

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

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MR. TAUBERY'S DIAMOND

(Continued.)

Quite half an hour had dragged by when the cab door was swung open and the detective sprang in. At the same time I noticed a covered cart with a black pony in the shafts pass the other window at a leisurely pace. Our driver must have had his orders. For he turned his horse and followed in the same direction.

Peace remained silent, so I left him alone and contented myself with staring out of the window. We were going northward towards Hampstead. The lines of houses broke up into separate villas. Lilac and laburnum bushes peeped over the garden walls. The throng of traffic grew thinner, the pavement less crowded. It was past five when we drew up at a little public house. Peace nodded out, and I followed at his heels.

"He is unloading his cart in Ashley street, yonder," said the driver, leaning from the box, as he pointed with his whip to a side road. "Do you want me to wait, sir?"

The inspector nodded and disappeared through the inn door, leaving me on the pavement. As he had given me no orders I strolled back to the corner and peeped down the road, which ran at right angles to the one in which I was.

About forty yards away stood the little covered cart with the gray-haired dealer of the auction room talking to a lad beside it. Presently the lad crawled under the canvas hood and handed down the identical long-tailed horse that had brought about the public discomfiture of the gallant Colonel Guntton. The dealer pushed it across the stone pavement into a little furniture shop, and the boy, whipping up the black pony, drove quickly away.

I turned back to find the detective at my elbow.

"Peace," I said, "what is your interest in that bicycle horse?"

"It happens to play the comedy part in our little mystery."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that it has a hole in the saddle for a pommel should a little girl ride in it, and the hole leads down to a hollow inside. Do you guess what it was that dropped into the hollow inside?"

"Not Mr. Taubery's diamond?"

"Exactly. Yet we have still to find out the man who put it there."

"But, in the meantime the old dealer may—"

"Tut, tut, Mr. Phillips. The old dealer has nothing to do with it. He is only obeying an order to buy the toy whatever it cost, and to keep it until called for. We may have to waste some time, so I have ordered a steak and fried potatoes in an upper room that conveniently overlooks the door of his shop. Let me show you the way."

We passed through a long bar at which a dingy assemblage lounged and smoked, and so upstairs into a private room, the windows of which commanded Ashley street. We ate our meal in relays—one watching at the window, while the other disposed of his section of stringy steak and heavy beer. The daylight softly faded, the gas jets sprang out along the street, the tramp of home-coming fathers dropped into silence—but there was still no caller at the furniture shop. The shutters had been put up for the night. It seemed plain to me that nothing would happen for that evening at least, though Peace did not seem to despond.

Nine o'clock—ten o'clock—ten-thirty, and the customer arrived. I had watched his cab come rattling down the street with a casual interest, for many had come and gone since we first mounted guard. It had passed the little shop and was almost beneath us, when a head was thrust out of the window and a voice cried irritably to the cabman. A street lamp showed him to me clearly—a white-faced youth with a straggly, brown mustache and an indecisive chin.

The cab turned about, and pulled up opposite the shop door. The inspector touched my arm, and we walked down the stairs, picked up our driver, who was smoking in the bar, and so bundled into our own vehicle. A few whispered instructions, and we drove slowly round the corner into Ashley street.

The customer had been expected. As we passed the shop at a walking pace I could see that the dealer and his assistant were hoisting the bicycle

horse to the roof of the waiting cab. Fifty yards more and we drew up by the pavement.

Peace kept the windows closed, so that I could not look back along the road; but through the glass in front I could see that our driver was quietly taking note of affairs. It was not the first time that the inspector had employed him, as I learnt afterwards, and the man knew his business.

Suddenly our cab whisked round and set off at a rapid pace. The stranger had selected a fast horse, that was evident. We swung through a maze of narrow streets, tugged up a long hill, skirted a stretch of open common—a part of Hampstead Heath, I believe—and finally stopped in the shade of some tall trees. As I got out I saw the lights of the chaise stationary at some distance up the road.

"There may be trouble, Mr. Phillips," whispered the little detective. "I'm not certain I ought to bring you along. If anything—"

"Nonsense!" I interrupted, glancing down at him with some amusement.

"Well, take this, anyway. I had it from a German burglar."

He thrust a strip of hardened rubber into my hand, about eighteen inches in length by two in thickness.

"It will stun a man without leaving a mark," he said gently.

The four-wheeler that we had followed was waiting before a green door set in a high brick wall. Without any attempt at concealment, Peace walked to the door and tried the handle. It was not locked, and we passed into a fair-sized garden, set about with flower beds and clumps of laurel. In the middle I could see the outline of a square gray house. Two of the ground floor rooms glowed behind their curtains; the rest was darkness.

We crossed a corner of the lawn, and stopped behind a patch of bushes directly in front of the entrance porch. The night was very still and silent. What desperate men were gathered in that quiet place? How could we hope to arrest them flushed with the triumph of so splendid a prize? To be truthful, I began to feel a certain anxiety for our position; though upon Peace's face, showing white in the gloom, was a look of perfect serenity—a look that I could not understand.

"Mercy, oh, mercy!"

It was a trembling wall of terror, a wall that was suddenly blotted out by a roar like the challenge of a bull. From within the house came the crush of overturned chairs and the jingle of breaking glass. And all the time the shrieks and hoarse ravings drew nearer and louder, until, with a loud bang, the hall door was flung open and a man tumbled down the steps as if thrown from a catapult. His assailant, in black silhouette against the hall lights, hesitated for a moment, stick in hand. Then, with a shout of rage, he sprang forward and struck at the moaning wretch who squirmed on the gravel at his feet.

"Now, Jack Steadman, that is quite enough," said the inspector, pushing his way through the laurels.



"NOW, JACK STEADMAN, THAT IS QUITE ENOUGH."

"And who may you be?" cried the other, with a furious oath.

"My name is Addington Peace of the criminal investigation department of Scotland Yard, and I arrest you both for being concerned in the robbery of a valuable diamond, the property of Mr. Julius Taubery."

"Stolen a diamond!" he bellowed.

"Do you call that a diamond?"

He flung down a stone that sparked in the lights behind him, and stamped it into the gravel with his heel.

"I am aware that it is the imitation," said the inspector. "But it was not your fault that you missed the real thing. I have a cab waiting. You had better come with me quietly. And I warn you, Steadman, that anything you say will be used in evidence against you."

It was after two in the morning before the inspector tapped at the door of my rooms. I had made the fourth of that odd cab load to the nearest police station; for, though Mr. Jack Steadman had blustered, and the Hon. George Carstairs had groveled and whined thither, they had consented to go at last. And there I had left the detective and his prisoners, driving to my rooms to await his return.

"The case was not quite so difficult as you suppose, Mr. Phillips," he said, in answer to my question. "You remember that I believed the diamond to be still in the house?"

"Certainly."

"It would be hard to imagine a more useful bait. It was certain that the thieves would have another bite at it; it was also certain that I ought to be able to hook them when they did. Yet I very nearly lost the diamond after all. Taubery, Guntton and the servants had all declared that, since the robbery, nothing had been moved from the dining room, passage or library. There they made a mistake."

Taubery's little grandson, George, happened to leave his toy horse in the passage from the dining room, and into the hole made for the pommel that poor creature, Carstairs, had dropped the diamond with a last despairing effort to get rid of it before Colonel Guntton searched him. Ten minutes afterwards the little boy went out for a walk with his nurse taking the horse with him. When he returned it was left, as usual, in the servants' quarters at the back. I never set eyes on it until a day later. Even then I should not have suspected what it contained had not the nurse complained to me of a man who followed her when she took George for his daily airing in the park. That was the sign for which I had been looking. I accompanied the pair on the following morning. I saw the man, but did not recognize him.

"Neither the nurse nor the boy could well be carrying the diamond about with them. There remained the horse. That night I extracted the real diamond, and not wishing to spoil my bait for the fish fly, I dropped the imitation stone into its place."

"The toy was watched by night and day. It was through a hint from me that it was included in the sale. Poor Colonel Guntton! I admit that his eccentric bidding startled me for a moment."

"You can understand Steadman's fury when, after all his plots and risks and expenditure, his silly dupe brought him back the identical imitation stone that had been made to deceive old Taubery. I don't believe that the Trojans could have been more astonished when the Greeks emerged from the wooden horse than was Steadman when he took out the diamond from the toy and found it to be the imitation!"

"And who was Steadman?"

"A very dangerous fellow, Mr. Phillips. I recognized him the moment he appeared at the door. For years he was a bookmaker in Paris, but left when the place got too hot for him. As a card player he is well known and avoided. So has his dupe, Carstairs, as I now discover. Lord Wintone, the young man's brother, set him up as a coffee planter in Ceylon, but he spent all the money given him and returned six months ago. Carstairs was a distant connection of Mrs. Taubery's and both she and her husband had been very kind to him. He was always loafing about the house, getting free meals and now and then borrowing a fiver. He must have heard of the new diamond and mentioned it to Steadman; for Steadman hatched the



ECONOMY OF STEEL WHEELS

Seems to Have Large Measure of Common Sense Back of Claims Advanced in Its Favor.

The agricultural college and experiment station of the University of Wyoming has proved the value of steel wheels to its complete satisfaction, and in a recent bulletin one of the experts of that institution said:

"Low, wide-tired steel wheels will give any farmer better equipment for his work. Under all conditions of the field and nearly all conditions of the road it is estimated that broad-tired steel wheels pull from 30 to 100 per cent. lighter than the narrow tires."

The steel wheel for farm use seems to have a large measure of common sense back of the claims that have been advanced in favor of it.

From the standpoint of convenience the farm wagon that has been made over into a low-down vehicle with wide steel tires has a strong appeal. It is easily loaded and overcomes all the objections to high wagons of the old type.

Users of steel wheels say their economy cannot be denied, as they make a much lighter draft, are therefore easier on the team, and, moreover, soon pay for themselves in the elimination of the troubles, so common to wood wheels.

Their practical value is further vouched for in the experiences of those who find that wide-tired steel wheels do not cut up the pastures, do not become "mired" in soft fields or muddy roads, and do not cause the heavy pulls that "rutty" roads have always meant for narrow tires.

CAREFUL FEEDING OF COLTS

Must Be Kept Growing if Best Horses Are to Be Made of Them—Oats Make Good Feed.

Some people seem to think that the colts can live out in all kinds of weather, and thrive on any kind of feed that they can get. This is a great mistake, however. Colts, like any other young animals, must be kept growing by careful feeding if the best horses are to be made of them. Now is the time of the year to prepare for feeding and sheltering the colts. Make preparations to feed them a little, gradually increasing the amount as the grass becomes shorter. Fix a small inclosure in the pasture where the colts run, so that they can run under the rails at a gap, but mares will be excluded.

If the inclosure is made near the salting or watering place the mares will not be so liable to toll the colts away before they are through eating. Oats, with a little bran mixed in them, make an excellent feed. Feed once a day, and lightly at first. In a little while they can be fed twice daily and will eat a quart of feed a day.

RAISING PONIES FOR PROFIT

Little Fellows Always Find Ready Sale in All City Markets—Cost of Rearing Is Small.

Did you ever investigate the raising of the little ponies that are the delight of every child's heart? The cost of keeping the ponies would not be a great deal for a farmer who has other colts and horses to raise,



Pleasure and Profit.

and these little fellows find a ready sale in the city markets. Your own children would be made happy by the possession of a beautiful little pony, and then, of course, your neighbors' children would have to have one—so your profits would begin at once by the creation of a market for them right at home.

Mining Mules Pay.

What are called mining mules are being raised profitably in the middle west. There are two classes necessary for the occupation—the surface mules and the pit mules, the size and weight of the latter determined by the size of the tunneling. These animals are wanted to range from 600 pounds to 1,350 in weight, and twelve to sixteen hands in height. They must have deep bodies, good feet and those from five to eight years are preferred.

Harm of Too Much Grain.

It never occurs to the average farmer that the effect of a long continued diet of grain is as injurious to fowls as to cattle, nor that the concentrated grain food gives the best results when diluted or mixed with some bulky succulent material.

Reasons for Eating.

The hen has three reasons for eating: To repair the tissues of her body, to keep herself warm, and to make eggs. It therefore follows that her diet must be varied and plentiful.

Pure Bred Boar.

At any rate get a pure bred boar. Then you have half the drove that nagged anyway.

WINTER EGG PROFITS

Hens Should Have Been in Good Condition in Fall.

Fowls Should Not Be Allowed to Eat Grain as Fast as They Can Consume It, But Rather Made to Scratch for It.

(By M. M. CHANDLER.)

As much depends upon the condition of the hens themselves as anything else, if you are expecting the winter eggs. You should have seen to it that your hens were not running wild during the late fall, getting too much corn about the fields or hog pens, or that they are not starving when you think they are picking up a good living for themselves after the grain has all been put away for the winter.

For many years I kept only a small flock of hens and paid little attention to them except during the winter. I got, of course, very few eggs and found that if I wished this much sought winter supply I must look closer to business.

I tried shutting my hens in a large park during the month of November and feeding them cooked vegetables, milk, a little of everything in the shape of grain, instead of letting them run to the corn houses; that is, all but those I wished to market, and those I confined in a large coop with a floor in it, so they could not do too much scratching, and fed them more grain and less milk, plenty of clean water and usually two weeks would find them in good condition for the market.

This, I find, pays better than allowing the hens you wish to keep over remain with those who are going to sell, since the feeding methods differ.

A hen should not be fat when the cold weather sets in any more than she should be starved. She should be fed according to the egg-producing method, and with me that method is regular meals, plenty of variety in food and a good chance to scratch for her living.

I never allow a hen to eat grain as fast as she can pick it up, but make her hunt for it in a good pile of litter. Soft food for breakfast, fed at six o'clock, milk and a little wheat or rye for dinner, and supper at four o'clock of corn, two quarts to forty hens. This may seem a small ration, but where three meals are given you will find that it is enough and if more is allowed them there will be fewer eggs.

Some think it better to feed all small grain and no corn, but in the cool weather I find that corn satisfies the fowls much better and it should be fed as hot as they can stand it.

Never expect real success with winter egg-raising without a good bone mill. A bone mill can be had for \$5 and will pay for itself in six months. Bone meal should be a part of every breakfast in the hen roost and the oyster shells and skimmilk are quite as essential.

Meat is good, but never throw the carcass of a dead animal into the chicken house unless you want to create disease germs and impure eggs. Keep the carcass frozen out of doors and cut from it a small ration of meat at a time, and see that it is all eaten fresh.

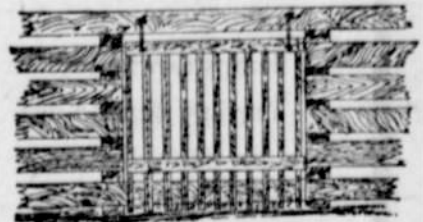
Never expect winter eggs in a dark, damp, chilly coop. Have plenty of windows and fresh air. There is nothing better than fresh air and sunshine. Keep the house clean. Every morning while the flock are at their breakfast take a shovel and scrape up the droppings under the perches. Take care that they do not use the nests as roosting places, and always change the straw in the nests and get fresh straw or, better still, clover hay scatterings for litter at least as often as once a week.

EXCELLENT FEED-PEN GATE

Swinging Device Keeps Older Hogs From Entering While Little Fellows Are Being Fed.

In feeding the little pigs with older hogs, it is necessary to have some sort of a separate feeding pen for the pigs. The older ones can be kept out and the pigs prevented from entering the pen while the troughs are being filled by means of a swinging gate.

This gate swings outward only. It is held up while the little pigs enter



Useful Gate.

the feeding pen, and being light, they can push it forward and go out at will.

It may be used to advantage in fattening hogs that run with the stock hogs. After putting out the feed the feeder raises the gate and lets in those to fatten, then lets it fall; all others are kept out, yet those in the pen may go out when through eating.

This style of gate is also convenient for the lamb lot where one uses a creep. The gate should be just large enough to admit a good-sized lamb.

Locate the Fault.

If your hens are not doing to suit you look over the situation carefully and find out where the trouble is. You may be sure the fault is yours, not theirs.

Raises the Dough Better!

25c
Pound Can
All Grocers



Why He was Glad.

The man with the long beard stood pensively at the curb gazing at the passing traffic in the street. "I hail with delight the advent of the automobile," he muttered aloud, "for no longer need I fear crossing the street lest some hungry horse mistake me for a walking bale of hay."

"It's No Joke"

to have to endure distress after every meal. No wonder you are afraid to eat. Just try

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

before meals for a few days and notice the improvement in your general health. It is for all Stomach and Bowel Ills. Start Today.

The Miser.

"Here," said Teddy's papa, showing the little boy a coin, "is a penny 300 years old. It was given to me when I was a little boy." "Gee whizz!" ejaculated Teddy. "Just think of anybody being able to keep a penny as long as that without spending it!"

CONSTIPATION



Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods, they do not scour; they do not grip; they do not weaken; but they do startle the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

The Match.

Knicker—What did they have in common?
Bocker—Gardening. He had a business plant and she had widow's weeds.

Cough, Cold Sore Throat

Sloan's Liniment gives quick relief for cough, cold, hoarseness, sore throat, croup, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis.

HERE'S PROOF.

Mrs. ALBERT W. FRICK, of Fredonia, Kan., writes: "We use Sloan's Liniment in the family and find it an excellent relief for colds and hay fever attacks. It stops coughing and sneezing almost instantly."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

RELIEVED SORE THROAT.
Mrs. L. BREWER, of Modesto, Fla., writes: "I bought one bottle of your Liniment and it did me all the good in the world. My throat was very sore, and it cured me of my trouble."

GOOD FOR COLD AND CROUP.
Mr. W. H. STRANGE, 3721 Elmwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes: "A little boy next door had croup. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops on sugar before going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning!"
Price, 25c., 50c., \$1.00



Sloan's Treatise on the Horse sent free. Address Dr. E. S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.