

# THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

## 7. The Red-Headed League

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By Sir A. Conan Doyle

I had called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced, elderly gentleman with fiery red hair. With an apology for my intrusion, I was about to withdraw, when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room and closed the door behind me.

"You could not possibly have come at a better time," my dear Watson," he said cordially.

"It was afraid that you were engaged."

"So I am. Very much so."

"Then I can wait in the next room."

"Not at all. This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, has been my partner and helper in many of my most successful cases, and I have no doubt that he will be of the utmost use to me in yours also."

The stout gentleman half-rose from his chair and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick, questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes.

"What on earth does this mean?" Holmes chuckled and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit, when in high spirits. "It is a little of the high chase, and I am about to go to it."

"And now Mr. Wilson, off you go at scratch, and tell us all about your case, your household, and the effect of the conventions and lun-drum routine of every-day life. You have heard your rellax or it by the enthusiasm which has prompted you to chronicle, and if you will excuse my saying so, somewhat to embellish so many of my own little adventures."

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