

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON

Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of 'The Hound of the Baskervilles,' etc.
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THE TERROR IN THE SNOW

(Continued.)
"Sorry to disturb your dance," said Peace, beaming upon him.
"Beg pardon, sir, but you startled me—yes, we were having a little dance in the servants' hall; but it's of no consequence, sir."
"A slippery floor, eh, with so much French chalk on it?"
The young man glanced at the powder on his shoes and grinned.
"So you are all dancing in the servants' hall, are you?"
"I believe so, sir, barring Edward, who is waiting on the party, and Mr. Henderson."
"And where is Mr. Henderson?"
"He is the baron's man, sir. I should not presume to inquire where he was. Beg pardon, sir, but are you staying here tonight?"
"This is a friend of mine," I interposed. "He will stay the night; but you need not trouble about that now."
"A smart fellow like you can keep his mouth shut," continued the inspector, sweetly. "You wouldn't go shouting all over the house if you were let into a secret—now, would you?"
"Oh no, sir; on my word I wouldn't."
And so Peace told him of the projected arrest of the murderer, and of his own identity. The color faded

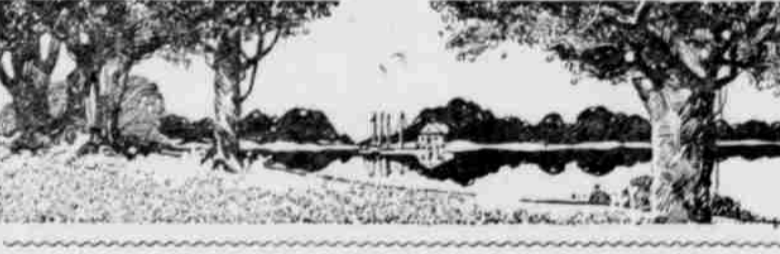
of the door, or to see who went and came. I walked over to the fireplace, lit a cigarette, and watched them, my nerves growing steeper in the merry chatter of tongues. They were all there, the men and women of that careless house-party, all there—save one who lay silent wherever they had laid him.
Half an hour had slipped by, until, at last, with an effort, I walked to the table and threw down two sovereigns on the red.
It won, and I laughed at the melancholy omen; not, perhaps, without an odd note in my voice, for the man over whose shoulder I leaned to gather my winnings glanced up with a startled expression. It was young Terry, the secretary; the very person I wanted to see.
"Anything the matter, Mr. Phillips?" he asked. "You're not looking very well."
"Don't worry about me," I told him. "But I want a word with you in private."
"Certainly—just one moment."
He had been winning heavily, and it took him some time to crowd the bank notes into his pockets. A sovereign slipped from his fingers and rolled under the table as he rose; but he paid no attention to it.
"I have something to tell you. Can you come up to my room?" I asked him.
He hesitated, looking regretfully at the table, where Fortune had been so kind to him.
"It happens to be rather important," I said.
He followed me without another



HE HAD BEEN WINNING HEAVILY.

from the young man's cheeks, but he stood stiff and silent, never taking his eyes from the little detective's face.
"And what can I do, sir?" he asked, when the tale was over. "He was a good master to us, sir; whatever there was against him, he was good to us. You can trust me to help catch the scoundrel who killed him if I can."
"I see this room is warmed by steam heat. Is that the case with all the bedrooms and passages?"
"Yes, sir. The only open fires are in the reception rooms. When the baron made the alterations last year, they left the grates for the sake of appearance; but they are never lighted, save on the ground floor."
"And in what reception rooms are there fires at the present moment?"
"The dining-room fire has died out by now," said the young man, tucking off the numbers on his fingers. "But there is one in the big hall, one in the library where the party is playing, one in the little drawing-room, and one in the baron's room."
"And the kitchen?"
"Of course, sir, one in the kitchen and one in the servants' hall."
"That is all. Are you certain?"
"Quite certain, sir."
"Good; and now for the bath-rooms."
"The bath-rooms, sir?"
"Exactly."
"There are two bath-rooms in each wing; some of the gentlemen have tubs in their own rooms besides."
"Now, I think we know where we are," said the inspector, briskly. "No chance of the roulette party breaking up, is there?"
"Oh no, sir; not for another two hours, at least."
"I want you to return, Mr. Phillips, and try your luck at the tables for a spell," he said, with a quick glance at me. "It is now 11:30; be back in this room at 12:15. I am going to take a walk around the house with our young friend here in the meanwhile. The baron had a secretary, I believe?"
"Yes, a man called Terry."
"Bring him up with you when you come. I shall want a talk with him. Is all quite plain?"
"Yes, I told him; and so we parted. When I stepped into the couloir, I stood for a moment blinking at the players like a yokel at a pantomime. The scene was to me something unreal, a clever piece of stage effect, with its flushed and covetous faces, its sparkling gold, and the cry of the banker as he twirled the wheel. How could they be doing this with that bloodstained patch on the cliff edge, with that unknown horror slinking through the snow—how could they be doing this if they were not seeing a part! An odd figure I must have looked, if there had been any one to notice me. But they were too

word. I did not attempt to explain until we had passed the stairs and through the corridors to my room. He seated himself on the great bed with a shiver of cold, drawing the heavy curtains about his shoulders. And there I told him the story from the beginning to the end, hiding nothing, not even my belief in the supernatural nature of the thing which I had seen.
He never moved, but his face grew so pale and drawn that towards the end it seemed as if it were a powdered mask that stared at me from the shadows of the curtains.
"My God!" he cried, and fell back upon the bed in a passion of hysterical tears.
I tried to help him, but he thrust me



ALL MADE A CONTRIBUTION

Entire Family Determined That Petted Sister Should Have What She Had Desired.
Clara is a north side miss who is very fond of outdoor amusements, and this means that it takes lots of toilet preparations to cure sunburn and keep her generally presentable. Clara watches the "sales" on her toilet accessories, for mother has taught her to be economical.
"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the daughter recently. "It just lacks my pocket book flat buying stuff for my face and hands. I wish some good fairy would leave a couple of bottles of Blank's on my dresser." There was a sale on the preparation the next day and Clara got a bottle when she went downtown.
When Johnnie, who is going to high school, came home that evening he brought a bottle that he had bought with hard-earned money.
"Mother came home from downtown and going up to her daughter's room she put two bottles of Blank's toilet lotion on the dresser. 'There, daughter,' she said, as she patted her on the back, 'look what a nice mamma you have.'
Big brother came home from the office, and handing Clara a package, said: 'Here, Sis, you're a pretty good sister. Here's four bottles of Blank's sunburn chaser. I braved a department store for you today.'
Directly after the presentation speech of big brother, in came father, and with a father's prodigality for his only daughter, he handed her a package with the remark: 'There, daughter,

mercely away, so I thought it best to let him get over it himself. He was still lying on the thick quilt, sobbing and shivering, when the door opened and Peace stepped into the room. I explained the situation in a hurried whisper; but when I turned again Terry had got to his feet and was watching us, clinging to the bedpost.
"This is Inspector Addington Peace," I told him. "Perhaps you can give him some information."
"Not tonight," he cried. "don't ask me tonight, gentlemen. You cannot tell what this means to me; tomorrow, perhaps."
He dropped down upon the bed, covering his face with his hands. He seemed a helpless sort of creature, and my heart went out to him in his calamity.
"A night's rest is what you want," I said, patting him on the shoulder. "Come, let me give you an arm."
He took it at once, with a grateful glance, and I led him down the corridor, with Peace in sympathetic attendance. Fortunately, his room was in the same wing, so we had not far to go. When we reached it, he thanked us for our care of him. And so we left him, returning to my bedroom in silence, for, indeed, the scene had been a painful one.
"Peace," I said, when the door had closed behind us, "what was the thing I saw in the yew walk?"
He had seated himself in an easy chair, and was polishing the bowl of a well-stained meerschaum pipe with a silk pocket handkerchief.
"I think you already have an explanation," he answered cheerfully.
"If it amuses you to sneer at my superstition—"
"You refer to the legend of the de Launes. I have heard the story before, Mr. Phillips; nor am I surprised that you believed it to be the ghost wolf."
"I did—but now I want you to disprove it."
"On the contrary, all my evidence supports your theory."
I stared at him, with a creeping horror in my blood. I was beginning to be afraid—seriously afraid. Peace leant back in his chair, with his eyes, vacant in expression, fixed on the

Why Not?

Polly has a ringed voice you see she is a belle and the neighbors all for miles around. Have dubbed her little (K)nell.

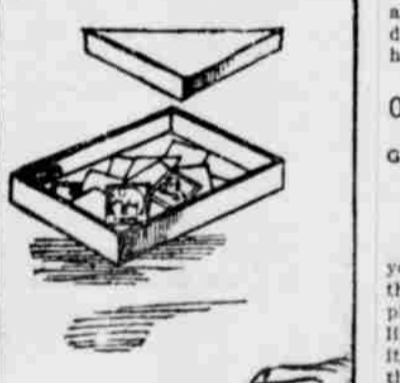
BOYS WHO LACKED TRAINING

Interesting Investigation Made by Juvenile Protective Association—Few Had Trade.
Failure properly to train boys for useful work is a prolific source of vagabondage and crime. An investigation made by the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago and reported by its president, Louise DeKoven Bowen, in the Survey, developed striking facts. A study was made of cases selected from among 1,328 confined in the Cook county jail in 1911. Mrs. Bowen writes:
"The investigation emphasizes the fact that only three out of the hundred boys had a trade. Only six had been allowed to work at the occupation which they really desired. Most of them had been put to work at anything attainable. Sixty-six had begun to earn their living at fourteen years of age or younger. According to the government reports, the wages of unskilled laborers who leave school before they are fourteen increase slowly from \$2 to \$10 per week until they are twenty years of age. Here they remain stationary until they are forty years of age, when their earning capacity again begins to decline."
"Out of the 1,328 boys in the jail, 721 had been engaged in unskilled occupations. Nineteen boys had wished to become machinists; out of this number four drove wagons, one was a farmer, three were messenger boys, one an office boy, four were laborers, three were errand boys in stores, one was a chauffeur and two were grocery clerks."

GAME FOR WINTER EVENING

Disks Flipped Upon Cardboard Blocks of Various Values—Variation of Tiddle-de-Winks.

A new kind of game that is a sort of variation of the old game of tiddle-de-winks, and will afford much amusement for a cold winter's evening, has been devised by a Pennsylvania man. A flat rectangular box has spread over the bottom a lot of cardboard squares, each bearing the picture of an animal and a certain valuation. Inter-spersed among them are other pieces representing fines. The player is provided with two disks of different sizes.



New Kind of Game.

the larger one to be used in flipping the smaller one into the box. Each player counts the value of the piece he lands on, or if it happens to be a "fine" he subtracts that amount. There can also be a penalty provided for failure to enter the box at all and a number of rules may be made to add to the interest of the game or make it more difficult.

RIDDLES.

Why are there three objections to taking a glass of brandy?
Because there are three scruples to a dram.
Why is a pretty girl like a locomotive?
Because she sends off the sparks, transports the mails, and has a train following her.
What are the most unsoberable things in the world?
Mile stones, for you never see two of them together.
Why is the letter F like death?
Because it makes all fall.
When may a man be considered to be really over head and ears in debt?
When he owes for his wig.
What is it that a gentleman has not, never can have, and yet can give to a lady?
A husband.
What fruit does a newly married couple resemble?
A green pair (pear).
What is the difference between a mouse and a young lady?
One harms the cheese, the other charms the bee.
A Sure Sign.
"Why do you think your son is in love?"
"I have found in his room three scraps of paper on which he has been trying to write poetry."

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

MOTOR SKATE QUITE UNIQUE

One Equipped With 1/4 Horse Power Motor, While Other Runs Behind as Sort of Trailer.

A pair of ingenious roller skates, one skate of which is driven by a 1/4 horse power engine, fed from a tank or case strapped to the back of the user, is shown in the accompanying



A Unique Motor Skate.

Illustration, says the Popular Mechanic. The foot to which the motor-equipped skate is attached is set slightly ahead of the other foot, which rests on the non-powered skate. The latter skate might be designated as a trailer.

SOME ANIMALS CAN REASON

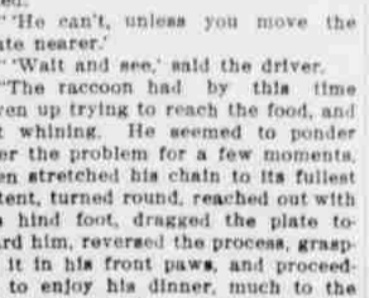
Raccoon Reaches Plate of Food With Hind Legs When Unable to Connect With Forepaws.

A contributor to the Youth's Companion tells the following story, which certainly supports the theory by some people that animals can reason:
"We were on a stage journey from Lewiston, Idaho, to Grangeville, Idaho, a distance of 70 miles. The stage stopped for noon at the Fountain house, half-way between the two towns. A large raccoon was chained by the collar to a post in the front yard. After luncheon the driver of the stage gathered up a plate of food from the table and carried it out to where the animal was chained. He set the plate just out of reach of the raccoon's front paws. The animal strained and reached, but could not cover the distance.
"One of the passengers said, 'Why do you not place it within his reach?'"
"He can reach it," the driver replied.
"He can't, unless you move the plate nearer."
"Wait and see," said the driver.
"The raccoon had by this time given up trying to reach the food, and sat whining. He seemed to ponder over the problem for a few moments, then stretched his chain to its fullest extent, turned round, reached out with his hind foot, dragged the plate toward him, reversed the process, grasped it in his front paws, and proceeded to enjoy his dinner, much to the amusement of the onlookers and the discomfiture of the man who was sure he could not accomplish the task."

OPTICAL ILLUSION IS NOVEL

Good Demonstration of Fact That Eye Cannot Be Depended on Always to Tell the Truth.

As we have seen in many cases, you can't depend on your eyes to tell the truth altogether. The eye is simply a camera made by nature and like the cameras made by man it has its optical defects. This is owing to the fact that it is intended as an all-



Remarkable Optical Illusion.

Cutting Crops.

Considerable loss is occasioned on many farms every year by allowing crops to become too ripe before harvesting. This is especially true of grass or clover, or any crop intended for hay or as a substitute. With grasses when the seed begins to form well and with grain crops when the grain begins to harden is the best stage to harvest.

Manuring Garden in Winter.

Any time during the winter or early spring the garden may be manured. The spring rains will dissolve richness from fertilizers and carry them down into the soil for feeding of the plants next summer. If the garden is manured in winter fresh manure may be used with safety, as it will have lost much of the heat by planting time.

Profit in Cockerels.

There is nearly as much profit in a cockerel fed for \$1 to \$1.50 as there is if kept till March and sold for \$1 each more, for lusty growing cockerels are good feeders, but you might as well feed what you need, as to feed your own that have been bred too long already.

GARDEN and FARM NOTES

Keep a record—our memories are short.
Now is a good time to examine the seed corn.
Almost all our common garden vegetables require a somewhat alkaline soil.
Let the manure freeze after being hauled to the field; not around the barn.
When the soil is thoroughly dry it is well to treat the inside of it with coal tar.
The finer the soil, the better the vegetables, both in quantity and quality.
Most farms should carry more live stock, in order to help maintain the fertility of the soil.
To kill Canada thistles in a field, put the field in some cultivated crop and keep the weeds down.
Riding on a manure spreader has assisted many a man to where he could ride in an automobile.
If you'll save a little seed corn earlier in the season, you'll save a little money later in the season.
The growth of oats and young grass should be allowed to start well before turning animals on the pasture.

GAPES GET WEAK CHICKENS

If Fowls Are Kept Dry, Thrifty and Well Fed They Will Seldom Be Subject to Disease.

(By W. H. LEUTEZ)
Perhaps it would not do to say that all chickens that die from gapes are those that are poorly fed and cared for, but it is undeniably true that if the chickens are well fed on feeding boards and kept dry and thrifty they will seldom be attacked.

It is generally believed that gapes are produced by minute worms which are propagated in the soil. It follows that if the chickens are fed on the same ground all through the season they are more liable to be troubled by the gapes than if they are fed on dry floors.

Preventative is better than cure always and if the chickens are fed on dry floors for the first few weeks of their lives and the yards in which they run changed two or three times during the season they will seldom suffer from the gapes.

We believe that this trouble is the result of poorly kept quarters just as lice and mites come when the coops and grounds are neglected. We have never yet heard of an epidemic of gapes in a flock of chicks where every sanitary precaution was taken and they were cared for just as they should be.

When you come to study this assertion you will see that a high standard is set for the amateur chicken-raiser, but if it is maintained your chickens will not die from gapes.

To those whose flocks are suffering the best cure is a simple one-carbolic acid.

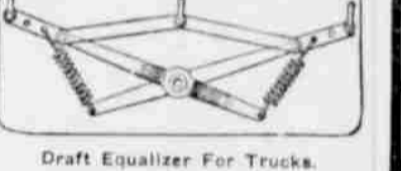
As soon as the chicks show signs of gapes make a small coop with two compartments, an upper and lower. Place a hot brick in the lower one and drop on it three or four drops of carbolic acid. The upper compartment in which the chickens are placed should not be air tight as the youngsters will suffocate, but it should be tight enough to cause them to sneeze and show considerable agitation.

One or two careful treatments in this way will kill the worms in the air passages and it is time for the owner of the flock to put his chicks on new ground, disinfest their roosting quarters and everything else about the place if he would keep them healthy.

DRAFT EQUALIZER ON TRUCKS

Invention Involves Plurality of Levers in Pivotal Relation—Plan of Device Shown.

In describing and illustrating a draft equalizer for trucks, invented by D. M. Murken of Manhattan, N. Y., the Scientific American says: This draft equalizer is adapted for use on trucks or other vehicles, drawn by either one, two or three animals pulling abreast so that the leverage will be equalized, the invention involving a plurality of levers in pivotal relation with each other and also articulated through the medium of springs. The equalizer is adapted for use with one,



Draft Equalizer For Trucks.

two or three swing-trees, it being desirable in some instances that the animals used with vehicles be changed at short notice, and the structure of the device is particularly adapted for such change. The accompanying engraving shows a plan view of the device.

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The Cup That Cheers.

Women who pride themselves on their tea making assert that tea to be good, should be made in an earthen pot, never in a metal one.

Tea is never good when long standing, but in some cases it cannot be helped. It should be poured off the leaves into another heated pot and covered with a "cozey".

If cream is taken a less expensive grade of tea may be used than when lemon is preferred.

An old-fashioned idea is to drop a few shavings of dried orange peel into the pot in which the tea is made. Some like this, while others believe that it spoils the flavor of the beverage.

Bits of cinnamon and two or three cloves dropped in are other way of varying the flavor of the cup that cheers.

Time to Call a Halt.

"When our sense of humor becomes so acute that it sees through our own illusions as well as other people's," says the Philosopher of Folly, "it is time to put binders on it."

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