

The  
**Fenchurch  
Street  
Mystery**

**BARONESS ORCZY**

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#15

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*The Old Man in the Corner, a curious intellect who became the first notable “armchair detective” of fiction, was a brainchild of Baroness Emmuska Orczy (1865-1947), daughter of an aristocratic Hungarian family who relocated to London during her adolescence. Her parents wanted her to become a musician or painter, but young Emma’s real talent—storytelling—was revealed soon enough. While she is best remembered generally for her novel The Scarlet Pimpernel, her detective fiction earned her lasting respect among mystery aficionados.*

*“The Fenchurch Street Mystery,” the chronicle which introduced the Old Man to the reading public, appeared in the May 1901 issue of The Royal Magazine. The character was serialized in subsequent stories throughout 1901, 1902 and 1904. Baroness Orczy, who created other interesting sleuths (including Lady Molly, a Scotland Yard inspector), renewed the Old Man tales in the mid-1920s. In all, 38 short stories comprise the Old Man in the Corner canon.*

# The Fenchurch Street Mystery

## *DRAMATIS PERSONAE*

THE MAN who tells the story.

THE LADY JOURNALIST who listens to it.

WILLIAM KERSHAW (the supposed victim).

HIS WIFE.

FRANCIS SMETHURST (suspected murderer).

KARL MÜLLER (friend of Kershaw).

## I

**T**he man in the corner pushed aside his glass, and leant across the table.

“Mysteries!” he commented. “There is no such thing as a mystery in connection with any crime, provided intelligence is brought to bear upon its investigation.”

Astonished I looked over the top of my newspaper at him. Had I been commenting audibly upon the article which was interesting me so much? I cannot say; certain it is that the man over there had spoken in direct answer to my thoughts.

His appearance, in any case, was sufficient to tickle my fancy. I don't think I had ever seen anyone so pale, so thin, with such funny light-coloured hair, brushed very smoothly across the top of a very obviously bald crown. I smiled indulgently at him. He looked so timid and nervous as he fidgeted incessantly with a piece of string; his long, lean, and trembling fingers tying and untying it into knots of wonderful and complicated proportions.

“And yet,” I remarked kindly, but authoritatively, “this article, in an otherwise well-informed journal, will tell you that, even within the last year, no fewer than six crimes have completely baffled the police, and the perpetrators of them are still at large.”

“Pardon me,” he said gently, “I never for a moment ventured to suggest that there were no mysteries to the police; I merely remarked that there were none where intelligence was brought to bear upon the investigation of crime.”

“Not even in the Fenchurch Street *mystery*, I suppose,” I asked sarcastically.

“Least of all in the so-called Fenchurch Street *mystery*,” he replied quietly.

Now, the Fenchurch Street mystery, as that extraordinary crime had popularly been called, had puzzled, I venture to say, the brains of every thinking man and woman for the last twelve months. The attitude of that timid man in the corner, therefore, was peculiarly exasperating, and I retorted with sarcasm destined to completely annihilate my self-complacent interlocutor.

“What a pity it is, in that case, that you do not offer your priceless services to our misguided though well-meaning police.”

“Isn't it?” he replied with perfect good humour. “Well, you know, for one thing, I doubt if they would accept them; and in the second place, my inclinations and my duty would—were I to become an active member of the detective force—nearly always be in direct conflict. As often as not my sympathies go to the criminal who is clever and astute enough to lead our entire police force by the nose.

“I don't know how much of the case you remember,” he went on quietly. “It certainly, at first, began even to

puzzle me. On the 12th of last December a woman, poorly dressed, but with an unmistakable air of having seen better days, gave information at Scotland Yard of the disappearance of her husband, William Kershaw, of no occupation, and apparently of no fixed abode. She was accompanied by a friend—a fat, oily-looking German—and between them they told a tale which set the police immediately on the move.

“It appears that on the 10th of December, at about three o’clock in the afternoon, Karl Müller, the German, called on his friend, William Kershaw, for the purpose of collecting a small debt—some ten pounds or so—which the latter owed him. On arriving at the squalid lodging in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, he found William Kershaw in a wild state of excitement, and his wife in tears. Müller attempted to state the object of his visit, but Kershaw, with wild gestures, waved him aside, and—in his own words—flabbergasted him by asking him point-blank for another loan of two pounds, which sum, he declared, would be the means of a speedy fortune for himself and the friend who would help him in his need.

“After a quarter of an hour spent in obscure hints, Kershaw, finding the cautious German obdurate, decided to let him into the secret plan, which, he averred, would place thousands into their hands.”

Instinctively I had put down my paper; the mild stranger, with his nervous air and timid, watery eyes, had a peculiar way of telling his tale, which somehow fascinated me.

“I don’t know,” he resumed, “if you remember the story which the German told to the police, and which was corroborated in every detail by the wife or widow.

Briefly it was this: Some thirty years previously, Kershaw, then twenty years of age, and a medical student at one of the London hospitals, had a chum named Barker, with whom he roomed, together with another.

“The latter, so it appears, brought home one evening a very considerable sum of money, which he had won on the turf, and the following morning he was found murdered in his bed. Kershaw, fortunately for himself, was able to prove a conclusive alibi; he had spent the night on duty at the hospital; as for Barker, he had disappeared, that is to say, as far as the police were concerned, but not as far as the watchful eyes of his friend Kershaw—at least, so the latter said. Barker very cleverly contrived to get away out of the country, and, after sundry vicissitudes, finally settled down at Vladivostok, in Eastern Siberia, where, under the assumed name of Smethurst, he built up an enormous fortune by trading in furs.

“Now, mind you, every one knows Smethurst, the Siberian millionaire. Kershaw’s story that he had once been called Barker, and had committed a murder thirty years ago, was never proved, was it? I am merely telling you what Kershaw said to his friend the German and to his wife on that memorable afternoon of December the 10th.

“According to him, Smethurst had made one gigantic mistake in his clever career; he had on four occasions written to his late friend, William Kershaw. Two of these letters had no bearing on the case, since they were written more than twenty-five years ago, and Kershaw, moreover, had lost them—so he said—long ago. According to him, however, the first of these letters was written when Smethurst, alias Barker, had spent all the money he had obtained from the crime, and found himself destitute in New York.

“Kershaw, then in fairly prosperous circumstances, sent him a £10 note for the sake of old times. The second, when the tables had turned, and Kershaw had begun to go downhill. Smethurst, as he then already called himself, sent his whilom friend £50. After that, as Müller gathered, Kershaw had made sundry demands on Smethurst’s ever-increasing purse, and had accompanied these demands by various threats, which, considering the distant country in which the millionaire lived, were worse than futile.

“But now the climax had come, and Kershaw, after a final moment of hesitation, handed over to his German friend the last two letters purporting to have been written by Smethurst, and which, if you remember, played such an important part in the mysterious story of this extraordinary crime. I have a copy of both these letters here,” added the man in the corner as he took out a piece of paper from a very worn-out pocketbook, and, unfolding it very deliberately, he began to read:

SIR,

Your preposterous demands for money are wholly unwarrantable. I have already helped you quite as much as you deserve. However, for the sake of old times, and because you once helped me when I was in a terrible difficulty, I am willing to once more let you impose upon my good nature. A friend of mine here, a Russian merchant, to whom I have sold my business, starts in a few days for an extended tour to many European and Asiatic ports in his yacht, and has invited me to accompany him as far as England. Being tired of foreign parts, and desirous of seeing the old country once again after thirty years’ absence, I have decided to accept his invitation. I don’t know when we may actually be in Europe, but I

promise you that as soon as we touch a suitable port I will write to you again, making an appointment for you to see me in London. But remember that if your demands are too preposterous I will not for a moment listen to them, and that I am the last man in the world to submit to persistent and unwarrantable blackmailing.

I am, sir,

Yours truly,

FRANCIS SMETHURST

“The second letter was dated from Southampton,” he went on with absolute calm, “and, curiously enough, was the only letter which Kershaw professed to have received from Smethurst of which he had kept the envelope, and which was dated. It was quite brief,” he added, referring once more to his piece of paper.

DEAR SIR,

Referring to my letter of a few weeks ago, I wish to inform you that the *Tsarskoe Selo* will touch at Tilbury on Tuesday next, the 10th. I shall land there, and immediately go up to London by the first train I can get. If you like, you may meet me at Fenchurch Street Station, in the first-class waiting room in the late afternoon. Since I surmise that after thirty years' absence my face may not be familiar to you, I may as well tell you that you will recognize me by a heavy Astrakhan fur coat, which I shall wear, together with a cap of the same. You may then introduce yourself to me, and I will personally listen to what you might have to say.

Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS SMETHURST

“It was this last letter which had caused William Kershaw's excitement and his wife's tears. In the German's

own words, he was walking up and down the room like a wild beast, gesticulating wildly, and muttering sundry exclamations. Mrs. Kershaw, however, was full of apprehension. She mistrusted the man from foreign parts—who, according to her husband's story, had already one crime upon his conscience—who might, she feared, risk another, in order to be rid of a dangerous enemy. Woman-like, she thought the scheme a dishonorable one, for the law, she knew, is severe on the blackmailer.

“The assignation might be a cunning trap, in any case it was a curious one; why, she argued, did not Smethurst elect to see Kershaw at his hotel the following day? A thousand whys and wherefores made her anxious, but the fat German had been won over by Kershaw's visions of untold gold, held tantalisingly before his eyes. He had lent the necessary £2, with which his friend intended to tidy himself up a bit before he went to meet his friend the millionaire. Half an hour afterwards Kershaw had left his lodgings, and that was the last the unfortunate woman saw of her husband, or Müller, the German, of his friend.

“Anxiously his wife waited that night, but he did not return; the next day she seems to have spent in making purposeless and futile inquiries about the neighbourhood of Fenchurch Street; and on the 12th she went to Scotland Yard, gave what particulars she knew, and placed in the hands of the police the two letters written by Smethurst.”

## II

THE MAN IN THE CORNER had finished his glass of milk. His watery blue eyes looked across with evident satisfaction at my obvious eagerness and excitement.

"It was only on the 31st," he resumed after a while, "that a body, decomposed past all recognition, was found by two lightermen in the bottom of a disused barge. She had been moored at one time at the foot of one of those dark flights of steps which lead down between tall warehouses to the river in the East End of London. I have a photograph of the place here," he added, selecting one out of his pocket, and placing it before me.

"The actual barge, you see, had already been removed when I took this snapshot, but you will realize what a perfect place this alley is for the purpose of one man cutting another's throat in comfort, and without fear of detection. The body, as I said, was decomposed beyond all recognition; it had probably been there eleven days, but sundry articles such as a silver ring and a tie pin were recognisable and were identified by Mrs. Kershaw as belonging to her husband.

"She, of course, was loud in denouncing Smethurst, and the police had no doubt a very strong case against him, for two days after the discovery of the body in the barge, the Siberian millionaire, as he was already popularly called by enterprising interviewers, was arrested in his luxurious suite of rooms at the Hotel Cecil.

"To confess the truth, at this point, I was not a little puzzled. Mrs. Kershaw's story and Smethurst's letters had both found their way into the papers, and following my usual method—mind you, I am only an amateur, I try to reason out a case for the love of the thing—

I sought about for a motive for the crime, which the police declared Smethurst had committed. To effectually get rid of a dangerous blackmailer was the generally accepted theory. Well! did it ever strike you how paltry that motive really was?"

I had to confess, however, that it had never struck me in that light.

"Surely a man who had succeeded in building up an immense fortune by his own individual efforts was not the sort of fool to believe that he had anything to fear from a man like Kershaw. He must have *known* that Kershaw held no damning proofs against him—not enough to hang him, anyway. Have you ever seen Smethurst?" he added, as he once more fumbled in his pocketbook.

I replied that I had seen Smethurst's picture in the illustrated papers at the time; then he added, placing a small photograph before me:

"What strikes you most about the face?"

"Well, I think its strange, astonished expression, due to the total absence of eyebrows, and the funny foreign cut of the hair."

"So close that it almost looks as if it had been shaved. Exactly. That is what struck me most when I elbowed my way into the court that morning and first caught sight of the millionaire in the dock. He was a tall, soldierly-looking man, upright in stature, his face very bronzed and tanned. He wore neither moustache nor beard, his hair was cropped quite close to his head like a Frenchman's; but, of course, what was so very remarkable about him was that total absence of eyebrows and even eyelashes, which gave the face such a peculiar appearance—as you say, a perpetually astonished look.

“He seemed, however, wonderfully calm; he had been accommodated with a chair in the dock—being a millionaire—and chatted pleasantly with his lawyer, Sir Arthur Inglewood, in the intervals between the calling of the several witnesses for the prosecution; whilst during the examination of these witnesses he sat quite placidly, with his head shaded by his hand.

“Müller and Mrs. Kershaw repeated the story which they had already told to the police. I think you said that you were not curious enough to go to the court that day, and hear the case, so perhaps you have no recollection of Mrs. Kershaw. No? Ah, well! Here is a snapshot I managed to get of her once. That is her. Exactly as she stood in the box—over-dressed—in elaborate crape, with a bonnet which once had contained pink roses, and to which a remnant of pink petals still clung obtrusively amidst the deep black.

“She would not look at the prisoner, and turned her head resolutely towards the magistrate. I fancy she had been fond of that vagabond husband of hers: an enormous wedding ring encircled her finger, and that, too, was swathed in black. She firmly believed that Kershaw’s murderer sat there in the dock, and she literally flaunted her grief before him.

“I was indescribably sorry for her. As for Müller, he was just fat, oily, pompous, conscious of his own importance as a witness; his fat fingers, covered with brass rings, gripped the two incriminating letters, which he had identified. They were his passports, as it were, to a delightful land of importance and notoriety. Sir Arthur Inglewood, I think, disappointed him by stating that he had no questions to ask of him. Müller had been brimful of answers,

ready with the most perfect indictment, the most elaborate accusations against the bloated millionaire who had decoyed his dear friend Kershaw, and murdered him in Heaven knows what an out-of-the-way corner of the East End.

“After this, however, the excitement grew apace. Müller had been dismissed, and had retired from the court altogether, leading away Mrs. Kershaw, who had completely broken down.

“Constable D 21 was giving evidence as to the arrest, in the meanwhile. The prisoner, he said, had seemed completely taken by surprise, not understanding the cause or history of the accusation against him; however, when put in full possession of the facts, and realising, no doubt, the absolute futility of any resistance, he had quietly enough followed the constable into the cab. No one at the fashionable and crowded Hotel Cecil had even suspected that anything unusual had occurred.

“Then a gigantic sigh of expectancy came from everyone of the spectators. The ‘fun’ was about to begin. James Buckland, a porter at Fenchurch Street railway station, had just sworn to tell all the truth, etc. After all it did not amount to much. He said that at six o’clock in the afternoon of December the 10th, in the midst of one of the densest fogs he ever remembers, the 5:05 from Tilbury steamed into the station, being just about an hour late. He was on the arrival platform and was hailed by a passenger in a first-class carriage. He could see very little of him beyond an enormous black fur coat and a traveling cap of fur also.

“The passenger had a quantity of luggage, all marked *ES.*, and he directed James Buckland to place it all upon

a four-wheel cab, with the exception of a small handbag, which he carried himself. Having seen that all his luggage was safely bestowed, the stranger in the fur coat paid the porter, and telling the cabman to wait until he returned, he walked away in the direction of the waiting rooms, still carrying his small handbag.

“‘I stayed for a bit,’ added James Buckland, ‘talking to the driver about the fog and that, then I went about my business, seein’ that the local from Southend ’ad been signalled.’

“The prosecution insisted most strongly upon the hour when the stranger in the fur coat, having seen to his luggage, walked away toward the waiting rooms. The porter was emphatic: ‘It was not a minute later than 6:15,’ he averred.

“Sir Arthur Inglewood still had no questions to ask, and the driver of the cab was called.

“He corroborated the evidence of James Buckland as to the hour when the gentleman in the fur coat had engaged him, and having filled his cab in and out with luggage, had told him to wait. And cabby did wait. He waited in the dense fog—until he was tired, until he seriously thought of depositing all the luggage in the lost property office and of looking out for another fare—waited until at last, at a quarter before nine, whom should he see walking hurriedly towards his cab but the gentleman in the fur coat and cap, who got in quickly and told the driver to take him at once to the Hotel Cecil. This, cabby declared, had occurred at a quarter before nine. Still Sir Arthur Inglewood made no comment, and Mr. Francis Smethurst, in the crowded, stuffy court, had calmly dropped to sleep.

“The next witness, Constable Thomas Taylor, had noticed a shabbily dressed individual, with shaggy hair

and beard, loafing about the station and waiting rooms in the afternoon of December the 10th. He seemed to be watching the arrival platform of the Tilbury and Southend trains.

“Two separate and independent witnesses, cleverly unearthed by the police, had seen this same shabbily dressed individual stroll into the first-class waiting room at about 6.15 on Wednesday, December the 10th, and go straight up to a gentleman in a heavy fur coat and cap, who had also just come into the room. The two talked together for a while; no one heard what they said, but presently they walked off together. No one seemed to know in which direction.

“Francis Smethurst was rousing himself from his apathy; he whispered to his lawyer, who nodded with a bland smile of encouragement. The employees of the Hotel Cecil gave evidence as to the arrival of Mr. Smethurst at about 9.30 P.M. on Wednesday, December the 10th, in a cab, with a quantity of luggage; and this closed the case for the prosecution.

“Everybody in that court already *saw* Smethurst mounting the gallows. It was uninterested curiosity which caused the elegant audience to wait and hear what Sir Arthur Inglewood had to say. He, of course, is the most fashionable man in the law at the present moment. His lolling attitudes, his drawling speech, are quite the rage, and imitated by the gilded youth of society.

“Even at this moment, when the Siberian millionaire's neck literally and metaphorically hung in the balance, an expectant titter went round the fair spectators as Sir Arthur stretched out his long loose limbs and lounged across the table. He waited to make his effect—Sir Arthur is a born

actor—and there is no doubt that he made it, when in his slowest, most drawly tones he said quietly:

“With regard to this alleged murder of one William Kershaw, on Wednesday, December the 10th, between 6:15 and 8:45 P.M., your Honour, I now propose to call two witnesses, who saw this same William Kershaw alive on Tuesday afternoon, December the 16th, that is to say, six days after the supposed murder.’

“It was as if a bombshell had exploded in the court. Even his Honour was aghast, and I am sure the lady next to me only recovered from the shock of the surprise in order to wonder whether she need put off her dinner party after all.

“As for me,” added the man in the corner, with that strange mixture of nervousness and self-complacency which I have never seen equalled, “well, you see, *I* had made up my mind long ago as to where the hitch lay in this particular case, and I was not so surprised as some of the others.

“Perhaps you remember the wonderful development of the case, which so completely mystified the police—and in fact everybody except myself. Torriani and a waiter at his hotel in the Commercial Road had deposed that at about 3:30 P.M. on December the 10th a shabbily dressed individual lolled into the coffee-room and ordered some tea. He was pleasant enough and talkative, told the waiter that his name was William Kershaw, that very soon all London would be talking about him, as he was about, through an unexpected stroke of good fortune, to become a very rich man, and so on, nonsense without end.

“When he had finished his tea, he lolled out again, but no sooner had he disappeared down a turning of the

road, than the waiter discovered an old umbrella, left behind accidentally by the shabby, talkative individual. As is the custom in his highly respectable restaurant, Signor Torriani put the umbrella carefully away in his office, on the chance of his customer calling to claim it when he had discovered his loss. And sure enough nearly a week later, on Tuesday, the 16th, at about 1 P.M. the same shabbily dressed individual called and asked for his umbrella. He had some lunch, and chatted once again to the waiter. Signor Torriani and the waiter gave a description of William Kershaw which coincided exactly with that given by Mrs. Kershaw of her husband.

“Oddly enough he seemed to be a very absentminded sort of person, for on this second occasion, no sooner had he left than the waiter found a pocketbook in the coffee-room, underneath the table. It contained sundry letters and bills, all addressed to William Kershaw. This pocketbook was produced, and Karl Müller, who had returned to the court, easily identified it as having belonged to his dear and lamented friend ‘Villiam.’

“This was the first blow to the case against the accused. It was a pretty stiff one, you will admit. Already it had begun to collapse like a house of cards. Still, there was the assignation, and the undisputed meeting between Smethurst and Kershaw, and those two and a half hours of a foggy evening to satisfactorily account for.”

The man in the corner made a long pause, keeping me on tenterhooks. He had fidgeted with his bit of string till there was not an inch of it free from the most complicated and elaborate knots.

“I assure you,” he resumed at last, “that at that very moment the whole mystery was, to me, as clear as day-

light. I only marvelled how his Honour could waste his time and mine by putting what he thought were searching questions to the accused relating to his past. Francis Smethurst, who had quite shaken off his somnolence, spoke with a curious nasal twang, and with an almost imperceptible soupçon of foreign accent. He calmly denied Kershaw's version of his past; declared that he had never been called Barker, and had certainly never been mixed up in any murder case thirty years ago.

"But you knew this man Kershaw," persisted his Honour, 'since you wrote to him?'

"Pardon me, your Honour," said the accused quietly, 'I have never, to my knowledge, seen this man Kershaw, and I can swear that I never wrote to him.'

"Never wrote to him?" retorted his Honour warningly. 'That is a strange assertion to make, when I have two of your letters to him in my hands at the present moment.'

"I never wrote those letters, your Honour," persisted the accused quietly, 'they are not in my handwriting.'

"Which we can easily prove," came in Sir Arthur Inglewood's drawly tones, as he handed up a packet to his Honour, 'here are a number of letters written by my client since he has landed in this country, and some of which were written under my very eyes.'

"As Sir Arthur Inglewood had said, this could be easily proved, and the prisoner, at his Honour's request, scribbled a few lines, together with his signature, several times upon a sheet of notepaper. It was easy to read upon the magistrate's astounded countenance, that there was not the slightest similarity in the two handwritings.

"A fresh mystery had cropped up. Who then had made the assignation with William Kershaw, at Fenchurch

Street railway station? The prisoner gave a fairly satisfactory account of the employment of his time, since his landing in England.

“I came over on the *Tsarskoe Selo*,’ he said, ‘a yacht belonging to a friend of mine. When we arrived at the mouth of the Thames there was such a dense fog that it was twenty-four hours before it was thought safe for me to land. My friend, who is a Russian, would not land at all; he was regularly frightened at this land of fogs. He was going on to Madeira immediately.

“I actually landed on Tuesday, the 10th, and took a train at once for town. I did see to my luggage and a cab, as the porter and driver told your Honour: then I tried to find my way to a refreshment room, where I could get a glass of wine. I drifted into the waiting room, and there I was accosted by a shabbily dressed individual, who began telling me a piteous tale. Who he was I do not know. He *said* he was an old soldier who had served his country faithfully, and then been left to starve. He begged me to accompany him to his lodgings, where I could see his wife and starving children, and verify the truth and piteousness of his tale.

“Well, your Honour,’ added the prisoner with noble frankness, ‘it was my first day in the old country. I had come back after thirty years, with my pockets full of gold, and this was the first sad tale I had heard; but I am a business man, and did not want to be exactly “done” in the eye. I followed my man through the fog, out into the streets. He walked silently by my side for a time. I had not a notion where I was.

“Suddenly I turned to him with some question, and realised in a moment that my gentleman had given me

the slip. Finding, probably, that I would not part with my money till I *had* seen the starving wife and children, he left me to my fate, and went in search of more willing bait.

“The place where I found myself was dismal and deserted. I could see no trace of cab or omnibus. I retraced my steps and tried to find my way back to the station, only to find myself in worse and more deserted neighborhoods. I became hopelessly lost and fogged. I don't wonder that two and a half hours elapsed while I thus wandered on in the dark and deserted streets; my sole astonishment is that I ever found the station at all that night, or rather close to it a policeman, who showed me the way.’

“But how do you account for Kershaw knowing all your movements?’ still persisted his Honour, ‘and his knowing the exact date of your arrival in England? How do you account for these two letters, in fact?’

“I cannot account for it or them, your Honour,’ replied the prisoner quietly. ‘I have proved to you, have I not, that I never wrote these letters, and that the man—er—Kershaw is his name?—was not murdered by me?’

“Can you tell me of anyone here or abroad who might have heard of your movements, and of the date of your arrival?’

“My late employees at Vladivostock, of course, knew of my departure, but none of them could have written these letters, since none of them know a word of English.’

“Then you can throw no light upon these mysterious letters? You cannot help the police in any way towards the clearing up of this strange affair?’

“The affair is as mysterious to me as to your Honour, and to the police of this country.’

“Francis Smethurst was discharged, of course; there was no semblance of evidence against him sufficient to commit him for trial. The two overwhelming points of his defence which had completely routed the prosecution were, firstly, the proof that he had never written the letters making the assignation, and secondly, the fact that the man supposed to have been murdered on the 10th was seen to be alive and well on the 16th. But then, who in the world was the mysterious individual who had apprised Kershaw of the movements of Smethurst, the millionaire?”

### III

THE MAN IN THE CORNER cocked his funny thin head on one side and looked at me; then he took up his beloved bit of string, and deliberately untied every knot he had made in it. When it was quite smooth, he laid it out upon the table.

“I will take you, if you like, point by point, along the line of reasoning which I followed myself, and which will inevitably lead you, as it led me, to the only possible solution of the mystery.

“First take this point,” he said with nervous restlessness, once more taking up his bit of string, and forming with each point raised a series of knots which would have shamed a navigating instructor, “obviously, it was *impossible* for Kershaw not to have been acquainted with Smethurst, since he was fully apprised of the latter’s arrival in England by two letters. Now it was clear to me from the first that *no one* could have written those two letters except Smethurst. You will argue that those letters were proved not to have been written by the man in the

dock. Exactly. Remember, Kershaw was a careless man; he had lost both envelopes. To him they were insignificant. Now it was never *disproved* that those letters were written by Smethurst."

"But—" I suggested.

"Wait a minute," he interrupted, while knot number two appeared upon the scene, "it was proved that six days after the murder, William Kershaw was alive, and visiting the Torriani Hotel, where already he was known, and where he conveniently left a pocketbook behind, so that there should be no mistake as to his identity, but it was never questioned where Mr. Francis Smethurst, the millionaire, happened to spend that very same afternoon."

"Surely, you don't mean—" I gasped.

"One moment, please," he added triumphantly. "How did it come about that the landlord of the Torriani Hotel was brought into court at all; how did Sir Arthur Inglewood, or rather his client, know that William Kershaw had on those two memorable occasions visited the hotel and that its landlord could bring such convincing evidence forward that would for ever exonerate the millionaire from the imputation of murder?"

"Surely," I argued, "the usual means, the police—"

"The police had kept the whole affair very dark, until the arrest at the Hotel Cecil. They did not put into the papers the usual: 'If any one happens to know of the whereabouts etc. etc.' Had the landlord of that hotel heard of the disappearance of Kershaw through the usual channels, he would have put himself in communication with the police. Sir Arthur Inglewood produced him. And how did Sir Arthur Inglewood come on his track?"

"Surely, you don't mean—"

“Point number four,” he resumed imperturbably, “Mrs. Kershaw was never requested to produce a specimen of her husband’s handwriting. Why? Because the police, clever as you say they are, never started on the right track. They believed William Kershaw to have been murdered; they looked for William Kershaw.

“On December the 31st, what was presumed to be the body of William Kershaw was found by two lightermen; I have shown you a photograph of the place where it was found. Dark and deserted it is in all conscience, is it not? Just the place where a bully and a coward would decoy an unsuspecting stranger, murder him first, then rob him of his valuables, his papers, his very identity, and leave him there to rot. The body was found in a disused barge which had been moored some time against the wall, at the foot of these steps. It was in the last stages of decomposition, and, of course, could not be identified; but the police would have it, that it was the body of William Kershaw.

“It never entered their heads that it was the body of *Francis Smethurst, and that William Kershaw was his murderer.*

“Ah! it was cleverly, artistically conceived! Kershaw is a genius. Think of it all! His disguise! Kershaw had a shaggy beard, hair, and moustache. He shaved up to his very eyebrows! No wonder that even his wife did not recognise him across the court: and remember she never saw much of his face while he stood in the dock. Kershaw was shabby, slouchy, he stooped.

“Smethurst, the millionaire, might have served in the Prussian army. Then that lovely trait about going to revisit the Torriani Hotel. Just a few days’ grace, in order to

purchase moustache and beard and wig, exactly similar to what he had himself shaved off. Making up to look like himself! Splendid! The leaving the pocketbook behind! He! He! He! Kershaw was not murdered! Of course not. He called at the Torriani Hotel six days after the murder, whilst Mr. Smethurst, the millionaire, hobnobbed in the park with duchesses! Hang such a man! Fie!”

He fumbled for his hat. With nervous, trembling fingers he held it deferentially in his hand, whilst he rose from the table. I watched him as he strode up to the desk, and paid twopence for his glass of milk and his bun. Soon he disappeared through the shop, whilst I still found myself hopelessly bewildered, with a number of snapshot photographs before me, still staring at a long piece of string, smothered from end to end in a series of knots, as bewildering, as irritating, as puzzling as the man who had lately sat in the corner.

—*BARONESS ORCZY*

## Dabbling in Mystery. . . .

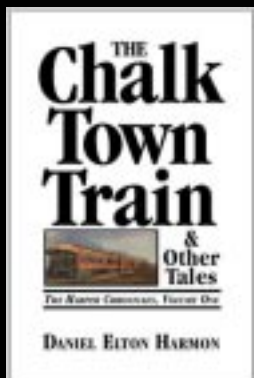
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South Carolina author and editor Daniel Elton Harmon has written more than fifty books. Recently published by Chelsea House are his six volumes in the “Exploration of Africa: The Emerging Nations” series; *The Titanic*, part of the “Great Disasters: Reforms and Ramifications” series; his history of the Hudson River for the “Rivers in American Life and Times” series; and juvenile biographies in the “Explorers of New Worlds” series. Other of his books are published by Wright/McGraw-Hill, Mason Crest and Barbour Publishing. His freelance articles have appeared in such periodicals as *Nautilus*, *Music Journal* and *The New York Times*. Harmon is the associate editor of *Sandlapper: The Magazine of South Carolina* and editor of *The Lawyer’s PC*, a technology newsletter.

*The Chalk Town Train & Other Tales: “The Harper Chronicles,” Volume One* is his first book of fiction and the first of his series of short story collections that follow the career of Harper the crime reporter.

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