

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

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THE TRAGEDY OF THOMAS HEARNE

(Continued.)

"I saw you by the cairn and circle above the Black brook this afternoon," he went on. "Is that to be the scene of your present investigations?"

"I have no definite plan at present," I said with a snap.

He took a long look at me and stopped his questions. I left the table as soon as I could do so decently, routed out the landlord and engaged a private room. I had had enough of taking meals with a neolithic expert.

It was blowing hard next day, a fierce northwester that cleaned the clouds out of the sky like a sponge washes a slate.

Just after eleven I started out to make a further examination of the position. I wasn't such a fool as to march up to the cairn with old Hearne and a warder or two, as it might be, spying on me from another hillock, so I went down the high road that lay as white and clear across the gray moor as a streak of paint, until I had left the place some distance behind me. No one, so far as I could see, was in sight, and presently I turned off the road along a disused cart track that seemed to lead in the direction I wanted. Its ancient ruts were filled with sprouting heather, and the short moor turf had covered up the hoof-marks with a velvet surface.

I had walked a good quarter of a mile, when, rounding a curve of the hill, I found the old road explained in the ruins of a small farm, one of those melancholy memorials of a time when frozen meat was unknown, and it paid a man to breed cattle and sheep and cultivate a wheat field or two, even on Dartmoor. The roof had fallen in, and the woodwork had been carried away, but the stone walls of the house and outbuildings still remained undefeated by a hundred years of storm. A weather-beaten cherry tree was pushing out its spring leafage before the door.

Leaving the farm, I began to climb the cairn hill, as I must call it for want of a better name, which sheltered the farm from the north and west.

It was rough walking, for the heather was set thick with granite boulders. At last I reached the top, skirted the mound set about with stones where the prehistoric chief lay sleeping—and very nearly stepped upon the body of that old fellow, Thomas Hearne.

Luckily for me he never turned his head. The wind on the face of the hill was blowing in great gusts like the firing of a cannon, and my footsteps had been drowned in its thunder. I crept back behind a heap of tumbled rocks and dropped on my hands and knees, watching him through a convenient crevice. He lay flat on his chest, while he covered the gang at work in the new ground below with a small telescope.

It might be curiosity, of course, for many men regard a convict as something abnormal, something that is as pleasant to stare at as if he were the cannibal king at a fair. And yet that seemed a weak explanation. Was he in with the police? Had they got news that an attempt at rescue was to be made? If so, I stood the best chance in the world of finding myself in the county jail within the week.

There was nothing to be gained by imagining bad luck. I walked back to the inn, and sat down to a study of the district with maps I had brought with me. There was only one railroad within many miles, and that was the single track that ran up from Plymouth to Princetown village. At the first signal that a convict had escaped the station would be full of warders; so that outlet was barred. South of the moor, fifteen miles away, ran another branch line ending at Ashburton. But I was determined to leave the railroad alone. The stations would be the first places to be watched by the police. Torquay, some thirty miles away, might easily be reached by a good horse and trap within the day. I could hire one for a month through the landlord, with the excuse that I wanted it for my exploring expeditions amongst the stone remains. It would surprise no one if it were seen off the roads with a luncheon-basket prominently displayed. So I decided, I questioned the girl who brought the meal to my sitting-room as to old Hearne, but she could give me little information. He had arrived at the

inn a couple of days before I appeared, and had spent most of his time in long walks on the moors. She thought he had a friend amongst the prison officials, for she had twice seen him coming out of the great gates down the street. That was all—and it left me more anxious about him than before. It was becoming very plain that before I took any decided step towards the escape, I must make sure of this man's business on the moors.

After dinner I walked into the inn bar to buy a smoke, and found Hearne with his back to the fire, talking to the landlord. As I entered, they both dropped into an uneasy silence. I was certain they had been discussing me, but I didn't want to let them know it, and so began to talk big about the scenery. I stayed down for about half an hour, and then allowed that I would get back to some writing I had to do.

"I'm glad you admire the moor, Mr. Kingsley," said the landlord, holding back the door for me. "Nothing quite like it in the states, I should think."

Upon my soul, I was as near as may be to owning I had never been there. But I remembered that I was Abel Kingsley, of Memphis, just in time.

"No," I said, "it's something quite unique."

"It's a wild place, sir," he went on. "Very wild and desolate. You should take a walk one night when the moon is full, as it is now. Then you would understand how the stories of ghost hounds and headless riders and devils in the mires first started. Mr. Hearne here is going to take my advice."

"Tonight?" I asked, turning to the old fellow.

"No, Mr. Kingsley, I am too tired to think of it tonight," he said. "Tomorrow or the next day, perhaps."

I wished them a good evening and tramped up the stairs to my sitting-room, which looked over the moors at the back of the inn. It was certainly a splendid night, with a great searchlight of a moon drawing the strange tors—as they call the granite caps of the hills—in black silhouette upon the luminous skyline. I lit a pipe and sat there in the shadows, thinking, thinking. It was pleasant to be a decent man again, to wear clean linen and boots with real soles; to wash and shave and brush myself daily. I was back in my Eden days before the fall, when six hunters were in my stable, and men and women were glad to know Jack Henderson of Lowood Hall in the best of counties; yes, I was away from Princetown village in the midst of happy memories when I came to my senses with the sound of a soft tap-tapping under the window. There were tip-toe skulking footsteps on the gravel of the yard; Heaven knows but my ear had been well trained to such steps as those.

I crept softly to my window and peered out. The man was almost across the yard, moving in the shadow of the pig-sties. As he stopped at the wicket-gate that opened on to the moor, he turned his head to the moon. It was Hearne again.

I decided on that instant. I slipped on my boots and ran down the stairs. The landlord was looking up for the night as I came to the front door.

"I'm going to take your advice," I said with a laugh.

"Very good, sir; I will sit up for you."

"No, no, give me the key. Has Mr. Hearne gone to bed?"

"Yes, sir, about ten minutes ago."

"His room is on the first floor, isn't it?"

"No, sir; he chose one on the ground floor. He preferred it."

The wiser man, thought I. He needed no door when he had but to open his window and step out.

When I got to the back of the inn Hearne was a good four hundred yards away, climbing a low ridge. As he disappeared over its edge I set off running at top speed, for I saw that in so broken and rugged a place I should have to keep close to his heels or I should lose him altogether. It was well I did so, for when I reached the crest of the rise he had vanished.

Presently, however, I caught sight of him again, walking very fast down a hollow at right angles to the line he first took. It led in the direction of the cairn hill.

It was hard work, that two miles' stalk across the moor. Sometimes I ran, sometimes crawled, sometimes lay flat on my chest with my head buried in the heather like an ostrich. Once I tried to cut a corner across what seemed a plot of level turf and struggled back, panting, from the grasp of the bog with the black slime almost to my waist. But I took great credit for my performance since the old man tramped steadily forward, showing no sign of having seen me.

He did not climb the cairn hill as I had half expected, but skirted along the base until he came to the track which led to the ruined farm. Down this he walked quickly and passed through the doorway of the main building. I remained upon the slope of the hill, waiting for him to reappear. Five, ten minutes went by, and then my curiosity got the better of my prudence. I determined to go down and see what he was about.

The place was sheltered from the gale, but I could hear it yelping and humming in the rocks above, now and again a gust came curling up the valley, setting the heather whispering around me. I crept forward over the soft turf of the cart track, reached the gap where the door had been, hesitated, listened, and then stuck in my head.

I had been a boxer in my time, or that would have been the end of me. As I ducked, the heavy stick flicked off my cap and crashed into the wall with a nasty thud. I jumped back, and he came storming out through

the doorway like a madman. I never saw more beastly fury in a man's eyes. I side-stopped, and he missed me again—it was a knife this time. Then I woke up and let him have it with my right under the ear. He staggered, dropping the knife. As he stooped to pick it up, I jumped for him and in ten seconds more was sitting on his chest, pegging out his arms on the turf. He tried a struggle or two; but he soon saw that I was far the stronger man, and so lay panting, with a hopeless despair in his face, that, in a man of his age was shocking to witness. He had tried to kill me, but, on my honor, I felt sorry for him.

"Well, Mr. Hearne," I said, "and what does this mean?"

"Too old," he gasped. "Twenty years ago—different. How did you suspect? It was justice—nothing but bare justice, by Heaven!"

"Now, what in the world do you think I am?" I asked him, in great surprise.

"A detective. You couldn't deceive me."

I got to my feet with a curse at the muddle I had made of it, and he sat up staring at me as if he thought I had gone clean crazy of a sudden.

"I'm no detective," I said angrily, "though I was fool enough to believe you were one."

"Then why did you follow me tonight?" he asked, with a quick suspicion.

"Why did you try to kill me?" I said. "The truth is, Mr. Hearne, you and I are playing a risky game. Is it to be cards on the table, or are we to separate and say no more about it?"

He sat watching me for a time with a puzzled look. Plainly he was in great uncertainty of mind.

"Perhaps I have nothing to tell," he said at last.

"A man does not attempt to murder detectives unless he has a crime to conceal."

"That is true," he said, nodding his head; "very just and true."

There was nothing to be gained by a long bargaining of secrets with him. Whatever his business, he could speedily discover mine if he chose. If I were honest with him he might return the confidence.

"I am arranging for the escape of Julius Craig, now doing his time in the prison yard," I told him.

"Julius Craig!" he echoed, with wild eyes. "The escape of Julius Craig?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

He burst into a scream of hysterical laughter, swaying his body to and fro, and pressing his hands to his sides as if trying to crush the uncanny merriment out of him; and then, before I guessed what he was about, the old fellow was upon me, with his arms about my neck in mad embrace.

"Welcome, comrade," he cried. "I, too, have come to find a way out of Princetown jail for Julius Craig."

It took a good five minutes and a pull out of a flask to get him back to hard sense. Then he told me his story sitting on a fallen stone under the old cherry tree.

Craig was dearer to him than any brother, he said, with a burst of open sincerity. There was that between them that he could never forget while life remained to him. He had heard how the man had come under prison discipline, and had come to help him escape if that were humanly possible. Of me or my London employers he knew nothing whatever.

He had been shown over the prison, having obtained a pass from an influential friend, and while there had learned the place where Craig was daily employed. Yesterday from the cairn hill he had satisfied himself that the convict was working in the gang.

He had crept out this evening to examine the stream and hedge which divided the new enclosure from the moor. When he saw me on his track, his suspicions as to my business were confirmed. Either he must give up his project or my mouth must be stopped. So he tempted me into the ruined farm. The rest I knew.

He spoke in an easy, pleasant voice, with a perfect frankness and good humor. It never seemed to occur to him that he had done anything unreasonable, anything to which a level-headed man could object. I stared at him in growing amazement.

There seemed, indeed, only one solution before me—that he had become partially insane.

"You must understand my position, Mr. Kingsley," he concluded. "I am not a lunatic, but I have made up my mind in this matter of Julius Craig. Any one who is foolish enough to come between us must stand aside or take the consequences. Towards yourself, for example, I had no ill will, in fact, I rather liked you. But you must admit that, as a detective, your presence was excessively inconvenient. Now that I know the truth, I welcome you as a most valuable ally. I am prepared to trust you absolutely. Come, what are your plans?"

I told him as we walked back to the inn. He expressed himself an admirer of their simplicity as we parted for the night. Mad or not, I had found an assistant who would be of great help to me. So I let it stay at that and slept like a rock till nine next morning.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

For Reference.
"See that man over there. He is a bombastic nut, a windjammer non-entity, a false alarm, and an encumberer of the earth!" "Would you mind writing all that down for me?" "Why in the world—" "He's my husband, and I should like to use it on him some time."—Houston Post.

JELLIED TONGUE FOR SUPPER

Should Stand Twelve Hours Before Using, but Is Well Worth the Time Consumed.

Jellied Tongue.—This is also a nice luncheon or cold supper dish. Boil a tongue tender, so the skin will pull off readily; cut it in thin slices and arrange in a mold lined with the slices of lemon in the bottom. Cover with jelly made of one box of gelatin dissolved in a cup of cold water. Add a quart of boiling water, less one cup, the juice of four lemons and two cups of sugar; stir until dissolved; strain into the mold, and set away to harden. This should stand 12 hours before using.

Scotch Roll.—Remove the tough skin from about five pounds of flank of beef. With a sharp knife cut the meat from the thick part and lay it on the thin, mix together two tablespoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, one-eighth of teaspoonful of cloves and a teaspoonful of summer savory. Sprinkle this over the meat and then sprinkle on three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Roll up and tie with twine and put away in a cold place for 12 hours. Then place in a steppan, cover with boiling water and simmer gently for three and a half hours. Mix four heaping tablespoonfuls flour with half a cup of cold water and stir into the gravy. Season to taste with salt and pepper and let simmer for an hour longer. Serve hot or cold.

CHINA GIVEN ESPECIAL CARE

Simple Reason Why the Modern Article Does Not Last as Long as in the Olden Days.

An idea is prevalent that modern china is not as durable as the china of our grandmothers' day. This conclusion is drawn by a comparison of the fine old pieces whose color and gold is still perfect, with the comparative short life of modern sets. But in arriving at the conclusion, we ought also to consider the difference in the care given by our grandmothers and that of the modern housewife. No careless servant was ever entrusted with that precious old china; no strong cleansers were allowed to tarnish its gold; and every slender handle was looked upon with especial reverence. "Washing the china" was a sort of household rite, very different from the ordinary washing of dishes. One dear, stately old grandmother of the old school with many servants at her command, never allowed her finest china to leave the dining-room. After it had been used, she cheerfully tied on a big apron, had water, cloth and the towels brought in, and it was indeed a privilege to watch her graceful, white hands at their task of "washing the cups" as she invariably expressed it.—Alice Margaret Ashton, in Today's Magazine.

Roast Apple Parfait.

Core eight large greening apples and place them in a baking pan, filling the core cavities with a paste made from granulated sugar, half a teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Bake the apples until they are very tender and rub through a puree sieve to remove the skins. Allow the fruit pulp to become very cold, and then fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten until light and dry, and a pint of cream whipped solid. Taste to see if more sugar is required, flavor with a wineglassful of sherry and freeze to a smooth, firm consistency. This dessert may be served in any preferred form, but it is very attractive packed in small cases resembling rosy apples (these may be purchased at any confectioner's) and served in individual portions, resting on lace paper doilies.

Delicious Boneless Birds.

One and one-half pounds of round steak, four slices of bacon, one grated onion, seasoning of salt and pepper, three tablespoonfuls of butter or dripping, one pint of boiling water, one tablespoonful of browned flour.

Pound the steak, then cut it into pieces about four inches square. Lay on each square a small piece of the bacon and a little of the onion, roll up and fasten with a string or with a few toothpicks. Melt the butter or dripping, then brown the steak in it, add the flour, salt, pepper and boiling water. Cover and simmer for two hours. Remove the strings or toothpicks before serving.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Smothered Mutton.

Cut in small pieces as much raw, lean mutton as desired. Slice 7 small potatoes thin, peel 4 large onions. In a baking dish put a layer of mutton, sprinkle with onion, salt, pepper and dots of butter. (Butter may be omitted.) Cut bread in dice, dry in oven and use for next layer, or use only potatoes. Fill the dish with layers, making the top one of bread. It is nice to use bread only for the top. Onion extract may be substituted for the vegetable. Turn over all one and one-half cups of hot water. Bake slowly.

Pressed Veal.

Boil one 15-cent veal shank with one onion, one clove, one-half bay leaf and plenty of salt and pepper until the meat drops to pieces and a little liquid is left. Take out all the gristle and bone and mince. Put into a bread tin lined with oiled paper, with one sliced cold hard-boiled egg and a little chopped parsley on the bottom, and press the meat down firmly. Pour over it just enough liquid to cover. Let it stand two hours, turn out and slice.

Designed for the Street, Made Up in Blue Charmeuse



A gown of blue charmeuse with green collar and lapels. Special features: the sash, very short jacket and draped skirt.

HARMONY ALWAYS A POINT MAKES PRETTY HOME DRESS

Sharp Contrasts in Living Room Something to Be Avoided by the Up-to-Date Homemaker.

A room is really a picture, or at least it should be composed with due regard to its esthetic possibilities. The walls are the background of which doors and windows are a part. The furniture is in the middle distance and the family furnishes the foreground.

It is evident that if the wall paper is figured conventional designs are always best and the designs should be worked out in varying tones of the dominant color. This dominant color may be any that lends itself charmingly to interior decoration. It should be soft, rich and beautiful in its varying shades.

It is not enough that it should blend with carpets and curtains or contrast harmoniously with them. It should be favorable as a background to the persons who make the main part of the picture, it should bring out the flesh tones, or at least not spoil them, and it should not clash with the colors of the garments worn by those who pass their time within the four walls of the room. Moreover, it should simplify the lighting problems, whether the position of windows or the effect of electric lamps is taken into consideration.

SETTING FOR TOILET TABLE

Various Dainty Accessories Are Offered for the Fancy of the Woman Who Likes Pretty Things.

Very lovely are the cut-glass salt bottles with square stopper of enameled on silver gilt in the daintiest and most artistic designs, while the large cut-glass perfume bottles have enamel stoppers and tops, the enamel generally toning with the prevailing color of the room.

A silver ruler with inch and centimeter measurement, which holds rubber, pencil and pen when the end is taken off, also finds a place in the boudoir. And a new paperweight in the form of a ruler with a handle in the center, the inch and centimeter measurements being marked thereon, is amongst the latest of useful feminine trifles.

Veils Now Often Discarded. Veils are very much less worn than they used to be in past seasons. They are less easy to wear with very small hats, for the simple reason that they may easily touch the eyes or at least the eyelashes; but, since the extremely small hat is specially reserved for the very young woman, she may well permit herself to meet the full glare of daylight in the street without any softening veil. Besides this, some hygienic people pretend that the veil is harmful both to the complexion and the sight, and, while it is also true that the contrary opinion is held, the devotee of fashion will follow her own personal opinion without bothering her head about any other.—Paris Edition of New York Herald.

In Cherry Red Cloth This Costume Would Be Fit for the Adornment of Any Woman.

For this house dress might be selected red cloth of fine texture. The skirt is made with a panel down back and a wrapped seam down front, which is rounded off at the foot to show a small panel of braided satin in a delicate shade of gray.

The bodice has a yoke and deep cuffs of this; the sides and upper part of sleeves are cut Magyar and



laid on with wrapped seams; material fills in the space below yoke; a black satin ribbon is taken round the waist and arranged to hang in a bow and end in front.

Materials required: 3 1/2 yards cloth 48 inches wide, 1/2 yard satin 40 inches wide, 3 dozen yards braid, 2 yards satin ribbon.

Cotton in Netting.

One bride is making her comforters in an unusual way, says Good Housekeeping. She incloses the cotton batting in mosquito netting, tacking it here and there. Then she slips this into its outside cover. When the cover is soiled it is very easy to rip open one end and remove the cotton and also as simple to put the whole together again.