

ALMANAC EXCERPTS

SELECTED WORKS FROM RECENT EDITIONS OF THE
BAKER STREET ALMANAC

BAKER STREET ALMANAC

AN ANNUAL CAPSULE
OF A
TIMELESS PAST AND FUTURE

2022

IN THE FORM OF A FORMIDABLE SCRAP-BOOK OF 2021,
INCLUDING TREASURES CREATED OR UNCOVERED THEN,
WITH A FEW OTHER ODDS AND ENDS TOSSED IN,
AND A GLANCE AHEAD AT 2021

EDITED BY

ROSS E. DAVIES, JAYANTIKA GANGULY,
IRA BRAD MATETSKY, AND MONICA SCHMIDT

Journal of Law editors' note: Page references in the text of works published here are to pages in the ink-on-paper edition of the 2022 *Baker Street Almanac*. Page references in the table of contents and footers here, however, are to pages in this version. The entire *Almanac* is available at www.greenbag.org.

Almanac Excerpts operates on the same terms as the *Journal of Law*. Questions? Please visit the *Green Bag's* almanac page via www.greenbag.org or write to editors@greenbag.org. Copyright © 2025 by The Green Bag, Inc., except where otherwise indicated and for U.S. governmental works. ISSN 2157-9067 (print) and 2157-9075 (online).

BAKER STREET ALMANAC

AN ANNUAL CAPSULE OF A TIMELESS PAST AND FUTURE

Jayantika Ganguly
*Editor of Scionical and
Societal Reports (Global)*

Ira Brad Matetsky
*Editor of Canonical
Annotations*

Monica Schmidt
*Editor of Scionical and
Societal Reports (U.S.A.)*

Contributing Editors

Harrison “Terry” Hunt, Mike McSwiggin, Sue and Ben Vizoskie

Ross E. Davies
*Editor of Everything Else,
for Now*

Copyright and copying: This work is copyright 2022 by The Green Bag, Inc., except where otherwise indicated and for U.S. government works. If a copyright notice appears in an author note, get permission to copy from the holder. All other copying requires advance written permission from us.

Correspondence: If you have a question or comment about the *Baker Street Almanac*, please do let us know by mail to The Green Bag, Inc., 6600 Barnaby Street NW, Washington, DC 20015 or email to editors@greenbag.org.

Buying: If you would like to buy the print edition of this work, please go to www.greenbag.org and click on the “Almanacs” button. From there the path to the order form should be pretty clear. When you buy a *Baker Street Almanac* that is all you are buying — one copy of the volume you’ve paid for. Everything else we make (*e.g.*, *Green Bags*, books, cards, maps, toys), including any extras that might or might not sometimes accompany an almanac, is a gift or something that must be purchased separately.

Editions: There are two versions of the 2022 *Baker Street Almanac*: the limited *Sense of Humour Edition* (it features an ink-on-paper format, and some copies include a few accessories), and the unlimited *Staunch Witnesses Edition* (it features an electrons-on-internet format, and is free).

Library of Congress Control Number: 2021938049

ISSN 2832-8035 (Online) / ISSN 2769-7002 (Print)

CONTENTS

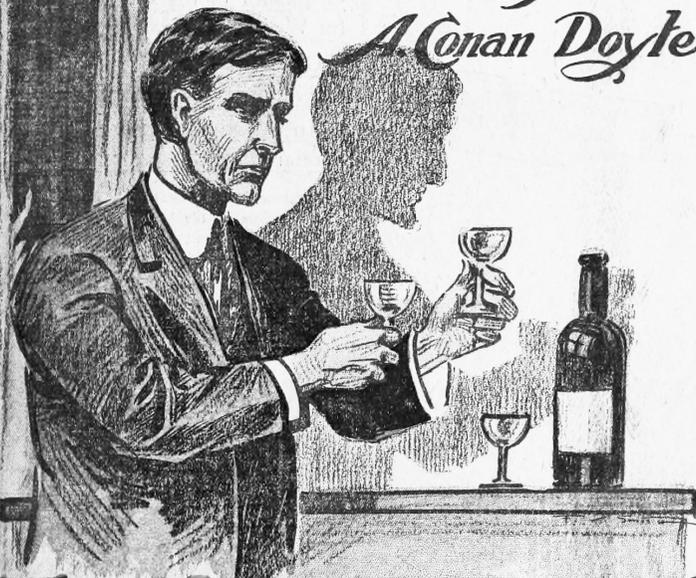
Aloha, Sherlock <i>by Ross E. Davies</i>	91
Sherlock Holmes and Law 2021 <i>by Ira Brad Matetsky</i>	95
The Adventure of the Abbey Grange: A New Annotated Edition <i>by Arthur Conan Doyle, with an introduction by Leslie S. Klinger and annotations by Peter E. Blau, Shana Carter, Greg Darak, Ross E. Davies, Steven Doyle, Harrison Hunt, Robert Katz, Michael Kean, Leslie S. Klinger, Nick Martorelli, Steve Mason, Ira Brad Matetsky, Michael McSwiggin, Scott Monty, Rob Nunn, Monica Schmidt, Will Walsh, Burt Wolder, Beverly Wolov, and Christopher Zordan</i>	99

The Boston Sunday Post

MASTERPIECES OF
SHERLOCK HOLMES

BY

A. Conan Doyle



THE MYSTERY OF
THE ABBEY GRANGE.

Also available — freshly annotated, and under a more conventional title
("Adventure" instead of "Mystery") — starting on page 327 below!

ALOHA, SHERLOCK

Ross E. Davies*

This is our fifth *Baker Street Almanac*. For an explanation of why the *Green Bag* launched this ship and why we are so optimistic about its course, please read “Laws of Demand and Supply” in the 2019 edition. It is available on our website (www.greenbag.org).

FRESH DEVELOPMENTS

The first full calendar year of COVID-19 was not an easy one for anyone. But devotees of Sherlock Holmes and John Watson managed to find, or create, quite a few pleasant moments. Consider, for example, the Shaka Sherlockians of Hawaii. They were founded in late 2020, in the midst of the pandemic, by their current Gasogene, Dr. Joseph T. Page Jr. With their creative and kindly outreach (see, for example, the lovely membership certificate below), and their excellent Zoom meetings,¹ they brought Sherlockians around the world to one of the loveliest places on the planet — quite an uplift! And they renewed the Sherlockian community in Hawaii.



* Ross Davies is a *Green Bag* editor.

¹ Available for viewing here: www.shakasherlockian.com/meetingscalendar.html.



Or consider the case of Peggy Perdue. Making lemonade from lemons is cheap and easy; making Holmes from home confinement is pandemically priceless. After she agreed to permit us to publish this fine Sherlockian portrait — which she drew in February 2021 while recovering from a bad fall on an icy Toronto sidewalk — Peggy also gave us this caption: “The game is a *foot*. Art in the blood meets physiotherapy when a Sherlockian works on regaining ankle flexibility after a broken leg.”

Or consider the magnificent *Sherlock Holmes on Screens* newspaper that was launched in the summer of 2021 (and promptly read around the world — see next page) by Sherlock Holmes on Screens, the ambitious cinematic project of Howard Ostrom and Thierry Saint-Joanis.²

² www.sherlock-holmes-on-screens.com/newspaper.



Or consider many other good things too numerous and various to catalog here, because the year saw so much that the Sherlockian community can and should be proud of and grateful for. In that sense, 2021 was, despite its extraordinary defects, a year like any other year. Thank goodness.

WHISPERS OF “NORBURY”

Which is not to say that everything came up roses for the *Baker Street Almanac* in 2021. That year’s edition was, alas, imperfect. As faithful reader Richard Sveum tactfully wrote to us, “Hate to whisper ‘Norbury’ but in the table of contents you have page 135 preceding page 134.” Dick was correct. We had the correct page numbers attached to the correct works both in the contents and within the book (Ron Fish’s was on page 134, Peter Blau’s began on page 135), but we listed them in the wrong order in the contents (Blau before Fish). We thank Dick for his gentle and properly canonically expressed correction, and apologize to any disoriented readers.

And then we noticed that in the last line of footnote 94 on page 330, we had too many commas and too few spaces. Oy.

If you catch an error — large or small — please do let us know (email editors@greenbag.org).



ONE OR TWO LITTLE FANCIES

A *Baker Street Almanac* often travels (or at least exits our mailroom) in the company of other Sherlockian items. The 2018 edition, for example, was wrapped in a “How Watson Learned the Trick” dust jacket, and last year’s contained “Priory School” cricket caps. This edition is (or was) accompanied by an “Abbey Grange” two-sided jigsaw puzzle. (Loyalists who placed orders early already have a colorful clue, one side of which is reproduced above in black and white.) This item was inspired by the caption on a portrayal of Sherlock that appears in the puzzle, not by any puzzle he solves in the story.

THANKS

As ever, we thank the librarians (especially librarian-artist extraordinaire, Peggy Perdue), and Ira Brad Matetsky (whose sharp glance is always the last cast upon the *Baker Street Almanac*³). Thanks also to Riley Davies, for his reading of *Sherlock Holmes on Screens*. And thank you, reader, for reading. Please do write if you think of something we ought to start or stop doing.

Ross E. Davies
July 7, 2022

³ Cf. *Davies v. Mann*, 152 Eng. Rep. 588 (1882).

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND LAW 2021

*Ira Brad Matetsky**

January 21, 2021: Judge Gregory F. Van Tatenhove must quantify the attorneys' fees payable to the plaintiff's lawyer in a case under the Individuals with Disabilities Education Act. The school district asks the court to reduce the fee award because some of the plaintiff's claims proved unsuccessful. The court is reluctant to do so. "So long as an attorney is pursuing good-faith arguments on behalf of her client, it is not practical to use the critical gaze of hindsight as a yardstick for attorneys' fees. As Arthur Conan Doyle once said, it is easy to be wise after the event."¹

February 9, 2021: A federal appeals court addresses a challenge to an agency's refusal to disclose whether certain records exist, based on the agency's concern that providing even that much information might reveal details that the agency is permitted to withhold. In his opinion for the court, Judge A. Raymond Randolph agrees that "[t]he absence of particular evidence may sometimes provide clues as important as the presence of such evidence. In literature, a common way of expressing this truth, although not always accurately, is to refer to the dog that did not bark."² In a footnote, the court states that "[t]he idiom is derived from Arthur Conan Doyle's *Silver Blaze*" and recites the familiar quotation from that story.³

February 18, 2021: The question before the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit is whether plaintiffs have stated valid claims based on allegations that their GM cars have defective dashboards. Judge John Nalbandian, writing for the court, concludes that they have not. He observes that "[m]uch like Sir Conan Doyle's [*sic*] case of the dog that did not bark, this dispute centers on what we can infer from shrapnel that did not spray."⁴

February 22, 2021: The U.S. Supreme Court hears argument in an original-jurisdiction case in which Florida accuses Georgia of damaging Florida's ecosystem, including the state's oyster beds, by appropriating too much water from interstate rivers. During the argument, Justice Clarence Thomas remarks that "Florida's brief, if I were to entitle it, it would be something along the

* Ira Brad Matetsky is a lawyer and is "The Final Problem" in the Baker Street Irregulars.

¹ *L.M. v. Henry County Board of Education*, No. 3:18-cv-00037, 2021 U.S. Dist. LEXIS 12215, at *19-20 (E.D. Ky. Jan. 22, 2021) (quoting "The Problem of Thor Bridge").

² *Leopold v. Central Intelligence Agency*, 987 F.3d 163, 167 (D.C. Cir. 2021).

³ *Id.* at n.3.

⁴ *Smith v. General Motors LLC*, 988 F.3d 873, 875 (4th Cir. 2021).

lines of “The Case of the Disappearing Water.”⁵ Although Sherlock Holmes is not mentioned by name, at least one reporter takes this as a reference to the writings of Arthur Conan Doyle.⁶ The argument contains additional cultural references: Chief Justice John Roberts analogizes a multiple-causation scenario in the case to Agatha Christie’s *Murder on the Orient Express*,⁷ while Florida’s counsel, Gregory Garre, says that increased salinity in the water system “caused this invasion of predators that our witnesses described was like a science fiction movie.”⁸ A few months later, Justice Amy Coney Barrett cites none of these allusions in her opinion for a unanimous Court dismissing Florida’s claims.⁹

February 22, 2021: In an unpleasant criminal case, the court discusses online conversations that took place between the defendant and a police officer pretending to be a minor. “As the conversations began, [defendant] Stoune identified himself as Mycroft James Holmes. But Emily questioned whether this was Stoune’s real name, indicating that a simple Internet search revealed that Mycroft Holmes is a fictional character — the elder brother of detective Sherlock Holmes. Through some crafty detective work of his own, Sergeant Gadzick was able to uncover Stoune’s true identity, which was not disputed at trial.”¹⁰

March 15, 2021: The High Court of Karnataka, India addresses a trademark dispute involving a claim of confusing similarity. Justice P. Krishna Bhat explains that in reviewing such an issue, the court should assess whether a likelihood of confusion would exist in “the mind of the quintessential common man,” who “is neither possessed with the wisdom of Solomon nor the trained eyes of Sherlock Holmes.”¹¹

April 23, 2021: A bankruptcy court must determine whether the transferee of an allegedly fraudulent transfer was on notice of the fraud. Prior court decisions have questioned the standard that should govern this inquiry,

⁵ Transcript of oral argument at 41, *Florida v. Georgia*, No. 142, Orig. (argued Feb. 22, 2021).

⁶ Mark Sherman, *Second High Court Hearing for Florida-Georgia Water War* (Feb. 22, 2021), available at apnews.com/article/georgia-agatha-christie-florida-gulf-of-mexico-arthur-conan-doyle-8d8bd965cbbc3542fc526ee2d1b6a284. The author thanks Peter E. Blau for bringing this article as well as two of the entries below to his attention.

⁷ Transcript, note 5 above, at 5.

⁸ *Id.* at 17.

⁹ *Florida v. Georgia*, 141 S. Ct. 2697 (2021).

¹⁰ *United States v. Stoune*, No. 3:18-cv-204, 2021 U.S. Dist. LEXIS 32197, at *3 (M.D. Fla. Feb. 22, 2021) (quoting *United States v. Stoune*, 694 F. App’x 688, 689-90 (11th Cir. 2017)), *cert. of appealability denied*, No. 21-10796-E, 2021 U.S. App. LEXIS 16908 (11th Cir. June 7, 2021).

¹¹ *Kumar v. Kandelwal*, Misc. First Appeal, Case No. 790/2021, ¶ 12 (Karnataka HC Mar. 15, 2021).

expressing concern over “the requirement that a transferee be held to an unrealistic inquiry and imputed knowledge standard, and the requirement that the transferee determine a matter that may involve a legal conclusion.” Bankruptcy Judge William J. Lafferty III agrees that “we should avoid a rule that, in order to avoid liability for what are eventually determined to be fraudulent transfers, transferees must be a combination of Sherlock Holmes and Professor Kingsfield.”¹²

July 6, 2021: A panel of the Supreme Court of India orally rejects a criminal appeal against a murder conviction. Justice R.F. Nariman criticizes one of arguing counsel’s contentions, asserting that “it’s like Sherlock Holmes telling Dr. Watson, ‘you see but you do not observe.’”¹³

September 20, 2021: Judge Joseph Anderson Jr. of the U.S. District Court for the District of South Carolina denies a federal prisoner’s motion seeking a reduction of his sentence under the First Step Act. The court holds that the defendant’s serious criminal conduct (including a murder) and prison disciplinary record warrant denial of the motion. The court discounts the 32 classes that defendant took while in prison, stating that “[w]hile this is an impressive number, closer examination reveals that some of the courses for which the defendant has received credit required little effort and were of minimal rehabilitative value.” It is unclear whether this criticism applies to defendant’s class on “Classic Lit — Sherlock Holmes.”¹⁴

October 21, 2021: The Ohio Supreme Court splits 4-3 in resolving a criminal appeal involving an *ex post facto* issue. In her dissenting opinion, Justice Melody Stewart emphasizes her disagreement with the majority by opining that “[w]e do not need Sherlock Holmes to crack this case.”¹⁵

November 2, 2021: At a keynote address to the tenth anniversary dinner of the *Kings Inn Law Review*, Justice Gerard Hogan of the Supreme Court of Ireland “touche[s] on a broad range of topics ... ranging from the superannuation benefits of an Austrian academic to Sherlock Holmes.”¹⁶

¹² *Kasolas v. Nicolson* (*In re* Fox Ortega Enters.), 631 B.R. 425, 462 (Bankr. N.D. Cal. Apr. 23, 2021).

¹³ Quoted in Press Trust of India, *SC Upholds Conviction in Murder Case, Quotes Sherlock Holmes*, available at opoyi.com/sc-upholds-conviction-in-murder-case-quotes-sherlock-holmes. The Sherlockian quotation, whose relevance to the issue being argued is not entirely clear from the published report, is from “A Scandal in Bohemia.”

¹⁴ *United States v. Priester*, No. CR 3:07-1014, 2021 U.S. Dist. LEXIS 178638, at *11 (D.S.D. Sept. 20, 2021).

¹⁵ *State v. Hubbard*, 2021-Ohio-3170, ¶ 70, 2021 Ohio LEXIS 2091, *56 (Oct. 21, 2021) (Stewart, J., dissenting).

¹⁶ Editor-in-Chief Report on Mr. Justice Hogan’s Address, www.kingsinns.ie/news-events/item/

December 21, 2021: In an article published in the *Journal of Law and Medical Ethics*, Dr. Lakshmi Krishnan reports on the late-nineteenth-century case of Cornelius Herz, who successfully asserted that he was too ill to be extradited from England to face criminal charges in France, despite the French authorities' contention that he was faking his illness.¹⁷ In discussing how malingering cases were handled during this era, Krishnan extensively discusses Sherlock Holmes' behavior in "The Adventure of the Dying Detective." Krishnan observes that "[p]ublished twenty years after 'The Final Problem,' where the Baker Street sleuth fakes his own death, 'The Dying Detective' bares the ligaments between clinical diagnosis, criminal detection, and malingering." She concludes that this story "is an unusual Sherlock Holmes adventure. ... It is one of the few where the solution turns on a medical diagnosis, even though diagnostic epistemologies are backed into Holmes' methods via Conan Doyle's medical training and homage to his professors (i.e. Joseph Bell). At the same time, it represents a malingering apotheosis.... 'The Dying Detective' seems almost inevitable when considering the epidemic of feigning in the rest of the Holmes canon."¹⁸

December 31, 2021: At the end of 2021, four stories from *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes* complete their 95-year copyright terms and enter the public domain in the United States. The four are "The Adventure of the Three Gables," "The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier," "The Adventure of the Lion's Man," and "The Adventure of the Retired Colourman," all of which were first published in the U.S. in the fall of 1926 in *Liberty* magazine. Also first published in 1926, and therefore also entering the U.S. public domain at year-end 2021, is Conan Doyle's third Professor Challenger novel, *The Land of Mist*. Two canonical stories — "The Adventure of the Veiled Lodger" and "The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place" — were first published in 1927 and remain under U.S. copyright protection for one more year, until December 31, 2022.

2021/11/volume-x/.

¹⁷ Lakshmi Krishnan, *Person Under Investigation: Detecting Malingering and a Diagnostics of Suspicion in Fin-de-Siècle Britain*, 49 J. L. Med. & Ethics 343 (Fall 2021), available at www.cambridge.org/core/services/aop-cambridge-core/content/view/65D3A1E1D3AD344B6E26CDD8C8678548/S107311052100053Xa.pdf/person-under-investigation-detecting-malingering-and-a-diagnostics-of-suspicion-in-fin-de-siecle-britain.pdf.

¹⁸ *Id.* at 345-46 (footnotes omitted).

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ABBEY GRANGE

by A. Conan Doyle

A NEW ANNOTATED EDITION



The cover of The Sunday [San Francisco] Call Magazine, May 21, 1905.

By Reginald Russom

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ABBEY GRANGE

A NEW ANNOTATED EDITION

*Arthur Conan Doyle,¹ with notes by Peter E. Blau,² Shana Carter,³ Greg Darak,⁴
Ross E. Davies,⁵ Steven Doyle,⁶ Harrison Hunt,⁷ Robert Katz,⁸ Michael Kean,⁹
Leslie S. Klinger,¹⁰ Nick Martorelli,¹¹ Steve Mason,¹² Ira Brad Matetsky,¹³
Michael McSwiggin,¹⁴ Scott Monty,¹⁵ Rob Nunn,¹⁶ Monica Schmidt,¹⁷ Will Walsh,¹⁸
Burt Wolder,¹⁹ Beverly Wolov,²⁰ and Christopher Zordan²¹*

¹ Sir Arthur Ignatius Conan Doyle wrote “The Adventure of the Abbey Grange,” fifty-nine other Sherlock Holmes stories, and many other things.

² Peter E. Blau served in the U.S. Navy, is a geologist and journalist, and is the subject of *Peter E. Blau: A Festschrift*, published by BSI Press.

³ Shana Carter, ASH is also a member of the Crew of the Barque Lone Star, Five Miles from Anywhere, the Shaka Sherlockians, and the Legion of Zoom, and is an international civil servant.

⁴ Greg Darak co-runs The Men on the Tor and is also a member (in chronological order) of The Three Garridebs, the BSI, The Speckled Band, The Cornish Horrors, and ASH.

⁵ Ross E. Davies is an editor of *The Baker Street Almanac*.

⁶ Steven Doyle is the publisher of *The Baker Street Journal* and the co-publisher of Wessex Press. He leads the Illustrious Clients of Indianapolis, 140 Varieties of Tobacco Ash, and SPODE.

⁷ Harrison Hunt has particular interests in Christopher Morley, the history of the BSI, and the medical and surgical practices of Dr. Watson’s day.

⁸ Robert S. Katz, a retired physician, serves as “Cartwright” of the BSI and Co-Publisher of BSI Press.

⁹ Michael Kean, a retired publishing executive, is Wiggins of The Baker Street Irregulars.

¹⁰ Leslie S. Klinger edited and annotated *The New Annotated Sherlock Holmes* and *The Sherlock Holmes Reference Library*. He chairs the BSI Distinguished Speaker Lecture.

¹¹ Nick Martorelli is the Headmaster of the Priory Scholars of New York City, works in book publishing, and owns too many Superman t-shirts.

¹² Steve Mason is the head of the Crew of the Barque *Lone Star*, Chair of the Communications Committee for the Beacon Society; and a co-creator of the *Baker Street Elementary* comic strip.

¹³ Ira Brad Matetsky is “The Final Problem” (BSI), “The Lawyer Whose Name Was Given in the Paper” (ASH), and the Canonical Annotations Editor of this *Almanac*.

¹⁴ Michael McSwiggin, BSI is a practicing pharmacist in Cincinnati.

¹⁵ Scott Monty co-hosts the “I Hear of Sherlock Everywhere” and “Trifles” podcasts, coordinates “The Stranger’s Room,” and is a strategy, communications, and leadership advisor.

¹⁶ Rob Nunn is a fifth-grade teacher in Edwardsville, Illinois and the Program Chair for The Beacon Society. He is newly invested in the BSI under the fitting investiture of “Elementary.”

¹⁷ Monica Schmidt is president of The Younger Stamfords and a licensed mental health counselor.

¹⁸ William Walsh works in Manhattan as an environmental attorney, is an officer of The Three Garridebs, and co-edited the BSI’s professional series book, *Canon Law*.

¹⁹ Burt Wolder co-hosts the “I hear of Sherlock Everywhere” and “Trifles” podcasts. He is a marketing and communications consultant.

²⁰ Beverly Wolov has an M.A. in the History of Decorative Arts from the Smithsonian/Corcoran College of Art and Design, with a background in fashion history.

²¹ Christopher Zordan is a chemist working in pharmaceuticals and an officer of the Priory Scholars of New York.

INTRODUCTION

Leslie S. Klinger, BSI ("The Abbey Grange")

I've been intrigued by "The Abbey Grange" for a long time. My first article for the *Baker Street Journal*, appearing in 1994,²² considered Holmes's deductions about the glasses of port and the sediment evident there. I argued then that Holmes reached the right conclusions but for the demonstrably wrong reasons.

I wonder if the same can't be said about Holmes's magisterial "trial" of Captain Jack Croker, at the conclusion of which his anointed "British jury," John H. Watson, acquitted Croker of the murder of Sir Eustace Brackenstall. I am persuaded that Holmes was right — Croker was no murderer — but for the wrong reasons. Rather, I have reluctantly come to believe that Lady Mary Brackenstall herself was the murderess, her weapon the simpleton sailor whose heart she enflamed with her lurid (but probably specious) tale of domestic abuse. Sir Eustace may well have been a lout, but it was Lady Mary who benefited from his demise, as she transformed from eager Australian adventuress to wealthy widow. I fear that Captain Croker's hope for love in that quarter would soon have been quashed, as the grieving beauty moved on to even greener pastures. Holmes was certainly no judge of women, and Watson too easily dazzled, but we can readily imagine that Holmes might well be called in to investigate another bereavement of Lady Brackenstall in the not-too-distant future.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ABBEY GRANGE

By A. Conan Doyle

It was on a bitterly cold night and frosty morning, towards the end of the winter of '97,²³ that I was awakened by a tugging at my shoulder. It was Holmes. The candle in his hand shone upon his eager, stooping face, and told me at a glance that something was amiss.²⁴

These authors retain copyright in their work here: Blau, Carter, Hunt, Kean, Klinger, Mason, and Monty.

²² Leslie S. Klinger, "Some Canonical Observations on Wine," *Baker Street Journal*, 44, No. 2 (June 1994), 109-13.

²³ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 271, n. 1; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1158 n. 2; OSH: Return, p. 400.

²⁴ LESLIE S. KLINGER: The manuscript of "The Abbey Grange" is owned by the Bibliotheca Bodmeriana, Cologny/Geneva. Both the manuscript and the *Collier's Weekly* appearance have the opening line as: "It was a bitterly cold and frosty morning towards the end of '97," which would place the story in December 1897, as compared to "the end of the winter of '97," which most chronologists take to mean January 1897. Although generally the manuscript may be regarded as more likely to

“Come, Watson, come!” he cried. “The game is afoot.²⁵ Not a word! Into your clothes and come!”

Ten minutes later we were both in a cab, and rattling through the silent streets on our way to Charing Cross Station. The first faint winter’s dawn was beginning to appear, and we could dimly see the occasional figure of an early workman as he passed us, blurred and indistinct in the opalescent London reek. Holmes nestled in silence into his heavy coat, and I was glad to do the same, for the air was most bitter, and neither of us had broken our fast.

It was not until we had consumed some hot tea²⁶ at the station²⁷ and taken our places in the Kentish²⁸ train that we were sufficiently thawed, he to speak and I to listen. Holmes drew a note from his pocket, and read

accurately reflect Dr. Watson’s original notes, he was writing up this tale in 1904, nearly seven years later. Extrinsic evidence therefore may be considered in fixing the date. Watson’s earlier description of a “bitterly cold night and frosty morning” in London matches recorded temperatures in London for both January 1897 and December 1897, which both experienced days with temperatures as low as minus-20 degrees Celsius (below zero Fahrenheit). Outside London, according to various sources, England was experiencing blizzards in January 1897, especially in the area between Aberdeen and Kent. One might expect that if it were January 1897, Watson would have noted these severe weather conditions on arriving at Chislehurst Station. That his record says nothing of a major snowstorm, either before or during the pair’s visit to Kent, must lead to us to the conclusion that this was not January 1897 but rather December of that year.

²⁵ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 271, n. 2; LSK, 2 New Ann, p. 1158, n.3; OSH: Return, p. 400.

²⁶ MICHAEL KEAN: Tea is considered by many to be the quintessential English beverage. However, because of its high cost when it was first introduced in the early 1600s, only the wealthy could afford to enjoy it. By the Victorian era, tea was a commonly consumed beverage at breakfast, as well as later in the day. The term “tea,” however, refers to the light, late-afternoon repast, usually served between 4:00 and 5:00 pm, consisting of bread, butter, jam, or cakes and other sweets served along with the beverage. “High tea” is a more substantial, single-course meal, often including hot items.

Tea is mentioned on seventeen different occasions in the Canon, and is consumed by Holmes and Watson in seven different stories, at various times of the day. The pair are described as having breakfast at Baker Street twenty-five times, though tea is not explicitly mentioned very often at that meal. In fact, in “The Naval Treaty,” Mrs. Hudson provides both tea and *coffee* for Holmes, Watson, and Percy Phelps. Thus, when the detective and his biographer have tea, it is more typically in the late afternoon. The quick cup of hot tea consumed at the train station at the *beginning* of “The Adventure of the Abbey Grange” is a unique occurrence, as is the “cuppa” that Holmes and Watson share at the *conclusion* of “The Creeping Man.”

²⁷ BURT WOLDER: Holmes and Watson frequently took refreshment at railway stations. They have a hasty luncheon at the buffet at Waterloo upon their return to London after interviewing Percy Phelps in “The Naval Treaty.” Having eluded Professor Moriarty at the Canterbury terminus they consider lunching there, or later at the Newhaven station, in “The Final Problem.” Station buffets were important to British travelers, especially for those on local lines such as the one covering the forty-mile distance between London and Kent in “The Abbey Grange.” Dining cars of George Pullman’s design were introduced in England on November 1, 1879 by the Great Northern Railway Company on its trains between Leeds and London, a distance of some 200 miles, and were generally reserved for longer routes.

²⁸ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 271, n. 3; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1159, n. 4; OSH: Return, p. 400.

aloud:

Abbey Grange,²⁹ Marsham, Kent,³⁰ 3:30 A.M.

MY DEAR MR. HOLMES:

I should be very glad of your immediate assistance in what promises to be a most remarkable case. It is something quite in your line. Except for releasing the lady I will see that everything is kept exactly as I have found it, but I beg you not to lose an instant, as it is difficult to leave Sir Eustace there.

Yours,
STANLEY HOPKINS.³¹

“Hopkins has called me in seven times,³² and on each occasion his sum-

²⁹ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 271, n. 4; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1159, n. 5; OSH: Return, p. 400.

³⁰ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 272, n. 8. ROSS E. DAVIES: What did the Abbey Grange look like? A limited-edition *Baker Street Almanac* postcard portrays a promising possibility. The cards were mailed to folks who placed early orders for the *Almanac*.

³¹ HARRISON HUNT: Christopher Morley had an affinity for Stanley Hopkins. Playing on the knowledge that Sherlock Holmes liked this detective, and that Hopkins was much younger than The Master, Morley adopted the persona of “my good friend Chief Inspector (Retired) Stanley Hopkins” for a series of letters he claimed to have received and then shared with Edgar W. Smith. Beginning in the early 1940s, Morley used Hopkins’s missives from “The Bilboes,” his home in Yoxley, Kent, to discuss matters Sherlockian, which even included occasional visits to Holmes in Surrey. (A bilboes was an iron bar with shackles for a prisoner’s ankles: perhaps Hopkins felt his retirement villa was something of a money pit.) The first of these was published in 1942 in Smith’s *Letters from Baker Street*. Morley’s cover letter begins, “I hadn’t heard from old Stanley Hopkins for a long time,” and the piece ends with Hopkins’s signature, reproduced here through the courtesy of Christopher Morley’s literary executor, Joch Woodruff:

Stanley Hopkins, O. B. E.
Chief Inspector C. I. D. (Retired)

Correspondence from Stanley Hopkins was an early mainstay of Morley’s “Clinical Notes from a Resident Patient,” first in Edgar W. Smith’s 1944 book *Profiles by Gaslight* and subsequently in the initial issues of *The Baker Street Journal*. As reported in Steven Rothman’s indispensable *The Standard Doyle Company: Christopher Morley on Sherlock Holmes* (p. 250), Morley did not actually compose the columns; rather, Smith patched them together from Morley’s many letters to him. Messages from Hopkins appeared in the debut issue of the *BSJ* in January 1946 and continued regularly for two years, after which they were discontinued in favor of words from another of Morley’s personas, Jane Nightwork. Hopkins’s final letter appeared in the 1957 *BSJ Christmas Annual*.

The Morley family’s connection with Inspector Hopkins continued with Christopher Morley’s youngest child, Blythe Morley, who wrote three mysteries under the pen name Stanley Hopkins, Jr.: two books, *Murder by Inches* (1943) and *The Parchment Key* (1944), and a short story, “The Lady Holding a Green Apple” (1947).

³² LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1159, n. 6.

mons has been entirely justified,” said Holmes.³³ “I fancy that every one of his cases has found its way into your collection,³⁴ and I must admit, Watson, that you have some power of selection, which atones for much which I deplore in your narratives.³⁵ Your fatal habit of looking at everything from the point of view of a story instead of as a scientific exercise has ruined what might have been an instructive and even classical series of demonstrations. You slur over work of the utmost finesse and delicacy, in order to dwell upon sensational details which may excite, but cannot possibly instruct, the reader.”

“Why do you not write them yourself?” I said, with some bitterness.

“I will, my dear Watson, I will.³⁶ At present I am, as you know, fairly busy, but I propose to devote my declining years to the composition of a textbook, which shall focus the whole art of detection into one volume.³⁷

³³ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 271, n. 5; WBG, p. 2:491, n. 1.

³⁴ OSH: Return, p. 400.

³⁵ NICK MARTORELLI: But does he? Consider the numerous other cases that Watson often mentions, those many opening paragraphs where he tries to sell the reader on a case that “no collection would be complete” without. Are we to believe, for example, that “The Reigate Squires” is more vital a case than the colossal schemes of Baron Maupertuis, referenced in that same story? But rather, might this comment from Holmes instead reveal deep understanding of and praise for Watson’s writing? The power of selection that he praises created a Canon that is closer to a “textbook of friendship” than “the whole art of deduction.” Perhaps, at some point in their partnership, Holmes deduced that it was this chronicle of his friendship, rather than his professional accomplishments, that would be his true legacy.

³⁶ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 272, n. 6; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1160 n. 7; WBG, p. 2:492, n. 2.

³⁷ OSH: Return, p. 400. GREG DARAK: Sherlock Holmes was considered to be a cold, calculating, reasoning machine. It’s odd, then, that he should be so changeable about what he planned to do when he retired. At various times, he talked of living in the quiet fashion that was most congenial to him, concentrating on his chemical researches (“The Final Problem”), disappearing to the little farm of his dreams (“The Creeping Man”), and devoting himself to writing a book on the whole art of detection (“The Abbey Grange”). Not only are all of these plans different, they seem strange coming from a man who once said, “my mind is like a racing engine, tearing itself to pieces because it is not connected up with the work for which it is built” (“Wisteria Lodge”). Could such a man retire to a quiet life of any of these possibilities, or to yet a fourth choice, bee-keeping? Is it possible that he mentioned different choices when he talked of retiring because he never seriously thought of retirement at all, and that his supposed retirement was a cover for further secret activity? We know Holmes kept a home on the Sussex Downs, but he rarely saw even his closest friend while supposedly in residence there. We also know that at the government’s call he left the Sussex Downs for two solid years of undercover work. Is it possible that a man who craved mental exercise was living in quiet retirement all the rest of the time? Isn’t it more likely that the Sussex Downs was where Holmes lived between secret government assignments? Watson, who was not good at keeping secrets and would have been kept in the dark until the time of “His Last Bow,” does give us one bit of information that could indicate that was the case. At the beginning of “The Problem of Thor Bridge” (published in 1922), he assures the families whose secrets are hidden in the records in his tin box that they have no need to worry; those records “will be separated and destroyed now that my friend has time to turn his energies to the matter.” So although Holmes had supposedly been retired since 1903, it is not until 1922 that he has the “time to turn his energies to the matter.” It seems reasonable to think that he must have been busy with more than just bees for those nineteen years. Perhaps the

Our present research appears to be a case of murder.”

“You think this Sir Eustace is dead, then?”

“I should say so. Hopkins’s writing shows considerable agitation, and he is not an emotional man. Yes, I gather there has been violence, and that the body is left for our inspection. A mere suicide would not have caused him to send for me.³⁸ As to the release of the lady, it would appear that she has been locked in her room during the tragedy. We are moving in high life, Watson, crackling paper, ‘E.B.’ monogram, coat-of-arms,³⁹ picturesque address. I think that friend Hopkins will live up to his reputation, and that we shall have an interesting morning. The crime was committed before twelve last night.”

“How can you possibly tell?”

“By an inspection of the trains, and by reckoning the time. The local police had to be called in, they had to communicate with Scotland Yard, Hopkins had to go out, and he in turn had to send for me. All that makes a fair night’s work. Well, here we are at Chislehurst Station,⁴⁰ and we shall soon set our doubts at rest.”

A drive of a couple of miles through narrow country lanes brought us to a park gate,⁴¹ which was opened for us by an old lodge-keeper,⁴² whose haggard face bore the reflection of some great disaster. The avenue ran through a noble park, between lines of ancient elms,⁴³ and ended in a low, widespread house,⁴⁴ pillared in front after the fashion of Palladio.⁴⁵ The central part was evidently

secret archives of the British government — which at times, of course, was Holmes’s brother — could give us further information.

³⁸ SCOTT MONTY: While suicide and attempted suicide were crimes in England until 1961, Holmes is correct that a suicide itself would not be a reason for the police to engage his services. Of the four attempted suicides in the Canon, Holmes was already engaged in the cases: Mrs. Elsie Cubit, who tried to take her life after her husband Hilton (Holmes’s client) was tragically killed (“The Dancing Men”); Arthur/Harry Pinner, who attempted to hang himself (“The Stockbrokers’ Clerk”); Josiah Amberley, when Holmes accused him of murder (“The Retired Colourman”); and the prevented suicide of Mrs. Ronder (“Your life is not your own,” he said. “Keep your hands off it.”) (“The Veiled Lodger”). And while there were numerous assumed or ruled-out suicides (eight, in fact: *A Study in Scarlet*, “The Five Orange Pips,” “The Beryl Coronet,” “The Man with the Twisted Lip,” “The Resident Patient,” “The Golden Pince-Nez,” “The Devil’s Foot,” and *The Valley of Fear*), there were three actual suicides: one, before the story began, associated with the history of the blue carbuncle (“The Blue Carbuncle”); one that was all but certain after Anna consumed cyanide (“The Golden Pince-Nez”); and Maria Gibson’s suicide-disguised-as-murder scheme (“Thor Bridge”).

³⁹ OSH: Return, p. 401.

⁴⁰ LSK, Ref: Return, p.272, n. 7.

⁴¹ WBG, p. 2:492, n. 3.

⁴² LSK, Ref: Return, p. 272, n. 9.

⁴³ OSH: Return, p. 401.

⁴⁴ LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1161, n. 8.

⁴⁵ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 272, n. 10; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1161, n. 9; WBG, p. 2:493, n. 4; OSH: Return, p. 401.

of a great age and shrouded in ivy, but the large windows showed that modern changes had been carried out, and one wing of the house appeared to be entirely new. The youthful figure and alert, eager face of Inspector Stanley Hopkins confronted us in the open doorway.

"I'm very glad you have come, Mr. Holmes. And you, too, Dr. Watson. But, indeed, if I had my time over again, I should not have troubled you, for since the lady has come to herself, she has given so clear an account of the affair that there is not much left for us to do. You remember that Lewisham gang of burglars?"

"What, the three Randalls?"⁴⁶

"Exactly; the father and two sons. It's their work. I have not a doubt of it. They did a job at Sydenham⁴⁷ a fortnight ago and were seen and described. Rather cool to do another so soon and so near, but it is they, beyond all doubt. It's a hanging matter this time."⁴⁸

"Sir Eustace is dead, then?"

"Yes, his head was knocked in with his own poker."

"Sir Eustace Brackenstall,⁴⁹ the driver tells me."

"Exactly — one of the richest men in Kent — Lady Brackenstall is in the morning-room.⁵⁰ Poor lady, she has had a most dreadful experience. She seemed half dead when I saw her first. I think you had best see her and hear her account of the facts. Then we will examine the dining-room together."

Lady Brackenstall was no ordinary person. Seldom have I seen so graceful a figure, so womanly a presence, and so beautiful a face. She was a blonde, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and would no doubt have had the perfect complexion which goes with such colouring, had not her recent experience left her drawn and haggard. Her sufferings were physical as well as mental, for over one eye rose a hideous, plum-coloured swelling,⁵¹ which her maid, a tall, austere woman, was bathing assiduously with vinegar and water.⁵² The lady

⁴⁶ OSH: Return, p. 401. THE EDITORS: The fact that the Baker Street Irregulars have also had three Randalls — the late David A. Randall ("The Golden Pince-Nez") and Warren Randall ("Harold Stackhurst") and current member Randall Stock ("South African Securities") — is just a coincidence ... probably.

⁴⁷ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 273, n. 11.

⁴⁸ IRA MATETSKY: At this time, death by hanging was the mandatory sentence for murder, a crime that included intentional killing as well as any killing in the course of committing another felony. See Matetsky, "Homicide and Punishment: Murder in the Sherlockian Canon," in *Canon Law* (William A. Walsh and Donny Zaldin, eds., BSI Press 2019).

⁴⁹ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 273, n. 12; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1161, n. 10.

⁵⁰ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 273, n. 13.

⁵¹ See note 113 by Robert Katz below.

⁵² HARRISON HUNT: Bathing with vinegar, usually diluted in warm water, is a traditional treatment for bruising. The vinegar is said to increase circulation in the area and thereby break up the clots

lay back exhausted upon a couch, but her quick, observant gaze, as we entered the room, and the alert expression of her beautiful features, showed that neither her wits nor her courage had been shaken by her terrible experience. She was enveloped in a loose dressing-gown of blue and silver, but a black sequin-covered dinner-dress was hung upon the couch beside her.⁵³

"I have told you all that happened, Mr. Hopkins," she said, wearily. "Could you not repeat it for me? Well, if you think it necessary, I will tell these gentlemen what occurred. Have they been in the dining-room yet?"

"I thought they had better hear your ladyship's story first."

"I shall be glad when you can arrange matters. It is horrible to me to think of him still lying there." She shuddered and buried her face in her hands. As she did so, the loose gown fell back from her forearms. Holmes uttered an exclamation.

"You have other injuries, madam! What is this?" Two vivid red spots stood out on one of the white, round limbs. She hastily covered it.

"It is nothing. It has no connection with this hideous business of last night.⁵⁴ If you and your friend will sit down, I will tell you all I can.

"I am the wife of Sir Eustace Brackenstall. I have been married about a

forming the bruise. Nineteenth-century pharmacopeias such as *The Dispensatory of the United States* (1854) recognized that vinegar (acetum) was "employed [externally] ... in bruises and strains." The liquid was described as a "rube-facient" (something that dilates surface blood vessels and thereby reddens the skin) in Alfred Garrod's *The Essentials of Materia Medica and Therapeutics*, a text used by Arthur Conan Doyle in medical school. For more about this, see Harold Billings, "The Materia Medica of Sherlock Holmes," 56 *The Baker Street Journal* No. 3 (Autumn 2006), 37-46.

⁵³ BEVERLY WOLOV: A blue and silver dressing gown. Money. Taste. Class. Even more significant: the black sequined-covered dinner dress. The black is necessary to the story to hide obvious blood stains. To make a point that it was sequin-covered? Sequins signal that the dress was made in Paris, not only purchased there but most assuredly custom made. Perhaps they went to Paris for their honeymoon. That wouldn't be unusual. But to have acquired such a classic and classy dress demonstrates a level of fashion sophistication that belies Lady B's offhand remarks about the freedoms of growing up in Australia. She was brought up to be a lady. She had a nurse from the beginning, traveled properly chaperoned, and remained composed and self-contained even under the fire of Holmes' questions. She was most likely part of the nouveau riche that had money but no social status, hence the trip to England to see if she could make a proper "match." SHANA CARTER: This "black sequin-covered dinner-dress" is the only sequined or spangled garment found in the Canon (though there are references to "spangled" skies in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and *The Valley of Fear*). Assuming Lady Brackenstall is dressed *à la mode*, the sequins are probably attached to a net or sheer over-dress draped upon a black bodice and skirt. In 1897, evening sleeves, if long, were typically "of wrinkled transparent material." (C. Willett Cunningham, *English Women's Clothing in the Nineteenth Century*. New York: Dover Publications, 1990). However, the sleeves of this dress are presumably opaque, the better to conceal the wounds on the wearer's forearm. Although Lady Brackenstall has changed into "a loose dressing-gown of blue and silver" by the time of her first interview with Holmes and Watson, the story makes it clear that she was still wearing her dinner-dress during the previous night's tragedy, presumably to avoid any suggestion of impropriety.

⁵⁴ LSK, Ref: Return, p.273, n. 14; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1163, n. 11.

year.⁵⁵ I suppose that it is no use my attempting to conceal that our marriage has not been a happy one. I fear that all our neighbours would tell you that, even if I were to attempt to deny it. Perhaps the fault may be partly mine.⁵⁶ I was brought up in the freer, less conventional atmosphere of South Australia,⁵⁷ and this English life, with its proprieties and its primness, is not congenial to me. But the main reason lies in the one fact, which is notorious to everyone, and that is that Sir Eustace was a confirmed drunkard.⁵⁸ To be with such a man for an hour is unpleasant. Can you imagine what it means for a sensitive and high-spirited woman to be tied to him for day and night? It is a sacrilege, a crime, a villainy to hold that such a marriage is binding. I say that these monstrous laws of yours⁵⁹ will bring a curse upon the land — Heaven⁶⁰ will not let such wickedness endure.” For an instant she sat up, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes blazing from under the terrible mark upon her brow. Then the strong, soothing hand of the austere maid drew her head down on to the cushion, and the wild anger died away into passionate sobbing. At last she continued:

“I will tell you about last night. You are aware, perhaps, that in this house all servants sleep in the modern wing. This central block is made up of the dwelling-rooms, with the kitchen behind and our bedroom above. My maid, Theresa, sleeps above my room. There is no one else, and no sound could alarm those who are in the farther wing. This must have been well-known to the robbers, or they would not have acted as they did.

“Sir Eustace retired about half-past ten. The servants had already gone to their quarters. Only my maid was up, and she had remained in her room at the top of the house until I needed her services. I sat until after eleven in this room, absorbed in a book. Then I walked round to see that all was right before

⁵⁵ WBG, p. 2:493, n. 5.

⁵⁶ MONICA SCHMIDT: Historically, society often blamed victims of abuse for instigating the abuse. Abuse is never the fault of the victim — perpetrators always have a choice regarding how they respond to situations. themendproject.com/am-i-the-victim-of-emotional-abuse/its-not-your-fault/.

⁵⁷ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 274, n. 15.

⁵⁸ MONICA SCHMIDT: An ongoing theme in the Canon is that an abusive spouse’s temperament is frequently blamed on the evils of alcohol. This was true of Jim Browner in “The Cardboard Box,” Captain Peter Carey in “Black Peter,” and Sir Eustace Brackenstall here. The societal judgment that heavy drinking or alcoholism is a sign of moral deficiency continues in the modern era, even though the disease model of addiction is now prevalent in the medical community.

⁵⁹ LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1163, n. 12; OSH: Return, p. 401. MONICA SCHMIDT: In nineteenth-century Britain, a literal act of Parliament could be required to obtain a divorce. Even if a woman was wealthy enough to be granted a hearing and divorce, she could face the loss of her right to property, the likely loss of her children, and social ruin from which she might never recover. Thus, women often felt they had no choice but to continue their legal marital status no matter what cruelty befell them. See blogs.loc.gov/law/2018/02/marriage-and-divorce-19th-century-style/.

⁶⁰ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 274, n. 16; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 13.

I went upstairs. It was my custom to do this myself, for, as I have explained, Sir Eustace was not always to be trusted. I went into the kitchen, the butler's pantry, the gun-room, the billiard-room, the drawing-room, and finally the dining-room. As I approached the window, which is covered with thick curtains, I suddenly felt the wind blow upon my face and realized that it was open. I flung the curtain aside and found myself face to face with a broad-shouldered elderly man,⁶¹ who had just stepped into the room. The window is a long French one,⁶² which really forms a door leading to the lawn. I held my bedroom candle lit in my hand, and, by its light, behind the first man I saw two others, who were in the act of entering. I stepped back, but the fellow was on me in an instant. He caught me first by the wrist and then by the throat. I opened my mouth to scream, but he struck me a savage blow with his fist over the eye, and felled me to the ground. I must have been unconscious for a few minutes, for when I came to myself, I found that they had torn down the bell-rope, and had secured me tightly to the oaken chair which stands at the head of the dining-room table. I was so firmly bound that I could not move, and a handkerchief round my mouth prevented me from uttering any sound. It was at this instant that my unfortunate husband entered the room. He had evidently heard some suspicious sounds, and he came prepared for such a scene as he found. He was dressed in his shirt⁶³ and trousers, with his favourite blackthorn⁶⁴ cudgel⁶⁵ in his hand. He rushed at the burglars,⁶⁶ but another — it was the elderly man⁶⁷ — stooped, picked the poker out of the grate and struck him a horrible blow as he passed. He fell with a groan⁶⁸ and never moved again. I fainted once more, but again it could only have been a very few minutes during which I was insensible. When I opened my eyes I found that they had collected the silver from the sideboard, and they had drawn a bottle of wine⁶⁹ which stood there. Each of them had a glass in his hand. I have already told you, have I not, that one was elderly, with a beard, and the others young, hairless lads. They might have been a father with his two sons. They talked together in whispers. Then they came over and made sure that I was still securely bound. Finally they withdrew, closing the window after them. It was quite a quarter of an

⁶¹ OSH: Return, p. 401.

⁶² LSK, Ref: Return, p. 274, n. 17.

⁶³ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 275, n. 18; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1165, n. 14.

⁶⁴ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 275, n. 19.

⁶⁵ LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1165, n. 15.

⁶⁶ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 275, n. 20; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1165, n. 16.

⁶⁷ LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1165, n. 17.

⁶⁸ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 275, n. 21; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1165, n. 18.

⁶⁹ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 275, n. 22.

hour before I got my mouth free. When I did so, my screams brought the maid to my assistance. The other servants were soon alarmed, and we sent for the local police, who instantly communicated with London. That is really all I can tell you, gentlemen, and I trust that it will not be necessary for me to go over so painful a story again.”

“Any questions, Mr. Holmes?” asked Hopkins.

“I will not impose any further tax upon Lady Brackenstall’s patience and time,” said Holmes. “Before I go into the dining-room, I should like to hear your experience.” He looked at the maid.

“I saw the men before ever they came into the house,” said she. “As I sat by my bedroom window I saw three men in the moonlight⁷⁰ down by the lodge gate yonder, but I thought nothing of it at the time. It was more than an hour after that I heard my mistress scream, and down I ran, to find her, poor lamb, just as she says, and him on the floor, with his blood and brains over the room. It was enough to drive a woman out of her wits, tied there, and her very dress spotted with him, but she never wanted courage, did Miss Mary Fraser of Adelaide and Lady Brackenstall of Abbey Grange hasn’t learned new ways. You’ve questioned her long enough, you gentlemen, and now she is coming to her own room, just with her old Theresa, to get the rest that she badly needs.”

With a motherly tenderness the gaunt woman put her arm round her mistress and led her from the room.

“She has been with her all her life,” said Hopkins. “Nursed her as a baby, and came with her to England when they first left Australia, eighteen months ago. Theresa Wright⁷¹ is her name, and the kind of maid you don’t pick up nowadays. This way, Mr. Holmes, if you please!”

The keen interest had passed out of Holmes’s expressive face, and I knew that with the mystery all the charm of the case had departed. There still remained an arrest to be effected, but what were these commonplace rogues that he should soil his hands with them? An abstruse and learned specialist who finds that he has been called in for a case of measles would experience something of the annoyance which I read in my friend’s eyes. Yet the scene in the dining-room of the Abbey Grange was sufficiently strange to arrest his attention and to recall his waning interest.

It was a very large and high chamber, with carved oak ceiling, oaken panelling, and a fine array of deer’s heads and ancient weapons around the walls. At the further end from the door was the high French window of

⁷⁰ WBG, p. 2:495, n. 6.

⁷¹ OSH: Return, p. 401.

which we had heard. Three smaller windows on the right-hand side filled the apartment with cold winter sunshine. On the left was a large, deep fireplace, with a massive, overhanging oak mantelpiece. Beside the fireplace was a heavy oaken chair with arms and cross-bars at the bottom. In and out through the open woodwork was woven a crimson cord, which was secured at each side to the crosspiece below. In releasing the lady, the cord had been slipped off her, but the knots with which it had been secured still remained. These details only struck our attention afterwards, for our thoughts were entirely absorbed by the terrible object which lay spread upon the tiger-skin hearthrug in front of the fire.

It was the body of a tall, well-made man, about forty years of age. He lay upon his back, his face upturned, with his white teeth grinning through his short, black beard. His two clenched hands were raised above his head, and a heavy, blackthorn stick lay across them. His dark, handsome, aquiline features were convulsed into a spasm of vindictive hatred, which had set his dead face in a terribly fiendish expression. He had evidently been in his bed when the alarm had broken out, for he wore a foppish, embroidered nightshirt, and his bare feet projected from his trousers. His head was horribly injured, and the whole room bore witness to the savage ferocity of the blow which had struck him down. Beside him lay the heavy poker, bent into a curve by the concussion. Holmes examined both it and the indescribable wreck which it had wrought.

“He must be a powerful man, this elder Randall,” he remarked.

“Yes,” said Hopkins. “I have some record of the fellow, and he is a rough customer.”

“You should have no difficulty in getting him.”

“Not the slightest. We have been on the look-out for him, and there was some idea that he had got away to America. Now that we know that the gang are here, I don’t see how they can escape. We have the news at every seaport already, and a reward will be offered before evening. What beats me is how they could have done so mad a thing, knowing that the lady could describe them and that we could not fail to recognize the description.”

“Exactly. One would have expected that they would have silenced Lady Brackenstall as well.”

“They may not have realized,” I suggested, “that she had recovered from her faint.”

“That is likely enough. If she seemed to be senseless, they would not take her life. What about this poor fellow, Hopkins? I seem to have heard some queer stories about him.”

“He was a good-hearted man when he was sober, but a perfect fiend

when he was drunk, or rather when he was half drunk, for he seldom really went the whole way. The fiend seemed to be in him at such times, and he was capable of anything. From what I hear, in spite of all his wealth and his title, he very nearly came our way once or twice. There was a scandal about his drenching a dog with petroleum and setting it on fire — her ladyship's dog, to make the matter worse — and that was only hushed up with difficulty. Then he threw a decanter at that maid, Theresa Wright — there was trouble about that. On the whole, and between ourselves, it will be a brighter house without him. What are you looking at now?"

Holmes was down on his knees, examining with great attention the knots upon the red cord with which the lady had been secured. Then he carefully scrutinized the broken and frayed end where it had snapped off when the burglar had dragged it down.

"When this was pulled down, the bell in the kitchen must have rung loudly," he remarked.

"No one could hear it. The kitchen stands right at the back of the house."

"How did the burglar know no one would hear it? How dared he pull at a bell-rope in that reckless fashion?"

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes, exactly. You put the very question which I have asked myself again and again. There can be no doubt that this fellow must have known the house and its habits. He must have perfectly understood that the servants would all be in bed at that comparatively early hour, and that no one could possibly hear a bell ring in the kitchen. Therefore, he must have been in close league with one of the servants. Surely that is evident. But there are eight servants, and all of good character."

"Other things being equal," said Holmes, "one would suspect the one at whose head the master threw a decanter. And yet that would involve treachery towards the mistress to whom this woman seems devoted. Well, well, the point is a minor one, and when you have Randall you will probably find no difficulty in securing his accomplice. The lady's story certainly seems to be corroborated, if it needed corroboration, by every detail which we see before us." He walked to the French window and threw it open. "There are no signs here, but the ground is iron hard, and one would not expect them. I see that these candles⁷² on the mantelpiece have been lighted."

⁷² STEVE MASON: Before the advent of gas lamps, and ultimately the incandescent light bulb, candles were a necessity of Victorian daily life. This source of light was used for most ordinary activities throughout the era, from dining and playing cards to cooking. Every upper-class Victorian household used candles; the more elegant homes with drawing and dining rooms used candelabras placed in front of long and tall glass mirrors to brighten the room.

“Yes, it was by their light and that of the lady’s bedroom candle, that the burglars saw their way about.”

“And what did they take?”

“Well, they did not take much — only half a dozen articles of plate⁷³ off the sideboard. Lady Brackenstall thinks that they were themselves so disturbed by the death of Sir Eustace that they did not ransack the house, as they would otherwise have done.”

“No doubt that is true, and yet they drank some wine, I understand.”

“To steady their own nerves.”

“Exactly. These three glasses upon the sideboard have been untouched, I suppose?”

“Yes, and the bottle stands as they left it.”

“Let us look at it. Halloa, halloa! What is this?”

The three glasses were grouped together, all of them tinged with wine, and one of them containing some dregs of beeswing.⁷⁴ The bottle stood near them, two-thirds full, and beside it lay a long, deeply stained cork. Its appearance and the dust upon the bottle showed that it was no common vintage which the murderers had enjoyed.⁷⁵

A change had come over Holmes’s manner. He had lost his listless expression, and again I saw an alert light of interest in his keen, deep-set eyes. He raised the cork and examined it minutely.

“How did they draw it?” he asked.

Hopkins pointed to a half-opened drawer. In it lay some table linen and a large corkscrew.

“Did Lady Brackenstall say that screw was used?”

In the mid-1800s, three types of candles were popular: tallow, spermaceti, and beeswax. The cheapest of the three — used in the lower classes of society — were the tallow, which were made from animal fat. They had a very pungent, almost putrid smell, burned with a smoky flame, and produced less light.

Spermaceti wax, produced from an oil coming from a cavity in the head of the sperm whale, was the most durable of the three varieties, and held up even in warm summer months. It was the most expensive type of candle, and was exclusive to upper class families. Beeswax candles were used in everyday Victorian life, but their manufacture was tedious and time-consuming. Most beeswax candles came in natural yellow, but more expensive bleached-white candles were available. By the end of the nineteenth century, paraffin wax supplanted in popularity the other three candle varieties.

Obviously, the open flame of the candle could be dangerous, and Victorians were extremely fearful of fire, due to lack of firefighting capabilities and the many structures built with flammable materials. Thus, candles were kept out of reach of children, while guards or shields (using a water bath as a backup) were employed to help reduce accidental fires.

⁷³ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 277, n. 23; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1169, n. 19.

⁷⁴ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 278, n. 24; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1170, n. 20; WBG, p. 2:497, n. 7; OSH: Return, p. 401.

⁷⁵ LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1171, n. 22.

“No, you remember that she was senseless at the moment when the bottle was opened.”

“Quite so. As a matter of fact, that screw was *not* used. This bottle was opened by a pocket screw, probably contained in a knife, and not more than an inch and a half long.⁷⁶ If you examine the top of the cork, you will observe that the screw was driven in three times before the cork was extracted. It has never been transfixed. This long screw would have transfixed it and drawn it with a single pull. When you catch this fellow, you will find that he has one of these multiplex knives⁷⁷ in his possession.”

“Excellent!” said Hopkins.

“But these glasses do puzzle me, I confess. Lady Brackenstall actually *saw* the three men drinking, did she not?”

“Yes; she was clear about that.”

“Then there is an end of it. What more is to be said? And yet, you must admit, that the three glasses are very remarkable, Hopkins. What? You see nothing remarkable? Well, well, let it pass. Perhaps, when a man has special knowledge and special powers like my own, it rather encourages him to seek a complex explanation when a simpler one is at hand.⁷⁸ Of course, it must be a mere chance about the glasses. Well, good-morning, Hopkins. I don’t see that I can be of any use to you, and you appear to have your case very clear.

⁷⁶ LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1171, illustration.

⁷⁷ LSK, Ref. Return, p. 278, n. 25. ROB NUNN: Although many different knives appear throughout the Canon, this is the only mention of a multiplex knife. “Multiplex” was a catch-all term (sometimes also called a “universal tool”) describing a pocketknife containing two or more tools (skd-online-collection.skd.museum). We know that Captain Croker’s knife at least had a corkscrew. It may have also included a file, gimlet, screwdriver, button hook, eating utensils, and a variety of knife blades. (An example may be found at www.collectorsweekly.com/stories/160211-harrison-brothers-sheffield.)

The most common present-day example of a multiplex knife is the Swiss Army Knife, but multiplex knives were around long before the Swiss Army version was created in 1886. In fact, the Fitzwilliam Museum in Cambridge houses a universal tool that dates back to third-century Rome (fitz-museum.cam.ac.uk/learning/look-think-do/roman-swiss-army-knife). This specific instrument was described in detail in *The Antiquaries Journal*, volume 56, no. 2 (1988), by a researcher with a familiar name, David Sherlock.

⁷⁸ ROSS E. DAVIES: Holmes is feigning allegiance to the principle of parsimony — that a simple solution to a problem is usually superior to a complicated solution to the same problem. The principle is often referred to as “Occam’s razor” because a fourteenth-century monk, William of Ockham, is one of the thinkers credited with coming up with it. “The Abbey Grange” — and the entire Sherlockian Canon (in which neither Ockham nor his razor is mentioned by name) — might be seen as an argument against the validity of Occam’s razor. Indeed, Arthur Conan Doyle seems to have had it in for old Ockham’s idea. As best I can tell, the only avowed follower of Ockham in Conan Doyle’s work, a contentious minor character identified only as “Stephen” in chapter 10 of *The White Company*, was as eager to solve a problem with a blunt instrument as with a sharp one: “This last argument, however, by no means commended itself to the pupil of Ockham, who plucked a great stick from the ground and signified his dissent by smiting the realist over the pate with it.”

You will let me know when Randall is arrested, and any further developments which may occur. I trust that I shall soon have to congratulate you upon a successful conclusion. Come, Watson, I fancy that we may employ ourselves more profitably at home.”

During our return journey, I could see by Holmes’s face that he was much puzzled by something which he had observed.⁷⁹ Every now and then, by an effort, he would throw off the impression, and talk as if the matter were clear, but then his doubts would settle down upon him again, and his knitted brows and abstracted eyes would show that his thoughts had gone back once more to the great dining-room of the Abbey Grange, in which this midnight tragedy had been enacted. At last, by a sudden impulse, just as our train was crawling out of a suburban station, he sprang on to the platform and pulled me out after him.

“Excuse me, my dear fellow,” said he, as we watched the rear carriages of our train disappearing round a curve, “I am sorry to make you the victim of what may seem a mere whim, but on my life, Watson, I simply *can’t* leave that case in this condition. Every instinct that I possess cries out against it. It’s wrong — it’s all wrong — I’ll swear that it’s wrong. And yet the lady’s story was complete, the maid’s corroboration was sufficient, the detail was fairly exact.⁸⁰ What have I to put up against that? Three wine-glasses, that is all. But if I had not taken things for granted, if I had examined everything with the care which I would have shown had we approached the case *de novo*⁸¹ and had no cut-and-dried story to warp my mind, would I not then have found something more definite to go upon? Of course I should. Sit down on this bench, Watson, until a train for Chislehurst arrives, and allow me to lay the evidence before you, imploring you in the first instance to dismiss from your mind the idea that anything which the maid or her mistress may have said must necessarily be true. The lady’s charming personality must not be permitted to warp our judgment.

“Surely there are details in her story which, if we looked at it in cold

⁷⁹ ROSS E. DAVIES: There is a limited-edition *Baker Street Almanac* jigsaw puzzle associated with this scene. Puzzles were mailed to folks who placed early orders for the *Almanac*.

⁸⁰ IRA MATETSKY: A federal judge once quoted this standard of “detail ... fairly exact” in discussing the minimum pleading requirements for a fraud claim. *Abc-Naco, Inc. v. Deruyter*, No. 99 C 1969, 1999 U.S. Dist. LEXIS 11025, at *9 (N.D. Ill. July 13, 1999). In a footnote, she observed that “[o]f course, the mystery-loving reader will know that Sherlock Holmes’ standard was even more rigorous,” and quotes this full passage beginning with “I simply can’t leave the case in this condition” and ending with “[o]f course I should.” *Id.* at n. 4.

⁸¹ LSK, Ref. Return, p. 279, n. 26; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1174, n. 23; WBG, p. 2:498, n. 8; OSH: Return, p. 401. THE EDITORS: Readers of the Nero Wolfe Corpus will recall Rex Stout’s use of this phrase in *The Father Hunt* (1968).

blood, would excite our suspicion. These burglars made a considerable haul at Sydenham a fortnight ago. Some account of them and of their appearance was in the papers, and would naturally occur to anyone who wished to invent a story in which imaginary robbers should play a part. As a matter of fact, burglars who have done a good stroke of business are, as a rule, only too glad to enjoy the proceeds in peace and quiet without embarking on another perilous undertaking. Again, it is unusual for burglars to operate at so early an hour, it is unusual for burglars to strike a lady to prevent her screaming, since one would imagine that was the sure way to make her scream, it is unusual for them to commit murder when their numbers are sufficient to overpower one man, it is unusual for them to be content with a limited plunder when there is much more within their reach, and finally, I should say, that it was very unusual for such men to leave a bottle half empty.⁸² How do all these unusuals strike you, Watson?"

"Their cumulative effect is certainly considerable, and yet each of them is quite possible in itself. The most unusual thing of all, as it seems to me, is that the lady should be tied to the chair."

"Well, I am not so clear about that, Watson, for it is evident that they must either kill her or else secure her in such a way that she could not give immediate notice of their escape. But at any rate I have shown, have I not, that there is a certain element of improbability about the lady's story? And now, on the top of this, comes the incident of the wineglasses."

"What about the wineglasses?"

"Can you see them in your mind's eye?"

"I see them clearly."

"We are told that three men drank from them. Does that strike you as likely?"

"Why not? There was wine in each glass."

"Exactly, but there was beeswing only in one glass. You must have noticed that fact. What does that suggest to your mind?"

"The last glass filled would be most likely to contain beeswing."

"Not at all. The bottle was full of it, and it is inconceivable that the first two glasses were clear and the third heavily charged with it. There are two possible explanations, and only two. One is that after the second glass was filled the bottle was violently agitated, and so the third glass received the beeswing. That does not appear probable. No, no, I am sure that I am right."

"What, then, do you suppose?"

"That only two glasses were used, and that the dregs of both were poured

⁸² LSK, Ref: Return, p. 279, n. 27; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1174, n. 24.

into a third glass, so as to give the false impression that three people had been here. In that way all the beeswing would be in the last glass, would it not? Yes, I am convinced that this is so.⁸³ But if I have hit upon the true explanation of this one small phenomenon, then in an instant the case rises from the commonplace to the exceedingly remarkable, for it can only mean that Lady Brackenstall and her maid have deliberately lied to us, that not one word of their story is to be believed, that they have some very strong reason for covering the real criminal, and that we must construct our case for ourselves without any help from them.⁸⁴ That is the mission which now lies before us, and here, Watson, is the Chislehurst⁸⁵ train.”

The household of the Abbey Grange were much surprised at our return, but Sherlock Holmes, finding that Stanley Hopkins had gone off to report to headquarters, took possession of the dining-room, locked the door upon the inside, and devoted himself for two hours to one of those minute and laborious investigations which form the solid basis on which his brilliant edifices of deduction were reared. Seated in a corner like an interested student who observes the demonstration of his professor, I followed every step of that remarkable research. The window, the curtains, the carpet, the chair, the rope — each in turn was minutely examined and duly pondered. The body of the unfortunate baronet⁸⁶ had been removed, but all else remained as we had seen it in the morning. Then, to my astonishment, Holmes climbed up on to the massive mantelpiece. Far above his head hung the few inches of red cord which were still attached to the wire. For a long time he gazed upward at it, and then in an attempt to get nearer to it he rested his knee upon a wooden bracket on the wall. This brought his hand within a few inches of the broken end of the rope, but it was not this so much as the bracket itself which seemed to engage his attention. Finally, he sprang down with an ejaculation of satisfaction.⁸⁷

“It’s all right, Watson,” said he. “We have got our case — one of the most remarkable in our collection. But, dear me, how slow-witted I have been, and how nearly I have committed the blunder of my lifetime! Now, I think that, with a few missing links, my chain is almost complete.”

“You have got your men?”

⁸³ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 280, n. 28.

⁸⁴ IRA MATETSKY: I quoted the second half of this sentence in a legal brief once, in a passage denouncing a perjured witness’s credibility. It struck me then as now as apt, and I’m surprised I haven’t seen anyone else employ it for a similar purpose.

⁸⁵ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 280, n. 29; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1175, n. 25; OSH: Return, p. 402.

⁸⁶ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 281, n. 30; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1176, n. 26.

⁸⁷ THE EDITORS: Regarding this passage, see Scott Monty, “John Bennett Shaw and the Terrible, Hysterical, NSFW Essay,” www.ihearofsherlock.com/2016/08/john-bennett-shaw-and-terrible.html.

“Man, Watson, man. Only one, but a very formidable person. Strong as a lion — witness the blow which bent that poker. Six foot three in height, active as a squirrel,⁸⁸ dexterous with his fingers, finally, remarkably quick-witted, for this whole ingenious story is of his concoction. Yes, Watson, we have come upon the handiwork of a very remarkable individual. And yet, in that bell-rope, he has given us a clue which should not have left us a doubt.”

“Where was the clue?”

“Well, if you were to pull down a bell-rope, Watson, where would you expect it to break? Surely at the spot where it is attached to the wire. Why should it break three inches from the top, as this one has done?”

“Because it is frayed there?”

“Exactly. This end, which we can examine, is frayed. He was cunning enough to do that with his knife. But the other end is not frayed. You could not observe that from here, but if you were on the mantelpiece you would see that it is cut clean off without any mark of fraying whatever. You can reconstruct what occurred. The man needed the rope. He would not tear it down for fear of giving the alarm by ringing the bell. What did he do? He sprang up on the mantelpiece, could not quite reach it, put his knee on the bracket — you will see the impression in the dust — and so got his knife to bear upon the cord. I could not reach the place by at least three inches — from which I infer that he is at least three inches a bigger man than I.⁸⁹ Look at that mark upon the seat of the oaken chair! What is it?”

“Blood.”

“Undoubtedly it is blood. This alone puts the lady’s story out of court. If she were seated on the chair when the crime was done, how comes that mark? No, no, she was placed in the chair *after* the death of her husband. I’ll wager that the black dress shows a corresponding mark to this. We have not yet met our Waterloo, Watson, but this is our Marengo, for it begins in defeat and ends in victory.⁹⁰ I should like now to have a few words with the nurse, Theresa. We must be wary for a while, if we are to get the information which we want.”

She was an interesting person, this stern Australian nurse — taciturn, suspicious, ungracious, it took some time before Holmes’s pleasant manner

⁸⁸ CHRISTOPHER ZORDAN: “The Adventure of the Abbey Grange” is the only canonical story to mention squirrels, but the comparison of Jack Croker to a squirrel is an apt one — an energetic climber. Holmes is almost certainly referring to the red squirrel, *Sciurus vulgaris*, which is indigenous to England and Europe. The red squirrel has a mixed history with humans; it appears regularly in heraldry, for example in the arms of The Earl of Granville, and the town of Saint-Brevin-les-Pins in France. However, there is also evidence that red squirrels were involved in the spread of leprosy in medieval Europe.

⁸⁹ ROSS E. DAVIES: With this “at least” Holmes implicitly assures us that he is no more than six feet tall.

⁹⁰ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 282, n. 31; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1178, n. 27; WBG, p. 2:501, n. 9.

and frank acceptance of all that she said thawed her into a corresponding amiability. She did not attempt to conceal her hatred for her late employer.

“Yes, sir, it is true that he threw the decanter at me. I heard him call my mistress a name, and I told him that he would not dare to speak so if her brother had been there. Then it was that he threw it at me. He might have thrown a dozen if he had but left my bonny bird alone. He was forever ill-treating her, and she too proud to complain. She will not even tell me all that he has done to her. She never told me of those marks on her arm that you saw this morning, but I know very well that they come from a stab with a hatpin. The sly fiend⁹¹ — Heaven forgive me that I should speak of him so, now that he is dead!⁹² But a fiend he was, if ever one walked the earth. He was all honey when first we met him — only eighteen months ago, and we both feel as if it were eighteen years. She had only just arrived in London. Yes, it was her first voyage — she had never been from home before. He won her with his title and his money and his false London ways. If she made a mistake she has paid for it, if ever a woman did. What month did we meet him? Well, I tell you it was just after we arrived. We arrived in June, and it was July. They were married in January of last year. Yes, she is down in the morning-room again, and I have no doubt she will see you, but you must not ask too much of her, for she has gone through all that flesh and blood will stand.”

Lady Brackenstall was reclining on the same couch, but looked brighter than before. The maid had entered with us, and began once more to foment⁹³ the bruise upon her mistress’s brow.

“I hope,” said the lady, “that you have not come to cross-examine me again?”

“No,” Holmes answered, in his gentlest voice, “I will not cause you any unnecessary trouble, Lady Brackenstall, and my whole desire is to make things easy for you, for I am convinced that you are a much-tried woman. If you will treat me as a friend and trust me, you may find that I will justify

⁹¹ OSH: Return, p. 402.

⁹² LSK, Ref: Return, p. 282, n. 32.

⁹³ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 282, n. 33; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1178, n. 28. HARRISON HUNT: To foment, in this sense, is an old term meaning to bathe a part of the body with warm and/or medicated liquids. As defined in Robley Dunglison’s *Dictionary of Medical Science* (1860), “fomentation [is] a sort of partial bathing, by the application of cloths which have been previously dipped in hot water, or in some medicated decoction. They act, chiefly, by virtue of their warmth and moisture.” Mrs. Beeton, in her 1861 *Book of Household Management*, declared that “fomentations are generally used to effect, in a part [of the body], the benefit produced ... by the bath; to which a sedative action is occasionally given by the use of roots, herbs, or other ingredients; the object being to relieve the [pain or problem] by exciting a greater flow of blood to the skin over the affected part.” This description dovetails perfectly with that of the use of vinegar and water on Lady Brackenstall’s bruise.

your trust.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“To tell me the truth.”

“Mr. Holmes!”

“No, no, Lady Brackenstall — it is no use. You may have heard of any little reputation which I possess. I will stake it all on the fact that your story is an absolute fabrication.”

Mistress and maid were both staring at Holmes with pale faces and frightened eyes.

“You are an impudent fellow!” cried Theresa. “Do you mean to say that my mistress has told a lie?”

Holmes rose from his chair.

“Have you nothing to tell me?”

“I have told you everything.”

“Think once more, Lady Brackenstall. Would it not be better to be frank?”

For an instant there was hesitation in her beautiful face. Then some new strong thought caused it to set like a mask.

“I have told you all I know.”

Holmes took his hat and shrugged his shoulders. “I am sorry,” he said, and without another word we left the room and the house. There was a pond in the park, and to this my friend led the way. It was frozen over, but a single hole was left for the convenience of a solitary swan. Holmes gazed at it, and then passed on to the lodge gate. There he scribbled a short note for Stanley Hopkins, and left it with the lodge-keeper.

“It may be a hit, or it may be a miss, but we are bound to do something for friend Hopkins, just to justify this second visit,” said he. “I will not quite take him into my confidence yet. I think our next scene of operations must be the shipping office of the Adelaide-Southampton line,⁹⁴ which stands at

⁹⁴ WILL WALSH: It appears that Watson altered some names to avoid Captain Croker’s prosecution. The Adelaide-Southampton Line did not exist. The Orient Steam Navigation Co. (the “Orient Line”) and the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co. (the “P&O Line”) stand out as two of the major companies dominating the England-Australia run at the end of the nineteenth century. In 1888, the two companies reached an agreement under which they maintained a regular mail service between Australia and Great Britain, with vessels departing on their voyage every two weeks. The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 and the subsequent development of steamships reduced the transit time between Great Britain and Australia to 35 to 40 days.

The identification of Captain Croker’s ship presents several issues. The *SS Delphic* provides one possible vessel for the *Bass Rock*. Harland and Wolff built the *Delphic* for the White Star line, launching the vessel on January 5, 1897. The ship’s maiden voyage occurred in May 1897 and crossed the Atlantic four times before joining the White Star’s New Zealand route in October (with a stop in Australia). The Aberdeen Line offers two other possibilities with the *Salamis* and the *Moravian* constructed in 1899.

The Orient Line’s *Ophir* was a groundbreaking vessel. Launched in 1891, it was the first twin-

the end of Pall Mall,⁹⁵ if I remember right. There is a second line of steamers which connect South Australia with England, but we will draw the larger cover⁹⁶ first.”

Holmes’s card sent in to the manager ensured instant attention,⁹⁷ and he was not long in acquiring all the information which he needed. In June of ‘95, only one of their line had reached a home port. It was the *Rock of Gibraltar*,⁹⁸ their largest and best boat. A reference to the passenger list showed that Miss Fraser, of Adelaide, with her maid had made the voyage in her. The boat was now on her way to Australia, somewhere south of the Suez Canal. Her officers were the same as in ‘95, with one exception. The first officer,⁹⁹ Mr. Jack Croker,¹⁰⁰ had been made a captain and was to take charge of their new ship, the *Bass Rock*,¹⁰¹ sailing in two days’ time from Southampton. He

screw steamer on the Australian run. The British Admiralty chartered the ship in late 1900, and it provided carried the Duke and Duchess of York (later King George V and Queen Mary) to Australia for the opening of the first Commonwealth Parliament in 1901.

⁹⁵ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 283, n. 34; WBG, p. 2:502, n. 10; OSH: Return, p. 402.

⁹⁶ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 283, n. 35; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1179, n. 29.

⁹⁷ STEVE MASON: Holmes and countless others in the Canon used calling cards as a way of introducing themselves when meeting someone for the first time. These calling cards, which can be traced back to fifteenth-century Chinese society, were also known as “visiting cards.” Calling cards began as simple unadorned cards, with only a person’s name printed, typed, or written on the front, but during the Victorian age, new printing methods allowed for more colorful and decorative designs. As the cards became more ornate, calligraphy, embossing, and even fringe on the edges of the cards could be added. Besides being used as an introduction, cards could be used as a “thank you” card, a card of “condolences,” or a way to advertise one’s extent in certain social circles (the “more prestigious” visitors’ cards would be left on top of a pile or on the hallway table). Short messages were written on the backs of cards, announcing the purpose of callers’ visits. Victorian etiquette even established protocols for transmitting and receiving the cards (for instance, introductions were rarely done before noon or early afternoon). Women’s cards were squarish in shape, approximately 2.5 x 3 inches, allowing for more designs, while men’s cards were smaller (approximately 1.5 x 2.5 inches). In many instances, men would include a club or fraternal organization they belonged to. For a period, turning the corner of a card would designate who the card might be forwarded to, or the reason for the visit, and could even represent a coded message for more lurid purposes. While the use of calling cards lost favor once servants no longer lived in the house to hand deliver to the master or mistress, and electronic means of calling on someone were introduced, they are still used in certain circumstances and situations, being replaced primarily by “business cards” or “military calling cards.”

⁹⁸ OSH: Return, p. 402.

⁹⁹ PETER E. BLAU: Sometimes called the first mate, the first officer is the second-in-command of the ship, the equivalent of the executive officer on a military vessel. In the U.S. Navy it is sometimes said that the captain is in command, but the executive officer is in charge, because it is the executive officer’s duty to make sure that everything and everyone on board works perfectly.

¹⁰⁰ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 283, n. 36; LSK, 2 New Ann., p.1180, n. 30; OSH: Return, p. 402.

¹⁰¹ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 283, n. 37; WBG, p. 2:502, n. 11. WILL WALSH: Bass Rock is an island on the outer part of the Firth of Forth in Scotland. It is seven acres in size and has been the site of a castle, a chapel, and a prison. The Bass Rock plays a notable role in Scottish history, serving as a point of opposition for the Jacobites against William III and Mary II. In 1691, four Jacobite officers escaped from the prison, seized the island, and then held the island against the British crown for three years.

lived at Sydenham, but he was likely to be in that morning for instructions, if we cared to wait for him.

No, Mr. Holmes had no desire to see him, but would be glad to know more about his record and character.

His record was magnificent. There was not an officer in the fleet to touch him. As to his character, he was reliable on duty, but a wild, desperate fellow off the deck of his ship — hot-headed, excitable, but loyal, honest, and kind-hearted. That was the pith of the information with which Holmes left the office of the Adelaide-Southampton company. Thence he drove to Scotland Yard, but, instead of entering, he sat in his cab with his brows drawn down, lost in profound thought. Finally he drove round to the Charing Cross telegraph office, sent off a message, and then, at last, we made for Baker Street once more.

“No, I couldn’t do it, Watson,” said he, as we reentered our room. “Once that warrant was made out, nothing on earth would save him. Once or twice in my career I feel that I have done more real harm by my discovery of the criminal than ever he had done by his crime. I have learned caution now, and I had rather play tricks with the law of England than with my own conscience. Let us know a little more before we act.”

Before evening, we had a visit from Inspector Stanley Hopkins. Things were not going very well with him.

“I believe that you are a wizard, Mr. Holmes. I really do sometimes think that you have powers that are not human. Now, how on earth could you know that the stolen silver was at the bottom of that pond?”

“I didn’t know it.”

“But you told me to examine it.”

“You got it, then?”

“Yes, I got it.”

“I am very glad if I have helped you.”¹⁰²

“But you haven’t helped me. You have made the affair far more difficult. What sort of burglars are they who steal silver and then throw it into the nearest pond?”

“It was certainly rather eccentric behaviour. I was merely going on the idea that if the silver had been taken by persons who did not want it — who merely took it for a blind, as it were — then they would naturally be anxious to get rid of it.”

“But why should such an idea cross your mind?”

“Well, I thought it was possible. When they came out through the

¹⁰² LSK, Ref: Return, p. 284, n. 38.

French window, there was the pond with one tempting little hole in the ice, right in front of their noses. Could there be a better hiding-place?”

“Ah, a hiding-place — that is better!” cried Stanley Hopkins. “Yes, yes, I see it all now! It was early, there were folk upon the roads, they were afraid of being seen with the silver, so they sank it in the pond, intending to return for it when the coast was clear. Excellent, Mr. Holmes — that is better than your idea of a blind.”

“Quite so, you have got an admirable theory. I have no doubt that my own ideas were quite wild, but you must admit that they have ended in discovering the silver.”

“Yes, sir — yes. It was all your doing. But I have had a bad setback.”

“A setback?”

“Yes, Mr. Holmes. The Randall gang were arrested in New York this morning.”

“Dear me, Hopkins! That is certainly rather against your theory that they committed a murder in Kent last night.”¹⁰³

“It is fatal, Mr. Holmes — absolutely fatal. Still, there are other gangs of three besides the Randalls, or it may be some new gang of which the police have never heard.”

“Quite so, it is perfectly possible. What, are you off?”

“Yes, Mr. Holmes, there is no rest for me until I have got to the bottom of the business. I suppose you have no hint to give me?”

“I have given you one.”

“Which?”

“Well, I suggested a blind.”

“But why, Mr. Holmes, why?”

“Ah, that’s the question, of course. But I commend the idea to your mind. You might possibly find that there was something in it. You won’t stop for dinner? Well, good-bye, and let us know how you get on.”

Dinner was over, and the table cleared before Holmes alluded to the matter again. He had lit his pipe and held his slippered feet to the cheerful blaze of the fire. Suddenly he looked at his watch.

“I expect developments, Watson.”

“When?”

“Now — within a few minutes. I dare say you thought I acted rather badly to Stanley Hopkins just now?”

“I trust your judgment.”

¹⁰³ THE EDITORS: This is an interesting instance of Holmesian understatement. Can the reader think of other examples?

“A very sensible reply, Watson.¹⁰⁴ You must look at it this way: what I know is unofficial, what he knows is official. I have the right to private judgment, but he has none. He must disclose all, or he is a traitor to his service. In a doubtful case I would not put him in so painful a position, and so I reserve my information until my own mind is clear upon the matter.”

“But when will that be?”

“The time has come. You will now be present at the last scene of a remarkable little drama.”

There was a sound upon the stairs, and our door was opened to admit as fine a specimen of manhood as ever passed through it. He was a very tall young man, golden-moustached, blue-eyed, with a skin which had been burned by tropical suns, and a springy step, which showed that the huge frame was as active as it was strong. He closed the door behind him, and then he stood with clenched hands and heaving breast, choking down some overmastering emotion.

“Sit down, Captain Croker. You got my telegram?”

Our visitor sank into an armchair and looked from one to the other of us with questioning eyes.

“I got your telegram, and I came at the hour you said. I heard that you had been down to the office. There was no getting away from you. Let’s hear the worst. What are you going to do with me? Arrest me? Speak out, man! You can’t sit there and play with me like a cat with a mouse.”

“Give him a cigar,” said Holmes.¹⁰⁵ “Bite on that, Captain Croker,¹⁰⁶ and don’t let your nerves run away with you. I should not sit here smoking with you if I thought that you were a common criminal, you may be sure of that. Be frank with me and we may do some good. Play tricks with me, and I’ll crush you.”

“What do you wish me to do?”

“To give me a true account of all that happened at the Abbey Grange last night — a *true* account, mind you, with nothing added and nothing taken off. I know so much already that if you go one inch off the straight, I’ll blow this

¹⁰⁴ IRA MATETSKY: This passage is paralleled in the later case of “The Dying Detective,” in which Watson agrees that he will “by all means” send for the man Holmes wishes to see, and Holmes replies that these were “[t]he first three sensible words that you have uttered since you entered this room, Watson.” But in “The Dying Detective” Holmes was feigning madness, while here his self-assurance is entirely sincere.

¹⁰⁵ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 285, n. 39.

¹⁰⁶ STEVEN DOYLE: Being both a keen observer and well-acquainted with the use of tobacco, Holmes’s offer of a cigar, with the accompanying instruction to “bite” on it was a way to calm the agitated Captain Croker. Holmes knew that biting and chewing on an unlit cigar delivers a rapid release of nicotine, which enters the system in approximately ten seconds. Nicotine creates an immediate sense of relaxation, as well as a short-term reduction of stress and anxiety. See www.mentalhealth.org.uk/a-to-z/s/smoking-and-mental-health.

police whistle from my window and the affair goes out of my hands forever.”

The sailor thought for a little. Then he struck his leg with his great sun-burned hand.

“I’ll chance it,” he cried. “I believe you are a man of your word, and a white man,¹⁰⁷ and I’ll tell you the whole story. But one thing I will say first. So far as I am concerned, I regret nothing and I fear nothing, and I would do it all again and be proud of the job. Curse¹⁰⁸ the beast, if he had as many lives as a cat, he would owe them all to me! But it’s the lady, Mary — Mary Fraser — for never will I call her by that accursed name. When I think of getting her into trouble, I who would give my life just to bring one smile to her dear face, it’s that that turns my soul into water. And yet — and yet — what less could I do? I’ll tell you my story, gentlemen, and then I’ll ask you, as man to man, what less could I do?”

“I must go back a bit. You seem to know everything, so I expect that you know that I met her when she was a passenger and I was first officer of the *Rock of Gibraltar*. From the first day I met her, she was the only woman to me. Every day of that voyage I loved her more, and many a time since have I kneeled down in the darkness of the night watch and kissed the deck of that ship because I knew her dear feet had trod it. She was never engaged to me. She treated me as fairly as ever a woman treated a man. I have no complaint to make. It was all love on my side, and all good comradeship and friendship on hers. When we parted she was a free woman, but I could never again be a free man.

“Next time I came back from sea, I heard of her marriage. Well, why shouldn’t she marry whom she liked? Title and money — who could carry them better than she?¹⁰⁹ She was born for all that is beautiful and dainty. I didn’t grieve over her marriage. I was not such a selfish hound as that. I just rejoiced that good luck had come her way, and that she had not thrown herself away on a penniless sailor.¹¹⁰ That’s how I loved Mary Fraser.

“Well, I never thought to see her again, but last voyage I was promoted, and the new boat was not yet launched, so I had to wait for a couple of months with my people at Sydenham. One day out in a country lane I met Theresa Wright, her old maid. She told me about her, about him, about everything. I tell you, gentlemen, it nearly drove me mad. This drunken hound, that he should dare to raise his hand to her, whose boots he was not worthy to lick! I met Theresa again. Then I met Mary herself — and met

¹⁰⁷ LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1184, n. 31.

¹⁰⁸ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 286, n. 40; OSH: Return, p. 403.

¹⁰⁹ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 286, n. 41.

¹¹⁰ LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1185, n. 32.

her again. Then she would meet me no more. But the other day I had a notice that I was to start on my voyage within a week, and I determined that I would see her once before I left. Theresa was always my friend, for she loved Mary and hated this villain almost as much as I did. From her I learned the ways of the house. Mary used to sit up reading in her own little room downstairs. I crept round there last night and scratched at the window. At first she would not open to me, but in her heart I know that now she loves me, and she could not leave me in the frosty night. She whispered to me to come round to the big front window, and I found it open before me, so as to let me into the dining-room. Again I heard from her own lips things that made my blood boil, and again I cursed this brute who mishandled the woman that I loved. Well, gentlemen, I was standing with her just inside the window, in all innocence, as Heaven is my judge, when he rushed like a madman into the room, called her the vilest name that a man could use to a woman,¹¹¹ and welted¹¹² her across the face with the stick he had in his hand. I had sprung for the poker, and it was a fair fight between us. See here, on my arm, where his first blow fell. Then it was my turn, and I went through him as if he had been a rotten pumpkin. Do you think I was sorry? Not I! It was his life or mine, but far more than that, it was his life or hers, for how could I leave her in the power of this madman? That was how I killed him. Was I wrong? Well, then, what would either of you gentlemen have done, if you had been in my position?

“She had screamed when he struck her, and that brought old Theresa down from the room above. There was a bottle of wine on the sideboard, and I opened it and poured a little between Mary’s lips, for she was half dead with shock.¹¹³ Then I took a drop myself.¹¹⁴ Theresa was as cool as ice, and

¹¹¹ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 287, n. 42; LSK, p. 1186 n. 33. THE EDITORS: We will not be drawn into speculation about which “vile name” Lord Brackenstall used, but we reject the theory that it was “chronologist.”

¹¹² OSH: Return, p. 403.

¹¹³ ROBERT KATZ: Lay people’s use of the term “shock” is usually rather non-specific. In this instance, it appears to describe a loss of consciousness resulting from the assault on Lady Brackenstall. Yet, the important aspect of the case is described earlier. There was a large accumulation of blood (a hematoma) over one eye. In spite of Watson’s medical training, the precise location of the wound is not carefully delineated. However, it appears to be in close proximity to the eye and likely involves the periorbital region. The episode of “shock” could merely have been a temporary fainting episode from emotional stress as part of an assault (syncope), or perhaps an actual loss of consciousness from the effects of head trauma. More worrisome, however, is the extent of accumulation of blood in the immediate vicinity of the eye itself. This suggests the possibility of a fracture of bony structures in the periorbital area. Even more worrisome is the possibility of vascular injury from the trauma, with interruption of circulation to the retina or other areas of the eye. While care and attention was paid to the short-term loss of consciousness, the longer-term sequelae of such an injury are actually of greater significance. Trauma in this region can result in loss of vision, either partial or even complete. Damage to the eye

it was her plot as much as mine. We must make it appear that burglars had done the thing.¹¹⁵ Theresa kept on repeating our story to her mistress, while I swarmed up and cut the rope of the bell. Then I lashed her in her chair, and frayed out the end of the rope to make it look natural, else they would wonder how in the world a burglar could have got up there to cut it. Then I gathered up a few plates and pots of silver, to carry out the idea of the robbery, and there I left them, with orders to give the alarm when I had a quarter of an hour's start. I dropped the silver into the pond, and made off for Sydenham, feeling that for once in my life I had done a real good night's work. And that's the truth and the whole truth, Mr. Holmes, if it costs me my neck."

Holmes smoked for some time in silence. Then he crossed the room, and shook our visitor by the hand.

"That's what I think," said he. "I know that every word is true, for you have hardly said a word which I did not know. No one but an acrobat or a sailor could have got up to that bell-rope from the bracket, and no one but a sailor could have made the knots with which the cord was fastened to the chair. Only once had this lady been brought into contact with sailors, and that was on her voyage, and it was someone of her own class of life, since she was trying hard to shield him, and so showing that she loved him. You see how easy it was for me to lay my hands upon you when once I had started upon the right trail."

"I thought the police never could have seen through our dodge."

"And the police haven't, nor will they, to the best of my belief. Now,

itself (orbital trauma) would require greater intervention than an assiduous bath with vinegar and water. Yet, Theresa's attempt at care was laudable as the vinegar might have sterilized the area and prevented development of soft-tissue infection. It is hoped that Lady Brackenstall's injury involved only the more superficial soft tissues and that she made a full recovery with retention of vision. The author's decision to locate the wound in this area may not be totally coincidental as Conan Doyle spent a brief part of his career as an ophthalmologist and likely studied orbital trauma. Watson himself might have had some training in surgical management in this region while at Netley. If Lady Brackenstall emerged from this incident with full sight in the affected eye, she was a fortunate woman indeed.

¹¹⁴ LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1186, n. 34.

¹¹⁵ GREG DARAK: It's not clear from this passage whether the trio of plotters had done something very wrong ethically, aside from killing Sir Eustace and lying to the police about it. It's presumable that one of them, at least, had seen newspaper reports of the Randall gang's previous robbery, with the robbers' description — otherwise, why would they create a group of three robbers, matching the Randalls? What seems wrong is that as far as we know, the Randalls were only burglars, but Mary Fraser's story could have had them convicted of murder (and facing mandatory death sentences). Had the Randalls been arrested, they would have been in very serious trouble. Luckily, being in New York gave them an unbreakable alibi, but if they hadn't been Of course, Mary could have said that the Randalls were not the people she saw if they had been brought to trial, but the fact of there being no comparable three-person father-and-two-sons gang to be found might have been enough for a jury to consider that she was too upset to remember their faces clearly, and to disregard her current non-identification. If the gang had been convicted, one has to wonder what Mary, Jack, and Theresa would have done then. The Randalls are not the only ones who are lucky they were in New York at the time.

look here, Captain Croker, this is a very serious matter, though I am willing to admit that you acted under the most extreme provocation to which any man could be subjected. I am not sure that in defence of your own life your action will not be pronounced legitimate.¹¹⁶ However, that is for a British jury to decide. Meanwhile I have so much sympathy for you that, if you choose to disappear in the next twenty-four hours, I will promise you that no one will hinder you.”

“And then it will all come out?”

“Certainly it will come out.”

The sailor flushed with anger.

“What sort of proposal is that to make a man? I know enough of law to understand that Mary would be had as accomplice. Do you think I would leave her alone to face the music while I slunk away? No, sir, let them do their worst upon me, but for heaven’s sake, Mr. Holmes, find some way of keeping my poor Mary out of the courts.”

Holmes for a second time held out his hand to the sailor.

“I was only testing you, and you ring true every time. Well, it is a great responsibility that I take upon myself, but I have given Hopkins an excellent hint and if he can’t avail himself of it I can do no more.¹¹⁷ See here, Captain Croker, we’ll do this in due form of law. You are the prisoner. Watson, you are a British jury, and I never met a man who was more eminently fitted to

¹¹⁶ IRA MATETSKY: The question whether Croker would have a defense to a charge of murder has often been considered, including in two fine articles that appeared in the scion journal of the Northern Musgraves Sherlock Holmes Society. See Jon L. Lellenberg, “Striking Close to Home,” *The Musgrave Papers*, 7:61-71 (1994); Matthew Booth, “The Abbey Grange,” *The Musgrave Papers* 13:100-06 (2000). Holmes’s decision that the killing in this case was justified at least in part by Lord Brackenstall’s abusive behavior has also been compared to Susan Glaspell’s more developed treatment of this theme in her one-act play “Trifles” (1916), later published in short story form as “A Jury of Her Peers” (1917), which is well worth seeing or reading.

¹¹⁷ GREG DARAK: D. Martin Dakin, in *A Sherlock Holmes Commentary*, wonders how Holmes could let Watson tell this story only seven years after it occurred, revealing facts that could leave Croker, Lady Brackenstall, and Theresa open to arrest — and even Holmes himself, as an accessory after the fact. No matter how much Watson tried to disguise the case for the public, surely Stanley Hopkins would recognize it. Dakin answers his question by suggesting that Lady Brackenstall and Captain Croker had died untimely deaths. There is another possibility, though. Stanley Hopkins was one of the brightest of the Scotland Yarders, one whom Holmes believed to be above the others such as Gregson and Lestrade, and who would seem to have had a bright future ahead of him. The young detective appears in a number of cases, and then is never heard of again. Is it possible that Watson and Holmes felt it safe to publish the disguised case because it was Stanley Hopkins who had died an untimely death? Whether it happened due to illness or in the course of duty, I think this is more likely than Dakin’s idea, as it requires only one early death instead of two, and as stated above, Hopkins did disappear completely after a good start to his career. IRA MATETSKY: To answer the question that occurred to me and may occur to others after reading the preceding paragraph, there is generally no statute of limitations on criminal prosecutions in England.

represent one. I am the judge. Now, gentleman of the jury,¹¹⁸ you have heard the evidence. Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?”

“Not guilty, my lord,” said I.

“*Vox populi, vox Dei.*”¹¹⁹ You are acquitted, Captain Croker. So long as the law does not find some other victim you are safe from me.¹²⁰ Come back to this lady in a year, and may her future and yours justify us in the judgment which we have pronounced this night!”¹²¹



¹¹⁸ MICHAEL MCSWIGGIN: Holmes’ use of the phrase “*gentlemen of the jury*” was literal. Women in the United Kingdom would not be able to serve on juries until 1921 (“The Abbey Grange” takes place in 1897). Women became eligible for jury service after the passage of the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act of 1919, which was implemented in 1921. This act also enabled women to join professions and professional bodies and to be awarded degrees. See Shamena Anwar, Patrick Bayer & Randi Hjalmarsson, “The Impact of the First Women Jurors on Courtroom Decisions” (Royal Economic Society, 6 Feb. 2019); Kevin Crosby, “How Women Finally Got the Right to Jury Service” (The British Academy, 8 Feb. 2019).

¹¹⁹ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 288, n. 43; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1188, n. 35; WBG, p. 507, n. 12; OSH: Return, p. 403.

¹²⁰ IRA MATETSKY: This is far from the only canonical adventure in which Sherlock Holmes identifies a criminal — if Croker is that — but does not share his information with the police. In particular, the “carve-out” from Holmes’s promise to let Croker go free parallels the final lines of “The Boscombe Valley Mystery,” in which Holmes requires the culpable party to sign a confession, but promises to use it only “at the last extremity to save young McCarthy. I promise you that I shall not use it unless it is absolutely needed.” See also note 136 to the annotated “The Priory School” in last year’s *Almanac*.

¹²¹ LSK, Ref: Return, p. 288, n. 44; LSK, 2 New Ann., p. 1188, n. 36; OSH: Return, p. 403.