



*'Young Openshaw must do what I have told him. It is his only chance.'*

violence on his body. It is possible that, on his way to Waterloo station, he walked into the river by mistake in the dark.

“‘We suggest building some fences along the sides of the river near Waterloo Bridge.’”

We sat in silence for some minutes. Holmes was more affected than I had ever seen him.

‘This really hurts me, Watson,’ he said at last. ‘It has become a personal matter now, and I shall put my hand on the men who did this. That young man came to me for help, and I sent him away to his death!’

He jumped from his chair, and walked up and down the room. His face, normally pale, was very red.

‘They must be very clever,’ he said. ‘How did they make him go down there? The riverside is not on the way to the station. Well, Watson, we shall see who will win in the end. I am going out now!’

‘To the police?’

‘No. After I catch them, the police can have them.’

All day I was busy with medical matters, and I did not return to Baker Street until late in the evening. Sherlock Holmes had not come back yet. It was nearly ten o’clock before he entered, looking pale and tired. He walked to the side table, pulled a piece from the loaf of bread, and ate it hungrily.

‘You are hungry,’ I said.

‘Very. I have had nothing to eat since breakfast. I had no time.’

‘And have you been successful?’

‘Very.’

‘You know who the men are?’

‘Yes, young Openshaw’s death will be paid for. And I think we shall send them a warning that they will recognize.’

‘What do you mean?’

He took an orange from the cupboard, and squeezed out the pips onto the table. He took five of them and pushed them into