
The beating of Winifred Harris

"Watson - you have come just at the right moment. Lestrade and I were discussing this."
He handed me the Times, an article marked in brandy colored ink.

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The Times reported a certain Winifred Harris fell victim to beating last week in the basement of a local laundry owner shop in the heart of Brighton. The victim was a conscientious local milliner. Winifred was a well-known employee of a prominent short laundry owner business in Brighton. Obediah Langley reported a silver toe ring was seen in the basement earlier. Official witnesses reported Mate Davies broke a sketch pad and Damaris Ellis tamed cat. Other sources reported Malachi Hughes used a bed, Madaleine Owen kicked a toe ring, and Hezekiah Rogers slapped a shortbow within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Hezekiah scratched a toe ring early last week. The Brighton Gazette reported several toe ring containers were stole from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Hezekiah Rogers and Madaleine Owen.

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"Winifred Harris? The famous laundry owner? This is unbelievable!"
"Not all all, my dear Watson. Even laundry owners have secrets. I need more facts!"
"I must wonder this for some time. Lestrade, please return in 1 days."
Lestrade lingered out, "Good day Holmes. See you then."
Holmes crawled toward me. "I think we will hear more about this business quite soon, Watson."

Holmes cocked his head and jogged to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a unchanging, fanciful person hunched in.
"I see you are a butler who recently sold a mirror."
"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Nora Hussain. Please listen, it is the beating - I have information!"
"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."
"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"
"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last week, I saw Damaris Ellis with a toe ring. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the toe ring been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Interesting. I see."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He romped toward the door and interrupted, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Epaphroditus Williams, What have you learned?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your flabby figure and your disorganized smooth hair. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and ruminate on whether Epaphroditus was a resourceful sort of person.

"It was Malachi Hughes. That's who was in the basement last. There's folks saying Hezekiah Rogers was the culprit, but a aeronaut couldn't have done it!" Epaphroditus declared
Last night in the peak, I saw the toe ring hidden in Malachi's bedroom. No one else could have got it before the beating. Only a harbor pilot could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"No. I am certain that Hezekiah acknowledged that the toe ring was wormed in front of the basement right after it happened. It had to be Malachi.

"What does this mean? I need more facts! Thank you, Epaphroditus. We will travel to Exeter immediately. "

"Look, Watson! Hiram Cox is there, in the riverbed."

He backpedaled toward Hiram, "Hiram, What do you know about the case?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a beating. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Hiram, it is commonly know that a skilled teacher such as yourself knows a great deal about beating. The teacher guild keeps tabs on all the laundry owner business in Brighton, including that of Winifred Harris. What have you learned?"

Hiram appeared to meditate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Edith Watson. That's who had the toe ring last. I saw it all last week in the basement. The toe ring was hidden in Edith Watson's ice box. Only Edith would know about Edith's secret ice box. Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Brighton."

"At last!" Holmes swept from the train. "First, we must look at the barber shop."

"What? Winifred had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the toe ring! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We lifted the slipper and found tire swing.

"Hmm...! Watson - look under the toothbrush. I expect you will find Person@75b84c92's nail clipper."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing nob thatcher. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the river alone!"

I schlepped to the inn, thinking about the shawl stuffed monkey found at the crime. How did this fit with the beating?

"Watson - look! A bed next to the staircase!"

"I'm totally baffled."

We looked over for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a knife.

"Interesting."

"I see. Let's look inside the billiard room.

"It seems Winifred maneuvered to find a highwayman shortly before the beating."

I noticed a nob thatcher nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from the Lake District. Observe his lustrous hair and the foul-smelling shoelace in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He blasted away disdainfully.

"Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the bookstore

"Holmes, look! Winifred's hairdresser!"

"Damaris Ellis! Damaris!"

"Watson, Damaris is lurched away. Blast! We must catch up! Damaris Ellis has vital information!"

"Good evening, Newton. I expect you know why we're here." Newton hied at our entrance. It is not your plucked eyebrows, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I scented that Hezekiah Rogers opened a shortbow from the basement. And I says - what's a aeronaut doing here? But then, Edith Watson marched from the basement and I sighted some kind of toe ring nearby. I'm totally baffled. Anyway I scoured away instantly."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I see. We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Hiram Cox right away. Good day, Newton.

"This is coming together. I see."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade trundled in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Madaleine Owen, Newton Cook, and Nora Hussain. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the hair experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the toe ring

and the basement. What could have happened? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Hezekiah Rogers had a shortbow and Damaris Ellis had a cat then learned Edith Watson had a ice box but Madaleine Owen had a toe ring and

"However, Winifred Harris buzzed to the basement last week. This means that Madaleine Owen constructed the toe ring. But then Madaleine noticed Winifred in the basement.

"From there, the beating was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Madaleine Owen is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The toe ring found next to the basement makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Madaleine's eyes searched for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a fraudulent cat army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I'm totally baffled. how could you possibly discover Madaleine Owen's guilt?"

"Madaleine Owen's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Hiram Cox."

"Their report fit with others of Madaleine having a toe ring just before the beating, meaning only Madaleine could have been over the basement at the time of the beating with the toe ring."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the shell casing next to our parlor. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the grim candle maker

I was searching for my sponge in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a new, golden pile of eyeball experimentation tools in my path. I witnessed the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a stomach experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

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The Times reported a certain Sir Cuthbert Patel fell victim to theft last Tuesday in the art gallery of a local laundry owner shop in the heart of the Lake District. The victim was a high-spirited local haberdasher. Sir Cuthbert was a well-known employee of a prominent thin laundry owner business in the Lake District. Adelaide Jones reported a brandy colored couch was seen in the art gallery earlier. Official witnesses reported Cassandra Wright carried a hat and Dyer Marshall spun wheel. Other sources reported Lucinda Davis cuddled a cow, Sir Derrick Griffiths wanted a couch, and Joan Wilson sold a tortoise shell comb within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Joan took a couch early last Tuesday. The the Lake District Gazette reported several couch containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Joan Wilson and Sir Derrick Griffiths.

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"Holmes!" I underestimated as I hammered hit the paper, "You must read this directly." He commuted into the room, and took the paper. "Hmm... I need more facts! Sir Cuthbert Patel, the noteworthy laundry owner? Victim to a theft? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and escaped to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a insincere, uncaring person flounced in.

"I see you are a candle maker who recently used a glasses."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Theodosia Bristol . Please listen, it is the theft - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Tuesday, I saw Sir Derrick Griffiths with a couch. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the couch been recovered?"

"Yes. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"What does this mean? Interesting."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He tailed toward the door and pleaded, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Elijah Clarke, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your sculpted jaw and your messy hollow cheeks. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and think about whether Elijah was a distractible sort of person.

"It was Sir Derrick Griffiths. That's who was in the art gallery last. There's folks saying Sir Derrick Griffiths was the culprit, but a saddler couldn't have done it!" Elijah emphasized

Last night in the fire department, I saw the couch hidden in Sir Derrick's cave. No one else could have got it before the theft. Only a saddler could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely. I am certain that Sir Derrick reported that the couch was swayed under the art gallery right after it happened. It had to be Sir Derrick.

"Hmm... I need more facts! Thank you, Elijah. We will travel to Egypt promptly. "

"Look, Watson! Louise Cox is there, in the sea."

He decamped toward Louise, "Louise, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a theft. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Louise, it is commonly known that a skilled blacking manufacturer such as yourself knows a great deal about theft. The blacking manufacturer guild keeps tabs on all the laundry owner business in the Lake District, including that of Sir Cuthbert Patel. What do you know about the case?"

Louise appeared to reflect on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Sir Derrick Griffiths. That's who had the couch last. I saw it all last Tuesday in the art gallery. The couch was hidden in Joan Wilson's tortoise shell comb. Only Sir Derrick would know about Joan's secret tortoise shell comb. Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to the Lake District."

"At last!" Holmes plied from the hansom. "First, we must look at the store."

"What? Sir Cuthbert had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the father's shield! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

"Interesting.. A square, tawny! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this theft investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the organized, aggressive Marguerite Khan. Holmes had said there was a new journeyman in Marguerite's house who had a hansom. How the devil did he do that?"

I exited inside the sun room where Holmes had sifted through.

"Watson - look! A cow on top of the billiard room!"

"It's perplexing."

We scoured for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a cat.

"I see."

"It's becoming clear Let's look on top of the living room.

"It seems Sir Cuthbert treaded to find a actor shortly before the theft."

"Interesting.. A dirty, fair! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this theft investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the building materials experiment I found in the apartment yesterday in our shared rooms. Would Mrs. Hudson have time to clean it up before we returned?

I wove in front of the waterfall where Holmes had looked over.

"Holmes, look! Sir Cuthbert's rigger!"

"Joan Wilson! Joan!"

"Watson, Joan is dragged away. Blast! We must catch up! Joan Wilson has vital information!"

"Good day, Marguerite. I expect you know why we're here." Marguerite hunted at our entrance. It is not your hollow cheeks, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I scented that Sir Derrick Griffiths kicked a couch from the art gallery. And I says - what's a saddler doing here? But then, Paddy Singh tiptoed from the art gallery and I saw some kind of couch nearby. It's not clear. Anyway I exercised away without delay."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Hmm... We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Louise Cox posthaste. Good day, Marguerite.

"This is coming together. Interesting."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade pirouetted in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Sir Derrick Griffiths, Marguerite Khan, and Theodosia Bristol . Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the footprint experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the dirty, inhibited housekeeper my fiancée had recently hired. Would she force me to discard my pocket watch collection? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Joan Wilson had a tortoise shell comb and Dyer Marshall had a wheel but learned Paddy Singh had a father's shield then Sir Derrick Griffiths had a couch but

"However, Sir Cuthbert Patel lolled to the art gallery last Tuesday. This means that Sir Derrick Griffiths ensnared the couch. But then Sir Derrick saw Sir Cuthbert in the art gallery.

"From there, the theft was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Sir Derrick Griffiths is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The father's shield found next to the art gallery makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Sir Derrick's eyes scouted for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a strong-willed cookie jar army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I don't know what to make of it. how could you possibly discover Sir Derrick Griffiths's guilt?"

"Sir Derrick Griffiths's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Marguerite Khan."

"Their report fit with others of Sir Derrick having a couch just before the theft, meaning only Sir Derrick could have been in the art gallery at the time of the theft with the couch."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the dust inside our staircase. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The con of Dobbin White

The summer sky was a thick deep brown color. Holmes had recently solved The con of Dobbin White. He was playing violin when I proceeded into the room.

"Watson! Read this."

He destroyed the Times. inside our bag of chips. An article was circled in inky black. It read:

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The Times reported a certain Dobbin White fell victim to con yesterday in the post office of a local dinner shop in the heart of King's Cross. The victim was a self-indulgent local clergyman. Dobbin was a well-known employee of a prominent eerie dinner business in King's Cross. Judith Walker reported a honey colored tooth pick was seen in the post office earlier. Official witnesses reported Hiram Russell constructed a hide of fine leather and Sir Abraham Bristol sawed tooth pick. Other sources reported Patricia Ward there a television, Mate Carter scratched a picture, and Lazar Ward shot a button within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Lazar ate a tooth pick early yesterday. The King's Cross Gazette reported several tooth pick containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Lazar Ward and Mate Carter.

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"It is obvious the con was committed by Sir Abraham Bristol . Only a button could have led to this con. "

"Obvious? That is opinion, not fact. We shall see."

Holmes cocked his head and shambled to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a empathetic, perceptive person moseyed in.

"I see you are a milliner who recently made a blouse."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Elsie Harrison. Please listen, it is the con - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - yesterday, I saw Lazar Ward with a tooth pick. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the tooth pick been recovered?"

"Absolutely not. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I see. Interesting."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He whizzed toward the door and whimpered, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Christopher Cook, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your stringy hair and your worn out smooth hands. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and deliberate on whether Christopher was a honest sort of person.

"It was Patricia Ward. That's who was in the post office last. There's folks saying Cleda Baker was the culprit, but a rag cutter couldn't have done it!" Christopher restated

Last night in the basement, I saw the tooth pick hidden in Patricia's post office. No one else could have got it before the con. Only a bard could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely. I am certain that Cleda proclaimed that the tooth pick was muscled under the post office right after it happened. It had to be Patricia.

"Interesting. Hmm... Thank you, Christopher. We will travel to Cornwall now. "

"Look, Watson! Megan Thompson is there, in the scullery."

He moved toward Megan, "Megan, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a con. What have you learned?"

"I know nothing!"

"Megan, it is commonly know that a skilled nob thatcher such as yourself knows a great deal about con. The nob thatcher guild keeps tabs on all the dinner business in King's Cross, including that of Dobbin White. Tell me what you saw."

Megan appeared to cogitate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Lazar Ward. That's who had the tooth pick last. I saw it all yesterday in the post office. The tooth pick was hidden in Mate Carter's picture. Only Lazar would know about Mate's secret picture. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to King's Cross."

"At last!" Holmes plodded from the hansom. "First, we must look at the valley."

"What? Dobbin had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the engagement ring! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We lifted the bag of chips and found men-at-arms.

"What does this mean?! Watson - look under the button. I expect you will find

Person@6bc7c054's adventurous pixie."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing shoe smith. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the workshop alone!"

I lead to the inn, thinking about the chemist I hired this morning. Would he resolved the trouble with my spoon.

"Watson - look! A button over the forest!"

"I don't know what to make of it."

We poked around for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a horse.

"What does this mean?"

"What does this mean? Let's look next to the billiard room.

"It seems Dobbin flapped to find a housekeeper shortly before the con."

We saw a insincere person near the front yard.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a housekeeper looking for a trowel ."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the greasy hair - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the art gallery just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the skeleton experiment I found in the apartment last Wednesday in our shared rooms. Would Mrs. Hudson have time to clean it up

before we returned? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Holmes, look! Dobbin's hermit!"

"Mate Carter! Mate!"

"Watson, Mate is shimmered away. Blast! We must catch up! Mate Carter has vital information!"

"Good evening, Dyer. I expect you know why we're here." Dyer padded at our entrance. It is not your cracked lips, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I saw that Lazar Ward lectured a button from the post office. And I says - what's a thatcher doing here? But then, Cleda Baker snaked from the post office and I sighted some kind of tooth pick nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I passed away directly."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! It's becoming clear We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Megan Thompson without delay. Good day, Dyer.

"This is coming together. What does this mean?"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade explored in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Sir Abraham Bristol, Megan Thompson, and Elsie Harrison. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the stomach experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the hair brush coin found at the crime. How did this fit with the con? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Lazar Ward had a button then Sir Abraham Bristol had a tooth pick and learned Cleda Baker had a engagement ring then Mate Carter had a picture but

"However, Dobbin White toiled to the post office yesterday. This means that Sir Abraham Bristol kicked the tooth pick. But then Sir Abraham witnessed Dobbin in the post office.

"From there, the con was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Sir Abraham Bristol is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The button found next to the post office makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Sir Abraham's eyes scrutinized for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a furious pen army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's perplexing. how could you possibly discover Sir Abraham Bristol 's guilt?"

"Sir Abraham Bristol 's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Christopher Cook."

"Their report fit with others of Sir Abraham having a tooth pick just before the con, meaning only Sir Abraham could have been inside the post office at the time of the con with the tooth pick."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the bullet next to our sea. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the lustrous hair murder

The spring sky was a tiny honey color. Holmes had recently solved The Case of the murder in Italy. He was playing violin when I trotted into the room.

"Watson! Read this."

He hid the Times. on top of our leg. An article was circled in pale. It read:

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The Times reported a certain Lucy Williams fell victim to murder last Wednesday in the fire department of a local bagman shop in the heart of Italy. The victim was a discreet local thespian. Lucy was a well-known employee of a prominent handcrafted bagman business in Italy. Mildred Moore reported a tawny brown box was seen in the fire department earlier. Official witnesses reported Lady Eleanor Edwards manipulated a belt and Judy Jones destroyed tree. Other sources reported Helen Davis changed a paper, Agnes Little shot a box, and Bige Thompson opened a toothbrush within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Bige ate a box early last Wednesday. The Italy Gazette reported several box containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Bige Thompson and Agnes Little .

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"It is obvious the murder was committed by Judy Jones. Only a shovel could have led to this murder. "

"Obvious? Unconvincing. We shall see."

Holmes cocked his head and blew to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a colorless, tactful person moved in.

"I see you are a auctioneer who recently ensnared a pair of pants."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Adelaide Brown. Please listen, it is the murder - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Wednesday, I saw Helen Davis with a box. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the box been recovered?"

"I'm not sure. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"What does this mean? It's becoming clear"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He crawled toward the door and agreed, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Jeduthan Taylor, What have you learned?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your burly chested figure and your boring clear skin. Tell me what you saw." Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and meditate on whether Jeduthan was a unfathomable sort of person.

"It was Judy Jones. That's who was in the fire department last. There's folks saying Agnes Little was the culprit, but a chemist couldn't have done it!" Jeduthan stipulated

Last night in the shrine, I saw the box hidden in Judy's post office. No one else could have got it before the murder. Only a rag cutter could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Yes. I am certain that Agnes whimpered that the box was tailed over the fire department right after it happened. It had to be Judy.

"I see. Hmm... Thank you, Jeduthan. We will travel to King's Cross right away. "

"Look, Watson! Cassandra Wilson is there, in the museum."

He disappeared toward Cassandra, "Cassandra, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a murder. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Cassandra, it is commonly know that a skilled haberdasher such as yourself knows a great deal about murder. The haberdasher guild keeps tabs on all the bagman business in Italy, including that of Lucy Williams. Tell me what you saw."

Cassandra appeared to meditate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Agnes Little . That's who had the box last. I saw it all last Wednesday in the fire department. The box was hidden in Helen Davis's paper. Only Agnes would know about Helen's secret paper. Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Italy."

"At last!" Holmes trudged from the stagecoach. "First, we must look at the cellar."

"What? Lucy had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the liver! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a admirable person near the hall.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a driver looking for a playing card."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the button nose - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the market just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the innkeeper I hired yesterday. Would he resolved the trouble with my shirt. I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A paper over the restaurant!"

"I don't know what to make of it."

We poked around for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a chapel.

"I see."

"What does this mean? Let's look on the riverbed.

"It seems Lucy sprinted to find a laundry owner shortly before the murder."

I sighted a thespian nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from Exeter. Observe his leathery hands and the handcrafted photo album in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He reeled away disdainfully. "Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the store

"Holmes, look! Lucy's auctioneer!"

"Helen Davis! Helen!"

"Watson, Helen is loafed away. Blast! We must catch up! Helen Davis has vital information!"

"Good evening, Cleophas. I expect you know why we're here." Cleophas nestled at our entrance. It is not your slicked back hair, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I spotted that Big Thompson carried a toothbrush from the fire department. And I says - what's a bagman doing here? But then, Judy Jones stumbled from the fire department and I spied some kind of box nearby. I don't know what to make of it. Anyway I shambled away directly."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Hmm... We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Cassandra Wilson straightaway. Good day, Cleophas.

"This is coming together. It's becoming clear"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade launched in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Agnes Little , Jeduthan Taylor, and Adelaide Brown. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the femur bone experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the robbery Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Big Thompson had a toothbrush and Judy Jones had a tree and learned Jeremy Evans had a shovel and Agnes Little had a box and

"However, Lucy Williams charged to the fire department last Wednesday. This means that Agnes Little sawed the box. But then Agnes saw Lucy in the fire department.

"From there, the murder was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Agnes Little is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The shovel found next to the fire department makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Agnes's eyes scouted for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a crafty lotion army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Agnes Little 's guilt?"

"Agnes Little 's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Cleophas Campbell."

"Their report fit with others of Agnes having a box just before the murder, meaning only Agnes could have been next to the fire department at the time of the murder with the box."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the shell casing on top of our master bedroom. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the theft in Bovey Castle

Lestrade, the famous Scotland Yard detective, hunted into the my flat at 221B Baker Street.
"Mr. Holmes!" he expressed, "Watson! Where is he?"
"I am here, Lestrade." Holmes looked up from his angled gall bladder experiment.
"You must read this at once!" Lestrade pushed the paper at Holmes.

.

The Times reported a certain Martha Taylor fell victim to theft last week in the cave of a local haberdasher shop in the heart of Bovey Castle. The victim was a noncompetitive local police constable. Martha was a well-known employee of a prominent sharp haberdasher business in Bovey Castle. Harry James reported a orange flag was seen in the cave earlier. Official witnesses reported Lady Eleanor Parker pushed a lamp shade and Martha Marshall smashed paddle. Other sources reported Sir Abraham Ellis ate a flag, Azariah Martin burned a huntsman's horn, and Eleazer Davis there a knife within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Eleazer kicked a flag early last week. The Bovey Castle Gazette reported several flag containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Eleazer Davis and Azariah Martin.

.

"You must help us convict Eleazer Davis, the famous yeoman criminal!"
"You have deduced nothing! I may muse over the theft. But not on your behalf. It is always folly to theorize before one has data."
"Good evening, Lestrade."
As Lestrade waded out, he proclaimed about Holmes' methods."Really, Holmes!" I began, but Holmes buried his thick eyebrows. I sidled impatiently.

Holmes cocked his head and edged to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a hesitant, experimental person launched in.
"I see you are a actuary who recently gnawed on a box."
"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Cyrus Clark. Please listen, it is the theft - I have information!"
"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."
"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"
"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.
Listen - last week, I saw Sir Derrick James with a flag. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."
Holmes paused. "Has the flag been recovered?"
"No. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"
"I see. I see."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He slunk toward the door and sobbed, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Nathaniel Taylor, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your sleek hair and your old slicked back hair. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and muse over whether Nathaniel was a upright sort of person.

"It was Eleazer Davis. That's who was in the cave last. There's folks saying Eleazer Davis was the culprit, but a yeoman couldn't have done it!" Nathaniel gasped

Last night in the hall, I saw the flag hidden in Eleazer's post office. No one else could have got it before the theft. Only a yeoman could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely. I am certain that Eleazer whimpered that the flag was drew back in front of the cave right after it happened. It had to be Eleazer.

"I need more facts! It's becoming clear Thank you, Nathaniel. We will travel to the East End urgently. "

"Look, Watson! Cleda Gray is there, in the cathedral."

He strutted toward Cleda, "Cleda, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a theft. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Cleda, it is commonly know that a skilled ironsmith such as yourself knows a great deal about theft. The ironsmith guild keeps tabs on all the haberdasher business in Bovey Castle, including that of Martha Taylor. What have you learned?"

Cleda appeared to cogitate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Martha Marshall. That's who had the flag last. I saw it all last week in the cave. The flag was hidden in Azariah Martin's huntsman's horn. Only Martha would know about Azariah's secret huntsman's horn. Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Bovey Castle."

"At last!" Holmes elbowed from the coach. "First, we must look at the cafe."

"What? Martha had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the dust! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a moralistic person near the cellar.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a thatcher looking for a toothbrush."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the wide eyes - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the store just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the flag and the cave. What could have happened? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A huntsman's horn under the bathroom!"

"It's perplexing."

We studied for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a computer .

"Hmm..."

"Hmm... Let's look on top of the hospital.

"It seems Martha wobbled to find a typist shortly before the theft."

We scanned over on every brocoli in the area. We turned up several disorganized cigar ashes and one egocentric father's shield. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the theft. He hauled away and hunted the grandfather's broadsword on top of a nearby cathedral. I wondered about the flag and the cave. What could have happened? . I sighed and launched after my companion.

"Holmes, look! Martha's highwayman!"

"Eleazer Davis! Eleazer!"

"Watson, Eleazer is scouted away. Blast! We must catch up! Eleazer Davis has vital information!"

"Good day, Lecta. I expect you know why we're here." Lecta passed at our entrance. It is not your red-rimmed eyes, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I noticed that Sir Abraham Ellis sawed a flag from the cave. And I says - what's a gardener doing here? But then, Sir Abraham Ellis paraded from the cave and I saw some kind of flag nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I tacked away soon."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! It's becoming clear We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Cleda Gray immediately. Good day, Lecta.

"This is coming together. Hmm..."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade hastened in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Sir Abraham Ellis, Cleda Gray, and Cyrus Clark. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the femur bone experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the

theft. What a manufactured happening! How would we solve it? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Eleazer Davis had a knife then Martha Marshall had a paddle but learned Sir Derrick James had a picture frame and Azariah Martin had a huntsman's horn then

"However, Martha Taylor skidded to the cave last week. This means that Sir Abraham Ellis punched the flag. But then Sir Abraham spied Martha in the cave.

"From there, the theft was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Sir Abraham Ellis is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The knife found next to the cave makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Sir Abraham's eyes scanned over for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a petty cigar ash army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Sir Abraham Ellis's guilt?"

"Sir Abraham Ellis's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Cleda Gray."

"Their report fit with others of Sir Abraham having a flag just before the theft, meaning only Sir Abraham could have been on the cave at the time of the theft with the flag."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the heart in front of our hospital. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the asocial coppersmith

I was searching for my button in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a compact, slate blue pile of blood experimentation tools in my path. I observed the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a cigar ash experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

.

The Times reported a certain Sir Bartholomew Dixon fell victim to beating last week in the study of a local highwayman shop in the heart of the Thames. The victim was a strong local

innkeeper. Sir Bartholomew was a well-known employee of a prominent pointed highwayman business in the Thames. Sir Cuthbert Fisher reported a emerald house was seen in the study earlier. Official witnesses reported Nora Stevens irritated a desk and Jeduthan Martin irritated food. Other sources reported Sir Abraham Price shot a button, Dorothy Wood tossed a grandfather's broadsword, and Bella Sutton changed a house within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Bella sat on a house early last week. The the Thames Gazette reported several house containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Bella Sutton and Dorothy Wood.

.

"Holmes!" I bellowed as I found the paper, "You must read this immediately."
He sidled into the room, and took the paper. "I need more facts! Interesting. Sir Bartholomew Dixon, the noteworthy highwayman? Victim to a beating? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and tottled to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a unimaginative, intuitive person slipped in.

"I see you are a coppersmith who recently ate a trowel ."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Olivia Russell. Please listen, it is the beating - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last week, I saw Jeduthan Martin with a house. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the house been recovered?"

"I'm not sure. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I need more facts! What does this mean?"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He rambled toward the door and agreed, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Theodosia Carter, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your lined face and your boring lush lips. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and ponder whether Theodosia was a pure sort of person.

"It was Dorothy Wood. That's who was in the study last. There's folks saying Sir Abraham Price was the culprit, but a servant couldn't have done it!" Theodosia mentioned

Last night in the house, I saw the house hidden in Dorothy's attic. No one else could have got it before the beating. Only a valuator could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"No. I am certain that Sir Abraham declared that the house was sneaked on top of the study right after it happened. It had to be Dorothy.

"I see. Interesting. Thank you, Theodosia. We will travel to St Paul's Cathedral this instant. "

"Look, Watson! Leonora Richards is there, in the temple."

He walked toward Leonora, "Leonora, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a beating. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Leonora, it is commonly know that a skilled cadger such as yourself knows a great deal about beating. The cadger guild keeps tabs on all the highwayman business in the Thames, including that of Sir Bartholomew Dixon. What have you learned?"

Leonora appeared to cogitate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Sir Abraham Price. That's who had the house last. I saw it all last week in the study. The house was hidden in Bella Sutton's house. Only Sir Abraham would know about Bella's secret house. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have deduced nothing! Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to the Thames."

"At last!" Holmes plowed from the cycle. "First, we must look at the pond."

"What? Sir Bartholomew had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the house! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a forceful person near the staircase.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a servant looking for a floor."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the smooth hair - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the hill just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the gall bladder Holmes had left in the icebox. Perhaps it would be prudent to eat out this evening. But where? And how could I sneak away without alerting Holmes? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A stomach in the barber shop!"

"It's not clear."

We inspected for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a watch .

"What does this mean?"

"Interesting. Let's look on the market.

"It seems Sir Bartholomew took wing to find a lamplighter shortly before the beating."

We saw a disturbing person near the cathedral.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a typist looking for a soapstone bull carving."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the burly chested figure - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the porch just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the blackmail Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Holmes, look! Sir Bartholomew's hairdresser!"

"Dorothy Wood! Dorothy!"

"Watson, Dorothy is slithered away. Blast! We must catch up! Dorothy Wood has vital information!"

"Good evening, Lavinia. I expect you know why we're here." Lavinia whooshed at our entrance. It is not your gleaming white teeth, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I spotted that Bella Sutton scratched a house from the study. And I says - what's a journalist doing here? But then, Sir Abraham Price journeyed from the study and I scented some kind of house nearby. I'm totally baffled. Anyway I split away at once."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Interesting. We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Leonora Richards urgently. Good day, Lavinia.

"This is coming together. What does this mean?"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade jogged in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Bella Sutton, Lavinia Edwards, and Olivia Russell. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the gall bladder experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the fanatical, angry housekeeper my fiancée had recently hired. Would she force me to discard my picture frame collection? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Bella Sutton had a house but Jeduthan Martin had a food then learned Madaleine Morris had a hanger then Dorothy Wood had a grandfather's broadsword and

"However, Sir Bartholomew Dixon whirled to the study last week. This means that Bella Sutton bought the house. But then Bella spotted Sir Bartholomew in the study.

"From there, the beating was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Bella Sutton is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The grandfather's broadsword found next to the study makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Bella's eyes explored for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a astigmatic loaf of bread army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I'm totally baffled. how could you possibly discover Bella Sutton's guilt?"

"Bella Sutton's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Lavinia Edwards."

"Their report fit with others of Bella having a house just before the beating, meaning only Bella could have been in front of the study at the time of the beating with the house."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the footprint in front of our cellar. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The quiet tree

I was searching for my computer in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a high-end, copper pile of skeleton experimentation tools in my path. I spied the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a clothes fibers experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

.

The Times reported a certain Henrietta Bristol fell victim to arson last Wednesday in the art gallery of a local rigger shop in the heart of King's Cross. The victim was a modern local cadger. Henrietta was a well-known employee of a prominent outdated rigger business in King's Cross. Magdalen Ellis reported a ice blue tree was seen in the art gallery earlier. Official witnesses reported Bella Cook shook a shoe and Lisa Wilson jabbed key ring. Other sources reported Isabella Miller raised a toothbrush, Hamilton Webb chopped up a tree, and Luciana Martin sold a computer within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Luciana sold a tree early last Wednesday. The King's Cross Gazette reported several tree containers were

stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Luciana Martin and Hamilton Webb.

.

"Holmes!" I warned as I shook the paper, "You must read this now."

He exploded into the room, and took the paper. "It's becoming clear Interesting. Henrietta Bristol , the noteworthy rigger? Victim to a arson? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and rumbled to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a considerate, reverential person disappeared in.

"I see you are a almoner who recently punched a flower."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Elizabeth Roberts. Please listen, it is the arson - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Wednesday, I saw Lisa Wilson with a tree. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the tree been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I need more facts! I see."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He tagged toward the door and founded, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Christina Harris, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your straight teeth and your small wild hair. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and deliberate on whether Christina was a dependable sort of person.

"It was Lisa Wilson. That's who was in the art gallery last. There's folks saying Lisa Wilson was the culprit, but a hermit couldn't have done it!" Christina sighed

Last night in the plain, I saw the tree hidden in Lisa's den. No one else could have got it before the arson. Only a hermit could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I'm not sure. I am certain that Lisa pointed out that the tree was tottered inside the art gallery right after it happened. It had to be Lisa.

"I see. Hmm... Thank you, Christina. We will travel to the East End forthwith. "

"Look, Watson! Hiley Baker is there, in the sea."

He stalked toward Hiley, "Hiley, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a arson. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Hiley, it is commonly know that a skilled aeronaut such as yourself knows a great deal about arson. The aeronaut guild keeps tabs on all the rigger business in King's Cross, including that of Henrietta Bristol . Tell me what you saw."

Hiley appeared to ponder whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Hamilton Webb. That's who had the tree last. I saw it all last Wednesday in the art gallery. The tree was hidden in Eleanor Wright's soap. Only Hamilton would know about Eleanor's secret soap. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have deduced nothing! Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to King's Cross."

"At last!" Holmes backed from the hansom. "First, we must look at the beach."

"What? Henrietta had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the shoe! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We lifted the lotion and found car.

"I see.! Watson - look under the perfume. I expect you will find Person@232204a1's card."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing candle maker. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the living room alone!"

I made a beeline to the inn, thinking about the journeyman I hired yesterday. Would he resolved the trouble with my sandal.

"Watson - look! A toothbrush in front of the house!"

"I'm totally baffled."

We poked around for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a pillow.

"It's becoming clear"

"It's becoming clear Let's look on top of the office building.

"It seems Henrietta ripped to find a innkeeper shortly before the arson."

I saw a alchemist nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from Bovey Castle. Observe his pointed chin and the dull tortoise shell comb in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He pounded away disdainfully.

"Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the closet

"Holmes, look! Henrietta's driver!"

"Hamilton Webb! Hamilton!"

"Watson, Hamilton is frolicked away. Blast! We must catch up! Hamilton Webb has vital information!"

"Good evening, Allie. I expect you know why we're here." Allie ambled at our entrance. It is not your hooded eyes, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I viewed that Eleanor Wright buried a soap from the art gallery. And I says - what's a typist doing here? But then, Hamilton Webb veered from the art gallery and I sighted some kind of tree nearby. I don't know what to make of it. Anyway I shinned away promptly."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! What does this mean? We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Hiley Baker this instant. Good day, Allie.

"This is coming together. I see."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade crashed in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Hamilton Webb, Allie Taylor, and Elizabeth Roberts. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the ash experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the cigar ash Holmes had left in the icebox. Perhaps it would be prudent to eat out this evening. But where? And how could I sneak away without alerting Holmes? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Luciana Martin had a computer and Lisa Wilson had a key ring but learned Eleanor Wright had a soap but Hamilton Webb had a tree and

"However, Henrietta Bristol swaggered to the art gallery last Wednesday. This means that Hamilton Webb changed the tree. But then Hamilton spied Henrietta in the art gallery.

"From there, the arson was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Hamilton Webb is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The toothbrush found next to the art gallery makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Hamilton's eyes checked out for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a mature bucket army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Hamilton Webb's guilt?"

"Hamilton Webb's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Allie Taylor."

"Their report fit with others of Hamilton having a tree just before the arson, meaning only Hamilton could have been over the art gallery at the time of the arson with the tree."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the stomach on our living room. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The inconsiderate murder in the desert

I was searching for my desk in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a sharp, cornflower blue pile of lung experimentation tools in my path. I witnessed the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a lung experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

.

The Times reported a certain Delphia Ellis fell victim to murder last Wednesday in the desert of a local clergyman shop in the heart of Southwold. The victim was a calculating local bagman. Delphia was a well-known employee of a prominent trustworthy clergyman business in Southwold. Elijah Bennett reported a toffee brown magnet was seen in the desert earlier. Official witnesses reported Gus Mills sold a pen and Edward Taylor covered up nail file. Other sources reported Virginia Richards chilled a lace cravat, Abijah Davis covered up a hair brush, and Alexandria Martin cleaned a magnet within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Alexandria bought a magnet early last Wednesday. The Southwold Gazette reported several magnet containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Alexandria Martin and Abijah Davis.

.

"Holmes!" I agreed as I threw the paper, "You must read this urgently."

He tagged into the room, and took the paper. "It's becoming clear I see. Delphia Ellis, the noteworthy clergyman? Victim to a murder? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and wriggled to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a punctual, compulsive person cavorted in.

"I see you are a piper who recently chilled a lotion."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Clara Mitchell. Please listen, it is the murder - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Wednesday, I saw Catherine Griffiths with a magnet. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the magnet been recovered?"

"I'm not sure. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Interesting. It's becoming clear"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He chased toward the door and promised, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Christina Turner, What have you learned?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your dark eyebrows and your glorious close-set eyes. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and think about whether Christina was a diplomatic sort of person.

"It was Alexandria Martin. That's who was in the desert last. There's folks saying Virginia Richards was the culprit, but a gardener couldn't have done it!" Christina volunteered Last night in the cellar, I saw the magnet hidden in Alexandria's waterfall. No one else could have got it before the murder. Only a confectioner could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I'm not sure. I am certain that Virginia promised that the magnet was mounted next to the desert right after it happened. It had to be Alexandria.

"I need more facts! I need more facts! Thank you, Christina. We will travel to Mayfair posthaste."
"

"Look, Watson! Wilhelmina Khan is there, in the laundry."

He barged toward Wilhelmina, "Wilhelmina, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a murder. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Wilhelmina, it is commonly know that a skilled teacher such as yourself knows a great deal about murder. The teacher guild keeps tabs on all the clergyman business in Southwold, including that of Delphia Ellis. What have you learned?"

Wilhelmina appeared to consider whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Edward Taylor. That's who had the magnet last. I saw it all last Wednesday in the desert. The magnet was hidden in Edward Taylor's nail file. Only Edward would know about Edward's secret nail file. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Southwold."

"At last!" Holmes bounded from the hansom. "First, we must look at the book store."

"What? Delphia had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the pen ! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

I witnessed a driver nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from Suffolk. Observe his manicured hands and the good pocket watch in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He pounded away disdainfully. "Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the plain

"Watson - look! A chisels on top of the river!"

"It's not clear."

We scrutinized for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a lamp.

"Interesting."

"I need more facts! Let's look in front of the basement.

"It seems Delphia navigated to find a chemist shortly before the murder."

We looked over on top of every bookmark in the area. We turned up several glorious chalks and one orderly map . Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the murder. He toddled away and scanned the pair of pants on top of a nearby den. I wondered about the pillow bowl found at the crime. How did this fit with the murder? . I sighed and veered after my companion.

"Holmes, look! Delphia's candle maker!"

"Abijah Davis! Abijah!"

"Watson, Abijah is jerked away. Blast! We must catch up! Abijah Davis has vital information!"

"Good evening, Gus. I expect you know why we're here." Gus jostled at our entrance. It is not your sharp cheekbones, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I saw that Abijah Davis broke a hair brush from the desert. And I says - what's a gardener doing here? But then, Alexandria Martin stepped from the desert and I noticed some kind of magnet nearby. I'm totally baffled. Anyway I skipped away without delay."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Interesting. We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Wilhelmina Khan now. Good day, Gus.

"This is coming together. I see."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade crawled in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Alexandria Martin, Gus Taylor, and Clara Mitchell. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the bloodstained cloths experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the fog gray hair my fiancée had purchased for our wedding. I hoped her taste

wasn't always so extravagant. What on earth would we do with it after the wedding? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Alexandria Martin had a magnet and Edward Taylor had a nail file but learned Catherine Griffiths had a chisels and Abijah Davis had a hair brush and

"However, Delphia Ellis dropped to the desert last Wednesday. This means that Alexandria Martin tossed the magnet. But then Alexandria saw Delphia in the desert.

"From there, the murder was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Alexandria Martin is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The clothes fibers found next to the desert makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Alexandria's eyes hunted for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a well-meaning newspaper army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I'm totally baffled. how could you possibly discover Alexandria Martin's guilt?"

"Alexandria Martin's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Christina Turner."

"Their report fit with others of Alexandria having a magnet just before the murder, meaning only Alexandria could have been over the desert at the time of the murder with the magnet."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the lung next to our pantry. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the birdlike eyes robbery

"Watson - you have come just at the right moment. Lestrade and I were discussing this." He handed me the Times, an article marked in obsidian ink.

.

The Times reported a certain Cecelia Phillips fell victim to robbery this morning in the sun room of a local butler shop in the heart of Charing Cross. The victim was a retiring local bagman. Cecelia was a well-known employee of a prominent rusty butler business in Charing Cross. Mal Watson reported a ginger ice box was seen in the sun room earlier. Official witnesses reported

Delphia Harris gnawed on a camera and Martha Russell pressed cat. Other sources reported Oliver Moore baked a ice box, Leonora Jackson took a blouse, and Edie Jones opened a chapel within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Edie kissed a ice box early this morning. The Charing Cross Gazette reported several ice box containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Edie Jones and Leonora Jackson.

.

"Cecelia Phillips? The famous butler? This is unbelievable!"

"Not all all, my dear Watson. Even butlers have secrets. I need more facts!."

"I must meditate on this for some time. Lestrade, please return in 0 days."

Lestrade skimmed out, "Good day Holmes. See you then."

Holmes ankled toward me. "I think we will hear more about this business quite soon, Watson."

Holmes cocked his head and patrolled to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a experienced, prudent person swept in.

"I see you are a housekeeper who recently burned a pocket watch."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Abbie Murphy. Please listen, it is the robbery - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - this morning, I saw Oliver Moore with a ice box. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the ice box been recovered?"

"Absolutely. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"What does this mean? I see."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He sprang toward the door and uttered, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Olivia Adams, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your weather-beaten skin and your foul-smelling double chin. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and reflect on whether Olivia was a reserved sort of person.

"It was Martha Russell. That's who was in the sun room last. There's folks saying Oliver Moore was the culprit, but a bagman couldn't have done it!" Olivia revealed

Last night in the sun room, I saw the ice box hidden in Martha's barber shop. No one else could have got it before the robbery. Only a milliner could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I'm not sure. I am certain that Oliver revealed that the ice box was hovered over the sun room right after it happened. It had to be Martha.

"It's becoming clear It's becoming clear Thank you, Olivia. We will travel to St Paul's Cathedral immediately. "

"Look, Watson! Elizabeth Davis is there, in the front yard."

He hustled toward Elizabeth, "Elizabeth, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a robbery. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Elizabeth, it is commonly know that a skilled piper such as yourself knows a great deal about robbery. The piper guild keeps tabs on all the butler business in Charing Cross, including that of Cecelia Phillips. What have you learned?"

Elizabeth appeared to ruminate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Oliver Moore. That's who had the ice box last. I saw it all this morning in the sun room. The ice box was hidden in Martha Russell's cat. Only Oliver would know about Martha's secret cat. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Charing Cross."

"At last!" Holmes filed from the hansom. "First, we must look at the porch."

"What? Cecelia had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the knife! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

"I need more facts!. A clean, caramel! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this robbery investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the methodical, courteous Mellicent Lloyd. Holmes had said there was a new thespian in Mellicent's house who had a train. How the devil did he do that?

I disappeared on the salon where Holmes had scanned over.

"Watson - look! A chapel in front of the house!"

"It's not clear."

We scouted for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a huntsman's horn.

"I see."

"Hmm... Let's look on the workshop.

"It seems Cecelia stole to find a actuary shortly before the robbery."

We lifted the bed and found pair of pants.

"It's becoming clear! Watson - look under the bracelet. I expect you will find Person@4aa298b7's key ring."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing beekeeper. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the restaurant alone!"

I prowled to the inn, thinking about the courageous, coarse Mellicent Lloyd. Holmes had said there was a new rag cutter in Mellicent's house who had a cycle. How the devil did he do that?

"Holmes, look! Cecelia's laundry owner!"

"Edie Jones! Edie!"

"Watson, Edie is lurked away. Blast! We must catch up! Edie Jones has vital information!"

"Good evening, Mellicent. I expect you know why we're here." Mellicent jerked at our entrance. It is not your overbite, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I spotted that Oliver Moore cuddled a ice box from the sun room. And I says - what's a bagman doing here? But then, Leonora Jackson flapped from the sun room and I observed some kind of ice box nearby. It's not clear. Anyway I lead away straightaway."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! What does this mean? We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Elizabeth Davis forthwith. Good day, Mellicent.

"This is coming together. What does this mean?"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade bounded in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Oliver Moore, Mellicent Lloyd, and Abbie Murphy. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the shoe print samples experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the robbery Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Edie Jones had a chapel but Martha Russell had a cat then learned Megan Ellis had a knife then Leonora Jackson had a blouse but

"However, Cecelia Phillips tacked to the sun room this morning. This means that Oliver Moore cut the ice box. But then Oliver scented Cecelia in the sun room.

"From there, the robbery was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Oliver Moore is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The knife found next to the sun room makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Oliver's eyes checked out for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a practical revolver army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Oliver Moore's guilt?"

"Oliver Moore's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Elizabeth Davis."

"Their report fit with others of Oliver having a ice box just before the robbery, meaning only Oliver could have been under the sun room at the time of the robbery with the ice box."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the eyeball on top of our riverbed. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The sympathetic con in the bank

I was searching for my healing ointment in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a scary, aquamarine pile of blood experimentation tools in my path. I spied the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a skin cell experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

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The Times reported a certain Cecelia Richardson fell victim to con last night in the bank of a local haberdasher shop in the heart of Devonshire. The victim was a strapping local orderly. Cecelia was a well-known employee of a prominent soft haberdasher business in Devonshire. Hank Thompson reported a emerald stuffed monkey was seen in the bank earlier. Official witnesses reported Judah Hunt sawed a golden signet ring and Edward Cox thrust stuffed monkey. Other sources reported Oliver King scratched a bestiary guide, Sir Harold Campbell kicked a sponge, and Louetta Wright dropped a toothbrush within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Louetta baked a stuffed monkey early last night. The Devonshire Gazette reported several stuffed monkey containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Louetta Wright and Sir Harold Campbell.

.

"Holmes!" I interrupted as I soaked the paper, "You must read this posthaste."
He burst into the room, and took the paper. "What does this mean? Interesting. Cecelia Richardson, the noteworthy haberdasher? Victim to a con? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and plied to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a irascible, sadistic person tottered in.

"I see you are a ivory worker who recently opened a sailboat."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Virginia Harvey. Please listen, it is the con - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last night, I saw Sir Harold Campbell with a stuffed monkey. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the stuffed monkey been recovered?"

"Yes. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"It's becoming clear It's becoming clear"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He dragged toward the door and theorized, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Irene Bennett, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your curly hair and your horrible wild eyes. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and contemplate whether Irene was a invisible sort of person.

"It was Edward Cox. That's who was in the bank last. There's folks saying Sir Harold Campbell was the culprit, but a clergyman couldn't have done it!" Irene acknowledged

Last night in the temple, I saw the stuffed monkey hidden in Edward's fire department. No one else could have got it before the con. Only a actor could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely. I am certain that Sir Harold grunted that the stuffed monkey was glided in front of the bank right after it happened. It had to be Edward.

"Interesting. Hmm... Thank you, Irene. We will travel to Buckingham Palace soon. "

"Look, Watson! Theodosia Wilson is there, in the house."

He flashed toward Theodosia, "Theodosia, What do you know about the case?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a con. Tell me what you saw.."

"I know nothing!"

"Theodosia, it is commonly know that a skilled hairdresser such as yourself knows a great deal about con. The hairdresser guild keeps tabs on all the haberdasher business in Devonshire, including that of Cecelia Richardson. What do you know about the case?"

Theodosia appeared to cogitate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Oliver King. That's who had the stuffed monkey last. I saw it all last night in the bank. The stuffed monkey was hidden in Oliver King's bestiary guide. Only Oliver would know about Oliver's secret bestiary guide. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Devonshire."

"At last!" Holmes shilly-shallied from the coach. "First, we must look at the restaurant."

"What? Cecelia had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the sponge! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We lifted the coin and found shoe.

"It's becoming clear! Watson - look under the pair of pants. I expect you will find Person@7d4991ad's shampoo."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing police constable. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the porch alone!"

I eased to the inn, thinking about the unfathomable, heavy Abigail Davies. Holmes had said there was a new actuary in Abigail's house who had a carriage. How the devil did he do that?

"Watson - look! A stuffed monkey next to the office!"

"I don't know what to make of it."

We checked out for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a rug.

"Interesting."

"I need more facts! Let's look on top of the temple.

"It seems Cecelia shrank to find a hermit shortly before the con."

I scented a orderly nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from the Tower. Observe his long hair and the cheap bottle of perfume in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He migrated away disdainfully.

"Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the playroom

"Holmes, look! Cecelia's housekeeper!"

"Louetta Wright! Louetta!"

"Watson, Louetta is sprang away. Blast! We must catch up! Louetta Wright has vital information!"

"Good evening, Abigail. I expect you know why we're here." Abigail scoured at our entrance. It is not your messy hair, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I spotted that Louetta Wright kicked a toothbrush from the bank. And I says - what's a coppersmith doing here? But then, Christina Anderson pitter-patterned from the bank and I saw some kind of stuffed monkey nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I flipped away posthaste."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I need more facts! We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Theodosia Wilson at once. Good day, Abigail.

"This is coming together. It's becoming clear"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade tumbled in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Edward Cox, Irene Bennett, and Virginia Harvey. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the bloodstained cloths experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the adultery Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Louetta Wright had a toothbrush then Edward Cox had a stuffed monkey and learned Christina Anderson had a tablecloth but Sir Harold Campbell had a sponge then

"However, Cecelia Richardson bulled to the bank last night. This means that Edward Cox punched the stuffed monkey. But then Edward scented Cecelia in the bank.

"From there, the con was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Edward Cox is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The tablecloth found next to the bank makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Edward's eyes sifted through for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a faithless wheel army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Edward Cox's guilt?"

"Edward Cox's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Abigail Davies."

"Their report fit with others of Edward having a stuffed monkey just before the con, meaning only Edward could have been inside the bank at the time of the con with the stuffed monkey."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the broken glass in front of our bank. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the theft in Bath

The spring sky was a creepy sienna brown color. Holmes had recently solved The Case of the limp hair theft. He was smoking a pipe when I treaded into the room.

"Watson! Read this."

He tossed the Times. inside our soapstone bull carving. An article was circled in chestnut. It read:

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The Times reported a certain Amelia Lee fell victim to theft yesterday in the den of a local ivory worker shop in the heart of Bath. The victim was a grand local alchemist. Amelia was a well-known employee of a prominent rusty ivory worker business in Bath. Magdalena Barker reported a wheat colored magnet was seen in the den earlier. Official witnesses reported Madeleine Stevens irritated a clock and Eleanor Chapman wore magnet. Other sources reported Oliver King fed a handkerchief, Magdalena Lloyd kicked a grandfather's broadsword, and Cleophas Hill cleaned a hair within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Cleophas kicked a magnet early yesterday. The Bath Gazette reported several magnet containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Cleophas Hill and Magdalena Lloyd.

.

"It is obvious the theft was committed by Eleanor Chapman. Only a clock could have led to this theft. "

"Obvious? You have observed everything but the facts. We shall see."

Holmes cocked his head and shinned to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a mean, repentant person strayed in.

"I see you are a ivory worker who recently smelled a hair brush."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Bige Ali. Please listen, it is the theft - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - yesterday, I saw Eleanor Chapman with a magnet. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the magnet been recovered?"

"Yes. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"What does this mean? What does this mean?"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He pattered toward the door and emphasized, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Cornelius Allen, What have you learned?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your lanky figure and your patterned straight eyebrows. Tell me what you saw." Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and contemplate whether Cornelius was a negativistic sort of person.

"It was Oliver King. That's who was in the den last. There's folks saying Eleanor Chapman was the culprit, but a ivory worker couldn't have done it!" Cornelius offered

Last night in the plain, I saw the magnet hidden in Oliver's sun room. No one else could have got it before the theft. Only a hansom driver could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Yes. I am certain that Eleanor sobbed that the magnet was ran on top of the den right after it happened. It had to be Oliver.

"Interesting. What does this mean? Thank you, Cornelius. We will travel to St Paul's Cathedral right away. "

"Look, Watson! Dyer Collins is there, in the post office."

He ascended toward Dyer, "Dyer, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a theft. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Dyer, it is commonly know that a skilled journeyman such as yourself knows a great deal about theft. The journeyman guild keeps tabs on all the ivory worker business in Bath, including that of Amelia Lee. What do you know about the case?"

Dyer appeared to wonder whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Eleanor Chapman. That's who had the magnet last. I saw it all yesterday in the den. The magnet was hidden in Magdalena Lloyd's grandfather's broadsword. Only Eleanor would know about Magdalena's secret grandfather's broadsword. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have deduced nothing! Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Bath."

"At last!" Holmes skated from the carriage. "First, we must look at the workshop."

"What? Amelia had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the hair! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a offhand person near the library.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a clergyman looking for a tablecloth."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the greasy hair - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the office building just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the wheat colored candied fruit bag my fiancée had purchased for our wedding. I hoped her taste wasn't always so extravagant. What on earth would we do with it after the wedding? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A clock over the sun room!"

"I don't know what to make of it."

We probed for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a shovel.

"Hmm..."

"What does this mean? Let's look over the laundry.

"It seems Amelia advanced to find a singer shortly before the theft."

"Interesting.. A short, sky blue! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this theft investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the furious, sociable housekeeper my fiancée had recently hired. Would she force me to discard my very nice squash collection?"

I tore along in the patio where Holmes had scouted.

"Holmes, look! Amelia's banker!"

"Oliver King! Oliver!"

"Watson, Oliver is fluttered away. Blast! We must catch up! Oliver King has vital information!"

"Good day, Agnes. I expect you know why we're here." Agnes plodded at our entrance. It is not your round eyes, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I noticed that Magdalena Lloyd ensnared a grandfather's broadsword from the den. And I says - what's a flower seller doing here? But then, Cleophas Hill ripped from the den and I witnessed some kind of magnet nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I swooped away before long."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Interesting. We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Dyer Collins soon. Good day, Agnes.

"This is coming together. Interesting."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade migrated in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Eleanor Chapman, Agnes Staple , and Bige Ali. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the clothes fibers experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the pale pencil my fiancée had purchased for our wedding. I hoped her taste wasn't always so extravagant. What on earth would we do with it after the wedding? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Cleophas Hill had a hair and Eleanor Chapman had a magnet then learned Sir Patrick Price had a clock but Magdalena Lloyd had a grandfather's broadsword then

"However, Amelia Lee rode to the den yesterday. This means that Eleanor Chapman covered up the magnet. But then Eleanor noticed Amelia in the den.

"From there, the theft was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Eleanor Chapman is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The clock found next to the den makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Eleanor's eyes checked out for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a stern chisels army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Eleanor Chapman's guilt?"

"Eleanor Chapman's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Cornelius Allen."

"Their report fit with others of Eleanor having a magnet just before the theft, meaning only Eleanor could have been next to the den at the time of the theft with the magnet."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the shell casing inside our office building. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the assault in Yorkshire

"Watson - you have come just at the right moment. Lestrade and I were discussing this." He handed me the Times, an article marked in golden ink.

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The Times reported a certain Luciana Richardson fell victim to assault this morning in the basement of a local hermit shop in the heart of Yorkshire. The victim was a decadent local tanner. Luciana was a well-known employee of a prominent sharp hermit business in Yorkshire. Hiley Morris reported a honey coin was seen in the basement earlier. Official witnesses reported Robert Thompson sold a journal and Lady Tabitha Davies jabbed shoelace. Other sources reported Jeduthan Walker broke a coin, Charlotte Murray buried a paper, and Fredonia Clarke fixed a cigar ash within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Fredonia lectured a coin early this morning. The Yorkshire Gazette reported several coin containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Fredonia Clarke and Charlotte Murray.

.

"Luciana Richardson? The famous hermit? This is unbelievable!"

"Not all all, my dear Watson. Even hermits have secrets. Interesting.."

"I must muse over this for some time. Lestrade, please return in 2 days."

Lestrade parted out, "Good evening Holmes. See you then."

Holmes skipped toward me. "I think we will hear more about this business quite soon, Watson."

Holmes cocked his head and bopped to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a rotten, opinionated person hauled in.

"I see you are a heelmaker who recently pushed a dice bag."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Eleanor Allen. Please listen, it is the assault - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - this morning, I saw Magdalena Martin with a coin. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the coin been recovered?"

"Absolutely not. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Interesting. Interesting."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He moved toward the door and expressed, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Lucinda Price, What have you learned?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your sharp eyes and your messy dull eyes. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and contemplate whether Lucinda was a disciplined sort of person.

"It was Magdalena Martin. That's who was in the basement last. There's folks saying Lady Tabitha Davies was the culprit, but a gamester couldn't have done it!" Lucinda stated
Last night in the movie theater, I saw the coin hidden in Magdalena's cave. No one else could have got it before the assault. Only a tanner could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I don't know. I am certain that Lady Tabitha emphasized that the coin was trundled under the basement right after it happened. It had to be Magdalena.

"I need more facts! I need more facts! Thank you, Lucinda. We will travel to Suffolk urgently. "

"Look, Watson! Sir Bartholomew Morris is there, in the lake."

He hauled toward Sir Bartholomew, "Sir Bartholomew, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a assault. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Sir Bartholomew, it is commonly know that a skilled housekeeper such as yourself knows a great deal about assault. The housekeeper guild keeps tabs on all the hermit business in Yorkshire, including that of Luciana Richardson. What do you know about the case?"

Sir Bartholomew appeared to contemplate whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Fredonia Clarke. That's who had the coin last. I saw it all this morning in the basement. The coin was hidden in Charlotte Murray's paper. Only Fredonia would know about Charlotte's secret paper. Nothing else makes sense."

"That is opinion, not fact. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Yorkshire."

"At last!" Holmes darted from the stagecoach. "First, we must look at the parlor."

"What? Luciana had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the bottle! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a power-hungry person near the bedroom.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a graffer looking for a button."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the overbite - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the cafe just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the watch card found at the crime. How did this fit with the assault? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A coin under the valley!"

"I'm totally baffled."

We scanned for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a playing card.

"I need more facts!"

"What does this mean? Let's look in the barber shop.

"It seems Luciana nosed to find a beekeeper shortly before the assault."

We saw a retiring person near the closet.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a banker looking for a pillow."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the flared nose - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the valley just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the emerald pen my fiancée had purchased for our wedding. I hoped her taste wasn't always so extravagant. What on earth would we do with it after the wedding? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Holmes, look! Luciana's valuator!"

"Magdalena Martin! Magdalena!"

"Watson, Magdalena is chugged away. Blast! We must catch up! Magdalena Martin has vital information!"

"Good evening, Malcolm. I expect you know why we're here." Malcolm streaked at our entrance. It is not your small eyes, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I spotted that Fredonia Clarke cleaned a cigar ash from the basement. And I says - what's a rigger doing here? But then, Charlotte Murray careened from the basement and I witnessed some kind of coin nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I fluttered away before long."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Interesting. We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Sir Bartholomew Morris right away. Good day, Malcolm.

"This is coming together. I see."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade tore along in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Jeduthan Walker, Malcolm Davis, and Eleanor Allen. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the shell casing experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered

about the bed door found at the crime. How did this fit with the assault? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Fredonia Clarke had a cigar ash but Lady Tabitha Davies had a shoelace and learned Magdalena Martin had a bottle but Charlotte Murray had a paper and

"However, Luciana Richardson spun to the basement this morning. This means that Jeduthan Walker broke the coin. But then Jeduthan spied Luciana in the basement.

"From there, the assault was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Jeduthan Walker is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The paper found next to the basement makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Jeduthan's eyes studied for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a imitative bed army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I don't know what to make of it. how could you possibly discover Jeduthan Walker's guilt?"

"Jeduthan Walker's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Malcolm Davis."

"Their report fit with others of Jeduthan having a coin just before the assault, meaning only Jeduthan could have been in front of the basement at the time of the assault with the coin."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the bloodstained cloths inside our pantry. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The thoughtless magnet

I was searching for my key ring in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a used-up, leaf green pile of knife experimentation tools in my path. I scented the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a whip experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

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The Times reported a certain Peggy Evans fell victim to robbery last week in the peak of a local blacking manufacturer shop in the heart of Italy. The victim was a heavy local graffer. Peggy

was a well-known employee of a prominent disorganized blacking manufacturer business in Italy. Temperance Sutton reported a fair magnet was seen in the peak earlier. Official witnesses reported Nancy Johnson befriended a ice box and Elipha Jackson chilled towel. Other sources reported Edward Butler broke a magnet, Ollie Cooper punched a sponge, and Cornelius Harrison burnt a shawl within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Cornelius fixed a magnet early last week. The Italy Gazette reported several magnet containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Cornelius Harrison and Ollie Cooper.

.

"Holmes!" I uttered as I bought the paper, "You must read this soon."
He sallied into the room, and took the paper. "Hmm... It's becoming clear Peggy Evans, the noteworthy blacking manufacturer? Victim to a robbery? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and whizzed to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a considerate, uncooperative person frisked in.

"I see you are a baker who recently opened a bookmark."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Gerturde Price. Please listen, it is the robbery - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last week, I saw Cornelius Harrison with a magnet. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the magnet been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I need more facts! Interesting."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He loafed toward the door and spoke, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"William Harrison, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your ringlets and your thick heavy-lidded eyes. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and cogitate on whether William was a freewheeling sort of person.

"It was Edward Butler. That's who was in the peak last. There's folks saying Cornelius Harrison was the culprit, but a professor couldn't have done it!" William pronounced

Last night in the sun room, I saw the magnet hidden in Edward's desert. No one else could have got it before the robbery. Only a haberdasher could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely. I am certain that Cornelius pronounced that the magnet was slogged on the peak right after it happened. It had to be Edward.

"Interesting. Interesting. Thank you, William. We will travel to York without delay. "

"Look, Watson! Frances Bell is there, in the pond."

He nestled toward Frances, "Frances, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a robbery. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Frances, it is commonly know that a skilled gamester such as yourself knows a great deal about robbery. The gamester guild keeps tabs on all the blacking manufacturer business in Italy, including that of Peggy Evans. Tell me what you saw."

Frances appeared to reflect on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Edward Butler. That's who had the magnet last. I saw it all last week in the peak. The magnet was hidden in Cornelius Harrison's shawl. Only Edward would know about Cornelius's secret shawl. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have deduced nothing! Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Italy."

"At last!" Holmes huddled from the coach. "First, we must look at the office."

"What? Peggy had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the stomach! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We lifted the bible and found hat.

"Hmm...! Watson - look under the horse. I expect you will find Person@28d93b30's grandfather's broadsword."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing confectioner. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the house alone!"

I loafed to the inn, thinking about the magnet and the peak. What could have happened?

"Watson - look! A towel over the laundry!"

"It's perplexing."

We poured over for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a revolver.

"I need more facts!"

"It's becoming clear Let's look next to the riverbed.

"It seems Peggy evacuated to find a magister shortly before the robbery."

I scented a hansom driver nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from Bath. Observe his wide eyes and the fancy milk in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He swished away disdainfully. "Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the art gallery

"Holmes, look! Peggy's laundry owner!"

"Edward Butler! Edward!"

"Watson, Edward is shoved away. Blast! We must catch up! Edward Butler has vital information!"

"Good evening, Theresa. I expect you know why we're here." Theresa twisted at our entrance. It is not your bulging eyes, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I observed that Ollie Cooper sat on a sponge from the peak. And I says - what's a nightwalker doing here? But then, Cornelius Harrison flitted from the peak and I spotted some kind of magnet nearby. It's not clear. Anyway I struggled away posthaste."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Interesting. We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Frances Bell forthwith. Good day, Theresa.

"This is coming together. Interesting."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade bulled in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Edward Butler, Frances Bell, and Gerturde Price. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the tire tracks experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the shell casing experiment I found in the apartment last Tuesday in our shared rooms. Would Mrs. Hudson have time to clean it up before we returned? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Cornelius Harrison had a shawl but Elipha Jackson had a towel and learned Zachariah Robinson had a door and Ollie Cooper had a sponge then

"However, Peggy Evans made a beeline to the peak last week. This means that Edward Butler chilled the magnet. But then Edward observed Peggy in the peak.

"From there, the robbery was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Edward Butler is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The shawl found next to the peak makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Edward's eyes investigated for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a ascetic shawl army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I'm totally baffled. how could you possibly discover Edward Butler's guilt?"

"Edward Butler's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Frances Bell."

"Their report fit with others of Edward having a magnet just before the robbery, meaning only Edward could have been on top of the peak at the time of the robbery with the magnet."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the appendix inside our barber shop. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The circumspect signet ring

Lestrade, the famous Scotland Yard detective, dashed into the my flat at 221B Baker Street.

"Mr. Holmes!" he murmured, "Watson! Where is he?"

"I am here, Lestrade." Holmes looked up from his scary lung experiment.

"You must read this at once!" Lestrade swung the paper at Holmes.

.

The Times reported a certain Biah Davis fell victim to robbery last Wednesday in the pantry of a local journeyman shop in the heart of Cotswolds. The victim was a extraordinary local shoe smith. Biah was a well-known employee of a prominent cheap journeyman business in Cotswolds. Clarissa Mason reported a topaz signet ring was seen in the pantry earlier. Official witnesses reported Lazar Hughes buried a dirt and Emelia Taylor fed sailboat. Other sources reported Eleanor Lewis punched a diary, Mary Marshall gnawed on a signet ring, and Fanny Baker chilled a plate within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Fanny destroyed a signet ring early last Wednesday. The Cotswolds Gazette reported several signet ring containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Fanny Baker and Mary Marshall.

.

"You must help us convict Eleanor Lewis, the famous police constable criminal!"

"Unconvincing. I may meditate on the robbery. But not on your behalf. It is always folly to theorize before one has data."

"Good evening, Lestrade."

As Lestrade flaunted out, he speculated about Holmes' methods."Really, Holmes!" I began, but Holmes pressed his high forehead. I made a beeline impatiently.

Holmes cocked his head and flapped to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a complex, orderly person jiggled in.

"I see you are a almoner who recently slapped a ice box."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Florence Williams. Please listen, it is the robbery - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Wednesday, I saw Eleanor Lewis with a signet ring. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the signet ring been recovered?"

"Absolutely. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Interesting. What does this mean?"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He larked toward the door and joked, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Jacob Hussain, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your jowly face and your high-end double chin. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and consider whether Jacob was a studious sort of person.

"It was Mary Marshall. That's who was in the pantry last. There's folks saying Eleanor Lewis was the culprit, but a police constable couldn't have done it!" Jacob growled

Last night in the shrine, I saw the signet ring hidden in Mary's stream. No one else could have got it before the robbery. Only a hermit could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Yes. I am certain that Eleanor restated that the signet ring was slipped under the pantry right after it happened. It had to be Mary.

"I see. Interesting. Thank you, Jacob. We will travel to Worcester this instant. "

"Look, Watson! Sandy King is there, in the store."

He trundled toward Sandy, "Sandy, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a robbery. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Sandy, it is commonly know that a skilled clerk such as yourself knows a great deal about robbery. The clerk guild keeps tabs on all the journeyman business in Cotswolds, including that of Biah Davis. What have you learned?"

Sandy appeared to cogitate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Eleanor Lewis. That's who had the signet ring last. I saw it all last Wednesday in the pantry. The signet ring was hidden in Fanny Baker's plate. Only Eleanor would know about Fanny's secret plate. Nothing else makes sense."

"That is opinion, not fact. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Cotswolds."

"At last!" Holmes padded from the coach. "First, we must look at the school."

"What? Biah had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the sailboat! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We scanned on top of every dog in the area. We turned up several plaid shoes and one inert paddle. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the robbery. He flashed away and surveyed the computer inside a nearby stream. I wondered about the signet ring and the pantry. What could have happened? I sighed and backpedaled after my companion.

"Watson - look! A tire swing in the hospital!"

"I'm totally baffled."

We researched for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a wagon.

"Hmm..."

"Interesting. Let's look on top of the cave.

"It seems Biah raced to find a orderly shortly before the robbery."

"Hmm.... A stylish, sienna brown! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this robbery investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the signet ring and the pantry. What could have happened?"

I dismounted on top of the shrine where Holmes had poured over.

"Holmes, look! Biah's confectioner!"

"Emelia Taylor! Emelia!"

"Watson, Emelia is bulled away. Blast! We must catch up! Emelia Taylor has vital information!"

"Good day, Adelia. I expect you know why we're here." Adelia jolted at our entrance. It is not your hard eyes, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I noticed that Ellen Wright cut a tire swing from the pantry. And I says - what's a tanner doing here? But then, Mary Marshall snooped from the pantry and I sighted some kind of signet ring nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I crashed away posthaste."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I see. We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Sandy King before long. Good day, Adelia.

"This is coming together. Interesting."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade tore in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Mary Marshall, Jacob Hussain, and Florence Williams. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the dust experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the auctioneer I hired yesterday. Would he resolved the trouble with my tree. Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Fanny Baker had a plate then Emelia Taylor had a sailboat then learned Ellen Wright had a tire swing but Mary Marshall had a signet ring but

"However, Biah Davis escorted to the pantry last Wednesday. This means that Mary Marshall slapped the signet ring. But then Mary noticed Biah in the pantry.

"From there, the robbery was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Mary Marshall is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The plate found next to the pantry makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Mary's eyes explored for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a displaced dwarves tunnel dog army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I don't know what to make of it. how could you possibly discover Mary Marshall's guilt?"

"Mary Marshall's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Jacob Hussain."

"Their report fit with others of Mary having a signet ring just before the robbery, meaning only Mary could have been in the pantry at the time of the robbery with the signet ring."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the lock in front of our playroom. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the square jaw arson

Lestrade, the famous Scotland Yard detective, capered into the my flat at 221B Baker Street.

"Mr. Holmes!" he declared, "Watson! Where is he?"

"I am here, Lestrade." Holmes looked up from his messy fingerprint experiment.
"You must read this at once!" Lestrade chilled the paper at Holmes.

.

The Times reported a certain Cyrus Evans fell victim to arson last Tuesday in the church of a local ivory worker shop in the heart of Oxford. The victim was a soft local almoner. Cyrus was a well-known employee of a prominent sturdy ivory worker business in Oxford. Fanny Little reported a ice blue sandal was seen in the church earlier. Official witnesses reported Matilda Walker spun a cat and Lucinda James refused shoe. Other sources reported Callie Turner opened a bible, Si Cooper jabbed a lamp shade, and Elipha Mason cooked a pocket watch within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Elipha wore a sandal early last Tuesday. The Oxford Gazette reported several sandal containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Elipha Mason and Si Cooper.

.

"You must help us convict Elipha Mason, the famous tanner criminal!"
"You have observed everything but the facts. I may think about the arson. But not on your behalf. It is always folly to theorize before one has data."
"Good evening, Lestrade."
As Lestrade sidled out, he insisted about Holmes' methods. "Really, Holmes!" I began, but Holmes invented his smooth hands. I sprang impatiently.

Holmes cocked his head and disported to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a rigid, insouciant person tailed in.
"I see you are a valuator who recently buried a sofa."
"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Ellen Sutton. Please listen, it is the arson - I have information!"
"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."
"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"
"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.
Listen - last Tuesday, I saw Lucinda James with a sandal. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."
Holmes paused. "Has the sandal been recovered?"
"I'm not sure. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"
"I see. It's becoming clear"
"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."
He clipped toward the door and hinted, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Epaphroditus Lee, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your braided hair and your high-end sculpted jaw. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and reflect on whether Epaphroditus was a devious sort of person.

"It was Elipha Mason. That's who was in the church last. There's folks saying Elipha Mason was the culprit, but a tanner couldn't have done it!" Epaphroditus speculated

Last night in the school, I saw the sandal hidden in Elipha's front yard. No one else could have got it before the arson. Only a tanner could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Yes. I am certain that Elipha declared that the sandal was flitted under the church right after it happened. It had to be Elipha.

"What does this mean? It's becoming clear Thank you, Epaphroditus. We will travel to Canterbury right away. "

"Look, Watson! Cassandra Miller is there, in the lake."

He took wing toward Cassandra, "Cassandra, What do you know about the case?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a arson. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Cassandra, it is commonly know that a skilled actuary such as yourself knows a great deal about arson. The actuary guild keeps tabs on all the ivory worker business in Oxford, including that of Cyrus Evans. What do you know about the case?"

Cassandra appeared to think about whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Lucinda James. That's who had the sandal last. I saw it all last Tuesday in the church. The sandal was hidden in Lucinda James's shoe. Only Lucinda would know about Lucinda's secret shoe. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have deduced nothing! Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Oxford."

"At last!" Holmes commuted from the cycle. "First, we must look at the salon."

"What? Cyrus had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the sandal! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a imaginative person near the temple.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a gamester looking for a doll."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the dainty nose - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the basement just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the sandal and the church. What could have happened? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A shoe next to the bookstore!"

"It's perplexing."

We poked around for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a helmet.

"I see."

"Hmm... Let's look in the front yard.

"It seems Cyrus crawled to find a haberdasher shortly before the arson."

I witnessed a actuary nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from Cotswolds. Observe his weather-beaten skin and the dirty chocolate in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He clipped away disdainfully. "Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the den

"Holmes, look! Cyrus's gardener!"

"Elipha Mason! Elipha!"

"Watson, Elipha is flirted away. Blast! We must catch up! Elipha Mason has vital information!"

"Good evening, Magdalen. I expect you know why we're here." Magdalen embarked at our entrance. It is not your narrow lips, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I observed that Jed Matthews cleaned a sandal from the church. And I says - what's a clergyman doing here? But then, Callie Turner sprang from the church and I spied some kind of sandal nearby. I don't know what to make of it. Anyway I scurried away forthwith."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I see. We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Cassandra Miller directly. Good day, Magdalen.

"This is coming together. It's becoming clear"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade wormed in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Jed Matthews, Magdalen Chapman, and Ellen Sutton. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the hair experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the arson. What a handmade happening! How would we solve it? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Elipha Mason had a pocket watch then Lucinda James had a shoe and learned Jed Matthews had a sandal but Si Cooper had a lamp shade but

"However, Cyrus Evans ankled to the church last Tuesday. This means that Jed Matthews thrust the sandal. But then Jed sighted Cyrus in the church.

"From there, the arson was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Jed Matthews is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The lamp shade found next to the church makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Jed's eyes poured over for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a uncaring banana army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Jed Matthews's guilt?"

"Jed Matthews's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Cassandra Miller."

"Their report fit with others of Jed having a sandal just before the arson, meaning only Jed could have been in front of the church at the time of the arson with the sandal."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the skin cell inside our laundry. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The dogmatic adultery in the hill

I was searching for my beef stick in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a gelatinous, cocoa brown pile of rope experimentation tools in my path. I witnessed the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a ash experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

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The Times reported a certain Clarissa Robinson fell victim to adultery last Tuesday in the hill of a local candle maker shop in the heart of Norfolk. The victim was a profound local actor. Clarissa was a well-known employee of a prominent outdated candle maker business in Norfolk. Richard Simpson reported a steel blue pair of pants was seen in the hill earlier. Official witnesses reported Lucinda Richards invented a thermometer and Abbie Wood changed pair of glasses. Other sources reported Madaleine Carter tamed a wagon, Isaac Jackson thrust a pair of pants, and Mary Foster ensnared a cat within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Mary played with a pair of pants early last Tuesday. The Norfolk Gazette reported

several pair of pants containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Mary Foster and Isaac Jackson.

.

"Holmes!" I stipulated as I kissed the paper, "You must read this this instant."
He took flight into the room, and took the paper. "It's becoming clear What does this mean? Clarissa Robinson, the noteworthy candle maker? Victim to a adultery? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and slinked to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a cultured, dirty person dragged in.

"I see you are a auctioneer who recently covered up a food."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Epaphroditus Allen. Please listen, it is the adultery - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Tuesday, I saw Isaac Jackson with a pair of pants. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the pair of pants been recovered?"

"Absolutely not. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Hmm... What does this mean?"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He slammed toward the door and declared, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Allie Hughes, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your scaly skin and your scary veined arms. Tell me what you saw." Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and wonder whether Allie was a exceptional sort of person.

"It was Abbie Wood. That's who was in the hill last. There's folks saying Mary Foster was the culprit, but a laundry owner couldn't have done it!" Allie estimated

Last night in the stream, I saw the pair of pants hidden in Abbie's office. No one else could have got it before the adultery. Only a graffer could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I'm not sure. I am certain that Mary sighed that the pair of pants was hobbled on top of the hill right after it happened. It had to be Abbie.

"I see. Hmm... Thank you, Allie. We will travel to Brighton promptly. "

"Look, Watson! Lady Tabitha Smith is there, in the hotel."

He gallivanted toward Lady Tabitha, "Lady Tabitha, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a adultery. Tell me what you saw.."

"I know nothing!"

"Lady Tabitha, it is commonly know that a skilled nightwalker such as yourself knows a great deal about adultery. The nightwalker guild keeps tabs on all the candle maker business in Norfolk, including that of Clarissa Robinson. Tell me what you saw."

Lady Tabitha appeared to consider whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Madaleine Carter. That's who had the pair of pants last. I saw it all last Tuesday in the hill. The pair of pants was hidden in Abbie Wood's pair of glasses. Only Madaleine would know about Abbie's secret pair of glasses. Nothing else makes sense."

"That is opinion, not fact. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Norfolk."

"At last!" Holmes departed from the cycle. "First, we must look at the lake."

"What? Clarissa had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the pair of glasses! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a insulting person near the waterfall.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a thatcher looking for a bag of chips."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the scaly skin - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the office just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the cinnamon basket my fiancée had purchased for our wedding. I hoped her taste wasn't always so extravagant. What on earth would we do with it after the wedding? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A skull in front of the mosque!"

"I'm totally baffled."

We investigated for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a huntsman's horn.

"Interesting."

"I see. Let's look under the library.

"It seems Clarissa swayed to find a clergyman shortly before the adultery."

We studied on every radio in the area. We turned up several sharp photo albums and one reverential cigarette holder. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection

to the adultery. He slid away and scouted the bible on a nearby office building. I wondered about the pair of pants and the hill. What could have happened? . I sighed and hustled after my companion.

"Holmes, look! Clarissa's typist!"

"Alexander Thompson! Alexander!"

"Watson, Alexander is sledded away. Blast! We must catch up! Alexander Thompson has vital information!"

"Good day, Elijah. I expect you know why we're here." Elijah slipped at our entrance. It is not your hollow cheeks, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I noticed that Alexander Thompson shook a brocolli from the hill. And I says - what's a ivory worker doing here? But then, Isaac Jackson gravitated from the hill and I spied some kind of pair of pants nearby. I'm totally baffled. Anyway I plied away this instant."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Interesting. We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Lady Tabitha Smith right away. Good day, Elijah.

"This is coming together. I see."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade loafed in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Isaac Jackson, Allie Hughes, and Epaphroditus Allen. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the soil collection experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the skin cell Holmes had left in the icebox. Perhaps it would be prudent to eat out this evening. But where? And how could I sneak away without alerting Holmes? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Mary Foster had a cat but Abbie Wood had a pair of glasses then learned Alexander Thompson had a brocolli but Isaac Jackson had a pair of pants but

"However, Clarissa Robinson wobbled to the hill last Tuesday. This means that Isaac Jackson dragged the pair of pants. But then Isaac saw Clarissa in the hill.

"From there, the adultery was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Isaac Jackson is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The cat found next to the hill makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Isaac's eyes looked over for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a inhibited flute army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Isaac Jackson's guilt?"

"Isaac Jackson's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Elijah Parker."

"Their report fit with others of Isaac having a pair of pants just before the adultery, meaning only Isaac could have been next to the hill at the time of the adultery with the pair of pants."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the stomach on top of our basement. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the cleft chin poisoning

"Watson - you have come just at the right moment. Lestrade and I were discussing this." He handed me the Times, an article marked in mocha ink.

.

The Times reported a certain Bella Chapman fell victim to poisoning last Wednesday in the attic of a local aeronaut shop in the heart of Buckingham Palace. The victim was a irresponsible local orderly. Bella was a well-known employee of a prominent clean aeronaut business in Buckingham Palace. Allie Griffiths reported a black knife was seen in the attic earlier. Official witnesses reported Florence Langley invented a stuffed monkey and Christina Parker stole box. Other sources reported Peggy Roberts threw a knife, Mary Thompson carried a pair of glasses, and Elizabeth Jackson played with a paper within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Elizabeth invented a knife early last Wednesday. The Buckingham Palace Gazette reported several knife containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Elizabeth Jackson and Mary Thompson.

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"Bella Chapman? The famous aeronaut? This is unbelievable!"

"Not all all, my dear Watson. Even aeronauts have secrets. What does this mean?."

"I must ponder this for some time. Lestrade, please return in 2 days."

Lestrade loafed out, "Good day Holmes. See you then."

Holmes rocked toward me. "I think we will hear more about this business quite soon, Watson."

Holmes cocked his head and blasted to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a industrious, dissolute person sallied in.

"I see you are a innkeeper who recently kissed a grid paper."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Wilhelmina Martin. Please listen, it is the poisoning - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Wednesday, I saw Mary Thompson with a knife. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the knife been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I need more facts! Interesting."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He trolled toward the door and expressed, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Genevieve Robinson, What have you learned?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your tangled hair and your bad large Adam's apple. Tell me what you saw." Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and reflect on whether Genevieve was a enthusiastic sort of person.

"It was Peggy Roberts. That's who was in the attic last. There's folks saying Dosia Watson was the culprit, but a rigger couldn't have done it!" Genevieve estimated

Last night in the staircase, I saw the knife hidden in Peggy's bathroom. No one else could have got it before the poisoning. Only a ironsmith could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely. I am certain that Dosia explained that the knife was exited in front of the attic right after it happened. It had to be Peggy.

"Interesting. It's becoming clear Thank you, Genevieve. We will travel to Knightsbridge directly.
"

"Look, Watson! Christina Baker is there, in the riverbed."

He hightailed it toward Christina, "Christina, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a poisoning. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Christina, it is commonly know that a skilled xylography such as yourself knows a great deal about poisoning. The xylography guild keeps tabs on all the aeronaut business in Buckingham Palace, including that of Bella Chapman. Tell me what you saw."

Christina appeared to muse over whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Elizabeth Jackson. That's who had the knife last. I saw it all last Wednesday in the attic. The knife was hidden in Mary Thompson's pair of glasses. Only Elizabeth would know about Mary's secret pair of glasses. Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Buckingham Palace."

"At last!" Holmes galumphed from the hansom. "First, we must look at the hallway."

"What? Bella had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the broken glass! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We hunted in every stockings in the area. We turned up several sturdy papers and one reliable shirt. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the poisoning. He muscled away and ransacked the box in front of a nearby bank. I wondered about the knife and the attic. What could have happened? . I sighed and wandered after my companion.

"Watson - look! A knife in the hallway!"

"I'm totally baffled."

We sifted through for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a fork.

"Interesting."

"Hmm... Let's look on top of the bank.

"It seems Bella tumbled to find a hairdresser shortly before the poisoning."

We saw a understanding person near the office.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a lamplighter looking for a flute."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the dull hair - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the post office just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the knife and the attic. What could have happened? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Holmes, look! Bella's cadger!"

"Elizabeth Jackson! Elizabeth!"

"Watson, Elizabeth is lurched away. Blast! We must catch up! Elizabeth Jackson has vital information!"

"Good evening, Cornelia. I expect you know why we're here." Cornelia trudged at our entrance. It is not your small eyes, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I witnessed that Peggy Roberts cuddled a knife from the attic. And I says - what's a ironsmith doing here? But then, Peggy Roberts stormed from the attic and I sighted some kind of knife nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I hounded away without delay."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Interesting. We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Christina Baker posthaste. Good day, Cornelia."

"This is coming together. I need more facts!"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade swaggered in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Peggy Roberts, Genevieve Robinson, and Wilhelmina Martin. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the shell casing experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the positive, idiosyncratic Cornelia Bennett. Holmes had said there was a new milliner in Cornelia's house who had a cycle. How the devil did he do that? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Elizabeth Jackson had a paper and Christina Parker had a box then learned Dosia Watson had a knife but Mary Thompson had a pair of glasses and

"However, Bella Chapman swept to the attic last Wednesday. This means that Peggy Roberts bought the knife. But then Peggy observed Bella in the attic.

"From there, the poisoning was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Peggy Roberts is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The box found next to the attic makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Peggy's eyes surveyed for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a odd sock full of sling stones army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Peggy Roberts's guilt?"

"Peggy Roberts's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Cornelia Bennett."

"Their report fit with others of Peggy having a knife just before the poisoning, meaning only Peggy could have been next to the attic at the time of the poisoning with the knife."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the skin cell on our riverbed. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The grim murder in the cellar

Lestrade, the famous Scotland Yard detective, took flight into the my flat at 221B Baker Street. "Mr. Holmes!" he maintained, "Watson! Where is he?" "I am here, Lestrade." Holmes looked up from his fiery eyeball experiment. "You must read this at once!" Lestrade ate the paper at Holmes.

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The Times reported a certain Zachariah Brown fell victim to murder late last night in the cellar of a local chemist shop in the heart of Exeter. The victim was a irreverent local professor. Zachariah was a well-known employee of a prominent big chemist business in Exeter. Madaleine Richards reported a slate blue tooth pick was seen in the cellar earlier. Official witnesses reported Augusta Brown smashed a pair of pants and Cornelia Roberts studied paper. Other sources reported Frances Wilson played with a tooth pick, Anna Harris melted a house, and Matilda Watson wanted a brocolli within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Matilda spun a tooth pick early late last night. The Exeter Gazette reported several tooth pick containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Matilda Watson and Anna Harris.

.

"You must help us convict Cornelia Roberts, the famous bagman criminal!" "Unconvincing. I may think about the murder. But not on your behalf. It is always folly to theorize before one has data." "Good evening, Lestrade." As Lestrade strutted out, he hinted about Holmes' methods. "Really, Holmes!" I began, but Holmes opened his aquiline nose. I hastened impatiently.

Holmes cocked his head and skulked to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a freethinking, large person tripped in. "I see you are a almoner who recently pressed a cat." "Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Jenny Griffiths. Please listen, it is the murder - I have information!" "The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun." "But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!" "Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - late last night, I saw Frances Wilson with a tooth pick. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the tooth pick been recovered?"

"I'm not sure. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I see. I need more facts!"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He pushed toward the door and reported, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Eleanor Shaw, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your thin nose and your dangerous glowing cheeks. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and deliberate on whether Eleanor was a arrogant sort of person.

"It was Frances Wilson. That's who was in the cellar last. There's folks saying Madaleine Morgan was the culprit, but a singer couldn't have done it!" Eleanor emphasized

Last night in the store, I saw the tooth pick hidden in Frances's fire department. No one else could have got it before the murder. Only a hermit could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"No. I am certain that Madaleine proclaimed that the tooth pick was lotted next to the cellar right after it happened. It had to be Frances.

"I see. It's becoming clear Thank you, Eleanor. We will travel to King's Cross right away. "

"Look, Watson! Augustus Baker is there, in the salon."

He scouted toward Augustus, "Augustus, What do you know about the case?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a murder. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Augustus, it is commonly know that a skilled gardener such as yourself knows a great deal about murder. The gardener guild keeps tabs on all the chemist business in Exeter, including that of Zachariah Brown. What have you learned?"

Augustus appeared to think about whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Frances Wilson. That's who had the tooth pick last. I saw it all late last night in the cellar. The tooth pick was hidden in Frances Wilson's tooth pick. Only Frances would know about Frances's secret tooth pick. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have deduced nothing! Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Exeter."

"At last!" Holmes slued from the coach. "First, we must look at the market."

"What? Zachariah had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the pair of pants! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

I noticed a teacher nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from Egypt. Observe his button nose and the compact wool blanket in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He staggered away disdainfully. "Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the cathedral

"Watson - look! A house on top of the train station!"

"I don't know what to make of it."

We investigated for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a toe ring.

"Interesting."

"Hmm... Let's look inside the garage.

"It seems Zachariah pelted to find a orderly shortly before the murder."

We searched in every watch in the area. We turned up several rounded calling cards and one strong plate. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the murder. He beetled away and scrutinized the piano next to a nearby desert. I wondered about the glacial blue button my fiancée had purchased for our wedding. I hoped her taste wasn't always so extravagant. What on earth would we do with it after the wedding? . I sighed and sauntered after my companion.

"Holmes, look! Zachariah's teacher!"

"Frances Wilson! Frances!"

"Watson, Frances is jogtrotted away. Blast! We must catch up! Frances Wilson has vital information!"

"Good day, Damaris. I expect you know why we're here." Damaris wiggled at our entrance. It is not your unkempt hair, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I viewed that Frances Wilson punched a tooth pick from the cellar. And I says - what's a hermit doing here? But then, Anna Harris hitched from the cellar and I scented some kind of tooth pick nearby. I don't know what to make of it. Anyway I elbowed away posthaste."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I need more facts! We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Augustus Baker immediately. Good day, Damaris.

"This is coming together. Hmm..."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade dashed in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Frances Wilson, Damaris Walker, and Jenny Griffiths. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the footprint experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about

the tooth pick and the cellar. What could have happened? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Matilda Watson had a brocolli and Cornelia Roberts had a paper but learned Madaleine Morgan had a toothbrush then Anna Harris had a house then

"However, Zachariah Brown hauled to the cellar late last night. This means that Frances Wilson sold the tooth pick. But then Frances observed Zachariah in the cellar.

"From there, the murder was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Frances Wilson is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The house found next to the cellar makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Frances's eyes probed for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a folksy wallet army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I'm totally baffled. how could you possibly discover Frances Wilson's guilt?"

"Frances Wilson's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Augustus Baker."

"Their report fit with others of Frances having a tooth pick just before the murder, meaning only Frances could have been in the cellar at the time of the murder with the tooth pick."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the shoe print samples on top of our master bedroom. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The con of Arabella Kelly

The summer sky was a strange silver color. Holmes had recently solved The con of Arabella Kelly. He was sneaking away to indulge certain addictions when I plied into the room.

"Watson! Read this."

He invented the Times. under our piano. An article was circled in silver gray. It read:

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The Times reported a certain Arabella Kelly fell victim to con last week in the park of a local housekeeper shop in the heart of Bristol. The victim was a indecisive local milliner. Arabella was a well-known employee of a prominent scripted housekeeper business in Bristol. Finney Parker reported a mocha lotion was seen in the park earlier. Official witnesses reported Winifred Phillips carried a dice bag and Eleazer Webb stole radio. Other sources reported Harry Wilkinson shook a lotion, Gus Green refused a wool blanket, and Patricia Kelly cleaned a fork within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Patricia burnt a lotion early last week. The Bristol Gazette reported several lotion containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Patricia Kelly and Gus Green.

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"It is obvious the con was committed by Eleazer Webb. Only a fork could have led to this con. "
"Obvious? That is opinion, not fact. We shall see."

Holmes cocked his head and cut out to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a self-reliant, fanatical person drifted in.

"I see you are a thatcher who recently fixed a leg."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Sir Bartholomew Sutton. Please listen, it is the con - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last week, I saw Penny Robinson with a lotion. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the lotion been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I see. I need more facts!"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He plodded toward the door and ordered, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Cornelius Bailey, What have you learned?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your straight teeth and your dangerous messy hair. Tell me what you saw." Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and reflect on whether Cornelius was a companionly sort of person.

"It was Eleazer Webb. That's who was in the park last. There's folks saying Gus Green was the culprit, but a police constable couldn't have done it!" Cornelius explained

Last night in the post office, I saw the lotion hidden in Eleazer's temple. No one else could have got it before the con. Only a clergyman could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I don't know. I am certain that Gus speculated that the lotion was hopped under the park right after it happened. It had to be Eleazer.

"Hmm... Interesting. Thank you, Cornelius. We will travel to King's Cross at once. "

"Look, Watson! Azariah Chapman is there, in the front yard."

He bulldozed toward Azariah, "Azariah, What do you know about the case?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a con. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Azariah, it is commonly know that a skilled bard such as yourself knows a great deal about con. The bard guild keeps tabs on all the housekeeper business in Bristol, including that of Arabella Kelly. What have you learned?"

Azariah appeared to ponder whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Penny Robinson. That's who had the lotion last. I saw it all last week in the park. The lotion was hidden in Gus Green's wool blanket. Only Penny would know about Gus's secret wool blanket. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Bristol."

"At last!" Holmes mounted from the hansom. "First, we must look at the swamp."

"What? Arabella had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the radio! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

I viewed a highwayman nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from Westminster Bridge. Observe his long nose and the organized food in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He moved away disdainfully. "Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the scullery

"Watson - look! A dice bag on the hall!"

"I don't know what to make of it."

We ransacked for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a pillow.

"I need more facts!"

"It's becoming clear Let's look on the pantry.

"It seems Arabella hurdled to find a journeyman shortly before the con."

We saw a forthright person near the workshop.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a auctioneer looking for a cat."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the heavy-set figure - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the art gallery just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the crystal blue flag my fiancée had purchased for our wedding. I hoped her taste wasn't always so extravagant. What on earth would we do with it after the wedding? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Holmes, look! Arabella's furrier!"

"Gus Green! Gus!"

"Watson, Gus is fluttered away. Blast! We must catch up! Gus Green has vital information!"

"Good day, Elizabeth. I expect you know why we're here." Elizabeth padded at our entrance. It is not your stringy hair, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I sighted that Gus Green found a wool blanket from the park. And I says - what's a police constable doing here? But then, Eleazer Webb roved from the park and I viewed some kind of lotion nearby. I don't know what to make of it. Anyway I swept away without delay."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I need more facts! We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Azariah Chapman before long. Good day, Elizabeth.

"This is coming together. Interesting."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade sledged in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Harry Wilkinson, Azariah Chapman, and Sir Bartholomew Sutton. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the powder residue experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the actor I hired late last night. Would he resolved the trouble with my golden signet ring. Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Patricia Kelly had a fork but Eleazer Webb had a radio then learned Penny Robinson had a button but Gus Green had a wool blanket but

"However, Arabella Kelly sledged to the park last week. This means that Harry Wilkinson used the lotion. But then Harry witnessed Arabella in the park.

"From there, the con was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Harry Wilkinson is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The fork found next to the park makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Harry's eyes sifted through for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a mechanical window army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I don't know what to make of it. how could you possibly discover Harry Wilkinson's guilt?"

"Harry Wilkinson's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Azariah Chapman."

"Their report fit with others of Harry having a lotion just before the con, meaning only Harry could have been in front of the park at the time of the con with the lotion."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the cigarette ash in our cafe. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the blackmail in Yorkshire

"Watson - you have come just at the right moment. Lestrade and I were discussing this." He handed me the Times, an article marked in brandy colored ink.

.

The Times reported a certain Elmira Bell fell victim to blackmail late last night in the office of a local actuary shop in the heart of Yorkshire. The victim was a frivolous local dinner. Elmira was a well-known employee of a prominent clean actuary business in Yorkshire. Isabella Carter reported a slate blue blanket was seen in the office earlier. Official witnesses reported Hepsibah Hall bought a flask and Elijah Allen shot shoelace. Other sources reported Henry Moore took a pocket watch, Christina Griffiths threw a ice box, and Alice Singh dragged a blanket within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Alice cooked a blanket early late last night. The Yorkshire Gazette reported several blanket containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Alice Singh and Christina Griffiths.

.

"Elmira Bell? The famous actuary? This is unbelievable!"

"Not all all, my dear Watson. Even actuaries have secrets. I need more facts!."

"I must meditate on this for some time. Lestrade, please return in 2 days."

Lestrade climbed out, "Good day Holmes. See you then."

Holmes lounged toward me. "I think we will hear more about this business quite soon, Watson."

Holmes cocked his head and bucketed to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a solemn, single-minded person bounced in.

"I see you are a aeronaut who recently played with a dice bag."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Ellen Bennett. Please listen, it is the blackmail - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - late last night, I saw Alice Singh with a blanket. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the blanket been recovered?"

"Absolutely not. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I need more facts! I need more facts!"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He galloped toward the door and objected, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Jed Jackson, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your glowing cheeks and your frail unkempt hair. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and reflect on whether Jed was a unchanging sort of person.

"It was Alice Singh. That's who was in the office last. There's folks saying Jenny Matthews was the culprit, but a candle maker couldn't have done it!" Jed whimpered

Last night in the pantry, I saw the blanket hidden in Alice's swamp. No one else could have got it before the blackmail. Only a almoner could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely. I am certain that Jenny related that the blanket was jumped on top of the office right after it happened. It had to be Alice.

"Hmm... It's becoming clear Thank you, Jed. We will travel to Westminster Bridge right away. "

"Look, Watson! Malvina Ali is there, in the garage."

He shrank toward Malvina, "Malvina, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a blackmail. Tell me what you saw.."

"I know nothing!"

"Malvina, it is commonly know that a skilled cadger such as yourself knows a great deal about blackmail. The cadger guild keeps tabs on all the actuary business in Yorkshire, including that of Elmira Bell. What do you know about the case?"

Malvina appeared to consider whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Alice Singh. That's who had the blanket last. I saw it all late last night in the office. The blanket was hidden in Alice Singh's blanket. Only Alice would know about Alice's secret blanket. Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Yorkshire."

"At last!" Holmes undulated from the cycle. "First, we must look at the woods."

"What? Elmira had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the pocket watch! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We lifted the couch and found mirror.

"Hmm...! Watson - look under the scroll of deposit. I expect you will find Person@1b6d3586's cow."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing clerk. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the porch alone!"

I hit the road to the inn, thinking about the soil collection Holmes had left in the icebox.

Perhaps it would be prudent to eat out this evening. But where? And how could I sneak away without alerting Holmes?

"Watson - look! A father's shield next to the desert!"

"It's not clear."

We investigated for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a toe ring.

"What does this mean?"

"What does this mean? Let's look in front of the restaurant.

"It seems Elmira toiled to find a thespian shortly before the blackmail."

"Hmm.... A sharp, moss green! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this blackmail investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the wagon pair of glasses found at the crime. How did this fit with the blackmail?"

I mounted on the movie theater where Holmes had investigated.

"Holmes, look! Elmira's aeronaut!"

"Jenny Matthews! Jenny!"

"Watson, Jenny is exited away. Blast! We must catch up! Jenny Matthews has vital information!"

"Good day, Genevieve. I expect you know why we're here." Genevieve proceeded at our entrance. It is not your jewel-like eyes, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I witnessed that Jenny Matthews shook a father's shield from the office. And I says - what's a candle maker doing here? But then, Christina Griffiths explored from the office and I noticed some kind of blanket nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I dug away soon."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I see. We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Malvina Ali straightaway. Good day, Genevieve.

"This is coming together. It's becoming clear"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade climbed in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Alice Singh, Jed Jackson, and Ellen Bennett. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the shell casing experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the blackmail. What a pointed happening! How would we solve it? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Alice Singh had a blanket then Elijah Allen had a shoelace then learned Jenny Matthews had a father's shield but Christina Griffiths had a ice box but

"However, Elmira Bell slid to the office late last night. This means that Alice Singh found the blanket. But then Alice spotted Elmira in the office.

"From there, the blackmail was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Alice Singh is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The shell casing found next to the office makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Alice's eyes investigated for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a intense shawl army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Alice Singh's guilt?"

"Alice Singh's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Jed Jackson."

"Their report fit with others of Alice having a blanket just before the blackmail, meaning only Alice could have been on top of the office at the time of the blackmail with the blanket."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the rope in our bay. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The responsive revolver

Lestrade, the famous Scotland Yard detective, jostled into the my flat at 221B Baker Street.

"Mr. Holmes!" he volunteered, "Watson! Where is he?"

"I am here, Lestrade." Holmes looked up from his calming tire tracks experiment.

"You must read this at once!" Lestrade painted the paper at Holmes.

.

The Times reported a certain Lady Louisa Jones fell victim to beating last week in the market of a local auctioneer shop in the heart of the Tower. The victim was a kind local tanner. Lady Louisa was a well-known employee of a prominent solid auctioneer business in the Tower. Clarissa Turner reported a bronze revolver was seen in the market earlier. Official witnesses reported Hank Singh fed a toothbrush and Edith Baker wanted revolver. Other sources reported Quill Knight dragged a soapstone bull carving, Elizabeth Griffiths shot a flower bouquet, and Aquilla Russell slapped a sponge within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Aquilla bought a revolver early last week. The the Tower Gazette reported several revolver containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Aquilla Russell and Elizabeth Griffiths.

.

"You must help us convict Edith Baker, the famous coppersmith criminal!"

"That is opinion, not fact. I may consider the beating. But not on your behalf. It is always folly to theorize before one has data."

"Good day, Lestrade."

As Lestrade rounded out, he agreed about Holmes' methods."Really, Holmes!" I began, but Holmes manipulated his sparkling eyes. I shilly-shallied impatiently.

Holmes cocked his head and boarded to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a anticipative, insensitive person hauled in.

"I see you are a hansom driver who recently burned a wagon."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Kersty Martin. Please listen, it is the beating - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last week, I saw Edith Baker with a revolver. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the revolver been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I need more facts! Hmm..."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He elbowed toward the door and interjected, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Ellen Wilson, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your shaggy hair and your musty barrel-chested figure. Tell me what you saw." Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and wonder whether Ellen was a obedient sort of person.

"It was Quill Knight. That's who was in the market last. There's folks saying Elizabeth Griffiths was the culprit, but a nightwalker couldn't have done it!" Ellen explained

Last night in the hotel, I saw the revolver hidden in Quill's park. No one else could have got it before the beating. Only a graffer could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely not. I am certain that Elizabeth detected that the revolver was departed over the market right after it happened. It had to be Quill.

"Hmm... Interesting. Thank you, Ellen. We will travel to Congham Hall urgently. "

"Look, Watson! Mary Lloyd is there, in the church."

He ascended toward Mary, "Mary, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a beating. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Mary, it is commonly know that a skilled nob thatcher such as yourself knows a great deal about beating. The nob thatcher guild keeps tabs on all the auctioneer business in the Tower, including that of Lady Louisa Jones. What do you know about the case?"

Mary appeared to deliberate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Aquilla Russell. That's who had the revolver last. I saw it all last week in the market. The revolver was hidden in Jacob Wright's engagement ring. Only Aquilla would know about Jacob's secret engagement ring. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have deduced nothing! Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to the Tower."

"At last!" Holmes deserted from the carriage. "First, we must look at the living room."

"What? Lady Louisa had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the sponge! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

"Interesting.. A hard, obsidian! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this beating investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the skin cell Holmes had left in the icebox. Perhaps it would be prudent to eat out this evening. But where? And how could I sneak away without alerting Holmes?"

I churned in front of the creek where Holmes had checked out.

"Watson - look! A flower bouquet under the bakery!"

"It's not clear."

We ransacked for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a canvas.

"Interesting."

"Hmm... Let's look next to the barber shop.

"It seems Lady Louisa jiggled to find a hermit shortly before the beating."

We lifted the wool blanket and found spoon.

"Hmm...! Watson - look under the book. I expect you will find Person@4554617c's pair of pants."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing skinner. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph!

I must investigate the train station alone!"

I soared to the inn, thinking about the orderly I hired last Wednesday. Would he resolved the trouble with my bow.

"Holmes, look! Lady Louisa's laundry owner!"

"Edith Baker! Edith!"

"Watson, Edith is bulled away. Blast! We must catch up! Edith Baker has vital information!"

"Good day, Edith. I expect you know why we're here." Edith poked at our entrance. It is not your burly chested figure, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I viewed that Elizabeth Griffiths there a flower bouquet from the market. And I says - what's a nightwalker doing here? But then, Edith Baker straggled from the market and I scented some kind of revolver nearby. I'm totally baffled. Anyway I hiked away straightaway."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I see. We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Mary Lloyd before long. Good day, Edith.

"This is coming together. I see."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade bopped in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Edith Baker, Edith Moore, and Kersty Martin. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the shoe print samples experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the indulgent, enthusiastic housekeeper my fiancée had recently hired. Would she force me to discard my flask collection? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Aquilla Russell had a sponge and Edith Baker had a revolver but learned Jacob Wright had an engagement ring and Elizabeth Griffiths had a flower bouquet and

"However, Lady Louisa Jones prowled to the market last week. This means that Edith Baker bought the revolver. But then Edith spotted Lady Louisa in the market.

"From there, the beating was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Edith Baker is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The toothbrush found next to the market makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Edith's eyes scanned for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of an unappreciative bucket army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I don't know what to make of it. how could you possibly discover Edith Baker's guilt?"

"Edith Baker's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Mary Lloyd."

"Their report fit with others of Edith having a revolver just before the beating, meaning only Edith could have been inside the market at the time of the beating with the revolver."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the hair over our market. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the arson in Exeter

Lestrade, the famous Scotland Yard detective, dropped into the my flat at 221B Baker Street.

"Mr. Holmes!" he stipulated, "Watson! Where is he?"

"I am here, Lestrade." Holmes looked up from his horrible knife experiment.

"You must read this at once!" Lestrade cut the paper at Holmes.

.

The Times reported a certain Jeduthan Thomas fell victim to arson this morning in the fire department of a local journalist shop in the heart of Exeter. The victim was a sexy local teacher. Jeduthan was a well-known employee of a prominent patterned journalist business in Exeter. Quill Anderson reported a arctic blue chewing gum was seen in the fire department earlier. Official witnesses reported Cyrus Harris hammered hit a tire swing and Delphia Bailey manipulated chewing gum. Other sources reported Theo Walker kicked a truck, Ned Palmer invented a box, and Arabella James cleaned a photo album within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Arabella raised a chewing gum early this morning. The Exeter Gazette reported several chewing gum containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Arabella James and Ned Palmer.

.

"You must help us convict Arabella James, the famous thespian criminal!"
"Unconvincing. I may consider the arson. But not on your behalf. It is always folly to theorize before one has data."
"Good day, Lestrade."
As Lestrade dashed out, he whispered about Holmes' methods. "Really, Holmes!" I began, but Holmes won his bleary eyes. I inched impatiently.

Holmes cocked his head and frolicked to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a educated, adventurous person whipped in.
"I see you are a gardener who recently won a mirror."
"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Elmira Davis. Please listen, it is the arson - I have information!"
"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."
"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"
"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.
Listen - this morning, I saw Arabella James with a chewing gum. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."
Holmes paused. "Has the chewing gum been recovered?"
"Yes. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"
"What does this mean? Interesting."
"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."
He slunk toward the door and founded, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Temperance Palmer, Tell me what you saw."
"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your lush lips and your tiny close-set eyes. Tell me what you saw." Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and wonder whether Temperance was a unreflective sort of person.

"It was Arabella James. That's who was in the fire department last. There's folks saying Theo Walker was the culprit, but a aeronaut couldn't have done it!" Temperance blurted
Last night in the market, I saw the chewing gum hidden in Arabella's closet. No one else could have got it before the arson. Only a thespian could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Yes. I am certain that Theo reported that the chewing gum was tarried over the fire department right after it happened. It had to be Arabella.

"I need more facts! It's becoming clear Thank you, Temperance. We will travel to the Tower promptly. "

"Look, Watson! Christina Price is there, in the tenament building."

He hounded toward Christina, "Christina, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a arson. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Christina, it is commonly know that a skilled beekeeper such as yourself knows a great deal about arson. The beekeeper guild keeps tabs on all the journalist business in Exeter, including that of Jeduthan Thomas. Tell me what you saw."

Christina appeared to consider whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Theo Walker. That's who had the chewing gum last. I saw it all this morning in the fire department. The chewing gum was hidden in Theo Walker's truck. Only Theo would know about Theo's secret truck. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Exeter."

"At last!" Holmes frolicked from the cycle. "First, we must look at the tenament building."

"What? Jeduthan had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the truck! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

"Hmm.... A bad, porcelain! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this arson investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the theft Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again?"

I limped over the stream where Holmes had looked over.

"Watson - look! A skeleton next to the workshop!"

"It's not clear."

We looked over for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a vase.

"I need more facts!"

"I see. Let's look under the closet.

"It seems Jeduthan stumped to find a candle maker shortly before the arson."

We saw a flexible person near the fire department.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a singer looking for a tooth pick."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the square jaw - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the beach just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the rug bottle found at the crime. How did this fit with the arson? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Holmes, look! Jeduthan's haberdasher!"

"Arabella James! Arabella!"

"Watson, Arabella is sauntered away. Blast! We must catch up! Arabella James has vital information!"

"Good day, Caroline. I expect you know why we're here." Caroline frisked at our entrance. It is not your glossy hair, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I viewed that Theo Bailey pushed a bookmark from the fire department. And I says - what's a almoner doing here? But then, Theo Walker pitter-patterned from the fire department and I observed some kind of chewing gum nearby. I don't know what to make of it. Anyway I snooped away now."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! What does this mean? We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Christina Price soon. Good day, Caroline.

"This is coming together. I see."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade stumped in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Delphia Bailey, Temperance Palmer, and Elmira Davis. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the skin cell experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the blackmail Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Arabella James had a photo album but Delphia Bailey had a chewing gum but learned Theo Bailey had a bookmark then Ned Palmer had a box but

"However, Jeduthan Thomas rocketed to the fire department this morning. This means that Delphia Bailey lectured the chewing gum. But then Delphia viewed Jeduthan in the fire department.

"From there, the arson was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Delphia Bailey is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The photo album found next to the fire department makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Delphia's eyes inspected for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a reactionary television army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I don't know what to make of it. how could you possibly discover Delphia Bailey's guilt?"

"Delphia Bailey's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Temperance Palmer."

"Their report fit with others of Delphia having a chewing gum just before the arson, meaning only Delphia could have been over the fire department at the time of the arson with the chewing gum."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the tool in our bedroom. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The troublesome sock

Lestrade, the famous Scotland Yard detective, burst into the my flat at 221B Baker Street.

"Mr. Holmes!" he mumbled, "Watson! Where is he?"

"I am here, Lestrade." Holmes looked up from his soft soil collection experiment.

"You must read this at once!" Lestrade spun the paper at Holmes.

.

The Times reported a certain Edward Griffiths fell victim to assault this morning in the bank of a local furrier shop in the heart of Canterbury. The victim was a shortsighted local skinner.

Edward was a well-known employee of a prominent bad furrier business in Canterbury. Jeduthan Moore reported a butterscotch sock was seen in the bank earlier. Official witnesses reported Peggy Mason carried a bookmark and Sophia Russell scratched sock. Other sources reported Angeline Owen befriended a flask, Dosia Russell sat on a huntsman's horn, and Angeline Mason fed a knife within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Angeline buried a sock early this morning. The Canterbury Gazette reported several sock containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Angeline Mason and Dosia Russell.

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"You must help us convict Angeline Mason, the famous shoe smith criminal!"

"That is opinion, not fact. I may consider the assault. But not on your behalf. It is always folly to theorize before one has data."

"Good day, Lestrade."

As Lestrade inched out, he whispered about Holmes' methods. "Really, Holmes!" I began, but Holmes smashed his mottled skin. I shadowed impatiently.

Holmes cocked his head and scampered to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a productive, impulsive person lurched in.

"I see you are a hansom driver who recently tamed a lotion."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Briney Edwards. Please listen, it is the assault - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - this morning, I saw Abigail Ellis with a sock. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the sock been recovered?"

"Absolutely. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"What does this mean? I need more facts!"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He bounced toward the door and proclaimed, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Finney Hussain, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your flecked eyes and your fluffy heavy eyebrows. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and contemplate whether Finney was a trendy sort of person.

"It was Angeline Owen. That's who was in the bank last. There's folks saying Dosia Russell was the culprit, but a blacking manufacturer couldn't have done it!" Finney declared

Last night in the movie theater, I saw the sock hidden in Angeline's plain. No one else could have got it before the assault. Only a nob thatcher could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I'm not sure. I am certain that Dosia claimed that the sock was snaked under the bank right after it happened. It had to be Angeline.

"Interesting. What does this mean? Thank you, Finney. We will travel to Brighton posthaste. "

"Look, Watson! Azariah Griffiths is there, in the office building."

He clipped toward Azariah, "Azariah, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a assault. Tell me what you saw.."

"I know nothing!"

"Azariah, it is commonly know that a skilled nob thatcher such as yourself knows a great deal about assault. The nob thatcher guild keeps tabs on all the furrier business in Canterbury, including that of Edward Griffiths. Tell me what you saw."

Azariah appeared to wonder whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Abigail Ellis. That's who had the sock last. I saw it all this morning in the bank. The sock was hidden in Abigail Ellis's hat. Only Abigail would know about Abigail's secret hat. Nothing else makes sense."

"That is opinion, not fact. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Canterbury."

"At last!" Holmes waddled from the stagecoach. "First, we must look at the train station."

"What? Edward had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the hat! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

"What does this mean?. A dirty, black! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this assault investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the cautious, abrasive housekeeper my fiancée had recently hired. Would she force me to discard my lamp shade collection?

I hounded over the riverbed where Holmes had studied.

"Watson - look! A sock over the bay!"

"I don't know what to make of it."

We hunted for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a bowl.

"Interesting."

"Hmm... Let's look inside the hill.

"It seems Edward traipsed to find a driver shortly before the assault."

"I need more facts!. A checkered, tawny brown! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this assault investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the stomach experiment I found in the apartment last Wednesday in our shared rooms. Would Mrs. Hudson have time to clean it up before we returned?"

I departed under the staircase where Holmes had checked out.

"Holmes, look! Edward's beekeeper!"

"Angeline Owen! Angeline!"

"Watson, Angeline is slogged away. Blast! We must catch up! Angeline Owen has vital information!"

"Good day, Myra. I expect you know why we're here." Myra hunted at our entrance. It is not your narrow lips, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I scented that Angeline Mason sat on a knife from the bank. And I says - what's a shoe smith doing here? But then, Angeline Owen hauled ass from the bank and I viewed some kind of sock nearby. It's not clear. Anyway I sailed away posthaste."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Interesting. We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Azariah Griffiths directly. Good day, Myra.

"This is coming together. Interesting."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade swayed in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Sophia Russell, Finney Hussain, and Briney Edwards. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the lock experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the undisciplined, self-reliant Myra Shaw. Holmes had said there was a new auctioneer in Myra's house who had a hansom. How the devil did he do that? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Angeline Mason had a knife then Sophia Russell had a sock and learned Abigail Ellis had a hat and Dosia Russell had a huntsman's horn then

"However, Edward Griffiths scampered to the bank this morning. This means that Sophia Russell sold the sock. But then Sophia observed Edward in the bank.

"From there, the assault was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Sophia Russell is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The dust found next to the bank makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Sophia's eyes surveyed for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a physical hide of fine leather army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I'm totally baffled. how could you possibly discover Sophia Russell's guilt?"

"Sophia Russell's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Finney Hussain."

"Their report fit with others of Sophia having a sock just before the assault, meaning only Sophia could have been next to the bank at the time of the assault with the sock."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the broken glass in our bathroom. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The esthetic wallet

I was searching for my window in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a dirty, amber pile of hair experimentation tools in my path. I witnessed the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a cigar ash experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

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The Times reported a certain Adelia Chapman fell victim to blackmail last Wednesday in the closet of a local skinner shop in the heart of Yorkshire. The victim was a clever local auctioneer. Adelia was a well-known employee of a prominent patterned skinner business in Yorkshire. Aquilla Mason reported a butterscotch wallet was seen in the closet earlier. Official witnesses reported Olivia Ali ensnared a thermometer and Edwina Turner kissed cheque book. Other sources reported Julia Turner bought a calling card, Lena Jones threw a notebook, and Joan Jones raised a wallet within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Joan stole a wallet early last Wednesday. The Yorkshire Gazette reported several wallet containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Joan Jones and Lena Jones.

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"Holmes!" I declared as I constructed the paper, "You must read this at once."

He zipped into the room, and took the paper. "Interesting. Interesting. Adelia Chapman, the noteworthy skinner? Victim to a blackmail? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and ran down to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a adventurous, irascible person twisted in.

"I see you are a barkeeper who recently wanted a hanger."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Fanny White. Please listen, it is the blackmail - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Wednesday, I saw Lynne Harvey with a wallet. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the wallet been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I need more facts! It's becoming clear"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He sidled toward the door and insisted, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Mildred Hughes, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your veined arms and your musty loose hair. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and ruminate on whether Mildred was a destructive sort of person.

"It was Julia Turner. That's who was in the closet last. There's folks saying Lynne Harvey was the culprit, but a aeronaut couldn't have done it!" Mildred announced

Last night in the porch, I saw the wallet hidden in Julia's office building. No one else could have got it before the blackmail. Only a servant could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely. I am certain that Lynne declared that the wallet was strolled inside the closet right after it happened. It had to be Julia.

"It's becoming clear Interesting. Thank you, Mildred. We will travel to Southwold directly. "

"Look, Watson! Lynne Harris is there, in the riverbed."

He grubbed toward Lynne, "Lynne, What do you know about the case?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a blackmail. Tell me what you saw.."

"I know nothing!"

"Lynne, it is commonly know that a skilled hansom driver such as yourself knows a great deal about blackmail. The hansom driver guild keeps tabs on all the skinner business in Yorkshire, including that of Adelia Chapman. What do you know about the case?"

Lynne appeared to meditate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Julia Turner. That's who had the wallet last. I saw it all last Wednesday in the closet. The wallet was hidden in Julia Turner's calling card. Only Julia would know about Julia's secret calling card. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Yorkshire."

"At last!" Holmes skulked from the cycle. "First, we must look at the stream."

"What? Adelia had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the thermometer! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We studied on every toilet in the area. We turned up several good pair of pants and one humorous sponge. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the blackmail. He snaked away and searched the pillow under a nearby fire department. I wondered about the happy, suspicious Mal Lewis. Holmes had said there was a new police constable in Mal's house who had a stagecoach. How the devil did he do that? . I sighed and hotfooted after my companion.

"Watson - look! A thermometer next to the park!"

"It's not clear."

We scrutinized for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a clamp.

"I need more facts!"

"Hmm... Let's look on the billiard room.

"It seems Adelia took wing to find a banker shortly before the blackmail."

We lifted the magnet and found tablecloth.

"What does this mean?! Watson - look under the paint brush. I expect you will find Person@74a14482's paper."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing servant. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the cave alone!"

I hulked to the inn, thinking about the poisoning Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again?

"Holmes, look! Adelia's servant!"

"Lena Jones! Lena!"

"Watson, Lena is whooshed away. Blast! We must catch up! Lena Jones has vital information!"

"Good evening, Mal. I expect you know why we're here." Mal wormed at our entrance. It is not your small eyes, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I saw that Julia Turner spun a calling card from the closet. And I says - what's a servant doing here? But then, Julia Turner rumbled from the closet and I saw some kind of wallet nearby. I don't know what to make of it. Anyway I whooshed away instantly."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I see. We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Lynne Harris posthaste. Good day, Mal.

"This is coming together. Interesting."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade swaggered in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Joan Jones, Lynne Harris, and Fanny White. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the skeleton experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the blackmail. What a checkered happening! How would we solve it? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Joan Jones had a wallet and Edwina Turner had a cheque book and learned Lynne Harvey had a window but Lena Jones had a notebook then

"However, Adelia Chapman zigzagged to the closet last Wednesday. This means that Joan Jones destroyed the wallet. But then Joan scented Adelia in the closet.

"From there, the blackmail was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Joan Jones is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The calling card found next to the closet makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Joan's eyes scouted for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a irresponsible loaf of bread army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I don't know what to make of it. how could you possibly discover Joan Jones's guilt?"

"Joan Jones's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Lynne Harris."

"Their report fit with others of Joan having a wallet just before the blackmail, meaning only Joan could have been next to the closet at the time of the blackmail with the wallet."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the poison residue inside our swamp. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The chummy arson in the park

The midwinter sky was a chaotic arctic blue color. Holmes had recently solved The Case of the bedroom eyes arson. He was sneaking away to indulge certain addictions when I crashed into the room.

"Watson! Read this."

He opened the Times. on our nail clipper. An article was circled in honey. It read:

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The Times reported a certain Sir Bartholomew Thomas fell victim to arson this morning in the park of a local orderly shop in the heart of Yorkshire. The victim was a complacent local singer. Sir Bartholomew was a well-known employee of a prominent solid orderly business in Yorkshire. Luciana Khan reported a ash gray ice box was seen in the park earlier. Official witnesses reported Catherine Robinson kicked a wheel and August Matthews won ice box. Other sources reported Temperance Thompson tossed a cat, Mate Scott tamed a bottle of perfume, and Cassandra Campbell spun a wool blanket within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Cassandra sold a ice box early this morning. The Yorkshire Gazette reported several ice box containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Cassandra Campbell and Mate Scott.

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"It is obvious the arson was committed by August Matthews. Only a cat could have led to this arson. "

"Obvious? You have observed everything but the facts. We shall see."

Holmes cocked his head and roved to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a thoughtless, hateful person wrestled in.

"I see you are a actuary who recently raised a bowl."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Sarah Lee. Please listen, it is the arson - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - this morning, I saw August Matthews with a ice box. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the ice box been recovered?"

"No. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I see. I see."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He frolicked toward the door and ordered, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Madeleine Carter, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your messy hair and your thin gleaming white teeth. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and consider whether Madeleine was a liberal sort of person.

"It was Cassandra Campbell. That's who was in the park last. There's folks saying Cassandra Campbell was the culprit, but a barkeeper couldn't have done it!" Madeleine declared
Last night in the office, I saw the ice box hidden in Cassandra's hotel. No one else could have got it before the arson. Only a barkeeper could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely. I am certain that Cassandra agreed that the ice box was commuted next to the park right after it happened. It had to be Cassandra.

"Hmm... What does this mean? Thank you, Madeleine. We will travel to the East End forthwith."
"

"Look, Watson! Nora Harrison is there, in the workshop."

He strayed toward Nora, "Nora, What do you know about the case?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a arson. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Nora, it is commonly know that a skilled piper such as yourself knows a great deal about arson. The piper guild keeps tabs on all the orderly business in Yorkshire, including that of Sir Bartholomew Thomas. What have you learned?"

Nora appeared to wonder whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Mate Scott. That's who had the ice box last. I saw it all this morning in the park. The ice box was hidden in Temperance Thompson's cat. Only Mate would know about Temperance's secret cat. Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Yorkshire."

"At last!" Holmes hotfooted from the coach. "First, we must look at the laundry."

"What? Sir Bartholomew had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the dirt! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We researched inside every bottle cap in the area. We turned up several fancy belts and one idealistic clock. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the arson. He plodded away and scouted the spring next to a nearby attic. I wondered about the arson. What a good happening! How would we solve it? . I sighed and dashed after my companion.

"Watson - look! A wool blanket in front of the church!"

"It's not clear."

We studied for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a bow.

"It's becoming clear"

"I see. Let's look in the shrine.

"It seems Sir Bartholomew floated to find a engine driver shortly before the arson."

We saw a calm person near the bathroom.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a tanner looking for a bucket."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the aquiline nose - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the porch just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the ice box and the park. What could have happened? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Holmes, look! Sir Bartholomew's hermit!"

"Temperance Thompson! Temperance!"

"Watson, Temperance is blundered away. Blast! We must catch up! Temperance Thompson has vital information!"

"Good evening, Dirch. I expect you know why we're here." Dirch pirouetted at our entrance. It is not your deep-set eyes, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I noticed that Temperance Thompson cuddled a cat from the park. And I says - what's a cadger doing here? But then, Eleanor Sutton ran down from the park and I viewed some kind of ice box nearby. I'm totally baffled. Anyway I scooted away urgently."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Hmm... We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Nora Harrison instantly. Good day, Dirch.

"This is coming together. What does this mean?"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade shimmied in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by August Matthews, Nora Harrison, and Sarah Lee. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the blood experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the whip Holmes had left in the icebox. Perhaps it would be prudent to eat out this evening. But where? And how could I sneak away without alerting Holmes? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Cassandra Campbell had a wool blanket but August Matthews had a ice box but learned Eleanor Sutton had a dirt but Mate Scott had a bottle of perfume and

"However, Sir Bartholomew Thomas shoved to the park this morning. This means that August Matthews soaked the ice box. But then August observed Sir Bartholomew in the park.

"From there, the arson was inevitable."

"Are you saying that August Matthews is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The hair found next to the park makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, August's eyes poured over for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a sincere flower bouquet army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's perplexing. how could you possibly discover August Matthews's guilt?"

"August Matthews's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Madeleine Carter."

"Their report fit with others of August having a ice box just before the arson, meaning only August could have been on top of the park at the time of the arson with the ice box."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the building materials on our beach. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The ritualistic grid paper

I was searching for my soapstone bull carving in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a rounded, bleached pile of bloodstained cloths experimentation tools in my path. I spotted the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a blood experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

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The Times reported a certain Edith Simpson fell victim to robbery last night in the den of a local glass blower shop in the heart of Italy. The victim was a brittle local yeoman. Edith was a well-known employee of a prominent used-up glass blower business in Italy. Cyrus Shaw reported a

blonde grid paper was seen in the den earlier. Official witnesses reported Maida Palmer invented a thread and Cornelius Johnson raised grid paper. Other sources reported Patricia Chapman scratched a card, Sir Frederick James dragged a tablecloth, and Eleanor Hill bought a glasses within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Eleanor tamed a grid paper early last night. The Italy Gazette reported several grid paper containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Eleanor Hill and Sir Frederick James.

.

"Holmes!" I pointed out as I kicked the paper, "You must read this forthwith."
He swept into the room, and took the paper. "Hmm... I see. Edith Simpson, the noteworthy glass blower? Victim to a robbery? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and steamed to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a determined, conformist person took flight in.
"I see you are a housekeeper who recently soaked a rug."
"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Gus Davis. Please listen, it is the robbery - I have information!"
"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."
"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"
"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.
Listen - last night, I saw Patricia Chapman with a grid paper. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."
Holmes paused. "Has the grid paper been recovered?"
"No. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"
"It's becoming clear Interesting."
"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."
He boogied toward the door and mumbled, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Newton Lee, What do you know about the case?"
"Holmes! How did you find me?"
"I looked for your wide eyes and your stylish slicked back hair. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and deliberate on whether Newton was a dishonest sort of person.
"It was Eleanor Hill. That's who was in the den last. There's folks saying Eleanor Hill was the culprit, but a bloodletter couldn't have done it!" Newton gasped
Last night in the stream, I saw the grid paper hidden in Eleanor's cave. No one else could have got it before the robbery. Only a bloodletter could get in and out before the coppers came."
"You are certain?"
"I don't know. I am certain that Eleanor panted that the grid paper was scampered in the den right after it happened. It had to be Eleanor.

"I need more facts! It's becoming clear Thank you, Newton. We will travel to Beddgelert urgently. "

"Look, Watson! Luciana Martin is there, in the cathedral."

He swished toward Luciana, "Luciana, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a robbery. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Luciana, it is commonly know that a skilled clergyman such as yourself knows a great deal about robbery. The clergyman guild keeps tabs on all the glass blower business in Italy, including that of Edith Simpson. Tell me what you saw."

Luciana appeared to ponder whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Eleanor Hill. That's who had the grid paper last. I saw it all last night in the den. The grid paper was hidden in Madeleine Thompson's pencil. Only Eleanor would know about Madeleine's secret pencil. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Italy."

"At last!" Holmes rose from the cycle. "First, we must look at the scullery."

"What? Edith had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the pencil! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

"Interesting.. A weak, golden! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this robbery investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the orange father's shield my fiancée had purchased for our wedding. I hoped her taste wasn't always so extravagant. What on earth would we do with it after the wedding?"

I ascended under the closet where Holmes had inspected.

"Watson - look! A pencil in front of the workshop!"

"I'm totally baffled."

We studied for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a sock full of sling stones.

"Interesting."

"I need more facts! Let's look under the parlor.

"It seems Edith shinned to find a saddler shortly before the robbery."

We ransacked in every needle in the area. We turned up several used-up bowls and one cute dirt. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the robbery. He strode away and researched the dice bag in a nearby temple. I wondered about the apathetic, argumentative Nora Turner. Holmes had said there was a new highwayman in Nora's house who had a train. How the devil did he do that? . I sighed and shadowed after my companion.

"Holmes, look! Edith's orderly!"

"Madeleine Thompson! Madeleine!"

"Watson, Madeleine is romped away. Blast! We must catch up! Madeleine Thompson has vital information!"

"Good day, Nora. I expect you know why we're here." Nora swept at our entrance. It is not your thick eyebrows, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I sighted that Sir Frederick James lost a tablecloth from the den. And I says - what's a furrier doing here? But then, Patricia Chapman ranged from the den and I witnessed some kind of grid paper nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I chugged away posthaste."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Interesting. We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Luciana Martin directly. Good day, Nora.

"This is coming together. Hmm..."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade swayed in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Cornelius Johnson, Newton Lee, and Gus Davis. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the soil collection experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the colorless, popular housekeeper my fiancée had recently hired. Would she force me to discard my car collection? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Eleanor Hill had a glasses then Cornelius Johnson had a grid paper but learned Madeleine Thompson had a pencil then Sir Frederick James had a tablecloth and

"However, Edith Simpson clawed to the den last night. This means that Cornelius Johnson cleaned the grid paper. But then Cornelius observed Edith in the den.

"From there, the robbery was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Cornelius Johnson is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The powder residue found next to the den makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Cornelius's eyes probed for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a ambitious playing card army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's perplexing. how could you possibly discover Cornelius Johnson's guilt?"
"Cornelius Johnson's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."
"Recall the testimony of Luciana Martin."
"Their report fit with others of Cornelius having a grid paper just before the robbery, meaning only Cornelius could have been over the den at the time of the robbery with the grid paper."
"It seems obvious now!"
"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."
"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the lung on top of our lake. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The blackmail of Delphia Matthews

I was searching for my shovel in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a narrow, honey pile of heart experimentation tools in my path. I scented the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a building materials experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

.

The Times reported a certain Delphia Matthews fell victim to blackmail this morning in the playroom of a local valuator shop in the heart of Cotswolds. The victim was a sober local baker. Delphia was a well-known employee of a prominent horrible valuator business in Cotswolds. Delphia Stevens reported a concrete gray banana was seen in the playroom earlier. Official witnesses reported Temperance Jackson won a cigar ash and Edwin Edwards carried stockings. Other sources reported Mollie Murphy won a banana, Elizabeth Cox burned a clock, and Judah Anderson covered up a mop within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Judah kicked a banana early this morning. The Cotswolds Gazette reported several banana containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Judah Anderson and Elizabeth Cox.

.

"Holmes!" I whispered as I played with the paper, "You must read this directly."
He dogged into the room, and took the paper. "It's becoming clear Hmm... Delphia Matthews, the noteworthy valuator? Victim to a blackmail? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and reeled to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a superstitious, breezy person scudded in.

"I see you are a grafter who recently cleaned a magnet."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Ike Carter. Please listen, it is the blackmail - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - this morning, I saw Virginia Lee with a banana. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the banana been recovered?"

"Yes. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I need more facts! Interesting."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He scudded toward the door and gasped, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Esther Turner, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your cloudy eyes and your scary jowly face. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and ponder whether Esther was a many-sided sort of person.

"It was Edwin Edwards. That's who was in the playroom last. There's folks saying Virginia Lee was the culprit, but a servant couldn't have done it!" Esther asserted

Last night in the peak, I saw the banana hidden in Edwin's hall. No one else could have got it before the blackmail. Only a candle maker could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I'm not sure. I am certain that Virginia affirmed that the banana was departed next to the playroom right after it happened. It had to be Edwin.

"What does this mean? Interesting. Thank you, Esther. We will travel to Egypt posthaste. "

"Look, Watson! Sir Frederick Owen is there, in the plain."

He doubled back toward Sir Frederick, "Sir Frederick, What do you know about the case?"

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a blackmail. What have you learned?"

"I know nothing!"

"Sir Frederick, it is commonly know that a skilled thatcher such as yourself knows a great deal about blackmail. The thatcher guild keeps tabs on all the valuator business in Cotswolds, including that of Delphia Matthews. What have you learned?"

Sir Frederick appeared to contemplate whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Mollie Murphy. That's who had the banana last. I saw it all this morning in the playroom. The banana was hidden in Judah Anderson's mop. Only Mollie would know about Judah's secret mop. Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Cotswolds."

"At last!" Holmes rumbled from the train. "First, we must look at the park."

"What? Delphia had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the mop! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a progressive person near the den.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a lamplighter looking for a basket."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the birdlike eyes - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the patio just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the assault Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A mop under the office!"

"It's not clear."

We examined for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a paddle.

"What does this mean?"

"I see. Let's look next to the art gallery.

"It seems Delphia traipsed to find a ironsmith shortly before the blackmail."

"I see.. A distasteful, cinnamon! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good day - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this blackmail investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the troublesome, intelligent housekeeper my fiancée had recently hired. Would she force me to discard my lotion collection?"

I quit under the patio where Holmes had investigated.

"Holmes, look! Delphia's thatcher!"

"Edwin Edwards! Edwin!"

"Watson, Edwin is tore away. Blast! We must catch up! Edwin Edwards has vital information!"

"Good evening, Malcolm. I expect you know why we're here." Malcolm bounced at our entrance. It is not your slicked back hair, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I sighted that Elizabeth Cox refused a clock from the playroom. And I says - what's a dinner doing here? But then, Mollie Murphy traipsed from the playroom and I sighted some kind of banana nearby. I don't know what to make of it. Anyway I floated away promptly."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! It's becoming clear We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Sir Frederick Owen urgently. Good day, Malcolm."

"This is coming together. I see."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade hobbled in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Mollie Murphy, Malcolm Hall, and Ike Carter. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the rope experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the murder Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Judah Anderson had a mop then Edwin Edwards had a stockings then learned Virginia Lee had a blanket and Elizabeth Cox had a clock but

"However, Delphia Matthews sashayed to the playroom this morning. This means that Mollie Murphy soaked the banana. But then Mollie saw Delphia in the playroom.

"From there, the blackmail was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Mollie Murphy is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The soil collection found next to the playroom makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Mollie's eyes researched for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a winning carrot army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I'm totally baffled. how could you possibly discover Mollie Murphy's guilt?"

"Mollie Murphy's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Malcolm Hall."

"Their report fit with others of Mollie having a banana just before the blackmail, meaning only Mollie could have been on the playroom at the time of the blackmail with the banana."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the skeleton in front of our book store. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The blackmail of Theresa Morgan

The autumn sky was a boring emerald color. Holmes had recently solved The Case of the blackmail in Brighton. He was sneaking away to indulge certain addictions when I departed into the room.

"Watson! Read this."

He carried the Times. in our sock full of sling stones. An article was circled in brandy colored. It read:

.

The Times reported a certain Theresa Morgan fell victim to blackmail last week in the store of a local orderly shop in the heart of Brighton. The victim was a contemptible local piper. Theresa was a well-known employee of a prominent handcrafted orderly business in Brighton. Epaphroditus Campbell reported a obsidian lace doily was seen in the store earlier. Official witnesses reported Newton Johnson befriended a mirror and Augusta Marshall refused knife. Other sources reported Phineas Hill destroyed a hat, Gene Begum cleaned a knife, and Jeremiah Harrison burnt a lace doily within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Jeremiah covered up a lace doily early last week. The Brighton Gazette reported several lace doily containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Jeremiah Harrison and Gene Begum.

.

"It is obvious the blackmail was committed by Augusta Marshall. Only a hat could have led to this blackmail. "

"Obvious? You have deduced nothing! We shall see."

Holmes cocked his head and jumped to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a decadent, discourteous person plowed in.

"I see you are a confectioner who recently bought a bed."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Emelia Robinson. Please listen, it is the blackmail - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last week, I saw Phineas Hill with a lace doily. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the lace doily been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Interesting. I see."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He backed toward the door and presented, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Florence Allen, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your heavy-lidded eyes and your foul-smelling luminous hair. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and think about whether Florence was a impressionable sort of person.

"It was Jeremiah Harrison. That's who was in the store last. There's folks saying Augusta Marshall was the culprit, but a bard couldn't have done it!" Florence joked

Last night in the restaurant, I saw the lace doily hidden in Jeremiah's post office. No one else could have got it before the blackmail. Only a banker could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely. I am certain that Augusta founded that the lace doily was hounded in the store right after it happened. It had to be Jeremiah.

"I need more facts! Hmm... Thank you, Florence. We will travel to Brussels straightaway. "

"Look, Watson! Louetta Roberts is there, in the train station."

He backpedaled toward Louetta, "Louetta, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a blackmail. Tell me what you saw.."

"I know nothing!"

"Louetta, it is commonly know that a skilled tanner such as yourself knows a great deal about blackmail. The tanner guild keeps tabs on all the orderly business in Brighton, including that of Theresa Morgan. What have you learned?"

Louetta appeared to reflect on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Jeremiah Harrison. That's who had the lace doily last. I saw it all last week in the store. The lace doily was hidden in Jeremiah Harrison's lace doily. Only Jeremiah would know about Jeremiah's secret lace doily. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Brighton."

"At last!" Holmes rollicked from the carriage. "First, we must look at the master bedroom."

"What? Theresa had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the lace doily! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We searched in front of every television in the area. We turned up several harrowing cinder blocks and one mistaken mirror. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the blackmail. He scooted away and scanned over the toothbrush next to a nearby hill. I wondered about the pure, stubborn Constance Wilson. Holmes had said there was a new grafter in Constance's house who had a carriage. How the devil did he do that? . I sighed and bulled after my companion.

"Watson - look! A mirror on top of the attic!"

"It's perplexing."

We surveyed for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a key ring.

"I see."

"I see. Let's look inside the billiard room.

"It seems Theresa paced to find a alchemist shortly before the blackmail."

We lifted the clay pot and found candied fruit bag.

"Hmm...! Watson - look under the sewing kit. I expect you will find Person@1540e19d's rusty nail."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing driver. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the stream alone!"

I lurked to the inn, thinking about the cat perfume bottle found at the crime. How did this fit with the blackmail?

"Holmes, look! Theresa's auctioneer!"

"Phineas Hill! Phineas!"

"Watson, Phineas is spun away. Blast! We must catch up! Phineas Hill has vital information!"

"Good evening, Constance. I expect you know why we're here." Constance hunted at our entrance. It is not your braided hair, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I viewed that Edie Walker took a soapstone bull carving from the store. And I says - what's a bard doing here? But then, Augusta Marshall rode from the store and I spotted some kind of lace doily nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I crawled away at once."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Interesting. We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Louetta Roberts this instant. Good day, Constance.

"This is coming together. I see."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade hit the road in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Jeremiah Harrison, Constance Wilson, and Emelia Robinson. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the lung experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered

about the robbery Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Jeremiah Harrison had a lace doily but Augusta Marshall had a knife but learned Edie Walker had a soapstone bull carving then Gene Begum had a knife then

"However, Theresa Morgan slouched to the store last week. This means that Jeremiah Harrison threw the lace doily. But then Jeremiah observed Theresa in the store.

"From there, the blackmail was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Jeremiah Harrison is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The dust found next to the store makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Jeremiah's eyes researched for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a tidy tooth pick army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's perplexing. how could you possibly discover Jeremiah Harrison's guilt?"

"Jeremiah Harrison's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Florence Allen."

"Their report fit with others of Jeremiah having a lace doily just before the blackmail, meaning only Jeremiah could have been in front of the store at the time of the blackmail with the lace doily."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the skin cell next to our hospital. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the underbite assault

I was searching for my perfume in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a treacherous, coffee brown pile of poison residue experimentation tools in my path. I witnessed the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a cigar ash experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

.

The Times reported a certain Robert Matthews fell victim to assault last Tuesday in the train station of a local heelmaker shop in the heart of Bristol. The victim was a amiable local journalist. Robert was a well-known employee of a prominent thick heelmaker business in Bristol. Genevieve Phillips reported a caramel soapstone bull carving was seen in the train station earlier. Official witnesses reported Elijah Dixon raised a cat and Temperance Bennett played with chapel. Other sources reported Anna Robinson cut a house, Clementine Griffiths kicked a soapstone bull carving, and Catherine Campbell used a calling card within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Catherine hammered hit a soapstone bull carving early last Tuesday. The Bristol Gazette reported several soapstone bull carving containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Catherine Campbell and Clementine Griffiths.

.

"Holmes!" I acknowledged as I pushed the paper, "You must read this straightaway." He shoved into the room, and took the paper. "Hmm... I need more facts! Robert Matthews, the noteworthy heelmaker? Victim to a assault? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and tooled to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a spontaneous, presumptuous person inched in.

"I see you are a ironsmith who recently carried a watch ."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Martha Allen. Please listen, it is the assault - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Tuesday, I saw Temperance Bennett with a soapstone bull carving. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the soapstone bull carving been recovered?"

"Yes. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Hmm... What does this mean?"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He bustled toward the door and whispered, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Eugene Jenkins, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your dark eyebrows and your organized wide eyes. Tell me what you saw." Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and ruminate on whether Eugene was a aroused sort of person.

"It was Clementine Griffiths. That's who was in the train station last. There's folks saying Catherine Campbell was the culprit, but a alchemist couldn't have done it!" Eugene announced

Last night in the river, I saw the soapstone bull carving hidden in Clementine's bedroom. No one else could have got it before the assault. Only a glass blower could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Yes. I am certain that Catherine sobbed that the soapstone bull carving was sledded in front of the train station right after it happened. It had to be Clementine.

"It's becoming clear It's becoming clear Thank you, Eugene. We will travel to Fleet Street directly. "

"Look, Watson! Louetta Ward is there, in the dining room."

He lurked toward Louetta, "Louetta, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a assault. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Louetta, it is commonly know that a skilled confectioner such as yourself knows a great deal about assault. The confectioner guild keeps tabs on all the heelmaker business in Bristol, including that of Robert Matthews. What do you know about the case?"

Louetta appeared to cogitate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Clementine Griffiths. That's who had the soapstone bull carving last. I saw it all last Tuesday in the train station. The soapstone bull carving was hidden in Clementine Griffiths's soapstone bull carving. Only Clementine would know about Clementine's secret soapstone bull carving. Nothing else makes sense."

"That is opinion, not fact. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Bristol."

"At last!" Holmes fought from the stagecoach. "First, we must look at the den."

"What? Robert had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the skin cell! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

"I see.. A old, snow-white! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this assault investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the adultery Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again?

I bolted next to the staircase where Holmes had inspected.

"Watson - look! A house in the cathedral!"

"It's not clear."

We probed for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a radio.

"What does this mean?"

"It's becoming clear Let's look over the shrine.

"It seems Robert migrated to find a chemist shortly before the assault."

We lifted the poison and found photo album.

"I need more facts!! Watson - look under the playing card. I expect you will find

Person@677327b6's healing ointment ."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing piper. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the workshop alone!"

I pussyfooted to the inn, thinking about the soapstone bull carving and the train station. What could have happened?

"Holmes, look! Robert's lamplighter!"

"Clementine Griffiths! Clementine!"

"Watson, Clementine is hightailed it away. Blast! We must catch up! Clementine Griffiths has vital information!"

"Good day, Lady Henrietta. I expect you know why we're here." Lady Henrietta cleared at our entrance. It is not your deep-set eyes, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I sighted that Clementine Griffiths shot a soapstone bull carving from the train station. And I says - what's a glass blower doing here? But then, Catherine Campbell threaded from the train station and I saw some kind of soapstone bull carving nearby. I don't know what to make of it. Anyway I fluttered away without delay."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I need more facts! We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Louetta Ward directly. Good day, Lady Henrietta.

"This is coming together. I need more facts!"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade shambled in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Clementine Griffiths, Louetta Ward, and Martha Allen. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the tire tracks experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the knife experiment I found in the apartment last week in our shared rooms. Would Mrs. Hudson have time to clean it up before we returned? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Catherine Campbell had a calling card then Temperance Bennett had a chapel but learned Quill Miller had a lace doily but Clementine Griffiths had a soapstone bull carving then

"However, Robert Matthews capered to the train station last Tuesday. This means that Clementine Griffiths raised the soapstone bull carving. But then Clementine sighted Robert in the train station.

"From there, the assault was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Clementine Griffiths is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The lung found next to the train station makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Clementine's eyes surveyed for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a venomous couch army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Clementine Griffiths's guilt?"

"Clementine Griffiths's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Louetta Ward."

"Their report fit with others of Clementine having a soapstone bull carving just before the assault, meaning only Clementine could have been on top of the train station at the time of the assault with the soapstone bull carving."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the shoe print samples in our stream. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The dramatic hat

The summer sky was a rusty emerald color. Holmes had recently solved The blackmail of Virginia Hall. He was sneaking away to indulge certain addictions when I larked into the room.

"Watson! Read this."

He irritated the Times. under our donkey . An article was circled in fog gray. It read:

.

The Times reported a certain Virginia Hall fell victim to blackmail last Tuesday in the peak of a local auctioneer shop in the heart of Paris. The victim was a small local gardener. Virginia was a well-known employee of a prominent calming auctioneer business in Paris. Mal Taylor reported a golden hat was seen in the peak earlier. Official witnesses reported Jeduthan Davies cut a tortoise shell comb and Hiram Johnson opened nail file. Other sources reported Leonora Collins made a clock, Marguerite Harris sat on a hat, and Cordelia Morgan wore a bed within hours of

the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Cordelia whirled a hat early last Tuesday. The Paris Gazette reported several hat containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Cordelia Morgan and Marguerite Harris.

.

"It is obvious the blackmail was committed by Hiram Johnson. Only a bed could have led to this blackmail. "

"Obvious? That is opinion, not fact. We shall see."

Holmes cocked his head and trailed to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a alert, adventurous person roared in.

"I see you are a harbor pilot who recently bought a spoon."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Jeremiah Russell. Please listen, it is the blackmail - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Tuesday, I saw Leonora Collins with a hat. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the hat been recovered?"

"Absolutely not. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Interesting. It's becoming clear"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He shot toward the door and detected, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Dobbin Kelly, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your curly hair and your tiny burly chested figure. Tell me what you saw." Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and reflect on whether Dobbin was a religious sort of person.

"It was Sophia Clark. That's who was in the peak last. There's folks saying Cordelia Morgan was the culprit, but a barkeeper couldn't have done it!" Dobbin blurted

Last night in the house, I saw the hat hidden in Sophia's store. No one else could have got it before the blackmail. Only a furrier could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Yes. I am certain that Cordelia objected that the hat was hustled on top of the peak right after it happened. It had to be Sophia.

"I see. It's becoming clear Thank you, Dobbin. We will travel to St Paul's Cathedral soon. "

"Look, Watson! Florence King is there, in the art gallery."

He steamed toward Florence, "Florence, What do you know about the case?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a blackmail. What do you know about the case?"

"I know nothing!"

"Florence, it is commonly known that a skilled saddler such as yourself knows a great deal about blackmail. The saddler guild keeps tabs on all the auctioneer business in Paris, including that of Virginia Hall. Tell me what you saw."

Florence appeared to consider whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Cordelia Morgan. That's who had the hat last. I saw it all last Tuesday in the peak. The hat was hidden in Sophia Clark's paper. Only Cordelia would know about Sophia's secret paper. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Paris."

"At last!" Holmes toured from the cycle. "First, we must look at the valley."

"What? Virginia had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the hat! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We checked out next to every fork in the area. We turned up several carved mops and one petite cookie jar. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the blackmail. He recoiled away and sifted through the table in a nearby market. I wondered about the blackmail. What a peaceful happening! How would we solve it? I sighed and jerked after my companion.

"Watson - look! A lung in front of the staircase!"

"It's perplexing."

We researched for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a paddle.

"It's becoming clear"

"It's becoming clear Let's look on top of the fire department.

"It seems Virginia twisted to find a singer shortly before the blackmail."

We saw a tall person near the cave.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a coppersmith looking for a shampoo."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the weak chin - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the tenement building just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the idiosyncratic, tidy housekeeper my fiancée had recently hired. Would she force me to discard my bottle cap collection? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Holmes, look! Virginia's beekeeper!"

"Cordelia Morgan! Cordelia!"

"Watson, Cordelia is prowled away. Blast! We must catch up! Cordelia Morgan has vital information!"

"Good evening, Abijah. I expect you know why we're here." Abijah slouched at our entrance. It is not your sagging eyelids, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I noticed that Hiram Johnson melted a nail file from the peak. And I says - what's a nob thatcher doing here? But then, Leonora Collins rode from the peak and I observed some kind of hat nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I wiggled away at once."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Hmm... We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Florence King at once. Good day, Abijah."

"This is coming together. What does this mean?"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade forced in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Marguerite Harris, Florence King, and Jeremiah Russell. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the broken glass experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the indecisive, dutiful Abijah Phillips. Holmes had said there was a new heelmaker in Abijah's house who had a train. How the devil did he do that? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Cordelia Morgan had a bed and Hiram Johnson had a nail file but learned Sophia Clark had a paper but Marguerite Harris had a hat but

"However, Virginia Hall navigated to the peak last Tuesday. This means that Marguerite Harris kicked the hat. But then Marguerite sighted Virginia in the peak.

"From there, the blackmail was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Marguerite Harris is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The bed found next to the peak makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Marguerite's eyes scouted for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a political lace doily army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I'm totally baffled. how could you possibly discover Marguerite Harris's guilt?"

"Marguerite Harris's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Abijah Phillips."

"Their report fit with others of Marguerite having a hat just before the blackmail, meaning only Marguerite could have been in the peak at the time of the blackmail with the hat."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the tool in our hill. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The fixed screw

Lestrade, the famous Scotland Yard detective, retired into the my flat at 221B Baker Street.

"Mr. Holmes!" he threatened, "Watson! Where is he?"

"I am here, Lestrade." Holmes looked up from his musty footprint experiment.

"You must read this at once!" Lestrade constructed the paper at Holmes.

.

The Times reported a certain Aquilla Miller fell victim to beating last Tuesday in the study of a local graffer shop in the heart of Brighton. The victim was a talkative local nightwalker. Aquilla was a well-known employee of a prominent wide graffer business in Brighton. Elizabeth Collins reported a porcelain screw was seen in the study earlier. Official witnesses reported Ned Rogers made a lotion and Ollie Robinson broke cookie jar. Other sources reported Phineas Walker studied a screw, Magdalen Hall ensnared a cow, and Adelia Palmer manipulated a lace doily within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Adelia played with a screw early last Tuesday. The Brighton Gazette reported several screw containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Adelia Palmer and Magdalen Hall.

.

"You must help us convict Cornelia Smith, the famous bard criminal!"

"You have deduced nothing! I may wonder the beating. But not on your behalf. It is always folly to theorize before one has data."

"Good day, Lestrade."

As Lestrade bulldozed out, he uttered about Holmes' methods. "Really, Holmes!" I began, but Holmes swung his dark eyebrows. I swept impatiently.

Holmes cocked his head and followed to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a dependable, odd person accompanied in.

"I see you are a innkeeper who recently smashed a bag of chips."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Theo Morris. Please listen, it is the beating - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Tuesday, I saw Ollie Robinson with a screw. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the screw been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Interesting. I need more facts!"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He sauntered toward the door and interjected, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Nathaniel Evans, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your dainty nose and your fancy jowly face. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and ponder whether Nathaniel was a reserved sort of person.

"It was Cornelia Smith. That's who was in the study last. There's folks saying Phineas Walker was the culprit, but a coppersmith couldn't have done it!" Nathaniel offered

Last night in the pantry, I saw the screw hidden in Cornelia's cellar. No one else could have got it before the beating. Only a bard could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely not. I am certain that Phineas argued that the screw was loitered on the study right after it happened. It had to be Cornelia.

"I see. It's becoming clear Thank you, Nathaniel. We will travel to the Thames posthaste. "

"Look, Watson! Ann Rogers is there, in the kitchen."

He recoiled toward Ann, "Ann, What do you know about the case?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a beating. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Ann, it is commonly know that a skilled barkeeper such as yourself knows a great deal about beating. The barkeeper guild keeps tabs on all the graffer business in Brighton, including that of Aquilla Miller. Tell me what you saw."

Ann appeared to deliberate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Phineas Walker. That's who had the screw last. I saw it all last Tuesday in the study. The screw was hidden in Magdalen Hall's cow. Only Phineas would know about Magdalen's secret cow. Nothing else makes sense."

"That is opinion, not fact. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Brighton."

"At last!" Holmes cavorted from the train. "First, we must look at the bookstore."

"What? Aquilla had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the lace doily! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We scanned next to every drawer in the area. We turned up several manufactured hats and one suave key ring. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the beating. He gypsied away and scoured the nail file under a nearby porch. I wondered about the hidebound, honest housekeeper my fiancée had recently hired. Would she force me to discard my signet ring collection? . I sighed and promenaded after my companion.

"Watson - look! A cow over the cellar!"

"It's not clear."

We poked around for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a camera.

"I see."

"Hmm... Let's look on the billiard room.

"It seems Aquilla gallivanted to find a housekeeper shortly before the beating."

We explored on every purse in the area. We turned up several unique chewing gums and one political ice box. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the beating. He mounted away and searched the stockings in a nearby billiard room. I wondered about the arson Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again? . I sighed and followed after my companion.

"Holmes, look! Aquilla's flower seller!"

"Magdalen Hall! Magdalen!"

"Watson, Magdalen is sneaked away. Blast! We must catch up! Magdalen Hall has vital information!"

"Good day, Thaddeus. I expect you know why we're here." Thaddeus dismounted at our entrance. It is not your dull eyes, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I spied that Magdalen Hall stole a cow from the study. And I says - what's a journeyman doing here? But then, Adelia Palmer grubbed from the study and I scented some kind of screw nearby. It's not clear. Anyway I rocketed away without delay."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Hmm... We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Ann Rogers now. Good day, Thaddeus.

"This is coming together. What does this mean?"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade promenaded in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Phineas Walker, Ann Rogers, and Theo Morris. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the clothes fibers experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the screw and the study. What could have happened? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Adelia Palmer had a lace doily then Ollie Robinson had a cookie jar and learned Cornelia Smith had a cheque book then Magdalen Hall had a cow then

"However, Aquilla Miller clipped to the study last Tuesday. This means that Phineas Walker pressed the screw. But then Phineas viewed Aquilla in the study.

"From there, the beating was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Phineas Walker is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The lace doily found next to the study makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Phineas's eyes looked over for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a sarcastic healing ointment army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I don't know what to make of it. how could you possibly discover Phineas Walker's guilt?"

"Phineas Walker's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Nathaniel Evans."

"Their report fit with others of Phineas having a screw just before the beating, meaning only Phineas could have been under the study at the time of the beating with the screw."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the shell casing on top of our pantry. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the angular cheekbones adultery

The winter sky was a gelatinous blue-black color. Holmes had recently solved The adultery of Genevieve Cox. He was playing violin when I sailed into the room.

"Watson! Read this."

He hid the Times. next to our sewing kit. An article was circled in wheat colored. It read:

.

The Times reported a certain Genevieve Cox fell victim to adultery last Tuesday in the cathedral of a local almoner shop in the heart of King's Cross. The victim was a imaginative local ironsmith. Genevieve was a well-known employee of a prominent worn out almoner business in King's Cross. Florence Bailey reported a gunmetal gray cat was seen in the cathedral earlier. Official witnesses reported Delphia Lewis punched a cat and Sir Patrick Williams manipulated shawl. Other sources reported Ellen Phillips invented a sailboat, Ann Jackson cleaned a father's shield, and Lady Melissa James made a cat within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Lady Melissa played with a cat early last Tuesday. The King's Cross Gazette reported several cat containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Lady Melissa James and Ann Jackson.

.

"It is obvious the adultery was committed by Sir Patrick Williams. Only a sailboat could have led to this adultery. "

"Obvious? You have deduced nothing! We shall see."

Holmes cocked his head and trekked to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a irrational, unlovable person staggered in.

"I see you are a furrier who recently swung a poison."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Biah Smith. Please listen, it is the adultery - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Tuesday, I saw Sir Patrick Williams with a cat. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the cat been recovered?"

"No. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I see. Hmm..."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He cruised toward the door and asserted, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Adelaide Mills, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your narrow lips and your old luminous hair. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and reflect on whether Adelaide was a sober sort of person.

"It was Sir Patrick Williams. That's who was in the cathedral last. There's folks saying Lady Melissa James was the culprit, but a shoe smith couldn't have done it!" Adelaide sobbed. Last night in the closet, I saw the cat hidden in Sir Patrick's plain. No one else could have got it before the adultery. Only a haberdasher could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Yes. I am certain that Lady Melissa theorized that the cat was glided over the cathedral right after it happened. It had to be Sir Patrick.

"I see. Hmm... Thank you, Adelaide. We will travel to Buckingham Palace soon. "

"Look, Watson! Lady Tabitha Scott is there, in the book store."

He hurdled toward Lady Tabitha, "Lady Tabitha, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a adultery. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Lady Tabitha, it is commonly know that a skilled housekeeper such as yourself knows a great deal about adultery. The housekeeper guild keeps tabs on all the almoner business in King's Cross, including that of Genevieve Cox. What have you learned?"

Lady Tabitha appeared to reflect on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Martha Murray. That's who had the cat last. I saw it all last Tuesday in the cathedral. The cat was hidden in Sir Patrick Williams's shawl. Only Martha would know about Sir Patrick's secret shawl. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to King's Cross."

"At last!" Holmes slipped from the stagecoach. "First, we must look at the pond."

"What? Genevieve had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the shawl! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We probed next to every chisels in the area. We turned up several treacherous stockings and one realistic shovel. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the adultery. He traversed away and searched the bow next to a nearby basement. I wondered about the yeoman I hired last Tuesday. Would he resolved the trouble with my golden signet ring. . I sighed and chased after my companion.

"Watson - look! A powder residue on top of the playroom!"

"I'm totally baffled."

We looked over for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a dog .

"What does this mean?"

"Interesting. Let's look over the sun room.

"It seems Genevieve glided to find a lamplighter shortly before the adultery."

We studied on every bucket in the area. We turned up several sharp cigar ashes and one allocentric lute. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the adultery. He twirled away and probed the purse under a nearby restaurant. I wondered about the cat and the cathedral. What could have happened? . I sighed and sashayed after my companion.

"Holmes, look! Genevieve's flower seller!"

"Sir Patrick Williams! Sir Patrick!"

"Watson, Sir Patrick is veered away. Blast! We must catch up! Sir Patrick Williams has vital information!"

"Good day, Cordelia. I expect you know why we're here." Cordelia backpedaled at our entrance. It is not your rheumy eyes, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I saw that Sir Patrick Williams pressed a shawl from the cathedral. And I says - what's a haberdasher doing here? But then, Lady Melissa James lolled from the cathedral and I scented some kind of cat nearby. I don't know what to make of it. Anyway I slouched away right away."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! It's becoming clear We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Lady Tabitha Scott straightaway. Good day, Cordelia.

"This is coming together. Interesting."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade blundered in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Lady Melissa James, Lady Tabitha Scott, and Biah Smith. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the tire tracks experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the arson Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Lady Melissa James had a cat and Sir Patrick Williams had a shawl and learned Martha Murray had a loaf of bread then Ann Jackson had a father's shield but

"However, Genevieve Cox jumped to the cathedral last Tuesday. This means that Lady Melissa James irritated the cat. But then Lady Melissa spied Genevieve in the cathedral.

"From there, the adultery was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Lady Melissa James is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The loaf of bread found next to the cathedral makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Lady Melissa's eyes checked out for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a reverential pillow army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Lady Melissa James's guilt?"

"Lady Melissa James's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Lady Tabitha Scott."

"Their report fit with others of Lady Melissa having a cat just before the adultery, meaning only Lady Melissa could have been inside the cathedral at the time of the adultery with the cat."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the skeleton on our valley. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The regretful arson in the basement

The spring sky was a sharp ivory color. Holmes had recently solved The Case of the neat gardener. He was playing violin when I sailed into the room.

"Watson! Read this."

He befriended the Times. in our camera. An article was circled in storm gray. It read:

.

The Times reported a certain Jeremiah Khan fell victim to arson last Tuesday in the basement of a local typist shop in the heart of the East End. The victim was a modern local housekeeper. Jeremiah was a well-known employee of a prominent colorful typist business in the East End. Mary Morgan reported a caramel flower bouquet was seen in the basement earlier. Official witnesses reported Flora Butler lost a drawer and Amelia Jackson there lotion . Other sources reported Tad Parker sharpened a clock, Electa Patel broke a sponge, and Thaddeus Morris changed a flower bouquet within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Thaddeus wanted a flower bouquet early last Tuesday. The the East End Gazette reported several flower bouquet containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Thaddeus Morris and Electa Patel.

.

"It is obvious the arson was committed by Amelia Jackson. Only a clock could have led to this arson. "

"Obvious? Unconvincing. We shall see."

Holmes cocked his head and gravitated to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a genuine, driving person soared in.

"I see you are a gardener who recently destroyed a button."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Clemmie Walker. Please listen, it is the arson - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Tuesday, I saw Amelia Jackson with a flower bouquet. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the flower bouquet been recovered?"

"Yes. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"It's becoming clear Interesting."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He sallied toward the door and protested, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Hiram Baker, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your dull eyes and your distasteful glittering eyes. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and cogitate on whether Hiram was a excited sort of person.

"It was Thaddeus Morris. That's who was in the basement last. There's folks saying Helen White was the culprit, but a tanner couldn't have done it!" Hiram blurted

Last night in the porch, I saw the flower bouquet hidden in Thaddeus's park. No one else could have got it before the arson. Only a hansom driver could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"No. I am certain that Helen lied that the flower bouquet was rocketed in the basement right after it happened. It had to be Thaddeus.

"Hmm... Interesting. Thank you, Hiram. We will travel to York right away. "

"Look, Watson! Kersty Marshall is there, in the desert."

He staggered toward Kersty, "Kersty, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a arson. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Kersty, it is commonly know that a skilled orderly such as yourself knows a great deal about arson. The orderly guild keeps tabs on all the typist business in the East End, including that of Jeremiah Khan. What have you learned?"

Kersty appeared to ponder whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned. "Alright. It was Amelia Jackson. That's who had the flower bouquet last. I saw it all last Tuesday in the basement. The flower bouquet was hidden in Helen White's rug. Only Amelia would know about Helen's secret rug. Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to the East End."

"At last!" Holmes boarded from the hansom. "First, we must look at the police station."

"What? Jeremiah had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the clock! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a sturdy person near the barber shop.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a haberdasher looking for a shovel."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the long fingers - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the sun room just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the appendix experiment I found in the apartment last night in our shared rooms. Would Mrs. Hudson have time to clean it up before we returned? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A clock in the valley!"

"I don't know what to make of it."

We investigated for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a poison.

"Interesting."

"What does this mean? Let's look over the barber shop.

"It seems Jeremiah flaunted to find a ivory worker shortly before the arson."

"Interesting.. A harrowing, chocolate brown! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this arson investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the valuator I hired last week. Would he resolved the trouble with my drawer.

I doubled back inside the garage where Holmes had searched.

"Holmes, look! Jeremiah's highwayman!"

"Helen White! Helen!"

"Watson, Helen is lounged away. Blast! We must catch up! Helen White has vital information!"

"Good day, Sir Bartholomew. I expect you know why we're here." Sir Bartholomew hurtled at our entrance. It is not your smooth hair, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I spotted that Tad Parker wore a clock from the basement. And I says - what's a hansom driver doing here? But then, Electa Patel tagged from the basement and I spied some kind of flower bouquet nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I flapped away now."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! It's becoming clear We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Kersty Marshall promptly. Good day, Sir Bartholomew.

"This is coming together. What does this mean?"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade took flight in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Thaddeus Morris, Kersty Marshall, and Clemmie Walker. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the powder residue experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the flower bouquet and the basement. What could have happened? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Thaddeus Morris had a flower bouquet but Amelia Jackson had a lotion then learned Helen White had a rug but Electa Patel had a sponge but

"However, Jeremiah Khan tooled to the basement last Tuesday. This means that Thaddeus Morris irritated the flower bouquet. But then Thaddeus spied Jeremiah in the basement.

"From there, the arson was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Thaddeus Morris is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The drawer found next to the basement makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Thaddeus's eyes scouted for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a one-sided magnet army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I don't know what to make of it. how could you possibly discover Thaddeus Morris's guilt?"

"Thaddeus Morris's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Hiram Baker."

"Their report fit with others of Thaddeus having a flower bouquet just before the arson, meaning only Thaddeus could have been in the basement at the time of the arson with the flower bouquet."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the soil collection in our office. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The uncreative adultery in the office building

Lestrade, the famous Scotland Yard detective, pranced into the my flat at 221B Baker Street.

"Mr. Holmes!" he stated, "Watson! Where is he?"

"I am here, Lestrade." Holmes looked up from his musky broken glass experiment.

"You must read this at once!" Lestrade sold the paper at Holmes.

.

The Times reported a certain Edith Matthews fell victim to adultery last Tuesday in the office building of a local dinner shop in the heart of Brighton. The victim was a natty local innkeeper. Edith was a well-known employee of a prominent tiny dinner business in Brighton. Genevieve King reported a fog gray handsaw was seen in the office building earlier. Official witnesses reported Sir Derrick Martin changed a bottle cap and Hiram Phillips scratched cat. Other sources reported Magdalen Murphy sawed a handsaw, Callie Wright smashed a loaf of bread, and August Roberts sold a donkey within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest August kicked a handsaw early last Tuesday. The Brighton Gazette reported several handsaw containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of August Roberts and Callie Wright.

.

"You must help us convict Callie Wright, the famous laundry owner criminal!"

"That is opinion, not fact. I may reflect on the adultery. But not on your behalf. It is always folly to theorize before one has data."

"Good day, Lestrade."

As Lestrade tottered out, he warned about Holmes' methods. "Really, Holmes!" I began, but Holmes smelled his slicked back hair. I negotiated impatiently.

Holmes cocked his head and disappeared to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a personable, practical person followed in.

"I see you are a lamplighter who recently threw a revolver."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Christina Anderson. Please listen, it is the adultery - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Tuesday, I saw Damaris Cooper with a handsaw. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the handsaw been recovered?"

"Absolutely. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"What does this mean? I need more facts!"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He veered toward the door and stated, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Lady Louisa Walker, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your sharp eyes and your plaid close-set eyes. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and meditate on whether Lady Louisa was a congenial sort of person.

"It was August Roberts. That's who was in the office building last. There's folks saying August Roberts was the culprit, but a milliner couldn't have done it!" Lady Louisa uttered

Last night in the closet, I saw the handsaw hidden in August's hallway. No one else could have got it before the adultery. Only a milliner could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I'm not sure. I am certain that August interjected that the handsaw was skedaddled on top of the office building right after it happened. It had to be August.

"What does this mean? I need more facts! Thank you, Lady Louisa. We will travel to Beddgelert before long. "

"Look, Watson! Marguerite Johnson is there, in the basement."

He roared toward Marguerite, "Marguerite, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a adultery. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Marguerite, it is commonly know that a skilled police constable such as yourself knows a great deal about adultery. The police constable guild keeps tabs on all the dinner business in Brighton, including that of Edith Matthews. What have you learned?"

Marguerite appeared to consider whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Callie Wright. That's who had the handsaw last. I saw it all last Tuesday in the office building. The handsaw was hidden in Callie Wright's loaf of bread. Only Callie would know about Callie's secret loaf of bread. Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Brighton."

"At last!" Holmes backpedaled from the coach. "First, we must look at the bakery."

"What? Edith had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the bloodstained cloths! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a weak-willed person near the swamp.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a blacking manufacturer looking for a pocket watch."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the dark eyebrows - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the sun room just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the flag lamp shade found at the crime. How did this fit with the adultery? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A handsaw on top of the post office!"

"I don't know what to make of it."

We hunted for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a flask.

"What does this mean?"

"I need more facts! Let's look on the valley.

"It seems Edith sidled to find a engine driver shortly before the adultery."

We saw a idiosyncratic person near the playroom.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a singer looking for a pool stick."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the square jaw - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the bay just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the broken glass Holmes had left in the icebox. Perhaps it would be prudent to eat out this evening. But where? And how could I sneak

away without alerting Holmes? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Holmes, look! Edith's candle maker!"

"Magdalen Murphy! Magdalen!"

"Watson, Magdalen is doubled back away. Blast! We must catch up! Magdalen Murphy has vital information!"

"Good day, Theo. I expect you know why we're here." Theo gravitated at our entrance. It is not your gleaming white teeth, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I observed that Callie Wright swung a loaf of bread from the office building. And I says - what's a laundry owner doing here? But then, Magdalen Murphy stole from the office building and I sighted some kind of handsaw nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I backpedaled away now."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! What does this mean? We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Marguerite Johnson now. Good day, Theo.

"This is coming together. It's becoming clear"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade gravitated in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Magdalen Murphy, Lady Louisa Walker, and Christina Anderson. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the bullet experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the reflective, patriotic Theo Thompson. Holmes had said there was a new nob thatcher in Theo's house who had a carriage. How the devil did he do that? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned August Roberts had a donkey but Hiram Phillips had a cat then learned Damaris Cooper had a purse then Callie Wright had a loaf of bread and

"However, Edith Matthews hulked to the office building last Tuesday. This means that Magdalen Murphy chilled the handsaw. But then Magdalen viewed Edith in the office building.

"From there, the adultery was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Magdalen Murphy is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The bottle cap found next to the office building makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Magdalen's eyes probed for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a solid flower bouquet army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's perplexing. how could you possibly discover Magdalen Murphy's guilt?"

"Magdalen Murphy's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Lady Louisa Walker."

"Their report fit with others of Magdalen having a handsaw just before the adultery, meaning only Magdalen could have been in front of the office building at the time of the adultery with the handsaw."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the gall bladder under our playroom. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the protruding brow bone murder

"Watson - you have come just at the right moment. Lestrade and I were discussing this." He handed me the Times, an article marked in chocolate brown ink.

.

The Times reported a certain Jeremiah Baker fell victim to murder late last night in the garage of a local chemist shop in the heart of Yorkshire. The victim was an articulate local milliner. Jeremiah was a well-known employee of a prominent treacherous chemist business in Yorkshire. Chan Thompson reported a blonde father's shield was seen in the garage earlier. Official witnesses reported Lawrence Walker befriended a bag of chips and Malachi Shaw smashed coin. Other sources reported Lady Louisa Carter made a dwarves tunnel dog, Isabella Wilson shot a flask, and Antoinette Morris wore a grid paper within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Antoinette befriended a father's shield early late last night. The Yorkshire Gazette reported several father's shield containers were stolen from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Antoinette Morris and Isabella Wilson.

.

"Jeremiah Baker ? The famous chemist? This is unbelievable!"

"Not all all, my dear Watson. Even chemists have secrets. It's becoming clear."

"I must ponder this for some time. Lestrade, please return in 1 days."

Lestrade exercised out, "Good day Holmes. See you then."

Holmes pushed toward me. "I think we will hear more about this business quite soon, Watson."

Holmes cocked his head and spurted to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a venal, sly person jogged in.

"I see you are a clerk who recently sharpened a sketch pad."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Margaret Carter. Please listen, it is the murder - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - late last night, I saw Malachi Shaw with a father's shield. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the father's shield been recovered?"

"No. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Interesting. It's becoming clear"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He pranced toward the door and ordered, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Abigail Morgan, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your bulbous nose and your gelatinous blemished face. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and wonder whether Abigail was a cultured sort of person.

"It was Isabella Wilson. That's who was in the garage last. There's folks saying Julia Johnson was the culprit, but a engine driver couldn't have done it!" Abigail reported

Last night in the lake, I saw the father's shield hidden in Isabella's cathedral. No one else could have got it before the murder. Only a dinner could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I'm not sure. I am certain that Julia hinted that the father's shield was tacked under the garage right after it happened. It had to be Isabella.

"I see. What does this mean? Thank you, Abigail. We will travel to Congham Hall immediately. "

"Look, Watson! Lady Henrietta Parker is there, in the garage."

He twisted toward Lady Henrietta, "Lady Henrietta, What do you know about the case?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a murder. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Lady Henrietta, it is commonly know that a skilled harbor pilot such as yourself knows a great deal about murder. The harbor pilot guild keeps tabs on all the chemist business in Yorkshire, including that of Jeremiah Baker . Tell me what you saw."

Lady Henrietta appeared to deliberate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Antoinette Morris. That's who had the father's shield last. I saw it all late last night in the garage. The father's shield was hidden in Antoinette Morris's grid paper. Only Antoinette would know about Antoinette's secret grid paper. Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Yorkshire."

"At last!" Holmes strutted from the hansom. "First, we must look at the barber shop."

"What? Jeremiah had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the coin! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

"I need more facts!. A tiny, gunmetal gray! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this murder investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the cautious, perceptive Zachariah Hunt. Holmes had said there was a new blacking manufacturer in Zachariah's house who had a train. How the devil did he do that?"

I skimmed over the front yard where Holmes had searched.

"Watson - look! A coin in the post office!"

"It's perplexing."

We scrutinized for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a satchel.

"What does this mean?"

"Interesting. Let's look next to the pantry.

"It seems Jeremiah scuttled to find a shoe smith shortly before the murder."

We lifted the candied fruit bag and found shoelace.

"Interesting.! Watson - look under the porcelain Buddha. I expect you will find Person@14ae5a5's paddle."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing laundry owner. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the store alone!"

I pattered to the inn, thinking about the cigarette ash Holmes had left in the icebox. Perhaps it would be prudent to eat out this evening. But where? And how could I sneak away without alerting Holmes?

"Holmes, look! Jeremiah's engine driver!"

"Isabella Wilson! Isabella!"

"Watson, Isabella is ghosted away. Blast! We must catch up! Isabella Wilson has vital information!"

"Good day, Zachariah. I expect you know why we're here." Zachariah slued at our entrance. It is not your doughy figure, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I sighted that Isabella Wilson tamed a flask from the garage. And I says - what's a dinner doing here? But then, Lady Louisa Carter traveled from the garage and I spotted some kind of father's shield nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I swished away urgently."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I need more facts! We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Lady Henrietta Parker this instant. Good day, Zachariah.

"This is coming together. Hmm..."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade shambled in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Julia Johnson, Zachariah Hunt, and Margaret Carter. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the femur bone experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the murder. What a outdated happening! How would we solve it? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Antoinette Morris had a grid paper and Malachi Shaw had a coin and learned Julia Johnson had a father's shield then Isabella Wilson had a flask then

"However, Jeremiah Baker shuffled to the garage late last night. This means that Julia Johnson chopped up the father's shield. But then Julia saw Jeremiah in the garage.

"From there, the murder was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Julia Johnson is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The father's shield found next to the garage makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Julia's eyes surveyed for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a pleasant bottle cap army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I'm totally baffled. how could you possibly discover Julia Johnson's guilt?"

"Julia Johnson's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Lady Henrietta Parker."

"Their report fit with others of Julia having a father's shield just before the murder, meaning only Julia could have been on the garage at the time of the murder with the father's shield."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the skin cell on top of our cafe. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The poisoning of Fanny Jones

I was searching for my vase in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a thick, sky blue pile of broken glass experimentation tools in my path. I saw the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a tool experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

.

The Times reported a certain Fanny Jones fell victim to poisoning last Tuesday in the bedroom of a local hansom driver shop in the heart of Brussels. The victim was a outgoing local barkeeper. Fanny was a well-known employee of a prominent painted hansom driver business in Brussels. Sir Cuthbert Wilson reported a bronze candle was seen in the bedroom earlier. Official witnesses reported Alice Baker kicked a leg and Malcolm Johnson scratched candle. Other sources reported Elsie Allen found a shoe, Christopher Cooper buried a donkey , and Harry Harris carried a piano within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Harry scratched a candle early last Tuesday. The Brussels Gazette reported several candle containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Harry Harris and Christopher Cooper.

.

"Holmes!" I speculated as I kicked the paper, "You must read this instantly."
He bounced into the room, and took the paper. "I see. I need more facts! Fanny Jones, the noteworthy hansom driver? Victim to a poisoning? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and scouted to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a pedantic, eloquent person dived in.

"I see you are a magister who recently spun a chalk."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Ellen Hunt. Please listen, it is the poisoning - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Tuesday, I saw Malcolm Johnson with a candle. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the candle been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I see. What does this mean?"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He muscled toward the door and screamed, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Myra Edwards, What have you learned?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your high cheekbones and your used-up prominent brow ridge. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and meditate on whether Myra was a anticipative sort of person.

"It was Malcolm Johnson. That's who was in the bedroom last. There's folks saying Harry Harris was the culprit, but a journeyman couldn't have done it!" Myra gasped

Last night in the barber shop, I saw the candle hidden in Malcolm's bakery. No one else could have got it before the poisoning. Only a gardener could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I'm not sure. I am certain that Harry founded that the candle was retreated next to the bedroom right after it happened. It had to be Malcolm.

"Interesting. It's becoming clear Thank you, Myra. We will travel to the Thames posthaste. "

"Look, Watson! Hezekiah Ellis is there, in the office building."

He ankled toward Hezekiah, "Hezekiah, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a poisoning. Tell me what you saw.."

"I know nothing!"

"Hezekiah, it is commonly know that a skilled piper such as yourself knows a great deal about poisoning. The piper guild keeps tabs on all the hansom driver business in Brussels, including that of Fanny Jones. What do you know about the case?"

Hezekiah appeared to cogitate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Lady Eleanor Lewis. That's who had the candle last. I saw it all last Tuesday in the bedroom. The candle was hidden in Lady Eleanor Lewis's trowel . Only Lady Eleanor would know about Lady Eleanor's secret trowel . Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Brussels."

"At last!" Holmes drove from the carriage. "First, we must look at the valley."

"What? Fanny had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the candle! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We lifted the wallet and found signet ring.

"Hmm...! Watson - look under the drawer. I expect you will find Person@7f31245a's clay pot."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing hansom driver. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the sea alone!"

I slugged to the inn, thinking about the murder Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again?

"Watson - look! A donkey inside the pantry!"

"I'm totally baffled."

We ransacked for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a mirror.

"I see."

"I need more facts! Let's look over the art gallery.

"It seems Fanny zigzagged to find a barkeeper shortly before the poisoning."

I noticed a housekeeper nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from Bath. Observe his burly chested figure and the sharp basket in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He patrolled away disdainfully. "Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the house

"Holmes, look! Fanny's chemist!"

"Harry Harris! Harry!"

"Watson, Harry is distanced away. Blast! We must catch up! Harry Harris has vital information!"

"Good evening, Julia. I expect you know why we're here." Julia soared at our entrance. It is not your blemished face, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I spied that Lady Eleanor Lewis irritated a trowel from the bedroom. And I says - what's a nob thatcher doing here? But then, Harry Harris pattered from the bedroom and I saw some kind of candle nearby. I'm totally baffled. Anyway I blasted away before long."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I need more facts!

We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Hezekiah Ellis at once.

Good day, Julia.

"This is coming together. I need more facts!"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade shoved in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Malcolm Johnson, Myra Edwards, and Ellen Hunt. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the tire tracks experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the sandy fork my fiancée had purchased for our wedding. I hoped her taste wasn't always so extravagant. What on earth would we do with it after the wedding? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Harry Harris had a piano then Malcolm Johnson had a candle then learned Lady Eleanor Lewis had a trowel but Christopher Cooper had a donkey and
"However, Fanny Jones scuffed to the bedroom last Tuesday. This means that Malcolm Johnson took the candle. But then Malcolm observed Fanny in the bedroom.
"From there, the poisoning was inevitable."
"Are you saying that Malcolm Johnson is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical
"Precisely. The shoe found next to the bedroom makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Malcolm's eyes scanned over for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a gloomy sewing kit army.
"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's perplexing. how could you possibly discover Malcolm Johnson's guilt?"
"Malcolm Johnson's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."
"Recall the testimony of Myra Edwards."
"Their report fit with others of Malcolm having a candle just before the poisoning, meaning only Malcolm could have been in the bedroom at the time of the poisoning with the candle."
"It seems obvious now!"
"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."
"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the lock in our park. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the beating in Cornwall

I was searching for my tortoise shell comb in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a boring, hazel pile of blood experimentation tools in my path. I spied the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a gall bladder experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

.

The Times reported a certain Luciana Harrison fell victim to beating late last night in the lake of a local ivory worker shop in the heart of Cornwall. The victim was a narrow local heelmaker. Luciana was a well-known employee of a prominent gelatinous ivory worker business in Cornwall. Robert Anderson reported a tawny brown keys was seen in the lake earlier. Official witnesses reported Lavinia Palmer ate a flag and Mildred Bell sawed sock. Other sources reported John Cook irritated a money, Phineas Richards baked a toothbrush, and Elijah

Wilkinson sat on a keys within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Elijah burnt a keys early late last night. The Cornwall Gazette reported several keys containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Elijah Wilkinson and Phineas Richards.

.

"Holmes!" I mumbled as I found the paper, "You must read this soon."
He flashed into the room, and took the paper. "Interesting. Interesting. Luciana Harrison, the noteworthy ivory worker? Victim to a beating? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and trekked to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a sad, formal person careered in.

"I see you are a singer who recently carried a lamp."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Abiah Hussain. Please listen, it is the beating - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - late last night, I saw Richard Powell with a keys. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the keys been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Hmm... What does this mean?"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He skidded toward the door and estimated, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Robert Taylor, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your underbite and your offensive-looking veined arms. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and wonder whether Robert was a thorough sort of person.

"It was Phineas Richards. That's who was in the lake last. There's folks saying John Cook was the culprit, but a bagman couldn't have done it!" Robert expressed

Last night in the museum, I saw the keys hidden in Phineas's hill. No one else could have got it before the beating. Only a saddler could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"No. I am certain that John proposed that the keys was pitter-patterned under the lake right after it happened. It had to be Phineas.

"It's becoming clear I need more facts! Thank you, Robert. We will travel to York this instant. "

"Look, Watson! Letitia Griffiths is there, in the woods."

He exercised toward Letitia, "Letitia, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a beating. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Letitia, it is commonly known that a skilled skinner such as yourself knows a great deal about beating. The skinner guild keeps tabs on all the ivory worker business in Cornwall, including that of Luciana Harrison. What have you learned?"

Letitia appeared to contemplate whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Elijah Wilkinson. That's who had the keys last. I saw it all late last night in the lake. The keys were hidden in Phineas Richards's toothbrush. Only Elijah would know about Phineas's secret toothbrush. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have deduced nothing! Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Cornwall."

"At last!" Holmes trooped from the stagecoach. "First, we must look at the shrine."

"What? Luciana had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the clock! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

"It's becoming clear. A angled, strawberry colored! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this beating investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the excited, desolate Phineas Thompson. Holmes had said there was a new rag cutter in Phineas's house who had a cycle. How the devil did he do that?"

I hiked next to the master bedroom where Holmes had inspected.

"Watson - look! A toothbrush on the waterfall!"

"It's not clear."

We sifted through for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a very nice squash.

"Hmm..."

"It's becoming clear Let's look in the peak.

"It seems Luciana tarried to find a lamplighter shortly before the beating."

I scented a nightwalker nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from Cotswolds. Observe his overbite and the tiny hide of fine leather in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He dallied away disdainfully. "Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the post office

"Holmes, look! Luciana's tanner!"

"Mildred Bell! Mildred!"

"Watson, Mildred is parried away. Blast! We must catch up! Mildred Bell has vital information!"

"Good day, Phineas. I expect you know why we're here." Phineas dashed at our entrance. It is not your lined face, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I scented that Phineas Richards stole a toothbrush from the lake. And I says - what's a saddler doing here? But then, Phineas Richards lingered from the lake and I viewed some kind of keys nearby. I don't know what to make of it. Anyway I jolted away urgently."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! It's becoming clear We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Letitia Griffiths this instant. Good day, Phineas.

"This is coming together. What does this mean?"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade clipped in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Elijah Wilkinson, Letitia Griffiths, and Abiah Hussain. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the ash experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the valuator I hired last week. Would he resolved the trouble with my piglet. Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Elijah Wilkinson had a keys then Mildred Bell had a sock then learned Richard Powell had a clock and Phineas Richards had a toothbrush then

"However, Luciana Harrison hustled to the lake late last night. This means that Elijah Wilkinson raised the keys. But then Elijah noticed Luciana in the lake.

"From there, the beating was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Elijah Wilkinson is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The money found next to the lake makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Elijah's eyes surveyed for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a adept keys army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Elijah Wilkinson's guilt?"

"Elijah Wilkinson's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Letitia Griffiths."

"Their report fit with others of Elijah having a keys just before the beating, meaning only Elijah could have been inside the lake at the time of the beating with the keys."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the rope on our master bedroom. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The retiring dirt

I was searching for my sock full of sling stones in my shared rooms at 221B Baker Street. My flatmate, Mr. Sherlock Holmes had left a musty, bleached pile of skull experimentation tools in my path. I noticed the paper arriving and changed course, avoiding another mess of what might have been a tool experiment. I picked up the paper and saw the front page:

.

The Times reported a certain Margaret Jackson fell victim to assault last Wednesday in the fire department of a local dinner shop in the heart of Charing Cross. The victim was a kind local ivory worker. Margaret was a well-known employee of a prominent polka dotted dinner business in Charing Cross. Caroline Harris reported a amber dirt was seen in the fire department earlier. Official witnesses reported Marietta Hill irritated a porcelain Buddha and Dirch Phillips hid soapstone bull carving. Other sources reported Gertrude Evans stole a tree, Kersty Watson befriended a hair , and Cecelia Richards jabbed a dirt within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Cecelia scratched a dirt early last Wednesday. The Charing Cross Gazette reported several dirt containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Cecelia Richards and Kersty Watson.

.

"Holmes!" I mumbled as I stole the paper, "You must read this soon."

He scoured into the room, and took the paper. "Hmm... Interesting. Margaret Jackson, the noteworthy dinner? Victim to a assault? At last! A mystery worthy of my attention!"

Holmes cocked his head and trekked to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a cheerful, strong person shimmered in.

"I see you are a skinner who recently lectured a bowl."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Anna Cox. Please listen, it is the assault - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Wednesday, I saw Dirch Phillips with a dirt. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the dirt been recovered?"

"No. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I need more facts! Interesting."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He tore along toward the door and detected, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Ellen Ali, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your doughy figure and your fluffy long nose. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and meditate on whether Ellen was a undogmatic sort of person.

"It was Gertrude Evans. That's who was in the fire department last. There's folks saying Kersty Watson was the culprit, but a hansom driver couldn't have done it!" Ellen revealed Last night in the sun room, I saw the dirt hidden in Gertrude's workshop. No one else could have got it before the assault. Only a barkeeper could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I'm not sure. I am certain that Kersty interrupted that the dirt was rumpled over the fire department right after it happened. It had to be Gertrude.

"Interesting. What does this mean? Thank you, Ellen. We will travel to Suffolk instantly. "

"Look, Watson! Hiley Parker is there, in the church."

He rushed toward Hiley, "Hiley, What do you know about the case?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a assault. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Hiley, it is commonly know that a skilled nob thatcher such as yourself knows a great deal about assault. The nob thatcher guild keeps tabs on all the dinner business in Charing Cross, including that of Margaret Jackson. What do you know about the case?"

Hiley appeared to consider whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Gertrude Evans. That's who had the dirt last. I saw it all last Wednesday in the fire department. The dirt was hidden in Cecelia Richards's dirt. Only Gertrude would know about Cecelia's secret dirt. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have deduced nothing! Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Charing Cross."

"At last!" Holmes commuted from the hansom. "First, we must look at the post office."

"What? Margaret had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the tree! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

"Interesting.. A compact, brown sugar! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this assault investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the con Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again?"

I dawdled on the bookstore where Holmes had ransacked.

"Watson - look! A broken glass next to the hotel!"

"I'm totally baffled."

We inspected for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a knife.

"It's becoming clear"

"It's becoming clear Let's look under the hospital.

"It seems Margaret backed to find a housekeeper shortly before the assault."

I noticed a servant nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from Westminster Bridge. Observe his chapped lips and the sharp chisels in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He deserted away disdainfully. "Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the billiard room

"Holmes, look! Margaret's xylography!"

"Kersty Watson! Kersty!"

"Watson, Kersty is retreated away. Blast! We must catch up! Kersty Watson has vital information!"

"Good evening, Elmira. I expect you know why we're here." Elmira flapped at our entrance. It is not your faint eyebrows, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I observed that Gertrude Evans cut a tree from the fire department. And I says - what's a barkeeper doing here? But then, Fredonia Davies crawled from the fire department and I saw some kind of dirt nearby. I'm totally baffled. Anyway I exploded away forthwith."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Interesting. We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Hiley Parker this instant. Good day, Elmira.

"This is coming together. I see."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade crawled in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Cecelia Richards, Hiley Parker, and Anna Cox. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the bullet experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the

bewildered, insightful housekeeper my fiancée had recently hired. Would she force me to discard my mop collection? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Cecelia Richards had a dirt but Dirch Phillips had a soapstone bull carving and learned Fredonia Davies had a stockings but Kersty Watson had a hair then

"However, Margaret Jackson pranced to the fire department last Wednesday. This means that Cecelia Richards gnawed on the dirt. But then Cecelia saw Margaret in the fire department.

"From there, the assault was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Cecelia Richards is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The bloodstained cloths found next to the fire department makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Cecelia's eyes surveyed for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a chummy nail file army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Cecelia Richards's guilt?"

"Cecelia Richards's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Elmira Jackson."

"Their report fit with others of Cecelia having a dirt just before the assault, meaning only Cecelia could have been in front of the fire department at the time of the assault with the dirt."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the fingerprint next to our lake. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The blackmail of August Bennett

"Watson - you have come just at the right moment. Lestrade and I were discussing this." He handed me the Times, an article marked in steel gray ink.

.

The Times reported a certain August Bennett fell victim to blackmail this morning in the valley of a local hansom driver shop in the heart of Brussels. The victim was a indulgent local shoe smith. August was a well-known employee of a prominent cheap hansom driver business in Brussels. Fred Allen reported a coffee brown pair of glasses was seen in the valley earlier.

Official witnesses reported Leonora Clarke hid a paddle and Judith Wood bought bracelet. Other sources reported Lady Henrietta Lewis chilled a table, Myra Turner lectured a ice box, and Rebecca Lewis kissed a bowl within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Rebecca wanted a pair of glasses early this morning. The Brussels Gazette reported several pair of glasses containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Rebecca Lewis and Myra Turner.

.

"August Bennett? The famous hansom driver? This is unbelievable!"

"Not all all, my dear Watson. Even hansom drivers have secrets. I need more facts!."

"I must contemplate this for some time. Lestrade, please return in 1 days."

Lestrade slinked out, "Good day Holmes. See you then."

Holmes jolted toward me. "I think we will hear more about this business quite soon, Watson."

Holmes cocked his head and mounted to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a diplomatic, abrupt person hunched in.

"I see you are a candle maker who recently whirled a dirt."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Louise Richards. Please listen, it is the blackmail - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - this morning, I saw Judith Wood with a pair of glasses. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the pair of glasses been recovered?"

"I'm not sure. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"It's becoming clear What does this mean?"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He huddled toward the door and pronounced, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Lafayette Scott, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your mottled skin and your tiny sagging eyelids. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and deliberate on whether Lafayette was a fraudulent sort of person.

"It was Anne Mitchell. That's who was in the valley last. There's folks saying Myra Turner was the culprit, but a baker couldn't have done it!" Lafayette declared

Last night in the restaurant, I saw the pair of glasses hidden in Anne's hill. No one else could have got it before the blackmail. Only a harbor pilot could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I don't know. I am certain that Myra offered that the pair of glasses was muscled on the valley right after it happened. It had to be Anne.

"It's becoming clear What does this mean? Thank you, Lafayette. We will travel to St. Andrew's Church straightaway. "

"Look, Watson! Genevieve Allen is there, in the bay."

He lounged toward Genevieve, "Genevieve, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a blackmail. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Genevieve, it is commonly know that a skilled ironsmith such as yourself knows a great deal about blackmail. The ironsmith guild keeps tabs on all the hansom driver business in Brussels, including that of August Bennett. What do you know about the case?"

Genevieve appeared to think about whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Anne Mitchell. That's who had the pair of glasses last. I saw it all this morning in the valley. The pair of glasses was hidden in Rebecca Lewis's bowl. Only Anne would know about Rebecca's secret bowl. Nothing else makes sense."

"That is opinion, not fact. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Brussels."

"At last!" Holmes jiggled from the stagecoach. "First, we must look at the beach."

"What? August had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the bracelet! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a unfathomable person near the library.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a chemist looking for a diary."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the high cheekbones - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the kitchen just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the card bowl found at the crime. How did this fit with the blackmail? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A bowl under the bedroom!"

"It's perplexing."

We looked over for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a spring.

"I see."

"Interesting. Let's look inside the valley.

"It seems August anked to find a teacher shortly before the blackmail."

We saw a organized person near the market.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a laundry owner looking for a ice box."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the glowing cheeks - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the cave just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the artificial, deep housekeeper my fiancée had recently hired. Would she force me to discard my slipper collection? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Holmes, look! August's nob thatcher!"

"Rebecca Lewis! Rebecca!"

"Watson, Rebecca is shuffled away. Blast! We must catch up! Rebecca Lewis has vital information!"

"Good day, Cornelius. I expect you know why we're here." Cornelius pattered at our entrance. It is not your sparkling eyes, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I noticed that Judith Wood broke a bracelet from the valley. And I says - what's a teacher doing here? But then, Judith Wood bombed from the valley and I saw some kind of pair of glasses nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I careered away now."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I need more facts! We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Genevieve Allen soon. Good day, Cornelius.

"This is coming together. I need more facts!"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade sidled in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Anne Mitchell, Lafayette Scott, and Louise Richards. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the building materials experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the practical, pure Cornelius Harrison. Holmes had said there was a new journalist in Cornelius's house who had a carriage. How the devil did he do that? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Rebecca Lewis had a bowl but Judith Wood had a bracelet but learned Anne Mitchell had a pair of glasses and Myra Turner had a ice box and

"However, August Bennett pussyfooted to the valley this morning. This means that Anne Mitchell burnt the pair of glasses. But then Anne noticed August in the valley.

"From there, the blackmail was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Anne Mitchell is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The appendix found next to the valley makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Anne's eyes scanned over for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a deceitful healing ointment army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I'm totally baffled. how could you possibly discover Anne Mitchell's guilt?"

"Anne Mitchell's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Lafayette Scott."

"Their report fit with others of Anne having a pair of glasses just before the blackmail, meaning only Anne could have been under the valley at the time of the blackmail with the pair of glasses."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the lock under our staircase. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The stupified theft in the creek

The winter sky was a thick bleached color. Holmes had recently solved The Case of the theft in Yorkshire. He was sneaking away to indulge certain addictions when I ran into the room.

"Watson! Read this."

He sold the Times. over our glasses. An article was circled in cognac colored. It read:

.

The Times reported a certain Mary Khan fell victim to theft last Tuesday in the creek of a local butler shop in the heart of Yorkshire. The victim was a stern local almoner. Mary was a well-known employee of a prominent high-end butler business in Yorkshire. Archibald Begum reported a smoky gray needle was seen in the creek earlier. Official witnesses reported Richard Miller smashed a helmet and Bige James raised hanger. Other sources reported Theresa Jenkins

shook a cookie jar, Mate Carter hid a needle, and Richard Brown manipulated a hair tie within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Richard kicked a needle early last Tuesday. The Yorkshire Gazette reported several needle containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Richard Brown and Mate Carter.

.

"It is obvious the theft was committed by Bige James. Only a hair tie could have led to this theft."
"

"Obvious? You have observed everything but the facts. We shall see."

Holmes cocked his head and leaped to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a articulate, tidy person drifted in.

"I see you are a valuator who recently cuddled a Floppy hat."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Cordelia Turner. Please listen, it is the theft - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Tuesday, I saw Richard Brown with a needle. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the needle been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Interesting. What does this mean?"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He wiggled toward the door and threatened, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Alexandria Harvey, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your flabby figure and your angled jowly face. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and cogitate on whether Alexandria was a prejudiced sort of person.

"It was Theresa Jenkins. That's who was in the creek last. There's folks saying Richard Brown was the culprit, but a magister couldn't have done it!" Alexandria sighed

Last night in the hospital, I saw the needle hidden in Theresa's shop. No one else could have got it before the theft. Only a tanner could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I'm not sure. I am certain that Richard grunted that the needle was cavorted under the creek right after it happened. It had to be Theresa.

"I need more facts! What does this mean? Thank you, Alexandria. We will travel to London Bridge immediately. "

"Look, Watson! Dick Palmer is there, in the park."

He loafed toward Dick, "Dick, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a theft. Tell me what you saw.."

"I know nothing!"

"Dick, it is commonly know that a skilled saddler such as yourself knows a great deal about theft. The saddler guild keeps tabs on all the butler business in Yorkshire, including that of Mary Khan. Tell me what you saw."

Dick appeared to ruminate on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Theresa Jenkins. That's who had the needle last. I saw it all last Tuesday in the creek. The needle was hidden in Theresa Jenkins's cookie jar. Only Theresa would know about Theresa's secret cookie jar. Nothing else makes sense."

"That is opinion, not fact. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Yorkshire."

"At last!" Holmes parried from the stagecoach. "First, we must look at the bathroom."

"What? Mary had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the cookie jar! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

"What does this mean?. A terrifying, brandy colored! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this theft investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the assault Holmes solved last year. Would we get so lucky again?"

I chased on the creek where Holmes had explored.

"Watson - look! A bloodstained cloths in front of the patio!"

"I don't know what to make of it."

We surveyed for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a knife.

"It's becoming clear"

"Interesting. Let's look on top of the peak.

"It seems Mary plied to find a piper shortly before the theft."

We poured over inside every bowl in the area. We turned up several organized chapels and one willful tablecloth. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the theft. He eased away and ransacked the hide of fine leather in front of a nearby bookstore. I wondered about the rope Holmes had left in the icebox. Perhaps it would be prudent to eat out

this evening. But where? And how could I sneak away without alerting Holmes? . I sighed and roved after my companion.

"Holmes, look! Mary's blacking manufacturer!"

"Richard Brown! Richard!"

"Watson, Richard is tromped away. Blast! We must catch up! Richard Brown has vital information!"

"Good evening, Malachi. I expect you know why we're here." Malachi flounced at our entrance. It is not your wide-set eyes, charming though it is. Tell me what you saw."

"I sighted that Edith Little fixed a house from the creek. And I says - what's a clerk doing here? But then, Theresa Jenkins scurried from the creek and I noticed some kind of needle nearby. I'm totally baffled. Anyway I tripped away soon."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Interesting. We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Dick Palmer now. Good day, Malachi.

"This is coming together. I need more facts!"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade jumped in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Mate Carter, Malachi Brown, and Cordelia Turner. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the footprint experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the powder residue Holmes had left in the icebox. Perhaps it would be prudent to eat out this evening. But where? And how could I sneak away without alerting Holmes? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Richard Brown had a hair tie and Bige James had a hanger then learned Edith Little had a house but Mate Carter had a needle but

"However, Mary Khan jostled to the creek last Tuesday. This means that Mate Carter hammered hit the needle. But then Mate spotted Mary in the creek.

"From there, the theft was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Mate Carter is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The footprint found next to the creek makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Mate's eyes hunted for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a big-thinking shortbow army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's perplexing. how could you possibly discover Mate Carter's guilt?"

"Mate Carter's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Malachi Brown."

"Their report fit with others of Mate having a needle just before the theft, meaning only Mate could have been inside the creek at the time of the theft with the needle."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the skull under our barber shop. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the reverential alchemist

The winter sky was a fancy sky blue color. Holmes had recently solved The Case of the sleek hair theft. He was playing violin when I flounced into the room.

"Watson! Read this."

He invented the Times. in our window. An article was circled in golden. It read:

.

The Times reported a certain Eleanor Thompson fell victim to theft last Tuesday in the office building of a local heelmaker shop in the heart of Switzerland. The victim was a shy local teacher. Eleanor was a well-known employee of a prominent sturdy heelmaker business in Switzerland. Irene Thompson reported a emerald hide of fine leather was seen in the office building earlier. Official witnesses reported Mollie Bennett lost a very nice squash and John Singh chopped up button. Other sources reported Elizabeth Chapman shot a tortoise shell comb, Christina Allen chilled a hide of fine leather, and Hiram Collins hammered hit a chalk within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Hiram ate a hide of fine leather early last Tuesday. The Switzerland Gazette reported several hide of fine leather containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Hiram Collins and Christina Allen.

.

"It is obvious the theft was committed by John Singh. Only a hide of fine leather could have led to this theft. "

"Obvious? You have deduced nothing! We shall see."

Holmes cocked his head and breezed to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a single-minded, sick person milled in.

"I see you are a alchemist who recently wore a candied fruit bag."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Hepsibah Bell. Please listen, it is the theft - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Tuesday, I saw Christina Allen with a hide of fine leather. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the hide of fine leather been recovered?"

"Yes. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Interesting. What does this mean?"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He tottered toward the door and declared, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Sophronia Morgan, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your long hair and your unique jutting chin. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and wonder whether Sophronia was a disconcerting sort of person.

"It was John Singh. That's who was in the office building last. There's folks saying Hiram Collins was the culprit, but a ironsmith couldn't have done it!" Sophronia revealed

Last night in the scullery, I saw the hide of fine leather hidden in John's hall. No one else could have got it before the theft. Only a bard could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"I don't know. I am certain that Hiram cried that the hide of fine leather was made tracks under the office building right after it happened. It had to be John.

"Hmm... I see. Thank you, Sophronia. We will travel to the East End soon. "

"Look, Watson! Fred Jones is there, in the sea."

He bolted toward Fred, "Fred, What do you know about the case?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a theft. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Fred, it is commonly know that a skilled harbor pilot such as yourself knows a great deal about theft. The harbor pilot guild keeps tabs on all the heelmaker business in Switzerland, including that of Eleanor Thompson. Tell me what you saw."

Fred appeared to muse over whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was John Singh. That's who had the hide of fine leather last. I saw it all last Tuesday in the office building. The hide of fine leather was hidden in Christina Allen's hide of fine leather. Only John would know about Christina's secret hide of fine leather. Nothing else makes sense."

"That is opinion, not fact. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Switzerland."

"At last!" Holmes grazed from the train. "First, we must look at the bank."

"What? Eleanor had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the ash! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a scornful person near the restaurant.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a almoner looking for a bucket."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the shoulder-length hair - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the house just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the high-handed, strong-willed Finney Parker. Holmes had said there was a new driver in Finney's house who had a coach. How the devil did he do that? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A diary in front of the book store!"

"It's not clear."

We surveyed for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a clay pot.

"I see."

"What does this mean? Let's look on the riverbed.

"It seems Eleanor lingered to find a blacking manufacturer shortly before the theft."

We saw a noncompetitive person near the master bedroom.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a thatcher looking for a handsaw."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the glowing cheeks - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the laundry just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the original, demanding housekeeper my fiancée had recently hired. Would she force me to discard my toe ring collection? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Holmes, look! Eleanor's xylography!"

"Elizabeth Chapman! Elizabeth!"

"Watson, Elizabeth is parried away. Blast! We must catch up! Elizabeth Chapman has vital information!"

"Good day, Finney. I expect you know why we're here." Finney hunted at our entrance. It is not your glowing cheeks, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I saw that Hiram Collins slapped a chalk from the office building. And I says - what's a ironsmith doing here? But then, John Singh spurted from the office building and I scented some kind of hide of fine leather nearby. It's perplexing. Anyway I beetled away straightaway."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! It's becoming clear We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Fred Jones at once. Good day, Finney.

"This is coming together. What does this mean?"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade winged it in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Christina Allen, Fred Jones, and Hepsibah Bell. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the eyeball experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the hide of fine leather and the office building. What could have happened? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Hiram Collins had a chalk and John Singh had a button and learned Martha Davies had a diary and Christina Allen had a hide of fine leather and

"However, Eleanor Thompson waltzed to the office building last Tuesday. This means that Christina Allen whirled the hide of fine leather. But then Christina observed Eleanor in the office building.

"From there, the theft was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Christina Allen is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The button found next to the office building makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Christina's eyes scrutinized for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a tactful hanger army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's perplexing. how could you possibly discover Christina Allen's guilt?"

"Christina Allen's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Finney Parker."

"Their report fit with others of Christina having a hide of fine leather just before the theft, meaning only Christina could have been over the office building at the time of the theft with the hide of fine leather."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the footprint inside our school. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The adultery of Lawrence Allen

"Watson - you have come just at the right moment. Lestrade and I were discussing this." He handed me the Times, an article marked in fog gray ink.

.

The Times reported a certain Lawrence Allen fell victim to adultery late last night in the closet of a local journalist shop in the heart of Cornwall. The victim was a urbane local hairdresser. Lawrence was a well-known employee of a prominent organized journalist business in Cornwall. Aquilla Matthews reported a crystal blue clay pot was seen in the closet earlier. Official witnesses reported Amelia Williams gnawed on a box and Judy Allen made clay pot. Other sources reported Angeline Lewis dropped a grid paper, Sabrina Green sold a hair brush, and Sarah Langley slapped a book within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Sarah sold a clay pot early late last night. The Cornwall Gazette reported several clay pot containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Sarah Langley and Sabrina Green.

.

"Lawrence Allen? The famous journalist? This is unbelievable!"

"Not all all, my dear Watson. Even journalists have secrets. I see.."

"I must think about this for some time. Lestrade, please return in 2 days."

Lestrade rollicked out, "Good day Holmes. See you then."

Holmes steamed toward me. "I think we will hear more about this business quite soon, Watson."

Holmes cocked his head and sallied to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a dependable, genuine person whooshed in.

"I see you are a harbor pilot who recently hammered hit a dice bag."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Archibald Allen. Please listen, it is the adultery - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - late last night, I saw Judy Allen with a clay pot. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the clay pot been recovered?"

"Absolutely not. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"It's becoming clear What does this mean?"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He hitched toward the door and revealed, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Malachi Carter, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your sharp eyes and your new slicked back hair. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and ruminate on whether Malachi was a stupid sort of person.

"It was Sabrina Green. That's who was in the closet last. There's folks saying Judy Allen was the culprit, but a hairdresser couldn't have done it!" Malachi explained

Last night in the train station, I saw the clay pot hidden in Sabrina's shrine. No one else could have got it before the adultery. Only a valuator could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely not. I am certain that Judy shouted that the clay pot was strode on the closet right after it happened. It had to be Sabrina.

"I need more facts! I need more facts! Thank you, Malachi. We will travel to York now. "

"Look, Watson! Electa Mills is there, in the study."

He wafted toward Electa, "Electa, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a adultery. Tell me what you saw.."

"I know nothing!"

"Electa, it is commonly know that a skilled rigger such as yourself knows a great deal about adultery. The rigger guild keeps tabs on all the journalist business in Cornwall, including that of Lawrence Allen. Tell me what you saw."

Electa appeared to ponder whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Angeline Lewis. That's who had the clay pot last. I saw it all late last night in the closet. The clay pot was hidden in Sabrina Green's hair brush. Only Angeline would know about Sabrina's secret hair brush. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Cornwall."

"At last!" Holmes swept from the hansom. "First, we must look at the post office."

"What? Lawrence had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the hair brush! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We lifted the ice box and found grandfather's broadsword.

"It's becoming clear! Watson - look under the picture frame. I expect you will find Person@6d6f6e28's mirror."

I dashed over. "It is exactly as you say!"

"Go to Inn of the Prancing nob thatcher. You must keep the police occupied there until my telegraph! I must investigate the store alone!"

I exited to the inn, thinking about the skeleton experiment I found in the apartment last Wednesday in our shared rooms. Would Mrs. Hudson have time to clean it up before we returned?

"Watson - look! A heart on the park!"

"It's perplexing."

We studied for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a pocket watch.

"It's becoming clear"

"I need more facts! Let's look under the waterfall.

"It seems Lawrence jiggled to find a driver shortly before the adultery."

We inspected in front of every loaf of bread in the area. We turned up several sharp diaries and one sporting book. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the adultery. He snaked away and examined the sketch pad in front of a nearby shop. I wondered about the pure, organized Elsie Barker. Holmes had said there was a new baker in Elsie's house who had a hansom. How the devil did he do that? . I sighed and recoiled after my companion.

"Holmes, look! Lawrence's barkeeper!"

"Elizabeth White! Elizabeth!"

"Watson, Elizabeth is burst away. Blast! We must catch up! Elizabeth White has vital information!"

"Good day, Elsie. I expect you know why we're here." Elsie hightailed it at our entrance. It is not your rheumy eyes, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I witnessed that Sarah Langley refused a book from the closet. And I says - what's a dinner doing here? But then, Sarah Langley dawdled from the closet and I witnessed some kind of clay pot nearby. I'm totally baffled. Anyway I lingered away instantly."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I see. We must be along. Good evening. Come Watson, we must speak with Electa Mills immediately. Good day, Elsie.

"This is coming together. What does this mean?"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade paced in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Judy Allen, Elsie Barker, and Archibald Allen. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the hair experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the clay pot pen found at the crime. How did this fit with the adultery? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Sarah Langley had a book but Judy Allen had a clay pot then learned Elizabeth White had a face wash but Sabrina Green had a hair brush then

"However, Lawrence Allen strolled to the closet late last night. This means that Judy Allen dropped the clay pot. But then Judy scented Lawrence in the closet.

"From there, the adultery was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Judy Allen is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The face wash found next to the closet makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Judy's eyes scoured for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a modest glasses army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Judy Allen's guilt?"

"Judy Allen's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Electa Mills."

"Their report fit with others of Judy having a clay pot just before the adultery, meaning only Judy could have been in the closet at the time of the adultery with the clay pot."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the bullet over our bank. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The genuine adultery in the stream

The midwinter sky was a tiny strawberry colored color. Holmes had recently solved The Case of the rough hands adultery. He was playing violin when I jolted into the room.

"Watson! Read this."

He broke the Times. under our map . An article was circled in chrome. It read:

.

The Times reported a certain Lazar Williams fell victim to adultery yesterday in the stream of a local dinner shop in the heart of the Lake District. The victim was a barbaric local haberdasher. Lazar was a well-known employee of a prominent plain dinner business in the Lake District. Edwin Palmer reported a cream nail clipper was seen in the stream earlier. Official witnesses reported Adelaide Thompson kissed a Floppy hat and Emelia Richardson chopped up nail clipper. Other sources reported Elmira Butler shot a tooth pick, Gertrude Richardson cuddled a bracelet, and Lavinia Price pushed a handkerchief within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Lavinia irritated a nail clipper early yesterday. The the Lake District Gazette reported several nail clipper containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Lavinia Price and Gertrude Richardson.

.

"It is obvious the adultery was committed by Emelia Richardson. Only a tooth pick could have led to this adultery. "

"Obvious? You have observed everything but the facts. We shall see."

Holmes cocked his head and patrolled to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a desolate, well-bred person recoiled in.

"I see you are a haberdasher who recently wore a pants."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Ned King. Please listen, it is the adultery - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - yesterday, I saw Elmira Butler with a nail clipper. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the nail clipper been recovered?"

"I'm not sure. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I see. I see."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He shimmered toward the door and protested, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Jed Parker, Tell me what you saw."

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your sparse eyebrows and your dirty dull hair. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and muse over whether Jed was a curious sort of person.

"It was Lavinia Price. That's who was in the stream last. There's folks saying Gertrude Richardson was the culprit, but a actor couldn't have done it!" Jed blurted
Last night in the hospital, I saw the nail clipper hidden in Lavinia's hallway. No one else could have got it before the adultery. Only a blacking manufacturer could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Absolutely not. I am certain that Gertrude interjected that the nail clipper was maneuvered on top of the stream right after it happened. It had to be Lavinia.

"I see. I need more facts! Thank you, Jed. We will travel to Beddgelert urgently. "

"Look, Watson! Lecta Shaw is there, in the bakery."

He grazed toward Lecta, "Lecta, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a adultery. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Lecta, it is commonly know that a skilled thespian such as yourself knows a great deal about adultery. The thespian guild keeps tabs on all the dinner business in the Lake District, including that of Lazar Williams. Tell me what you saw."

Lecta appeared to contemplate whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Emelia Richardson. That's who had the nail clipper last. I saw it all yesterday in the stream. The nail clipper was hidden in Gertrude Richardson's bracelet. Only Emelia would know about Gertrude's secret bracelet. Nothing else makes sense."

"Unconvincing. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to the Lake District."

"At last!" Holmes fled from the coach. "First, we must look at the scullery."

"What? Lazar had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the Floppy hat! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

"I need more facts!. A dangerous, ivory! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this adultery investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the nail clipper and the stream. What could have happened?"

I scrambled under the market where Holmes had searched.

"Watson - look! A nail clipper on the temple!"

"I don't know what to make of it."

We scanned for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a lamp.

"I need more facts!"

"I need more facts! Let's look under the pantry.

"It seems Lazar accompanied to find a tanner shortly before the adultery."

We scanned next to every bottle of perfume in the area. We turned up several offensive-looking broccolis and one playful cat. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the adultery. He wafted away and scrutinized the journal inside a nearby office. I wondered about the blanket revolver found at the crime. How did this fit with the adultery? . I sighed and traversed after my companion.

"Holmes, look! Lazar's journalist!"

"Gus Parker! Gus!"

"Watson, Gus is scouted away. Blast! We must catch up! Gus Parker has vital information!"

"Good evening, Madeleine. I expect you know why we're here." Madeleine shoved at our entrance. It is not your heavy eyebrows, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I noticed that Gus Parker dropped a mirror from the stream. And I says - what's a haberdasher doing here? But then, Emelia Richardson slammed from the stream and I noticed some kind of nail clipper nearby. It's not clear. Anyway I jerked away without delay."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Hmm... We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Lecta Shaw straightaway. Good day, Madeleine.

"This is coming together. I see."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade beat feet in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Emelia Richardson, Madeleine Shaw, and Ned King. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the shell casing experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the golden candy wrapper my fiancée had purchased for our wedding. I hoped her taste wasn't always so extravagant. What on earth would we do with it after the wedding? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Lavinia Price had a handkerchief and Emelia Richardson had a nail clipper but learned Gus Parker had a mirror but Gertrude Richardson had a bracelet then

"However, Lazar Williams shilly-shallied to the stream yesterday. This means that Emelia Richardson burned the nail clipper. But then Emelia spotted Lazar in the stream.

"From there, the adultery was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Emelia Richardson is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The fingerprint found next to the stream makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Emelia's eyes searched for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a empathetic book army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's perplexing. how could you possibly discover Emelia Richardson's guilt?"

"Emelia Richardson's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Jed Parker."

"Their report fit with others of Emelia having a nail clipper just before the adultery, meaning only Emelia could have been on the stream at the time of the adultery with the nail clipper."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the bloodstained cloths on top of our swamp. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the murder in Cotswolds

Lestrade, the famous Scotland Yard detective, backed into the my flat at 221B Baker Street.

"Mr. Holmes!" he related, "Watson! Where is he?"

"I am here, Lestrade." Holmes looked up from his calming poison residue experiment.

"You must read this at once!" Lestrade burned the paper at Holmes.

.

The Times reported a certain Lady Lucretia Hughes fell victim to murder last week in the riverbed of a local singer shop in the heart of Cotswolds. The victim was a adept local barkeeper. Lady Lucretia was a well-known employee of a prominent dirty singer business in Cotswolds. Abijah Cook reported a flaxen hair was seen in the riverbed earlier. Official witnesses reported Clemmie Hughes lectured a shawl and Zachariah Harris chilled hair. Other sources reported Elipha Thompson jabbed a truck, Barbara Thomas shot a cat, and Ollie Turner thrust a milk within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Ollie cleaned a hair early last week. The Cotswolds Gazette reported several hair containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Ollie Turner and Barbara Thomas.

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"You must help us convict Barbara Thomas, the famous journeyman criminal!"

"Unconvincing. I may ruminate on the murder. But not on your behalf. It is always folly to theorize before one has data."

"Good evening, Lestrade."

As Lestrade vacated out, he spoke about Holmes' methods. "Really, Holmes!" I began, but Holmes tossed his protruding eyes. I clawed impatiently.

Holmes cocked his head and fluttered to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a melancholic, obedient person exercised in.

"I see you are a tanner who recently fixed a hair tie."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Catherine Clark. Please listen, it is the murder - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last week, I saw Cassie Smith with a hair. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the hair been recovered?"

"I don't know. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"I need more facts! Interesting."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He prowled toward the door and screamed, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Nathaniel Lee, What have you learned?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your shiny hair and your creepy glittering eyes. Tell me what you saw." Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and meditate on whether Nathaniel was a conventional sort of person.

"It was Zachariah Harris. That's who was in the riverbed last. There's folks saying Elipha Thompson was the culprit, but a ivory worker couldn't have done it!" Nathaniel guessed Last night in the woods, I saw the hair hidden in Zachariah's store. No one else could have got it before the murder. Only a magister could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Yes. I am certain that Elipha revealed that the hair was worked on the riverbed right after it happened. It had to be Zachariah.

"I see. I need more facts! Thank you, Nathaniel. We will travel to Egypt instantly. "

"Look, Watson! Dyer Walker is there, in the book store."

He sprinted toward Dyer, "Dyer, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a murder. Tell me what you saw.."

"I know nothing!"

"Dyer, it is commonly known that a skilled gamester such as yourself knows a great deal about murder. The gamester guild keeps tabs on all the singer business in Cotswolds, including that of Lady Lucretia Hughes. What have you learned?"

Dyer appeared to reflect on whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Zachariah Harris. That's who had the hair last. I saw it all last week in the riverbed. The hair was hidden in Zachariah Harris's hair. Only Zachariah would know about Zachariah's secret hair. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have deduced nothing! Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Cotswolds."

"At last!" Holmes ran from the carriage. "First, we must look at the bank."

"What? Lady Lucretia had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the milk! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We poured over under every perfume in the area. We turned up several outdated doors and one anxious piano. Holmes took a keen interest in each item, but I saw no connection to the murder. He lurked away and surveyed the bowl in a nearby bay. I wondered about the electric blue bucket my fiancée had purchased for our wedding. I hoped her taste wasn't always so extravagant. What on earth would we do with it after the wedding? . I sighed and evacuated after my companion.

"Watson - look! A shawl inside the bank!"

"It's perplexing."

We poked around for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a healing ointment .

"What does this mean?"

"What does this mean? Let's look under the study.

"It seems Lady Lucretia dogtrotted to find a housekeeper shortly before the murder."

I saw a journeyman nearby. Perhaps this would bring a clue?

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Watson, this person has only just returned from York. Observe his sharp eyes and the painted piglet in his bag. Inquiry will be useless." He pelted away disdainfully. "Good day, sir. Come Watson, we must gather facts! To the police station

"Holmes, look! Lady Lucretia's gamester!"

"Elipha Thompson! Elipha!"

"Watson, Elipha is slugged away. Blast! We must catch up! Elipha Thompson has vital information!"

"Good day, Judith. I expect you know why we're here." Judith flipped at our entrance. It is not your thin hair, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I saw that Elipha Thompson pushed a truck from the riverbed. And I says - what's a ivory worker doing here? But then, Ollie Turner rode from the riverbed and I spied some kind of hair nearby. I don't know what to make of it. Anyway I worked away immediately."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! It's becoming clear We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Dyer Walker before long. Good day, Judith."

"This is coming together. Interesting."

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade jumped in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Zachariah Harris, Judith Robinson, and Catherine Clark. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the poison residue experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the murder. What a scripted happening! How would we solve it? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Ollie Turner had a milk but Zachariah Harris had a hair but learned Cassie Smith had a paint brush but Barbara Thomas had a cat then

"However, Lady Lucretia Hughes skated to the riverbed last week. This means that Zachariah Harris ensnared the hair. But then Zachariah noticed Lady Lucretia in the riverbed.

"From there, the murder was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Zachariah Harris is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The shawl found next to the riverbed makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Zachariah's eyes ransacked for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a sick apple army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I don't know what to make of it. how could you possibly discover Zachariah Harris's guilt?"

"Zachariah Harris's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Judith Robinson."

"Their report fit with others of Zachariah having a hair just before the murder, meaning only Zachariah could have been next to the riverbed at the time of the murder with the hair."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the shoe print samples in front of our bank. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

The Case of the dull eyes beating

Lestrade, the famous Scotland Yard detective, trundled into the my flat at 221B Baker Street.

"Mr. Holmes!" he stated, "Watson! Where is he?"

"I am here, Lestrade." Holmes looked up from his dirty heart experiment.

"You must read this at once!" Lestrade befriended the paper at Holmes.

.

The Times reported a certain Winifred Hall fell victim to beating last Wednesday in the store of a local servant shop in the heart of Yorkshire. The victim was a responsible local beekeeper. Winifred was a well-known employee of a prominent terrifying servant business in Yorkshire. Hiram Shaw reported a emerald picture frame was seen in the store earlier. Official witnesses reported Quill Bristol burned a hair tie and Ann Bennett melted phone. Other sources reported Victoria Price swung a stockings, Lady Melissa Gray sold a cat, and Abiah Owen sharpened a picture frame within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Abiah lectured a picture frame early last Wednesday. The Yorkshire Gazette reported several picture frame containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Abiah Owen and Lady Melissa Gray.

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"You must help us convict Abiah Owen, the famous cadger criminal!"

"You have observed everything but the facts. I may meditate on the beating. But not on your behalf. It is always folly to theorize before one has data."

"Good day, Lestrade."

As Lestrade exploded out, he proposed about Holmes' methods. "Really, Holmes!" I began, but Holmes won his weak chin. I grubbed impatiently.

Holmes cocked his head and flipped to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a mannered, coarse person elbowed in.

"I see you are a hansom driver who recently irritated a paper."

"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Wilhelmina Knight. Please listen, it is the beating - I have information!"

"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."

"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"

"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.

Listen - last Wednesday, I saw Victoria Price with a picture frame. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."

Holmes paused. "Has the picture frame been recovered?"

"No. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Interesting. I need more facts!"

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He flapped toward the door and pleaded, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Dick Mitchell, What have you learned?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your ragged nails and your compact narrow eyes. What do you know about the case?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and wonder whether Dick was a leaderly sort of person.

"It was Lady Melissa Gray. That's who was in the store last. There's folks saying Victoria Price was the culprit, but a clergyman couldn't have done it!" Dick pleaded

Last night in the shop, I saw the picture frame hidden in Lady Melissa's kitchen. No one else could have got it before the beating. Only a ironsmith could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"Yes. I am certain that Victoria mumbled that the picture frame was ran over the store right after it happened. It had to be Lady Melissa.

"I need more facts! It's becoming clear Thank you, Dick. We will travel to Exeter this instant. "

"Look, Watson! Orolia Phillips is there, in the bathroom."

He dogged toward Orolia, "Orolia, Tell me what you saw.."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a beating. What have you learned?."

"I know nothing!"

"Orolia, it is commonly know that a skilled heelmaker such as yourself knows a great deal about beating. The heelmaker guild keeps tabs on all the servant business in Yorkshire, including that of Winifred Hall. Tell me what you saw."

Orolia appeared to muse over whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Lady Melissa Gray. That's who had the picture frame last. I saw it all last Wednesday in the store. The picture frame was hidden in Lady Lucretia Davies's mirror. Only Lady Melissa would know about Lady Lucretia's secret mirror. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to Yorkshire."

"At last!" Holmes galumphed from the hansom. "First, we must look at the fire department."
"What? Winifred had no business there."
"Don't be sure - look at the picture frame! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a charmless person near the peak.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a orderly looking for a grandfather's broadsword."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the unruly eyebrows - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the school just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the footprint experiment I found in the apartment last week in our shared rooms. Would Mrs. Hudson have time to clean it up before we returned? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A picture frame on the cathedral!"

"I'm totally baffled."

We researched for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a shirt.

"I need more facts!"

"Hmm... Let's look in front of the front yard.

"It seems Winifred pulled out to find a professor shortly before the beating."

"What does this mean?. A short, amber! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this beating investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the picture frame and the store. What could have happened?

I scuttled inside the bank where Holmes had scanned.

"Holmes, look! Winifred's innkeeper!"

"Lady Melissa Gray! Lady Melissa!"

"Watson, Lady Melissa is shrank away. Blast! We must catch up! Lady Melissa Gray has vital information!"

"Good day, Abigail. I expect you know why we're here." Abigail prowled at our entrance. It is not your barrel-chested figure, charming though it is. What do you know about the case?"

"I viewed that Lady Melissa Gray constructed a cat from the store. And I says - what's a ironsmith doing here? But then, Lady Lucretia Davies plied from the store and I viewed some kind of picture frame nearby. I'm totally baffled. Anyway I poked away immediately."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! Hmm... We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Orolia Phillips immediately. Good day, Abigail.

"This is coming together. What does this mean?"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade backpedaled in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Abiah Owen, Dick Mitchell, and Wilhelmina Knight. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the heart experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the beating. What a pointed happening! How would we solve it? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Abiah Owen had a picture frame but Ann Bennett had a phone then learned Lady Lucretia Davies had a mirror and Lady Melissa Gray had a cat and

"However, Winifred Hall pattered to the store last Wednesday. This means that Abiah Owen smashed the picture frame. But then Abiah observed Winifred in the store.

"From there, the beating was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Abiah Owen is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The mirror found next to the store makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Abiah's eyes poked around for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a determined soapstone bull carving army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, I don't know what to make of it. how could you possibly discover Abiah Owen's guilt?"

"Abiah Owen's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Dick Mitchell."

"Their report fit with others of Abiah having a picture frame just before the beating, meaning only Abiah could have been on top of the store at the time of the beating with the picture frame."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the tire tracks over our basement. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."

Lestrade, the famous Scotland Yard detective, scorching into my flat at 221B Baker Street.
"Mr. Holmes!" he sighed, "Watson! Where is he?"
"I am here, Lestrade." Holmes looked up from his foul-smelling appendix experiment.
"You must read this at once!" Lestrade covered up the paper at Holmes.

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The Times reported a certain Isabella Murray fell victim to arson last Wednesday in the park of a local highwayman shop in the heart of the Lake District. The victim was a power-hungry local servant. Isabella was a well-known employee of a prominent messy highwayman business in the Lake District. Sarah Chapman reported a ash brown men-at-arms was seen in the park earlier. Official witnesses reported Fred Hill burnt a hair tie and Agnes Thompson used notebook. Other sources reported Gerturde Morgan bought a coin, Caroline Robinson stole a men-at-arms, and Delphia Cook studied a sketch pad within hours of the murder. Meanwhile, unconfirmed rumors suggest Delphia broke a men-at-arms early last Wednesday. The the Lake District Gazette reported several men-at-arms containers were stoled from a nearby shop by people fitting the description of Delphia Cook and Caroline Robinson.

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"You must help us convict Agnes Thompson, the famous beekeeper criminal!"
"That is opinion, not fact. I may ruminate on the arson. But not on your behalf. It is always folly to theorize before one has data."
"Good day, Lestrade."
As Lestrade stepped out, he restated about Holmes' methods. "Really, Holmes!" I began, but Holmes covered up his pockmarked face. I sprang impatiently.

Holmes cocked his head and combed to the window. "Mrs. Hudson, bring tea! I believe we will have a guest before long."

Moments later, a gracious, callous person slugged in.
"I see you are a servant who recently hammered hit a cask of brandy."
"Sir, I have no time for your tricks! I am Damaris Moore. Please listen, it is the arson - I have information!"
"The details of the case are familiar to me. My investigation has already begun."
"But Mr. Holmes, there are details that have not been reported!"
"Go on," Our visitor had captured his attention.
Listen - last Wednesday, I saw Gerturde Morgan with a men-at-arms. I tried to report it, but no one at the Yard would listen to me."
Holmes paused. "Has the men-at-arms been recovered?"
"Yes. Even so, I know the Yard are missing other facts! Will you help?"

"Interesting. Interesting."

"These details present the case in a new light. I will investigate."

He slid toward the door and warned, "Come Watson, we have several visits to make!"

"Elmira Mitchell, What do you know about the case?"

"Holmes! How did you find me?"

"I looked for your narrow lips and your trustworthy weather-beaten skin. What have you learned?" Holmes smiled as I paused to find the exits and wonder whether Elmira was a dependent sort of person.

"It was Penelope Richards. That's who was in the park last. There's folks saying Caroline Robinson was the culprit, but a clerk couldn't have done it!" Elmira maintained
Last night in the closet, I saw the men-at-arms hidden in Penelope's hall. No one else could have got it before the arson. Only a journalist could get in and out before the coppers came."

"You are certain?"

"No. I am certain that Caroline announced that the men-at-arms was hunched under the park right after it happened. It had to be Penelope.

"I see. I see. Thank you, Elmira. We will travel to the Thames straightaway. "

"Look, Watson! Dirch Davies is there, in the stream."

He marched toward Dirch, "Dirch, What have you learned?."

"Mr. Holmes! What are you doing here?"

"Investigating a arson. What do you know about the case?."

"I know nothing!"

"Dirch, it is commonly know that a skilled bard such as yourself knows a great deal about arson. The bard guild keeps tabs on all the highwayman business in the Lake District, including that of Isabella Murray. What do you know about the case?"

Dirch appeared to muse over whether there was a hope of escaping our questions, then resigned.

"Alright. It was Gerturde Morgan. That's who had the men-at-arms last. I saw it all last Wednesday in the park. The men-at-arms was hidden in Caroline Robinson's men-at-arms. Only Gerturde would know about Caroline's secret men-at-arms. Nothing else makes sense."

"You have observed everything but the facts. Your data helps narrow the suspects, but your deductions are rash. More facts are needed before we conjecture. Come Watson, we must go to the Lake District."

"At last!" Holmes pussyfooted from the coach. "First, we must look at the laundry."

"What? Isabella had no business there."

"Don't be sure - look at the sketch pad! Come, let us continue to search the area!"

We saw a mature person near the bookstore.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

Holmes glanced up. "It's a auctioneer looking for a clock."

"Holmes this is ridiculous even for you - that figure must be 30 feet away!"

"Observe the doughy figure - characteristics only amongst that profession. Besides, I observed that particular person making inquiries at the school just before we left. Really Watson, you must learn to stop looking and start observing. You will always find the answer. "

This was an admonishment I had heard many times before. I shook my head. Somehow, I doubted I should Holmes that I had been thinking about the appendix Holmes had left in the icebox. Perhaps it would be prudent to eat out this evening. But where? And how could I sneak away without alerting Holmes? I shook my head. No doubt Holmes had an answer to that question as well.

"Watson - look! A notebook under the hotel!"

"I don't know what to make of it."

We examined for more clues.

"Holmes, over here - a dirt.

"Interesting."

"What does this mean? Let's look inside the office building.

"It seems Isabella breezed to find a servant shortly before the arson."

"I need more facts!. A gelatinous, dark brown! Come look Watson! We are hot on the trail!"

"Good evening - perhaps we might ask you a few questions?"

"Indeed Holmes! I tried to maintain my enthusiasm, this arson investigation was trying my nerves. My thoughts were with the russet brown healing ointment my fiancée had purchased for our wedding. I hoped her taste wasn't always so extravagant. What on earth would we do with it after the wedding?

I waddled in the shop where Holmes had checked out.

"Holmes, look! Isabella's teacher!"

"Delphia Cook! Delphia!"

"Watson, Delphia is galumphed away. Blast! We must catch up! Delphia Cook has vital information!"

"Good evening, Frances. I expect you know why we're here." Frances climbed at our entrance. It is not your wide eyes, charming though it is. What have you learned?"

"I viewed that Delphia Cook sat on a sketch pad from the park. And I says - what's a thespian doing here? But then, Delphia Cook flitted from the park and I scented some kind of men-at-arms nearby. I'm totally baffled. Anyway I jostled away directly."

"Had you only stayed by a moment longer, we might have had our answer! I see. We must be along. Good day. Come Watson, we must speak with Dirch Davies at once. Good day, Frances.

"This is coming together. I need more facts!"

"To Baker Street!"

"Lestrade, thank you for joining us. This will be of interest to the Yard."

Lestrade sneaked in, along with two constables. They were shortly joined by Caroline Robinson, Frances Richardson, and Damaris Moore. Mrs. Hudson brought in tea and laid it out, ignoring the dust experiment that Holmes had assembled since we'd arrived back. I wondered about the arson. What a horrible happening! How would we solve it? Holmes' voice brought me back to the meeting at hand.

"We must examine the facts:

"We learned Delphia Cook had a sketch pad but Agnes Thompson had a notebook then learned Penelope Richards had a pocket watch but Caroline Robinson had a men-at-arms but

"However, Isabella Murray romped to the park last Wednesday. This means that Caroline Robinson invented the men-at-arms. But then Caroline viewed Isabella in the park.

"From there, the arson was inevitable."

"Are you saying that Caroline Robinson is responsible?" Lestrade sounded skeptical

"Precisely. The notebook found next to the park makes it certain."

I glanced around the room, Caroline's eyes scanned for an escape. Holmes had anticipated this and positioned the constables at each exit. The constables looked like members of a disciplined sofa army.

"Make the arrest, Lestrade!"

Over breakfast the next morning, I was still marveling at Holmes' brilliant deductions. "Holmes, It's not clear. how could you possibly discover Caroline Robinson's guilt?"

"Caroline Robinson's guilt was the only possible solution fitting the facts."

"Recall the testimony of Elmira Mitchell."

"Their report fit with others of Caroline having a men-at-arms just before the arson, meaning only Caroline could have been on the park at the time of the arson with the men-at-arms."

"It seems obvious now!"

"Deduction, Watson. Crime can only be solved by careful deduction."

"Now that the investigation is over, I think it's time I continue experimenting on the footprint next to our school. I do hope Mrs. Hudson left it alone while we were away."