

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

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THE TERROR IN THE SNOW

(Continued.)
"Baron Steen," he said, "met with his death on an open path between a shallow duck-pond and a little pavilion. He had fought hard for life, had rolled and struggled with his enemy. There were four or five punctured wounds in his throat and neck, from which he had bled profusely. And now for the thing that killed him—whatever it was. It could not have fled down the cliff path, for the boat's crew waiting below had heard the screams, and had come running up by that way. They were with him when we arrived, and assured me they had seen nothing. It could not have turned to the right or left, for though the paths had been swept clean—doubtless by the baron's orders, for he would not desire his way of escape to be easily traced—the snow on either side lay in unbroken levels. It could only have retired by the yew avenue, and it did not break through the hedge. That, again, the snow proved clearly. So, we may take it, that whatever the thing may have been which you saw—it killed Baron Steen; further, it escaped into the house—this, you will remember, we decided in the garden. Let us imagine it was a man—that you were deceived by the uncertain light. His clothes must of necessity have been drenched in blood. He could not have struggled so fiercely with his victim and escaped those fatal signs. Yet, he cannot have burned his clothes, for the fires are downstairs where people were passing. Nor can he have washed them, for neither the bath rooms nor the bedroom basins have been recently used. I have spent some time in searching boxes and wardrobes with no result. Stranger still, as far as my limited information goes, every one in the house can prove an alibi—save two."
"And who are they?" I asked eagerly.

"Mr. Henderson, the baron's valet—and yourself."
"Inspector Peace—" I began angrily.

"Tut, tut, my dear Mr. Phillips. I was merely stating the facts. Mr. Henderson's case, however, presents an interesting feature, for he has run away."
"Run away," I said. "Then that settles it."
"Not altogether, I'm afraid. I think it is more a matter of theft than murder with Mr. Henderson."

I stared at him in silence as he sat there, with his little hands clasped upon his lap, a picture of irritating composure.

"Peace," I said, struggling to control my voice. "What are you hiding from me? It is something inhuman, unnatural that has done this dreadful thing."

The little detective stretched himself, yawned, and then rose to his feet.

"I have no opinion except that I think you had better go to bed. Don't lock your door, for I may find time for an hour's sleep on your sofa before morning."

The news was out after breakfast—the news that led to mild hysterics and scurrying of lady's-maids to the packing of boxes, and the chastened sorrow of those gentlemen who owed the baron money. Through all the turmoil of the morning moved the little detective, the most sympathetic of men. It was he who apologized so humbly for the locked doors of the bath-rooms; he who superintended the lighting of fires, and the making of the beds, and the packing of trunks for the station so closely that the housemaids were convinced that he entertained a secret passion for each one of them; it was he who announced Henderson's robbery of the gold plate, following it by information as to the culprit's arrest. The establishment had by this time become convinced that Henderson was the murderer, and breathed relief at the news.

They had brought the body of Baron Steen to the house early in the morning—it had been laid in the garden pavilion on its first discovery.

With death in so strange a form present among us, I was disgusted by the noise and bustle, the gossip and chatter amongst the guests of the dead man. I wandered off in search of the one person who had seemed sincerely affected by the news, the young secretary, Maurice Terry. He was nowhere to be found. A servant

of whom I inquired told me that the secretary had kept to his bed, being greatly unnerved by the tragedy, and I strolled up the stairs again on an errand of consolation. The door was locked, and there came no answer to my continued tapping.

"Terry," I called through the keyhole. "It is I, Phillips; won't you let me in?"

"I have a key that will fit, if you will kindly stand aside," suggested a modest voice.

I rose from my knees to find the inspector at my elbow.

"It would be a gross intrusion," I told him. "If he wishes to be alone with his sorrow, we have no right to disturb him."

"He is seriously ill."
"How did you discover that?"
"By borrowing a gardener's ladder and looking through his window. He is unconscious, or was ten minutes ago."

A skillful twist or two with a bit of wire and the key was pushed from the lock. The duplicate opened the door. Peace walked into the room, and I followed at his heels.

On his bed, fully dressed, lay poor Terry, with a face paler than his pillows. His breath came and went in short, painful gasps. One hand strayed continuously about his throat, groping and plucking at his collar with feverish unrest. It was a very painful spectacle.

"I will send for a doctor at once," I whispered, stepping to the bell. But Peace held up a warning hand.

"Come here," he said, "I have something to show you."
With movements as tender as a woman's he unfastened the man's collar and slipped out the stud. Then he paused. The eyes that watched me had turned cold and hard.

"If it is as I suspect, you may be called as a witness. Do you object?"
"Yes; but I shall not leave you on that account."

"Very well," he said, as he opened the shirt and the vest beneath it. Smearred and patched in dark etching upon the white skin was a broad stain of blood, of dried and clotted blood, the life's blood of a man.

"He is wounded, Peace," I cried. "Poor fellow, he must have nearly bled to death."
"Do not alarm yourself," said the inspector, dryly. "It is the blood of Baron Steen."

A week had gone by, and I was sitting alone in my Keble Street rooms, when Peace walked in, with a heavy traveling coat over his arm.

"Thank Heaven, you have come at last," I cried. "How is Maurice Terry?"

"Dead—poor fellow," he said, with an honest sorrow in his voice. "Yet, after all, Mr. Phillips, it was the best that could have happened to him."

"And his story—the causes—the method?" I demanded.

"It has taken some hard work, but the bits of the puzzle are fitted together at last. You wish to hear it, I suppose?"

"According to your promise," I reminded him.

"It is a case of unusual interest," he said. "Though it bears a certain similarity to the Gottstein trial at Kiel in '89."

He paused to light his big pipe, and then sat back in his chair, with his eyes fixed in abstract contemplation.

"I was convinced that the murderer was in the house; and that he had entered by the side door, towards which you had seen him pass. When studying the spot I made a discovery of some importance. Steen had left by the same exit. Also he had reason to fear some person in that wing, for he had turned from the path and made a circuit over the grass. I had already noted his broad-toed boots when examining his body—and the footprints in the snow were unmistakable. Who was his enemy in that wing? It was a problem to be solved."

"I discovered no stained clothing, and no signs of its cleansing or destruction. From what information I could gather, all the house party had been in the roulette-room save you yourself; and all the servants had been at the dance save Henderson and a man waiting on the guests. But in the course of my search the footman who accompanied me discovered that a quantity of gold plate was missing. It was reasonable to imagine that Henderson was the thief. Probably the confidential valet had learnt of the baron's projected flight and of the warrant for his arrest. It was a moment for judicious robbery, the traces of which would be covered by the confusion of the news. But was Henderson also a murderer? I did not think so. The death of his master was the one thing which would wreck his scheme. In the early morning I interviewed the farmer on whose car he had driven into Northbridge. He told me that, acting on orders he had received from Henderson, he met that person at the corner of the stables at eleven o'clock."

"It saved the law some trouble," remarked the inspector, with a grim little nod at the wall.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

OWNED HISTORIC OLD HOTEL

Proprietor of Structure Built Around Cabin of Captured British Frigate Is Dead.

Jacob Smith, hotel proprietor of City Island, New York, died there at the age of seventy-three years. Mr. Smith's hotel has for years been one of the show places on the island. It was known as the Macedonian hotel, because it was built around the cabin of the British frigate Macedonia, which was captured by the United States frigate Decatur off Cape Verde islands during the war of 1812. After the engagement the Macedonia was towed to what is known as Cow Bay, City Island, and there Smith acquired it in 1874, pulled it on land and struc-

precisely—five minutes before the murder occurred. That finally eliminated the valet from the list.

"On my return from the farm I examined the gardens again with great minuteness. At the corner of the little pavilion, about fifteen feet from where the body had lain, there was a patch of bloody snow. This puzzled me a good deal, until the solution offered itself that the murderer had tried to wash his hands in the snow, the water of the pond being frozen hard. Yet his clothing would also bear the stain. What had he worn that showed so white to you in the starlight? Could it have been that he wore no clothes at all?"

"A naked man! The suggestion was full of possibilities."
"It was fortunate that I had brought assistants to help me in Steen's capture. Their presence gave me a wider scope, for they were both good men. I left them to search the pavilion and laurels for the clothing, which the murderer might have concealed when he realized how fatal was its evidence. As I walked back to the house I began to understand the situation more clearly. The main drive, curving down the slope of the park, was in view of a tall man coming up by the yew walk. The murderer might have noticed our approach. What more natural than that he should have bent double as he ran, thus obtaining the cover of the left-hand hedge, which was not more than four to five feet high? Did not this answer to your description of the thing you had seen? It would have been cold work for him. I made a note to be on the look-out for chills."

"For a couple of hours I devoted myself to speeding those guests who caught the eleven-thirty train. I do not think a trunk left for the station of which I have not a complete inventory. Indeed, the baron's creditors have to thank me for the return of several trifles of value, which were included, accidentally, no doubt, in the ladies' dressing-bags."

"After the carriages had started I went in search of Terry, and discovered that he had not left his room. Equally to the point, his windows looked down upon the spot where the baron made his detour over the grass while escaping. I became interested in this young man. The score was creeping up against him. A ladder from an obliging gardener allowed me to observe him from the window. A visit to the housekeeper gave me a duplicate key to his door. What happened in the room you know, Mr. Phillips."

"But, the motive—why did he kill his patron?" I asked him eagerly.

"I doubt if we shall ever learn the truth on that point," he said. "As far as I can make out, Steen was directly responsible for the ruin and disgrace of Terry's father. Probably the son did not fully realize this when the baron, with a pity most unusual in the man, gave him the secretaryship. But of all participation in the fight he was certainly innocent, for he was in bed at the time."

"In bed!" I cried.

"Don't interrupt, if you please. What happened I take to be as follows: Terry was in bed when the old man tried to creep past his window. Somehow he heard him, and, looking out, understood what was up. Perhaps that rascal Henderson had told him the truth about his father; perhaps Steen had promised him compensation—he had a mother and sister dependent on him—which promise the financier meant to avoid, along with many more serious obligations, by running away. At any rate, passion, revenge, the sense of injustice—call it what you like—took hold of the lad. He caught up the first handy weapon; it chanced to be a dagger paper-knife—dangerous things, I hate them—and rushed down a back staircase and through the side door in pursuit of his enemy."

"When that had happened, which happened, the fear that comes to all amateurs in crime took him by the throat. He wiped his hands in the snow; he tore off his sleeping suit—that is how I know he had been in bed—and thrust it, with its terrible evidences of murder, into the thatch of the little pavilion. We found it there a day later. Then he started back to the house as naked as a baby."

"He saw us running down the hill, and made for the side door, bending double behind the hedge. Who were we? Had we noticed him? Believe me, Mr. Phillips, whether he had held the murder righteous or no, it was only the rope he saw dangling before him. Might not the alarm be given at any moment? He dared not wash himself, and the stains had dried upon him. He hurried on his clothes, shivering in the chill that had struck home, and so to the safest place he could find—the roulette-table."

"It is well that he died," I said simply.

"It saved the law some trouble," remarked the inspector, with a grim little nod at the wall.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

turally added to it. In time he had a building large enough to accommodate a number of persons.

Three years ago a member of a historical society in England, which had learned of the existence of the Macedonia, came to City Island and offered Mr. Smith \$30,000 for it, but he would not sell. He said he wanted it to remain in the family, which consists of seven daughters and two sons.

Assured of Fresh Fish.
Copenhagen has a model fish market, built by the municipality. With the exception of the larger varieties, like cod and halibut, all the fish are kept alive in tanks filled with running water. There is no other town where all the fish, whether cheap or dear, are so beautifully fresh.

PREPARING FOR SPRING WORK

Only Buy Implements Actually Needed—Sometimes Cheaper to Hire Corn and Oats Seeder.

Have the plows, harrows, cultivators, drills, and rollers in order for spring work. Lay in a few extra plow points and bolts. Have the harrow teeth sharp. Extra whiffletrees and some good hame strings should be provided. The seed oats, corn, clover and grass seed should be bought this month, so no time need be lost when the season opens says a writer.

Buy and haul the fertilizer you need now. If the plow or harrow is worn out, it will pay you to buy a good steel plow and a spring-tooth harrow and a two-horse cultivator. A corn planter and a grain drill may be hired for 25 cents per acre. If you only plant ten acres in corn and seed a few acres to oats, it will be cheaper to hire than to buy these implements.

Only buy those implements you really need. It will pay you to buy if you need the implement, but do not buy it because it is cheap, nor because you can buy it on time. The note soon falls due, and it often comes due when you are short of funds.

Do not ask your neighbor to go security. If the bank will not accept the note with your wife as indorser, do not buy. This is sound advice, and if followed will save you a lot of trouble and considerable money. Do not go security for anyone. It is wrong, as you may ruin yourself, and oftentimes your family as well. A good-natured, easy-going farmer had better remain away from farm sales.

EXERCISE AND FEED NEEDED

Bad Results From Overfeeding as Sows Are Indolent and Loath to Run About—Good Rules.

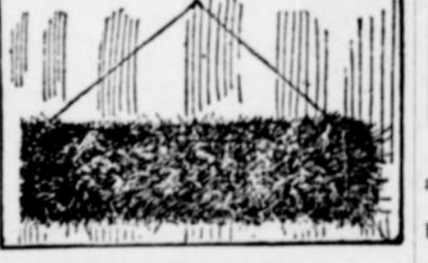
It is beyond reason that a sow can give birth to a strong litter of pigs after having gone through a four months' fast. Bad results are undoubtedly brought about by overfeeding, especially as sows are naturally indolent and loath to exercise; but a counteracting influence will be found in ample exercise, that may be provided by a large pasture, or even by driving slowly a mile or so each day. The necessity of exercise should not be under any circumstances be overlooked.

It should be borne in mind in the second place that the main demands upon the sow are those for the building of new tissue. Hence, the kind of feed is important. What are known as the nitrogenous or protein-bearing feeds are needed at this time. These are bran, oilmeal, peas, beans, oats and barley, and, to a moderate extent, wheat. The forage plants that are especially suitable to pregnant brood sows are the clovers and their relatives, alfalfa, peas, beans, vetches etc. The ordinary pasture grasses are also of much value.

GIVE CHICKENS GREEN FOOD

Clippings From Lawn, Which Have Been Properly Dried, Make Excellent Feed for Poultry.

Lawn clippings which have been dried in the shade the previous summer make ideal winter green food says the Farm and Home. The best way to feed them is to roll them up in a strip of two-inch poultry netting



Way to Prevent Waste.

two feet wide and eight feet long, as shown in the cut. Hang it against the wall within easy reach of the hens.

Breaking the Colt.

The earlier the colt is made used to the harness the better broken the animal will be when it comes time for him to do some light work. It is easier to keep colts from learning bad tricks than to break them of such habits.

For this reason have every strap and rope used by the colts so strong that there is no danger of a break. Once a colt finds out that he can get away from a halter or other parts of the harness there will be trouble, perhaps for all time.

Air Requirements of Chickens.

Fowls are obliged to throw off much of the waste of the body through the lungs. They do not sweat in the sense that do other animals, but instead breathe several times faster than sweating animals when heated. To keep in good health a hen requires nearly seven times the amount of fresh air in proportion to its size as does a horse.

Color of Eggs.

The first eggs of the brown-egg layers are generally of a good color, but as the hen increases her laying she decreases the amount of color, owing to the gradual loss of the pigment which colors the eggs.

Exercise for the Boar.

The boar will not have that animated appearance that he should have if kept in close confinement. If you would have him lively and a safe and sure sire, provide a pasture for him.

MORE PROFITS FOR FARMER

Department of Farm Management of Missouri University Makes Study of Needed Changes.

Many small improvements in the system go to make more profits for the farmer. Modern management is necessary to get along with other modern conditions. The department of farm management of the University of Missouri has studied out many of the things which need to be changed on the average farm, and some of them Professor Doane mentions.

"Some think," he says, "that it is necessary for us to turn every practice, and method upside down to change a farm system. This is far from the truth. Usually only small changes are necessary."

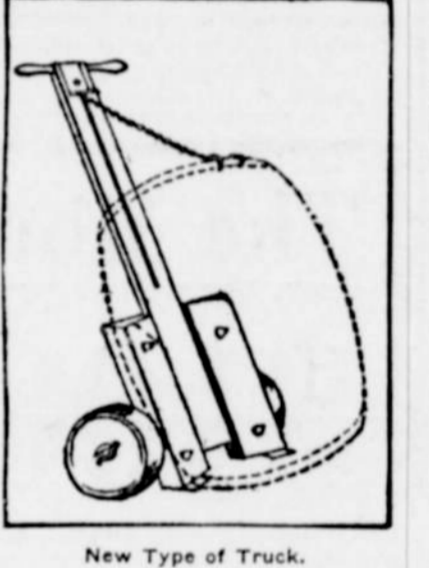
"Here is a farmer who is getting very good crop yields, yet he says he is not making money. We find there is little we can do for the crops, but found that his stock is being handled at a loss. He is putting good crops through poor stock. He is running efficient food through poor machinery. In that case we get rid of the poor stock and put in a kind and quality that will make a profit."

"Sell two of the boarder cows and put in one that pays a profit. Sell the old gelding and put on a mare that will raise a colt worth one-half to one-third of her purchase price at weaning time. This is done every day. It is not theoretical."

EXCELLENT TYPE OF TRUCK

Designed Especially for Transportation of Barrels and Kegs—Chief Feature is Chain.

Here is a truck that is designed especially for the transportation of barrels and kegs, but can be used, of course, for boxes and other freight. The illustration shows the thick wheels designed for heavy weight, and the short spikes in the upright supports that engage the barrel sufficient to keep it from rolling off the side. The chief feature, however, is the chain. This chain has one hook or one end and two on the other. From the top of the truck handle to a little



New Type of Truck.

below its middle is a vertical slot, in which are a series of crossbars. The double hooked end of the chain is thrown over the rim of a barrel and the other end is hooked into one of the crossbars in the slot at whatever distance is required to make the chain taut. The barrel is thus held firmly on the truck.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Not many apples selling at a quarter a bushel now.

The garden and orchard will look better if it is cleaned up.

Butter should always be put up in a dainty and attractive package.

An orchard neglected for one year virtually puts it back three years.

Look out for those cold rains; put the cows up. This applies to calves as well.

Fine corn meal for the skim milk calf is a good substitute for the more expensive oil meal.

To double the amount of milk per acre and cut the cost of milk production in two—build a silo.

Time and care spent in the orchard is almost sure to pay for itself and a good rate of interest besides.

Spanish experiments show that 600 pounds of skim milk equal in feeding value 100 pounds of corn meal.

Lighting, ventilation and cleanliness must be practiced before best results can be secured in the dairy.

The helper bred too early always remains stunted in growth and her milk flow is shortened for all time.

Young fruit trees that were planted in the autumn of last year, or in the spring, should be examined carefully.

No breed of dairy cows can continue as first-class dairy animals if the calves are allowed to run with the cows.

Two pounds of mixed shorts and bran per cow per day is sufficient for cows that are expected to give liberal flows of milk.

Poultry and fruits are closely allied. Both do well together, and they readily thrive on the same land with out hindering each other.

At no season of the year should water stand around the trees and vines. Their roots will not stand it. There must be proper drainage.

One advantage of succulent feed is the fact that it not only provides the cow with more moisture, but at the same time is more appetizing.

CAP and BELLS



SIMPLE LESSON IN POLITICS

Woman Doesn't See Necessity of Learning Hard Words When Marching Answers Purpose.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I'm going to be a suffragette and march in a parade."

"You are, eh?"

"Yes. I feel it my duty to show an active interest in politics."

"I see. Well, what are your views on schedule K of the tariff?"

"That's not politics. That's the alphabet."

"Well, how about direct primaries or the initiative and referendum?"

"Oh, I never pretended to know much Latin."

"How about banking and finance?"

"Why—they seem all right, don't they?"

"You see!" he shouted, triumphantly, "you don't know a thing about the subjects are being discussed."

"Well, Charley, dear, you mean well, of course. But I must say that it seems very stupid and silly of you to learn all those hard words and puzzle over problems to show your interest in politics when we can do so simply by marching in a parade."—Washington Star.



NATURALLY.

Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, don't you think fighting is wicked?

Tommy—Yes'm; when I get licked.

The Proper Way.

"Do you believe what the German army officer says, that tightening one's belt will alleviate the pangs of hunger?"

"Certainly, if the belt is tightened in the proper manner."

"Is there more than one way to tighten a belt?"

"Certainly. One way is to pull it up two or three holes, thus shortening it, and—"

"That was the way I was thinking of."

"But the way to so tighten it as to alleviate the pangs of hunger is to cram the stomach full of food, thus distending the walls of the stomach and tightening the belt automatically."

Took the Tail End.

The Lancashire people are fond of dogs—in fact, they're very proud of them, and therefore when a prominent dog fancier came home one night and found his son had bought a nondescript mongrel he was rather riled.

"How much didst thee gie for that dog?" he inquired.

"Five shillings," replied the son.

"Toll thee what 'A'll do," replied the parent. "'A'll go shares w' thee. 'A'll gie thee half a crown for ma share."

The half crown was duly paid; then the father remarked:

"'A'll tak' t' tail end, and 'A'm goin' to kick my half outen t' door!"—London Tit-Bits.

All in Sight.

He had been appointed a smoke inspector in Chicago. Day after day he was seen loafing around the downtown section.

"Why don't you travel around town and inspect the smoke?" demanded his chief one day.

"What's the use?" was the reply. "I can see it all from here."

Where He Stood.

"Surely you are not opposed to votes for women?" demanded the horse-faced female who headed the delegation.

"No, indeed," replied the Grouch. "But I am opposed to votes for suffragettes."

Storm Signals.
Extravagant Young Wife—George, I wish to go out this afternoon to do a little shopping. What kind of weather is it?
George—Rain, thunder, lightning, freezing — and — and earthquake!—Puck.