

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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MR. TAUBERY'S DIAMOND

"Hi, young fellow! Does Inspector Peace live here?"
He spoke roughly enough, and I returned his stare with equal irritation. When a man may not indulge in day dreams on his own doorstep the state of society wants mending. He was a big bully of a fellow, with a red face, a curled, white mustache, and a single eye-glass, through which he regarded me with an air of extreme ill-temper.

"The inspector lodges on the third floor," I told him coldly.
"Do you live here too?"
I had a mind not to answer him, but, after all, it was not worth while making trouble over an impudent question.

"Yes," I said; "I rent the ground floor and the studio behind. My name is Phillips. I am an artist. For the past four years I have studied abroad. If you would like to see my birth certificate I will go and fetch it for you."
To my surprise, he burst into a shout of laughter, swaying his body from side to side. It was quite a time before he recovered himself.

"Good, lad—good, lad," he chuckled; "Gad! but I deserved it. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Gunton, sir—Colonel Theophilus Gunton—and I'm very pleased to meet you."
He held out his hand, which I shook, without any great degree of enthusiasm.

"Is this Addington Peace at home, do you think?" he continued.
"I don't know," I told him; "I should walk upstairs and find out if I were you."
"There I recognize the practical head. You know him?"
"Yes."
"Then, we will go together. You can introduce me."

I was offended at the noise and bluster of the man; but he had grabbed my arm, and I didn't want a scene at my own door. I led him up the stairs, his voice growing silent as his lung capacity weakened. The inspector's voice cried an invitation to my knock, and I entered, with the colonial puffing at my heels like a locomotive on a stiff incline.

"Sorry to disturb you, Peace," I said; "but this is a gentleman by the name of Gunton, and he appears anxious to make your acquaintance."
The little man rose from his easy chair, and stood looking at the stranger with an expression of great good-humor.

For myself, I was about to withdraw when the colonel's hand dropped heavily upon my shoulder.
"Don't you go," he said. "A cosmopolitan, a detective and a man of the world, as I am, form a unique combination. And, by Gad! gentlemen, we shall want all our brains over this affair."
I glanced at Peace, who smiled and nodded. So I stayed.

men sitting behind her, for they can't keep their eyes off her pearls. Sir Andrew pulled out a magnifying glass, and began examining the diamond.
"I congratulate you, Taubery," he said, after about a minute. "You have acquired a historical stone!"

"Old Julius leant back, with a smile half-way round his head, but he didn't say a word.
"This stone," said Sir Andrew, in the heavy, pompous way that he has, tapping it with his magnifying glass to attract attention, "this stone is the celebrated Hyderabad diamond, to which first historical reference is made in the year 1884. It was captured from a ruling chief in the Deccan after a battle, in which four thousand men lost their lives. In 1880 it was stolen from the rajah's palace by a Spaniard, who escaped to Bombay, where he was robbed and murdered. The stone disappeared for about sixty years."

"It subsequently came into the possession of one of the East India company's agents, who was stabbed to death in his bungalow near Calcutta about 1760. The diamond, which is held to have inspired the attack, was saved from the robbers by the appearance of his guests and servants. The widow brought it to Europe and sold it to the Duc d'Alenbert, who lost his diamond and incidentally his life in the French revolution. It turned up again at the court of Napoleon III., being then in the possession of Henri Marvin, the well-known financier. Until today I thought it was still in his family."

"It is one of the very few large diamonds that is absolutely without a flaw, and its value in the open market today would be approaching thirty thousand pounds. Any one who takes an interest in historical stones might be tempted to give even a higher price; for there has been enough blood split over it, gentlemen, to fill the bath of its fortunate possessor!"
"He laid down the diamond on the table and looked at his host with a malicious grin. But all connoisseurs are alike; they are as covetous of each other's pet treasures as so many cats."

"All the time that Sir Andrew had been speaking, the fat fellow next to me had been snoring and swallowing until, upon my soul, I thought he was in for a stroke of apoplexy. I am the best-tempered of men, but I have my limits, and the old grampus was one of them.
"Are you in pain, sir?" I asked him.
"Yes, I am, sir," he said, in such a high, squeaky voice that all the table could hear him. "I object to listening to the definitions of so-called experts, who cannot tell a diamond from a glass marble. Experts? Humbug, that's what I call them!"

"Do you refer to me, Professor Endicott?" began Sir Andrew, leaning forward, with a very red face.
"Most certainly I do."
"Then I must ask you for an explanation or an immediate apology."
"A man who can make so ludicrous an error deserves neither the one nor the other," cried the professor, in great excitement. "That stone has been in the possession of the Princes of Pavloff for three hundred years. Prince Peter, the present head of the family, kindly allowed me to examine it when I was in Moscow in 1894. I was not aware that he had sold it. I trust, Mr. Taubery, that you obtained it from a respectable source; if not, I should be no true friend did I hide from you my belief that it had been stolen."
"If a man had said such a deucedly insulting thing to me I should have knocked him down there and then. I would, 'pon my soul, without thinking more about it. But Julius lay back in his chair, smiling all over his face. I suppose those collectors get accustomed to each other's little ways; they're a queer lot, anyway."

"You can be quite easy on that point, Professor Endicott," he said. "Prince Peter was, unfortunately, involved in the late Dolorous conspiracy, but had time to slip across the Russian frontier before the police could arrest him. I bought the diamond from his agent in Paris."

"You interest me deeply, Mr. Taubery," struck in Sir Andrew, speaking very softly, though we could all see he was in a devil of a rage. "Even I was not unaware of the existence of the Pavloff diamond, if my memory does not fail me, it is slightly disfigured by a flaw on the eighth facet."
"Certainly, Sir Andrew," said our host; "if you examine the stone you will see that such is the case."
"There is no such blemish on the diamond I have before me. Therefore I humbly suggest that you have been deceived by this Parisian agent as to its origin."
"Professor Endicott climbed to his feet with a grunt of dissatisfaction, and leant over the table, thrusting out his podgy fist to receive the jewel. He remained standing, with his body swayed forward, so that the electric lights above the silver center piece might shine the brighter upon what he held. Presently he dropped his hands to his sides and stood staring about him like a plowman lost in Piccadilly."
"This is not the stone I examined five minutes ago," he stammered.
"Nonsense," said old Julius, with a shadow of fear in his eyes. "Nonsense, Endicott; look again."
"Can it be that two such famous experts have made a mistake?" sneered Sir Andrew. "Can it be that a humble amateur like myself is right and that they are wrong? As I told you, gentlemen, the Hyderabad diamond—"
"Hyderabad diamond be d—d!" squealed the fat man. "This thing is a fake, a clumsy imitation. Taubery, you have been robbed!"
"We were all on our feet in an instant amid a clamor of tongues. But there was one man amongst us that kept his head; one man who realized that his honor was in peril; that immediate action was necessary. His name—if I am not too egotistical—is Theophilus Gunton."
"Fortunately I have a voice of some power, and a manner that, when my feelings are strongly moved, is perhaps not unimpressive. I commanded and obtained silence. I begged them to resume their seats; they obeyed."
"Julius Taubery," I said, "has your diamond disappeared?"
"He answered that it had, looking at the imitation stone, which they had returned to him, in a silly, scared way."
"Julius Taubery," I continued, "we, your guests, lie under a stigma, an imputation. We cannot leave the house under such circumstances. Some one must have brought the imitation stone with him for a purpose that it is needless to define. The real jewel must be in his pocket at this moment. Let us, therefore, set about searching."
"They all sat silent as mice under my eye, save the professor, who grunted as if in dissent.
"Do I understand that you object to my plan, sir?" I asked him. "Do you refuse to be searched? And if so, may I ask why?"
"He gave me an angry look, but he had not the courage to contest the point.
"Then, I may take it that we are all agreed. Taubery, you have a library upon this floor. As I passed the door before lunch I noticed that there was an excellent fire there. Professor Endicott and myself will retire to that room. I will search the professor; the professor shall search me. After that the rest of the guests will come, one by one, into the room, where we will search them in turn. Let us have no delay. Professor Endicott, I am very much at your service."
"I went through that party, gentlemen, as our Transatlantic cousins would express it, with a fine-tooth comb. And I feel it my duty to say that not one of them raised the smallest objection to the severity of my methods. They were like lambs, gentlemen, they were, by thunder! But I obtained no result. The Taubery diamond had disappeared.
"Poor old Julius was quite broken down about it. He placed the whole matter in my hands. On my way to Scotland Yard I remembered what an old friend of mine had told me about you. 'If you are ever in a hole, Gunton,' he said, 'get Addington Peace—he is the man.' You were off duty. I inquired your address; I am here. And now, what are you going to do?"
"Can you remember who it was that introduced the subject of precious stones at your luncheon party?" asked Inspector Peace.
"Pon my life I don't know," said the colonel, polishing his eye-glass with a red silk pocket handkerchief. "It was one of the fellows at the other end of the table, but I can't say which of them."
(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

DID GREAT THINGS AS BOYS

Notable instances of Those Who Have Accomplished Much in Their Youth.

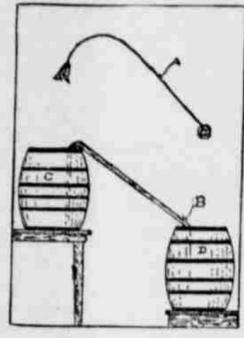
It is well for us to remind ourselves not infrequently of the historical fact that some of the greatest achievements in the world have been made by youth, and it will always be so in human history. David had experienced some of the greatest emotions before he was twenty, and was a king at the age of eighteen. Raphael had practically completed his life work at the age of thirty-seven. He did no great artistic work after that age. James Watt even as a boy he watched the steam coming out of the teakettle, saw in it the new world of mechanical power made possible by the old element turned and driven by a simple appliance. Cortez was master of Mexico before he was thirty-six. Schubert died at the age of thirty-one, after having composed what may perhaps be called in some ways the most entrancing melody ever written. Charlemagne was master of France, and the greatest emperor of the world at the age of thirty. Shelley wrote

MEANS OF EMPTYING BARREL

Idea Illustrated Herewith Will Be Found Not Only Easy, but Quite Sure and Safe.

Many ruralists now buy gasoline and lamp oil by the barrel, and to empty same is no small job. The idea herewith illustrated will be found not only easy, but sure and safe. The barrel to be emptied is left in the wagon, or placed on a bench, so the lower end is just above the barrel or other vessel in which you wish to store the oil. A piece of three-quarter inch hose of sufficient length to reach from the bottom of the barrel to be emptied and across to the storage tank is secured and used as shown. The hose is laced and used as shown. The barrel of oil, D is the storage tank or barrel, and A is a stout cord some two feet longer than the hose, B. The cord has a weight such as a small tap fastened to one end, and a bunch of

rag at the other end. Insert the cord in the hose, and allow the tap to pull it through, until the rags enter the end of the hose. Place the hose in the barrel, C, with the rags down, pull the cord and rags through the hose, and quickly insert the end in the tank or barrel D and the hose will empty the oil in a short time. The rags force out the air and the air pressure forces the oil in to fill the vacuum. The idea is a simple siphon, and the novelty is the manner of starting same by pulling the rags through the hose. A piece of soft rubber formed into a tight-fitting disk answers the purpose some better than the rags. However, old rags are always at hand, and the rubber is not.



Emptying a Barrel.

So, indeed, does the wanderer feel, once he has fought Nature in her sternest moods, or revelled in the short but glorious summers of Alaska. The rapid changes of climatic conditions in the Arctic are constant sources of wonderment to the man who has never previously experienced them. Today he may roam over countless miles of desolate, barren wastes, where snow and frost still hold the earth beneath their iron grip. If perchance he passes there again within a few weeks' time, when once the sun's warm rays have played their part, the face of Nature seems to have entirely changed.

SOIL OF LEGUMINOUS CROPS

Nitrogen is Obtained Through Nodules or Tubercles Full With Myriads of Bacteria.

It is but a few years since the agricultural world was informed that leguminous crops obtained their nitrogen through the medium of nodules or tubercles; yet the average cultivator is quite unaware of the fact. It may be as well, therefore, to state the fact again, and to say that it is easily capable of proof.

If two lots of, say red cloverseed are taken and an equal quantity of each is placed in two pots with all the necessary plant food except nitrogen, the seeds will germinate and grow much about the same, and that is very little indeed. If now we add to one part some of the nodules or tubercles to be found adhering like pin heads to the roots of a red clover crop, we shall soon see the difference in the rapidly increased growth of the plants in the pots in question.

Now each of the nodules or tubercles in question is crum full with myriads of bacteria, and these bacteria it is which by obtaining nitrogen from the air pass it on to the clover, roots, etc., and give to the latter and to the clover plants that nitrogen without which they could not live. Thus a soil of leguminous crop requiring nitrogen can be infected with the nitrogen bacterium, and inoculation here, as in other departments of human affairs, is found of utility to man.

BAD MANAGEMENT IN FEEDS

Erroneous Practice of Withholding Grain From Horses When Green Stuff Comes In.

There is not uncommonly woeful bad management in feeding heavy horses; others, too, for that matter. It is too much the practice at the season when green stuff comes in to withhold a large portion of the grain.

Of course, the idle horse will put on flesh of a sort much faster on green stuff than if fed on hay in the stable, but the condition becomes of so soft a nature as to be little suited where daily toil is required, or hard flesh and muscles are absolutely essential there.

Later on in the summer, when herbage matures and holds no excess of sap, the case is rather different, but even then to withhold the grain to any great extent is bad policy, and is sure to tell against the horse sooner or later—sooner in the way of per spring and weakened state, and later in but a poor state against winter.

Ever Popular Bean Crop.

Michigan leads in beans; this has been true for a number of years, but the growth of the business is phenomenally heavy the past few seasons. According to the latest federal census returns, Michigan produced in 1909 5,283,000 bushels beans, or nearly threefold the output of 1899; acreages in the years named, respectively 404, 900 and 167,000. New York was credited with 116,000 acres, or somewhat less than ten years earlier; Maine with 10,200 acres, and a number of acres of the middle west around 1,000 each. California, given over largely to lima beans, was credited with 158,000 acres, against 46,000 ten years earlier.

One Way With Late Husband.

At Steinach, Canton of St. Gall, Switzerland, a young married woman whose husband was unable to tear himself away from his favorite cafe in the evenings and was always very late for dinner, took the dinner and "planted" it before her husband and friends while they were playing cards in the cafe.

Chickens Relish Sour Milk.

Sour milk is more relished by fowls than sweet milk; sweet skim milk is best for mixing mash. The birds will drink more milk if given either uniformly sour or uniformly sweet than when given sweet one day and sour the next. When the milk is separated after souring, use the whey to wet the mash.

ALASKA Land of Rapid Changes



COPPER RIVER VALLEY

FAR up on the northwest coast of America, in the land of the midnight sun, is a country which still defies the hardest traveler; a land where huge mountains rise sheer out from the water's edge on an ice-bound, storm-swept coast; the home of vast glaciers, unknown lakes and rivers, silent valleys and unpeopled wastes. Ponder a moment on these lines from the able pen of one who has lived the life and tramped the trails across the great unknown:

No! There's the land. (Have you seen it?)
It's the sunniest land that I know. From the big, dizzy mountains that stretch it.
To the deep, deathlike valleys below. Some say God was tired when He made it.
Some say it's a find land to shun; Maybe but there's some as would trade it.
For no land on earth—and I'm one.

So, indeed, does the wanderer feel, once he has fought Nature in her sternest moods, or revelled in the short but glorious summers of Alaska. The rapid changes of climatic conditions in the Arctic are constant sources of wonderment to the man who has never previously experienced them. Today he may roam over countless miles of desolate, barren wastes, where snow and frost still hold the earth beneath their iron grip. If perchance he passes there again within a few weeks' time, when once the sun's warm rays have played their part, the face of Nature seems to have entirely changed.

Marvelous Changes.
Here, in this valley, where a short time since nothing but snow lay deep



Disenchantment Bay.

any other writer in the following splendid lines:

The winter! the brightness that blinds you.
The white land looked tight as a drum.
The cold fear that follows and finds you.
The silence that bludgeons you dumb.
The snows that are older than history.
The woods where the weird shadows slant.
The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery.
I've bade 'em good-bye—but I can't.

No more awe-inspiring scene can be witnessed than that of the ice breaking up on some big river, such as the Yukon, or many others in Alaska, when the pent-up waters burst their way in spring through many miles of icy fetters, with an accompaniment of appalling noises which bewilder the onlooker. Or again, let the traveler gaze a while at some spot where one of the huge glaciers ends abruptly in the sea, towering aloft above the waters. Here vast masses of ice constantly fall off, drift aimlessly about, and form a continual source of menace to unwary mariners.

The photographs which accompany this article were taken recently by a friend who traveled part of the way along the coast of Alaska with the writer, and owing to their excellence they convey a good idea of prevailing conditions and scenery in the dark and silent north.

For this is the stern law of Alaska.

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones, then will I take to my boom, then will I call my sons.

Costly Virtue.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, apropos of Washington's birthday, said in Danville:
"Washington was voracious. Voracity, I suppose, worked better in those days. It's a virtue now that often costs its owner dear."
"A Danville man howled downstairs from his den the other night:
"Who went and broke my new meerschaum pipe?"
"Little Willie, mindful of the approach of February 22, shouted back in cheery tones:
"I don't do it, pop. I cannot lie."
"You can't, eh?" roared the father, rushing downstairs, strap in hand. "Well, you won't be able to sit, either, when I'm through with you, 'gosh!"

Have a Garden This Year.

If there were not the incentive of having a garden from the pleasure one gets from working in the soil, there is the added inducement, these modern days, that it is the one sure way to help to reduce the cost of living. Decide to have a garden and grow both vegetables and flowers in

Nature's Balance of Power.
In view of facts, one is almost willing to accept the statement of a well-known French scientist, who has asserted that without birds to check the ravages of insects, human life would vanish from this planet in the space of nine years. But for the vegetation the insects would perish; but for the insects the birds would perish, and but for the birds the vegetation would be destroyed. Nature has, therefore, formed a delicate balance of power which cannot be disturbed without bringing great loss and unhappiness to the world.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. J. C. GROV'S signature on each box.

Austrian Girls to Learn to Cook.
Cookery has never been taught in Austrian schools until last September, when the minister of education added it to the curriculum of girls' schools under his control, both elementary and advanced. He further stipulated that any girl taking up modern languages or other extra subjects shall be compelled to include cookery in her school course. In order to carry out the innovation as cheaply as possible, restaurants are run in connection with the larger schools in populous centers.

For Protection Against Auto.
That pedestrians on rural roads wear white patches on the back of their clothing at night and that the backs of wagons be painted white as a protection against automobiles has been seriously proposed in England.

CONSTIPATION

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods, they do not scour; they do not grip; they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

Driving Belt Long in Use.
A driving belt in an engineering works at Smethwick, England, has been in continuous use for thirty-two years, and has "traveled" a distance equivalent to seventy-four times round the world.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Stinging—Foolish—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Watery Eyes and Irritated Eyelids. It is the best eye medicine in the world. It is sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. per bottle. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Can Write His Name 394 Ways.
Probably no surname has undergone so many changes as that of Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring (pronounced Mainwaring). At Peover Hall, in the Cheshire home, there is a paper showing the name written in 394 ways—Lobdon Mail.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

Mosquitoes Attracted by Music.

In some parts of India, where mosquitoes abound, it is impossible to play the violin because the music attracts the insects in great numbers. When the first notes are heard, the mosquitoes swarm in clouds around the player and make the movements of the hand impossible.—Harper's Weekly

Stiff Joints Sprains, Bruises

are relieved at once by an application of Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub, just lay on lightly.

"Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever used for stiff joints. I got my hand so badly that I had to stop work right in the middle of the year. I thought at first that I would never have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand." WILSON WATKINS, MORTON, ILL.

Good For Broken Sinews

G. G. JOYNS, Baldwin, L. I., writes: "I used Sloan's Liniment for broken sinews above the knee sustained by a fall and my great satisfaction was able to resume work in less than three weeks after the accident."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Fine for Sprain
MR. HENRY A. VORHEE, 81 Somerset St., Portland, Me., writes: "A friend of mine had a ankle so badly that it went black. He laughed when I told him that I would let him out in a week. I applied Sloan's Liniment and in four days he was working and said Sloan's was a right good Liniment."

Price 25c., 50c., and \$1.00
Sloan's Book on Sprains, Bruises, and other ailments, sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan



All Taught Marksmanship.
Every town of any importance in the Port Elizabeth district of South Africa has its rifle range, on which military companies and school cadets practice. Even boys 11 years old are supplied with rifles and allowed to shoot.

Comfort When Not Needed.
Credit is like a revolver underneath your pillow—a greater comfort when you do not need to use it.