

SERIAL STORY

The
Chronicles of Addington Peace

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THE TERROR IN THE SNOW

(Continued.)

"Baron Steen," he said, "met with his death on an open path between a shallow duck-pond and a little pavilion. He had fought hard for life, had rolled and struggled with his enemy. There were four or five punctured wounds in his throat and neck, from which he had bled profusely. And now for the thing that killed him—whatever it was. It could not have fled down the cliff path, for the boat's crew waiting below had heard the screams, and had come running up by that way. They were with him when we arrived, and assured me they had seen nothing. It could not have turned to the right or left, for though the paths had been swept clean—doubtless by the baron's orders, for he would not desire his way of escape to be easily traced—the snow on either side lay in unbroken levels. It could only have retired by the yew avenue, and it did not break through the hedge. That, again, the snow proved clearly. So, we may take it, that whatever the thing may have been which you saw—it killed Baron Steen; further, it escaped into the house—this, you will remember, we decided in the garden. Let us imagine it was a man—that you were deceived by the uncertain light. His clothes must of necessity have been drenched in blood. He could not have struggled so fiercely with his victim and escaped those fatal signs. Yet, he cannot have burned his clothes, for the fires are downstairs where people were passing. Nor can he have washed them, for neither the bath rooms nor the bedroom basins have been recently used. I have spent some time in searching boxes and wardrobes with no result. Stranger still, as far as my limited information goes, every one in the house can prove an alibi—save two."

"And who are they?" I asked eagerly.

"Mr. Henderson, the baron's valet—and yourself."

"Inspector Peace—" I began angrily.

"Tut, tut, my dear Mr. Phillips. I was merely stating the facts. Mr. Henderson's case, however, presents an interesting feature, for he has run away."

"Run away," I said. "Then that settles it."

"Not altogether, I'm afraid. I think it is more a matter of theft than murder with Mr. Henderson."

I stared at him in silence as he sat there, with his little hands clasped upon his lap, a picture of irritating composure.

"Peace," I said, struggling to control my voice. "What are you hiding from me? It is something inhuman, unnatural that has done this dreadful thing."

The little detective stretched himself, yawned, and then rose to his feet.

"I have no opinion except that I think you had better go to bed. Don't lock your door, for I may find time for an hour's sleep on your sofa before morning."

The news was out after breakfast—the news that led to mild hysterics and scurrying of lady's-maids to the packing of boxes, and the chastened sorrow of those gentlemen who owed the baron money. Through all the turmoil of the morning moved the little detective, the most sympathetic of men. It was he who apologized so humbly for the locked doors of the bath-rooms; he who superintended the lighting of fires, and the making of the beds, and the packing of trunks for the station so closely that the housemaids were convinced that he entertained a secret passion for each one of them; it was he who announced Henderson's robbery of the gold plate, following it by information as to the culprit's arrest. The establishment had by this time become convinced that Henderson was the murderer, and breathed relief at the news.

They had brought the body of Baron Steen to the house early in the morning—it had been laid in the garden pavilion on its first discovery.

With death in so strange a form present among us, I was disgusted by the noise and bustle, the gossip and chatter amongst the guests of the dead man. I wandered off in search of the one person who had seemed sincerely affected by the news, the young secretary, Maurice Terry. He was nowhere to be found. A servant

of whom I inquired told me that the secretary had kept to his bed, being greatly unnerved by the tragedy, and I strolled up the stairs again on an errand of consolation. The door was locked, and there came no answer to my continued tapping.

"Terry," I called through the key-hole. "It is I, Phillips; won't you let me in?"

"I have a key that will fit, if you will kindly stand aside," suggested a modest voice.

I rose from my knees to find the inspector at my elbow.

"It would be a gross intrusion," I told him. "If he wishes to be alone with his sorrow, we have no right to disturb him."

"He is seriously ill."

"How did you discover that?"

"By borrowing a gardener's ladder and looking through his window. He is unconscious, or was ten minutes ago."

A skillful twist or two with a bit of wire and the key was pushed through the lock. The duplicate opened the door. Peace walked into the room, and I followed at his heels.

On his bed, fully dressed, lay poor Terry, with a face paler than his pillows. His breath came and went in short, painful gasps. One hand strayed continuously about his throat, groping and plucking at his collar with feverish unrest. It was a very painful spectacle.

"I will send for a doctor at once," I whispered, stepping to the bell. But Peace held up a warning hand.

"Come here," he said, "I have something to show you."

With movements as tender as a woman's he unfastened the man's collar and slipped out the stud. Then he paused. The eyes that watched me had turned cold and hard.

"If it is as I suspect, you may be called as a witness. Do you object?"

"Yes; but I shall not leave you on that account."

"Very well," he said, as he opened the shirt and the vest beneath it.

Smearred and patched in dark etching upon the white skin was a broad stain of blood, of dried and clotted blood, the life's blood of a man.

"He is wounded, Peace," I cried. "Poor fellow, he must have nearly bled to death."

"Do not alarm yourself," said the inspector, dryly. "It is the blood of Baron Steen."

A week had gone by, and I was sitting alone in my Keble Street rooms, when Peace walked in, with a heavy traveling coat over his arm.

"Thank Heaven, you have come at last," I cried. "How is Maurice Terry?"

"Dead—poor fellow," he said, with an honest sorrow in his voice. "Yet, after all, Mr. Phillips, it was the best that could have happened to him."

"And his story—the causes—the method?" I demanded.

"It has taken some hard work, but the bits of the puzzle are fitted together at last. You wish to hear it, I suppose?"

"According to your promise," I reminded him.

"It is a case of unusual interest," he said. "Though it bears a certain similarity to the Gottstein trial at Kiel in '89."

He paused to light his big pipe, and then sat back in his chair, with his eyes fixed in abstract contemplation.

"I was convinced that the murderer was in the house; and that he had entered by the side door, towards which you had seen him pass. When studying the spot I made a discovery of some importance. Steen had left by the same exit. Also he had reason to fear some person in that wing, for he had turned from the path and made a circuit over the grass. I had already noted his broad-toed boots when examining his body—and the footprints in the snow were unmistakable. Who was his enemy in that wing? It was a problem to be solved."

"I discovered no stained clothing, and no signs of its cleansing or destruction. From what information I could gather, all the house party had been in the roulette-room save you yourself; and all the servants had been at the dance save Henderson and a man waiting on the guests. But in the course of my search the footman who accompanied me discovered that a quantity of gold plate was missing. It was reasonable to imagine that Henderson was the thief. Probably the confidential valet had learnt of the baron's projected flight and of the warrant for his arrest. It was a moment for judicious robbery, the traces of which would be covered by the confusion of the news. But was Henderson also a murderer? I did not think so. The death of his master was the one thing which would wreck his scheme. In the early morning I interviewed the farmer on whose car he had driven into Norbridge. He told me that, acting on orders he had received from Henderson, he met that person at the corner of the stables at eleven o'clock

precisely—five minutes before the murder occurred. That finally eliminated the valet from the list.

"On my return from the farm I examined the gardens again with great minuteness. At the corner of the little pavilion, about fifteen feet from where the body had lain, there was a patch of bloody snow. This puzzled me a good deal, until the solution offered itself that the murderer had tried to wash his hands in the snow, the water of the pond being frozen hard. Yet his clothing would also bear the stain. What had he worn that showed so white to you in the starlight? Could it have been that he wore no clothes at all?"

"A naked man! The suggestion was full of possibilities."

"It was fortunate that I had brought assistants to help me in Steen's capture. Their presence gave me a wider scope, for they were both good men. I left them to search the pavilion and laurels for the clothing, which the murderer might have concealed when he realized how fatal was its evidence. As I walked back to the house I began to understand the situation more clearly. The main drive, curving down the slope of the park, was in view of a tall man coming up by the yew walk. The murderer might have noticed our approach. What more natural than that he should have bent double as he ran, thus obtaining the cover of the left-hand hedge, which was not more than four to five feet high? Did not this answer to your description of the thing you had seen? It would have been cold work for him. I made a note to be on the look-out for chills."

"For a couple of hours I devoted myself to speeding those guests who caught the eleven-thirty train. I do not think a trunk left for the station of which I have not a complete inventory. Indeed, the baron's creditors have to thank me for the return of several trifles of value, which were included, accidentally, no doubt, in the ladies' dressing-bags."

"After the carriages had started I went in search of Terry, and discovered that he had not left his room. Equally to the point, his windows looked down upon the spot where the baron made his detour over the grass while escaping. I became interested in this young man. The score was creeping up against him. A ladder from an obliging gardener allowed me to observe him from the window. A visit to the housekeeper gave me a duplicate key to his door. What happened in the room you know, Mr. Phillips."

"But, the motive—why did he kill his patron?" I asked him eagerly.

"I doubt if we shall ever learn the truth on that point," he said. "As far as I can make out, Steen was directly responsible for the ruin and disgrace of Terry's father. Probably the son did not fully realize this when the baron, with a pity most unusual in the man, gave him the secretaryship. But of all participation in the flight he was certainly innocent, for he was in bed at the time."

"In bed!" I cried.

"Don't interrupt, if you please. What happened I take to be as follows: Terry was in bed when the old man tried to creep past his window. Somehow he heard him, and, looking out, understood what was up. Perhaps that rascal Henderson had told him the truth about his father; perhaps Steen had promised him compensation—he had a mother and sister dependent on him—which promise the financier meant to avoid, along with many more serious obligations, by running away. At any rate, passion, revenge, the sense of injustice—call it what you like—took hold of the lad. He caught up the first handy weapon; it chanced to be a dagger paper-knife—dangerous things, I hate them—and rushed down a back staircase and through the side door in pursuit of his enemy."

"When that had happened, which happened, the fear that comes to all amateurs in crime took him by the throat. He wiped his hands in the snow; he tore off his sleeping suit—that is how I know he had been in bed—and thrust it, with its terrible evidences of murder, into the thatch of the little pavilion. We found it there a day later. Then he started back to the house as naked as a baby."

"He saw us running down the hill, and made for the side door, bending double behind the hedge. Who were we? Had we noticed him? Believe me, Mr. Phillips, whether he had held the murder righteous or no, it was only the rope he saw dangling before him. Might not the alarm be given at any moment? He dared not wash himself, and the stains had dried upon him. He hurried on his clothes, shivering in the chill that had struck home, and so to the safest place he could find—the roulette-table."

"It is well that he died," I said simply.

"It saved the law some trouble," remarked the inspector, with a grim little nod at the wall.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

OWNED HISTORIC OLD HOTEL

Proprietor of Structure Built Around Cabin of Captured British Frigate is Dead.

Jacob Smith, hotel proprietor of City Island, New York, died there at the age of seventy-three years. Mr. Smith's hotel has for years been one of the show places on the island. It was known as the Macedonian hotel, because it was built around the cabin of the British frigate Macedonia, which was captured by the United States frigate Decatur off Cape Verde Islands during the war of 1812. After the engagement the Macedonia was towed to what is known as Cow Bay, City Island, and there Smith acquired it in 1874, pulled it out on land and struc-

turally added to it. In time he had a building large enough to accommodate a number of persons.

Three years ago a member of a historical society in England, which had learned of the existence of the Macedonia, came to City Island and offered Mr. Smith \$30,000 for it, but he would not sell. He said he wanted it to remain in the family, which consists of seven daughters and two sons.

Assured of Fresh Fish.

Copenhagen has a model fish market, built by the municipality. With the exception of the larger varieties, like cod and halibut, all the fish are kept alive in tanks filled with running water. There is no other town where all the fish, whether cheap or dear, are so beautifully fresh.

Gorgeous Sartorial Creation by Leading French Modiste



Evening gown of white and black lace over ivory charmeuse.

SERVICE DAINY AND COSTLY ANGEL SLEEVE HAS RETURNED

Extravagance Marks Tea Sets Which Modern Hostess is Willing to Set Before Her Guests.

If afternoon tea sets continue to get more attractive, the services which were considered lovely a few years ago will be relegated to the nethermost corners of china closets. All in palest green porcelain is a very dainty set comprising a tea pot, sugar basin, cream pitcher and a half dozen cups and saucers. It sets upon a square tray of green willow. Quite as dainty and only a trifle more costly are tete-a-tete tea sets of white china banded with dark blue or red, edged with a gold vine and standing on an oblong matching tray.

Among the four-piece services are sets of amber porcelain so thin that the beverage seems to color it. These sets stand upon trays of amber crystal having projecting handles of gilded metal, set with genuine amber.

Exceedingly pretty tea sets are of silver deposit-veiled white porcelain or comprise a tea pot of silver, sugar bowl silver deposit-veiled white porcelain.

Somewhat Different From Those of Another Day, but Practically Along the Same Lines.

Angel sleeves have returned. They are not exactly like the ones of other days. They show grace in the flowing lines and cleverness in adjustment and they also show something new.

The regular set-in sleeve has been supplanted by the loose overdrapey. In some cases it is a straight piece of wide lace, caught at the shoulder under clasps, hooked in place after being wound in scarflike lines over the arms and shoulders; in others it is a sleeve with extremely widening lines, and there need be no seams or gathers. Tassels weight down the edges, and jeweled bandings, rhinestones being in first favor, edge the gauzy drapery and hold the flowing sleeves in place.

Tulle, maline, shadow laces and exquisite metallic effects on gauzes are used for angel sleeves, says the New York Press. These are easily incorporated with bodice draperies and arranged over the shoulders to give the grace and use of sleeve without undue material or trouble in construction.

The short kimono sleeve can be successfully hidden by draping transparent net, gauze or chiffon over the top catching the folds by slip stitches here and there.

Pin all drapery first. Arrange the change until the right line is obtained. Then sew and rejoice in one of the new features in evening gowns.

SPRING STREET COSTUME



Street gown of black accordion pleated taffeta. The waist is finished with white ruching and a small chemise of white lace.

Lip Pomade.

The frosty atmosphere makes the tiny metal cases of lip pomade especially desirable for my lady's hand bag, for just a touch of cold cream protects the lips from the dryness of the wind. The metal cases are about two inches long, and are gilt, finished at the top with an imitation jewel and a ring by which they may be attached to a chain. They are about half an inch in circumference. The pomade is slightly tinted, either flesh or rouge color, so that its use cannot be detected, or, for those who so wish it may be had in white. These are priced at less than one dollar, according to the make.

Mascot Fashion.

There is a growing demand for "lucky" brooches and pendants. The lucky money spider brooch, the lucky enamel ladybird, lucky wishbones lucky means, are all popular, and many women have their own special lucky hieroglyphics—Chinese, Indian, Arabian and what not—inscribed on their jewelry whenever possible.

Medic Collars.

New Medic collars usually have vest-like jabots of net or shadow lace. Saabes of bright Roman striped ribbon are pretty on blue serge dresses.

CAP and BELLS



SIMPLE LESSON IN POLITICS

Woman Doesn't See Necessity of Learning Hard Words When Marching Answers Purpose.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I'm going to be a suffragette and march in a parade."

"You are, eh?"

"Yes. I feel it my duty to show an active interest in politics."

"I see. Well, what are your views on schedule K of the tariff?"

"That's not politics. That's the alphabet."

"Well, how about direct primaries or the initiative and referendum?"

"Oh, I never pretended to know much Latin."

"How about banking and finance?"

"Why—they seem all right, don't they?"

"You see!" he shouted, triumphant. "You don't know a thing about the subjects are being discussed."

"Well, Charley, dear, you mean well, of course. But I must say that it seems very stupid and silly of you to learn all those hard words and puzzle over problems to show your interest in politics when we can do so simply by marching in a parade."—Washington Star.

NATURALLY.



Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, don't you think fighting is wicked?

Tommy—Yes'm; when I get licked.

The Proper Way.

"Do you believe what the German army officer says, that tightening one's belt will alleviate the pangs of hunger?"

"Certainly, if the belt is tightened in the proper manner."

"Is there more than one way to tighten a belt?"

"Certainly. One way is to pull it up two or three holes, thus shortening it, and—"

"That was the way I was thinking of."

"But the way to so tighten it as to alleviate the pangs of hunger is to cram the stomach full of food, thus distending the walls of the stomach and tightening the belt automatically."

Took the Tail End.

The Lancashire people are fond of dogs—in fact, they're very proud of them, and therefore when a prominent dog fancier came home one night and found his son had bought a nondescript mongrel he was rather riled.

"How much didst thee gie for that dog?" he inquired.

"Five shillings," replied the son.

"Tell thee what A'll do," replied the parent. "A'll go shares w' thee. A'll gie thee half a crown for ma share."

The half crown was duly paid; then the father remarked:

"A'll tak' t' tail end, and A'm goin' to kick my half outen t' door!"—London Tit-Bits.

All in Sight.

He had been appointed a smoke inspector in Chicago. Day after day he was seen loafing around the downtown section.

"Why don't you travel around town and inspect the smoke?" demanded his chief one day.

"What's the use?" was the reply. "I can see it all from here."

Where He Stood.

"Surely you are not opposed to votes for women?" demanded the horse-faced female who headed the delegation.

"No, indeed," replied the Grouch. "But I am opposed to votes for suffragettes."

Storm Signals.

Extravagant Young Wife—George, I wish to go out this afternoon to do a little shopping. What kind of weather is it?

George—Rain, thunder, lightning, freezing—and—and earthquake!—Puck.