

## Adventure LVII – The Adventure of the Lion's Mane



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Paul Churchill once quipped he had a hard time studying for Sherlockian quizzes, so inspired by Simon Goodenough's *A Study in Scarlet – A Sherlock Holmes Murder Dossier*, Paul began collecting Canonical artifacts around 1990 to help him remember each story. Over 1,500 artifacts later, Paul's 'Evidence Boxes' became legendary in the Sherlockian world as he displayed them at numerous Scion meetings.

What Paul could not find, he made. He became known as a master forger, and 'created' numerous 'genuine faux' objects, such as letters, documents, and telegrams. Paul was invested in the Baker Street Irregulars in 2006 as "Corot." After Paul's passing, the Evidence Boxes were bequeathed to Watson's Tin Box Scion Society, a Society Paul co-founded in 1989. Debbie Clark has maintained the Boxes and continues the practice of displaying the items from one of the Boxes at each society meeting.

Beth Austin assisted in this effort by photographing, annotating the items, and finding the quotes for many of the items, while Denny Dobry and Rusty Mason supported Paul's efforts by photographing each of the items, as well as developing a comprehensive inventory with notations of item's mentioned in the story. Each of the Boxes is posted with permission of Debbie Clark and Jacquelynn Morris.


1912


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		21	22	23	24	25	26	27			21	22	23	24	25	26	27
FEB		28	29	30	31	-	-	-	AUG		28	29	30	31	-	-	-
		-	-	-	1	2	3			-	-	-	1	2	3		
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MAR		18	19	20	21	22	23	24	SEP		18	19	20	21	22	23	24
		25	26	27	28	29	-	-			25	26	27	28	29	30	31
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		3	4	5	6	7	8	9			1	2	3	4	5	6	7
APR		10	11	12	13	14	15	16	OCT		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
		17	18	19	20	21	22	23			15	16	17	18	19	20	21
		24	25	26	27	28	29	30			22	23	24	25	26	27	28
		31	-	-	-	-	-	-			29	30	-	-	-	-	-
MAY		-	1	2	3	4	5	6	NOV		-	-	1	2	3	4	5
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		21	22	23	24	25	26	27			20	21	22	23	24	25	26
JUN		28	29	30	-	-	-	-	DEC		27	28	29	30	31	-	-
		-	-	-	1	2	3	4			-	-	-	-	1	2	
		5	6	7	8	9	10	11			3	4	5	6	7	8	9
		12	13	14	15	16	17	18			10	11	12	13	14	15	16
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	30	-	-	-	-	-	-		29	30	31	-	-	-	-		

*With the compliments of*  
**SHERLOCK HOLMES, Esq.**  
*Consulting Detective, ret'd*  
*Apiarist, Philosopher, Writer*  
*nr Eastbourne, Sussex*

Pictured is a 1912 calendar which Holmes probably had hanging in his retirement home in Sussex, and which he sent out to associates.

From the story:

It occurred after my withdrawal to my little Sussex home, when I had given myself up entirely to that soothing life of Nature for which I had so often yearned during the long years spent amid the gloom of London.

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 728  
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

## Life Among The Bees

Vance Randolph

Drawings by Peter Quinn



Pictured is the Little Blue book #728 – ‘Life among Bees’, one of Holmes’ beekeeping reference books. Also included is a certificate of proficiency issued by the British Bee-Keeper’s Association to Holmes.

From the story:

My villa is situated upon the southern slope of the Downs, commanding a great view of the Channel. My house is lonely. I, my old housekeeper, and my bees have the estate all to ourselves.

# SEE INSIDE COVER PAGE

Catalog and **1909** Price List of

# Bee-keepers' Supplies



Where We Commenced Business in 1866

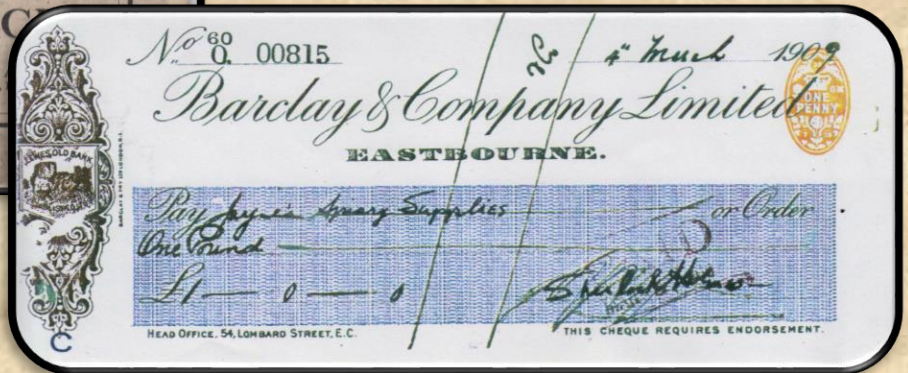
For Sale in Zanesville at Root's Factory Prices

## EDMUND W. PEIRGE

ZANESVILLE, OHIO

Office and Salesroom 136 WEST MAIN ST., HISSEY BLDG. Residence and 31 CLIFFWOOD AVE.,

Bell Telephone, Local and Long-distance, in Office and Residence



Pictured a bee-keeping supply catalogue, as well as a cheque issued by Holmes for bee-keeping supplies.

From the story:

My house is lonely. I, my old housekeeper, and my bees have the estate all to ourselves.



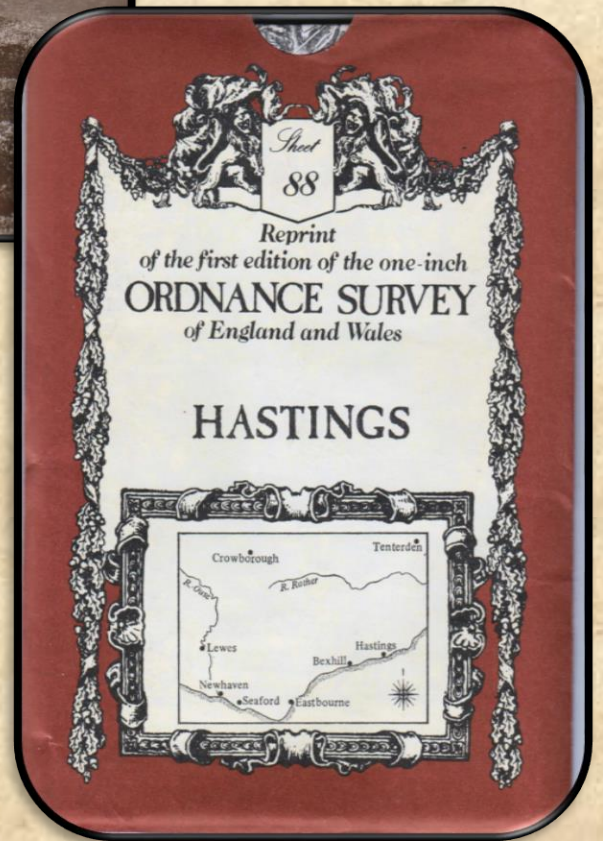
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Pictured is a mustached Sherlock Holmes, tending his bees in retirement at his Sussex home.

From the story:

It occurred after my withdrawal to my little Sussex home, when I had given myself up entirely to that soothing life of Nature for which I had so often yearned during the long years spent amid the gloom of London.

My house is lonely. I, my old housekeeper, and my bees have the estate all to ourselves.



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Pictured is a postal card for Eastbourne, Sussex County. Holmes' bee farm is approximately five miles east of Eastbourne. Included is also an Ordnance Survey for Hastings. Eastbourne is shown on the Hastings Ordnance Map.

From the story:

My villa is situated upon the southern slope of the Downs, commanding a great view of the Channel. My house is lonely. I, my old housekeeper, and my bees have the estate all to ourselves.

By Appointment to  H. M. King George V

## BURBERRYS

enhance the appearance of gentlemen the world over

Burberrys are not confined to territorial limitations in style creations. Burberry overcoats are universally styled and distributed so that Englishmen — and men generally — may have all their advantages of good taste and good form.

*Treat a Burberry weather-proofed Gabardine as you would an old friend. Impose upon it. It's made to give a world of service and asks nothing in return.*

There are Burberry dealers in most of the larger cities in United States and Canada. For the name of your nearest dealer write to our New York wholesale Office, 14 East 38th Street.



**BURBERRYS LTD.**  
of LONDON, ENGLAND



Pictured is an advertisement for a burberry coat, which was what McPherson had draped over his shoulders when he was found by Holmes and Stackhurst .

From the story:

The man was dressed only in his Burberry overcoat, his trousers, and an unlaced pair of canvas shoes.



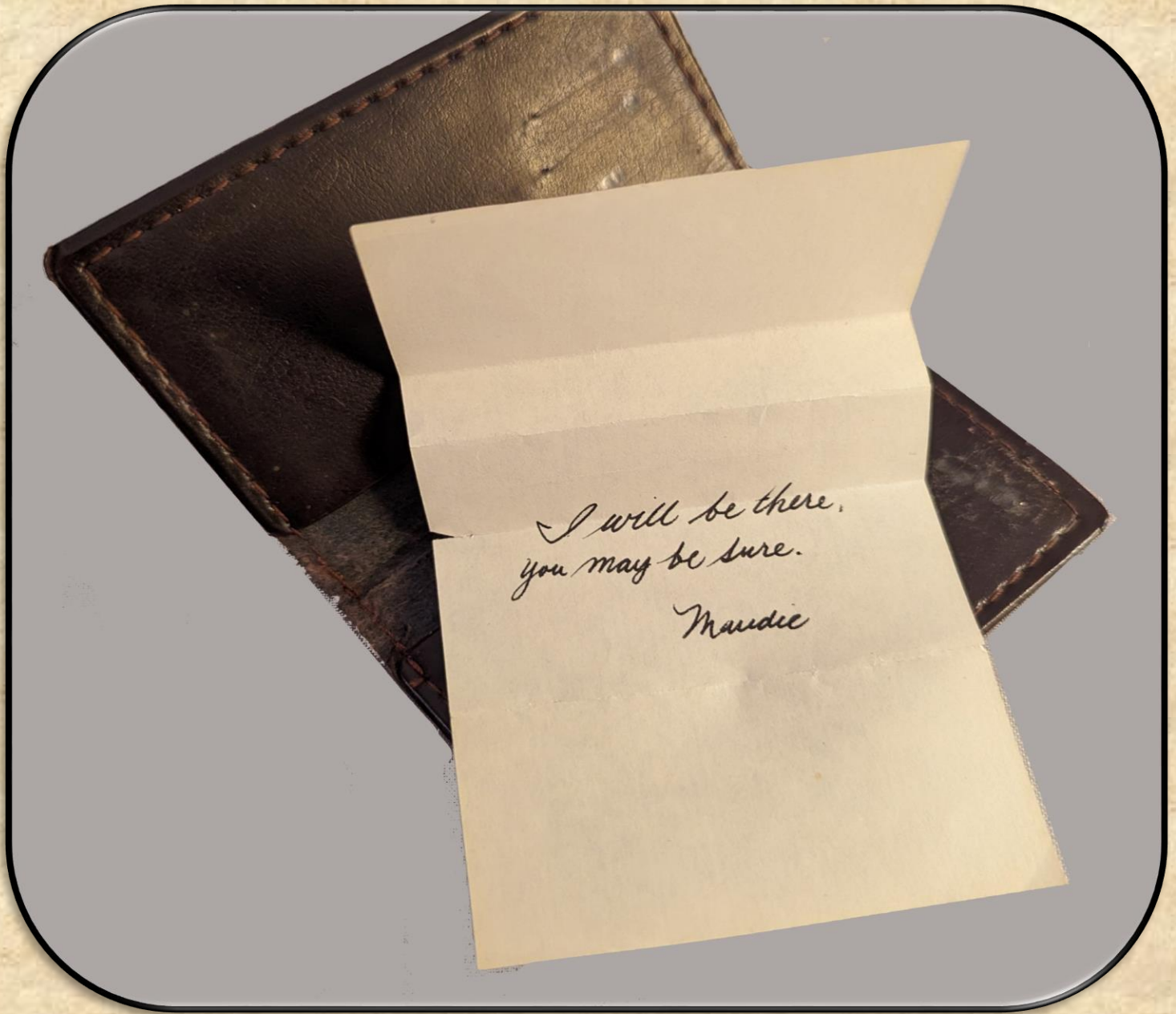
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Pictured is sand from the beach where the dying McPherson was found.

From the story:

And here was the problem clearly defined - as strange a one as had ever confronted me. The man had not been on the beach more than a quarter of an hour at the most.





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Pictured is the card case with a note from Maudie in it, found in the pocket of McPherson after he had died.

From the story:

In the mean time I searched the dead man's pockets. There were his handkerchief, a large knife, and a small folding card-case.



**Harry Anderson**  
**Constable**

Sussex Constabulary  
Fulworth



**Patrick Bardle**  
**Inspector**

Sussex Constabulary  
Lewes

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Pictured are the visiting, or calling, cards for Inspector Bardle and Constable Anderson.

From the story:

I had hardly swallowed my early cup of tea and was starting for the beach when I had a call from Inspector Bardle of the Sussex Constabulary. ...Ian Murdoch had just arrived with Anderson, the village constable, a big, ginger-moustached man of the slow solid Sussex breed...

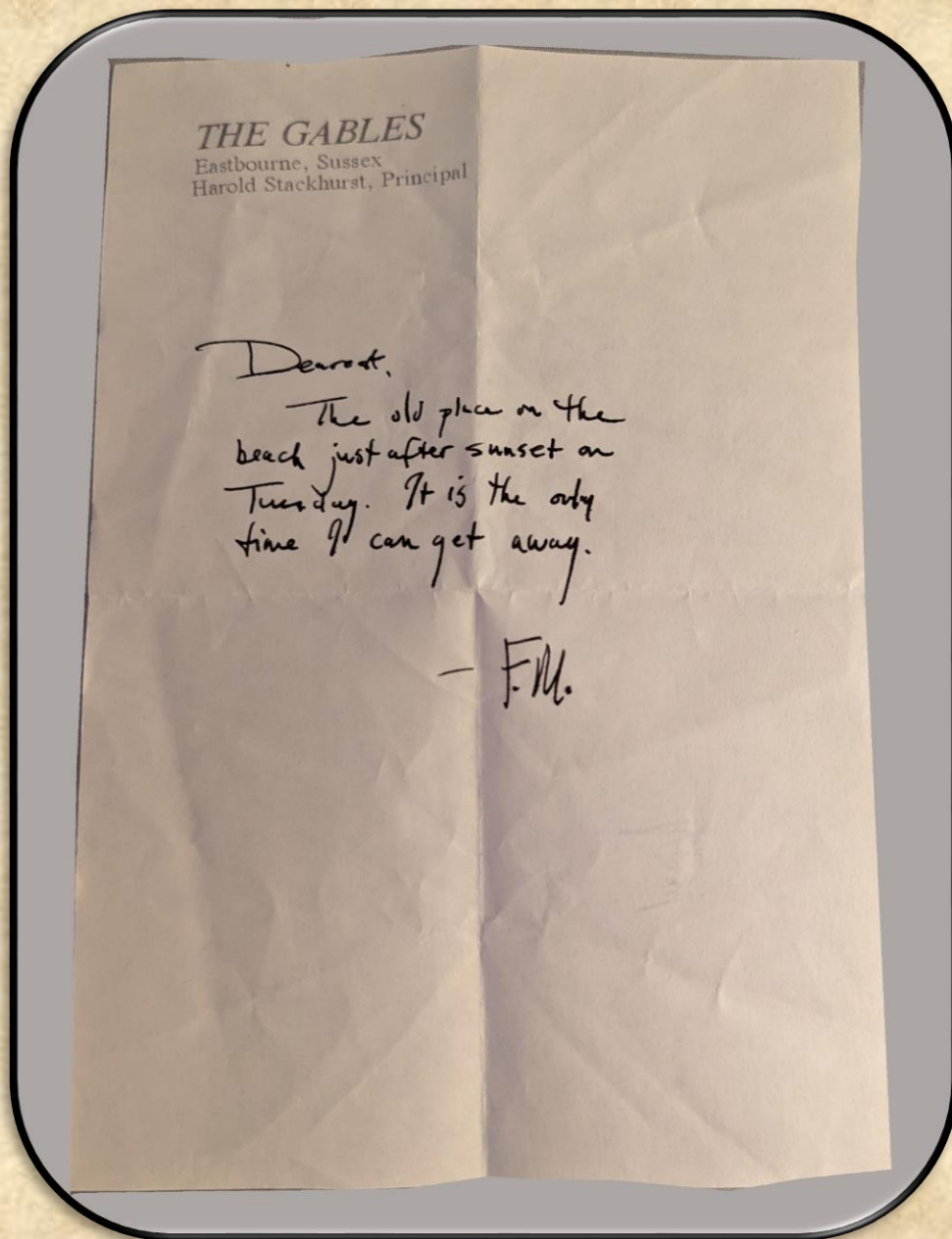


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Pictured is the red handkerchief and knife found in the pocket of McPherson after he had died.

From the story:

In the mean time I searched the dead man's pockets. There were his handkerchief, a large knife, and a small folding card-case.



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Pictured is the note from McPherson to Maudie.

From the story:

'It was your prejudice against him which prevented us from telling you. As to this appointment' - she fumbled in her dress and produced a crumpled note - 'it was in answer to this.'

'Dearest, [ran the message]

The old place on the beach just after sunset on Tuesday. It is the only time I can get away. - F.M'



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Pictured is the wounds received by Murdoch from the lion's mane while at the beach.

From the story:

There, criss-crossed upon the man's naked shoulder, was the same strange reticulated pattern of red, inflamed lines which had been the death-mark of Fitzroy McPherson.



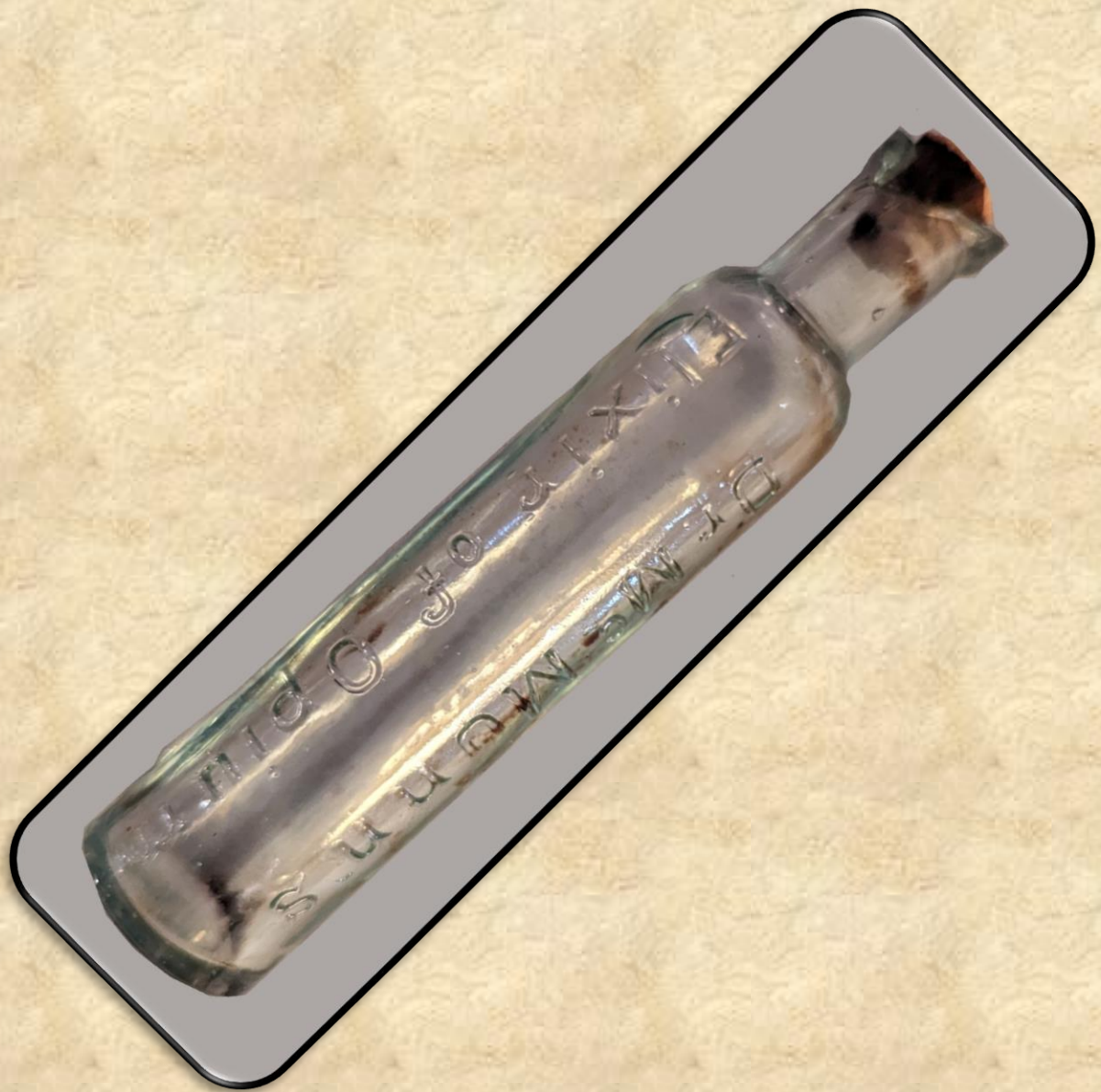
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Pictured is the brandy used to treat Murdoch after he was attacked by the lion's mane.

From the story:

'Brandy! Brandy!' he gasped, and fell groaning upon the sofa.

'Yes, yes, brandy!' he cried. 'The man is at his last gasp. It was all I could do to bring him here. He fainted twice upon the way.'

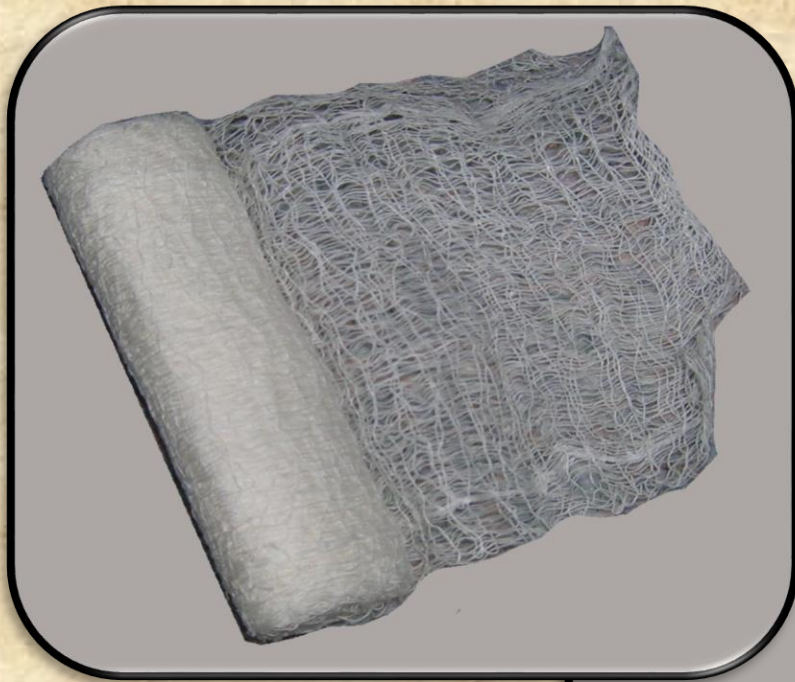


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Pictured is the small bottle of elixir of opium, which was provided to Murdoch after his attack by the lion's mane.

From the story:

'For God's sake! oil, opium, morphia!' he cried. 'Anything to ease this infernal agony!'



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Pictured is the salad oil, consisting of vinegar, as well as the gauze to wrap the wounds, used on Murdoch after the attack of the lion's mane.

From the story:

Pads of cotton wool soaked in salad oil seemed to take the agony from the strange wounds.



beach, a loose, roundish mass of tawny membranes and fibres, something like a very large handful of lion's mane and silver paper, let him beware of the object, and, sacrificing curiosity to discretion, give it as wide a berth as possible. *Cyanea capillata*, the fearful stinger, scientifically called *Cyanea capillata*, the most plentiful and the most redoubtable of our venomous medusae.

My first introduction to this creature was a very disastrous one, though I could but reflect afterwards that it might have been even more so. It took place as follows.

One morning towards the end of July, while swimming off the Margate coast, I saw at a distance something that looked like a patch of sand, occasionally visible, and occasionally covered, as it were, by the waves, which were then running high in consequence of a lengthened gale which had not long gone down. Knowing the coast pretty well, and thinking that no sand ought to be in such a locality, I swam towards the strange object, and had got within some eight or ten yards of it before finding that it was composed of animal substance. I naturally thought that it must be the refuse of some animal that had been thrown overboard, and swam away from it, not being anxious to come in contact with so unpleasant a substance.

While still approaching it I had noticed a slight tingling in the toes of the left foot, but as I invariably suffer from cramp in those regions while swimming, I took the 'pins-and-needles' sensation for a symptom

of the accustomed cramp, and thought nothing of it. As I swam on, however, the tingling extended further and further, and began to feel very much like the sting of a nettle. Suddenly the truth flashed across me, and I made for shore as fast as I could.

On turning round for that purpose, I raised my right arm out of the water, and found it slender and transparent through and through, and evidently still attached to my body, forty or fifty feet away. The pain was as delicate as those of a spider, and the pain gradually ceased, for each dart that worked through the nervous system.

Before I reached the shore, however, the pain was severe, and on quitting the water, I was in a state of torture. Wherever I came in contact with the scarlet line, which I had seen in minute dots, it felt as if each dot gradually making a slight touch of it to walk more than a mile, the sufferings were more than described.

Severe, however, as the sufferings were, they were not of a nature to be considered as significant weapons. B

## OUT OF DOORS

A SELECTION OF ORIGINAL ARTICLES  
ON  
PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY

BY THE

REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

AUTHOR OF 'HOMES WITHOUT HANDS' 'BIBLE ANIMALS' 'INSECTS AT HOME'  
'INSECTS ABROAD' ETC.

NEW IMPRESSION



LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.  
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON  
NEW YORK AND BOMBAY  
1898

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Pictured is a reference to the book, 'Out of Doors', which mentions the lion's foot, or *cyanea capellata*.

From the story:

'Here is a book,' I said, taking up the little volume, 'which first brought light into what might have been for ever dark. It is Out of Doors, by the famous observer J. G. Wood.'



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Pictured is a smaller *cyanea capillata*, the lion's mane, which killed McPherson and severely injured Murdoch.

From the story:

'Cyanea!' I cried.'Cyanea! Behold the Lion's Mane!'

The strange object at which I pointed did indeed look like a tangled mass torn from the mane of a lion.

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Additional items of interest  
in “The Adventure of the  
Lion's Mane” not included  
in the original Evidence  
Box.



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Pictured is a sketch of Holmes' villa on the Sussex Downs, where he retired to, keeping bees.

From the story:

It occurred after my withdrawal to my little Sussex home, when I had given myself up entirely to that soothing life of Nature for which I had so often yearned during the long years spent amid the gloom of London.



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Pictured is the cliffs, viewable from Holmes' villa on the Sussex coast. The beach where McPherson was attacked by the lion's mane was along this stretch of the coastline.

From the story:

My villa is situated upon the southern slope of the Downs, commanding a great view of the Channel. At this point the coast line is entirely of chalk cliffs, which can only be descended by a single, long, tortuous path, which is steep and slippery.



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Pictured is the row of bathing cots at Fulworth which Mr. Bellamy oversaw. The cots were used for women to change into bathing attire and be taken out into the waters without view from men.

From the story:

‘She is the daughter of old Tom Bellamy, who owns all the boats and bathing-cots at Fulworth.’



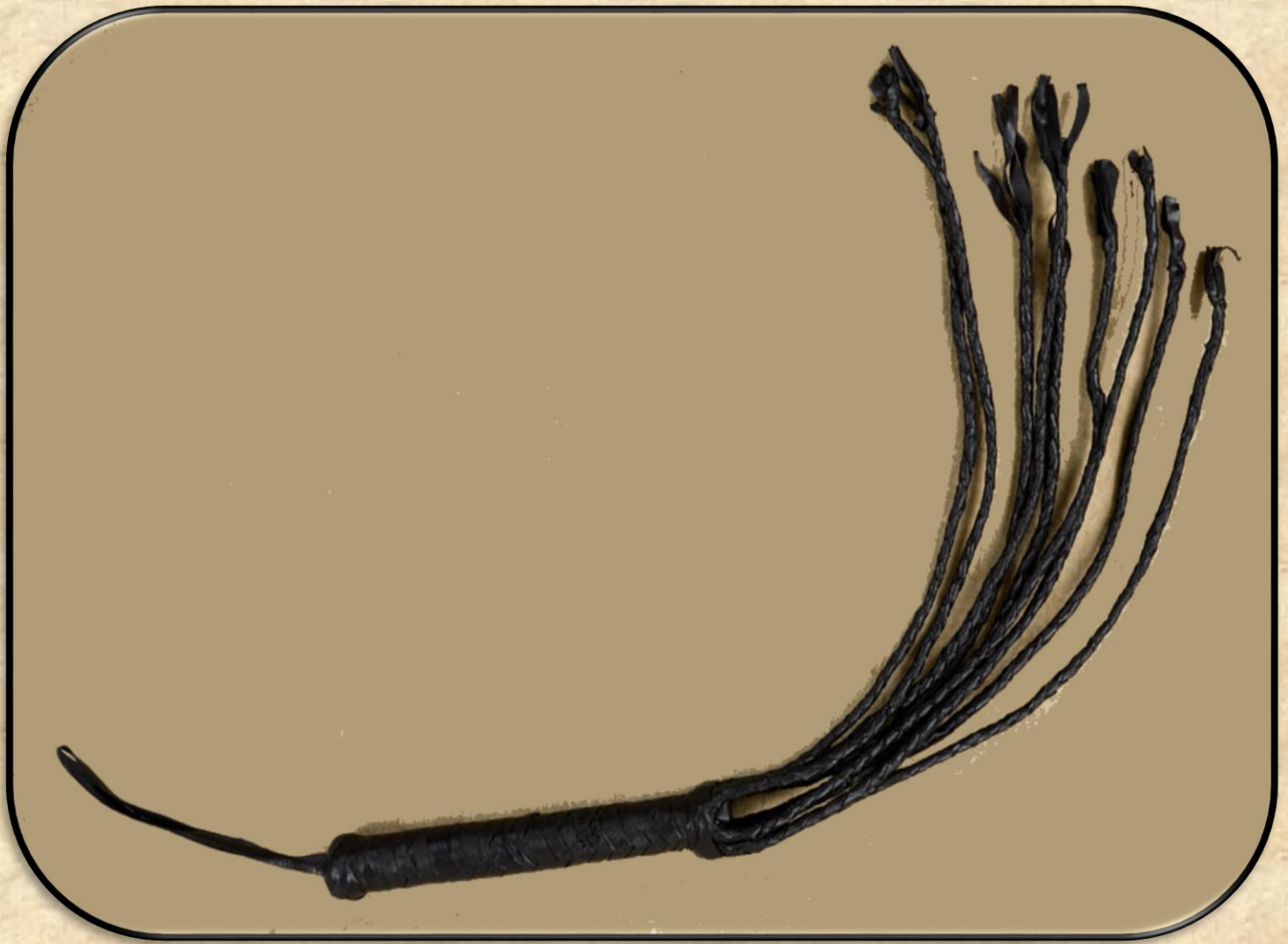
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Pictured is a photo of McPherson's dog, an Airedale terrier, who fell victim of the lion's mane attack, just as his master.

From the story:

'Yes, it lay on the very edge of the pool,' said one of them. 'It must have followed the trail of its dead master.'

I saw the faithful little creature, an Airedale terrier, laid out upon the mat in the hall.



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Pictured is a cat-o'-nine tails, which Holmes suggested might have been able to cause the wounds on McPherson.

From the story:

'A most ingenious comparison. Or shall we say a very stiff cat-o'-nine-tails with small hard knots upon it?'

'By jove, Mr Holmes, I think you have hit it.'