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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Chapters I to IV.—A young doctor, Ralph Boyd, confides in his friend, Ambler Jevons, who gives him sympathy and promises his help in case of need. He is in the law trade, but his interest in the investigation of crime and unraveling mysteries, Boyd himself is the son of a member of Parliament and assistant to Sir Bernard Eyton. He has an interview with his chief, and they discuss the illness of Mr. Henry Courtenay, who lives in the Richmond Road. Instantly the young doctor conceives the idea that his mysterious opponent is connected with this family. His interest in that home is centered on Ethelwynn Mivart, Henry Courtenay's sister-in-law, whose Madonna type of beauty exercises a fascination over him. He determines to spend the evening at Richmond Road. The domestic life of the Courtenays instances the truth of the Shakespearean proverb that "Men cannot wed December." Mrs. Courtenay, young, gay, pretty, in utter sympathy with her husband's interests, is the man's agitated, his white face and the hurried manner in which he had evidently dressed to come in search of me that something tragic had really occurred.

CHAPTER V. Discloses a Mystery.

The man's amazing announcement held me speechless. "Murdered!" I cried when I found tongue. "Impossible!" "Ah! sir, it's too true. He's quite dead." "But surely he has died from natural causes—eh?" "No, sir. My poor master has been foully murdered."

"How do you know that?" I asked breathlessly. "Tell me by the man's agitation, his white face and the hurried manner in which he had evidently dressed to come in search of me that something tragic had really occurred. "We know nothing yet, sir," was his quick response. "I entered his room at 2 o'clock, as usual, to see if he wanted anything, and saw that he was quite still, apparently asleep. The lamp was turned low, but as I looked over the bed I saw a small, dark patch upon the sheet. This I discovered to be blood, and a moment later was horrified to discover a small wound close to the heart, and from it the blood was slowly oozing."

"Then he was stabbed, you think?" I gasped, springing up and beginning to dress myself hastily. "We think so, sir. It's awful!" "Terrible!" I said, utterly dumfounded by the man's amazing story. "After you made the discovery how did you act?" "I awoke the nurse, who slept in the room adjoining. And then we awoke Miss Mivart. The shock to her was terrible—poor young lady! When she saw the body of the poor old gentleman lying on the bed, and at once sent me to you. I didn't find a cab till I'd walked almost to Hammermirth, and then I came straight on here."

"But is there undoubtedly foul play, Short?" "No doubt whatever, sir. I'm nothing of a doctor, but I could see the wound plainly—like a small, clean cut just under the heart." "No weapon about?" "I didn't see anything, sir." "Have you called the police?" "No, sir. Miss Mivart said she would wait until you arrived. She wants your opinion."

"And Mrs. Courtenay? How does she bear the tragedy?" "The poor lady doesn't know yet." "Doesn't know? Haven't you told her?" "She won't hear of it. She's in a state of mind that she can't receive anything. 'What? She hasn't returned?' 'No, sir,' responded the man. That fact was, in itself, peculiar. Yet there was, I felt sure, some strong reason if young Mrs. Courtenay remained the night with her friends, the Hemmers, the Hemmers, she had possibly missed the last, and had been induced by her friends to remain the night with them in town."

Yet the whole of the tragic affair was certainly very extraordinary. It was Short's duty to rise at 2 o'clock each morning and go to his master's room to ascertain if the invalid wanted anything. Generally, however, the old gentleman slept well; hence there had been no necessity for a night nurse. When I entered the cab, and the man having taken a seat beside me, we had set out on our long night drive out to Kew, I endeavored to obtain more details regarding the Courtenay ménage. In an ordinary way I could scarcely have questioned a servant regarding his master and mistress, but on this drive I saw an occasion to obtain knowledge, and seized it. Short, although a well trained servant, was communicative. The shock he had sustained in discovering his master dead ten years' service he was devoted to his master, but from the remarks he let drop during our drive I detected that he entertained a strong dislike of the old gentleman's young wife. He was, of course, well aware of my affection for Ethelwynn and carefully concealed his antipathy toward her, an antipathy which I somehow felt convinced existed. He regarded both sisters with equal mistrust.

"Does your mistress often remain in town with her friends at night?" "Sometimes. What she goes to balls." "And is that often?" "Not very often." "And didn't the old gentleman know of his wife's absence?" "Sometimes. He used to ask me whether Mrs. Courtenay was at home and when I was bound to tell the truth."

By his own admission, then, this man Short had informed the invalid of his wife's frequent absences. He was an informer and as such most probably the enemy of both Mary and Ethelwynn. I knew him to be the confidential servant of the old gentleman, but had not before suspected him of tale-telling. Without doubt Mrs. Courtenay's recent neglect had sorely grieved the old gentleman. He died upon her, indulged her in very whim and fancy, and like many an aged husband who has on this drive I saw an occasion to obtain knowledge, and seized it. Short, although a well trained servant, was communicative. The shock he had sustained in discovering his master dead ten years' service he was devoted to his master, but from the remarks he let drop during our drive I detected that he entertained a strong dislike of the old gentleman's young wife. He was, of course, well aware of my affection for Ethelwynn and carefully concealed his antipathy toward her, an antipathy which I somehow felt convinced existed. He regarded both sisters with equal mistrust.

Shortly afterward we heard the wheels of a cab outside, and a few minutes later were joined by a police inspector in uniform and an officer in plain clothes. In a few brief sentences I explained to them the tragic circumstances, and then led them upstairs to the dead man's room. After a cursory glance around, they went forth again upon the landing, in order to await the arrival of two other plain-clothes officers who had come round on foot, one of them the sergeant of the criminal investigation department attached to the Kew station. Then, after giving orders to the constable on the beat to station himself at the door and allow no one to enter or leave without permission, the three detectives and the inspector entered the room where the dead man lay.

CHAPTER VI. In Which I Make a Discovery. Having explained who I was I followed the men in and assisted them in making a careful and minute examination of the place. Search for the weapon with which the crime had been committed proved fruitless; hence it was plain that the murderer had carried it away. There were no signs whatever of a struggle, and nothing to indicate that the blow had been struck by any burglar with a motive of silencing the prostrate man. "Yes, but every hour is of consequence in a matter of this sort," remarked the sergeant. "Look here, Davidson," he added, turning to one of the plain clothes men, "just go round to the station and send a wire to the Yard, asking for extra assistance. They'll probably send down Franks or Moreland. If I'm not mistaken, there's a good deal more in this mystery than meets the eye."

The man addressed obeyed promptly and left. "What do you know of the servants here?" asked the inspector of the constable. "Not much, sir. Sixty-eight walks out with the cook, I've heard. She's a respectable woman. Her father's a lighterman at Kew bridge. I know 'em all here by sight, of course. But there's nothing against them to my knowledge, and I've been a constable in this subdivision for eighteen years."

"The man—what's his name—Short. Do you know him?" "Yes, sir. I've often seen him in the Star and Garter at Kew bridge." "Drinks?" "Not much, sir. He was fined over at Brentford six months ago for letting a dog go uncollared. His greatest friend is one of the gardeners at the palace—a man named Burford, a most respectable fellow."

"Then there's no suspicion of anyone, as yet?" remarked the inspector, with an air of dissatisfaction. In criminal mysteries the police often bungle from the outset, and to me it appeared as though, having no clue, they were bent on manufacturing one. I felt in my vest pocket and touched the little object with a feeling of secret satisfaction. How I longed to be alone for five minutes in order to investigate it. The inspector having dismissed the constable and sent him back to his post to unlock the door for the detective to pass into the drawing room, I had been down below, the door of a small fireproof safe built into the wall.

"Is it locked?" inquired the inspector. "The man after trying the knob and examining the keyhole, replied in the affirmative. "Keeps his deeds and jewelry there, I suppose," remarked one of the other detectives. "He seems to have been very afraid of burglars. I wonder whether he had any reason for that?" "Like many old men he was a trifle eccentric," I replied. "Thieves once broke into his country house years ago, I believe, and he therefore entertained a horror of them."

We all examined the keyhole of the safe, but there was certainly no evidence to show that it had been tampered with. On the contrary, the little oval brass plate which closed the hole was rusty, and had not been touched apparently by a human hand. While they were searching in other parts of the room I directed my attention to the position and appearance of my late patient. He was lying on his right side with one arm slightly raised, in quite a natural attitude for one sleeping. His features, although the pallor of death was upon them, and they were relaxed, showed no signs of suffering. The blow had been unerring, and had no doubt penetrated to the heart. The crime had been committed swiftly, and the murderer had escaped unseen and unheard. The sideboard, a rich one of Gobelins blue satin, had scarcely been disturbed, and save for the small spot of blood upon the sheet, traces of a terrible crime were in no way apparent.

While, however, I stood at the bedside, at the same spot most probably where the murderer had stood, I suddenly felt something uneven beneath the sole of my boot and the carpet. So intent was I upon the examination I was not attracted by it; but on stepping on it a second time I looked down and saw something white, which I quickly picked up. The instant I saw it I closed my hand and hid it from view. Then I glanced furtively around, and seeing that my action had been unobserved, I quickly transferred it to my vest pocket, covering the movement by taking out my watch to glance at it.

I confess that my heart beat quickly, and in all probability the color at that moment had left my face, for I had by sheer accident discovered a clue. To examine it there was impossible—for of such a character was it that I had no intention, as yet, to arouse the suspicions of the police. I intended at the earliest moment to apprise my friend, Ambler Jevons, of the facts, and with him pursue an entirely independent inquiry. "I have no suspicion of anyone at present," I answered. "Let the police search the place, and they may discover something which will furnish them with a clue."

I noticed some telegraph forms in the stationer's rack on a small writing table, and taking one scribbled a couple of lines to Sir Bernard at Home, informing him of the mysterious affair. This I folded and placed in my pocket, in readiness for the reopening of the telegraph office at 8 o'clock.

"Four-sixty-two, lock that door and come up here a moment." "Yes, sir," answered a gruff voice from below, and in a few moments the constable entered, closing the door after him. "How many times have you passed this house on your beat tonight, four-sixty-two?" inquired the inspector. "About eight, sir. My boat's along the Richmond Road—from the Lion Gate down to the Museum, and then around the back streets."

"I saw a man come out of this hurriedly soon after I came on duty. I was standing on the opposite side under the wall of the gardens. The woman down stairs let him out, and told him to fetch the doctor quickly."

"Ah! Short, the servant," I observed. "Where is he?" asked the inspector, while the detective with the ready notebook scribbled down the name. "He came to fetch me, and Miss Mivart has now sent him to fetch her sister. He was the first to make the discovery."

"Oh, was he?" exclaimed the detective sergeant, with some suspicion. "It's rather a pity that he's been sent out again. He might be able to tell us something."

"He'll be back in an hour, I should think. It's quite a quarter of eight past 11 when I heard the noise, for the church clock struck almost immediately afterward. The sound of the movement was such as I had never before heard at night and at first I felt frightened. But I always lock my door, therefore I felt secure. The noise was just like someone creeping along very slowly, with one foot creaking."

"But if it was so loud that you could hear it with your door closed, it is strange that no one else heard it," the detective sergeant remarked dubiously. "I don't care what anybody else heard, I heard it quite plainly. The girl asserted that 'How long did it continue?' asked the detective. "Oh, only just as though someone was stealing along the corridor. We often hear movements at nights, because Short is always astray at 2 o'clock giving the master his medicine. If it hadn't been for the creaking I should not have taken notice of it. But I lay quite wide awake for over half an hour—until Short came banging at our doors and telling us to get up at once, as we were wanted downstairs."

"Well, exclaimed the inspector, 'now I want to ask all of you a very simple question, and wish to obtain an honest and truthful reply. Was any door or window left unfastened when you went to bed?'" "No, sir," the cook replied promptly. "I always go round and see, and I saw that everything was fastened."

"The front door, for example?" "I bolted it at Miss Ethelwynn's orders." "At what time?" "One o'clock. She told me to wait up till then, and if mistress did not return I was to lock up and go to bed."

"Then the tragedy must have been enacted about half an hour later?" "I think so, sir." "You haven't examined the doors and windows to see if any have been forced?" "As far as I can see they are just as I left them when I went to bed, sir."

"That's strange—very strange," remarked the inspector, turning to us. "We must make an examination and satisfy ourselves." The point was one that was most important in the conduct of the inquiry. If all doors and windows were still locked, then the assassin was one of that strange household. Led by the cook, the officers began a round of the lower premises. One of the detectives borrowed the constable's bullseye, and accompanied by a second officer, went outside to make an examination of the window sashes, while we remained inside, assisting them in their search for any marks.

Ethelwynn had been called aside by one of the detectives and was answering questions addressed to her, therefore, for an instant I found myself alone. It was the moment I had been waiting for to secretly examine the clue I had obtained. I was near the door of the morning room and for a second slipped inside and switched on the electric light. Then I took from my vest pocket the tiny little object I had found and carefully examined it. My heart stood still. My eyes riveted themselves upon it. The mystery was solved. I alone knew the truth! (To be Continued.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. GENEVA, Nov. 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: Please inform me if the Venezuelan minister to this country is and the proper way to address a letter so that he will get it. FRED TAGGERT. Ans.—Address your letter to Senor Don Augusto F. Pulido, Venezuelan charge d'affaires, The Cochran, Washington, D. C. No answers by mail. PORT CROOK, Neb., Nov. 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: Please inform me how the Columbus fair is getting on. How many times Mollineux has been tried. Ans.—Mollineux was tried twice. Was first found guilty and sentenced to death. AMES, Ia., Nov. 12.—To the Editor of The Bee: Kindly answer a couple of questions for me in regard to the intercollegiate regatta held at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., each year. Who was the winner during the last five years, 1898-1902? Has not the University of Pennsylvania won three consecutive years in the last five years? FRANK J. HUGHES. Ans.—Pennsylvania won the varsity race at Poughkeepsie in 1898, 1899 and 1900. Cornell won in 1901 and 1902. No answers by mail. Mortality Statistics. The following births and deaths were reported to the Board of Health during the twenty-four hours ending Saturday noon: Births—Vratilsky Kralkick, 1438 South Fifteenth street, girl; Otto Olkiet, 1066 South Fifteenth street, girl; W. H. Henry, 37 North Seventeenth street, boy; Bernell Spencer, 1115 Pacific avenue, girl. Deaths—Rastus F. Ricker, 2301 Spencer street, aged 79 years; Anna J. Kincaid, 715 Pacific street, aged 1 day; Estimone Leham, 1015 South Eleventh street, aged 73 years; Baby Gillespie, 1015 South Twentieth street, aged 5 days; Fred Gaus, Douglas County hospital, aged 35 years.

The new kind of General Arthur cigars will please you if you care for good cigars.

NEW PRESIDENT FOR BRAZIL

Brilliant Festivities and Imposing Hall Mark Inauguration of the Chief Executive. RIO JANEIRO, Nov. 15.—There were brilliant festivities here today in honor of the inauguration of President Dr. Rodrigues Alves. They included an imposing procession and a ball, at which the officers of the United States battleship Iowa, and of the British Portuguese, French and Argentine warships in the waters, were present. On Monday there will be a great festival on board Iowa and President Alves and his suite, accompanied by United States Consul General Seeger, will visit Iowa, where Admiral Sumner, Minister Bryan and Captain Perry will receive.

The new cabinet is as follows: Minister of foreign affairs, Baron Rio Branco. Minister of the treasury, Senator Bulhoesa. Minister of war, Field Marshal Argolla. Minister of the navy, Admiral Noronha. Minister of justice and of the interior, Senator Seabra. Minister of industry, communications and public works, Senator Mueller.

AMERICAN GIRL MAKES A HIT

Warmly Praised by Critics in Her Initial Performance of "Carmen." (Copyright, 1902, by Press Publishing Co.) DRESDEN, Saxony, Nov. 15.—(New York World Cablegram—Special Telegram.)—Miss Belle Applegate, a native of Louisville, Ky., made her debut here this week and scored a remarkable triumph as Carmen. Dr. Boehk, a renowned critic of opera, says: "She displayed the true, sensitive, southern temperament, while her voice was marked with great skill and taste." The king of Saxony sent for her the next morning and personally congratulated her on the enthusiasm her performance had worked up. She was repeatedly called before the curtain and retired nearly smothered with flowers.

The Neueste Nachrichten published a rather scurrilous notice of her performance and that evening the editor received a card with a Bohemian name on it. Then a man, who evidently was an American student, armed with a stick, was ushered into the editorial sanctum and immediately attacked the editor. The latter defended himself vigorously and wrested the stick from his assailant's hands, who shortly afterward rushed out of the office minus his hat and with his clothing torn. The editor, however, was badly beaten, too.

MAY COPY AMERICAN IDEA

English Admiralty Considers Advantages of Adopting Parts of Naval Measure. LONDON, Nov. 15.—The admiralty is considering the advisability of taking an important leaf out of the American's navy book. It is said that the department is likely to adopt a plan by which engineers serving will retire with an honorary line rank, but that in the future engineers will be selected from the cadets of the training ship Britannia, under the system employed at Annapolis, and thereafter will hold executive rank.

CUTS IN ON BREAKFAST BILL

Rise in Price of Bacon a Serious Affair in British Household Economics. (Copyright, 1902, by Press Publishing Co.) LONDON, Nov. 15.—(New York World Cablegram—Special Telegram.)—Bacon at breakfast is an elemental institution in England as the monarchy, which has long compelled to forego their favorite owing to the operations of the American trust, which is steadily sending the price above what the average man can afford to pay. Alphonse Daudet attributed the solidity of the British character to the dyspeptic effects of the perennial bacon and eggs for breakfast. Nevertheless, the race is wedded to the dish, and grumble loudly because it is placed beyond reach. Bacon is 25 per cent dearer than it was a year ago, and the price is rising every day. This really is the form in which American competition is most bitterly resented, as it strikes every household and provoked animosity everywhere.

WINTER BATHING IN THE SEA

Wealthy Russian Princess Takes to Cold Baths with a Vengeance. (Copyright, 1902, by Press Publishing Co.) ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 15.—(New York World Cablegram—Special Telegram.)—Princess Obolenski, handsome, 40, belonging to the wealthiest Boyar (highest aristocratic) family and kinswoman of the czar, has rented a large hotel at Zoppot, a bathing resort on the Baltic sea, and intends to keep it open all winter so she may have sea baths three times a day. When the Baltic is frozen she means to bathe in a covered pool, where the water will be kept at a temperature just above the freezing point. She believes she has discovered the secret of perpetual youth, but the doctors say she will soon tire of the severe custom.

Trying to Buy British Bonds.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—The Westminster Gazette today revives the report that Americans are trying to buy British railroads. The paper says it hears that an American syndicate has offered to purchase the Great Central, that the negotiations are still in progress and that if they are successful the road will be electrified throughout.

Woman Passes Male Rivals

Rose Caron Elected a Teacher in the Paris Conservatory of Music. (Copyright, 1902, by Press Publishing Co.) PARIS, Nov. 15.—(New York World Cablegram—Special Telegram.)—Rose Caron, who was a very popular singer at the Grand Opera and the Opera Comique some years ago, has just passed her masculine rivals and has been elected teacher of singing at the conservatory. This is the third time a woman has been elected to this position in the conservatory.

Take Oath of Office.

MADRID, Nov. 15.—The members of the new cabinet took the oath of office today.

KAISER WILLIAM HUSTLES

Keeps Everyone Moving During His Visit to the King of England. UNCLE EDWARD IS UNABLE TO KEEP UP. All England Wonders at the Friendship Between Emperor William and Lord Lansdale. (Copyright, 1902, by Press Publishing Co.) LONDON, Nov. 15.—(New York World Cablegram—Special Telegram.)—Emperor William's extraordinary activity has astonished everybody at Sandringham, where he is visiting his uncle, King Edward. Host and guests alike have been accustomed to passing the time there in half loafing, half energetic fashion, in which Englishmen delight in their country houses. But Emperor William has been up every morning at 5:30, has worked for three hours with secretaries, disposing of state dispatches; has breakfasted at 8:30, eating a substantial meal, and soon after 9 has been ready to start on a shooting expedition. He is accompanied by two of his own German jagers (hunters) dressed in their quaint costume, and when the birds have been on the wing he has kept them both busy loading guns. His shooting, especially at wild duck, has astonished the English sportsmen, some of whom are crack shots.

The emperor's only superior at this bird is the prince of Wales, who is one of the best duck shooters in England. King Edward has been left behind in the game by the emperor, who walks rapidly even on the roughest ground, often getting far ahead of the party. The prince of Wales, who is not robust, was utterly done up after his first day's shooting. King Edward, knowing what to expect, took a sturdy mountain pony to carry him around. The emperor is exceedingly impatient. One day he gave up pheasant shooting because the beaters did not get birds up fast enough to keep him employed.

Admires Strong Drink.

At 1:30 p. m. each day he has a hearty luncheon of game pie, cold meats and vegetables, washing them down with two large bottles of stout. He never touches whisky and detests very sprightly wine, but while listening to the most brilliant entertainments he has smoked a good deal despite his recent rule, and has absorbed several schooners of German beer especially imported for him. Shooting has stopped each day at 3:30 p. m., and, during the English afternoon tea, the kaiser has again taken up work with his secretaries for two hours before dinner, dealing with dispatches delivered during the day.

The evenings have been given up to conversation, the emperor choosing from among the guests the most interesting men and women, though he has not troubled much about the latter, taking very little notice of the beauties in the party. He is "terribly serious," everybody says, and, though courteously agreeable in his ordinary conversation, he has a confounding manner, wholly unbecoming King Edward, whose whole aim is to put everybody at ease, and do all possible for his guests' enjoyment.

Entertaining Emperor William is looked upon as something of a strain, King Edward, who was indolent, is mostly in his efforts, got very much fatigued before many days were over. The queen took to her room with a cold and only went on one shooting expedition. Next week the emperor will go to Lower castle, one of the finest pseudo-feudal mansions in England, next to Windsor. Elaborate preparations have been made for his recreation and above all to keep inquisitive persons at a distance.

The friendship between Emperor William and Lord Lansdale is an enigma to everybody, who is indelibly impressed by the sport, resembling the emperor only in prodigious physical energy. He has no intellectual pretensions, is no politician and is absolutely unaffected in manner. The last time the emperor visited him he spent nearly £250,000, it is asserted, in preparations and festivities which were in far more regal style than anything attempted, or, indeed, possible, at Sandringham.

BANISHES THE CLAUQUEURS

Big French Theater Displaces with Service of Hired Applause for Players. (Copyright, 1902, by Press Publishing Co.) PARIS, Nov. 15.—(New York World Cablegram—Special Telegram.)—Claqueurs have been banished from the Comedie Francaise. Henceforth the actors will depend solely on their audiences for applauding, and there will no longer resound from the back row of the orchestra such a faint murmur of "claque, claque" of paid hands. All the world but one seems to have accepted this gracefully. This is the chief of the claque, who has sent a lawyer to Manager Claretie of the Comedie Francaise to say that for seventeen years he has performed what he calls "claque functions" with "zeal and loyalty," is now 55 years old and not fitted for anything else, and that a pension of \$5,000 be granted him. As chief of claque he got \$20 a month and \$4 extra for each night he served.

MAY TAKE TOYS AND GO HOME

Roumanian Minister Indignant at Front from Lord Mayor of London. (Copyright, 1902, by Press Publishing Co.) LONDON, Nov. 15.—(New York World Cablegram—Special Telegram.)—Lord Mayor Samuel has chafed something of a strain in the diplomatic world by having published a statement that he refrained from inviting the Roumanian minister to the Guildhall banquet to meet the cabinet ministers as a protest against the continued persecutions of the Hebrews in Roumania. The Roumanian minister has complained that the light has been thrown upon him. He may demand that the king of Roumania grant him his recall. That Lord Mayor Samuel was technically in the wrong in making this discrimination and then publishing the fact is admitted, but sympathy is entirely with him.

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