

CHAPTER SIX:

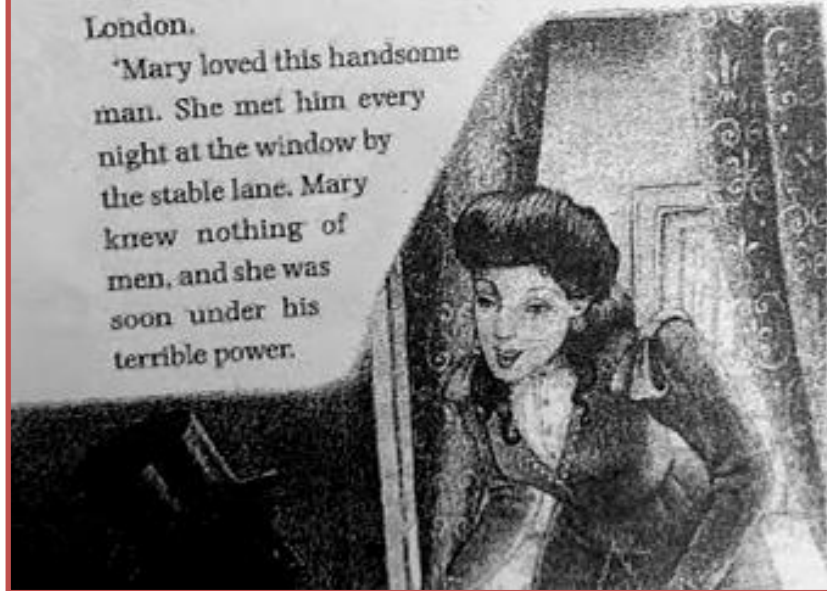
ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

~ Chapter six ~
All in a day's work

'Mr Holder, before I explain things,' said Holmes. 'I must tell you something. It's not going to be easy for me to say it, and it's not going to be easy for you to hear it. Your niece, Mary, and Sir George Burnwell are lovers. Yesterday she ran away with him.'

'My Mary?' said Holder. 'I don't believe you. It isn't true!' 'I'm sorry, but it is,' said Holmes. 'When Burnwell first visited your house, you didn't know much about him. But he is one of the worst men in England - a liar and a thief. He lost all his money years ago in the gambling clubs of London.'

'Mary loved this handsome man. She met him every night at the window by the stable lane. Mary knew nothing of men, and she was soon under his terrible power.'



'On the night of the crime,' continued Holmes, 'Mary met Burnwell by the window and told him about the Emerald Crown. Burnwell thought, "I can get a lot of money for this crown!" So he asked Mary, "Can you bring it to me later this evening?" And she said, "Yes."

'When you came downstairs, Mary stopped speaking to Burnwell and quickly closed the window. She then told you about Lucy meeting her admirer. That was the truth, of course, but it happened earlier.

'Arthur went to bed after his angry talk with you. He slept badly, and got up in the night when he heard a noise. He looked out of his door, and saw Mary go into your office. She came out with the crown, and took it downstairs. Arthur went after her, and saw more. Downstairs Mary gave the crown to somebody through the open stable lane window. After that, she went back to her room.

'Arthur loved Mary, and he didn't want people to know about her crime. But he needed to get the crown back, so he dressed quickly, and went downstairs. He jumped out of the window without any shoes on, and ran after a man in the stable lane. It was, of course, our friend Burnwell.

'Arthur pulled Burnwell down into the snow. Then he hit Burnwell above the eye. The men pulled at the crown between them. Suddenly something broke, and the crown was in Arthur's hands.

'He went back into the house, closed the window behind him, and ran upstairs to your office. The crown was **twisted**, he could see, and he wanted to put it right.

'And then Mr Holder, you came in,' said Holmes.

'Yes,' cried Holder unhappily. 'I saw Arthur pull wildly at





the crown with his hands. Now I understand.'

'You then made Arthur angry. You called him a liar and a thief! And he couldn't explain. He didn't want you to know about Mary's crime.'

'And Mary fell down when she saw the crown,' said Holder. 'Now I understand that too. And Arthur asked, "Can I go out for five minutes?" That was because he wanted to look for the missing emeralds.'

Holder looked unhappy. 'Oh, Mr Holmes, I was very wrong about my son. But how did you learn all this?'

'Well,' said Holmes, 'the snow was a big help to me. Remember when I went out and looked at the garden at your house?'

'Yes,' said Holder.

'I could see much of the story of that terrible night in the snow,' he explained. 'When I walked up the path, I saw **footprints** near the kitchen door. They were the footprints of a young woman and a man with a false leg.'

'Ah yes, Lucy and Francis Prosper,' said Holder. 'And was he the man in the garden on the night when I came back home with the crown?'

'Yes, that was Prosper. He came to meet your new maid Lucy,' said Holmes. He then explained more about the case.

footprint the hole that someone's foot makes in soft ground when they walk

set a number of things that go together

There were two **sets** of footprints in the snow in the stable lane. The first set was of a man in big shoes. These footprints were next to the stable lane window, and the man waited there for a long time, I could see. The footprints then went down the lane to a tree.

The second set of footprints was of a man with no shoes. They

came from the window out into the lane. They too went down to the tree. In the snow I could see the story of a fight between the two men. I found some **blood** there.

blood - this is red;
You can see it
when you cut your
hand

Then the first set of footprints went off down the lane. The second set of footprints came back to the window.

You remember when, in your house, I looked carefully at the window by the lane. I saw a footprint of the man with no shoes there, so he came back in through the window, I knew.

I started to understand the case better. The man with no shoes was Arthur. But I had two questions. Who was the man in the lane? And who brought the crown to this man? Well, it wasn't Arthur, so Mary or one of the maids was the guilty one.





Arthur's silence was important. He wanted to **protect** somebody. It wasn't Lucy or the younger maids – it was Mary, because he loved her.

But who helped Mary with the crime? Mary was a good young woman. But perhaps a lover had power over her and made her do this terrible thing. So who was her **lover**?

Only one or two visitors came to your house, you said. One of those was Burnwell. My friends told me about him **some years** ago – he had a bad name with women then, and he has a worse name with women now.

But was Burnwell really the thief? I wanted to be sure. So, after my visit to your house yesterday, I went home and put on an old working man's coat. I then visited Burnwell's house and spoke to his maid. She told me some interesting things, and I soon learnt about a **cut** over Burnwell's eye.

I also told the maid, 'I don't have any money, but I need some new shoes.' She felt sorry for me, and gave me some of Burnwell's old shoes.

I then went back to your house with one of the shoes. I was very pleased when it **fitted** the footprint in the snow.

After that, I came back to Baker Street, put on my usual coat, and went over to Burnwell's house again. I badly wanted the emeralds back. But I didn't want any scandal for the royal family – so no policemen, no open investigation.

I spoke to Burnwell at his house for some time. At first he said, 'I know nothing of the Emerald Crown.' But when I explained all about the crime, he became angry. He started to hit me, but I took out my **pistol** and put it to his head.

He then found a box, and opened it angrily. The missing emeralds were in it. 'Give me three thousands pounds for them,' he said. Of course, I didn't want to give the man any

protect to save someone or something from danger

cut a place where blood comes from your body after someone hits it

fit to be the right size

pistol a person can kill someone with this

money. But I also didn't want him to talk and make a scandal. So I wrote a cheque, took the box, and left. I got to bed at two o'clock in the morning. It was the end of a very long day's work.

'A day when you stopped a terrible scandal from happening!' said Holder. 'I can't find words to thank you,' and he stood up to go. 'Now I must find my son and say sorry for not believing him. Goodbye, Mr Holmes, Dr Watson.' And with that, he left.

I looked at Burnwell's old shoe on the table in front of me.

'You always find the answer in the end, Holmes,' I said.

'It's all in a day's work, Watson,' smiled Holmes.



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