## SERIAL STORY

# The Chronicles Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of The Hound of the Baskervilles," etc.

### THE VANISHED MILLIONAIRE

(Continued.)

I woke with a start that left me sitting up in bed, with my heart thumping in my ribs like a piston-rod. I am not generally a light sleeper, but that night, even while I snored, my nerves were active. Some one had tapped at my door-that was my impression.

I listened with the uncertain fear that comes to the newly waked. Then I heard it again-on the wall near my bead this time. A board creaked. Some one was groping his way down the dark corridor without. Presently he stopped, and a faint line of illumination sprang out under my door. It winked, and then grew still. He had lit a candle.

Assurance came with the streak of light. What was he doing, groping in and make up your mind." the dark, if he had a candle with him? stared cautiously out.

About a score feet away a man was duty." standing-a striking figure against the light he carried. His back was tohand was shading the candle from his stretched. eyes while he stared into the shadows that clung about the further end of the corridor.

Presently he began to move forward. the house lay behind me. The corridor in which he stood terminated in a window, set deep into the stone of the old walls. The man walked slowly, throwing the light to right and left. His attitude was of nervous expectation-that of a man who looked for something that he feared to see.

At the window he stopped, staring about him and listening. He examined the fastenings, and then tried a door on his right. It was locked against him. As he did so I caught his profile against the light. It was Harbord, the secretary. From where I stood he was not more than forty feet away. There was no possibility of a mistake.

As he turned to come back I retreated into my room, closed the door. The fellow was in a state of great agitation, and I could hear him muttering to himself as he walked. When he had cassed by I peeped out to see him and his light dwindle, reach the corner by the picture gallery, and fade into a reflection-a darkness.

I took care to turn the key before got back into bed.

I woke again at seven, and, hurrying on my clothes, set off to tell Peace all about it. I took him to the place, and together we examined the corri dor. There were only two rooms beyoud mine. The one on the left was an unoccupied bedroom; that on the right was a large storeroom, the door of which was locked. The housekeeper kept the key, we learnt upon inquiry. Whom had Harbord followed? The problem was beyond me. As for Inspector Peace, he did not indulge in verbal speculations.

It was in the central hall that we encountered the secretary on his way to the breakfast room. The man looked nervous and depressed; he nodded to us, and was passing on, when Peace stopped him.

"Good morning, Mr. Harbord," he mid. "Can I have a word with you?" "Certainly, inspector. What is it?" "I have a favor to ask. My assist-

ant and myself have our hands full here. If necessary could you help us by running up to London, and-"

"For the day?" he interrupted. "No. It may be an affair of three or

four days." "Then I must refuse. I am sorry,

"Don't apologize, Mr. Harbord," said the little man, cheerfully, "I shall have to find some one else-that is all."

We walked into the breakfast room. and a few minutes later Ransom appeared with a great bundle of letters and telegrams in his hand.

Ransom said not a word to any of us, but dropped into a chair, tearing open the envelopes and glancing at their contents. His face grew darker as he read, and once he thumped his hand upon the table with a crash that set the china jingling.

"Well, inspector?" he said at last. The little detective's head shook out a negative.

"Perhaps you require an incentive," he sneered. "Is it a matter of a re-

"No, Mr. Ransom; but it is becoming one of my personal reputation." "Then, by thunder! you are in danger of losing it. Why don't you and your friend hustle, instead of loitering around as if you were paid by the ing, slipping through your fingers, very hour, every hour."

He sprang from his seat and started his walk again-up and down, up and down, as we had first seen him.

"Shall you be returning to London?" At the question the manager halted in his stride, staring sharply down into the inspector's bland countenance. "No." he said: "I shall stay here, Mr. Addington Peace, until such time as you have something definite to tell

"I have an inquiry to make which I some one who has personal knowledge some idea of the reason why." of Mr. Ford. Neither Mr. Harbord nor yourself desire to leave Meudon. Is there anyone else you can suggest?"

"There is Jackson-Ford's valet," said the manager, after a moment's thought. "He can go, if you think him bright enough. I'll send for him."

While the footman who answered the bell was gone upon his errand, we light. waited in an uneasy silence. There was the shadow of an ugly mystery upon us all. Jackson, as he entered, was the only one who seemed at his ease. He stood there—a tall figure of all the respectabilities.

"The inspector here wishes you to go to London, Jackson," said the man-"He will explain the details. There is a fast train from Camdon at

"Certainly, sir. Do I return tonight?" "No. Jackson," said Peace. "It will ake a day or two."

The man took a couple of steps towards the door, hesitated, and then returned to his former place.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he began addressing Ransom. "But I would rather remain at Meudon under present circumstances."

"What on earth do you mean?" thundered the manager. "Well, sir, I was the last to see Mr.

Ford. There is, at it were, a suspicion upon me. I should like to be present while the search continues, both for his sake-and my own." "Very kind of you, I'm sure."

growled Ransom. "But you either do your boxes and clear out. So be quick

"I think you are treating me most I crept over to the door, opened it, and unfairly, sir. But I cannot be persuaded out of what I know to be my

"You impertinent rascal!" began the furious manager. But Peace was wards me, but I could see that his already on his feet with a hand out-

"Perhaps, after all, I can make othsaid. "It is natural that Jackson The picture gallery and the body of this affair. That is all, Jackson; you may go now.'

It was half an hour afterwards, when the end of breakfast had dispersed the party, that I spoke to Peace

sands-hundreds of thousands-melt- ing a pipe in great apparent satisfac ECONOMY IN POTATO OMELET

sniffing at his strong tobacco. "Oh, no," he said. "The fact is, we are going to sit up all night."

I threw myself on a couch by the window without reply. Perhaps I was not in the best of tempers; certainly housekeeping shown in "A Little I did not feel so.

me." he suggested.

Mr. Phillips," he said kindly; "but, be onion would do), with a piece of lieve me, there is nothing to be gained in vague discussions."

across the room and switched off the done put it on a dish and set it in the

"If nothing happens, you can take said. "In the meanwhile get to sleep. ragout. Cecile's ragout of veal-nawill keep the first watch."

to one, from one to two. Peace had she added a small wineglass of water, stopped smoking. He sat as silent as to prevent burning (She was very a cat at a mousehole.

to a tense alertness. And then there sprinkled it over the meat and turned drawing touch of a hand groping in added eight large carrots cut into the darkness as some one felt his way small dice, four onions, sliced, sevalong the panelled walls. It passed eral pieces of parsley, about two cupus and was gone. Yet Peace never fuls of raw peas, and a glassful of moved. Could he have fallen asleep? water. She cooked it, tightly covered, whispered his name.

"Hush!" The answer came to me like a gen- raw potatoes, cut in half. tle sigh.

One minute, two minutes more and what I tell you, Jackson, or you pack the room sprang into sight under the glow of an electric hand-lamp. The inspector rose from his seat and slid through the door, with me upon his heels. The light he carried searched the clustered shadows; but the corridor was empty, nor was there any place where a man might hide.

"You waited too long," I whispered impatiently.

"The man is no fool, Mr. Phillips Do you imagine that he was not listener arrangements, Mr. Ransom," he ing and staring like a hunted beast. A noisy board, a stumble, or a flash of should consider his own reputation in light, and we should have wasted a tiring day."

"Nevertheless he has got clear away.

"I think not " As we crept forward I saw that a



self and do my best to carry out his instructions.

"I had bad luck in my call for volinteers," he said.

"I should have thought they would have been glad enough to get the chance of work. They can find no touching my shoulder.

particular amusement in loafing about the place all day." "Doubtless they all had excellent reasons," he said with a smile. "But

anyway, you cannot be spared, Mr. Phillips."

"You flatter me."

"I want you to stay in your bedroom. Write, read, do what you like, but keep your door ajar. If anyone it was only here and there that we cupful of butter rubbed into a cream, passes down the corridor, see where you are watching him if you can help it. I will take my turn at half-past one. I don't mean to starve you."

I obeyed. After all, it was, in a manner, promotion that the inspector had given me; yet it was a tedious, anxious time. No one came my way, barring a sour-looking housemaid. I like Silas Ford? tried to argue out the case, but the deeper I got the more conflicting grew my theories. I was never more glad fell upon two footprints set close to and kept in shape. It is especially to see a friendly face than when the gether. They were at right angles to good for pleated waists. little man came in upon me.

The short winter's afternoon crept on, the inspector and I taking turn and turn about in our sentry duty. Dinner time came and went. I had been off duty from nine, but at ten-thirty I poured out a whisky and soda and went back to join him. He was sit- high, the atlantosaurus was one of four cloves. Simmer four hours. day? I tell you, man, there are thou- ting in the middle of the room smok- our prehistoric animals.

amine the phenomenon.

"Flour?" there is the first result."

He steadied his light as he spoke, pointing with his other hand. On the powdery surface was the half footprint of a man.

caught up the trail. We had passed with a tablespoonful of flour and a he goes, only don't let him know that the bedroom on the left-yet the foot little salt. Add a half cupful of hot prints still went on; we were at the water. Pour the peas and gravy over store-room door, yet they still were six light brown slices of toast arranged visible before us. There was no other on a large platter. egress from the corridor. The tall window at the end was, as I knew, a good twenty feet from the ground. Had Put a soft, thick cloth on a table at this man also vanished off the earth one corner. Lay the shirtwaist on the

> grasping my arm. The light he held this way the shoulder is ironed smooth the passage. Apparently the man had passed into the solid wall!

"Peace, what does this mean?"

Prehistoric Monster.

"Bed time, isn't it?" I grumbled. Appetizing Dish the Exclusive Recipe of a Clever Little French Cook-Ragout of Veal.

The economy of the potato omelet is one of the devices for money-saving French Cook; Her Methods and "You insisted on coming down with Recipes," published in Harper's Bazar. For days when company must be espe-"I know all about that," I told him. cially regarded, she made a potato "I haven't complained, have I? If you omelet, which reconciled you to the want me to shut myself up for a week conditions. She mashed ten small cold would rather place in the hands of I'll do it; but I should prefer to have potatoes. She then fried brown in butter two shopped ciboules (which "I don't wish to create mysteries, are shallots, but any small, delicate chopped parsley, and added the potatoes. She then beat together well four I knew that settled it as far as he eggs, and added them lightly to the was concerned, so I nodded my head potatoes. Of this mixture she made and filled a pipe. At eleven be walked an omelet in the usual way; and when oven a few minutes to rise.

There is no more economical dish your turn in four hours from now," he for a well-fed family than a good varrain, as she called it-was as sa-I shut my eyes; but there was no vory and nourishing a dish as anyone rest in me that night. I lay listening could desire. She used about two to the silence of the old house with a pounds of the shoulder of veal, which dull speculation. Somewhere far down she cooked for 20 minutes or so in a in the lower floor a great gong-like small iron pot, with salt, pepper and clock chimed the hours and quarters butter, until it was well browned. She I heard them every one from twelve turned it over from time to time. Once chary of spoiling good things by wa-It must have been some fifteen min- ter dilution, and in the iron pot there utes after two that I heard the faint, was little danger of burning). She faint creak of a board in the corridor then sprinkled and stirred in well two outside. I sat up, every nerve strung teaspoonfuls of flour-that is, she came a sound I knew well, the soft the meat over and over; then she an hour and a half, adding, a half-hour before it was done, a plateful of small

When making mince meat use a few crabapples with other apples and you will add a delicious flavor to the meat. boiled with butter all around about

ip a muslin bag or cloth flour sack soned traveler. after it is cleaned) in cold water,

stove.

brush dipped in paraffin oil and then in emery powder. Polish them with a out, and the muleteer affixes his seal dry chamois. A lump of camphor to it, for few of them can either read steel ornaments bright. Glove fingers make good prote for the stems of flowers, especially if

the flowers are fresh and worn planed to a white dress. Save the fingers, insert the flower stems in them and pin to dress and no dampness or stain will injure the most delicate dress.

Two bunches of mint, simmered in one pint of water for one-half hour; one cup sugar, one and one-half tabletwo lemons.

When the gelatin has softened, pour use of a little vegetable color paste.

Strain and chill; cut in squares and sauce. It may be used as a garnish furniture not forgetting a traveling for the lamb.

Boiled Apples.

Take as many apples as you wish to cook, all of one size-say mediumpare and put on to boil as you would about it, offering to go to London my- strip of the oak flooring along the potatoes, except put a cup of sugar walls was gray with dust. If it had and grain of sait to two quarts of wabeen in such a neglected state in the ter. Have water boiling when apples afternoon I should surely have noticed are dropped in. Don't core apples; it. In some curiosity I stooped to ex. don't let them get broken. Use knitting needle to test them. Put into a "Flour," whispered the little man, glass dish, previously warmed, so as not to crack. If too much water remains to fill the glass dish let it boil "Yes. I sprinkled it myself. Look- down, then strain over the apples and when cold they are delicious.

Peas on Toast.

Delicious and new to many tables will be the peas served on toast. Pour The flour did not extend more than a can of sweet peas into a saucepan to

To Iron Shirtwaists.

table with one armhole over the cor-Suddenly the inspector stopped, ner; pull the waist tight and iron it. In

Take two pounds of beef. Sear on (CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.) all sides with hot fat. Put in kettle and cover with boiling water. Add onehalf small onion, one cup diced car-Eighty feet long and thirty feet rots, two tablespoonfuls vinegar and



PERSIANS THRESHING CORN

sian as he considers the transaction of business or the taking of a journey. And before the westerner has been long in this country he drops his shibboleth that "time is money," and falls into the fatalistic philosophy of the east, where the language has no equivalent meaning for our words, punctuality and promptitude, writes a Teheran correspondent of the Los Angeles Times.

Truly, Persia is no place for the hustler, accustomed to "do" a country or a kingdom by express railroad routes and automobile transit, and who expects to get Ritz or Waldorf-

Astoria wherever he stops. Only when the powers take hold of Persia and run the country will travel become easy and pleasant for the ordinary globetrotter. For the present When boiling molasses or sugar it is open only to the venturesome and candy rub the dish in which it is being leisurely, for there are scarcely any railroads in the length and breadth of an inch from the top and it will not the land, and transit over any distance is both perilous and arduous, though To keep vegetables fresh and crisp full of interest to the strong and sea-

In Persia it is no simple underwring it lightly, put in the vegetables taking to prepare for a caravan jourand hang where the air can strike it. ney of 150 miles or so, as your arange-A flatiron stand will be found useful ments must allow for at least eight on the range to keep the contents of days on the road-in many places a saucepan warm without danger of merely a rough, stony track through burning: it is also useful when one de mountain gorges. A string of six sires food to simmer; there is then or eight mules is required, and you no fear of sticking or burning on a hot have to be smart at a bargain when you haggle with the owner of the To clean steel ornaments of rust hearts, though as a matter of fact, the and discoloration, rub them with a muleteer generally gets his price.

The contract must then be written stipulated "ticket journey." The next business is the engagement of a smart boy for the road and a cook to prepare the meals, and upon their character the entire comfort of your caravan journey depends.

Expert Servants.

Persian servants could give points to the most expert swell mobsman going. They always make the very best use of opportunities for plunder when spoonfuls of granulated gelatin, soft. the provisions for the trip are bought. ened in one-half cup of water; juice of Gradually, however, the large saddlebags begin to swell out with packets of tea, loaves of sugar, tins of provi the water from the cooked mint over sions rice, meat, bread, candles, coals the softened gelatin, then add the and other necessaries. You have also sugar and lemon juice. A delicate to provide a new samovar, plates, green color may be obtained by the knives, forks, spoons, together with a teapot and teacups. While the servants are busy with the dealer the serve with lamb in the place of mint sahib chooses a saddle and some camp

carpet. Fortunately, for eight months of the year in Persia the sun shines continually out of a fine blue sky, so journeys are generally taken under ideal conditions. Rain adds the last note of desolation to the mostly barren land, making the miserable villages full of hungry, begging people, and the gloomy, fort-like caravansaries, gray, nightmare visions of hopeless-

ness. The chief outstanding feature of a long tour in Persia is the massive caravansaries, the poorest apologies for hotels the world contains. They are built by charitable people who desire to do a good turn to the travelers on the lonely roads and mule tracks, which are infested by marauding

bands of highwaymen. As a rule they are built square, with a couple of feet from the walls, so that cook until tender. Into this stir a half to the interior courtyard. In bad weather the mules are put into roomy stables behind, though generally the animals are tethered in the spacious courtyard, with their loads disposed around them and the bells on their harness tinkling continually.

On first alighting at one of these rest-houses for the night, when the servant indicates your apartment you are apt to be badly jarred by its appearance. The opening into the black, smoke-begrimed room is doorless. The mud floor is dirty and uneven, the corners filled with all kinds of rubbish, such as egg-shells, fruit skins and the like. But if the boy is a good one he soon makes his master comfortable. A fire is lighted, the room swept and the meager equipment set out. A curtain nailed over the enrance baffles the gaze of inquisitive onlookers, and when in the flickering

ALLAH pleases, tomor- | candlelight the steaming samovar row," says the average Per- sings, and the dinner of several courses begins to appear, past troubles are forgotten until a new day dawns. The dinner, by the bye, is prepared by the cook in a draughty corner on three cage-like crates one on each

side of the pack-saddle Big Caravans. Often during the long hours of the daily march are heard the low-sounding bells, telling of an approaching caravan. Surrounded by huge bales of cotton, cases of opium and bundles of carpets come a troop of Persians on pilgrimage to Mecca or Kubella, who for safety's sake generally travel with a large, weil-guarded caravan. Their well-filled saddle-bags contain everything necessary for their six to eight-months journey. So accustomed do the Persians become to the pace

but the westerner has to keep wide awake to preserve his equilibrium. The most useful vehicles for long ourneys in Persia are the palakis and kajavahs, the quaintest contrivances for travel to be seen anywhere. These

of their mules, they can doze comfort-

ably on their backs through the hot

hours of the afternoon without run-

ning the slightest risk of misadventure,

Persian cabs' are fixed upon mules. Some skill, too, is required in loading up the mule with its human freight, care being taken that the two people who travel side by side are about the same weight. If a tiny husband and a fat wife have to go together, his box must be filled up with ballast so as to equalize the weight Similar care has to be exercised in dismounting, for if one passenger jumps out without giving warning of his intention, his neighbor is shot to the ground with unseemly haste. The placed in the box with them will keep or write. But you are not through only difference between the kajavah with the deal until you have paid over and the palaki is that the latter is half or even three-quarters of the open, while the former is covered with a light ,water-proof roof and is cur tained against bad weather.

The most comfortable means of travel, sacred to the use of the weamhiest class, is the takhtiravan, a kind of palanquin, consisting of a box about seven feet long and five feet high, fitted with doors and windows and furnished inside with a soft mattress and luxurious cushions. The vehicle is built on the Sedan-chair principle, the poles resting on a sort of saddle on the backs of the mules, which are harnessed tandem.

By the Mile.

A young married woman athletically inclined was very anxious to learn to swim. So she bought a bathing suit, joined the swimming class at a nearby Turkish bath, and plunged in. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for an hour in the afternoon she toiled laboriously from one end to the other of the ninety-foot pool. On returning home after each lesson she carefully computed the distance she traveled and jotted it down in her housekeeper's memorandum book. One night, with the help of her husband, she started in to balance her housekeeping accounts.

"Shall I put swimming under pleasures or necessities?" she asked, undecidedly.

The husband glanced at the figures indicating the number of nautical miles his wife had covered. "Why not put it down under trav-

eling expenses?" he suggested.

Successive Generations.

Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the great financier, gives most of her time to social work. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is one of the leaders in the movement against "white slavery." daughter of Senator Mark Hanna. Mrs. Medill McCormick, is an active advocate of working women's organization. Such interests of many of "the second generation of wealth" are better dependence for the future than the earlier hope that the second and succeeding generations would squander what the fathers and grandfathers accumulated. Spendthrifts do not materially affect the general welfare. Persons with social instincts and a sense of responsibility do.

Between Doctors. "Doctor, do you think we had better call in a consulting physician?" "My worthy colleague, why should

"He's a very rich man."

"Exactly. Then why share the e