



"ONCE MRS. WILLIAMS LEFT BAKER STREET, I FOLLOWED FOR NEAR TWO MILES.

"WE FINISHED AT A FANCY PAWNBROKERS, NO DOLLYSHOP NEITHER!



"MY THOUGHT WAS THE HUSBAND HAD THIEVED SOMETHING...

"...PUT IT **IN LAVENDER** AS IT WERE, OUTTA THE WAY OF THE POLICE?



"MAYBE THE MISSUS GETS HOLD OF THE TICKET AND COMES TO FIND HIS LOOT?

"WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST HUSBAND TO KEEP A SECRET THUS."



GOOD DAY, MADAM, CAN I HELP YOU WITH SOMETHING?

OH, YES. I DO HOPE YOU CAN.



DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING LIKE THAT, BUT SMALL ENOUGH FOR ME TO CARRY?



"SHE DIDN'T SHOW A TICKET, SO THEN I'M THINKIN' SHE'S PUTTING SOMETHIN' **IN...**

"...GIVIN' HER RINGS TO GET THE RENT, LIKE...



"...BUT HE GETS OUT A LITTLE IRON. DAINTY LITTLE THING IT WAS.

"I REGRET TO SAY, I LOST HER WHEN SHE HOPPED AN OMNIBUS."






HOLMES!
WE HAVE
ARTHUR RAFFLES
HIMSELF, DOWN
AT THE--



HOLMES?



MR. HOLMES
IS NOT AT HOME,
INSPECTOR. I
DID *TRY* TO
TELL YOU.

B-BUT HE'S
BEEN MOULDERING
ABOUT IN HERE FOR
WEEKS!

WHERE
IS HE?

HE HAD
A VISITOR, AND
THEY LEFT NOT
LONG AFTER.



TWO
MONTHS ON THAT
SOFA LIKE A BLOODY
CONSUMPTIVE, AND
NOW *THIS*?

TELL HIM
I NEED HIM AT
CHANNEL ROW,
MRS. HUDSON.
THE *MOMENT* HE
RETURNS!

OF COURSE,
INSPECTOR. I'LL
TELL HIM.



