it for the framework. That mahagony is from Honduras and will become panels. We use American ash for floorboards, Jamaican lancewood for the shafts, Canadian hickory for the wheels, and English oak for the spokes. If you'd like a complete tour sometime, just let me know. I grew up in this shop and still find it fascinating."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 79

The sign on the door of 86 Haymarket-street reads

Charles Chatto, Architect. We enter the office and find ourselves in a large room, filled with ten or more drafting tables, and at least that many draftsmen busily at work. Wiggins asks one of the men where we can find Mr. Chatto and we are directed towards the back of the room where we find his office. Wiggins' knock brings a gruff, "Enter."

"Mr. Chatto?"

"Cha-toe! What do you want?"

"We notice in the Directory that the name of your firm is Pickering and ...."

"That cursed Directory. I put in a change of name six months ago. Those ... no, Pickering is no longer with me. Thank God for small favours."

"Was this Morgan Pickering?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell us anything about him?"

"I can tell you many things about him, but I don't have the time. By the way, who are you?"

"We are investigators working for Sherlock Holmes."

"Well, I don't know what Holmes would want to investigate him for. My complaint has to do with the quality of his construction. I designed the buildings, he built them. Morgan took every short-cut in the business. Lowest quality materials, cheapest labour. He saw it as good business. I, and most of our clients, saw it as shoddy building practice, but there was nothing criminal about it. He pushed the building codes, but to my knowledge he never violated those codes.

"Now, I am very busy and can't spend time on Morgan. So, if you will excuse me."

"Yes, sir. Just one thing. Can you tell us where we can find Mr. Pickering?"

"He bought Gass and Company."

"Thank you."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 80

Our knock brings no response from Donald Mills' room. Wiggins tries the door. We find it unlocked and enter. The dim light that filters through the dirty window reveals the room to be empty with the exception of a few pieces of cheap furniture. Wiggins opens the wardrobe that sits against the wall.

"There's nothing cheap about these clothes. They are tailor-made by Radford, Jones. Very expensive tastes has Mr. Mills, and he can apparently satisfy them." Wiggins moves to the dresser. "Silk shirts and underwear. Quite a dapper fellow."

On a table by the window we find a large clay jar inside of which we find a key stamped with 'Sylvester's.' Next to the jar is a note:

> Don:
>
> Got a call from a man who said he has some jewels to sell. Sounds like the Balfour heist. He has an appointment with Joslin at 9 am. You and Leo be there.

"What are you doing here?"

We turn to see a large woman standing in the doorway. A long, black cigarette hangs precariously from the side of her mouth.

"We are looking for Donald Mills," answers Wiggins.

"Are you from the police?"

"No. Friends of his brother. Do you know where we can find him?"

"You say he's not with his brother? Did you try the Punch and Judy? He spends a lot of time there, or he might be with his lady friend."

"Who would she be?"

"Oh, what's her name? She's an actress. Wilma, Wendy, something like that. A big to-do these days."

"Thank you. If you see him, tell him we were here."

"All right."

After we are back on the street we hear the landlady's shout. "Who are you?"

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 81

Colin Kennedy is an impressive sight: six-feet, three-inches in height, over two hundred pounds in weight, a round face whose ivory colour is broken only by an occasional bright red freckle. The top of his head is covered with light red hair, cut short.

"We would like to ask you a few questions, Mr. Kennedy," states Wiggins.

Kennedy's bright blue eyes widen a bit, but that is the only response we get.

"Could you tell us anything about the cricket match Sunday?"

"The match?"

"Yes. The cricket match."

"What about it?"

"Do you know anything about the bomb?" We can detect an Irish accent.

"The bomb at the cricket match?"

"Yes."

"No."

"No, what?"

"What?"

Wiggins lets out a long sigh, gives us a pleading glance, but after he sees that help is not forthcoming, he tries again.

"Were you at the cricket match Sunday?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the bomb go off?"

"Yes."

"Do you know who was responsible for throwing the bomb?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"The bowler, John Duggan?"

"Do you know why?"

"No."

"How would you explain the events of Sunday?"

"Explain?"

"Yes, explain! It's out of the ordinary for a bomb to explode during a cricket match, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Another question. Do you know Franklin Kearney?"

"Who does he play for?"

"He's not a cricketer. He's a sports reporter for the *Queen's Park Sporting Gazette*. Do you read it?"

"I don't read. But I think I have met him at my boss's office, or maybe at the Cricket Club."

"Who's your boss?"

"Jabez Balfour."

"What do you do for him?"

"Whatever he tells me to."

"Such as?"

"I'm a courier."

"Of what?"

"Mrs. Balfour has told me not to discuss business."

"Did you see Franklin Kearney at the Sunday match?"

"No."

"Thank you, Mr. Kennedy."

"For what?"

"Yes," says Wiggins as we leave.

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 82

"So you are investigators for Sherlock Holmes." This seems to strike Perkins as funny. "What are you investigating?"

"We are looking into the disappearance of Franklin Kearney. Do you know him?"

"Only by reputation. I do believe I have been to a dinner or two that he has attended. I, like most cricket players, read his column." The broad smile is still on his face. "How do you know he is missing?"

"He hasn't been seen for three days, and his friends have not heard from him."

"Sounds a little premature to start worrying about a grown man missing after only three days. He may have met a nice young lady and taken a little holiday. I wouldn't waste my time looking for him. If he doesn't show up within a week, then I might worry."

"If we do find him and he is all right, we will leave him to his own devices, but in the meantime we will continue our search."

"As you wish. How can I help you?"

"What can you tell us about the Sunday cricket match?"

"Jolly fun that was." His eyes twinkle and the smile expands even more. "Not the greatest game ever played, but not without its moments."

"Was one of those moments the bomb?"

"Yes. It added a little interest to the game."

"Do you have any idea why the bomb was thrown?"

"Some. I can tell you that it had nothing to do with your missing reporter. The bomb was just for show. It couldn't have harmed anyone, so maybe it was just a warning."

"A warning? What kind of warning?"

"Maybe that the next bomb could do more damage. It certainly made everyone sit up and take notice. You should have heard Sir Vincent and Brandy, uh, Sir Miller. If someone would go to so much trouble to plant such a harmless device in such a public place, just think what they could do under other circumstances."

"Who are 'they,' Mr. Perkins?"

"Ah, Wiggins, I would think that finding the answer to that question would be the fun for Mr. Holmes. I understand he is always looking for the source of evil. You might suggest to him that there may be more than one source of evil."

"What are you trying to tell me, Mr. Perkins?"

"Tell you? I'm just trying to help you think things out, but I know nothing of importance that would help you."

"How do you know?"

"As I told you, I don't know your Mr. Kearney. Now if you were investigating Mr. Balfour, that would be another matter."

"Should we be investigating him?"

"That may be an interesting assignment."

"Where should we start?"

"Ah, Wiggins, there are so many stones that could be overturned. I have faith in your abilities and in Mr. Holmes." Perkins' smile is about to break into laughter but he restrains himself. "I'm sorry. For reasons of my own I do find this amusing. Please keep me informed, if you can. I must now take care of some private matters."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 83

As we enter the public bar of the White Eagle we get the impression that all heads turn toward us and the level of conversation drops to a whisper. Most of the patrons look like they would feel at home on a pirate ship or in a London prison. We muster as much self-confidence as we can and move towards the bar. Our presence does not arouse any movement from the barman. After a minute or two, Wiggins addresses the publican.

"Could we get some bitters here, mate?"

This, at least, causes the barman to laugh and, after a moment, he moves slowly towards us, his pace demonstrating to us that he is still master of the house and serves us at his pleasure. He draws us the requested bitters and sets them before us.

"You blokes lost?" he asks.

"Not if this is the White Eagle."

"That it is. How'd you hear of it?"

"Here and there. One of our good friends is Porky Shinwell, runs the Raven and Rat."

"I know Porky well. We were in prison together. We both decided it was safer to supply the devil's brew than to do the devil's work."

"Some would say that's also the devil's work."

"Ha, ha, that they do, laddie, that they do. Well, if you're friends of Porky's, you're welcome here."

"Thanks, uh ...."

"Hank. My friends call me Hank."

"Thanks, Hank." Wiggins lays a pound note on the bar.

"I'll get your change."

"No need, Hank."

"Is my feeling correct that you want something other than bitters, uh, Mr ...."

"Wiggins. My friends —"

"One name is all I need to know, for now. Well, Mr. Wiggins, let me give you some advice." Hank moves his head closer to us and lowers his voice. "From time to time, friends come in and they want some information. Sometimes I have an answer, sometimes I don't. When I don't is when I don't know why the person is asking the question or what he's going to do with the answer. When you ask a question, I assume you want the truth. That's all I want, mate. Someday I may have a question for you, too."

With this speech, Hank places the one pound note back onto the bar and moves down the bar to fill waiting empty pint glasses. After the rest of his customers are happy, or at least holding filled glasses, he moves back down to us.

"Well now, Wiggins, you were going to ask me something."

Wiggins picks up the glass and drains it before putting it down. "Well now, Hank, I do have a question for you. We are friends of Porky Shinwell's, but we are also friends of Sherlock Holmes. We have heard that your pub attracts a segment of society with expertise in opening other people's safes and removing the valuables within. We are not members of the professional police and pass our information only to Mr. Holmes. At the moment we are trying to find out all we can about the Balfour jewel robbery. Can you help us?"

"Straightforward enough. Well, Wiggins, I too am acquainted with Mr. Holmes. He has sat right where you sit now. See that bloke seated by himself in the corner, the one with the expression that tells you he knows when the world is going to end and it's going to be soon?"

"Yes."

"That's Willard Jaffe. Talk to him." With this information imparted to us, he sweeps up the pound note and moves towards a bellowing customer and his empty glass.

We move over to the table in the corner where the man with the forlorn expression sits and take the empty chairs around it. Jaffe, his eyes fixed on his half-empty glass, takes no notice of us.

"Willard Jaffe?"

"What?" Jaffe's head snaps up with such force, that it takes a moment for it to stop bobbing. "What? Who are you? You from the Professor? Tell him I didn't do it. I don't have the jewels. I couldn't blow the safe. I didn't have time to torch it. I don't know who has the jewels. I didn't even know there were jewels in the safe. Tell the Professor I couldn't get

the papers. I couldn't get it open. I told him from the start it was unlikely. It's not my type of work. He knew that. I told him that."

Jaffe's head again falls so that his eyes again stare into his glass. His statement came out with such unexpected speed that we didn't have time to get a word in.

"Jaffe!" Wiggins tries to no avail to get the man's attention.

"Tell the Professor it wasn't me," is the only response we get.

TIME: 1 Hour 30 Minutes

CLUE: 84

"Yes, that's our receipt as you can plainly see. It's for passage for two on our October Grecian Isles cruise."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 85

"Mr. Stratford, if you don't mind we would like to ask you a few questions about Sunday's cricket match."

"I doubt if I can help you much. I wasn't there."

"Sir? We understood you were one of the umpires."

"I was supposed to be, but for some reason there was a last minute substitution."

"I don't understand."

"Well, I'd be the first to admit that it was a bit unusual. I've never heard of such a thing myself. But early Sunday morning a boy arrived with a message saying that there had been a change in umpires and apologizing for any possible inconvenience. As I said, it was quite strange, but I hadn't been particularly anxious to umpire the game."

"Who was the message from?"

"I don't know. I guess I didn't question it too much, what with the quid enclosed. But that's all I know."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 86

"Mr. Holmes is at the Parliament all day to-day. I do not expect him until this evening."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 87

The butler returns with our cards still on the silver tray where we had placed them.

"I am sorry, sir. His Lordship is not seeing anyone to-day."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 88

"Sure, I know Franklin Kearney. He gives us good coverage in the *Sporting Gazette*," says the young assistant to the secretary. "But I haven't seen him since I ran into him at last month's tourney at Wimbledon. He wrote a fine article on the founding of the Lawn Tennis Association."

"Do you have any idea where we might find him?"

"No, I really don't. I understand he's active in the temperance movement, Balfour's Band of Hope, if I remember correctly. Balfour is really into everything."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he's involved in the business community, of course, and he's quite active in athletics and the temperance movement. He's one very busy man."

"What can you tell us about Mr. Balfour's involvement in athletics?"

"I gather he was very influential in the boxing community, but that was before my time. And now he's a big supporter of the Marylebone Cricket Club. Of course he doesn't participate in the sporting events themselves. Some of the men laugh at him behind his back. And now that he's apparently developing the Queen's Park Heath, some of the men feel that his vocal support of athletics is not supported by his actions. But I've gone astray. What could this possibly have to do with Frank Kearney?"

"Yes, that's a good question."

"Pardon?"

"Nothing. Thank you for your time."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 89

As we pass through the large double-doors that lead into the vast auditorium of the Ring we see a big man, with a big, black cigar sticking out of the side of his mouth, standing in the centre of the boxing ring shouting orders to a large number of workmen who are busy setting up bleachers and chairs around the ring.

"No, no, no! You forgot to put the support in the back bleacher. Do you want it to fall? That's all we need." A puff of grey smoke erupts into the air to punctuate his statement, but the cigar never leaves his mouth. "All right, take a short break."

This announcement causes a rush for the door that we just passed through sending us against the wall to clear a path for their stampede. The man in the ring climbs through the ropes, jumps to the floor, and starts to the back of the hall.

"Excuse me, sir! Excuse me!" shouts Wiggins to get his attention. The big man stops and turns to look at us. He sends a puff of smoke in our direction as he waits for us.

"What do you want?" the man sends this question to us in another cloud of smoke.

"We're interested in getting some information on Jabez Balfour."

"The Dwarf? I could give you an earful about that little Bonaparte. What do you want to know?"

"To start with, can I ask who you are?"

"Oliver Perkins, manager of the Ring."

"It's good to make your acquaintance. I'm Wiggins, an investigator for Sherlock Holmes."

"So you're investigating Jabez, are you? It's about time someone did. I'd rather it would be the Sports Commission, but I fear that Jabez now has them snugly in his pocket. What do you want to know?"

"Could you fill us in on his involvement in boxing?"

"Sure. Why don't you come into my office and have a drink. My workmen will be back shortly and I can't leave them unattended or they will destroy the place. This way."

Perkins leads us to the back of the hall and into a small office. The walls are covered with posters advertizing boxing events. After we are settled into our chairs, Perkins brings out a bottle of whiskey from one of his desk drawers, and without asking any of us if we want one, he pours us each a drink.

"When you want more, help yourself."

"Thanks."

"So, you want the dirt on Jabez Balfour. Well, I met him for the first time back in sixty-five, when he was taking over the running of his father's stable. Had some good fighters. Gentleman Jack was a hell of a trainer, and he wasn't called Gentleman for nothing. His son Jabez is another story. He's smart, can't take that away from the little bastard." Perkins refills his glass with more whiskey and takes a long drink. "I must say one thing about Jabez, he wasn't treated fairly

by the boxing establishment. Boxing is a sport that worships physical power and physique. If you've seen Jabez you will understand that his physique became the brunt of many jokes. But Jabez wasn't going to be the brunt of anyone's jokes. If he couldn't have physical power, then he would gain financial power. He went at it with a vengeance. Now what I am going to tell you would never stand up in court. It's only hearsay, but I was around to hear it.

"Jabez was a smart promoter. He put fights on all across the country. Every country village, any place where people would pay, Jabez sent his fighters. He worked day and night. He was determined to prove that his body was not going to limit his powers. Jabez soon learned that fights could be fixed. Now this is an interesting story, a twist of fate that changed Jabez's life.

"There was a group of men, a gang, under the leadership of a mysterious unknown mastermind that was trying to control the fight business. He was powerful. If he wanted a fight fixed, you fixed it. If he wanted a percentage of the gate, he got it. He worked the gate, sold the beer. If you objected, you only did so once." Perkins pours himself another whiskey and rolls his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. "Well, we all knuckled under. All the big shots except one, Jabez the Dwarf. He was the brunt of our jokes, but he stood up to the gang. He put his organizational skills to work in fighting outside the ring. He put together some of his ex-pugs who gave the gang-members back better than the gang served out. He broke their proverbial back.

"Everyone loved Jabez after that. Wanted to take him to dinner, to be seen with him, to assure him that they have always held him in highest regard. But Jabez had other ideas. He didn't destroy the gang out of a feeling of civic duty but for his own self-interest. Jabez saw an opportunity to replace the gang. He moved right in and filled the position he himself had rendered available. Rather brilliant when you think about it. We were so used to paying off that the transition created only a momentary ripple. The proceeds went into his real estate enterprises and his temperance movement. Brilliant! He used the extortion money to turn himself into a respected pillar of the community."

"Quite a story. Jabez still has that power over the boxing community?"

"Oh, yes. He has a figure-head in place now, but we all know who pulls the strings."

"Who's the figure-head?"

"Johnny Allgood."

"And no one fights this?"

"Now, I'm not going to insult your intelligence by painting Jabez as the corrupter of a group of innocents. We may even need someone like Jabez to maintain order over this tough, chaotic world, but I'll tell you that if an investigation destroyed Jabez, there would be no tears. However, I daresay someone will again fill the position.

"Well, I hear my men coming back. I must get back to work. Take your time, finish your whiskeys."

TIME: 1 Hour 30 Minutes

CLUE: 90

"Claude Kilgore was killed in a fight over a week ago."

"Are you sure?"

"I hope so. I saw them plant him six feet under."

"Do you know—"

"That's all I know. That's all I'm going to say."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 91

Sam Parsons looks around conspiratorially as we enter and waits until the single customer in the shop has left before greeting us.

"Hello, Wiggins. I have something to show you to-day."

With that the toy shop proprietor takes out a miniature brewery wagon and sets it upon the counter. It is drawn by two horses; each of the barrels is marked with a large "M"; the driver sports a silk top hat. Further examination reveals nothing noteworthy.

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 92

"Yes, I'm Thompkins. How can I help you?" Sergeant Thompkins gazes expectantly at us with his intelligent-looking bright blue eyes.

"We're sorry to disturb you at home, Sergeant, but we're investigating the circumstances of the death of Vincent Derrick."

"I'll wager that daughter of his is behind this. I told her that the coroner's jury found no cause to suspect foul play, but she insists that her father was murdered.

"Come in, I'll tell you what I know, and there's no reason to make you stand in the hallway while I do it. There are a few strange aspects to the case. The oddest thing was that he wasn't dressed for being outside. He was wearing slippers and a smoking jacket. I suppose he just stepped out for a breath of fresh air, it being a particularly close summer night.

"I thought at first that maybe he had taken his own life. I even thought that I had found a suicide note. But it turned out to be some notes for a business meeting, a letter of resignation perhaps. But despite some of these oddities I can't find too much disagreement with the coroner's findings. His daughter will just have to accept his death."

"Thank you, Sergeant. You've been very generous with your time."

"If you do turn up anything new, I'd be interested."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 93

We approach the elderly man at the gate and show him the scraps of paper which Quintin has identified as betting stubs. "Can you tell us what these are?" asks Wiggins.

"Aye, they be betting slips, and if I be right they be from Timmy the Tout. That's his stand over there — with the yellow umbrella."

We thank him and stroll the few yards to the umbrella indicated. "Timmy, are these yours by any chance?"

"Where did you get those slips?"

"From Franklin Kearney. Do you know him?"

"Sure, why didn't you say you're friends of Frank's?"

"We're trying to find him. Have you seen him lately?"

"It's been a week or more."

"Does he bet the dogs often?"

"More than some, less than others. But he does right enough. He had a long shot come in a couple months back. He told me it was his honeymoon money. Couldn't happen to a nicer bloke."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 94

We let the brass knocker drop more loudly the second time, but we still get no response. We are about to turn and leave when we hear a faint moan.

"Mr. Pitman?" Wiggins calls through the door.

The only answering sound is a vague scraping noise.

"I think someone in there may need some help," says

Wiggins as he tries the door. It is unlocked and we cautiously enter the narrow hallway. A few more steps take us into the front room where we are met with the grim spectacle of a man gagged and bound to a chair. He has obviously been there for several days.

"Water," gasps the man as we remove the gag and untie his arms.

It takes several minutes to restore the man to a condition allowing questioning. We briefly identify ourselves. "Mr. Pitman, I presume? Can you tell us what happened?"

"I don't know who you are, but I thank God you're here." Pitman pauses to take another sip of the water which he has been so long without. He continues, "It happened Sunday. I can tell you what I know, but I don't understand it at all. I was just about to leave for the Queen's Park Cricket Ground. I was supposed to umpire a match between the Marylebone team and the Players. A boy arrived with a message that there had been a change and another umpire was being substituted. Apologies for the inconvenience, and so on. I've never heard of such a thing, so I thought I'd show up at the match anyway. I could always watch if the substitution was on the up and up. But as soon as I set foot outside my door, two men appeared as if from nowhere and carried me back inside. They didn't say much. Just tied me up and gagged me and told me to mind my own business."

"Had you ever seen the men? Can you describe them?"

"I've never seen them before and I hope to never see them again. They were mean-looking, I can tell you. One was quite large, over six feet with a big scar across his forehead. The other man was maybe a foot shorter."

"Can we call a doctor for you?"

"Thank you, yes. Dr. Mason's office is just a few blocks away, twenty-nine Long-acre. You're most kind. What were you coming to see me about?"

"The cricket match. A bomb was substituted for the ball in the middle of the innings. We're trying to find out why. And a sports reporter who was there is missing. Maybe you know him — Franklin Kearney?"

"I've met him, and I read his articles in the *Queen's Park Sporting Gazette*. What could be so important about a cricket match? It doesn't make much sense."

"We'll ask Dr. Mason to stop in. I trust you'll have a speedy recovery."

"Thank you again for your timely entrance. I'm forever indebted."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 95

"Oh, I am so glad that someone is looking into Frankie's disappearance. I can't tell you how worried I have been."

Alice Gardner is a handsome woman in her late twenties. She is tall and moves with a natural grace.

"When was the last time you saw Franklin?"

"Sunday evening."

"Did he say anything at that time that would indicate that he might be going away for a few days?"

"No! On the contrary. We had plans for dinner on Monday. He was a little mysterious. He said there were some things that he had to look into over the next few days. I asked
him what they were, but he said he couldn't say yet. He did ask me for my shares of the Land Investment Trust."

"Did he tell you why?"

"Only that he was checking into something. Again everything was very vague. Frankie and I are planning to be married next month and have been looking for a house in Queen's Park. I just assumed that it had something to do with that, but he really didn't tell me much."

"Did he say anything else?"

"He said that he was planning to go to the Temperance meeting Tuesday night. It seemed important to be at that meeting. I got the impression that there was something bothering him about the Society."

"Are you a member of the Band of Hope?"

"Yes, because of Frankie. I am not as active as he is. You know that Frankie had a drinking problem."

"Is it possible that Franklin is . . . how would you say it?"

"On a drinking binge?"

"Yes."

"No. I really don't think so. He hasn't touched alcohol in more than six years. I've checked everywhere and can't find him. Please let me know if you find out anything."

"We will."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 96

Thomas Cole receives us in the drawing room of his father's home. His eyes are red and his sorrow is easily read on his face.

"I have been up all night trying to understand what happened and I can't make any sense out of it. I know father and Ormond did not like each other, but murder? I can't believe it."

"Your father and Ormond were working together as I understand it."

"Yes, they were both on the Royal Commission studying the brewing industry. Their report was to go to Parliament next month when the debate starts on the Brewery Bill."

"Do you have any idea why Ormond would want to murder your father?"

"No, not at all. Like I said, they didn't like each other, but they have worked together in the past. They were grown men, not children."

"Do you know why they did not get along?"

"Many reasons. Politics mainly. They were both members of Parliament in the sixties and my father was instrumental in keeping him out of the Cabinet. I don't know the details."

"Who else was on the commission?"

"Sir Wystan Darte, Arnold Shank, and Glenn Judson."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 97

"I am sorry, Mr. Derrick no longer lives here. He's dead you know."

"Did you know him?"

"No. We bought this house from his widow."

"Do you know where she now lives?"

"Yes. If you'll wait a moment I will get her address." Mrs. Rindgold is gone for only a moment. "Here they are. Mrs. Derrick now lives at fifty Ossulton-street. Her daughter, Miss Rose Derrick, lives at sixty Sloane-street. They were both living here at the time of Mr. Derrick's death."

"Thank you."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 98

Miss Baird is seated behind a large table that serves as her desk. She is dressed in a light brown cotton suit, white shirt and pale yellow tie. Her light brown hair is styled into a bird's-nest bun that sits on the back of her head. Her attractive face breaks into a smile as we enter and take the seats she offers to us.

"Good to see you, Wiggins. Good to see you all."

"How are you, Francis?"

"I'm fine. What brings Holmes' favourite band of street arabs to me? Is Watson ever going to divulge your true age, or is the world not yet ready for such a revelation?"

"You'll have to take that up with Watson, Francis. What brings us here is the Balfour jewel theft. We understand that you are handling the insurance investigation."

"Yes, I am."

"What have you found?"

"No harm in telling you, I guess." She reaches for a folder and opens it. "I was called in the day after the robbery by Pearl Assurance Company, insurer of the Balfour jewels. The jewels are the property of Mrs. Balfour and have been in her family for many generations. Mrs. Balfour is the daughter of the Duke of Warwick and is therefore very wealthy in her own right. Jabez Balfour took out the insurance on the jewels six years ago when he married his wife. The policy is for two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

"On the night of the robbery, the Balfours were at a dinner at the Sipton Mansion. The Balfour house has only a few live-in servants: Freddy Weed, the chauffeur, who drove the Balfours that night to the Siptons. Elna Perkins, the cook, has been sick with la grippe, and was asleep in her room all evening. She's also half-deaf, so not much help there. Bell, the butler, had the night off and spent it at the pub. Bell was the first one home, around a quarter past eleven. Walking up to the house he noticed the light was on in the downstairs study, which he thought strange since it was off when he left and he didn't expect the Balfours back until around mid-night.

"Upon entering the house, he went straight to the study. There he found one of the windows broken and open, the safe was charred and some tools were on the floor next to it, and the air was filled with smoke. He then heard a carriage drive up and a moment later the door opened.

"He ran into the hallway and found that the Balfours had returned. He told them of his findings and they all rushed into the study. Balfour took one look around and told his wife to go and call the police. He told Bell to find Weed and for them to go check the rest of the house and the premises. They found nothing other than some foot-prints in the damp, soft dirt under the open window."

Miss Baird now turns to a small table behind her and removes two plaster casts of foot-prints and sets them before us. Wiggins picks them up and examines them for a moment before passing them along for us to see.

"What does it tell you, Wiggins?" she asks in a tone and manner not unlike those of Holmes.

"It looks like a small foot," answers Wiggins.

"You state the obvious, Wiggins. If you have read Holmes' monograph, 'Upon the Tracing of Footsteps,' you could see more. Notice the left heel, how it's worn down on the outside. Our burglar walks with a left-legged limp. Also, notice the straight line that runs across both shoes. That means the front part of the soles have been re-soled. Notice the stitch marks, how distinct they are. The re-soling has been done in the past week or two. Notice the thread, sail-makers' thread, very common in the dock area.

"The spacing of the foot-prints, which you cannot gauge from the casts, but which I measured from the foot-prints in the soil at Balfour's house, indicate a man of five-feet, six-inches in height. From the depth of the foot-print, I would say he weighed one hundred and fifty-seven pounds."

"Is that all?" asks Wiggins.

"Within the last week, our burglar was attacked by a dog. Notice the small indentations in the right shoe. Those are the impressions from the teeth of a dog."

"What kind?" asks Wiggins, with a smile on his face.

"I would say a terrier, what breed I'm not sure of, yet."

"Anything else?" asks Wiggins, without the smile.

"The safe wasn't blown open, the lock was picked, and that's very baffling."

"Why?"

"Safe-cracking is a very specialized profession. There are those who have little finesse and use explosives, and then there are those artists who use great finesse and pick the lock using only the skill of their fingers and hearing. You normally don't find a safe-cracker employing both techniques, and if you did have someone who did, it seems to me they would try to pick it first, and if that was unsuccessful, then blow it."

"What does that tell you?"

"I have come to no conclusion at this time. I still have to check out some more documents at the Office of Records, but so far, all those who may have the skill to pick the Balfour safe — and there are not many — are accounted for. I never come to a conclusion before I have all the facts."

"Do you think the insurance company will pay?"

"Of course, if they are liable."

"Anything else you can tell us?"

"I am sure that there is, but I believe that Mr. Holmes has taken responsibility for your training."

"Thank you for your time, Francis."

"Give my regards to Holmes, Wiggins."

As we leave, Francis moves over to a work-table in the corner and for the first time we notice that she is wearing pants. As she busies herself with a microscope, we let ourselves out.

"Why does she spell 'Francis' with an 'i'?"

"Changed it from Frances," answers Wiggins, "She's a big admirer of George Sand."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 99

"I would have sworn I saw someone at the window as we were coming up the walkway," says Wiggins as he continues to work the knocker of Clive Dornin's flat. "I'm sure of it. I just saw the curtain move again."

Wiggins' persistence eventually pays off with the opening of a small peep-door behind its wrought-iron grille.

"What do you want?" comes from behind the grille in a nervous whine.

"Clive Dornin?"

"What do you want?"

"We would like to ask you some questions."

"Who are you?"

"We work for Sherlock Holmes. We won't take much of your time."

"I have nothing to say. Now leave me alone!" The peep-door slams shut. Wiggins again bangs the knocker. "I said leave me alone! If you don't, I'll call ... I'll call .... Just leave me alone."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 100

The maid shows us into the sitting room where we wait for Mrs. Derrick. The house is tastefully and expensively furnished. Encased in a silver frame and draped with black crepe is a photograph of a man who appears to be in his late forties. The photograph sits on a grand piano next to a window which looks out onto a beautiful and well-maintained garden. There are other photographs on the piano as well, all in silver frames, but before we have a chance to examine them a door opens and a woman enters.

She is pale, but beautiful. She is dressed in black, which makes her pale skin look like white porcelain. Her oval face is wreathed by golden red hair. She is small — five-foot-three at the most — and not over a hundred pounds in weight. Her voice does nothing to dissipate the image of her

fragility.

"I understand you know something of my husband's death."

"Not exactly. We have this letter...." Wiggins hands the letter to Mrs. Derrick.

It seems hardly possible, but Mrs. Derrick turns even paler as she reads the letter. After her eyes wander over the letter a few times, she looks up at us, tries to speak, but stumbles backwards into a near-by chair, letting the letter drop to the floor. She starts to gasp for breath.

"Can I help?" asks Wiggins.

"Get Helen," gasps Mrs. Derrick.

Wiggins opens the door and shouts Mrs. Derrick's maid's name. A moment later Helen runs in.

"Oh, my Gawd!" shouts Helen. "Get her medicine. There, on the desk, the blue bottle. I'll get the doctor across the street."

Helen runs out of the room while Wiggins hurries to the desk. He grabs the blue bottle and takes it to the still-gasping Mrs. Derrick. She weakly raises her hand, indicating "two" with her fingers. Wiggins taps the bottle until two white pills spill into his hand. Mrs. Derrick takes one of the pills and places it in her mouth. Wiggins moves across the room and pours a glass of water from a crystal pitcher and returns with it to Mrs. Derrick. She takes the second pill with water. Her gasping gradually subsides and her breathing, though heavy, has become regular. Her eyes close and she rests her head on the back of the chair.

"What's going on?" A man carrying a black bag charges into the room followed by Helen. "How are you feeling, Maude?" To us he says, "I am Doctor Rollins. Would you please wait in the hall."

Dr. Rollins does not keep us waiting long. "Now what is this about a letter from Vincent Derrick?"

"Here it is." Wiggins hands the doctor the letter. "How is Mrs. Derrick?"

"She has a weak heart, but I think she will be all right." A frown moves over Dr. Rollins' face as he reads the letter. "What are you people up to? What are you trying to do?"

"This letter was sent to Mr. Sherlock Holmes...."

"Surely man, you are not suggesting that this letter is from Derrick? Do you know you could have killed Mrs. Derrick with this silly stunt? She's in a very delicate condition. Who put you up to this?"

"No one. This was sent through the mail and received—"

"I think you should spend your time trying to find the person who wrote this letter and stop their malicious actions. Now I must ask you to leave. If you persist in bothering Mrs. Derrick I will have to call the police."

"But, we —"

"I said I must ask you to leave, good day!"

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 101

"We can gladly supply photographs and drawings of various designs, and we can also design to your specifications. Whitlock's carriages are made of the finest materials and by England's finest craftsmen."

"Actually we're trying to discover the owner of a brougham with red and yellow pinstriping and appears to be very well-maintained. I am sure there are many that fit this description, but could you by any chance help us?"

"Hmm. One horse or two?"

"Two. Black, I think."

"A matched pair? That sounds like the double brougham we sold to a James Moriarty last year. Professor James Moriarty, that is. I thought it most curious, and quite humourous, actually, but a few weeks after we had sold him a brougham, another gentleman calling himself James Moriarty, Colonel James Moriarty I believe, came to us and purchased a carriage. I mentioned the coincidence and he told me that he and the professor are brothers. Rather confusing, I should think."

We leave the gentleman chuckling to himself.

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 102

There is no clue for this address on this day.

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 103

"Mr. Holmes is not in at this time. I understand that he is at work, and I further understand that he does not receive visitors while at work."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 104

"I'll tell you, Wiggins, there are some things that I will never get used to."

This is the greeting we receive from Sir Jasper as we enter the white-tiled laboratory of London's Medical Examiner.

"I have seen the results of many a mad man's handy work, but I don't think I will ever get used to decapitation."

Dr. Meeks' revulsion is easy to comprehend: a more grisly sight would be difficult to imagine. On one of the examination tables is a headless cadaver. On the table next to it is a severed head. The head is covered with thick, white hair. Sitting solitary on the porcelain tray it reminds us of pictures we have seen of John the Baptist's head.

"He's been identified as Sir Henry Cole by his son, Thomas," says Meeks as we continue to stare.

"Do you have any unidentified bodies?" asks Wiggins. "We're trying to find a reporter named Franklin Kearney who's been missing since Sunday."

"No, thank God it's been a slow week. I hope it stays that way."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 105

"Terrence is sick," sobs his mother. "The doctor doesn't think he will recover."

"Could we see him?"

"He won't be able to talk."

"That's all right."

We are led into a small, dark room dimly lit by one candle. In a small wood-plank bed lies a corpse-like body. The only signs of life are heavy sweat on the face and slight, shallow breathing.

"He's been unconscious for two days," sobs his mother.

"I hope he gets well," says Wiggins as we leave.

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 106

"You wish to see Madame? You have questions whose answers are beyond the veil of the temporal world? Madame is the one to penetrate that veil. This way." The black man, whose head is wrapped in a turban, bows and indicates with his outstretched arm that we are to pass through the door-way covered with strings of glass beads.

Heavy velvet drapes cover the windows. Numerous

candles are placed strategically around the dimly lit room which is dominated by a large round table. Covering the table is a black cloth painted with the constellations of the heavens. In front of one of the chairs surrounding the table is a large crystal ball resting on an ebony stand.

Our study of the room is interrupted by the striking of a large gong from somewhere in Madame Reuscher's house. After the third gong, the glass beads part and a small woman enters. She is dressed like a Russian gypsy. Her head is covered with a gold babuschka, from which hangs, right above the centre of her forehead, a large red gem. Around her neck hang a number of silver chains that jingle as the woman moves.

"Pleease bee seeated." The woman moves over to the chair in front of the crystal ball and sits down. 'Vhaat can I doo for you?"

"We are interested in Vincent Derrick."

"You viish to contact him?"

"Yes, that would be helpful."

"Did you knoow Vincent in this vorld?"

"No."

"It is veery difficult to contact the dead if you did not knoow them in this vorld, but I could try."

"Have you contacted Vincent Derrick before?"

"I think you were sent here by Rose Derrick, yes?"

"Yes."

"I have aided her in contacting her father. Has she sent you here?"

"She has told us of you."

"Vhat is your interest?"

"We are investigating —"

"The poolice!" She makes no effort to hide her disdain.

"No. It is a private matter. Have you ever heard of a letter being sent by a dead person?"

"A letter?"

"Yes." Wiggins removes the letter from his coat pocket and hands it across to Madame Reuscher.

"Verry interesting," is her only comment after reading the letter. She picks up the envelope and looks at it. "You vork for Sherlock Holmes?"

"Yes. What do you make of the letter?"

"Verry interesting. Is it his handwriting?"

"The handwriting looks very much like his. Can't you tell?"

"No. I have never seen a sample of his writing. I have only talked to him."

"Very interesting."

"I feel, Mr. ...."

"Wiggins."

"I feel, Mr. Wiggins, that you do not take the possibility of the other vorld very seriously."

"I've never seen a letter from a dead man before."

"Nor I, Mr. Wiggins. It is possible for the spirit of the departed to enter the body of another who is still in this world and influence it. So that it is possible for the dead to transmit a letter in that manner. But this is the first time I have seen evidence of such. I do find one thing strange."

"One thing?"

"Yes. Why is the envelope typed?"

"Why, indeed." Wiggins takes the envelope from Madame Reuscher and places it back in his pocket. "So you know nothing about this letter?"

"As I have said, no."

"When was the first time you met Miss Derrick?"

"A month ago."

"How did she find you?"

"Like you, Mr. Wiggins, she came to me. My reputation is well-known in London."

"I'm sure. What did her father tell her?"

"I am a medium, Mr. Wiggins. Vhen I contact the other vorld I am in a trance. Vhat takes place at that time is unavailable to me. Perhaps you should ask Miss Derrick."

"What did she tell you when she came for your services?"

Before she can answer, the turbanned black man enters the room carrying a silver tray on which lies a lone calling card. Madame Reuscher takes the card and reads it.

"Tell Doctor Doyle I will only be a moment." The black man bows and backs out of the room. "She came in to me and asked help in making contact with her father. She said he had been murdered and she wanted to know who did it."

"Did she find out?"

"You should ask her, Mr. Wiggins. Now if you will excuse me I have someone waiting."

"Thank you, Madame Reuscher."

"You are welcome. Farrican will show you out."

As we leave the room we see a stout, neatly dressed man sitting in the hallway. He gets up and passes through the beaded curtain as we move toward the front door. Farrican is waiting for us still holding the silver tray. He makes no effort to open the door as we approach. Instead he holds out the silver tray.

"It is customary to donate an appropriate sum after talking to Madame."

"What is an appropriate sum?"

"A quid should do it, mate."

Wiggins makes an involuntary cough before laying a pound note on the tray. Farrican then opens the door and bows as we exit. As we move down the walk a small man is staggering up the walk. As he gets nearer to us he raises his arms over his head and begins to make his body sway even more while he lets out a loud, "Ohooooooooo, I'm talking to you from the other world." This strikes him as extremely funny and he breaks into wild peals of laughter, which causes him to fall to the ground. Wiggins bends down to help him get up. Farrican arrives and helps the still-laughing man to his feet.

"I'll take him, sir. Come on, Tommy. Let's get you inside and to bed before Madame sees you. You know what she thinks of your drinking."

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 107

"I remember Frank. It's been years since I've seen him. He used to hit the bottle quite heavy when he worked for the *Police Gazette*. He then 'saw the light' and climbed on the wagon. Big man in the temperance movement now." Porky punctuates his last comment with a perfect shot into the spitoon.

"I take it you're not fond of the temperance movement."

"Wiggins, I give every man his due. If he doesn't want to drink, that's fine with me, but if a man wants a drink now and then, what harm is there? It's this whole movement to the complete prohibition of drinking that I'm opposed to."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 108

Our knock on the door brings an immediate response as the door flies open and we are face to face with a very small black man dressed in black pants and white shirt but bare of foot. He looks us up and down and lets out an unintelligible stream of yelps.

"Mo ku niha sabawa!" The little man then jumps once and slams the door in our faces.

From behind the closed door we hear a woman's voice yelling, "You little savage! What are you up to now?" The door again opens and we are now facing a motherly-looking woman in her late fifties. Behind her the small black man is standing on his tip-toes on his chair against the wall. He is trying to reach what looks like a blow-gun that rests on a

shelf that is still a few inches away from his fingertips. "I am sorry about Mabudo. The little savage scares everyone. No tradesmen will call here anymore."

"Hello, Mrs. O'Neill," says Wiggins. "Are your sons at home?"

"Barry is. He just came home from the hospital Monday. Won't you come in. I'll get some tea." Mrs. O'Neill opens the door wide to let us in. Mabudo is jumping in an attempt to eliminate the inches that separate him from his favoured weapon. "Stop it, you little savage." Mrs. O'Neill pulls the chair out from under Mabudo, who goes flying into the air doing a backward somersault. He lands on his feet, still without the blow-gun.

"Baku no naka suba!" Mabudo does another backward somersault and runs up the stairs.

"Can you understand Mabudo now, Mrs. O'Neill?" asks Wiggins.

"Learn that heathen tongue? Never. Barry is the only one who can understand that savage. If only we could train him to do something useful, like clean the house or do the shopping, but no, the only thing he will do is the cooking. You should see what that little savage will cook. No Christian would touch it."

Mrs. O'Neill leads us into her drawing room and offers us seats. She disappears briefly into the rear of the house. Upon her return she informs us, "Barry will be out soon. He manages quite well on the crutches, but he is impatient to be on the road again, I fear." Moments later the lion-tamer appears and Mrs. O'Neill excuses herself to make tea.

"Hello, Barry," says Wiggins.

"Wiggins, isn't it? Work for Holmes, right?"

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"We would like to ask you some questions about the Balfour robbery."

Mabudo has crept back down the stairs and joins his master who has remained standing despite some apparent discomfort.

"Ma saga no ito mosu kaku nanu sawada ma fuka do na? Wahido gasure mo da! Mamoda ito mosu ka ...."

"Modu, modu!" snaps Barry. He reaches behind him and picks the blow-gun off the shelf. He hands it to Mabudo.

"Don't worry, he doesn't have any darts," reassures Barry. "At least I don't think he does. What do you want to know?" he asks as he eases his body into an overstuffed chair. "You should know by now that the robbery doesn't fit my brother's style."

"Speaking of your brother, where is he?"

"I haven't seen Tommy in a couple of weeks. I don't know where he is."

"Do you have any idea who might have done the job?"

"No. I was thinking about it and couldn't come up with any one. It could be someone from the Continent, I suppose. I just don't know, Wiggins."

"How would you get rid of the jewels if you had them?"

"That's simple. The thief would steal them for one of only two reasons. Either he already has a buyer — a collector or buyer who contracted the job. Or he did the job on his own, to sell them for his own gain. Then he has only three real options that make any sense. One, get them out of the country, preferably to Amsterdam. That's where you'll get the best price. Two, sell them to the insurance company. You'll get the money with no questions asked, and the police will close the case. Three, sell them to a fence."

"Which fence would you suggest for jewels of this type?"

"A law-abiding citizen like myself doesn't know much about fences, of course, but I've heard that Edgar Joslin at Lambert's is an 'honest' businessman. 'Was' is a more appropriate term now, I understand. And with him dead I have no other suggestions."

"If you hear from you brother maybe you'll get in touch with us," says Wiggins a bit half-heartedly.

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 109

"Which day's log do you want to see? To-day's won't be available until tomorrow. Now remember, the driver puts down the closest building to his pick-up and drop-off points. It may not be the destination of the passengers, only the general area that they wanted to go."

Monday, September 3 ..... **CLUE: 154**
Tuesday, September 4 ..... **CLUE: 127**

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 110

The South London Palace of Amusements is a large building which covers the whole block. Around the large entrance portal are a number of brightly coloured posters telling us of the delightful events that await us inside. Authentic South Sea mermaids are illustrated in all their scantily clad voluptuousness next to a poster of "genuine Zulus" in full war regalia, each a bargain at two pence.

Upon passing through the portal we are greeted by the barking voice of a man on stilts which raise him four feet above the heads of the crowd. He is announcing the start of the next bicycle race; only ten minutes until the next show in the Music Hall. Wiggins spots a guard standing next to the entrance to the exhibit of fasting men, and moves over to him.

"Can you tell me where I can find Johnny Algood?" asks Wiggins.

"Go down past the Beer Hall and turn right. You'll come to a door that says 'Private.' Knock on that door and someone will see if Mr. Allgood wants to see you."

"Thanks." We follow the directions and soon find ourselves addressing the guard at that door. "We would like to see Mr. Algood."

"Do you have an appointment?"

"No."

"Mr. Allgood sees no one without an appointment."

"But, it's very —"

"There's no 'buts'! If you're not in my appointment book, you don't see the boss."

"How do we make an appointment?"

"You may write a letter to his appointments secretary."

"It will only —"

"Good day, gentlemen."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 111

"Wiggins, I'm glad to see you." Quintin Hogg is seated behind his desk, his two index fingers pounding the keys of his typewriter. He pounds away for a few more seconds and then gives us his full attention. "Found out anything yet?"

"Still digging."

"Did I tell you that I had lunch with Frank last week? Well, I did, and something kept bothering me about that conversation. This morning I realized what it was. Boxing!"

"Boxing?"

"He kept talking about boxing."

"What's so strange about a sports writer talking about boxing?"

"Frank hated boxing. Never covered it. 'Offended his sensibilities,' as he would say. Even denied it was a sport. Me, I love it."

"What did he want to know?"

"Asked about corruption. I told him that there was corruption. Corruption can be found anywhere there is money to be made. He asked about Balfour's involvement."

"Balfour! Jabez Balfour?"

"Marion Jabez Balfour himself. How do you think he started out?"

"I don't know."

"His father was a boxer. This is not something that Balfour wants people to remember, but it's done him no harm. Has father was known as Gentleman Jack Brannon."

"Brannon?"

"That's right, Brannon. Gentleman Jack was a favourite of the Prince of Wales. Even took him to Germany with him on a couple of trips. Arranged a fight with Mueller the Munich Mauler. Gentleman Jack won, and it was rumoured that the P. of W. won twelve thousand pounds from the Crown Prince. It was also rumoured that he gave Gentleman Jack four thousand pounds of the winnings."

"Where's Gentleman Jack now?"

"Canada."

"Canada?"

"Yes. He's in retirement with a good yearly income. Owns a string of pubs in Montreal."

"I'm getting a little lost here," says Wiggins. "You're saying that Jabez Balfour is the son of Jack Brannon, a boxer?"

"Yes."

"And he has changed his name and now hides that fact?"

"Yes."

"There seems to be a story between those two facts, yes?"

"Yes. Do you want to hear it?"

"Of course."

"Jack Brannon was the son of an Irish barrister and patriot, whose wealth was taken away from the family while Jack was a young man at Trinity. Like many a young penniless Irishman he faced the choice of either becoming a poet or a boxer. Since he wanted to escape from his penniless state, he chose boxing. Started fighting in Dublin and never lost a fight. A London promoter discovered him and brought him to London. The rest, as we in the press say, is history. Jack came to London and took the town by storm. He became the darling of the upper crust, who gave him the title of Gentleman Jack and the money to live like a gentleman. He married Marian Albright, a music hall singer, and Jabez was the progeny of that union. Unfortunately, Mrs. Brannon died in childbirth, a heavy blow to Gentleman Jack. Jabez was a premature baby and was to pay the price with a small stature for the rest of his life."

"Quintin, how do you come to know so much about Gentleman Jack?"

"I'm a reporter!"

"I thought crime was your specialty."

"It is."

"So Gentleman Jack was involved in crime?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then . . . ?"

"Wiggins! If you would let me continue, I'll tell you what I know."

"Sorry."

"Now where was I? Oh, yes, Jabez was born, but his mother died. Many said that Gentleman Jack could not look at his son without seeing in him the cause of his wife's death, but that is just hearsay. He did, as Jabez reached his teens, take him everywhere he went. Many think that was the cause of Jabez's problem."

"Problem?"

"Wiggins!"

"Sorry."

"Gentleman Jack had retired from the ring and had become a fight promoter. He owned a number of fighters and oversaw their training. He took Jabez to the ring every day. That's where he got his education and his nickname, the Dwarf. Anytime he and his father would go places together they were known as the Giant and the Dwarf. A name, I might caution, I would not use within Jabez's hearing. As Jabez entered early manhood he took over the business side of the promotion while his father concentrated on the training. They started making a lot of money and Jabez started investing in real estate."

"A real success story."

"Is it? You haven't heard the rest. Rumour has it that most of the money came from betting. Betting with knowledge of the outcome."

"The fights were fixed?"

"That's what some will tell you. It's well known that Jabez had a falling-out with his father with the result that his father left for Canada with his share of the money. Jabez became even more involved with promoting, and started making even more money, and, again as some say, fixing more fights."

"Have these rumours ever been substantiated?"

"Sort of. The police investigated Jabez and gave him a warning a few years ago, but even then he was a big power and, as they who should know say, they went easy on him."

"Is he still involved with boxing?"

"As much as ever."

"So that's what Kearney wanted to know?"

"That's what he wanted to talk about. He didn't tell me why he wanted to know."

"Is what you told us generally known to the public?"

"More or less to that segment of the public that knows the interworkings of the boxing world. As you know, most of the world knows Balfour primarily as the leader of the Band of Hope."

"What do you make of it?"

"I don't know, Wiggins. It may mean nothing. He may have just wanted to know more about Balfour's background. He may be looking into corruption in sports for an article. I just don't know. He didn't say."

TIME: 1 Hour 20 Minutes

CLUE: 112

Dean Pennington receives us in his office, and after brief introductions all the way around, we waste no time in asking our questions.

"Dean, we were wondering if you could tell us if Professor James Moriarty is a member of the faculty here? We understand he teaches in the city."

"Yes, indeed. We feel quite privileged to have such a renowned mathematics professor here at Bedford. I am sure that he has inspired at least a few of our young ladies to pursue more rigourous training. But why would this be of interest to you?"

"We are trying to locate the Professor. Do you know where we might be able to find him?"

"No, I'm afraid I do not know where he is. Our fall term does not begin until the seventeenth of this month, and I do not really expect him much before that. He was in on Monday and stopped by my office to say that he would be away for a few days."

"Did he mention where he was going?"

"Well, I was a bit confused on that point. At first I thought he was going to visit his brother who lives somewhere to the west. But later in the brief conversation I was given the impression that he would be spending time with his brother, the Colonel, who is in London."

"Could you give us the Professor's home address? It really is quite urgent that we speak to him."

"Well, I see no reason why not. Let me check my personnel files."

As Dean Pennington searches through his files, Wiggins ventures another question, "Would you happen to

have any idea where Colonel Moriarty stays when in London?"

"I'm sure the Professor mentioned the club name, but I was really not paying attention, I'm afraid. But perhaps this address will help. According to our records, the Professor resides at the Beaufort House on Titchfield."

"Thank you, Dean. You have been most generous with your time and information."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 113

"I've had all the criminal records pulled that fit the modus operandi you described. Two men working together, using guns, working in daylight. Here they are:"

Name: Hendry, Terrence **Address:** 7 SE
Date of Birth: 15 January, 1854
Place of Birth: Bristol
Height: 5′ 7″ **Weight:** 170 lb.
Eyes: Brown **Hair:** Brown
Record:

ARRESTS	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
21-4-69	Pickpocket	15 mos., Millbank
6-6-72	Street Thief	18 mos., Newgate
7-8-75	Robbery	2 yrs., Millbank
21-6-79	Assault	2 yrs., Wormwood
19-7-82	Robbery	3 yrs., Millbank

Name: Kilgore, Claude **Address:** 21 SE
Date of Birth: 27 June, 1857
Place of Birth: London
Height: 5′ 4″ **Weight:** 165 lb.
Eyes: Blue **Hair:** Black
Record:

ARRESTS	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
28-2-73	Street thief	1 yr., Wormwood
7-8-75	Robbery	3 yrs., Millbank
12-4-85	Trafficking in stolen goods	20 mos., Millbank

Name: Ardvark, Artemus **Address:** 61 SE
Date of Birth: 19 March, 1860
Place of Birth: India
Height: 5′ 5″ **Weight:** 129 lb.
Eyes: Brown **Hair:** Black
Record:

ARRESTS	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
15-3-75	Pickpocket	1 yr., Newgate
21-6-79	Assault	18 mos., Wormwood
19-7-82	Robbery	3 yrs., Wormwood

Name: Simmons, Theodore **Address:** 68 SW
Date of Birth: 1 July, 1848
Place of Birth: York
Height: 5′ 6″ **Weight:** 125 lb.
Eyes: Brown **Hair:** Brown
Record:

ARRESTS	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
21-4-66	Common thief	4 mos., Wormwood
18-7-71	Robbery	2 yrs., Millbank
12-8-78	House breaking	3 yrs., Wormwood
1-12-81	Robbery	5 yrs., Millbank

Name: Simmons, Milton **Address:** 78 SW
Date of Birth: 3 March, 1853
Place of Birth: London
Height: 5′ 9″ **Weight:** 180 lb.
Eyes: Blue **Hair:** Blond
Record:

ARRESTS	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
15-4-68	Dog stealing	2 mos., Wormwood
12-8-78	House breaking	2 yrs., Wormwood
1-12-81	Robbery	4 yrs., Millbank

Name: Mills, Donald **Address:** 40 WC
Date of Birth: 12 March, 1850
Place of Birth: Liverpool
Height: 5′ 6″ **Weight:** 145 lb.
Eyes: Brown **Hair:** Brown
Record:

ARRESTS	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
12-6-68	Street thief	10 mos., Wormwood
21-11-74	House breaking	18 mos., Millbank
16-3-78	Robbery	4 yrs., Wormwood
25-2-83	Robbery	4 yrs., Millbank

Name: Mills, Leo **Address:** 86 SE
Date of Birth: 20 September, 1854
Place of Birth: Liverpool
Height: 5′ 4″ **Weight:** 135 lb.
Eyes: Brown **Hair:** Brown
Record:

ARRESTS	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
15-7-69	Pickpocket	6 mos., Newgate
18-7-71	House breaking	1 yr., Wormwood
16-3-78	Robbery	3 yrs., Millbank
15-2-83	Robbery	4 yrs., Millbank

Name: Prescott, Rodger **Address:** 27 SE

Date of Birth: 3 October, 1857

Place of Birth: London

Height: 5′ 6″ **Weight:** 145 lb.

Eyes: Brown **Hair:** Brown

Record:

ARRESTS	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
12-2-72	Common thief	6 mos., Newgate
15-8-73	Smuggling	2 yrs., Millbank
12-6-78	Robbery	2 yrs., Millbank
5-2-83	Robbery	4 yrs., Wormwood

Name: Jones, Nathan **Address:** 55 SE

Date of Birth: 5 April, 1862

Place of Birth: London

Height: 5′ 2″ **Weight:** 125 lb.

Eyes: Blue **Hair:** Brown

Record:

ARRESTS	CHARGE	DISPOSITION
12-6-78	Robbery	1 yr., Millbank
5-2-83	Robbery	2 yrs., Millbank
12-7-85	House breaking	3 yrs., Millbank

TIME: 2 Hours

CLUE: 114

"Ah, Wiggins, good to see you again. You got my note?"

"Yes."

"Good! I can't talk to you now. I have an appointment that I must prepare for. Could you come back later to-day or first thing in the morning before I go to the bank?"

"I'll try."

"Good! I think you and Holmes will find what I have to tell you very interesting."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 115

"I've been doing nothing but answering questions about that article all day. Irresponsible journalism, that's what it is. That Jamison fellow — I'd better be careful what I say, I suppose."

"Actually, Mr. Knox, we were wondering what you have to say about the article. Is there any truth to Mr. Jamison's accusations?"

"Of course there isn't. This bank's as solid as any. Jabez Balfour is a respected member of the business community. We're proud to have him on our board of directors, and we're happy to have his business. But he is in no way involved in the loan approval process. There is simply no truth to any of it. Sensationalism!"

We are about to ask about Sunday's cricket match when a clerk announces that several reporters are waiting to speak with the bank president. "I can see that I'll spend the rest of the day answering these same preposterous questions. Good day."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 116

CARRIAGE LOG

DATE: *5 September*

TIME	EMBARK	DEBARK
0700	9 Suffolk-st	46 Holborn
0705	8 Lamb-st	1 Park-st
0730	27 Brick-st	96 Pentonville-rd
0800	50 Cadogan-st	67 Old Bond-st
0810	42 Baker-st	36 Old Bailey
0845	59 St. John-st	78 Vincent-st
0910	23 Albert-rd	51 Portman-st
0930	67 Old Bond-st	11 Kingswood
0945	24 Guildhall	45 Charter House
1955	13 George-st	58 Northampton-rd
1005	2 Brittania-st	27 Bread-st
1020	26 Hayles-st	73 Macklin-st
1045	9 Goodge-st	33 Great Wild-st
1045	71 Beach-st	85 Northumberlnd-av
1050	47 Judd-st	37 Waterloo-rd
1105	84 Grey-st	37 Waterloo-rd
1120	42 Errol-st	13 George-st
1145	95 Acton-ln	34 Fleet-st
1206	54 St. John	2 Albany-st
1207	67 Great Western-rd	51 Bahere-st
1220	58 Park-st	10 London-rd
1230	1 Robert-st	11 London Wall
1250	35 Cavendish	49 Midland-rd
1310	49 Belvedere	60 White Hart
1315	53 Lambeth	11 London Wall
1345	51 Goswell-rd	90 Waterloo-pl
1400	37 Waterloo-rd	20 Great Peter-st
1410	28 Brook-st	25 Wellington-pl
1415	34 Fleet-st	51 Bahere-st
1445	3 Hoxton-st	67 Upper Thames-st
1500	72 Old-st	1 Robert-st
1505	47 Hastings-st	49 Belvedere-rd
1515	51 Bahere-st	33 Tower-st
1545	50 Chalton-st	71 Beach-st
1555	50 Palace-rd	9 Great Ormond-st
1605	84 St. George-st	28 Hays-st
1620	30 Oakley-st	39 Montague-st
1655	12 Sandland-st	16 Mark-ln
1657	7 Henry-st	11 Whitehall
1708	31 New Bond-st	7 Sun-st
1715	6 Carburton	2 Park-st
1745	57 Seymour	28 Maiden-ln
1805	52 City-rd	23 Strand-st
1810	56 Lollard-st	11 London Wall
1815	83 Union-st	20 Tyers
1830	45 Woburn	24 Old Bond-st
1845	56 Halkin-st	42 Errol-st
1900	59 Knightsbridge	70 Bow-st
1910	12 High Holborn	14 Poland-st
1930	30 Bow-st	57 Seymour
1950	11 Kingswood	50 Cadogan-st
2005	82 Tavistock	25 Charing Cross-rd

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 117

"Good day, I'm Christopher Jamison," says the slim, dark-haired man who leads us through a maze of desks to one he identifies as his own. He appears to be in his mid-thirties, is quite nattily dressed and sports a neatly-trimmed beard. After locating a couple chairs he invites us to sit. "What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Jamison, we have read several of your articles relating to Jabez Balfour's business. Can you substantiate your claims?"

"Regrettably, that has proved most difficult. Mr. Balfour has been remarkably successful at covering his tracks. But you can be sure that if there were not substantial truth to what I write then I would have been charged with libel by now. That should be proof enough for one who does not require the verdict of the courts."

"Can you tell us more than what we've read in your articles?"

"Balfour is involved in numerous companies. I am still trying to find the proof to support my theories, but I'm convinced that there is fraud and dishonesty, if not worse, in the layer upon layer of Balfour's dealings. I'm afraid I cannot say more at this time, but I predict that in the coming week I will not be the only reporter with information on this subject."

TIME: 25 Minutes

CLUE: 118

"Good day, Wiggins. What brings you down to the dismal halls of justice on such a lovely Saturday? Does Holmes have a heavy case load these days?"

"Enough to keep us busy. How's your case load?"

"Are you asking that out of polite interest, or have you found another stray cat for me?"

"I would like you to look in on Josh O'Rourke. He's being held for murder. He's no angel, but I don't think he's guilty of this charge."

"Where's he at, Newgate?"

"Yes."

"I'll walk over and talk to him."

"Thank you. I know if a Bailey Hack gets a hold of him he'll be sold up the river."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 119

"Mr. Balfour was here to-day for lunch. His luncheon guests were fellow members of Parliament Sir Roger Peel and William Clark."

"No one else?"

"No. A large Irishman stopped by and asked for Mr. Balfour, but he did not lunch with them. I assumed he was a servant or employee of Mr. Balfour. When I told Mr. Balfour that he was here, Mr. Balfour excused himself from his guests and met the man in the foyer. Mr. Balfour seemed quite upset. They had a very animated conversation that lasted about ten minutes. Mr. Balfour then rejoined his guests."

"Did you get the Irishman's name?"

"Yes. Mr. Kennedy."

"Thank you."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 120

We find Lestrade sitting at his desk whistling a happy tune while he works.

"You seem in a good mood, Inspector," says Wiggins as we enter the office.

"I'm always in a good mood when I can close a case."

"Which one?"

"The murder of Peter Northrup."

"You caught the murderer?"

"Yes, Wiggins. No need to sound so surprised. Just good, solid police work."

"Who did it?"

"Josh O'Rourke, a teamster for Shanks brewery. A watchman at the Gas Works saw him drop the body in the canal. A positive identification from a reliable witness and O'Rourke has a prison record. He's now safely locked up at Old Bailey. Case closed."

"Why did he do it?"

"I don't know. There are many reasons. The plates that Northrup was accused of forging were never found. That's reason enough. Of course, O'Rourke denies having committed the murder."

"Did you find the counterfeit plates."

"No."

"Won't it be more difficult to find the plates now that Northrup is dead?"

"We weren't having much success when he was alive. Now why are you down here bothering me?"

"Anything new on the Joslin murder?"

"No. I think Joslin was a fence. We've thought this for some time, but could never get any proof. My theory is that he was in the middle of making a buy when somebody robbed him. My intuition tells me the Balfour jewels might even be involved. But now that Johnson is dead we may never know. Looks like someone wanted to keep him quiet. We'll get whoever it is. They'll make a mistake. Now get out of here. As soon as I finish up this paper work I'm off to the races."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 121

"Wiggins, I'm busy. What do you want?" says an annoyed Murray as we enter his laboratory. "Make it short!"

"There were two murders —"

"Yes, yes! Northrup and Lord Goodwin. Nothing to tell you about Northrup, no physical evidence. Check with Meeks if you haven't done so already. Now, with Lord Goodwin, there is something interesting." Murray picks up a sheet from his desk and walks over to us. "Have you heard about the bomb that exploded at the cricket match last Sunday?"

"Yes."

"The explosive used in that bomb is the same as that used on Lord Goodwin's carriage. It is a trinitrophenol-based explosive, which is common enough, but when it is combined with potassium salt, one of the hydrogen molecules is replaced with that of a potassium molecule. Makes all the difference, beautiful stuff, easily detonated by friction or percussion."

"Interesting, but what does it tell us?"

"Wiggins! You are going to have to follow Holmes' example if you are going to be anything more than a hound dog that can talk. I'm sure that Holmes would know that this is a formula developed by Vieille in France six months ago. The French government is the sole manufacturer. Six weeks ago the Dieppe armory was broken into and some of the explosive stolen. In other words, Wiggins, this is not your common everyday gunpowder."

"Again, interesting, but —"

"Wiggins, I don't have time to train you. Because of the help Holmes has given me in the past, I am willing to help when I can, but you must do your own thinking. I don't know what this all means. Obviously, someone went

to a great deal of expense to acquire some of this explosive, And I don't think they did so just to play a joke at the cricket match or to murder an insignificant Lord. But, I think we can assume it was the same person or persons who are responsible for both acts. Now, go Wiggins, I have work to do."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 122

"Excuse me, are you familiar with Sir Henry Cole?" Wiggins asks of the spry-looking, white-haired jeweler.

"Oh, most certainly. His family and our family have grown together, we like to think. Is the story in the paper true? It's just terrible! I don't know what this country is coming to." He shakes his head in sad bewilderment at the violence of his time.

"A gold watch with your mark was found on the body. Are you familiar with such a watch?"

"Indeed I am, young man. I can't say without seeing it, of course, but I'm sure it's the beautifully engraved timepiece that his father gave to Sir Henry upon his graduation from Eton."

"Thank you, sir. Good day."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 123

The constable allows us to enter the private office of Reginald Ormond. Even with the body removed, the office still presents a gruesome sight. A white chalk outline shows us where the body had lain. Bloodstains cover the expensive Persian rug that adds accent to the office's other expensive furnishings.

"Did anyone see or hear anything?" Wiggins asks the constable.

"Nothing out of the ordinary. Ormond's secretary, Edward Fox spends every Wednesday at Ormond's Parliament office. None of the other tenants noticed anything out of the ordinary. Ormond could have left by the freight lift."

"So the stairs from the street and the lift in the rear are the only ways in or out?" asks Wiggins of the constable as we look around the floor.

"Yes, that's right," replies the constable. "There is a doorman at the foot of the stairs. He did not see Ormond leave."

Wiggins makes a sketch of the floor and thanks the constable for his help. "Let's leave by the lift." We get into the elevator and start down. Wiggins takes out his magnifying glass and examines the floor of the elevator. "Looks like blood, a few small drops." The elevator clunks to a stop and opens onto a small alley-way that leads to Upper Thames-street to the left and the river to the right. As we step out, we encounter the janitor working outside the door.

"Were you working here the day Sir Henry Cole was murdered?" Wiggins asks the janitor.

"Yes."

"Did you notice anything unusual?"

"No. The police already questioned me. I didn't see Mr. Ormond leave."

"All right, thank you."

"Wait, I did notice one thing that was a little strange. The tea lady came out in a rush. She has a push cart and goes around to the office buildings and takes tea and biscuits to the people working. I usually help her place her serving cart onto her push cart when she's done, and she often gives me a bit of tea before she goes. Well, Wednesday the tea lady came out without a word and when I tried to help, she just brushed me aside and picked up the cart like it was nothing. She then pushed her cart down the street in a hurry. The other strange thing is that she hasn't been back since."

"Do you know who she was?"

"No. She wasn't the regular woman. She had only been doing the rounds for a few days. I don't know anything more."

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 124

Lloyd Perkins ..... **CLUE: 82**
Sporting Times ..... **CLUE: 77**

CLUE: 125

"Look at the letter which arrived this morning. It's Kearney's writing all right, but I don't believe a word of it." With this greeting, Henry Ledgard welcomes us to his office.

Wiggins takes the letter from the editor's beefy hand. "Mr. Holmes received a letter also. It's almost identical to this one."

"What does he make of it? It certainly looks as though someone is holding Kearney, but why? There's been no ransom demand. Although, I daresay anyone who has gone to all this trouble knows that there is no one to pay much in the way of ransom. Quite a puzzle. I hope we have the answer and an unharmed Franklin Kearney soon."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 126

We step into the small reception area of Shanks Brewery as the Great Eastern steams towards Liverpool-street Station. However, we meet with a most uncordial reception. A very gruff-looking, gruff-voiced man stops us. "What's your business?"

"We'd like to speak with Arnold Shank. We have a few questions —"

"Mr. Shank's not in."

"When would be a good time —"

"There's no good time." With that, he ushers us out, none too gently.

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 127

CARRIAGE LOG
DATE: *4 September*

TIME	EMBARK	DEBARK
0700	*52 Drummond-st*	*91 Gildspur-st*
0705	*69 Berkeley-sq*	*46 Holborn-circus*
0715	*83 Bishopsgate*	*2 Sou'wick Brdge-rd*
0725	*54 Lambeth-walk*	*6 Marlborough-rd*
0805	*34 Palace-st*	*68 Old Bond-st*
0815	*53 Drummond-st*	*19 Great Peter-st*
0830	*54 Lowndes-st*	*41 Fane-st*
0835	*49 Belvedere-rd*	*7 Sun-st*
0850	*5 Grafton-st*	*46 W'mnster Brdg-rd*
0905	*23 Princes-st*	*3 Montague-clo*
0925	*28 Lambeth-rd*	*16 Abingdon-st*
0947	*71 Oxford-st*	*42 Lamb's-pass*
0956	*92 Robert-st*	*86 St. Portland-st*
1005	*52 City-rd*	*51 Drummond-ct*
1015	*27 Hutton-rd*	*74 Newingtn-causeway*

1045	12 New Kent-rd	12 Eastcastle-st
1100	62 Lowr Kennington-way	79 Page-st
1105	50 Gloucester-pl	64 Gt. Russell-st
1107	12 High Holborn	22 Vincent-st
1110	79 Falmouth-rd	56 Chapel-st
1120	37 Harley-st	19 Maiden-ln
1125	87 St. James-sq	9 Bishopsgate
1140	9 Carltn Hse-ter	31 Tudor-st
1145	18 Sancroft-st	67 Picadilly
1200	96 Strand	56 St. John
1210	90 Lambeth	26 Lit. St. Andrew-st
1215	40 Southampton-rd	24 Throgmorton-st
1217	4 Tooley-st	25 Chichester-st
1220	100 Lyall-st	70 Bow-st
1230	20 Tyers-terr	27 Lupus-st
1245	79 Horseferry-st	12 High-st
1301	27 Brick-st	13 New Kent-rd
1305	39 Montague-st	49 Kings-rd
1310	83 Houndsditch	48 Balcombe-st
1330	80 Lant-st	89 Pentonville-rd
1350	24 Lillington-st	69 Cheapside Poultry
1400	90 Brewer-st	3 Montague-clo
1410	61 Geville-st	5 Warren-st
1440	42 Charter Hse-sq	50 Draycott-pl
1500	50 Chalton-st	58 Park-sq
1510	15 Lower Thames-st	43 Montague-pl
1520	91 Robert-st	36 High-st
1540	26 Charlwood-st	66 Charing Cross
1610	11 London Wall	71 Rochester-row
1620	1 Park-st	32 Park-st
1630	45 New Cut	1 Varndell-st
1635	80 Lant-st	67 Shaftesbury-av
1650	37 Waterloo-rd	17 Lime-st
1715	14 Owsin-st	4 Sidmouth-st
1745	9 Southwark Bridge-rd	65 Cadogan-st
1814	53 Lambeth-rd	52 Hall-st
1830	3 Rivington-st	77 Thayer-st
1900	61 Albert-st	4 Batman-row
1905	3 Tottenham Court-rd	33 Bravington
1930	46 Marylebone-rd	18 Cardigan-st
1950	43 Graham-terr	54 Goswell-rd
2015	34 Bressenden-pl	48 Northampton-rd

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 128

There is no clue for this address on this day.

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 129

"Mr. Clark left after Thursday's session. I don't expect him back until Monday."

"Do you know where he went?"

"No, I'm sorry, I don't. He was actually a bit secretive about the whole thing."

"Thank you."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 130

If before 3 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 251**
If after 3 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 245**

CLUE: 131

"You are sure you weren't followed here, Wiggins?"

"Yes."

"I talked to him. He told me it was okay to pass the information on to you. Perkins stole the jewels."

"Lloyd Perkins?"

"Yes, Lloyd."

"Why?"

"Don't be silly, Wiggins. They may be worth as much as three-quarters of a million pounds."

"That's not what I've heard."

"Balfour thinks he's the only one who knows their true value. Not even his wife knows."

"What proof do you have?"

"I can get you the proof, Wiggins."

"When?"

"Tomorrow. Be at the Tyburn Tree in Hyde-park at one o'clock. There you'll see an old gypsy organ-grinder and his monkey. When the monkey holds out his cup to you, drop in two bob, and say, 'The Serpentine looks like a monkey's tail.'"

"You must be kidding," says Wiggins.

"Look, Wiggins, you know the boss. You have to do it his way or not at all."

"Okay, okay. 'The Serpentine looks like a monkey's tail.' Okay, I've got it."

"The organ-grinder will then hand you an envelope containing the evidence."

"You said that you know something about Kearney."

"See Richard King at eighty-five Arthur-street. Remember, Wiggins, you owe me one."

Our informant disappears into the fog.

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 132

"Terrible affair! Terrible affair!" Sir Wystan Darte is in his late forties; five-feet, ten-inches in height; and weighs two hundred and eighty pounds. His ruddy complexion seems to be turning redder the more he recounts his experiences with Cole and Ormond. "The Parliamentary Commission was established to come up with recommendations for a new Beer Law. From the start, what was thought to be a very simple process turned into a pitched battle. Most unpleasant affair all around."

"Can you tell us about it?"

"You say you work for Holmes? Everything I tell you will be kept confidential?"

"Yes, we can guarantee that."

"Good. I don't want to be responsible for more gossip. Have you read Pike's column? What trash! From the very beginning there was dissension on the committee and it did revolve around Cole and Ormond. Their views were in opposition to each other, but remember, what our commission came up with were merely recommendations to Parliament, not the Law itself, and we all knew that. Ormond wanted the complete prohibition of alcohol. Cole wanted tighter controls and higher taxes. Both Cole and Ormond are M.P.'s and are used to debating different points of view on issues. There were other positions as well. Arnold Shank, the brewer, wanted fewer controls and lower taxes. Glenn Judson of Theakston's was concerned with competition from abroad and wanted import taxes raised. I have no strong views on the issue, but I want to see a good, well-balanced law that will benefit the public as a whole. This is a very complex issue."

"So you don't see the murder as being related to their work on the committee?'

"No. There may have been personal antagonism between them that I was unaware of. I was not close to them

personally. The big conflict on the committee was between Shank and Ormond. Obviously a brewer and a prohibitionist don't have many things in common when it comes to how society should approach the regulation of alcohol."

"When was the last time you saw Cole and Ormond?"

"I saw Reggie Wednesday. We, the commission that is, had planned to meet for lunch at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese. But Henry never showed. The rest of us were there, and the meeting was much the same as usual. It ended with Reggie and Shank just short of blows."

"Thank you, Sir Wystan. You can rely on our discretion."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 133

"What can I do for you, young man? Are you considering continuing your education at one fine institution?"

"No, sir. I'm actually here to enquire concerning your faculty. Does a Professor James Moriarty happen to teach here? We understand that he is a mathematics instructor at a college in London."

"He does indeed teach in London, but, alas, not here. It's quite surprising really, but he chooses to teach at the Bedford Women's College. Not, I hasten to add, that Bedford isn't a fine academic institution. But for such a brilliant mathematician it does seem a rather strange choice."

"Thank you very much for your time and for the information."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 134

A young woman surrounded by a tribe of infant and young children is in the front yard of 76 Newington-causeway bent over a washtub.

"Excuse me," Wiggins says to the woman. "Can you tell me if Mr. Rudd is home?"

"No, he's not. I saw him leave this morning."

"Do you know where he was going?"

"I would assume to work."

"Where would that work be?"

"He works at the Ring on Surrey-road."

"Thank you."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 135

"Which day's log do you want to see? To-day's won't be available until tomorrow. Now remember, the driver puts down the closest building to his pick-up and drop-off points. It may not be the destination of the passengers, only the general area that they wanted to go."

Monday, September 3 ..... **CLUE: 154**
Tuesday, September 4 ..... **CLUE: 127**
Wednesday, September 5 ..... **CLUE: 116**
Thursday, September 6 ..... **CLUE: 170**

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 136

Wiggins tries the door to the warehouse and finds it unlocked. We enter the building which consists of a large, empty, open space. The only furnishings are two chairs and a wooden crate that looks like it has served as a table, for on it sits a bottle holding a candle, two tin cups and an empty gin bottle. On the floor next to the crate is a pile of crumpled newspapers, *The Times*. Wiggins picks up one of the papers and sniffs it. "Ah, malt vinegar," he says. He kneels down for a closer look at one of the chairs and the floor around it. He points to some short pieces of rope wrapped around the chair back. "Look at these stains," he says. "I'd wager that's dried blood. And there's more of the same here on the floor."

We spend a few more minutes at the warehouse, but we find nothing else of interest.

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 137

If before ten o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 168**
If before noon and after ten o'clock go to . **CLUE: 114**
If after noon go to ..... **CLUE: 152**

CLUE: 138

"Yes, both Mr. Henry Ledgard and a Miss Alice Gardner have asked us to search for this Franklin Kearney chap. We told them that we do not consider a person 'missing' unless he's been gone two weeks. People often 'disappear' for a few days. If there were some evidence of foul play, then maybe we could do something about it. But all they told us was that it's not like him to be gone. I'm afraid we need more than that to warrant a police search."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 139

Dr. Rollins is a handsome man in his mid-thirties. He receives us in the sitting room of his modest house and office.

"I must tell you that I think showing that letter to Maude — Mrs. Derrick — was in bad taste." Dr. Rollins is standing before us and we can detect an underlying anger in his voice. "She has a very delicate condition and this type of joke could have very grave consequences. I demand that you tell me what this is all about."

"We work for Sherlock Holmes and he received the letter. We are just trying to find out where it came from and who is responsible for it."

"Well, I can assure you that Maude knows nothing about it and a better use of your time would be finding the person who sent it and stopping them before they do any more harm."

"That's what we're trying to do."

"Good. Maude and I are planning to be married early next year, and I don't want anything to upset her or endanger her health."

"Do you have any idea who may have sent the letter?"

"Have you talked to Rose Derrick? I wouldn't put it past her to do something like this. She has caused Maude nothing but heartache since the accident. For some reason she blames Maude for Vincent's death. She won't accept that it was an accident. Now, I am a man of straight talk, so I'll tell you right out. I was in love with Maude from the first day I saw her, and I let her know it. You are detectives, so you could have found this out. Maude wouldn't have left Vincent for me. She loved him, but now that he's dead, there's no reason to hide the truth. As far as we know, his death was an accident, and that's what the coroner has ruled.

"So, I don't expect to see you around here again, is that understood?" Dr. Rollins opens the door for us and it is clear that the only answer he wants is our departure.

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 140

The park is bustling with people: nursemaids with their perambulators, governessess with their charges, and all types of people hurrying to and fro. We hear Big Ben striking the hour of one as we approach the Tyburn Tree. An old organ-grinder and his monkey have attracted a small group of people. The wizened monkey holds out his cup filled with small change. We drop in two bob and say, "The Serpentine looks like a monkey's tail." A middle-aged woman standing next to us eyes us suspiciously before commenting, "I've always thought it looked more like the graceful curve of a swan's neck."

As the monkey passes our way with the cup a second time, he hands us an envelope. We move to a moderately secluded bench before examining the contents.

"Galloping Napoleons! Look at this!" Wiggins exclaims as he studies the documents.

"What is it?"

"A jewelry appraisal from the Royal Amsterdam Assurance Company. 'This is to certify that the jewelry collection itemized on the attached schedule and consisting of fifty-two peices, being the property of Mr. and Mrs. M. Jabez Balfour, and known also as the Warwick Jewels, called hereafter in this document the Warwick Collection, have a total value of seven hundred and eighty thousand pounds.'

"Look, here's a letter to Lloyd Perkins from Greta Joslin. 'Have arranged the deal. If you deliver the Warwick Collection before September thirtieth, I can guarantee the five hundred thousand pounds we discussed.'

"Wait until Mr. Holmes sees this."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 141

"Yes, I'm Fritz Dolamore. What can I do for you?"

"We heard you might have some word on the Balfour jewels."

"You don't look like coppers. What's your interest?"

"We work with Sherlock Holmes. You can count on our discretion, I assure you," says Wiggins in his most convincing manner.

"Well, Holmes has done me a good turn once or twice. I'd tell you if I knew anything, but I really don't. I will tell you that I wouldn't touch those jewels with a ten-foot pole. Look what happened to Joslin."

"Was Joslin involved?"

"Well, now, I don't know for sure, but rumour has it that he was in the middle of a buy when he was killed."

"Any idea who the gunmen were?"

"No, but they're a big part of the reason I wouldn't have anything to do with those jewels."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 142

If before 6 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 218**
If after 6 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 225**

CLUE: 143

"Here are some of the biographs that you asked for."

Sir Juilius Benedict: Born: 15 March, 1845

Vice-President **Liberator Building Society** since July, 1888. Vice-President of **House and Land Investment Trust** 1882-1888.

Sir Miller Brandon: Born: 12 April, 1853

President of **Lands Allotment Company** since July, 1888. Vice-President of **Liberator Building Society** 1882-1885. Graduated London University College, 1874.

Clive Dornin: Born: 3 December, 1849

Investment Broker since 1885, specializing in the sale of building society shares. Head accountant **House and Land Investment Trust** 1879-1884.

Lord Goodwin: Born: 24 April 1862

Assumed the Peerage upon the death of his father on 13 January, 1887. Large land holdings in London, Dartmoor and Ireland. Involved in London redevelopment since 1885. Graduated Oxford University 1883.

Jack Knox: Born: 11 September, 1844

President of **Worthingdon Bank** since 1886. Vice-President of **Lands Allotment Company** 1880-1885.

Sir Vincent Needham: Born: 6 May, 1836

President of **House and Land Investment Trust** since 1881. Member of Parliament, 1867-1877. Solicitor, 1860-1880.

Lloyd Perkins: Born: 12 March, 1856

Vice-President of **Worthingdon Bank** since March, 1888. Head Accountant **Shanks Brewery** since 1884. Accountant, **Rigby & Co.**, 1881-1883. Graduated London University College, 1876.

Morgan Pickering: Born: 25 May, 1839

President of **Gass & Co.** since August, 1887. Partner in **Pickering & Chatto** 1884-1887. Owner of **Pickering & Co.** 1874-1882.

David Sadler: Born: 27 December, 1851

Solicitor, specializing in land investments and real estate transactions. Graduated Cambridge University, 1873.

TIME: 2 Hours

CLUE: 144

"Yes, Mr. Clark was here a little while ago, but he has left now."

"Do you know where he went?"

"I heard him say he was going to his hotel."

"Do you know which one?"

"Yes, the Metropole."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 145

"Hello, we would like to see Mr. Oliver. Is he in?" asks Wiggins of the neatly groomed, young secretary.

"Do you have an appointment?" he asks.

"No."

"Let me see if he can see you now. If not, I can make an appointment for you. What is your name?"

"Tell him we are friends of Franklin Kearney."

The young man has barely closed the inner office door behind him before it re-opens and he beckons for us to enter. "Mr. Oliver will see you now."

Daniel Oliver appears to be in his late thirties. He has longish brown hair, clear blue eyes and is clean-shaven. He is working in his shirt-sleeves, his jacket hanging in the corner. Several different newspapers as well as numerous sheets covered with numbers are spread over his desk.

"Please come in and have a seat. You say you are friends of Mr. Kearney. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Kearney has been missing since Sunday. We found your card in his desk, and we have been following up all

possible leads."

"I really don't know how I can help. I hardly know the man."

"May we ask what his business was with you?"

"He just wanted basic information about investing in building societies. He was particularly interested in the companies owned by Jabez Balfour."

"What did you tell him?"

"Eight per cent return, especially with the minimum investment required by these companies, is quite favourable. And these companies have impeccable records. None has ever missed an interest payment."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. He did also ask my opinion of brewery stocks as investments. I told him I could not recommend them. They would be quite speculative, whereas the building societies are a solid, conservative investment, much more suited to someone in Mr. Kearney's financial position. Although, come to think on it, he did say he was primarily doing research for an article. In any case, I certainly claim no expertise in brewery stocks. I recommended that he talk to Joseph Lufkin at the Stock Exchange if he wanted more information."

"Thank you very much for your time and cooperation."

"You're quite welcome. I hope you find him. He seemed an agreeable chap."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 146

"The only corpse I have right now is that of Edgar Joslin," says Dr. Meeks. "He was killed with one shot through the heart. Death was instantaneous. I have found nothing else out of the ordinary. I can show you the body if you wish."

"No, that won't be necessary," says Wiggins.

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 147

A sign on the door tells us that the small shop is CLOSED, nothing more.

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 148

"I am sorry, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Balfour is here at present."

"Do you know where we might find them?"

"Mrs. Balfour has left London for a few days. Mr. Balfour did not leave instructions concerning his schedule for to-day. If you care to leave your card I will see that it is delivered to him upon his return. Good day."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 149

* If you have not already done so, *
please read **CLUE: 100** before proceeding

Our knock is answered by the maid, Helen.

"Good day. How is Mrs. Derrick feeling to-day? May we see her?" asks Wiggins.

"My you're a bold one, coming back after all the trouble you caused and wantin' to see the Missus," says Helen without inviting us in. "Dr. Rollins left strict orders that Mrs. Derrick not be disturbed. She's resting, and she's going to stay that way if I have anything to say about it. You should be ashamed. Good-bye."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 150

"Yes, I know Franklin Kearney," replies Disraeli to Wiggins' question. "Nothing has happened to him, has it?"

"We don't know. He has been missing since Sunday. When was the last time you saw him?"

"Last week. He was checking into the ownership of several lots."

"Do you remember which lots?"

"Yes, I can find them for you. I still have Frank's list." Disraeli disappears into the stacks of books that fill the Office of Records. After an absence of ten minutes, Disraeli returns carrying a large record book. He sets it down on the counter in front of us and opens it to a page filled with columns. "Here are the lots Frank was interested in. As you can see, there has been a great deal of activity."

Lot 4-2309:

10/11/78	Leased from Lord Goodwin to Marion J. Balfour
26/02/79	Leased from Marion J. Balfour to Lands Allotment Co.
14/07/79	Leased from Lands Allotment Co. to Liberator Building Society
15/03/83	Leased from Liberator Building Society to House and Land Investment
07/08/83	Leased from House and Land Investment to Temperance Society
06/12/84	Leased from House and Land Investment to Finch & Co.

Lot 4-1897:

10/11/78	Leased from Lord Goodwin to Marion J. Balfour
26/02/79	Leased from Marion J. Balfour to Liberator Building Society
12/06/83	Leased from Liberator Building Society to House and Land Investment
04/11/86	Leased from House and Land Investment to Lands Allotment Co.

"What does it mean?" asks Wiggins as he looks over the endless column of figures listing every land transaction for the world's largest city.

"It's quite clear. Most of the lands that make up Queen's Park and Kensal Green are part of the Goodwin Estates. They have been leased — the usual terms are two hundred years — to people for the purpose of developing the property. In the case of the lots listed here, Balfour leased them from Lord Goodwin. He then developed them and re-leased them, or he leased them to be developed. I don't know what Frank was looking for, but it is a little unusual to have the land change hands as often as some of the lots have in Queen's Park, but there is nothing illegal about it."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 151

If before 2 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 175**
If after 2 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 26**

CLUE: 152

Wiggins' knock brings no response but its force causes the door to swing slowly open.

"Mr. Perkins!" calls Wiggins. No answer. The house is deathly still. We move down the hall until we come to a door on the left which is open. We look in and see a body slumped over the desk.

"It's Perkins. He has a bullet hole in his head. Looks pretty dead."

Perkins' body is slumped over his desk. His head is resting on his left arm; his right hangs straight down at his side and his fingers are only inches from the floor. On the floor directly beneath his fingers lies a gun. Wiggins gets down on his knees and sniffs the barrel of the gun.

"It's been fired recently," he says as he rises from the floor. "No suicide note that I can see. There is a piece of paper in his left hand, but it looks like it's covered with numbers. Lestrade will kill me, but let's take a look at it."

Wiggins removes the paper from the dead man's fingers and spreads it out on the desk.

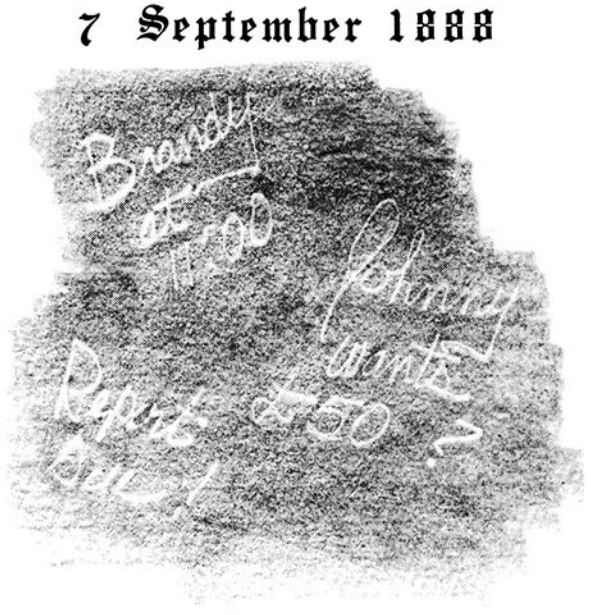
14129182697Z

2526152112698 - 14121322 - 7912625152228 - 26922 - 2522241214181320 - 1412922 - 11922881813208 * 1462419 - 1221 - 71922 - 2592242292 - 8712241 6 - 1169241926822 8 - 1221 - 152687 - 1412137 19 - 26922 - 13124 - 23622 - 267 - 15222687 - EJJJJ - 1112613238 - 252 - 132237 - 42222 16 * 1821 - 2126 - 8221515 - 8121422 - 1221 - 21269 - 1912152 23 1813208 - 71968 - 16222211181320 - 71922 - 1426916227 - 23 22 119 22882 22 23 * 719188 - 8191261523 - 2426822 - 191814 - 22522 13 - 20 92226 7229 - 1191225152214 8 * 1726 14188121 38 - 26971824 15228 - 26922 - 872697181320 - 712 - 1926522 - 71922189 - 2322818922223 - 22212122 247 * 18 - 8191261523 - 2522 - 262515.

Wiggins takes out his notebook and makes a copy of the numbers on the paper. The desk appears to have been swept clean. On the floor to the right of the desk is an ink well that has been spilled. Ink is soaking into the rug and covers a *London Times* that lies nearby. A desk calendar lies alongside. Wiggins picks it up and looks it over.

"This is strange, today's date is missing. The fifth and the seventh are here but not the sixth. Let's take a look."

Wiggins picks up the calendar and places it on the desk. He looks over the pencils and pens that have also been swept onto the floor and picks one of them up and lightly rubs the lead over the page for September seventh. The light impression shown below appears.



The only other items on the floor are a silver letter opener and a photograph of a young woman in a silver frame. The photo is inscribed with 'Love, Louella.'

A search of the desk drawers reveals nothing out of the ordinary with the exception of the top left-hand drawer which contains absolutely nothing, not even dust.

"We had better get the police," states Wiggins. Bill goes out to the street to find one.

TIME: 1 Hour 45 Minutes

CLUE: 153

"All right, O'Rourke, get in there. Some people want to talk to you." The guard pushes O'Rourke into the small room where we have been waiting for him. He is a big man, well over six feet tall, two-hundred and twenty pounds and hands so massive that they could easily toss around beer kegs. The guard turns to Wiggins and asks, "Do you want me to stay in the room with you?"

"That won't be necessary." Wiggins looks over at O'Rourke and then back at the guard. "Just stand outside the door, I'll call if we need you."

The room is bare except for a rough wooden table with two equally rough benches on either side. O'Rourke sits down opposite us. His weight causes the bench to squeak or crack, but it seems to hold him. His face is twisted into a contemptuous sneer as he looks us over. Wiggins glances at the door, and we can see him visually calculating the time it would take the guard to make it from the door to our aid if the need were to arise.

"What do you be wanting with me?" He speaks with a strong Irish brogue.

"We would like to ask you some questions about Peter Northrup, the man you are accused of murdering."

"I be murdering no one. I never heard of the bloke. They can't be a-holding me."

"Looks like they're doing a good job of it."

"We'll be seeing about that, we will."

"You were seen dropping the body into the canal. The police have closed the case. You're the murderer, clear and simple. There have been a lot of murders of late, and the police have to show the public that they are doing their job. I think it will be a fast trial and an even quicker hanging."

"I tell you, I not be the killer."

"Tell it to the hangman."

"I'll never hang." O'Rourke's bravado is starting to weaken. His eyes dart from Wiggins to the rest of us and to the door. He glances at the small window covered with bars and back to Wiggins. He speaks to us now in a voice that is almost pleading. "I didn't do it. You must believe me."

"It doesn't matter if I believe you. The police are going to hang someone for this one. They have to. If it's not going to be you, then it's going to have to be someone else." Wiggins now bends across the table to get closer to O'Rourke. His voice takes on the concern of a father talking to a son. "Look, Josh, we work for Sherlock Holmes. You know who he is, don't you?"

"The detective?"

"That's right. He's the world's greatest detective, and he's going to find out who murdered Peter Northrup. There's no doubt about that. Even if you didn't murder Northrup and Holmes does find the real murderer, the police will just hang you beside him, unless you help us. Do you think the police or all those swells that sit on the jury care what happens to you?"

"No. Those bloody nobs don't care about blokes like me. I break my back for a few pence a day, and I have to say 'thank you gov, yes sir your nibs, I'll kiss your arse and say thank you sir' and all the time I have to watch my kids live on bread and potatoes while those bloody sons of bitches bleed my country dry. They kill me brother and drive me and

my kind from the lands where me dad and his dad is laid under so some blooming Lord can chase his bloody foxes. No, mate, those bloody arses don't care what happens to the likes of me. I know that."

Wiggins doesn't say anything for a few moments, letting O'Rourke's own words sink in. He removes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and offers them to O'Rourke who quickly takes one. After it is lighted and he's taken a couple of puffs, Wiggins continues in his fatherly tone. "Josh, we want to help you. We can understand the loyalty that you have to your mates, and loyalty is good, but it can also be misplaced. Do you know who Northrup was?"

"No," answers O'Rourke nervously.

"He was a member of Moriarty's gang. A forger of Banknote plates. He was caught before he could turn over his handy work to Moriarty. He was loyal. Never told the police a thing. Told the police nothing about Moriarty nor where the counterfeit plates were. That's the man whose body you helped dispose of, a man loyal to his mates. Just like you."

Wiggins again pauses while both he and O'Rourke puff at their cigarettes. O'Rourke's eyes are fixed on a point on the wall behind us. His face no longer shows contempt or anger, only perplexity.

"I know what you're thinking, Josh. What will become of you if you talk? What will happen to your children? You do have children, don't you?"

"Yes. Two wee ones." O'Rourke's face, for the first time, shows signs of softness. "A lad and a lass."

"What's to become of them when their father is hanged? What's their mom going to tell them? Think of what's best for your family, Josh."

It is now a different man sitting across from us than the one who entered the room a few minutes ago. We can see his massive hands holding a small child, his hard features looking happily at the joy and innocence of a wee baby. His eyes now seek out Wiggins and he sighs deeply. "What is it you want to know?"

"How did you end up dumping the body?"

"I be a driver for Shanks. I deliver beer to pubs and inns in Paddington and St. John's. Me wife and I live in Kensal Green, behind the Pelican Inn, where me wife's a cook. I drive the wagon home each night so there's no problem storing it and taking care of the horses. The brewery pays me two shillings a week to take care of them bloody horses. Yesterday morning, three o'clock it was, someone bangs on me door, waking us all, even the wee ones. It was Johnny. 'Get dressed,' he says, 'and come with me.'"

"Johnny who?"

"I don't know his family name. Satan, most likely. Sometimes a man must do things that he knows will offend God, but he lights a candle for them and knows that in the next life he will have to pay. But not Johnny. He enjoys killing, he enjoys doing the devil's work. He's called Johnny the Jackal, and he be proud of that name and of the deeds that earned it.

"I do what I'm told and get dressed. When I get down to the yard he has already started harnessing the horses to the beer wagon. He don't say a word to me until we drive off. He tells me to drive by the warehouse off Oak-lane by the canal. We picks up a sack that be laying inside the door. I say to him it feels like a body. He says don't worry about what it is, just put it in the wagon. I say I don't want to be having anything to do with no body. He says for me to do as I'm told or I'll become a dead body, so I put the sack in the wagon. We drive off. He tells me to go down Harrow-road. When we get to the cemetery he tells me to turn in."

O'Rourke takes another cigarette from the pack that Wiggins left on the table and lights it. After a couple of puffs, he continues his tale. "He thinks it be real funny, us going there in the dark, he laughs even more at that. He says what better place to bring a dead man." O'Rourke crosses himself.

"When we get to the canal, he tells me to stop the wagon and dump the body out of the sack. I start to protest, but he pulls a gun out of his coat pocket. He tells me to take it out of the sack and place it on the bank, not in the water. He puts the gun back in his pocket but keeps his hand in there with it so I know he has it pointed at me. We both get out of the wagon and I take the body out of the sack and place it on the bank. He don't help, just stands there with his hands in his pocket watching me. The sun is just starting to come up by the time we're done and drive off.

"When we get outside the gate, the Jackal gets off the wagon. He tells me to go to work and not say anything to anybody about this, that this was not his first killing this week and that it need not be his last."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. The police picked me up this morning, and here I am."

"Does Johnny work for the brewery?"

"No. He works for, you know, the man you mentioned before." O'Rourke's voice quivers, as if the very mention of the dreaded name might cause him to appear.

"Moriarty?"

"Yes."

"Why do you think Johnny came to you?"

"Because I have done jobs for Moriarty before. Never murder, or anything close to it. Move goods for him, help collect payments that are due him. I'm a big man, so most of the time when they see me, they pay up."

"I can believe that," says Wiggins.

"A few times Johnny and I worked together, but he's not the kind to make friends."

"So you're one of Moriarty's men?"

"Look, mate, it's not that simple. Do you know how many men can't find jobs out there? You have to make money any way you can. Sure, I've done things that I'm not proud of, things that have been on the other side of the law, but I've got kids to feed. You know how I got my job? Through Moriarty. You work for him, he takes care of you. A lot of teamsters get their jobs through him. You spend some time on those mean streets and see how you like it?"

"I spent my youth on those streets, so I know how it is," replies Wiggins softly. "What is the relationship between Moriarty and the Shank brothers?"

"I don't know. Maybe he tells them what to do; maybe they know nothing about him. The foreman hires the drivers."

The door opens and the guard enters. "I have to take O'Rourke now. An inspector from the Yard wants to see him." O'Rourke gets up and heads for the door.

"What am I going to do? You said you would help me," pleads O'Rourke.

"Which inspector?" asks Wiggins of the guard.

"Gregson."

"Good. Just tell him what you told us. Gregson's a fair man. I'll talk to a barrister that I know and see if he will help you. His name is Edward Hall. He'll help you, I'm sure."

"Thanks, mate, thanks for your help. I don't even know your name."

"Wiggins. Harry Wiggins."

"Thanks, Harry."

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 154

CARRIAGE LOG
DATE: *3 September*

TIME	EMBARK	DEBARK
0700	*9 Suffolk-st*	*46 Holborn*
0734	*76 Devonshire-st*	*56 Park-ln*

0835	51 Bahere-st	86 Pall Mall
0845	22 Hutton-rd	3 Warton-st
0850	24 Lillington	49 Belvedere
0905	50 Cadogan-st	11 Kingswood-st
0915	88 Pall Mall	80 Millbank
0930	76 Brook-st	49 Euston-rd
1005	36 Brad-st	29 Clarendon-st
1030	97 Bishopsgate	70 Ducane-st
1100	11 Kingswood	23 Threadneedle
1105	62 Oxford	81 Tavistock
1115	80 Lant-st	12 Downing-st
1130	81 Worship	27 Bread-st
1150	23 Threadneedle-st	72 Old-st
1205	50 Harrow-rd	19 Maiden-ln
1230	11 Bath-terr	40 Commercial-rd
1245	72 Old-st	19 Maiden-ln
1300	23 Threadneedle-st	44 Woburn-st
1340	44 Marylebone	51 Bahere-st
1400	19 Maiden-ln	56 Ladbroke-grove
1410	56 Park-ln	76 Devonshire
1420	19 Maiden-ln	68 Castle-st
1430	26 Hayles-st	51 Bahere-st
1445	Parliament	29 Queen Victoria-st
1450	Parliament	60 St. Cross-st
1510	68 Castle-st	11 Kingswood-st
1515	57 Seymour-st	49 John-st
1525	London Bridge	51 Bahere-st
1530	3 Borough High-st	47 Aubin-st
1600	61 Geville	3 Warton-st
1615	21 Upper Thames-st	4 Tooley-st
1645	32 Oakley-st	89 Mincing-ln
1647	32 Oakley-st	89 Mincing-ln
1650	46 Tower-st	89 Mincing-ln
1700	79 Falmouth-rd	36 High-st
1715	73 Old-st	34 Palace
1735	32 Tudor-st	74 Lillington-st
1745	48 Harlow-rd	1 Vandell-st
1750	51 Goswell	60 Lancaster-rd
1805	11 Kingswood-rd	50 Cadogan-st
1830	89 Mincing-ln	46 Tower-st
1835	64 Tudor-st	57 Seymour
1850	4 Rivington-st	71 Blackfriars-rd
1900	87 Southwork-st	8 Lant-st
1945	19 Eastcheap	55 Chester-st

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 155

There is no clue for this address on this day.

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 156

Wiggins tries the door to David Sadler's office but finds it locked. We are about to leave when we hear a voice from the other side of the door.

"Who's there?"

"Name's Wiggins. We would like to see Mr. Sadler."

"What for?"

"Bouncer, what are you doing?" comes another voice from behind the door.

"There's a bloke here to see you."

"Well, let him in! What are you going to do, keep everyone out? Let them in."

"But, the boss said —"

"Look, Bouncer, just do as I say."

A moment later the door opens and we face a man who stands well over six feet. His nose has been broken many times and his ears have long ago been turned to cauliflower. The hand which holds the door open for us is massive and leaves little doubt of its strength. Behind him is a well-dressed man of smaller proportions and more pleasing features.

"I hope you'll forgive Mr. Rudd," says the smaller man as we enter. We assure him that we do. "I am David Sadler. How can I help you?"

"We are investigators working for Mr. Sherlock Holmes and we would like to ask you a few questions."

"About what?"

"A couple of things. We would like to know a few things about the cricket match Sunday and also if you know Franklin Kearney?"

"Hmm." Sadler pulls his watch out and looks at the time. "I can spare a few minutes. Come into my office." Turning to the man he introduced as Mr. Rudd, he says, "Bouncer, leave the door unlocked.

"What do you want to know?" asks Sadler after we are all settled.

"We have been engaged to find Franklin Kearney. he hasn't been seen or heard of since Sunday."

"That doesn't sound like Frank."

"You know him?"

"Yes. I expected to see him Tuesday at the Temperance Society meeting, but he didn't show."

"You're a member?"

"No. I handle Mr. Balfour's legal affairs so I get into some of the legal questions that arise in the Society. Tuesday's meeting involved a new lease and the possible purchase of land, so Mr. Balfour thought I should be there. Frank is the business manager for the Queen's Park branch, so he should have been there for this meeting. Any idea what's happened to him?"

"At this time, no. What can you tell us about the cricket match Sunday? That seems to be the last place anyone saw him."

"Jeez, what a match. I'm sure you know about the bomb. Just some prank, is the best I can guess. Thank God no one was hurt. I did see Frank there. Just said hello to him, nothing more."

"What's with Mr. Rudd?"

"Oh, just helping out a friend. I really hope you find Frank and that nothing has happened to him. I'm sorry that I can't help you. I certainly hope he hasn't fallen off the wagon. I'm short of time, and I have a meeting I must get ready for. If I can be of any help, please let me know. Mr. Rudd will show you out."

Mr. Sadler has risen from his desk and holds the door open for us as we leave his office and enter the antechamber where Mr. Rudd in turn holds the door open for us to exit.

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 157

"Yes, I am Arnold Shank. Come in. What can I do for you?"

"We understand that one of your employees has been arrested in the murder of Peter Northrup. What can you tell us about this man O'Rourke?"

"As I have already told the police, there is little that I can tell you about the man. They seem already to know quite a bit more about him than I. For instance, I had no idea that he had a criminal record. The calibre of workers these days!" Shank shakes his head at the sad plight of

employers. "I really don't know what else I can tell you. He was simply another big, dumb Irishman who could hoist beer casks and handle a wagon. That was all I was concerned with, and that's all I know. I'm sorry that I can't be of more assistance."

"Actually, sir we do have a couple of other questions," says Wiggins. "We understand that you are on the Parliamentary commission appointed to make recommendations for the new Beer Act along with Sir Henry Cole and Mr. Reginald Ormond. Can you shed any light on Sir Henry's murder and —"

"I know nothing about the murder," shouts a suddenly impatient Arnold Shank. "Now look here young man, I've tried to be helpful in answering your questions about this Northrup murder, but if you're going to start implicating me in every other murder in London, I will have to bid you good day. I'm a very busy man."

With that we are quickly ushered out.

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 158

"I'm afraid I can't tell you a thing about the Professor. I might call him a model tenant. He pays for his room by the year and is rarely here. As a matter fact, I have never met him. He sends the annual rent check by post."

"Do you mean to tell us that he pays for a room that no one uses?"

"Oh, no. Occasionally different people stay for a few days or weeks. But not often."

"Could you give us the names or descriptions of any of these people?"

"No, I'm sorry I can't be of any more assistance."

"Good day, madam."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 159

Vincent Derrick..... **CLUE: 97**
Arnold Shank ..... **CLUE: 157**

CLUE: 160

We make our way from the rail tracks through the backyard of the house shown on the map Old Sherman had given us. In the backyard we find a heavy-set woman in her mid-thirties bent over a large washtub. At her feet are two small children and a puppy.

"May we have a word with you?" asks Wiggins as we close the back gate.

"Oh gaw, ya ain't all goin' to be trippin' through here again, are ya?"

"We just want to ask you a couple of questions about last Sunday. Do you remember that day?"

"Do I remember? The day I lost my husband's uniform. The day that crazy old man came running through the yard with his crazy dog. Ugliest dog I ever seen."

"Did you see an escaped convict?"

"No, but I found a prison uniform. It must've been him what took me man's uniform. He was fit to be tied, I'll tell you. It'll cost a quid to replace it. And now I have to wash his one uniform each day. I don't need no more people running through my yard."

The puppy tires of having its tail pulled by his young playmates and turns it attention to Wiggins' pant leg. This speeds Wiggins to lead us away through the front yard.

"Thank you for your help," shouts Wiggins over the puppy's yelping.

The woman has gone back to her washtub and pays us no more attention.

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 161

* If you have not already done so, *
please read **CLUE 70** before proceeding.

"Yes, we found him on the bank of the Canal down by the Gas Works about dawn. It was quite an ugly sight. He carried no identification, but we think it might be Peter Northrup, the Wormwood Prison convict who escaped during that cricket match last Sunday. We've turned it over to Scotland Yard. The CID is investigating it now."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 162

As our knocks go unanswered, we decide to try the door. It is unlocked, and we cautiously enter the spacious tiled foyer. We are facing a large, double, curving staircase in the grand style. Our gaze is arrested immediately, however, by a body hanging from the top of the staircase, the feet dangling about four feet above the ground.

Strewn about the floor are a number of disparate objects: an empty Chateau Lafitte bottle, a framed photograph of a woman inscribed,"With love, Louella," a fireplace poker, a red and black silk cravat, and a cricket bat.

"Look, there's a note pinned to his shirt."

We look around for some way to reach the note which is about eight feet from the floor. "Jimmy, let me stand on your shoulders for a minute," says Wiggins. From his new vantage point, Wiggins reads the note aloud to us. "'Beware the Jaberwock.' What does that mean?"

Wiggins climbs down. "Let's find a constable."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 163

"Which day's log do you want to see? To-day's won't be available until tomorrow. Now remember, the driver puts down the closest building to his pick-up and drop-off points. It may not be the destination of the passengers, only the general area that they wanted to go."

Monday, September 3 ..... **CLUE: 154**
Tuesday, September 4 ..... **CLUE: 127**
Wednesday, September 5..... **CLUE: 116**

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 164

"I saw them dump the body, sure enough." We are talking to the watchman of the Queen's Park Gas Works. "I was making my rounds. The sun was just coming up when I look across the canal and see this wagon stopping next to the canal. I know the cemetery workmen don't start that early, so I move closer to the canal to get a better look. Sure enough, it's not the cemetery workers. It's a Shanks Brewery wagon and there are two men. One of them, the big one, goes around to the back of the wagon and dumps the body on the bank of the canal. I could make him out clearly. I identified him for the police. What was his name?"

"Josh O'Rourke."

"Yes, that's it. I couldn't make out the little guy. He was wearing a checkered jacket, brown and green. He kept his hands in his jacket pockets all the time. He also wore a black cap, pulled down over his face, so I couldn't make

it out too well. I got the number off the wagon and called the police. That's all I know."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 165

Our vigil has proved quite uneventful for the past hour. There is a little traffic on the residential street. We are trying to remain inconspicuous as we eat our fish and chips in the shadow of the wall of the inaccessible mansion complex when a hansom cab stops in front of the gate, and a slim, dark-haired man steps out. He appears to be in his mid-thirties and he has a neatly-trimmed beard. He approaches the gate confidently.

"Jamison to see the boss," he says to the guard.

"Wait here."

The sentry leaves the locked gate guarded by two fierce-looking dogs. He returns a few minutes later. "Okay, the boss will see you," he says as he opens the gate for the man to enter.

TIME: 1 Hour 30 Minutes

CLUE: 166

Vincent Derrick..... **CLUE: 97**
Arnold Shank..... **CLUE 174**

CLUE: 167

"As I told the police already, I have not seen Mr. Ormond since Wednesday morning. At that time he mentioned that the members of the Royal Commission were meeting for luncheon at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese. He then planned to spend the afternoon at his law office. That was the last I saw of him."

"Can you tell us where his law offices are located?"

"Of course. Sixty-six Upper Thames. And I will say again that I can't believe that Mr. Ormond had anything to do with the murder of Sir Henry."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 168

"Holmes got my telegram, good!" I just wanted to have a few words with you." Perkins leads us into his study and offers us all a seat. "Since I found out yesterday that Holmes was looking into the affairs of Jabez Balfour, I have been thinking that there are some things that I should tell you."

"We have not been engaged to investigate Mr. Balfour, but to find Franklin Kearney."

"But one may be connected to the other, may it not?"

"Can you tell us?"

"I can't give you a direct link that will tie Balfour to Kearney's disappearance, but I can give you some interesting information on Balfour's organization."

"Why?"

"Why?"

"Yes. Why are you willing to give us information on Balfour? Don't you work for him?"

"Yes, I work for the Worthingdon Bank."

"And Balfour is a Director, correct?"

"Yes. And the entire stock of the bank is owned by Balfour companies."

"I would still like to know why you are willing to tell us about Balfour."

"When I went to work for him I was unaware of the type of man he was and the extent of his involvement in the underworld of London. Now that I know I want to share my knowledge so that he can be stopped."

"Why not go to the police?"

"You know how powerful Balfour is. The police wouldn't believe me. I have no real proof, but I do have access to the inner workings of the Balfour organization."

"What can you tell us?"

"Balfour is in trouble. Worthingdon's is in trouble. It is over-extended, largely because of a number of bad loans to Balfour companies. If Balfour doesn't come up with half a million pounds in the next few weeks he would lose everything."

"It sounds like an all-too-common story these days. The recession has hurt many businesses. The papers are full of tales of business failures. How do you know that Balfour is not just another victim of the business cycle?"

"No. It's fraud. Intentional fraud!"

"I am afraid I will sound like the official police, but what proof do you have?"

"Proof! I can get you proof. I know where I can lay my hands on it. You come back later to-day or tomorrow and I'll have it for you."

"We'll look forward to it."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 169

"At this time of day! No, Mr. Pickering is rarely in during the day. Quite a hard worker that one is."

"Could you tell us where we might find him?"

"Well, now, he has his own building company, he does, but I just can't remember what it's called. Seems like he called it after himself, but for some reason that just doesn't sound right. Sorry, love. Would you care to leave your card?"

"No, thank you. We'll try to find him at work."

TIME: 10 Minutes

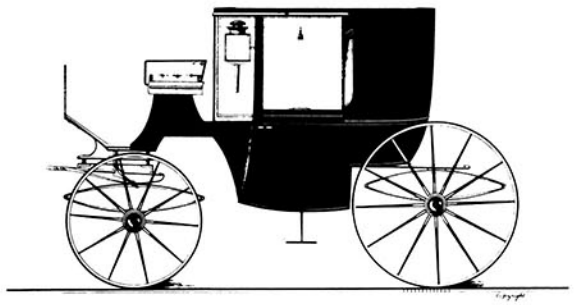
CLUE: 170

CARRIAGE LOG
DATE: *6 September*

TIME	EMBARK	DEBARK
0700	*50 Cadogan-st*	*67 Old Bond-st*
0730	*96 Constitution Hill*	*81 Worship-st*
0750	*79 Theobald's-rd*	*88 Pall Mall*
0800	*67 Old Bond-st*	*Parliament*
0815	*70 N Audley-st*	*40 Bedford-pl*
0820	*47 Aubin-st*	*47 Lower Thames-rd*
0850	*35 Mortimer-st*	*40 Red Cross-st*
0915	*St. James-sq*	*32 Rochester-rd*
0930	*13 George-st*	*15 St. George-st*
1005	*29 Grosvenor-st*	*33 York-st*
1030	*58 Orset-st*	*57 Knightsbridge*
1054	*21 Villiers-st*	*7 Newcomer-st*
1056	*24 Walnut Tree-walk*	*91 Beale-st*
1104	*16 Strand*	*88 Percy-circus*
1110	*79 Shoreditch High-st*	*34 Waterloo-rd*
1140	*63 Shoe-ln*	*88 Tower-st*
1205	*19 Fenchurch-st*	*88 Park-st*
1210	*6 Guilford-st*	*89 Bankside*
1220	*70 Bow-st*	*9 Borough High-st*
1300	*57 Upper Brook-st*	*11 Bath-terr*
1320	*33 Great Wild-st*	*30 Warwick-way*
1340	*37 Newgate-st*	*75 Bloomsbury-way*
1355	*Parliament*	*7 Pall Mall*

1410	7 Pall Mall	6 Carburton
1420	46 Holborn-circus	80 Scrotton-st
1450	19 Vauxhall-st	12 Sandland-st
1510	10 Grey's Inn-st	16 Penton-st
1525	47 Balcombe-st	71 Twining-st
1530	60 Tottenham-ct	84 Union-st
1545	34 Blackfriar's-rd	23 Regency-st
1600	7 Pall Mall	85 Throgmorton-st
1605	15 Hampton-st	220 Glasshouse-st
1620	39 Upper Ground-st	85 Throgmorton-st
1650	85 Throgmorton-st	Russel-sq
1700	63 Half Moon-st	82 Worship-st
1715	85 Throgmorton-st	Oxford Circus
1745	48 Farrington-st	23 Goda-st
1750	55 Walnut Tree-walk	13 George-st
1800	10 Finsbury-pavement	3 Stanhope-st
1815	4 Rivington-st	51 Bahere-st
1820	35 Drury-ln	28 Farm-st
1825	18 Dacre-st	44 Long-ln
1850	11 Eagle-st	79 Page-st
1915	28 St. Georges-rd	42 Baker-st
1945	Oxford Circus	50 Cadogan-st

TIME: 45 Minutes



CLUE: 171

The atmosphere in the office of the late Sir Henry Cole can best be described as somber. The only occupant at the moment is a well-groomed young man of serious mien who sits at the only desk in the outer part of the office suite. He is wearing a black armband, and he looks up as we enter.

Wiggins takes off his hat as he approaches the young man's desk. "Excuse me. I am most sorry to bother you, but we are investigating the death of Sir Henry. Could we ask you a few questions?"

"It is most appalling. We are all still in a state of shock. Why would anyone want to murder Sir Henry?"

"That's what we wanted to ask you."

"I honestly cannot explain it. I have heard rumours of the past personal differences between Sir Henry and Reginald Ormond, but they have worked together on numerous commissions and projects, and I have seen nothing to indicate such a deep-seated animosity."

"Can you tell me about his Wednesday schedule? Did he have an appointment at Mr. Ormond's office?"

"No. As a matter of fact, he did not. He left this office about noon to attend a meeting of the Royal Commission at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese. I understand he never arrived. I don't know what else I can tell you."

TIME: 25 Minutes

CLUE: 172

Mrs. O'Rourke is a solidly built woman with a comely face and light red hair. We are sitting in one of the small rooms the O'Rourkes rent behind the inn. Two small children sit quietly on her lap.

"Someone came by for Josh early Friday morn. Someone he wasn't expecting, I know that, and someone to strike fear in that brave man's heart. That's the last I saw him until I went to Newgate this morning. I know Josh is a rough man, but he's a God-fearing man, and no murderer. He's not had an easy life but he's a good husband to me and a good father to the children."

"Has your husband told you who the murderer is."

"No. He has told me nothing."

"You don't seem too upset about your husband's arrest."

"Tears will not free him. The way to help him is to take care of the children and myself so he won't have those worries. Life's hard, but you have to stand up to it."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 173

"No, we haven't been able to get Mills to tell us a thing. We think he knows the man who attacked him, but he won't tell us who the man was or what was in that bag of his. Knowing Mills' past record, it would be a safe wager that there was something crooked involved."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 174

"No, I'm sorry. Mr. Shank is not in. He's probably at his brewery, or he might be at Parliament or perhaps at Mr. Ormond's office. He has been spending a good deal of time at both places since he was appointed to the Beer Act commission.

"Where is the brewery?"

"Four, Rivington-street."

"Thank you."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 175

"You wish to see Mr. Pike! If you will consult your watch you will see that the sun has not yet started its descent. Mr. Pike does not wish to compete with the sun, so he rises only after the sun has begun its descending arc."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 176

As we pass through the large double-doors that lead into the large auditorium of the Ring we see a big man, with a big, black cigar sticking out of the side of his mouth, standing in the centre of the boxing ring shouting orders to a large number of workmen who are busy setting up bleachers and chairs around the ring.

"Excuse me," says Wiggins to one of the workmen, "can you tell me where I can find Kirk Rudd?"

"Rudd ain't here. He only sets up for Allgood's fights, and this ain't one of Allgood's."

"Any idea where he might be?"

"You might try over at the Amusement Palace on London-road. That's Johnny Allgood's place and Rudd works for him."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 177

"Wiggins! Get into my office. All of you, get in there." This is the greeting we receive as we enter the CID offices of Scotland Yard. "What's going on Wiggins?"

"I don't know what you mean, Inspector?"

"I don't know what you mean, Inspector?" Lestrade catches the essence of Wiggins' tenor voice, but he reverts back to his deep bass as he continues. "Everywhere I go, every case I look into, there you are or there you've been. Now what's the story?"

"Inspector, we have simply been investigating the disappearance of Franklin Kearney which was not an open case for you."

"And still isn't." Insepctor Lestrade settles behind his desk and lights a cigarette. After a couple of deep puffs, which seem to calm him, he continues. "Look, Wiggins, I know that you and Holmes have helped me in the past, and I also know that Holmes has withheld information from the Yard."

"Only when he has had a good reason," replies Wiggins.

"A luxury that I don't have, Wiggins. I am answerable to the law. It is up to the courts to bring about justice. I just bring them the facts. I can't pick and choose my cases. I can't take a week in the country after an exhausting case, which is why I welcome Holmes' help whenever he offers it. I sometimes request it, so I am more than willing to help him when I can, but I expect to be kept informed concerning cases I am working on. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you know about the murder of Lloyd Perkins?"

"No more than what was in the newspaper, but I don't think it was suicide."

"What proof do you have?"

"None that would stand up in court."

"Wiggins!" For a brief moment Lestrade appears on the verge of tears. "Don't you listen to what I say? I need proof, not conjecture. I happen to agree that suicide is unlikely, but I haven't found any information that would indicate otherwise. His boss said that he has been depressed for days over the ending of a love affair, but so far that has led to nothing."

"Who's the woman?"

"No one seems to know."

"Can you tell us anything about the body found in the canal?"

"Gregson is at Bart's looking at the body now. We have some leads on that one."

"Any idea who it is?"

"No, not yet. I've got work to do, Wiggins."

"We'll go then, thanks."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 178

Wiggins knocks at the door and gets no answer. We are in the narrow, dark, dirty hallway of one of the many cheap rooming houses that predominate in this area of Southwark. Wiggins reaches into his inside coat pocket, removes a three-inch wire and bends one end at a ninety-degree angle. He works the wire into the key-hole, and, in less than a minute, the door opens.

We enter a room that is as dark and dirty as the hallway. Against one wall is a small cot. The uncovered mattress is folded over, revealing the bare planks beneath. The only other furnishings are a small wooden table, a chest of drawers and a battered trunk. Wiggins lights the oil-lamp on the table and we can see that everything is covered with dust.

We first turn our attention to the chest of drawers. The first drawer contains a number of shirts. It is a rather odd collection, ranging from cheap work shirts to expensive silks. Two are uniform shirts, one a postman's and the other that of a customs inspector. The next drawer contains the jackets and pants completing the uniforms. The drawer also contains a police constable's uniform. Wiggins points to a hat rack near the door that holds the head gear for the various uniforms.

Wiggins now stoops down and opens the bottom drawer. There is a large bundle wrapped in oil-cloth. Wiggins lays it on the floor and opens it. "Wow," gasps Wiggins as he examines the contents. "There must be every cutting implement ever invented here." There, spread on the floor before us, are knives of every size and shape including scalpels and a whole array of medical instruments. They all shine ominously in the dim glow from the table lamp. "They are well cared-for," observes Wiggins. "Ready for immediate use. I hate to think what that use would be." Wiggins rewraps the sinister bundle and replaces it in the drawer.

We now move our attention to the battered trunk. Wiggins lifts the lid and looks inside. "More oil-cloth bundles," he says. He reaches in, removes one and opens it. It contains a Webley military revolver. He replaces the revolver and removes another bundle. The contents of this one are as sinister as the others. It contains handcuffs, thumb-vices, pliers and other implements whose function we can only imagine. After replacing the package, Wiggins next removes a woman's dress. It is dark blue with white lace trim.

"Look at the sleeves," says Wiggins. "Looks like blood stains, right here around the cuffs."

All that remains in the trunk is a hat box. Wiggins removes it and loosens the straps. He opens it and sighs with relief: it is empty. A closer examination shows the bottom to be soaked with what appears to be blood. Wiggins replaces the hatbox. He closes the trunk, turns off the lamp, and leads us from the room.

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 179

Wiggins' knock on the door elicits no reply. He knocks louder. This causes the door across the hall to open and the head of a middle-aged woman to appear.

"You won't get no answer, love. They left."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Northrup and her children. A Jardine van picked up their trunks yesterday morning. Are you from the police?"

"No. Did she tell where she was going?"

"Overseas. To start a new life. Didn't say where, just paid her due rent and left."

"Do you know her husband?"

"Peter? Yes."

"Have you seen him?"

"No." She looks up and down the hall to make sure that no one else is within earshot. "I think he was here on Monday. I'm not sure, but someone was in her room that she didn't want me to see."

"How did she pay you?"

"She owed five pounds and paid me with a five pound note."

"Has she been short of money since her husband was in prison?"

"No. In fact she seems to have had more money than before. In fact, she loaned me ten pounds a couple of months back when my husband was ill."

"Thank you."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 180

There is no clue for this address on this day.

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 181

"Which day's log do you want to see? To-day's won't be available until tomorrow. Now remember, the driver puts down the closest building to his pick-up and drop-off points. It may not be the destination of the passengers, only the general area that they wanted to go."

Monday, September 3 ..... **CLUE: 154**
Tuesday, September 4 ..... **CLUE: 127**
Wednesday, September 5 ..... **CLUE: 116**
Thursday, September 6 ..... **CLUE: 170**
Friday, September 7 ..... **CLUE: 192**

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 182

Sir Roger Peel's office is lined in dark wood that glows in the sunlight that flows through the ancient windows lining the right-hand wall. Sir Roger is a handsome man in his late fifties. He has wavy grey hair and a well-trimmed moustache of the same colour. He is seated behind a large desk and acknowledges our presence with a nod of his well-manicured head.

"What can I do for you?" Sir Roger asks after we are seated in front of his desk.

"We work for Sherlock Holmes."

"That's quite interesting. I know his brother, Mycroft. We have had occasion to work together a number of times. Remarkable men both, remarkable. How can I be of service?"

"We are investigating a number of things. We are mainly interested at this time, on some background on the Royal Beer Commission and the Balfour Bill for the abolition of alcohol. What do you think of them? What do they mean?"

"You probably don't realize what a big question you are asking. There are questions of politics, economics, law and history involved here, but, as much as it goes against my grain and training, I will try to make my answer short and practical.

"As every Englishman knows, Members of Parliament may use the opportunity afforded them by parliamentary procedure to introduce Bills, most often along lines recommended by Royal Commissions. Royal Commissions are appointed by Parliament and made up of Members and private or public people with expert knowledge of the area under study. The Beer Commissions, for example, was made up of Members as well as people from the industry. As you may or may not know, the Beer Act of 1880 was brought about by the development of the saccharometer. This enabled us to measure the potential of fermentation and to tax accordingly. Fine in theory, but problematical in practice, and those problems have to be solved.

"Now, when we pass a Bill and that Bill then is codified into law, it has a real effect on the industry, in this case the breweries. The thousands of breweries employ tens of thousands of workers. All of these forces have to be looked at when contemplating a Bill.

"Members vote yea or nay on a Bill for many reasons: their personal beliefs, the wants of their constituencies and, all too frequently, I am sorry to say, their political ambition. When Balfour calls for the complete abolition of alcoholic drink, I don't really think that he thinks he will achieve it. I am not sure that he even wants it. It is politically advantageous for him to call for it, but he knows, as I know, that only ten per cent of the Members would vote for it. It is no secret that temperance is good for land values. People will pay much more to live in a community that is alcohol-free and thus free of alcohol-associated problems. Temperance has proved good politics and good business for Balfour, and has served him well, very well indeed."

"What about the murder of Sir Henry Cole?"

"Yes, indeed. What effect is that going to have? I'll tell you one thing that will come out of it. There will be no Beer Act this year, and most likely none the next. This could turn into a scandal. Social, political, who knows what the outcome will be."

"Why —"

"I don't know any whys. But I do know the public will respond in some way to Members killing each other. They expect verbal attacks, but let's not build up their expectations of us killing each other off. The public may look more favourably on that develoment than we like, haha."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 183

Newgate Prison ..... **CLUE: 153**
Edward Hall ..... **CLUE: 118**

CLUE: 184

The townhouse door is answered by a middle-aged manservant whose quick appraisal of us subtly inclines his attitude but not his words. "Good day, sir. How may I help you?"

"We would like to see Sir Vincent Needham. Is he in?" asks Wiggins with hat in hand.

"No, sir. He can usually be found during business hours at his office at the House and Land Investment Trust. I suggest you call there for an appointment if you wish to speak with Sir Vincent."

"Thank you."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 185

The Wormwood Scrubs Cricket Ground shows signs of regular use, but is empty of players at the moment. Chalk lines indicate where the stumps and various creases were drawn for a recent match. However, we can find no evidence of remains of Sunday's bombing. The Wormwood Prison is directly across the street. Gangs of convicts are apparently working on the construction of a new addition to the prison.

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 186

If before 1 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE 207**
If after 1 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE 119**

CLUE: 187

Wiggins persistently works the lion's head door-knocker without apparent success. "Looks like no one's home," he finally concedes as we turn away.

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 188

"These are on me, Wiggins," says Porky as he sets down a glass in front of each of us.

"Thanks," says Wiggins. "I see that you have switched from Charrington beer to Shanks."

"Yes, Shanks made me a better offer. What are you folks up to?"

"We are looking for a missing reporter, Franklin Kearney."

"The sports reporter?"

"You know him?"

"Yes. From years back. He used to drink heavily, but then he took the pledge. Haven't seen him in ages. He's a good friend of Quintin Hogg, you know?"

"Yes, I know. Thanks for the beer," says Wiggins as he downs the remainder of his beer. "Keep your eyes and ears open for any information on Kearney."

"Will do."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 189

"Inspector Lestrade isn't in Wiggins. He's at Lambert's jewelry shop. Edgar Joslin, its owner, has been shot."

"A robbery?"

"Looks that way. Joslin was a known fence — too smart for us ever to get evidence on him, but a fence nevertheless. Lestrade is looking into the possibility of some tie-in with the Balfour heist. There's a lot of pressure on to solve this one. Pearl, the insurance company, is on the phone everyday, as is Mrs. Balfour."

"Sounds like they're keeping you busy."

"That they are, Wiggins. I'm going around in circles on this Cole murder."

"Any sign of Ormond?"

"Not really. A few reports from some Bow-street constables that Ormond has been seen around, but so far nothing has come from them. Keep your ears open for me."

"Of course. By the way, Inspector, can you tell us anything about the death of Vincent Derrick?"

"Vincent Derrick. Derrick, Derrick, the name sounds familiar, but I can't place it."

"Found dead in Queen's Park couple of months ago."

"Right. Coroner ruled the death accidental. We never got involved in the investigation. Check with the Queen's Park police station. Why are you interested?"

"Holmes got a letter from him in to-day's post."

"I don't even want to know about that one, Wiggins. I'll let Holmes handle that. Good luck."

"Thanks, Inspector. You, too."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 190

There is no clue for this address on this day.

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 191

"Sir Wystan is not in at present. He has gone to a meeting of the Parliamentary commission on which he serves, but I am afraid I do not know where that would be or at what time he will return."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 192

CARRIAGE LOG
DATE: *7 September*

TIME	EMBARK	DEBARK
0700	24 Trafalgar-sq	33 York-st
0715	73 Lillington-st	33 Fleet-st
0725	96 Bayswater-rd	18 Leadenhall-st
0745	57 Upper Brook-st	57 Gildspur-st
0805	8 Commercial-st	16 Arundel-st
0815	73 Old-st	17 White Hart-st
0850	34 Bressenden-pl	42 Torrington-pl
0905	37 Buckngham Palace-rd	90 Beak-st
0915	48 Griffith-st	29 Castle-st
0940	31 New Bond-st	37 Griffith-st
0955	67 Old Bond-st	51 Bahere-st
1000	10 Whitehall	47 Aubin-st
1010	79 Union-rd	73 Dantzle-st
1015	41 Gower-st	33 Tower-st
1020	36 Cavendish-sq	54 Gordon-st
1045	15 Hampton-st	18 Strand
1105	77 Devonshire-st	88 St. James-st
1120	15 Wardour-st	27 West-sq
1150	51 Goswell	48 Marylebone-rd
1200	80 Oxford-circus	2 Swinton-st
1210	77 Fanshaw-st	11 Bath-terr
1235	8 Lamb-st	29 Belvedere-rd
1255	74 Moreton-st	61 Curzon-st
1315	61 Sloane-st	19 Eastcheap
1320	41 Fane-st	7 Henry-st
1340	28 Brook-st	43 Torrington-pl
1355	86 Walbrook	86 Grey's Inn-rd
1420	76 Bevenden-st	14 Chancery-ln
1445	47 Franklin's-row	49 Midland-rd
1500	34 Wimpole-st	10 London-rd
1510	25 Wallington-pl	55 Park-ln
1535	51 President-st	61 Albert-st
1550	49 George-st	83 Birdcage-walk
1610	57 Tyers-st	51 Goswell-rd
1630	78 Curtain-rd	90 Waterloo-pl
1645	89 Mincing-ln	13 Victoria Embnkmnt
1705	18 Sancroft-st	47 Rosebury-av
1720	56 Halkin-st	60 St. Cross-st
1740	71 Beech-st	56 Fitzalan-st
1755	21 Jonathan-st	1 St. James-st
1815	8 Lamb's Conduit-st	12 Deverell-st
1840	13 Oxford-st	6 Holywell-row
1850	97 Lamb-st	53 Lambeth-rd
1905	21 Marsham-st	49 Grt. Sutton-st
1920	89 Fenchurch-st	38 Bentick-st
1930	64 Clarges-st	93 St. Martn le Grand
1950	78 Vincent-st	13 New Kent-rd
2000	50 Lever-st	89 Mortimer-st

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 193

"The key you describe sounds like a safe deposit box key."

"Could you tell us if Mr. Donald Mills has a box here?"

"Certainly not, sir. Our relationship with our customers is strictly confidential."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 194

If before noon go to ..... **CLUE: 175**
If after noon go to ..... **CLUE: 36**

CLUE: 195

"Mr. Shank is not in. He can usually be found at his brewery. If he's not there they can probably tell you where he is."

"Where is the brewery?"

"Four, Rivington-street."

"Thank you."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 196

We work our way through the crowd that fills Sir Galahad's in our search for the bar and its keeper. The crowd is made up predominantly of young men. The room is dimly lit by hundreds of small candles, which creates either an eerie or a romantic atmosphere depending on your mood. At the far end of the room is a small stage where a woman is singing 'My Old Man Said Follow the Van' accompanied by a young man at the piano. An enthusiastic audience of young men in front of the stage applauds and cheers for the young woman.

"Wiggins, is that you?"

We look in the direction of the voice and through the dim light we see Langdale Pike waving to us. He is sitting at a small table with one other person. We follow Wiggins through the crowd as he works his way towards Langdale.

"Wiggins, join us. There are chairs enough for you and your friends." We settle in around the small table. "I can guess why you are here."

"What's your guess, Langdale?"

"The death of Lloyd Perkins!"

"Oh, my God," moans Langdale's companion, a young man with longish blond hair, rather pale white skin and blue eyes. Even in the dim light of the candles, we can see that his eyes are blood-shot and somewhat swollen.

"You are right, Langdale," replies Wiggins.

"Of course, of course, Wiggins. And you, my dear boy, are in luck. For this sad creature seated next to me is known as Johnny Apollo, friend, confidant and intimate of the late Lloyd Perkins. As you can see by his swollen cow eyes, he has not taken the loss of Lloyd lightly. Have you Johnny?"

"Leave me alone Langdale!"

"Oh Johnny, Johnny, Johnny. I come to comfort you in your hour of need and what do I get? Abuse. My deep-felt sympathy castigated, flung aside like some unwanted baggage."

"I said, leave me alone. I'm not in the mood for your effete sarcasm, Langdale!" This spark of anger from Johnny ignites an even larger spark of anger from Langdale.

"Listen you jockum-culley!" Langdale's voice goes deeper by two octaves as his well-manicured hand grabs Johnny's upper arm with such force that he is almost pulled from his chair. "Lloyd has been murdered, we all know that, but I want to find out why and I'm finished putting up with your affected sorrow. If you want to be in any shape to find another meal ticket, you'll answer some questions."

Langdale pushes Johnny's arm away with such force that he again almost falls from his chair. We can see in Johnny's face both fear and confusion from Langdale's outburst. His large blue eyes dart from Langdale to us and to the wall of bodies which surround our table.

"No need to even think about leaving, Johnny. Wiggins' hands are even stronger than mine and might be even less discriminating as to where they grab you." Langdale's voice and manner have softened. "Now, why was Lloyd murdered?"

"I don't —"

"Johnny, Johnny, Johnny. You are reinforcing my opinion of your lack of intelligence. There are many people who would be interested in the story I could tell about a young Liverpool youth by the name of John Chevey. It would definitely be lowering my standards to place this story in the press, but —"

"All right, what do you want to know?"

"Well, Wiggins, what is it that you wish to know?" asks Langdale with a satisfied look on his face.

"Do you know who killed Lloyd?"

"No. And that's the truth." This was addressed directly to Langdale. "Lloyd was playing at some type of intrigue. To him it was something of a joke, some type of game. Some game. It cost him his life. I told him, time and time again, that he was out of his class, but, no, he could handle anything. I told him —"

"Stop Johnny," says Langdale. "Just tell us what Lloyd told you. Just give us the facts. We can render our own interpretation."

For the first time since our sitting down Johnny picks up the glass in front of him. He takes a large sip and sets the glass back down. "All I know for a fact is that Lloyd was spying. Spying on his boss. He was working for another man and passing him the information. He was in the middle."

"What is the name of the person he was giving the information to?"

"I don't know. Lloyd said it was better that I didn't know. I did take messages to him for Lloyd, because he and Lloyd were never to be seen together."

"Where did you take these messages?"

"Fifty-one Bahere-street. I would give the message, which was always in code, to the gate guard. That's really all I know."

"What kind of information was he getting?"

"I don't know! I just don't know."

"John. You know more than you are telling us or you wouldn't be so frightened."

"All right! He was working for Moriarty! Now all our lives are in danger. That's all I know. As you said, you can make your own inferences. Now I'm going and don't try to stop me." With this statement Johnny jumps up, moves into the crowd and in a second is lost.

"Quite a show," Wiggins says with a tone of admiration.

"We all have a little bit of the actor in us, Wiggins. We just have to figure out when we are acting and when we are not."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 197

If before 3 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 175**
If after 3 o'clock go to..... **CLUE: 36**

CLUE: 198

"Mr. Clark has just joined one of our week-end retreats. Many of our leading citizens find that a week-end of peace and tranquility enables them to face the world with fresh vision. Their train leaves from Euston Station. You may still have time to get there."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 199

As we walk up to the door of Lloyd Perkins' house we see the all-too-familiar sign:

Premise Sealed
Police Investigation
CID Scotland Yard

"Hey, can't you read?" We turn and see a constable charging up the walkway."

"We want to see Lloyd Perkins."

"Then you better go to the morgue. Perkins was murdered yesterday afternoon." The constable removes a notebook from his back hip-pocket and a pencil from his vest pocket. "Now give me your names for the record. Inspector Lestrade wants to know about anyone who comes here."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 200

As we approach the door to the house on Cavendish-square two large men who had apparently been sitting on the porch stand up and block the door. Wiggins, never one to be intimidated, boldly says, "Is Mr. Dornin in? We'd like to speak with him."

"What's your name?"

"My name's Wiggins. We work for Sherlock Holmes."

"Sorry, mates, your name's not on the list we have, and only the people on this list can go in. You can leave your card if you want. Understand? Now, get moving."

As we start back down the walk one of the men calls after us, "Oh, say, he said we should apologize for any inconvenience."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 201

"Mr. Joslin would be at Lambert's, his jewelry shop."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 202

Parliamentary Directory

William Clark ..... **CLUE: 209**
Sir Henry Cole ..... **CLUE: 171**
Reginald Ormond ..... **CLUE: 167**
Sir Roger Peel ..... **CLUE: 182**
Visitors Gallery ..... **CLUE: 18**

CLUE: 203

Oliver Perkins ..... **CLUE: 89**
Kirk Rudd ..... **CLUE: 176**

CLUE: 204

The butler shows us into the drawing room where we are greeted by a familiar voice. "Hello, Wiggins." The voice is that of Matt Moser. The large private detective is settled in one of the large overstuffed chairs which are scattered in clusters throughout the drawing room. We join Matt in his group of overstuffed chairs.

"What brings you here, Matt?"

"The charming Mrs. Balfour. She's going to tear London apart until she gets her jewels back. I tried to tell her to save her money and let the police handle it. They're the best equipped for this sort of thing. It's my guess that the jewels are long gone from London."

"Why is that?"

"The most logical solution. They will get a higher price elsewhere, and there's less chance of getting caught."

At this point, Mrs. Balfour sweeps into the room. "Thank you for waiting for me. I have decided to take Mr. Moser's advice and let the police handle this matter. My husband agrees that this would be the best course of action. I will be leaving London this evening to spend a week with my family. Now, if you will excuse me, I have much to do to prepare for my departure."

Mrs. Balfour sweeps out of the room before we can respond to her announcement. The butler appears and offers to show us out.

TIME: 25 Minutes

CLUE: 205

"Walking into this place always reminds me where the real power in the Empire lies," says Wiggins, "just in case I ever forget."

The third person we ask directs us to the short, bespectacled blond man who seems to be successfully managing at least half a dozen tasks at once. We are kept waiting while Mr. Lufkin transacts several thousand-pound exchanges, but he finally joins us with his brisk but friendly manner.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, but better you than those deals. A lot of what I do hinges on timing, at least it does if it's to be profitable. So what can I do for you? Frankly, my guess is you're not looking for a place to invest your fortune."

"Your guess is right, of course. We've heard that you are quite knowledgeable in the area of brewery stocks."

"I like to think I'm quite knowledgeable in many areas. And that's certainly one I would like to include, but again, why the interest?"

"To be quite honest with you, Mr. Lufkin, we're trying to find Franklin Kearney. He seems to have been interested in the brewery stocks, and we're simply following all the leads."

"Mr. Kearney spoke with me just last week, asking my opinion of brewery stock investments. He said he was doing some research for an article he was writing. I think the stocks are undervalued and thus a good investment. Not all of them, of course. One must be selective. Selectivity and timing are the secrets of success in all things, not least in the stock market. A lot of the smaller breweries are being bought by some of the larger ones. I think this will benefit both buyer and seller. The brewery stocks are depressed, but at least a couple of big investors agree with my analysis."

"Who do you mean?"

"I've noticed David Sadler making a number of substantial purchases, and Sadler has only one client, Jabez Balfour. I truly treasure life's little jokes. Jabez Balfour, one of London's most prominent advocates of temperance, investing in breweries. Maybe he thinks if it's good enough for Charrington, it's good enough for Balfour."

"You said there are at least two big investors. Who's the other one?"

"That's a puzzler. He obviously doesn't want his identity known, and, at least as far as I'm concerned, he's been successful. I really don't know who it is.

"I do hope that I've been of some assistance to you, but I really must get back to the floor."

"Thank you very much for your valuable time, Mr. Lufkin."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 206

"Mr. Clark left only a moment ago. He had a small bag with him and said he wouldn't be back until Monday."

"Do you know where he went?"

"No. Let me ask Fred, the doorman; he might have heard. Fred, did you hear where Mr. Clark was going?"

"He asked his driver to take him to St. Paul's."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 207

"Mr. Balfour lunches here quite often."

"When was the last time he was here?"

"He had lunch here Monday with a group of his business associates. They used one of our private dining rooms."

"Would you happen to remember who was at that luncheon?"

"No, but Mr. Balfour always leaves a list of his expected guests for me, and only those on the list are allowed upstairs to the private room, and I may still have that list."

"Could we see it?"

"Well...." The maitre d' rubs his chin and looks toward the ceiling. Wiggins reaches into his pocket, removes a pound note and discreetly passes it to him. "I guess it would do no harm to show it to you. I am sure I can count on your discretion?"

"Of course," assures Wiggins.

"The maitre d' checks the large leather-bound reservation book and removes a sheet of paper which he hands to Wiggins. The sheet contains the following list of names:

Sir Miller Brandon
Clive Dornin
Sir Vincent Needham
David Sadler
Johnny Allgood
Reginald Ormond

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 208

"If it's Mister Sadler you be wanting you can stop your knocking, he's not there."

We are inclined to believe the porter as we have already spent several minutes knocking to no avail. "What are his usual office hours?"

"I suppose it depends what you mean by 'usual.' He's not here all that often, not like the other solicitors in the building. If you want to see him, you'll just have to try your luck again."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 209

"Mr. Clark has left for the day. I don't expect him back until Monday."

"Do you know where we can find him?"

"He was going to his club. The Tankerville."

"Thank you."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 210

"The train carrying the men on the St. Paul retreat just left."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 211

After a short wait we are ushered into the private office of Mr. M. Jabez Balfour. The dwarfish man with the satyr's beard sits behind his desk, his three telephones within reach. His attititude does not appear to be as friendly as it was during our initial visit.

"Mr. Wiggins, I understand you have been looking into my affairs. I was not aware that they are your concern."

"Well, sir, as we told you before, we're just trying to locate Franklin Kearney. And we know you're anxious to have your wife's jewels returned, so —"

"Now you listen to me, young man. Kearney's a friend of mine, and I want him found as much as you do. But I can assure you that I know nothing about his disappearance. Furthermore, it could not possibly have anything to do with my business concerns. As for the theft of my wife's jewels, that is a matter for the police. I do not want to take any chances with amateurs bungling the investigation. I don't want to have to ask you again, Mr. Wiggins. Stop meddling in my affairs. Good day."

TIME: 25 Minutes

CLUE: 212

"Oh, it's just terrible, it is. A soul's not safe in London any more."

"Did Mr. Joslin live alone or was he married?"

"A bit of both, you might say."

We wait in vain for further explanation before asking, "What do you mean?"

"Well, now, he is married, but he lives here and Mrs. Joslin, she's been living in Amsterdam these past two years now. But she's been notified about Mr. Joslin being dead, and she's on her way here now. I don't expect she'll stay long, though."

"Could we have a quick look around Mr. Joslin's rooms? We won't disturb anything."

But even Wiggins' estimable charm proves inadequate in this case. "Young man, how can you even suggest such a thing." She gives us one last, slightly withering look before closing the door.

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 213

Guard ..... **CLUE: 48**
Warden ..... **CLUE: 220**

CLUE: 214

"Yes, I am Arnold Shank. Come in. I only have a very few minutes, but I shall be glad to help you if I can."

"We are interested in the Parliamentary commission on the Beer Act. We understand you have taken an active role in the proceedings."

"That I have, sir. But perhaps you could be more specific in your interest."

Wiggins starts to ask about the temperance movement, but he thinks better of it as he remembers the tales we have heard of Mr. Shank's explosive temper. "Well," he begins somewhat tentatively, "what can you tell us about Sir Henry Cole and Reginald Ormond?"

"Astounding that it should come to murder, I should say, although not altogether unexpected."

"What do you mean?"

"Always at each other's throats, those two were. They would argue about anything whether it concerned the commission's business or not. I suppose you know about their confrontation back in the sixties, but I don't mean

to gossip. You want facts, I am sure."

"We were led to understand that you and Mr. Ormond have very different views on the subject of alcohol and its place in society, and that your arguments could become quite belicose."

"Yes, that's true. We do disagree when it comes to alcohol. But there is nothing personal in our arguments. Our arguments relate to politics and to business. I have the utmost respect for Reginald Ormond.

"Now, you really must excuse me, but I am very busy. Good day."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 215

Albert Mackett-Beeson is giving us a guided tour of the Bank of England's underground printing facilities. "As you can see, this area of the Bank is not open to the general public. In fact, it is one of the most secured locations in the world. I am showing it to you in the hope that once Sherlock Holmes realizes how important finding the people behind this counterfeiting scheme is, he will devote his considerable talents to finding the plates."

"Perhaps the plates will never be found."

"Yes, perhaps. Do you know that we have a staff of examiners checking every five-pound note that comes in? As of yet, no counterfeit notes have been found. What worries me most is the paper." Mackett-Beeson stops in front of a stack of paper and holds one up for us to see. The sheet is approximately two-feet by three-feet, and on it are printed three rows of five-pound notes. "When I was first called to the Mint, it was clear at once that the two notes shown me were not printed here. As you can see, all our notes line up perfectly, the two I was shown didn't. Now, the counterfeit engravings are near perfect — we have found only five minor discrepancies — but my main concern is the paper."

"Paper?"

"Yes. The paper we found in Northrup's desk was the best quality counterfeit paper I have seen. It could fool any non-expert. Whoever is behind this must have large sums of money and resources available. I fear there may be a foreign power involved."

"Where does the Bank get its paper?"

"Since 1795 we have gotten our paper from the Bere Mill in Hampshire. There is no question of the integrity of Bere. We have checked."

"We understand that you had Northrup under surveillance before his arrest."

"Yes. That led us nowhere. The only places he went were to work and home. On Sundays he took his family to Hyde-park. Never varied his routine at all."

"We will pass this information on to Holmes," says Maya.

"We could use his help," says Mackett-Beeson as he leads us out of his underground world.

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 216

We have been standing outside 51 Bahere-street for close to an hour when the heavy gates are opened by the team who have been guarding them for as long as we have been watching. After the gates are open a shiny, black brougham with red and yellow pinstriping, pulled by two black horses, drives through and turns right into Central-street and then right again.

After the carriage has turned down Central, the men close the gates and lock them. We can see that the guards remain at their posts.

"Could anyone see who was in the brougham?" asks Wiggins of us.

"No," is the only answer he gets.

TIME: 1 Hour 20 Minutes

CLUE: 217

Vincent Derrick..... **CLUE: 97**
Arnold Shank ..... **CLUE: 214**

CLUE: 218

"Hey! We aren't open yet," yells a young man dressed in a royal blue, velvet suit.

"We just want some information," replies Wiggins.

"We're never open for that."

"Do you know Lloyd Perkins?" asks Wiggins, ignoring the blue boy's reply.

"I hear he's dead."

"Did you know him?"

"Only by sight. He came here quite often. Find Johnny Apollo. He was his constant companion."

"Where can we find him?"

"I don't know. They all show up here sometime," answers the blue boy. "Now get out of here. We have work to do before the bloody crowds arrive."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 219

"He's still not back," says Murray's young assistant. "Should be back any moment."

As if on cue, Murray comes charging through the door, a portfolio held tightly under his right arm. He rushes past us with only a nod.

"Dr. Murray," Wiggins says as Murray hurries by.

"Not now, Wiggins. I just spent most of the day with the Chief Inspector. He demands that something be done about the Jack the Ripper murders. I have to review the files and make sure I didn't miss anything."

"But there have been some murders to-day!"

"I know. I stopped by Bart's and looked at the bodies. Go talk to Meeks. He can tell you all that I know. Now get out of here. I have work to do."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 220

"I have been going through Northrup's effects trying to find some clue that might help us find him," says Sir Basil Thomson, warden of Wormwood Prison. "I've only found one embarrassing piece of evidence."

"What's that?" asks Wiggins.

"A letter from Northrup's wife. I have to read all letters to and from the prisoners. Look at this:"

Dearest,

I hope all is well with you. The children and I are fine. We miss you very much. Your friend James thought you might like to see this poem he is having published on Sunday, the third of September.

We all look forward to the time we can be together again.

Your loving wife,
Stella

The trees, the grass, the open sky,
Seize the moment and away you fly.
Such are the pleasures of an autumn day
Seize the moment while others play.

Birds may fly and dogs may bark
While you enjoy a Sunday lark.
Follow your heart and you'll know the way
Where woods are deep and donkeys bray.

"At the time it all seemed innocent enough, but in the light of last Sunday's events, I can see that this was a message."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 221

Our knocks bring no response. Wiggins tries the knob, but the door is locked.

"Hey, what are you doing?" The cry comes from the end of the hall. "Who are you?"

"We're friends of —"

"Don't give me that rot! He has no friends, and even if he did they wouldn't come here. Now get out of here.'

We take the advice and leave.

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 222

We cannot tell what kind of house is at 51 Bahere-street because it is surrounded by an eight-foot high wall. The only break in this barrier is in the form of a large iron gate topped with sinister-looking spikes. Wiggins pushes on the gate, which remains solidly closed.

"You want something?" booms a loud voice from inside the fortress. We can see a large man and a smaller man, both dressed in black suits and bowler hats. "This is a private residence, now move along."

"Who lives here?" asks Wiggins.

"You taking a census?" asks the little man. The big man thinks this is funny enough to repeat. "Yeah, are you taking a census?"

"We were just curious —"

"Did you ever hear the one about how curiosity killed the cat?" asks the small man. Again, the big man finds this funny enough to repeat. "Yeah, killed the cat."

"We got just the thing for it," says the small man who now whistles shrilly. Within a few seconds three large barking dogs appear and fling themselves at the gate in an effort to get at us. We decide to leave.

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 223

"Yes, I'm Byron Andersen. What can I do for you? asks the elderly gentleman.

"Excuse me," answers Wiggins, "but I think perhaps we have the wrong Byron Anderson. We are looking for the gentleman who plays on the Marylebone Cricket Club team. Perhaps he's a relation?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't know the man, but I can assure you that I am not he."

"Sorry to bother you."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 224

Account Information ..... **CLUE: 1**
Printing Office ..... **CLUE: 215**

CLUE: 225

We push our way through the early evening crowds. There are few women in sight. We make our way to the bar, and finally manage a word with the barman. "We're looking for a friend of Lloyd Perkins."

"Oh, you must mean Johnny Apollo. He's taking Perkins' death pretty hard. Worrying about what will become of himself, I suspect."

"Is Apollo here?" asks Wiggins.

"Don't think I've seen him to-night, but I'm sure he'll be in sometime."

"Thanks." We finish our drinks and decide not to wait for the grieving Apollo.

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 226

Lieutenant Grant Wilson leads us down Water-lane of the Tower towards Bloody Tower. "Yes, I knew Peter Northrup," says Lieutenant Wilson as we walk. "He worked here two or three days a week. He had a small shop in Bloody Tower, where he restored and maintained the Ceremonial Maces. The maces are on display in the Jewel House, which is located in Wakefield Tower, when they are not in use. When Northrup needed to work on a mace, it was brought to him by two guards, who waited until he was done with his work."

We have now reached Bloody Tower, and we follow Lieutenant Wilson up the narrow staircase. One flight up we are shown a small room which is furnished with only a ten-foot work-bench and a wooden stool. There is a small window above the work-bench that looks out on Tower-green. The room is so small that it can accomodate only Lieutenant Wilson and Wiggins. The rest of us have to wait in the corridor.

"Very small," says Wiggins, stating the obvious.

"Yes," says Lieutenant Wilson, confirming the obvious. "Big enough for him to work in. He brought his own tools in a satchel. He only worked on one piece at a time."

"What did you think of his arrest?"

"I was surprised. Did you know he was arrested here?"

"No."

"Yes. He was working on the Mace of the House of Commons when the police came and arrested him. They searched everywhere in this room, which you can see wasn't a large task. They didn't find what they wanted, but they took Northrup away. That was the last I saw him. Would you like to see the Crown Jewels?"

"Yes, we would," replies Wiggins.

We follow the Lieutenant up another flight of stairs and into a round room. In the centre of the room is a seven-foot high, six-sided cage made out of heavy iron bars. Inside the cage are the Crown Jewels. The sight is breath-taking. On the very top of the tiered pedestal sits St. Edward's Crown on a red pillow. Crossed in front of it lie the Royal Sceptres.

"An impressive sight," says Wiggins.

"Here are the Royal Maces." Against one wall, also behind heavy bars, is a row of ornately decorated gold staffs. They start at each end at about three feet in height and grow in size as they move toward the centre. In the very centre of the row is the tallest one, over six feet in height. Its shaft is about three inches in diameter and is topped by a two-foot crown, ten inches in diameter.

"The largest one is The Mace of the House of Commons," states Wilson. "A lot of history in this room."

"And a lot of wealth."

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 227

"Hi, Porky," greets Wiggins as we enter the Raven and Rat. "How are things going?"

"Fine. What can I get you?" Porky's tone seems distant

and cool.

"Pint of stout. Anything wrong?"

"No." Porky moves to the far end of the bar to draw our drinks. After a minute he brings us our pints and leaves to talk to some other customers. Wiggins picks up his glass and notices a small folded piece of paper. He surreptitiously slides it off the bar and places it in his pocket. We down our pints in silence.

"See you later," says Wiggins as we leave. Porky ignores our departure. Once we are on the street and out of sight of the Raven and Rat, Wiggins takes the note from his pocket and reads it to us.

"I can't talk to you now, but you might be interested to know that Moriarty's address is 51 Bahere-street. Talk to you later."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 228

As we move into the dark, dank and dirty interior of the Bar of Gold, we hear behind us an ominous thud, as the inn's heavy wooden doors close behind us. Little of the interior is revealed to us by the dim light that tries to work its way through the dirty glass chimney covers of the oil lamps. We can vaguely make out the bar at the far end of the room and make it our objective.

Wiggins takes the lead as we move across the room, but we are stopped before we can achieve our goal. A large silhouette places itself between Wiggins and our objective. Other silhouettes surround the rest of us.

"What you want, mate?" demands Wiggins' silhouetted obstacle.

"We are looking —"

"You won't find it here!"

"But, we —"

"I said, you won't find it here!" The man grabs Wiggins by his coat and lifts him up off the floor. "I know who you are and what you're looking for and you won't find it, got that?" He drops Wiggins to the floor, pushing him back as he does so. The other men start moving toward us as Wiggins tries to gain his balance. We turn and try to make it to the door, but our way is blocked by more men.

The dim light is bright enough to flash off the knives that now appear in the hands of the men who encircle us. As the circle narrows we find ourselves being forced into a tighter group.

"We're going to make sure that you ask no more questions," says the spokesman for the group. At that moment the door opens and the light from the street floods into the dim room.

"What goes on here?" says the new arrival. All eyes turn towards him.

"It's a constable!" shouts Wiggins in a shaky voice. The knives vanish as fast as they appeared and a path is cleared for us. We waste no time in exiting the Bar of Gold.

Once on the street, we all give a collective sigh of relief. The constable joins us. "What in bloody blazes were you doing in there? Don't you have any common sense? I have enough trouble without having some mindless mugs stirring up these hacksters. Now move along, and don't let me catch you here again."

"But officer, they —"

"Move along, I said. Move along!"

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 229

We have been standing across the street from 51 Bahere-street for close to an hour and nothing has happened. We are about to move on when a short man, about five feet three, dressed in a green and brown checkered jacket, appears. His black cap, from which brown, unkempt hair protrudes, is pulled low over his face.

"Hi, Johnny," says the guard at the gate. "The boss is waiting for you."

The guard pushes the gate open wide enough for the man to enter and then closes it again.

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 230

"This looks like the spot where Toby lost the trail," says Wiggins as he looks at his note-book.

"Looking for something, young fellow?" We turn and see an old man sitting on a small porch of the house on the corner where we are standing. "Looks like you're lost."

"No," says Wiggins. "You wouldn't by any chance have been sitting on your porch Sunday, would you?"

"Sure was. Sit on my porch every day."

"Notice anything unusual?"

"Sure did. A black brougham sat in front of the house for hours. Don't see broughams up here too often. Just sat there while the driver read the paper. Then this railway conductor comes running up and jumps right in. Didn't say a word to the driver, but he puts down the paper and drives away at a goodly clip. That's unusual, ain't it?"

"Seems so. Anything else?"

"An hour or so later, this old man is being pulled down the street by a dog. The dog gets to the spot where you're standing and stops dead — the old man almost tripped over him. The dog sniffs around for a while, then sits and sends up a bloody howling. The old man bends down and starts to talk to the dog. People are sure silly, talking to dogs yet. Dumb beasts, dogs. Don't like 'em. Smelly animals, slobber all over the place. Sh —"

"Anything else, sir? Any idea where the brougham came from?"

"No. It was a fancy one though. Yellow and red pinstriping on the wheels and the door. Two matched black horses. Horses, smelly animals. They —"

"Thank you, sir."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 231

If before 6 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 218**
If after 6 o'clock go to..... **CLUE: 196**

CLUE: 232

We stand just inside the door of the Salvation Army hostel and kitchen while the accumulated poor sing the last bars of "Bringing in the Sheaves" to the accompaniment of a tinny piano. As the indigents line up to have their soup bowls filled, a stout woman in her mid-forties approaches us. She is dressed in her Salvation Army uniform with its sparkling brass buttons which dazzle the eyes."

"Come in, my friends. God welcomes all his children. I am Major Barbara. What can I do for you?"

Wiggins, hat in hand, says, "Perhaps you can help us Major. We are looking for Mr. Franklin Kearney. Perhaps you are acquainted with him. He has been active in the temperance movement for many years."

"I am afraid I do not know him. Do you have reason to believe that he has been here?"

"No, we are just checking out all the possibilities."

"Is there anything else I can do for you?."

"Yes, actually. Would it be possible to speak with Mr. Booth?"

"If he were here he would certainly speak with you, but I am afraid he is not here at the moment and I do not expect him today."

"Thank you."

"Please come again. Lend your voices to sing praises to the Lord."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 233

We have been outside the gate of 51 Bahere-street when a growler pulls up to the impregnable gates.

"Who's there?" calls out one of the guards.

"Arnold Shank to see James Moriarty," responds the driver.

The gates open and the growler vanishes into the well-protected estate as the gates again close.

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 234

"Have you found him? Is he all right?"

"Miss Gardner, calm yourself. We have no news. I'm sorry, but perhaps 'no news is good news.'"

Alice Gardner does not appear to think so, as she appears somewhat crestfallen at our lack of news. However, she quickly regains her composure. "I've been at the new Band of Hope office. I thought the work of unpacking cartons and hanging curtains might help take my mind off worrying about Frank. Tomorrow I plan to call on several confined patients. I just don't understand why I haven't heard from him. I fear the worst."

"We're doing all we can. Please don't give up hope. Mr. Kearney will surely have an explanation when he returns. If you think of anything which might help us or if you have word of him, please let us know. Good day."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 235

We are standing in front of the Bar of Gold. Wiggins has his hand on the door, but before he has a chance to open it, a constable calls to us from across the street.

"Hey, wait!" he calls as he rushes over to join us. "Where do you think you're going?"

"In here," replies Wiggins.

"I wouldn't, if I were you. That's a tough bunch that hangs out there. They don't look like your types."

"But, we want —"

"Look, mates. Don't give me a hard time. I'm just trying to help you. So just move along, won't you?"

We take the constable's advice and move along.

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 236

* If you have not already done so *
please read **CLUE: 248** before proceeding

"What's going on, Wiggins?" exclaims Meeks. "Is there a war going on that I haven't heard about?"

"What do you mean?"

"I've gotten three more bodies. That's five just for today."

"Who did you get?"

"Let's see," says Meeks as he picks up a piece of paper. "Leland Johnson, Dwight Smith and Leo Mills. I think I've found something interesting on Johnson and Mills. Look at this."

Meeks lifts the sheet that covers one of the cadavers and holds up the left hand. "This is Mills. See how the fingers are bent back. They have been broken. All four on the left hand and two on the right for Leo. But, we have the same for Leland," says Meeks as he holds up the right hand of the cadaver on the adjacent table. "Three broken fingers for Leland."

"Looks painful," comments Wiggins.

"It is, and undoubtedly intentional. Leo was the tougher of the two. He held out for six fingers; Leland could only take three. It is my guess they were killed by the same man. Not only do they both have fingers that were intentionally broken, but look at their faces. They both have been badly beaten, and look at these cuts on their cheeks. I would say that the same man worked them over. These cuts are identical. They were probably made by a ring."

"Leland Johnson wasn't killed by the fall?"

"No, he was dead before his defenestration."

"What about Dwight Smith?"

"He was a warehouseman for Fry and Sons. The report says he was asleep behind some boxes when a wagon bumped into them and knocked them over. Mr. Smith never woke up. Killed instantly."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 237

Our surveillance of the mansion has been uneventful for the past hour, but now the gate opens and the large gateman comes out and blows a whistle. A few moments later a hansom pulls up in front of the gate. A man in a brown and green checkered coat and black cap comes through the gate and boards the hansom. We hear the man tell the driver to take him to 33 Tower-street.

TIME: 1 Hour 15 Minutes

CLUE: 238

Yeah, a worker was killed. Dwight Smith was killed when some crates of canned cocoa concentrate fell on him. He was always sneaking off to sleep during working hours. I warned him that there would be dire consequences next time I caught him, but this is a little more dire than what I had in mind."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 239

CLOSED SATURDAY & SUNDAY.

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 240

"What did I say a few days ago? That things were slow?" These rhetorical questions come from Jasper Meeks as we enter his lab. "Well, I could sure use a break now."

"Lord Goodwin?"

"Yes, he and Peter Northrup. Both rather grisly. The bomb didn't leave much of His Lordship and I won't force upon you the gruesome inventory.

"Northrup's remains may be no less gruesome, but the details may be of use to you. He was badly tortured before he was murdered. Look at his fingers. Remember how Mills and Johnson had their fingers broken? Someone bent them back until they snapped. Brutal, but effective. Well, Mr. Northrup's torturer used a little more finesse. Thumb screws. Very, very painful, especially on the joints. He has

a lot of crushed bones. Doesn't look that tough, does he, Wiggins?"

"Depends on what's at stake, I guess."

"Right. Well, Northrup took a lot of abuse, so I guess a great deal was at stake. Look at these cuts. Made by a scalpel. I would recognize that cut anywhere. This person knew what he was doing. These cuts are extremely painful, but not fatal."

"What killed him?"

"He was garroted. I hope you catch this one right away, Wiggins. His work looks all too familiar."

"We'll try."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 241

We have not been outside the walled house very long when the gate opens and a slim man of medium height appears. He has dark hair and a small beard and appears to be in his mid-thirties. He walks the short distance down to Goswell-road where he hails a hansom heading south.

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 242

"Mr. Wiggins, I'm so glad that you and your friends are here. This letter came from Frank." Alice Gardner says as she shows us a letter much like the one which was sent to Baker-street.

"Is this Franklin's handwriting?"

"Yes, it is. There is no doubt that he wrote it. He called me 'Alice My All,' and no one else would have done that. This does give me hope that he's still alive and unharmed, but he must be in some sort of trouble. I think someone has forced him to write it."

"Do you recognize any clues in the letter?"

"Clues?"

"Yes, perhaps some reference to a place or person?"

"No. As you can see for yourself, the letter tells me only that he is out of town and not to worry."

"Perhaps that is the best advice at present."

TIME: 25 Minutes

CLUE: 243

If before noon go to ..... **CLUE: 146**
If before 2 o'clock and after noon go to ... **CLUE: 248**
If after 2 o'clock go to..... **CLUE: 236**

CLUE: 244

"Give us a round, Porky," says Wiggins as we all take a place at the bar. "Any news?"

"Nothing on Kearney," replies Porky as he places drinks in front of us. "But I'll keep asking around."

"Thanks. Have you heard anything about the Balfour jewels?"

"That's the main topic of discussion around here. Everyone is trying to figure out who could have pulled it off. No one has an answer that I've heard. Have you heard of Lenny Woods?"

"Is he the one who pulled the Fanshaw heist?"

"Yes. I think he's still in Millbank, but rumour has it that he's one of the few men who would have the skill for this job."

"But, if he is in prison —"

"He could still have planned it, Wiggins. I'm just telling you what I have heard."

"Oh, I appreciate it, Porky, believe me, I appreciate it," assures Wiggins.

"Have you heard any rumours concerning the Cole murder?"

"Not a word."

"What about Peter Northrup? Any word on him?"

"A few things. He was seen in Southwark Monday. He wasn't alone."

"Who was he with?"

"Don't know. Hear he was in Southwark to see his wife."

"I would think that the police would have her under surveillance?"

"It's not too hard to shake them. You know that."

"Where was he seen?"

"Having tea at the Bridge House Hotel. Pretty brassy, what?"

"Yes, but a hotel is a good meeting spot. Most people are strangers to each other and they don't pry. Anything else?"

"No."

"Give us another round then, Porky, before we hit the dusty streets again," says Wiggins as he lays two bob on the counter.

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 245

"Aaiee." A loud shriek, followed by an equally loud thwack, followed by a cabbage flying through the air — these are the events that greet us as we enter Murray's laboratory. The cabbage lands at Wiggins' feet with a dull thud.

"Wiggins! Bring it to me!" shouts Murray. He is standing behind one of his work tables holding a long sword. His white hair is in its normal state of dishevelment. His wire-framed glasses rest precariously at the end of his nose. He watches over the top of his glasses as Wiggins picks up the cabbage and brings it to him. "Place it on the table. In front of me. That's it. Now stand back."

We do as we are told. Murray steps back from the table a few paces, grabs the sword hilt in both hands, and raises it above his head. He pauses a moment, as if directing his concentration to some inner purpose. Then, with great speed and force, he brings the sword down on the cabbage while giving out another loud shriek. The sword bounces off the cabbage and back above Murray's head, the force of the blow again sending the cabbage into the air. Wiggins quickly moves and catches it before it hits the ground.

Wiggins again places the cabbage on the table and Murray places the sword next to it. He pushes his glasses higher up on his nose and looks closely at the cabbage. "I told you so, Wiggins," he says.

"Told me what, sir?"

"Didn't I tell you?"

"No."

"Oh. I told someone. I think."

"What?"

"That this sword couldn't cut a cabbage."

"Oh." Wiggins looks at the cabbage. "You were right."

Murray walks over to his desk and starts writing. After a few minutes of writing he takes the topmost folder from a stack and starts looking through its contents.

"Dr. Murray."

"Oh, Wiggins. You still here?"

"I need some information on the death of Sir Henry Cole."

"Just as I said."

"You haven't told me anything, sir."

"I told someone. I think. You just saw it."

"Saw what?"

"Saw that the sword could not cut the cabbage! If it could

not cut a cabbage, it could not decapitate a man. The sword was found at the scene of the murder covered with blood, but it is a ceremonial sword, not made to be anything other than decoration. Our criminal class reads too many *Strands* if they think they can fool us by planting such phony evidence as that."

"Interesting."

"That is about all there is. The only other evidence sent to me were the victim's personal effects: a gold watch from Ortner and Houle, a Cox Bank Draft, ten pounds six pence, and an expensive suit from Tetley and Butler. Very good material, Scottish tweed. Good tight weave."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, would you tear off some of those cabbage leaves and feed the guinea-pigs by the window."

"My pleasure, sir."

"Good boy."

TIME: 45 Minutes

CLUE: 246

We are all seated around a table in the dining room of a rather shabby and decaying Bridge House Hotel. Wiggins has been chatting with the young woman who has been waiting on us since our arrival. She is pretty and vibrant, a lovely counterpoint to the dingy surroundings. Wiggins informs her of such.

"Mr. Wiggins, you probably say that to all the girls." She makes no effort to control her giggles.

"You wrong me, Alice. You are the only bright spot in this dismal place, and I insist that you call me Harry." Wiggins smiles at her pleased reaction. "If I had known you were here, I certainly would not have missed my appointment here on Monday. Were you working Monday?"

"Yes. I work every day except Tuesday. I have a great deal of free time on Tuesday."

"We'll have to do something about that," says Wiggins while putting on his most endearing smile.

"Oh, you're such a cad, Mr. Wig— I mean Harry." She returns his smile.

"Maybe you waited on my friends when they were here?"

"If they were here, then I served them. I'm the only waitress."

"There were three of them." Wiggins describes Mrs. Northrup and Peter Northrup as best he can. Do you remember them?"

"Do I ever! Nasty little man. Not the one you described, but the one with him. You could tell that the couple you described were in love and wanted to be alone. In fact, I even heard them say so, but the nasty little man said no, he was going everywhere they went. Don't know why your friend put up with it, like he was a prisoner or something."

"Did you happen to hear what they were talking about?"

"Harry! I don't make it a habit to listen to other people's conversations. What type of girl do you think I am?"

"I know that," says Wiggins as if it were a self-evident truth. "I just thought it might have been slow and you just couldn't have helped hearing something."

"Well, it was slow."

"You see, my friend, Peter, may be in trouble. He is such a nice man, as is his wife, that I want to try to help them. You understand."

"Of course I do." Alice glances around the almost empty room before bending close to Wiggins' ear and continuing her story in a low voice. "That's what I thought. I said to myself, these people are in trouble, and that nasty little man is the cause of it. I heard the woman say that she had missed him so much and she wanted to see him alone. Then the little man said, 'You're not spending any time alone until you tell me what you know.' Well, the other man, your friend, gets really mad and says 'I'm not going to tell you a thing until you meet my demands.' The little man says, 'You're in no position to make demands.' Your friend says, 'I want to talk to the professor.' That's all I heard."

"Why? Did they leave?"

"No, the little man accused me of listening to their conversation and told me to move away or he would beat in my face. Nasty little man. They stayed another hour or so arguing the whole time. Then the two men left together, leaving the woman alone and in tears. I did hear your friend tell her not to worry, but she didn't seem reassured. I asked her if there was anything I could do, but she just ignored me."

"Did you happen to hear where they were going?"

"No."

Wiggins spends another ten minutes talking to the young woman and makes a date to see her Tuesday. He leads us out of the shabby hotel and into the street, and we cannot help but notice the jaunty bounce in his walk.

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 247

Sir Juilius Benedict's butler opens the door, but before we can ask to see Sir Juilius, two large men with the manners and demeanor reminiscent of certain boxers we have encountered in the past push by the decorous butler. "What's your name?" they demand.

"My name is Wiggins. My associates and I —"

"Sorry, mates, there's no 'Wiggins' on this list of mine, and only the people on the list can see his nibs. You'd best be moving along now.

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 248

* If you have not already done so *
please read **CLUE: 146** before proceeding

"Have you examined Lloyd Perkins?"

"Just finished. His death was caused by a gunshot wound to the brain. There were powder burns around the entry. I would say that the gun was within six inches of his head when he was shot. There is nothing else out of the ordinary."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 249

"Wiggins, glad you stopped in. Looks like you're stepping on somebody's toes," says Porky as we enter the Raven and Rat.

"What do you mean?" asks Wiggins as we take our places at the bar.

"I have been warned not to be asking questions."

"About what?"

"That's what I asked. His only answer was that if I didn't ask any questions about things that did not concern me, it would make my life easier and safer."

"Who was he?"

"He's known as Johnny the Jackal. A real bad one, from what I hear. He knows about you. Told me to tell Holmes' little weasel to keep his nose out of other people's business."

"What do you know about Johnny the Jackal?"

"Not much. It's rumoured that he works for Moriarty. I'll tell you, when he threatened me I had little doubt about the sincerity of those threats. He has the hard, cold eyes of a killer. He's not the type to publicize his life story."

"Do you know his real name?"

"No, and I'm not going to try and find out. I'll buy you a pint, but that's all."

"I understand, Porky," says Wiggins.

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 250

Criminal Records ..... **CLUE: 113**
Land Records ..... **CLUE: 150**

CLUE: 251

"Professor Murray is not here," says the young man who is at the sink busily washing test-tubes and flasks. "Won't be back until late this afternoon."

"Do you know where he went?"

"No. One of the Scotland Yard inspectors came this morning and got him. They went off together."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 252

As we enter the antechamber of Sir Miller's office our way is blocked by two very large men.

"We'd like to speak with Sir Miller, if we may," says Wiggins.

"Sir Miller is in a very important meeting and can't be disturbed. What's your name?"

"My name is Wiggins. When do you expect the meeting to be finished?"

The man who has been doing the talking runs his finger down a very short list of names before answering. "I don't see your name on this list, mate. Sir Miller will be busy all day."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 253

"You can usually find Mr. Knox at the Worthingdon Bank where he is the president."

TIME: 5 Minutes

CLUE: 254

Lloyd Perkins ..... **CLUE: 137**
Sporting Times ..... **CLUE: 77**

CLUE: 255

If before noon go to ..... **CLUE: 107**
If after noon go to ..... **CLUE: 188**

CLUE: 256

If before noon go to ..... **CLUE: 245**
If after noon go to ..... **CLUE: 219**

CLUE: 257

The door to Mr. Knox's private offive is closed. The two massive men sitting on either side of the door definitely do not look like bank clerks.

"Mr. Knox is in a very important meeting and can't be disturbed. What's your name?"

"My name is Wiggins. When do you expect the meeting to be finished?"

The man who has been doing the talking runs his finger down a very short list of names before answering. "I don't see your name on this list, mate. Mr. Knox will be busy all day."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 258

"Mr. Clark left yesterday for the week-end. I do not expect him back until Monday."

"Do you know where we can find him?"

"No. I do know he was on his way to the Tankerville Club when he left here, but I know nothing of his week-end plans."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 259

Lloyd Perkins ..... **CLUE: 199**
Sporting Times ..... **CLUE: 77**

CLUE: 260

"Yes, Mr. Clark was here yesterday, but I have not seen him since."

"Do you happen to know where he might have gone when he left here?"

"As a matter of fact, I did hear him mention that he was on his way to the Metropole Hotel."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 261

We are stopped by the concierge as we enter. "You're strangers around here. Who are you looking for?"

"Theodore Simmons," replies Wiggins. "Could you tell us which rooms are his, please?"

"Well, calling him Theodore that way, I'd say you don't know him. Besides, he's not there."

"Do you know when he might be expected back?"

"No. He left with his brother and another man, a real mean-looking bloke, yesterday and hasn't been back since. He's often gone for days at a time. You can never tell."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 262

If before noon go to ..... **CLUE: 251**
If after noon go to ..... **CLUE: 121**

CLUE: 263

"Yes, Francis Baird was here earlier asking just those same questions. Here's what we found. The most likely suspect in terms of both ability and the general facts of the Balfour burglary seems to be Lenny Woods. However, he is currently serving a sentence in Millbank. Miss Baird checked with Warden Devine there, and he assured her that Woods has not been outside those stone walls in quite some time.

"The other people who seemed to interest Miss Baird were Van Dutcher, John Kellogg and Willard Jaffe. She spent some time over the records books, and I have the utmost respect for her thoroughness."

"So do we," says Wiggins. "Thank you for your help."

"You're most welcome. I hope the information proves useful."

TIME: 20 Minutes

CLUE: 264

Parliamentary Directory

William Clark ..... **CLUE: 258**
Sir Henry Cole ..... **CLUE: 171**
Reginald Ormond ..... **CLUE: 167**
Sir Roger Peel ..... **CLUE: 182**
Visitors Gallery ..... **CLUE: 268**

CLUE: 265

"Who are you? What do you want?" A stooped woman with grey hair and a sad, wrinkled face peers at us through the barely opened door.

"We're looking for Rodger Prescott. Is he home?"

"Are you from the police? My Rodger is a good boy. Leave him alone."

"We just want to ask him some questions."

"He's not here. Go away." Her eyes give us one last pleading look before she closes the door. We hear the bolt slide across the latch on the other side of the door."

TIME: 15 Minutes

CLUE: 266

"No, Mr. Clark is not in. He left yesterday and mentioned that he would not be back until Monday. Would you care to leave a message?"

"No, thank you. Do you happen to know where he was going?"

"I am sorry, but he did not say."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 267

If before 11 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 222**
If after 11 o'clock and before 2 o'clock go to **CLUE: 229**
If after 2 o'clock and before 5 o'clock go to **CLUE: 237**
If after 5 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 216**

CLUE: 268

The Visitors Gallery is not overcrowded, and we are able to find seats quite readily. "Excuse me, Miss," says Wiggins to the well-dressed woman sitting next to him. "Do you happen to know who the speaker is?"

"I understand his name is Sir Lyon Playfair, from Leeds." Wiggins is surprised by the young woman's foreign accent.

"Are you from America?" he asks her.

"Yes I am. It is most interesting to hear what your Parliament has to say about McKinley's Tarriffs."

We turn our attention to Sir Lyon.

"Such astonishing experiments in legislation have recently been made in the United States in regard to commerce that they deserve the attention of all interested in the welfare of industry. If they be right in principle, and if they be successful in practice, the whole policy of the United Kingdom is founded on a gigantic error, and must lead to our ruin as an industrial nation. The new tarriff was not framed in any special hostility to England, though this country will suffer most, because it is the greatest industrial nation which has commercial dealings with the United States...."

As Sir Lyon seems to be just beginning a rather lengthy presentation to Parliament we decide to leave.

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 269

"Yes, I'm Nate Jones. Who are you?"

"We work for Sherlock Holmes, and —"

"I got nothin' to say to you. I served my time, and I don't owe nothin' to nobody. Now get out."

As we are leaving, Wiggins remarks, "Pretty brassy, living right across the street from the police station. Maybe he really is clean."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 270

"Mr. Pike is not in at present, much to the disappointment of several young men, I am sure."

"Do you know where we might find him?"

"He often spends his evenings at the Sir Galahad's if he's not at the theatre."

TIME: 10 Minutes

CLUE: 271

Byron Andersen ..... **CLUE: 223**
Sir Galahad's Pub ..... **CLUE: 142**

CLUE: 272

Criminal Records ..... **CLUE: 263**
Land Records ..... **CLUE: 150**

CLUE: 273

If before noon go to ..... **CLUE: 275**
If after noon and before 2 o'clock go to ... **CLUE: 280**
If after 2 o'clock and before 6 o'clock go to **CLUE: 222**
If after 6 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 233**

CLUE: 274

If before noon go to ..... **CLUE: 175**
If after noon and before 3 o'clock go to ... **CLUE: 36**
If after 3 o'clock and before 5 o'clock go to **CLUE: 26**
If after 5 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 270**

CLUE: 275

We have been keeping a diligent watch on the heavily guarded estate for quite some time when the heavy gates swing open and a double brougham drives out. The brougham is black with yellow and red pinstriping and is pulled by two black horses. The carriage turns right and right again at Central-street. Just as we see it turning into Central, another black brougham with yellow and red pinstriping appears from Goswell-road and enters the estate. The gates swiftly close behind it.

TIME: 1 Hour

CLUE: 276

"Yes, I am Louella Karns," says the young woman. She is quite comely, although her eyes are red and swollen from obviously recent tears. "What can I do for you?"

"I am sorry to disturb you," says Wiggins, "but we are investigating the murder of Lloyd Perkins. We understand you knew him."

"Oh, poor Lloyd," she says as fresh tears well up in her eyes. "Come in. I don't know what I can tell you, but I will

certainly help if I can."

"Did you know Mr. Perkins well?" begins Wiggins.

"Yes, he was my half-brother, and we were quite close. I warned him to be careful, that he was playing with fire."

"What do you mean?"

"I just did not like some of the people he was friendly with. And people who play such elaborate pranks must be up to something more than just fun. He assured me that no one would get hurt."

"What kind of prank?"

"Well, it was last Sunday evening. A brougham came by and picked me up. We drove for some time before stopping. I went into the boarding house which Lloyd had described to me and followed his instructions. I went to the room on the second floor and knocked on the door. A man answered, and I asked him if his name was Franklin. When he answered that it was, I told him that Alice had sent me, that she needed to see him right away.

"I know this sounds strange, and I meant no harm, but Lloyd assured me that no one would get hurt, that this man, Franklin, would be glad, in fact. At any rate, he quickly came with me and we got back into the brougham. We then travelled again for quite some time. Finally the carriage stopped. The driver opened the door and told the gentleman to get out. A few minutes later I was dropped off here at my house, with not a word — no 'by your leave' or 'goodnight, miss.'"

"Can you describe the location where Franklin Kearney was dropped off?"

"No, I'm sorry. It was quite dark, and I remained in the carriage. The only thing I can tell you is that we were very near railroad tracks. Do you think this has anything to do with Lloyd's death?"

"I really can't say, but we thank you for your co-operation. Please accept our condolences."

TIME: 30 Minutes

CLUE: 277

If before 11 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 165**
If after 11 o'clock and before 3 o'clock go to **CLUE: 241**
If after 3 o'clock and before 6 o'clock go to **CLUE: 280**
If after 6 o'clock go to..... **CLUE: 222**

CLUE: 278

"Ah, Mr. Wiggins, Mr. Holmes mentioned that you might be dropping by. If you will step this way into the Strangers Room I will let him know that you are here."

A slyly grinning Mycroft Holmes soon joins us. "Wiggins, what brings you and your friends here on such a fine autumn day?" he asks with a twinkle in his eye.

"Everywhere we turn we seem to run into Jabez Balfour and his financial empire. As you are so knowledgeable concerning the affairs of London's business community, we thought you might be able to enlighten us."

"Wiggins, I do believe we could make a diplomat of you yet. Yes, there have been strange and quite disturbing rumblings in recent months. As I am sure you are aware, the economics of the country, of the world even, are all dependent upon a certain degree of mutual trust. The whole system is like a house of cards. If one card falls, the entire house comes crashing down.

"There have been recent rumours of serious structural weaknesses in our financial house. Responsible members of the business and government communities have wisely chosen to keep these rumours from the public as much as possible. A panic could prove the downfall of much more than the government. Millions would suffer.

"We are trying to discover if the rumours are well-founded. If they prove to be, we hope to find the weaknesses and shore up the walls before they fall."

"What does this have to do with Balfour? Are his companies the weak links?"

"That does seem to be one of the questions, doesn't it?"

TIME: 25 Minutes

CLUE: 279

If before 10 o'clock go to ..... **CLUE: 216**
If after 10 o'clock and before 1 o'clock go to **CLUE: 275**
If after 1 o'clock and before 4 o'clock go to **CLUE: 229**
If after 4 o'clock and before 7 o'clock go to **CLUE: 237**
If after 7 o'clock go to..... **CLUE: 280**

CLUE: 280

For the thiry minutes we have been keeping watch outside the seemingly impregnable fortress at 51 Bahere-street, we have seen no one enter or leave. Only one human guard is visible, but three very ferocious-looking dogs are also within sight.

An open Victoria carriage turns into the quiet residential street and stops before the closed gates. The passenger is a young woman, dressed warmly for the brisk autumn day in a sealskin coat. She is apparently a frequent visitor, as the guard opens the gate and doffs his cap while neither the young woman nor the driver says a word.

The guard quickly closes the gate after the carriage has entered. Although we keep watch another hour, neither the carriage nor the young woman reappears.

TIME: 1 Hour 30 Minutes

CLUE: 281

Byron Andersen ..... **CLUE: 223**
Sir Galahad's..... **CLUE: 231**