

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

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THE MYSTERY OF THE JADE SPEAR

(Continued.)

"Good afternoon, Sergeant Hales," said Addington Peace. "So you have arrested Boyne?"

"Yes, sir."

"Upon good grounds?"

"The evidence is almost complete against him."

"Indeed, I shall be pleased to hear it."

"Well, sir, it stands like this. Mr. Boyne called upon Colonel Bulstrode about one o'clock. He was shown into the library and—"

"One moment," interrupted the inspector. "Where is the library?"

"That is the door, sir," answered Hales, pointing to the room from which he had emerged.

"Perhaps it would be easier to understand if we go there?"

The library was a long, low room, lined with shelves that were in a great part empty. It projected from the main building—evidently it was of more recent construction—and thus could be lighted by windows on both sides. To our right were two which commanded the drive; to the left two more looked out upon a plot of grass dotted with flower beds, upon which several windows at the side of the house, at right angles to the library, also faced.

"Pray continue," said Inspector Peace.

"About ten minutes later, Cullen, the butler, heard high words passing. A regular fighting quarrel it sounded—or so he says."

"How could he hear? Was he listening in the hall?"

"No, sir; he was in his pantry, cleaning silver. The pantry is the first of those windows at the side of the house. The library windows being open, he could hear the sound of loud voices, though, as he says, he could not distinguish the words."

The inspector walked to an open lattice and thrust out his head. He closed it before he came back to us, as he did to the second window on the same side.

"Mr. Cullen must not be encouraged," he said gently. "He is there now, listening with pardonable curiosity. Well, Sergeant?"

"Presently there came a tremendous peal at his bell, and he hurried to answer it. When he reached the hall, he found the colonel and Mr. Boyne standing together. 'You understand me, Boyne,' the colonel was saying. 'If I catch you lurking about here again after my niece's money-bags, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life; I will, by thunder!'"

The young man gave the colonel an ugly look, but he had seen the butler, who was standing behind his master, and kept silent. 'Show this fellow out, Cullen,' said the colonel. 'And if he ever calls slam the door in his face.' And with that he stumped back into the library, swearing to himself in a manner that, as the butler declares, gave him the creeps. It was so very imaginative."

"With one thing and another, Cullen was so dumfounded—for he thought that Boyne and Miss Sherrick were as good as engaged already—that he stood in the shadow of the porch watching the young gentleman. Boyne walked down the drive for a hundred yards or so, looked back at the house, and, not seeing the butler, as he supposed, turned off to the left along a path that led towards the fruit gardens. Cullen did not know what to make of it. However, it was none of his business, and at last he went back to his pantry. Sticking out his head, he could see the colonel writing at that desk—the sergeant pointed a finger at a knee-hole table littered with papers that was set in the further of the windows looking out upon the grass plot—and so concluded that he could not have seen Boyne leave the drive, having had his back to it at the time."

"About twenty minutes later Cullen and Mary Thomas, the parlor maid, were in the dining room, getting the table ready for lunch. This room looks out upon the lawn at the front of the house. All of a sudden they heard a shout, and the next moment the colonel rushed by and made across the lawn to the Wilderness gate. He had a revolver in his hand, and was loading it as he ran. He dropped two cartridges in his hurry, for I found them myself when I was going over the ground. Cullen had been with him for years; he is an old soldier himself, and at the sight of

the revolver he dropped the tray he was holding, climbed out of the window, and set off after his master, who had by then disappeared amongst the shrubberies.

"He is a slow traveler, is the old man, and he reckons that he was not more than half-way across the lawn when he heard a distant scream, which pulled him up in his tracks. It put the fear into him, that scream. He told me that he had seen too much active service not to know the cry that comes from a sudden and mortal wound. It was no surprise to him, therefore, when at last he reached the wicket-gate, to find his master lying dead in the road."

"Above him, tugging at the spear that had killed him, stood Boyne."

"There was no one in sight, and though the road curves at that point he could see it for fifty yards and more either way. He had no doubt in his own mind as to who had done the thing. Boyne must have seen the suspicion in his face, for he jumped back, Cullen says, and stood staring at him as white as a table cloth."

"Why do you look at me like that, Cullen?" he says. "You don't think—"

"If you can explain that away," says Cullen, pointing to the body, "you will be, sir, if you'll forgive me for saying it, a devilish clever man."

"You're mad," says Boyne. "I found him like this."

"And where did you spring from, if I may make so bold?" asked the butler. Very sarcastic he was, he tells me.

"I had been in the upper garden, and as you very well know, Cullen, I wished to avoid the colonel," says the young man. "I came round the back of the house and entered the Wilderness at the upper end. I was walking down the center path towards the wicket-gate, when I heard some one scream, and set off running. I could not have been here more than half a minute before you."

"The butler did not argue the matter, but left him standing beside the body, and went to get assistance. On the lawn he met two of the gardeners, and sent them back. I believe he also saw Miss Sherrick near the porch. It was upon those facts, sir, that I arrested Boyne."

"I don't think," said the inspector, shaking his head at him, "I don't think that I should have arrested him, Sergeant Hales."

"It looks very black against him, you must allow."

"Which affects his guilt or innocence neither one way nor the other. Has a doctor examined the body?"

"Yes, sir, and extracted the spear."

"Why did you let him do that?" asked the little man, sharply.

"I knew you would be vexed about it, but it was done while I was out of the house, examining the road and lawn. He was very careful not to handle it more than was necessary, he said; but he had to saw the shaft in two."

"And why was that?"

"He said that the force used by the thrower must have been very great."

"Very great?"

"Yes, sir, gigantic—that is what he said."

Addington Peace walked to the window and stood there staring out at the elm avenue that swayed softly in the breeze.

"Is the doctor still in the house?" he asked over his shoulder.

"No, sir."

"We have none too much light left. Have you the spear?"

The sergeant opened a side cupboard and drew out two pieces of light-colored wood. The polished surface was dulled by stains that were self-explanatory. The head was broad and flat, formed of the finest jade, microscopically carved. It had been fashioned for eastern ceremony, and not for battle. That was plain enough.

Peace returned to the window and examined it with the closest attention. Presently he slipped out a magnifying glass, staring eagerly at a spot on the longer portion of the shaft.

"Do I understand you, Sergeant Hales, that you found Boyne endeavoring to pull out the spear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who else touched it?"

"No one that I know of, save the doctor."

"And yourself?"

"Of course, sir."

"Let me see your hands."

The sergeant thrust them out with a smile. They had plainly not been washed that afternoon.

"Thank you. Have you discovered the owner of this spear?"

"No, sir; I wish I could."

"Have you tried Cullen or Miss Sherrick?"

"No, sir," said the sergeant, looking blankly at the inspector.

Inspector Peace walked to the fireplace and touched the electric bell. In a few moments the door opened and a fat, red-faced man walked in. There is no mistaking the attitude and costume of a British butler.

"Colonel Bulstrode was a collector of jade?" said the inspector, in his most innocent manner.

"Yes, sir."

"I noticed the specimens in the hall. Well, Cullen, have you ever seen this spear amongst his trophies?"

The man glanced at it, and then shrunk back with a shiver.

"It's the thing that killed him," he stammered.

"Exactly. But you do not answer my question."

"There may have been one like it, but I couldn't swear to it, sir. The colonel would never have his collection touched. He or Miss Sherrick dusted 'em and arranged 'em themselves. He was always buying some new thing."

"Would Miss Sherrick know?"

"Very likely, sir."

"Thank you. That is all."

As the butler closed the door, the sergeant stepped up to the inspector and saluted.

"I should have noticed those collections," he said. "I have made a fool of myself, sir."

"A man who can make such an admission is never a fool, Sergeant Hales. And now kindly take me upstairs to the colonel's room. You can wait here, Mr. Phillips."

It was close upon the half-hour before they came back to me, and I had leisure enough for considering the problem. When Peace had walked into my rooms at lunch time, mentioning that he had a case with possibilities at Richmond, if I cared to come with him, I had never expected so strange a development. Nor, I fancy, had he.

This Colonel Bulstrode had served many years in India. Had the mysteries of the east followed him home to a London suburb? The gigantic force with which this spear had been thrown—there was something abnormal there, a something difficult to explain. Yet, after all, it might be a simple matter. Boyne was presumably a strong man, and the deadly fury that induces murder in a law-abiding citizen is akin to madness, giving almost a madman's strength. I was still puzzling over it when the door opened and the little inspector walked in.

"The story of Sergeant Hales?" I asked him. "Is he exaggerating—the spear thrown with unusual violence?"

"Very unusual. It is the crime of a giant or—"

He did not finish his sentence, but stood tapping the table and staring out at the gold and green of a summer sunset. At last he turned to me with a slow inclination of the head.

"Hales is waiting," he said, "and we must get to work. The light will not last forever."

The sergeant led us over the lawn to the Wilderness and through its paths to the wicket-gate. Showers in the early morning had turned the dust of the road into a grey mud that had dried under the afternoon sunshine. The surface was scored into a puzzle of diverging lines by the wheels of carts and carriages, cycles and motors. Yet Peace hunted it over even more closely than he had hunted the paths in the grounds. He was particularly anxious to know the position in which the body had lain, and finally the sergeant got down in the drying mud to show him.

Apparently the colonel had walked about ten yards from the gate when the spear struck him. He had fallen almost in the center of the road, which at that point was broad, with stretches of grass bordering it on either side. His revolver had not been fired, though he had been found with it in his hand.

We walked on down the road, Addington Peace leading, his eyes fixed on its surface, and the sergeant and I following behind. For myself, I had not the remotest idea of what he hoped to effect by this promenade, nor do I believe had the sergeant. We circled the outside of the gardens, the road finally curving to the left, and bringing us to the entrance-gates. Here we stopped at a word from the inspector. The little man himself walked on, and finally dropped on his knees close to the hedge. When he joined us again, it was with an expression of satisfaction. He beamed through the gates at the old elm avenue, that rustled sleepily in the gathering dusk.

"What a pretty place it is," he said. "Thank heaven that these old houses still find owners or tenants who dare to defy the jerry builder and all his works. Hello, and who may this be?"

He had turned to the foot of the horn. The motor was close upon us, for a steam-car moves in silence as compared to the busy hum of a petrol-driven machine. It stopped, and the chauffeur jumped down and ran to open the gates. Of the driver we could see nothing save a peaked cap, goggles, and a long white dust coat. (CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

STILL SEARCH FOR TREASURE

Colored People of the South Victims of Sharpers, Who Sell Them Divining Rods.

The restaurant orchestra had just finished playing "Dixie."

"Speaking of buried treasure," said a southerner after the noise had died away, "the search for the hidden riches of Captain Kidd isn't in it with the hunt that is going on continually all over the south for wealth that is supposed to have been secreted during the Civil war. Two classes of persons are engaged in it. It is the pet avocation of the negroes, but not more than one in a hundred thousand ever finds anything. The class that gets the real coin is the slick Yankee who travels through the south selling divining rods and things of that sort to the negroes. These 'witch sticks' are supposed to draw their holders irresistibly to where the treasure is buried. They sell for a big price—\$10 to \$50—it depends on how much the purchaser has hidden away under his own hearthstone."

Carrying School Books.

Almost all school children carry their books with a strap put around and buckled very tight. This will make dents in the cover where the board overlaps the body of the book.

If the strap is left loose, the books are liable to slip out. Place the cover of one book between the cover and fly leaf of its neighbor and the difficulty will be remedied. This will place the books in alternate direction. Books stacked in this manner do not require the strap to be buckled tight.

I. W. Wa. WARMLY RECEIVED

Threat to "Fly Red Flag of Anarchy" Brings Arrests.

Portland, Or.—"We will fly the red flag of anarchy over the marble palace up there!" (meaning the new court house) shouted Tom Burns, an I. W. W. speaker, haranguing from a soap-box at Sixth and Washington streets shortly after 9:30 o'clock Wednesday night.

The next minute a deputy sheriff, under orders from Sheriff Tom Word, stepped forward and pulled Burns from the soap box.

"You are under arrest," said the deputy.

Almost on the instant Sixth street, filled with a crowd of several hundred persons, only a comparatively small percentage of whom were I. W. W., became a scene of the wildest disorder. As Burns was pulled down, Rudolph Schwab, another agitator, one of the leaders of the strike now in progress at the Oregon Packing plant in this city, jumped on the box.

At the same time Word and five other of his deputies jumped forward. They were reinforced by a dozen patrolmen, who had been posted on the outskirts of the crowd under strict orders from Mayor Albee to preserve order at the meeting. The raid that ensued was made as the result of concerted action planned by Sheriff Word and Mayor Albee. Both were present in the crowd.

One of Word's deputies dragged Schwab off the box, and as he did so the agitator's place was taken by Mrs. O'Connor, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, one of the strikers at the Oregon Packing plant. She began to wave her arm wildly, but a deputy took her by the arm and pulled her off.

Word's orders that the next person to try to speak from the box would be arrested had been shouted forth, but right after Mrs. O'Connor's arrest, I. D. Ransley, who had harangued from the box earlier in the evening, leaped to her place.

Then what had been an uproar became half a riot.

Ransley was arrested. Then speaker after speaker who tried to follow him on the box was seized and placed under arrest.

In quick succession six more speakers were hauled down by police and deputy sheriffs and bundled off to jail in the police patrol wagon.

Sheriff Word himself stopped the procession of speakers after ten had been arrested, by seizing the soap box.

There have been few occasions in Portland when speakers have gone so far in vilification of language and incendiary and seditious talk as Burns did before the sheriff and police stepped in and broke up the meeting.

TO BRING COUNTER CHARGE

Complaints Against Men to Be Presented to Arbitrators.

New York—With the passage by congress of the Newlands bill to provide an arbitration medium for settling the wage differences between 45 Eastern railroads and their 80,000 conductors and trainmen, a new phase of the controversy developed through the announcement by the railroads that they would ask the board which considers the demands of the employees to take up also the grievances of the roads against the men.

Chairman Elisha Lee, of the conference committee of managers, said that the railroads would demand arbitration which would take into consideration all questions of difference between the employers and the employed. He alluded to the wording of the letter in which the conference committee agreed to arbitrate under the Newlands legislation. The roads were willing to submit to arbitration by a board, as provided in the Newlands bill, "all questions of rates of pay and working conditions."

"The language of our letter is clear," said Mr. Lee. "We feel that it is right to ask for arbitration which takes into consideration the grievances of the railroads as well as the grievances of the employees."

When Chairman Elisha Lee's statement in behalf of the roads was conveyed to A. B. Garretson and W. G. Lee, heads of the conductors' and trainmen's organizations, respectively, they would not comment on the matter, but said they might make a statement later.

S. P. Trainmen Vote on Strike.

San Francisco—Nearly 5000 employees of the Southern Pacific railroad on lines extending from Portland, Or., to El Paso, Tex., members of the Order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, are voting on the question whether or not to strike, as the result of a deadlock between company officials and the employees' general committee over vital issues.

The ballots will be returned to San Francisco by July 27 and will be canvassed immediately.

Sharks Get Swimmer.

Los Angeles—Sharks are believed to have caused the death of A. R. Blower, of Los Angeles, who went fishing recently in Los Angeles harbor and fell overboard from a launch. He was a good swimmer and treaded water, laughing and joking while the launch was being put about to rescue him. Suddenly he went down and was not seen again.

Ex-Senator in Sing Sing.

Ossining, N. Y.—Stephen J. Stillwell, ex-state senator, arrived at Sing Sing prison Thursday afternoon to begin serving the sentence of from four to eight years' imprisonment imposed on him for soliciting a bribe in connection with legislation at Albany.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

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

BANK DEPOSITS ON INCREASE

All Financial Institutions of State Show Healthy Condition.

Salem—According to the statement issued by State Superintendent of Banks Wright for the condition of business at the close of business June 4, deposits in all banks of the state increased \$1,188,490.56 over June 14, 1912. All banks of the state show a healthy condition.

In state, savings, private and foreign banks there was a decrease in deposits of \$2,320,116.78. In national banks there was an increase of \$3,408,607.34. In the Portland banks there was a decrease of \$479,260.04. Loans and discounts increased during the period in all banks \$7,913,499.72. The increase in state, savings, private and foreign banks was \$1,227,878.38; national banks, \$6,685,621.34, and in the Portland banks \$3,684,914.34. Overdrafts in state, savings and private banks decreased \$47,722.46, and in National banks decreased \$27,127.87, and decreased in the Portland banks \$7,584.21. The total resources in all banks during the period increased \$7,348,402.55. The total liabilities for all banks increased \$7,348,402.55.

FINE EXHIBIT IS INDICATED

Arrangements for Coming State Fair Well Advanced.

Salem—Arrangements for the coming State fair are far enough advanced to indicate that the exhibition will be the finest ever held in Oregon. A large number of race horses are on the grounds and are being trained.

The Great Northern railway has offered a large silver cup as a trophy for the best individual agricultural exhibit and the Northern Pacific will donate a cup for the best sow and litter of pigs. Other railroads are expected to donate prizes. The half-mile race track will be completed this week. By far the finest floral display ever had at the fair grounds has been arranged and many of the beds have been planted. Walks are being laid out, buildings repaired and many other things incidental to holding the fair are being done. Secretary Meredith says the interest taken by the farmers and orchardists is much keener than it was last year.

FIRE-BLIGHT FIGHT NOW ON

Grand Ronde Valley Folk Plan Vigorous Pest Campaign.

La Grande—Sums of money sufficient to employ four or five fire-blight experts to come to the Grand Ronde valley and combat a prevailing blight plague and to teach orchardists here the proper manner to fight the pest were asked of the county court here this week, after a meeting of 100 prominent orchard men. County Judge Henry favors the plan.

Two of the apple associations, at the same meeting, decided to join the North Pacific agency.

Fire blight hit the orchards from various angles this year, and in some places has burned large holes through the center of fine orchards.

When it became known that blight was prevalent here, the orchard men organized a campaign of education in its prevention. This particular type of blight has been practically unknown here up to this year, and it is not known how it gained a foothold.

Experts were brought here to investigate, and Professor Jackson, pathologist at Oregon Agricultural college, has passed several days in La Grande diagnosing the conditions, and placed before the meeting the best methods to pursue in fighting it.

Mutual Subscribers Hit.

Aurora—The state railroad commission has granted the petition of the United Telephone company to discontinue its exchange here and the business has been turned over to the Aurora Mutual Telephone company. It developed at the hearing that mutual companies renting phones to non-members, must also charge their members the same rate. Some of the rural companies rent phones to non-members, but charge no rent for the phones of members, who are assessed annually to meet expenses. According to the commission this is illegal.

Irrigation Experiments On.

Ontario—R. J. Lyman, who is associated with the division of irrigation of the department of agriculture of the government, has been here several days making experiments to determine the efficiency and cost of water raised by pumps. While not complete as yet, enough information has been secured to find a wide range of efficiency in the plants in this section, it running the lowest where the pipes are crooked or badly jointed, and the highest where the pumps are direct-driven, rather than belt-driven.

Woman Is Own Stock Buyer.

Vale—Mrs. J. H. Rowley, of Westfall, has shipped in a carload of thoroughbred Jersey cows from the Bonney stock farm in the Tygh Valley, Wasco county. Mrs. Rowley visited Tygh Valley and selected the cows herself, paying \$200 per head for them. She will add these to her large herd of dairy cattle at her ranch near Westfall.

DALLES CHERRIES ARE BEST

Maraschino Manufacturers Buy 540 Tons of Royal Anas.

The Dalles—One million, eighty thousand pounds of cherries have been marketed by the fruitgrowers of the Dalles and vicinity this year, for which they have received over \$40,000 in cash.

Of this total of 540 tons, 476 were shipped to Portland and San Francisco, here they will be made into maraschino cherries. The Oregon Packing company, of Portland, which is a branch of the California Fruit Packing company, of San Francisco, shipped 100 tons. The entire crop of the big Seufert orchard, east of this city, which amounted to 84 tons, was also sent to the Oregon Packing company to be made into maraschino.

"I have been buying cherries for the past 15 years and have traveled all over the world in the work, but I never have seen such perfect cherries as those raised here at the Dalles," said Arthur C. Rasm, of the Lyon & Rasm company, who bought the fruit for his firm. "I wish I could have bought 600 tons instead of 100," he continued. "Other cherries I have bought look like No. 3 grade compared to these at the Dalles. The Italian cherries which are imported by New York firms for maraschino look like French pens beside your Royal Anas."

The Lyon & Rasm company will purchase several hundred tons of peaches and apples here for manufacture into fruit juices.

Rains of the last three weeks, although doing a little damage to the cherries, greatly benefitted other fruit crops.

CAMP COOKING IS SIMPLIFIED

Equipment, Supplies, Transportation and Methods Explained.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—All who are to live for a time in camp, whether in pursuit of business or pleasure, should send for a copy of "Camp Cookery," just off the college press at the Oregon Agricultural college. Among the many things you want to know are such vital questions as "How shall I choose and pack my equipment," "How make a cooking fire," "How make a fireless cooker," and many others equally important are answered scientifically so that all may understand them.

The camp directions were contributed by campers who are experts in their line, many of them in the state and federal forest service. The recipes are simple directions for wholesome and palatable articles of diet and drink, all simply prepared. The explanation of the forest service camp construction is written by those who have obtained a knowledge by years of experience in the camp. A ration list for one person for one hundred days is given with a table easily adapting the same rations to any small number of persons for any length of time up to one hundred days. "On the basis of this list a party of six will consume six rations a day; one hundred rations will therefore last seventeen days," says the author of "Camp Cookery."

Estimated weights and measures for all the common camp provisions are given in plain directions. A list of substitutes is also given. The recipe for frying-pan bread is as follows: "1 cup flour, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Pour this mixture into greased and hot pan and set flat near the fire. When well risen pour the pan nearly perpendicularly near the fire; when brown one on side turn over."

A fork or sharpened stick stuck through the loaf will come out clean when the bread is done. This little book for camp and trail was so popular that the first edition was exhausted and the second is subject to lively demand. As long as this edition holds out the little pocket pamphlet "Camp Cookery," College bulletin No. 76, may be had free of cost by addressing the Extension division O. A. C., Corvallis, Oregon.

Rodents to Be Poisoned.

Eugene—Within a week, according to A. E. Cahoon, supervisor of the Siuslaw National Forest, a dozen men will be sent to Tillamook county to spread poisoned grain over some 2000 acres of burned over lands, to kill field mice, gophers and other animals that might eat the Douglas fir seeds which are to be planted there. As soon as the poison crew has finished its work, 60 or 70 men will be sent to do the seeding, taking three months or more in the planting. Two thousand acres will be sown.

Columbia Falling Rapidly.

Hood River—The Columbia has fallen rapidly at this point and the high-water wharfs at the foot of First street, but a short distance from the business section of the city, will have to be abandoned. The river has fallen 15 feet from the crest of the high water of last year. Business men regret to see the wharfbuoats removed to the low-water landing, almost a mile from the city.

First Milton Potatoes.

Milton—The first crates of home-grown tomatoes were shipped Saturday by the Milton Fruitgrowers' union. They were grown on the ranch of Elba Rogers, of Sunnyside, and sold for \$2 a crate.