

**Chapter 1 : Editions of The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge by Arthur Conan Doyle**

*Editions for The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge: (Paperback published in ), (Kindle Edition published in ), (Kindle Edition published in).*

The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge. He was invited to visit Wisteria Lodge by one Aloysus Garcia, a man seemingly working for the Spanish embassy, that he knew slightly. His host seemed preoccupied all evening, and his mood worsened when he received a note that he crumpled and threw out. Later, when Scott Eccles was in bed, Garcia came to his room to ask why he rang at one in the morning although, being that he was asleep, he obviously had not. When he woke up in the morning, Eccles was stunned to find that everyone had vanished. Back in London, he inquired about Garcia and discovered that nobody at the embassy knew him. The policemen found the invitation he sent to Eccles in his pocket, which makes Eccles a suspect. The next day Holmes and Watson book rooms in an inn in Esher, and as Holmes tries to collect information, his attention focuses on the curious Mr. Henderson of High Gable Grange. Shortly thereafter, the governess is found and taken to Holmes and Watson. Henderson was getting onto the train and pushing her into the carriage, but she struggled with him and escaped. Once her strength returns, she tells Holmes her story: Henderson is really Don Murillo, a bloodthirsty tyrant who led a reign of terror some years ago in Central America. He was overthrown, but somehow managed to escape to Europe. The relatives of his former victims, including Garcia and Miss Burnett whose real name is Senora Durando have tracked him down for revenge. Garcia was supposed to come to enact the revenge, but Murillo discovered the plot, held Miss Burnett prisoner, and killed the young man. The Singular Experience of Mr John Scott Eccles I find it recorded in my notebook that it was a bleak and windy day towards the end of March in the year Holmes had received a telegram whilst we sat at our lunch, and he had scribbled a reply. He made no remark, but the matter remained in his thoughts, for he stood in front of the fire afterwards with a thoughtful face, smoking his pipe, and casting an occasional glance at the message. Suddenly he turned upon me with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. He shook his head at my definition. If you cast your mind back to some of those narratives with which you have afflicted a long-suffering public, you will recognize how often the grotesque has deepened into the criminal. Think of that little affair of the red-headed men. That was grotesque enough in the outset, and yet it ended in a desperate attempt at robbery. Or, again, there was that most grotesque affair of the five orange pips, which led straight to a murderous conspiracy. The word puts me on the alert. He read the telegram aloud. May I consult you? No woman would ever send a reply-paid telegram. She would have come. My mind is like a racing engine, tearing itself to pieces because it is not connected up with the work for which it was built. Life is commonplace, the papers are sterile, audacity and romance seem to have passed for ever from the criminal world. Can you ask me, then, whether I am ready to look into any new problem, however trivial it may prove? But here, unless I am mistaken, is our client. His life history was written in his heavy features and pompous manner. From his spats to his gold-rimmed spectacles he was a Conservative, a Churchman, a good citizen, orthodox and conventional to the last degree. But some amazing experience had disturbed his native composure and left its traces in his bristling hair, his flushed, angry cheeks, and his flurried, excited manner. He plunged instantly into his business. It is most improper - most outrageous. I must insist upon some explanation. But, in the second place, why did you not come at once? But no one can glance at your toilet and attire without seeing that your disturbance dates from the moment of your waking. I never gave a thought to my toilet. I was only too glad to get out of such a house. But I have been running round making inquiries before I came to you. Please arrange your thoughts and let me know, in their due sequence, exactly what those events are which have sent you out unbrushed and unkempt, with dress boots and waistcoat buttoned awry, in search of advice and assistance. But I will tell you the whole queer business, and when I have done so you will admit, I am sure, that there has been enough to excuse me. There was a bustle outside, and Mrs Hudson opened the door to usher in two robust and official-looking individuals, one of whom was well known to us as Inspector Gregson of Scotland Yard, an energetic, gallant, and, within his limitations, a capable officer. He shook hands with Holmes, and introduced his comrade as Inspector Baynes of the Surrey Constabulary. We

picked up the scent at Charing Cross Post Office and came on here. What do you want? Did you say he was dead? I think, Watson, a brandy and soda would do him no harm. Now, sir, I suggest that you take no notice of this addition to your audience, and that you proceed with your narrative exactly as you would have done had you never been interrupted. Among these are the family of a retired brewer called Melville, living at Albemarle Mansion, Kensington. It was at his table that I met some weeks ago a young fellow named Garcia. He was, I understood, of Spanish descent and connected in some way with the Embassy. He spoke perfect English, was pleasing in his manners, and as good-looking a man as ever I saw in my life. He seemed to take a fancy to me from the first, and within two days of our meeting he came to see me at Lee. One thing led to another, and it ended in his inviting me out to spend a few days at his house, Wisteria Lodge, between Esher and Oxshott. Yesterday evening I went to Esher to fulfil this engagement. He lived with a faithful servant, a countryman of his own, who looked after all his needs. This fellow could speak English and did his housekeeping for him. Then there was a wonderful cook, he said, a half-breed whom he had picked up in his travels, who could serve an excellent dinner. I remember that he remarked what a queer household it was to find in the heart of Surrey, and that I agreed with him, though it has proved a good deal queerer than I thought. The house was a fair-sized one, standing back from the road, with a curving drive which was banked with high evergreen shrubs. It was an old, tumbledown building in a crazy state of disrepair. When the trap pulled up on the grass-grown drive in front of the blotched and weather-stained door, I had doubts as to my wisdom in visiting a man whom I knew so slightly. He opened the door himself, however, and greeted me with a great show of cordiality. I was handed over to the man-servant, a melancholy, swarthy individual, who led the way, my bag in his hand, to my bedroom. The whole place was depressing. He continually drummed his fingers on the table, gnawed his nails, and gave other signs of nervous impatience. The dinner itself was neither well served nor well cooked, and the gloomy presence of the taciturn servant did not help to enliven us. I can assure you that many times in the course of the evening I wished that I could invent some excuse which would take me back to Lee. I thought nothing of it at the time. Near the end of dinner a note was handed in by the servant. I noticed that after my host had read it he seemed even more distraught and strange than before. He gave up all pretence at conversation and sat, smoking endless cigarettes, lost in his own thoughts, but he made no remark as to the contents. About eleven I was glad to go to bed. Some time later Garcia looked in at my door - the room was dark at the time-and asked me if I had rung. I said that I had not. I dropped off after this and slept soundly all night. When I woke it was broad daylight. I glanced at my watch, and the time was nearly nine. I had particularly asked to be called at eight, so I was very much astonished at this forgetfulness. I sprang up and rang for the servant. There was no response. I rang again and again, with the same result. Then I came to the conclusion that the bell was out of order. I huddled on my clothes and hurried downstairs in an exceedingly bad temper to order some hot water. You can imagine my surprise when I found that there was no one there. I shouted in the hall There was no answer. Then I ran from room to room. My host had shown me which was his bedroom the night before, so I knocked at the door. I turned the handle and walked in. The room was empty, and the bed had never been slept in. He had gone with the rest. The foreign host, the foreign footman, the foreign cook, all had vanished in the night! That was the end of my visit to Wisteria Lodge.

**Chapter 2 : "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" Wisteria Lodge (TV Episode ) - IMDb**

*"The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge" is a Sherlock Holmes short story written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It belongs to the collection of Sherlock Holmes stories called His Last Bow and is written in two parts: "The Singular Experience of Mr John Scott Eccles", and "The Tiger of San Pedro".*

Share Painting of Sherlock Holmes by an amateur artist. It is divided into two parts, "The Singular Experience of Mr. It was republished in October as part of the anthology His Last Bow. The plot is set in motion when a man named John Scott Eccles requests the help of the brilliant consulting detective Sherlock Holmes. Eccles spent the night at Wisteria Lodge, the Surrey home of Mr. Eccles woke up in the morning to find that Garcia and his two servants had vanished. Holmes and his friend Dr. Watson travel to Surrey to continue the investigation. The story has been adapted for radio, film and television. Contents [ show ] Plot The story begins on an afternoon in March Sherlock Holmes receives a telegram which he reads to his friend and housemate Dr. The telegram says, "Have just had the most incredible and grotesque experience. May I consult you? Holmes is intrigued by the use of the word grotesque. Those cases initially struck Holmes as being grotesque and turned out to involve serious crimes. John Scott Eccles speaks to Holmes and Watson. The sender of the telegram, Mr. He is "a stout, tall gray-whiskered and solemnly respectable person Eccles begins to explain his problem but is immediately interrupted by the arrival of Inspector Gregson of Scotland Yard and Inspector Baynes of the Surrey Constabulary. They want to question Eccles about the murder of Aloysius Garcia. Holmes reassure Eccles that the police officers just want a statement and tells him to continue to tell his story as he would have done if the policemen had not come. Eccles says that he met Aloysius Garcia a few months earlier at the dinner party of a mutual friend. Eccles knew Garcia to be of Spanish descent and believed that he worked at the Spanish embassy. Garcia seemed to take an immediate liking to Eccles. He went to see Eccles at his home two days after the dinner party. He invited Eccles to spend a few days at his home, Wisteria Lodge, between the village of Esher and the town of Oxshott in Surrey. Garcia told Eccles that he had only two male servants, a Spanish footman and a cook, a man of mixed race whom Garcia said he had picked up on his travels. Eccles went to Wisteria Lodge the previous evening. He had misgivings about visiting the home of someone he hardly knew. He found the house to be depressing and the Spanish footman to be an extremely melancholy person. At dinner, Garcia tried to be an entertaining host but appeared to be very nervous. Dinner was interrupted when Garcia was brought a note. He read it, rolled it into a ball and threw it into the fire. After having read the note, Garcia stopped talking to Eccles all together. Eccles said that he had not. Wanting some hot water, Eccles went looking for the servants but could not find them. He looked all over the house but could find no sign of the two servants or Garcia. Eccles thought at first that he was the victim of a practical joke. He then thought that Garcia might have run off to avoid paying rent. He went to Allan Brothers, the agency from which Garcia rented Wisteria Lodge, and found out that Garcia had paid his rent in full. Eccles went to London to try to find out more about Garcia. At the Spanish embassy, he was told that the man was unknown to them. He went to the home of the man at whose dinner party he first met Garcia, only to find out that the man hardly knew Garcia. He then decided to contact Sherlock Holmes. Inspector Gregson says that he believes him and that most of what Eccles has said agrees with the known facts of the case. The note which Eccles mentioned has been recovered because Garcia missed the fire after he rolled the paper into a ball and threw it. The note was obviously written by a woman, although the address on it was written by someone else. The note reads, "Our own colors, green and white. Green open, white shut. Main stair, first corridor, seventh right, green baize. Garcia had not been robbed. He had been repeatedly beaten on the head with a sandbag and the first blow was struck from behind. Holmes asks if Baynes knows what time Garcia was killed. Holmes replies, "Remarkable, but by no means impossible. The servants would not have carried out the murder on the one night when Garcia had a guest. However, he cannot explain why they fled. For that reason, Garcia cultivated his friendship. Garcia wanted Eccles to be at Wisteria Lodge that evening to provide him with an alibi. Holmes believes that the note which Garcia received refers to a meeting. The references to a main stair, and the seventh door in a corridor indicate that the meeting was to take place in a

large house. Holmes sends a telegram to the real estate agents Allan Brothers. In reply, he receives a list of the seven large houses within two miles of Oxshott and their occupants. Holmes and Watson go to Esher and take up residence at the village inn. In the evening, Inspector Baynes takes them to Wisteria Lodge. Constable Walters, who is guarding the building, is startled by their arrival. He explains that, two hours earlier, he was frightened when he saw a face at the window. The face was twice the size of that of an average man and the color of "clay with a splash of milk in it". Holmes sees a footprint near the window, the size of which suggests that it belongs to a very large man. Holmes, Watson and Inspector Baynes find a strange object in the kitchen. Holmes, Watson and Baynes search the house. In the kitchen, they find a small black leathery object with a string of white shells around its middle. The object is impossible to identify but Watson thinks that it might be the preserved remains of a long dead monkey. They also find the remains of a white rooster which had been torn to pieces, a metal pail full of blood and some charred bones which Holmes thinks might be those of a young sheep or goat. Baynes says that he has theories about the case but he does not want to share them with Holmes. He wants to keep his line of investigation separate from that of Holmes because he hopes to solve the case on his own and make a name for himself. Holmes agrees to this but adds that he will be happy to help the police if requested. The cook, whose face was briefly seen at the window by Constable Walters, returned to Wisteria Lodge a second time the previous evening. A trap was set for him when he returned. Holmes warns Baynes that he is making a mistake. Baynes reminds him that they agreed to follow separate investigations. Garcia needed an alibi because he planned to commit a crime. His murderer was probably the target of that crime. They had been told to flee if Garcia did not return by a certain time. They would have been told to go to a prearranged hiding place and to attempt to carry out the crime again later. The cook must have returned to Wisteria Lodge because he left something valuable to him there. Henderson travels with Miss Burnet and Lucas. Holmes says that he made inquiries about the people who live in the seven large houses near Oxshott. One of them, Mr. Holmes learns a lot about Henderson from his former gardener John Warner. Henderson is very rich and travels a lot, he has recently returned from High Gables after a year away. He always travels with his two daughters, their governess Miss Burnet and his secretary Mr. Lucas leave Holmes in no doubt that he is a foreigner. Henderson is rumored to be afraid of something, he rarely goes out and never goes out without his secretary Lucas. Holmes is certain that the note to Garcia was written by someone from inside High Gables and that person could only have been Miss Burnet. At that moment, John Warner arrives. They took Miss Burnet with them but she managed to escape and he has her in a cab outside. Miss Burnet is taken into the inn. She has clearly been drugged and needs several cups of strong coffee to revive her. Inspector Baynes is also summoned to the inn.

**Chapter 3 : The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge | Literawiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia**

*The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge [Sir Arthur Conan Doyle] on calendrierdelascience.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. Sir Arthur Ignatius Conan Doyle, DL () was a Scottish author.*

The full title would actually be The Adventure of the Wisteria Lodge: The Singular Experience of Mr. We have actually moved out of the previous collection of Sherlock short stories and into another collection. This collection is called The Reminiscences of Sherlock Holmes. This story takes place in , according to John. Sherlock is asking John what his definition of grotesque is. Sherlock thinks his definition is stupid, but only asked because he got a telegram from John Eccles saying he has had a grotesque experience. Did he fall into a pit of worms? So, Eccles shows up, conveniently after Sherlock has read his telegram. Eccles proceeds to tell John and Sherlock that he has had the strangest night of his life. Before he can get started Gregson and another guy show up. They want to question Eccles about the death of a man named Aloysius Garcia. Eccles is surprised to find that the man is dead. Sherlock prompts him to tell his story. Eccles knows some people who know some people and was invited to a dinner. There he met a bachelor named Garcia. He worked for the embassy in some manner or another as he was from Spain, or something. He invited Eccles up to his house for a weekend. He talked to Eccles for some time, keeping him somewhat late into the night. Eccles eventually went to bed, but Garcia popped in to ask if he rang. Eccles said he had not rang and went back to bed. There was a cook and a servant and that was it. Garcia lived a rather sparse life. Eccles woke up in the morning and there was no hot water. He angrily rang the bell but no one ever showed up. He walked through the house hoping to find one of the servants, but no one was to be found. He thought that maybe he was the butt of some sort of elaborate practical joke. He thought maybe Garcia was trying to get out of paying rent since quarter-day was coming up, but he asked the rental office and nothing. Gregson has information on the case. Garcia was found dead in a field. The only peculiar thing about the evening before is that Eccles received a note and wadded it up and threw it into the fire. The detectives were able to recover it, mostly. Green open, white shut. Main stair, first corridor, seventh right, green baize. Sherlock deduces that it was written by a lady, possibly a Dolores. Maybe Garcia was having an affair with a woman and the colors were their secret signals. He sends off a telegram asking for all the big houses in the area, because it seems that the note indicates a very large house. Sherlock also thinks that inviting Eccles up would serve as something of an alibi. At this point there is nothing for anyone to do, but go to the scene of the crime. He has to be alone. Honestly, I actually think that would be a pretty good prank. Just leave the house and leave the person there alone. Dude, you should have seen your face! Oxshott and Esher are both real places. Wisteria Lodge is described as being between the two areas. It was in between, there was no quick response if something were to happen. Garcia was found on Oxshott common, which is a stated one mile from his estate. Was he drawn in a chariot pulled by chickens? Arthur uses the term half-breed in this story to describe the cook. I seriously doubt Arthur would use the term half-breed to apply to someone who was half-white and half-Spanish. It was a cruel joke. Nobody actually wanted to go to the prom with Carrie. She had a very hard time talking to anyone. She was raised in a very strange position. He strikes me as the kind of person who has a few friends, but not many. Garcia clearly had ulterior motives when inviting Eccles over. They sound as if they operate in two different social circles. Does Martha Stuart hang out with Kanye West? The two of them could probably hang out, but would it be likely? I really, really hate to say that, but you do. You have to be on your guard. They have another motive. You have to learn how to discern who is a bully and who is genuinely a good person. You have to learn how to be more assertive in your life as well. You eventually learn how not to take things from other people, but it can take a heck of a long time to do so. Somebody is going to use you as an excuse, as an alibi, or as a scapegoat. Notice the first thing that Eccles thinks is that someone is playing a practical joke on him. Overall I still think this would be an awesome prank. It would awful to do this to a person.

**Chapter 4 : Formats and Editions of The adventure of Wisteria lodge [calendrierdelascience.com]**

*Painting of Sherlock Holmes by an amateur artist. "The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge" is a Sherlock Holmes short story by the British author Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. calendrierdelascience.com is divided into two parts, "The Singular Experience of Mr. John Scott Eccles" and "The Tiger of San Pedro".*

The Singular Experience of Mr. Holmes is visited by a perturbed proper English gentleman, John Scott Eccles, who wishes to discuss something "grotesque". They wish a statement from Eccles about the murder near Esher last night. He was alone in an empty house. Eccles met Garcia, a Spaniard, through an acquaintance, and seemed to form an unlikely friendship right away. Garcia invited Eccles to stay at his house for a few days, but when Eccles arrived there, he could tell that something was amiss. Garcia seemed distracted by something, and the whole mood of the visit seemed quite sombre. Odder still, no-one at the Spanish Embassy in London had heard of Garcia. Inspector Baynes produces the note that Eccles saw Garcia receive. It reads "Our own colours, green and white. Green open, white shut. Main stair, first corridor, seventh right, green baize. Could it have been a tryst? All that Holmes can deduce is that the murderer lives near Wisteria Lodge, and in a big house. The constable guarding the house reports a hair-raising experience. A brutish-looking man—the devil himself, thought the constable—looked in the window. The constable gave chase, but the intruder got away. Holmes establishes by the footmarks that the constable did not imagine this. Inside the house, a number of odd items are to be seen: Holmes later links these to voodoo, providing an important clue. He provides little information, though only grunts. Holmes is sure that the cook is not the murderer, and warns Baynes. Holmes spends the next day reconnoitering the local country houses, and finds one of interest, the Henderson household, whose master has obviously spent time in the tropics, and whose secretary, Lucas, is a dark-skinned foreigner. Holmes also learns from a sacked gardener that Henderson is rich and scared of something, although no one can say what. Nor can anyone say where he came from. Henderson is also violent. Holmes believes that the cryptic note came from this household, High Gable, and the writer could only be Miss Burnet, who has not been seen since the night of the murder. Holmes decides to go to High Gable, at night, to see whether he can "strike at the very heart of the mystery. John Warner, the sacked gardener, comes in and announces that the Hendersons have fled by train, and tried to take Miss Burnet with them. He, however, wrestled her into a cab and brought her to the inn where Holmes and Watson are staying. She was obviously unwilling to go with Henderson for she had been drugged with opium. Garcia, who was from San Pedro, not Spain, got himself killed in a revenge plot, it turns out. Miss Burnet was also part of the plot. Her late husband was from San Pedro, its ambassador to Britain and a potential political rival to Murillo. Murillo and his companions give the police the slip in London, and resurface in Madrid under new aliases. However, they are both murdered, and their killers are never caught. Commentary[ edit ] Out of the entire collection of Holmes stories by Doyle, this is the only story in which a police inspector specifically, Inspector Baynes is as competent as Holmes. Holmes has nothing but praise for Inspector Baynes, believing that he will rise high in his profession, for he has instinct and intuition. Inspector Lestrade rarely received this kind of appreciation from Holmes. It comes out that Baynes had only arrested the cook to draw out Henderson so he would think he was no longer under suspicion. San Pedro is a fictitious country; its colors are green and white, explaining one part of the cryptic note. The episode is now lost. There is no mention of any of the voodoo relics in Wisteria Lodge, and it is Watson who gives chase to the cook, not the constable. One day he chats with the pupils called Garcia and Henderson but he finds that they go missing the next morning. Baynes, a pupil who informs Holmes about the matter, tells him about their theft of bread from the food storehouse. The discovery of a dog toy in their room leads Holmes to uncover the truth. Kabuki sound effects are used in the episode.

**Chapter 5 : the adventure of wisteria lodge – One-Eleven Books2**

*"The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge" is one of the fifty-six Sherlock Holmes short stories written by British author Arthur Conan Doyle. One of eight stories in the volume His Last Bow, it is a lengthy, two-part story consisting of "The Singular*

*Experience of Mr. John Scott Eccles" and "The Tiger of San Pedro", which on original publication in The Strand bore the collective title of "A.*

#### Chapter 6 : The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge - Wikidata

*The Adventure Of Wisteria Lodge By Arthur Conan Doyle - FictionDB. Cover art, synopsis, sequels, reviews, awards, publishing history, genres, and time period.*

#### Chapter 7 : German addresses are blocked - calendrierdelascience.com

*The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge Arthur Conan Doyle. This text is provided to you "as-is" without any warranty. No warranties of any kind, expressed or implied.*

#### Chapter 8 : Dodo Press - Publisher Contact Information

*The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge (WIST) is a short story written by Arthur Conan Doyle first published in the Collier's magazine, 15 august (US) and in The Strand Magazine in september-october (UK).*

#### Chapter 9 : Peach Pit Press: Adobe: The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge (Sherlock Holmes Series)

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