

# MADERO SLAIN IN MEXICO CITY

## Official Report Says "Attempted to Escape."

### Famous "Fugitive Law" of Mexico Believed to Have Been Used Cover for Assassination.

Mexico City—Francisco I. Madero and Jose Pino Suarez were shot and killed in a midnight ride under guard from the national palace to the penitentiary.

The circumstances surrounding the death of the deposed president and vice president of the republic are unknown, except as given in official accounts, which do not conform in all



GENERAL W. H. CARTER  
In Command of American Troops Mobilized on Mexican Border.

cases. The only witnesses were those actually concerned in the killing.

The provisional president, General Huerta, says the killing of the two men was incidental to a fight between their guard and a party attempting to liberate them.

Two of those said to have been in the party that attacked the automobile were killed in the exchange of shots.

The ministry of foreign relations, Francisco de la Barra, adds that the prisoners attempted to escape. Neither makes a definite statement as to which side fired the fatal shots. It is possible that neither knows. An official investigation has been ordered and solemn promises have been made that the guilty will be punished.

Major Cardenas and two other officers who commanded the rurales escorting the automobile have been imprisoned, pending an investigation by the attorney general.

Not unnaturally a great part of the public regards the official versions with doubt, having in mind the use for centuries of the notorious "Ley Fuga," the unwritten law which is invoked when the death of a prisoner is desired. After its application there is written: "Prisoner shot trying to escape."

## TRAGEDY ADDS TO TENSION Death of Madero and Suarez Hastens War Preparations.

Washington, D. C.—The killing of Francisco I. Madero and Jose Pino Suarez, deposed president and vice president of Mexico, after Provisional President General Huerta had assured American Ambassador Wilson of the safety of his prisoners from just such attacks, created a serious impression in administration circles here.

After reading the dispatches, the president expressed deep regret, but made it clear that he regards the killing as that of one citizen by fellow citizens. He said that, although the United States had done all in its power and all that consistently could be done to save Madero's life, he saw in the deplorable occurrence at Mexico City no cause in itself for intervention.

Neither did the president see any cause for calling a cabinet meeting immediately.

When the first feeling of surprise

### Mast Pierces 34 Floors.

Seattle—A steel derrick mast that was being lowered Thursday afternoon from the top of the 42-story Smith building became detached from its chain at the 36th floor and plunged down through the building, piercing 11 completed concrete floors and being halted at the second floor by a pile of steel. No one was injured. The financial loss is small. The escape of the mast and the noise of its descent through the steel skeleton caused great excitement in the neighborhood.

### Fort Leavenworth Depleted.

Leavenworth, Kan.—More troops departed Sunday from Fort Leavenworth, in pursuance of the recent order directing practically the entire garrison to proceed to Galveston.

had passed, it was realized by officials that this last tragic event had added greatly to the gravity of the situation and undoubtedly had placed an additional strain upon the already tense relations between this government and that in the Mexican capital. Still, as President Taft himself declared, the event in itself was not regarded as sufficient to demand any departure from the policy of strict non-intervention which so far has governed his administration.

Probably the immediate result will be to hasten the military and naval preparations in order to have the soldiers and sailors and marines ready to answer a call for instant embarkation if further developments in Mexico should demand their employment.

The one danger to be apprehended which almost certainly would result in the launching of an American army of invasion, would be the commission of some act or acts in Mexico that would endanger the lives of foreign citizens and Americans, for having assured the diplomatic representatives in Washington of the disposition and ability of

Smith, of Klamath, took the floor and detailed the facts of the case. He challenged the statement of the governor, saying that the Thompson act, which provides for drainage of the swamp lands concerned, is necessary to the development of the lands.

Howard, of Douglas, charged that the land should be sold by the state to settlers, and not to companies. He said that "if the state had showed half the sense of the Southern Pacific company, it would today have \$20,000,000 in the irreducible school fund."

He opposed the selling of lands to private corporations and advocated the holding of these lands by the state and its reclamation by the same.

## NEW PRINTING BILL PASSES Board of Control to Appoint State Printer.

Salem—A bill to which all parties to the long-drawn-out state printing fight have agreed was passed by the house by a big vote. Both the majority and minority factions voted for it.

This bill, which was reported favorably by the committee on printing, of which Eaton, of Lane, is chairman, provides for the tract system, for a state printer to be appointed at \$24,000 by the state board of control, to take effect in May, 1915.

Authority is given to the board of control to make its own rules and regulations for the state printing and it may take whatever action the members deem necessary. The board is composed of the governor, state treasurer and secretary of state.

The question of the state owning its change of courtesies was passed, the board in time for the placing of the plant on a proper basis for the work after the next session of the legislature. The only restriction on the board is that it must name a man who has had not less than ten years of experience in printing.

## TRANSCONTINENTAL ROADS BUILD \$4,500,000 BRIDGE

Paducah, Ky.—Official announcement was made here Monday of a plan to construct immediately at a cost of \$4,500,000, a double-track bridge across the Ohio river, between Metropolis, Ill., and Paducah, Ky., to serve the principal railroads of the Mississippi Valley in handling the increase in tonnage expected on account of the Panama canal's completion.

The roads uniting in the construction of the bridge are the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Chicago, & Eastern Illinois, Big Four, Illinois Central and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis. Joint terminals, including yards, shops and other plants, will bring the total cost of construction to \$7,000,000.

## MEXICO EXAMINES TREASURY New Government to See Whether Madero Stole Funds.

Mexico City—What may be regarded as an executive sanction for the investigation of the national treasury, with a view to determining ex-President Madero's responsibility for his shortage, is contained in a message sent to congress by the foreign minister, Francisco de la Barra.

The message was agreed upon by the cabinet and president. It was an outline of the policies of the new administration.

Specifying portions of the program, the message said that there should be an immediate investigation of the exact amount of money in the treasury. This is in direct line with the efforts of a group of deputies who insist that the Maderos looted the treasury and should be punished.

"The revolutionary element," said Senor de la Barra in the message, "those who cherished ideals of democracy and liberty and for those fought, will find in the new government a disposition to be frank and firm and anxious to aid in the implantation of those principles which have for their object the betterment of the condition of the citizens."

### Diaz Continues in Egypt.

Cairo, Egypt—The statement published in the United States that Porfirio Diaz, the former dictator of Mexico, had returned to Cairo from his trip up the Nile is without foundation. General Diaz, who is still in his dacha on the Nile, replied to a telegraphic inquiry with the following dispatch:

"Luxor, Feb. 22.—I feel I cannot express any opinion on the Mexican situation. My absolute aloofness from the policies of my country precludes me from doing it."

### Madero's Townsmen Aroused.

Matamoras, Mex.—News of the killing of Madero and Suarez caused intense excitement in this part of Mexico. In Monterey, the home of the Maderos, it is said an uprising is threatened.

### Madero's Secret Service Chief Safe.

Mexico City—Felix Somerfeld, a German, chief of Madero's secret service, has not been captured. His whereabouts are known to his friends, who say that he is safe for the present, at least.

# DOINGS OF OREGON'S LEGISLATURE

## A Brief Resume of Proceedings of the People's Representatives at the State Capital, Bills Introduced, Passed, Rejected, Etc.

### SWAMP LAND MEASURE LOST

#### House Will Not Repeal Act Passed Over Veto.

Salem—Governor West's forces lost their fight in the house on the Gill bill to repeal the Thompson swamp land act, by a vote of 30 to 19. The governor vetoed the Thompson bill in 1911, but this legislature passed it over his veto. A supreme effort was made at the governor's request, through Gill, to repeal the act.

Gill said he had seen a mass of correspondence between the governor and the United States land office which shows conclusively that the Federal government will not give title to the land in Klamath and Lake counties unless it is sold to settlers.

Governor West declared that under the Thompson act "certain corporations" would benefit.

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### IRRIGATION BILL IS PASSED

#### Measure Supported By Governor West Appropriates \$450,000.

Salem—The bill appropriating \$450,000 for the state to take over the Columbia Southern irrigation project and put it through to completion probably will become a law, as it has passed both houses and is known to be approved by the governor, or at least has been consistently recommended by him.

McColloch, in explaining the bill, declared that its passage would be a confession of the failure of the Carey act as a workable plan in connection with irrigation work. Thompson also explained the bill at length and strongly urged its passage, as being a moral responsibility which rests upon the state. Calkins and Butler also spoke in its favor. On the vote only Hollis, Smith, of Coos, Miller, Ragsdale and Wood were opposed.

### WOULD FAVOR GRANTS PASS

#### Senate Amends Bill Giving Town Three Months' Fishing.

Salem—After a heated session, during the course of which a rapid exchange of courtesies was passed, the senate passed the Rogue River fishing bill amended so as to allow Grants Pass three months of commercial fishing. Senator Smith, of Coos and Curry, declared that if these amendments were put in he had been given assurance that the bill would be defeated in the house, and further, that if not defeated in the house, it would be vetoed by the governor.

Provided for one month's commercial fishing at Grants Pass, to open the lower river and to allow certain kinds of fishing for sport in Jackson county. Smith, of Josephine, asked for amendments giving three months of commercial fishing at Grants Pass, which were agreed to and the bill sent back to the house.

### Public Service Bill Changed.

Salem—The bill giving the Railroad commission power to regulate the issuance and sale of stocks and bonds of public-service corporations has passed the senate. Thompson put through an amendment that this shall not apply to operations outside the state, as he said it would work a great injustice in the event of a railroad company operating in Oregon wishing to float stocks and bonds in Texas. The bill is in the nature of a "blue sky" law applying to public-service corporations alone.

### Game Birds Get Protection.

Salem—The house passed senate bill 145, by Bean, providing for the protection of game birds. While there was objection to some of its provisions, it was admitted by many of the members to be better in most respects than the present code. The chief opponent of the bill was Childs, who declared it was framed solely for the benefit of sportsmen, as against the farmer, but Nichols, who is a farmer, declared that the sportsmen had conceded many things to the farmers and that he was well pleased with it.

### Capitol Addition Favored.

Salem—Carrying an emergency clause the bill providing for \$100,000 to complete the additional capitol building at Salem and for a heating plant and furnishings passed the senate. Stewart protested against the bill, saying that while he expected to vote for it, he disliked and wished to pronounce wrong a method whereby an appropriation is passed at one session, with it written in the law that no more should be used, and then to come back for as much again or more, two years later.

### New County Bill Defeated.

Salem—The "secession" idea of creating new counties met a decisive defeat in the senate when it came up as a special order of business.

Calkins endeavored to amend the bill so that it would provide for an arbitration board to decide upon the proper county boundary line. An effort to secure a committee of the whole failed, and thus the amendment went by the board. On motion of Dimick the bill was indefinitely postponed.

### Hospital Bill Is Passed.

Salem—The appropriation bill, carrying \$282,280 for the Eastern Oregon hospital for the insane, passed the senate without a dissenting vote. The appropriation includes \$187,000 for maintenance purposes and the balance is to be used for improvements and buildings.

### EXTENSION PLAN IS LARGE

#### If Governor West Signs Bill, \$50,000 Will Aid Work.

Salem—If Governor West signs the bill granting an appropriation of \$50,000 for agricultural extension, it will become a law. Both branches of the legislature have now put their seal of approval upon it. There was little opposition to the bill when the house was considering it.

This is believed to be one of the best measures passed by this legislative session, and those who have been deeply interested in its passage are jubilant, as it is declared to be a most important bill. Under its authority the Agricultural college will be enabled to extend its work to every county in the state, each county to receive an amount from the funds appropriated by the legislature equal to what the county gives for such work.

Many of the members of the house took occasion to express their approval of the bill as sent over to the house from the senate, and they declared that it undoubtedly would result in a great deal of good to the farming interests of the state.

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# 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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## THE TERROR IN THE SNOW

Henry, my servant, saw to it that I should not forget Inspector Addington Peace. Shortly after the adventure which I have already narrated, I left London for a round of country visits. And if a paragraph concerning that eminent detective chanced to appear in a newspaper, the substance of it was brought to me with my shaving-water in the morning.

"I see 'e 'as bin up to 'is games again, sir," was Henry's usual exclamation. "My word, but 'e's a sly one, by all accounts," was the customary conclusion.

I believe that Henry often gained considerable notoriety in the servants' hall by a boasted friendship with Peace. To this I attribute the fact of his being consulted by Mr. Hevritree's butler on the occasion of the burglary that took place while I was staying at Cranford. Henry's ludicrous flattery, which nearly resulted in a lawsuit for false imprisonment, need not be narrated here, though it was considered a remarkably good joke against me at the time.

Towards the end of December I returned to London for a few days, and on the third night after my arrival I decided to visit the inspector. Henry had discovered that he was a bachelor, and lived in two little rooms on the third floor. The floors that separated us were let out as offices, so that Peace at the top and I at the bottom had the odd house to ourselves after seven o'clock.

The little man was at home, and seemed pleased to see me. With his sparrow-like agility he hopped about, producing glasses and a bottle of whisky. Finally, with our pipes in full blast, we sat facing each other across the fire, and soon dropped into a conversation which to me, at least, was of unusual interest. A very curious knowledge of London and its peoples had Inspector Addington Peace.

An hour quickly slipped by, and when I rose to go I asked him if he would dine with me on my return from Cloudsdown tomorrow. He would be pleased, he said; and then, as he stooped to light a spill in the coal-

"You stay with Baron Steen, I suppose," he asked.

"Yes."

"And why?"

"Why?" I echoed in some surprise.

"You have relatives or other friends?"

"My nearest relative is a sour old uncle in Bradford, who calls me hard names for using the gifts Providence gave me instead of adding up figures in a smoky office. As for friends—well, I am a fairly rich man, Inspector, and as such, have many friends. What is there against Baron Steen?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, puffing at his pipe, so that he spoke as from a cloud, mistily.

"I know that he has played a bold game on the stock exchange," I continued, "and there may be a few outwitted financiers growling at his heels. But it would be hard to find a more thoughtful host. Yes, I am going to Cloudsdown tomorrow."

"He shook hands warmly on parting, and as I descended the stairs he leant over the rail, smiling down upon me.

"Remember your dinner engagement," I called up to him. "I shall see you after the New Year."

"Yes, if not before," he said; and I seemed to catch the faint echo of a laugh as I turned the corner.

It was on the afternoon of December 24 that I stepped from the train at the little station of Cloudsdown. Fresh snow had fallen, and the wind came bitterly from the frozen levels of the fen country. A distant clock was striking four as the carriage passed into the crested entrance gates and tugged up a rising slope of park land dotted with ragged oaks and storm-bowed spinneys, which showed as black stains upon its snow-clad undulations. At the summit the road bent sharply, and I saw the old manor of Cloudsdown, a grand which—a somber plain, losing itself in the evening mists that swathed the horizon—stretched the restless waters of the North sea.

The house lay in a broad depression, in shape as the hollow of a hand, save only on the seaward side, where the line of cliff bit into it like the grip of a giant's teeth. The gray front looked up, across a slope of grass land, to a semi-circle of forest that swept away in dark shadows of fir and oak. From the long oblong of the main buildings were thrust back two wings, flanked on the nearer side by a chapel.

From the back of the house to the edge of the sea cliffs, a distance of some quarter of a mile, ran an irregular avenue of firs with clipped yew wrecks and laurel-edged flower gardens on either hand.

A dozen men sweeping the paths and a telegraph boy on a pony mounting the hill towards me showed as black pigmies against the drifts of snow.

My bachelor host was absent when I was ushered into the great central hall where the house-party were met together for their tea. I am by nature shy of strangers, taken in large doses, and I saw many of the guests and a telegraph boy on a pony mounting the hill towards me showed as black pigmies against the drifts of snow.

"Just a minute," interrupted the presiding officer. "Who are you?"

"I am Mr. Rudolph Smithers," the

"And what financial gale brings you here?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't put on frills with me. I've come to paint old Steen's picture, if he will give me the fifteen hundred that I'm asking for it. Lord Tommy Rectorford yonder is here to unload some of his old furniture—you know Tommy's rooms in Piccadilly, don't you? Furnished by a dealer in Bond street, and 25 per cent. commission to Tommy on everything he can sell out of them. That's Mrs. Talbot Slingsby talking to him. Pretty woman, got into trouble in New York, was cut by all America, and captured Slingsby and London society at one blow. Scandal never does cross the Atlantic somehow—all the dirty linen gets washed in the herring-pond. That's old Lord Blane by the fire; very respectable, and lends money on the sly. 'Private gentleman will make advances on note of hand'—you know. Fine woman, Mrs. Billy Blades—that's she on the sofa. She's been making desperate love to Steen, but no go. The gay old dog's too clever for her. That long chap's her husband. Watch him prowling round, looking to see if he can pounce a silver ass's tail on something, I expect. By Jove, Phillips, but it's as good as a play, ain't it?"

"And this is London society?" I exclaimed.

"No," he cackled, shaking with vast amusement. "No, man; no. It's the Smart Set, that advertised, criticized, glorious, needy brigade of rogues and vagabonds—the Smart Set. Bless 'em all, say I, they're the best of company, but it's as well to lock up your valuables before you become too intimate with them."

I finished off my tea while old Talman sucked at his cigarette in great enjoyment.

"You'd like to see the house," he commenced again. "Come along, I'll show you round—I want a walk before dinner."

It was a most interesting ramble. We passed from room to room admiring the carved oak, the splendid pictures, the Sheraton furniture, the cabinets of old china, the armor, and the tapestry. For the manor was filled with the heirlooms of the de Launes, from whom Baron Steen rented it. And though the present peer, a broken-down old drunkard, was living in a little villa at Eastbourne on eight hundred pounds a year, the family had been a great and glorious one, finding mention on many a page in English history.

At the end of the great dining-room, set in the black-oak wainscot above the fire, was the portrait of a boy. It was a Reynolds, and a worthy effort of that master hand. The lad could have been no more than fifteen years of age, but in his eyes was that grave, distracted expression that usually comes with the painful wisdom of later years. In more closely examining the picture, I noticed that a large portion of it at the bottom right-hand corner had been repaired or painted out. I called Talman's attention to this misfortune, asking if he knew the cause.

"They painted out the wolf," he said, "and with good enough reason, too."

"A wolf?" I said.

"If old de Laune were to hear me gossiping about it he'd kick me out of the place—he would, by Jove! But with Steen in possession it's safe enough. Mind you, though, you mustn't mention it to the ladies—on your word, now."

"Yes, yes," I said eagerly; "go on."

"Such things frighten the women," he explained. "Well, it was in this way. Phillip, and he was the sixth earl, was our ambassador at St. Petersburg somewhere about the year 1790. Once when he was out hunting he shot an old she-wolf that was peering from the mouth of a cave, and inside they found a thriving family of four cubs. One of them was white, an albino, I suspect. He saved it from the dogs and took it home. When he came back to Cloudsdown the next year, he brought it along with his wife and his boy—an only son. They say it was a great pet at first, but it grew sulky with age, and finally was kept chained in the stables."

They had steam heat on the upper floors, and the high temperature of my room had drawn stale and heavy odors from the tapestry on the walls and the ancient hangings that fringed the huge four-post bedstead. It was the atmosphere of an old clothes shop on a July day. I pulled back the curtains, opened the window and thrust out my head for a mouthful of fresh air.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

attorney replied, "and I am a member of the Massachusetts bar."

"Oh, you are Mr. Smithers, are you?" continued the officer. "Then you are the man whom the orderly wants to see." He called the orderly.

"What does the orderly want of me?" asked the attorney in a superior tone.

"Nothing very much," replied the chief justice; "he merely wants to show you off the ship."

## ROUGH ON "GOOD SAMARITAN."

Frank Koetsch, a laborer, was put on trial at Bar for his action in saving the "Good Samaritan" from being hanged from a tree, and had his body cut him down and taken into hospital. The man recovered from the effects of the hanging, but complained a scalp wound he had received while falling to the ground, and he brought a charge of personal injury by Koetsch against the man who saved his life. Koetsch was acquitted, but declared he would take care never to act the "Good Samaritan" again.

## NAVAL OFFICERS KNOWN TO TREAT OFFICIOUS LAWYER AS "BUTTING IN."

Courts martial are not held on board on battleships in the town navy yard. Sometimes a sailor will send for a Boston attorney to defend him, although this tendency is discouraged by the officers. Most attorneys know they have no absolute right to practice in a naval court, and can do so only by permission of the court, but occasionally a lawyer goes aboard who does not realize this fact.

A sailor who was charged with gambling had retained an attorney to get him off. This attorney, who had never had such a case before, went briskly into the officers' wardrobe, where the court was sitting, and without waiting on ceremony began to address the court in a blustering manner.

"Just a minute," interrupted the presiding officer. "Who are you?"

"I am Mr. Rudolph Smithers," the

"One Christmas eve, just as dusk was closing in, de Laune was trotting down the drive—he had been hunting at a distant meeting—when he heard a fearful screaming from the lower gardens towards the cliff. He put spurs to his horse, and in two minutes was galloping through the shadows of the fir avenue towards the sea. All of a sudden his horse pulled up dead, threw him, and bolted. When he got to his feet—he wasn't hurt, luckily—what did he see but the body of his son, lying with his throat torn out, and the white wolf standing over him, the broken chain dangling at its neck."

"They say he was a giant, this Phillip de Laune, and of a very wild and passionate temper. Anyway, he went straight for the beast, and though he was dreadfully mauled, he killed it—Heaven knows how—with his bare hands. That's why the present branch of the family came by the place. Pretty gawsome, isn't it?"

"A strange story," I told him; "but why must it be kept a secret from the ladies?"

"Because the beast walks, man. There's not a laborer in Norfolk who would go into the lower gardens on any night of the year, much less on Christmas eve."

"My good Talman, do you mean to say you believe this?"

"I don't know—but I wouldn't go into the lower gardens tonight, if I could walk round. Think of it, Phillips, the white shape with the bloody jaws lurking in the shadows! Ugh—let's go and get a cocktail before—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the baron is looking for you."

He was a tall, hatchet-faced fellow, with that mixture of respect and dignity that marks the well-trained British manservant. Upon the soft pile of the rugs we had not heard his footsteps.

"He asked me to find you, sir," he continued, addressing himself to me with a slight bow. "He is waiting in his room."

As he preceded us thither, Talman whispered that Henderson—meaning thereby our conductor—was Steen's valet, and a very clever fellow by all accounts.

The baron, fat, high-colored and hearty, welcomed me with an open sincerity of pleasure well calculated to place a guest at his ease. A remarkable old boy was Baron Steen. He always seemed to carry with him a jovial atmosphere of his own, in which those to whom he spoke were lost and blinded out of their better judgment. He was kind enough to pay me some compliments upon my water-color work. Whatever else can be brought against him, no one can deny that he was a sound judge of art.

The dinner passed pleasantly enough that night, with free and witty conversation. Our bachelor host was in his most humorous mood, keeping those about him in shouts of laughter. Facing him, at the extreme end of the long table, was his secretary, a thin, melancholy youth of about four-and-twenty. My fair neighbor told me that Terry, as he was named, had been intended for the church, but that his father, having ruined himself on the stock exchange, had persuaded the baron to give him work. He was devoted to his patron, which, she smiled, was not surprising, seeing that he must be well on his way to rebuilding the fortune his father had lost.

I am not an ardent gambler, and when I do play I admit a preference for games in which brains are of some account. The roulette table soon bored me, and after I had seen the last of a few pounds, I contented myself by watching the changing fortunes of the rest of the party. Just before eleven the baron, who had parted with considerable sums of money in perfect good humor, excused himself, and before the rest had settled down to the table again, I slipped away to my bedroom, where a selection of novels and a favorite pipe offered more congenial attractions.

The room was of considerable size and majestically furnished. It was on the first floor at the extremity of the right-hand wing, and looked out over the gardens on the cliff. A branch road from the main drive ran beneath the windows to an entrance at the back of the house.

They had steam heat on the upper floors, and the high temperature of my room had drawn stale and heavy odors from the tapestry on the walls and the ancient hangings that fringed the huge four-post bedstead. It was the atmosphere of an old clothes shop on a July day. I pulled back the curtains, opened the window and thrust out my head for a mouthful of fresh air.

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attorney replied, "and I am a member of the Massachusetts bar."

"Oh, you are Mr. Smithers, are you?" continued the officer. "Then you are the man whom the orderly wants to see." He called the orderly.

"What does the orderly want of me?" asked the attorney in a superior tone.

"Nothing very much," replied the chief justice; "he merely wants to show you off the ship."

ROUGH ON "GOOD SAMARITAN."

Frank Koetsch, a laborer, was put on trial at Bar for his action in saving the "Good Samaritan" from being hanged from a tree, and had his body cut him down and taken into hospital. The man recovered from the effects of the hanging, but complained a scalp wound he had received while falling to the ground, and he brought a charge of personal injury by Koetsch against the man who saved his life. Koetsch was acquitted, but declared he would take care never to act the "Good Samaritan" again.

NAVAL OFFICERS KNOWN TO TREAT OFFICIOUS LAWYER AS "BUTTING IN."

Courts martial are not held on board on