

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

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THE MYSTERY OF THE CAUSEWAY

(Continued.)

"The detective gentleman wired that he wanted to see me," said Warner, anxiously. "Do you know why, sir?"

I told him no, and he dropped into an uneasy silence. I amused myself by walking from picture to picture, for the walls were hung with splendid portraits—Gainsborough, Lely and Romney—it was a veritable exhibition of those great masters. At last the door opened and the little man appeared, glancing from one to the other of us with his shrewd, observant eyes.

"Will you follow me, if you please?" he said.

We tramped up the great staircase, a wide sweep of polished oak, where a dozen men could have walked abreast, and so down a high-roofed passage into a majestic bedroom. In the center stood a venerable four-post bedstead. The columns that supported the canopy were finely carved, and over the head was a faded coat of arms pictured in the needlework of two hundred years ago. The lattice windows were open. From without came the faint piping of the nesting birds.

Upon the bed lay something covered with white sheeting.

Peace walked up to it and paused, staring hard at the keeper, who stood beside me. Then with a gentle hand he lifted the sheet. On the pillow lay the head of an elderly man, dark and full bearded.

Warner stepped back, clutching my arm.

"It's the botanist," he stammered. "What is he doing here? Was it him as killed my master, sir?"

"Yes," said the little detective; "he killed Sir Andrew Cheyne."

For a moment he stooped, busying himself about the head. With a gentle pull he lifted the heavy beard away. It was a face younger by a score of years that lay upon the pillows, a face handsome, after its fashion, though deep lined with evil days and ways.

"Sir Andrew himself," cried Warner, with a sob of terror.

"That is also true," said Inspector Addington Peace, reverently replacing the white sheet.

It was an hour afterwards that Peace gave me the details. We were leaning against the stone balustrade of the terrace looking over the lake to the pleasant park land beyond. The breeze-swept rushes that marked the line of the causeway, the gables of the island pavilion that peered above the foliage, lay to our right, framed in the rippling blue of the mere.

"My first important discovery," he said, "was a strand of pack-thread tied to a young sapling at the spot where the body of Sir Andrew was found. On the other side of the path was a narrow hole between the slabs of granite, where a peg had lately been



LAST OF A RACE OF KINGS

Michael, Prince of Cyprus, Jerusalem and Syria, Died Recently in Charity Hospital.

In the charity ward of a hospital in St. Petersburg there died of cancer a few days ago the last of a dynasty of famous kings. This pauper was Michael, prince of Cyprus, Jerusalem and Syria, aged fifty-four. With him perished the family of Lusignan, which had been reigning monarchs for many centuries.

Prince Michael was the only son of Louis de Lusignan, who was driven from the throne of Cyprus by the Turks in 1291. He had entrusted his vast treasures to the Patriarch of Constantinople, but the Turks confiscated these and appropriated them to their own use. In the war for the liberation of Greece the prince tried to regain his throne, but in 1327 he had to flee to Russia, where Czar Nicholas gave him a commission as captain in the army.

Prince Louis fought in the Crimean

driven in. The rushes about it were broken here and there. The conclusion of a spring gun was obvious, and the reason suggested by the track of foxes along the edge of the reeds. Was the death an accident, after all? If so, what business had the stranger under arrest—Fenton, I now find, is his name—upon the island at so late an hour?

"My conversation with the keeper gave me some interesting results. It was plainly murder, and no accident. Some one had raised the muzzle of the gun so that it might kill a man and not a fox. Some one had expected a visitor to the island that night against whom he desired to revenge himself. Was Fenton guilty? The evidence against him seemed almost conclusive. He had admitted, you will remember, that he had an appointment with Sir Andrew. Yet, after he had set the trap, why had he continued to risk discovery by loitering about the causeway? How had he known that the spring gun was there at all? Why had he brought a loaded revolver? Why had he borrowed the punt and reached the island by so unexpected a manner? Was he also afraid of some one or some thing? My mind began to turn from him to the second stranger, the botanist with the collecting case. He at least had information about the setting of the gun.

"There was still a further point. Sir Andrew had been shot full in the chest. If he had been walking down the causeway he would have been hit in the side. How was that?"

"Yesterday morning after I sent you away I walked into the village to make inquiries. They have few visitors, and the landlord of the inn remembered the bearded naturalist. He had only once visited the place, driving over from the station, and disappearing for several hours. A hot-tempered man, nervous and excitable—so he described him. When the cab was late he had broken out in a for-

THEN WITH A GENTLE HAND HE LIFTED THE SHEET.



eign tongue. That was all he knew of him.

"I caught the 3:15 to London and found Scotland Yard in the possession of some additional details. Sir Andrew had been in town for a fortnight living very quietly at a small hotel off Piccadilly. He had no servant with him. He had been a wild, extravagant lad, they told me, and when his uncle had tired of paying his bills he had tried the stage, got deeper into debt, and finally fled to the Continent, where he lived on a small allowance that the old man made him. All this struck me as curious. The rake had indeed reformed if he heralded his accession to great wealth by dropping a servant and living quietly in a small hotel. Had he other reasons than economy?"

"I visited the hotel that night. Sir Andrew had received few visitors, the porter told me. I described the botanist, without success. Then I tried Fenton. The porter recognized my description at once. He had called twice, the first time shortly after Sir Andrew's arrival, the second time on Tuesday evening. The waiter who had taken him up to the baronet's sitting-room told me that the first interview

war, but the result of this was disastrous to his hopes. When Greece regained its independence the throne of the newly created nation was twice offered to Prince Louis, who refused it.

Napoleon III. took up Prince Louis' cause and Count Debussy made a formal contract to supply him with the necessary means. He expected to wring from the Turkish government about \$250,000,000. But the Franco-Prussian war resulted in Napoleon III. being driven from the throne of France and once more the hopes of Prince Louis to regain the throne of Cyprus, Jerusalem and Syria were dashed to the ground.

In 1884 Prince Louis died, leaving his only son nothing but aspirations and a royal name. Prince Michael was then 24 years old. He lived almost as a recluse, but never gave up his hopes. Those who knew him considered him a crank because of the strange costume he always wore. This consisted of a Russian army overcoat with gold buttons on which were the three crowns of his kingdom.

had been long, and that they had quarreled violently on the stairs.

"You shall never so much as see the place. If you go there before settling with me I communicate with the police at once." He remembered some such threat shouted by Fenton on leaving. The second interview had been short, and, so far as he knew, friendly.

"I made a careful search of Sir Andrew's room. It was there that I solved the problem of the mystery; for in his dressing case was an old 'make-up' box, no doubt a survivor from his days upon the stage; and in the box was a full brown beard!"

"And so he was the botanist?" I said with a shiver.

"Yes, Mr. Phillips, he was the botanist."

"There was silence between us for a while. I looked up at the splendid front of the ancient hall, and then across the lawn, over the sparkling mere to the park and the forest lands beyond.

"Was it for this?" I asked with a wave of the hand.

"Yes," said Peace. "I believe it to have been for Altrite Hall that he tried to kill Fenton. Heaven knows what dismal scandal the man held over him; but it was probably sufficient to drive Sir Andrew from England for ever. From inquiries that we have made, it appears that Fenton had been living on Sir Andrew for over two years. It was undoubtedly a bad case of blackmail. The young man, on hearing of his uncle's death, gave his persecutor the slip, and crossed to London. Fenton followed, and discovered him at his hotel. Probably he demanded a large sum, which was refused him. Whereupon he declared that the baronet should never so much as see Altrite Hall unless he paid, and left the young man with that threat upon him.

"For days Sir Andrew stayed sulking in his rooms. He was a man of violent temper and unscrupulous past.

Heaven knows what schemes of revenge he hatched in his rage and despair. Finally, on Monday last, he risked discovery, disguised himself in the beard and went down to see the old place again. His meeting with the keeper was a chance, and their talk of spring guns an equal accident. But the suggestion gave the baronet an idea. "A spring gun for a fox"—you remember his words as Warner told us. He laughed with hysterical joy at a means that would rid him of his enemy so simply and certainly. He made the excuse of the Indian friend, and saw Fenton again on Tuesday, giving him an appointment on the island at eleven o'clock on the following Thursday night, and at the same time promising to pay him what he asked at the meeting. By the last post on Wednesday he sent the plans to Warner in disguised handwriting and under a false name and address.

"Fenton suspected this sudden acquiescence. The scamp knew to what a state of impotent fury he had brought his victim. He took a revolver with him, and having spied out the ground, crossed by the punt, instead of approaching the rendezvous by the causeway. Also he came an hour and more before he was expected.

"Perhaps you now understand the plan. Sir Andrew intended to alter the gun and leave for the station before ten. Fenton would be killed at eleven, and the blame rest on Warner. No one could suspect the young baronet who would be in the train at the time of the accident.

"Sir Andrew found the trap, lifted the gun off the supporting props, and drove the outer one a foot deeper into the ground. I could see the marks of his feet, where he had stood while he pushed and twisted the stick through the clay. He replaced the gun, which would now be at an angle to hit a man in the chest or neck. He stepped back, looking to see if there was a sign of lurking death to alarm a passer-by.

"What happened I can only guess. He may have slipped on the old slabs. But it was enough that he touched the thread, and the trigger, oiled and eased by Warner, jarred off at once. It was in a manner suicide."

"So that is the explanation," I said, when he had ended.

"It is partly guess-work, of course," Peace told me; "but I think you will find that I am not far wrong when Fenton's trial comes on and, to save his neck, he makes a clean breast of his share in the business."

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

EASY TO LIVE FOR CENTURY

Body Can Be Trained to Become Perfect Servant of the Will, Declares Professor.

Dr. Frank Ellsworth Allard, professor of physical economics at the Boston university medical school, believes that 100 years should be the average life of man, the New York Herald's correspondent writes. "The old biblical passage ancient the life of man being three score years and ten is put into our head at Sunday school," said Dr. Allard, "and we later accept it as a matter of course. It is unfortunate that we have the limit of life in mind. We ought to live to be 100. All disease is a process of disintegration.

"I believe that every disease of every name and nature begins primarily in the breaking of some of nature's laws. I believe that the body may be so trained that it becomes a perfect servant of the will. The keeping of nature's laws is the most perfect form of morality.

"To my way of thinking, we must look to sanitation for the solution of our health problems.

"Insurance statistics show that among insured lives of men between the ages of 45 and 55 the death rate is greater than ever before. They would live longer and accomplish more if they ate less, drank less and indulged in daily periods of rest and recreation.

"There are thousands of women—and not a few men—whose health is being sapped by the habits of idleness and gossip. These people are lazy, mentally and physically, and their viewpoint on life is purely personal and usually petty. Laziness gives rise to sluggish livers and unhealthy habits of introspection, which in turn breeds neurasthenia and imaginary ills that become real so far as the sufferings of the patient are concerned.

"Intemperance in the use of alcoholic stimulants is, perhaps, the greatest curse of our age. The whole problem of drunkenness should be dealt with as a mental affliction, a weakening of the will.

"The old line practitioner is bound to pass. The family doctor as we know him today is doomed to extinction. His place will be taken by the physician who will fulfill the real meaning of the word, which is 'teacher.'"

Hints on Exercise.

Exercise favors the growth of bone and muscle. It quickens the elimination of waste products. It accelerates the work of the liver, the lungs, the skin and the kidneys. It makes more active the brain. It brightens the eye, clears the skin and tones up the whole organism. The appetite is made keener and digestion is aided by a greater appetite for food.

But while exercise is absolutely necessary to health and to perfect digestion, it does not always achieve this end, as, for instance, when it is taken too soon before or after meals. No one should exercise immediately preceding or following a meal, one hour before and two hours after eating being the better time. It is fairly safe, however, to fix the time preceding a meal at one hour, for the stomach is then somewhat empty.—Health and Strength.

Hydropathic Hydrophobia.

A story is being told of a rather brusque young doctor who had among his patients at the surgery, one day a rather dirty infant, carried by an even dirtier mother.

After glancing at the child he said gravely: "This child is suffering from hydrophobic hydrophobia."

The mother gave an agonized wail: "Oh, doctor, whatever shall I do?"

"Wash its face," said the doctor promptly. "Wash its face, and the disease will come off with the dirt."

The woman fared up angrily. "Wash its face!" she repeated in a shrill voice. "Wash its face, indeed! What ever next!"

"Wash your own!" retorted the doctor. "Wash your own!"

The consultation closed in some confusion.

Parrot at Prayers.

One morning our family prayers were interrupted in a comical way. A Captain Druid and his wife were staying with us for a few days. Having no child their affections centered in a gray parrot on whose education most of their time was spent. For fear of accidents he was not allowed in the breakfast room till after prayers. One morning, however, by some mischance, he was there, but behaved with becoming decorum until prayers were nearly over. My father had got into the middle of the Lord's Prayer, when, in a loud voice, Poil cried out: "As many as are of the contrary opinion will say 'aye,' contrary, 'no.' The 'ayes' have it."

As I need hardly say, prayers were finished under difficulties.—From Seventy Years of Irish Life.

Devoted Adherent of Nicotine.

Charles Kingsley, author of "Westward Ho!" stands high in the list of clerical smokers. "My father used to tell," writes A. C. Benson, "how once he was walking with Kingsley suddenly stopped and said, 'It's no use; I know you detest tobacco, Benson, but I must have a smoke.' And he had accordingly gone to a big furze bush and put his arm in at a hole and after some groping about produced a big churchwarden pipe, which he filled and smoked with great satisfaction, afterward putting it into a hollow tree, and telling my father, with a chuckle, that he had concealed pipes all over the parish to meet the exigencies of a sudden desire to smoke."

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

THE WISDOM OF DADDY CROW

By CALEB B. WHITFORD.

A very wise old crow that lived in the north with his big tribe found the winters were too severe for him so he concluded to take the crows, over which he ruled, and migrate to a more southern country where it was not so cold. But when he called the crows together to advise them of his decision to take them to a warmer climate they made some objections to going to a new country.

"We are doing very well here," said young Jimmy Crow.

"You must not forget," answered the old crow, "that I am a very wise bird. I have lived here a great many years and have taught most of you all you know about getting your living and keeping out of trouble. I want to continue to help you. Perhaps you had better put Jimmy Crow at the head of the community and depose me. I've noticed lately that he professes to have a wonderful lot of wisdom for a young crow."

"I'm going to follow Daddy," said little Billy Crow. "Of course I'm a little crippled crow and don't pretend to be very smart, but I know enough to follow a wise old leader like Daddy. If we don't like the country he wants to take us to, I'm sure he will bring us back."

After some wrangling in which Jimmy Crow made himself very conspicuous, it was finally decided to follow Daddy Crow south. It was a long hard journey, and when their destination was reached the crows were poor in flesh, hungry and very much out of humor with Old Daddy Crow. Jimmy Crow did all he could to stir up trouble and finally succeeded in persuading all the crows but little



Daddy Crow Provides a Clam Supper.

Billy that he was a much wiser crow than Daddy Crow and should be given the leadership.

"Here we are," he said, "a long way from home, unable to find anything to eat but rank seaweed. We ought to punish Daddy Crow for taking us away from home, then we should return."

All the hungry crows favored Jimmy Crow's plan except little lame Billy. This was what Jimmy Crow desired. He knew he could not very well carry out his ambitious scheme to rule so long as wise old Daddy Crow lived. He was therefore very happy when it was decided to find Daddy Crow the next day and put him to death.

Little lame Billy slipped quietly away from the noisy council to find Daddy Crow and tell him the awful news. He went straight to the thick cedar swamp where the wise old crow had chosen his hiding place. Not finding him he concluded to wait until he returned. Poor old Daddy Crow was very downhearted, not so much because of his own suffering but rather for the suffering of his tribe and the ingratitude they showed him. He found a quiet place on the seashore, where he tried to think of some way out of his difficulty.

As he paced back and forth along the muddy shore an old soft-shell clam, a little below the surface, was annoyed at the tramping over his head, and finally concluded to go to the surface and see who it was walking on the top of his bed. Just as he stuck his head up Daddy Crow set his foot fairly in his open mouth! Quick as a flash the clam closed his shell! As he did so Daddy Crow squawked and leaped into the air, dragging the clam out of the mud with him! Instantly he seized the clam with the free foot and tried to pull him loose from the other foot!

Although the clam had a tight grip on Daddy Crow's foot, he was not causing him any pain; but Daddy Crow was awfully frightened. He flew away as fast as his wings would carry him, tugging with all his might with one foot to release the other from the grip of the clam. As he crossed a big road the clam loosed his hold. Daddy Crow was glad to be rid of him, so he let go with the other foot and down went the clam to smash on the hard road! As soon as

Daddy Crow got over his fright he flew back to the road and dropped down to look at the creature that had scared him nearly out of his senses. He walked around the broken clam several times, then going quite close to him he stuck his bill out and pecked at the meat. He found it so delicious he walked boldly up and devoured the last morsel of it and then stepped back with a satisfied look, congratulating himself on his extreme good fortune.

"That is the sweetest meal I ever had in all my life," he said. "I feel like a new creature. But poor little lame Billy! I was so hungry I forgot all about him. But never mind, little Billy shall have just as good a meal as I have had," and away he flew to the shore to catch another clam.

Very soon he returned and hovered over the road with a clam in his claws. In a little while the clam was dropped and lay broken in the road. Then Daddy Crow went to his roost in the cedar swamp, where he found little lame Billy waiting for him.

"My! My!" was little Billy's greeting. "You look so bright and cheerful and your claw sticks out so I suspect you have found something good to eat! But I've got bad news for you."

"Never mind the bad news! I've got good news! What would you say if you were given the most delicious meal you ever ate in your life?"

"Tell me about it!" said little lame Billy, "I'm nearly starved!"

"Come with me," was all Daddy Crow said, and away they flew to the smashed clam in the road.

And what a meal little lame Billy had, to be sure! He declared he had never tasted food so delicious. Then he told Daddy about the dissatisfied crows and their decision to put him out of the way and return to their old home.

"We'll see about that," said Daddy Crow. "You go back and tell them I'm coming over to see them. Take a little piece of that clam with you, and strut about right in front of Jimmy Crow. Stick out your claw so he can see how full it is, and then let him taste the little bit you have in your bill."

Little lame Billy went back to the crows and told them about the good meal Daddy Crow had furnished him. Then he let Jimmy Crow have the little taste of clam he brought with him. Before he had got through talking about the delights of a clam dinner Daddy Crow put in an appearance, his big full claw pushed out to excite the envy of the dissatisfied crows. All the crows except Jimmy Crow were loud in their protestations of loyalty, and begged him to tell them how to get a good clam supper.

"Why don't you ask Jimmy Crow to get some supper for you. I've been finding something to eat for you for many years. Let him take care of you and I'll look out for little lame Billy and myself."

But they begged him so hard to do something for them he finally promised to give them all a clam breakfast.

"Oh, Daddy!" they exclaimed, "let's have some clams for supper! We're so hungry we can hardly wait until morning."

"No," said Daddy Crow. "The wise young Jimmy Crow will find you a supper. At sunrise all of you come over to the big road and sit on the fence. I'll be there and see to it that you get a splendid breakfast and some good advice. Come, little Billy, let's go to our roost."

Long before sunrise Daddy Crow and little lame Billy Crow were at the shore gathering clams for the big feast. Little Billy soon learned the trick of catching the clams and taking them away to be dropped in the big hard road. Old Daddy Crow wandered away from the soft-shell clam bed and found plenty of hard-shell clams on the sand where the tide had receded. These he picked up and dropped in the big road.

The sun was not all above the horizon when the big flock of crows perched on the fence, waiting for Daddy Crow to invite them to the feast of clams. Daddy paced up and down the road in front of the crows, lecturing them on their want of loyalty and for allowing a young, ambitious crow to turn their heads. Then, after promises for their future behavior, he said:

"All of you may now come down except Jimmy Crow, and eat the most delicious breakfast you ever had. Jimmy Crow can eat at the second table after the rest of you get through. It will do that impudent young rascal good to be disciplined. It may have the effect of teaching him he is not such a wonderful crow as he thinks he is."

In due time, when the rest of the crows had finished their meal, Daddy Crow invited Jimmy Crow to come down and eat. The ambitious young crow felt very sulky and disliked the humiliation to which he had been subjected, but he was too hungry to show any temper. He walked up to the feast and enjoyed it greatly. When he was through Daddy Crow said:

"Now, Jimmy, turn your head to the north and fly back to the land we came from as fast as you can. When we are rid of you I'm sure the rest of us will live in peace, because you are the only disturber we have ever known. I will teach all the rest of my tribe how to catch clams and smash them. We will feast on this delicious food all winter and in the spring we will fly home, fat and sleek. If you behave yourself after we get back, Jimmy, you may come with us next year. Now go."

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