```
Iternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition, the drowsiness of the drug, and the fierce energy of his own keen nature. He was still, as ever, deeply attracted by the study of crime, and occupied his immense faculties and extraordinary powers of obse
                     that you have put on seven and a half pounds since I saw you." "Seven!" I answered. "Indeed, I should have thought a little more, I fancy, Watson. And in practice again, I observe. You did not tell me that you intended to go into harness.
                 nat I had a country walk on Thursday and came home in a dreadful mess, but as I have changed my clothes I can't imagine how you deduce it. As to Mary Jane, she is incorrigible, and my wife has given her notice, but there, again, I fail to see how you work it out." He cl
                   essly scraped round the edges of the sole in order to remove crusted mud from it. Hence, you see, my double deduction that you had a particularly malignant boot-slitting specimen of the London slavey. As to your
      sheet of thick, pink-tinted note-paper which had been lying open upon the table. "It came by the last post," said he. "Read it aloud." The note was undated, and without either signature or address. "There will call upon you to-night, at a quarter to eight o'clock," it said, "a gentlema who desires to consult you upon a matter of the very deepest moment. Your recent services to one of the royal houses of Europe have shown that you are one who may safely be trusted with matters which are of an importance which can hardly be exaggerated. This account of ywe have from all quarters received. Be in your chamber then at that hour, and do not take it amiss if your visitor wear a mask." This is indeed a mystery," I remarked. "What do you imagine that it means?" "I have no data yet. It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data.
                  e begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit facts. But the note itself. What do you deduce from it?" I carefully examined the writing, and the paper upon which it was written. "The man who wrote it was presumably well to do," I remarked, endeavor
                        companion's processes. "Such paper could not be bought under half a crown a packet. It is peculiarly strong and stiff." "Peculiar--that is the very word," said Holmes. "It is not an English paper at all. Hold it up to the light." I did so, and saw a large "E" warge "G" with a small "t" woven into the texture of the paper. "What do you make of that?" asked Holmes. "The name of the maker, no doubt; or his monogram, rather." "Not at all. The 'G' with the small 't' stands for 'Gesellschaft,' which is the German for
                           'Remarkable as being the scene of the death of Wallenstein, and for its numerous glass-factories and paper-mills.' Ha, ha, my boy, what do you make of that?" His eyes sparkled, and he sent up a great blue triumphant cloud from his cigarette. "The paper was m
                               'Precisely. And the man who wrote the note is a German. Do you note the peculiar construction of the sentence--'This account of you we have from all quarters received.' A Frenchman or Russian could not have written that. It is the German who is so uncourt
           is verbs. It only remains, therefore, to discover what is wanted by this German who writes upon Bohemian paper and prefers wearing a mask to showing his face. And here he comes, if I am not mistaken, to resolve all our doubts." As he spoke there was the sharp sound of hoofs and grating wheels against the curb, followed by a sharp pull at the bell. Holmes whistled. "A pair, by the sound," said he. "Yes," he continued, glancing out of the window. "A nice little brougham and a pair of beauties. A hundred and fifty guineas apiece. There's more said he. "Yes," he continued, glancing out of the window. "A nice little brougham and a pair of beauties. A hundred and fifty guineas apiece. There's more said he. "Yes," he continued, glancing out of the window. "I think that I had better go, Holmes." "Not a bit, Doctor. Stay where you are. I am lost without my Boswell. And this promises to be interesting. It would be a pity to miss it." "But your client--" "Never mind him. I may want your help, a year. He comes. Sit down in that armchair, Doctor, and give us your best attention." A slow and heavy step, which had been heard upon the stairs and in the passage, page immediately outside the door. Then there was a loud and authoritative tap. "Come in!" said Holmes while the door. Then there was a loud and authoritative tap. "Come in!" said Holmes while the stair was a loud and said to be looked upon as a kin to be down to be down to be a looked upon as a kin to be down to be down to be a looked upon as a kin to be down to be a looked upon as a kin to be down to be a looked upon as a kin to be down to be a looked upon as a kin to be down to be a looked upon as a kin to be down to be a looked upon as a kin to be down to be a looked upon as a kin to be down to be a looked upon as a looked upon as a kin to be a looked upon as a look
              which he had apparently adjusted that very moment, for his hand was still raised to it as he entered. From the lower part of the face he appeared to be a man of strong character, with a thick, hanging lip, and a long, straight chin suggestive of resolution pushed to the length of the lower part of the face he appeared to be a man of strong character, with a thick, hanging lip, and a long, straight chin suggestive of resolution pushed to the length of the face he appeared to be a man of strong character, with a thick, hanging lip, and a long, straight chin suggestive of resolution pushed to the length of the face he appeared to be a man of strong character, with a thick, hanging lip, and a long, straight chin suggestive of resolution pushed to the length of the face he appeared to be a man of strong character, with a thick, hanging lip, and a long, straight chin suggestive of resolution pushed to the length of the face he appeared to be a man of strong character, with a thick, hanging lip, and a long, straight chin suggestive of resolution pushed to the length of the face he appeared to be a man of strong character.
                   is occasionally good enough to help me in my cases. Whom have I the honour to address?" "You may address me as the Count Von Kramm, a Bohemian nobleman. I understand that this gentleman, your friend, is a man of honour and discretion, whom I may trust with
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         tation of his client gave it a characte \, r \, o \, f its own. Indeed, apart from the nature of the investigation which
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       -whiskered, with an inflamed face and disreputable clothes, walked into the room. Accustomed as I was
                 riend, or his mistress? If the former, she had probably trans
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       hotograph to his keepin g. If the latter, it was less likely. On the issue of this question depende
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        e gentleman's cham bers in the Temple. It was a delicate point, and it widened the field of my
 inquiry. I fear that I bore you with these details, but I have to let yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            difficulties, if you are t o understand the situation." "I am following you closely," I answered
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ny Lodge, and a gentle eman sprang out. He was a re
                balancing the matter in my mind when a hansom cab of
 and moustached--evidently the man of whom I had heard. He appear
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              our, and I could catch glimpses of him in the windows of the sitting-room, pacing up and
with the air of a man who was thoroughly at home. "He was in the h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ng even more flur ried than before. As he stepped up to the cab, he pulled a gold watch fr
down, talking excitedly, and waving his arms. Of her I could see nothi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          itly he emerged. look
om his pocket and looked at it earnestly, 'Drive like the devil,' he shout
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                egent Street, a n d then to the Church of St. Monica in the Edgeware Road. Half a guinea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ed, 'first to Gross & Hankev's in
you do it in twenty minutes!' "Away they went, and I was just wonderin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ow them when up the lane came a neat little landau, the coachman with his coat only h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       a whether I should not do well to fo
alf-buttoned, and his tie under his ear, while all the tags of his harness w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ere sticking out of the buckles. It had
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             efore she shot out of the hall door and into it. I only caught a glimps
of her at the moment, but she was a lovely woman, with a face that a man
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 she cried, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     might die for, "The Church of St. Moni
"This was quite too good to lose, Watson. I was just balancing whether I sh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ould run for it, or whether I should perch
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                her landau when a cab came through the street. The driver looked
wice at such a shabby fare, but I jumped in before he could object. 'The Chur
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ch of St. Monica,' said I, 'and half a sovere
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ign if you reach it in twenty minutes. It was twenty-five minutes to tw
elve, and of course it was clear enough what was in the wind. "My cabby drov
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            the others were there before us. The cab and the landau with their ste
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    e fast. I don't think I ever drove faster, but
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         here save the two whom I had followed and a surpliced clergyman, who
aming horses were in front of the door when I arrived. I paid the man and hurrie
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       d into the church. There was not a soul t
seemed to be expostulating with them. They were all three standing in a knot in f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ront of the altar. I lounged up the side ai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       sle like any other idler who has dropped into a church. Suddenly, to my
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ank God,' he cried. 'You'll do. Come! Come!' "'What then?' I asked."
urprise, the three at the altar faced round to me, and Godfrey Norton came running
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 as hard as he could towards me.
man, come, only three minutes, or it won't be legal.' "I was half-dragged up to the alt
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ar, and before I knew where I was
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               found myself mumbling responses which were whispered in my ear, and vouc
ing for things of which I knew nothing, and generally assisting in the secure tying up o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Irene Adler, spinster, to Godfrey Norton, bachelor. It was all done in an instant, and there was the gentleman than
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ront, it was the most preposterous position in which I ever found myself in my life, and it was the thought of it that
ing me on the one side and the lady on the other, while the clergyman beamed on me in f
started me laughing just now. It seems that there had been some informality about their lic
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ense, that the clergyman absolutely refused to marry them without a witness of some sort, and that my lucky appe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             . The bride gave me a sovereign, and I mean to wear it on my watch-chain in memory of the occasion.
arance saved the bridegroom from having to sally out into the streets in search of a best man
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             menaced. It looked as if the pair might take an immediate departure, and so necessitate very prompt and energetic
ery unexpected turn of affairs," said I; "and what then?" "Well, I found my plans very seriously
 measures on my part. At the church door, however, they separated, he driving back to the Temple
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              , and she to her own house. 'I shall drive out in the park at five as usual,' she said as she left him. I heard no more
 They drove away in different directions, and I went off to make my own arrangements." "Which are?
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 "Some cold beef and a glass of beer," he answered, ringing the bell. "I have been too busy to think of food, and
am likely to be busier still this evening. By the way, Doctor, I shall want your co-operation." "I shall be d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              elighted." "You don't mind breaking the law?" "Not in the least." "Nor running a chance of arrest?" "Not in a good
            Oh, the cause is excellent!" "Then I am your man." "I was sure that I might rely on you." "But what"
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           nen Mrs. Turner has brought in the tray I will make it clear to you. Now," he said as he turned
hungrily on the simple fare that our landlady had provided, "I must discuss it while I eat, for I have not much tim
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             e. It is nearly five now. In two hours we must be on the scene of action. Miss Irene, or Madame, rather, returns fro
m her drive at seven. We must be at Briony Lodge to meet her." "And what then?" "You must leave that to me. I hav
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            e already arranged what is to occur. There is only one point on which I must insist. You must not interfere, come was a support of the company of the compan
hat may. You understand?" "I am to be neutral?" "To do nothing whatever. There will probably be some small unpleasan
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            tness. Do not join in it. It will end in my being conveyed into the house. Four or five minutes afterwards the sitting
oom window will open. You are to station yourself close to that open window." "Yes." '"You are to watch me, for I will be visib
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   "And when I raise my hand-so-you will throw into the room what I give you to throw, and will, at
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ped roll from his pocket. "It is an ordinary plumber's smoke-rocket, fitted with a cap at either end to make it self-lighting
he same time, raise the cry of fire. You quite follow me?" "Entirely." "It is nothing very formidable," he said, taking a long cigar-sha
g. Your task is confined to that. When you raise your cry of fire, it will be taken up by quite a number of people. You may then walk to the en
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 d of the street, and I will rejoin you in ten minutes. I hope that I have made myself clear?" "I am to remain neutral, to get ne
ar the window, to watch you, and at the signal to throw in this object, then to raise the cry of fire, and to wait you at the corner of the street." "Precisely." "Then you may entirely rely on me."
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              That is excellent. I think, perhaps, it is almost time that I prepare for the new role I have to p
lay." He disappeared into his bedroom and returned in a few minutes in the character of an amiable and simple-minded Nonconformist clergyman. His broad black hat, his baggy trousers, his white tie, his sympathetic smile, and general look of peering and benevolent curiosity were
such as Mr. John Hare alone could have equalled. It was not merely that Holmes changed his costume. His expression, his manner, his very soul seemed to vary with every fresh part that he assumed. The stage lost a line actor, even as science lost an acute reasoner, when he beca
me a specialist in crime. It was a quarter past six when we left Baker Street, and it still wanted ten minutes to the hour when we found ourselves in Serpentine Avenue. It was already dusk, and the lamps were just being lighted as we paced up and down in front of Briony Lodge, waiti
ng for the coming of its occupant. The house was just such as I had pictured it from Sherlock Holmes' succinct description, but the locality appeared to be less private than I expected. On the contrary, for a small street in a quiet neighbourhood, it was remarkably animated. There w
as a group of shabbily dressed men smoking and laughing in a corner, a scissors-grinder with his wheel, two guardsmen who were flirting with a nurse-girl, and several well-dressed young men who were lounging up and down with cigars in their mouths. "You see," remarked Holn
es, as we paced to and fro in front of the house, "this marriage rather simplifies matters. The photograph becomes a double-edged weapon now. The chances are that she would be as averse to its being seen by Mr. Godfrey Norton, as our client is to its coming to the eyes of his pri ncess. Now the question is, Where are we to find the photograph?" "Where, indeed?" "It is most unlikely that she carries it about with her. It is cabinet size. Too large for easy concealment about a woman's dress. She knows that the King is capable of having her waylaid and search
ed. Two attempts of the sort have already been made. We may take it, then, that she does not carry it about with her." "Where, that double possibility. But I am inclined to think neither. Women are naturally secretive, and they like to do the
own secreting. Why should she hand it over to anyone else? She could trust her own guardianship, but she could not tell what indirect or political influence might be brought to bear upon a business man. Besides, remember that she had resolved to use it within a few days. It must be where she can lay her hands upon it. It must be in her own house." "But it has twice been burgled." "Pshaw! They did not know how to look." "What then?" "I will get her to show me." "But she will refuse." "She will not be able to. But I have the rumble of wheels. It is her carriage. Now carry out my orders to the letter." As he spoke the gleam of the side-lights of a carriage came round the curve of the avenue. It was a smart little landau which rattled up to the door of Briony Lodge. As it pulled up, one of the loafing me
n at the corner dashed forward to open the door in the hope of earning a copper, but was elbowed away by another loafer, who had rushed up with the same intention. A fierce quarrel broke out, which was increased by the two guardsmen, who took sides with one of the loungers,
nd by the scissors-grinder, who was equally hot upon the other side. A blow was struck, and in an instant the lady, who had stepped from her carriage, was the centre of a little knot of flushed and struggling men, who struck savagely at each other with their fists and sticks. Holmes
dashed into the crowd to protect the lady; but just as he reached her he gave a cry and dropped to the ground, with the blood running freely down his face. At his fall the guardsmen took to their heels in one direction and the loungers in the other, while a number of better-dressed
eople, who had watched the scuffle without taking part in it, crowded in to help the lady and to attend to the steps; but she stood at the top with her superb figure outlined against the lights of the hall, looking back in
o the street. "Is the poor gentleman much hurt?" she asked. "He is dead," cried several voices. "No, no, there's life in him!" shouted another. "But he'll be gone before you can get him to hospital." "He's a brave fellow," said a woman. "They would have had the lady's purse and wat
 if it hadn't been for him. They were a gang, and a rough one, too. Ah, he's breathing now." "He can't lie in the sitting-room. There is a comfortable sofa. This way, please!" Slowly and solemnly he was borne into Brion Lodge and laid out in the principal room, while I still observed the proceedings from my post by the window. The lamps had been lit, but the blinds had not been drawn, so that I could see Holmes as he lay upon the couch. I do not know whether he was seized with compunction at
hat moment for the part he was playing, but I know that I never felt more heartily ashamed of myself in my life than when I saw the beautiful creature against whom I was conspiring, or the grace and kindliness with which she waited upon the injured man. And yet it would be the bla
ckest treachery to Holmes to draw back now from the part which he had intrusted to me. I hardened my heart, and took the smoke-rocket from under my ulster. After all, I thought, we are not injuring her. We are not injuring her from injuring another. Holmes had sat up upon the
ouch, and I saw him motion like a man who is in need of air. A maid rushed across and threw open the window. At the signal I tossed my rocket into the room with a cry of "Fire!" The word was no sooner out of my mouth than the wh
ole crowd of spectators, well dressed and ill--gentlemen, ostlers, and servant-maids--joined in a general shriek of "Fire!" Thick clouds of smoke curled through the room and out at the open window. I caught a glimpse of rushing figures, and a moment later the voice of Holmes from
within assuring them that it was a false alarm. Slipping through the shouting crowd I made my friend's arm in mine, and to get away from the scene of uproar. He walked swiftly and in silence for some few mutes until we had turned down one of the quiet streets which lead towards the Edgeware Road. "You did it very nicely, Doctor," he remarked. "Nothing could have been better. It is all right." "You have the photograph?" "I know where it is." "And how did you find out?" "She shower
d me, as I told you she would." "I am still in the dark." "I do not wish to make a mystery," said he, laughing. "The matter was an accomplice. They were all engaged for the evening." "I guessed as much." "Then, we en the row broke out, I had a little moist red paint in the palm of my hand. I rushed forward, fell down, clapped my hand to my face, and became a piteous spectacle. It is an old trick." "That also I could fathom." "Then they carried me in. She was bound to have me in. What else cou
she do? And into her sitting-room, which I suspected. It lay between that and her bedroom, and I was determined to see which. They laid me on a couch, I motioned for air, they were compelled to open the window, and you had your chance." "How did that
help you?" "It was all-important. When a woman thinks that her house is on fire, her instinct is at once to rush to the thing which she values most. It is a perfectly overpowering impulse, and I have more than once taken advantage of it. In the case of the Darlington substitution scar
dal it was of use to me, and also in the Arnsworth Castle business. A married woman grabs at her baby; an unmarried one reaches for her jewel-box. Now it was clear to me that our lady of to-day had nothing in the house more precious to her than what we are in quest of. She would
rush to secure it. The alarm of fire was admirably done. The smoke and shouting were enough to shake nerves of steel. She responded beautifully. The photograph is in a recess behind a sliding panel just above the right bell-pull. She was there in an instant, and I caught a glimpse
of it as she half-drew it out. When I cried out that it was a false alarm, she replaced it, glanced at the rocket, rushed from the house. I hesitated whether to attempt to secure the photograph at onc
of it as sne nair-drew it out. When I cried out that it was a raise alarm, she replaced it, granced at the rocket, rushed from the room, and I have not seen her since. I roes, and, making my excuses, escaped from the nouse. I nesitated whether to attempt to secure the photograph at once; but the coachman had come in, and as he was watching me narrowly it seemed safer to wait. A little over-precipitance may ruin all." "And now?" I asked. "Our rush of the seemed safer to wait. A little over-precipitance may ruin all." "And now?" I asked. "Our rush of the seemed safer to wait for the lady, but it is probable that when she comes she may find neither us nor the photograph. It might be a satisfaction to his Majesty to regain it with his own hands." "And when will you call?" "At eight in the morning. She will not be a satisfaction to his Majesty to regain it with his own hands." "And when will you call?" "At eight in the morning. She will not he as satisfaction to his Majesty to regain it with his own hands." "And when he was searching his pockets for the key when someone we shall have a clear field. Besides, we must be prompt, for this marriage may mean a complete change in her life and habits. I must wire to the King without delay." We had reached Baker Street and had stopped at the door. He was searching his pockets for the key when someone passing said: "Good-night, Mister Sherlock Holmes." There were several people on the pavement at the time, but the greeting appeared to come from a slim youth in an ulster who had hurried by. "I've heard that voice before," said Holmes, staring down the dimly lit street. "Now, I we not have been." Ill. I slept at Baker Street that night, and we were engaged upon our toast and coffee in the morning when the King of Bohemia rushed into the room. "You have really got it!" he cried, grasping Sherlock Holmes? "Then, come. I am all impatience to be gone." "We must have a cab." "No, my brought and nearly literage with your Majesty. The reason why she should interface with your Majesty.
ves her husband, she does not love your Majesty. If she does not love your Majesty's plan." "It is true. And yet--Well! I wish she had been of my own station! What a queen she would have made!" He relapsed into a moc
dy silence, which was not broken until we drew up in Serpentine Avenue. The door of Briony Lodge was open, and an elderly woman stood upon the steps. She watched us with a sardonic eye as we stepped from the brougham. "Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I believe?" said she. "I am Mr
folmes," answered my companion, looking at her with a questioning and rather startled gaze. "Indeed! My mistress told me that you were likely to call. She left this morning with her husband by the 5:15 train from Charing Cross for the Continent." "What!" Sherlock Holmes stagge
ed back, white with chagrin and surprise. "Do you mean that she has left England?" "Never to return." "And the papers?" asked the King hoarsely. "All is lost." "We shall see." He pushed past the servant and rushed into the drawing-room, followed by the King and myself. The furr ure was scattered about in every direction, with dismantled shelves and open drawers, as if the lady had hurriedly ransacked them before her flight. Holmes rushed at the bell-pull, tore back a small sliding shutter, and, plunging in his hand, pulled out a photograph and a letter. The
 photograph was of Irene Adler herself in evening dress, the letter was superscribed to "Sherlock Holmes, Esq. To be left till called for." My friend tore it open and we all three read it together. It was dated at midnight of the preceding night and ran in this way:
 OCK HOLMES,--You really did it very well. You took me in completely. Until after the alarm of fire, I had been warned against you months ago. I had been told that if the King employed an agen
it would certainly be you. And your address had been given me. Yet, with all this, you made me reveal what you wanted to know. Even after I became suspicious, I found it hard to think evil of such a dear, kind old clergyman. But, you know, I have been trained as an actress myself
Male costume is nothing new to me. I often take advantage of the freedom which it gives. I sent John, the coachman, to watch you, ran up stairs, got into my walking-clothes, as I call them, and came down just as you departed. "Well, I followed you to your door, and so made sure the
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