THE THAMES MURDERS



Case Eight
4 June, 1890

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Billy holds the door open for us as we enter the familiar surroundings of 221B Baker Street.

"Here are our friends now, Gregson. Come in and take the chairs here at the table." After his greeting, Holmes settles back into his chair and waits for us to take our seats across from him and Inspector Tobias Gregson of Scotland Yard. "I believe you know my friends, Gregson?"

"Yes. Yes, of course." Gregson nods his head towards us in greeting.

"Watson, could you bring some tea over for our friends?"

"Of course, Holmes. My pleasure."

Watson, who had been standing by the sideboard, brings over the teapot and cups, and joins us at the table.

"I have asked you to Baker Street today to hear the Inspector's facts on the series of murders that have taken place over the past week. The newspapers are calling them the Thames Murders since all the bodies have been found in or near the Thames. Inspector?"

Inspector Gregson reaches into his pocket and pulls out a notebook. Laying it on the table in front of him, he opens the book and looks at a few pages before addressing us. "I hope you will be able to give us a little help on this one. I am involved in two other cases at present and Lestrade seems to be at his wits' end."

Holmes shifts in his chair and starts to speak but satisfies himself with a knowing smile.

"Early this morning," continues Gregson, "the body of Roland Jaquard was found under the Charing Cross Footbridge on the south bank of the Thames. He had been badly beaten and bruises around the neck suggest that death was caused by strangulation. As you probably know, this is the fifth body found in the Thames, or on its banks, in the last week. So far no connection has been found among these murders, and none may exist, but this is what I want to found out."

"What can you tell us about Jaquard?"

"Roland Jaquard, 36, was the step-son of Lord Astley Denham. His father, General William Howard Jaquard, was killed during the Indian Mutiny. His mother, Lady Margaret, married Lord Denham in 1860. She is one of the leading ladies of London society. Roland had the reputation of a ne'er-do-well, some would even say a mountebank. His only visible means of income was his ability with cards. He was one of the best whist players in London and could be found most days at the card tables of the Bagatelle Card Club, 14 Poland-street, NW. He could also be found in the drawing rooms, and sometimes the bedrooms, of some of the best families of London."

"Bedrooms? You mean he was a womanizer?" asks Watson.

"That was part of his reputation."

Holmes, who has been quiet during Gregson's discourse, now turns to the Inspector. "Have you made any progress on the other murders?"

"None that I know of. As I said, Lestrade has been conducting the case, but very little progress, if any, has been made. I can give you names of the other victims if you like."

"That would be a start," says Holmes. As Gregson looks through his note-book, Holmes turns his attention to

us. "This case presents some interesting possibilities for you. We don't know if there are any connections within this series of murders, but I don't believe in coincidence. Five bodies in six days found in or by the Thames is too much coincidence for me. Remember, we must look for the underlying logic of a crime. No matter how diabolical the criminal mind, there is usually a logic behind it. That's what we must find. Have you found the victims' names, Inspector?"

"Yes, here they are. I have made a list for you with the victims' names and the dates of the murders. Here it is." Gregson hands us the following list:

Nathan Revell 30 May
Cyril Maud 31 May
Charles Attard 1 June
Leo Shephard 3 June
Roland Jaquard 4 June

"I hope you'll be able to help us in this matter, Mr. Holmes."

"Unfortunately, Watson and I are involved in a complex little problem that we must bring to a conclusion, but we will give as much assistance as we can."

"What could be more pressing than five murders, Holmes?"

"Many things, Gregson, many things. But I am not uninterested in this case and will give as much attention as I can. I am sure that our friends will be able to shed some light on the problem, Gregson."



AREA SE

2 SE

Leticia Garcia has the dark sultry beauty of the Mediterranean race. She cannot be more than 20 years of age. Her youthful face is covered with tears which have been streaming from her big, brown, bloodshot eyes.

"Yes, I knew Roland Jaquard. We were good friends. We had a lot of fun together, but I don't know anything about his death."

"When was the last time you saw Jaquard?"

"Las ... two days ago."

"Do you have any idea who killed him?"

"No! No! I have told you I don't know anything about it. Leave me alone. I have nothing more to say."

3 SE

"No, Jacob Epstein is not here. He was here earlier helping Michael Botkin and his wife Natalie check out. He left together with some friends in a dog-cart. They didn't say where they were going."

"How many were there?"

"Six. The cart was overflowing with Russians."

5 SE

Wai Fang Gong, landlord of the Celestial Garden Apartments, is a small, stout, round-faced man. His smiling face radiates the Oriental optimism that allows him to give his dirty, ramshackle dwelling such an ethereal name.

"He not here. He go way," is Gong's response to our question about Curtis Twiggs.

"Can we see his room?"

"You want room?"

"No! We want to see Twiggs' room."

"Him no have room. Him go way. Give up room. Four day ago."

"Do you know where he went?"

"No. He leave bag with me. Be back for bag. No know when."

"Can we see the bag?"

"You pay see bag?"

Wiggins takes a coin from his pocket and hands it to Gong. Gong waddles through the doorway and into his room. We follow. The room we enter looks like something out of the Emperor's Palace. It is immaculately clean. Silk paintings hang from the wall, beautifully carved ebony furniture is tastefully arranged on a large brown rug with a fire-breathing green dragon design.

"I get bag." Gong goes over to one of the cabinets which line the right wall. Opening one of the doors he removes a tattered black bag and brings it over to us.

"No take no thing. Twig kill me. Bad man."

"We no take, we won't take anything. We just want to look."

We open the bag and remove the following items: One gold watch with "C.A." engraved on the back; several pieces of jewellery and rings; four wallets with identification in the names of Charles Attard, Wilfrid Robarts, Nathan Revell and Rory Winslow; and lastly, a 7-inch stiletto with a pearl handle.

Wiggins replaces the items in the bag and hands it back to the landlord. "Thank you, Mr. Gong."

6 SE

Maude's room, if you can call a 6-by-8-foot space a room, contains only a bed and a sea chest. An inspection of the chest reveals some old clothes, a small metal box which contains £200 in cash, a box of Mauser 11 mm shells and a Webley revolver.

7 SE

The Russian Social Club is closed, but our knocks soon bring the janitor.

"What d'ya want?"

"We are interested in the meeting that took place here last night. What can you tell us about it?"

"You mean those crazy women? Demanding the same rights as a man, and that daffy Russian egging 'em on. 'Women only,' what nonsense. No wonder there was trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Yeah, those crazy ladies got into a fight. They had to carry one of 'em out of here. And they think they can act like men, what a laugh. I gotta get back to work."

13 SE

"Yeah, mate, I knew Roland Jaquard. A real dandy he was, always after them women. He was here last night to pick up Leticia. She wasn't the first he's been here for. Last year he was courting Amelia Lorenzo, that year's star. He liked them dark beauties, he did."

"So, Miss Garcia and Jaquard were seeing a lot of each other?"

"Yes, sort of. Not as much as Jaquard would have liked, methinks. Leticia is a fun-loving girl. She has many admirers and she takes advantage of it. Mr. Jaquard wasn't the only man in her life, even though

he wanted to be. Funny, isn't it? A man like Jaquard could have as many women as he wanted. I guess that's why he tried so hard to get the ones he couldn't have."

"You seem to know quite a lot about the lives of these people."

"I've been a stage-hand for twenty-five years and have seen many dramas unfold on the stage, but I also watched them unfold backstage, and real-life drama is much more interesting. I study it."

"Have your studies revealed who the other men are in Miss Garcia's life?"

"As I said, she was a fun-loving girl and she had fun with a lot of men, but there were three that she saw more than the others. One was Roland Jaquard, who you know about. Of the others, Marco Escobedo, the pugilist, was a frequent caller as was Sir Lester Ogilvie. Of course, I only see the callers that come to the stage door."

"Do you have any idea who would have wanted to kill Jaquard?"

"No, I don't. I only watch the dramas, I don't write them."

"Thank you, Mr. Parrish."

17 SE

"What do you want? What'd you wake me up for?"

"Mr. Escobedo? Could we talk to you for a few minutes?"

"What, oh, come on in."

Marco Escobedo lets us into his small, sparsely furnished room. Escobedo's large frame makes the room seem even smaller. He is 6-foot-3 and well over 16 stones in weight. One look at his face leaves no doubt of Escobedo's profession – broken nose, ears like cauliflower. Fresh bruises on his face tell us that he is still a practicing pugilist.

"What do you want?"

"What can you tell us about Roland Jaquard?"

"I? I know nothing about Jaquard's death. I didn't even know the man."

"But you knew who he was?"

"Yes, I know of him. A lady's man and he was interested in my lady."

"Leticia Garcia?"

"Yes. He was just using her. He didn't love her like I do. He...oh, what difference does it make now?"

"Where were you last night?"

"I was in the gym training until 8. I had dinner at Spaniard's Inn, and then I came home and went to bed. I have a big fight tomorrow and I have to be in shape."

"Was anyone with you?"

"No, I was alone."

"Do you have any idea who would want to kill Jaquard?" "No, and I don't care. Would you please leave, I have to get down to the gym."

18 SE

"Jacob is not here, he left early this morning. I don't know what's happening to my boy, he doesn't tell me anything anymore. Ever since he got involved with those revolutionaries, I do nothing but worry. Does he care? No, all he cares about is Russia. Russia! His father, God rest his soul, and I left Russia when Jacob was 10! What does he know of Russia?"

"Do you know where he is now, Mrs. Epstein?"

"No. He borrowed his uncle's dog-cart and told me he would be back in four or five days. Will he tell me where he is going? No, I am only his mother. The only thing he said was that he was going to pick up Botkin, that troublemaker, and take him somewhere. He wouldn't tell me where. I am only his mother."

"Do you know where Botkin is staying?"

"Some hotel. I don't know which one. I am only his mother, he never tells me anything."

"Thank you, Mrs. Epstein."

"If you see Jacob, tell him to take care of himself." "Yes, Mrs. Epstein."

21 SE

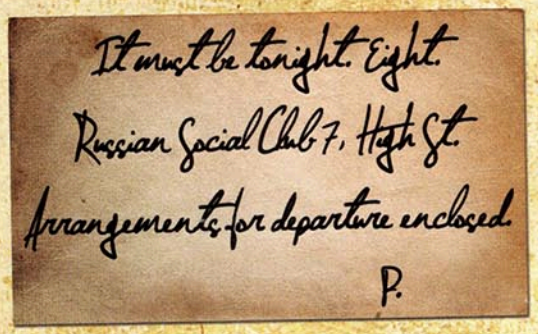
Sasha Dombrowski's landlady informs us that he is at work at the J. Sc E. Bumpus Book Shoppe.

23 SE

"This is the room that I rented to Reinhart Lutz," says Mrs. Pickens as she opens the door to room 3-C. "He paid by the week and kept to himself. He was a pleasant enough man; he had a heavy German accent, but his English was understandable. That's all I know."

The room is furnished with a bed, a chest of drawers, two chairs and a small desk. Lying on the bed are a suit of men's clothing and a large empty box with H.J. Nicoll & Co, Fashions for Women printed on the top.

An examination of the desk reveals only a large envelope containing the following: a one-way ticket on the Western Star leaving 1300, June 5 for Havana; a Bank Draft drawn on the Credit Lyonnais in the amount of £2,000; and the following note:



"How long did Lutz stay here?"

"About three weeks. His baggage was picked up yesterday. That's all I know."

25 SE

Faye Shephard greets us at the door. She is a big woman with a voice to match. "How many times do I have to tell you? Leo ain't dead! That little runt of a police inspector scared me to death coming here and telling me my son was dead. Drags me down to Bart's to look at this big ugly guy. Scared me to death, he did. My son's at sea, has been for four weeks." That outburst over, she slams the door in our faces.

30 SE

The landlady indicates the door of Juan Escobedo's rooms, and we knock several times with no response. We try the doorknob and find the door unlocked. Pushing it open, we enter the darkened room. The dim light entering through the room's only window reveals the form of a man slumped on a table. As we get closer we see that the table is covered with half a dozen gin bottles – one full, two partially full, the rest empty.

Wiggins shakes Escobedo's shoulder and the man lifts his head with a moan.

"What d'ya want? Leave me alone! Who are you?"

"What were you doing at Roland Jaquard's house this morning?"

"I didn't do nothing to nobody. Leave me alone."

His head falls back on the table. Wiggins again shakes Escobedo back into consciousness. "Wake up, Juan, wake up. You were seen. Did you murder Jaquard?"

"I didn't murder anybody. It was Marco. Marco, my brother."

"We had better get Holmes and Gregson," says Wiggins as he lets Juan's head fall back onto the table.

35 SE

As we walk down Surrey Row we come upon a dingy octagonal building with a small dome in the middle called the Ring. "You know," says Wiggins, "before the Ring became famous for boxing, wrestling and Sunday Shakespeare, it was a chapel, built in 1782, for Rowland Hill, who preached here for fifty years. An ironical use for the site of London's first Sunday School, don't you think?"

Wiggins leads us into the main hall where workmen are busy putting up the ring for tomorrow's fight. A workman points out Oliver Perkins, the fight promoter.

"You can get more seats in that section over there," yells Perkins as we walk over to him. "Come on, get off your butts, what am I paying you for!"

"Mr. Perkins, can we speak to you for a moment?"

"Who are you? Not there, over there. Do I have to do everything myself? What do you want?"

"What can you tell us about Marco Escobedo?"

"I'll tell you that tub of lard better put on a good fight. Hey, you. You with the table. Where are you going? The table goes by the ring. I shouldn't use ex-boxers, they've had their brains knocked out. What about Escobedo?"

"Was he here last night working out?"

"Working out? You got to be kidding. He only works out in bars and bedrooms. He hasn't been in a ring for four months. No, no, no, you can't run a 10-foot rope between two posts that are 15 feet apart. Sorry I can't talk anymore," says Perkins as he runs off toward the ring and the four workmen who are trying to bend one of the posts to make up for the missing 5 feet.

38 SE

Jim Hodges, the owner of the warehouse at 38 Upper Ground-street, tells us that the warehouse has been vacant since the end of May.

67 SE

"Yes, I am the owner, Eric Niland. May I help you?"

We are standing in the storage yard of Landmark Ltd., the manufacturer of memorial monuments – tombstones. Eric Niland is putting the finishing touches on a terra-cotta copy of Diana and the Stag.

"Beautiful, isn't it? It's for Lady Diana Hinkley. She chose it for herself when she knew the end was near."

"Lovely. We are interested in one of your delivery wagons."

"Delivery wagons?"

"Yes, one was seen last night in Marylebone."
"Marylebone? Last night? What time?"

"About two this morning."

"Damn that Escobedo. That's the last straw. I've had it with him."

"Escobedo?"

"Juan Escobedo, one of my workmen. I've told him never to take that wagon without telling me. He's done it before and I told him then that I would fire him if he did it again."

"Are you sure it was him?"

"I only have one wagon and two employees. Billy, Billy, come over here."

A boy of about 16 comes over to where we are standing. "Yes, Mr. Niland?"

"Do you know anything about the wagon being used last night?"

"No, sir. But when I fed old Peaches this morning it looked like she had been out during the night. I thought you used it, boss. There's a rug in the wagon. I thought it was yours."

"I knew it. He's been using the wagon to make extra money by moving people at night. I've told him not to do that. Wait until I get my hands on him."

"Where is Juan Escobedo?"

"He reported in sick to-day."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"He lives in a boarding house at 30 Oakley-street. And if you see him tell him not to come in; he no longer has a job with me."



AREA SW

1 SW

"We don't stock the Mauser T11. Try Westley Richards on New Bond-street. I have read about the murders in the papers, but I don't know any of the victims."

2 SW

Langdale Pike is lounging on the mauve satin settee that serves as his office. Clustered around him an' members of the Societies Club who are hoping to hear the latest gossip. Disappointment shows in the faces of those who have not yet been mentioned, for one has not yet reached the high tanks of London society unless one is talked about by Langdale Pike.

"I told Lady Lynch that she shouldn't take her jewels to the seaside with her but, of course, going to the seaside during the London season is so declasse, what do you expect? You know the jewels were rather kitsch anyway, and she is getting more attention out of them now that they have been stolen than she ever did by wearing them. And, of course, Lord Lynch is very happy about the insurance money. Lloyd's loss is Lynch's gain."

At this pause in Pike's performance we get his attention. "Gentlemen, what wind of scandal has blown you to my nest? Something interesting, I hope. Please leave us, I wish to speak to my friends alone," says Pike as he shoos admirers away.

"Come, gentlemen, sit. I hope you have something juicy for me."

"We were hoping to get something from you."

"Of course, of course. But give and take, gentlemen, give and take. Now tell me who you are working for. Helping Holmes again? I always look forward to seeing my name in Watson's chronicles. He never gives me enough credit, but stuffy old Watson doesn't much like me."

"We would like to know what you could tell us of Roland Jaquard."

"Oh, Roland is it? I should have guessed Holmes would be involved in the investigation of Roland's death. What would you like to know?"

"Do you know anyone who would have reason to murder him?"

"Ha, ha, ha, oh my dear boy, the list would be endless. The problem is not who would want to kilt him but which one got there first. Half the husbands in London will give a sigh of relief at his demise and all the women

will cry. And that is just for starters. His skill at the card tables is legendary, but most of the men who lost to him could afford it, and Roland was such a charmer they did so gladly. It was an honour."

"Did he cheat?"

"Only if he had to. You see, a good gambler is a joy to behold. He will convince you that you are the better player and that it is just the luck of the cards that is against you. Roland could be the greatest entertainer; he would have you smiling as you handed over your money. A real charmer, he was."

"Can you give us a few names from this endless list that you might think are better leads than others?"

"Well, right at the moment Roland's love life was on the wane. Most of his energy was going into a young actress named Leticia Garcia. Roland always had a weakness for the young dark Latin types. Don't know why. There were always two types of women in Roland's life, those that loved him and those he loved; rarely were the two the same.

"He was still involved with Linda Randolph, wife of Vincent Randolph, the shipping tycoon. There have been some very unpleasant encounters between Vincent and Roland. He still sees Kathleen Lindsay, but I don't think there is anything but friendship between them. Oh, we can't forget Alexandra Pokrovsky. Last year, while her husband was in Russia, Roland and Alexandra were the talk of the town. There was even talk of her leaving her husband for Roland, but that may have been past history by now. May have been, and is now that Roland is dead, Poor Roland."

"Do you know a Leo Shephard?"

"No."

"Charles Attard?"

"That pettifogger? I have met him. A friend of Roland's. I don't know what Roland saw in him. I didn't like him, the legal mind lacks pulchritude, creativity, anything of interest to me. At least that was the case with Charles Attard. But I can't tell you anything about his murder. Don't worry about it; he was a bug, nothing more."

"We get the point. What about Cyril Maude or Nathan Revel'?"

"Never heard of them."

"Their names were in the paper. They were also murder victims."

"You and Holmes read the vulgar crime news. I only read what I write."

5 SW

"Yes, I know Ashcroft. A very intelligent young man. Very much interested in socialism and history. I get the feeling he is part of a revolutionary group of Russian exiles. I haven't seen Ashcroft for the last few days. Why don't you try Simpson's. I know he plays chess there."

8 SW

His chair squeaks loudly as Mycroft Holmes gently cases his bulk into it. "I assume you are here to get help in your investigations of the Thames Murders. Correct?"

"Why yes. How..."

"I'm not sure. I must have made an educated guess that turned out to be correct. I can't imagine Sherlock missing out on a case like this. Has he called you into action because it was too much for him to handle?"

"He has other problems also occupying his attention," Wiggins answers. "Have you been following the Thames murders in the newspapers?"

"Yes, I have; eagerly, in fact."

"Do you know anything about the victims which might shed some light on the mystery?"

"The only one I knew was Charles Attard. He had a checkered career; it is generally agreed upon in higher circles that he was not on the up and up. He was being paid off, and had little respect for the law."

"Who was paying him off?"

"In essence, Moriarty, although there may be some middlemen. But as you know, I do not keep as close an eye on the criminal world as my brother, so I can not give you any hard facts.

9 SW

"Reinhart Lutz! Yes, we know that name. He is wanted in Germany for the assassination of a government official in Bavaria. The Abwehr, the Secret Service, has long suspected that Lutz is a professional assassin."

13 SW

We are shown into the office of Inspector Lestrade who seems to be in a state of great agitation. "Yes, Gregson informed me that he was going to bring in outside inter..help. I must say that the case is progressing adequately. I don't see what good it will do to bring in outside, uh, help."

"We'll try not to interfere with your investigation,

Inspector. Could you tell us what you have learned so far?"

"Do you think that all I have to do...oh, alright. Here is what I have. The body of the first victim, Nathan Revell, was found floating in the Thames under London Bridge at about 10 p.m. Friday last. He had been shot twice in the back. Revell was 52 years old, a senior clerk at Lindsay and Co. He had never run afoul of the law. He was unmarried, lived alone and seems to have led a quiet life that revolved around his work and club. I haven't been able to find a motive yet. Right now I suspect robbery."

"Club? Which one?"

"The Bagatelle. Whist seems to have been his main passion."

"Why do you suspect robbery?"

"We know that he received his wages the day he was murdered. We found neither wallet nor money on his body. This indicates robbery to me."

"Anything else?"

"He did have a suicide note, but, as I pointed out to Murray, two bullets in the back is a difficult way to commit suicide. That's all I can tell you about Revell."

"Suicide note? Can we see it?"

"Ahem, I don't seem to have my copy. I must have left it at Lindsay and Company, but Murray has the original at the lab."

"What about the other victims?"

"The second body was that of Cyril Maude. It was found by Constable Rand a few hours later, about 2 a.m. The body was found near Blackfriars Bridge on the south bank. We have a very thick dossier on Mr. Maude. He was 26 years old and had been in trouble since the age of 13. His first offense was assaulting young school boys for their money. From that he graduated to pick-pocket and spent the next four years in and out of reform school. When he was 17 he was arrested for assaulting and robbing a shop-keeper. For that he spent two years at Millbank Prison. He was sentenced to a year, but he caused so much trouble while he was in, that another year was added to his term. He was out for six months and arrested for murder. He went to trial, but the only state witness vanished, never to be heard of again. The charges were dropped. Very convenient for Mr. Maude.

"In 1884, Maude was again arrested for assault and sent back to Millbank for a year. He was released in March, 1885. We don't hear much of him until March of 1886 when he was a suspect in the Mail Train robbery, but not enough evidence was ever found to bring any of the suspects to trial. During the last four years he has been linked with many crimes, but again there has been no evidence strong enough to try him. Either a witness would disappear, Maude had an unbreakable alibi or enough evidence couldn't be found. I must say that London will not be the worse for the loss."

Lestrade puts down Maude's file and picks up another from the stack on his desk. "Our next victim is a bird of a different colour, if not of different feathers. Charles Attard was a barrister and well-known around Old Bailey as the defender of London's criminal society. He was found shot to death behind the waterfront warehouse at 38 Upper Ground-street. We suspect robbery may have been the motive in this murder as well since there was no wallet found on the body. But with the number of cases that Attard handled it will take us quite a while to check all the possible leads. I'm afraid that's all I can tell you about Attard at this time."

"What time was he murdered?"

"His body was found by Constable Lane at 9 p.m. I haven't received the pathologist's report from Bart's, but Lane thinks he had been dead only an hour or so."

After removing another file from the stack, Lestrade pauses to light his pipe. "You know, I don't think there is any conspiracy here. These murders are just coincidence and will be cleared up in the course of our normal investigations, but it's your time.

"The fourth victim was Leo Shephard. We have no information on him in our police records. He had been shot, and his body was found floating in the Thames, near the Southwark Bridge. So far we haven't been able to find out anything at all about Leo Shephard. We only know his name from the work papers that he was carrying.

"I believe that Gregson has told you all we know about Roland Jaquard."

"There is nothing that you have to add?"

"No, and I have no more time to spare. Good day."

22 SW

H.R. Murray bends over his cluttered desk moving papers from one pile to another.

"Let's see, I've got these reports somewhere. Here they are. Number 694."

"That would be Nathan Revell."

"Who?"

"Number 694. Are those the personal effects of Nathan Revell?"

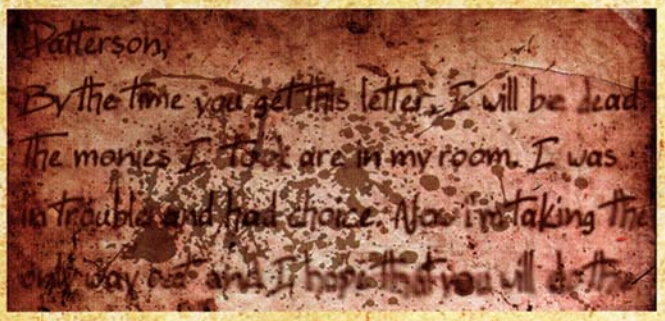
"I'll have to check the log." He walks over to a table and looks through a book lying there. "Here it is. Number 694, Revell, Nathan. Let me get the numbers of the other names on the list you gave me."

A minute later he is back with four more numbered boxes. "That's everybody," he says as he lays the boxes down and returns his attention to the box labelled 694. "Let's see what we have here." The first thing he removes from the box is a piece of paper and a small envelope. "Here's my report and the slug that was removed from 694's body. Yes, I remember. The slug is destroyed beyond recognition, but judging from its weight it would have come from a large calibre gun of German manufacture."

"How can you tell that from an unrecognizable bullet?"

"You can't. But you can tell from the powder." He pulls out a man's overcoat and shows us two holes in the back. "I found traces of brown, or cocoa, powder. As you may know, gunpowder throughout the ages has consisted of 75% KNO, 15% C, 10% S. Well, cocoa powder is 80% KNO, 17% C, 3% S. The only manufacturer of brown powder for small arms is Krupp in Germany for use with the Mauser T11.

"The other thing of interest is a letter I found in 694's coat pocket." He shows us an envelope, the ink of which is now an illegible smear. "This was quite a challenge. It is stamped so he must have had it in mind to post. I can't make out the address, but here's what I got from the letter:"



"Are you trying to tell us he committed suicide?"

"I'm not trying to tell you anything. I am showing you what the letter said, nothing more. When Inspector Lestrade was here and saw the letter he said `Ah, suicide.' I pointed out to him that it was a difficult feat for one to take one's own life by shooting oneself in the back. After pondering that fact for a moment he seemed to agree that suicide was unlikely."

"Yes, of course. Anything else?"

"Let me see what else we have. No wallet, no money, just some personal papers. A bank book from the Bank of England, a membership card for the Bagatelle Card Club. Here's something interesting, an old Roman coin. Mmm... just a second." Murray bends over another box that he had laid on the table earlier and briefly sifts through its contents. "Ah, here it is." He pulls a coin from the box and we see that it is identical with the one found on Revell. "A strange coincidence, don't you think?"

"And who had this coin?"

"Seven-oh-four. That would be Leo Shephard. Do you want to take him next?"

"Might as well."

"Not much here. His shirt." Murray holds in front of us a red plaid shirt that had seen better days. "One bullet hole in the back, no powder burns, looks like a small calibre gun. Meeks sent me three bullets he removed from the body during the autopsy. One entered the neck leaving no mark on the clothing. Judging by their weight I would think two are .30 calibre, and these copper jackets indicate a French make. The third, which I understand was removed from a wound received a day or two earlier, is not a type ordinarily used in a murder attempt. The rest of the effects consists of a wallet with ten pounds, Seaman's papers from Jardines, a pair of brown pants and a pair of work shoes. That's about it."

"What about Cyril Maude?"

"Yes, 699. Real slim pickings here. Nothing but the clothes on his back. So many holes in his shirt that you wouldn't be able to tell which was made by the weapon if it weren't for the bloodstain. Looks like the hole was caused by a stiletto-type knife that went in under the armpit." Murray lays out the worn blue workshirt for inspection. An equally worn brown jacket and brown pants along with a pair of cheap black boots are the sole worldly remains of Cyril Maude.

"Not very interesting, is it? Well, let's look at 701, Charles Attard. I think you will find something interesting here. Our friend, the Mauser T11. There is no mistaking that 11mm hole and the cocoa powder. Two shots at very close range. One in the chest, the other in the abdomen. The second shot was unnecessary, to say the least."

"So you're saying that Revell and Attard were shot with the same gun?"

"Unfortunately, I can't say that. The bullets are in no shape to be matched. They are soft-nosed bullets and flatten on impact which makes comparison impossible. All I can say for sure is that they came from the same type of gun."

"Anything else of interest?"

"Yes, a pepperbox."

"A pepperbox?"

Murray pulls out a small hand-gun with six barrels. "Yes, a pepperbox. An interesting little gun, American-made, don't see them often. Not the most logical design

and effective only at close range. It wasn't very effective for 701, was it? It has been fired three times, very small round shots. Not a weapon one would want to stake one's life on, 701, is it? The gun fires shots much like the one removed from Shephard's shoulder. I wonder if there might be a connection? Anyway, there's nothing else of much interest. No money or wallet, a broken gold watch chain, no watch. A well-made black suit and a very expensive pair of shoes.

"That brings us to our last subject, 706, the late Roland Jaquard, I believe. Not much I can tell you about this one. From Meeks' report it looks as if he were strangled and there is nothing in the physical evidence that would indicate otherwise. One spotless silk shirt, sans collar, very expensive, as are all the clothes in 706's box. A grey morning coat, black pants and a pair of socks, one brown, one blue. A pair of French-made shoes, very expensive. And that, gentlemen, is all there is of Mr. Jaquard in this box. No underwear, no wallet, no personal effects. Oh, wait, there is a ring, gold and inset with a large ruby, again, very expensive."

"So that covers all the boxes. Anything more you can tell us?"

"Not that I can think of unless you're interested in box 705." Murray reaches into box 705 which has been sitting to one side on the large table in front of us, and pulls out a blue house dress with a grotesque blood stain on its front. "The final dress of Reinhart Lutz. It's not expensive, but tasteful. He wore no jewellery and carried only his German passport. Are you interested?"

"No, thank you. I think we have enough murders to keep us busy for the moment."

23 SW

Andrew Devine, warden of Millbank Prison, talks to us as he makes his rounds.

"Yes, I remember Cyril Maude. A bad egg he was. Nothing but trouble the whole time he was here. As you may know, it is our philosophy to try to reform and rehabilitate the men put in our charge. We did not have much success with Maude."

"Did he have any friends who are still incarcerated here that we would talk with?"

"Friends? No, Maude wouldn't know what the word meant. The closest thing he had to a friend was his cell mate, Curtis Twiggs. I don't know which of them was worse. I guess that's what tied them together: everyone hated both of them."

"Could we see Twiggs?"

"I am not sorry to say that he is no longer a resident of our institution. He was released back into our unsuspecting society in 1886. Surprisingly, I have not heard of him since. I am sure my gain is society's loss."

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

"I am sure there were many, but I wash my hands of them once they leave here. The ones that remain keep my hands full."

25 SW

"Yes, I knew Marco Escobedo."

"Was he here for dinner last night?"

"Yes, if you can drink your dinner."

"Meaning?"

"He arrived here around 10 and went right to the bar and started drinking, or should I say continued drinking. He undoubtedly had a few drinks before he arrived here. He was in a very mean mood. We tried to get him to leave but it is hard to force Mr. Escobedo to do anything he doesn't want to do."

"What time did he leave?"

"When we closed at midnight."

31 SW

The door that opens into the offices of Novak, Adams & Co. proclaims that we are entering, "The World's Largest Manufacturer of Quality Artificial Glass Eyes." Samples of the firm's products stare at us from the glass display cases that decorate the room.

"We would like to see Merlin Newbury."

"I am sorry, he is lunching at Keen's."

48 SW

Nathasha Gorski opens her door a crack and looks us over. "We are investigating the murder of Nikolai Pokrovsky. Did you know the Count?"

"That Czarist pig! Is he dead? Good. Wonderful, tell me the details."

"He was killed earlier today. Someone took an ax to his head. Would you know anyone who would want to kill him?"

"Ha, ha, do I know anyone who would want to kill him? Everyone I know would like to kill him, including me. He was head of the Czar's secret police in Europe and responsible for the murder of many good men, including my brother. I only wish I could have had the honour of killing him. Thank you for the good news."

"Could–" before we can ask our next question the door slams shut.

54 SW

"Nikolai Pokrovsky was attached to the Embassy," says Yakov Sosnovsky, the Cultural Attache. "I can tell you nothing more. His orders came from St. Petersburg, not here."

60 SW

Hercule Faberge, assistant to the president, informs us: "Yes, I do remember the Bank Draft. It was taken out by Count Nikolai Pokrovsky."



AREA NW

4 NW

"Yes, I played cards with Jaquard yesterday. I played all night. Once Merlin starts to lose he won't stop. We didn't get out of the club until 3 a.m."

12 NW

At the Colt firearms company, the salesman explains to us that they do not sell weapons from competitors.

"To my knowledge, only Westley Richards sells Mausers in London."

14 NW

"I'm sorry, this is a private club and I can't let you enter unless you are a member or the guest of a member."

"We just want to talk to the manager about the death of one of your members."

"Wait here, please." As the doorman goes back inside he closes the heavy oak door barring our entrance to the Bagatelle Card Club. A few minutes later he returns and ushers us in.

"Mr. Chapman will see you. This way please."

We are led into the spacious playing room of the club. To the left side of the room stands a large, ornately-carved bar. The white-coated barman is busy serving drinks to half a dozen members who are standing by the bar's brass rail. The rest of the room is filled with card tables. Their green felt surfaces give a pastoral feeling to the room which is enhanced by the silence of the occupants. Ten of the thirty-some tables are in use and the room's silence is broken only by periodic bids from the players and the clicking of their whist markers.

"Mr. Chapman's office is on the far side of the room. He's waiting for you."

We walk across the playing room to the office door marked Roger Chapman: Private. We knock at the door and enter after an answering voice bids us to.

Roger Chapman is a large, affable man. His thinning, sandy brown hair is neatly trimmed and frames his ruddy face. "Come in, gentlemen. Take a seat. I understand you're investigating the death of one of our members. Which one? Roland Jaquard or Revell?"

"We'd be interested in anything you could tell us which might shed light on either of their deaths."

"Well, of course I have heard of their deaths, and they were both members of our club, but I know nothing of their murders. I don't know how I could help you."

"If you could answer a few questions, that may be

of help to us. How long had they been members of the club?"

"Let's see. I have managed the club for ten years and both Roland and Revell were members when I started."

"Did they know each other? Were they friends?"

"Of course they knew each other. They often played together, but I wouldn't say they were friends. Revell was here almost every night, he loved a good game of whist. Jaquard was also here most evenings and most days, and they sometimes played together, but they were in different classes as players."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I don't think it's a secret that Jaquard made his living at the card table. Like many players in this club he was more interested in his winnings than in winning. Revell was a good player but not on the level of Jaquard, and Revell didn't have the money to make it worth Roland's time to play with him."

"So you see no convection between the two deaths?"

"No, of course not. Well, gentlemen, I would like to talk to you, but I have a lot of work to do on our new membership drive. By the way, do you play whist?"

"No, sorry."

Roger Chapman rises from his chair and shows us the door. As he opens it he hails the first white-coated man that passes. "Leo, would you take these gentlemen to the bar and see that they get anything they want and put it on my check. If you change your minds about learning whist let me know. Good day."

Leo takes us over to the bar and informs the barman of Mr. Chapman's offer. The barman returns with our drinks and introduces himself. "The name's Edwin. Are you new members?"

"No, we're here looking into the deaths of two club members."

"You mean Revell and Jaquard?"

"Yes. Anything you can tell us?"

"No, I don't think so. You see and hear a lot standing on this side of the bar, but it's best not to talk about it."

We lay a couple of shillings on the bar which vanish as Edwin wipes the carved wood clean with his rag. "I can tell you that Mr. Revell had spent more time at the bar over the past month. Just about every night he had been playing with Mr. Jaquard and Moran."

"Moran?"

"Colonel Sebastian Moran. He and Jaquard were thick as thieves, they were. When they played together they had more than their share of luck. I remember when they started to play with Revell. He would come over to the bar to celebrate by buying drinks for other members. As the weeks went by his drinking went from celebration to drowning his sorrows."

"You mean that Revell was losing a lot?"

"I didn't say that. I'm a bartender, not a card player. I can only tell how people drink. You might want to talk with Adair. He was Revell's partner from time to time."

"Where can we find Adair?"

"Ronald Adair. He is the chap down at the end of the bar. The one with the gold vest."

We pick up our drinks and move down to the end of the bar and ask Adair about his knowledge of Revell's card playing.

"Yes, I knew Revell. We were partners in a number of games over the last year or so. He was a good player, not as good as he thought he was, but that's not an uncommon misconception among whist players."

"We understand that you were partners with Revell against Jaquard and Moran."

"Yes, a number of times. Jaquard and Moran are two of the best players in the club. Together they are a formidable combination. A challenge to any player."

"And did you overcome this challenge?"

"At first, yes. Then our luck changed and it seemed like we could never win, no matter how good our cards were."

"Do you think you were cheated?"

"Cheated! Of course not. The club members are gentlemen. Cheated, out of the question!"

"Did you have a wager on the game?"

"Yes, a small one. A pound or two, nothing important."

"And Revell?"

"I don't know. A wager between gentlemen is not something you talk about. A gentleman should never wager more than he can afford. I don't."

"When was the last time you saw Revell?"

"Let me see, he died on the 30th, so it would have been the night before, the 29th. Revell and I were partners in a game with Moran and Jaquard. We played until midnight, didn't win a game all night. Revell seemed upset, isn't that right Edwin?"

"What's that, Mr. Adair?" responds Edwin, who had moved down the bar to refill Adair's brandy glass.

"Last Thursday. Around midnight, remember? Mr. Revell came into the bar, didn't he seem upset?"

"Right, I remember. He downed two gins as fast as I could pour them." Edwin glances up and down the bar before continuing in a low voice. "Then Colonel Moran joined him. They seemed to be having a disagreement.

After Moran left, Revell really tied one on, if you know what I mean."

"The next night, the night Revell was murdered," continues Adair, "I had a drink here with Moran, he said he was waiting for Revell. Revell never showed which seemed to upset Moran. He waited until around 8 and then left. He told me to keep an eye out for Revell and if he came in to tell him that Moran would be at the Tankerville."

"The Tankerville? What's that?"

"It's a private club and dining room. The best prime rib in London, you should try it."

"And what's the address?"

"Thirty-four, High Holborn."

"When was the last time you saw Jaquard?"

"Yesterday. I arrived here around four o'clock. Jaquard arrived shortly after, around 4:30. We had a couple of drinks together and then we got into a game with a couple of other members. At the start of the game Jaquard stated that he could only play for a couple of hours because he had theatre tickets for 8 o'clock. Luck was with us, Jaquard and I were winning big. Our opponents kept raising the stakes to make up for their losses. That's the type of player Jaquard loved, the more they lost the more they were willing to lose. Jaquard, always the gambler, decided not to go to the theatre. Seen the show six times. "I can play until 10 and still make my dinner date," he said.

"We continued to play and win. At 8:30 – I remember the time because I had just looked at my watch – Jaquard received a postal telegram. After reading it, he jumped from his chair saying 'Sorry gentlemen, I must go. Unexpected business.' This, of course, upset our opponents, who were down one-hundred-and-fifty pounds. Jaquard wouldn't be dissuaded, however, much to the anger of Newbury."

"Newbury?"

"Merlin Newbury. Half of our opposition. Not the best loser in the world."

"Who else was in the game?"

"Clifton Loveless, nice man. Always the gentleman. That's the last I saw of Jaquard. The place won't be the same without him."

"Have you seen Moran lately?"

"No, I haven't seen him for the last few days. I hear he's on the Continent."

"Thank you very much for your help, Mr. Adair."
"Don't mention it."

16 NW

Ashcroft Urns does not answer our knock at his door. His landlady says he can be found most days playing chess at Simpson's.

17 NW

Neil Patterson, head of the firm, consents to see us in his office. "Are you from the police?" he shouts before we are even through the door.

"Not directly. Inspector Gregson has asked our help and we–"

"At this point I will welcome anyone's help. I can't figure out how he did it. It might have been months or years before the loss would have been discovered. We're going to have to go through every account ..."

"I'm sorry, you have us at a disadvantage."

"It's Revell. When Inspector Lestrade came to me with the note found on Revell's body, I was expecting to find the petty cash short, or maybe one or two of the Bank Notes taken from the safe, but this..."

"What exactly is missing?"

"I don't know what exactly is missing, and I won't know until I've gone through every one of our accounts. You see we are an international investment firm. Most of our clients' business is done through Negotiable Securities and Letters of Credit, and it is up to us to manage these funds. Trust and secrecy are the main components of our business. If word gets out of this... this ...oh, damn." Patterson shoves himself away from his desk, walks to the sideboard and pours himself a drink. "My partner and I are the only ones who even know who our clients are. Revell would have had to request each security by number and from the right bank. So far, securities have been found missing from three banks, so he could not have had an accomplice inside the bank unless he had one in each of three."

"How much is missing?"

"A little over six-thousand pounds."

"Your partner is Lindsay?"

"Mr. Lindsay founded the firm but died over four years ago. His wife Kathleen owns his shares but does not actively participate in the business. My partner's name is Richard Mainhart. But what does that have to do with anything? I would certainly appreciate any light you can shed upon this crime, but I really must get back to work. Good day."

18 NW

Sam Parsons places a large box on the counter. "Here's your latest gift from Fred Porlock." He opens the box and pulls out a large marionette. It represents an army colonel. At the end of each of its hands hang two smaller puppets: a lawyer and a sailor armed with a pistol.

26 NW

"Mr. Newbury is at his office," informs the butler. "And where may that be?"

"He is president of Novak, Adams and Company."

27 NW

We are shown into the library of the stately townhouse of Lord and Lady Denham. His Lordship is standing, as if posing for his official portrait, in front of the fireplace, his left hand in the pocket of his indigo silk smoking jacket, his right hand adjusting a monocle into his right eye. Lady Denham is seated on a settee to our left. From time to time she wipes her eyes with a large blue handkerchief. The only other chair is located behind a large marble desk. Lord Denham seems perfectly comfortable with us standing in front of him.

"I understand that you are here in regard to the death of Lady Denham's son, is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"'Your Lordship' is the correct form of address; please use it."

"Yes, your Lordship."

"We have already talked to the professional police. A small rat-faced... a - a man. Lestrade, I believe. Unpleasant fellow, I must say. Always perspiring. Why are you now bothering us? This has been very distressing to Lady Denham."

"The police have asked for our help."

"Yes, it did seem that the rat-faced fellow needed some help. There is nothing that we can tell you. My step-son was not welcome in this house. He was a no-good mountebank. A no-good..."

"Astley, dear ..."

"Quiet, my dear. I will handle this. He was no good. He spent all his time in card rooms and bedrooms. I threw him out six years ago and haven't seen him since. The only thing that surprises me that is someone hasn't killed him before this."

"Oh, Astley."

"I have to ask you people to leave, you are upsetting my wife."

"But, Astley ..."

"I'll handle it, dear. I tried to make a man out of him but couldn't. If only he would have gone grouse-hunting with me in Scotland, maybe I could have. You must leave now. Good day."

28 NW

"Does Konstantine Jastrow live here?" inquires Wiggins of the doorman.

"Yep, but he's not in his room. He lighted out of here a few minutes ago. In a real hurry he was. Hansom pulled up, he jumped out, ran inside and a few minutes later ran out again. Got back in the hansom and took off."

"Damn."

"Want to know where?"

"Yes."

"Heard him tell the driver 12 Oxford-street."
"Thanks."

31 NW

Westley Richards stands behind the counter of his well-stocked shop where guns from all over the world cover the walls. "May I be of service?"

"We are interested in the Mauser T11."

"Yes, an interesting gun. I have one right here." He removes a black hand-gun from the glass case in front of him. "This is a new weapon and we are lucky to be the only shop in London to sell this beauty. Its 11mm cartridge is guaranteed to stop the largest animals. It was developed for use in Africa. Are you planning a safari?"

"No, we are investigating a murder. A murder that we believe was committed with a Mauser T11. How many have been sold?"

"Three, no two. I received a shipment of four, six weeks ago. I loaned one to old Murray to test out. He is always interested in my new weapons and the information that he gives in return is of value to me. This gun on display is the one he tested. I sold one to Ralph Chambers, the big game hunter, on the 10th of May and the other to Yves Mettier on the 19th of May."

"Do you know Roland Jaquard?"

"Yes, I've met him. He's a gun collector, but I haven't done much business with him. I haven't seen him in over a year. I would check with the Grant Arms Company. They handled most of his business."

"Thank you, Mr. Richards."

33 NW

"The Randolphs left two weeks ago on a round-the-world cruise."

40 NW

A neatly dressed, middle-aged man answers our ring, opening the mangled front door and ushering us into the lavishly appointed and immaculate apartment of the late Roland Jaquard. In response to our introduction and questions, we learn that Winston had served Jaquard for nearly six years and is willing to serve a little longer.

"Yes, of course. I'll be glad to help you in any way that I can. The police mentioned that you might be by. I tend to be quite fastidious, but I have complied with their wishes and left things as I found them this morning."

"Very good. Perhaps you could start by telling us about the front door. Did this happen last night?"

"Oh, most certainly. That sight was the first of several shocks I received here this morning."

"Did you see Mr. Jaquard last night?"

"No. I did see him earlier. He spent most of the afternoon here and left for the Bagatelle Club about 4 o'clock. He gave me instructions for the supper to be left for him and his guest."

"You weren't here when he returned?"

"No, I rarely remain when Mr. Jaquard is entertaining late. I left around 10:30."

We leave the dining room and the remains of Roland Jaquard's last earthly repast and enter the study to the right. The first thing we notice is the gun collection adorning the study wall. We cannot help being impressed by the beauty of the guns displayed there. The collection consists primarily of revolvers of European manufacture, each with its proper place marked by a card describing its nationality, history, calibre and such characteristics. The space above the French .30 calibre La Faucheaux is the only vacancy. Besides the guns decorating the wall, there are two lying upon the desk. One of these is a large black gun with the famous Mauser logo followed by the designation T11. The other is a chrome-plated, ivory handled pistol with La Faucheaux engraved in script across its gleaming barrel.

Wiggins picks up both pistols, sniffs their barrels and opens their cylinders. "The La Faucheaux has been recently fired. Three shots."

"And the Mauser?"

"No, not in the last day or so."

Wiggins sets the guns back on the desk and directs his attention to a stack of papers lying on the leather blotter. "Looks like Letters of Credit, they must total thousands of pounds."

A silk hat stands out among the writing instruments and papers which cover the desk. A cloak is flung over the desk chair.

Our next stop is Jaquard's bedroom – a room greatly in contrast to the rest of the apartment in its state of disarray. The bed is unmade; clothes are scattered everywhere; the vanity stand is broken. We notice a man's underwear, odd brown and blue socks, and a silk collar with a diamond stick pin, among other things.

An examination of the items atop the dresser reveals a wallet containing £140, a recent playbill from the Elephant & Castle Theatre as well as one unused ticket for the previous night's performance at that same theatre.

We turn to Winston who has been patiently following us in our investigation of the rooms. "Can you think of anything which might shed some light on this murder? Do you know who Mr. Jaquard was entertaining?"

"No, I'm sorry, I don't. And the only thing I've noticed missing is a Persian rug from Mr. Jaquard's bedroom. I don't know why anyone would want to steal a rug."

"Thank you for your co-operation."

"You are quite welcome. I do hope you catch his murderer soon. And if you hear of anyone offering employment, please keep me in mind. Good day."

41 NW

"Mr. Ivory?"

"Yes."

"We are investigating the murder last night of your neighbour, Roland Jaquard."

"I am sorry, I didn't know the gentleman."

"Did you hear or see anything out of the ordinary last Night between one and three in the morning?"

"Now that you mention it, I did. I got home last night around midnight. I couldn't sleep, so I decided to do some work. I was sitting in my study when, around 12:30, a woman came running out of Jaquard's house and got into a passing hansom. I didn't know Jaquard personally, but he had a well-known reputation as a lady's man, so I didn't think much of it.

"About an hour later a delivery wagon pulled up to Jaquard's house. A man went to the door and, a few minutes later, two men came out carrying a rug."

"A rug?"

"That's what it looked like to me. They put it in the wagon and drove away."

"Didn't you think that was strange?"

"Of course. When I read of Jaquard's death in the paper I was planning to go to the police, but I hadn't

gotten around to it."

"Could you recognize the woman or the men?"

"No, it was too dark, but I did make out the name on the delivery wagon."

"What was it?"

"Landmark Limited."

"Thank you, Mr. Ivory. You have been a big help."

42 NW

"So Wiggins, what have you found so far?", asks Holmes of us, a thin smile on his lips.

"Not much, I'm afraid, sir", answers Wiggins.

"But the leads are numerous. Too much so, perhaps. You must learn to focus on the one which will allow you to unearth the most clues. In this case, I'd lean towards the one from the last crime."

"The lead on Mr Jacquard?"

"Exactly, Wiggins. Since he's the latest victim, it's the warmest lead you have to follow. His residence, his favourite places to spend time in... As many places which could be interesting to look more closely at.

"However, you must not neglect the other murders. I'm sure you'll obtain a multitude of details of the first grade at our friends Meeks and Murray."

"Thank you for your precious advice, Mr Holmes."

"It's always a pleasure, my friends."

AREA WC

5 WC

Bobby Sands stands next to his hansom as he tells us: "Half past midnight last night I picked up a young woman at 40 High-street and took her to 30 Oakley-street. I waited for her while she went in. Ten minutes later she returned and I took her to 2 Southwark."

8 WC

We are informed that Ralph Chambers left for Africa three weeks ago.

12 WC

As our four-wheeler pulls to a stop in front of Charles Attard's townhouse we see a woman leaving by the front door. She is carrying a box which she sets down as she clears the doorway. She turns, pulls the door shut and locks it with a key from the pocket of her summer coat. After the door is secured to her satisfaction, she picks up the box and starts down the path towards us.

Wiggins, the first one out of our four-wheeler, approaches the woman. "Excuse me, ma'am. Could I have a word with you?"

"I'm sorry. I am in a hurry."

"It will only take a moment. We are investigating the murder of Charles Attard."

The woman stops and looks at Wiggins. She is forty-ish, tall with raven black hair and pleasant features. "Charles was my brother. I am Jeanette Rooker. Can you tell me why Charles was murdered?"

"That's one of the things we are trying to find out. Do you have any ideas?"

"No. Charles and I were not very close. After my marriage we saw very little of each other."

"Is there anyone in the house?"

"No, Charles was a bachelor and lived alone."

"May I ask what you are doing here?"

"I suppose so. About two years ago Charles gave me instructions that upon his death I was to collect this box and hold it until it was called for."

"By whom?"

"I don't know. Charles said they would have a letter from him. Whoever showed it to me was to receive the box. That's all I know."

"So you don't know what's in the box?"

"No."

"Could we give you a ride to your house?"

""That would be nice. I was going to call a han-

som." Mrs. Rooker climbs into our carnage setting her brother's box on the floor.

"My colleagues," Wiggins introduces us. "Where to?"

"Forty-six Tavistock-place," she tells the driver.

"Would you mind if we looked into the box?" asks Wiggins once we are under way.

"I don't think Charles would..."

"It might help us find his murderer."

"I don't know. Oh, if it will help, go ahead."

Wiggins reaches down and opens the metal box and its contents to our inspection. The contents consist of a stack of files which Wiggins removes and starts sifting through. "I can't make much out of these, they look like financial records. Bank deposits, stock records, money transfers; there are some notes but they seem to be written in some type of code. Here's a file labelled "Carrington & Co." with a stack of what look like import documents. One labelled "Lindsay & Co." has a list of negotiable securities and bonds. All the files seem similar in nature. It will take someone with more knowledge of finance than I have to make head or tails of these."

"Here's my house. I will take the box now," says Mrs. Rooker as we turn into Tavistock-place and come to a stop at number 46. Wiggins puts the papers back in the box and hands it to Mrs. Rooker. As Wiggins helps her out of the carriage he says, "I wish you would take these papers to Scotland Yard and see what they can make of them."

"I'm sorry, I have to do what my brother requested. Thank you for the ride."

Wiggins watches Mrs. Rooker walk up the path leading to her house. He turns to Simpson and says, "Wait here awhile and see if anyone comes to pick up the box. If they do, follow them and let Holmes know where they go."

14 WC

"I could find a criminal record for only one of the names on the list of murder victims you gave me," says Disraeli O'Brian. "That was Cyril Maude. He had a long record, as you probably found out at the Yard. The only thing that looks strange is that within two years he was arrested three times for violent crimes, and each time the cases were dismissed for lack of evidence. In each case he had the same co-defendant, one Curtis Twiggs."

"We never could find anything against Attard, however. The Brock case gave us a hint about his ties with the London underworld, but he was always clever enough to properly hide those ties. The murder's witness, William Lumpkin, who was kept in a secret place disappeared. We suspected Attard, who occupied the same cabinet at the time, picked up the address and leaked it to Moriarty's gang. With the absence of witnesses, the presumed murderer, Adrian Toomes, was acquitted."

17 WC

We look for some information concerning the various victims, but find very little:

- Leo Shephard, born to Matthew and Faye Shephard on March 5th 1870

- Charles Attard, born to Lawrence and Elizabeth Attard on December 29th 1837

- Curtis Twiggs, orphan found on September 1st 1853, fostered by the West Chapel orphanage.

- Roland Jaquard, born to William Howard and Margaret Jaquard on March 9th 1854. Margaret Jacquard has since remarried to Lord Astley Denham.

- Cyril Maud, born to an unknown father, and Laura Maud, on January 12th 1864

18 WC

Matthew Moser sets his large posterior down on the corner of his desk and removes the big black cigar from his mouth.

"Come on, you know I can't divulge information to you on an active case. Doesn't Holmes have enough cases of his own to keep him busy?"

"Look, Matt, Pokrovsky was just murdered. We know you were doing some work for him. Could it have any thing to do with his death?"

"Damn, I sure hope the Russian Embassy will pay his bill. Look I'd like to help you, but I can't. You know that. I can tell you this much, he wanted me to follow some Russian exiles. You remember the Gorski murder a couple of months ago, don't you? It was in all the papers. Well, the Foreign Office got quite upset over that little affair and put a lot of pressure on the foreign embassies not to bypass British law. So, to keep the pressure off himself, Pokrovsky hired me."

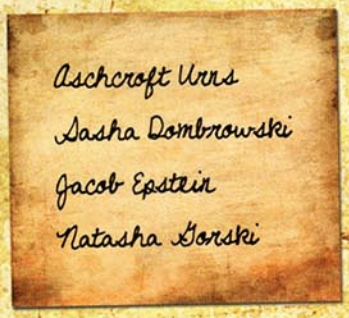
"To keep track of Russian exiles?"

"Did I say that? Look, I'll tell you what I'll do. With Pokrovsky dead, I have no client, so I'll tell you who he wanted me to keep tabs on with the understanding that you don't tell where you got the information and that you inform me on what you find."

"Fair enough."

Moser reaches over to a stack of papers on his

desk, removes one and hands it to us. "This is the list Pokrovsky gave me."



"What can you–"

"Come on, I've told you all I'm going to. You and Holmes can do your own work. Good day."

"Thanks, Matt."

19 WC

Mrs. Lindsay's maid asks us to wait in the drawing room while she announces us. A few minutes later a comely woman in her late forties enters the room. She is dressed in a pale yellow summer dress and her light blonde hair hangs loosely down to her shoulders. "I am Mrs. Lindsay, please be seated. What can I do for you?"

We introduce ourselves and explain the reason for our visit.

"Yes, I have read of the murders in the newspapers, but don't know how I can be of help to you."

"We believe you knew at least one of the victims. Is that right?"

"I knew three of them. Charles, Charles Attard was my solicitor. Roland Jaquard, a friend and Nathan Revell who worked for my late husband's firm. For the life of me, I can't think why anyone would kill them. Do you think there is any connection in their murders?"

"That's one of the things that we are trying to find out. What do you think?"

"As I just said, I can't think of any reason for the murders."

"Do you know if the victims knew each other?"

"Well, Roland and Charles were friends. It was Roland who introduced me to Charles. I suppose Charles must have met Revell when he went to the firm to handle my business, but I am not sure of that. Charles never mentioned Revell's name to me that I can remember. I don't think Roland knew Revell."

"How long had you known the victims?"

"Well, I really can't say that I knew Revell. He worked for my husband, but I never saw him socially, of course. I have known Roland for about ten years. Roland was a friend of my husband's. They played whist together and we saw Roland socially quite often."

"Do you play whist, Mrs. Lindsay?"

"No, I don't. I hate the game."

"How long have you known Mr. Attard?"

"About ten years. Roland introduced me to him when I mentioned that I needed a solicitor to handle my business affairs."

"Did he do a good job?"

"Yes, I was very pleased with him. I don't get along very well with Neil Patterson, my husband's partner, so it was much easier for me to have Mr. Attard deal with him."

"Do you mind if I ask you what the problem was with Mr. Patterson?"

"No, I guess not. John, my husband, was in ill health during the last few years of his life. He died four years ago. As his illness got progressively worse he needed more help with his business, and for that reason he brought Neil into the firm as a partner. Neil was a hardworking, ambitious young man who, at first, was very appreciative of the opportunity that John had given him. But as my husband's health worsened, and Neil took over more and more of the work load, he demanded a larger and larger share of the business. John had no choice but to give in. Then, when John was hospitalized six months before his death, Neil demanded control of the firm. He wanted to bring Mainhart in as a partner and take control.

"I begged Neil to wait until John was stronger before discussing business with him. He wouldn't wait. He told John that if he didn't get what he wanted he would leave the firm and start his own firm, taking most of John's clients with him. John gave in; he had no choice. John was left with only thirty per cent of the business. I think that it was that whole dishevelment that caused John's death. The worry, the uncertainty, he just wasn't strong enough to deal with it."

20 WC

"I haven't seen Ashcroft in the last week or so. Did you try the Staple Inn? That's where all the Russian anarchists hang out."

26 WC

James Long, President of Drummond's Bank, gives us the following information:

"On May 6, Mr. Revell opened an account with a five-hundred pound Bank Draft drawn on the Bank of England. Over the last month approximately six-

thousand pounds in various Letters of Credit were deposited into that account. On May 30, Mr. Revell withdrew the Letters of Credit he had on deposit and closed his account."

28 WC

The Goff store is closed for inventory.

33 WC

We knock on the locked door of Carrington & Co. and it is soon opened by a mountain of a man whose large frame blocks the doorway.

"Yea, whatcha want?"

"We were wondering if you could give us some information."

"Yes, I'll give you some information. Get outta here. We ain't open to the public. Understand?"

"We would like to speak to the person in charge."

"Hey, mates," yells the mountain into the dark room that he guards. "Those guys want to talk to the person in charge."

In response to this information, three more men join him at the door. "We're in charge and we don't want to talk to nobody." With these words the door slams in our faces.

34 WC

Loren Jarett, maitre d' of the Tankerville Club condescends, after a not-so-small gratuity, to speak with us. "What is it that you wish to know?"

"Do you recall if Roland Jaquard had dinner here on the 30th of May?"

Jarett's nose rises higher into the air, yet he manages to continue looking down it at us.

"Sir, Roland Jaquard had a reservation for 7:30 p.m. He arrived at 7:25 with Mrs. Kathleen Lindsay. I was able to seat them immediately at table six, Mr. Jaquard's favourite table. He ordered a bottle of Gruaud-Larose, 1876. A wine that shows the nonpareil beauty of the Bordeaux grape. For dinner–"

"Please, Mr. Jarett. We are only interested in the time he arrived and the time he left."

"He left at midnight in the company of Mrs. Lindsay."

"So, Jaquard's party consisted of only Mrs. Lindsay and himself?"

"He was joined by another club member, Colonel Sebastian Moran, at 9:10. He joined them at Jaquard's table, had one drink with them, and left at 9:45."

"Was that the last time that you saw Jaquard?"

"No, the last time I saw Mr. Jaquard was June 1. He was in the game room most of the afternoon and came into the dining room around 8:30. He had dinner, alone, and left at 9:30."

"Have you seen Colonel Moran since the night of May 30?"

"No, he has not been in."

35 WC

"I don't know any Ashcroft Urns."

"We were told–"

"I don't care what you were told. I don't know any Ashcroft Urns. If you want a drink, I'll give you a drink. If not, get out."

36 WC

"I do remember selling a dress to a gentleman two days ago," the sales clerk tells us. "He told me it was for his sister, who was his size. He was a large man and the selection was small, but he didn't seem to care; he took the first thing I showed him."

37 WC

The maitre informs us that Mr. Newbury had lunch and left. He requested a hansom to take him to Bell's Baths.

44 WC

The landlady shows us into the rooms of the late Nathan Revell. "He was a quiet man, kept to himself. He lived here for ten years but I didn't know him well," she tells us. "He did drop down to play a hand of whist with me and some of the other boarders now and then. He loved the game."

Revell's rooms are neat and orderly. A check of his dresser and wardrobe show his cloches to be neatly hung and stored. The only other personal effects that are visible are a few books and some toilet articles.

"Have any of Revell's belongings been removed from these rooms?"

"No. He paid his rent through this month, and I haven't wanted to remove them. The authorities are looking for his relatives, but it looks as if he had none."

"Did he have any friends?"

"Not that I know of. He was out most evenings playing cards and, of course, he worked during the days. He always paid his rent on time and never caused any trouble. I still can't believe that he is gone. I don't

know what the world is coming to when someone as unassuming as Mr. Revell can't walk the streets without being murdered."

As we look around the room Mrs. Erlanger makes her own inspection, dusting here, straightening there. As she is straightening the window curtain she says, more to herself than to us, "I have to get this fixed."

"Pardon me?"

"I was just talking to myself. I found this window broken and I have to get it fixed. I guess Mr. Revell must have broken it when he was trying to close the window – it would stick from time to time."

"When was it broken?"

"I don't know. I found it that way when I showed the room to the police the day after the murder. They wouldn't let me clean up the broken glass until after they'd inspected the room. I still don't believe I got it all up. Have you seen all you want to? I have some work to do."

"Yes, we're done. Thank you."

46 WC

We find Simpson sitting dejectedly in front of Mrs. Rooker's house.

"Has any thing happened, Simpson?" asks Wiggins as we get out of our four-wheeler.

"Well, yes... I guess..."

"What happened?"

"I waited, like you said. About two hours after you left a man arrived. He went into Mrs. Rooker's house, was in there about fifteen minutes, and came out carrying the box. He got into a hansom."

"You followed him, I hope?"

"Well, I tried. He got into the hansom and as it started off I ran after it. I was able to catch up with it when it turned onto Woburn-place. Traffic was heavy, and I was able to keep the hansom in sight until it reached its destination."

"Which was?"

"Thirty-three Great Wild-street."

"And that's where he got out?"

"No. A woman got out. As soon as she got out of the hansom it took off again and went to the Grand Hotel, but no one got out. I ran up to the carriage and looked in, empty. He could not have gotten out without my seeing him. I don't understand what happened."

"Are you sure you didn't get the hansom mixed up with another one along the way?"

"No. I'm sure it was the same one. I didn't know what to do, so I came back here to see if he might return."

"I think I'll have a talk with Mrs. Rooker. Wait here for me," says Wiggins as he starts up the path to Mrs. Rooker's house.

Ten minutes later Wiggins is back and tells us what he learned from Jeanette Rooker. "She said a man arrived with a letter written by her late brother, Charles Attard. The letter requested that she turn over Attard's strongbox to its bearer. She did. He gave his name as Sebastian Moran."

50 WC

We are shown into a large room of Sir Lester's spacious London townhouse. The room is filled with glass cases which are filled with eggs. At the far end of the room is a long workbench covered with eggs, some under bell jars, others in boxes or lying on the marble top of the workbench. In fact, Sir Lester could be called a true egghead, for it is not until he raises his shining bald head that we can differentiate it from the specimens that clutter the table top.

"I will be right with you," tweets Sir Lester. "I just received these specimens of Uria aalge that I must prepare. What can I do for you?"

"We understand that you are a friend of Leticia Garcia. Is that true?"

"Yes. Has anything happened to her?"

"No. We are investigating the death of Roland Jaquard. Did you know him?"

"No. Letie has mentioned Jaquard, but I never had the pleasure of meeting him." Sir Lester moves out from behind his worktable, his eyes fixed upon two small, pale blue eggs that nestle in his outstretched cupped hands. We now see that Ogilvie is as fragile as the eggs he collects. He is a little over 5 feet in height and his weight can not be over 8 stones. "Can you open this case for me? The one to your left." Wiggins opens the case which contains pale blue eggs like the ones Ogilvie cuddles in his hands. "Yes, Letie has mentioned that man a number of times. You see, Letie is a popular girl; many men are interested in her. At times she can't handle it – after all she is still only a child. That's where I fit into her life. I am her confidant, her father figure. Someone she can come to when she needs advice, and she often needs advice."

"What has she told you about Jaquard?"

"That he wanted to marry her. That he was demanding more and more of her time. She could not decide if she really loved him or was just infatuated with the idea that someone of Jaquard's family background could be interested in her." Sir Lester pauses as he adjusts his host of pale blue eggs. "She is really in love

with someone else, a man from her home village. But, she did not want to give up her new found freedom by marrying anyone at this time."

"And who is the man she is in love with?"

"Marco, Marco Escobedo."

72 WC

We're at the Sotheran & Co. Bookshop.

E. Sotheran is talking to us, all the while trying to attempt to conclude two sales.

"Who? Wait, I can't talk to you right now. Sasha, my employee, has just run out, saying he wouldn't be back for another four or five days. He just jumped into a cart with all of his friends, and he left me all alone. Bloody kids! What's wrong with them these days? No sense of responsibilities. If I didn't need him to take care of Russian books, I'd fire him."



AREA EC

4 EC

"Are you from the police? Please come. Come into the study, it is terrible." This is how the butler greets us as we try in vain to tell him that we are investigating a murder. "I just found the Count, he has been attacked. We must get a doctor."

He leads us down a hall to the study. The butler stands to one side and allows us to enter before him. Directly in front of us is a large desk with a body slumped upon it. It is a gruesome sight. Blood covers the top of the desk, flowing from a large gash in the back of a man's head. A glance tells us that a doctor will do no good. A bloody ax lies on the floor next to the desk.

"When did this happen?"

"I found the body only moments ago," replies the butler. "I sent Ivan out to get the police. Didn't he bring you?"

"No. I am sure that the police will be here soon. Can you tell us what happened?"

"I was working in the dining room when I heard Count Pokrovsky cry out. I ran into the study and found the Count as you see him. I saw no one else in the room, only the ax on the floor. I called for my son Ivan and sent him for help."

"Who else was in the house?"

"The Count, myself and my son, who was working in the kitchen. Konstantine Jastrow, the Count's private secretary, was with him earlier. I didn't hear him leave, so I don't know when he left. That 's all. The Countess is in Germany and my wife accompanies her."

We walk over to the blood-covered desk. It is not a pretty sight. The right side of his head has been laid open. There is little doubt that the cause of death was a blow from the ax that lies on the floor.

"It looks as if someone struck him from behind while he was at work," says Wiggins as he walks over to the open French doors that look out over the garden. "Do you know if these doors were open earlier, uh ...I am sorry, I did not get your name."

"Boris," supplies the butler. "Yes, the Count likes fresh air."

An examination of the Count's desk reveals that he was working on a report for the Russian Embassy. Unfortunately, it is written in Russian. If the language problem did not prevent us from reading it, however, the blood would make it difficult in any event. In the Count's left hand is a torn sheet of paper with the letterhead of the Moser's Detective Agency, the letter

portion having apparently been ripped a way.

We bid the near-hysterical Boris farewell, assuring him that the police will be there soon. Our words prove true, for as we leave we see a young boy leading a constable toward the front door.

5 EC

Michael Harrison, manager of the Gram Arrns Co. remembers Roland Jaquard well. "He was a good customer, a collector of hand-guns. He wasn't shot, was he?"

"No."

"Good. Bad for business, if you own a gun shop, to have you customers die from gun shots. What can I do for you?"

"Could you tell us what purchases Jaquard has made from you during, say, the last six months?"

"I guess it would do no harm now. Let me check my sales book. Here we are. On March 7, of this year, he purchased a .30 calibre La Faucheaux, nice little French beauty. It was a special order for Jaquard. Let's see, before that he bought an American-made pepperbox. He had us send it to Charles Attard, 12 Sandland-street, London, WC. Those were the only two sales to Jaquard in the past year."

"Have you ever sold Jaquard a Mauser T11?"

"No, we do not import them. The Mauser is a new gun and I think the only shop that carries them is Westley Richards."

"Thank you for your help."

6 EC

Old Sherman stands among the stuffed animals that populate his taxidermy shop. On the worktable in front of us are the remains of a duckbill platypus on the first stage of his journey to immortality.

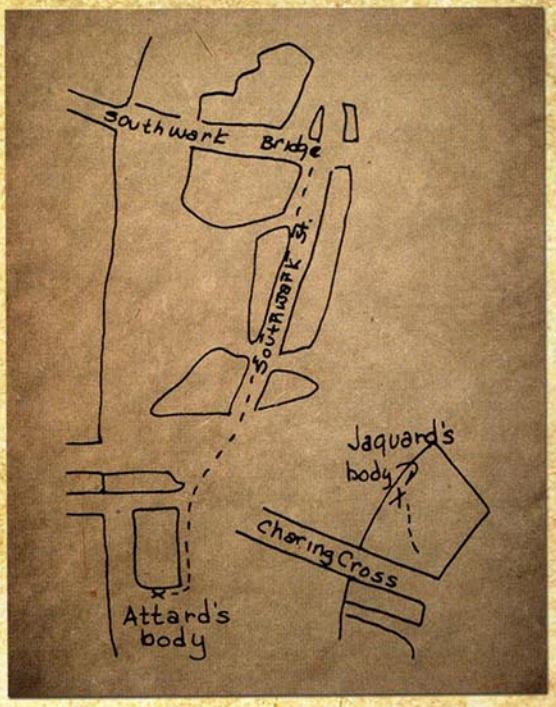
"So you are friends of Sherlock? He's a smart boy, he is. He knows the value of a good dog like Toby here." Toby pokes his head out from behind the worktable and looks us over with his sad but intelligent eyes. "I assume you are here regarding the Thames murders?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Well, let me show you what I found. I took Toby to the sites of two of the murders. The first was that of Charles Attard's murder and the other was the site where Roland Jaquard's body was found."

"And what did you find?"

"Here, let me show you what Toby found." Sherman walks over to the roll-top desk, picks up one sheet of paper and hands it to us.



"What do they mean?"

"I don't know. Toby thinks with his nose. all I can tell you is that Toby picked up the victims' scents at the point where their bodies were found and traced their scents from that point. You can take these drawings if you want. Sherlock might be interested in them."

8 EC

Yves Mettier peers at us through the peep-hole in his formidable door. His nervous eyes look us over before he answers our enquiry, but the door remains closed.

"Yes, I am Yves Mettier. What do you want?"

"We understand you purchased a Mauser T11 from Westley Richards. Is that true?"

"Yes, but I no longer have it. 'When I left Paris, all my friends told me to get a gun to protect myself during my stay in London. They were right. On my way home from the gun shop where I purchased the Mauser, I was attacked! Brutally attacked by one of the English canaille, ah... what do you call it, rabble. He took the gun and my wallet and left me with a bump on my head."

"Can you describe the assailant?"

"He was a little man with a big gun. Dressed in blue workman's clothes that needed cleaning. That's all I remember. I must go now."

"'We would like–" the slamming of the peep-hole door ends our interview.

11 EC

"Merlin Newbury was here, but left 20 minutes ago."

15 EC

In the offices of Jardine, we easily find information on Leo Shephard.

"Leo Shephard has been in our employ for many years, he's a good worker and an excellent sailor. He's been on one of our ships since the month of February."

20 EC

"Yes, I remember selling this ticket two days ago to a gentleman with a heavy accent."

"German?"

"No, Russian. Said his name was Reinhart Lutz."

21 EC

"Sorry we do not sell hand-guns. Try Westley Richards, Gunsmith."

23 EC

Mr. Kimbel sits behind his large desk as we enter his office. He half raises his frame but the effort seems too great and he settles back down in his large leather chair. "Good to see you again," he says in greeting and directs us to take the empty chairs in front of his desk. "What can I do for you today?"

"We have a list of people we would like you to check out for us. We would appreciate any information you could give us on their financial background."

"You know that this is highly irregular. We cannot give out this information to just anyone. Mr. Holmes has been of great help to us in the past, and I will do everything I can do to help as long as it does not violate our clients' confidences. Does this investigation have anything to do with the Revell death and the possible problems in the Lindsay and Company accounts?"

"It may have."

"Then I would be glad to give you any assistance that I can. I have just had a long conversation with Mr. Richard Mainhart, of Lindsay and Company, and he intimated that there might be some irregularities on the Bank's part, so I will give you all the help I can to clear up this matter."

"Thank you. Here is our list. Of course we will keep you informed of anything we find out."

"Wait a moment and I will see what I can find." Kimbel forces his large body from his chair and leaves the office. After some ten or fifteen minutes he returns with a stack of folders and lowers himself back into the chair.

"Here is what I was able to find." He lays the folders down on the desk along with our list.

"First, Nathan Revell. He had an account with us. We handled the sale of his mother's property after she died three years ago. That left him a nice little sum which he added to from time to time. Then, starting about a month ago, his balance started to drop. Here, take a look at his ledger."

Date			Balance
March 31			3,467.00
April 2	Deposit	5.00	3,472.00
April 7	Deposit	20.00	3,492.00
April 12	Withdraw	50.00	3,442.00
April 13	Withdraw	55.00	3,387.00
April 17	Withdraw	115.00	3,272.00
April 19	Withdraw	300.00	2,972.00
April 20	Deposit	20.00	2,992.00
April 23	Withdraw	450.00	2,542.00
April 27	Withdraw	500.00	2,042.00
April 28	Withdraw	400.00	1,642.00
April 29	Withdraw	450.00	1,192.00
May 3	Withdraw	550.00	642.00
May 6	Withdraw	500.00	142.00
May 10	Withdraw	100.00	42.00

"Active month for Mr. Revell. Do you have any idea what he used his money for?"

"No, not yet."

"Nothing on Cyril Maude or Leo Shephard. Charles Attard has had an account with us for years. As you know, he was one of the top-paid barristers in London, and his bank account attested to that fact. Both he and Roland Jaquard tended to keep large balances in their accounts. I do hope you will solve this case quickly and clear the Bank of any hint of carelessness."

26 EC

"Miss Lorenzo left on her American tour three weeks ago. She won't be back until the fall."

30 EC

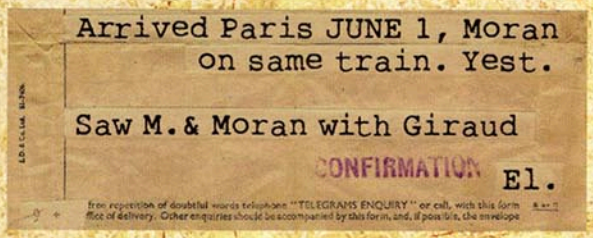
Ellis' secretary informs us that Ellis is in France and will return in five days.

"Wait," she calls as we are about to open the door. "Are you friends of Sherlock Holmes?"

"Yes."

"I have a telegram for him from Mr. Ellis. I was just going to send it over by messenger. Would you take it to him?"

"Yes, of course." Wiggins takes the telegram from the secretary. After the door closes, he unfolds it and shows us the message.


Arrived Paris JUNE 1, Moran
on same train. Yest.

Saw M. & Moran with Giraud

CONFIRMATION El.

from repetition of doubtful words telephone "TELEGRAMS ENQUIRY" or call, with this form office of delivery. Other enquiries should be accompanied by this form, and, if possible, the envelope

34 EC

As we enter the office of the late Charles Attard, we see Robert Truax, Attard's private secretary arranging some papers at his desk. He looks up as we enter.

"May I help you?"

"Yes. We are investigating Mr. Attard's death. Could you answer a few questions?"

"I am sorry. I know nothing about Attard's death and I have nothing to say. Good day."

35 EC

Hogg sits behind his cluttered desk in his equally cluttered office watching us climb over the stacks of newspapers that block the path leading to the empty chairs beside his desk.

"I'll have to clean up this office one of these days. Sit down my friends, sit down. What can I do for you?"

"We're investigating the Thames Murders. What have you heard, Quintin?"

"That's the funny thing, nothing! You know I have good contacts in the underworld, but no one is talking about these murders. As soon as I mention it, they clam up. I even offered Harry the Mole two bob. Harry would sell his mother for two bob. Nothing. Not a word."

"What do you make of it?"

"The only thing I can figure is that the word has come down from the top to keep the lid on. I have been able to pick up one interesting thing. The word has now been put out to find a man by the name of Curtis Twiggs."

"Who is Twiggs, and who is looking for him and why?" "Wait a minute, wait a minute. I don't know the answers yet. I'm hoping you will be able to help me. I'll tell you what I know and you keep me informed on what you find out. Alright?"

"Alright."

"Good. Here's what I've been able to put together. I think there is some relationship in the series of murders that has taken place over the past week. Someone high up in the Moriarty gang is controlling it. Who, or even why, I can't find out. Someone in the Moriarty organization wants Twiggs. I'm not sure why or if it has anything to do with the murders. But every low-life on the streets is looking for him. They won't talk, that's the strange part. There is usually a weak link that will give you information for a bottle of gin or a few coins. But not on this. That tells me that someone has put the word out to keep quiet. That's all I know. Not much, is it?"

"Well, we'll see what we can do with it. Thanks, Quintin."

"You're welcome. Let me know what you turn up."

36 EC

"Mr. Hall, Mr. Hall! May we speak with you?"

We see Edward Hall as he is leaving the courtroom. Upon hearing our call, he stops and turns towards us. "Hello, hello. Yes, I can talk if you want to walk along with me. I have to get back to my chambers to meet with a client. What can I do for you?"

"What can you tell us about Mr. Charles Attard?"

"So Holmes is investigating Attard's murder. That doesn't surprise me."

"How so?"

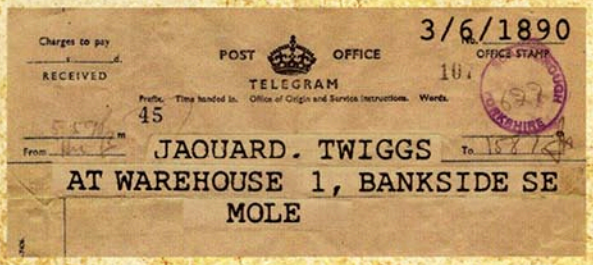
"As I have told Holmes, I believe Attard was in the pay of Moriarty. If Moriarty is the force behind the criminal world of London, as Holmes believes, then Attard worked for that force. Privately, I think he was part of it. As barristers, it is our duty to defend any citizen, guilty as well as innocent, but we serve the law. The law is our master, but Attard's master was Moriarty. He sought not justice but the protection of the underworld from justice."

"Could you give us an example?"

"Yes, that's the hard part. With Attard's ability to pervert the law and Moriarty's control of the underworld, finding hard evidence has been impossible. The closest anyone can come to proving anything against Attard was during the Ratcliffe murder trial in 1884. A young man was accused of killing and robbing Stuart Ratcliffe, an open and shut case. There was an eyewitness and the money was found on the young man. The day before the trial, the eyewitness disappeared, never to be seen again. The witness was being kept undercover, his whereabouts known only to the police and the Prosecutor. The Prosecutor shared chambers with Attard, and suspicion fell on the barrister, but nothing could be proved. The case was dismissed."

37 EC

A telegram was sent to Roland Jaquard at the Bagatelle Club at 8 p.m. on June 3. The clerk shows us a copy:


Charges to pay
RECEIVED
POST OFFICE
TELEGRAM
3/6/1890
OFFICE STAMP
45
From
JAOUARD. TWIGGS
To
AT WAREHOUSE 1, BANKSIDE SE
MOLE

38 EC

We enter the office of the Coroner of London and find an exhausted Dr. Meeks slumped behind his desk. "Well, I hope you will be able to do something about this series of murders. A murder a day is too much. If it keeps up I will be lying on the table instead of standing over it."

"Did you do the autopsy report on Roland Jaquard, Doctor?"

"Yes, I perform all the autopsies of murder victims. Only God knows why. Spend hours over the reports, and what happens to them? I send them down to the Yard and they don't even read them. Just file them away. Oh well, what can I do for you?"

"What can you tell us about the so-called Thames murder victims?"

"Well, let's see." Sir Jasper starts to sift through what looks like disorganized piles of papers that completely cover his desk, but within seconds he comes up with what he is looking for. "Okay, here we go. The first victim, Nathan Revell, was brought in around midnight of May 30. I often work a late shift and did the autopsy at that time. Revell was a white male; about fifty years of age, five feet six inches tall; 220 pounds. He was not in good health, bad lungs, bad heart. It was just a matter of time, six months to two years, and one of his diseased organs would have caused his death. His death on the 30th of May, however, was caused by two gunshot wounds in the back. It was a large calibre gun, fired at close range. One bullet, which I believe was the first one, entered the mid-section of the back, severed the spinal cord and lodged in the heart. The other bullet entered the mid-back, angled down through the liver and exited from the lower abdomen. I sent the bullet, what was left of it, and his personal effects to the criminology lab. So much for Mr. Revell."

"Could you tell us the time of death?"

"I would say between 9 and 10 p.m. on the 30th. Any other questions?"

"No. Please continue."

"The next victim was Cyril Maude. Male; approximately twenty-five years of age, five feet, three inches; 135 pounds. His body came in only a few hours after that of Mr. Revell's, and I performed his autopsy after I had finished with Revell's. Mr. Maude was a strong young man, no organic diseases. He was killed by a long, sharp object that entered below the left armpit and went through his lung and into his heart. A very neat, professional job. Death was instantaneous."

"And how long had he been dead?"

"No more that a few hours. I would place the time of death at around mid-night, no later than 1 a.m."

"You had a busy day."

"All my days have been busy of late."

"What of Charles Attard?"

"Charles Attard's body arrived at 10 p.m., June 1. Since I had just finished another autopsy, I decided to go ahead and do his. I thought I'd get it out of the way and sleep in the next day. Charles Attard; aged fifty-two, height five feet, eleven inches; 180 pounds. Good health for a man his age. Strong, good muscle tone. Death was caused by two large calibre bullets, one in the chest and the other in the abdomen. Not a pretty sight, but death never is. He was shot at close range. No other marks on his body.

"Leo Shephard was the next fatality. Age mid-thirties; height six feet, two inches; 210 pounds. A very strong man and one used to violence."

"How could you tell that?"

"His body is covered with scars with a long one across his forehead. He had been shot twice before, stabbed a number of times. His body told a story of a violent life, and violently it ended. He had apparently received a flesh wound a day or two before his death. I removed a small calibre shot from his left shoulder which I sent to Murray along with the bullets that hit him the night he died."

"From a large calibre gun?"

"No. I removed two other small calibre bullets from his body. One from his neck, which did not cut any of his main arteries. The other I removed from his back where it had lodged in his spinal cord. But it wasn't the shots that killed him. He drowned."

"So he was alive when he went into the water?"

"Yes. The bullet that hit his spinal cord cut some of his nerves, so there is little doubt that he was paralysed when he hit the water."

"The time of death?"

"Between 8 and 10 last evening."

"Please continue."

"That brings us to the most recent casualty, Roland Jaquard. His body arrived a little after 3 o'clock this morning; I just finished the autopsy before you arrived. Jaquard was in his mid-thirties, six feet in height, 170 pounds, good physical shape. He put up quite a fight. He was badly beaten, but from the bruises on his hands and knuckles I would say he left some marks on the murderer. Death was caused by strangulation."

"Can you pin-point the time of death?"

"I would say between 1 and 2 a.m., not long after he had supped on pheasant and pate-de-foie-gras pie, judging from the contents of his stomach."

"Thanks, Doc. We'll let you get some rest."

50 EC

Inspector Patterson is an old friend of Wiggins'. He greets us in his humble apartment.

"It's always a pleasure to see you again, Wiggins. But I'm afraid I can't do anything for you. I don't know any Nathan Revell. According to the letter you're showing me, it's probably a homonym."

51 EC

We find Richard Mainhart in his study resting in his chair, his long legs stretched out in front of him, head resting in his hands. Our entrance rouses Mainhart out of his lassitude.

"Come in. Take a seat. How can I help you?"

"We are investigating a series of murders that have taken place over the last week. One of the victims, Nathan Revell, was an employee of yours, I believe."

"Yes, unfortunately. He managed to embezzle over six-thousand pounds of the firm's securities before his death. I have just spent the day at the Bank of England and Drummond's trying to determine the extent of our loss. It was so simple. Once he knew the accounts and their account numbers, it was only a matter of transferring the money into letters of credit or into any account he chose."

"How did he find out the account numbers?"

"Well, that's the question. Neil Patterson and myself are the only ones who have access to that information."

"The only ones?"

"Yes. Of course, Mrs. Lindsay, as part-owner of the firm had access to the files, but she had all dealings with the firm handled by her solicitor, a Mr. Abared. I only met him once."

"Abared? Charles Attard?"

"Yes, that's the name."

"He was murdered three days ago. He was a barrister. He handled Mrs. Lindsay's business affairs?"

"Yes. I missed the news of his death. I have been so concerned with this Revell affair that I have blocked out everything else. Do you see a connection?"

"That's what we are trying to find out. Thank you, Mr. Mainhart."

52 EC

Porky Shinwell is standing behind the bar as we enter the Raven and Rat. We take up the empty end of the bar and wait for Porky to get down to us. He is soon placing a pint of bitters in front of each of us.

"What can I do for you, mates?"

"Heard anything about the so-called Thames Murders?"

"A little. Two of the victims were regulars here. Cyril Maude and Curtis Twiggs. Two birds of a feather, they were."

"Twiggs?"

"Yeah, Twiggs. The one the police identified as Leo Shephard. Twiggs and Maude were partners, part of the Moriarty gang. Talk was they were Moran's strong-arm boys, enforcers. Twiggs was a shiv man; Maude, a barkers."

"Shiv? Barkers?"

"Shiv is a knife. Barker, a pistol. They were a mean pair."

"Any word on why they were murdered?"

"No, nothing. After Maude was murdered the word went out that Moran wanted to find Twiggs. No reason was given. Moran doesn't have to give one."

"When was the last time you saw them?"

"The night Maude was murdered. He and Twiggs were at their usual table in the corner drinking their dinner. Around 8, Moran came in, talked to them for a few minutes and left. They quickly drained their pints and left as well."

"Thanks, Porky."

"Anytime."

69 EC

Mr Patterson's majordomo tells us that his employer is currently at his workplace, Lindsay & Co.

77 EC

Rory Winslow greets us warmly when we return his wallet to him. "It was a gift from my dead mother. It was very dear to me."

QUESTIONS

Part One

1. Who killed Nathan Revell?
2. Why?
3. Who killed Cyril Maud?
4. Why?
5. Who killed Charles Attard?
6. Why?
7. Who was the person identified as Leo Shephard?
8. Who killed him?
9. Why?
10. Who killed Roland Jaquard ?
11. Why?
12. Were all the murders related?

Part Two

1. What was the dog's name that traced Jaquard's and Attard's path?
2. Who killed Nikolai Polcrovsky?
3. Why was the body of Reinhart Lutz found in a woman's dress?
4. Who killed Lutz?

SOLUTION

"Now that everyone is here we can begin," says Holmes as we enter his rooms joining Inspectors Lestrade and Gregson. "A very interesting case with some twists and turns that I wasn't expecting.

"We'll start with the murder of the first victim Nathan Revell. His story can be put together as follows. Revell, a hard-working clerk for most of his life, had one passion, whist. Whist is a pleasurable enough pastime until one starts playing for money with the likes of Moran and Jaquard. By cheating Revell at the card table, Moran was able to force him to participate in his scheme to embezzle from Lindsay and Company. As you probably discovered, Charles Attard was part of Moran's organization and also Mrs. Lindsay's lawyer. As such, he had access to the firm's confidential records. Thus, Moran had all he needed for his embezzlement scheme: someone who had access to the firm's confidential accounts, Attard, and an inside man to make use of that information, Revell. All in all, a good plan, except it developed a flaw: Revell.

"As Revell's suicide note indicated, he had a change of mind. He saw that embezzling would solve nothing; it would merely lead to new insoluble problems. He saw only one way out, suicide. On the evening of May 30, Revell was to take the embezzled securities to Moran who was waiting at the Bagatelle Club. While Moran was waiting, however, Revell was writing his suicide note and leaving the securities in his room for Patterson to find.

"When Revell didn't show for his rendezvous with Moran, Moran sent two of his henchmen, Maude and Twiggs, to find Revell. We have no way of knowing what Maude's instructions were to his henchmen, but I think we can assume, from the presence of the Roman coin found on Revell's body and similar coins on the bodies of other victims we have come across, that they were ordered to murder Revell as an example to the underworld of what happens to those who try to double-cross Moran. Maude, the gunman, shot Revell and then he and Twiggs dropped the body into the Thames. They returned to Revell's room and retrieved the stolen securities. Holding 6,000 pounds was too much temptation for Twiggs. He killed Maude, taking the securities and the Mauser T11, and went into hiding.

"Of course, this did not please Moran; but before he could personally take care of it, he was called to Paris by his master, Moriarty. Attard tried to find Twiggs, and unfortunately for him, he did. He could not talk Twiggs out of the securities and was no match for Twiggs in a shoot-out. Twiggs killed Attard with the gun he had taken from Maude.

"The evidence found at Jaquard's house, the securities, the Mauser and the La Faucheaux, indicate that Jaquard was the probable murderer of Twiggs. It all fits together, an all too common tale of dishonesty and betrayal. There is no honour among thieves."

"Then Moran must have murdered Jaquard!" exclaims Lestrade.

"I'm afraid not, Lestrade," replies Holmes. "The story of Jaquard's death was clear from the clues found at his residence. In fact, it was so clear that it clouded my view, for a short time, of how Jaquard fit into the other murders. As the most recent victim Jaquard's trail promised to be the warmest and therefore his residence was the first stop in my investigation. It was replete with clues. The securities, the money and jewellery found in the apartment implied that robbery was not the motive.

"You see, Lestrade," Holmes turns his attention to the Inspector, "If Moran, or one of his men, had killed Jaquard, the securities would have been taken. If you check with Lindsay and Company, I think you will find

that these are the missing securities. No, you can rule out Moran and his organization.

"Jaquard's death was due not to his criminal intrigue but to his romantic intrigue. I think there is little doubt about what happened on the night of Jaquard's death; the story is told by the physical evidence. After Jaquard killed Twiggs he still had time to keep his planned engagement."

"Who was the woman?"

"According to Langdale Pike, and he should know, it was Letitia Garcia. He picked her up at the theatre after her performance and took her to his rooms. Upon entering his apartment, he went to the study and removed his coat, relieving himself of the two pistols and tossing the securities on the desk. His supper was successful for he had soon manoeuvred Miss Garcia upstairs to his bedroom, but the evening came to an different climax than Jaquard had expected. Someone kicked his door in and charged upstairs."

"And do you know who?" asks Lestrade.

"I think we can assume it was Marco Escobedo. If you check today's Times you will find him and Miss Garcia linked romantically. An old and familiar drama took place, a fight over a woman. Jaquard lost this fight and his life. The jilted lover then dressed Jaquard's body, not showing the same care as the fastidious Jaquard. He then rolled the body up in the bedroom rug and moved it to the Thames. His murderer did not know what an ironic resting place this was since he knew nothing of Jaquard's involvement in the other murders."

HOLMES

Holmes has solved this case by following 7 leads: Roland Jaquard (40 NW), H.R. Murray (22 SW), Bagatelle Club (14 NW), Langdale Pike (2 SW), Porky Shinwell (52 EC), Tankerville Club (34 WC) and Kathleen Lindsay (19 WC).

His score is 100 points.

SCORE

Part One

1. Who killed Nathan Revell? Cyril Maud and Curtis Twiggs (10 points).
2. Why? Ordered to by Col. Sebastian Moran (5 points).
3. Who killed Cyril Maud? Curtis Twiggs (10 points).
4. Why? To take the embezzled securities for himself (5 points).
5. Who killed Charles Attard ? Curtis Twiggs (10 points).
6. Why? Self-defense (5 points).
7. Who was the person identified as Leo Shephard? Curtis Twiggs (10 points).
8. Who killed him? Roland Jaquard (10 points).
9. Why? To retrieve the embezzled securities for Moran (5 points).
10. Who killed Roland Jaquard? Marco Escobedo (10 points).
11. Why? Jealousy over Leticia Garcia (5 points).
12. Were all the murders related? No (15 points).

Part Two

1. What was the dog's name that traced Jaquard's and Attard's path? Toby (10 points).
2. Who killed Nikolai Polcrovsky ? Konstantine Jastrow (10 points).
3. Why was the body of Reinhart Lutz found in a woman's dress? He attended a "Women's only" meeting at the Russian Social Club (10 points).
4. Who killed Lutz ? Russian Revolutionaries (5 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 (7 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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