

Тe Chronicles Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of The Hound of the Baskervilles," etc.

THE STORY OF AMAROFF THE POLE

"You may think yourself an artist," wrote my uncle, "but I call you a silly young fool."

I remembered the sentence and the reading of it well enough, though time has not stood idle since that September evening of the year 1892. From the point of view of Bradford, my uncle might be right; but what did he know, I argued, of the higher ideal which I had chosen preferring the development of my artistic sense to the mere accumulation of money that I could not spend? Where was his joy of life-he who spent his days in the whirr of wheels and the fog of many chimneys? How could it compare with mine in the ancient peace of the eighteenth century house that lay under the towers that crowned the ancient abbey at Westminster? I looked around me at the delicate tapestries that I had brought from Florence to my London rooms; at the glowing Fragonards-souvenirs of my year of artistic study in Paris; at the Dresden groups redolent of old Saxony. Was I the fool or my uncle George? There seemed to me no doubt about it. It was plainly Uncle George.

Yet the letter had unsettled me. opened the swing doors that led to my studio, switched on the light, and stepped from easel to easel, examining my half-finished work with a growing dissatisfaction. Were they indeed merely the daubs of a wealthy amateur? I loitered back to my sittingroom in a sulky depression, and had picked up an art paper, when there came a tapping at the door, and the grizzled head of old Jacob Hendry came peering in. A perfect servant was old Hendry, once sergeant of infantry, and now a combination of cook, valet, and housemaid, who kept my rooms in spotless order, grilled a steak to a turn, was a fair hand with a needle, and spent his spare time in producing the most inartistic wood carving I have ever seen.

"Well, and what is it?" I asked him; for he seemed in some hesitation.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Phillips, sir," he said, "but there's a young man would like to see you. A most respectable young man, sir, as lodges above us on the third floor, but-"Go on, Jacob, go on."

"The fact is, sir, he's from the Yard.

"The Yard! What Yard?" "Scotland Yard, sir, where the de-

tectives come from." And where I wish to Heaven they

would remain, thought I. This intrusion was simply insuffer-

able. I had a mind to refuse the man admittance.

"'Is boots is quite clean," said Jacob, entirely mistaking my hesitation. "'E 'as wiped 'em on the mat. I saw "im."

"The person, sir, of the name of Inspector Peace," said Hendry, swing-

"Oh, show him in."

ing open the door. He was a tiny slip of a fellow, of about five and thirty years of age. A stubble of brown hair, a hard, cleanshaven mouth, and a confident chinsuch was my impression. He took one quick look at me, and then waited, with his eyes on the carpet and his head a trifle tilted over the right

shoulder. "I fear that I have taken a great liberty, Mr. Phillips," he said, in a very smooth and civil manner. "But I had an idea that you would help me, and time was of importance."

"Well, and what is it?" "You have many friends amongst the foreign artists here in London. You attend their concerts and some times even their little dances. We are near neighbors, you see," he con-

cluded, with a slight bow. "I am flattered by the interest you

have taken in my movements." "Two hours ago," he continued cheerfully, "a body was found in a passage off Leman street, Stepney-a body which we cannot identify. The man was of good position, a sculptor. and, I believe, a Pole. A cab is waiting at the door. It is late, I know, Mr. Phillips; it cannot fail to be a you drive down with me and take a look at him?"

"Certainly not."

He saw that I considered his proposal an impertinence, for he hesitated a moment, regarding me with an air of depression.

"It has stopped raining," he said,

hall which can be slipped on in a mo-

nent. May I fetch it for you?" "You merely waste time, Mr. Peace," I told him, "I will have nothing to do with an affair in which I am

nowise concerned." "This sculptor may be an acquaintance of your own," he said gravely; and while we are arguing his murderers may escape."

"Murderers?" "Yes, sir; murderers! The man has been strangled and robbed."

The position was most embarrassing. He asked me to go into a part of London that I had always carefully avoided. It was sufficient to know that filth, immorality, and crime exist without personally inspecting the muckheap. Yet there he stood, his head on one side, staring at my toes like an inquisitive terrier, and my arguments faded before his stolidity. Why had Hendry ever let him in? I should certainly speak to the old rascal about his-

"Well, Mr. Phillips." "If I agree to go, will you see to it that I am not again troubled in this matter?" I answered sulkily enough. "For I will not be a witness or a juryman or anything like that, you under-

"Certainly. I will see that you are not further molested."

"Then, in the name of common sense, let us get it over as quickly as possible," I said, kicking off my slippers and ringing the bell for my boots. Big Ben was striking eleven as our hansom trotted down the long Embankment with its lights winking on the rushing tide below. Past the great restaurants of pleasure, glowing with shaded lamps from the windows of all their balconies; into the silent city where the tall offices of the day lay like deserted palaces under the moon; over macadam, over clattering asphalt, over greasy wood pavement; so we journeyed till of a sudden we dropped from wealth to destitution, from solitude to babble, from the West to the East. Costers bawling their wares under spouting flares, fringed the sidewalks along which jostled the chattering masses of the poor. The section was largely foreign. The patches of color in some Italian shawl. the long coats and peaked headgear of some moujik, the clatter of the dialects seemed all the stranger from the sullen London background of mean shops, dingy lodgings, and low beer-houses. For, in the shadows of that underworld of the great metropolis, sodden faces, guttural oaths, dingy rags, the blow that precedes the word, are the manifestations of the native born.

In a side street the cab drew to a standstill. It was the mortuary, the inspector told me. A young policeman at the door touched his hat, and led the way down a passage to a bare stone chamber. On a slab in the center the body lay with an elderly man in ill-fitting clothes bending over it. He looked up as we entered, and nodded to the inspector.

"You were quite right, Peace," he said cheerfully; "chloroform first. cab. I would myself have a look at strangling afterwards."

"They took no risks, Dr. Chapple." "They made a clean job of it," said the elderly man, looking down at the Harden place on foot. It was an eddy slab with his thumbs in his waistcoat in the rush of London improvementpockets. "Never saw neater work a pool of silence in its roaring traffic. since-well, since I was invalided home from India."

"Thugs?" "Yes; they did it nigh as well as a

Thug in regular practice." The callous brutality of the conversation filled me with disgust. I turned away, leaning against the wall with a feeling of nausea.

'And now, if I may trouble you, Mr. Phillips, will you look at this poor fellow, and see if you can recognize him?" said Peace.

I knew him well enough. The black beard, the thin, hawk nose, the high and noble forehead were not easily forgotten. Talman had introduced me to him at the Art Club's Reception in July, whispering that he was a Pole and a neighbor of his—a deuced queer fish, though a clever one. He had exhibited a bust of Nero at the Academy, which attracted much attention.

"And his name?" asked the inspec-

"Amaroff. I believe him to be from Poland; that is about all I know of him."

"How did you come to meet him?" I told him of my introduction. Would I. he asked, give him Talman's address? Most certainly-No. 4 Harden place, off the King's road, Chelsea. I had no objection whatever to Talman being roused at one in the morning. By all means let the old rascal be turned out of bed and cross-examined. His language would be a revelation to the police-it would, really.

The inspector left me on the doorstep for a few minutes, while he whispered to two shabbily dressed men who lounged out of the darkness, and

disappeared with the same lack of ostentation. Then we entered our cab, which had waited, and trotted westward, the very air growing clear er, as it seemed to me, when the underworld of poverty fell away behind It was some time before I spoke and then it was to ask for a solution to certain puzzles that had been form ing in my brain.

"You said he had been robbed?" "Yes, Mr. Phillips. They had gone

through his pockets with every atten tion to detail." "Then how did you know he was

sculptor?" "He had been called away in a hurry. There was modelling clay in his finger-nails, and a splash of plaster on his right trouser leg. It was quite sim-

ple, as you see." His reply was ingenious, and I liked the inspector the better for it. The man had something more in him than a civil tongue and a pleasing manner.

"Tell me-what else did you learn?" with a sanded floor, probably at no a coster's barrow."

"I am not a reporter," I said. "I do not want guess-work.

"I shall probably be able to prove my words in twenty-four hours.'

"And why not now?"

"There are good reasons." we drove on through the night in si- rootstocks. The only way to deal

assurances that I should not again be troubled in the matter. I told him quite frankly that I was very glad to

I did not sleep more than eight hours that night, and was quite unfitted for work in the morning. I roamed about my studio with nerves on edge. I cursed Peace and all his doings. Even the papers gave me no further information of this exasperating business, being loaded with the preparations for the Czar's reception in Paris, which was due in two days. In the end I sank so far as to send old Jacob up to the inspector's rooms for the latest news; but he had been out since daybreak.

About twelve I wandered off to the club. The sight of Talman was a very present joy to me. He was engaged in denouncing the police to a select circle, choosing as his text that the Englishman's house in his castle. I offered my sincere sympathy when he told me that he had been invaded at one in the morning by inquiring detec tives. I suggested that he should write to the Times about it. He said he had already done so. Incidentally he mentioned that Amaroff's address had been No. 21 Harden place.

I lunched at the little table by the window; but it was in the smokingroom afterwards that the idea occurred to me. I fought against it for some time, but the temptation increased upon consideration. Finally I yielded, and told the waiter to call a the dead man's studio.

I dismissed the hansom at the turning off King's road, and walked down There were trees in the little gardens The golds and browns of the withering leaves peeped and rustled over the old brick walls. Several studios I noticed-it was evidently an artists' quarter-before I stopped in front of

No. 21. The studio-a fair-sized barn of modern brick-fronted on the street. The double doors through which a sculptor's larger work may pass were flanked by a little side door painted a staring and most objectionable green. On the right the roof of a red-tiled shed crept up to long windows under the eaves. The side door stood ajara most urgent invitation to my curiosity. After all, I argued, a studio remains a place where the strict rules of etiquette may be avoided, even though its owner be dead. And so, without troubling further in the matter, I pushed the door gently open. and walked into a short passage, the further end of which was barred with heavy curtains of faded plush. Beyond them I could hear a whisper of voices. I drew back the edge of a

curtain and peeped within. In the center of the big room was a tall pedestal upon which was set the bust of Nero, which had won no small measure of fame for poor Amaroff in that year's Academy. Under the proud and merciless features of the Roman Emperor stood Inspector Peace -smoking a cigarette and talking to a big fellow with a thick black beard.

A couple of men kneeling at their feet were replacing a mass of loose papers in the drawers of a roller-top desk that had been pulled some distance from the wall.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

BUSINESS HAD TO GO ON was breathing heavily when the hack turned a familiar corner, and his wife

Sam Thought He Had Combination, but Relief for Mandy' Was Not in Sight.

A lazy darky who let his wife take in washing without demur had a dream one night, and a policy dream at that. He borrowed money from her to play the combination, and before great personal inconvenience; but will he left home he stated his conviction. "Mandy," he said, "Ah's goin' up town to play dis combine, what am sho' to come out. When you see me comin' home in a hack yo' break up yo' washtubs." The "combine" didn't come out, and Sam, in great dejection, acquired a lot of gin. Then he was messed up a bit by a dray, and some "and the cab has most comfortable other darkies hired a hack to take custions. I noticed a fur coat in the him home. Sam was nearly out, and

was standing in the door. With his last ounce of energy he stuck his head out of the window and yelled: 'Mandy, spare dem tubs!"

She Expressed It.

"I never saw such outrageous service in all my life," said the woman at the express office window. "I've been waiting here fuly half an hour and not a sign of an employee have I seen. The heads of this company ought to be notified of this extreme negligence. It's simply outrageous." "What would you like to express, madam?" said a clerk who arrived at

"I'd like to express my sympathy," replied the woman tartly, and depart by reversing the operation.



ONE OF WORST WEED PESTS

Horse Nettle Ranks with Canada Thistle and Quack Grass-One Method for Eradication.

We are again in receipt of our old friend, the horse nettle. This time it is a central lowa correspondent who sends us the prickly-leafed, potato-"That he was murdered in a place blossomed weed, says Wallace's Farmer. He says that in the locality great distance from Leman street, there is only one patch, and it is but seeing that they carried him there on sixty feet square. He wishes to know how to get rid of the weed.

As all of our older readers know, horse nettle ranks with Canada thistle and quack grass as one of the worst of the weed pests. It is degenerate relative of the potato and tomato, which spreads not only by abundant "Oh, very well," I said sulkily; and seeds, but by strong underground



Horse Nettle.

with such a pest is continually to prevent the leaves from spreading themselves out in the sunshine. Everything considered, probably the best method for our correspondent would be to take a sharp hoe and go over the patch every ten days, cutting off every horse nettle plant just below the surface of the ground. This treatment is troublesome, but with such a small patch it probably is the safest

CAUTIONS FOR CEMENT USERS

Among Other Things Do Not Allow Material to Freeze Before It Is Properly Hardened.

Never expose freshly made concrete to the hot summer sun. Avoid too rapid drying out, says the American Cultivator.

Do not allow it to freeze before it is properly hardened.

Do not use soft sand stone or brick except for filler in large work, and even then with discretion.

Do not apply fresh cement to old and hardened surfaces without first thoroughly soaking with water and hacking a rough surface on it. Cleanse thoroughly and then apply a very thin. neat cement wash.

Do not attempt to retemper and use concrete that has stood too long in the mixing heard and attained its set.

Use a uniform Portland cement and give attention to uniform methods of working and the results will be uni-

Use a finely ground cement. The finer the cement the greater covering | well is filled up. properties it possesses and the more sand it can carry. An excess of cement is unnecessary, as a thin, even coating is all that is required.

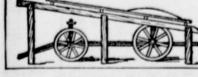
Be sure to mix thoroughly. Many faulty jobs are due to poor mixing. Do not be afraid of overdoing it, as longer mixing permits of using less

REMOVING A HEAVY HAY RACK

Without Much Hard Work.

Excellent Method Is Described and II lustrated for Performing Job

In order to remove a heavy hay rack from the wagon and to reload again without any lifting, take two 2x6 pieces, eighteen feet long, two short and two longer posts. Set the posts about four feet apart and spike on long pieces as shown in the illustration. The lower ends of the pieces should be just high enough to come



under the crosspieces of the hay rack the rack drive between these two content. pieces and the rack will slip along on top of the planks as shown in the fl-

CAREFUL DRIVER OF HORSES

Some Men Can Get More Out of Animals in One Round With Plow Than Another Will in Two.

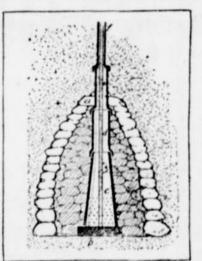
How many acres of tillable farm and will one horse work? This, of course, depends on the kind of farming done, on the kind of machinery used and on the efficiency of the man who works the horses. It would not be difficult to find 100 acres of tillable land worked in one case with two good horses and from this on up to six work horses. Probably more depends on the ability of the driver to handle his horses than any other one thing. Some drivers will take more out of their horses at one round with the plow than another will in two rounds. In one case the plowing is done in a haphazard sort of way, the horses are tangled at the ends, are backed and turned unnecessarily, are jerked viciously when out of line, and possibly the harnesses do not fit properly. In the other case the horses are given a steady. true gait which is kept up, the turns are smooth and without yelling and jerking and the driver watches the working of his plow and fit of his harnesses all day long. No team should be worked over an hour at hard pulling before the harnesses are looked over to see that all parts set properly. To some this carefulness comes naturally; to others it never will come. Efficiency in the driver away." "Huh! Then how do you know means efficiency in the team, and it is a pleasure to see horses worked well.

HOW TO MAKE A CHEAP WELL

Wall Can Be Laid Five or Six Feet High, Arching It at Top With Large Stone for Covering.

It is impossible to drive a pipe for a well in some localities, and stones are scarce to lay a wall in a dug well, writes J. H. Andre of Wisconsin in the Farm and Home. In such cases the wall can be laid 5 or 6 feet high. arching it at the top with large stones to 15 or 18 inches in diameter, and cover it with a large flat stone, a, with a hole in the center to admit a 6-inch pipe. Place a stone, b, in the bottom of the well 18 inches in diameter and 4 inches thick. Concrete is best. Make a concrete cone, c, 3 feet long, 16 inches in diameter, at the new maid in charge. "Well, Mary," bottom, 3 inches thick and of a size the said, "did any packages come?" to fit the bell end of an 8-inch sewer "Yes, mum," was the reply. "The pipe at the top. The large end of the wagon cum wid th' cuspidore for th' cone will need openings in the side to ambrellas." allow the water to enter freely when pumping. Place the large end of the one on the stone.

The first length, d, of sewer pipe can be 8 inches. When the pipe, e, last two weeks, remarked at the conreaches above where the well is clusion of a little dinner given him: stoned it can be reduced to 6 inches a few lengths and then f to 4 inches



Making Cheap Well.

Four feet of the pipe at the top of the well should be iron to avoid breaking when handling the pump. Nearly all of the dirt can be placed back in the well which saves the expense of drawing it away. When placing the dirt back in the well keep a round stick in the pipe as large as | sener. "What are you going to call the pipe will admit. This will keep him? Not some high-flown name that the sewer pipe straight and it need will make him ridiculous in after life, not be put in place faster than the I hope?" "Oh, no, sir," replied Wig-

GARDEN and FARM NOTES

Buy your clover seed early. Sorghum makes very good silage. Soy beans are a coming crop in the middle west.

The output of broom corn is about \$1,270,000 annually. After all, it isn't such a big job to save your seed corn early.

Alfalfa fields and silos are landmarks of a progressive community. Celery grown in four-foot rows may be earthed up with the celery plow. Soil for soy beans should receive as thorough preparation as land for corn.

At present prices for seed, the soy bean is one of the most valuable farm crops. As a money crop broom corn is one

grown. Rye makes a fair grade of silage sail or hook from which it is to hang. and should be cut when the seeds are This saves climbing up and down,

in the milk. Few crops respond more promptly dearly how the picture is going to to a thorough preparation of the soil ook. than winter grain and especially wheat.

With the mow full of hay and a silo full of corn, the farmer can sleep on says the Iowa Homestead. To unload cold winter nights with a heart full of supper table the other night?" Post-

Storage cabbage should be tossed from one man to another, and not lustration. The rack can be loaded thrown into wagons or handled roughly

"Isn't it funny"

the difference it makes in your general health and happiness when the Stomach is right, Liver active and Bowels regular? If you have any trouble with these organs

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

will overcome it quickly. Try a bottle today. It is for Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Costiveness, Colds, Grippe, Malaria, Fever and Ague.

Small Boy Again. "Bobby, do you see that bright star sverhead, at the top of the big cross?" "Yes." 'Well, that's Deneb. It is nearly three quadrillions of miles its name is Deneb?"



Furniture New to Mary.

A lady out shopping ordered an umbrella stand sept home for her vestibule, and only reached home late in the evening, where she had left her

Making Bomb-Thrower Out of Host. An English wit of reputation, who has been visiting New York for the "It's been excellent. I never heard older stories nor drank newer wine in my life."



Plain, Like the Squire. "I hear you have got a new baby,

Wiggins," said the squire to his gargins. "If it's not a liberty, sir, we thought of calling him plain Jamesafter you, sir."

Red Cross Ball Blue gives double value for your soney, goes twice as far as any other. Ask your

Old-Time Letter Writing.

For the purposes of letter-writing he leaves of some trees were early used, while the inner bark of the linlen tree was in such common demand or this purpose that it has given the word for a book to two languages. But one of the most convenient matedals for letter-writing were tablets sovered with a thin coating of wax, ipon which it was easy to write with s pointed needle called a stylus.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets, bruggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. IROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

To Help in Hanging Pictures. Cut a groove in the end of a curof the most satisfactory that can be ain pole, place the end of the ploure wire in it, and hoist it up to the und also allows one to see more

> Town's Dissipated Son. Rube-"Did you hear that Zachary and his wife had an awful row at the master-"Did they? What did Zachary do about it?" Rube-"He got right up from the table and went out and stayed out until ten minutes aftor nine. If he doesn't reform he'll

give this town a bad name.