



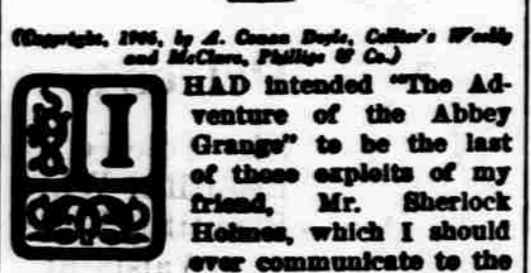
# The Return of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,  
Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,"  
"The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," Etc.

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## The Adventure of the Second Stain

No. 13 of the Series



CHARLES, 1906, by A. Conan Doyle, Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Sign of the Four," "A Study in Scarlet," Etc.

HAD intended "The Adventure of the Abbey Grange" to be the last of these exploits of my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, which I should ever communicate to the public. This resolution of mine was not due to any lack of material, since I have notes of many hundreds of cases to which I have never alluded, nor was it caused by any waning interest on the part of my readers in the singular personality and unique methods of this remarkable man. The real reason lay in the reluctance which Mr. Holmes has shown to the continued publication of his experiences. So long as he was in actual professional practice the records of his successes were of some practical value to him, but since he has definitely retired from London and taken himself to study and be farming on the Sussex downs, notoriety has become hateful to him, and he has peremptorily requested that his wishes in this matter should be strictly observed. It was only upon my representing to him that I had given a promise that "The Adventure of the Second Stain" should be published when the times were ripe and pointing out to him that it is only appropriate that this long series of episodes should culminate in the most important international case which he has ever been called upon to handle that I at last succeeded in obtaining his consent that a carefully guarded account of the incident should at last be laid before the public.

It was, then, in a year, even in a decade that shall be named, that upon one Tuesday morning in autumn we found two visitors of European fame within the walls of our humble rooms in Baker street. The one, austere, high nosed, eagle eyed and dominant, was none other than the illustrious Lord Bellinger, twice premier of Britain. The other, dark, clean cut and elegant, hardly yet of middle age and endowed with every beauty of body and of mind, was the Right Hon. Trelawney Hope, secretary for European affairs and the most rising statesman in the country. They sat side by side upon our paper littered settee, and it was easy to see from their worn and anxious faces that it was business of the most pressing importance which had brought them. The premier's thin, blue veined hands were clasped tightly over the ivory head of his umbrella, and his gaunt, ascetic face looked gloomily from Holmes to me. The European secretary pulled nervously at his mustache and fidgeted with the seals of his watch chain.

"When I discovered my loss, Mr. Holmes, which was at 8 o'clock this morning, I at once informed the prime minister. It was at his suggestion that we have both come to you."

"Have you informed the police?"

"No, sir," said the prime minister, with the quick, decisive manner for which he was famous. "We have not done so, nor is it possible that we should do so. To inform the police must, in the long run, mean to inform the public. This is what we particularly desire to avoid."

"And why, sir?"

"Because the document in question is of such immense importance that its publication might very easily—I might almost say probably—lead to European complications of the most momentous. It is not too much to say that peace or war may hang upon the issue. Unless its recovery can be attended with the utmost secrecy then it may as well not be recovered at all, for all that is aimed at by those who have taken it is that its contents should be generally known."

"I understand, now, Mr. Trelawney Hope, I should be much obliged if you would tell me exactly the circumstances under which this document disappeared."

"That can be done in a very few words, Mr. Holmes. The letter—for it was a letter from a foreign potentate—was received six days ago. It was of such importance that I have never left it in my safe, but I have taken it across each evening to my house in Whitehall terrace and kept it in my bedroom in a locked dispatch box. It was there last night. Of that I am certain. I actually opened the box while I was dressing for dinner and saw the document inside. This morning it was gone. The dispatch box had stood beside the glass upon my dressing table all night. I am a light sleeper, and so is my wife. We are both prepared to swear that no one could have entered the room during the night, and yet I repeat that the paper is gone."

"What time did you dine?"

"Half past 7."

"How long was it before you went to bed?"

"My wife had gone to the theater. I waited up for her. It was half past 11 before we went to our room."

"Then for four hours the dispatch box had lain unguarded?"

"No one is ever permitted to enter that room save the housemaid in the morning and my valet or the my wife's maid during the rest of the day. There are both trustworthy servants and I have been with us for some time. Besides, neither of them could possibly have known that there was anything more valuable than the ordinary departmental papers in my dispatch box."

"Who did know of the existence of that letter?"

"No one in the house."

"Surely your wife knew?"

"No, sir. I had said nothing to my wife until I missed the paper this morning."

The premier nodded approvingly. "I have long known, sir, how high is your sense of public duty," said he. The European secretary bowed. "You do me no more than justice, sir. Until this morning I have never breathed one word to my wife upon this matter."

"Could she have guessed?"

"No, Mr. Holmes, she could not have guessed, nor could any one have guessed."

"Have you lost any documents before?"

"No, sir."

"Who is there in England who did know of the existence of this letter?"

"Each member of the cabinet was informed of it yesterday, but the pledge of secrecy which attends every cabinet meeting was given by the prime minister. Good heavens, to think that within a few hours I should myself have lost it! Besides the members of the cabinet there are two or possibly three departmental officials who know of the letter. No one else in England, Mr. Holmes, I assure you."

"But abroad?"

"I believe that no one abroad has seen it save the man who wrote it. I am well convinced that his ministers—that the usual official channels have not been employed."

Holmes considered for some little time. "Now, sir, I must ask you more particularly what this document is, and why its disappearance should have such momentous consequences?"

The two statesmen exchanged a quick glance, and the premier's shaggy eyebrows gathered in a frown.

"Mr. Holmes, the envelope is a long thin one of pale blue color. There is a seal of red wax stamped with a crouching lion. It is addressed in large, bold handwriting to—"

"I fear, sir," said Holmes, "that, interesting and, indeed, essential as these details are, my inquiries must go more to the root of things. What was the letter?"



"That is a state secret of the utmost importance, and I fear that I cannot tell you, nor do I see that it is necessary. If by the aid of the powers which you are said to possess you can find such an envelope as I describe, with its inclosure, you will have deserved well of your country and earned any reward which it lies in our power to bestow."

Sherlock Holmes rose with a smile. "You are two of the most busy men in the country," said he, "and in my own small way I have also a good many calls upon me. I regret exceedingly that I cannot help you in this matter, and any continuation of this interview would be a waste of time."

The premier sprang to his feet with that quick, fierce gleam of his deep-set eyes before which a cabinet has cowered. "I am not accustomed, sir," he began, but mastered his anger and resumed his seat. Then the old statesman shrugged his shoulders.

"We must accept your terms, Mr. Holmes. No doubt you are right, and it is unreasonable for us to expect you to act unless we give you our entire confidence."

"I agree with you," said the younger statesman.

"Then I will tell you, relying entirely upon your honor and that of your colleague, Dr. Watson. I may appeal to your patriotism also, for I could not imagine a greater misfortune for the country than that this affair should come out."

"You may safely trust us."

"The letter, then, is from a certain foreign potentate who has been ruffled by some recent colonial developments of this country. It has been written delicately and upon his own responsibility entirely. Inquiries have shown me that neither you nor I know nothing of the matter. At the same time it is couched in so unfortunate a manner and contains phrases in it are of so provocative a character that its publication would undoubtedly lead to a most dangerous state of feeling in this country. There would be such a ferment, sir, that I do not hesitate to say that within a week of the publication of that letter this country would be involved in a great war."

Holmes wrote a name upon a slip of paper and handed it to the premier. "Exactly. It was he. And it is this

letter—this letter which may well mean the expenditure of a thousand millions and the lives of a hundred thousand men—which has become lost in this unaccountable fashion."

"Have you informed the sender?"

"Yes, sir; a cipher telegram has been dispatched."

"Perhaps he desires the publication of the letter?"

"No, sir; we have strong reason to believe that he already understands that he has acted in an indiscreet and hot-headed manner. It would be a greater blow to him and to his country than to us if this letter were to come out."

"If this is so, whose interest is it that the letter should come out? Why should any one desire to steal it or to publish it?"

"There, Mr. Holmes, you take me into regions of high international politics. But if you consider the European situation you will have no difficulty in perceiving the motive. The whole of Europe is an armed camp. There is a double league which makes a fair balance of military power. Great Britain holds the scales. If Britain were driven into war with one confederacy it would assure the supremacy of the other confederacy, whether they joined in the war or not. Do you follow?"

"Very clearly. It is then the interest of the enemies of this potentate to secure and publish this letter, so as to make a breach between his country and ours?"

"Yes, sir."

"And to whom would this document be sent if it fell into the hands of an enemy?"

"To any of the great chancelleries of Europe. It is probably speeding on its way thither at the present instant as fast as steam can take it. Now, Mr. Holmes, you are in full possession of the facts. What course do you recommend?"

Holmes shook his head mournfully. "You think, sir, that unless this document is recovered there will be war?"

"I think it is very probable."

"Then, sir, prepare for war."

"That is a hard saying, Mr. Holmes."

"Consider the facts, sir. It is inconceivable that it was taken after 11:30 at night, since I understand that Mr. Hope and his wife were both in the room from that hour until the loss was found out. It was taken, then, yesterday evening between 7:30 and 11:30, probably near the earlier hour, since whoever took it evidently knew that it was there, and would naturally secure it as early as possible. Now, sir, if a document of this importance were tak-

en at that hour, where can it be now? No one has any reason to retain it. It has been passed rapidly on to those who need it. What chance have we now to overtake or even to trace it? It is beyond our reach."

"What you say is perfectly logical, Mr. Holmes. I feel that the matter is indeed out of our hands."

"Let us presume, for argument's sake, that the document was taken by the maid or the valet."

"They are both old and tried servants."

"I understand you to say that your room is on the second floor, that there is no entrance from without and that from within no one could go up unobserved. It must, then, be somebody in the house who has taken it. To whom would the thief take it? To one of several international spies and secret agents whose names are tolerably familiar to me. There are three who may be said to be the heads of their profession. I will begin my research by going round and finding if each of them is at his post. If one is missing—especially if he has disappeared since last night—we will have some indication as to where the document has gone."

"Why should he be missing?" asked the European secretary. "He would take the letter to an embassy in London, as likely as not."

"I fancy not. These agents work independently, and their relations with the embassies are often strained."

The prime minister nodded his acquiescence.

"I believe you are right, Mr. Holmes. He would take so valuable a prize to headquarters with his own hands. I think that your course of action is an excellent one. Meanwhile, I hope, we neglect all our other duties on account of this one misfortune. Should any be any fresh developments during the day we shall communicate with you, and you will no doubt let us know the results of your own inquiries."

The two statesmen bowed and walked gravely from the room.

When our illustrious visitors had departed Holmes lit his pipe in silence and sat for some time lost in the deepest thought. It was reading the morning paper when my friend gave an exclamation, sprang to his feet and laid his pipe down upon the mantelpiece.

"Yes," said he, "there is no better way of approaching it. The situation is desperate, but not hopeless. Even now, if we could be sure which of them has taken it it is just possible that it has not yet passed out of his hands. After all, it is a question of money with these fellows, and I have the British treasury behind me. It is conceivable that the fellow might hold it back to see what bids come from this side before he tries his luck on the other. There are only those three capable of playing so bold a game—there are Oberstein, La Rothiere and Eduardo Lucas. I will see each of them."

I glanced at my morning paper.

"Is that Eduardo Lucas of Godolphin street?"

"Yes."

"You will not see him."

"Why not?"

"He was murdered in his house last night."

My friend has so often astonished me in the course of our adventures that it was with a sense of exultation that I realized how completely I had astonished him. He stared in amazement and then snatched the paper from my hands. This was the paragraph which I had been engaged in reading when he rose from his chair:

**MURDER IN WESTMINSTER.**  
A crime of mysterious character was committed last night at 12 Godolphin street, one of the old-fashioned and secluded rows of eighteenth century houses which lie between the river and the abbey, almost in the shadow of the great tower of the houses of parliament. This small but select mansion has been inhabited for some years by Mr. Eduardo Lucas, well known in society circles both on account of his charming personality and because he has the well deserved reputation of being one of the best amateur tenors in the country. Mr. Lucas is an unmarried man, thirty-four years of age, and his establishment consists of Mrs. Pringle, an elderly housekeeper, and of Milton, his valet. The former retires early and sleeps at the top of the house. The valet was out for the evening, visiting a friend at Hammermith. From 10 o'clock onward Mr. Lucas had the house to himself. What occurred during that time has not yet transpired, but at a quarter to 12 Police Constable Barrett, passing along Godolphin street, observed that the door of No. 12 was ajar. He knocked, but received no answer. Perceiving a light in the front room, he advanced into the passage and again knocked, but without reply. He then pushed open the door and entered. The room was in a state of wild disorder, the furniture being all swept to one side and one chair lying on its back in the center. Beside this chair and still grasping one of its legs lay the unfortunate tenant of the house. He had been stabbed to the heart and must have died instantly. The knife with which the crime had been committed was a curved Indian dagger, plucked down from a trophy of oriental arms which adorned one of the walls. Robbery does not appear to have been the motive of the crime, for there had been no attempt to remove any valuable contents of the room. Mr. Eduardo Lucas was so well known and popular that his violent and mysterious fate will arouse painful interest and intense sympathy in a widespread circle of friends.

"Well, Watson, what do you make of this?" asked Holmes after a long pause.

"It is an amazing coincidence."

"A coincidence! Here is one of the three men whom we had named as possible actors in this drama, and he meets a violent death during the very hours when we know that that drama was being enacted. The odds are enormous against its being coincidence. No figures could express them. No, my dear Watson, the two events were connected—must be connected. It is for us to find the connection."

"But now the official police must know all."

"Not at all. They know all they see at Godolphin street. They know—and shall know—nothing of Whitehall terrace. Only we know both events and can trace the relation between them. There is one obvious point which would in any case have turned my suspicions toward Lucas. Godolphin street, Westminster, is only a few minutes' walk from Whitehall terrace. The other secret agents whom I have named live in the extreme west end. It was easier, therefore, for Lucas than for the others to establish a connection or receive a message from the European secretary's household—a small thing, and yet it may prove essential. Hello! What have we here?"

Mrs. Hudson had appeared with a lady's card upon her salver. Holmes glanced at it, raised his eyebrows and handed it over to me.

"Ask Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope if she will be kind enough to step up," said he.

A moment later our modest apartment, already so distinguished that morning, was further honored by the entrance of the most lovely woman in London. I had often heard of the beauty of the youngest daughter of the Duke of Belminster, but no description of it had prepared me for the subtle, delicate charm and the beautiful coloring of that exquisite head. And yet as we saw it that autumn morning it was not its beauty which would be the first thing to impress the observer. The cheek was lovely, but it was pale with emotion; the eyes were bright, but it was the brightness of fever; the sensitive mouth was tight and drawn in an effort after self command. Terror—not beauty—was what sprang first to the eye.

"Has my husband been here, Mr. Holmes?"

"Yes, madam, he has been here."

"Mr. Holmes, I implore you not to tell him that I came here." Holmes bowed and motioned her to a chair.

(To be continued.)

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