

# The Chronicles of Addington Peace

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## THE MYSTERY OF THE CAUSEWAY

It was on Thursday, May, 18, 1899, that young Sir Andrew Cheyne was found dead of a gunshot wound in the grounds of Airle Hall, his house in Surrey.

I was myself especially interested in the case, as I was staying at a cottage within three miles of the Hall at the time. All the gossip came to us first hand. By breakfast we learned of the death. An hour later came the rumor of the murder, and the fact that an arrest had been made. A man had been caught running from the spot where the body lay.

My host was a bachelor and a brother artist. His little place was bound by no conventions. Go or come, but don't trouble to explain—such was the custom. He was busy that morning, as I knew, so I appropriated his bicycle and set off through the lanes to visit the scene of the tragedy.

Airle Hall lay some two hundred yards back from the main road. The drive, framed in wide stretches of turf, and flanked by a triple avenue of chestnuts, ran in a straight line from the great porch to the entrance gates of twisted iron. Peering through the bars were a dozen villagers. Within, his hand upon the lock, stood a policeman, massive, red-faced, pompous with his present importance.

"May I come in?" I asked politely. "You may not," he said quite briefly. I put my hand in my pocket, heated, and drew it out empty. It was too public a place for corruption. If Addington Peace had only been with me, I thought—and, so thinking, came by an idea. Even a rural policeman would know the famous detective's name.

"My friend, Inspector Peace—" I began. "Inspector who?" he interrupted. "Addington Peace of the Criminal Investigation Department. I hoped he would be here."

His manner changed with a celerity which was the greatest compliment he could have paid to the little detective.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "The inspector drove up from the station not ten minutes ago. If you will inquire at the hall, you will be sure to find him."

The servant who answered my modest ring led me through a dark passage of paneled oak and out upon the terrace that lay on the farther side of the house. Below it a sloping lawn ran down to a broad lake fringed with reeds. Beyond the lake a park stretched away dotted with single oaks now struggling into foliage. It was a lovely view, unmolested by the centuries. As it was so it had been three hundred years before, when some courtier of Elizabeth, in tightly fitting hose and immaculate ruffles, chose it as the outlook from the windows of his dining-room.

In the middle of the terrace, Addington Peace stood, smoking a cigarette and talking to a tall and stately person in a black coat, who looked every inch the man he was—the butler of a British country house.

"A fine morning, Mr. Phillips," he said. "I did not know you were staying in the neighborhood."

"I cycled over after hearing the news. Your name opened the gates, Inspector."

"Well, I am pleased to see you, anyhow. Mr. Roberts here was giving me his view of this unfortunate affair. You may continue, Mr. Roberts."

The little inspector turned, as he heard my footsteps on the gravel, and nodded a benevolent welcome.

The butler had been staring at me with great suspicion; but apparently he concluded that, as a friend of a detective, I was a respectable person.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, in a soft, oily voice, as from confirmed over-eating, "my mind is, so to speak, a blank. But what I know I will say without fear or favor. Sir Andrew had not previously honored us with his presence, he having remained abroad from the death of Sir William, which was his uncle, some six months ago. Yesterday—that is, Thursday morning—he wired from London for a carriage to meet the 12:32 train. We were all in a flutter of excitement, as you can well imagine. But when he arrived it was, he said, with no intention of staying the night. During the afternoon he saw his agent on business,

and afterwards went for a walk, returning about six. He dined at eight, and had his coffee served in the small library.

"The last train to London was at 10:25, and we had our orders for a carriage to be ready for him at five minutes to the hour. At ten o'clock precisely I took the liberty of entering the small library to inform Sir Andrew that the carriage was waiting, and that there was only just time to catch the train. He was not there, and the windows on to the terrace being open, I walked through to see if he was sitting outside, the evening being salubrious for the time of the year. It was while I was there that I heard the footsteps of some one running on the gravel, and, first thing I knew, who should appear but Jake Warner, the keeper. 'Hello, Mr. Warner,' says I, 'and where may you be going in such a hurry? Is it poachers?' I says, 'No,' says he, in a sad taking, 'but Sir Andrew's been shot—shot dead, Mr. Roberts, on the causeway to the island.' 'Heaven defend us,' I says; 'but do—'

"Quite so, Mr. Roberts," said Peace. "We understand you were much upset. So you have no idea when it was that Sir Andrew left the little library?"



YOU MAY NOT

"No, sir, save that it was between nine and ten."

"Thank you. And now, Mr. Phillips, I think we will go down and have a look at the causeway walk."

At the end of terrace we found a policeman waiting. He touched his helmet to the inspector, and, after a few words with him, led the way down some moss-grown steps and over a sloping lawn towards the lake. We skirted the right hand edge for perhaps two hundred yards, until we came to where a short causeway of stone had been built out into the water, joining the lawns to a shrub-grown island. The roof of a gabled cottage peeped out from the heart of its yews and laurels. The causeway, paved with great slabs of slate, was never more than five feet broad. On either side of it was a dense growth of feathery reeds, hiding the lake behind their rustling walls.

"What cottage is that?" asked Peace, pointing a finger.

"When he was a young man, Sir William, that was Sir Andrew's uncle, used to give lunches and teas there in the summer months," said the policeman. "But the place has been shut up for a long time now, sir. No one goes to the island barring the ducks, and they nest there by the hundred."

"Where did you catch the prisoner?" "About this very place, sir. It was about half-past nine, and I was walking down the public path, which passes the east corner of the lake, when I heard the shot. It seemed a strange time of the year for night poaching, but there are rascals in the village who wouldn't hesitate about the seasons so long as they had a duck for dinner.

"Off I raced as hard as I could put legs to the ground. When I came to the causeway head I pulled up and looked about me. There was a slip of a moon over the island and a plenty of stars, so that the night was fairly bright. No one was in sight, but presently I heard the thump, thump, of a man running over the turf, and who should come panting down the slope but Jake Warner, the keeper. He was in such a hurry that

he was as close as I am to you, sir, before he saw me.

"'Good Lord!' he cried, jumping back; 'and what are you doing here?'" "Didn't you hear a shot fired?" I asked.

"'Not a sound of it,' he said, with a sulky face on him.

"It surprised me more than a bit. Indeed, I had begun to wonder if I could have been mistaken, when there came a clatter on the slabs of the causeway, and a man rushed out from the reeds like a mad thing. He gave a little cry like a frightened rabbit when he caught sight of us, and tried to twist away, but his feet slipped from under him, and down he fell. Before he could recover I was sitting on his chest.

"'I had no hand in it,' he shouted. 'I swear to you it was not me. I was to meet him on the island. He was dead when I came to him.'

"'Dead—who is dead?' asked Jake, very anxious.

"'Sir Andrew Cheyne,' said the man, with a shiver.

"I was that taken aback that if he had made a run for it he might have done so for all I could have stopped him. As for Jake, he gave a yelp and disappeared down the causeway, like a rat into a hole.

"'Sir Andrew is in France,' I said, for so Mr. Roberts had told me not a week before. 'You're crazy, man.'

"'Shut your mouth, you fool!'—those were his very last words, sir—I tell you Cheyne is dead. Go and look for yourself.'

"I must trouble you to come with me, then," said I, taking him by the collar.

"We walked down the causeway between the reeds, he in front and me behind with my hand in his neck. About half-way down we came upon Jake, who was kneeling by the body,

thrown it into the water. They will drag the lake for it this afternoon. We've got the real murderer all right, don't you think, sir?"

"Did you search the island before you left last night?"

"No, sir."

"Might not another man have been concealed there?"

The policeman did not reply, save by coloring a deeper red and staring hard at his boots.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TWENTY WORDS IN THE LEAD

Cleveland Lawyer's New Stenographer Kept Well Ahead of Him When He Dictated.

A Cleveland corporation lawyer has a new stenographer—the second new one in a week. Strange to say, he didn't discharge the first one because she was incompetent, but because she was too good. Let him tell it.

"This girl came to me well recommended, and when I dictated a test letter, I found her extremely rapid and accurate. So I employed her on the spot. She fell right in with the work, and I decided that I had found a treasure. But on the third day she gave me a shock.

"I was dictating an opinion in a complicated infringement suit, and it was very important that it should be accurate in every word and phrase. This was the third draft I had written, in fact. At one place I interrupted myself and said to the stenographer:

"'Am I speaking too fast for you, Miss Jackson? Are you getting my words down correctly?'"

"'Oh, I'm getting them all right,' she answered, smiling. 'And you don't speak nearly as fast as I can take. I'm about twenty words ahead of you now!'"

"There's such a thing as being too good."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Good Model.

He was somewhat eaten up with a mistaken consciousness of his own importance, and when he was making his great speech in the Muddlecombe mock parliament, he noted that one of the local pressmen appeared to be sketching him. When the "house" adjourned he buttonholed the artist.

"I believe—aw—you were—aw—sketching me; isn't that so—aw?" he inquired.

"That is so," replied the artist.

"Well—aw—would you—aw—tell me what newspaper you—aw—represent—aw?"

"I don't represent any newspaper," answered the artist. "I design comic postcards."—Tidbits.

## Ostracism.

The ostracism was a way the Greeks had of getting rid of "undesirable citizens" of note. The people wrote the names of those they most suspected upon small shells; these were put in an urn or a box and presented to the senate. Upon a scrutiny of them he whose name was oftenest found was sentenced by the senate to banishment. Six thousand votes were required to make the ostracism lawful. Sometimes the system worked to the detriment of the state, as now and then a good man was banished by the spite of his enemies, but generally the ostracism was a good thing and saved the state much trouble and danger.

## Remembered by Their Deeds.

Who thinks of Milton as blind or of Beethoven as deaf or of Darwin as an invalid? What they accomplished was so great that their personal infirmities are for the moment forgotten in the sense of their achievements.—The Christian Register.

## When She's Asleep.

He—Grace is a rarely beautiful girl. She—(sweetly)—Very rarely, indeed.

which lay flat on its back. I had never seen Sir Andrew and no more had Jake, so we had to take the stranger's word for it. When we found there was no sign of life left in him, I sent Jake to get assistance. He came back with Mr. Roberts and two of the men, who carried away the body up to the house, while I arrested my prisoner and walked him off to the lock-up. We found a loaded revolver upon him. He refused to say who he was or to make any explanation.

"And afterwards?" asked Addington Peace.

"I searched the causeway as soon as it was light. There was nothing to be found. But the evidence against the prisoner seems clear enough, saving the fact that the shotgun he used has disappeared. He must have

## NO PLACE FOR AGED MAN

Uncle Ranny Ramsey, Who is Pained, Must Be Kept Away From All Auctions.

"In the morning of our existence," philosophically remarked the Erratic Thinker, "when life stretches away and away ahead of us, and we scamper on supple, care-free legs through flowery dells, and all that, how little we reckon that the first thing we know we will be in the midst of golden noon when the shadows fall neither to the right nor to the left. And ere long, with weary, stiffened limbs and defective hearing, we'll set out to promenade on the railroad track three minutes before train time. Then, let us be considerate of the aged and not let them know how much smarter we are than they were at our age, and—but you have no idea how much engineering it takes on my part to keep my old Uncle Ranny Ramsey from attending every

blamed auction he hears of, since his palsy got so bad. You see, he sits there and bobs his poor old head and them sharp auctioneers knock down to him everything they can't sell to anybody else, claiming he bid on it. And it kind o' flatters the old man to think he is back in the hooraw of business life again, and so they make it stick."

## When Doves Disagree.

"What's the latest among suffragists?"

"Mrs. Wallaby called Mrs. Wombat a deliberate and unqualified fibber."

"Dear me, have women come to that? What happened next?"

"Then they both cried, kissed and made up, and we all went to a bargain matinee."

## His Thought.

She—Don't you think this dress is very becoming to me?

He—I'm thinking of the bill which will be coming to me.

## MADE LIFE A TRAGEDY

WOMAN'S SUFFERING WHEN SHE HAS TO ADOPT GLASSES.

Everything Seems Changed for the Worse, and Her Consolations Are Few—Sly Scrutiny a Thing of the Past.

I wear glasses! It's positively tragic, I look so wise and owl-like. It was bad enough to have an intellectual nose, but with intellectual eyes as well I am hopeless. None but insignificant men like wise-looking women. Be capable, but look incapable if you want to be a success. These little windows to my soul reveal what I for so long have attempted to conceal. How shall I ever adjust myself to this reorientation is a problem.

With a coy upward glance at my next to best young man, who is tall, I meet the top of my glasses instead of two fond eyes and feel foolish; with a coquettish side glance I strike a wide reflection and feel awkward. I will have to get a short man so I can look straight ahead; but I don't like short men.

A sly scrutiny of my neighbor's gown is no longer possible. I must turn and boldly stare or remain absolutely ignorant whether the embroidery is hand or machine made. Never, never more will I see with my shoulders. My head will bob up and down, to the right and to the left, but goodby to the sly-sneaky glance with which one takes in a roomful and yet remains poised and unconscious.

The week under belladonna, when all was dim and blurred, brought with it a realization of what actual blindness must be and a resolution to read to those unfortunate creatures so afflicted when my own sight was restored.

How my letters piled up during that week! Mother kindly offered to read them to me, but I didn't think it nice to have other people's letters read. Just fancy Mother reading aloud, "Sweetheart, what magic spell have you cast about me? I live in a dream and I tread on air," or "Madam, kindly send us your check for \$95 for the gown purchased two months ago," and you had only owned up to fifty! No, it certainly is not the proper thing to have letters read to you.

The one consolation for that belladonna week was that I had all the mending and darning done without a murmur. The family thought it strange that I could find all those rents and holes in my garments with such poor sight, but I said my sense of touch was becoming accentuated.

For a few days I thought I was getting good looking. My complexion took on a soft, velvety appearance and I was beginning to beam like a beauty and have an aggravatingly self-satisfied air; but when I put on my glasses, which magnify about five times, I rushed to mother and asked her if she was sure I hadn't the smallpox, everything looked so big and people seemed so coarse with large hands and feet. I wouldn't take some lovely shoes I had ordered because they made my foot look so large; but while I was looking down at them my glasses fell off and the foot returned to its normal size, so I consented to accept them. Now in purchasing pearls, diamonds and such I always remove my glasses.—Exchange.

## The Queen and Fancy Dress Costume.

Queen Mary, as is now well known, in the old country, has sternly disapproved of some of the costumes worn by ladies of the court at recent fancy dress balls. One remark related by one of her majesty's ladies-in-waiting, is delicious. The queen was shown a photograph of Lord and Lady— at one of these functions.

"Oh, yes," was her majesty's reply, "most interesting, I am sure. By the way, which is his lordship?" The costume of her ladyship may be imagined.

## Test of Sobriety.

Many shibboleths have been devised for testing sobriety. George Meredith, who doubtless could have evolved some wonderful examples, had he chosen, calls them "oinometers, or methods of determining the condition of man, according to the degrees of wine or beer in him." One of the most snarful of these is the sentence, "Give James Grimes' gilt gig-whip, and a cup of coffee from a copper coffee pot."—London Chronicle.

## Man Prayed for Associates.

In protest against the refusal of the Winchester board of guardians to deal with the case of a widow already under the care of the relieving officer, Stephen Bull, a member, twice knelt down and prayed for divine guidance for the board. When a suspension of the sitting was ordered he called the members "heathen dogs," and fell on his knees and again prayed in a loud voice as they left the room.—London Mail.

It is usually those who strain at other people's gnats who swallow their own camels with ease.