

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace
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THE MYSTERY OF THE JADE SPEAR

(Continued.)

"Good afternoon, Sergeant Hales," said Addington Peace. "So you have arrested Boyne?"

"Yes, sir."

"Upon good grounds?"

"The evidence is almost complete against him."

"Indeed, I shall be pleased to hear it."

"Well, sir, it stands like this. Mr. Boyne called upon Colonel Bulstrode about one o'clock. He was shown into the library and—"

"One moment," interrupted the inspector. "Where is the library?"

"That is the door, sir," answered Hales, pointing to the room from which he had emerged.

"Perhaps it would be easier to understand if we go there?"

The library was a long, low room, lined with shelves that were in a great part empty. It projected from the main building—evidently it was of more recent construction—and thus could be lighted by windows on both sides. To our right were two which commanded the drive; to the left two more looked out upon a plot of grass dotted with flower beds, upon which several windows at the side of the house, at right angles to the library, also faced.

"Pray continue," said Inspector Peace.

"About ten minutes later, Cullen, the butler, heard high words passing. A regular fighting quarrel it sounded—or so he says."

"How could he hear? Was he listening in the hall?"

"No, sir; he was in his pantry, cleaning silver. The pantry is the first of those windows at the side of the house. The library windows being open, he could hear the sound of loud voices, though, as he says, he could not distinguish the words."

The inspector walked to an open lattice and thrust out his head. He closed it before he came back to us, as he did to the second window on the same side.

"Mr. Cullen must not be encouraged," he said gently. "He is there now, listening with pardonable curiosity. Well, Sergeant?"

"Presently there came a tremendous peal at his bell, and he hurried to answer it. When he reached the hall, he found the colonel and Mr. Boyne standing together. 'You understand me, Boyne,' the colonel was saying, 'if I catch you lurking about here again after my niece's money-bags, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life; I will, by thunder!' The young man gave the colonel an ugly look, but he had seen the butler, who was standing behind his master, and kept silent. 'Show this fellow out, Cullen,' said the colonel. 'And if he ever calls slam the door in his face. And with that he stumped back into the library, swearing to himself in a manner that, as the butler declares, gave him the creeps, it was so very imaginative."

"With one thing and another, Cullen was so dumfounded—for he thought that Boyne and Miss Sherrick were as good as engaged already—that he stood in the shadow of the porch watching the young gentleman. Boyne walked down the drive for a hundred yards or so, looked back at the house, and, not seeing the butler, as he supposed, turned off to the left along a path that led towards the fruit gardens. Cullen did not know what to make of it. However, it was none of his business, and at last he went back to his pantry. Sticking out his head, he could see the colonel writing at that desk—the sergeant pointed a finger at a knee-hole table littered with papers that was set in the further of the windows looking out upon the grass plot—and so concluded that he could not have seen Boyne leave the drive, having had his back to it at the time."

"About twenty minutes later Cullen and Mary Thomas, the parlor maid, were in the dining room, getting the table ready for lunch. This room looks out upon the lawn at the front of the house. All of a sudden they heard a shout, and the next moment the colonel rushed by and made across the lawn to the Wilderness gate. He had a revolver in his hand, and was loading it as he ran. He dropped two cartridges in his hurry, for I found them myself when I was going over the ground. Cullen had been with him for years; he is an old soldier himself, and at the sight of

the revolver he dropped the tray he was holding, climbed out of the window, and set off after his master, who had by then disappeared amongst the shrubberies.

"He is a slow traveler, is the old man, and he reckons that he was not more than half-way across the lawn when he heard a distant scream, which pulled him up in his tracks. It put the fear into him, that scream. He told me that he had seen too much active service not to know the cry that comes from a sudden and mortal wound. It was no surprise to him, therefore, when at last he reached the wicket-gate, to find his master lying dead in the road."

"Above him, tugging at the spear that had killed him, stood Boyne."

"There was no one in sight, and though the road curves at that point he could see it for fifty yards and more either way. He had no doubt in his own mind as to who had done the thing. Boyne must have seen the suspicion in his face, for he jumped back, Cullen says, and stood staring at him as white as a table cloth."

"Why do you look at me like that, Cullen?" he says. "You don't think—"

"If you can explain that away," says Cullen, pointing to the body, "you will be, sir, if you'll forgive me for saying it, a devilish clever man."

"You're mad," says Boyne. "I found him like this."

"And where did you spring from, if I may make so bold?" asked the butler. Very sarcastic he was, he tells me.

"I had been in the upper garden, and as you very well know, Cullen, I wished to avoid the colonel," says the young man. "I came round the back of the house and entered the Wilderness at the upper end. I was walking down the center path towards the wicket-gate, when I heard some one scream, and set off running. I could not have been here more than half a minute before you."

"The butler did not argue the matter, but left him standing beside the body, and went to get assistance. On the lawn he met two of the gardeners, and sent them back. I believe he also saw Miss Sherrick near the porch. It was upon those facts, sir, that I arrested Boyne."

"I don't think," said the inspector, shaking his head at him, "I don't think that I should have arrested him, Sergeant Hales."

"It looks very black against him, you must allow."

"Which affects his guilt or innocence neither one way nor the other. Has a doctor examined the body?"

"Yes, sir, and extracted the spear."

"Why did you let him do that?" asked the little man, sharply.

"I knew you would be vexed about it, but it was done while I was out of the house, examining the road and lawn. He was very careful not to handle it more than was necessary, he said; but he had to saw the shaft in two."

"And why was that?"

"He said that the force used by the thrower must have been very great."

"Very great?"

"Yes, sir, gigantic—that is what he said."

Addington Peace walked to the window and stood there staring out at the elm avenue that swayed softly in the breeze.

"Is the doctor still in the house?" he asked over his shoulder.

"No, sir."

"We have none too much light left. Have you the spear?"

The sergeant opened a side cupboard and drew out two pieces of light-colored wood. The polished surface was dulled by stains that were self-explanatory. The head was broad and flat, formed of the finest jade, microscopically carved. It had been fashioned for eastern ceremony, and not for battle. That was plain enough.

Peace returned to the window and examined it with the closest attention. Presently he slipped out a magnifying glass, staring eagerly at a spot on the longer portion of the shaft.

"Do I understand you, Sergeant Hales, that you found Boyne endeavoring to pull out the spear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who else touched it?"

"No one that I know of, save the doctor."

"And yourself?"

"Of course, sir."

"Let me see your hands."

The sergeant thrust them out with a smile. They had plainly not been washed that afternoon.

"Thank you. Have you discovered the owner of this spear?"

"No, sir; I wish I could."

"Have you tried Cullen or Miss Sherrick?"

"No, sir," said the sergeant, looking blankly at the inspector.

Inspector Peace walked to the fireplace and touched the electric bell. In a few moments the door opened and a fat, red-faced man walked in. There is no mistaking the attitude and costume of a British butler.

"Colonel Bulstrode was a collector of jade?" said the inspector, in his most innocent manner.

"Yes, sir."

"I noticed the specimens in the hall. Well, Cullen, have you ever seen this spear amongst his trophies?"

The man glanced at it, and then shrank back with a shiver.

"It's the thing that killed him," he stammered.

"Exactly. But you do not answer my question."

"There may have been one like it, but I couldn't swear to it, sir. The colonel would never have his collection touched. He or Miss Sherrick dusted 'em and arranged 'em themselves. He was always buying some new thing."

"Would Miss Sherrick know?"

"Very likely, sir."

"Thank you. That is all."

As the butler closed the door, the sergeant stepped up to the inspector and saluted.

"I should have noticed those collections," he said. "I have made a fool of myself, sir."

"A man who can make such an admission is never a fool, Sergeant Hales. And now kindly take me upstairs to the colonel's room. You can wait here, Mr. Phillips."

It was close upon the half-hour before they came back to me, and I had leisure enough for considering the problem. When Peace had walked into my rooms at lunch time, mentioning that he had a case with possibilities at Richmond, if I cared to come with him, I had never expected so strange a development. Nor, I fancy, had he.

This Colonel Bulstrode had served many years in India. Had the mysteries of the east followed him home to a London suburb? The gigantic force with which this spear had been thrown—there was something abnormal there, a something difficult to explain. Yet, after all, it might be a simple matter. Boyne was presumably a strong man, and the deadly fury that induces murder in a law-abiding citizen is akin to madness, giving almost a madman's strength. I was still puzzling over it when the door opened and the little inspector walked in.

"The story of Sergeant Hales?" I asked him. "Is he exaggerating—was the spear thrown with unusual violence?"

"Very unusual. It is the crime of a giant or—"

He did not finish his sentence, but stood tapping the table and staring out at the gold and green of a summer sunset. At last he turned to me with a slow inclination of the head.

"Hales is waiting," he said, "and we must get to work. The light will not last forever."

The sergeant led us over the lawn to the Wilderness and through its paths to the wicket-gate. Showers in the early morning had turned the dust of the road into a grey mud that had dried under the afternoon sunshine. The surface was scored into a puzzle of diverging lines by the wheels of carts and carriages, cycles and motors. Yet Peace hunted it over even more closely than he had hunted the paths in the grounds. He was particularly anxious to know the position in which the body had lain, and finally the sergeant got down in the drying mud to show him.

Apparently the colonel had walked about ten yards from the gate when the spear struck him. He had fallen almost in the center of the road, which at that point was broad, with stretches of grass bordering it on either side. His revolver had not been fired, though he had been found with it in his hand.

We walked on down the road, Addington Peace leading, his eyes fixed on its surface, and the sergeant and I following behind. For myself, I had not the remotest idea of what he hoped to effect by this promenade, nor do I believe had the sergeant. We circled the outside of the gardens, the road finally curving to the left, and bringing us to the entrance-gates. Here we stopped at a word from the inspector. The little man himself walked on, and finally dropped on his knees close to the hedge. When he joined us again, it was with an expression of satisfaction. He beamed through the gates at the old elm avenue, that rustled sleepily in the gathering dusk.

"What a pretty place it is," he said. "Thank heaven that these old houses still find owners or tenants who dare to defy the jerry builder and all his works. Hello, and who may this be?"

He had turned to the toot of the horn. The motor was close upon us, for a steam-car moves in silence as compared to the busy hum of a petrol-driven machine. It stopped, and the chauffeur jumped down and ran to open the gates. Of the driver we could see nothing save a peaked cap, goggles, and a long white dust coat. (CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORIGIN OF RED MAN

Attempts Made to Prove He Came From Siberia.

Explorations Show That the American Indian is Like the Yellow-Brown Inhabitant of Asia and Polynesia.

A problem of much interest, and of late a good deal before the public, is that of the origin of the American aborigine, in other words, the native Indian. In this connection the recent investigations of Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, curator of physical anthropology, National museum, tend to prove that the native American immigrated to this country in a postglacial period, and is a representative of the overflow from northeastern Siberia, where he is closely related both mentally and physically to the yellow-brown peoples of Asia and Polynesia, says the Scientific American.

Among the interesting sites explored by Dr. Hrdlicka are the burial mounds, or "kourgans," as they are called, located on the banks of the Yenisei and Selenga rivers and their tributaries, and along the streams of northern Mongolia, especially on the banks of the Kerulen.

Oddly enough the date of the mounds is established quite as readily as if the date of construction were carved on a stone, for the different objects uncovered, be they gold, copper, iron, bronze or stone, identify the origin of the particular mound from which they came as falling within definite time limits. Most of the "kourgans" appear to represent nearly recent times, corresponding to Ugric or Turk or "Tartar" elements, as well as modern Mongolian. The skulls of the skeletons taken from these more recent mounds are of the brachycephalic type, short, somewhat spherical skulls, which occasionally closely resemble the same form of American crania, but the "kourgans" of earlier date, containing no mental objects, yield skulls resembling the dolichocephalic type, long and narrow, and much like American Indian skulls of this type.

It is difficult to assert to just what race the older skeletons and skulls belong, and yet, on the banks of the lower Yenisei river, and in several other localities, living dolichocephalic types are not unusual, and such natives frequently bear a strong physical resemblance to our native Indians. Further burial spots are known to be located in caverns among the mountains bordering the Yenisei river, which, however, Dr. Hrdlicka was not able to investigate.

The most important part of the exploration and study was that pertaining to the living descendants of the old races. Among these people the investigator was fortunate enough to come into contact with representatives of many tribes from the banks of the Yenisei and Abacan rivers; also Huris, Mongolians, Tibetans, Chinese and some Manchurians. He was happily present at a great religious ceremony at the Lamast monasteries in the neighborhood of Urga, where 7,000 Mongolians from all parts of the country were in attendance.

Among all these tribes and clans there were individuals who apparently represent the older population, pre-Mongolian and pre-Chinese, and who belong partly to the brachycephalic type, though in a smaller extent to the dolichocephalic type. These men and women are practically identical with the American Indians of similar head form. The particular individuals are brown in color, with straight black hair, dark brown eyes and facial and bodily features which are strikingly like those of the native American. The men are practically beardless. Some of these people, if dressed in the costumes and regalia of an Indian, and placed among them, could not be distinguished from them. At least Dr. Hrdlicka states that there are no means at the disposal of the anthropologist by which to make such a distinction. It is not only in outward appearance that these natives of Siberia resemble the Indians, but mentally as well, and in numerous habits and customs which different environment and time seem not to have effaced.

JAKE DAUBERT



The big surprise in the National league this season has been the spurt made by the Brooklyn team. Much of the success achieved by the Dodgers has been due to the hard hitting and excellent fielding of Jake Daubert, the big left-handed first baseman.

Christy Mathewson pitches in nearly rounded periods.

The Naps refuse to give up the fight for the American league flag.

Extra inning games are fought hard for the Cubs than the regulation contests.

Larry Doyle has perfected himself in the trick of touching runners on their way to second and then throwing to first to double up the runners.

Eppa Rixey of the Phillies is said to be one of the best feeders in the National league. He generally grabs the side dishes of his teammates unless he is watched.

Mike Kelly has found the job of winning a pennant with the Indianapolis team an impossible one. He has announced his determination to reorganize and get a complete new outfit.

Connie Mack did the American league a big favor by allowing Joe Jackson to go to Cleveland. With the great slugger on the Athletic team the race would be one-sided.

SPORTING WORLD

Cy Falkenberg is the real "come back" of the 1913 season.

San Francisco is likely to appoint physical instructors to the high schools there.

Williams, Wesleyan, Colgate and Union colleges have formed a basketball league for next year.

A dispatch from Sydney states that Richard Arnet, ex-professional sculling champion, has decided to retire.

Willie Schaeffer had the better of Eddie Nearing in a ten-round bout in the Riverside arena at Dubuque.

The \$10,000 pacing stake at Lewiston, Me., fell flat. This is the little too much money for the half-milers to ante.

Louis Deponthieu, champion of France, shaded Ollie Kirke of St. Louis in a ten-round boxing bout at Binghamton, N. Y.

Harry Payne Whitney's Whisk Brom II. finished under the wire a winner in the Metropolitan handicap at the Belmont Park racetrack.

The Cornell university crew, rowing in best Courtney form, literally rowed away from the Harvard varsity in the feature event of the big Cayuga lake regatta, and crossed the line full six lengths to the good.

Seventeen-year-old Phillip Johnson, of Portland, Me., will be a member of the all-star United States rifle team, which will compete against Great Britain and Australia in the international small-bore matches.

Georges Carpenter, French heavy weight pugilist, won the heavy weight championship of Europe by knocking out Bombardier Wells, the British champion, in the fourth round of a fight at Ghent, Belgium.

Hans Helmer, the American professional Marathon runner, is trying the middle distance game. He won the final in the big half-mile handicap at the Powderhall grounds, Edinburgh, Scotland.

BATTLE HEAT IS REAL

SOLDIERS PERSPIRE AFTER FIGHT IN ZERO WEATHER.

Captain of Confederate Cavalry Tells of Experience He Had in the Shenandoah Valley During the Civil War.

The expression, "the heat of battle," often used by poets and historians, is usually taken in a figurative sense and supposed to refer not to actual temperature of the combatants, but to the intense emotional excitement under which they labor, says the Youth's Companion. But a veteran of the Civil war, who ought to know, declares that the heat of battle is an actual bodily heat.

"It is no mere figure of speech," says Capt. Samuel Chapman, who was a trooper in the battalion of Col. John S. Mosby, the famous Confederate cavalry commander. "On the contrary, in a hot fight the soldiers are often almost overpowered by the sense of oppressive warmth, even in the coldest weather."

"I remember that the second week in January, 1864, was one of the coldest ever known in northern Virginia. A deep snow preceded the cold spell. At that time the Federal troops were in possession of Harper's Ferry, at the foot of the Shenandoah valley. They had pushed their outposts out upon the hills known as Loudon Heights, and Colonel Mosby determined to attack and drive in these outposts."

"We met at Upperville, 35 miles south of Loudon Heights, about 3 o'clock one bitterly cold afternoon. There were about 200 of us, all warmly clothed in heavy underwear, thick flannel shirts, heavy service trousers, thick boots and stout leggings."

"When we took up the line of march over the crusty snow the mercury was near zero, a temperature almost unprecedented in that country, and a cold north wind blew in our faces."

"We sat a moment, literally frozen, waiting for the word. Then came the order, 'Charge!' and with a wild yell we swept down upon the sleeping enemy's camp. Of course, it was an uneven fight. Even the best of soldiers cannot fight unless in formation, and these poor fellows, roused suddenly from dreams by the crack of the revolver and the yell of our men, could make only slight resistance, and either surrendered or sought safety in flight."

"As the firing ceased I found myself sitting with my leg slung over the horn of my saddle and the hot blood pulsing through my toes. My overcoat was thrown open, my jacket flung wide, my flannel shirt and undershirt unbuttoned and my bare breast, wet with sweat, was cooling in the icy blast. I was even fanning my dripping face with my broad-brimmed slouch hat! Round me others were doing the same."

"And, by actual time, it had been less than three minutes since Colonel Mosby had given the order 'Charge!' to his frozen battalion."

How He Saved Them.

Reference being made at a recent banquet to the wonderful inventions of children to escape paternal punishment, Governor Marshall was reminded of little Jimmy and his new skates.

The skates, the governor said, were given Jimmy at Christmas, but on account of the unsafe condition of the ice he was told not to attempt to try them. The pressure, however, soon became too great for the youngster, and hiding the skates in his coat one morning, he hustled for the pond. A half-hour later he returned dripping wet. "Where in the world have you been?" exclaimed mother on catching sight of her saturated child. "Didn't I tell you not to try those skates until the ice was safe?" "Don't whip me, mamma," exclaimed Jimmy. "I just saved three men and three women from drowning!" "You don't mean it!" was the wonderful response of mother. "Yes," returned the youngster, "they were just about to go on the ice when I broke through."

Told of Modern Inventions.

The taximeter was in use about a hundred years ago, and was sold in various qualities in Leadenhall street, London, while not only the modern telegraph was foreseen as long ago as 1633, when Henry Van Etten suggested, in a little book called "Mathematical Recreations," that a person in London might communicate with one in Prague, Germany, by the help of "Magnes" (presumably magnetism).

Famous Beauty Chorus.

"What's drawing the crowd?" asked the visitor across the Styx. "Oh, I see. Musical comedy billed, with Mozart leading the orchestra. That is quite an attraction."

"It's the sextet that draws 'em," interposed a bystander. "Think of it! Helen of Troy, Sappho, Cleopatra, Pompadour, Durbary and Nell Gwynn, all on one stage."

Not Legible.

"I wonder who wrote me this letter."

"There's a name signed at the bottom of it, isn't there?"

"Yes; and that's what set me to wondering."

Quite Ignorant.

"I don't suppose you know who built the Chinese wall?"

"No. And, furthermore, I don't even know whether or not there is a liver pill advertisement on it."