

**PHILIP PULLMAN**

AUTHOR OF *THE GOLDEN COMPASS*

**A**  
**SALLY LOCKHART**  
**MYSTERY**

★ "A rip-roaring  
good adventure story."  
—*School Library Journal*,  
Starred



**THE RUBY** *in the* **SMOKE**

## BOOKS BY PHILIP PULLMAN

HIS DARK MATERIALS

*The Golden Compass*

*The Subtle Knife*

*The Amber Spyglass*

*Lyra's Oxford*

*Once Upon a Time in the North*

*The Golden Compass Graphic Novel*

*The Scarecrow and His Servant*

*I Was a Rat!*

*Spring-Heeled Jack*

*Count Karlstein*

*Two Crafty Criminals!*

*The White Mercedes*

*The Broken Bridge*

THE SALLY LOCKHART MYSTERIES

*The Ruby in the Smoke*

*The Shadow in the North*

*The Tiger in the Well*

*The Tin Princess*

# The Ruby In The Smoke

Philip Pullman



Alfred A. Knopf

New York

THIS IS A BORZOI BOOK PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Text copyright © 1985 by Philip Pullman

Excerpt from *The Shadow in the North* copyright © 1986, 1988 by Philip Pullman

Cover art copyright © 2008 by Mark Stutzman

All rights reserved. Published in the United States by Alfred A Knopf, an imprint of Random House Children's Books, a division of Penguin Random House LLC, New York. Previously published in hardcover in the United States in 1987 by Alfred A. Knopf, an imprint of Random House Children's Books, a division of Penguin Random House LLC, New York. Originally published in hardcover in Great Britain in slightly different form by Oxford University Press, Oxford, in 1985.

Knopf, Borzoi Books, and the colophon are registered trademarks of Penguin Random House LLC.

Visit us on the Web! [randomhouseteens.com](http://randomhouseteens.com)

Educators and librarians, for a variety of teaching tools, visit us at [RHTeachersLibrarians.com](http://RHTeachersLibrarians.com)

The Library of Congress has cataloged the hardcover edition of this work as follows:

Pullman, Philip. *The ruby in the smoke* / Philip Pullman.

p. cm.

Summary: In nineteenth-century London, sixteen-year-old Sally, a recent orphan, becomes involved in a deadly search for a mysterious ruby.

ISBN 978-0-394-88826-2 (trade) — ISBN 978-0-394-98826-9 (lib. bdg.)

[1. Mystery and detective stories. 2. Orphans—Fiction. 3. London (England)—Fiction.] I. Title.

PZ7.P968Ru 1985 [Fic] 19 86020983

ISBN 978-0-375-84516-1 (tr. pbk.) — ISBN 978-1-5247-6495-1 (ebook)

First Ebook 2017

Ebook ISBN 9781524764951

Random House Children's Books supports the First Amendment and celebrates the right to read.

v4.1

a

# Contents

*Cover*

*Books by Philip Pullman*

*Title Page*

*Copyright*

*Dedication*

1. The Seven Blessings
2. The Web
3. The Gentleman of Kent
4. The Mutiny
5. The Ceremony of the Smoke
6. Messages
7. The Consequences of Finance
8. The Passions of Art
9. A Journey to Oxford
10. Madame Chang
11. The Stereographic Repertory Company
12. Substitution
13. Lights Below the Water
14. Arms and the Girl
15. The Turk's Head
16. Protecting the Property
17. King James's Stairs
18. London Bridge
19. The East India Docks
20. The Clock Tower

*Excerpt from The Shadow in the North*  
*About the Author*

*For Jude*

# 1



## *The Seven Blessings*

ON A COLD, FRETFUL AFTERNOON IN EARLY OCTOBER, 1872, a hansom cab drew up outside the offices of Lockhart and Selby, Shipping Agents, in the financial heart of London, and a young girl got out and paid the driver.

She was a person of sixteen or so—alone, and uncommonly pretty. She was slender and pale, and dressed in mourning, with a black bonnet under which she tucked back a straying twist of blond hair that the wind had teased loose. She had unusually dark brown eyes for one so fair. Her name was Sally Lockhart; and within fifteen minutes, she was going to kill a man.

She stood looking up at the building for a moment and then climbed the three steps and entered. There was a drab corridor facing her, with a porter's office on the right, where an old man sat in front of a fire reading a sensational story of the sort known as a penny dreadful. She tapped on the glass, and he sat up guiltily, thrusting the magazine down beside his chair.

“Beg pardon, miss,” he said. “Didn’t see yer come in.”

“I’ve come to see Mr. Selby,” she said. “But he wasn’t expecting me.”

“Name, please, miss?”

“My name is Lockhart. My father was...Mr. Lockhart.”

He became friendlier at once.

“Miss Sally, is it? You been here before, miss!”

“Have I? I’m sorry, I don’t remember...”

“Must’ve been ten years ago at least. You sat by my fire and had a ginger biscuit and told me all about your pony. You forgotten already? Dear me....I was very sorry to hear about your father, miss. That was a terrible thing, the ship going down like that. He was a real gentleman, miss.”

“Yes....Thank you. It was partly about my father that I came. Is Mr. Selby in? Can I see him?”

“Well, I’m afraid he ain’t, miss. He’s at the West India Docks on business. But Mr. Higgs is here—the company secretary, miss. He’ll be glad to talk to you.”

“Thank you. I’d better see him, then.”

The porter rang a bell, and a young boy appeared, like a sudden solidification of all the grime in the city air. His jacket was torn in three places, his collar had come adrift from the shirt, and his hair looked as if it had been used for an experiment with the powers of electricity.

“What d’yer want?” said this apparition, whose name was Jim.

“Mind yer manners,” said the porter. “Take this young lady up to see Mr. Higgs, and smartish. This is Miss Lockhart.”

The boy’s sharp eyes took her in for a moment, and then flicked back suspiciously to the porter.

“You got my *Union Jack*,” he said. “I seen yer hide it when old Higgysy come in earlier.”

“I ain’t,” said the porter, without conviction. “Get on and do as yer told.”

“I’ll have it,” said the boy. “You wait. You ain’t stealing my property. Come on then,” he added to Sally, and withdrew.

“You’ll have to forgive him, Miss Lockhart,” said the porter. “He weren’t caught young enough to tame, that one.”

“I don’t mind,” said Sally. “Thank you. I’ll look in and say good-bye before I go.”

The boy was waiting for her at the foot of the staircase.

“Was the boss your old man?” he said as they climbed.

“Yes,” she said, meaning to say more, but not finding the words.

“He was a good bloke.”

It was a gesture of sympathy, she thought, and felt grateful.

“Do you know anyone called Marchbanks?” she asked. “Is there a Mr. Marchbanks who works here?”

“No. Never heard the name before.”

“Or—have you ever heard...”

They were near the top of the stairs now, and she stopped to finish the question.

“Have you ever heard of the Seven Blessings?”

“Eh?”

“Please,” she said. “It’s important.”

“No, I ain’t,” he said. “Sounds like a pub or summat. What is it?”

“It’s just something I heard. It’s nothing. Forget it, please,” she said, and moved up to the top of the stairs. “Where do I find Mr. Higgs?”

“In ’ere,” he said, knocking thunderously at a paneled door. Without waiting for an answer, he opened it and called, “Lady to see Mr. Higgs. Name of Miss Lockhart.”

She entered, and the door closed behind her. The room was full of a pompous masculine atmosphere of cigar smoke, leather, dark mahogany, silver inkwells, drawers with brass handles, and glass paperweights. A portly man was trying to roll up a large wall map on the other side of the room and gleaming with effort. His bald pate gleamed, his boots gleamed, the Masonic seal on the heavy gold watch-chain over his paunch gleamed, and his face was shiny with heat and red with years of wine and food.

He finished rolling the map and looked up. His expression became solemn and pious.

“Miss Lockhart? Daughter of the late Matthew Lockhart?”

“Yes,” said Sally.

He spread out his hands.