

part1) It was a dark autumn morning in 1895. 'The government paid him well.' 'Then was he worried about something?' asked Holmes. Violet said nothing for some minutes, but when she spoke, Holmes listened very carefully. 'Yes, he was worried about something in the last week of his life,' she said, 'I asked him about it, and he told me: he was worried about something at work. 'Did he say any more?' Holmes asked. 'He talked about foreign agents They were interested in some plans, he said, but I didn't listen very carefully.' 'So he was worried in the last week of his life. but not before?' said Holmes 'That's right,' answered Violet. And what happened on Monday evening? Well, we had tickets for the theatre. We left the house at about seven o'clock in the fog. We were in a street near Woolwich Arsenal when Arthur suddenly ran away.' 'Why?' asked Holmes. 'I don't know' she answered. 'He didn't say a thing. He disappeared into the fog, and I never saw him again. I walked home. On Tuesday morning, someone from Woolwich Arsenal came and asked about Arthur because he wasn't at work. Then, at twelve o'clock, I heard the news: Arthur was dead" Holmes looked at me worriedly. Come, Watson. (part2) An hour later, I stood by a railway line near Aldgate Station with Sherlock Holmes and Lestrade. My friend Sherlock Holmes, the famous detective, and I, Dr Watson, were in the sitting room of our house in Baker Street in London when a telegram arrived. "There was a fight over the money, and Cadogan died. Then his killer took the three most important papers from his pocket.' 'But then why did Cadogan have tickets for the theatre that night, and no underground train ticket?' cried Mycroft. 'Sherlock, can you help us?' Sherlock looked at his brother for some time. 'Yes. I can.' he said in the end, and stood up. "This is all most interesting. Underground trains came out of their tunnels near Aldgate, and the railway lines there were open to the sky. A worker found Cadogan's dead body near Aldgate Station on the London Underground on Tuesday morning. 'Now, only seven of the ten papers were in Cadogan's pockets,' said Holmes. 'Because this telegram is from my brother Mycroft,' he said. And my brother Mycroft – what do you remember about him?' 'Arthur wasn't a thief,' Violet told us. 'He was a good man.' We left the house, and took a cab to Woolwich Arsenal. Johnson met us at the Woolwich Arsenal office. And what time did you close the office on Monday?" The key to Woolwich Arsenal, the key to this office, and the key to the safe. "But Cadogan didn't have any of those keys, and the police found no keys on his body. 'My keys were with me. and Sir James took his keys to London when he left.' Holmes opened it at once, and laughed. 'Why are you laughing, Holmes?' Holmes looked back at me with his cold, blue eyes. 'He wants to speak to me at once about Mr Arthur Cadogan. Do you know this man, Watson?' asked Holmes with a smile. And who is Mr Cadogan?' An old station worker with a red face spoke to us. 'My name's Mason,' he said slowly and carefully. asked Holmes. 'No,' answered Mason. There were only theatre tickets in his pocket. "Did you find any of the trains with an open door?' Holmes asked. 'No,' said Mason. 'We learned something interesting this morning,' said Lestrade. 'Someone in a train from West London heard a noise just before the train came into Aldgate Station. Perhaps it was the noise of Cadogan's dead body when it fell.' 'Perhaps,' said Holmes. 'But what are those things over there, Mr Mason?' 'Thank you for your help, Mrs Cadogan.' said Holmes. 'Now let's talk to Mr Sidney Johnson,' said Holmes. He was a tall man with glasses, and he was about forty years old. he asked nervously. 'First Cadogan dies, and now Sir James! And why did Cadogan take those plans?' 'So he took them, you think,' said Holmes. 'Well, I never thought badly of him before,' answered Johnson, 'but I didn't take those papers – and Sir James didn't

take them. So that leaves Cadogan!" asked Holmes. So the thiel needed three different keys for his work that evening. asked Holmes. I looked quickly across the room at him. I asked. 'I saw something about him in today's newspaper. But now I can't remember the story,' I answered. 'Not much,' I answered. 'I met him once – long ago. Tell me more about him.' 'He's a very clever and important man. He works for the government. He knows everything about everything. So why does he want to speak to me? Why does he want to visit our home in Baker Street?' I opened The Times and looked for the story. 'Here it is!' I cried suddenly. And now I must find some answers to all those questions. And I found the young man's body here. He fell out of a train at about midnight on Monday, we think. "Was there a fight on a train on Monday?" "We don't know of any fights. And we never found the young man's train ticket." "Yes, well. And now we must go." "Did you hear about Sir James?" "Yes. We spoke to his brother this morning," I answered. "What is happening?" "Why?" "Right. At five o'clock," said Johnson. And the plans were in the safe when I left. "Hmm. Am I right?" "Yes." Johnson answered. So how did he take the plans? "I don't know." said Johnson. Right