THE CRYPTIC CORPSE



Case Five
5 March, 1889



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It is early in the morning when a note arrives summoning us to meet Holmes at the morgue at Bart's. Making it a point to forego breakfast, we proceed there immediately.

At the hospital, a young orderly, mistaking sleepy eyes for sorrowful ones, assumes we have come to identify the remains of a loved one. So excessive are his expressions of sympathy, we have not the heart to disabuse him and quickly make our way down the corridor toward a stairway and descend.

Down we plunge until we find ourselves in a dimly lit, cavernous room, with three long rows of marble slabs, most of which are occupied by white-sheeted bundles whose contents are both evident and eerie. Down the middle row a lantern gleams, casting in silhouette a group of moving figures gathered about one of the slabs. We make our way there silently to take our place on the periphery, mourners at the grave site.

"The knife, long and slender, entered the back of the neck with an upward motion and pierced the brain," says Sir Jasper Meeks. "Expertly done, I would say."

"It seems odd that in a crowded theatre, no one heard the commotion," says Inspector Lestrade.

"Not at all, Inspector, says Watson. "Death would have been instantaneous. There would have been no commotion to speak of."

Peering over Wiggins shoulder, we see the body of a man in his mid-thirties.

He is of slight build and although his height is difficult to assess in the prone position, we estimate it to be 5'7" or thereabouts. It might be said that he is handsome but his features are totally unremarkable. Only his carrot-coloured hair stands out.

Holmes points to the corpse's hands. "Well-manicured, almost delicate," he says, more to himself than to anyone else.

"And you know nothing about him?"

"Nothing at all, Dr. Watson," answers Lestrade.

"I have his effects in an adjoining room," says Meeks.

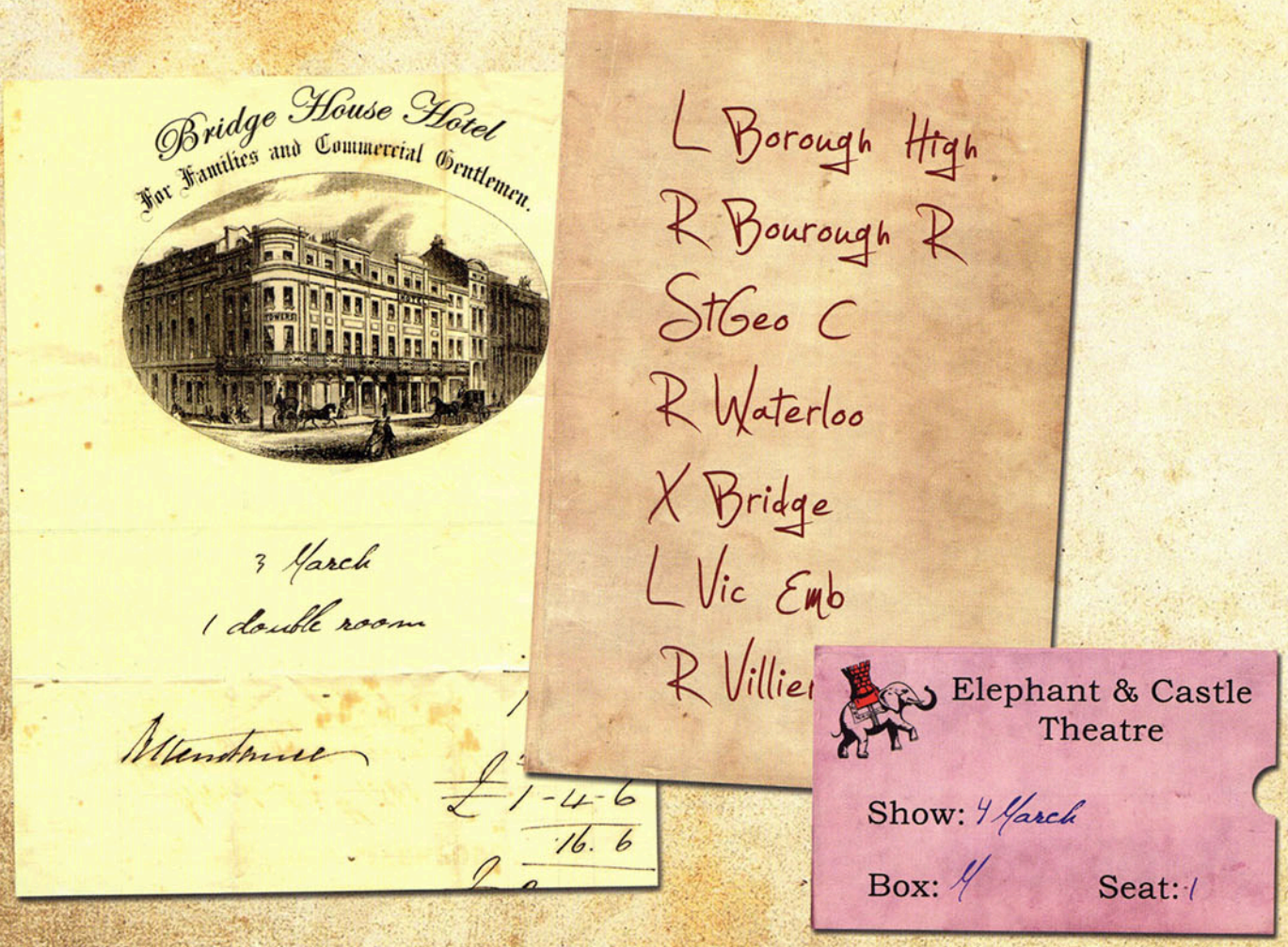
As we file away from the body, Holmes notes our presence and explains that the man was found dead last evening at the Elephant and Castle Theatre. He was killed during the performance and discovered by an usher afterward. The usher indicated that the deceased had occupied the same box, alone, every night for the past week.

Once in the room, Holmes turns his attention to the dead man's possessions laid out on a table there. He examines first the clothing. There is a coat, black with velvet-trimmed collar and pocket flaps, and trousers, deep gray with black pinstripes. A label in the lining reads "Poole & Son."

"He was a bit of a dandy," comments Wiggins, pointing to the shirt with ruffled front and cuffs.

"Indeed," seconds Watson, fingering a derby much like Wiggins' own.

"I emptied all the pockets, as you can see," says Sir Jasper. The inventory includes £60 in notes plus odd coinage, a cigar still in its 'Simpson's' wrapper, a diamond stickpin and some papers:



Holmes picks up the diamond stickpin and goes to a glass enclosed case. "Quite genuine," he says, pointing to a scratch in the glass.

"What's this?" calls out Wiggins. He had picked up the derby and now he pulls a folded sheet of paper from the inside band.

"Excellent, Wiggins," says Holmes. "Let's see what you have there."

5 May, 1889

E ormji ErkiP geQi nYwx sr Wtmvmx oMww cSy
e FpeHi woMpp oItx oiiR iRkekiH e uymH ompp
wLi ehzErgiw Alivi ormkLx mr niwX tpec xeK
e vEtmIv er ehdi eFnyvi tewx teMh TpiewYviw
mj hMvo sr ekiRx oiIt fshomr Riev
xlswi wiiO Als viehc OrsA

"It would appear," says Holmes, "that we are dealing with a very mysterious fellow."

AREA SE

3 SE

At the Bridge House Hotel we speak to the desk clerk. He remembers a man with red hair.

"He came in on the morning of the third to reserve a room. He said that he and his wife would be in town for the evening and wished to stay over one night."

He flips the pages of the register to the 3rd.

"He registered under the name of Mr. & Mrs. Donald." "Who was the clerk on the desk when he registered?" "I was, as it happens. The night clerk called in sick and I was forced to work a double shift."

"Can you describe Mrs. Donald?"

"She was young and quite lovely and, well, playful. She showed me a pendant she was wearing and asked if it wasn't the loveliest thing I had ever seen."

6 SE

The clerk at Cummins & Goins checks the log and tells us that four messages were delivered to C. Donald at Mrs. Jetley's Boardinghouse, the last on the 4th.

"Do you remember the man who sent the messages?"

"Yes, he was an older gentleman. He wore a long coat and a top hat. I remember specifically his eyes. They were dark and deep-set under bushy eyebrows. There was no kindness in them."

7 SE

After enquiring up and down Long-lane, we come across Mrs. Jetley's Boardinghouse. The proprietress puzzles over our admittedly scant description until the man's red hair is mentioned.

"Oh, that would be Mr. Charlie Donald. He didn't come home last night. Some sort of trouble, eh?"

When we inform her of the trouble she nods her head matter-of-factly as if tragedy were no stranger. As she shows us to his room, she tells us that Charlie Donald arrived about three weeks before. He seemed pleasant enough but evaded her questions as to his history. She did notice that he spoke with an odd accent.

"I don't mean to say he was a foreigner or nothin', but I ain't never heard the like in London. He was a quiet fellow, kept to himself pretty much. He did this thing with a coin, runnin' it back and forth over the tops of his fingers like it had a mind of its own. Amazing it was."

At the door to his room she stops and asks us what should be done with his things. We tell her that we will send the police along to collect them.

"He's paid up 'til the end of the week. Will I have to give that back?"

We assure her that she can keep the money and that satisfies her immensely. She unlocks the door and lets us enter but hesitates, herself, on the threshold. Making a sign that is something between the Catholic sign of the cross and a pagan signal against the Evil Eye, she leaves us to our own devices.

The room is small but comfortable. In one corner, next to an armchair, are two well-worn suitcases. Both have stickers on them from Jardine, Matheson & Co. They are empty. Not so the carpetbag underneath the chair. It contains a pair of new overalls and a cap with a brass plate which reads, "Supervisor, City of London." It also contains a leather satchel, which in turn contains a stethoscope.

On the dresser top there are several items of interest. First, a steamship ticket made out to an M.P. Charles and dated January 4th. It is for passage aboard the S.S. Flying Cloud in the amount of £160. Next a receipt from A. Marx & Co. in the amount of £200 and dated March 3rd. Then, a stack of unused tickets for the Elephant and Castle Theatre. There are three tickets for each of the nights, February 26th, 27th, 28th, March 1st, 2nd and 4th. They are Box M, seats 2, 3, and 4. Finally, there is a stack of playbills dated February 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, March 1st and 2nd. In the one from February 25th, the name of one of the performers, Minnie Cavill, is circled and the word "beautiful" is written beside it.

On a small table in another corner is a chessboard, the pieces set up for play. On the washstand nearby is a shaving mug inscribed with the name "Mac."

Having completed our search, we seek out Mrs. Jetley once again.

"Did Mr. Donald have any visitors?"

"No, none. Did have a couple of letters delivered, though. One just yesterday."

"Delivered by post?"

"By messenger. Cummins and Goins Messenger Service, they was."

11 SE

Minnie Cavill, a beautiful and charming young lady, is more than a bit of a coquette. In answer to our question about the red-headed man, she bats her long eyelashes and laughs coyly.

"I know a lot of men. And lots of men send flowers backstage. But no, I don't recall a red-haired gentleman." As she speaks she plays with a small diamond

pendant at her throat.

She goes on to list the perils of a young "actress," as she calls herself, with regard to the opposite sex. During her monologue, Wiggins catches our attention and nods toward a framed photograph of a burly fellow in a bowler hat. The face is hardly a gentle one, the smile, barely visible underneath the chick moustache, is more menacing than friendly.

"Who's the man in the photograph?"

"That's Roger, my boyfriend. I'm afraid I must really be getting ready," she says, suddenly cutting short the interview. "I have a supper engagement at the Globe. Please come to hear me sing at the theatre, won't you?"

13 SE

The only bit of information to come from our interview with the manager of the Elephant and Castle Theatre and the usher who found the body is that, for five nights in a row, the red-headed man brought flowers with him to the theatre.

"I think we better question the backstage doorman," suggests Wiggins.

Ralph Parrish is more than anxious to help but can give us no real information.

"Lots o' gents bring flowers backstage but I don't recall no red-headed man. They don't tip their hats to me, you know."

30 SE

Roger Thornberry's landlady asks if we would do her a favour on our way up. "Would you be so kind as to tote a basket of laundry. I ain't so good as I used to be with the stairs. Oh, and tell him that I done the best I could with them overalls. That muddy clay just won't come out."

We cart the laundry up the stairs and deliver the message.

Roger Thornberry's gentle manner and soft voice are in striking contrast to his hulking frame and hard face.

"I can't think of a single soul I know with red hair, I'm afraid."

Seeing the framed photograph of a young woman in a theatrical costume, posed as if she is singing, and the theatre poster of the bill at the Elephant & Castle, it is unnecessary to ask if he is acquainted with Minnie Cavill. In fact, there seems nothing more to ask him and so we take our leave.

33 SE

"Red-headed you say? Dressy sort? Must be Mac," says the barman at the Bar of Gold. "New fellow in town. Did this trick with a coin, shuffling it back and forth from finger to finger or over the tops of them really. Oh, anyways, it was a good trick. I never seen him drop it neither!"

He leans over and says in a low zone, "Been meetin' with Thornberry, that's who. Now, he's a fellow to stay clear of. Why, I seen him carve a fellow like he was a roast turkey with that Eye-talian knife of his. Called a sty-something or other. It's said that Thornberry is with..." he looks around in all directions, leans back over and whispers, "Moriarty! Shush, now. Anybody asks, I never told you nuthin'."

36 SE

The clerk at A. Marx & Co. tells us that on the morning of the 3rd a red-headed man bought a diamond pendant.



AREA SW

2 SW

By sheer luck, we find Langdale Pike alone at the Societies Club. He is writing in his notebook and taking suave puffs on his imported cigarette. He doesn't seem to mind when we interrupt him; in fact he is eager to exchange gossip. "What tidbits do you young sleuths have for me today?"

"There was a murder at the Elephant & Castle Theatre last night."

"Is that so? Who was it? No – let me guess. Sir Clayton Partridge? Lord Rutland? No, hmmm? Perhaps –"

"That's the problem, Mr. Pike, we don't know. No one does yet. But whoever the victim was, he had some connection with Minnie Cavill. What could you tell us about her?"

"Ah! Minnie, Queen of the Nightingales. Her singing has captured the hearts of many respectable men. But I have heard that although she is wooed backstage almost every night of the week, she is still true to her one lover."

"And who is that?"

Langdale Pike strokes his chin a few times, sorting through his prodigious memory for the name he had filed away countless months ago. "Ah, yes. I remember now; Roger Thornberry. Quite a crude and uncouth fellow, I understand, although I have never had the displeasure of meeting him. Not the first time the fair maiden has been under the spell of the evil prince."

We express our gratitude for his help, and as we are leaving, he calls out. "And when you solve the case, don't forget to give me credit."

5 SW

We roam through the stacks at the London Library while waiting for Lomax to return from lunch. When he finally does return he answers our question promptly.

"A marshall of Napoleon who was of Scottish descent? That would be Alexandre MacDonald, duke of Taranto. Born at Sedan on November 17, 1765, of an old Jacobite family –"

"Thank you, Mr. Lomax."

8 SW

We explain to Mycroft the facts we have gathered so far, and we ask if he has any idea which might help us. "The only name associated with this case that strikes a note of recognition in me," says Mycroft, "is 'Poole & Son,' his coat maker. Years ago, I saw that name on a tax payment when I was doing an audit for the Government. But they weren't a British firm; I believe they were from one of the colonies, but I can't recall which. Not much else I can help you with."

13 SW

Inspector Lestrade is bent over a stack of police circulars trying to link one with the dead red-haired man and barely looks up at us.

"Feeney!" he calls out.

When Feeney, a tall, thin policeman with sad eyes behind thick spectacles, enters from an adjacent room he asks him about his progress in the card file.

"I've got four possibilities so far, Inspector," he says handing him the four cards.

Lestrade reads through them. "Too tall... too short... mole on the right cheek, no... bald. Bald?"

"Well, sir, he once had red hair."

Lestrade puts his face in his hands and shakes his head.

"Keep looking, Feeney," he says. "We will keep searching but tell Mr. Holmes that it might be some time before we know anything."

22 SW

We bring the items found on the body of the mysterious redhead to Murray, who gives more attention to the coded message.

"I've always been fascinated by codes and other encryption methods, Wings. I bet you that this one won't stand against me. If I try this... There, I think we're on the right track!"

"My name's Wiggins, sir. What did you find?"

"It's a Caesar code, a simple shifting of the letters of the alphabet. Here, you need to shift 4 letters back."

After a few minutes of translation, he looks at the message with a perplexed look on his face.

"Wiggins, sir. My goodness, it still remains rather vague."

"There must be a hidden message in that word... Something evident, but I can't put my finger on it... However, the number five seems to be the key, which the date of May 5th makes me feel like it. Leave me a copy of the original message, I'll keep on working on it and will get you my results as soon as I'll have found something."

"It's very nice of you, sir. We'll also look on our side."

AREA NW

1 NW

We ring at inspector McDonald's. The inspector, a big man with blue eyes and chestnut hair comes to open. When we ask him if there are redheads in his family, he shakes his head with the most vivacious energy.

"Sorry sirs. The last red-headed McDonald that I know was my grandfather, and he died in Ireland over 10 years ago."

18 NW

Sam Parsons hands us a miniature safe with a small operating tumbler lock and a note to go with it: Have it get down under to crack it.

19 NW

At the Globe Restaurant we learn that Minnie Cavill dined there frequently.

"But always in the company of Mr. Thornberry, who has dark hair and is much taller than 5 foot 7 inches."

42 NW

We arrive, frustrated, in front of Mr. Holmes, who seems to be amused at our difficulty with the coded message.

"What have you gotten out of that message, Wiggins?"

"Not much, I'm afraid, Mr. Holmes. Once decoded, the message remains very obscure. We were wondering if there couldn't be a second hidden code in this message."

"Good remark, Wiggins. A message containing two codes would require a Machiavellian or brilliant mind like mine. Nonetheless, any coded message will have a key to allow the recipient to decipher it. In this case, I'm sure that the key is in the number 5. Let me see that original message... 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5... Yes, there's the solution to your riddle. The peculiar disposition of the letters could have put you on the right track faster, Wiggins. As for the instructions written on the piece of paper, I suppose you've understood that they state to go to Simpsons, 20 Villiers Street, WC. The cigar is a sufficient indication for that point. But have you been able to determine the starting point? If that's not the case, I think it might be useful for you to pay a visit to the residence of our redhead."

All while agreeing with Mr. Holmes words, we once again pour over the coded message, trying to find the message we've missed within.

AREA WC

5 WC

The drivers easily give us information about our man.

"It's been a week since I've started taking this guy to the Elephant and Castle theatre", Charlie tells us. "Every night at the same time."

"And where do you leave from?"

"From Villiers Street."

14 WC

After a thorough search of the criminal and state record files, Disraeli O'Brian admits that he can find no record of a Charlie Donald, M.P. Charles, Donald P. Charles, or 'Mac' that fits the description we have given him.

17 WC

At Somerset House we can find no trace of a redhead named Charlie Donald, M.P. Charles, Donald P. Charles, or 'Mac' who would be anywhere near the age of the dead man we saw this morning.

20 WC

The description of our unidentified man rings a bell with an old duffer who overhears our conversation with the manager of Simpson's Cigar Divan.

"Yes, I believe I know the fellow. Came in every afternoon about 2 o'clock for the last several weeks. I played chess with him. Quite a good player."

"Can you tell us his name?"

"You know, I don't believe he ever gave it. I once asked him where he was from. His accent, although slight, was very strange. He said that his family was originally from Scotland. That led to something of a discussion about ancestry, famous relatives and such. He said that part of his family line had migrated to France and that his name was the same as one of Napoleon's marshals. I never thought to ask which marshal."

"Did he mention anything at all about himself, a friend's name, a place he was going or had been, anything?"

"Every afternoon at 4:45 almost on the dot he would end our game. Said he had a pressing appointment. But, I'm afraid, he never elaborated."

22 WC

"I certainly wish the city would finish its digging over there," says the manager of Cox's Bank, pointing to the excavation across the street under city supervision. "The muddy clay seems to get tracked all over the place."

"Now, you're looking for a redheaded man, mid-thirties, medium height, who might have been in here in the past few weeks? Yes, I believe I know him. Let me just consult the file here... Donald P. Charles. He rented a safe-deposit box on the 20th of February. He comes in every banking day at precisely 4:45, fifteen minutes before closing. That's all know about him."

44 WC

The doorman at the League of Red-Headed Men eyes us suspiciously as none of us has red hair. But Wiggins turns on his brunette charm and within minutes we have an audience with the Membership Coordinator.

"Sorry, gentlemen; I'm afraid he couldn't have been a member of our club. We had our yearly banquet and officer elections last night, and everyone was present and accounted for. The banquet and festivities lasted until well past midnight."

We thank him for his co-operation.

56 WC

Richard Poole, a joyous septuagenarian, greets us warmly when we present ourselves.

"Come in sirs, I don't have visitors very often. I left Scotland Yard a long time ago, but I'm always ready to help young inspectors."

Unfortunately, we quickly understand that he has no link with Poole and Son, or even with the job of tailor in general. We thank him for his amiability and quickly leave.



AREA EC

10 EC

When we describe the man and the suit he was wearing, mentioning that the label said "Poole & Son," the clerk's expression changes from one of puzzlement to a distinct frown.

"'Poole and Son,' you say?"

"That's correct, 'Poole and Son.' "

"You are positive it was 'Poole and Son?"

"Yes, we are positive."

He signals us to follow him out the front door. Outside, he points to the sign above the shop.

"What does that say?"

"Poole and Company," we read.

"Yes, 'and Company' not 'and Son.' No wonder I did not recognize the man or the suit. You must read what's in front of your eyes, that way you will save everyone time and trouble."

With an "hrumph," or some such sound, he charges back inside. Wiggins, who does not take kindly to being made a fool of, looks around for a brick to throw through the window.

15 EC

The man at Jardine, Matheson and Co. tells us that £160 would pay for first class passage aboard the S.S. Flying Cloud on its Sydney, Australia to Southampton run.

30 EC

At the Times office we learn that Henry Ellis is in Paris at the moment.

35 EC

Quintin Hogg invites us into his chaotic office. We daintily make our way to the chairs by his desk. "We're looking into the case of the unidentified body found at the Elephant and Castle last night."

"Last night?" says Hogg. "You mates waste no time getting on a case, do you? I just arrived at the office and haven't had a chance to even look at the police reports yet. A murder, is it?"

Wiggins tells him the facts we have uncovered so far. Hogg seems interested. "This looks like a real mystery. I'll see what I can find out for you, and you tell me if you come across anything worth reporting. Deal?" We shake hands and leave as daintily as we came.

36 EC

At Old Bailey, Edward Hall strains his memory to recall any criminals he has had dealings with that would fit the description of the dead red-headed man. He says he can think of a few red-headed criminals, but they are all either in prison or much taller.

38 EC

Jasper Meeks doesn't have any extra information to give us.

"You'll have to make do with what you have, my friends."

52 EC

"Well, there's rumbling about, nothin' definite mind, that Professor Moriarty is up to somethin'. Some big job is the word, but where or when, I can't guess. All I can promise is to keep an ear out."

"Thanks, Porky."



QUESTIONS

Part One

1. What was the murdered man's name?

2. Who killed him?

3. Why was he killed?

4. Where was he from?

Part Two

1. What was the message in the cipher?

2. Who sent the cipher?

3. What was the significance of the supervisor's cap and overalls?

SOLUTION

"A simple case," says Dr. Watson, warming his hands at the fireplace. "Except for that damned cipher...don't know how it figures in."

"Simple in some ways, Watson, but not ready to be closed."

Lestrade, the expression on his face having changed from one of disagreement at Watson's remark to one of puzzlement at Holmes', speaks up. "I find nothing simple about it, 'damned cipher,' or otherwise. If you would kindly explain it to me, Mr. Holmes, I'd be much obliged."

"Of course, Inspector.... The first place of inquiry was 7 Long-lane, SE, Mrs. Jetley's Boardinghouse, in an attempt to establish an identity and background for our very mysterious friend."

"How on earth did you manage that?" asks Lestrade.

"From the note with the street directions, Inspector. Our man's destination was clearly Simpson's Cigar Divan – he had a cigar from there and Simpson's is on Villiers – but his point of departure was somewhat more obscure; after all, the Street from which one begins is usually not included in directions.

"Our man began his journey by turning left onto Borough High-street. Looking at the map, there are but four streets from which one can turn left onto Borough High-street so as to be travelling south."

"Why south?"

"In order to turn onto Borough-road from Borough High, one must be travelling south. So our man either began from London Bridge Station or from 7 SE. I dismissed the former. If one were coming into town to visit Simpson's, why stop at London Bridge Station? Why not continue on to Charing Cross? By simply canvassing both ends of the 7 SE block, I discovered Mrs. Jetley's where the mere mention of bright red hair evoked a most satisfying response.

–To put a name to our man we use two principles. First, personal items are usually reliable with regard to inscribed names. Second, most false names are but a composite or variation of the real name. His shaving mug was inscribed 'Mac,' he was known to Mrs. Jetley as Charlie Donald and a steamship ticket bore the name M.P. Charles. Keeping our two tenets in mind, I suggest that his name was Charles P. MacDonald. Although, Inspector, a communication with the Australian authorities listing all the possible variations would clear up any doubt."

"What told you he was from Australia?"

"The steamship ticket, principally. The amount of the passage was put at 160 pounds, indicating a trip of considerable distance. He was definitely English, yet spoke with an intonation unfamiliar to Mrs. Jetley. Australia suggested itself as the point of origin. A visit with Jardine, Matheson and Company should confirm or deny that suspicion.

"The only name associated with MacDonald, for so we'll call him, was a performer at the Elephant and Castle, Miss Minnie Cavill. A page out of the playbill had been removed and Miss Cavill's name circled. There was a notation alongside the name: 'Beautiful.'"

"So MacDonald's death had something to do with her?"

"The coincidence of place, the Elephant and Castle, certainly pointed that way. However, at the time I was more interested in the stethoscope, the overalls and the street supervisor's cap, especially as they related to the cipher."

"Which is simply a substitution code," beams Wiggins. "The key is in the date, which is all wrong. He was killed on the 4th, yet it's dated the 5th! If you displace the alphabet by five to where 'E,' the fifth letter in the alphabet, becomes 'A,' the first letter, then the cipher is broken! See?" We gather round to read his translation:

A knife AngeL caMe fVst on Spirit klss yOu a BlaDe sklll kEpt keeN eNgageD a quiD kill sHe adoAnces WherE knigHt in jesT play taG a rApiEr an adze aBjure paSt pald PleasUres if dlrk on ageNt keEp bodkin Near those seeK Who ready KnoW

"Doesn't seem to make much sense," says Watson.

"Knives and dirks?" wonders Lestrade. "Our man was certainly stabbed. The capital letters may mean something."

"I'm afraid, Wiggins, that the last line of your translation is the more telling," says Holmes, " 'Those seek who ready know.' The key is the number 5, but Professor Moriarty is practicing the old adage that the best place to hide something is in plain sight. Forget your substitution; go back to the original cipher and read the letters down in their columns. Five columns over, including spaces, we find a word, `meet.' Continue on, counting over five columns each time and reading down."

"Meet..roger..gold..noon..sixth..mint..out..cox," reads Wiggins."

"The capitals do mean something; certain of them do. Each of the message words is followed by a capital. Read them out, Wiggins."

"M... O... R... F... A... R... T... Y, Moriarty!"

"My God! that's so simple. Why didn't I think of it?"

Watson is quite prepared to answer Lestrade but Holmes continues on before he can.

"MacDonald's murder was at once incidental to the cipher and the sinister robbery plot and yet connected to it. Professor Moriarty was planning a job for which he needed a specialist, MacDonald. Given the stethoscope, Mrs. Jetley's comment on MacDonald's dexterity with a coin, my own observations of his hands and the clue left by Porlock, a miniature safe, MacDonald's speciality was obviously that of a cracksman.

"Now, MacDonald's contact with Moriarty was through Roger Thornberry, the Roger of the cipher and, according to the barman at the Bar of Gold, a master with the stiletto, a long, thin knife of Italian origin.

"The cipher indicated that the Royal Mint was out as a target and the alternative was Cox's bank. On my visit there, I noticed digging across the street, supposedly under city supervision. It went a long way to explain MacDonald's overalls and the supervisor's cap and the overalls possessed by Thornberry."

"You mean that the digging is being conducted by Moriarty's men! I'll have them rounded up in no time."

"There is still the murder to be disposed of."

"Yes, of course," apologizes Lestrade. "Sorry to interrupt."

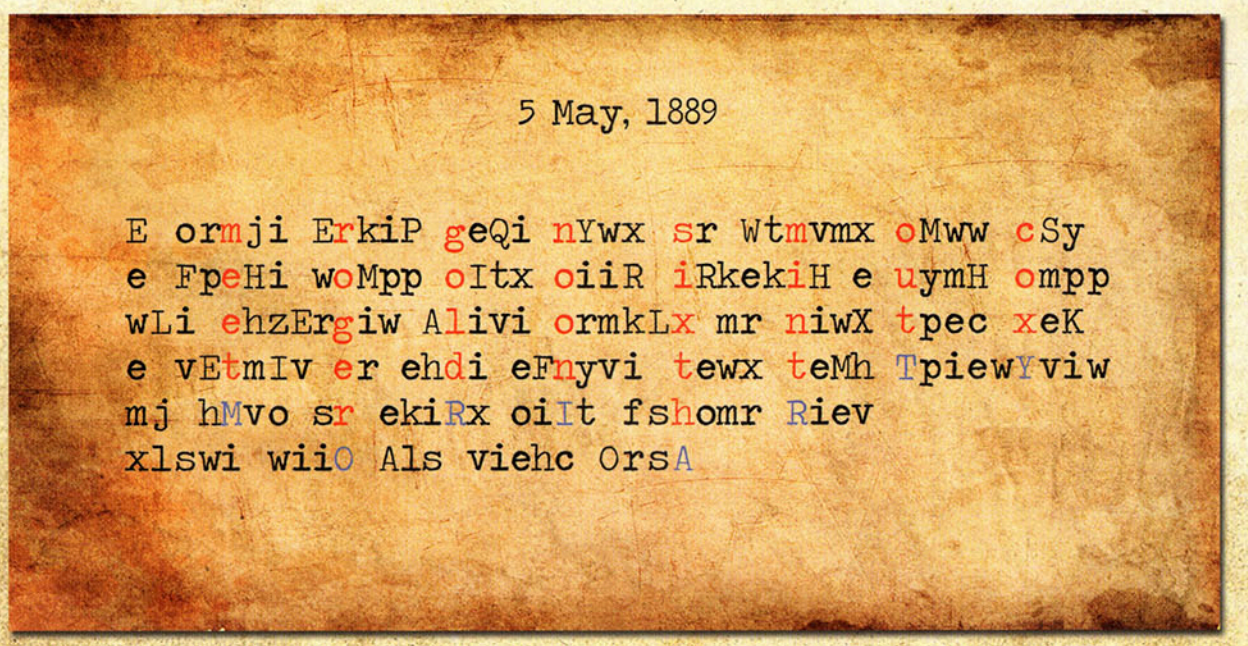
"Quite independent of his part in the robbery or his association with Thornberry, MacDonald chanced upon Miss Cavill. He went to the Elephant and Castle every evening for a week, bought her jewellery – A. Marx and Co. is a jeweller – and, no doubt, escorted her on the night of the third to the Bridge House Hotel. Unfortunately, Miss Cavill was already possessed of a very jealous and dangerous paramour, Roger Thornberry. The poster in his room giving Miss Cavill top billing and the photograph of a fair-haired lady in theatrical costume establish the connection."

"Thornberry, hum!" exclaims Lestrade. "I'll have him under lock and key immediately!"

"You may not get the chance, Inspector. That is what I meant when I said that the case is not yet closed. I doubt if Professor Moriarty will take kindly to the fact that his plans have been scotched. He may already have collected payment from Thornberry. Thus, by an injustice, justice is done."

HOLMES

Holmes has solved this case by following 5 leads: Mrs Jetley (7 SE), Bar of Gold (33 SE), Fred Porlock (18 NO), Cox's bank (22 CO) and Roger Thornberry (30 SE). He also used the following article from the newspaper: Miss Minnie Cavill (5 March, 1889). His score is 100 points. *Note : you need to solve the cypher to find Bar of Gold and Cox's bank.*



5 May, 1889

E ormji ErkiP geQi nYwx sr Wtmvmx oMww cSy
e FpeHi woMpp oItx oiiR iRkekiH e uymH ompp
wLi ehzErgiw Alivi ormkLx mr niwX tpec xeK
e vEtmIv er ehdi eFnyvi tewx teMh TpiewYviw
mj hMvo sr ekiRx oiIt fshomr Riev
xlswi wiiO Als viehc OrsA

SCORE

Part One

1. What was the murdered man's name? Charles P. MacDonald (25 points).

2. Who killed him? Roger Thornberry (25 points).

3. Why was he killed? Jealousy over Minnie Cavill (25 points).

4. Where was he from? Australia (25 points).

Part Two

1. What was the message in the cipher? meet roger gold noon sixth mint out cox (Meet Roger at the Bar of Gold at noon on the sixth - Royal Mint out, Cox is target) (20 points).

2. Who sent the cipher? Professor Moriarty (10 points).

3. What was the significance of the supervisor's cap and overalls? They were part of the disguise to cover the robbery at Cox's (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 (5 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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