

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON

Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, etc.
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THE MYSTERY OF THE JADE SPEAR

(Continued.)

As it disappeared up the avenue towards the house I heard a faint bubble of laughter in my ear. I turned in surprise.

"Why, Peace," I said, "what is the joke?"

"There is no joke, Mr. Phillips," he answered. "It was fate that laughed, not I."

There were moments when, to a man of ordinary curiosity, Inspector Addington Peace was extremely irritating.

We walked up the avenue in silence. The motor was standing at the front door, the chauffeur, a bright-faced youngster, loitering beside it. Peace greeted him politely, entering at once into a dissertation upon greasy roads and the dangers of side-slips. Was there nothing that would prevent them? He had heard that there was a patent, consisting of small chains crossing the tires, that was excellent.

"It's about the best of them, sir," said the lad. "Mr. Bulstrode uses it on this car sometimes."

"So this is Mr. Anstruther Bulstrode's car?"

"Yes, sir. He was the brother of the poor gentleman inside."

"The roads are fairly dry now," continued Peace, "but if you had been out this morning—"

"Oh, Mr. Bulstrode had the chains on this morning," he interrupted. "I did not go with him, but when he came back he told me he was glad to have them, for the roads were very bad."

"And Mr. Bulstrode thought the roads were dry enough this afternoon to do without them?"

"Yes. He told me to take them off. He—"

"I am glad to see the police interest themselves in motoring," broke in a high-pitched voice behind us. "I was under the impression—false as I now observe—that they were confirmed enemies to the sport."

A yellow husk of a man was Mr. Anstruther Bulstrode, as I knew this stranger must be. Years under the Indian sun had sucked the English blood from his veins and burnt their own dull color into his cheeks. He stood on the step of the porch with his hands behind him and his little eyes glaring at the inspector like a pair of black beads. His mouth, twitching viciously under his straggly mustache, proved that the poor colonel had not been the only member of the Bulstrode family possessed of an evil temper. Over his shoulder I could see Miss Sherrick's white face watching us. And now she stepped forward to explain.

"This is Inspector Peace, uncle," she said nervously.

"I know, my dear, I know. Do you think I can't tell a detective when I see him. So you have caught your man, eh, Inspector?"

"If you will come into the library, Mr. Bulstrode, I will answer what questions I may."

It was now close upon eight o'clock and the pleasant twilight of the long summer evening was drawing into heavier shadows. There was no gas in the old house, but Miss Sherrick ordered lamps to be brought in. We all seated ourselves about the big fireplace save Peace, who stood on the hearth-rug with his back to the flowers that filled the empty grate. The shaded lamp dealt duskily with our faces. There was a strain, a vague anxiety in the air that kept me leaning forward in my chair, nervous and watchful.

"Well, Inspector," repeated Mr. Bulstrode, "what is your news?"

For answer, Peace walked up to the lamp and laid beneath it the jade spearhead, now cleaned and polished, with its four inches of broken shaft.

"Do you recognize that, Miss Sherrick?"

The girl bent over it without alarm. She had no idea what part it had played in that grim tragedy.

"Certainly," she said. "It is a unique piece of stone, and Colonel Bulstrode prized it more than anything else in his collection. I know it was hanging in the hall this morning, for I was at work with a duster. How did the shaft come to be broken?"

"An accident, Miss Sherrick."
"My poor uncle would have been dreadfully angry about it, and so must you be, Uncle Anstruther, for I understand you claim it to be yours."

"We did not come here, Mary, to talk about jade collecting," snarled the old planter.

"But does the spear really belong to you, Mr. Bulstrode?" asked the inspector, blandly.

The man stiffened himself in his chair with his fists clenched on his knees, and his beady eyes staring straight before him.

"That spear is mine, Mr. Detective. My brother having practically stolen it from me, threatened me with personal violence if I attempted to reclaim it. It was the most perfect piece of workmanship in my own collection. I shall take legal steps to claim my rightful property in due course."

"Your brother seems to have acted in a very high-handed manner with you, Mr. Bulstrode. I wonder that you did not walk in here one day and recover your property."

The planter rose with a twisted laugh.

"I'm not a housebreaker," he said. "Also, I must point out that I don't intend to sit here all night. Can I do anything more for you, Inspector?"

"No, Mr. Bulstrode."

"Or for you, Mary?"

"No, uncle. I have my maid, and there is Agatha, the housekeeper."

"So that's all right. Let us thank Heaven the criminal is no longer at large. It didn't take long for our excellent police to make up their minds. Gad! they're clever beggars. They had their hands on him smart enough. It is a pleasure to meet such a man as you, Inspector Addington Peace. A celebrity, by thunder, that's what I call you."

He burst out into a peal of high-pitched laughter, rocking to and fro and clutching the edge of the table with his hand. Then he bowed to us all very low and swaggered out of the room. Peace stepped out after him, and I followed at his heels.

A lamp hung in the roof of the porch, and Mr. Bulstrode stopped beneath it. In its light he looked more fierce and old and yellow than ever.

"It is no good, Mr. Bulstrode," said Addington Peace.

"Exactly; can I give you a lift?" he said quite quietly as he pointed to the car.

"It would certainly be most convenient."

Mr. Bulstrode laughed again, leaning back at me over his shoulder, as if my presence afforded an added zest to his merriment. There seemed an understanding between him and the inspector. Frankly, I puzzled me.

"You do not make confidants of your assistants, Mr. Peace," he said.

The little inspector bowed.

"At the same time," continued the old planter, "I should like to make a statement before we go. There is no necessity to warn me. I know the law."

"It is just as you like, Mr. Bulstrode."

"If I sneered at the police this evening I now make them my apologies. You have managed this business well. I still do not understand how you come to accuse me. Remember, I did not know he was dead until I received a telegram from my niece after lunch. It was rather a shock; perhaps at first I was of a mind not to confess. It would have saved me much inconvenience."

"And endangered an innocent man," said the inspector.

"Well, well, you couldn't have proved it against him, and I might have escaped. The whole affair was an accident. I had no intention even of wounding him."

"Exactly, Mr. Bulstrode—no more than the excursionist who throws out a glass bottle intends to brain the man walking by the line."

The truth was clear enough now. In some strange fashion this man had killed his brother. I stepped back a pace instinctively.

"You see," he continued, "brother William had, under circumstances of no immediate importance, appropriated my jade spear. I made up my mind to get it back. I knew the hour at which he lunched, and leaving my motor in the road I walked down the avenue, hoping to find the front door open and no one about. I had a successful start. The front door was ajar. I went in, took the spear from the wall, and set off back to my car. I was some fifty yards down the drive when I heard a yell, and there was brother William tumbling out of the porch, revolver in hand.

"It startled me, for he had the most devilish of tempers; but though I was the elder man I knew I had the pace of him, and set off running. When I reached the entrance gates and looked back he was nowhere to

be seen. I took it that he had thought better of it and gone back to lunch.

"I was driving the car myself, having left the chauffeur behind, as I did not wish him to know what I was about. I started up the engine, jumped into the seat, put the spear beside me, and let her go. We came round that corner at a good thirty miles an hour, and there was brother William in the road, waving his revolver and cursing me for a thief. He had run down through the Wilderness to cut me off.

"I give you my word I was frightened, for I knew him and his temper. I took up the spear and as I passed I threw it at him anyhow. Let him keep it, and be d-d to him, I thought. I wasn't going to have a hole drilled in me for any jade ever carved. I never saw what happened, for in that second I was off the road and only pulled the car straight with difficulty. The spear must have struck him end on, and I was traveling thirty miles an hour.

"My niece sent me a wire. When I received it I understood what had happened. I was in a blue funk about the business. I meant to get out of it if I could. You see I am hiding nothing. I told my man to take the chains off the motor—I had a thought for the tracks I might have left—and came back to find out how the land lay. Well, you know the rest."

"You have done yourself no harm, Mr. Bulstrode, by this confession," said Inspector Addington Peace.

"Thank you. And now, if you will jump in, I will drive you to the police station. You will want to get Boyne out and put me in, eh, Inspector?"

He was still laughing in that high-pitched voice of his when the car faded into the night.

It was not until the next day that Peace gave me his explanation over our pipes in my studio. It is interesting enough to set down, if briefly.

"There were many points in the favor of Boyne," he said. "Miss Sherrick's story not only coincided with that told us by Cullen, but it also explained much that the butler considered suspicious. The young man left the drive hoping to meet Miss Sherrick. Cullen told me that Boyne asked where she was as he left, and was informed somewhere in the upper garden. He failed to find her, however, and probably concluded she had gone in to lunch. Boyne said he was walking down through the Wilderness when he heard the scream. Suppose this were a lie, then how could he have obtained the spear? Was he a man of such phenomenal strength as to use it in so deadly a fashion? You observe the difficulties.

"It was when I was upstairs examining the body that the idea occurred to me. The force used in throwing the spear was abnormal. Either the murderer must have been a man of remarkable physique, or he must have thrown the spear from a rapidly moving vehicle. You remember the notices that are displayed in railway-carriages begging passengers not to throw bottles from the window which will imperil the lives of plate-layers. It is not in the force of the throw but in the pace of the train that the danger lies. It was a possible parallel.

"And here I made a remarkable discovery. On closely inspecting the shaft of the spear, I found a smear of lubricating oil such as motorists use. It suggested that a man who had lately been attending to the machinery of a car had been handling the weapon. Had one of the group under possible



PRAYER OF MODERN WOMEN

Inez Haynes Gillmore Gives It a New Expression That Makes Food for Thought.

"Lord, we have come out of the dark and the quiet and the calm of the past into the dazzle and the noise and the hurry of the present. But yesterday we lived inside four sealed walls, the hearth our earth, the family our world. Today the door and the window have swung wide and we gaze out. The earth lies before us. Thy world encompasses us."

These are the opening sentences of "The Prayer of the Women," by Inez Haynes Gillmore in Harper's Bazar. In it are also the following:

"We thank thee that we were born in this day.

"Help us to give back to the children who toil all the tender love and all the fairy lore of their lost childhood; its green fields and sweet waters, its bright flowers and blue skies, its soft winds and warm sunshine, its golden sands and changing seas."

"Help us to give back to the women who sin all the love and honor of their lost womanhood, its gaily and security, its helpfulness and happiness and peace.

suspicion anything to do with motors or machinery? Not one.

"I had noticed the jade collections in the hall. This spearhead was of unusual beauty. Could it have come from the colonel's own collection? He had not taken it with him when he ran toward the Wilderness, loading his revolver. Why did he so run thus armed? Had he been robbed?"

"Yet the thief had not passed that way. Cullen would have seen him if he had done so. Was the colonel endeavoring to cut him off?"

"I found the motor-tracks in the drying mud—unusual tracks, mark you, for the driver had run off the road circling the place where the colonel had stood. I traced them easily by the chain marks on the tires. They led to the front gate, and just beyond it the car had stopped for some time close to the hedge. Lubricating oil had dripped on the road while it waited. The case was becoming plainer.

"My talk with Bulstrode's chauffeur made it self-evident. The information of Miss Sherrick and her uncle's own explanation as to his quarrel with his brother over the spear swept away my last doubt. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said. "It seems simple now. Bulstrode has had bad luck, though. Things look black against him."

"I think he will be all right," said Addington Peace. "His story has the merit of being not only easily understandable, but true."

"And Boyne?"

"I saw him meet Miss Sherrick. It was enough to make an old bachelor repent his ways, Mr. Phillips. Believe me, there is a great happiness of which we cannot guess—we lonely men."

(THE END.)

SEEMS A POOR OCCUPATION

Demand for Female "Kennel-Maids" Said to Be the Latest in the Old Country.

Ladies have been advised to take up the profession of "kennel-maid," but the latest development of this occupation appears to be that of "canine nurse." Reports from the old country tell that there are actually institutions for training ladies to become nurses for dogs. They are of the canine pets, and have to serve taught to study the different ailments an apprenticeship for at least twelve months before they are qualified. A good nurse can command a good salary. Only recently a lady in Dublin engaged one of these canine nurses at \$16 a week, besides paying traveling expenses. At most dog shows in England one sees girls in nurses' costumes attending the valuable animals that are on exhibition. An advertisement appeared in a London journal only a few weeks ago offering \$300 per year and all found for a qualified kennel maid.

Told of Eugene Field.

Eugene Field and his wife once entered a street car, to find all the seats taken save one at each end. When the conductor collected fares, Mr. Field announced audibly as he gave him a dime, pointing to the far end of the car, "This is the fare for the lady there—the one wearing the new, beautiful brown dress." All eyes turned, and her pretty face was rose color; but back of her reproving glance was mingled indulgence, appreciation, and mirth at the unexpected and truthful announcement.—Youth's Companion.

MEN IN SECOND PLACE

FRENCH ARMY OFFICIALS RELY ON WOMEN AVIATORS.

Have Many Points of Superiority Which Must Be Taken Into Account When the Trumpets of War Are Sounded.

The French army department has determined to have as many women aviators in its air battalions as it possibly can, says an English paper. For this purpose a special law will have to be passed making women eligible for army service.

The fact is that the leaders of aviation in France have come to the conclusion that women make better aviators than men, and they are determined to encourage women fliers in every possible way.

Their first step has been to make Mlle. Helene Dutrieu a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, a decoration that has been given to very few women.

Among the experiments undertaken by the French authorities were a number dealing with the effects of height, speed, quickness of thought and action, and other essentials of flying. In these experiments both men and women took part, and, to the amazement of every one, it was found that the women were far better air pilots than their male competitors.

First of all, women are more primitive than men. They are far less well developed mentally; and, though the man in the street may not think it, women are not so nervous as men.

A woman is less liable, say the French scientists, to collapse in the higher altitudes of the air than a man. Her greater capacity for bearing pain, or rather her insensibility to pain, enables her to withstand the cold of the upper regions of the atmosphere—cold so intense that more than one aviator has lost control of his machine through it and been dashed to death.

Another cause which makes a woman better at high altitudes is the fact that she needs less oxygen for breathing than men. She is, in consequence, less affected by the rarified air, a further proof of which fact is that quite a large number of women have earned the highest reputations for mountain climbing.

The fifth statement in the report says: "The arc of a woman's vision is nearly twice that of a man." Put in ordinary language, this means that while a man only sees what is directly in front of him, a woman sees things at the side as well. A man's vision is concentrated, while a woman's is spread.

This ability to see all round, as it were, is of the greatest possible importance in aviation. The airman does not want to see just ahead so much as each side and above him. The general look of things tells him the state of the atmosphere, and enables him to steer clear of dangerous eddies, currents, and so on.

A woman, also, is not so concentrated in her thought as a man. The latter thinks of only one thing at a time, while a woman thinks of several things, and is able to deal with them all successfully. This faculty is called "diffused attention" by scientists, and is valuable in the air.

Finally, the report to the French war office states that the woman's specific gravity is less.

The highly-developed modern woman, however, is useless for driving an aeroplane, according to the scientists. It is her home-loving sister, who is not so highly concentrated, who has the power of "diffused attention," who will make the air-woman of the future.

Humorists Always Geniuses.

Men of humor are always in some degree men of genius; with are truly so, although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit, as Shakespeare.—Coleridge.

Eggs Best "Grouch" Cure.

Fish may make you brainy, but it's eggs that make you amiable, at least if we can believe the claims made for this particular article of food by a German scientist of note.

"Cranky, grouchy, nervous wrecks of all kinds, should eat all the eggs they can possibly digest," says Prof. Stieglets. "Eggs are the best thing in the world for those whose ill tempers make themselves and every one around them uncomfortable. They should be soft boiled preferably and eaten four times a day for four weeks on a stretch. Then the diet should be stopped and not commenced again for four or even six weeks."

And though no mention is made of whether Eastern eggs in particular have any more healthful and cheerful effect than ordinary eggs taken at ordinary times, isn't it always true that "the better the day, the better the deed?"

Dull.

Gabe—Smith is the dullest fellow I ever met.
Steve—Should say so. Why, he couldn't even break a monotony.