

# 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 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 where 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

a spell," he said, with a quick glance at me. "It is now 11:30; he 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 yoked ox at a pantomime. The scene was to me something 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 slinking 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 bear 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, 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 HAD BEEN WINNING HEAVILY.

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."

"Now, I think we know where we are," said the inspector, briskly. "No chance of the roulette party breaking up, is there?"

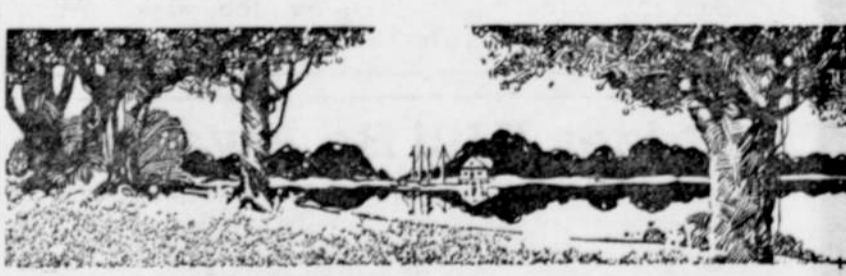
"Oh no, sir; not for another two hours, at least."

"I want you to return, Mr. Phillips, and try your luck at the tables for

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 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.



### 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

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 Launnes. 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

### BETTER FARMING METHODS

#### Increased Corn Yield Results From Prize Contest of Texas Industrial Congress.



**ALFORD BRANCH**  
"Champion Corn Grower of Texas,"  
167½ Bushels on One Acre.

Alford Branch is a wide-awake farmer boy living at Overton, Kusk County, Texas, who, by careful preparation of his land in the fall of 1911, so that it was in condition for the winter rains to sink in and to be stored for the use of the plant during the following season; who carefully selected the best seed-corn that was grown in his region and by shallow and constant cultivation from the time the corn was a few inches high until it was actually mature, not only kept it free from weeds, but kept the surface for an inch and a half or two inches so finely pulverized that it acted as a mulch and prevented the loss of moisture by capillary attraction, has raised on one acre of second bottom land 167½ bushels of corn at a cost of 13 cents per bushel. Rating the corn at the low price of 70 cents per bushel, there was a net profit of \$95.35 from this acre. Adding to this the \$250 prize money awarded him by the Texas Industrial Congress, makes a total of \$345.35, which is the interest at 6 per cent upon \$5,755.83, and represents the value of an intelligent combination of brains and work.

This young man broke his land in the early winter with a two-horse plow, cutting about six inches deep; followed in the same furrow with a team pulling what is known as a "bull-tongue" that cut ten inches further into the earth, but turned up no new soil, and formed a reservoir to hold the moisture as well as to aerate the land and make more plant-food available. He used five hundred pounds of commercial fertilizer that had been recommended by a reliable house as best adapted to the successful growth of corn upon his black, sandy land, which had been in grass for a number of years and had an ample supply of humus. He used seed-corn that was popular in his neighborhood, known as the "Bloody Butcher." He states that he made as much corn on the one acre by the better methods above-mentioned as his father made on ten acres prepared and cultivated in the old-fashioned way.

The picture below is a graphic illustration of the value of using improved methods.

(19 BU. PER ACRE)  
10-YEAR AVERAGE OF TEXAS

(51 BU. PER ACRE)  
GENERAL AVERAGE OF ALL CONTESTANTS

(28 BU. PER ACRE)  
LOWEST PRIZE-WINNING YIELD

(167½ BUSHELS PER ACRE)  
LARGEST PRIZE-WINNING YIELD

The general average of all contestants was fifty-one bushels to the acre, while the general average for the State in 1912 was but twenty-one bushels. If all of the corn growers in Texas had averaged just what these contestants averaged, at the prevailing price, the crop would have brought one hundred and sixty-four million dollars more than it did.

In 1911 the average corn crop of Texas was 9.6 bushels to the acre. Seventeen hundred and forty-six contestants for the prizes offered by the Texas Industrial Congress, coming from one hundred and sixty-one counties, averaged 31½ bushels of corn per acre. All of the prizes were won in seventeen counties. In 1912 there were 4,030 contestants from 205 counties. Fifty-five counties won prizes, and 16 of the 17 that won in 1911 won again in 1912. This clearly demonstrates that the work of the Congress is constructive, permanent and cumulative.

The Congress keeps in touch with all contestants, makes suggestions as to preparation of soil, conserving moisture and fertility to make plant food available, as to seed selection and the best methods of cultivation, but all of these are subject to any changes that the contestant thinks best to make; the only object being to offer suggestions that cause the farmer to investigate and with all the information at hand to determine the best methods to adopt.

Prayer for Strength.  
O Lord, give us all, we beseech thee, grace and strength to overcome every sin; sins of besetment, deliberation, surprise, negligence, omission; sins against thee, ourself, our neighbor; sins great, small, remembered, forgotten—Amen.—Christian G. Rossett.

Medicine a Poor Profession.  
Despite the fact that some of them manage to get enormous fees, it is said that the doctors, as a class, get poorer and poorer, financially, every year.

### GAPES GET WEAK CHICKENS

#### If Fowls Are Kept Dry, Thrifty and Well Fed They Will Seldom Be Subject to Disease.

(By W. B. LEUTZ)  
Perhaps it would not do to say that all chickens that die from gapes are those that are poorly fed and cared for, but it is undeniably true that if the chickens are well fed on feeding boards and kept dry and thrifty they will seldom be attacked.

It is generally believed that gapes are produced by minute worms which are propagated in the soil. It follows that if the chickens are fed on the same ground all through the season they are more liable to be troubled by the gapes than if they are fed on dry floors.

Preventative is better than cure always and if the chickens are fed on dry floors for the first few weeks of their lives and the yards in which they run changed two or three times during the season they will seldom suffer from the gapes.

We believe that this trouble is the result of poorly kept quarters just as lice and mites come when the coops and grounds are neglected. We have never yet heard of an epidemic of gapes in a flock of chicks where every sanitary precaution was taken and they were cared for just as they should be.

When you come to study this assertion you will see that a high standard is set for the amateur chicken-raiser, but if it is maintained your chickens will not die from gapes.

To those whose flocks are suffering the best cure is a simple one—carbolic acid.

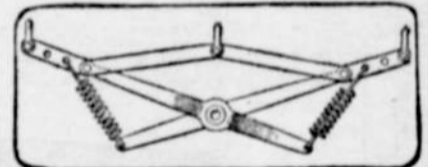
As soon as the chicks show signs of gapes make a small coop with two compartments, an upper and lower. Place a hot brick in the lower one and drop on it three or four drops of carbolic acid. The upper compartment in which the chickens are placed should not be air tight as the youngsters will suffocate, but it should be tight enough to cause them to sneeze and show considerable agitations.

One or two careful treatments in this way will kill the worms in the air passages and it is time for the owner of the flock to put his chicks on new ground, disinfect their roosting quarters and everything else about the place if he would keep them healthy.

### DRAFT EQUALIZER ON TRUCKS

#### Invention Involves Plurality of Levers in Pivotal Relation—Plan of Device Shown.

In describing and illustrating a draft equalizer for trucks, invented by D. M. Murken of Manhattan, N. Y., the Scientific American says: This draft equalizer is adapted for use on trucks or other vehicles, drawn by either one, two or three animals pulling abreast so that the leverage will be equalized, the invention involving a plurality of levers in pivotal relation with each other and also articulated through the medium of springs. The equalizer is adapted for use with one,



Draft Equalizer For Trucks.

two or three single-trees, it being desirable in some instances that the animals used with vehicles be changed at short notice, and the structure of the device is particularly adapted for such change. The accompanying engraving shows a plan view of the device.

### GARDEN and FARM NOTES

Keep a record—our memories are short.

Now is a good time to examine the seed corn.

Almost all our common garden vegetables require a somewhat alkaline soil.

Let the manure freeze after being hauled to the field; not around the barn.

When the silo is thoroughly dry it is well to treat the inside of it with coal tar.

The finer the soil, the better the vegetables, both in quantity and quality.

Most farms should carry more live stock, in order to help maintain the fertility of the soil.

To kill Canada thistles in a field, put the field in some cultivated crop and keep the weeds down.

Riding on a manure spreader has assisted many a man to where he could ride in an automobile.

If you'll save a little seed corn earlier in the season, you'll save a little money later in the season.

The growth of oats and young grass should be allowed to start well before turning animals on the pasture.

Fill in about the houses and barn wherever there are low, wet places. No matter what the weather, go dry shod.

Strong leather gloves are a necessity to the man grubbing bushes, working in stone, etc., for wounds are sure to occur.

The scoop shovel handles snow rapidly except when snow sticks to it. Warm it and coat it with tallow and no snow can adhere to it.

The secretary of agriculture has estimated that the wealth produced on farms of the United States in 1912 is in excess of \$9,000,000,000.

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**Fitness of Things.**  
Probably the most harm there is in telling a girl she is swell is that it makes her want to go and buy some new clothes like that—Galveston News.

**Polite Query.**  
A Viennese anthropologist has discovered that nature intended woman to be man's superior. Well—who accuses nature of failure?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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is what they all say



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