

# SERIAL STORY

## The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

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

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### MR. TAUBERY'S DIAMOND

(Continued.)

Quite half an hour had dragged by when the cab door was swung open and the detective sprang in. At the same time I noticed a covered cart with a black pony in the shafts pass the other window at a leisurely pace. Our driver must have had his orders, for he turned his horse and followed in the same direction.

Peace remained silent, so I left him alone and contented myself with staring out of the window. We were going northward towards Hampstead. The lines of houses broke up into separate villas. Lilac and laburnum bushes peeped over the garden walls. The throng of traffic grew thinner, the pavement less crowded. It was past five when we drew up at a little public house. Peace toddled out, and I followed at his heels.

"He is unloading his cart in Ashley street, yonder," said the driver, leaning from the box, as he pointed with his whip to a side road. "Do you want me to wait, sir?"

The inspector nodded and disappeared through the inn door, leaving me on the pavement. As he had given me no orders I strolled back to the corner and peeped down the road, which ran at right angles to the one in which I was.

About forty yards away stood the little covered cart with the gray-haired dealer of the auction room talking to a lad beside it. Presently the lad crawled under the canvas hood and handed down the identical long-tailed horse that had brought about the public discomfiture of the gallant Colonel Gunton. The dealer pushed it across the stone pavement into a little furniture shop, and the boy, whipping up the black pony, drove quickly away.

I turned back to find the detective at my elbow.

"Peace," I said, "what is your interest in that bicycle horse?"

"It happens to play the comedy part in our little mystery."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that it has a hole in the saddle for a pommel should a little girl ride in it, and the hole leads down to a hollow inside. Do you guess what it was that dropped into the hollow inside?"

"Not Mr. Taubery's diamond?"

"Exactly. Yet we have still to find out the man who put it there."

"But, in the meantime the old dealer may—"

"Tut, tut, Mr. Phillips. The old dealer has nothing to do with it. He is only obeying an order to buy the toy whatever it cost, and to keep it until called for. We may have to waste some time, so I have ordered a steak and fried potatoes in an upper room that conveniently overlooks the door of his shop. Let me show you the way."

We passed through a long bar at which a dingy assemblage lounged and smoked, and so upstairs into a private room, the windows of which commanded Ashley street. We ate our meal in relays—one watching at the window, while the other disposed of his section of stringy steak and heavy beer. The daylight softly faded, the gas jets sprang out along the street, the tramp of home-coming fathers dropped into silence—but there was still no caller at the furniture shop. The shutters had been put up for the night. It seemed plain to me that nothing would happen for that evening at least, though Peace did not seem to despond.

Nine o'clock—ten o'clock—ten-thirty, and the customer arrived.

I had watched his cab come rattling down the street with a casual interest, for many had come and gone since we first mounted guard. It had passed the little shop and was almost beneath us, when a head was thrust out of the window and a voice cried irritably to the cabman. A street lamp showed him to me clearly—a white-faced youth with a straggly, brown mustache and an indecisive chin.

The cab turned about, and pulled up opposite the shop door. The inspector touched my arm, and we walked down the stairs, picked up our driver, who was smoking in the bar, and so bundled into our own vehicle. A few whispered instructions, and we drove slowly round the corner into Ashley street.

The customer had been expected. As we passed the shop at a walking pace I could see that the dealer and his assistant were hoisting the bicycle

horse to the roof of the waiting cab. Fifty yards more and we drew up by the pavement.

Peace kept the windows closed, so that I could not look back along the road; but through the glass in front I could see that our driver was quietly taking note of affairs. It was not the first time that the inspector had employed him, as I learnt afterwards, and the man knew his business.

Suddenly our cab whisked round and set off at a rapid pace. The stranger had selected a fast horse, that was evident. We swung through a maze of narrow streets, tugged up a long hill, skirted a stretch of open common—a part of Hampstead Heath, I believe—and finally stopped in the shade of some tall trees. As I got out I saw the lights of the chaise stationary at some distance up the road.

"There may be trouble, Mr. Phillips," whispered the little detective. "I'm not certain I ought to bring you along. If anything—"

"Nonsense!" I interrupted, glancing down at him with some amusement.

"Well, take this, anyway. I had it from a German burglar."

He thrust a strip of hardened rubber into my hand, about eighteen inches in length by two in thickness.

"It will stun a man without leaving a mark," he said gently.

The four-wheeler that we had followed was waiting before a green door set in a high brick wall. Without any attempt at concealment, Peace walked to the door and tried the handle. It was not locked, and we passed into a fair-sized garden, set about with flower beds and clumps of laurel. In the middle I could see the outline of a square gray house. Two of the ground floor rooms glowed behind their curtains; the rest was darkness.

We crossed a corner of the lawn, and stopped behind a patch of bushes directly in front of the entrance porch. The night was very still and silent. What desperate men were gathered in that quiet place? How could we hope to arrest them flushed with the triumph of so splendid a prize? To be truthful, I began to feel a certain anxiety for our position; though upon Peace's face, showing white in the gloom, was a look of perfect serenity—a look that I could not understand.

"Mercy, oh, mercy!"

It was a trembling wall of terror, a wall that was suddenly blotted out by a roar like the challenge of a bull. From within the house came the crush of overturned chairs and the jingle of breaking glass. And all the time the shrieks and hoarse ravings drew nearer and louder, until, with a loud bang, the hall door was flung open and a man tumbled down the steps as if thrown from a catapult. His assailant, in black silhouette against the hall lights, hesitated for a moment, stick in hand. Then, with a shout of rage, he sprang forward and struck at the moaning wretch who squirmed on the gravel at his feet.

"Now, Jack Steadman, that is quite enough," said the inspector, pushing his way through the laurels.

"A very dangerous fellow, Mr. Phillips. I recognized him the moment he appeared at the door. For years he was a bookmaker in Paris, but left when the place got too hot for him. As a card player he is well known and avoided. He has been in low water lately. So has his dupe, Carstairs, as I now discover. Lord Winton, the young man's brother, set him up as a coffee planter in Ceylon, but he spent all the money given him and returned six months ago. Carstairs was a distant connection of Mrs. Taubery's and both she and her husband had been very kind to him. He was at free loafing about the house, getting away meals and now and then borrowing a fiver. He must have heard of the new diamond and mentioned it to Steadman; for Steadman hatched the

"Certainly."

"It would be hard to imagine a more useful ball. It was certain that the thieves would have another bite at it; it was also certain that I ought to be able to hook them when they did. Yet I very nearly lost the diamond after all. Taubery, Gunton and the servants had all declared that, since the robbery, nothing had been moved from the dining room, passage or library. There they made a mistake.

"Taubery's little grandson, George, happened to leave his toy horse in the passage from the dining room, and into the hole made for the pomme that poor creature, Carstairs, had dropped the diamond with a last despairing effort to get rid of it before Colonel Gunton searched him. Ten minutes afterwards the little boy went out for a walk with his nurse taking the horse with him. When he returned it was left, as usual, in the servants' quarters at the back. I never set eyes on it until a day later. Even then I should not have suspected what it contained had not the nurse complained to me of a man who followed her when she took George for his daily airing in the park. That was the sign for which I had been looking. I accompanied the pair on the following morning. I saw the man, but did not recognize him.

"Neither the nurse nor the boy could well be carrying the diamond about with them. There remained the horse. That night I extracted the real diamond, and not wishing to spoil my bait for the shy fish, I dropped the imitation stone into its place.

"The toy was watched by night and day. It was through a hint from me that it was included in the sale. Poor Colonel Gunton! I admit that his eccentric bidding startled me for a moment.

"You can understand Steadman's fury when, after all his plots and risks and expenditure, his silly dupe brought him back the identical imitation stone that had been made to deceive old Taubery. I don't believe that the Trojans could have been more astonished when the Greeks emerged from the wooden horse than was Steadman when he took out the diamond from the toy and found it to be the imitation!"

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### ECONOMY OF STEEL WHEELS

Seems to Have Large Measure of Common Sense Back of Claims Advanced in Its Favor.

The agricultural college and experiment station of the University of Wyoming has proved the value of steel wheels to its complete satisfaction, and in a recent bulletin one of the experts of that institution said:

"Low, wide-tired steel wheels will give any farmer better equipment for his work. Under all conditions of the field and nearly all conditions of the road it is estimated that broad-tired steel wheels pull from 80 to 100 per cent. lighter than the narrow tires."

The steel wheel for farm use seems to have a large measure of common sense back of the claims that have been advanced in favor of it.

From the standpoint of convenience the farm wagon that has been made over into a low-down vehicle with wide steel tires has a strong appeal. It is easily loaded and overcomes all the objections to high wagons of the old type.

Users of steel wheels say their economy cannot be denied, as they make a much lighter draft, are therefore easier on the team, and, moreover, soon pay for themselves in the elimination of the troubles, so common to wood wheels.

Their practical value is further vouched for in the experiences of those who find that wide-tired steel wheels do not cut up the pastures, do not become "mired" in soft fields or muddy roads, and do not cause the heavy pulls that "rutty" roads have always meant for narrow tires.

### CAREFUL FEEDING OF COLTS

Must Be Kept Growing if Best Horses Are to Be Made of Them—Oats Make Good Feed.

Some people seem to think that the colts can live out in all kinds of weather, and thrive on any kind of feed that they can get. This is a great mistake, however. Colts, like any other young animals, must be kept growing by careful feeding if the best horses are to be made of them. Now is the time of the year to prepare for feeding and sheltering the colts. Make preparations to feed them a little, gradually increasing the amount as the grass becomes shorter. Fix a small inclosure in the pasture where the colts run, so that they can run under the rails at a gap, but mares will be excluded.

If the inclosure is made near the salting or watering place the mares will not be so liable to toll the colts away before they are through eating. Oats, with a little bran mixed in them, make an excellent feed. Feed once a day, and lightly at first. In a little while they can be fed twice daily and will eat a quart of feed a day.

The Relentless Fray.

"What is the latest news from the scene of battle?" asked the war correspondent.

"Two opposing parties have met in the same town," replied the breathless courier. "The generals are now playing a game of California Jack to decide which shall go into the news reports as the one whose troops met with great loss."

TRYING.

Clara—George said he could never reconcile himself to anyone but me.

Maud—Why, he's been reconciled to at least four other girls all the time he has been engaged to you.

And Then the Deluge.

A young Canadian went to London last winter and was making a call upon a very pretty young woman whom he had met there for the first time.

"Do you have reindeer in Canada?" asked the young lady.

"No, darling," he answered, "at this season it always snows."—Answers.

Tipped Off by Arson Trust.

Townsmen—Yes, sir, we're aiming to have the best fire department in these parts, I reckon.

Stranger—What's the latest?

Townsmen—We're goin' to make 'em practice two days before each fire, by heck—Judge.

Baseball Lingo.

"Several young men have tried to entertain that heiress for me this evening, but still she seems bored."

"Well, what of it, auntie? Do you want to put me in as a pinch hitter?"

Pure Bred Boar.

At any rate get a pure bred boar. Then you have half the drove thoreoughbred anyway.

Good Model.

He was somewhat eaten up with a mistaken consciousness of his own importance, and when he was making his great speech in the Middlecombe mock parliament, he noted that one of the local pressmen appeared to be sketching him. When the "house" adjourned he buttonholed the artist.

"I believe—aw—you were—aw—sketching me; isn't that so—aw?" he inquired.

"That is so," replied the artist.

"Well—aw—would you—aw—tell me what newspaper you—aw—represent—aw?"

"I don't represent any newspaper," answered the artist. "I design comic postcards."—Tiddits.

Just a Hint.

Some morning just make believe you are company in your own home; your family will not be more astonished at your conduct than you are yourself.—The Universalist Leader.

# CAP and BELLS



### HIS PROOF WAS CONVINCING

German Printer Who Had Spelled Greek Waiter's Name Correctly Easily Wins Case.

A small unkempt man rushed into a Greek restaurant and soon became engaged in a heated altercation with one of the waiters. Wildly waving two small books of cards, printed like pressing club tickets, he began to shout, with a strong German accent: "You order dese carts an' now you don't take dem!"

Attracted by the disturbance, the head waiter asked the cause of the small man's wrath. He stated his grievance, showed the cards and shortly after was paid.

"What proof was there that the waiter had really ordered those cards?" asked a thoughtful spectator.

"Ample proof," replied a man sitting near by. "Everyone of those cards bore the waiter's name correctly spelled. It's a Greek name and probably contains at least sixteen letters. Do you suppose that 'Dutchman' could have gotten such a name into type if it had not been spelled for him by the man who bears it?"

Muffled Knock.

"Let me see your handkerchief a moment, dear; what a lovely one it must have been when it was nice and clean!"

"One of your old friends was asking me about you the other day, MHT. Says he, 'Is that blamed old What's-his-name alive yet?'"

"Isn't it curious, old chap, how spiteful some people are? Miss Bigham asked me the other day if you weren't a bit bow legged. I said no—on the contrary, you were quite probably knockkneed."

"Doctor, I've always thought you would look really handsome if you wore a full beard."

"Why, Squinchey, you don't look a day older than you did 15 years ago, when you borrowed that \$5 bill of me."

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