

Another Exciting Sherlockian Round-Robin Pastiche by
Members of The Pleasant Places of Florida



The Adventure of
The Yule Lantern Lost

-1998-

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All of the above are members of The Pleasant Places of Florida, a “certified” Scion of the Baker Street Irregulars. The PPoF was founded in 1972 by Leslie Marshall, B.S.I. (“A Scandal in Bohemia”). Current Officers are David McCallister, Carl Heifetz, Jeff Dow, and Wanda Dow. Dr. Benton Wood is Recorder Emeritus.

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Pleasant Places of Florida

The Adventure of the Yule Lantern Lost

Introduction

By Tom Takach



"Thank you, Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade after the great detective finished refilling the inspector's glass with port. The atmosphere at Baker Street was a most convivial one on this early frosty December evening in 1888. I declined a third libation, preferring instead to try my new cigarette blend which had been prepared for me by Bradley's in Oxford Street.

As the number of years of my association with Holmes grew, I felt the need for a somewhat stronger tobacco than I had been enjoying when we two first met at St. Bart's.

Seeing that we were sated, Holmes then said to Lestrade, "Is there anything else I can tell you about the remarkable case of Mr. Jonathan Small? A most outre' business, to be sure. I know that Athelney Jones must have answered most of your queries, as far as he was able."

I let out a discreet cough at this point, thereby opening the door for Lestrade to offer his own opinion of his esteemed colleague.

"Jones is not a man whose words tend to *resolve* questions. How well I remember the Bishopgate jewel case and how his line of 'reasoning' almost allowed the real thief to get away scot-free. How the deuce did the man figure that an 80-year-old butler with gout and hydrophobia was a fence who frequently traveled to and from the Continent? If you had not stepped in Mr. Holmes, her ladyship would have been most displeased with the Yard's efforts. Generally, I feel that Jones is out of his...."

At this point a knock on the door saved Lestrade from violating the Christmas spirit of goodwill toward men.

"Come in, Mrs. Hudson," said the master sleuth. I opened the door to reveal a smiling landlady bedecked in festive holiday attire of red and green.

"Good evening, gentlemen. I'm sorry to intrude upon your reminiscences of past adventures, but there is a gentleman downstairs who is extremely agitated. Pale as a ghost and

trembling, he is. Here is his card, Mr. Holmes.”

Holmes glanced at the card. “The name means nothing to me. Lestrade - have the goodness to take a look at this card. Do you recognize this man?”

Reluctantly replacing his glass on the sideboard, Scotland Yard’s finest accepted the card for perusal. After assuming his most dramatic searching the ceiling for clues posture, he replied, “I’m afraid not, Mr. Holmes, but then, like yourself, I’ve been away from London this past week. How about you, Dr. Watson?”

The card read as follows:

Hal Jordan & Sons
Finest Quality Lanterns
Saxe-Coburg Square

When I looked at the card I felt my face instantly drain of all color. At the same time, my cigarette fell to the floor, giving Mrs. Hudson a chance to display a quickness which one would hardly have given her credit for.

“Dr. Watson, sir, please! This bearskin rug was just cleaned expressly for the holidays.”

Gracefully taking her by the arm, Holmes escorted Mrs. Hudson out of the room, requesting that she inform his prospective client that he was to come up presently.

Lestrade was offering me a brandy for my nerves as Holmes returned to place his hand upon my shoulder.

“Watson, whatever is the matter? You looked as though you were preparing to make a premature exit from this great stage we call life.”

Composing myself and thanking the two for their solicitude, I finally managed a reply. “I have been Hal Jordan’s personal physician for the past few years, and a more honest, hard working fellow you’re not likely to meet. Finding we had many interests in common, I have enjoyed his company on many an occasion. One

Michaelmas we spent several hours discussing the works of Clark Russell over an excellent lunch of haggis and stout at Alan Scott's Highland Pub by the museum. I even persuaded him at one point to become a member of one of my favorite haunts, The Guardians' Club, which caters to the needs of ex-military men. Many an afternoon have we pleasantly whiled away over a whiskey and soda and tales of the Afghan Wars. No one was sadder than I to learn that he was murdered during a failed robbery attempt at his place of business last Friday."



Continuation 1

by Caroline Everett

The young man Mrs. Hudson ushered in was indeed ashen-faced, and his hand, which Holmes grasped in the greeting, shook visibly.

"I am Henry Jordan, Jr., Mr. Holmes, and I have sought you out because the police are unable to explain the bizarre death of my father last Friday. That is his card that I sent up."

"Sit down, Mr. Jordan, and relate the circumstances under which he died," commanded Holmes.

"It was 5 p.m., and my brother Edward and I were assisting our three staff members in opening a new shipment of lanterns from our works in Lancashire -"

"And fine bull's-eyes they are too!" interjected Lestrade, charitably overlooking the young man's comment about the police.

"To continue, my father was in his office, winding up the week's affairs, when we heard him cry out - his words were, as I recall, 'Never! You shall never take the Yule Lantern!' There was a shot, and the door burst open, revealing a large figure disguised as

Father Christmas, who carried a pistol in one hand and a bulky object in the other. Rushing past us, as we stood astounded, he hurled himself out the front door of our establishment which gives on the square. Our lad pursued but was shoved to the ground for his pains, while the fugitive escaped in the crowd.

"Hastening into the office, we found my father slumped across his desk stone dead with a bullet in his forehead. The window overlooking the mews behind the building was open, showing how the intruder had entered; the door to the safe was ajar. After dispatching one of the men for the police, my brother and I tried to revive my father in vain.

"Remembering the open safe, we searched for signs of a robbery, but all the contents were accounted for. However, at my father's feet lay a business card which read:

UNUSUAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS
NO JOB TOO SMALL
CONTACT THROUGH AGONY COLUMN



Holmes, peering at his tented fingertips as if contemplating a deep philosophical problem stated, as if to himself, "What marvels are newspapers. With a modicum of paper and ink they may signal the beginnings of major world events, amuse us with clever wit, or astound us with the latest scientific developments. Used for evil, their words may initiate many diabolical deeds."

As Lestrade and Henry Jordan shrugged their shoulders in bewilderment, I, understanding the import of Holmes' words from our association together, gathered all of last Friday's newspapers that still littered the floor of our sitting room. The detective and client

continued to peer at Holmes with great bewilderment, as if awaiting further wisdom.

Shaking off his meditative mood, Holmes quickly sat upright, startling the pair. While still tossing the Vesta with which he had just recently lighted his pipe of action into grate, he began to enunciate in the strong affirmative voice that spelled doom for all malevolent villains against whom it was raised, and heralded the great burst of activity that would be our fate this evening: "Mr. Jordan you are truly very fortunate tonight. We are in the company of Scotland Yard's most accomplished official detective. If we can trouble him to exit these cozy surroundings and join us in the frigid outdoors, he will prove a very useful ally towards producing a most successful conclusion to this little puzzle that you have been so kind to present us with."

Jostled out of his quietly receptive mood and puffed by Mr. Holmes compliment, Inspector Lestrade responded vigorously, "I will be most happy to help you solve this case with all of the skill and experience that I may bring to bear! Scotland Yard should have contacted me immediately so I could protect the scene from being trampled upon!"

"Very good idea, Inspector Lestrade!" said Sherlock Holmes, glancing in my direction with an expression of amusement so subtle that only I could fathom its meaning.

"After the police left, we closed and locked my father's office," young Jordan offered. "A couple of officers have been watching the place since then. We've been closed for several days out of respect, but we do have obligations. It would be so much easier to put this behind us and continue on with my father's work if we had some sort of closure to this horrible business."

"There is hope," Holmes smiled. Then, continuing in a slightly wheedling tone he asked, "Inspector, would you be so good as to send word to those trusty constables of our imminent arrival and then requisition a four-wheeler to transport us to Mr. Jordan's office?"

"With great pleasure, Mr. Holmes," replied Lestrade.

After Lestrade had donned his winter coat and hat and began to descend the seventeen steps to the door below, Holmes hissed to me, "Come Watson, bring the newspaper with you, good fellow. We will need to inspect the agony column during our journey. The game is afoot!"

Then turning to our young client said, in a louder voice, after puffing on his pipe, "Let us depart, Mr. Jordan, to inspect the location where your poor father met too early a death."

While attiring ourselves for the cold night that awaited us, Mr. Holmes asked, "Mr. Jordan, tell me about your siblings."

"Well, there's Edward and I. We work with father. Our other brother is the famous artist Ulysses Jordan. He makes expensive gold and silver products encrusted with precious gem stones. Although at first Father despaired of his Bohemian nature and chosen craft, he became quite proud of our brother once he showed how successful he could be with the wealthy ladies as a provider of expensive baubles to adorn their bodies. Hopefully, Father never found out what other favor these ladies obtained from our Don Juan of a sibling. The last time that we saw him was as recently as last Thursday night when he joined us, unexpectedly for supper. He did act suspiciously, glancing out of the windows, and closing the draperies under some pretext about needing to shut out the cold. I did not consider it unusual until resurrecting these activities in my mind just now."

"Where was Ulysses Friday night?" queried Holmes, "And please describe him for us?"

"He is clean shaven, Mr. Holmes. He is slightly taller than Edward and I, and a good deal plumper. Why do you ask?"

"As Dr. Watson will affirm for you, it is my custom to gather all information about a case, no matter how trifling, but not to reach any conclusions until I have explored all of the potential evidence and sorted through every bit of information in my mind. I will not reach a conclusion until I have completed this scientific analysis, explored and questioned thoroughly all of the possible models of events that derive from this analysis, and discarding the impossible and sorting through what is remaining, no matter how improbable. Not until then will I reveal to you or anyone the likely scenario that has led to the events described in your statement."

Then, as we exited the doorway into the bitter cold darkness, he turn to the both of us, and accompanied by the exhalation of warmed water vapor which condensed into a white mist in the chilled air, stated, "I will need to interview all of the witnesses to

the events."

Turning to Mr. Jordan, he said, "Mr. Jordan, whilst we are exploring your facility, which I assume you give me full permission to do, please gather together your brother Edward and your assistants."

"Of course, Mr. Holmes, Edward and I reside next door to the office, and the assistants nearby."

"I would also like to interview your other brother," added my colleague.

To which Mr. Jordan looked very perplexed but stated, "I can't see what he has to offer, Mr. Holmes, and he may be difficult to convince that his services are needed."

"Tell him that I suspect him of murder. That should get his attention."

With that, we joined Lestrade in the four-wheeler and began our journey to the site which had recently witnessed such foul acts as murder and possible theft. Mr. Holmes lighted and opened his torch, and by its illumination, began to peruse the assembled newspapers. A few further queries by Mr. Jordan received no response from the consulting detective, who was now concentrating all of his enormous powers on the problem at hand, the ride into darkness was silent except for the accompanying clip-clopping sound of the hooves of the two horses that powered our conveyance.

Continuation

by David Scott

Our arrival prompted a phenomenon to which I had become accustomed. Holmes the thinker, brooding over the agony columns, became Holmes the man of action. He leapt from the carriage, leaving us to follow as best we might.

"The advertisements, Holmes?" I cried.

"Later," he barked. Entering the shop, he brushed past Lestrade and a pair of constables. The scene of the crime was much as



young Hal had described. Holmes' outstretched arm halted us at the door. We watched, I in amusement and our client in astonishment, while Holmes prowled the room with his lens. Every object and surface was examined. He scrutinized the sill of the open window, then climbed out. A moment later, he re-entered by the door behind us.

"I think we have enough from this room," he said. "Luck is with us. I found one or two footprints close to the building, still undisturbed in the snow. Since it has been cold and windless, they kept rather well. They bespeak a large, heavy man. He stood for a time just outside the window, then entered with some difficulty through it. There is some indication of flight from the window, but that cannot be. You and your brother saw the culprit leave through the door. It might be a different shoe. Mr. Jordan, was your father absent-minded or forgetful?"

"Indeed he was," admitted our client.

"I thought as much." Holmes nodded. "Atop this bookcase is a brightly polished brass lantern, engraved 'The 10,000th lantern produced by the Jordan Lantern Works, presented to Mr. Harold Jordan in commemoration of the event'. The finger-marks on the lantern's door show that it is often opened and closed. I found the numbers 18-3-27-11 on a label inside. If I may test my theory?" He locked the door of the safe, twirled the dial and opened it again. "This worries me greatly. Our quarry is an observant and logical man, to deduce the combination's hiding place. There is money in the safe. If ordinary robbery was not the motive, there must have been something else here of significance. Have you any idea what this Yule Lantern might be, Mr. Jordan?"

"None at all," the client replied. "We don't produce or sell such a thing."

"Another question. Did your father own a pistol?"

Jordan nodded.

"I found no pistol, but there is an empty space in the top right-hand drawer, and a stain of gun-oil. I suspect your father died in a struggle over his own weapon. Burglars are seldom violent, but this was no ordinary burglar." He took a notebook from his pocket, scribbled a few lines and tore the sheet off.

"This wire must be sent immediately."

Jordan's office-boy was summoned and sent off. We left Lestrade and his men in the office and followed the lad into the hallway, intending to interview the staff and Edward Jordan, but were halted when a portly, Byronic form burst through the street-door.

"What the devil is going on here, Hal?" he cried. "What's this about me being the suspect for murder?"

Holmes stepped forward before our client could respond. "Mr. Ulysses Jordan, I presume? I am Sherlock Holmes. I regret to tell you that the Yule Lantern has been stolen."

The artist gaped. "What do you know of the Yule Lantern?"

"Substantially less than you, it seems," said Holmes. "Can you tell us about it?"

"Not here," Ulysses hissed, "Come into the waiting room." We followed him into a small parlor. "You must not breathe a word of this. You know that I have had some success making jewels and ornaments? Well, two months ago I received the biggest commission of my career. None other than the Prince of Wales tasked me to create a Christmas gift for Princess Alexandra -- a golden, jewel-encrusted lantern. I have done some small pieces for the Princess, and she likes my work. The engraving and setting of stones I could do, but since I've never followed the family business I knew nought of the construction of lanterns. I swore Father to secrecy, and got his assistance. I finished the piece and brought it back here on Thursday. My brothers informed me of my father's death, but they said that nothing was missing. I had hoped that they were correct. It seems that was not the case! Have you caught the fellow?"

Holmes shook his head. "The thief was a stout man, in a Father Christmas mask. Your father surprised him, and they struggled over his pistol. The man escaped."

The artist patted his substantial midsection. "So this is why you said you suspected me. It's fortunate that I spent all afternoon in the company of Lord and Lady Carroway, designing for their daughter's trousseau. An iron-clad alibi from two o'clock till half past six."

"Hmmm." replied Holmes. "Who, besides your father, knew of the Yule Lantern?"

"I told no one," declared Ulysses. "and neither did Father. I can't answer for Prince Bertie; his household is a gossip-mill. Perhaps it was His Royal Largeness himself, wanting the goods without paying the fee?"

Holmes chuckled, "I doubt that. However," he continued, glancing out of the window, "here is our best chance of finding out." A moment later, a ragged street urchin was shown into the room, still holding the wire Holmes had sent. "Wiggins, are you and the lads game for a job?"

"I'm your man, guv'nor!"

"Somewhere in this city, no later than last Friday, a large, stout man bought a Father Christmas mask," Holmes said. "I need to know where, and if possible who."

"Cor, you don't want much, do you?" giggled the lad.

"Mind your tongue," said Holmes. "The usual pay, and a tanner to the one who succeeds. Hop to it, now!" He handed Wiggins some coins, and the boy departed at speed.

Holmes turned again to the artist. "Now, sir, you have a certain reputation. Of what nature are the relations between you and Princess Alexandra?"

The man flushed heavily. "None of your business. Call yourself a gentleman, do you, asking a question like that?"

"I maintain the appearance of one when it suits my purpose," replied Holmes, "but murder minds no manners. Do you want your father's killer caught? In any case, your attitude is an answer in itself. Was the Prince aware of this dalliance?"

"I've seen enough of that set to know that everyone knows everyone else's affairs, but they agree that it's not to be mentioned. If they once started accusing and counter-accusing, no one would escape the scandal. Don't swim in those waters, Mr. Holmes. Here be dragons."

"And here be Saint George," Holmes laughed, "but he lets sleeping dragons lie whenever possible. By the by, what do you know of this?" He held out the card found at the dead man's feet. "Or this?" He drew the newspaper from his pocket and read

“Unusual Christmas Gifts. No Job Too Large. Friday At 3. Same Place. K.”

Ulysses' eyebrows went up as he studied the card. “Now, where did you get that? You referred to my 'certain reputation', Mr. Holmes, and privately, among us, I admit it. Well, one essential is a discreet form of communication, and this adds a little spice of intrigue. It's harmless.”

“And who is K?” Holmes asked.

“Someone unconcerned in this matter. She and her family went to their country place Wednesday for the holidays.”

“You need not lie to me,” said Holmes severely. “This card was found at your father's feet. It is of eastern European manufacture, printed in either Warsaw or Cracow, and has been handled by a tobacconist, a billiard-player, and a lapidary -- unless you polish your own stones?”

The artist was red-faced with anger. “I've told you what it is! That's all I have to say about it.”

We could get no more from the artist, nor did the interrogation of the staff or other brother elicit any useful facts. Lestrade departed, intending to poll his informers for news of anyone trying to sell the Yule Lantern.

Holmes and I promised Hal Jordan that we would persist in our own line of enquiries, and returned to Baker Street. Once there, Holmes took a commonplace book from the shelves and began to search through his cuttings from the agony columns.

“May as well get some rest, Watson,” he said. “This may take some time and I foresee at least one errand I must run tonight.”



Conclusion

by Robert Hahn

I arose early the next morning after a restless night of fitful sleep to find Holmes enjoying an after-breakfast pipe.

“I hope that your search for clues was more successful than my search for sleep,” I said, going to the table to pour myself a cup of coffee.

"Indeed," said he. "I was rewarded with a group of messages spanning the last two months." He threw them over for my perusal. The first was in an early November edition, and read:

MERCHANDISE READY.
CONTACT USUAL FOR DELIVERY.

A week later came:

DELAY COSTLY.
CONTACT EARLIEST.

Ten days after that the following appeared:

CANNOT DELAY SHIPMENT.
CONTACT AT ONCE.

Two days before the murder the notice Holmes had found earlier was carried.

"These notices, Watson," mused Holmes, "indicate that someone was very much involved in some kind of activity of a secret nature, and it would appear in view of other circumstances, that it some how involved your friend Jordan."

"That seems logical, Holmes, but it doesn't tell us enough."

"And you, my friend, have not told me enough," Holmes said sternly. "You almost fainted when Mrs. Hudson brought in Jordan's card. You have seen bloody battlefield deaths, my dear chap, and you have been present at long painful deaths in the course of your practice. No. No. Do not protest, Watson. Your inability to get a proper night's sleep only confirms my suspicions. These are deep waters, and I am convinced you were aware of certain facts early on. Facts you have not revealed."

I gazed at him dumbly for several seconds.

"Let me suggest," Holmes went on, "that Mr. Jordan approached you last Thursday and confided something to you."

"You are a devil, Holmes," I burst out. "And you are correct. Jordan joined me and another friend, Thurston for billiards Thursday evening. After the game Jordan suggested a drink, and

we stopped at a bar. After a while he shocked me by swearing me to silence, and went on to say he feared that his son, Henry, was involved in some kind of smuggling operation. He had no proof, but certain events had made him suspicious. I advised him to do nothing until I spoke to you, and that you would be able to help him. I intended to do that, but I received a wire from Lady Chesterton requesting that I come at once. I knew Lord Chesterton had a weak heart and I left immediately for Marsden Manor, where they live. By the time I returned Jordan was dead. I blame myself for not leaving a note for you but the wire drove all thoughts of Jordan's problem from my mind. I still feel that had I acted properly you might have been able to prevent Jordan's murder."

"My poor Watson," said Holmes with real feeling. "Do not blame yourself for what happened. It was a horrendous mistake."

"It's kind of you to say that, Holmes," I responded, "but I can't help feeling it was all my fault."

"No, Watson. Mr. Jordan's death was but a tragic accident. You see, I, too, was aware of certain facts prior to the shooting."

I was thunderstruck. "How in the world did you know anything about it, Holmes? Jordan said he would do nothing until he heard from me. Did he contact you after I left for Marsden Manor?"

"No, Watson, I heard nothing from him."

"How then," I asked, "did you know Jordan spoke to me?"

"The card on the floor, Watson. You will recall I said it had been handled by a lapidary, a tobacconist and a billiard-player, which I learned from dust particles and small stains on the card. Based on your previous reaction to young Jordan's card of introduction, I substituted you as the billiard player. I knew you had played billiards with Thurston the evening before and, on a long shot, decided that Jordan had contacted you and that you had handled the card."

"You are a wizard, Holmes. That is exactly what happened. Jordan had found the card on his desk and it added to his suspicions. But tell me, how did you obtain prior knowledge on the matter?"

Holmes smiled. "This will shock you. It was through brother Mycroft."

"How did he become involved?" I asked. "I thought all his activities were concerned with affairs of state."

"They are. He was drawn into the matter by a request lodged with our Foreign Office by the South African diamond cartel. They have been aware of large diamond thefts with the diamonds being shipped here for transmittal elsewhere, and asked for our aid in stopping the thefts."

"But how does that tie-in with the death of Jordan?"

"It really doesn't, Watson. What we have is a diamond smuggling operation and an illicit romance deeply entangled by circumstances. It was the entanglement of the two that resulted in the tragedy."

I gazed at Holmes intently. "You sound rather cocksure about what happened."

"Not at all, Watson," he replied. "You see there was an eyewitness to the shooting."

"An eyewitness?"

"Yes, my friend. And a most unusual one. It was Mycroft."

"Good Lord, Holmes. How did that come about?"

"I mentioned an errand I had to run. It was to my brother, Mycroft, who filled in the details once I had made my conclusion. As I said earlier, Mycroft was on the trail of the diamond smugglers, and when he learned of the special yule lantern it added to his suspicions that Jordan's plant was the center of the operation. Mycroft had contacted me earlier that he required my assistance, but I was in the midst of the bogus laundry affair and fearful for Aldredge's safety if I delayed at all, so I had to refuse. Mycroft then went to Jordan's plant intending to demand to see the yule lantern. Upon arriving, he noticed a man in a Father Christmas mask entering Jordan's office. He followed. As he approached the window he saw a certain Royal Personage in a heated argument with Jordan concerning his son, Ulysses. The yule lantern was on the desk. Jordan had previously taken it from the safe to examine its working condition after his son had completed the adornment. Upon seeing yet another intruder approaching from the window, he apparently came to the conclusion that Mycroft and the Royal Personage were working together to steal the yule lantern. He drew his revolver from the desk and the RP tried to wrest it from him. In the struggle the revolver discharged and Jordan fell dead. To prevent a royal scandal Mycroft pushed the RP out the window, where they both had entered. You recall that I mentioned the footprints as

indicating departure as well as entry? They were much too muddled to tell, but the prints I saw entering were Mycroft's and those I thought might be leaving were the RP's. At any rate, Mycroft ran off through the front door with the mask on, carrying the blame with him."

"So my friend, Jordan, was not murdered?"

"Correct, Watson. It was all a most tragic accident."

"Then the case is solved," I said.

"By no means, Watson. We still have the smugglers to deal with. Mycroft, of course, is working to tidy up the shooting, but his search still led him to Hal Jordan & Sons on Saxe-Coburg Square."

I thought for a moment. "Does that mean that one or both of Jordan's sons are involved in the smuggling operation?"

"Not at all, Watson. Your friend Jordan's suspicions were completely unfounded. The lantern is clean. But there is someone in the factory who is part of the scheme."

"You know, then, who it is?" I asked.

"I think I do, but I will establish his guilt tonight." He passed the evening paper to me. "Read the third message from the top."

It read:

**HAVE FOUND YOUR CACHE.
FOR RETURN WATCH FOR INSTRUCTIONS.**

"I am sure," said Holmes, "that will bring our quarry back to the scene of the crime. We will be there to welcome him. And bring your service revolver, Watson. If I am right we will be dealing with a dangerous criminal."

We arrived at the lantern factory at dusk and gained entrance through a rear window of the office. After a forty minute wait in the growing darkness, we heard the sound of a key in the door, and a shadowy figure passed us quietly. We followed him into the factory and saw him light a dark lantern and rummage through a small closet. As he emerged with a small box, Holmes stepped forward and said, "I'll take that."

There was a moment of silence and Holmes added, "I believe we have an old friend here, Watson."

He turned his lantern on the man's face and I gasped. It was the face of John Clay.

"Yes, Watson, it is Mr. Clay. He escaped from prison several months ago."

"And he will escape from you now," snarled Clay and threw the box at Holmes face. He broke for the door and was through it in a flash. I started after him, but Holmes stopped me.

"He won't get away, Watson. Lestrade and Jones are outside with several men."

On our return to Baker Street in a Hansom cab, Holmes explained all that had happened.

"I was outside the factory this morning in the guise of a Commissionaire. Clay was there, disguised, of course, but I recognized his ear structure. I knew there was something in the plant he wanted, else he would have long since disappeared. So I set my trap...and he walked in. You see, he had been hired as a stone cutter."

"So, he was the lapidary you mentioned?"

"Yes. And I learned Jordan always prepared his own pipe mixture. That accounted for all three."

"I see," I said. "But what about the card found on the floor?"

"That was a legitimate advertisement Ulysses designed. He hoped to persuade his father to make the yule lantern a seasonal product."

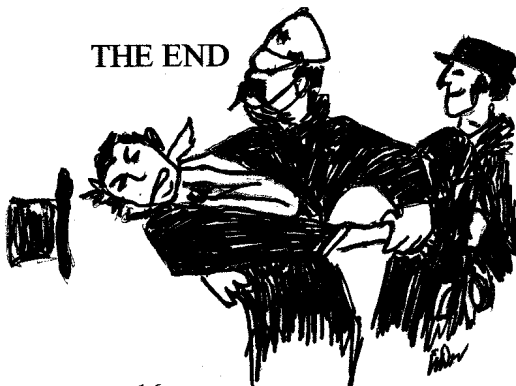
"And who was the "K" who signed the newspaper notices?"

"That was Clay," replied Holmes. "He was using the name Johann Klee. The German pronunciation is Klay. It amused him, no doubt, to use his own name, phonetically at least, in his latest crime."

"Well, now he will be safely back in prison."

"Yes, Watson. But I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear more from Clay in the future. He is a resourceful and daring young man."

THE END



Previous "Round-Robin" Pastiches by The Pleasant Places of Florida

1. **The Case of the Foreign Cabman** (1975) [Leslie Marshall, Joy Mitchell, Tom Mitchell, Tom Reesor, Wanda Butts & Paul Gunning]
2. **The Case of the Lost £s** (1976) [Leslie Marshall, Mike Carroll, Marvin Norton, Charles Saunders, & Harry Seigrist]
3. **The Adventure of the Second Stein** (1977) [John Fought, Ben Wood, Mike Carroll, Ed Morgan, Joy Mitchell & Tom Mitchell]
4. **The Singular Adventure of the Solitary Balloonist** (1977) [Tom Reesor, Herman Herst, Ben Wood, Caroline Everett, Mike Carroll & Tom Mitchell]
5. **The Curious Affair of the Witch's Brougham** (1978) [Herman Herst, Svend Petersen, Paul Gunning, Wanda Butts, & Mike Carroll]
6. **The Adventure of the Florid Ians** (1979) [Mike Carroll, Caroline Everett, Helen Swift, Bill Ward & Wanda Butts]
7. **The Case Of The Three Merry Debs** (1980) [George Tullis, Helen Swift, Bill Ward, Caroline Everett & Wanda Butts]
8. **The Adventure of the Bar's Clue Bungle** (1982) [Ben Wood, Mike Bryan, Helen Swift, John Kalajian, Wanda Butts, Caroline Everett, Marsha Pollak & Mike Carroll]
9. **The Adventure of the Pale Ontologist** (1987) [Stephanie Rapp, George Tullis, John Fought, David McCallister & Caroline Everett]
10. **The Adventure of the Doc Croaker's Dirk** (1991) [Ben Wood, David McCallister, John Kalajian, Duane Damon, Judy Buddle & Jeff Dow]
11. **The Sound of the Basket Hills** (1994) [Ben Wood, Tom Takach, Caroline Everett, Mike Carroll & Wanda (nee Butts) Dow.]
12. **A Case of Hide 'n' Tea** (1994) [Jeffery Dow, Carl Heifetz, Wanda Dow, Bob Ennis, & Peter Calamai]
13. **The Bourbon Bullion Bafflement** (1996) [Ben Wood, Mike Carroll, Mike Bryan, Neil Harvey, Caroline Everett & Wanda Dow]

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