

# A Compendium of Canonical Artwork



## The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

# Canonical Artwork

*His Last Bow*  
(An Epilogue of Sherlock Holmes)

It was nine o'clock at night upon the 2<sup>nd</sup> of August - the most terrible August in the history of the world. One might have thought already that God's curse hung heavy over a degenerate world for there was an awesome hush and a pulsing of vague expectancy in the sultry and stagnant air. The sun had long set but one blood red gash like an open wound lay low in the distant west. Above, the stars were shimmering brightly, and below the lights of the shipping glimmered in the bay. <sup>The</sup> Two famous Germans stood beside the stone parapet of the garden walk, with the long low heavily gabled house behind them, and they looked down upon the ~~white line~~ <sup>the</sup> of the broad sweep of the beach at the foot of the great chalk cliff on which Von Bork like some wandering eagle had perched himself four years before. <sup>They stood with their heads close together talking in low confidential tones. From below the two glowing ends of their cigars might have been the smoking devices of any other great and dignified lordly German.</sup>

A remarkable man this Von Bork - a man who could hardly be matched among all the devoted agents of the Kaiser. It was his talents which had first recommended him <sup>to</sup> for the English mission, the most important mission of all, <sup>but</sup> and since he had taken it over those talents had become more and more manifest to the half dozen people in the world who were really in touch with the truth. One of these was his present companion Baron <sup>Von</sup> Herling, the chief secretary of the legation, whose huge 100 horse power Benz car was blocking the country lane as it waited to waft its owner back to London.

<sup>"So far as I can judge the head of events."</sup> "You will probably be back in Berlin within the week" the Secretary was saying. "When you get there, my dear Von Bork, I think you will be surprised at the welcome you will receive. I happen to know <sup>what is thought in the highest quarters of your work in this country</sup>" <sup>He was a huge man, the Secretary, deep, broad, and tall, with a slow heavy fashion of speech which had been his main asset in his political career.</sup>

Von Bork laughed. <sup>reminiscent</sup> "They are not very hard to deceive" <sup>said he.</sup> "A more <sup>deceit simple folk could not be imagined."</sup> "I don't know about that" said the other. <sup>thoughtfully</sup> "They have strange limitations and one must learn to observe them. One's first impression is that they are entirely soft. Then one comes suddenly upon something <sup>hard</sup>, and you know that

# His Last Bow

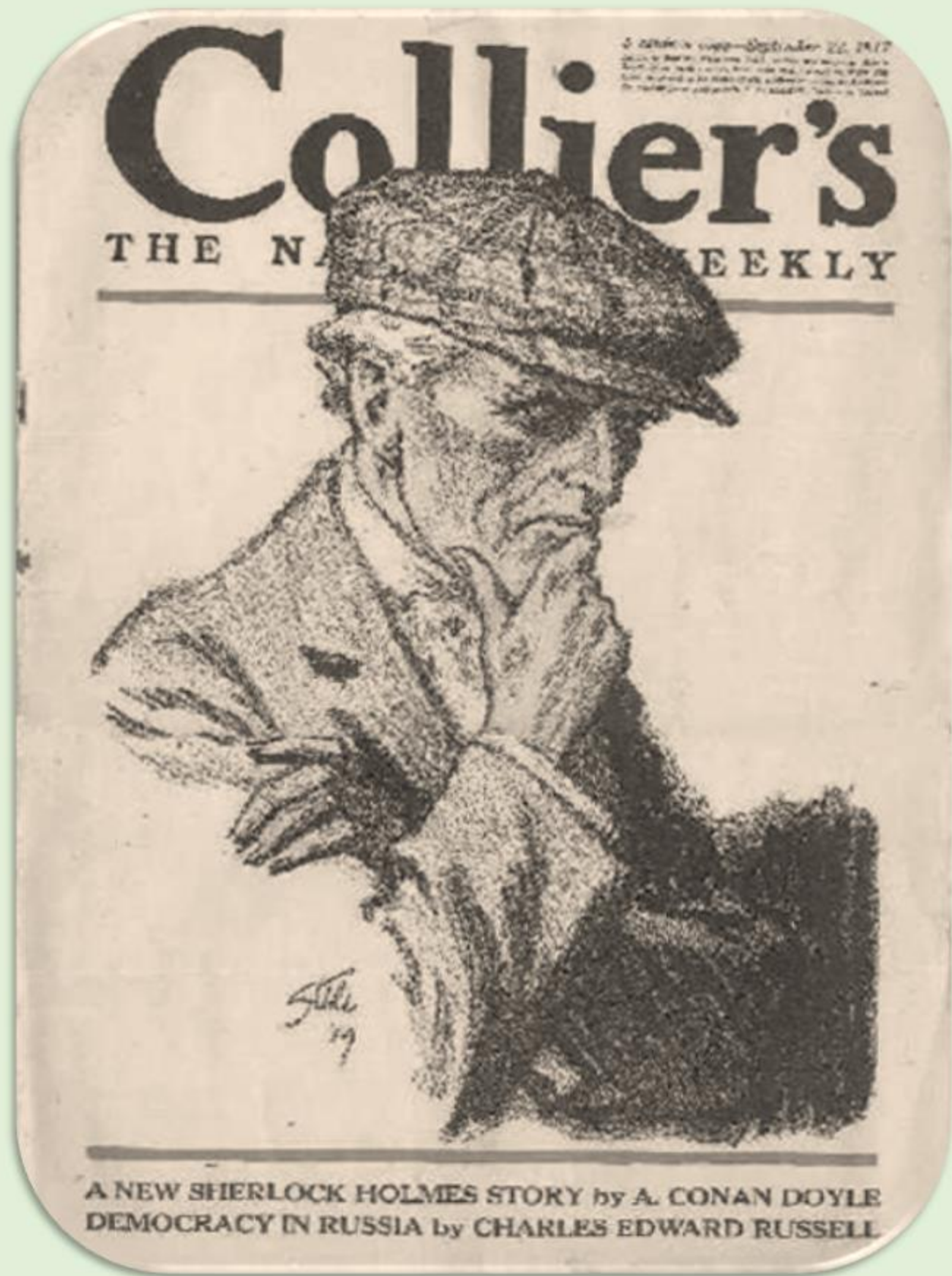


# "The Adventure of His Last Bow" 01 (His Last Bow)

- 01 :: Cover Card
- 02 - 06 :: Frederic Dorr Steele, *Collier's Magazine*
- 07 - 09 :: Albert Gilbert, *The Strand Magazine*
- 10 - 11 :: Richard Wallace *Lectures Pour Tous*
- 12 - 13 :: Jean Rapeton, *Dimanche Illustré*
- 14 :: *Data! Data! Data!*

Sincere gratitude to the Arthur Conan Doyle Encyclopedia for their permission to use the drawings from their website in this set.

Canonical Artwork



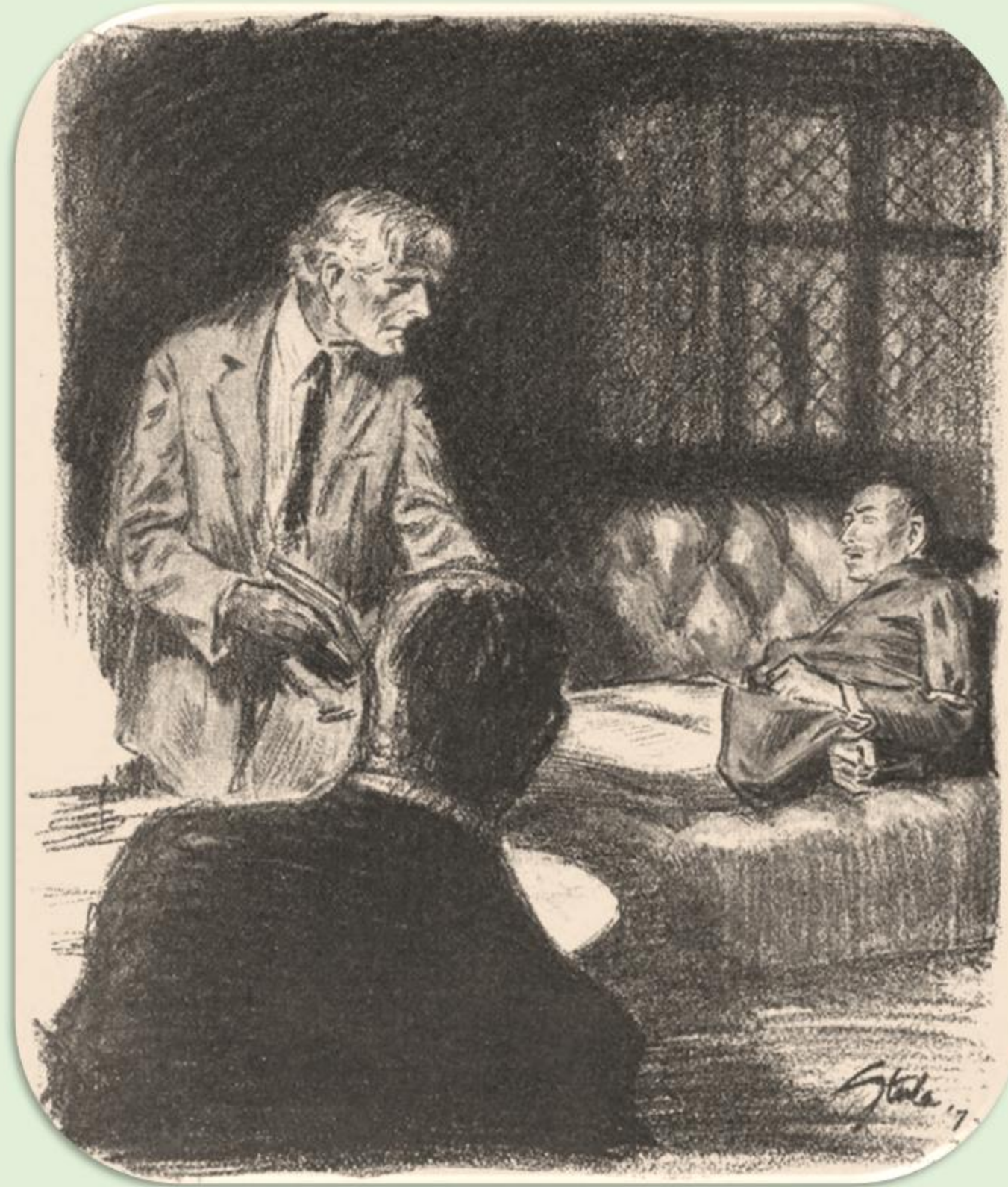
His Last Bow



"The Adventure of His Last  
Bow"  
*(His Last Bow)* 02

(Frederic Dorr Steele, *Collier's*, September, 1917)

Canonical Artwork



His Last Bow



“The Adventure of His Last  
Bow” 03  
(*His Last Bow*)

“I shall get level with you.  
If it takes all my life, I  
shall get level with you!”

(Frederic Dorr Steele, *Collier's*, September, 1917)

## Canonical Artwork



His Last Bow



“The Adventure of His Last  
Bow” 04  
(*His Last Bow*)

“This quiet house is the center of half the mischief in England; the sporting squire the most astute secret-service man in Europe.”

(Frederic Dorr Steele, *Collier's*, September, 1917)

Canonical Artwork



His Last Bow



“The Adventure of His Last  
Bow” 05  
(*His Last Bow*)

“If I didn’t dare things,  
mister, I wouldn’t be in  
your service.”

(Frederic Dorr Steele, *Collier’s*, September, 1917)

Canonical Artwork



His Last Bow



"The Adventure of His Last Bow" 06  
(*His Last Bow*)

"A dear old ruddy-faced woman in a country cap, bending over her knitting."

(Frederic Dorr Steele, *Collier's*, September, 1917)

Canonical Artwork



His Last Bow



"The Adventure of His Last Bow" 07

(*His Last Bow*)

"He was gripped at the back of his neck by a grasp of iron, and a chloroformed sponge was held in front of his writhing face."

(Albert Gilbert, *The Strand Magazine*, September, 1917)

Canonical Artwork



His Last Bow



“The Adventure of His Last  
Bow” 08  
*(His Last Bow)*

“Curse you, you double  
traitor!” cried the  
German, straining against  
his bonds and glaring  
murder from his furious  
eyes?”

(Albert Gilbert, *The Strand Magazine*, September, 1917)

Canonical Artwork



His Last Bow



“The Adventure of His Last Bow” 09  
(*His Last Bow*)

“Holding either arm, the two friends walked him very slowly down the garden path.”

(Albert Gilbert, *The Strand Magazine*, September, 1917)

## Canonical Artwork



His Last Bow



"The Adventure of His Last Bow" 10  
(*His Last Bow*)

"Nouvelles aventures de  
Sherlock Holmes —  
Service de guerre."

(New adventures of Sherlock Holmes — War  
service.)

(R. W. Wallace, *Lectures Pour Tous*, April, 1919)

Canonical Artwork



His Last Bow



“The Adventure of His Last  
Bow”  
(*His Last Bow*)

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“Voilà ma vie ruinée! Dit  
l’allemande, en se laissant  
retomber sur le sofa ou  
il était ligoté.”

(“My life is ruined!” said the German straining  
against his bonds on the sofa.)

(R. W. Wallace, *Lectures Pour Tous*, April, 1919)

## Canonical Artwork



His Last Bow



## “The Adventure of His Last Bow” 12 (*His Last Bow*)

“Les feux des navires  
tremblotaient dans la baie. Deux  
Allemands se tenaient debout  
contre le parapet du Jardin. Leurs  
têtes de touchent Presque, et ils  
se parlaient à mi-voix, sur un ton  
de confiance.”

(The lights of the shipping glimmered in the bay. The two famous Germans stood beside the stone parapet of the garden walk. They stood with their heads close together, talking in low, confidential tones.)

(Jean Rapeton, *Dimanche Illustré*, October, 1927)

## Canonical Artwork



His Last Bow



## “The Adventure of His Last Bow” 13

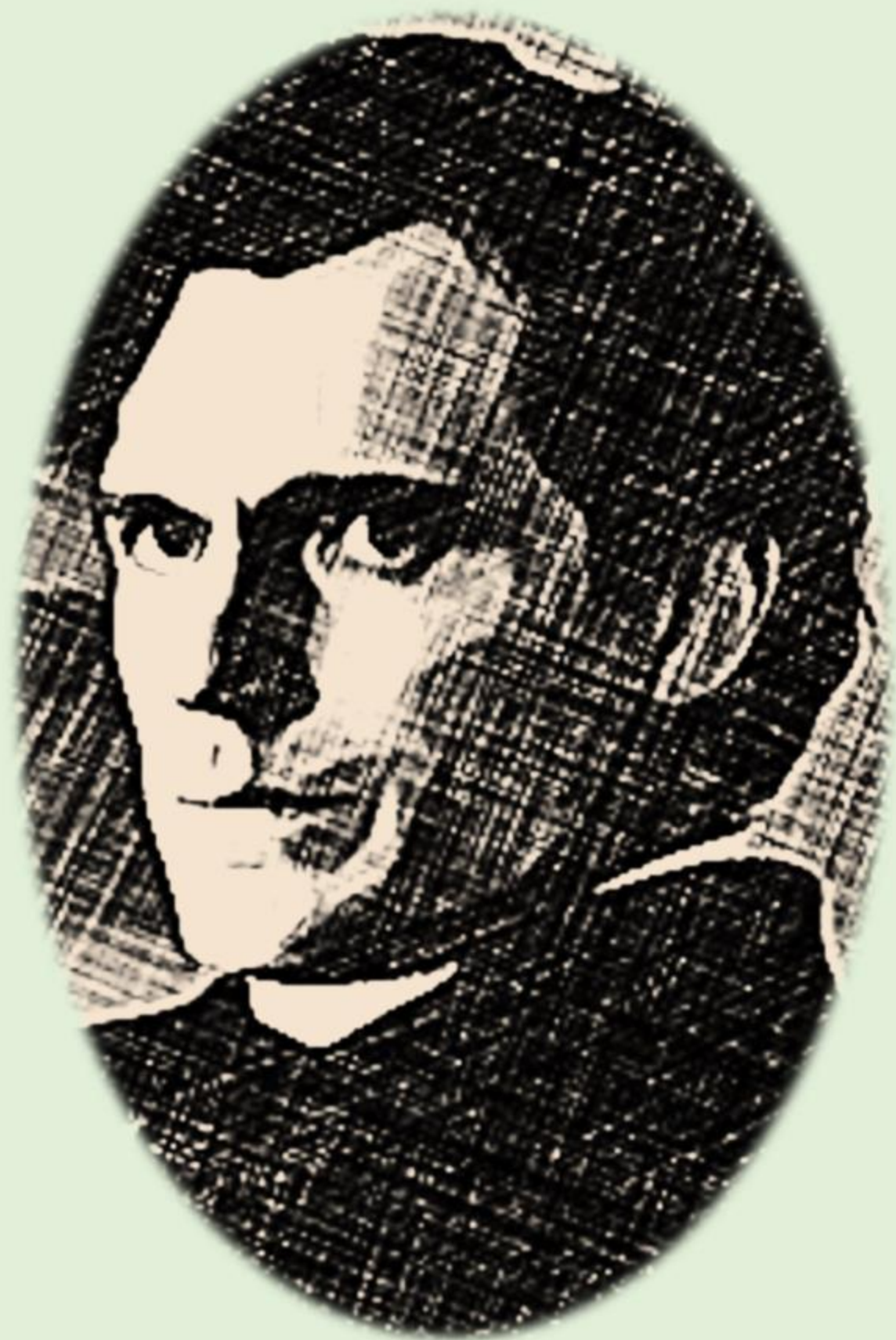
(*His Last Bow*)

“Le maître espion n'eut pas le temps de s'attarder dans la contemplation de ce titre incongru: soudain une poigne de fer l'agrippait derrière le cou, sur son visage s'appliquait une éponge de chloroforme.”

(“The master spy glare at this strangely irrelevant inscription. Suddenly, he was gripped at the back of his neck by a grasp of iron, and a chloroformed sponge was held in front of his writhing face.”)

(Jean Rapeton, *Dimanche Illustré*, October, 1927)

## Canonical Artwork



His Last Bow



## “His Last Bow” (*His Last Bow*)

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First  
Publication:

U.K. -- *The Strand Magazine*,  
September, 1917  
U.S. - *Colliers*  
September 22, 1917

U.K. - *His Last Bow*,  
October, 1917, John Murray  
U.S. - *His Last Bow*,  
October, 1917, George H. Doran

Chronological  
Date:

August 02, 1914  
(Watson)  
August 02, 1914  
(Baring-Gould)

Ranking:

# 22 of 56 short stories  
(Sherlockian poll, 1999, Stock)

Christ  
Abbreviation:

LAST