

The Disappearance OF Letham Crouch

BY
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Illustrated by Kennett Watkins.

THE strange story of Letham Crouch came to my ears three years ago. It was in the course of a conversation with McCrea, sergeant of police at—

Corporal McShane was there, and he endorses McCrea's statement that it is a true story. If two men's evidence is not enough for such an incident, I believe it can be verified from other sources, but as I have no time to do that, I simply give my conversation with the sergeant for what it is worth. We were talking of the early days, and he suddenly blew a cloud of smoke out of his pipe, and looked at me with an expression that was at least suggestive.

"Did you ever hear of Letham Crouch?" he asked.

"Let him be; he's dead and gone," interposed McShane in lugubrious tones.

"All the better," answered the sergeant; "the man's history's complete."

"A man with a history?" I asked.

"Devil of a history," reiterated McCrea, "all history!"

"Most of us are," I suggested, with a laugh. "Even though we're only pawns in the great game, it couldn't very well be played without us."

