

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

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

THE TERROR IN THE SNOW

(Continued.)

"Sorry to disturb your dance," said Peace, beaming upon him.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you startled me—we was 'aving a little dance in the servants' hall; but it's of no consequence, sir."

"A slippery floor, eh, with so much French chalk on it?"

The young man glanced at the powder on his shoes and grinned.

"So you are all dancing in the servants' hall, are you?"

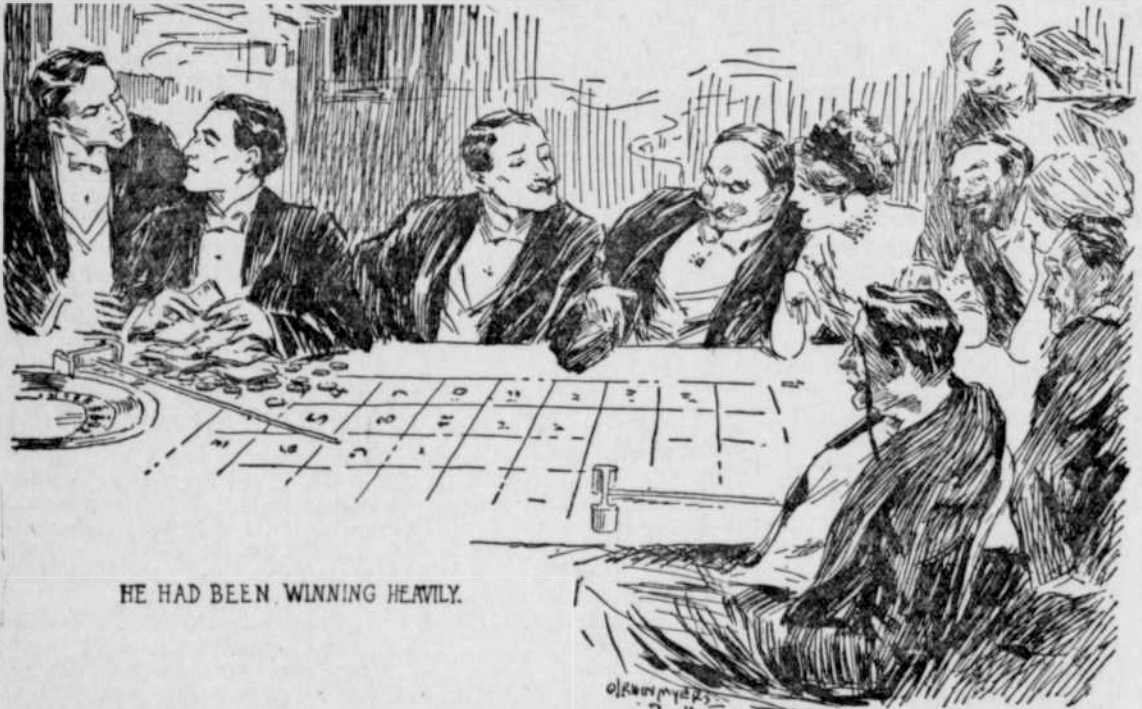
"I believe so, sir, barring Edward, who is waiting on the party, and Mr. Henderson."

"And who is Mr. Henderson?"

"He is the baron's man, sir. I should not presume to inquire where he was. Beg pardon, sir, but are you staying here tonight?"

"This is a friend of mine," I interposed. "He will stay the night; but you need not trouble about that now."

"A smart fellow like you can keep his mouth shut," continued the inspector, sweetly. "You wouldn't go



HE HAD BEEN WINNING HEAVILY.

shouting all over the house if you were let into a secret—now, would you?"

"Oh no, sir; on my word I wouldn't."

And so Peace told him of the projected arrest, of the murder, and of his own identity. The color faded from the young man's cheeks, but he stood stiff and silent, never taking his eyes from the little detective's face.

"And what can I do, sir?" he asked, when the tale was over. "He was a good master to us, sir; whatever there was against him, he was good to us. You can trust me to help catch the scoundrel who killed him if I can."

"I see this room is warmed by steam heat. Is that the case with all the bedrooms and passages?"

"Yes, sir. The only open fires are in the reception rooms. When the baron made the alterations last year, they left the grates for the sake of appearance; but they are never lighted, save on the ground floor."

"And in what reception rooms are there fires at the present moment?"

"The dining-room fire has died out by now," said the young man, ticking off the numbers on his fingers. "But there is one in the big hall, one in the library where the party is playing, one in the little drawing-room, and one in the baron's room."

"And the kitchen?"

"Of course, sir, one in the kitchen and one in the servants' hall."

"That is all. Are you certain?"

"Quite certain, sir."

"Good; and now for the bath-rooms."

"The bath-rooms, sir?"

"Exactly."

"There are two bath-rooms in each wing; some of the gentlemen have tubs in their own rooms besides."

"Now, I think we know where we are," said the inspector, briskly. "No chance of the roulette party breaking up, is there?"

"Oh no, sir; not for another two hours, at least."

"I want you to return, Mr. Phillips, and by your luck at the tables for

a spell," he said, with a quick glance at me. "It is now 11:30; be back in this room at 12:15. I am going to take a walk around the house with our young friend here in the meanwhile. The baron had a secretary, I believe?"

"Yes, a man called Terry."

"Bring him up with you when you come. I shall want a talk with him. Is all quite plain?"

"Yes," I told him; and so we parted.

When I stepped into the roulette-room I stood for a moment blinking at the players like a yokel at a pantomime. The scene was to me something unreal, a clever piece of stage effect, with its flushed and covetous faces, its frocks and its diamonds, its piles of sparkling gold, and the cry of the banker as he twirled the wheel. How could they be doing this with that bloodstained patch on the cliff edge, with that unknown horror slinking through the snow—how could they be doing this if they were not acting a part! An odd figure I must have looked, if there had been any one to notice me. But they were too eager in the game to hear the opening of the door, or to see who went and came. I walked over to the fireplace, lit a cigarette, and watched them, my nerves growing steadier in the merry clatter of tongues. They were all there, the men and women of that careless house-party, all there—save one who lay silent wherever they had laid him.

Half an hour had slipped by, until, at last, with an effort, I walked to the table and threw down two sovereigns on the red.

It won, and I laughed at the melancholy omen; not, perhaps, without an odd note in my voice, for the man over whose shoulder I leaned to gather my winnings glanced up with a startled expression. It was young Terry, the secretary; the very person I wanted to see.

"Anything the matter, Mr. Phillips?" he asked. "You're not looking very well."

"Don't worry about me," I told him. "But I want a word with you in private."

"Certainly—just one moment."

He had been winning heavily, and it took him some time to crowd the bank notes into his pockets. A sovereign slipped from his fingers and rolled under the table as he rose; but he paid no attention to it.

"I have something to tell you. Can you come up to my room?" I asked him.

He hesitated, looking regretfully at the table, where Fortune had been so kind to him.

"It happens to be rather important," I said.

He followed me without another word. I did not attempt to explain until we had passed the stairs and through the corridors to my room. He seated himself on the great bed with a shiver of cold, drawing the heavy curtains about his shoulders. And there I told him the story from the beginning to the end, hiding nothing, not even my belief in the supernatural nature of the thing which I had seen.

He leant back in his chair, with his eyes vacant in expression, fixed on the wall. He seemed rather to be arguing with himself than addressing a listener.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reduced Rates.

"Comin' this way ag'in?" asked the justice of the peace after he had fined Jimson \$50. "I'm afraid I'll have to," said Jimson, ruefully. "Waal," said the justice, stroking his chin whisker reflectively, "perhaps I'd oughter tell ye that we sell a return fine ticket for \$75, entitlin' ye to immunity from arrest on the way back."—Judge.

Entire Family Determined That Patted Sister Should Have What She Had Desired.

Clara is a north side miss who is very fond of outdoor amusements, and this means that it takes lots of toilet preparations to cure sunburn and keep her generally presentable. Clara watches the "sales" on her toilet accessories, for mother has taught her to be economical.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the daughter recently. "It just keeps my pocket-book flat buying stuff for my face and hands. I wish some good fairy would leave a couple of bottles of Blank's on my dresser." There was a sale on the preparation the next day and Clara got a bottle when she went downtown.

When Johnnie, who is going to high school, came home that evening he

He never moved, but his face grew so pale and drawn that towards the end it seemed as if it were a powdered mask that stared at me from the shadows of the curtains.

"My God!" he cried, and fell back upon the bed in a passion of hysterical tears.

I tried to help him, but he thrust me fiercely away, so I thought it best to let him get over it himself. He was still lying on the thick quilt, sobbing and shivering, when the door opened and Peace stepped into the room. I explained the situation in a hurried whisper; but when I turned again Terry had got to his feet and was watching us, clinging to the bedpost.

"This is Inspector Addington Peace," I told him. "Perhaps you can give him some information?"

"Not tonight," he cried, "don't ask me tonight, gentlemen. You cannot tell what this means to me; tomorrow, perhaps—"

He dropped down upon the bed, covering his face with his hands. He seemed a helpless sort of creature, and my heart went out to him in his calamity.

"A night's rest is what you want," I said, patting him on the shoulder. "Come, let me give you an arm."

He took it at once, with a grateful glance, and I led him down the corridor, with Peace in sympathetic attendance. Fortunately, his room was in the same wing, so we had not far to go. When we reached it, he thanked us for our care of him. And so we left him, returning to my bedroom in silence, for, indeed, the scene had been a painful one.

"Peace," I said, when the door had closed behind us, "what was the thing I saw in the yew walk?"

He had seated himself in an easy chair, and was polishing the bowl of a well-stained meerschaum pipe with a silk pocket handkerchief.

"I think you already have an explanation," he answered cheerfully.

"If it amuses you to sneer at my superstition—"

"You refer to the legend of the de Launes. I have heard the story before, Mr. Phillips; nor am I surprised that you believed it to be the ghost wolf."

"I did—but now I want you to disprove it."

"On the contrary, all my evidence supports your theory."

I stared at him, with a creeping horror in my blood. I was beginning to be afraid—seriously afraid. Peace

brought a bottle that he had bought with hard-earned 19 cents.

Mother came home from downtown and going up to her daughter's room she put two bottles of Blank's toilet lotion on the dresser. "There, daughter," she said, as she patted her on the back, "look what a nice mamma you have."

Big brother came home from the office, and handing Clara a package, said: "Here, Sis, you're a pretty good sister. Here's four bottles of Blank's sunburn chaser. I braved a department store for you today."

Directly after the presentation speech of big brother, in came father, and with a father's prodigality for his only daughter, he handed her a package with the remark: "There, daughter, I know you can use Blank's toilet lotion in quantities. And, if a father can't buy his daughter eight bottles without a murmur I don't believe he thinks much of his little girl."—Indianapolis News.

BETTER FARMING METHODS

Increased Corn Yield Results From Prize Contest of Texas Industrial Congress.

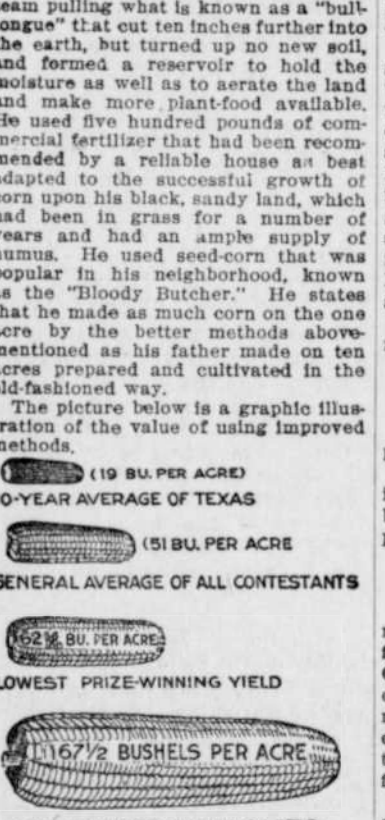


ALFORD BRANCH
"Champion Corn Grower of Texas."
187 1/2 Bushels on One Acre.

Alford Branch is a wide-awake farmer living at Overton, Rusk County, Texas, who, by careful preparation of his land in the fall of 1911, so that it was in condition for the winter rains to sink in and to be stored for the use of the plant during the following season; who carefully selected the best seed-corn that was grown in his section and by shallow and constant cultivation from the time the corn was a few inches high until it was actually mature, not only kept it free from weeds, but kept the surface for an inch and a half or two inches so finely pulverized that it acted as a mulch and prevented the loss of moisture by capillary attraction, has raised on one acre of second bottom land 187 1/2 bushels of corn at a cost of 13 cents per bushel. Rating the corn at the low price of 70 cents per bushel, there was a net profit of \$95.35 from this acre. Adding to this the \$250 prize money awarded him by the Texas Industrial Congress, makes a total of \$245.35, which is the interest at 6 per cent upon \$5,755.83, and represents the value of an intelligent combination of brains and work.

This young man broke his land in the early winter with a two-horse plow, cutting about six inches deep; followed in the same furrow with a team pulling what is known as a "bullet" that cut ten inches further into the earth, but turned up no new soil, and formed a reservoir to hold the moisture as well as to aerate the land and make more plant-food available. He used five hundred pounds of commercial fertilizer that had been recommended by a reliable house at best adapted to the successful growth of corn upon his black, sandy land, which had been in grass for a number of years and had an ample supply of humus. He used seed-corn that was popular in his neighborhood, known as the "Bloody Butcher." He states that he made as much corn on the one acre by the better methods above-mentioned as his father made on ten acres prepared and cultivated in the old-fashioned way.

The picture below is a graphic illustration of the value of using improved methods.



The general average of all contestants was fifty-one bushels to the acre, while the general average for the State in 1912 was but twenty-one bushels. If all of the corn growers in Texas had averaged just what these contestants averaged, at the prevailing price, the crop would have brought one hundred and sixty-odd million dollars more than it did.

In 1911 the average corn crop of Texas was 5.6 bushels to the acre. Seventeen hundred and forty-six contestants for the prizes offered by the Texas Industrial Congress, coming from one hundred and sixty-one counties, averaged 31 1/2 bushels of corn per acre. All of the prizes were won in seventeen counties. In 1912 there were 4,030 contestants from 295 counties. Fifty-five counties won prizes, and 16 of the 17 that won in 1911 won again in 1912. This clearly demonstrates that the work of the Congress is constructive, permanent and cumulative.

The Congress keeps in touch with all contestants, makes suggestions as to preparation of soil, conserving moisture and fertility to make plant food available, as to seed selection and the best methods of cultivation, but all of these are subject to any changes that the contestant thinks best to make; the only object being to offer suggestions that cause the farmer to investigate and with all the information at hand to determine the best methods to adopt.

Prayer for Strength.
O Lord, give us all, we beseech thee, grace and strength to overcome every sin; sins of besetment, deliberation, surprise, negligence, omission; sins against thee, ourself, our neighbor; sins great, small, remembered, forgotten—Amen.—Christian G. Rossett.

Medicine a Poor Profession.
Despite the fact that some of them manage to get enormous fees, it is said that the doctors, as a class, get poorer and poorer, financially, every year.

TEACHERS ENGAGED FOR LIFE

Swiss Pedagogues Receive Small Pay, But Are Persons of Consequence in the Community.

"Nearly 90 per cent. of the teachers in Switzerland are men," says W. K. Tate, supervisor of rural schools in South Carolina. Mr. Tate has just returned from a three months' investigation of Switzerland under the auspices of the national bureau of education.

"Five hundred dollars is considered a good salary for a teacher. After a lifetime of service he may go as high as \$800. Living is cheaper there than here, however, and in addition to his salary he is given a dwelling, a certain amount of garden land and wood for fuel. His dwelling is generally in the same building with the school. His position is of considerable local importance. Aside from his duties in the schoolroom, he is often secretary of the local creamery association, leader of the village band, organizer in the church and general intellectual guide for the community.

"When a teacher is engaged it is for life or a long term of years. He settles down with the people whose children he teaches, and expects to make that particular job his life work. Changes are rare. Twelve new teachers in one year in a system of 240 was considered very unusual. The record for continued service in the same village is held by a teacher in Thurgau, who has occupied the same position for 65 years. One teacher that I visited has held his position for 24 years, and his father held the same position for 35 years.

"One of the most attractive features of the Swiss schools is the cordial personal relation that exists between teacher and pupil. There is nothing of the military in the discipline of the school; no lining up; no marching to classes. When the children go to the classroom, they shake hands with the teacher, greeting him as if they had not seen him for a long time, and are really glad to see him. The whole relation is one of charming naturalness and kindness on both sides."

At the Top, as Usual.

At the annual banquet of the Michigan Society of Chicago Congressmen-Large Kelley of Michigan was joked by several speakers upon the pre-eminence of Irishmen in public life.

"That's perfectly true; we always get to the top," answered Mr. Kelley when it came his time to speak. "I remember an example of this that came to my attention a few years ago when I was making a trip through Minnesota. I came to a small town in the northern part of the state. One glance at the signs on the stores showed that Scandinavians predominated. Johnson, Nelson, Gustavson, Hilberg, Olson and like names were all that I could see.

"Any Germans here?" I asked the man I was visiting.

"There ban none," he said.

"Any Italians?"

"No," he answered.

"And no Irishmen either, I suppose?" I added.

"O, yes, there ban two Irishers in town," came the reply. "One he ban mayor and other he ban chief police."

Old Southern Cooks Passing.

The colored cooks who were a marked type of southern farm life before the war are rapidly passing away. On thousands of plantations these cooks were born on the place and remained in service even after freedom came to them until they were taken to the little family burying ground for final rest.

Occasionally one of these old colored cooks can be found still doing good service. The average pay for colored cooks on southern farms is from \$5 to \$8 per month. An exceptionally fine cook and one who has been in service many years sometimes gets as much as \$10 but such wages are rare.

The younger generation of colored cooks demand much higher wages and southern housewives find themselves compelled to pay from \$15 to \$24 per month in order to keep first-class servants.

Deal in Trousers.

The village innkeeper had been persuaded to lend a customer a pair of black trousers for funeral solemnities. The sad occasion was long gone weeks had passed away, and still Mr. J.—looked in vain for the return of his garments. They became urgently necessary, and he sent a messenger to demand them back again.

Said the messenger to the wrongful detainer of the goods: "Mr. J.—must have 'em; he's going to a funeral."

"They won't do for a funeral," was the reply. "I've been workin' at the quarry in 'em."

"What will Mr. J.—do, then?" asked the messenger.

"Why, borrow a pair," replied the other, "same as what I did."—London Tit-Bits.

Only Twenty-Eight?

Patience—She had ten candles her birthday cake.

Patrice—They represented the number of years she has taken off her age, I suppose.

Boy Looks Easier.

Bacon—The new year is always represented as a boy, isn't it?

Egbert—Surely. It would be too much of a job to have to break in a new stid every year.

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Fitness of Harns.

Probably the most harm there is in telling a girl she is avelit is that it makes her want to go and buy some new clothes like that.—Galveston News.

Polite Query.

A Viennese anthropologist has discovered that nature intended woman to be man's superior. Well—who accuses nature of failure?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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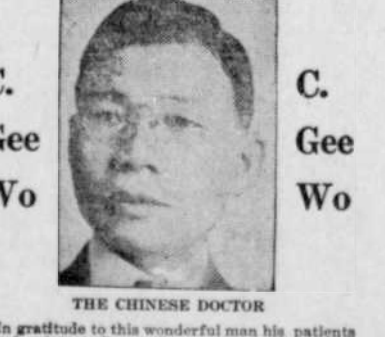
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