

SERIAL STORY

The
Chronicles
of
Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," etc.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman)

THE TRAGEDY OF THOMAS HEARNE

"Does not that sad underworld of crime in which you move sometimes drive you into a cynical disbelief in all mankind?" I suggested.

It was a bitter night, and the inspector and I were blowing our tobacco from seats confronting before a roaring fire. The wind rattling at the heap of the window added the luxury of a reminder that it must be extremely unpleasant in the sleet-swept streets outside.

"Not how bad men are; it is how good they are that is surprising," quoted Peace, with a nod of his head.

We sat in silence for a while before he spoke again.

"I have let a breaker of the law go free in my time—perhaps more than once," he continued. "The law cannot take cognizance of all the tricks that Fate plays on man."

I smiled a tale, and remained silent. Peace laughed.

"You think you have driven me into story-telling?" he said.

"I am at your mercy; but I hope so," I told him.

He leaned forward, tapping the ashes from his pipe against the brass of the fender. Then he began—

"About a year ago I received a message from Guy's hospital that there was a patient lying very ill who wished to see me. I recognized him the moment I set foot in the ward—a gentleman born and bred who had slipped down the ladder from running his own horses to dodging the police as a bookmaker's tout. He was a half-and-half man—too lazily clever to be quite honest, and too honest to be quite a criminal. Poor Jack Henderson! A good man gone wrong—let that be his epitaph when it comes to setting up his headstone."

"Well, Henderson, I said, 'what's the trouble?'"

"'I'm done, Peace,' he whispered. 'They've no more use for me this side of the black river; but I wanted to see you before I answered the call.'"

"You mustn't talk like that," I said, though he was looking pretty bad. "They'll put you on your legs again in a month. You can bet on that, my lad."

"'It don't matter much either way'—he smiled, in a quiet way he had—'so let us get to business. You had your share of trouble, I understand, in the matter of Julius Craig last spring.'"

"I nodded.

"'I was in that job,' he said; 'and after what happened I should like to tell you the truth about it. I may have been a pretty bad lot in my time, Inspector; but I had my limits, and murder was one of them.'"

"I won't try to give you his exact words, for the poor fellow spoke very slowly, with big pauses in between. But this is close upon the story as he told it to me.

I expect you know the Blue Shield in Fercher street. Take them one with another, the customers are about the worst crowd in all London. One Saturday night, towards the end of March—last year—I had joined the gang there, hoping to meet some friend with the price of a drink upon him, for I was broke to the wide, wide world. Bill Hedman, who was afterwards lagged for bank note forgeries in Manchester, had just ordered me a whiskey, and I was sitting on a stool watching the barman reach down the special Scotch, when in walked a moon-faced fellow, very fat and prosperous, with a dark blue overcoat and a diamond in his necktie. He looked about him, screwing up his eyes as a near-sighted man will do, and then came over to where I was sitting.

"'Mr. Henderson, I believe?' he said.

"That's my name," I told him, wondering who he might be.

"I have been recommended to you by a—by a mutual friend," he said; "but I cannot discuss my business here. My carriage is waiting, if you will give me your company for ten minutes."

I hesitated a moment, until Hedman, who seemed to know him, leaned across, whispering that I should be a fool to refuse. The stranger pushed me into a brougham that was standing by the pavement opposite the door and we started off at a smart pace. Once in Regent's park, however, the driver pulled his horse to a walk, and my companion began to do his talking.

"Five hundred sovereigns would be

useful to you these days—eh, Mr. Henderson?"

There was a smile all over his fat face as he said the words, and he chuckled softly to himself with a sound like water coming out of a bottle. It seemed an offer of life to me—a promise of everything the lack of which makes each day a torment to the man who has known clean comfort.

"Is it murder?" I asked him.

"Oh, my dear sir, you surprise me!" he cried, lifting his flabby hands. "What a horrible suggestion! Allow me to explain at once. Have you ever heard of Julius Craig?"

"The company promoter, who organized the Spanish mine swindle? Of course I have."

"Did you know him by sight?"

"He used to come racing. A tall, thin, melancholy-looking fellow with a black beard—wasn't he?"

"Yes, that is Julius Craig. He is now in Princetown prison with six more years to run. The climate of Dartmoor is not suited to his health. He is anxious to change his residence; nor do I blame him, Mr. Henderson, for it is the most desolate spot in all England. I am in a position to offer you the sum I have mentioned if you will arrange his escape. Do you agree?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Ah, that is most satisfactory. Tomorrow I will send you half the money with some little suggestions of my own as to your plan of campaign. The second half you will receive when Mr. Craig is free. By the way, there are some curious relics of the stone age on the moors. Perhaps you might read up the subject and appear at Princetown as a student; yes, Mr. Henderson, that will suit you well—a student of prehistoric man."

He chuckled until the carriage shook. It was like driving with a good-tempered blanc mange.

"I shall be glad of any advice you can give me," I said.

He pulled a cord, and when the carriage stopped I got out and stood waiting.

"Good night and good luck to you," he said, his great white face shining upon me from the window as he shook my hand. "I have your address. Drive on, Williams."

I might have been an old and trusted friend from the warmth of his manner. Yet as the carriage rolled away I noticed that he raised the little flap at the back to see that I didn't try to follow him.

The packet arrived next morning. The notes I stowed away in an inside pocket. The typewritten instructions were unsigned and undated.

According to them Craig was a member of gang "D," employed on a convict farm, in draining and inclosing a portion of moor by a stream known as the Black brook. Above the stream rose a small hill on which was an ancient cairn and stone circle that in my character as a student would offer an excuse for my presence.

Though communication with Craig could not be regularly established, he knew that an attempt was in preparation. The sight of a man in a white waterproof loitering on the cairn hill would be his signal that all was ready.



"NOT HOW BAD MEN ARE; IT IS HOW GOOD THEY ARE THAT IS SURPRISING."

Sudden fogs were frequent upon the moor, and when they came while the convicts were at work in the fields, the chance of escape was excellent; for the authorities did not chain their men, and the warders rarely used their rifles. They trusted to the huge moors upon which men who escaped were easily retaken, half dead from fatigue and starvation.

Craig would make a rush for the cairn hill. From thence it was my duty to convey him to Torquay, thirty miles away on the coast. Once there he would know where to go, and my responsibility ended. A letter to the Torquay post office, under the name of W. Slade, would be forwarded to the writer if I required further assistance or had any questions of real importance.

That was all; but it was enough for me. Here was a scheme into which I could put my heart. There was no low-down swindling, no dirty work about it. I felt as gay as a schoolboy off for a holiday.

And so in three days' time that ragged rascal Jack Henderson disappeared from London, and the well-dressed Mr. Abel Kingsley, vaguely described in the visitors' book of the

Princetown Arms as of Memphis University, U. S. A., was sitting on the cairn hill above the prison that held Julius Craig.

To the far horizon there stretched the melancholy moors, deserted washes of rush marshes and stunted heather, broken here and there by outcrops of granite, that crowned the rolling ground like the ruins of a hundred feudal castles. For Dartmoor is a huge granite tableland, and on its barren surface no corn will grow nor tree flourish.

Beneath the rampart of its containing hills lies the garden of Devon, a land of orchards and pleasant woods, of cornfields and pasture farms; but the moors have defied the farmer and remain the same sad wilderness that prehistoric man inhabited four thousand years ago. You can see where he built his hut circles, and set up his great stone avenues to the honor of dead chieftains.

It was an uncanny sort of place altogether, and I shivered as I sat in that lonely cemetery of the forgotten dead.

The huge prison was built on the opposite slope of the shallow valley, and the farm which the convicts had won field by field stretched down from its walls to a brook at the foot of the cairn hill where I was. On the further edge of the brook a gang was at work inclosing some new ground, and through my glasses I soon made out the man I was after. The last time I had seen him was on his own coach at Ascot, with the girls buzzing round him like wasps after sugar, and there he was digging trenches with a spade. It's a funny world!

About twenty men were in the gang. On the outer side a couple of warders strolled up and down with rifles under their arms. There was nothing but a low hedge to stop the convicts if they knocked down the guards with their spades and made a run for it. But when I looked back across the wastes of the moor I understood. In a city a man may vanish in a crowd, but on Dartmoor he must tramp a dozen miles before he can find even a bush to hide him. In clear weather the mounted warders of the pursuit would ride him down in half an hour.

The Princetown Arms, a gray, weather-beaten square of granite, was a pleasant country inn standing near the center of the village. It was too early in the year for tourists. Indeed, as I discovered, there was only one man beside myself staying in the house, a Mr. Thomas Hearne, whose address in the visitors' book was briefly London. When I came down to dinner that night I found him already seated at a little table with my knife and fork laid opposite. I wasn't anxious to make new acquaintances, but I couldn't very well ask them to lay another table for my benefit. So I took my chair, and wished him good evening as politely as possible.

He was a small, gray-bearded man of over sixty, as I reckoned, and he seemed as disinclined for conversation as ever I was. For that I thanked my luck, and worked through the dinner with my brain busy with one plan after another. It was just as coffee was served that he asked the question which startled me.

"The landlord tells me you are studying the stone remains on the moor," he said. "Is it your opinion that they're Neolithic or Druidical?"

I cursed the landlord under my breath. I had told him my story, but I had forgotten he might pass it on to others.

"The latter, undoubtedly," I said; though, if the truth be told, I had no opinion whatever.

"I cannot agree with you. They were here before ever the Druids came over the sea. May I ask what arguments you adduce in support of your theory?"

Everything I had read about those confounded stones slipped out of my mind in an instant. There was no good trying to bluff him, for he probably had the subject at his fingers' ends. So I nodded my head wisely, and suggested it was a bit too big a subject to start after dinner.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

Unable to Appreciate It.

To some men popularity is always suspicious. Enjoying none themselves, they are prone to suspect the validity of those attainments which command it.—George Henry Lewes.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE DEFEATED

Militant Acts Injure Cause of English Women.

London.—The fate of the woman's suffrage bill was sealed Wednesday by the votes of more than 50 Irish Nationalists, who voted against it. The bill, which sought to enfranchise 6,000,000 women, was rejected by a majority of 47. The vote stood 266 to 219.

Whether there is any chance that the present parliament will pass a bill of more limited character may be doubted.

Possibly the Nationalists fear that if they allow a woman's franchise bill to pass the second reading it will lead to a parliamentary struggle which would not unlikely end in dissolution of parliament before the Home Rule bill becomes a law.

Furthermore the debate proved that the militant policy of the suffragists has done the cause great harm, as far as parliament is concerned. The conciliation bill of last session was rejected by only a small majority compared with the Dickinson bill, which was under discussion and previous bills, giving some measure of enfranchisement to women, have passed the second reading, although they never survived subsequent stages.

Recent police court disclosures of acts of incendiarism planned by the militants far surpassing in magnitude anything heretofore attempted, and the burning of St. Catherine's church at Hatcham, undoubtedly influenced many members to vote against the bill.

SUFFRAGETTES FIRE CHURCH

Vicar of Edifice Ascribes Burning to "Those Lovely Ladies."

London.—While the members of the house of commons were entering parliament to discuss the woman suffrage bill, newsoyboys thrust "extras" at them announcing what seems to be the most destructive work the militant suffragettes have yet accomplished.

St. Catherine's church, at Hatcham, in the southeast of London, one of the finest church edifices in the suburbs, caught fire soon after noon in a mysterious way and was destroyed. The vicar, Rev. Howard Truscott, when asked about the cause of the fire, said: "I cannot ascribe it to another than those delightful ladies."

The vicar visited the church at noon, when he noticed three women in the building. He supposed them to be praying. He now believes that they arranged the fire and thinks explosives must have been used to aid in the destructive work.

A mysterious attempt to explode a bomb was made early Wednesday morning outside the Grand hotel, opposite Trafalgar square, where suffragette disturbances took place Sunday. The hotel was crowded with American tourists. A policeman saw a woman deposit a can with a lighted fuse in front of the door. He abandoned the bomb after extinguishing it by tramping on the fuse, and then pursued the women.

He caught one woman whom he supposed to be the culprit. Investigation proved her to be a night prowler who had often been in police court.

Wireless "Kick" Ignored.

Seattle, Wash.—The Marconi company, which insists that its regular wireless service is being maintained on sea and shore, is ignoring all complaints made to the effect that no messages are obtainable from ships after they leave port. According to the strike leaders, 16 more wireless operators struck Wednesday, among them operators on the steamship City of Seattle, Jefferson, Curacao, Pennsylvania, Yosemite, J. A. Hoper, Paraiso, George W. Elder, Beaver and Carlos.

Stewards on steamships are reported to have declined to furnish food to strikebreakers, and the engineers, it is alleged, do not supply electric current for the wireless instruments. Operators are being taken off tugs and freight boats to supply passenger vessels, the strikers say.

The steamship companies, with offices here, are unable to furnish patrons with news of the movements of boats.

Villain in "Movies" Shot.

Leavenworth, Kan.—Patrons of a moving picture show here were momentarily panic-stricken when a spectator, believing the villain was going to murder the hero of the picture, drew a pistol from his pocket and fired at the struggling figures on the canvas. The shot rang out just as it appeared the hero would be thrown over a precipice. The place was crowded and there was a wild rush for the doors, but order soon was restored by the orchestra, which played throughout the incident.

Words of Women Doubted.

Chicago.—At a luncheon here John B. DeVoney, a Chicago banker, squarely faced a roomful of women and told them that in financial deals their word was not as good as that of a man. He was addressing members of the Women's Association of Commerce and he saw that in their faces which caused him to add: "This is only natural, perhaps, because it is only recently that women have interested themselves in business."

Big Cruiser at Rose Festival.

Portland, Or.—The United States cruiser St. Louis, one of the largest vessels of its class in the United States navy, will come to Portland during the Rose Festival, June 8 to 14. Rear Admiral Alfred Reynolds, commander in chief of the United States Pacific reserve fleet, made this announcement to the Portland chamber of commerce Thursday.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

General News of the Industrial and Educational Development and Progress of Rural Communities, Public Institutions, Etc.

PORTLAND TO COOS BAY—1914

Vice President Thinks Trains Will Run by That Time.

Portland.—Trains will be running between Portland and Coos Bay by the end of 1914 thinks E. E. Calvin vice president of the Southern Pacific, who recently took a trip over the line now being built to Marshfield.

Mr. Calvin inspected the 23 miles of track immediately west of Eugene and the tunnel at Noti, which now is virtually complete. He went west over the new road as far as Gardner, but did not go to Marshfield on this trip, having visited that city and the various other towns on Coos Bay that the new road will touch, on an inspection tour a year ago.

For 80 miles the new road will be built along the water, Mr. Calvin pointed out, either rivers, lakes, the ocean front or the bay. This work requires slow and careful construction. Speed, therefore, is not an essential factor, and the Southern Pacific officials are not figuring on having the line finished much before January 1, 1915.

MAPS WILL BE AUTHENTIC

State Immigration Bureau Will Show Oregon by Counties.

Portland.—A complete and authentic map of Oregon, by separate counties, will be contained in the second edition of the Oregon Almanac, which is to be issued this summer by the State Immigration Bureau. Already the county maps, corrected up to date in the last detail by the officials of the various counties, are being received at the Portland Commercial club offices, where I. B. Davis is engaged for the immigration commission in compiling the new edition of the almanac.

These maps will be the only maps available which are corrected down to date as to boundaries and will contain many features which will be of especial value and interest to intending immigrants. Highways between towns and the schoolhouses in each county will be indicated, also rural free delivery routes.

Douglas, Linn, Wasco, Hood River, Yamhill, Walla-walla and Curry counties are the only counties that thus far have sent in complete data for their sections.

Farm Data Being Printed.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis.—"The Oregon Farmer" is the title of a state booklet just sent to press by Dean J. A. Bexell, director of the Oregon Statistical Bureau, which conducted a preliminary agricultural survey of the state for the purpose of compiling accurate data on the results being obtained by agriculturists in the state. It is expected that C. C. Chapman, state immigration agent, who has charge of the publication of the 200-page book, will have it ready for distribution by the middle of June.

Besides the statistical data, the report will contain 14 leading articles by different authors, dealing with phases of the work in which each was especially interested. This is based on facts.

School Uniforms Advocated.

Albany.—That all children attending public schools should wear uniforms while at school, the uniforms to be furnished by the state, is a proposal made in a resolution adopted by the Linn county council of the Grange in a session at the Sand Ridge Grange hall. J. H. Scott, president of the council, was instructed to present the resolution to the State Grange, at its next meeting in Albany.

Besides proposing uniforms for all public school children the resolution proposes free text books and the furnishing of warm noonday lunches to all students.

Hot Wave Helps Apples.

Hood River.—With a continuation for a few days of the warm sunshine that is prevailing, the orchards of the entire district will be in blossom. For a week or more the unusually cold weather retarded the blooms of the lower valley.

Predictions as to the apple crop for the coming season vary. However, all experts seem to be agreed on the point that the Spitzenberg yield will be heavy. The indications in many orchards are that the Yellow Newtown crop will be light.

Work on Cut-Off Begins.

Work is now being done on the Natron-Klamath cut-off, which will provide the Southern Pacific with a new main line between Natron, Or., and Weel, Cal., shorten the distance between Portland and San Francisco and reduce the running time by about four hours. However, no new contracts are being let on that line. The worst part of the work yet remains to be done. It consists of about 80 miles through a rough country, and will cost more than \$7,000,000—nearly \$100,000 a mile.

School Tax Opinion Given.

Salem.—According to an opinion by Assistant Attorney General DeLong a union high school district giving a high school course will not be subject to a tax to maintain a county high school. The opinion was rendered at the request of the clerk for school district No. 15 in Harney county.

RUSSIANS EXAMINE OREGON

Colony of Several Thousand in Saskatchewan Too Cold.

Eugene.—That the Russian colony in Saskatchewan, Canada, will soon be the vicinity of Eugene, is being said from the fact that the four "sons" who have been making a tour of the northern Oregon, looking for a site for their colony of several thousand laborers, returned here again after a trip to Southern Oregon, and will be shown again some land that they had inspected earlier the past week. The four men stayed all day, last week, at Eugene.

They are well pleased with the per Willamette valley, according to their interpreter, and the only objection is that of finding a sufficient large tract of land at a price that suits them. They have been looking at land and living conditions all over Oregon and Washington, and report their findings to their fellows for final decision. They are satisfied with Canada because of long, cold winters, and want a climate where they can get plenty of fruit. They are vegetarians, and desire a plentiful supply of fruit vegetables.

TAX DATA TO BE GATHERED

State Commission to List Warrant Deed Transfers.

Salem.—Announcement is made State Tax Commissioner Galbreath that the commission will soon commence the listing of all warranty deed transfers in the state for the purpose of assembling reliable data which to apportion the state tax, that against public service corporations.

Each year the commission gathers this information, but it will be completed this year, for the legislature provided a larger appropriation. The plan is to check all warranty deed transfers back a year from March 1913, and then to make an assessment of the property to determine its value. The assessment of the property will then be taken from the books and with its assessed value, the tax at which it is taxed, and its assessed value, the commission will then be in a position, it is declared, to make a fair apportionment of the state tax.

Salem to War on Flies.

Salem.—War on flies and tuberculosis at the market places is being waged by the city, for an ordinance was introduced at the council meeting Monday night which contains stringent provisions as to both, and which is believed will accomplish much towards placing these places on a sanitary basis. The ordinance provides for the appointment of inspectors whose duty it will be to inspect all the markets and see that proper coverings are used for produce and commodities. The ordinance also contains a provision making it unlawful for any person having tuberculosis to engage in work which will bring him in contact with food to be served or cooked.

Oregon City Fishers Favored.

Oregon City.—Major McCall is in charge of the government dredging work in the Willamette, and he replied to the letter sent him by the Oregon City Commercial club in behalf of gillnet fishermen, and has advised President B. T. McBain, of the club, that he has issued instructions to the dredgers to lower all cables to the bottom of the river at night time, in other ways to refrain from work that will interfere with the commercial fishermen.

Charges Declared Excessive.

Salem.—Alleging that the charges made by the Southern Pacific company for the storage of baggage are excessive and unreasonable, Hal Patton, of this city, has filed a formal complaint against the company with the State Railroad commission. The proceedings, if prosecuted, will involve an investigation of this class of charges throughout the whole state.