



CHAPTER FOUR:
THE HOUSE IN STREATHAM

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The house in Streatham

Holder sat and closed his eyes. He moved in his chair unhappily. Holmes looked out of the window into Baker Street. I waited for him to speak about this most interesting case.

'Do you have a lot of visitors?' Holmes asked Holder suddenly.

'Not many,' said Holder. 'Stevenson, from the bank comes to the house sometimes. And there's Arthur's friend, Sir George Burnwell.'

'And do you go out often?' asked Holmes.

'Arthur does,' said Holder. 'But Mary and I stay at home.'

'And is Mary worried about the case?' asked Holmes.

'Yes,' said Holder. 'She didn't sleep at all last night.'

guilty doing
something wrong

innocent doing
nothing wrong

believe to think
that something is
true

silence when a
person doesn't
speak

remainder what
is there when you
take away part of
something

Holmes moved nearer to Holder. 'But is your son really **guilty**? How can you be sure of it?' he asked.

'I saw him with the crown in his hands!' said Holder.

'That looks bad, it's true,' said Holmes. 'But the young man is **innocent**, I **believe**.'

'Innocent?' said Holder. 'Then why did he have the crown? And why did he say nothing?'

'His **silence** is very interesting,' said Holmes. 'An innocent man speaks a lot and tells you everything. A guilty man speaks a lot, but he is a liar. But to say nothing is most unusual. Did Arthur really go to your office, break off a corner of the crown, go to put it in a safe place, and then come back to the office with the **remainder** of the crown? I can't believe it!'

'But then what really happened last night?' asked Holder.

'Well, let's go to your house in Streatham now,' said





Holmes. 'And perhaps we can find the answer to that question. Come along too, Watson.'

I was, of course, happy to go with them to investigate this strange case.

Holmes didn't speak in the carriage. He sat with his hat over his eyes. When we arrived in Streatham, he stood and looked up at Holder's house.

The banker's home was an old white building with a big front garden. On the left of the house, there was a small lane to some **stables**. On the right, there was a **path** to the kitchen door. Holmes looked carefully at the snowy front garden. After that he walked down the path to the back of the house, and then into the stable lane.

Holder and I soon got cold, so we went into the house. We waited in silence in the warm room. Suddenly, a young woman came in. She had dark hair and big brown eyes. But her face was deadly white, and the whites of her eyes were red.

stables a building where horses live

path a way across a garden where people can walk

'Uncle,' she said. 'Is Arthur going to be free soon? Please say "yes"!'

'No, Mary. He must stay in the hands of the police for now,' answered Holder.

'But he's innocent. I'm sure of it,' said Mary.

'Then why does he continue with his silence?'

'Perhaps he's angry because you called him a thief and didn't believe him,' said Mary.

Holder then looked over at me. 'Mary, there is a detective here to investigate the crime.'

'This man here?' asked Mary.

'No, this is his friend, Dr Watson. The detective is in the stable lane.'

'The stable lane?' she asked, and she looked worried.

Just then, Holmes walked in. 'Good morning,' he said. 'Miss Mary Holder? My name is Sherlock Holmes. I'd like to ask you one or two questions.'



greengrocer
someone who
sells fruit and
vegetables

Holmes and Mary sat at a table. 'Did you hear any noises last night?' asked Holmes.

'No,' said Mary. 'Nothing at all.'

'And did you close all the windows?' asked Holmes.

'Yes, I did,' said Mary.

'Now, you have a maid, Lucy. Is that right?'

'Yes,' said Mary. 'And you need to know something about her. She heard us talk about the crown at dinner, I believe.'

'I see,' said Holmes. 'And did Lucy meet her admirer at the kitchen door last night?'

'Yes, when I went to lock the door, Lucy came in. I saw a man behind her in the dark. It was Francis Prosper, the **greengrocer**. When we buy things in his shop, he brings them up to the house, and he likes to meet Lucy.'

'Does he have a false leg?'
asked Holmes.

Mary looked afraid. 'Yes.
How did you know that?'
she asked. Then she
smiled. 'You're a very
good detective,
Mr Holmes.'



Holmes looked back at Mary, but there was no smile on his face.

'I need to see the downstairs windows,' said the detective. He went and looked carefully at the window in the hall nearest the stable lane.

'Well, well,' he said quietly. 'Now, Mr Holder, Watson – let's go upstairs to the office.'

In the office Holmes went to the desk. 'Which key did the thief open the desk with?' he asked.

'The key to the attic,' said Holder. 'You know, Arthur talked about it at dinner.'

'I remember,' said Holmes.

'And here is the famous Emerald Crown,' said Holder. He took it out of the box and put it on the table. We all stood in silence and looked at the beautiful emeralds.





'Now, Mr Holder,' said Holmes. 'I want you to break off a second corner of the crown here.'

'No!' said Holder.

'Well, watch me do it,' said Holmes. He quickly pulled the corner of the crown, but nothing happened. 'Do you see? I'm a big man, but I can't break it. And think about it, Mr Holder, when gold breaks, it makes a loud noise. Did you hear a loud noise last night?'

'No,' said Holder. 'No, I didn't.'

'Good. That's all then,' said Holmes.

'But where are the missing emeralds?' asked Holder. 'And what's going to happen to Arthur.'

'I can't say now,' said Holmes.

'But what really happened last night? Please tell me!'

'Come to my house tomorrow between nine and ten. Perhaps I can tell you then. Goodbye.'