

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES AND DR. WATSON

The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle

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By Sir A. Conan Doyle

I had called upon my friend Sherlock Holmes upon the second morning after Christmas...

the last three years, although he has now fallen upon evil days. He had been a member of the staff of the Victoria Times...

I have some account of the matter here, I believe. He has been a member of the staff of the Victoria Times...

has already a sinister history. There have been two murders, a kidnapping, a suicide and several robberies...

It was a bitter night, so we drew on our ulsters and wrapped ourselves in our blankets...

"I've had enough of you and your goose," he shouted. "I wish you were all dead together..."

"No; but one of them was mine, all the same," whined the little man. "I was the one who was in the Oakeshott for it."

"I'm not sure," I remarked, "that the last notes have been entirely free of any legal ramifications..."

"You are certainly joking, Holmes," I said. "Not at all, Watson. I have just even now, when I give you these results, you are unable to see how they interest and even of instruction..."

"I have no doubt that I am very ignorant, but I must confess that I am unable to follow you. For example, how did you deduce that this man was a Jew?"

"I had been delayed at a case and it was a little after half past six when I found myself in Baker Street..."

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Answers to various questions and advertisements on the left margin.

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