

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

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THE TRAGEDY OF THOMAS HEARNE

(Continued.)

"I saw you by the cairn and circle above the Black brook this afternoon," he went on. "Is that to be the scene of your present investigations?"

"I have no definite plan at present," I said with a snap.

He took a long look at me and stopped his questions. I left the table as soon as I could do so decently, routed out the landlord and engaged a private room. I had had enough of taking meals with a neolithic expert.

It was blowing hard next day, a fierce northwester that cleared the clouds out of the sky like a sponge washes a slate.

Just after eleven I started out to make a further examination of the position. I wasn't such a fool as to march up to the cairn with old Hearne and a warder or two, as it might be, spying on me from another hillock, so I went down the high road that lay as white and clear across the gray moor as a streak of paint, until I had left the place some distance behind me. No one, so far as I could see, was in sight, and presently I turned off the road along a disused cart track that seemed to lead in the direction I wanted. Its ancient ruts were filled with sprouting heather, and the short moor turf had covered up the hoof-marks with a velvet surface.

I had walked a good quarter of a mile, when, rounding a curve of the hill, I found the old road explained in the ruins of a small farm, one of those melancholy memorials of a time when frozen meat was unknown, and it paid a man to breed cattle and sheep and cultivate a wheat field or two, even on Dartmoor. The roof had fallen in, and the woodwork had been carried away, but the stone walls of the house and outbuildings still remained undefeated by a hundred years of storm. A weather-beaten cherry tree was pushing out its spring leafage before the door.

Leaving the farm, I began to climb the cairn hill, as I must call it for want of a better name, which sheltered the farm from the north and west.

It was rough walking, for the heather was set thick with granite boulders. At last I reached the top, skirted the mound set about with stones where the prehistoric chief lay sleeping—and very nearly stepped upon the body of that old fellow, Thomas Hearne.

Luckily for me he never turned his head. The wind on the face of the hill was blowing in great gusts like the firing of a cannon, and my footsteps had been drowned in its thunder. I crept back behind a heap of tumbled rocks and dropped on my hands and knees, watching him through a convenient crevice. He lay flat on his chest, while he covered the gang at work in the new ground below with a small telescope.

It might be curiosity, of course, for many men regard a convict as something abnormal, something that is as pleasant to stare at as if he were the cannibal king at a fair. And yet that seemed a weak explanation. Was he in with the police? Had they got news that an attempt at rescue was to be made? If so, I stood the best chance in the world of finding myself in the county jail within the week.

There was nothing to be gained by imagining bad luck. I walked back to the inn, and sat down to a study of the district with maps I had brought with me. There was only one railroad within many miles, and that was the single track that ran up from Plymouth to Princetown village. At the first signal that a convict had escaped the station would be full of warders; so that outlet was barred. South of the moor, fifteen miles away, ran another branch line ending at Ashburton. But I was determined to leave the railroad alone. The stations would be the first places to be watched by the police. Torquay, some thirty miles away, might easily be reached by a good horse and trap within the day. I could hire one for a month through the landlord, with the excuse that I wanted it for my exploring expeditions amongst the stone remains. It would surprise no one if it were seen off the roads with a luncheon-basket prominently displayed. So I decided, I questioned the girl who brought the meal to my sitting-room as to old Hearne, but she could give me little information. He had arrived at the

inn a couple of days before I appeared, and had spent most of his time in long walks on the moors. She thought he had a friend amongst the prison officials, for she had twice seen him coming out of the great gates down the street. That was all—and it left me more anxious about him than before. It was becoming very plain that before I took any decided step towards the escape, I must make sure of this man's business on the moors.

After dinner I walked into the inn bar to buy a smoke, and found Hearne with his back to the fire, talking to the landlord. As I entered, they both dropped into an uneasy silence. I was certain they had been discussing me, but I didn't want to let them know it, and so began to talk big about the scenery. I stayed down for about half an hour, and then allowed that I would get back to some writing I had to do.

"I'm glad you admire the moor, Mr. Kingsley," said the landlord, holding back the door for me. "Nothing quite like it in the states, I should think."

Upon my soul, I was as near as may be to owning I had never been there. But I remembered that I was Abel Kingsley, of Memphis, just in time.

"No," I said, "it's something quite unique."

"It's a wild place, sir," he went on. "Very wild and desolate. You should take a walk one night when the moon is full, as it is now. Then you would understand how the stories of ghost hounds and headless riders and devils in the mires first started. Mr. Hearne here is going to take my advice."

"Tonight?" I asked, turning to the old fellow.

"No, Mr. Kingsley, I am too tired to think of it tonight," he said. "Tomorrow or the next day, perhaps."

I wished them a good evening and tramped up the stairs to my sitting-room, which looked over the moors at the back of the inn. It was certainly a splendid night, with a great searchlight of a moon drawing the strange tors—as they call the granite caps of the hills—in black silhouette upon the luminous skyline. I lit a pipe and sat there in the shadows, thinking, thinking. It was pleasant to be a decent man again, to wear clean linen and boots with real soles; to wash and shave and brush myself daily. I was back in my Eden days before the fall, when six hunters were in my stable, and men and women were glad to know Jack Henderson of Lowood Hall in the best of counties; yes, I was away from Princetown village in the midst of happy memories when I came to my senses under the sound of a soft tapping under the window. There were tip-toe skulking footsteps on the gravel of the yard; Heaven knows but my ear had been well trained to such steps as those.

I crept softly to my window and peered out. The man was almost across the yard, moving in the shadow of the pig-sties. As he stopped at the wicket-gate that opened on to the moor, he turned his head to the moon. It was Hearne again.

I decided on that instant, I slipped on my boots and ran down the stairs. The landlord was locking up for the night as I came to the front door.

"I'm going to take your advice," I said with a laugh.

"Very good, sir; I will sit up for you."

"No, no, give me the key. Has Mr. Hearne gone to bed?"

"Yes, sir, about ten minutes ago."

"His room is on the first floor, isn't it?"

"No, sir; he chose one on the ground floor. He preferred it."

The wiser man, thought I. He needed no door when he had but to open his window and step out.

When I got to the back of the inn Hearne was a good four hundred yards away, climbing a low ridge. As he disappeared over its edge I set off running at top speed, for I saw that in so broken and rugged a place I should have to keep close to his heels or I should lose him altogether. It was well I did so, for when I reached the crest of the rise he had vanished.

Presently, however, I caught sight of him again, walking very fast down a hollow at right angles to the line he first took. It led in the direction of the cairn hill.

It was hard work, that two miles' stalk across the moor. Sometimes I ran, sometimes crawled, sometimes lay flat on my chest with my head buried in the heather like an otter. Once I tried to cut a corner across what seemed a plot of level turf and struggled back, panting, from the grasp of the bog with the black slime almost to my waist. But I took great credit for my performance since the old man tramped steadily forward, showing no sign of having seen me.

He did not climb the cairn hill as I had half expected, but skirted along the base until he came to the track which led to the ruined farm. Down this he walked quickly and passed through the doorway of the main building. I remained upon the slope of the hill, waiting for him to reappear. Five, ten minutes went by, and then my curiosity got the better of my prudence. I determined to go down and see what he was about.

The place was sheltered from the gale, but I could hear it yelping and humming in the rocks above, now and again a gust came curling up the valley, setting the heather whispering around me. I crept forward over the soft turf of the cart track, reached the gap where the door had been, hesitated, listened, and then stuck in my head.

the doorway like a madman. I never saw more beastly fury in a man's eyes. I side-stepped, and he missed me again—it was a knife this time. Then I woke up and let him have it with my right under the ear. He staggered, dropping the knife. As he stooped to pick it up, I jumped for him and in ten seconds more was sitting on his chest, pegging out his arms on the turf. He tried a struggle or two; but he soon saw that I was far the stronger man, and so lay panting, with a hopeless despair in his face, that, in a man of his age was shocking to witness. He had tried to kill me, but, on my honor, I felt sorry for him.

"Well, Mr. Hearne," I said, "and what does this mean?"

"Too old," he gasped. "Twenty years ago—different. How did you suspect? It was justice—nothing but bare justice, by Heaven!"

"Now, what in the world do you think I am?" I asked him, in great surprise.

"A detective. You couldn't deceive me."

I got to my feet with a curse at the muddle I had made of it, and he sat up staring at me as if he thought I had gone clean crazy of a sudden.

"I'm no detective," I said angrily, "though I was fool enough to believe you were one."

"Then why did you follow me tonight?" he asked, with a quick suspicion.

"Why did you try to kill me?" I said. "The truth is, Mr. Hearne, you and I are playing a risky game. Is it to be cards on the table, or are we to separate and say no more about it?"

He sat watching me for a time with a puzzled look. Plainly he was in great uncertainty of mind.

"Perhaps I have nothing to tell," he said at last.

"A man does not attempt to murder detectives unless he has a crime to conceal."

"That is true," he said, nodding his head; "very just and true."

There was nothing to be gained by a long bargaining of secrets with him. Whatever his business, he could speedily discover mine if he chose. If I were honest with him he might return the confidence.

"I am arranging for the escape of Julius Craig, now doing his time in the prison yonder," I told him.

"Julius Craig!" he echoed, with wild eyes. "The escape of Julius Craig?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

He burst into a scream of hysterical laughter, swaying his body to and fro, and pressing his hands to his sides as if trying to crush the uncanny merriment out of him; and then, before I guessed what he was about, the old fellow was upon me, with his arms about my neck in mad embrace.

"Welcome, comrade," he cried. "I, too, have come to find a way out of Princetown jail for Julius Craig."

It took a good five minutes and a pull out of a flask to get him back to hard sense. Then he told me his story sitting on a fallen stone under the old cherry tree.

Craig was dearer to him than any brother, he said, with a burst of open sincerity. There was that between them that he could never forget while life remained to him. He had heard how the man had come under prison discipline, and had come to help him escape if that were humanly possible. Of me or my London employers he knew nothing whatever.

He had been shown over the prison, having obtained a pass from an influential friend, and while there had learned the place where Craig was daily employed. Yesterday from the cairn hill he had satisfied himself that the convict was working in the gang.

He had crept out this evening to examine the stream and hedge which divided the new enclosure from the moor. When he saw me on his track, his suspicions as to my business were confirmed. Either he must give up his project or my mouth must be stopped. So he tempted me into the ruined farm. The rest I knew.

He spoke in an easy, pleasant voice, with a perfect frankness and good humor. It never seemed to occur to him that he had done anything unreasonable, anything to which a level-headed man could object. I stared at him in growing amazement.

There seemed, indeed, only one solution before me—that he had become partially insane.

"You must understand my position, Mr. Kingsley," he concluded. "I am not a lunatic, but I have made up my mind in this matter of Julius Craig. Any one who is foolish enough to come between us must stand aside or take the consequences. Towards yourself, for example, I had no ill will, in fact, I rather liked you. But you must admit that, as a detective, your presence was excessively inconvenient. Now that I know the truth, I welcome you as a most valuable ally. I am prepared to trust you absolutely. Come, what are your plans?"

I told him as we walked back to the inn. He expressed himself an admirer of their simplicity as we parted for the night. Mad or not, I had found an assistant who would be of great help to me. So I let it stay at that and slept like a rock till nine next morning.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

For Reference.
"See that man over there. He is a bombastic mutt, a windjammer nonentity, a false alarm, and an encourager of the earth!" "Would you mind writing all that down for me?" "Why in the world—?" "He's my husband, and I should like to use it on him some time."—Houston Post.

LEATHER FILLED WITH SALTS

Department Says 12,000,000 Pounds of Adulterants Used Yearly.

Washington, D. C.—Americans, with the possible exception of the barefoot boy, are walking around on not less than 12,000,000 pounds of glucose and Epsom salts, which constitute adulterants in sole leather. The assertion is made by the department of Agriculture, which has just concluded investigations of the leather industry, and has issued a bulletin entitled, "The Composition of Some Sole Leathers." The adulterants add nothing to the wearing value of the leather, says the department, and where present in large quantities may shorten the life of the leather.

"Sixty-three per cent of the leathers examined were weighted with glucose, with Epsom salts, or with both," according to the findings of the department's experts. "The quantity of loading varied from 1 to 7.3 per cent of Epsom salts, with an average of 3 per cent. The maximum quantity of glucose in the loaded leathers was 16.4 per cent, and the average 5.5 per cent. The maximum amount of these loading materials found in any leather was 16 per cent and the average where both were present was 8 per cent. The results obtained indicate that not less than 12,000,000 pounds of glucose and Epsom salts are sold annually to the American people as leather."

The "loading" is done to increase the marketable weight of the leather.

NAVY SECRETS ARE STOLEN

Not Especially Valuable, But Serious Leak Is Indicated.

Washington, D. C.—Special agents of the department of Justice, officers of a nationally-known detective agency and the local police have been called in by the Navy department to investigate a "leak" through which, during the last four months, several relatively unimportant plans of battleships and also minor documents have disappeared.

The first losses were discovered the night of March 4. Some minor structural plans of the dreadnaught Pennsylvania, now building, and other ships were among them. Documents not especially secret also disappeared.

Navy officials say they are not so much concerned over the importance of what already has been lost as they are to find the leak and prevent further losses. Each battleship has several sets of plans, which are sometimes widely distributed among the bureaus and contractors. The general plan is never much of a secret.

GREEKS EXPEL MISSIONARY

Relief of Distress Causes Suspicion of Americans.

Boston—The Board of Commissioners for foreign missions has received a cable dispatch from the United States consul at Saloniki saying the American missionaries, Rev. P. B. Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy, have been expelled from their station in Korceha, Southern Albania, by Greeks and now are in Saloniki.

Secretary Barton, of the board, said Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were sent to Korceha six years ago and have been conducting a school for Albanian girls there. They were in the city when the Greeks took possession.

"Mr. Kennedy," Mr. Barton added, "has given himself fully to the work of relieving the great distress prevailing in the city and in the neighboring villages. In the last letters received from him he reported that apparently the Greek officials were suspicious of this, as a guard was placed in front of his house and the names of all those who came to the house were kept."

Beef at New High Record.

Portland—Following the sharp advance in cattle prices at the stockyards, packers have announced an advance in the wholesale price of dressed beef to 14½ cents a pound. This is the highest price ever quoted to butchers here. It is possible that prices will advance still further before the supply of grass cattle is sufficient to check the rise. The wholesale price of dressed pork has not been changed, but hams are half a cent higher, and bacon has advanced a full cent, as it usually does at the opening of summer.

Powers Occupy Scutari.

London—An international naval force has occupied Scutari and the Montenegrins have already begun the evacuation of the town. Official figures of the Bulgarian losses in the war, published at Sofia recently, give the following estimate: Killed, 330 officers and 29,711 men; wounded, 950 officers and 52,550 men; missing, 3193. A conference of the Austrian and Hungarian ministers will be held to arrange for further demobilization.

"Bad" News Is Set Aside.

St. Paul—"Never read bad news before breakfast," remarked J. D. Haley, an insurance agent, at an early hour one morning, after he had been called from his bed to receipt for a cablegram. He left the unwelcome message unopened and returned to bed. When he read the cable after breakfast he discovered that a fortune of \$100,000 had been left him by the will of a relative in London.

Butter Record Is Broken.

Utica, N. Y.—It is announced that Spring Farm Pontiac Lass, a cow owned by F. M. Jones, of Clinton, has broken the world's butter record. The previous record was a fraction over 288 pounds in 60 days, and the world-beating cow has exceeded this by 20 pounds, giving 308.877 pounds.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

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

ROAD FUND IS GETTING LOW

Work of Convicts on Columbia Auto Highway Nears End.

Hood River—The fund of \$10,000 donated for the Columbia River automobile road by S. Benson, the Portland lumberman who passed the winter in Southern California, has been depleted, according to County Judge George R. Castner. However, the work, done by state convicts, who began their task May 23, 1912, is almost completed. Governor West went from Salem to Wyeth, the nearest station on the line of the O.-W. R. & N. company, to inspect the work and to confer with Adam Shogren, who is in charge of the crew of convicts.

Up to the present time no agreement had ever been reached between the county officials and the railroad company. However, because of the contract that was signed recently between the railway authorities and the Multnomah county officials, the local commissioners think that they will soon come to an agreement with the railroad company.

Local citizens are urging that the Columbia River road be made to extend east from this city up the Columbia gorge to Mosier and thence on to The Dalles. At the present time a road crosses the range of hills separating the Mosier district from Hood River. The grades on this stretch are difficult.

County Roadmaster Marshall recently inspected the route up the side of the gorge, which he believes is feasible, but he declares the time for building it has not arrived.

O.-W. R. & N. ORDERS SURVEY

Condon-Fossil and Ukiah-Pilot Rock Routes Considered.

Surveys for two proposed rail lines, one from Condon, Gilliam county, to Fossil, Wheeler county, and the other from Pilot Rock, Umatilla county, to Ukiah, in the same county, have been ordered by the O.-W. R. & N. company, and crews will start to work on each project at once.

These surveys are to determine the cost of the work and upon the reports of the engineers will rest the probability of the eventual construction of either road. It is understood, however, that if the expense will not be too great both lines will be built.

"We don't know whether we ever will build either road," said J. P. O'Brien, general manager of the O.-W. R. & N. company. "We have these two projects in mind as among the most important in the development of Oregon, and if conditions justify we will authorize early construction work."

Curry County Is Progressing.

Gold Beach—The Brookings Lumber & Timber company, a Missouri corporation which is developing the large timber interests of Southern Curry county, has filed a mortgage with the county clerk here to secure a bond issue of \$850,000. The St. Louis Union Trust company, of St. Louis, Mo., is the trustee which is handling the bond issue.

The company is incorporated for \$1,500,000, and will spend over \$1,000,000 in building mill and other improvements in Southern Curry county, before they begin cutting lumber for the market. This is the beginning of an epoch of development for Oregon's backward county, yet in natural resources one of its richest.

Superintendent Ward stated that he hoped to have the plat of the new town of Brookings ready to file at the July term of the County court. Work is progressing rapidly on the logging road, millpond and wharf.

Garden Prize Offered.

The O.-W. R. & N. company will award a sterling silver cup to the school making the best score of points in its garden contest, gardens to be judged on the following basis: Largest average size vegetables, 20; largest variety, 20; quality, 20; quantity, 20; general character, 10; best story of how the garden was planted and results secured, 10. This prize is an open competition to all of the 28 schools having community gardens, without regard to size. This is the first new prize offered this season.

High Court to Organize.

Salem—The Supreme court, with its new members, Charles McNary, of this city, and William Ramsey, of McMinnville, will be organized the afternoon of June 7. The court will be divided into two departments, Chief Justice McBride presiding over both. The departments will alternate weekly in hearing arguments and rendering decisions.

Storage Plant Planned.

Medford—At a meeting of the members of the Rogue River Fruit & Produce association Saturday it was decided to build a cold and dry storage plant, to be available for the 1913 fruit crop. Twenty thousand dollars had been raised by the sale of first mortgage bonds, and it is planned to raise \$20,000 more by subscription.

Fish Oil to Be Manufactured.

Oregon City—The Columbia Fish Oil and Fertilizer company, of which H. W. Plach, of this city, is one of the principal stockholders, has been organized and is building a fish oil plant in this city.

BEAUTIFY RURAL CENTERS

Cross-Roads and School Grounds to Be Made Attractive.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—A movement to assist in the beautification of Oregon school grounds, county buildings, cross-road meeting places, and all places of public gathering by the planting of judiciously chosen shrubs and vines has been begun by the extension division of the Oregon Agricultural Experiment Station through A. L. Peck, professor of landscape gardening.

Already Prof. Peck has given services, with much time and thought, to assisting in the solution of problems of the school grounds at LaGrange, Independence and elsewhere, helping with the planning and planting of the grounds about the mouth of Normal where a large amount of work has been done. He took teachers and children of the Normal public schools into the woods and fields to collect suitable native plants for the decoration of the school grounds.

"If people would only come to realize that it is not necessary to pay fancy price in order to have beautiful shrubbery and vines," exclaimed Prof. Peck in discussing the work. "Oregon grape is as hardy as a dog, as one could wish. A man in California paid \$3 apiece for what we have for the digging any day. There is the waxberry bush, the maple, red flowering currant, mountain spray and the sweet brier. For heavy massing there is the bark dogwood, and a number of fine native bushes."

Recently Prof. Peck gave a talk to the East Portland library on "General Landscape Treatment of a Modest City Lot." Whenever college duties will permit, he is glad to give his personal services, of charge, for advice and assistance in planning the plantings for school grounds, vacant city property, and especially the little cross-roads meeting places where there are, perhaps, general store, a church, a Grange and carriage sheds.

"With foresight and an eye to beauty, such community centers may come very attractive," said Mr. Peck. "There should be a good planting of games at these points, where young men, instead of sitting on store platforms smoking and chewing tobacco, may get together in the evening and pitch quilts, jump, run and use simple gymnasium paraphernalia, such as the traveling ring on the horizontal bars. It would not furnish fun; it would build their body, mentally and morally. Something of the improvement program would be carried home to the school grounds, as well."

CHEAPER WATER FOR VALLEY

Santiam Company Hopes to Get Supply Within Year.

Salem—I. D. Turner, one of the incorporators of the Santiam Water company, announced that rights of way for the pipeline had been obtained one-third of the distance, and that the County court would be asked to grant a franchise along county roads for the remainder of the proposed route. He said that W. E. Pierce, of Boise, Charles Theis, of Spokane, had gone to provide \$300,000 for use in the Salem, Stayton, Turner, Astoria and Sibleyville a pure water supply. They will be the principal stockholders of the company.

"We expect to have our plant operation within a year," said Mr. Turner. "We own 100 acres on hills three and one-half miles from Salem, where a reservoir will be built. The power will be sufficient to furnish water over Salem Heights. We propose to give the people water for less of what they are now paying, and if the city wishes to have charge of the water business, we shall furnish an adequate supply."

Rural Sidewalks Built.

Orengo—The committee building sidewalks into the surrounding country held a special meeting and found that they have raised enough funds to build more than three miles. Sidewalks will be built to Quatams, for the convenience of the school children; Orengo Acres, and to the post-ranches northwest of town; to Wick Acres, and also to the small lots and poultry tracts west of town. These funds are being raised jointly by the citizens of Orengo and the farmers. Five miles will be built now.

Lane County Aids Fairs.

Eugene—For the purpose of aiding fairs and agricultural shows in Lane county, the county court has appropriated \$2500. Of the total appropriation, \$1750 is for the Lane county fair, to be held at Eugene, and \$750 is given to each, the Junction City Pumpkin show, the Cottage Grove fair, and the Lane County Pumpkin show, which is to be held in Eugene late in the year.

Lane to Improve Roads.

Eugene—Bids for the construction of nearly eight miles of improved macadam road will be called for by the County court immediately, and it is intended that the work shall be completed this summer. The work includes sections of road, and in every case the macadamized road is to connect with other macadam roads or streets.