

WHY BATHURST FAILED

Inspector Bathurst was seated in his room at Scotland Yard with a bundle of official-looking documents before him. The great detective had been instructed to take up the Baker Street mystery, and he was going through the papers once more preparatory to beginning his investigations, when the door of his room was gently pushed open and a young officer entered.

"Can you spare me a few minutes, sir?"

"Certainly, Forrester. Come in." Then the detective pointed to a chair. "Sit down, my boy, and make yourself comfortable, while I get these papers in order."

Presently the great Bathurst drew his chair nearer the fire. "Now, Forrester, I am at your service. What can I do for you?"

"I want to speak to you with reference to the Bridgecroft murder case. You remember the circumstances, sir?"

"Quite well," said Bathurst, after a pause; "but you know the whole thing was shelved long ago. It was a miserable failure so far as I was concerned. Forrester, although I did my best to trace the whereabouts of Lord Dunmeed after his escape from Barkmoor."

"I know, sir, and that is why I am here to-night, for I think I have found out something that may interest you. As you are aware, I have been engaged for some considerable time at the Bank of England in connection with the recent frauds, and one day last week I saw a gentleman in the act of exchanging a bank-note. Somehow his features seemed familiar to me; and I watched him as he counted the sovereigns which he received from the cashier in exchange for the note. Then, with a hurried 'Good morning,' he turned to the door. All this time my mind was trying to fix him, for I felt confident he had been through my fingers at one time or another, but do what I would I could not recollect. However, as he reached the door a clumsy messenger-boy came rushing in and pitched into the gentleman. Both fell to the floor and the man's silk hat was knocked off. He quickly scrambled to his feet, but in his excitement to recover his hat a wig of false hair fell from his head and I saw his face again."

"Yes, yes!" broke in Bathurst, excitedly. "And did you recognize him?"

"Yes, sir—at least I thought I did. But listen! I wanted to make sure of my man, so I followed him. After leaving the Bank he visited several shops in the Strand, and then made his way to Paddington Station, where he took a first-class ticket for Sudbury. On reaching the platform I saw him enter the left-luggage office, and presently he emerged with a portmanteau in his hand. Simultaneously the South Coast express ran into the station, and I saw my man enter a first-class carriage which was marked 'Reserved.' Like a flash I hurried back to the booking-office. Third for Sudbury, please," I shouted to the clerk; and five minutes later I was being whirled towards the little fishing village, which was situated in a remote part of Cornwall. On reaching Liskeard, a porter informed me that I would have to change for Sudbury. I almost stumbled over him in my hurry to get out of the train and rushed up the platform until I reached the reserved carriage in which my man had travelled, but to my disappointment I found that he had already disappeared. I walked up and down the platform, looking into the waiting and refreshment rooms, but all to no purpose—my bird had flown. It was most provoking, and I cursed my stupidity for allowing the man to get away so quickly. Just then, however, a young fellow, who from his dress appeared to be a seafaring man, approached one of the porters and inquired when the next train would leave for Sudbury."

"There is one due in a few minutes," replied the porter. Then the man hastened to the other end of the platform, and presently I saw him coming back with a portmanteau. I thought it strange, for he didn't look the sort of man to carry a portmanteau about, and I watched him more out of curiosity than anything else. As he passed me, my eyes rested upon the bag, and I was struck by the similarity it bore to the one my man had in his possession at Paddington. Meanwhile the sailor had gone into the left-luggage office, and when he came out a few minutes later I noticed the bag was missing. Somehow I felt certain there was a mystery about that bag, but how to get at it puzzled me, and to make matters worse the Sudbury train was already entering the station. However, my curiosity was now fully aroused, and I rushed into the left-luggage office."

"Have you a portmanteau here for a man named Thompson? Please hurry up, for I want to catch this train."

"The clerk fussed about among the luggage. 'I don't see anything here,' he said, 'but come inside and look for yourself.'"

"I didn't need a second invitation, for I had already spotted the portmanteau. 'What's this?' I said, turning over the label."

"That isn't it," replied the clerk.

"Are you quite sure?" I said. "It looks like it."

"A sailor has only just left that with instructions to send it on to Sudbury by a later train. See," he added, turning the label over, "it is addressed to Luke Raymond, The Cottage, Sudbury."

"Take your seats for Sudbury!" rang out a voice on the platform, and I ran out just in time to get a seat in a third smoker. On arriving at my destination I hurried out of the train, and to my surprise the seafaring man was doing exactly the same thing. Of course, I had to exercise a little discretion, but eventually I tracked him to the cottage up the hill, and later I found out that his name was Luke Raymond."

"Then I went back to Sudbury station and inquired about the luggage, for I wanted to see that portmanteau again if possible."

"Where is it coming from?" inquired the clerk.

"Liskeard!" I replied.

"There's nothing here yet, but possibly it will come by the nine express."

"Thanks," I said; "I will look in again about that time."

"I then went to the Royal Hotel, where I ordered a bed, and returned to the station just as the nine o'clock train came in. It was quite dark, but I made my way to the luggage van, and presently I saw Raymond's portmanteau. The guard was too busy to notice me, so when it was placed on the platform I picked it up and examined it with the aid of a porter's lamp. I wanted to see if there was anything on it to show that it had been deposited in the left-luggage office at Paddington. I turned it over, but there was nothing to help me, and I was in the act of putting it back with the other luggage when the bag suddenly opened and some of the contents fell out."

"What are you doing with that bag?" cried an angry voice behind me. "I turned quickly and found myself confronted by the seafaring man, who was regarding me with a dangerous look in his eyes."

"I am awfully sorry," I said, "but the truth is, I am expecting a portmanteau to-night, and thinking this was the one I turned it over to look at the name. I am really very sorry for the mistake, and I bent down to pick up some of the things which had fallen out of the bag, one of which I noticed was a small parcel, and I could see it bore the name of a jeweller. My man had visited in the Strand after he had left the Bank of England. It is very strange, I thought, as I handed the parcel to the man, but he appeared to be somewhat put out, so I turned away. I had not proceeded many yards, however, before he caught me up."

"Look here, sir," he said. "I am afraid I was rather abrupt about the bag, but you will understand that when I saw you, as I thought, turning out the contents I was very much annoyed."

"I soon found the sailor wasn't a bad sort to get on with after all, and as we passed out of the station and reached the front the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane."

"It is a breezy little spot, sir," added the man as he made me good night, but just as the moment the wind caught his hat, and away it went towards the sea. The man dropped the bag and tried to recover it, but not before something else fell from his head, which I hastily picked up and pushed into my pocket. When he came back he was minus both hat and wig. Then I knew that my journey to Sudbury had not been made in vain, and I feel confident, from the further investigations I have been able to make, that your old friend Lord Dunmeed is masquerading as Luke Raymond in the picturesque little village of Sudbury."

Inspector Bathurst was strangely agitated as Forrester finished his recital, and when he spoke again his voice was quite husky.

"Have you told anyone else of your adventure, Forrester?"

"No, sir; for I knew how keenly you felt your failure at the time Lord Dunmeed so mysteriously disappeared, and I thought I would just come back and mention the matter to you privately. Nay, I even thought you would like to go down to Sudbury yourself and make sure of your man."

"No! Forrester, although I greatly appreciate your kindness, I cannot go down to Sudbury."

Forrester looked at his chief in amazement. "I am afraid I don't understand you, sir. I remember you once told me that you would gladly have given five years of your life to capture No. 51. I think that was Lord Dunmeed's number at Barkmoor."

"Yes, you are right," said Bathurst, dreamily, "but, you see, I hadn't seen her then."

"Seen her?" reiterated Forre-

ster. "Why, sir, I didn't know there was a lady in the case."

"But there was, Forrester. Listen, my boy, and I will tell you why I failed to capture No. 51. You are already acquainted with the circumstances. How Lord Dunmeed was found guilty of murdering his friend. His sentence to death at the Old Bailey, which was eventually commuted to one of penal servitude for life. Then followed his removal to Barkmoor, and, finally, his escape. You will remember, no doubt, how hurriedly I was dispatched to the convict establishment with instructions to run him down at any cost, and you know I failed. All the world knows I failed, but—but, Forrester, I didn't really fail. After weeks and weeks of hard work I tracked my man. It wasn't quite as exciting an adventure as yours seems to have been, but I did at last unearth him, and, strange as it may seem to you, it was in the little village of Sudbury, on the Devonshire coast. He had just set up in business as a boatman, and I got him to take me out fishing. For a whole week we had a splendid time together, and then one night the climax came. I had received an urgent message recalling me to town, and I determined that my friend was to travel with me. We had made the boat secure, and were sauntering quietly along the beach, when I told him that I was returning to London that night."

"You didn't expect to go back so soon, did you, sir?"

"No. It is rather unexpected, I said, and I am sorry to say I must ask you to accompany me."

"The man looked at me in a dazed sort of way. 'Surely there is some mistake,' he muttered. 'Why do you want me to go back with you?'"

"My name is Bathurst," I replied. "Now do you understand?"

"He laughed bitterly. 'I thought so,' he added, after a pause, 'for somehow I have had my suspicions all along. I knew it would come one of these days, but Heaven help me!'"

"Then I got the whole story of the crime out of him, but it would take me too long to go into that now, Forrester. Sufficient to say that I believed—nay, was positively convinced—that he was innocent of the murder, and I told him that I would do all I could to help him to clear his name, but that he must go back with me to London."

"What time are you going?" he inquired anxiously.

"By the nine-thirty," I replied. "He took out his watch. 'We have just an hour. I suppose you will allow me to see my wife?'"

"Yes, I have no objection to that," I said, and I accompanied him to the little cottage up the hill."

"The boatman gently mistreated the kitchen door. 'You'll come in, sir, won't you? I expect my wife is upstairs with the children. Then he pointed to a chair. 'Make yourself as comfortable as you can while I go and tell her, but simultaneously another door opened and I saw a beautiful young woman enter the kitchen. Her face was strangely familiar, and my mind was busily engaged trying to recall when and where I had last seen her; then quite suddenly it all came back, and I remembered it was during the trial at the Old Bailey. Every day she used to sit under the dock so as to be as near as possible to the prisoner. I was told at the time that she was a well-known society lady who was engaged to Lord Dunmeed. But what is she doing here, I wondered."

"It is possible that she is Luke Raymond's wife—and my eyes were more rested upon the sweet, pathetic face, as I heard her mutter: 'Luke! Luke! Why, I thought I heard his voice.'"

"Then she seemed to be feeling her way about the kitchen, but the next moment she stumbled over a chair."

"Good heavens! Raymond, she's blind!"—and I went to her assistance, but the boatman was before me."

"Marjorie," he whispered, gathering her in his arms: "Marjorie, I am here, darling."

"At the sound of his voice the woman's face lit up with a happy smile."

"Oh, Luke! What has kept you so late to-night! The children have been waiting ever so long. Why, what is the matter?" she added, placing her fingers over the boatman's eyes. "Why, Luke, you are crying! Tell me! Oh, do please tell me—I can bear it. For the children's sake I will be strong. Luke—my husband, tell me! Have they found out the truth?"

"Raymond looked across to where I stood near the fire."

"For mercy's sake, man, tell her. Tell her who you are."

"I tried to speak, but the words wouldn't come, for something had risen in my throat and almost choked me. I simply couldn't do it. Forrester, so I turned towards the fire and pulled out of my pocket the official document which I had carried about so long and put in on the blazing embers. The boatman watched me with a bewildered look."

"For Heaven's sake, speak! I can't stand the suspense any longer."

"It's all right, Raymond," I said, making my way to the door. "I find I've made a mistake."

"A mistake!" repeated the boatman, credulously.

"Yes, Raymond, a mistake. I may be a hard man, but I believe you to be innocent, and it shall never be said that I was your wife's executioner; and before the astonished boatman could quite grasp my meaning I disappeared into the night."

"Now, Forrester, you know why Bathurst failed, but with you it is different. You are a promising young officer in the service, and it would be a disgrace for you to fail. When do you propose to go down and arrest Raymond?"

"The young officer's voice trembled as he walked across to where his chief sat."

"I think I too have made a mistake, sir. There is no need for me to go down to Sudbury now, for where the great Bathurst failed Forrester will never succeed!"—London Tit-Bits.

SOLDIER CONFESSED CRIME.

German Captain Was Shot by an Unknown.

The confession of an employee on the railway near Hanover promises to clear up the mystery of a murder which for months was the principal pre-occupation of German public opinion. On Jan. 21, 1901, Captain Von Kruel of the 11th Dragoons, who was something of a martinet and consequently not popular with his men, was exercising his squadron in the hippodrome at Gumbinnen, when a shot was heard and he fell from his horse dead. The bullet had struck him in the heart. A still smoking carbine was found outside the piling at the hippodrome, opposite a hole through which it had evidently been fired. The murderer, however, who, it was assumed from the outset, must be a man from the regiment, managed to mingle with his comrades before anyone could notice him in suspicious circumstances."

Two non-commissioned officers, Martin and Hinkel, were arrested, but though in one of the four trials that ensued the former was sentenced to death, both were finally acquitted and the affair was relegated to the storehouse of insoluble mysteries. The man who has confessed, Fischer by name, was in the 11th Dragoons at the time of the crime, but it remains to be seen whether he actually did the deed. His admissions were made while he was under the influence of liquor, and on regaining sobriety he was very anxious to recall them. The motive he gave for the murder was that Kruel had ordered him three days' arrest, and so spoiled his chances of being promoted to a non-commissioned officer."

Client—So you think that if I take the matter I've stated to court I shall win. Lawyer (scenting a big fee)—Unquestionably. I am prepared to guarantee I will get a verdict in your favor. Client—H'm! Then I don't think I'll go to law this time. You see the odds of the case I gave you is my opponent's."

IN LONELY ICELAND.

The People There Know What's Going on in the World.

A traveller in Iceland says that he journeyed more than fifty miles from the capital, Reykjavik, and saw but two or three farms in all that distance."

"During all this time," he says in the *Youths' Companion*, "I had not seen a sapling as big as a stalk of cat-o'-nine-tails. Extinct volcanoes surrounded us on every side. Dust storm swept down from their scarred sides. Distant gleams of glittering ice from the glaciers dazzled us when the sun shone upon them."

"But here, in a land where there is almost no fuel, and where few crops besides hay and turnips can be raised, in the land of the midnight sun in summer and the midday moon in winter, I found books and cheerful conversation, an outlook on life, and a knowledge of current events which I have not always found in populous cities."

"There are no schools, to be sure, outside of Reykjavik and one or two other small towns, for children cannot walk ten miles each way to a schoolhouse, and even such a schoolhouse would accommodate but two or three families. But the itinerant pedagogue goes about from house to house, carrying his store of learning with him, and leaving behind much intellectual stimulus and a desire to know what is going on beyond the bounds of the island."

"They were great chess players in the lonely farmhouse where we stayed and they were keen to play with us. Although my companion considered himself a fair chess player he was ignominiously beaten by the angular lady of the household. They had a Bible, too, and an Icelandic hymn book. We went away on our short visit to the lonely farmhouse of the Sog with the impression that the home life in the typical farms of Iceland might well be envied by dwellers in more favored climes."

HOME

CHICKEN.

Deviled Chicken.—Melt two tablespoonsful of butter, add two tablespoonsful of breadcrumbs, two cupfuls of finely chopped cooked chicken, and one-half cupful of rich, sweet cream. Stir until heated. Press two hard boiled eggs through a sieve and add with two tablespoonsful of chopped parsley, three drops of onion extract, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, take from fire, add curry powder, if liked, put into shells or individual soufflé dishes, cover with buttered breadcrumbs, and brown.

Chicken Soufflé.—Chicken with Mushroom Sauce.—Fine for a company luncheon or for a Sunday night company supper. Make a sauce with two cups of scalded milk, two tablespoons of butter rubbed smooth in two tablespoons of flour, one level teaspoon of salt, and one-fourth level teaspoon of pepper. Add one-half cup of stale breadcrumbs and cook ten minutes. Remove from the range, stir in two cups of cooked chicken chopped fine, one tablespoon minced parsley, the yolks of three eggs beaten light, and last fold in the whites of three eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Put in well buttered muffin tins, filling about two-thirds full. Set the tins in a dripping pan, into which has been poured a little boiling water, and bake in a slow oven thirty-five minutes. Turn out on to the hot plates and serve with mushroom sauce. To make sauce melt butter, one-fourth cup, add one-fourth cup of flour, one and a half cups of chicken stock, one-half cup of cream, salt and pepper to taste. Cook five minutes, then add three-fourths cup of cooked and chopped mushrooms. When the mushrooms are hot the sauce is ready to serve.

DESSERT.

Suet Pudding.—A most delectable, inexpensive and easily made suet pudding. One cup of sugar, one of molasses, one of chopped suet, one of raisins, one of currants, two of milk or cold coffee, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one of soda, one-half of cloves, one-half of nutmeg, one-half of salt, and flour to make a batter about as stiff as ordinary cake, probably three cups. Add suet and fruit last. This batter can be prepared and set in a cake place, and only as much steamed as a time as may be needed. This is better than steaming all at once and reheating. This makes about two quarts, enough to make three good puddings. Steam in dish, set inside of steamer for from two to three hours. Serve with sauce made as follows: One tablespoon of butter, one of flour creamed together. Pour boiling water on this, stirring briskly until well cooked and smooth, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, and any desired flavoring may be added.

Hazel Nut Tart.—Nine eggs, three-fourths pound of sugar, one-half pound shelled hazelnuts ground, four ladyfingers. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Bake slowly.

Date Custard.—Crumbs one-quarter pound macaroons; cut up one-half pound dates in rather fine pieces. Make custard of two eggs, two cups milk, three-quarters cup sugar, one teaspoon vanilla, and two level tablespoons cornstarch. Butter pudding dish put in layer of crumbs, then layer of dates, and so on till all has been used. Pour custard over all and bake in slow oven until custard is set. Serve portions with whipped cream.

Frost Pudding.—Sweeten and whip stiff one pint cream. Blanch and chop fine one teaspoon almonds, one dozen stale macaroons crumbled fine; pour over just enough sherry wine to moisten. For a mold use one of the fluted, round folding tins for baking bread. Fill each side about half full of the cream, sprinkle over part of the almonds. Fill in more cream, then the crumbled macaroons, and over them another layer of almonds, then the rest of the cream. Clamp the two halves together and wrap in oiled paper, so as to avoid melted ice from seeping in, as this pudding is to be packed in ice and salt and frozen solid. Remove from the mold by wrapping around the tin for an instant a cloth wrung out of hot water, and place on a long flat dish or platter.

Hasty Pudding.—One cup of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, one tablespoon of melted shortening, three tablespoons of sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, one-half cup currants, one-half cup cold water or sweet milk, a pinch of salt. Steam half an hour. Serve with sauce as above.

CAKES.

Potato Caramel Cake.—Three-quarters cup of butter, two cups granulated sugar, two cups flour, one cup hot mashed potatoes, one-half cup sweet milk, four eggs, two teaspoons baking powder, one cup of grated chocolate or two squares melted, one cup chopped English walnuts, one teaspoon each of cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg, half as much if preferred. Cream butter and sugar, add yolks of the eggs, add the milk, potatoes, spices and chocolate, sift the baking powder in the flour and beat the egg whites to a stiff froth. Stir the sifted flour into the batter, and lastly, beat in the whites of eggs. The nuts are added just before the cake goes into tins. A nut cake is always of finer flavor if nuts are put in last. This makes a large loaf.

Cake Filling.—To one cup thick sour cream add one cup chopped hickorynut meats (the soft shelled kind), two even tablespoonsful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of vanilla, and the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Stir well and let set over night, when it is ready to fill layers of any good white cake.

Almond Cake.—Two cups flour, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, three eggs, two large teaspoons baking powder; bake in layers. Filling: One-half cup sugar, one-quarter pound chopped blanched almonds; do not cook.

SALAD.

Grapefruit Salad.—Remove the tops from six green peppers, take out the seeds, fill the peppers with grapefruit pulp, finely cut celery, and English walnut meats, mixed with mayonnaise dressing. Use half as much celery as grapefruit and three English walnuts to each pepper.

Sardine Salad.—One box best sardines, twelve small salt pickles, four square crackers, chop all together, moisten with juice of half a lemon. Delicious served on round pieces of toast as an appetizer at dinner or as a salad on lettuce leaves.

Cranberry Salad.—Cranberry salad serves with roast meat. Allow one package of gelatin to soak in one pint of cold water until dissolved. Pour over this two quarts of boiling cranberry juice, adding juice of one lemon, one-quarter teaspoon salt. Sugar to taste, and when cool one cup black walnut meats and one cup of celery chopped fine.

Japanese Oranges.—The little conquards, or Japanese oranges, make a delicious salad and they can be purchased for 20 cents per box at present. Place a lettuce leaf on an individual salad plate, then slice the conquards and lay them over it, garnishing with pecan meat. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

USEFUL HINTS.

Put grated cheese in soup if the flavor is poor.

Iron chaffin with tissue paper over it, and with only a moderately hot iron.

Try dredging a little flour over the cake before icing to prevent the icing running.

When cake-making do not open the oven door often or shake the cake in any way till set.

In dry cake roses try mixing almond and rose together as a flavor for angel food cake.

When beating eggs for a pudding, add the sugar to them, and not to the other ingredients.

A nice garnish for braised beef consists of springs of boiled cauliflower and baked tomatoes.

A bowl of slaked lime in a cup board or closet will quickly absorb any moisture there may be.

Carbonate of soda, when used for cakes, should be added to the milk, which should be tepid.

If feather pillows have an unpleasant odor place before the fire and give them a thorough drying.

Loaf cakes or tarts, when returned to the oven after icing, require only sufficient heat to harden the sugar.

Vegetables cooked in a steamer are supposed to be more nourishing than those cooked in the ordinary way.

When washing red-bordered covers or quilts, dissolve a little borax in the water in order to preserve the color.

Salt for table use should be mixed with a small quantity of corn flour to prevent its forming into lumps.

It is not generally known that if a lemon is warmed before squeezing nearly double the quantity of juice will be obtained.

To prevent sausages from bursting let them get hot through very gradually, and fry them over a slow fire till they are browned all over.

All cake-tins should be lined with evenly buttered paper before baking, and all rich cakes should have a sheet of paper placed on the top.

If when cooking bacon one is careful not to let the fat burn it may be kept for frying, and for fish will answer as well as the bacon itself.

Greasy silk or ribbons may be cleaned by rubbing them with magnesia or French chalk, and afterwards holding them before the fire. This will absorb the grease, afterwards the chalk can be brushed off.

Plants will grow more quickly if a few drops of ammonia be added once a week to the water with which they are watered. The water should be lukewarm, not colder than the atmosphere and the leaves of the plants should be kept free from dust by being sponged or syringed.