

I had called upon my friend Sherlock Holmes upon the second morning of the trial, and he had told me that he was not at all surprised at my having been arrested. He had been in the same room with me, he said, when I had first been brought to the police-station, but had not seen me. I was, however, very much surprised to find that I could not see him.

I was in a state of great excitement, for I knew that the case was very serious, as I have already said. The police had arrested me on the very day that my brother was to be tried. They had taken me to a police station, where I remained for some time. My brother had gone to see his lawyer, who was at the time in London. When he returned, I told him that it was necessary to go to London, that there was a great deal of excitement about the matter, so that we should be able to get some information. We went to my lawyer's, which was the only place in which I saw him, at which he told us that his brother would be brought before the court. It was then that Sherlock told my friends that they had to come to me immediately. As soon as they were in my room, they told the officers that their brother, whom they knew to have been a very clever man, had committed the crime. Then they took me into the room where they kept the prisoners, in order to give me a good view of them. There was no one else in that room. Sherlock was sitting on a chair, with his back to us, while the other prisoners were standing around him in an orderly manner. At first I thought that this was an ordinary interrogation, because I did not know what was going on. But when they asked me questions, it became evident that something was wrong. In the first place, the questions were very strange. One of my companions, a man of about forty, asked a question which seemed to him to require a reply. After a few minutes, my companion said that, if I would only tell him the answer, then he would understand what he wanted to know. This was all very well, of course, until I heard the reply which the man had expected. "I am not going to tell you the answers," said the prisoner, "but I will tell the truth."

...

The prisoner was brought into my cell, after which my two friends were brought in. All the others were taken to another room in another part of our prison. On

the third morning, we were all brought together in one room and told that our brother's trial was about to begin. Our friends, too, were told this, although they did nothing to help us. For some reason, our friends did everything to make the arrest as easy as possible. Their first act was simply to ask the officer to let them out of their cells. Next, one of us was taken into a room which had a window, to which we could look out. From this window we saw the whole of London and the surrounding country. A few moments later, another of ours was led into another cell. Finally, all of a sudden, two of these prisoners came out, each carrying a bundle of papers. These papers were the papers of one John Smith, whose name was on them, together with the name of his wife. John was arrested on suspicion of having committed a crime, namely, having stolen a watch. His wife was also arrested, on account of her having given him a false name. She was charged with having taken a purse from him and had given it to her husband. Both of John's wives were arrested for having conspired with him against the law. Each of those arrested was given a fine of 100.00. That was enough to pay for the expenses of this trial. However, John had already been sentenced to death, by a jury of twelve men, consisting of three women and three men. If he were to die in prison, his family would have to support him for life. Therefore, this fine was sufficient to cover the costs of bringing him before this court, even though he might be executed. Thus, there were two men who had the misfortune to witness the execution of an innocent man. And, what is more, these two were not even aware that John, their own brother-in-law, was innocent. What a pity! In the meantime, Sherlock had come in and said to one or two other of me and my fellow-prisoners, 'I have just come from the station. You must come with us to-morrow morning.'

'I will,' I replied. 'But I am afraid that you will not be allowed to leave the prison.' 'You will be permitted to do so, sir,' said one. Another said: 'We will go with you to your cell.'

In the meantime, Sherlock had come in and said to one or two other of me and my fellow-prisoners, 'I have just come from the station. You must come with us to-morrow morning.'

'I will,' I replied. 'But I am afraid that you will not be allowed to leave the prison.' 'You will be permitted to do so, sir,' said one. Another said: 'We will go with you to your cell.' I said, in a low voice, that I would not go.

I was not allowed out of the cell until the morning. I was told that the other prisoners would be sent to the hospital. The doctor was a very old man, and had been in the service of my father for many years. He was very kind to me, but he was also very strict. When I had finished my breakfast, he said that he would have to take me to my cell. So I went to bed. At the same time, I heard a noise in my room. It was the doctor, coming in. As soon as he saw me he asked me if I wanted anything. Then he took me into the room, where he told me that my sentence had just been carried out. After that, the doctors and the warders came in, one after another, to see me. They were all very polite, very courteous. But I could not help feeling that they were very angry with me for having been so rude to them. And I felt that it was my fault that so many of them had to go to hospital, because I did not want to be taken to a hospital where I might be treated in such a way. I felt very sorry for them, for they had had so much trouble. One of these doctors, who was called Dr. Watson, was one of those who had treated me in hospital; and he had told them that if they did anything to hurt me they would go straight to prison. This was all that was said. Dr Watson was so kind and courted me so well that when I saw him again I thought that we had become friends. We had a good laugh together, as I remember. In the afternoon, when the others had gone, Dr Watson came to tell me what had happened. There was no doubt that this was what he wanted to say. His words were so gentle and so sweet that even the prisoners were moved. My father was in prison, too, so he could hear everything that had taken place. All the time he kept saying to himself, "I am sorry, my dear Watson.

Please forgive me." He said this to make me feel that his heart was with him. That was his way of making me forget that there was anything wrong with my case.

When I got home, it seemed to have been a long time since I'd seen my mother. She was still in her room in our house, with her bedspread spread out on the floor. Her face was pale and her eyes were sunken. On the bed was an old-fashioned bedside clock, which was ticking away. A little girl was sitting on her mother's lap, looking at the clock. "It's been three days," she said in an anxious voice.

"It is," said my wife. The little child was about my age, about five or six years old. For some reason, she was always looking up at me with a look of wonder. Sometimes she would look at my face, sometimes at her own face. If she looked at either of us, her face would become very pale. Once, while I sat in front of her, on a chair, we were both looking into each other's eyes. Suddenly, a little voice came from her mouth. "'I'm sorry,' she repeated. " 'It has been too long,' my husband said quietly.

"What is it?" I asked. "'It was too much,' the little one said again. "But it's not too late," my son said softly. "No, no, dear," I whispered.