

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

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THE MYSTERY OF THE CAUSEWAY

It was on Thursday, May, 18, 1899, that young Sir Andrew Cheyne was found dead of a gunshot wound in the grounds of Airlie Hall, his house in Surrey.

I was myself especially interested in the case, as I was staying at a cottage within three miles of the Hall at the time. All the gossip came to us first hand. By breakfast we learned of the death. An hour later came the rumor of the murder, and the fact that an arrest had been made. A man had been caught running from the spot where the body lay.

My host was a bachelor and a brother artist. His little place was bound by no conventions. Go or come, but don't trouble to explain—such was the custom. He was busy that morning, as I knew, so I appropriated his bicycle and set off through the lanes to visit the scene of the tragedy.

Airlie Hall lay some two hundred yards back from the main road. The drive, framed in wide stretches of turf, and flanked by a triple avenue of chestnuts, ran in a straight line from the great porch to the entrance gates of twisted iron. Peering through the bars were a dozen villagers. Within, his hand upon the lock, stood a policeman, massive, red-faced, pompous with his present importance.

"May I come in?" I asked politely. "You may not," he said quite briefly. I put my hand in my pocket, hesitated, and drew it out empty. It was too public a place for corruption. If Addington Peace had only been with me, I thought—and, so thinking, came by an idea. Even a rural policeman would know the famous detective's name.

"My friend, Inspector Peace—" I began. "Inspector who?" he interrupted. "Addington Peace of the Criminal Investigation Department. I hoped he would be here."

His manner changed with a celerity which was the greatest compliment he could have paid to the little detective.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "The inspector drove up from the station not ten minutes ago. If you will inquire at the hall, you will be sure to find him."

The servant who answered my modest ring led me through a dark passage of paneled oak and out upon the terrace that lay on the farther side of the house. Below it a sloping lawn ran down to a broad lake fringed with reeds. Beyond the lake a park stretched away dotted with single oaks now struggling into foliage. It was a lovely view, unmolested by the centuries. As it was so it had been three hundred years before, when some courtier of Elizabeth, in tightly fitting hose and immaculate ruffles, chose it as the outlook from the windows of his dining-room.

In the middle of the terrace, Addington Peace stood, smoking a cigarette and talking to a tall and stately person in a black coat, who looked every

inch the man he was—the butler of a British country house.

"A fine morning, Mr. Phillips," he said. "I did not know you were staying in the neighborhood."

"I cycled over after hearing the news. Your name opened the gates, Inspector."

"Well, I am pleased to see you, anyhow. Mr. Roberts here was giving me his view of this unfortunate affair. You may continue, Mr. Roberts."

The little inspector turned, as he heard my footsteps on the gravel, and nodded a benevolent welcome.

The butler had been staring at me with great suspicion; but apparently he concluded that, as a friend of a detective, I was a respectable person. "Well, gentlemen," he said, in a soft, oily voice, as from confirmed over-eating, "my mind is, so to speak, a blank. But what I know I will say without fear or favor. Sir Andrew had not previously honored us with his presence, he having remained abroad from the death of Sir William, which was his uncle, some six months ago. Yesterday—that is, Thursday morning—he wired from London for a carriage to meet the 12:32 train. We were all in a flutter of excitement, as you can well imagine. But when he arrived it was, he said, with no intention of staying the night. During the afternoon he saw his agent on business, and afterwards went for a walk, returning about six. He dined at eight, and had his coffee served in the small library.

"The last train to London was at 10:25, and we had our orders for a carriage to be ready for him at five minutes to the hour. At ten o'clock precisely I took the liberty of entering the small library to inform Sir Andrew that the carriage was waiting, and that there was only just time to catch the train. He was not there, and the windows on to the terrace being open, I walked through to see if he was sitting outside, the evening being salubrious for the time of the



YOU MAY NOT

year. It was while I was there that I heard the footsteps of some one running on the gravel, and, first thing I knew, who should appear but Jake Warner, the keeper. 'Hello, Mr. Warner,' says I, 'and where may you be going in such a hurry? Is it poachers?' I says, 'No,' says he, 'in a sad taking, but Sir Andrew's been shot—shot dead, Mr. Roberts, on the causeway to the island.' 'Heaven defend us,' I says; 'but do—'

"Quite so, Mr. Roberts," said Peace. "We understand you were much upset. So you have no idea when it was that Sir Andrew left the little library?" "No, sir, save that it was between nine and ten."

"Thank you. And now, Mr. Phillips, I think we will go down and have a look at the causeway walk."

At the end of terrace we found a policeman waiting. He touched his helmet to the inspector, and, after a few words with him, led the way down some moss-grown steps and over a sloping lawn towards the lake. We skirted the right hand edge for perhaps two hundred yards, until we came to where a short causeway of stone had been built out into the water, joining the lawns to a shrub-

grown island. The roof of a gabled cottage peeped out from the heart of its yews and laurels. The causeway, paved with great slabs of slate, was never more than five feet broad. On either side of it was a dense growth of feathery reeds, hiding the lake behind their rustling walls.

"What cottage is that?" asked Peace, pointing a finger.

"When he was a young man, Sir William, that was Sir Andrew's uncle, used to give lunches and teas there in the summer months," said the policeman. "But the place has been shut up for a long time now, sir. No one goes to the island barring the ducks, and they nest there by the hundred."

"Where did you catch the prisoner?" "About this very place, sir. It was about half-past nine, and I was walking down the public path, which passes the east corner of the lake, when I heard the shot. It seemed a strange time of the year for night poaching, but there are rascals in the village who wouldn't hesitate about the seasons so long as they had a duck for dinner.

"Off I raced as hard as I could put legs to the ground. When I came to the causeway head I pulled up and looked about me. There was a slip of a moon over the island and a plenty of stars, so that the night was fairly bright. No one was in sight, but presently I heard the thump, thump, of a man running over the turf, and who should come panting down the slope but Jake Warner, the keeper. He was in such a hurry that he was nigh as close as I am to you, sir, before he saw me.

"'Good Lord!' he cried, jumping back; 'and what are you doing here?'" "Didn't you hear a shot fired?" I asked.

"'Not a sound of it,' he said, with a sulky face on him.

"It surprised me more than a bit. Indeed, I had begun to wonder if I could have been mistaken, when there came a clatter on the slabs of the causeway, and a man rushed out from



the reeds like a mad thing. He gave a little cry like a frightened rabbit when he caught sight of us, and tried to twist away, but his feet slipped from under him, and down he fell. Before he could recover I was sitting on his chest.

"'I had no hand in it,' he shouted. 'I swear to you it was not me. I was to meet him on the island. He was dead when I came to him.'

"'Dead—who is dead?' asked Jake, very anxious.

"'Sir Andrew Cheyne,' said the man, with a shiver.

"I was that taken aback that if he had made a run for it he might have done so for all I could have stopped him. As for Jake, he gave a yelp and disappeared down the causeway, like a rat into a hole.

"'Sir Andrew is in France,' I said, for so Mr. Roberts had told me not a week before. 'You're crazy, man.' 'Shut your mouth, you fool!'—those were his very last words, sir—I tell you Cheyne is dead. Go and look for yourself."

"I must trouble you to come with me, then," said I, taking him by the collar.

"We walked down the causeway between the reeds, he in front and me behind with my hand in his neck. About half-way down we came upon Jake, who was kneeling by the body, which lay flat on its back. I had never seen Sir Andrew and no more had Jake, so we had to take the stranger's word for it. When we found there was no sign of life left in him, I sent Jake to get assistance. He came back with Mr. Roberts and two of the men, who carried away the body up to the house, while I arrested my prisoner and walked him off to the lock-up. We found a loaded revolver upon him. He refused to say who he was or to make any explanation."

"And afterwards?" asked Addington Peace.

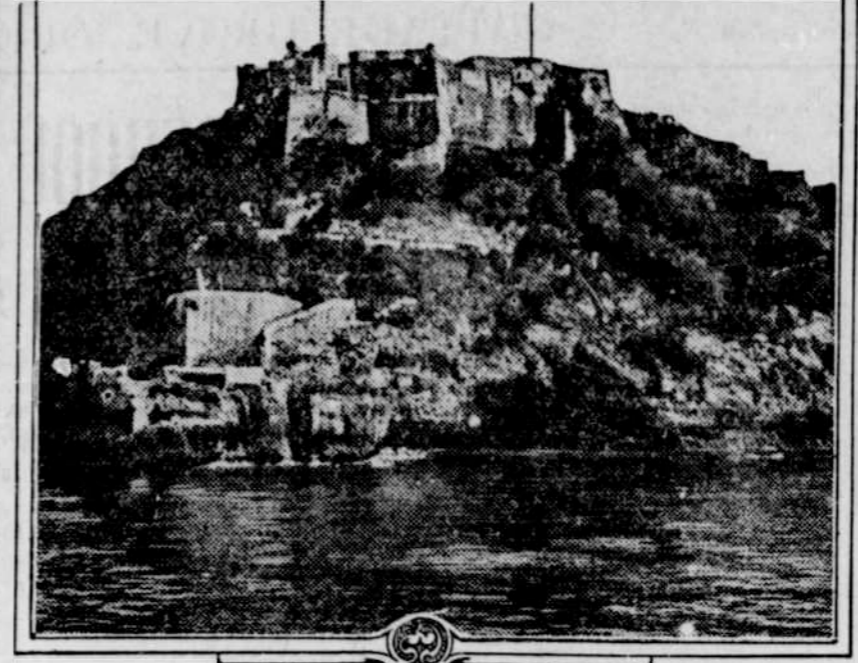
"I searched the causeway as soon as it was light. There was nothing to be found. But the evidence against the prisoner seems clear enough, saving the fact that the shotgun he used has disappeared. He must have thrown it into the water. They will drag the lake for it this afternoon. We've got the real murderer all right, don't you think, sir?" "Did you search the island before you left last night?" "No, sir."

"Might not another man have been concealed there?"

The policeman did not reply, save by coloring a deeper red and staring hard at his boots.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED)

Favorite of the West Indies



MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO

At the very southern gate of the United States lies Cuba, the Pearl of the Antilles. The name was given by the Spaniards, who knew what they were talking about. For some reason of soil or climate Cuba is the most favored of all the West Indian islands. Not only is the scenery of the island of wonderful beauty and variety, but the products of her soil are finer in quality than the products of any of her neighbors though they lie in practically the same latitude and grow the same things.

Wrapped up in Cuba is most of the military romance of our generation. The war with Spain was a very little affair as wars go nowadays. All the fighting that took place hardly amounted to the size of a good skirmish in the Russo-Japanese war. But it was an intensely dramatic and picturesque campaign and it was the only American war of our generation. It marked the full development of the United States as a world power. And it was the most elaborately reported war that ever took place. Naturally, therefore, we think a good deal of it, though it may seem a small affair to other nations. And as a matter of fact it was intensely interesting and amusing. If you ask any war correspondent who has attended the campaigns of the last fifteen years, which of them all he remembers with the most interest, he will certainly choose the Spanish-American war as the best experience of his life.

The Broken Hawser.

The reason for this lies largely in the romantic scenery of the Santiago province. The harbor of Santiago with its ancient Morro castle guarding the entrance is one of the most picturesque sheets of water in the Caribbean. It runs inland through a gap in the high rocky coast like a long sieve. Just inside the entrance the sieve turns, so that from the outside it is impossible to see the harbor at all. When Schley, with his flying squadron, was sent around the south side of Cuba to search for Cervera's fleet, he passed by Santiago and declared there was no Spanish fleet inside. That evening a coaling vessel which was being towed along by one of the warships broke the hawser and was left behind for a few hours. While the cable was being mended one of Cervera's vessels came and poked her nose out of the mouth of the harbor thinking that the American fleet had gone. She was seen immediately by the collier and Schley was brought back to bottle up Cervera. If that collier had not broken her tow-line Cervera might have come out of Santiago and proceeded to Havana; and the whole course of the war would have been different.

That would have been a pity; for Santiago provides the most wonderful setting for a campaign. Back from the rocky coast, a few miles inland, runs a high range of mountains. Between these mountains and the coast the country is covered with the richest vegetation. The American army in attacking Santiago had to advance along one narrow path through an almost impenetrable forest. When Grimes planted his battery on the famous hill of El Poso which lies about three miles from the entrance to Santiago bay along the light green of the grassy slopes, the attack had begun. The American army, after lying for hours under the galling fire of the Spaniards, had at length made up its mind to stay quiet no longer. It rose and slowly walked up the ridge of hills. That was a little bit of a battle as battles go. But size even in war is not everything. And in the history of American arms there is no more romantic page than that which describes the frontal attack on the San Juan hills without any proper artillery preparation and practically without orders.

Marvelous Changes.

That block house still stands on San Juan hill to show where the American troops came up the ridge. The lane through the woods is now a fine macadamized road. But the wonderful setting remains just as it was 15 years ago when Theodore Roosevelt rode up the ridge at the head of the Rough Riders. During these fifteen years comparatively few Americans have visited the scene of our only recent war. It has been difficult of access.

When the war broke out there was no railroad within three hundred miles of Santiago. The line from Havana stopped one-third of the way down the island at Santa Clara. All the eastern part of Cuba had been devastated by long years of revolution. Just after the war Sir William Van Horne came out of Canada and proceeded to open up the eastern part of Cuba. By 1902 the Cuba railroad was ready for traffic. And now it is possible to go in 24 hours from Havana to Santiago in a comfortable train with good sleeping cars and observation cars, just like a limited train between New York and Chicago. A few years have worked marvelous changes in traveling conditions.

This year traffic to Panama is heavy. Instead of going direct from New York to Jamaica and on to Panama, the traveler should, if possible, go first to Havana, from there through the heart of Cuba to Santiago, thence to Jamaica, and so on to Panama.

From Santiago to Kingston in Jamaica the journey is just a night's run. So that those who are going to see Panama have no possible excuse for not seeing Cuba first. They can ship to Havana and proceed by rail to Santiago, and then across to Kingston and pick up their Panama steamer there. And if the truth must be told the visit to Cuba will be the best part of the trip. Every year Cuba is being brought a little nearer to us by improvements in the steamship and railroad services. Very soon it will be the favorite winter resort of the United States. For the scenery, especially in the east of the island, is matchless and the climate all the year round except in July and August, when the rains come is almost perfect.—Town and Country.

HAIRLESS BREED OF HORSES

Animals of the Turkomans Require Much Care and Thrive on Somewhat Peculiar Diet.

The greatest peculiarity of the Turkoman breed of horses is their hairlessness. They have naturally very little mane, and what they have is always carefully cut off. Their skin is very soft and thin. Colonel Stewart in "Through Persia in Disguise" tells of the great care taken of these animals. They are never stabled, but picketed in the open. They are, however, warmly clothed. First the Turkoman puts over his animal a thick felt body-covering of the size that an English horse wears; over this he fastens an immense piece of felt that covers the horse's ears and his whole body down to his hocks. This clothing he keeps in place with a long roller, which is passed three times round the horse's body.

The Turkomans feed their horses, when in camp, on barley or chopped straw, and give them flour and sheep's tail fat, or clarified butter, when they are going to call on them for great exertion. I myself, in India, have often given my horses a pound each of flour and coarse sugar, and half a pound of clarified butter made into balls, when I have ridden them far and wanted them to go on again. The horse easily digests this ration, and he is ready to start sooner than if a feed of corn is given him. It is also supposed to give great strength. Turkomans give their horses almost anything they eat themselves. Although hardy in respect of food, the horses require a good deal of care as to clothing, for their fine coats and delicate skins make them very susceptible to colds.—Youth's Companion.

New One to Him.

A wealthy farmer was in a lawsuit the other day. In the trial the authorship of a certain newspaper article came up. It had been signed by his name. "I never wrote that," he said. "Why, there's words in here I never saw before." "Ah," said the other man's lawyer. "And will you point out one of them?" "Well," running a thick finger down the page, "here's one of 'em. 'V. L. A.'—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Result. "How was the silence broken?" "Somebody dropped a remark."

Raises the Dough Better!
25c Pound Can All Grocers

Yorkshire Duck.
Take the heart, liver, tongue and a thick slice from one cheek of a pig and wash thoroughly, then put on the stove to cook with sufficient water to cover and salt to suit taste; when nearly done add one onion (chopped fine) and add pepper to suit taste and stove and drain, then run the meat through the food grinder (or chop real fine) and add pepper to suit taste and a little sage. Place in a granite kettle or dish and let cool. It is then ready for use.

Get "In the Game"

but remember you must be strong and robust to win. A sickly person is the loser in every way; but why remain so?

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

will aid digestion and help you back to health and strength. Try a bottle today. Avoid substitutes.

"Improved" Bull Fight

A bull fight in Tokio is quite as much excuse for a gala day as a bull fight in Madrid. Business men leave their offices, and women and children their homes, to hurry to the arena. Stripped of all the less exciting, or less horrible, preliminaries which characterize the Spanish bull fight, the animals are brought in and sent at each other at once. So the battle is shorter, and two or three more fights will follow in quick succession during the course of an afternoon's "entertainment."

Canada's Oyster Industry.

There are no oysters on the coast of New England, north of Cape Cod, but they are numerous in certain parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and adjacent Canadian waters. Efforts are being made by the Dominion government to develop the oyster industry to much larger proportions than its present comparatively small size.

Use Sea Water in Baking.

The local papers are complaining about the size of the bread sold by the Iroquois bakers, who, besides charging two and one-half cents for a loaf of bread of 22 grams weight, it is said are using sea water in their bakeries.—From the West Coast Leader, Lima, Peru.

America's Vast Corn Field.

The combined area of the corn fields of the United States is nearly equal to the area of France or Germany.

COLD IN THE HEAD

Is the First Chapter in the History of Chronic Disease.

A cold in the head is the first chapter in the history of disease and death. This has been so often repeated that there are few people indeed who have not witnessed many examples of it.

A cold in the head is rarely severe enough to confine a vigorous person to the house. As a rule, it ends in recovery without any treatment. This has led many people to regard a cold in the head as of no importance. It is a terrible mistake, however, to pass by a cold in the head as a trivial matter. Each case should be treated.

Those who have used Peruna for such cases will testify unanimously that a few doses is sufficient to remove every vestige of the cold. How much better it is to treat a cold in this way than it is to allow it to go on and on for weeks, perhaps months, leaving effects that will never be eradicated.

Yet there are those who neglect to take Peruna for a cold in the head. This neglect is due to the false notion that a cold in the head is hardly worth noticing.

A cold in the head is in reality a case of acute catarrh. It ought to be called so, in order to awaken people from their lethargy on this subject. In a large per cent of cases cold in the head will end in chronic catarrh. Unless properly treated with some such remedy as Peruna, perhaps 50 per cent of cases of cold in the head will lay the foundation for chronic catarrh.

A tablespoonful of Peruna should be taken at the very first symptom of cold in the head. Usually when the cold is not very severe a tablespoonful of Peruna before each meal and at bedtime is sufficient. It may be necessary, however, where the attack is more serious, to keep strictly in the house and take a tablespoonful of Peruna every hour. Younger people, feeble or delicate women, should take a teaspoonful every hour.

NO PLACE FOR AGED MAN

Uncle Ranny Ramsey, Who is Paired, Must Be Kept Away From All Auctions.

"In the morning of our existence," philosophically remarked the Erratic Thinker, "when life stretches away and away ahead of us, and we scamper on supple, care-free legs through flowery dells, and all that, how little we reckon that the first thing we know we will be in the midst of golden noon when the shadows fall neither to the right nor to the left. And afternoon, with weary, stiffened limbs and defective hearing, we'll set out to promenade on the railroad track three minutes before train time. Then, let us be considerate of the aged and not let them know how much smarter we are than they were at our age, and—but you have no idea how much engineering it takes on my part to keep my old Uncle Ranny Ramsey from attending every

blamed auction he hears of, since his palsy got so bad. You see, he sits there and bobs his poor old head and them sharp auctioneers knock down to him everything they can't sell to anybody else, claiming he bid on it. And it kind o' flatters the old man to think he is back in the howaw of business life again, and so they make it stick."

When Doves Disagree.
"What's the latest among suffragists?"

"Mrs. Wallaby called Mrs. Wombat a deliberate and unqualified fibber."

"Dear me, have women come to that? What happened next?"

"Then they both cried, kissed and made up, and we all went to a bargain matinee."

His Thought.

She—Don't you think this dress is very becoming to me?
He—I'm thinking of the bill which will be coming to me.