

*The British Residence,
Mysore,
India.*

I am sorry for my impertinence in contacting you directly but my late fiancé insisted I should do so if it would happen to him. My dearest Oswald was foully murdered in Mysore, just this last week, so I am hoping you will be able to help me return to India to find his killers.

The news of Oswald's demise has been such a shock that I do not know where to begin, so I should explain who I am. My name is Elizabeth Montague, the daughter of Sir Archibald Montague, the British Resident in the State of Mysore in the Indian Empire. A year ago, I was married to Major Oswald Carew of the 10th Hussars. He was on several occasions, venerated his high command as a friend and as an officer and was pleased to share the experiences you shared while hunting criminals in Mysore. He was adamant that, should any of his foes bring about an end to his life, he should seek you out to bring the perpetrators to justice.

The circumstances surrounding this are bizarre, I will admit. He and his regiment had just returned from chasing bandits (we have many in this region, some inspired by one of the more obscure Hindoo deities) and was returning to camp in worse for wear: his uniform torn, his cap missing and a nasty wound on his brow. We met briefly and, although he was extremely pleased at the success of his mission, he pleaded exhaustion and the need to clean himself up. As he left, he tried to press upon me a bright green gemstone that he said he had extracted from the statue of a god worshipped by the bandits. I refused it, believing that such a treasure belonged to the Maharajah, and we parted in some acrimony.

That evening, my father had planned a lavish ball to celebrate my twenty-first birthday and all the social elite of Mysore were present. Despite our argument of the morning, I fully expected my fiancé to appear.

was somewhat upset when he failed to appear. The evening went on. Eventually, I made my way to his room. I found the door to his quarters locked. A servant assured me he was within. When knocker I opened the door in - we found my beloved slumped over a pool of his own blood, with a curved dagger in his back.

The Mysore investigators have been unable, or unwilling, to tell me who killed him, how they did it or why. All I get from them is a "theory" that he surprised a common burglar - but his room is on the second floor of the Residence!

I should note that the gemstone is gone.

I need someone I can trust to track down his killer. I beg of you to do so for me. If you come to the Residence at Mysore, you will find I have ensured Oswald's room is preserved as it was.

Telegraph me to confirm your acceptance. I will be waiting for your answer to arrive.

Yours, in Hope,

Eliza