

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

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THE TERROR IN THE SNOW

(Continued.)

"Sorry to disturb your dance," said Peace, beaming upon him.
"Beg pardon, sir, but you startled me—yes, we was 'aving a little dance in the servants' hall; but it's of no consequence, sir."
"A slippery floor, eh, with so much French chalk on it?"
The young man glanced at the powder on his shoes and grinned.
"So you are all dancing in the servants' hall, are you?"
"I believe so, sir, barring Edward, who is waiting on the party, and Mr. Henderson."
"And who is Mr. Henderson?"
"He is the baron's man, sir. I should not presume to inquire where he was. Beg pardon, sir, but are you staying here tonight?"
"This is a friend of mine," I interposed. "He will stay the night; but you need not trouble about that now."
"A smart fellow like you can keep his mouth shut," continued the inspector, sweetly. "You wouldn't go shouting all over the house if you were let into a secret—now, would you?"
"Oh no, sir; on my word I wouldn't."
And so Peace told him of the projected arrest, of the murder, and of his own identity. The color faded from the young man's cheeks, but he stood stiff and silent, never taking his eyes from the little detective's face.

"And what can I do, sir?" he asked, when the tale was over. "He was a good master to us, sir; whatever there was against him, he was good to us. You can trust me to help catch the scoundrel who killed him if I can."
"I see this room is warmed by steam heat. Is that the case with all the bedrooms and passages?"
"Yes, sir. The only open fires are in the reception rooms. When the baron made the alterations last year, they left the grates for the sake of appearance; but they are never lighted, save on the ground floor."
"And in what reception rooms are there fires at the present moment?"
"The dining-room fire has died out by now," said the young man, ticking off the numbers on his fingers. "But there is one in the big hall, one in the library where the party is playing; one in the little drawing-room, and one in the baron's room."
"And the kitchen?"
"Of course, sir, one in the kitchen and one in the servants' hall."
"That is all. Are you certain?"
"Quite certain, sir."
"Good; and now for the bath-rooms."
"The bath-rooms, sir?"
"Exactly."
"There are two bath-rooms in each wing; some of the gentlemen have tubs in their own rooms besides."



ALL MADE A CONTRIBUTION

Entire Family Determined That Petted Sister Should Have What She Had Desired.

Clara is a north side miss who is very fond of outdoor amusements, and this means that it takes lots of toilet preparations to cure sunburn and keep her generally presentable. Clara watches the "sales" on her toilet accessories, for mother has taught her to be economical.
"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the daughter recently, "it just keeps my pocket-book flat buying stuff for my face and hands. I wish some good fairy would leave a couple of bottles of Blank's on my dresser." There was a sale on the preparation the next day and Clara got a bottle when she went downtown.
When Johnnie, who is going to high school, came home that evening he brought a bottle that he had bought with hard-earned 19 cents.
Mother came home from downtown and going up to her daughter's room

"Now, I think we know where we are," said the inspector, briskly. "No chance of the roulette party breaking up, is there?"
"Oh no, sir; not for another two hours, at least."
"I want you to return, Mr. Phillips, and try your luck at the tables for a spell," he said, with a quick glance at me. "It is now 11:30; be back in this room at 12:15. I am going to take a walk around the house with our young friend here in the meanwhile. The baron had a secretary, I believe?"
"Yes, a man called Terry."
"Bring him up with you when you come. I shall want a talk with him. Is all quite plain?"
"Yes," I told him; and so we parted. When I stepped into the roulette-room I stood for a moment blinking at the players like a yokel at a pantomime. The scene was to me some-



thing unreal, a clever piece of stage effect, with its flushed and covetous faces, its frocks and its diamonds, its piles of sparkling gold, and the cry of the banker as he twirled the wheel. How could they be doing this with that bloodstained patch on the cliff edge, with that unknown horror sinking through the snow—how could they be doing this if they were not acting a part! An odd figure I must have looked, if there had been any one to notice me. But they were too eager in the game to hear the opening of the door, or to see who went and came. I walked over to the fireplace, lit a cigarette, and watched them, my nerves growing steadier in the merry clatter of tongues. They were all there, the men and women of that careless house-party, all there—save one who lay silent wherever they had laid him.
Half an hour had slipped by, until,

she put two bottles of Blank's toilet lotion on the dresser. "There, daughter," she said, as she patted her on the back, "look what a nice mamma you have."
Big brother came home from the office, and handing Clara a package, said: "Here, Sis, you're a pretty good sister. Here's four bottles of Blank's sunburn chaser. I braved a department store for you today."
Directly after the presentation speech of big brother, in came father, and with a father's prodigality for his only daughter, he handed her a package with the remark: "There, daughter, I know you can use Blank's toilet lotion in quantities. And, if a father can't buy his daughter eight bottles without a murmur I don't believe he thinks much of his little girl."—Indianapolis News.
He Was Out.
Customer—"I wish you'd show me the thinnest thing you have in a blue serge suit." Floor Walker—"I would with pleasure, sir, but he's out to lunch just now."—Judge.

at last, with an effort, I walked to the table and threw down two sovereigns on the red.
It won, and I laughed at the melancholy omen; not, perhaps, without an odd note in my voice, for the man over whose shoulder I leaned to gather my winnings glanced up with a startled expression. It was young Terry, the secretary; the very person I wanted to see.
"Anything the matter, Mr. Phillips?" he asked. "You're not looking very well."
"Don't worry about me," I told him. "But I want a word with you in private."
"Certainly—just one moment."
He had been winning heavily, and it took him some time to crowd the bank notes into his pockets. A sovereign slipped from his fingers and rolled under the table as he rose; but he paid no attention to it.
"I have something to tell you. Can you come up to my room?" I asked him.
He hesitated, looking regretfully at the table, where Fortune had been so kind to him.
"It happens to be rather important," I said.
He followed me without another word. I did not attempt to explain until we had passed up the stairs and through the corridors to my room. He seated himself on the great bed with a shiver of cold, drawing the heavy curtains about his shoulders. And there I told him the story from the beginning to the end, hiding nothing,

not even my belief in the supernatural nature of the thing which I had seen.
He never moved, but his face grew so pale and drawn that towards the end it seemed as if it were a powdered mask that stared at me from the shadows of the curtains.
"My God!" he cried, and fell back upon the bed in a passion of hysterical tears.
I tried to help him, but he thrust me fiercely away, so I thought it best to let him get over it himself. He was still lying on the thick quilt, sobbing and shivering, when the door opened and Peace stepped into the room. I explained the situation in a hurried whisper; but when I turned again Terry had got to his feet and was watching us, clinging to the bedpost.
"This is Inspector Addington Peace," I told him. "Perhaps you can give him some information?"
"Not tonight," he cried, "don't ask me tonight, gentlemen. You cannot tell what this means to me; tomorrow, perhaps."
He dropped down upon the bed, covering his face with his hands. He seemed a helpless sort of creature, and my heart went out to him in his calamity.
"A night's rest is what you want," I said, patting him on the shoulder. "Come, let me give you an arm."
He took it at once, with a grateful glance, and I led him down the corridor, with Peace in sympathetic attendance. Fortunately, his room was in the same wing, so we had not far to go. When we reached it, he thanked us for our care of him. And so we left him, returning to my bedroom in silence, for, indeed, the scene had been a painful one.
"Peace," I said, when the door had closed behind us, "what was the thing I saw in the yew walk?"
He had seated himself in an easy chair, and was polishing the bowl of a well-stained meerschaum pipe with a silk pocket handkerchief.
"I think you already have an explanation," he answered cheerfully.
"If it amuses you to sneer at my superstition—"
"You refer to the legend of the de Launes. I have heard the story before, Mr. Phillips; nor am I surprised that you believed it to be the ghost wolf."
"I did—but now I want you to disprove it."
"On the contrary, all my evidence supports your theory."

I stared at him, with a creeping horror in my blood. I was beginning to be afraid—seriously afraid. Peace leant back in his chair, with his eyes vacant in expression, fixed on the wall. He seemed rather to be arguing with himself than addressing a listener.
(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAD FOLLOWED THE ADVICE

Lecturer Probably Was Not Proud of the Immediate Effect of His Discourse to the Students.

At a certain well-known medical college there is a staff lecturer who is never tired of dilating on the advantages of doctors being able to sleep at odd minutes. The gentleman in question, be it added, is as prosy in the enunciation of this theme as he is insistent upon it; wherefore he is affectionately known as "Cap-Naps."
He was for the hundredth time enlarging on his pet topic at the close of a long ninety minutes' discourse, something like this:
"And let me again impress upon you, young gentlemen, the prime necessity of training yourselves to that invaluable habit of sleeping here, there, and everywhere, whenever an unexpected fifteen minutes offers itself to recuperate your often exhausted energies. It may be in a car, with a ride ahead and no one at your elbow to annoy you. It may be in your consulting room, between calls—at first, you know, there may be

intervals! It may come anywhere, any time; but seize the opportunity whenever you feel you are bored, perhaps with what is going on around you—when you feel your time is being unprofitably employed."
And then, from the back bench, came two loud, unmistakable snores!
In Simple Language.
Beware of the habit of using big words. Like other habits, it grows upon its victim. A horrible example is instanced by the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
The superintendent of a Sunday school in Philadelphia recently called upon a visitor to "say a few words" to the school, the members of which are mostly children of tender age.
The visitor, a speaker well known for his verbose and circumlocutory manner of speech, began his address as follows:
"This morning, children, I purpose to offer you an epitome of the life of Saint Paul. It may be, perhaps, that there are among you some too young to grasp the meaning of the word 'epitome.' 'Epitome,' children, is in its signification synonymous with synopsis."
Cure for Love.
"Yes, I finally got rid of him," she said, "without having to tell him in so many words that I never could learn to love him. I didn't want to do that, because he's an awfully nice fellow, and I should have been very sorry to cause him pain."
"How did you manage it?" her friend asked.
"Why, you see, he's subject to hay fever, so I decorated the house with golden rod whenever he sent word that he was coming."
Reduced Rates.
"Comin' this way ag'in?" asked the justice of the peace after he had fined Jimpon \$50. "I'm afraid I'll have to," said Jimpon, ruefully. "Wa-al," said the justice, stroking his chin whisker reflectively, "perhaps I'd oughter tell ye that we sell a return fine ticket for \$75, entittin' ye to immunity from arrest on the way back."—Judge.
Take Care.
The hard school of experience Has lessons for us all; Just when we think we are Immense, Just then we're 'bout to fall.
Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—Horne.

HEARD MUSICAL GHOST

AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE SOMETHING NEW IN SPOOK LINE.

Sounds Too Long Continued to Be Explained Away as Illusion, and Listeners Are Satisfied It Was a Spirit Visitor.

I have never seen a ghost, but once in the company of a friend I heard a ghost sing.
It was in London. I must not mention the house, because to say a house is haunted in London is criminal libel. This house was haunted. I knew it was haunted, but the ghost had never troubled me. It bothered a friend of mine who spent an autumn in the house, by tramping up the stairs in the middle of the night. It troubled my secretary, who used to work alone in the house in the evening sometimes, by opening and shutting the doors. It troubled the police by lighting up the house and giving a false alarm of burglars in the middle of the night. It never troubled me. I never saw it. I never felt it. I never heard it till this once.
It was about one o'clock in the morning. I was sitting in my sitting room with a friend whom I will call X, who is a well-known author. (One generally adds in a ghost story, "and who was a hard-headed man of business, utterly skeptical and completely matter of fact," as if that had anything to do with it.) We had just come in and were expecting another friend who lived in the house, and we were sitting up for him. We were talking about Swinburne's verse, and I took down the first edition of *Atalanta* in Calydon, which I then possessed and which I foolishly sold for a small sum (it was immediately afterward resold at an auction for a large sum and went to America, and is now in some collector's library), and I read out a passage. As I was reading, we heard singing next door. I said, "There's Phil," and didn't pay any further attention, as I expected him to come in, and I went on reading. But the singing continued. It sounded foreign—like Spanish. This didn't surprise us, as Phil was in the habit of singing Provencal songs. The singing went on, and as he didn't come in, we went to meet him and opened the door. The next room was a tiny ante-room opening into another sitting room, and beyond this again was the smallest of bedrooms—not bigger than a cupboard. There was nobody there, but the singing went on; such curious singing, too; strange, alien, faint, tinkly, as if four confused voices were singing the song of an earlier century; it was unreal and it had a kind of burr in it, as if you were listening to voices on a telephone that is out of order. We walked through the rooms and we walked through the singing, and we heard it behind us still going on; and in the bedroom we found our friend asleep in his bed. Then the singing stopped. Now, as we walked through the sitting room, I noticed my friend's hair, in Kipling's phrase, sitting up. I daresay he noticed the same thing about mine, or he would have done so had I any hair to notice.—Metropolitan.

Brocaded Waistcoat.
The ever-increasing vogue of brocaded goods for women's wear has evidently brought about a demand for the same materials for men's waistcoats.
I noticed a rather startling vest with the rose design. The material was Chinese velvet, and pieces of it were displayed near the made up model. This fabric is a ribbed stuff, which looks much like tapestry. A large rose with stem and foliage was woven on both sides of the garment, in subdued shades of green and heather.—Paris correspondence Men's Wear.
Where the Doctor "Fell Down."
A family physician, calling at a north side home a few days ago, was admitted by a solemn-faced little girl, seven years old, and found himself summarily dismissed from further service in the family, despite the fact that he was attending the father, who was ill.
"And may I ask why?" he queried, as he had believed himself a favorite with the small person before him. There was no hesitancy in the reply. "Because," said she, "you comed here for a long, long time and you never have brought a baby to this house. Elinor J.—a doctor brought them a little brother las' night and we want a new doctor."—Indianapolis News.
Easy Way to Lose Sins.
On the last day of each year the Korean throws out of his house a straw image of a man, which is said to carry sins and bad luck with it.
There are two freedoms—the false, where one is free to do what he likes; and the true, where he is free to do what he ought.—Charles Kingsley.