THE TIN SOLDIER



Case Two

11 June, 1888



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We are at 221B Baker Street when we hear a clamour in the street below followed by the ringing of the front doorbell and then the sound of heavy footfalls on the stairs.

"It seems as if our moment of triumph is to be but short-lived. Come in, Lestrade."

Lestrade timidly peeks in, his face betraying surprise at being recognized before he is seen.

"Really, Holmes!" exclaims Watson. "I suppose you will tell us that Lestrade rings doorbells in a most distinctive way and that you would recognize his footsteps anywhere?"

"No, my dear Watson, not at all." Holmes chuckles. "But since the trip from the front door to ours was made in seconds and was unaccompanied by a warning screech from Mrs. Hudson, it must be presumed she knew the caller. Who else would be in such a hurry and gain immediate entry but Inspector Lestrade with some pressing and professional matter? Besides, while at the window a few moments ago, I glimpsed the Inspector's carriage turning onto Baker Street. Inspector, now that you have regained your breath, how can we be of service to you?"

Lestrade plops down in a chair and gasps out, "General Farnsworth Armstead, one of the six surviving Waterloo Tontine ticket holders, has been murdered."

"Waterloo Tontine?" asks Watson.

"A lottery of sorts. In 1815 the Tontine was set up to aid the veterans of the Battle of Waterloo, Wellington's victory over Napoleon. For a pound one bought a ticket in the name of some young relative – longevity is paramount to winning. The ticket proceeds amounted to over a million pounds, half of which went immediately to veterans and their families for medical and hardship expenses. The remainder went into an account at the Bank of England where it has been collecting interest all these years. The sole surviving ticket holder will claim that prize."

"A king's ransom, certainly!" exclaims Watson. "Who are the surviving ticket holders?"

"The oldest is Captain Robert Juergens, 82. Then Anita and Claire Thomas, twins, 80 years old. William Rowland, aged 79. Peter Dudley, 77. General Armstead was the youngest at 74."

"The Times is sponsoring some big to-do involving the Tontine survivors on the eighteenth," says Holmes.

"That's right. A Waterloo anniversary banquet at the Langham Hotel." "Why is the name Armstead familiar?"

"Perhaps, Watson, you are thinking of the General's book, Treasures of the Conquerors," says Holmes. "He was a noted art collector, I believe."

"Indeed he was, Mr. Holmes," says Lestrade. "He was interested in valuables which at one time belonged to famous military men. The book traced the history of various objects and how they passed from collector to collector. Quite a sensation, it was, if you know what I mean. At the time of his death he was working on a revised edition for his publisher, Norgate and Company. It was to contain an entirely new chapter on a fabulous diamond called the Polar Star, which at one point belonged to Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother. The General had new information which traced the gem to its present owner. What do you think, Holmes?"

"I think, Inspector, that you should tell us the circumstances of the General's death," says Holmes.

"Oh! Ah... at 10 o'clock this morning, the General's valet and former batman, David Sennett, admitted a caller

to the General's study. The caller was an elderly gentleman with a French accent unknown to Sennett. It was all very unusual in that the General never sees anyone in the morning while he is at work. But the gentleman insisted that if the General would read a letter, he would be the exception to that proven rule. And so it was. Sennett took the letter to the General who went very pale when he read it. He told Sennett to let the man in. Sensing something amiss, Sennett dawdled in the area of the study for the next fifteen minutes or so. Suddenly he heard the distinct sound of sword play. He then tried to enter the study but found the door securely locked. As he attempted to force it, he heard the crash of breaking glass. He gave it up and raced to the kitchen and out the back door to enter the study from the garden. The caller had quite vanished by the time he arrived and the General was leaning against a display case of military miniatures, the shattered top of which accounted for the Broken glass. Before Sennett could assist him, he dropped a rapier from his hand and fell over dead."

"I take it," asks Holmes, "that the letter that so upset the General was nowhere to be found."

"Correct, Mr. Holmes."

"Well, Inspector, we shall put our brains and our feet to the task."

"Thank you, Mr. Holmes."



AREA SE

2 SE

Peter Dudley's trade, which he still practices at age 77, is apparent at first sight. The telltale line of grime across his forehead, the black under his fingernails and his costume –long leather apron and leggings – tells us that he is a chimney sweep.

"Now what can I be doin' for ya, Guv?"

We state our business and Dudley invites us into his home.

"I've just come off a job so's I'm a bit mussed. Take a seat. Martha!"

Mrs. Dudley, as frail as her husband is robust, comes in from the other room. On his orders, she goes about serving up refreshments.

"I 'eard about the General. Didn't know 'im o' course. 'Ad no cause to wish 'im 'arm, Tontine or no. But I got to look at it philosophical like. I'm the youngest now, so's I got the best chance o' lastin' the longest."

3 SE

There is quite a hubbub in progress as we enter the Bridge House Hotel. From the murmurings of the crowd in the lobby we quickly gather that a murder has been committed. We recognize Constable Shook at the foot of the main staircase and advance towards him.

"'Ow in the world did you 'ear about it? The body was found only ten minutes ago."

We explain that we just happened to be at the hotel on another errand, to see a Pierre Matin.

"Why, that's the very fellow what was done in!"

We ask him to let us pass and he does so, albeit reluctantly.

"Second floor," he calls after us. "'Ey you! 'Oo said anythin' 'bout you? Back you, an' none o' your lip!"

We make our way through another crowd gathered on the second floor to talk to the policeman at the doorway of room 226. Our luck holds for Wiggins is acquainted with the officer and he lets us enter. We arrive in time to overhear a third officer interrogating the desk clerk.

"He checked into the hotel on the 8th. Uh, he was French. This morning, uh, he brought down two letters to be posted." The proximity of the body is clearly making him nervous.

"Letters to 'oo?"

"I don't know, but he pointed to them and asked where Brick-street and Pont-street were in relation to the hotel."

"'Oo found the body?"

"Uh, I did. I came to deliver a wire."

The constable picks up a telegram lying on the desk.

"Is this the wire?"

At the clerk's nod in the affirmative, the constable scowls at the message. "Umm. It says 'ere, 'Information still valuable. See me. Clive Dornin, Norgate & Co., Publishers.' What information would that be?"

"I have no idea."

"Did you see anyone suspicious 'anging about?"

"Yes, sir, well, no. I mean, uh, a very large man with a foreign accent, Russian, I think, asked for Mr. Matin several hours ago. I told him he was in and to go right up–"

"Oh, did you now?"

"Well, yes, sir. He was very well-dressed and, uh, well-mannered and I didn't think anything of it at the time. It wasn't long before the man came down. He was almost running. I saw him go out the front door and hail a cab."

"A large man, 'uh. Well, from the looks of it this one was strangled and with bare 'ands."

The constable dismisses the clerk and takes a long look at the body of Pierre Matin.

"Too bad the murderer didn't get more of his foot in it," he says, pointing to the overturned inkwell on the floor.

The culprit had evidently stepped in the ink but only with the toe of one foot. The tracks,- such as they are, grow fainter as the murderer neared the door and disappear altogether at the threshold.

"'Ere, what's this?" says the constable rummaging through the dead man's belongings.

He shows a passport in the name of "André Matin."

4 SE

We catch up with Booth Lacey doing his one-legged, one-armed, one-eyed old tar act at London Bridge Station. Just as we did in front of the Red Boar, people approach him, shudder slightly and drop a coin in his pail. So piteous is his look and voice, they almost queue up to pass his way.

Wiggins sidles over to him and whispers something in his ear. Lacey's one uncovered eye widens in fear. As Wiggins takes him by the arm to lead him away, Lacey quickly ad-libs for the benefit of the crowd of donors.

"Take me 'ome to supper, sir! Why it's a saint you are. Oh, I don't know as 'ow I can repay you, truly I

don't." They vanish behind a pillar and we follow.

"You wouldn't a' done that to me, would you, mate? Tell on me in front of these folks?"

"All it would take would be to spin you around and show them the straps that tie up your leg and arm."

"They'd a killed me for sure."

"Very likely. Now I suppose you know that General Armstead is dead."

"Who's he?"

"Lacey," says Wiggins with the hint of a threat in his voice.

"Alright, alright. Yes, I heard."

"Where were you at 10 o'clock this morning?" "I, uh... I was at St. Mary's."

"You! At church!"

"I swear it. They hand out soup and bread every morning at 9:30. I'm always there. The father'll vouch for me."

"We'll ask."

"You do that."

"Oh, and Lacey," says Wiggins, retrieving the coins that we put in at the Red Boar, "you better take up a new line of work, if you know what's good for you."

23 SE

Booth Lacey's landlady strongly suspects that we are creditors.

"'E ain't 'ere. And you'll 'ave to wait your turn anyways." When we make it clear that we want Lacey for something other than bill collecting, she tells us readily enough that we can probably find him at the Red Boar Inn.

"'E'll be 'atchin' up some scheme or other, that's for sure. I only put up with 'im for one reason. 'Is uncle. Don't you know who 'is uncle is? Why it's Cap'n Juergens, one of the ones whose got 'im a ticket in the Tontine. Booth is always playin' up to 'im. That's 'is biggest scheme, right 'nough."

31 SE

Lloyd Shoemaker shows us his humble flat. It is evident that it has been a long time since he enjoyed an audience of any sort and so he is quite pleased with our company.

"Langdale Pike told us you might be able to help us."

At the mention of Pike's name, Shoemaker's thin lips tighten and his eyes take on a hard and hostile look. It is a minute reaction but it is enough for us to infer that the transition from Shoemaker to Pike as gossip-monger extraordinaire was not a pleasant one, at least so far as Shoemaker was concerned.

"And how is Langdale these days?" he asks, his tune of voice clearly indicating a hope that our answer will contain some news of a terminal disease.

"Oh, he's fine," says Wiggins, to Shoemaker's profound disappointment.

"We wondered if you might search your memory and tell us a little bit about General Farnsworth Armstead and the circumstances of his marriage to Mary Fitch."

"I can do better than that." So saying, he opens a curtain to reveal a small cubicle. In it are stacked wooden boxes which contain papers, memorabilia, letters and newspaper clippings. He rummages about a moment or two and comes out with a thick file. As he looks through it, scattering dust hither and yon, he speaks.

"As I remember it, Lord Fitch was in a dither to marry off his daughter, 'auction off' might be more appropriate phrasing. I don't really know how Captain Armstead entered the picture. Suffice it to say that despite a reputation as a profligate of profound proportions, Armstead's career prospects were bright and that seemed to be enough of a recommendation for Lord Fitch. The girl's brother was very much opposed to the match and did everything he could to break it up.

"Soon after the engagement was announced, Armstead went on a tour of duty in France. It was then that the brother came to me with some information of an affair with a young French girl, as reported to him by friends on the Continent ...ah! Here it is."

He shows us an old letter addressed to Malcolm Fitch.

"As you can see, the letter contains nothing beyond the hints and rumours of scandal, no names. I made my own enquiries and found out that the French girl's family name was Arneau and, further, that the girl was pregnant. When I took this information to the papers, they refused to publish it. Evidently, Lord Fitch had been there before me."

"Thank you, Mr. Shoemaker."

34 SE

In front of the Red Boar Inn we pass a wretched creature with but one arm, one leg and one eye.

:Elp an ol' salt spend 'is remainin' days ashore in some comfort ...I thankee, sirs, I thankee very much. The clink o' coins in me pail does me 'eart a world o' good."

Inside, we ask the barman if he's seen Booth Lacey around.

"Not today."

"Well, in any case, here's a couple of shillings, why don't you stand the old sailor out front a pint and some food," says Wiggins.

"Old sailor? One-eyed, one-legged, one-armed?" he asks warily.

When Wiggins nods yes, the barman races from behind the bar and heads for the door, cursing.

"Gone, an 'e better be," says the barman, returning.

We don't know what to make of such callous behaviour and Wiggins is about to say something when the barman speaks first.

"One-eyed, one-legged, one-armed, my arse! Why that was Lacey and 'e 'as all 'is parts, same as you or me!" "You mean it was an act, a disguise?"

"'Course it was. 'E's probably down to the London Bridge Station tryin' it out on more unsuspectin' folks."



AREA SW

2 SW

We catch Langdale Pike in a quiet moment at the Societies Club. That is to say, there are no hangers-on when we enter. That being the case, Pike is more than happy to expound to us.

"The good General married into a considerable fortune when he took Lord Fitch's spinster daughter Mary off his hands. Mary's brother, the present Lord Fitch, was against the marriage from the beginning and there is still considerable friction between him and the General. It's amusing to think that they are in business together. You see, Mary possessed many stocks in common with her brother. When she died they all went to the General. Armstead and Lord Fitch were locked in each others' embrace, in a business sense. Ah, the vagaries of life.

"The General's claims to fame are his own art collection, made possible by Mary's money, and his book which exposed to the public's eye various other art collectors, most of whom would rather not have been so exposed.

"His book caused quite a stir, let me tell you. Not all the collectors mentioned came by their booty by fair means. Carson Cabot, a gem collector of some note, once accosted Armstead because the book called into question the means that Cabot used to acquire a ruby that was once owned by Catherine the Great. I wouldn't at all be surprised if Cabot had in his possession the Polar Star, the centrepiece of the General's 'revised edition.'"

"Getting back to the General's marriage, do you know why Malcolm Fitch was against it?"

"I believe it had something to do with the General's reputation with the ladies. My understanding is that he was a bit wild in his younger days. Of course, that was many years ago and I know none of the details. If you're interested, you might check with my illustrious predecessor, Lloyd Shoemaker."

We thank Pike and take our leave.

5 SW

Lomax answers our questions effortlessly. "Tontine comes from the name of Lorenzo Tonti, the Neopolitan banker who introduced the system into France in the seventeenth century. The battle of Waterloo took place on June 18th, 1815. It is so named because it took place near the town of Waterloo, in Belgium. The combined British and Prussian forces routed Napoleon's army. It proved to be his final and worst defeat."

8 SW

We wait patiently in the Strangers' Room for Mycroft Holmes to make his appearance. He arrives, squeezes through the door, and takes his seat across from us. We explain our reason for being there. "Ah yes – a fascinating little case. It contains a twist on the old theme of killing someone for his money, because in this case the victim would only become wealthy by surviving. If the killer killed him for his money, then he was defeating his own purpose. No, the motive undoubtedly lies outside the realm of financial matters. I am sure of it."

13 SW

Inspector Lestrade gives us a cold stare. "Do you people have nothing better to do with your time than to interfere in police matters? Well, don't waste your time with this one, because we have the matter under control. We have compiled a list of suspects. We will ask them one by one for alibis, and the one unable to supply one is our killer. Quite scientific if you ask me." There is an uncomfortable pause. Lestrade answers our question before we can embarrass ourselves by asking it. "And no, you cannot see the list of suspects. Now, off with you."

After we have left, Wiggins asks us, "Why is he so uncooperative after he has asked Holmes for help?"

"Lestrade is a very moody man. And besides, we are not Holmes. To Lestrade, we are still street urchins."

22 SW

As we quietly slip into H.R. Murray's laboratory, we are surprised to see him in imaginary swordplay with a file cabinet. Rapier in hand, he is parrying and thrusting with amazing deftness; the file cabinet seems indifferent. Only after he has managed to knock a small vial to the floor and overturn a chair does he notice us. He blushes. "I was quite a swordsman in my day," he says, trying to regain his air of authority. "And, you see, being so out of practice and, uh, having such a fine rapier in my hands, the old feeling, well, you must understand."

Wiggins laughs. "We won't report you – don't worry. I must say though – you are quite agile for someone your age."

Murray sticks out his chin and tries to slick back his uncontrollable white hair. "I'm not that old," he says defensively.

Wiggins again has a hearty laugh and finally comes to the point. "We're here regarding the Armstead case. I take it this is the rapier he had in his hand at the time of his death?"

"Yes, indeed it is," Murray says, holding it up for our inspection. "A fine French rapier, at least 70 years old. Unfortunately it yielded very little evidence. The top half had traces of dust all along it, indicating that it had been unused for quite some time. The grip was still moist with sweat. I noticed something on the tip here," he says, accidentally pricking his finger on the sharp point, "that, under closer inspection turned out to be fresh blood. It was only a tiny amount – he must have merely scratched his opponent. And that, Waggins, is the only information to be garnered from this beautiful ...piece...," he again starts in to mock swordplay, "of ... craftsmanship. Guarde!"

Wiggins, dodging the thrusts on his way to the door cries out, "That's Wiggins, sir. Wiggins."

39 SW

"I admit to having had a strong dislike for Armstead," says Lord Fitch. "He was a cad and a bounder who made my sister's life miserable. I argued at length with my father against the marriage but to no avail. Unfortunately, Mary was not the attractive sort who had suitors by the score; far from it. She was in real danger, as my father put it, of advancing rapidly into spinsterhood, unless he did something about it. And so their engagement was arranged just before Armstead was sent on a military mission to France. During that year, I continued to argue against the marriage. I had made several friends on my tour of the Continent and I asked them to forward any information they might have on Armstead's unsavoury activities. They regularly sent back word of his riotous living, his drinking and womanizing and such. Finally, there was some scandal or mile involving a young French girl of good family. But even with this documentation, my father would not dissolve the betrothal. I even went so far as to give the story to the newspapers, hoping to create an untenable situation for everyone involved, but my father got wind of it and used his influence to stop publication.

"You must understand, I considered that whatever hurt I was doing my sister in the publishing of such a scandal was the lesser of evils in the long run. At the time I was sure the marriage was a mistake and so it proved to be."

"May we ask why you did not keep your appointment with the General this morning?"

"My wife took suddenly ill. I summoned Dr. Ainstree and waited until his arrival at around 10 o'clock."

"Thank you, Lord Fitch, for your time."

53 SW

We are greeted at the door of Mr. Cabot's home by his butler, Harrison, a thin wisp of a man with frightened eyes. He holds in his hand a boot and a cleaning rag.

Carson Cabot receives us in his study. He is dressed in a well-cut, expensive suit. In fact, everything about him and his home is expensive. A large man, he sits behind his desk, leaning with his elbows upon it, giving us a hard stare over the tops of two meaty hands clasped under his chin. As we approach, he suddenly breaks his pose and takes an envelope from the top of his desk and stuffs it away in a drawer.

"What can I do for you gentlemen?"

We explain the nature of our enquiry and ask where he has been all morning.

"Harrison, tell these people that I've been home morning."

"Yes, sir... Mr. Cabot has been home all morning."

"There, you see," Cabot says, rising and starting to come from behind the desk. His eyes suddenly flick toward his feet and he stops his forward motion. He retreats back behind the desk and says, "Harrison, show them out."

Once outside Wiggins asks if we noticed Cabot's abrupt turnabout as he started to come from behind the desk.

"I think I know why he stopped," says Wiggins. "The man was fully dressed and yet he was wearing bedroom slippers."

54 SW

Hoping that someone at the Russian Embassy can help us, we ask if any Russian Nationals have come to London in the past few days.

We are told that Count Rostov arrived on the 8th and that he is staying at De Keyser's Royal Hotel.

59 SW

A spritely, silver-haired gentleman meets us in the Embassy waiting room and introduces himself as Jean Paul Gerade. He leads us to a small office where we can have our conversation in privacy.

"M'sieur," we begin, "you knew General Armstead from his tour of duty at the Ecole Militaire, did you not?"

"Yes, the General, he was but a captain at the time, was one of a group of English officers sent to our war college. We, in turn, sent a number of French officers to your war college at Sandhurst. I was assigned to be the General's guide, as it were, during his stay. We were quartered together and were constantly in each other's company for an entire year. In such a situation, people emerge as either the worst of enemies or the best of friends. Happily, the latter was true in our case."

"Would you describe the General as he was at that time?"

"The General was quite a dashing fellow. I would say that, when on duty, there was no more dedicated officer in the English Army – his knowledge of military history was astounding. But off duty, well, that was another matter entirely." He breaks into a broad grin. "I'm afraid the General was quite a devotee of `Wine, Women and Song,' although not by any means in that order. I was quite amazed at, shall we say, his stamina. I, a Frenchman, could not keep up with him. When I complained that he was putting me and my countrymen to shame in matters of love, he laughed and said that it was because we did not have a 'Horse-face' to spur us on. You see, just before the General left England, he had become engaged to a Mary Fitch, later Mrs. Armstead. On her he had conferred the unfortunate sobriquet 'Horse-face.' It was a marriage of convenience only. It would provide the General with social position and a significant increase in wealth. He looked on his stay in France as a last fling before the marriage knot was tied, 'around his neck' was the way he phrased it."

"So there was no particular woman in the General's life at that time?"

"Curiously, there was someone, although I never learned her name. `My little flower,' he called her. I remember one morning, actually it was the middle of the night, near the end of his tour of duty, when the General awakened me. It was obvious that he had not been to bed and he was slightly inebriated. He wanted me to rise and sortie with him out into the country. I told him to get some sleep, morning call was only an hour or so away. With my rebuff, he settled down on his bed and rambled on somewhat cryptically about promises that must be kept and promises that couldn't be. Finally he slumped back on the bed and sighed, `My little flower.' I shah never forget the depth of that sigh – `Ma fleurette,' he said."

"Have you seen the General of ten over the years?"

"No, not at all, in fact. Our friendship has been entirely maintained by correspondence. Last week, when I arrived in London, we had supper at Rule's and then wen to see the French actor Phillip Arneau perform. The General commented that my presence next to him while French was being spoken from the stage reminded him of the old days. It was, in fact, the first

time in almost forty years that we had actually been in each other's presence."

"Your visit went well?"

"Oh, exceedingly. The General was in excellent spirits." "Was there anything in particular on his mind? Did he seem worried?"

"No, not at ail. He joked at length about the upcoming Tontine celebration at the Langham. Alas, he even predicted that he would certainly outlast the other ticket-holders and win. He was also very enthusiastic about the new information concerning the Polar Star. He was to meet someone this week, a countryman of mine, if I'm not mistaken, who was to give him that information. If anything, he was looking forward to that meeting."

"What business did his appointment with you this afternoon involve?"

"The business of two old friends simply getting together to dine and chat. It is hard for me to believe that my good friend is gone."



AREA NW

4 NW

The Thomas sisters, Anita and Claire, greet us at their home with warm smiles. They are sweet and bright and as alike as two peas in a pod.

"Oh, please, please come–"

"In and take a chair. We get visitors so–"

"Seldom."

We feel like we are watching a tennis match. We take the offered seats, chit-chat for a few minutes more and then finally explain the reason for our visit and ask our questions.

"Did you know General Farnsworth Armstead?" "We suppose that he was at the last anniversary –" "Banquet, but we don't believe we ever–"

"Met him. We're so sorry to hear of–"

"His death. It is such a pity."

"What would you do with the Tontine money?" "We have no living relatives so there is no one–"

"To share it with should we win. We need very little to–" "Get by on. Undoubtedly we would give it–"

"To the Audubon Society."

We pass a few more pleasant moments with them, declining their kind offer of elderberry wine, and leave.

7 NW

We arrive at the Cobbett home and are shown into a sitting room to await Jenny Cobbett.

"How can I be of help to you?" she says as she sweeps into the room.

She is a charming lady in her late forties, dressed in a very simple but elegant taffeta dress. Even before we answer her question with questions of our own, she has the servants offering us refreshments.

Trying to balance a piece of cake in one hand and a cup of tea in the other, Wiggins comments on the beauty of the porcelain collection in a glass cabinet.

"My husband is a man of very refined tastes. He insists on surrounding himself with beautiful, delicate things. As soon as he finishes his morning's work, he will join us."

"Work?"

"Wentworth is a poet, quite literally. He works at his art every day from 10 until 1 in the afternoon. He never misses a day. If the world came to an end at noon, Wentworth would not know about it until 1."

As she speaks, a magnificent grandfather dock strikes. It is less than hall a minute before Wentworth Cobbett exits his study and joins us. He attends to his

wife with a kiss on the cheek and then puts himself at our service.

"Did you know General Armstead?"

"Isn't he one of the Tontine ticket-holders?"

"Yes, he was. He was murdered this morning."

"That's terrible."

"It does put your father-in-law that much closer to winning."

"A ghastly thought, wouldn't you say. To rejoice in the untimely death of another for one's gain? 'Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee.'"

11 NW

We arrive at the Princess Theatre where Vive l'Empereur, a biographical play on the lite of Napoleon, is being performed by the French Company Arneau. The play has been a great success during its limited engagement in London and there is a long line of people trying to obtain tickets for the last two performances before the company returns to France.

We make our way backstage to meet the company manager, Gervais Arneau, the uncle of the leading actor and founder of the troupe, Phillip Arneau. He is a short, stout man in his mid-fifties, given to extravagant gestures to express a passionate personality. He is very proud of his nephew and fairly bubbles over in praise of his ability.

"Ah, but you must see Phillip perform! He is a magician, a wonder! The breadth of his talent is truly magnifique! He manages to portray the Emperor Napoleon from the age of 26 to his last days on the island of St. Helena! You would swear five different actors play the part, but no, it is only Phillip, aging before your eyes!"

As he speaks, he leads us down the corridor to Phillip's dressing room.

"Of course, years of training and practice go into the making of such an artist. But at age 48, Phillip is the toast of the Continent!"

"M'sieur Arneau is 48 and you are his uncle?"

"Ha, ha. I am but eight years older than Phillip but I assure you that I am his uncle. It seems that the Arneau family has a history of late arrivals. Phillip's father was twenty-three years older than myself and Phillip's poor sister," he points to the daguerreotype of a young woman, "was eleven years older than he."

Next to the portrait of the sister is another of an older woman. Each has a black ribbon draped diagonally across its top right-hand corner.

"Yes, they are both dead. The sister, many, many years ago under very tragic circumstances. Phillip's mother had to be put into an asylum – she just couldn't accept her daughter's death. We received word from the asylum only last week that she too had passed away. It upset Phillip very much, resurrected old ghosts, you might say. And his performance suffered. But he has recovered completely. I have never seen him more brilliant than he was last night. You must see him perform, you must! In fact, if you will wait here, I will arrange for tickets."

"Can you tell us where Phillip Arneau was this morning?"

Monsieur Arneau gives us a puzzled look but answers, "He was at the National Gallery. But why do you ask?"

Just then two workmen carry a trunk into the dressing room. Monsieur Arneau throws his bands in the air and exclaims, "No, no, mes amis! That trunk should go to the company lodgings at the Grand Hotel!"

He turns back to us and shrugs as if to say, 'What is one to do?' Then he says, "Wait and I will get the tickets."

During the entire interview we have never stated our purpose. Feeling somewhat guilty that we have obtained information under false pretences, we decide that the better part of valour would be to leave before Monsieur Arneau returns.

18 NW

Sam Parsons whispers that he has not heard from "You know who," in a week.

24 NW

At Dr. Ainstree's residence, we find the door closed. A plaque indicates: "Dr. Ainstree: Consultations from Tuesday to Saturday 10h00 am to 5h00 pm at 32, Great Wild Street, WC.

26 NW

"Do you think he will like it?" asks Mrs. Guilfoyle. Wiggins handles the meerschaum pipe gingerly and answers in the affirmative.

"I do hope so. Marshall is so particular about his pipes, but it is our tenth anniversary and I wanted to get him something special."

27 NW

At the Armstead home we find that the police have cordoned off the premises and it is only after mentioning Inspector Lestrade's name in a loud and indignant tone

that we are able to gain admittance.

We pass into a large foyer which houses some of the General's art collection. On one pedestal is an alabaster vase. A card states that it once belonged to Alexander the Great, given to him in tribute by an Egyptian prince. In a glass-enclosed niche is a jade necklace once owned by Augustus Caesar's wife Livia. In all there are some fifteen objects in the foyer, none of which appears to have been disturbed.

At the study door we are met by the General's valet and former batman, David Sennett. We judge him to be the General's contemporary, that is, in his seventies, more by his white hair and weathered face than by any deterioration of his physique. He is, in fact, slim and athletically built – one has no problem imagining that his uniform of forty years ago still fits him perfectly. Ramrod stiff, only his eyes betray any emotion and they are quite red as if from weeping. He readily agrees to conduct us on a tour of the premises.

The study is a very large room devoid of furniture save for the desk at the opposite end of the room. To our right, between two bookcases, is a glass-enclosed display, the top of which has been shattered. In the glass case is a diorama of some two hundred military figurines. Hanging on the wall above are flags, sabres, a hussar's pelisse and other military equipage.

"The General called this his 'Waterloo Wall,'" explains Sennett. "These are mementos of that great battle. And, of course, the Tontine ticket."

The ticket, a large certificate really, is framed and hanging at about eye level among the other paraphernalia.

"This is where I found the General," says Sennett. "Leaning over the diorama. He must have smashed the glass with the pommel of his rapier."

"What does the diorama represent?"

"It is a depiction of the last great British charge which swept the French from the field at Waterloo. The 'Iron Duke,' as the Duke of Wellington was called, is waving his hat to signal the advance. Here now!"

Sennett points to the figure representing Wellington. While all the other figures are advancing towards the viewer, the figure of Wellington is turned around in the opposite direction, that is to say, facing the wall.

"How strange!" says Sennett. He is about to set it right when we caution him that nothing in the room should be touched until the police investigation is completed.

On the wall opposite the 'Waterloo Wall' are hung two crossed cavalry pennants. Above them, some ten feet up the wall, is a single rapier. There is a dust pattern on the wall which crosses it, indicating a missing twin.

"It was the rapier that the General had," explains Sennett.

A chair, normally placed by the desk for the use of visitors, has been moved against the wall under the rapier. Faint footprints soil the fabric of the seat.

Several handwritten pages, which represented the revisions of his book Treasures of the Conquerors, are strewn on the top of the General's desk. Sennett tells us that the General was working on it when the visitor arrived. These particular pages deal with the history of the gem the Polar Star. It traces its ownership from Napoleon's brother up to a Russian, Count Rostov, who acquired it in the year 1872 and from whom it was stolen in 1887. Next to the manuscript is a letter from Pierre Matin. It simply states that he is prepared to divulge the name of the present owner of the gem for the agreed-upon fee. Information and money, are to be traded at the Bridge House Hotel at 10 a.m. on the 12th.

Also of interest is a notation in the General's appointment Book for the day of the murder – 1 pm, French Embassy.'

"The General was to meet with an old friend, Jean Paul Gerade," says Sennett. "M'sieur Gerade was an instructor at the Ecole Militaire when the General was sent to France in '48.'

"Were you with the General in France?"

"Oh, yes. I've been with the General almost 45 years." Finally, there is a small, framed photograph of a stern-looking woman.

"That's the late Mrs. Armstead," says Sennett.

We detect a note of hostility in Sennett's tone and enquire about it.

"Well, sir, you might say that Mrs. Armstead and I never quite got on. You might say that Mrs. Armstead did not get on with anyone, including the General."

"Theirs was not a love match?"

"No, sir. Lord Fitch was in danger of having a spinster daughter on his hands and the General, well sir, he saw it as a way of social and career advancement. It was an arrangement, nothing more."

"But surely something between them must have developed? Why else would the General keep her picture on his desk?"

"Actually, it was placed there to tweak Mrs. Armstead's brother, the present Lord Fitch. You see, a good deal of Mrs. Armstead's wealth, and so the General's, was in stock in various companies. Her brother also

holds stock in those companies. Whether they liked it or not, and believe me they did not, Lord Fitch and the General were in business together. Lord Fitch was to see the General this morning, but he never arrived. Normally the picture resides in the lower left hand drawer."

"Going back to this morning – would you describe the caller for us?"

"He was a short, old man. He wore a black cape and carried a carpetbag. Oh, and he walked with a cane."

"He didn't give a name?"

"No, he simply asked to see the General and presented a letter which he intimated that the General would want to see."

"You didn't see the contents of the letter?"

"No, but the envelope was yellowed with age and it was addressed in a very graceful hand to 'Captain Armstead - 12th Hussars,' the General's old regiment. When he read it, he went very pale. Then in a subdued voice, he asked me to admit the gentleman."

"When you finally got into the room, through these garden doors, the study door was still locked, correct?"
"Yes, that's right."

"The garden is surrounded by an 8-foot wall and the only way into or out of the garden is through the house, correct?"

"Yes, either through the kitchen door or through these doors."

We thank him and leave.

33 NW

Chester Palmer is a thin man, of roughly sixty-odd years, but whose eyes gleam with an unbridled energy. When we let him know that we're visiting him regarding his article in today's Times, a hint of wariness clouds his face.

"You're not from the Armstead Foundation, I hope. Because if it's the case, you can get out of here this instant. The paper I've submitted is authentic, my sister Laura and myself have kept it carefully until today."

"The Armstead Foundation? No, we're investigating the murder of General Armstead himself. Did you know him?"

"I've never met the General himself, but I've recently had to deal with the so-called historians who lead his foundation. During a conference last month, they claimed that the Duke of Wellington was born in Dublin, and mocked me when I dared claim otherwise. They're in a tight spot now."

34 NW

Clive Dornin's landlady tells us that he is not at home. "You'll find him at Norgate & Company."

36 NW

As we enter the office of Marshall Guilfoyle, manager of the Langham Hotel, he is busy gift-wrapping a tiny package. He asks us to take a seat and wait for him to finish.

"Now gentlemen, how can I help you?"

"Will you tell us a little bit about the banquet planned for the 15th for the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo?"

"Well, it's more for the Tontine than for the Battle, but preparations are proceeding."

"Surely this is a big event for the hotel. You don't sound terribly enthusiastic about it."

"I am not, terribly. It may be good for the hotel, but I look at it simply as a lot of work for the staff and myself. Speaking of which, excuse me a moment."

He grabs a cane hooked onto the back of his chair and limps to the door. He barks at an assistant, asks about something or other, shakes his head over the reply and comes back to us.

"Frankly, I will be quite glad when it is all over. A lot of nonsense and silliness."

We ask for some details of the ceremonies, agenda, et cetera, for the banquet. He answers in a tone that is bored but with a disturbing edge to it.

We leave Guilfoyle and split up to talk to some of the hotel employees. When we meet at the front entrance, Wiggins has some interesting news. It seems that Guilfoyle's father was a Tontine ticket-holder who died in a freak accident on the golf course.

"An errant ball hit Guilfoyle senior in the back of the head. Also, our Mr. Guilfoyle, who arrives promptly at 10 o'clock every morning, arrived at 10:45 this morning. In addition, his cab approached the Hotel from the west up Wigmore-street instead of its more usual route, north from Oxford-circus."

40 NW

The clerk at Rowlands & Frazier, Jewelers, is more than disappointed that we have not come to purchase his wares. In fact, he scowls at us a full thirty seconds before he answers our question.

"Marshall Guilfoyle purchased a small sapphire ring for his wife this morning. He mentioned that it was an anniversary present."

42 NW

"This is a most peculiar case," Mr. Holmes tells us as we sit down on the comfortable sofa of the living room. "Did the killer come to kill General Armstead, or was the murder caused by an argument gone wrong? In the first case, the murderer would have needed to be armed as he came in. A cane can easily hide a sword. But would an old man choose that weapon against a still vigorous General? There's something to look into, don't you think, Wiggins?"

"And in the case of an argument?"

"It would have been a cold-hearted argument, if you could call it that. Sennett hadn't heard shouts or screams before the sound of swords."

"But what would be the motive? The Tontine or the book?"

"If we keep to the visitor's description given by Sennett, we could think of a participant of the Tontine who would want to speed up its conclusion. But why the devil would he have a French accent? It doesn't fit.

"There remains the lead of the Polar Star. I don't know what to think about it. A visit to the General's residence would surely reveal interesting information, don't you think, Wiggins?"

"Assuredly, Mr. Holmes."

46 NW

At 82, Robert Juergens is all but chair-bound. He is able to hobble about with the aid of a cane, but only for short distances. A crusty and outspoken individualist, we find him alert and quick of wit if not of limb.

A former sea captain, he shows us several intricately carved model ships that he has constructed.

"This here is Belinda," he says, pointing to a model of a four-masted schooner, completely rigged, with starched sails flying. "My first command back in '32. A fine and weather-worthy ship she was .... This here is the Raven. Lordy but she was fast!"

"Captain, did you know General Armstead?"

"As it happens, we sat beside one another at the last shindig back in '65. Fiftieth anniversary and all that rot. We got to talking and we found we had our hobbies in common – he with his tin soldiers and me with my ships. Both of us having travelled some, we swapped lies about our adventures on foreign shores, with special emphasis on our romantic conquests. He spoke up for French damsels. I argued for the China ladies. I liked him and I hope they catch the deck rat who killed him and hang him proper."

"Have you seen the General since the last banquet?"

"Nope."

"May we ask what your plans are for the Tontine money should you win it?"

"I'll spend all I can and give the rest to the Seamen's Fund."

Something strikes him as funny and he explains.

"Got a nephew. Sister's boy, name of Lacey. He's very, very concerned about my health, a real boot-licker. He's my only living relative and he fancies himself my heir. Ha, ha. I haven't done a thing to make him think otherwise. He's a laggard who's never done an honest day's work in his life. If I do last out the others and am found next morning with my skull bashed in, look to Lacey. He's sure to have the club in his hand."

84 NW

Eric Idler enthusiastically tells us about the Arneau troupe.

"The play is a genuine triumph. It unfortunately ends soon. But I'm thinking of inviting the whole Arneau troupe again next year."

"Could you tell us a bit more about the members of the troupe, Mr. Idler ?"

"Well, the troupe is made up of about forty or so people, French, English, German... Gervais Arneau is the troupe's founder, and he recruited the best actors from throughout Europe for his company. Due to the subject of his play about Bonaparte, "Long Live the Emperor", he decided to seek out actors who looked as close as possible to the characters. And in the main role, he placed his faith in his nephew, Phillip. I've got to admit that he incarnates Napoleon perfectly throughout the entire play."

"And where could we meet them at this moment?"

"They're at the theatre, getting ready for tonight's show."



AREA WC

5 WC

At the Central Carriage Stables we spread out to see if we can find a cabbie who was working the Hyde Park, Brickstreet, Green Park area this morning at approximately 10:15 and who remembers an elderly man very much in a hurry.

When we gather together again to compare notes, no one has turned up our man, even though several cabbies were in the right area at the right time.

"When I mentioned our problem to a group of fellows," says Wiggins, "one spoke up to say that if we were looking for a man in a hurry on the other side of town, he could help us. He said he picked up one such this morning outside the Bridge House Hotel and took him to De Keyser's."

14 WC

Disraeli O'Brian can uncover no information about any of the surviving Tontine ticket holders. "The ones that have had eventful lives perished as a result. The survivors have lived long because they have, in general, led secluded lives."

17 WC

At Somerset House we dig up the following information: Robert Juergens, born 1808. Entire estate willed to the Seaman's Fund. Anita and Claire Thomas, both born 1810. Entire estate willed to the Audubon Society. William Rowland born 1811. No will. Peter Dudley, born 1813. Entire estate willed to wife Martha. Farnsworth Armstead, born 1815. Entire estate willed to form The Armstead Foundation, an organization to be dedicated to the study of military history.

19 WC

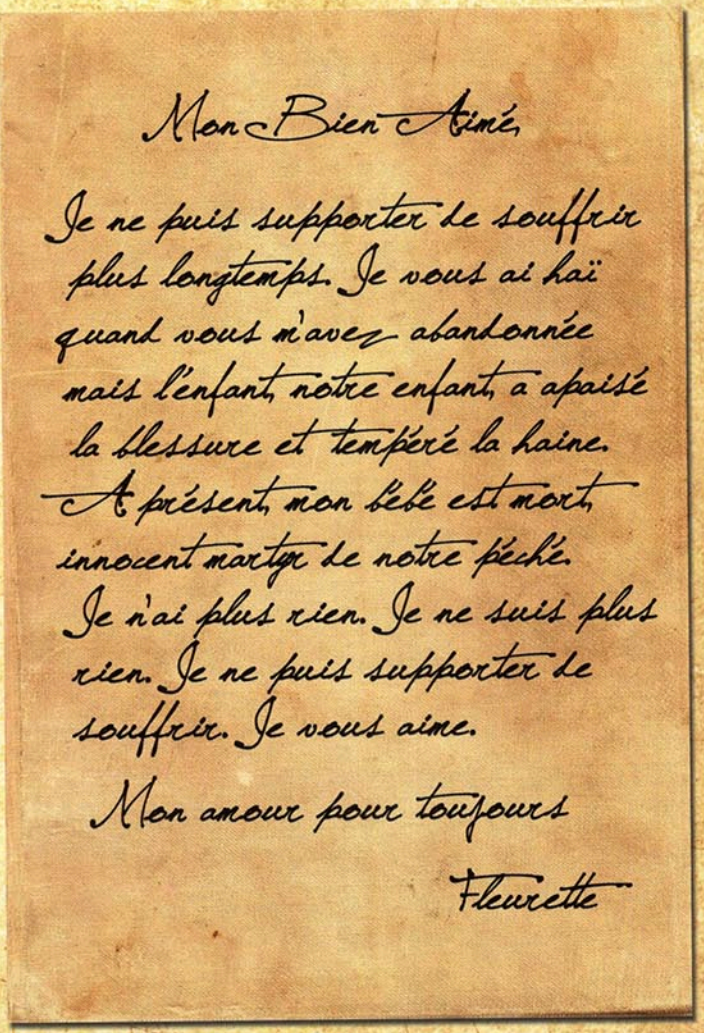
While consulting last week's reservation book at chez Rule, we note that General Armstead and Jean-Paul Gerade have reserved a table for dinner.

22 WC

Only after a phone call to Inspector Lestrade does the manager of the Grand Hotel allow us to search Phillip Arneau's room.

Once there, we readily find the cane. Cunningly wrought into the handle is a button, which when released separates the handle from the cane. A sword, attached to the handle, slips neatly into the cane-sheath.

Alter a few moments more, we discover a yellowed envelope addressed to `Captain Armstead - 12th Hussars.' The letter inside reads:


Mon Bien Aimé,

Je ne puis supporter de souffrir plus longtemps. Je vous ai haï quand vous m'avez abandonnée mais l'enfant, notre enfant, a apaisé la blessure et tempéré la haine. A présent, mon bébé est mort, innocent martyr de notre péché. Je n'ai plus rien. Je ne suis plus rien. Je ne puis supporter de souffrir. Je vous aime.

Mon amour pour toujours

Fleurette

Wiggins translates : "Dearest... I cannot bear the pain any longer. I hated you when you left me, but the child - our child - eased the hurt and softened the heart. Now my baby is dead - the innocent sufferer for our sins. I have nothing. I am nothing. I cannot bear the pain. I love you. I love you still... Fleurette"

24 WC

As we arrive in front of the National Gallery, we're struck by the majesty emanating from the building. The large columns, topped by the dome and facing Trafalgar Square's fountain, are truly a spectacle which can attract visitors. And indeed, the museum seems quite packed today. Despite our searching, not a single keeper can remember anything specific about a French visitor.

32 WC

Dr. Ainstree tells us that he was indeed summoned to Lord Fitch's residence this morning.

"I received the message at around 9 o'clock in my office. I arrived at 10 or so. Lord Fitch met me at the door."

36 WC

While a severe attack of the gout dims William Rowland's jolly spirits, it does not dispel them entirely.

"I've been laid up for two weeks now with it but I've only myself to blame, according to my doctor anyway. It's the rich food, he says. I'm afraid I have a liking for very rich food." He pats his corpulent middle by way of illustration.

"You haven't been able to get about then?"

"Can't move at all, much to my valet's displeasure. He's had to cart me from room to room, poor fellow."

"If you win the Tontine, what would you do with all the money?"

"Ha, ha. Now there's a question I've asked myself daily over the last twenty years. So far I haven't been able to answer it."

"We read in the paper last week that you have two sons in America and a daughter in London."

"Yes, that's right. The boys are in business together in New York. My daughter's married to a fine lad, Wentworth Cobbett."

"Did you know General Armstead?"

"Well, not personally. I knew of him, of course. Terrible about his death. Me, I hope to die in bed."

41 WC

Clive Dornin at Norgate & Co. tells us about General Armstead's revision of Treasures of the Conquerors.

"In March, we received a letter from a Pierre Matin from Paris addressed to the General. We forwarded it to him. Two days later the General came to see us with the news that the author of the letter knew of the whereabouts of a fabulous diamond called the Polar Star, that once belonged to Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother. He believed that the information was genuine because the letter contained a detailed description of how the gem was stolen from its last known owner, Count Rostov, a Russian. It also contained details of the time and place of the sale to its present owner who actually commissioned the theft, an Englishman.

"The General was very anxious to include the chapter on the diamond in a revised edition of his book. The only reason that such a chapter had been omitted from the first edition was for want of that final bit of information.

"For our part, we were very anxious to publish such a revised edition. The original publication caused quite a stir among the public. You see, many of the treasures were in effect re-conquered by their present owners, by whatever means available, fair or foul. Many of them had secrets to hide. The revelation of those secrets created quite a sensation. The more libel suits that were pressed against us, the more the book sold. Envisioning another such scandal with regard to the Polar Star, we immediately made the announcement in The Times.

"As soon as we did, letters began pouring in. Some simply rejoicing in the news, some reserving copies and some, anonymous of course, forecasting doom for the General should the book be re-released."

"Was there any pattern to those letters? Did they appear to have come from any one person?"

"No, although we never saved any to compare them, we simply burned them as they came in."

"Have you had any contact with Pierre Matin?"

"I knew that he was in town to meet with the General. I have a draft for the £5,000 ready. When I learned of the General's death, I wired M'sieur Matin that his information is still valuable to us."



AREA EC

19 EC

The rector of St. Mary's, a timid little man with a radiant smile, assures us that he knows Booth Lacey quite well.

"We can pray for the unfortunates of this world, certainly, but we can also offer them a little sustenance of a more temporal kind. St. Mary's Soup Kitchen was founded on that principle. Every morning at 9:30 our tiers are thrown open to those less privileged than ourselves. A bowl of broth, a crust of bread, it is not much, I know, but we do the best we can."

"And you say that Booth Lacey is here every morning?"

"Without fail. You see, with only one arm he needs someone to carry his bowl to the table. Invariably, I am that someone."

23 EC

At the Bank of England we are introduced to Mr. Robert Laine who is in charge of the Tontine account.

"Just over one million pounds was collected in the original subscription. Something like 600,000 pounds went out immediately for the veterans of the Battle of Waterloo and, of course, fees to agents, the bank and so forth. With seventy-three years' interest, the original 300,000 pounds left in the fund has grown to an amount just shy of three million pounds."

30 EC

At the Times office, Henry Ellis introduces us to Edward Quimby who has been covering the Tontine story.

"In 1865 The Times sponsored a 50th Anniversary Banquet. There were then 204 survivors, of which 78 were in London to attend. Now there are only six survivors, pardon me, five, now that General Armstead is dead?"

He shows a list of survivors and their relatives:

- Robert Juergens - nephew, Booth Lacey
- Claire and Anita Thomas - no relatives
- Peter Dudley - wife
- William Rowland - wife; two sons residing in New York, U.S.A; daughter, Jenny, married to Wentworth Cobbett.

31 EC

At De Keyser's Royal Hotel we learn that a Russian gentleman, Count Rostov, and his man are staying in suite 408. A quick trip in the lift sets us down on the 4th floor and a short walk puts us at the Count's door. Our knock is answered by a tall, powerfully built man who shows us into the sitting room.

There the Count sits sipping tea. He is a frail, old man who seems even more so as the giant takes his place by his side.

"Are you from the police?" asks the Count in a surprisingly hardy voice.

"Were you expecting the police?"

"Yes, we were. Vladimir reported to me that his interview with Andre Matin, who is travelling under the name of his dead brother Pierre, was singularly unproductive as he was dead when Vladimir arrived."

"And Vladimir had nothing to do with his death?"
"He assures me that he did not."

"Why did he go to see Andre Matin?"

"It was in reference to a certain valuable possession of mine that was stolen some years ago by the Pierre's brother. I was in Paris when I heard that General Armstead was to revise his very interesting book to include a chapter concerning that possession. I came to London to see him. In the course of events, I became aware that Andre Matin was also in London and realized that he was the General's source of knowledge. When the General was reported dead, I had no alternative but to see Matin. I sent Vladimir, an old man's legs, to speak with him."

"Thank you, Count, you have been most kind."

35 EC

Quintin Hogg sits with his feet up on the desk, shrugging his shoulders.

"I'm afraid I never heard of General Armstead until April of this year. And the only reason I remarked the name was the mention of it in connection with the Polar Star. You see, it was an incredibly valuable diamond which was once in the possession of a Russian Count, Rostov, if I recall the name correctly. In the latter part of 1887, it was stolen from the Count. The suspected thief was a Frenchman by the name of Pierre Matin. He had an international reputation as a jewel thief, although that reputation was based solely on rumour. He was never caught with the goods, so to speak, although he did have a knack for being seen in the vicinity of some of the most spectacular robberies. Just before the Polar Star was filched, he was seen in

St. Petersburg.

"The next interesting thing about Pierre Matin is that a few months later, his body was found in the Thames. He had been strangled to death. The crime was never solved and the diamond never found."

36 EC

We are informed that Edward Hall is in court and will be there all day.

38 EC

Sir Meeks is in the middle of an autopsy when you arrive in the room. "I'm sorry Wiggins, I'll only have a bit of time for you."

Sir Jasper informs us that the General was killed with a sword thrust through the heart.

"It was an upward thrust."

39 EC

We are informed that Robert Laine is not at home but at the Bank of England.

52 EC

At the Raven & Rat, Porky Shinwell shows us a large chalkboard with the names of the Tontine ticket-holders listed on it. Beside each are odds and another list of names. General Armstead's name is crossed out

"I was very sorry to hear of General Armstead's death, believe me. I had my money on him."

He points to the board where we see his name listed after Armstead's.

"I should have trusted my instincts and gone with one of the ladies."

"Captain Juergens doesn't seem to have much of a following, even at 25 to 1."

"Naw, only Booth Lacey and his cronies and that's really a sentimental bet. You see, Juergens is Lacey's uncle."



QUESTIONS

Part One

1. Who killed General Armstead?

2. Why was he murdered?

3. Why was the Duke of Wellington's figurine turned backwards?

4. With what kind of weapon was the General assassinated?

Part Two

1. Who killed Pierre and André Matin?

2. Why was Marshall Guilfoyle late to work?

3. Who has the Polar Star?

4. To whom are the letters sent by André Matin destined?

SOLUTION

Well, we're all here and waiting. For the life of me I cannot imagine how you cut to the truth of this case!"

Holmes puts aside the morning paper and begins, "In this particular case, which might be titled The Case of the Tin Soldier, if you'll forgive my intrusion into your literary bailiwick, Watson, the most intriguing fact was the method of murder. 'The distinct sound of swordplay,' reported Mr. Sennett. Most odd. It suggested to me an affair of honour.

"At General Armstead's home my suspicions were confirmed. First, the letter. It was yellowed with age and addressed to the General by a rank he held some forty years ago. It upset the General, indicating it concerned some long-past indiscretion. It was the reason for the duel."

"How can you be so sure it was a duel?" asks Watson.

"The General had time to place a chair against the wall, climb upon it and retrieve a rapier hanging ten feet above. The murderer allowed him to arm himself. A duel is the only event that fits with the facts. It is also interesting to note that the second rapier remained in place. The intruder came prepared – a sword cane.

"As to the intruder himself, Sennett described him as an old man. Yet he left the premises over an 8-foot garden wall. A disguise, and carried off with enough expertise to completely fool Sennett. The carpet bag was used as a receptacle of the disguise when it was no longer needed.

"Then there was the clue left by the General himself. Mortally wounded, incapable of speech, at least incapable of producing a sound that would carry through the study door to Sennett, the General wanted to leave some clue. With his fast ounce of strength, he smashed the diorama glass and turned the figure of Wellington in the opposite direction."

"The diorama depicted the Battle of Waterloo," said Watson. "I would have thought the Tontine was involved."

"If that were so, Watson, the General need not have been so indirect. The Tontine ticket was hanging in front of him. All he had to do was reach for it and the message would have been clear.

'Based upon an indiscretion out of the past, a letter addressed to 'Captain' Armstead, the rank the General held at the time of his service in France, and the intruder's French accent as detected by Sennett, I concluded that an interview with Jean Paul Gerade at the French Embassy might prove profitable.

"The picture painted by M. Gerade fit directly into the pattern. Having agreed to a marriage of convenience as a sacrifice to his career, the General lived a riotous life in France. A full, carefree life without responsibility for exactly one year. A rather romantic notion. And what is more romantic than a desperate and ill-fated love affair?

"M. Gerade's mention of the actor, Phillip Arneau, struck a chord. Who better than an actor, a trained master of illusion, to disguise himself and perform in that disguise convincingly? Also, Phillip Arneau performs the role of Napoleon. According to M. Gerade, the General had seen the play and gone backstage to meet Arneau. When the General turned the figure of Wellington around, he was trying to tell us that his killer was Napoleon, Wellington's opposite at the Battle of Waterloo. Or rather, the actor playing Napoleon, Phillip Arneau.

"At the Princess Theatre, seeing the two portraits and hearing something of the women's story suggested a reasonable scenario to fit the situation. Arneau's sister was the 'little flower' - a proper name, not a description by the way - sighed over by the General to Gerade. She was an impressionable 17-year old who fell madly in love with the dashing English Captain. When the Captain's year came to an end, she despaired and took her own life.

Her grief-stricken mother went mad and was sent to an asylum. Thus, in the twinkling of an eye, Phillip Arneau had lost a beloved sister and a loving mother. He was but 6 or 7 years of age, and while he desperately felt the double wound, he was too young to understand the circumstances that caused it. Some 42 years later he stumbled upon a letter written by his long-dead sister. It yielded an explanation and a name – Armstead. He came to London and fate engulfed him: he received word of his mother's death and, at the same time, the London papers trumpeted the hated Armstead name. Armed with sword-stick and letter, he went to the General's home to take his revenge. Voilà!"



HOLMES

Holmes has solved this case by following 4 leads: General Armstead (27 NW), Jean-Paul Gerade at the French Embassy (59 SW), Princess Theatre (11 NW) and Grand Hotel (22 WC).

He also used the following article from the newspaper: Princess Theatre (11 June, 1888)

His score is 100 points.

SCORE

Part One

1. Who killed General Armstead? Phillip Arneau (30 points).

2. Why was he murdered? Because he disgraced Arneau's sister, Fleurette, some 40 years previous (30 points).

3. Why was the Duke of Wellington's figurine turned backwards? The general turned it around to point out that his killer was the one who was opposed to Wellington at Waterloo, Napoleon. In this case, the actor who was playing the role of Napoleon, Phillip Arneau (30 points).

4. With what kind of weapon was the General assassinated? With a sword-cane (10 points).

Part Two

1. Who killed Pierre and André Matin? Carson Cabot (10 points).

2. Why was Marshall Guilfoyle late to work? He stopped off at Rowland's & Frazier to buy his wife an anniversary gift (10 points).

3. Who has the Polar Star? Carson Cabot (10 points)

4. To whom are the letters sent by André Matin destined? The one from Brick Street is for General Armstead, the one from Pont Street for Carson Cabot (10 points).

To tally your score, add the points obtained by answering the questions, then count the number of leads you've followed (don't count the "free" leads indicated above). Then compare the number of leads you've followed to that of Holmes (4 leads in this case).

If you've followed more leads than Holmes, subtract 5 points from your score for each extra lead. If you've followed fewer leads than Holmes, add 5 to your score for each lead fewer. You'll thus get your final score.



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