


RAISES the DOUGH
Better than other powders—
producing light, dainty, whole-
some cakes and pastries—
CRESCENT
BAKING
POWDER
is high grade and
moderate in price—
25c lb. tin at grocers.
Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle



"DIDN'T HURT A BIT"
is what they all say



Wise Dental Co.
OFFICE HOURS:
8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays 9 to 1
Phonics: A 2029; Main 2029.
Falling Bldg., Third and Washington, Portland


For a Rubber Plant.
When the leaves turn yellow and
fall off the plant is dying. Feed it a
tablespoonful of olive oil every two
weeks. Also wash the plant once a
week with warm soapuds, letting the
warm suds moisten the earth thor-
oughly. Sprinkle every other day.
This same treatment should be used
on ferns.

YOU
"should worry"
if you are neglecting or
abusing the Stomach,
Liver or Bowels. Sick-
ness is sure to overtake
you. Be wise in time and
get a bottle of
HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH BITTERS
Makes the appetite keen,
aids digestion, maintains
health, strength and vig-
or and thus makes life a
real pleasure. Try it and
see. Avoid substitutes.

English Difficult Enough.
"Dear Sir," wrote a Cardiff father
to a school teacher. "Please do not
let my son John learn Welsh today;
his throat is so bad he can hardly
speak English."—Tit-Bits.

Stiff Joints
Sprains, Bruises
are relieved at once by an applica-
tion of Sloan's Liniment. Don't
rub, just lay on lightly.
"Sloan's Liniment has done more
good than anything I have ever tried
for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so
badly that I had to stop work right in
the busiest time of the year. I thought
at first that I would have to have my
hand taken off, but I got a bottle of
Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand."
WILSON WHEELER, Morris, Ala.
Good for Broken Sinews
G. G. Jones, Baldwin, E. L., writes:
"I used Sloan's Liniment for broken
sinews above the knee caused by a
fall and to my great satisfaction was
able to resume work in less than three
weeks after the accident."

SLOAN'S
LINIMENT
Fine for Sprain
Mr. Henry A. Vornitz, 84 Somerset
St., Plainfield, N. J., writes:—"A
friend sprained his ankle so badly
that it went black. I laughed when
I told him that I would have him out
in a week. I applied Sloan's Liniment
and in four days he was working and
said Sloan's was a right good Liniment."
Price 25c.,
50c., and \$1.00
Sloan's Book
on horses, cattle,
sheep and
poultry sent free.
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Dr.
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PISO'S REMEDY
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in Time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

SERIAL
STORY

The
Chronicles
of
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

(Continued.)
The sergeant stepped forward and
whispered. The man was sufficiently
satisfied, for he dropped the slide at
once, and the door swung back to ad-
mit us; the hairy-faced porter bowing
a welcome in polite submission. The
inspector led the way up the stairs,
and I followed at his heels. The ser-
jeant had disappeared.

It was a broad, low room in which
we found ourselves, the rafters of the
roof unblinded by the plaster of a ceiling.
Round the walls on benches ranged
behind tables a dozen men sat
smoking and drinking. The chatter
of talk faded away as we entered. In
silence they stared at us, calmly, judi-
ciously, without fear or curiosity. I
could not have imagined a more com-
posed and resolute company. I felt
that I carried myself awkwardly, as an
impertinent intruder should; but the
inspector sauntered across the room to
a bar on the further side as calmly
as if he were the oldest and most
valued member in the club.

A pale-faced man with a stained and
yellow beard rose from his seat be-
hind the glasses. His eyes were fixed
on Peace with a weak, pathetic ex-
pression like a dog in pain.
"Good evening, Mr. Greatman," said
the inspector. "Can I have a word
with you?"
"Yes, sir, if you will kindly step into
my private room," he answered in ex-
cellent English, opening a hatch in
the bar. "This is the way, sir, if you
will follow me."

We walked after him down a short
passage and stopped before the dark-
ness of an open door. A spurt of a
match and the gas jet flared upon a
bare chamber, hung with a gaudy pa-
per and furnished with half a dozen
wooden chairs set round a deal table
in the center. In place of a carpet,
our feet grated upon a smooth sprin-
kling of that grey sand which may
still be found in old-fashioned inns.
It was here then, if the detectives
were not mistaken, that this crime
had found a climax, this sordid mur-
der not thirty hours old.
"If you would like a fire, gentlemen,"
suggested Greatman. "I can easily
fetch some coals."
"Pray do not trouble yourself," said
the inspector, politely. "My name is
Peace, of the Criminal Investigation
Department, and I called to inquire if
you can tell me anything concerning
the murder of the sculptor, Amaroff."
"I know nothing."
"That is strange, seeing that he was
strangled in this very room."
"Here?" cried the Pole, with a stare
of unbelief changing into sudden ter-
ror. "Here—in my room?"
"So I believe," said Peace.
—The man swayed for an instant,
grasping at the back of a chair, and
then dropped to the ground, moaning,
his face covered with his hands. In
that crouching figure before us was
written the extremity of despair.

"Come, come, Greatman, pull your-
self together," said the inspector, tap-
ping him kindly on the shoulder. "If
you are innocent, there is no need to
make all this fuss."
"It was Nicolin who led to me," he
cried, looking up with bewildered eyes.
"Very probably," said Peace. "It is
a habit with him."
"Yet it was I, miserable that I am,
who made the meeting between them.
Before Heaven, it was with the inno-
cence of a child. If those my com-
rades of the club but knew—"
He hesitated, his eyes searching the
room in sudden terror.
"Oblige me by seeing that we have
no comrades already at the keyhole,
Mr. Phillips," said Peace.
There was no one at the door; no
one in the dark passage; and when I
in a crumpled heap.
returned I found that Peace had lifted
the caretaker to a chair, where he sat
"You can trust us," the detective
was saying. "Believe me, Greatman,
it will be best for yourself that you
hide nothing."
And so with many fierce cries and
protestations, this poor creature began
his story.

It was Nicolin, it seemed, who had
discovered that Greatman, the care-
taker of the Brutus Club, was one and
the same with the forger, Ivan Kroll,
of Odessa, who had been wanted by
the Russian police for close upon
twenty years. But having a shrewd
head on his shoulders, Nicolin made
no immediate use of his knowledge.
For forgery a man might be extra-
dited from England. Once in Russia

the charge would be altered to nihil-
ism, and then—Siberia. It was not
pleasant for the caretaker of a nihil-
ist club to be at the mercy of a black-
bearded spy lounging on the step out-
side. "It was that which drove me to
the brandy," said poor Greatman,
alias Kroll.
About the end of August there be-
gan, he continued, a duel of wits be-
tween the two men, Amaroff and
Nicolin, the reasons and causes of
which did not, if he might be per-
mitted to say, concern us. Nicolin's
career was dependent on his success.
For him, failure meant permanent dis-
grace. Yet it was Amaroff who was
playing with his opponent as a cat
with a mouse, confusing and surpris-
ing him at every turn, driving him,
indeed, when time grew pressing, into
desperate measures. At the last he
formed a plan, did Nicolin, a scheme
worthy of his most cunning brain.
"This, then, he did," ended the poor
caretaker. "He came to me—I who
had so great love and honor for Amar-
off, my friend, I whom he had turned
from crime and aided to earn a wage
in honesty—he came to me and he
said: 'Kroll, in my pocket is a warrant
that will send you back to the
snow places in the East; do you fear
me, my good Kroll?' And I feared him.
'See, now,' he said, 'we desire to see
your friend Amaroff for a little talk.
We cannot harm him here in this
mad country. Contrive a trick, bring
him into your private room behind the
bar. Give us the key of the yard door
that we may come secretly to him—
and afterwards you will hear no more
of Siberia from me. Do you consent?'"
"Gentlemen, I believed him, also
having fear of the snow places; and I
consented."
"So Amaroff answered my call, and
with some excuse I left him in this
room. It was at a time when few
members were in the club—about
seven of the clock. And that, as I
live, is all I have to tell. I waited at
my seat behind the bar. I saw nothing,
heard nothing—and at last when I
went to my room, behold it was
empty! I tried to suspect no wrong—
but I did not sleep that night. In the
morning I saw in the papers that
Amaroff, my friend, was dead, and
how he died I could not tell."
"So Nicolin won the game," sug-
gested Peace, softly. "And there will
be no regrettable incident when the
Czar enters Paris the day after to-
morrow."
"Of that I have no knowledge," said
Greatman; but I saw a sudden resolu-
tion shine in his face that seemed to
put new heart into the man.
"Well, Mr. Phillips," said the in-
spector, turning upon me with a warn-
ing quiver of the left eyelid, "it is
to meet Nicolin at the studio by seven
tomorrow morning. We must get to
bed early."
"Certainly," I said. I was rather out
of my depth, but I take myself this
credit that I did not show it.
"Then do you search the studio to-
morrow?" asked Greatman.
"—Yes—it has been arranged."
"But will you not first arrest this
Nicolin, this murderer?"
"My dear Mr. Greatman," said the
inspector, "you have told us your
story, and I thank you for your con-
fidence. But I advise you now to leave
things alone. I will see justice done—
don't be afraid about that. For the
rest, please to keep a silent tongue in
your head—it will be safer. There is
still Siberia for Ivan Kroll just as
there are dangers from your friends
in the club yonder for Julius
Greatman, who arranged so indiscreet
a meeting in his private room. Good
night to you."
The caretaker did not reply, but
opening the door, bowed us into the
passage that led to the big room. We
had not taken half a dozen steps when
I looked back over my shoulder, ex-
pecting to see him behind us. But
he had vanished.

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HE'S GONE.

"He's gone," I whispered, gripping my companion by the arm.
"I know, I know. Keep quiet."
As we stood there listening, I heard the sudden clatter of boots upon a stairway, and then silence.

"It appears to me that we shall have an interesting evening," said Addington Peace.
A twist in the passage, a turn through a door, and we were rattling down the back stairs and out into a moonlit yard. In the denser darkness under the walls I made out a double row of big barrows, from which there came a subtle aroma in which stale fish predominated. From amongst them a tall shadow arose and came slipping to our side.

"He's off, sir," said the serjeant, for it was he. "Rushed by, shaking his fist and talking to himself like a madman. Where has he gone, do you think?"
"To Amaroff's studio; and we must get there before him. The nearest cab-rank, if you please, Jackson."

We ran through the yard, hustled up the narrow streets, lost ourselves, as far as I was concerned, in a maze of alleys, and finally shot out into a roaring thoroughfare, crowded with a strolling population. No cab was in sight. Opposite the lamps of the underground station the inspector stopped us.

"It would be quicker," he said, with a jerk of the head, and we turned into the booking-office and galloped down the stairs. Luck was with us, and we tumbled into a carriage as the train moved away.

We were not alone, and we journeyed in silence. Station after station slipped by, until at last we were in the southwestern district again. My excitement increased as we fled up the stairs of the South Kensington station. Here was a new sensation, keen, virile, natural; here was a race worth the trouble it involved. I did not understand; but I knew that on our speed much depended. Indeed, I could have shouted aloud, but for the influence of those two quiet, unemotional figures that trotted on either hand.

I regretted nothing—an hour of this was worth a year of artistic contemplation.
At the corner we found a hansom, and soon were rattling down the King's Road. When the cab stopped, to the inspector's order, it was not, as I expected, at the corner of Harden Place, but a street preceding it. Down this we walked quickly until we came upon a seedy-looking fellow with a red muffer about his neck, leaning against the wall.

I was surprised when we halted in front of him.
"Good evening, Harrison," said the inspector. "Anything to report?"
"They're there, sir. They came about ten minutes ago. Job and Turner are watching the door in Harden Place, and I came here."

"They didn't see any of you?"
"No, sir, I am sure of it."
"You had better join the others in Harden Place. Keep within hearing, and if I whistle, kick in the side door of the studio—it can be done. There is a man who I fancy will have a key to the door that is due in about five minutes. If I have not whistled before he arrives, let him through. You understand?"
"Yes, sir."
The detective faded discreetly into the darkness, while the inspector turned to me.

"There may be complications, Mr. Phillips, and no slight danger. I must ask you to go home."
"I shall do nothing of the sort."
"Mutiny," he said; but I could see that he was smiling. "You are rather a fraud, Mr. Phillips—rather a fraud, you know. There is more of a fighter than a dilettante in you, after all. Come, then, over you go."

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

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