

THE OGILVIE CURSE



The Forgotten Cases of Sherlock Holmes
Case One
18 May, 1888



NOTES FOR THE FORGOTTEN CASES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

While every attempt has been made in the writing of these Forgotten Cases to avoid re-using character names from the original cases, it is possible that one has slipped by. In that event, the characters should not be considered the same person and no characterization from earlier cases should be used in solving these mysteries.

Any address included in the directory which contains only a single letter should be considered a partial address. Additional clues may be needed to determine the missing letter of the final address.

As in the original cases, any newspapers from the date of the case in question or earlier may be referenced.

Special thanks is given here to Ystari Publishing, The British Library, Dafont.com, 1001FreeFonts.com, Wikipedia.com, CGTextures.com, the LA Herald, Jeremy Brett, Dame Agatha Christie, and many others, but most of all to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

—Your Authors

VERSION 1.1

THE FORGOTTEN CASES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

CASE ONE

THE OGILVIE CURSE

18 MAY, 1888

Sitting around the flat at 221B Baker Street we find ourselves in the company of Dr. John Watson who sits quite upright in his chair reading a newspaper and puffing gently on his pipe. Sherlock Holmes stands at the fireplace, one arm resting upon the mantle. He stares deeply at nothing in particular as if lost in a memory. Suddenly, as quick as lighting a match, his head snaps to the left and his attention is drawn to his partially opened desk drawer, inside it, an empty syringe. Just as quickly, Watson senses Holmes thoughts and stares at him disapprovingly.

“Watson!” Holmes cries suddenly, “This intolerable quiet will not do! The boredom is deafening!”

“Holmes, my dear friend,” Watson sighs, “You solved the Courtney Allen murder case not a fortnight ago...”

“Over two months!” Holmes yells out frustratedly, “I solved that case more than two months ago Watson! And little challenge did it give me.”

“Was it really that long...” Watson trails off.

Holmes melts down from his standing position onto the couch nearby, his body looking more like a discarded snake skin than that of a world-renowned detective.

Calmer now, he continues in a soft voice, “I feel as though I shall simply waste away without something to keep my mental faculties engaged. I require... the proper... distraction.”

Just at this last word a knock comes at the door.

“Wiggins!” Holmes barks out.

The boy snaps up like a whip and scurries to the door. Opening it he finds Mrs. Hudson standing sheepishly next to an elderly lady whose posture is stiff and obviously well practiced. Mrs. Hudson and Wiggins exchange a few words, quietly enough to not be heard across the room.

Holmes, his right hand rubbing his forehead, bursts out “Stand aside, the both of you, and let this lady in, whoever she may be!”

“You must be Mr. Sherlock Holmes,” she states curtly as if stating a plain fact.

“Indeed I am madam. And these gentlemen are Dr. John Watson, Mr. Wiggins, and his associates... and you may be?” Holmes asks, his tone somewhere in the range of over courteous, to the point of mocking.

Ignoring any attempt to parse Holmes’ demeanor, the lady continues, “My name is Imogene Ogilvie, wife of the late Sir Albert Ogilvie.”

“Ahh,” Watson interjects knowingly, “are you perchance also related to the late Sir *Lester* Ogilvie?”

“Indeed. I am his mother.”

“Please madam, have a seat. Holmes, Sir Lester died just yesterday morning at his home. He was a barrister of some repute I believe. The whole thing was in the Times.” Watson turns his attention back to Mrs. Ogilvie, “The paper said he died of a heart attack in his bedchamber, is that right?”

Wiggins removes a stack of papers from a chair in the corner and shuffles it toward the sitting area for Mrs. Ogilvie.

“Thank you. My son’s heart did stop, that is correct. But there is more. He was a timid young man and a paranoid adult. He was thin and shunned exercise, and he was constantly wracked with worry. He claimed that he was always ill, though I believe much of the problem was inside his own head. He was quick to temper, especially if anyone told him to buck up or questioned his health. Despite all of this, I do not believe he died of natural causes. I believe he was killed.”

At this, Holmes’ attention seems to perk up, though his fingers remain planted firmly to his brow. Watson’s reaction however is much more animated.

“My word! What makes you think so, madam? Surely his weak physical condition was consistent with a weak heart?”

“My son may have thought he was frail, but he was also most excellently tended to. My husband, Sir Albert died three weeks ago after a prolonged illness. Though his death was not unexpected, it hit Lester particularly hard. For this reason, I made sure our family physician, Dr. Ainstree, looked in on him three times each week. Lester’s personal valet, Mr. Brown, has kept me informed of the results of each of these visits. As of last week, his heart was in excellent condition.

"As I said, my son was quick to anger and he did not spare his temper or his frustrations from those around him. This was the reason he never married. It was also the reason he had few friends and more enemies. Though I do not know what could drive a man to murder, I know Lester was capable of eliciting... strong emotion in those around him. For this reason, I have contacted you, Mr. Holmes. While Scotland Yard is still investigating the situation, I trust your reputation far more than theirs in matters such as these.

"I am not an overly emotional woman, gentlemen, but the loss of my son so soon after the death of my husband has wounded me greatly. From the moment Lester was born, his death was something I swore to myself I would never see."

Holmes has hardly stirred, looking more statue than man, when suddenly, remaining stock still he asks, "With your husband recently dead, and now your son leaving no heirs, who stands to inherit your family's estate?"

"My younger son, Gordon. I know what you are thinking Mr. Holmes, and let me put it to rest: Gordon is not capable of killing. He is a flighty young man. He understands little of money or inheritance and cares nothing for titles. He was one of Lester's only friends, despite their difference in ages. If you must investigate him, you can find his household at number 35 Broad Street, quite near my own home, but I assure you Mr. Holmes, you will not find a killer in my son Gordon.

"But let me ask you a question, Mr. Holmes. Does your interest in the facts around the inheritance mean you will take the case?"

Holmes continues to sit blankly, face covered, showing no emotion or interest.

"I have heard you are a man who eschews the commonplace and your position and reputation allow you to select only the most interesting of cases. I was loath to tell you this final detail, as I believe it is complete nonsense and utterly disconnected to reality or the death of my son, however, if it is the only way, then so be it. If you choose to pursue this matter you will no doubt hear from those you interview of The Ogilvie Curse."

A solitary eyebrow raises from beneath Holmes' hand.

"Mr. Holmes, the Ogilvie line is an ancient one dating back hundreds of years through my late husband's family to his Scottish forebears. The tale begins with one of these ancestors, a Lord Angus Ogilvie, who lived in the Middle Ages. He was known to be jealous and controlling, not to mention ruthless to his enemies and to any persons he thought had crossed him. It is said he once had an entire village put to death for the crime of one family giving refuge to an enemy Lord for a single night.

"In any case, it is said that Lord Angus had come to suspect his wife of being unfaithful. He let rumors poison his mind and soon began to believe that her unfaithfulness had been going on for many years, and that his first born son may not be his own child. One night in a drunken rage, Lord Angus decided to unleash his punishment for this betrayal. Taking an axe, so it is said, he killed both his first born son and his wife. With her dying breath, she denied his accusations; she had only been faithful to him."

Here, Mrs. Ogilvie sighs a heavy sigh, "But, as the story goes, she went one step further, throwing out a curse upon her murderous husband. The curse states that no first born Ogilvie shall ever inherit the estate, so that his progeny would be broken and scattered, and his lands, moneys, and titles divided."

"And has the curse been fulfilled?" asks Holmes, showing his face for the first time since the arrival of Mrs. Ogilvie.

"If you ask my husband's family... it has. But who is to be sure, over these hundreds of years? We are not Scottish Lords, that is true, but how many families retain all they have had for so many centuries? It is foolish. But to ask those of my husband's family – not to mention my own children! – I am the fool!" Mrs. Ogilvie, after realizing her own agitation, snaps to attention, returning to the stern and calm demeanor she earlier portrayed.

"It is foolish, Mr. Holmes, but you will hear it. Do not let it cloud your judgment of my son's case."

"Madam," says a smiling Holmes, as he reaches his feet and bids, with open hands, for her to do the same, "when I take a case I consider every piece of evidence, every hypothesis, no matter how absurd."

Holmes begins walking Mrs. Ogilvie to the door, calling Mrs. Hudson as he does so. "I will take your case, madam. My associates and I will discover the truth of this matter... and believe me when I say, our judgments are *never* clouded.



AREA SE

3 SE

Attached to the Bridge House Hotel is the home and office of Dr. Saari. Here we're met by a bobby with no intention of letting us through. Quite a crowd has gathered outside to get a morbid peek at the crime scene within. Eventually, Wiggins is able to get the attention of Inspector Lestrade who signals to allow our entry.

"Well well, Holmes' boys have decided to grace us with their presence," mocks a nonplussed-looking Lestrade.

"Greetings Inspector!" retorts Wiggins over-excitedly in an obvious attempt to annoy Lestrade further.

Lestrade, choosing not to take the bait acquiesces to the coming questions, "Well, what do you lot want to know?"

"What exactly went on here Inspector?"

"A violent struggle and brutal killing, that's what," replies Lestrade in a tone both pleased and surprised at having information we don't.

"Who's the victim then?"

"That would be one Doctor Ilona Saari," Lestrade points to the body of a woman just as a bobby covers it with a white sheet. She has dark hair and a fair complexion and wears a modestly fashionable floral dress.

"She was beaten to death quite violently with a blunt instrument. The fatal blow was to the back of the head and was delivered with sufficient force to crack the skull near the base, hence the volume of blood all about.

"What's Dr. Ilona Saari's relationship to Dr. Ewell P. Saari?"

"Hmm, well, as far as we can make out from her paperwork and the contents of her practice, she *was* Ewell P. Saari."

"How's that?"

"Well, it seems she thought that a man doctor's name on the label of her medicines would sell better than that of a lady doctor. And I guess she was right. It looks like she tried selling under the name Ilona Saari in York a few years back and did rather poorly. By the time she made her way to London, she'd switched to Ewell. She still saw patients as Dr. Ilona Saari, but most of her income was made as Ewell. It seems she did pretty well too. She had five hundred pounds in notes on her when we found her."

"So the murder wasn't a robbery then?"

"It don't look like it. We can't seem to notice anything missing."

"Do you have a murder weapon?"

Lestrade lowers his voice to be sure no one from the gawking crowd will hear, "Only a matter of time lads. Probably under all this," Lestrade motions to the state of the room around him.

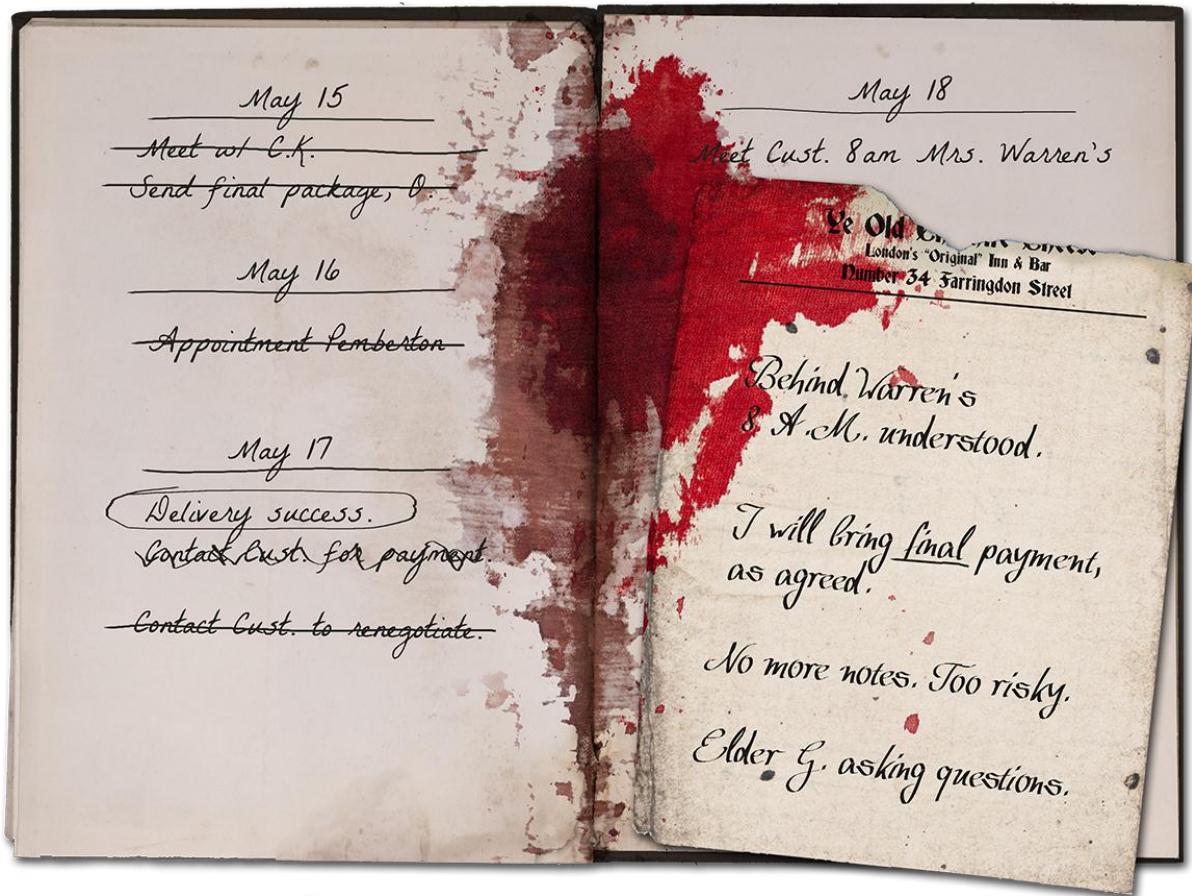
There are indeed all manner of items strewn about the place. Many glasses and bottles of liquid appear to have been smashed in the struggle. Adjacent to the door, a brass coat rack has been toppled and bent slightly near the center. An ornate floral hat and a lace parasol lay beside it, the hat having been stomped through the middle by a muddy shoe. A nearby couch is practically broken in half and paperwork is scattered about like fallen leaves. Specimen jars and dry goods containers are broken and their contents stain the floor. In the front corner, opposite the door, a medical study skeleton lies completely disarticulated.

"Did anyone witness the fight?"

"Apparently not. Several folks claim to have heard a commotion but couldn't make out what was said. There were no patients present as the practice was closed today. If anyone saw anything, they're keepin' mum about it."

"Did you find anything else of interest here Inspector?"

"Well, there's Dr. Saari's appointment book," Lestrade pulls a small, bloodstained, black leather bound book from his pocket and turns it to today's date. Stuffed inside is a small note, "Have a look yourselves."



"Any idea what it all means Inspector?"

"Search me. Just the notes of busy doctor most likely, though the loose note is puzzling. My guess is this whole thing was probably just an unfortunate incident with a deranged patient. I understand Miss Saari treated many persons of what you might call the less desirable classes."

"Thanks for all your help Inspector," says Wiggins as we back our way out of the crime scene.

"Hey!" shouts Lestrade, having made a sudden realization that there may be more to this scene than he realizes, "Just what is Holmes after here, anyways?"

"Sorry Inspector, got to run!" Wiggins shouts back, much to Lestrade's displeasure. Lestrade turns to a bobby walking through the crime scene to chide him about his carelessness, no doubt in an attempt to relieve some of his frustration, while we continue on our way.

21 SE

At the stables of Rudge & Singer, which we are assured are the finest in London, we are directed to the barn in which Mr. George Negley is working.

"Mr. Negley!" Wiggins shouts as we approach the short swarthy man in work trousers and simple shirt. He wears a bandana about his neck and a flat cap upon his head.

As soon as his eyes catch ours, the man bolts toward the opposite end of the barn and straight to the open door there.

"Hey! Stop!" yells Wiggins, but the man has no intention of doing so.

Given his head start and his speed it is obvious he will outrun us and soon be out onto the London streets. This makes what happens next even more surprising. As soon as George Negley's front foot touches the threshold of the great barn door, his face runs smack into the flat of a metal mucking shovel putting out a loud "pang!" and sending him spinning end over end to land on the floorboards with a dull thud. An enormous muscled man with an equally impressive handlebar moustache steps into view from just outside where he had been holding the shovel.

"I stop!" shouts the great man with a smile as wide as his moustache.

Once George Negley comes to, we are allowed to question him. At our sides stand the Rudge & Singer stable master and the large helpful gentleman who is apparently named Victor.

"Mr. Negley," begins Wiggins, "why did you run from us?"

"Cause I recognized you lot. You're Sherlock Holmes' boys," he sneers.

"Then you know we're here to ask you about the Cyanide of Potassium you obtained from Gould and Son."

"Look," Negley says, ready to bargain for his life, "Donovan didn't die did he? I didn't kill nobody, I just made 'im sick so's 'e couldn't run. I'll give all the money back, I swear. I've already lost me job! Just don't call the coppers!"

"Donovan?" asks a puzzled Wiggins, "Who's Donovan?"

"I can answer that!" volunteers the stable master, "Donovan is one of the most promising two-year-olds I've seen in years."

Wiggins looks even more confused than before this answer.

"He's a racehorse," the stable master continues, slightly disappointed with Wiggins, "Donovan had to bow out of an important race here in London just two days ago. He could barely stand."

"Well Mr. Negley," says Wiggins with a wry smile, "we came here to ask you about one crime, and it seems we've solved another."

29 SE

At St. Thomas hospital we are directed by the receptionist to one of the myriad identical first floor rooms located off the main hall. As soon as we enter, we are blinded by a bright flash.

"Ahh!" yelps Wiggins like a wounded puppy, "My eyes!"

After a few moments, our vision returns and we see two men inside. One is a tall man with auburn hair and long sideburns who stands behind a large photographic camera. The other man is barely recognizable as a living human, more closely resembling a mummy from the British Museum. His body is wrapped in plaster casts nearly from head to toe. The man's right arm and left leg are elevated well above the surface of the hospital bed he lies on. From his mouth protrudes a strange wire contraption.

"Hello lads!" the photographer welcomes us cheerily, "I'm Mr. John Marshall, from the photography studio. You may have seen my work. You must be here to see Mr. Fyer."

"Actually," says Wiggins alternately rubbing his eyes and blinking them in an exaggerated fashion, "We're here investigating the death of Sir Lester Ogilvie."

"Ogilvie you say... Marilyn..." he trails off in a dreadful manner, the color draining from his horrified face, "You haven't talked to my wife have you? I'm sorry, but I've got to go! I've never met Sir Lester, I assure you, and I'll be of no help to your investigation, but I must be getting home!"

With the speed of a whirlwind, Mr. Marshall packs up his equipment and hurries out the door, practically knocking it off its hinges in his haste.

Once Wiggins regains his senses, he turns his attention to Mr. Fyer.

"Mr. Fyer, how did you come to be in such a condition?"

"You see," the poor man on the hospital cot manages to say, barely able to speak through his wired jaws, "How shall I shtart?... Have you ever 'een to the top of a large 'rilding?"

"Rilding?... Oh, building! Yes sir, I have."

"You may 'ave noticed that errey year," the man continues with some effort, his accent evident of an education in the Southern region of the United States, 'rildings get larger ad larger. Shoon, they will esseed a dozen floors. Should there be a fire in a 'rilding of at size, occupants at the top shall 'ave no means of escape ad shall surely perish. I mean to put a shtop to this before it becomes an issue which shall surely put millionsh of lives in peril."

"Indeed sir... how?" asks a puzzled Wiggins.

"I have invented the worldsh first and only 'Parachute Shuit,' a stylish and well-tailored mens shuit fixed with a carefully coshealed parachute of the finest Oriental silk. In case of a fire in a tall 'rilding, a man equipped with one of my 'Parachute Shuits' will shimplly open a window and jump out whereupon the parachute of silk will, of its own accord unfurl and he shall glide gently as an autumn leaf to the shtreet below!"

"And you jumped out of a building with your suit?!" asks an incredulous Wiggins.

"No, no, no, no, no, lad. I jumped from Weshtminster Bridge."

A pregnant pause hangs thick in the room until eventually broken by Mr. Fyer, "And I would have shucceeded too, however my current prototype demands more height. My next attempt shall be far better."

"You plan on trying again!?"

"My invention is vital to the shafety of millions! It must be tried again. And again. And again! My next attempt, as shoon as I am released from this blasted hospital bed will be from the shpire of Notre Dame

Cathedral in Paris... once I attain the proper permissionsh from the French government..."

It is obvious to us that Mr. Fyer will in no way be persuaded from his plan to test his "Parachute Suit" again and so we soon take our leave of him unsure if he is a visionary, a genius, a madman, or all three.

32 SE

At the door of what could only be accurately described as the "hovel" of Mr. Charles Kane, Wiggins gives a cautious knock.

"It's open, yeah? Coom in!" yells a man's voice from inside.

We enter slowly into a dark room, shafts of light coming through partly blocked windows play on the cracked plaster walls.

"Oi! What choo neeed boys?" asks a smartly dressed wisp of man. He is short and exceedingly pale and thin but bears a large grin out from which shoots a long piece of straw. His hair is slicked back and he wears a gaudy gold watch chain with a fob of oriental manufacture.

He continues talking in a quick manner as we make our way further in and closes the door gently behind us, "Any fing you boys needs I can gets, yeah? Knives? Guns? Opium? Morphine? What choo boys neeed?"

"What about Cyanide of Potassium?" asks Wiggins. At this the man's eyes go wide and dart from side to side all around the dingy room. In an instant he makes a lunge for the door, but our numbers and his small size make his escape impossible.

"I 'ent done nuffing! Nuffing!" he yells.

"Mr. Kane," Wiggins states plainly, "We know you bought Cyanide of Potassium from Gould and Son. And now a man is dead. Poisoned."

"Look," Kane says with a nervous chuckle, "I 'ent know what was in the package, yeah? I was just told to pick it up, right? And drop it off. That's all. I 'ent know what was in it."

"Who ordered you to pick it up?"

"I never met 'em. I just got notes ya see. A associate of mine set it up. I picked up the package, dropped it off and picked up my cash."

"Who was this associate?"

"You knows I can't say that!"

"Where did you drop off the package?"

"At a doctor's place. I don't remember the name. A woman there took it and gave me this note, yeah? It said to go get me cash from some barkeep."

"Do you remember the name of the place you picked up the money?"

"I don't for the life a' me remember! I swears it!"

"Do you have any of the notes you received?"

"I burnt 'em in the fireplace, yeah? Why didn't I keep em?"

"Don't worry Mr. Kane," says Wiggins, "I believe you about the notes."

With our questioning done, Wiggins sends one of us to fetch a bobby to take Mr. Kane into custody.

45 SE

At the home of George Negley we are told that he is at work tending the stables of Rudge & Singer. We quickly leave this dank corner of London and continue our search.

60 SE

Hung from the second story of the office of Dr. Diggory Verner is an enormous banner proclaiming the many health benefits of his Wonder Tonic. The banner claims that the aforementioned Tonic can help with all manner of ailments ranging from absent mindedness to zinc deficiency.

At the door, we are greeted by Dr. Verner himself, a boisterous man sporting a dark moustache and top hat. After the normal pleasantries, we find ourselves sitting in Dr. Verner's drawing room upon his well upholstered couches.

"Dr. Verner, have you perchance bought some quantity of Cyanide of Potassium from Gould and Son, the chemist?" asks Wiggins.

"Indeed I have lad!" says the Doctor excitedly.

"And for what purpose did you buy it doctor?"

"As you may be aware my boy, Cyanide of Potassium is a deadly poison. It is indispensable in the development of photographic film and so is kept in many offices, labs, and even homes throughout London and indeed the Western World. It poses a deadly threat when not treated properly and is the cause of scores of deaths each year... BUT NO LONGER!" The doctor launches himself to his feet as he speaks these words, obvious excitement in his voice.

"What do you mean sir?"

"You see my boy, through the application of the latest in medical science, I have perfected my Wonder Tonic to new heights! The newest version of the Tonic I have developed is capable of rendering *this*," the doctor produces a small glass jar from his pocket with a 'Gould and Son' label containing a substance we presume to be the Cyanide of Potassium, "completely inert and, in fact, suitable for human consumption!"

"You see, I plan to unveil my new Tonic in a special live performance at the Lyceum Theater tomorrow night, and to prove its effectiveness, I shall drink a

bottle of my Wonder Tonic and then ingest the noxious and deadly contents of this vial, remaining completely unharmed!" the Doctor stops still here as if waiting for applause.

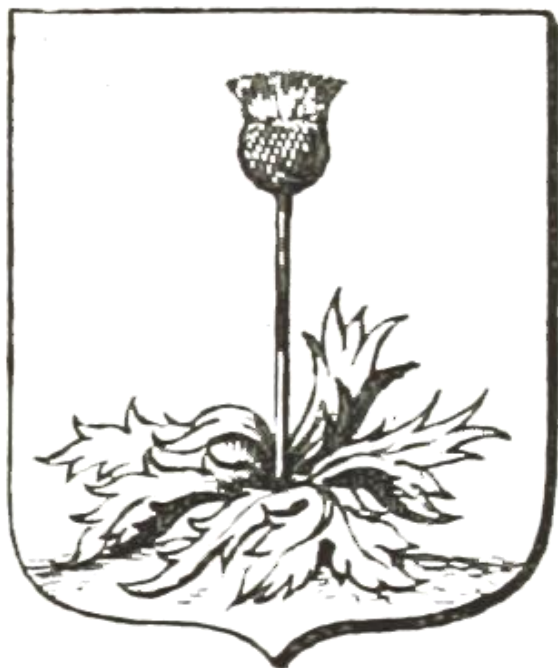
"And if we were to get Gould to confirm that the contents of that jar is indeed the Cyanide of Potassium in the amount they sold you?"

"By all means, lad," says the doctor forthrightly as he holds out the jar to Wiggins, "Just have it back before tomorrow night."

"Thank you doctor, but we'll take your word for it."

"Of course my boy, of course. Now please, come to my show, all of you. Eight P.M. sharp at the Lyceum. It'll be a spectacle of modern medical science not to be missed!"

After taking our leave of Dr. Verner, Wiggins ponders aloud, "I think I'll tell Holmes - and the authorities - about Dr. Verner's show tomorrow. The man may be a fool, but I don't think I can *quite* stomach letting him off himself onstage like that."



AREA SW

2 SW

"Ahh, the Ogilvies," says Langdale Pike, eyes half-lidded in amusement. "I know little of interest of the late Sir Albert and his still-breathing wife, of course. They were always quiet, respectable people. She was a Russell, I believe, before they married."

"The Ogilvie *children*, however... good heavens. Sir Lester, the abrasive hypochondriac lawyer; Gordon, the obsequious dilettante; and Marilyn, the amorous aspiring actress. Marilyn has some fairly fascinating tales attached to her name! Performers are well-known for their hot-blooded temperament and their professional talent for artifice, but she is a true original. I hardly want to spoil the impression you may collect for yourselves, so I shall leave it at that." He smiles at us in a way that makes us wonder if we want to collect that impression.

"Honestly, as far as Sir Lester was concerned, you would think that someone so worried about outliving his elderly father would take a little more care not to aggravate every person he came across. Well, aggravating everyone except his brother Gordon, God only knows why. And Sir Julius Benedict, of course. The three of them played cards often at the Cavendish Club, Sir Julius trading one of his famous barbs for every one of Sir Lester's uncouth pedestrianisms, Gordon smiling like a fool between the two the entire time. A strange trio!"

3 SW

When we ask the doorman at the entrance of the Criterion Club if a Dr. Saari is here, we are greeted with a bored and exasperated sigh.

"You're at the wrong address mate," he says with obvious annoyance in his deep voice, "Does this look like a doctor's office?"

5 SW

Mere moments after our explanation of the facts of the case to Lomax, he returns with several volumes on Scottish history and folklore. He confirms the historicity of the Ogilvie name, it having originated with the Barony of Ogilvy. Our Ogilvies seem to have migrated to Aberdeen and eventually to London where they now reside.

As to the curse, it is mentioned in Alan Cunningham's *Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry*, "However," Lomax cautions, "as this book was published here in London only as long ago as '74, it is just as likely that Mr. Cunningham learned of the story of the curse from the Ogilvies themselves."

8 SW

We slowly enter the Diogenes Club with that same uncomfortable feeling the place always seems to bear down with upon non-members. Despite our best attempts at silence, every rustle of clothing or squeak of a floorboard is met with a disapproving glare until we make our way to the Strangers' Room.

"How can I be of service to you today Master Wiggins?" asks Mycroft Holmes breathing heavily, but with a smile on his lips and a glint in his eye.

"Well Mr. Mycroft, sir, we're looking into the death of Sir Lester Ogilvie. Do you know anything about him?"

"Ahh, yes, Sir Lester Ogilvie. Son of the late Sir Albert of the Admiralty. A fine barrister, Sir Lester, and a service to the Crown. He's tried many cases on behalf of Her Majesty. Prickly as a porcupine though. A one-time member of this club as a matter of fact."

"Did he have any enemies?"

"Ha! Enemies, my boy? Scores. Too many to be numbered. I'm afraid I haven't many specifics, but you may want to check with Mr. Harold Diggs. He was, I believe, a favorite solicitor of Sir Lester's."

"Thank you kindly Mr. Holmes. This has been most helpful."

"I should hope so my boy. I should hope so."

10 SW

Upon learning of our business at the Admiralty, a formerly suspicious clerk offers to introduce us to Sir Albert's longtime secretary.

"If you happen to see Madam Ogilvie, please pass my condolences to her," whispers the clerk as he shows himself out. The secretary greets us warmly and shakes his head in disbelief at the latest sad turn for the Ogilvie family.

"Sir Albert always did worry about the curse," the man sighed. When we ask if Sir Albert had any enemies who might wish harm on him or his family, the secretary begins to laugh, but then looks shocked as he realizes we are serious.

"Sir Albert? Why, no. He was a gentleman in the truest sense of the word. I worked with him for twenty years and I never met anyone who didn't get along with him." After a few of the secretary's more impressive tales of Sir Albert's feats of quiet diplomacy and even-tempered derring-do, we decide to cross this lead off our list.

13 SW

At Inspector Lestrade's Scotland Yard office we arrive to find only an empty desk staring back at us and we soon decide to leave. While dejectedly heading back out to the London streets, we are greeted by a friendly shout from behind.

"Oi, Wiggins!"

The voice belongs to Inspector Barton, one of Scotland Yard's finest.

"Wiggins. Boys," he says acknowledging us with a nod, "If you were looking for Inspector Lestrade, I'm afraid you've missed him. A woman's body's been found in South East and he's gone out to look into it. Gruesome scene so I hear."

"Do you know where exactly he went Inspector?" asks Wiggins hopefully.

"Afraid I don't know the address off the top of my head. The victim was some kind of a doctor I think though. Oh, and the name sounded Indian to me. Hope that helps lads."

"Hmm..." says Wiggins almost to himself, "I'm not sure yet, but it might. Much obliged Inspector!"

15 SW

We soon make our way to the beautiful Hotel Halliday on Parliament Square. The hotel boasts of a prime location with views of the Parliament Building, Big Ben, Westminster Abbey, Scotland Yard, and, of course, Westminster Bridge. Inside, the desk clerk eagerly answers our questions.

"Mr. Jess Fyer, of course! Mr. Fyer is one of our preferred customers, but I'm afraid he isn't here."

"Do you know where he might be?"

"Don't you know? Mr. Fyer is at St. Thomas Hospital! He has been ever since... Ohhh, I can't even bring myself to remember it! It was so horrid! Please, if you go see him, let him know we're still thinking of him in our prayers."

As we begin to leave, the clerk has a final request.

"If you talk to him, please tell him we - the staff - we all know he plans to try again. Please tell him not to! He's such a dear man. He'll surely die if he tries again!" she then bursts into tears.

22 SW

Entering the cramped and overfull office of Professor H.R. Murray we squeeze past carefully balanced stacks of paper, heaps of evidence boxes, and piles of accordion files until we reach a desk currently occupied by Mr. Murray himself.

"Ahh, Wiggan and friends I see," states Mr. Murray, neither pleased nor upset to see us.

"Wiggins, sir."

"Quite right," says Mr. Murray as he straightens up in his chair, "You must be here about the Donovan case."

"Uh, no sir. We're here about the Ogilvie case."

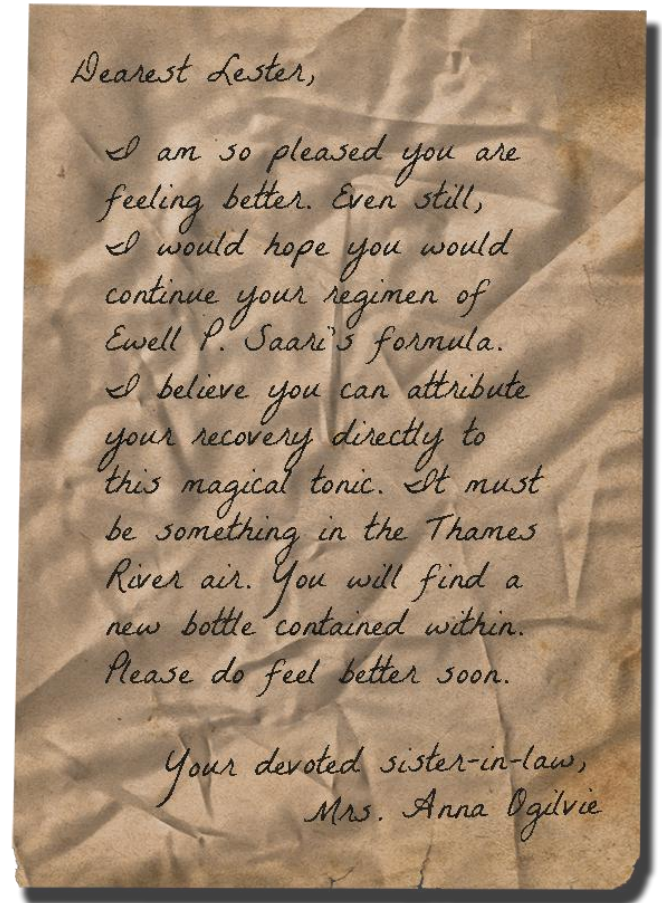
"Ahh, right. I understood Holmes had put that one to bed already. Two cases of poisoning in one week would be enough to confuse anyone. At any rate, I can tell you that Sir Lester Ogilvie was in fact murdered. Poisoned in fact, by a lethal dose of Cyanide of Potassium. Quite a painful death."

"We had thought as much," replies Wiggins, "Do you mind if we have a look at the evidence collected at the murder scene?"

"Of course, lads, one moment."

H.R. Murray stands gingerly from his desk and walks over to a collection of evidence boxes, each with a name and case number carefully inscribed in black ink on the two short ends. After a few moments of mumbling and tossing aside of boxes, he returns to the desk and sets a small open box upon it. Written on the side is "File 604, Ogilvie, Sir Lester M."

Inside are several envelopes labeled "broken glass," some stained scraps from a Persian rug, and the following note:



"Quite interesting..." ponders Wiggins.

"The glass shards are from several bottles of different brands of patent *medicine*," Murray says with a disdainful tone placed upon the final word.

"Sir, is there any way to tell if the poison was administered via one of the patent medicines?"

"I'm afraid not my boy, the jumble of glass and liquids soaked into the rug made that determination impossible."

"Thank you for your time Professor, this has all been quite helpful."

28 SW

Amongst a wide variety of modest businesses catering to exotic needs of all types, we locate the Kagawa Sisters Silk Importers. Once inside, we feel as though we stand inside a prism, such are the uncountable shades of the fabrics surrounding us. We soon locate Miss Suki Kagawa, elegantly arrayed in a kimono, no doubt made from her own wares - a simple but effective advertisement.

"Gentlemen," she says in a soft voice, "May I interest you in some of the finest fabrics of the Orient? If you don't see anything you like in the shop, please be aware

that we can order silk in any quantity, quality, and hue you could desire.”

“I apologize miss,” says Wiggins staring dreamily about the shop, “But we were hoping you might help us with an investigation we are conducting on behalf of the detective, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. We understand you do business with a Mr. Gordon Ogilvie at the Aberdeen Navigation Company.”

“That is correct. A majority of our orders from Asia arrive aboard Aberdeen’s ships.”

“Are you familiar with Gordon’s brother, Sir Lester Ogilvie?”

“I was unaware Mr. Ogilvie had a brother.”

“At Aberdeen, your sister was discussing a large order with Mr. Ogilvie which sounds as though it went missing. May I ask what that was about?”

“We have a... peculiar client, a Mr. Jess Fyer. He is a strange man, an American I believe. In February, we sold him a large quantity of high grade Chinese silk. In April, he contacted us again to place an even larger order. While Mr. Fyer is a strange man, his money is good and he pays well and on time.

“Unfortunately, our re-stocking order seems to be missing and my sister went to the Aberdeen office to talk to Mr. Pendergast about finding it. If she spoke instead with Mr. Ogilvie as you say, I’m afraid she may have wasted her time. I do not like Mr. Pendergast, but he knows his job and his warehouse well.”

“Do you know where we might locate Mr. Fyer, should we need to talk with him?”

“Since mid-March, all of our correspondence with Mr. Fyer has been through the desk at his hotel, the Halliday, on Parliament Square.”

“Thank you Miss Kagawa, this has been most informative.”

34 SW

We peer in the windows of the Marshall & Comstock Photography Studio as Wiggins reads the sign on the door:

“Messrs. Marshall & Comstock are currently out and about London, capturing the exciting sights of the day.

Join us in our travels in your favorite newspapers
The London Times - The Illustrated London News -
The Police Gazette - The Daily Telegraph”

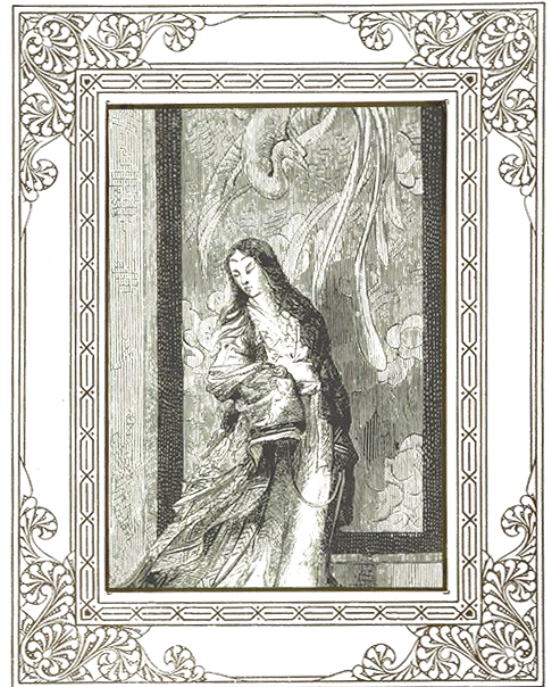
Wiggins tries knocking a few times, but nobody answers. He shrugs. “Oh well,” he says, “I s’pose we could try back here later.” We look at the specimens of work hung in the window.

An image of Westminster Bridge; a large bird-like creature appears to be plummeting down to the river below: “Startling Happenings in London”

A woman in heavy stage makeup wearing Oriental dress: “Miss Marilyn Ogilvie as ‘Yum-Yum’ in ‘The Mikado’ at the Allegro Theater”

An impressive interior of a building, marble pillars supporting a second-story ceiling; busts and other statuary occupy the bottom level, while many paintings are visible hanging on the walls of the upper gallery: “Carr and Hallé’s ‘New Gallery’ on Regent Street opens to the public”

“They certainly do get around, don’t they?” observes Wiggins. “Well, where to next, lads?”



51 SW

Clayton Comstock greets us eagerly in spite of his sniffing and coughing. “Yes, Marshall is the one truly ‘out and about’ today, unfortunately for me. Holmes’s boys, eh?” he croaks, gesturing us onto a couch in his sitting room as he turns up one lamp, douses another, and opens the curtains in the large street-facing window. “I don’t suppose... might I take your photograph, since you’re here? For... posterity?” Wiggins looks uncertain. “You could have miniatures, for, for your, ah... mothers?” he goes on, glancing at us, frowning, and re-closing one curtain.

“I suppose so, sir,” answers Wiggins. “If we can ask you a few questions.” Comstock’s eyebrows go up, though whether this is from curiosity or an impending

sneeze, we can't be sure. "We're investigating the death of Sir Lester Ogilvie. He may have been poisoned."

Wiggin's eye is caught by a small receipt slip on Mr. Comstock's coffee table from Gould & Son. It reads, "Marshall & Comstock, #34 Bressenden Pl. Cyanide of Potassium, March 25th. Paid in full" "Cyanide?" asks Wiggins, "Isn't that a poison?"

"Only if you eat it," answers Comstock, as he positions a camera in front of us. "You want to know about professional hazards, then?"

"Well, Sir Lester *was* an unpopular barrister," observes Wiggins. Comstock's laugh dissolves into a cough.

"I meant *my* profession. Photographers use Cyanide of Potassium to develop photographs. Some say that hypo - er, sodium thiosulphate - will do just as well, but--" he waves a hand dismissively. "My partner, Marshall, must have left that receipt when he dropped by earlier. He handles the chemists for the most part," Comstock finishes absently as he dabs his nose with a handkerchief and adjusts something on the camera.

"I see," says Wiggins. "Did you know the deceased?"

"Hm? No, never met him." Mr. Comstock can't help but notice the disappointment in some of our faces. He looks slightly uncomfortable. "Well. *I've* never met him, speaking for myself only."

"Sir?" Comstock clears his throat uneasily.

"Marshall... is, er, acquainted with a Miss Marilyn Ogilvie. The actress. Over at the Allegro." Mr. Comstock fiddles with the camera a little more. "Perhaps you've seen some of his work - he's photographed her on many occasions. In costume, that is. Er, I mean for her roles, at the theater. Promotional work, you see."

"Did he ever meet Sir Lester?" Mr. Comstock looked uncomfortable.

"I don't know if he ever happened to meet your unfortunate soul, but John and Mari... er, Miss Ogilvie do spend a lot of time together. For the photography," he added hurriedly. "Now: hold still!"

68 SW

Though he finds our request unusual, the butler at the home of the Duke of Belminster eventually grants us leave to speak with Miss Doris Kennedy. The maid is a shy, frail girl, not one who would stand out in a crowd and far more likely to blend into the woodwork.

"Yes Mr. Wiggins, I did work previously for Sir Lester, but I don't much like talkin' about it," the girl speaks in a thick Irish accent.

"And why is that Miss Kennedy?"

"I... I'm sorry, it wouldn't be m' place to speak ill of m' betters or of the dead... least of all of someone killed by a curse! At any rate, I ended my employment there two weeks ago."

"I understand. We believe someone may have murdered Sir Lester. Do you think someone in the family could have been involved?"

"My word, no! Sir Lester's family were the most devoted to him, Lord knows why. Why even his sister-in-law, Mrs. Anne used to send him tonics to help him feel better. For the better part of a month before I left, she'd been sending him one of those medicines regularly."

"Do you remember which one?"

"Ahh, I'm afraid I couldn't say - he took so many of 'em."

"Miss Kennedy, can you think of anyone who might want to hurt Sir Lester?"

"I'm afraid not, beggin' yer pardon. Maybe you could check with that Mr. Diggs? He came over quite often on business."

Just then the butler enters and informs us that if we have any further questions for Miss Kennedy, they would have to wait until her duties were complete for the day. Letting the two of them know that we have enough, we see ourselves out through the servants' door.

83 SW

"Yes?" a young, handsome man answers Wiggins' knock.

"Excuse me, sir, we've just come from the Allegro--" the man turns ashen and attempts to slam the door, but Wiggins braces his shoulder against it too quickly for him, keeping it partially-open. "Are...you...Lyman Izard?" he manages to grunt out, barely holding the door open against the man's frantic pushing. The man sighs resignedly and stops trying to close it.

"Yes. Yes, I'm Lyman Izard, damn it all! What is it now? What does she want?" He gets a wild look in his eye. "Look...look here now," he hisses nervously, reaching into his jacket pocket, "whatever she paid, I'll pay you double. No singing! Not again!"

"Mr Izard--? No, we're not...sir, we're here on behalf of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the detective!" Lyman Izard becomes very still. His eyes grow wide.

"Why?"

Wiggins gives Mr. Izard a calculating look. "We are here investigating the death of Sir Lester Ogilvie." The frozen panic seems to melt away from Mr. Izard's face, which now merely appears confused. Wiggins continues, "We understand that you are...*involved*...with

Miss Marilyn Ogilvie--" Mr. Izard turns scarlet at this and interrupts angrily.

"You '*understand*...!' Understand this: we are NOT involved! We have never BEEN involved! We shall never BE involved! There is nothing more I would like out of life than to have never heard the name 'Marilyn Ogilvie!' I assure you that I would not knowingly come within a mile of any Ogilvie, lest she interpret it as an attempt to secure blessings from her family, leading her to start sending out notices of engagement to the papers!" With this, he slams the door.

Wiggins turns to look at the rest of us, mouth agape. The door swings back open.

"And another thing! If you see her again, tell her to stop ordering flowers for herself in my name! I HEARD her speaking to the florist's assistant in that ridiculous accent of hers, for God's sake! Good DAY, gentlemen!" And he slams the door once again.

We exchange startled glances and quietly take our leave of Mr. Izard's home, the sounds of his muffled cursing fading away as we enter the busy street.

98 SW

After a short stroll through St. James Park we find Jefferson Hope, a tall, smartly dressed African man standing on Blue Bridge and facing toward Buckingham Palace. In his hand is a chunk of bread from which he tears small pieces to toss to the waiting ducks, swans, and geese below.

"Excuse me sir," asks Wiggins softly, attempting not to startle the man who seems lost in thought, "are you Jefferson Hope?"

The man's attention slowly returns to the waking world of the park and the young lad standing before him questioningly.

"Yes, I am Jefferson Hope. what can I do for you?"

"Well sir, we've come to ask you some questions about Sir Lester Ogilvie."

"I see... and you think I killed him?"

"We're not sure sir, but we must follow the path our evidence takes us."

"Indeed. I can tell you, I had no love for Sir Lester Ogilvie, that is true. But few Londoners did."

"Mr. Diggs told us you sometimes worked quite close to Sir Lester, did you not sir?"

"I did. My employer, Mr. Diggs is a fine fellow, but when it comes to transcription and the adding and subtracting of figures he is not the quickest of minds. My skills are obvious to him, and so he assigned me to some of our tougher secretarial work... and Sir Lester's work was always invariably some of our toughest."

"We've heard that Sir Lester could be quite cruel in his dealings with others."

"You have not been misled. And I was spared none of it. I believe he treated me especially unfairly as he had trouble accepting an African capable of performing the clerical work he required."

"Are you glad to see him dead?"

"I'll shed no tears, but you must understand something. Hopefully this interview as well as any words you have had with Mr. Diggs has informed you as toward my character, if not that of my heart then at least that of my mind. I'm no fool. I know how foreigners are treated here in London. Mr. Diggs treats me well and though I am criminally underpaid, I know the difficulty I would have securing a similar position in any other office. I would not jeopardize what life I and my wife and son have made here over a petty grievance, even with someone so deserving a comeuppance as Sir Lester Ogilvie."

As Wiggins digests what was just said, Mr. Hope tosses the last piece of bread into the cool water below. It hits the surface with a gentle plop and Wiggins regains his focus.

"If you'll excuse me Master Wiggins, I believe I will be heading back to my home now. I hope I have answered your questions satisfactorily."

We watch as Mr. Hope walks slowly away, and the sound of his shoes clacking against the stones of the bridge fades away into the distance.

AREA NW

17 NW

We are greeted at the door of the Ogilvie home by an older, tired-looking woman in a servant's mourning dress.

"May I help you?" she asks doubtfully, surveying our little group.

"Pardon me, ma'am," answers Wiggins, "but we're here on behalf of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, assisting in his investigation of Sir Lester Ogilvie's death. May we ask a few questions?" Her expression, though no less weary, lights with sudden understanding, and she steps back to allow us inside.

"Please, come in," she says, "I am Mrs. Glass. Madam Ogilvie informed me that she would be contacting Mr. Holmes about...about all this. I suppose he has taken the case, then."

As Mrs. Glass shows us into the parlor, Wiggins is the first to speak. "We're sorry to disturb you, ma'am. This must be a difficult time for the household." She nods.

"Only three weeks ago, Sir Albert passes away, which was bad enough, if not wholly unexpected, and then poor Sir Lester...it's been very hard on my mistress."

"You know why your mistress contacted Mr. Holmes - do you think Sir Albert's death has anything to do with Sir Lester's?"

"No, at least, not if you mean to ask if someone might have wished to do him harm. Sir Albert was not a young man - some 15 years older than my mistress - and he was never strong, even in youth. Inevitabilities of the human condition had been rather visible on the poor man for some time now. And he was quiet and well-liked, besides. You can ask anyone at the Admiralty and they'll say it's so; he worked there for many years." She glanced down into her lap. "Always kind to the house staff during the holidays, as well," she added quietly.

"Do you think we could look at the room where Sir Albert passed away?" Mrs. Glass appears a little surprised at the question.

"Certainly, if you wish, but I should tell you that the room has been much changed since that sad day. You may wish to consult with the family physician, Dr. Ainstree, if you want to know anything more about Sir Albert's final circumstances."

"Thank you, ma'am. And how about Sir Lester? Would someone wish him harm?"

"Sir Lester..." she stops and sighs. "I have known the children all their lives. Sir Lester was always..." she barely suppresses a grimace as she gropes for a description, "...particular," she finishes diplomatically.

"And he was the only child in this house for nearly ten years, which perhaps allowed him to become too accustomed to having things as 'particular' as he pleased, until Mister Gordon came along.

"Luckily Mister Gordon was not much like his older brother. Mister Gordon was always a...a happy-go-lucky child. Never a care in the world. Well, except perhaps for worrying what others thought of him. He would do anything to win someone else's approval. He and young Miss Marilyn have always been very similar in that regard - although Sir Lester and Miss Marilyn I think may be...may have been...more alike in that they were always both thoroughly convinced of, ah...the...the correctness of their respective positions. While Mister Gordon would seek to fit himself to the shape best suited to those around him, Sir Lester and Miss Marilyn would seek to fit the world, and everyone in it, to the shapes best suited to themselves. As you might imagine, the family dinner table could be a lively place at times.

"I suppose there is a certain poetic justice to the paths those two chose for themselves: the law and the theater. I hear that Miss Marilyn has made quite an impression at the Allegro Theater, at least equal to the impression that Sir Lester has...had...made at the Old Bailey." A hint of a smile touches her face, as though the comparison amuses her somehow. "It's too bad that they never seemed to grow into a better relationship, like Sir Lester did with Mister Gordon, or like Mister Gordon and Miss Marilyn always had."

"Was Miss Ogilvie's and Sir Lester's relationship very bad?" Mrs. Glass looked at us warily, understanding the implication.

"As I said, they didn't get along. You can rarely find two strong-minded people, so similar in temperament and so divergent in taste to find common ground. Siblings will bicker."

At this point, the cook comes in looking for Mrs. Glass, obviously agitated over upcoming arrangements. Mrs. Glass excuses herself, giving us leave to examine any rooms we wish. We find nothing of particular interest in any of the rooms and soon leave the gloomy residence.

18 NW

At Parsons and Sons, we approach the owner Mr. Sam Parsons and ask if he's got anything we might be interested in.

With a knowing nod he replies, "Sorry boys, but we've got nothing in your price range right now."

24 NW

The sign above the door of the stout brick building front reads "Doctor Alvin Ainstree, M.D." and after Wiggins' quick melodic knock the man himself appears. Dr. Ainstree is quite tall and sports a long hooked nose, on the end of which are perched a tiny pair of pince-nez eyeglasses.

"Ello Doctor, we're with Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the detective. We're investigating the death of Sir Lester Ogilvie."

"Hmm." the doctor snorts, "Don't just dilly-dally about the stoop. Come inside."

The doctor leads us curtly into his parlor. He is still wearing his white coat and carries with him a black attaché case which he sets carefully on the floor near the leg of his cherry wood desk. He takes a seat and bids us to do so as well.

"What do you wish to know?"

"You are the Ogilvies' family doctor, is that correct?"

"Yes, I am."

"So you looked after Sir Albert as he was dying?"

"Yes. Entirely natural causes there as I confirmed in the death certificate. He was quite an elderly and infirm man at the end."

"Did you also attend Sir Lester when he died?"

"Yes, I did, very quickly afterward. I was having my breakfast when a local boy barged in through the front door telling me I was needed quickly at Sir Lester's home. When I arrived there, Sir Lester was on the floor next to his bed, surrounded by broken glass and strange smelling liquids. His valet, Mr. Brown, was there. Sir Lester had stopped breathing and when I checked for a pulse, I knew it was already too late - his heart had stopped."

"What did you do next, sir?"

"I told Mr. Brown to contact Sir Lester's next of kin, his mother, Madam Imogene Ogilvie. Mr. Brown then began to clean up. He picked up a tray as well as some pieces of glass, but I had him stop as I suspected foul play. When Mrs. Ogilvie arrived, I explained to her my suspicion and she agreed. We then found an officer who contacted Scotland Yard."

"What made you think Sir Lester's death wasn't natural?"

"I've been attending to Sir Lester for years now at the behest of his mother. After his father's death, Mrs. Ogilvie asked me to check in on Sir Lester three times per week for a very generous sum. For the past three weeks I have done so. Sir Lester complained of all manner of illnesses however they were, almost to a one, fabrications of his worried mind. Sir Lester was 'fit as a fiddle', as they say. There is no natural internal process

which would cause the complete shutdown of the cardiovascular system I observed in Sir Lester."

"What then do you think happened? Do you think it was the curse?"

"Sir Lester was poisoned. Of that, I have no doubt. This family has been through quite an ordeal in the last month. All three of the Ogilvie children have well more than their fair share of faults, but it is still tragic. And as for the curse, well, it did come true didn't it?"

"Hmm... If I may ask sir, what is your take on Sir Lester's siblings?" asks Wiggins.

"Marilyn, she's the youngest, she's... well... Marilyn. I do not see how she could possibly be involved in this mess; however, I'll leave the detective work to you. She lives at 68 Long Acre Street," he then chuckles, adding, "the Theater District, of course."

"And what of Gordon?"

"There are probably many Londoners who will not shed a tear for the death of Sir Lester Ogilvie... that said, I believe the murderer is closer to home. I would question those who will most immediately benefit from his death."

"And those would be?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and Anne Ogilvie."

25 NW

"Out of here lads!" shouts a voice from behind the door of the Cavendish Card Club. "We don't need ya around! An' besides, we're closed!"

"Please sir, we're workin' on behalf'a Mr. Holmes!"

After a short pause, we're greeted once again by the same voice, "Mr... *Sherlock* Holmes?"

"One an' the same sir, beggin' yer pardon!"

With the sound of a metal latch being removed, the door is opened to us and we are greeted by a jolly looking round faced man.

"Well my boy!" the man says to Wiggins in a friendly tone, "why didn't ya' say that before?"

The man leads us inside through a richly, if gaudily decorated entry room, past a coat check, and beyond an ornately carved wooden bar to a circular table directly adjacent to a small stage. Taking some of the inverted chairs down from the table he bids us to sit and in a sweaty huff relishes doing the same himself.

"Well lads, what business has Mr. Holmes got with the Cavendish Club today?"

"You see sir," begins Wiggins, "We're here to ask about a few of your patrons, but first, if you please sir, I don't believe I caught your name."

"Ahh, yes my boy, yes, excuse me for that. I wasn't quite expecting any visitors at this hour, so you see, I'm a bit flustered. My name is Mr. Cooper, that is to say,

Mr. Sydney Cooper. I'm the business manager here at the Cavendish. Now," he says as he takes a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes the copious amounts of sweat from his forehead, "Who are these patrons Mr. Sherlock Holmes would like to know about?"

"Well sir, we'd like to know some things about Sir Lester Ogilvie, his brother Gordon, and their friend Sir Julius Benedict."

Mr. Cooper's ruddy nose wrinkles as if he'd just smelled something foul.

"This hasn't anything to do with Sir Lester's death does it? I read in the paper that he'd died of natural causes... but if Mr. Sherlock Holmes' compatriots are asking questions about him, well, it must be something else. That is unless--"

"Mr. Cooper!" interjects Wiggins, "please sir, might you be able to tell us anything about those three gentlemen?"

"Aah, right, the three..." stammers a confused looking Mr. Cooper, "Ah, well, the three were, of course the best of friends. Sir Julius has been a long time player here at the club. Mr. Gordon, I believe, was the first of the Ogilvies to come here and he made friends with the regulars and the staff as well, quite quickly, though he mostly preferred to play with Sir Julius on account of his sense of humor as well as his generosity with the drinks, a heh. I believe Sir Julius even attends the odd dinner with Mr. Gordon and his wife, Anne."

"And what of Sir Lester, sir?"

"Mr. Gordon, you see, was always trying to involve his brother in his activities and his socializing, so he said. After weeks of cajoling, he was able to get Sir Lester to attend a whist game here, a-along with Sir Julius. Sir Lester was... his usual self, but Sir Julius would have none of it. He deflected every cutting remark, every base insult with a witty pun or a razor sharp retort. As the night wore on, I was sure the two would come to blows, and poor Mr. Gordon did the best he could to try and keep the whole adventure from turning into a disaster. But, sure as I'm alive, as the game came to a close, both men took to their feet and Sir Lester extended his hand to Sir Julius. Sir Lester said, and I'll never forget his, 'In a city full of bores and imbeciles, you sir, are a welcome adversary.' Needless to say, I nearly fell on the floor, such was my disbelief, and the three were thick as thieves from then on, as the saying goes."

"Sir, might you be able to think of anyone who might want Sir Lester dead?"

"Ahh, a murder investigation! I knew it! As to whom you should suspect, I'm afraid there isn't enough paper

in London to make a list long enough... but if it helps, you can scratch both Sir Julius and Mr. Gordon straight off. And myself, of course," he adds hurriedly. "We'll surely miss Sir Lester's patronage here, if not his attitude."

"Thank you very much for your time Mr. Cooper," adds Wiggins.

"Glad I could help lads! Anything for Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" shouts Mr. Cooper as we make our exit.

27 NW

At the lavish home of Sir Julius Benedict, we are greeted by an elderly butler with a shambling gait who exudes the curious and unpleasant odor of stale coffee and cheap cigars. He leads us, with no apparent haste into the drawing room of Sir Julius who sits upon a settee, drinking a cup of tea and reading from a canvas bound volume with a red leather spine.

"Guests sir," wheezes the aged butler, "Master Wiggins, and company,"

"Thank you Chauncey," replies the young, handsome, and smartly dressed Sir Julius as he removes his reading glasses, "now do go sit down. You look as though you'd fall to pieces if hit with a stiff breeze."

Sir Julius sets down his tea, perches his book on the back of the settee, and welcomes us in with an open handed gesture.

"Do excuse Chauncey, gentlemen. He's been with the family for ages. *And it shows, I'm afraid.* Now. What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"You see sir, we're investigating the death of your friend, Sir Lester Ogilvie on behalf of his mother and Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"Lester, Lester, Lester..." says Sir Julius, shaking his head as he does so, "Frankly, this has been coming for a long time. Lester was a foul soul who delighted only in sowing his negativity to everyone around him."

"Sir," says Wiggins with some puzzlement, "I thought you were friends with Sir Lester..."

"The best of friends, lad! And with Gordon too. But that doesn't make me oblivious to their faults, nor Lester to mine. Gordon on the other hand... Well, it is precisely their quirks and foibles that made the Ogilvie boys of interest to me. Life can sometimes be so... tedious... without some interesting acquaintances."

"Sir, you said that Sir Lester had this coming. Can you think of anyone specifically who might want to hurt him?"

"There's really far too many people in London who didn't care for Lester. Have you tried making a list of those who *didn't* want to kill him? If you do, be sure to put myself and Gordon straight to the top."

“What about Gordon’s wife?”

“Anne? I shouldn’t think she would be capable... though it is not in question how she felt about Lester. He told me she once asked him for money - to help Gordon’s business, the Aberdeen Navigation Company - and he refused. He told her she looked as pitiful as *The Little Match Girl* and for all he cared she could end up the same way. That’s true Lester that is... I’d not thought a penchant for murder to be a part of the character of Anne Ogilvie, but I’ve heard stranger things in my time.”

“And if you please sir, what do you think about the Ogilvie Curse?”

“Delicious isn’t it!” exclaims Sir Julius with a smile, “An ancient curse laid upon a Scottish Lord continues its deadly designs centuries later! You couldn’t write a more exciting plot if you tried!” Sir Julius allows his smile to fade away and pauses several moments as he stares into the fathomless distance, “Please gentlemen... don’t think that my levity is out of malice or uncaring. We... we each cope in our own peculiar ways.”

“Of course,” replies Wiggins tenderly, “Thank you for your time sir.”

Sir Julius nods, almost to himself, and calls Chauncey to see us out.

42 NW

“Wiggins!” shouts Sherlock Holmes moments before we enter the upstairs apartment at Baker Street. He stands in his study, back turned to the door staring out a partially opened window, “Back so soon? Have you solved it already then?”

“Afraid not Mr. Holmes,” confesses Wiggins sheepishly, “We’re at a bit of a dead end in fact.”

“Hmm...” Holmes lets out a low grumble, “A dead end you say. Well let us look at the facts, shall we?” Holmes snaps around, his coat twirling slightly as he lands effortlessly in the formal chair behind him. He sits with his elbows on the delicate arms of the chair, his hands in front of his face, the fingers of each hand touching the tips of their opposites.

“Our victim was poisoned, that much is obvious from Madam Ogilvie’s story, however a look at the physical evidence could confirm it. Poison is not the weapon of a crime of passion done in the spur of the moment. No, the crime was well calculated in advance.

“As to motive then, we can eliminate hatred or jealousy. Our murderer stood to gain something from the death of Sir Lester Ogilvie. You should begin with a thorough questioning of anyone likely to benefit from the Ogilvie estate passing to Gordon in lieu of his elder brother.”

“Thank you Mr. Holmes, I suppose that makes sense.”

“Indeed,” replies Holmes with a smile.

As we begin to make our way out, Holmes shouts after us, “Wiggins! I feel as though I may be coming down with something. If you wouldn’t mind, I might do with some sort of patent medicine to help. Please look into which one I should try, would you?”

58 NW

We arrive at a fine brick home with large windows and a cheery garden in front. We are told that this is the Phelps House and that the woman we seek, Mary Tell is a servant girl. We’re allowed a short interview with her in the front garden amongst the spring blooms.

The small woman has a nervous look to her. As she speaks she makes sure none of the home’s occupants are within earshot, “Please sirs, could we just forget this?”

“What do you mean miss?” asks a puzzled Wiggins.

“If my employer Mr. Phelps finds out, I’ll lose my situation!” she blurts out, tears in her eyes.

“Please miss, explain what you mean.”

“Mr. Phelps would be rid of me if he found out I was trying to learn another profession! I just know I could do better for myself if I could learn to take photographs!” the girl is openly crying now. Wiggins glances around and then gives her an awkward hug.

“Look miss, I guess there’s been a bit of a misunderstanding. We won’t need any more from you and we won’t be bothering Mr. Phelps.”

“Oh thank you!” she blubbers, “but if you don’t mind, could you stay a bit longer while I compose myself?”

In another ten minutes time, Miss Tell has calmed down and we make our exit.

We are ushered into one of the editors' offices at the Daily Telegraph. There are several rumpled-looking people in this office already, each clamoring for the attention of a slightly-better-dressed man sitting behind a desk.

"Excuse me, sir-" says Wiggins, trying to raise his voice over the din.

"Does this look like the loading dock, lads?" asks the man behind the desk.

"But-" Another person enters the office, pushing us aside and waving a sheaf of papers at the editor. He gets up and moves toward us, grabbing the proffered papers in one hand and Wiggins's shoulder with the other, pushing him toward the office door.

"They aren't going to sell themselves, you know. Hop to it!"



AREA WC

5 WC

The drivers of the Central Carriage Stables are quite willing to share what they know about Sir Lester Ogilvie. It seems that most of his travels were between his home, the Old Bailey, the offices of several solicitors, the homes of his brother Gordon and his parents, and the Cavendish Club - a popular location for the playing of cards. Almost every cabbie who had any kind of interaction with Sir Lester describes him as one of "those customers": few words and what words there were consisted mainly of jabs and insults. He also seems to have been a notoriously bad tipper.

8 WC

At the modest home of Harold Diggs, we are told by his wife Martha that we might find him today at his office. We make our thanks and head swiftly out.

14 WC

Disraeli O'Brian disappears into the stacks of legal recordings and eventually returns several minutes later with his findings.

"Let's start with the Ogilvies aside from Sir Lester himself as that's an easy one. Imogene and the late Sir Albert have no records of any kind while Gordon has only a single case of public drunkenness which led to some minor altercation at the Cavendish Club. I also found a Marilyn Ogilvie who has had several complains of harassment levied against her, most of which were dismissed."

"And what of Sir Lester sir?"

"Well as you know, he was a barrister and so was involved in many cases, but none as a defendant or an accusing party. There was however a humorous account from one of his recent cases in which he pled for a man accused of drunken brawling and causing a public spectacle..." Mr. O'Brien rifles through several papers, soon locating the one he seeks, "Ah, one Mr. Otto Malik. It seems that during the trial Sir Lester had some words with the judge who took none too kindly to Sir Lester's temper and immediately found against Mr. Malik and levied a £25 penalty against both Mr. Malik and Sir Lester."

We thank Mr. O'Brian and let him know he's been quite helpful in providing this information.

17 WC

At Somerset House, the clerk can confirm that Sir Albert Ogilvie's will leaves the bulk of his property to

his eldest son Sir Lester, with a generous life share in the estate for his wife Madam Imogene Ogilvie and small sums passing to Gordon and Marilyn, their other two children, including to Marilyn the ownership of her home at number 68 Long Acre Street. In the event of Sir Lester's death before the inheritance can be completed, which was in fact the case, the largest stake would instead go to Gordon.

The clerk also remarks upon a strange curiosity with the Ogilvie family fortune: as far as can be found within the Somerset House records, most if not all first born Ogilvie sons failed to inherit the estates their parents had intended to leave them...

29 WC

We meet Mrs. Victoria Marshall, the lovely young wife of John Marshall, who informs us that her husband is not at home. She pauses and adds, "I believe he said he would be heading to St. Thomas Hospital today."

33 WC

Harold Diggs is a freckled man of average height sporting a frizzy shock of bright red hair. Despite his face having the look of a tired and broken man, he is in good cheer and greets us warmly.

"Thank you for seeing us on such short notice Mr. Diggs. We are investigating the death of Sir Lester Ogilvie. We understand you had some business with him."

"Surely, I did. I was one of many solicitors to bring cases to Sir Lester. Made him plenty of money I did. And he was good for my business as well, leaving me to all the clerical work. It was enough I had to hire my assistant, Jefferson."

"Did you and Sir Lester get along well?"

"Well enough I'd say for a working relationship. In fact, he once even invited me to join him and his brother Gordon at that card club they go to, the Cavendish, I believe. You're no doubt well apprised of Sir Lester's temperament. Well, I simply ignored most of his rudeness so he stopped directing it at me. Saved most of it for poor Jefferson he did. Jefferson would get quite agitated with Sir Lester, but he always managed to hold his temper - probably knew he'd have trouble getting a desk job anywhere else."

"Is Jefferson his surname or given name sir?"

"Ahh, my apologies, it is his given name. His full name would be Jefferson Hope. He's an African fellow from Guinea, but he speaks fine English and is smart with figures. His persuasion however made him an easy mark for Sir Lester's uncouth comments."

"Do you think Jefferson might wish Sir Lester harm?"

"Heh, he might wish it, but, as I said, Jefferson is a smart fellow. He'd not do anything to someone so powerful as Lester Ogilvie."

"Do you know anyone who might?"

"If I had my bet? I'd look at Otto Malik."

"And why is that sir?"

"Well, do you see that window over there?"

Mr. Diggs points to a window frame, absent its glass. The inside is covered in brown butcher's paper while the shadows of boards affixed to the outside can be seen through it.

"Two days ago, in broad daylight mind, Otto threw a brick right through there. He kept yelling about 'twenty five pound' and that either I or Sir Lester would pay. He was drunk, so I had a bobby take him home as I didn't want to see him get in any more trouble, but after I heard of Sir Lester's death, Otto was the first name to come to mind. I'm afraid I can't discuss the particulars of his case, but let's just say he can be a violent man."

"Thank you Mr. Diggs, you've been most helpful."

35 WC

The residence of Mr. Gordon Ogilvie is a modest townhome on one of London's more respectable streets. At the front door we are greeted by a timid servant girl and led into a parlor wherein sits a lovely young woman in her early twenties with brunette hair and a pale complexion.

"Welcome, you must be friends of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Please have a seat," she says warmly, "I'm afraid my husband is out on business. I am Mrs. Anne Ogilvie, Gordon's wife."

"S'alright missus," says Wiggins cheerfully, "but do you mind if we ask you a few questions?"

"Of course," replies Mrs. Ogilvie, her smile perfectly intact, "But I'm not sure how useful my answers will be to your investigation."

"Thank you ma'am. You said your husband is out on business. May I ask where he might be?"

"He is at the office looking over some paperwork for his associate, Mr. Pendergast. They are equal partners in the Aberdeen Navigation Company."

"What can you tell me about your husband's relationship with his late brother?"

"Gordon, you must understand, is a caring soul. He's very emotional and wears his heart on his sleeve, and more than anything, he wants to get along with others. He couldn't be anything less like his brother. Lester could be rude, and cold, and unpleasant, and to be honest, even *cruel* with his words. But Gordon's kindness always ruled over Lester's roughness. I would

go so far as to say Lester had but two friends in the world, one of whom was my husband.”

“And the other friend, ma’am?”

“Oh, that would be Sir Julius Benedict. The three have known each other for many years through the Cavendish Club. They met there often to play cards.”

“Do you know of anyone who might want to kill Sir Lester?”

“You have no doubt heard from others besides myself of his reputation. Let us say that with Sir Lester Ogilvie as an eldest son, the Ogilvie Curse was bound to come true, one way or another.”

“And what of your relationship with your brother-in-law?”

For a moment Mrs. Ogilvie’s expression darkens, and then just as quickly returns to its former brightness, “I’ve had my problems with Lester in the past. I don’t believe he understood his brother. As I said, he could be quite cruel, even to Gordon.”

“Can you give an example?”

“Gordon has never been good with money. His privileged upbringing had a bit of a negative effect on him in that way. He doesn’t really understand the value of a pound. For that reason the shipping business has suffered. Lester, on the other hand, is quite a successful barrister and has more than enough financially. He has no family and no wife and no appreciable bills to pay!” Mrs. Ogilvie is obviously agitated and begins speaking in what could be described as a hushed shout.

“Let us be frank: Gordon’s business is in trouble, and has been for a year or more. Without what little help I could give, it would have been shuttered by now. A month ago, I... went to talk with Lester. I explained to him the financial problems, the difficulty in finding new customers, the storms taking two steamships to the bottom of the ocean... Do you know what he said?”

Mrs. Ogilvie sits stock still, her head cocked slightly to the side, eyes wide as saucers as she trembles slightly, waiting for an answer.

“Nnn... no ma’am, what did he say?”

“He said it would do Gordon some good to lose the business. To have to ‘start over.’ To learn the ‘hard lessons we must all learn at some time in our lives.’” Mrs. Ogilvie is now on the verge of tears; however, she manages to maintain the slightest piece of control.

“What did you do then?”

“What could I do to change the mind of the great Sir Lester Ogilvie?” A single tear drops from beneath Mrs. Ogilvie’s eye and hits her dress with a soft “pat” as she continues, “I left and came home. I’ve never told Gordon about my meeting with Lester. It would crush him.”

“Do you know any of the particulars of Sir Lester’s death?”

“Only what little my mother-in-law, Madam Ogilvie shared with me. You would have to check with Mr. Brown, who found him, or Dr. Ainstree, the family physician.”

“What can you tell us about Dr. Ainstree?”

“He is a good man and far kinder to Lester than many would have been in his position. Whatever Madam Ogilvie was paying him to attend my brother-in-law was surely not enough for what he must have had to endure. As you may know, Lester had little trust for modern medicine and tried to rely on those ridiculous patent remedies to solve his ‘problems.’ Doctor So-and-so’s this! Swami What’s-his-name’s That! Nonsense, all of it!”

“Mrs. Ogilvie: with both the old Mr. Ogilvie and Sir Lester dead, Gordon stands to inherit a great sum of money.”

“Yes. And with it, the business is saved. I know it must look awfully convenient, but all I can do is assure you, neither Gordon nor myself had anything to do with his brother’s death. Gordon would be mentally incapable of such an act and I myself could not do it, not for love of Lester, but for my husband. Lester’s death has not been easy for him to handle and before Lester’s death I could have told anyone it would be so. Lester may have been killed and many of those whose lives he touched would not be sorry to see him go, but personally, I would not be surprised if his own black heart decided to give out of its own volition. Perhaps in that way, the curse did come true.

“Please gentlemen, I must ask you to leave now. This conversation has tired me greatly.”

“Thank you for your time ma’am.”

“Emily? Please see these good people to the door.”

With that, we take our leave of Mrs. Anne Ogilvie.

39 WC

“Investigation?” Mr. Marshall asks, surprised. “I haven’t the foggiest idea what you boys are talking about.”

50 WC

We arrive at a large brick building, the home of the late Sir Lester Ogilvie, and ascend the slate stairs to the front door. Upon knocking, we are greeted by a tall bald man in his late fifties or early sixties who identifies himself as Mr. Brown, Sir Lester’s personal valet.

Upon introducing ourselves, he speaks in a soft voice, “Ahh, yes. Mrs. Ogilvie informed me to expect someone in the employ of Mr. Holmes. Please follow me.”

We are led through the foyer into a well-appointed sitting room and take our seats upon a short couch.

Wiggins begins, "Mr. Brown, our condolences about the loss of your late master. What can you tell us about Sir Lester?"

"Thank you, lad. Sir Lester had been feeling unusually ill of late. I say 'unusually,' as he nearly always had some medical complaint or other. I believe his latest manifestation of illness was brought on by his father's death, which weighed quite heavily upon him."

"Was that because of the curse?"

"I believe so. Sir Lester was never close with his father, nor with many others. It was not so much his father's death, but its *implications*, which worried him. After his father's death, Lester believed death hung over him as well: that the curse would be fulfilled as it always had."

"Do you believe in the curse then?"

"What I believe has no bearing on my service to Sir Lester. That said, I did try to reassure him that we live in a time of science and medicine and that superstition was best left in the past."

"Did that help?"

"Not a whit. Sir Lester's mother, Madam Ogilvie, had employed the family physician, Dr. Ainstree, to look after him, but he loathed the doctor's visits. Despite Sir Lester's objections, the good doctor did his best to monitor the master's health and I was to report his findings directly back to Madam Ogilvie, which I did."

"No, Sir Lester preferred what he termed 'Oriental Medicine.' He took a wide variety of tonics and infusions proffered by all manner of... questionable characters. Sir Lester had complained of mysterious pains and illnesses since he was a child and consequently had seen many respectable English physicians who were never able to cure him. He was of the belief that the Orientals had the true solution to his ailments, and was willing to try almost anything in a bottle with a foreign name on the label."

"Sir Lester was a barrister, is that right?"

"That is correct. The law and its application was his only true passion, the only thing capable of distracting him from his preoccupation with his health."

"Did he have a favorite solicitor with whom he worked?"

"Indeed, he often worked with a Mr. Harold Diggs. I'm afraid I cannot shed any light on any of his cases as he kept his business quite private."

"I understand. Mr. Brown, do you run Sir Lester's household by yourself?"

"Until quite recently, no. We had a maid working here as well, a Miss Doris Kennedy."

"What were the conditions of her leaving?"

"As you may know, Sir Lester had quite the temper and often rubbed people the wrong way, so to speak. He and I did not always see eye to eye on many topics. At any rate, Miss Kennedy did not always live up to Sir Lester's exacting standards. One day, she had

apparently had enough of Sir Lester's comments and she chose to speak back. She was let go on the spot."

"Do you happen to know where Miss Kennedy might be now?"

"Despite her lack of a letter of reference from Sir Lester, I believe she was hired to work with the staff of The Duke of Belminster. I believe he took pity on her as the master's reputation is likely to have preceded her application."

"I see. Sir, may we see the room where Sir Lester died?"

Mr. Brown shifts uncomfortably, but eventually straightens up and speaks, "Madam Ogilvie instructed me to assist you in any way you require. I'll take you to his room."

We follow Mr. Brown solemnly up the curved stairway and into a large bedroom decorated primarily in objects and fabrics of robin's egg blue. The bedclothes are in a state of disarray and have been pulled partially onto the floor. Beside the bed is a sturdy side table containing a lamp, a decorative lace doily, and an empty silver tray. On the Persian carpet, in the space beside the bed are several stains of various sizes. Part of the carpet has been cut away and is missing.

"Sir Lester died here," states Mr. Brown, attempting to keep his composure, "I heard him collapse to the floor as I readied his suit for the day. I was the first to reach him."

"Do you remember what time it was?"

"It would have been shortly after eight in the morning."

"What happened next, sir?"

"Sir Lester was expectorating a foamy liquid and was having trouble breathing. I opened a window and called out to a street boy to find Dr. Ainstree. He arrived shortly after, but by that time Sir Lester had stopped breathing. Dr. Ainstree told me that the master's heart had stopped. I then sent word to Madam Ogilvie that her son was dead."

"My apologies," says Wiggins uncomfortably. "Excuse me sir, but what caused those stains?"

"As I said, Sir Lester had taken to consuming his 'Oriental Medicines.' He kept them on the tray you see there. When he collapsed, he must have knocked into the tray."

"Ahh. And the medicine bottles broke open on the floor?"

"Indeed."

"Thank you Mr. Brown. You've been quite helpful."

We are just leaving an unproductive visit to Marilyn Ogilvie's house when a head pops up over the fence next door, that of a middle-aged woman with sparkling eyes.

"You looking for Miss Ogilvie? She ain't home," says the woman. "Probably at the Allegro. Or with one of those *gentlemen* of hers," she says. It sounds as though she's trying very hard to balance her desire to sound properly scandalized with her eagerness for gossip. "Who might you handsome young lads be? Would you like to leave a message for Miss Ogilvie with old Betsy? I can pass anything on for you that she needs to know, no worries."

"Well, thank you, ma'am," says Wiggins. "You see, one of her brothers, Sir Lester--"

"OOOH, the DEAD one?" old Betsy exclaims. "I read the notice in the paper! I keep up with all the notices, you know, in all the papers." Her face beams with delight. "He left her an *inheritance*, didn't he? Or, wait..." she looks at us, frowning slightly. "You don't look like you've come from a solicitor's office, that's for sure."

"No, ma'am, we haven't. We're actually investigating the circumstances around Sir Lester's death, and we were hoping to have a visit at Miss Ogilvie's house." Betsy's eyes grow round at this, and she ducks out of sight. "Ma'am?" calls Wiggins.

Moments later, there's a sound of a gate swinging open and shut, and the full form of Betsy herself appears before us. She glances around, eyes still wide as saucers, and then leans in for a conspiratorial whisper: "Was it Marilyn? You can be honest with old Betsy."

"Why do you ask?" Wiggins whispers back.

"Well, you see, there was such a commotion in her house last week, that I got concerned and grabbed my cup for listening at the wall -- which I only do for her safety, you see, what with all her gentlemen callers and odd bohemian actor people she keeps about herself -- anyway, I grab my cup and start listening, but I don't hear nobody but Miss Ogilvie herself, crashing around, shouting, 'I'll kill him, I'll kill him!' I didn't much like the sound of it, but she's a passionate young thing, so I didn't think that much of it at the time." Betsy shakes her head. "Wouldn't surprise me none if something bad came of all of it. Play-acting at duels and poisonings all the time can't be good for a person's mind. Did you know, the Ogilvies are a cursed family, besides? A bad mix!"

We thank her for the information and head back into the street, wondering what to do with this new knowledge.

At the modest home of Jefferson Hope, we're greeted by his wife, Yolanda. She informs us that her husband has been quite upset recently because of his having to work closely with Sir Lester on a number of items.

"When he gets upset, he likes to go to St. James Park to feed the swans... but please gentlemen, leave my husband out of this business. It was he who was hurt by Sir Lester, not the other way around."

Arriving at Mrs. Warren's Boarding House we decide to skip the front door and head straight for the back alley. Initially we find little as whatever meeting was to take place here is long since over, when suddenly Wiggins' sharp eye catches a clue:

"Look at that," Wiggins ponders aloud pointing to the ground, "Two sets of footprints in the mud. One is a large set of boots and the other, much daintier. It looks like they come from opposite sides of the alley and then leave together, heading toward the street."

We follow Wiggins back to the street where we notice a rotund middle aged woman holding a basket of flowers.

"Flower for your sweetie?" she inquires of Wiggins.

"No thank you ma'am, I 'ent got a sweetie. But may I ask you a question? Were you here this morning?"

"Yeah, I were," she replies skeptically as if wondering where Wiggins might be going with his question.

"Did you see a man and a woman this morning come from that alley?"

"As a matter of fact I did, now's you ask. The whole thing struck me a bit odd. She stepped out first an' 'e followed. They seemed ta be arguin' over sumfin' and 'e said 'How am I sposed ta do that? Can't we talk about it?' fings like that. An' she said 'You'll find a way or else.' an' he said 'let's go back to yours and talk there' an' then the two of 'em got in a hansom and left."

"Can you describe them at all? What were they wearing?"

"Well, 'e were wearin' boots and a long overcoat an' 'e 'ad a cane. She were wearing a nice dress. Not the finest I ever seen, but fine enough, an' she 'ad a large 'at an' a parasol."

"Can you remember anything else about what they looked like? Their faces perhaps?"

"Well, they was both white if that's what ya mean."

"Hrm. Did they say anything else, like where they might be going?"

"No, not that I... 'ang on though..." The woman scratches her chin and stares up to the sky as if trying to find her next words.

“‘E mentioned Gould. ‘E said ‘Gould were asking questions too,’ about the sin-ide. What do you fink ‘at means?’”

“Sin-ide?” asks Wiggins, puzzled, before parsing the lady’s mispronunciation, “Do you mean cyanide?”

“Yeah, that’s the one! ‘Sin-ide of Potassium’ is what ‘e said.”

“Thank you ma’am!” exclaims Wiggins excitedly as he flips her a shilling, “You’ve helped more than you know!”

We leave the confused woman behind as we race down the street after young Wiggins.

94 WC

At the Allegro Theater, we ask where we might find Marilyn Ogilvie. With an inscrutable smirk, a man jerks his thumb towards a dressing room, where we find a woman in her late 20s, dressed in an elegant evening gown, focused intently on her reflection in a large mirror as she twists and pins her hair into an elaborate style. “Miss Ogilvie?” asks Wiggins. She continues with her work; no answer is forthcoming. Wiggins clears his throat. “Er... Miss?” With the forceful placement of a final hairpin, her hands stop moving, then slowly lower to the dressing-table. She smilingly appraises her coiffure, turning her head this way and that, then her eyes flick to our position in the mirror. As Wiggins is about to speak again, she abruptly pivots toward us and half-sits on the dressing-table, one hand absently reaching up to steady the work of architecture atop her head as she bats her eyes at us, placing her other hand over her heart.

“What! Has Lyman sent you, the dear man?” she asks - or perhaps proclaims - in a syrupy, sentimental stage voice. “A sweet group of cherubs to serenade me before my performance?” Wiggins appears unnerved. “And after darling Lyman sent all those roses as well,” she simpers, gesturing toward an enormous arrangement of red and white roses standing in the corner of the room, with a tag on them reading, “My darling, a rose by any other name could surely only be called ‘Marilyn.’ Please accept these and my undying love. Your own, humble, unworthy, Lyman Izard. xxx”

“Cor,” mutters Wiggins, “did she win the Grand National?” Shaking his head as if to clear it, he turns back to her and says, “Er, no, miss, we’re here on behalf of Mr. Sherlock Holmes -” her eyes widen with glee, and Wiggins quickly finishes, “- because your mother Madam Ogilvie engaged his services to look into the death of your brother Sir Lester!” Miss Marilyn Ogilvie’s face collapses into a pout.

“Oh, is that all. How hateful,” she says, sniffing.

“I... Miss Ogilvie, I’m very sorry to disturb you, I know this must be hard...” her face moves from sulking to pained and she reaches a hand towards Wiggins, making herself the very picture of a pitiable creature.

“*Thank* you, young man!” she exclaims. “Nobody understands! Nobody understands how difficult this is for me!”

“Yes, well -”

“What I have had to do... and *Lester! Lester*, always...” her lip curls, and she makes a very un-elegant flapping motion with her hands, “...always *sneering* at me! At my work! At my life!” she finishes, loudly and crossly. She hops off the dressing table and swoops towards us, slipping her right arm around Wiggins’ shoulders. She leans in close, close, closer to his cheek, then turns her head and stares soulfully into the distance.

“...er...” tries Wiggins.

“*Lester*,” she says, darkly, “*was always ruining everything*. I swore I’d give him his comeuppance!” she says, suddenly spinning Wiggins to face her. Her nose is barely an inch from his. She stares into his eyes with the intensity of a mad prophet, and he stares back into hers with the fear of one who was being stared at by a mad prophet. “And here you are, prepared to bear witness on the eve of my TRIUMPH!” she releases him and sinks to the floor, one hand over her heart, and continues quietly, “but all is now ruined for me... ruined...” Wiggins seems to pull himself together and gives us a significant look.

“Now, see here, Miss Ogilvie, do you mean to tell us that you’ve done harm to Sir Lester Ogilvie?” She screws up her face and stares up at him as if he’s just asked if she wanted a sardine placed in her hair.

“What?” she asks irritably. “Why *on Earth* would I do a thing like that? How is that supposed to help anything?”

“You just said...”

“Yes, yes,” she continues, getting to her feet and dusting off the knees of her dress, “tonight was to be my triumph! He would finally be forced to admit that I deserved his respect - my opening night, a dramatic *rôle* at last - the critics sure to be in attendance...” she straightens and looks bitterly at Wiggins, “and then he *dies*. Surely to spite me, since it seems even in death he must... *steal all the attention*.” She fumes, and then whirls abruptly on Wiggins again. “Well?” she snaps. “I *heard* from Mama’s housekeeper that Mama was going to have Lester’s death *investigated*. Who did it?”

“Well, Miss...”

“I must know who holds me in such contempt that they would *do* this to me...! Unless...” and the faraway

look is returning to Marilyn Ogilvie's face as she gazes at the roses. "Oh no..."

"Miss Ogilvie?"

"Lyman, my dear, sweet man," she murmurs, touching a rose. "So desperate for my attention since we starred together in *The Mikado*... you knew how Lester vexed me! Would you really have gone to such lengths to win my heart...?" she poorly stifles an inauthentic-sounding sob at this point.

"Er... there, there, Miss," says Wiggins, patting her shoulder uncomfortably.

"The silly, headstrong boy. But the show must go on!" She bites her lip, seeming to come back to herself a bit. "Unless it was John, I suppose."

"John? John who?"

"Oh – John Marshall, my on-again off-again paramour," she says in a self-satisfied manner. She goes to her dressing-table and pulls what looks like a piece of paper out of a drawer. "He is a man who knows how to appreciate beauty... who desires the, ahem, finer things in life." She passes the paper to Wiggins. It turns out to be a photograph of herself, with the legend "Marshall & Comstock Photography Studio, #34 Bressenden Pl." along the bottom. She insists that Wiggins keep the photograph, and extracts a dubious promise from him that he will attend one of her performances, before we manage to beat a hasty retreat from the Allegro.

AREA EC

25 EC

Traveling to one of London's less reputable streets, we soon stop in front of the home of Mr. Hodge Pendergast. A shadow moving past the window seems to indicate someone is home and so Wiggins is persistent in his knocking at the door despite the lack of a quick answer. Eventually, a slightly overweight gentleman with a balding pate opens the door. He's wearing a dressing gown and his skin is quite flushed. His brow is sweating profusely.

"Yes, yes, YES! What is it you insist on bothering me with?" He yells, brandishing a cane as if ready to strike poor Wiggins.

"Sorry to bother you Mr. Pendergast, but we'd like to ask you a few questions regarding the death of Sir Lester Ogilvie, your business partner's brother."

"I told Gordon I was sick and that any business could wait until tomorrow. The same goes for you!"

"Please sir, it'll only be five minutes, and if we don't get what we need, I'll have to tell Mr. Holmes and he'll no doubt want to come by in person."

"Holmes you say... alright. I'll give you five minutes. No more! Now come inside!"

Mr. Pendergast lowers his cane and sets it down beside a muddy pair of boots and a crumpled coat near the door. He then leads us through his cramped hall and into an equally cramped kitchen. He and Wiggins are able to grab a seat, leaving the rest of us to stand.

"Get on with your interrogations, boy!" cracks an uncomfortable and obviously perturbed Hodge Pendergast.

"Sir, what was your relationship with the late Sir Lester?"

"Huh? We had no relationship. He tried to see me as little as possible and I did the same with him. I would never have even seen the man more than once were it not for his brother. Gordon and I have been trying to keep our business afloat for years now."

"The business isn't doing well?"

"Frankly no, not that it's any of your business. Gordon isn't so much of a partner as he is a dead weight around my neck. All he brought to the table was the seed money and now that's long since gone to the bottom of the Caribbean. Not to mention having to put up with the nagging of that fool wife of his, Anna."

"Anna?" asks Wiggins.

"Yes, Anna Ogilvie! What are you deaf, boy?! Perhaps I'm a bit unfair to Gordon though, he's a fine fellow and he's done his share of smoothing over rough patches with demanding clients. It's hard for anyone to

stay mad at Gordon long. He'd jump off a bridge if a stranger asked him to."

"With Gordon's brother dead, he now stands to inherit the estate. That should save the Aberdeen Navigation Company, shouldn't it?"

Mr. Pendergast stiffens up noticeably as he makes his reply, "It should. And what of it? If you're implying that I could... or Gordon? No, I won't hear it anymore. These implications are preposterous! Slanderous!"

"Sir," pleads Wiggins, "I'm not implying anything."

"Oh yes, you are! You're implying that I killed Lester Ogilvie, and I won't have it! Instead of grilling me, a sick man, you should be out looking for the real murderer, or should I say *murderess*?"

"Sir?"

"That's right! Have you thought for one second with your pea sized brain that I'm not the only one to benefit from Lester's death? What about Mrs. Anna Ogilvie? Hmm? Perhaps she's the Ogilvie Curse? Hmm?"

"Look at what *she*'s got to gain. She'll move from that hovel they're in now to the big house on Shaftsbury. She'll have a fleet of servants and she'll have no excuse to feel worried about her husband's business. It'll become his hobby, nothing more..." Mr. Pendergast pauses now to catch his breath and seems to think deeply before continuing, "and she had the opportunity to do it as well."

"How do you mean sir?"

"You have no doubt heard of Sir Lester's affinity for patent medicines, hmm? Well, I happen to know for a fact that one month ago, as it looked clear that Old Sir Albert was passing, Anna Ogilvie began sending a patent medicine to Sir Lester on a weekly basis. All she would have to do would be to lace a bottle of it with poison, and wait for the inevitable result." Hodge smiles devilishly as he finishes expounding his theory, as if quite pleased with himself for putting together all of the pieces.

"Do you happen to know the maker of the medicine in question Mr. Pendergast?"

Hodge stiffens once again at this, "No, no I don't. And I don't see what that would matter."

"Thank you very much Mr. Pendergast. We'll take your ideas into consideration in our report to Mr. Holmes."

"Indeed I hope you would my boy."

"One more question sir, if you please. Where did you go this morning?"

"What are you talking about? I've been home all day, remember? I'm sick!"

"Well, it's just that your muddy boots were by the front door with your cane. And your coat wasn't hung properly. And you were clearly up and about before we

came knocking at the door." Now it is Wiggins' turn to smile, no doubt thinking Holmes would be quite pleased with his observations.

"Hurmph!" Mr. Pendergast snorts, "I've answered enough of your fool questions! Off with you! I've got to get some rest!"

"Thanks again Mr. Pendergast. This has all been quite helpful."

26 EC

Greeted by the enchanting aroma of the Thames River, we make our way gently downhill to the warehouse and office of the Aberdeen Navigation Company. Continuing to the office, we can feel the eyes of the sailors and longshoremen all around following us all the way to the ill-fitting door with the fading whitewash. After a quick knock we come face to face with a large, bearded gentleman in a worn knit cap.

"Aye, who're ya here ta' see?" he grouches out.

"Ellow sir," says a slightly nervous Wiggins, "we're here on behalf of Mr. Sherlock Holmes to see Mr. Gordon Ogilvie."

The burly man lets out a sound like an old creaky floorboard and then motions for us to follow him inside. We're led through a dingy waiting room containing a few chairs and many stacks of papers and packages, down a hallway and toward an office from which we can hear voices.

Once at the door to the office, we can see two occupants standing opposite each other. One is an Englishman in his early thirties wearing a well fitted suit of reasonable style. His hair is cut short and parted to the left and on his face is a short cropped mustache. His stance, voice, and expression all convey a distinct feeling of uncomfortableness. The other occupant of the room is an Asian woman with long black hair delicately coiffed and fixed with a tortoiseshell comb. She has an exasperated expression on her face.

"Mr. Ogilvie, I know your family has been through quite a tragedy, however we need this silk shipment for an important customer. He demands large quantities of high grade silk."

"Miss Kagawa," pleads the man, desperate to be free of this situation, "I'm afraid I simply can't help you today. My partner Mr. Pendergast handles all of the shipment and storage information. He is ill today, but he assures me he'll be in first thing tomorrow morning. You must tell your sister that there's nothing to be done until then."

"I will do so Mr. Ogilvie, but you can be sure that when this business is concluded my sister will want to reevaluate our business's relationship with your shipping company." With that, the woman exits, head held high.

The man, Mr. Ogilvie, places his hands on the desk in front of him and drops his head between his shoulders. Several silent seconds pass before he looks up again.

Only then does he appear to notice us as well as the burly man who led us here.

"Mr. O'Laughlin," he manages to speak past his exhausted expression, "who are these gentlemen?"

"These folk are here on behalf a Sherlock Holmes, the detective," says the large man.

Mr. Ogilvie waves a hand and speaks once again, "Alright Mr. O'Laughlin, thank you I'll speak to them here. Please gentlemen, have a seat."

We take our seats and only after doing so does Mr. Ogilvie join us in our sitting.

"I must apologize to you. I've been under an awful strain since... the happenings of yesterday," Mr. Ogilvie manages to gulp down a lump in his throat, but is obviously shaken up.

"If you please Mr. Ogilvie, we have some questions we'd like to ask you about what happened to your brother."

At this Mr. Ogilvie convulses slightly but he instantly regains his composure.

"I'll help however I can."

"Thank you, sir. You and your brother were very close, were you not?"

"Yes, very close. Not so much as children, given our difference in ages, but as adults we became the best of friends. I would even venture to say that besides me, Lester only had one other friend."

"You mean Sir Julius Benedict?"

"Yes. I met Jules at the Cavendish Club. We got along so easily and I just knew my brother would like him. It took ages to get Lester to join us for a game, but once he did, we three were the truest friends in the world from that moment on."

For the first time since our arriving, a smile penetrates Gordon's face.

"Sir Lester could be... off-putting to some people, is that right?"

"Lester was... you see other people, they don't understand Lester the way Jules and myself do. It doesn't surprise me that people don't like Lester, but that's because nobody takes the time to get to know him. He's really a generous soul and so full of knowledge and advice. He's... he was, a good man. And a good brother."

"What was your wife's relationship with Sir Lester like?"

"You see that's what I mean! Anne, she... she never got to know Lester. Maybe they're too much alike. They're both so smart and good with business. These things," Gordon grabs a handful of papers from his desk and brandishes them aloft, "I'm no good with these things. But those two know their facts and figures. That's why they never got along. It's the same way with my partner Mr. Pendergast. He could barely stand being in the same room with Lester."

"Do you think Anne—" Wiggins question is cut short by a raised hand from Gordon.

"Please young man, we shan't go there."

"My apologies, Mr. Ogilvie. You mentioned your partner, Mr. Pendergast."

"Yes, Hodge, but nobody calls him that. It's always Mr. Pendergast. Without him, and Anne of course, the company would have been dead long ago."

"How did you come to partner with him?"

"Ahh, well, we met through a business associate of Lester's actually. Mr. Pendergast had worked at another shipping line and knew the business well. All he needed was a partner with the right amount of seed money and I had been looking for something to get into. I never found a profession to motivate me the way the law practice had for Lester. This seemed as good a job as any."

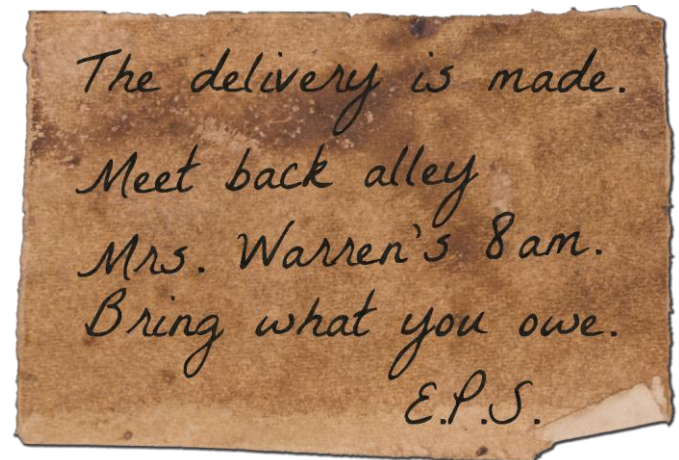
"I know this is difficult sir, but can you think of anyone who might want to kill Sir Lester?"

"No one."

"You mentioned that Mr. Pendergast isn't here today. Do you mind if we take a quick look in his office?"

"Of course, I'll show you to it."

Mr. Ogilvie leads us back down the hall to another small office similar to his own. The room contains a desk and a cabinet and a few chairs and some neatly ordered stacks of paperwork. A small scrap near the foot of the desk adjacent to a round metal rubbish can catches our attention. Picking it up, Wiggins reveals the following note:



The delivery is made.
Meet back alley
Mrs. Warren's 8am.
Bring what you owe.
E.P.S.

"Sir," asks Wiggins, "any idea what this means?"

"None," says Mr. Ogilvie, looking as confused as we are.

30 EC

As we approach the cluttered desk of Henry Ellis of the London Times we notice he is chatting with another man, presumably another reporter.

"Yeah, I remember the retraction. Back in March wasn't it?" asks Mr. Ellis.

"Yeah! Well," the other man says with the smile of the cat who ate the canary, "You might want to hang on to that original notice. I talked to the geezer at St.

Thomas this morning and he says he's going to try *again!*"

"Haha, he's mad!"

"You're telling me! He says the problem was that he didn't have enough height and that next time he's going to do it at the top of Notre Dame! Oh!" the man says taking notice of us, "Excuse me boys. I'll talk to you later Henry."

As the man walks away Henry Ellis chuckles to himself before turning his attention to us.

"What can I help you with, Wiggins and company?"

"Well sir, we're investigating the death of Sir Lester Ogilvie."

"Hmm, Ogilvie... died yesterday didn't he? I think we printed the death notice. Natural causes I thought?"

"That's what we're trying to determine."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't help you boys. You'll know more than I do at this point."

"Thanks anyway Mr. Ellis... Mr. Ellis, what was that you and the other reporter were talkin' about as we came up?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you boys!"

34 EC

We cross the muddy threshold of the door to the Ye Old Cheshire Cheese and head to the bar.

"What'll it be boys?" Asks the curly haired barkeep, his sleeves rolled up above his elbows.

"We're looking for some information sir."

"Information and..."

"Uh, and a pint sir," says Wiggins as he fumbles through his pockets, eventually producing a small quantity of coins which he places firmly on the smooth polished bar.

"Here's yer pints lads," says the bartender proffering several mugs of warm ale, "now what do ya' be wantin' information about?"

"We're looking for information about Sir Lester Ogilvie."

The barkeep's expression changes to a slightly sour tone and he straightens his stance. He ponders his answer carefully for a few moments before answering.

"I 'ent never heard of 'im"

"Are you sure?"

"Sure."

"In that case, are you familiar with—" Wiggins is cut off by the barkeep's shaking head.

"I'm afraid you've gotten all you can fer a pint lads, and if'in ya don't change the topic of conversation... well, ya know where the door is."

We finish our pints and head towards the door. As we make our way out, Wiggins feels a slight tug at his

sleeve. An old man sitting near the door glances over to the barkeep who has busied himself with another customer.

"Scuse me lads, but you're Mr. Sherlock Holmes' boys ent ya?" the old man whispers as he points to a door several feet away, "I think I might 'ave seen somethin' through there that might interest you. Go through that door and downstairs to the coal cellar and you'll see."

"There's a bald fella - a real bastard - who comes in sometimes. He came in this morning and took a bundle down there. I don't know what it was. I've never liked that blaggard, but this morning he seemed somehow even worse than usual. He had an evil look in his eye."

"After he came back up, that bastard of a barkeep, Perkins, asked what happened and he said it had to do with the 'Barrister Business,' whatever that means. Perkins said he didn't want to know any more about it and to leave him out of it. It didn't sound right to me."

"Thank you kindly sir," Wiggins whispers back, "Do you remember what the man looked like?"

"He's a fat, bald bastard. He was wearing a coat and boots an' he had a cane with him."

"Thanks again old timer!"



We slowly edge our way toward the cellar door and down the steep wooden stairs. Below we find ourselves in a dank and musty earthen basement only five or six feet high. To one side is a large coal pile while at the end is a coal fired furnace. A rat or perhaps some other animal scurries out of sight as we approach the furnace. Wiggins carefully opens the door and, shielding his eyes, peers in.

"I can see something inside," he says, straining to see through the heat of the open furnace.

Grabbing a shovel from the coal pile, Wiggins manages to scoop out a small bundle from the low flame and fling it onto the floor nearby. Picking open the parcel with quick darts from his overheating fingers, Wiggins reveals a partially burned pair of men's trousers and a dress shirt containing dark stains. The clothing

has obviously been used as a makeshift wrapper for the single item contained within: the unmistakable form of a human femur.

35 EC

Up ahead in the corridor we spy Quintin Hogg, the reporter with the Police Gazette. He is standing with a small boy in a grubby coat and newsboy cap who hands him a slip of paper.

“And you’re sure this just happened?” Hogg asks the young lad who nods his head swiftly, “Good work my boy!”

Quintin Hogg hands the boy a coin and the lad rushes quickly past us and out the front door. Hogg is donning his bowler hat and chomps his cigar excitedly as we make our way toward him.

“Mr. Hogg!” shouts Wiggins as we approach the newspaperman.

“Gotta run boys, a body’s been found in South East and Inspector Lestrade is on the scene!”

“Mr. Hogg, can we just ask you about Sir Lester Ogilvie?”

“Never heard of him boy!” Hogg shouts back as he rushes down the hall and out the door where he flags down a cab and rides away.

36 EC

At the bustling center of London’s system of justice known as the Old Bailey we meet with an apparently quite busy Edward Hall.

“Master Wiggins,” Mr. Hall says distractedly, “you can have two minutes time, no more. I’m afraid I’m already running late for an appointment.”

“Thank you kindly Mr. Hall. I’ll get right to the point: what can you tell us about Sir Lester Ogilvie?”

“Haha, my boy,” Hall chuckles, “I said you had two minutes not two days! The stories I could tell of Sir Lester...”

“Well, how about anyone who might have it out for him? A business associate? A client? A family member?”

“Any of the above young Wiggins,” Mr. Hall shouts to us as he makes his way down the hall with some speed, “Take your pick!”

38 EC

At St. Bartholomew Hospital we soon meet up with Sir Jasper Meeks, the head coroner.

“There’s no doubt about it,” Sir Jasper informs us, “Madam Ogilvie was right to bring this to Scotland

Yard’s attention: Sir Lester was killed by a massive dose of poison.”

“Do you know what type of poison, Sir Jasper?”

“Cyanide of Potassium – enough to kill a horse. It is a fairly common chemical used in the processing of photographic films, but is quite deadly, and painful, if used improperly. Most chemists would have access to it”

“Thank you Sir Jasper. This will be most helpful.”

47 EC

At the tenement house which Lloyd Perkins calls home we meet with his landlady, Mrs. Church. She informs us that Lloyd is at work and although she doesn’t know what trouble he’s in this time, she’s sure it’s something bad. We thank Mrs. Church and take our leave.

52 EC

At the Raven and Rat we sit for a spell and enjoy our pints while Porky Shinwell sets himself to thinking.

“Well,” he eventually sighs, “I’m afraid I’m not familiar with any of yer principals in the case.”

Porky rises slowly from his seat, “An’ if there’s a curse involved, my advice would be ta keep clear of the whole business.”

“No can do Porky,” says Wiggins thoughtfully as he finishes his drink, “Sherlock Holmes is counting on us.”

66 EC

“Michael en’t here!” shouts a woman who is presumably Mrs. O’Laughlin from the second story window, “His lazy arse is *supposed* to be at work!”

Realizing we won’t find much here, we continue our search for clues elsewhere.

68 EC

Arriving at Gould & Son we enter the door spritely, tripping a gently tinkling bell affixed to the frame. Two men stand behind the counter. The closest is an older gentleman with a stooped posture and well-trimmed beard. Both his hair and beard are of salt and pepper, though far more salt than pepper. He wears two pairs of spectacles, both on delicate gold chains, one pair low on his nose and the other perched above his forehead. He appears slightly gaunt and wears a troubled expression. The other gentleman is younger, in his mid-thirties perhaps. He has deep set eyes which look as though they are peering out at us from dark caverns. His hair is dark and he sports a wide mustache.

"Gould," Wiggins proposes toward the older man, and then turns toward the younger, "and Son, I presume."

"Indeed we are young squire," says the older Gould, his voice trembling slightly, "and how may we be of service to you?"

"We were wondering if you carry any Cyanide of Potassium."

A dark shadow passes over the senior Gould's face as he answers, "No squire, we don't carry it as a regular item, but we could get it if need be."

"Have any other customers asked for Cyanide of Potassium recently, say within in the last month or so?"

The elder Gould looks toward his son who lowers his head in apparent shame.

"I knew this was coming. Ever since I saw those odd charges on our register with the suppliers, I knew it. You're not with Scotland Yard are you by chance?"

"No sir. We work for Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"Uhh! Sherlock—!" the senior Gould exclaims in terror, clutching his chest.

"Father!"

"Sir!"

We rush over to Mr. Gould, as does his son. The elderly man collapses slowly to a sitting position on the floor behind the counter, steadying himself against the wall as he does so. The younger man, after quickly checking on his father, rushes away to grab a clear glass and fill it with water before returning.

"S-Sherlock..." the old man mutters.

"Sir," Wiggins pleads, "I'm sure by your reaction you understand that something grave has happened, but I must assure you that Mr. Holmes is only interested in the pursuit of justice."

"Indeed," the old Mr. Gould manages to say, "My son... my son made some questionable decisions. But he's a good lad. He - he only wanted to help the business, not to hurt anyone."

"Father," implores the younger Gould, "let me tell it."

The elder Gould waves his hand in approval while his son hands him the glass of water.

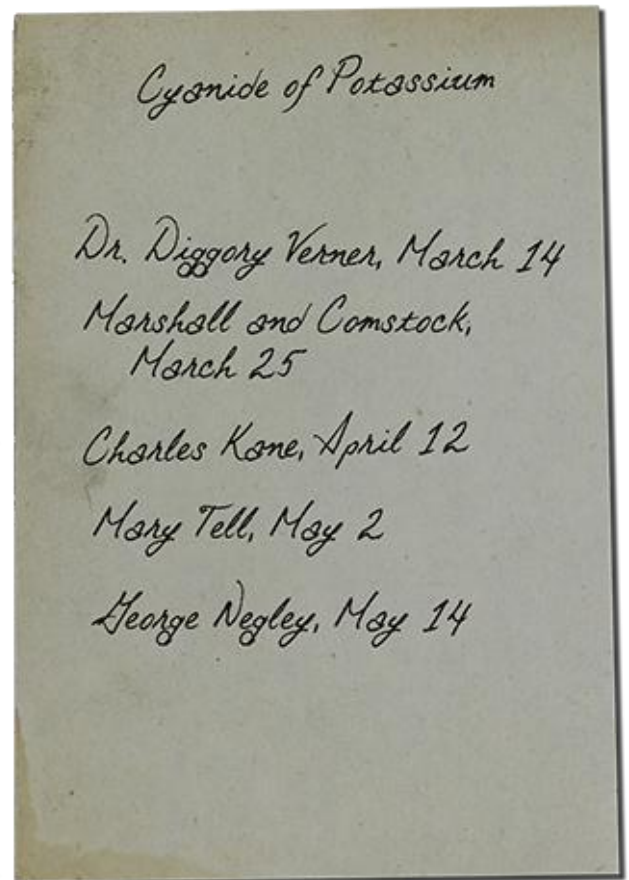
"Father has always had dreams," begins the younger Gould, "of passing on a successful business to me. He's put everything into Gould & Son. This leaves very little to ourselves. I... didn't find it fair. He works so hard and we have so little to show for it aside from the business. A few months ago I decided to amend our orders with our suppliers with some substances I knew would be in demand from clients who would want few questions asked. Soon I was doing quite well with my sales and father became suspicious."

"The young folk sometimes fail to appreciate that we older men still have a working brain cell or two!" snaps out a raspy Mr. Gould.

The younger Gould once again looks away in shame, "Although what I did was not a crime in and of itself, I should have known it was dangerous, and once I confessed, father reminded me so."

"Once I found out what my son had done, I made him list out which chemicals he had purchased and to whom they had been sold. You boy, help me to my feet!" We gingerly lift the old man to a standing position and he shuffles carefully to the end of the counter, retrieving from beneath it a hat box. Inside are several leaves of paper, each containing a list of names.

"Now you said Cyanide of Potassium... ahh, here you are," The old man passes Wiggins the following list:



"This Marshall & Comstock, do you have address for them?"

"Ahh," replies the younger Gould, thinking back, "It was number thirty-four... something. It was near Victoria Station."

"Please tell me young man," the elder Gould asks Wiggins, a knowing look in his eye, "was anyone... seriously hurt?"

"Let me put it this way sir: we're here investigating a murder."

“My Lord!” Exclaims Mr. Gould, his breath taken away, “If you please young squire,” the old man adds with tears welling in his eyes, “could you find it in your heart to have kind words for us when you speak of this to Mr. H-Holmes? If it might help, you may take him this,” old Mr. Gould hands Wiggins the entire hat box.

“We’ll do what we can,” Wiggins replies honestly, “Mr. Holmes is an understanding fellow and is a master of discretion. I’m sure he’ll see that you’ve come to do the right thing in the end.”

“Thank you squire,” Mr. Gould says as he drops his head and wipes his tears away with a sleeve.

73 EC

“What do you want?!” asks a forceful Marvin Pemberton through the door of his flat.

“Sir, we’d like to ask you a few questions about Doctor Saari.”

“Did *they* send you?” he asks in an accusatory tone.

“They who sir?”

“You know who!”
“I’m sorry sir, but I don’t know who you’re—”

“The Reptilians damn you! DID. THEY. SEND. YOU?”

“I don’t know what a Reptilian *is* sir.”

“The hell you don’t! They’ve infiltrated the highest reaches of world government. The French! The Russians! The Spanish! And yes even within our own Parliament there are, as we speak, agents of the Draconian Empire sent to infiltrate us and recruit us as participants in their Galactic Conflict! I’ll stand no more of your feigned ignorance!”

“Alright sir, well, we ‘ent working for any Draconian Empire, we’re here about Dr. Saari.”

“Yes, Dr. Saari... she believes me... she’s the only one willing to help me fight the Reptilians...”

“I see sir, well, thank you for your time...” Wiggins unsure how to respond further decides that simply leaving may be the best course of action.

“Bested you have I?! Well, go tell that to your High Command!”

These are the last words we can make out coming from behind Mr. Pemberton’s door as we make our exit.

87 EC

We make our way through mud filled back alleys, past countless boarded-up doors, scores of beggars, and more than one dead cat before reaching the crowded tenement building listed as the home of one Otto Malik. Upon knocking at the door, it is quickly opened by a naked child who runs away laughing while he and several others chase a wet dog through the cramped apartment and out a back door. Soon a large pregnant woman reaches the door and shouts uncomfortably close to Wiggins’ face.

“Was willst du?!”

“Pardon me ma’am, I’m—”

Wiggins is cut short as the woman turns back into the apartment and screams in a volume formerly thought impossible, “OTTO!!!”

A large, greasy man pushes past the woman who heads back inside.

“Wer bist du?” he snaps.

“Excuse me sir, do you speak English?”

“Ja, a littlebit.” he says with the purposefulness of a man searching for the right words.

“Are you Otto Malik?”

“Ja.”

“We’re here to ask you about Sir Lester Ogilvie.”

“Paah! Scum this Sir Lester. I kill!”

“You killed Sir Lester?!”

“Ja! If I see him, I kill him!”

“Wait a moment. You *did* kill him or you *will* kill him?”

“I no understand. He owe twenty five pound to me!” Otto snaps, now quite agitated.

“Mr. Malik, Sir Lester is dead.”

“Och!” the man exclaims, obviously surprised, “Now I never get twenty five pound from heem. He speak for me in court when I do nothing. He get mad with der yoodge and call ‘imbecile’ und now Otto have to pay twenty five pound. Does Otto have twenty five pound?!” The man motions to his surroundings in exasperation, “Maybe I try Mr. Diggs again!”

“Thank you for your time Mr. Malik.” says Wiggins slowly backing away toward the street.

“No understand!” Yells Otto Malik as we slip our way out of his neighborhood.

“Maybe,” says Wiggins, “I’ll let Mr. Diggs know he’s in for another visit from Otto Malik.”



QUESTIONS

PART ONE

1. Who killed Lester Ogilvie?
2. Why was Lester Ogilvie killed?
3. With what type of poison was Lester Ogilvie killed and how was it administered?
4. Who sent the packages containing patent medicine to Sir Lester Ogilvie?
5. Who Killed Dr. Saari?
6. Why was Dr. Saari killed?
7. With what murder weapon was Dr. Saari killed and where was it obtained?

PART TWO

1. Where is Jess Fyer?
2. Why is Jess Fyer there?
3. Who bought the flowers for Marilyn Ogilvie?
4. Who is Donovan?



SOLUTION

Once again we sit before the gentle fire of Holmes' front room at 221B Baker Street. Sitting around the room we have Mr. Holmes himself, Dr. Watson, Madam Imogene Ogilvie, and an impatient Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard.

Lestrade is eventually unable to contain himself in the silence, "Look Holmes, you're a good detective and you've proven your worth to my office more than once, but I don't appreciate being dragged away from a homicide investigation to join you in your sitting room for tea! In case you've forgot, I've got a dead woman's body to explain."

"I've invited you, and the lovely Madam Ogilvie, here for far more than tea, Inspector, and before I finish my tale, you may find your homicide investigation solved as well."

"You mean to tell me the killing of Dr. Saari is somehow related to the case you've been working?" Lestrade asks incredulously.

"Quite so Inspector!... But let us not put cart before horse, shall we, hmm? Let us start at the beginning, and to start at the beginning is to start with the evidence. That evidence taken from the crime scene could be found in the capable hands of one Professor H.R. Murray at the crime lab. The evidence collected gave us several vital clues: first the weapon used to kill Sir Lester Ogilvie. It was a deadly yet common poison known for causing death if ingested in even small amounts by shutting down the victim's cardiovascular system and creating a foamy discharge from the lungs to be expelled through the mouth."

Dr. Watson thinks a moment before making his suggestion, "Cyanide of Potassium!"

"Excellent Doctor!" says a smiling Holmes as he points at his companion.

"That Sir Lester was poisoned was obvious, but how it was done was more up to question. This lead to the second and third clues: second, the curious note from Mrs. Anna Ogilvie to Sir Lester," Madam Imogene Ogilvie shifts uncomfortably in her chair, but remains silent as Holmes continues, "which purported that he had been sent some of Dr. Saari's Magical Elixir. And third, the shards of glass from the bottles of patent medicine. While Dr. Saari's medicine, or any of the others, certainly could have been the delivery method of the poison, at this point we cannot yet be sure."

"With a weapon in our minds, our next clue would come from our interview with the wife of Gordon Ogilvie. Mrs. Ogilvie told us many things, but principal among them was the name of Mr. Hodge Pendergast and the poor financial state of the Aberdeen Navigation Company in which Gordon and Hodge are partners. In this murder, a murder committed with poison, the motive is clear: Gordon Ogilvie must inherit the Ogilvie estate. In addition to Gordon himself and his wife we now had a third person who would benefit directly from Gordon inheriting a large sum of money. With it, Aberdeen, and Hodge Pendergast's future would be saved."

"Next we would require an interview with Mr. Pendergast himself, or at least a look around his home. At Mr. Pendergast's home, he made several mistakes. The muddy boots, coat, and cane as noticed so expertly by Master Wiggins," the lad beams, basking in Holmes' compliment, "his anger and agitation, and perhaps most damningly, his insistence on the guilt of one Mrs. Anna Ogilvie."

"But Holmes," insists Watson, "Why couldn't Gordon's wife be the murderer? She stood to gain at least as much as Hodge Pendergast."

"Watson, my dear friend, do you not see it? Why could Mrs. *Anna* Ogilvie not be guilty?" asks Holmes slyly.

"Of course! I'm a fool!" bursts Watson, "Gordon's wife isn't named Anna Ogilvie, she's Anne Ogilvie!"

"Yes, and the incriminating note regarding the delivery of the patent medicines made the same mistake Hodge Pendergast did, being signed by Mrs. Anna Ogilvie. I ask you, how many learned persons do you know of who are likely to mistake their own name?"

The occupants of the room seem thoroughly impressed with Holmes' explanation thus far, save for Inspector Lestrade who remains agitated.

"All good so far Holmes," Lestrade says with irritation, "But how does this connect with Dr. Saari? Who bludgeoned her to death and what happened to the murder weapon?"

"The answer to that first question is simple Inspector: Hodge Pendergast once again. I came to Dr. Saari's office by process of elimination and simple probability. Her potion is sold in the newspaper under the name of Ewell P. Saari - an obvious pseudonym, and a poor joke as well. Dr. *Ilona* Saari's address is listed as 3 South. But South East or South West? The note from Anna Ogilvie gives us that answer. It mentioned the Thames River air. Number 3 Montague Close - practically on top of the Thames itself!"

“As to the guilt of Mr. Pendergast, the evidence from Dr. Saari’s journal speaks to that,” Holmes produces the small black book and reads aloud, “‘May 15, Send final package, O.’ obviously, O. is Sir Lester Ogilvie. ‘May 17, Delivery success.’ the day of the murder! Then scratched out we have ‘Contact Cust. for payment.’ followed by ‘Contact Cust to renegotiate.’ Dr. Saari obviously intended on asking her accomplice for more money.”

“Her accomplice?” asks Lestrade.

“Her accomplice in the murder of Sir Lester when she sent him the poisoned medicine! You will note that handwriting used in Dr. Saari’s appointment book shares an uncanny resemblance to that used in the letter of ‘Anna Ogilvie.’ This points to her obvious complicity in the murder and attempted framing.

Finally, we have ‘Meet Cust. 8am Mrs. Warren’s’ the meeting place for collecting the payout. Presumably, when Dr. Saari asked Mr. Pendergast for more money, he insisted they take the conversation elsewhere and it ended up back at Dr. Saari’s office.

We can see from the other note, written by Pendergast, that although he intended to meet Saari at Warren’s, he had no intention of paying any more money after this last payment. Finally, he mentions in his note the ‘Elder G. asking questions.’ This is no doubt the chemist who unwittingly supplied the fatal compound.

“Goldstein perhaps?” Watson suggests, “Or Gould?”

“Very good Watson! A short interview with both could clear up the matter. Now, Inspector!” Holmes snaps, his attention turning back to Lestrade, “There’s one more piece to this mystery, and you’ll find it in the coal cellar of the Ye Old Cheshire Cheese Inn. The location is given us by the note written by Dr. Saari’s killer. The boots and coat at Hodge Pendergast’s door indicated that he had in fact been out this very morning, and a man fitting his description was seen stashing a bundle in the coal cellar of the Cheshire Cheese. The bundle contained nothing less than the bloody clothes of the murderer, wrapped around a human femur.”

“A what?!” shouts Lestrade, “A leg bone?! That means another victim!”

“Not so Inspector. You see the femur was simply the murder weapon Hodge Pendergast used to bludgeon his accomplice to death. He obtained it from the medical study skeleton in Dr. Saari’s own office.”

“Well done Holmes - and Wiggins!” says a joyous Watson.

“Madam,” says Holmes softly to Madam Ogilvie, “I am pleased to have closed your son’s case to the best of my ability.”

“Thank you Mr. Holmes,” replies the stately woman as she leaves the flat at the arm of Mrs. Hudson, “Our family is very grateful to you.”

“I’ll bet she’s glad to be rid of this Ogilvie Curse nonsense as well,” adds Watson quietly to Holmes.

“Don’t be so hasty old friend. Were it not for fear of the curse, Sir Lester may never have had all of those imagined illnesses and so may never have had need to drink the poisoned elixir. In the end, the Curse did come true in its own way, did it not?”



HOLMES

Holmes has solved the case by following 5 leads: he first visited H.R. Murray at the crime lab (22 SW). He then talked to Anne Ogilvie at the home of Anne and Gordon Ogilvie (35 WC). Next he went to the home of Hodge Pendergast (25 EC). He then used Anna Ogilvie's note, the newspaper of March 12, 1888, the directory, and the map of London to locate the office of Dr. Ilona Saari (3 SE). Finally he went to the Ye Old Cheshire Cheese (34 EC) to find the femur.

SCORE

PART ONE

1. Who killed Lester Ogilvie? Hodge Pendergast and Dr. Ilona Saari (20 points).
2. Why was Lester Ogilvie killed? In order for Gordon Ogilvie to inherit the estate and save the Aberdeen Navigation Company in which Gordon and Pendergast are partners (20 points).
3. With what type of poison was Lester Ogilvie killed and how was it administered? He was killed with Cyanide of Potassium which had been mixed into a bottle of Dr. Saari's Magic Elixir (10 points).
4. Who sent the packages containing patent medicine to Sir Lester Ogilvie? Dr. Ilona Saari at the behest of Hodge Pendergast (10 points).
5. Who Killed Dr. Saari? Hodge Pendergast (20 points).
6. Why was Dr. Saari killed? Dr. Saari blackmailed Pendergast for more money using her knowledge of the murder of Lester Ogilvie. Enraged, Pendergast killed her (10 points).
7. With what murder weapon was Dr. Saari killed and where was it obtained? She was bludgeoned to death with a human femur taken from her medical training skeleton (10 points).

PART TWO

1. Where is Jess Fyer? In St. Thomas Hospital (10 points).
2. Why is Jess Fyer there? After constructing and unsuccessfully testing a "Parachute Suit" Fyer was taken there to treat his extensive injuries (10 points).
3. Who bought the flowers for Marilyn Ogilvie? Marilyn Ogilvie (10 points).
4. Who is Donovan? A racehorse poisoned by George Negley (10 points).

To tally your score, add the points obtained by answering the questions, then count the number of leads you've followed. Then compare the number of leads you've followed to that of Holmes (5 leads in this case.)

If you've followed more leads than Holmes, subtract 5 points from your score for each extra lead. If you've followed fewer leads than Holmes, add 5 to your score for each lead fewer. You'll thus get your final score.





By Tim Stevenson and Beth Stanley