



CLUE #4 FEATURING BROOK VAN SCAFF



Brook van Scaff sat like a queen at her dressing table and spouted answers to Spareluck's questions. "Mr. Holmes, I can understand why you would suspect me. My husband left me nothing, and I had to sell all my jewels and furs. All I have left is a costume-quality brooch my husband gave me, which seems to have disappeared, and these stamps we collected on our trips around the world. Not worth anything, but they are a reminder of happier days. I may no longer be rich, but I would never kill my dear brother for a possible inheritance." With that denial, she spiraled out of her seat and left the room.

"Well, Holmes, I think you riled the old girl!" I snorted.

"Whatsit, look at these stamps. Do you notice anything?" Holmes queried. "If you group them in **four well-planned batches of three**, there is an interesting outcome." I was lost once again. "Oh, Whatsit, **our interests may overlap**, but we see things so differently."

"But, there are thirteen stamps. That total won't divide the way you describe."

"Yes, but even that thirteenth stamp supports the solution to this little puzzle all by itself." Holmes smiled as he pondered the four-letter answer word he had discovered from the worthless stamps. How his mind works is always beyond me.



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