

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

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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.

"But, 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 look 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-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 from 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. Smeared 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

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 on land and struc-

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 trunks 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 fight 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.

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

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

lurally 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.

HUGH DUFFY.



Hugh Duffy.

Veteran baseball star, former manager of the Chicago White Sox and the Milwaukee Brewers, has been awarded the Fall River franchise in the New England league. It is expected that the team will be moved to Portland, Maine.

BILLIARDS

Charles McCourt of Pittsburgh defeated Charles Otis of Brooklyn in a National Billiard league game, 50 to 46.

John Layton of St. Louis in a match game with C. Lawton broke the world's record high run, with 78, under the new style of scoring in continuous pool. Martin Phillips of Chicago ran 74.

BASEBALL

Forrest Cady, the Red Sox star backstop, is said to be some wrestler.

Bert Shotton, the Browns' speedy young outfielder, was given a big boost in his salary.

Great Falls of the Union association is going to try out a young second sacker named Pinout.

June 2 has been set as the date when Toronto will raise the International league pennant.

Captain McBride of the Senators thinks the Athletics have the best chance in the 1913 race.

The "perfumed notes" are not responsible for Art Shaffer's retirement from professional baseball.

Huggins says Slim Sallee, his south paw, will be the sensation of the whole show the next season.

Cleveland fans pick Tuck Turner as one of the club's brightest prospects for the coming campaign.

The Fordham baseball schedule this season consists of 27 games. Of this number 20 will be played at home.

Pat Tebeau is urged by many St. Louisans as the proper man for Mrs. Britton to select as the Cardinals' president.

Dr. Frank Sexton, Harvard's baseball coach for the past three years, has signed again to direct the Crimson nine.

Bert Shotton, the Browns' young outfielder, says he is tired of playing major league ball for a minor league salary.

Artie Fletcher, the Giant shortstop, ranked the lowest among the National league shortstops, making 56 errors during the season.

Beals Becker goes to Cincinnati, the first of the champions of 1912 to pass from the National League club, whose flag he helped win.

The Madison baseball directors are after Harry Bay, once a member of the Cleveland Naps, to act as playing manager for the 1913 team.

Wilbert Robinson has sold out his business interests in Baltimore and this year will devote his entire time to coaching the Giant pitchers.

Eddie Williams and Archer Reilly have been turned over to the Springfield, Ohio, team by the Indianapolis club of the American association.

Portland of the Pacific Coast league has purchased Pitcher Stanley of the Atlantic City team. He was the leading pitcher in the Tri-State league last season.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Federation of American Motorcyclists has 20,000 members.

Penn cricketers this season will be seen in Canada, and next year will meet the crack collegiate teams of England during an European tour.

Jack McDermott, the American open golf champion, will spend two weeks in the south before his invasion of England. At Pinehurst he will test his strength with Tom McNamara, former professional.

Swimming trainers apparently have woe unknown to the men who have to condition other athletes. Duke Kahanamoku, the Hawaiian swimmer, has been bitten by an eel and is afraid of resultant blood poison.

Lee Humiston, the Denver pilot, is the new star to flash across the motorcycle horizon. Humiston circled the mile lap at the Plaza Del Rey in Los Angeles in 30 seconds, clipping four-fifths of a second off Ray Seymour's record.

"Hobey" Baker, the sensational star of the Princeton hockey team, was tendered the re-election to the captaincy of next year's team, but refused to accept, and endorsed W. S. Kuhn, the Pittsburgh boy, who was the unanimous choice.

The Krebs-Coburn team won the six-

QUEER CUSTOMS IN JAPAN

FINDING myself with two free days to spend, I went down to the docks and boarded one of the little steamers which foreign residents here in Nagasaki term the "Nomo liners," probably because they have not the slightest resemblance to a liner. The two hours of the journey I spent drinking tea with the "captains" and the "bo's'n's" on what might, in a Pickwickian sense, be called the bridge, writes C. A. Hibbard in the Chicago Daily News.

The little steamer sputtered, splashed and grunted through the waves most nobly except at those times when nearing a port the captain was too free in his use of the whistle. The "liners" resent the indignity of having their approach heralded in such a public manner and stop during the operations. Most admirable modesty!

At five in the afternoon we came to anchor in a witching little lagoon at the village of Nomo. Here, with six or eight other passengers, I was rowed ashore in a sampan by a local Charon.

A step took me to the farther side of the promontory, where I embarked for a half hour's sail to Kabashima, an island lying some three miles off the mainland.

Looking for an inn.

The boatmen had directed me to the "Om" inn as the best place in the island. To find it in the one, long narrow street of the village seemed to be easy enough. Before I realized it, however, I had passed out through the town to the other side of the island, and quite missed anything that looked like an inn. I started back. The streets were deserted except for the women taking their baths along the roadside. Imagine a rhinoceros tak-

ing a bath in a tumbler of water; that was the impression I received from an old matron comfortably ensconced in a small tub at the side of the street.

Her years made my approach excusable to myself; I found afterward that really it was only my own fear which I had to consult in the matter, as even younger women and maidens of the community were unruffled by my appearance under the same circumstances. Tipping my hat to the dame, I ventured:

"Condescend to pardon me. I will cause you honorable trouble, but kindly tell me where I shall find the 'Om' inn."

"No, please don't trouble to excuse yourself. As for the inn which you are seeking, it is only necessary to go on a little farther and you will find it at the right. It has two stories, so you will easily find it."

"But great thanks. You have been most kind."

At the inn I changed my light clothes for the more comfortable summer kimono of the Japanese and, escorted by the maid of the hotel as guide, I hunted up the public bath.

My visit to the bath was an event of civic importance. No wonder I had been obliged to inquire my way a few minutes ago from the women. All of the men of the village were gathered here for their evening bath. Entering the front room, I gave the old dame in charge a 5 cent piece, to receive back 3 1/2 cents in change, strode to the back room, shedding my clothes and wooden clogs as I went.

At the Town Tub.

The town tub was the meeting place for the city fathers. Here they all were squatting up to their necks in the boiling water and lined up around the sides of the bath. At the upper

and always the same curiosity as to the foreigner. After a dinner, the piece de resistance of which was raw fish, I went to bed. In a country inn, though, there is considerable difference between going to bed and going to sleep. A necessary preliminary to the latter is complete exhaustion from trying to wreak one's vengeance on the fleas. I finally dropped off to the drone of many voices chanting their Buddhist prayers. Perhaps they were praying for a good run of fish on the morrow.

The next morning, after an early breakfast on raw eggs and rice, I hired a boat with two men to ferry me across a rather narrow strait for the sum of 1 1/2 cents. At Misaki, another of the fishing villages here, I visited the "Temple of Mercy," a Buddhist temple of the Zen persuasion, to see my friend the young abbot of the sanctuary. A description of this temple and its history does not belong here. When I stopped there last the head priest told me that I was the only foreigner in the 1,200 years the temple had existed to have stayed there over night. Later on, upon an examination of his records, he corrected himself: "No, 122 years ago a Chinese priest rested here over the day." It was a Chinaman who got ahead of me!

Force of Habit.

A poker game was in progress, and Mr. McCann called for one card, which was passed to him by Mr. O'Grady.

Mr. O'Grady—How are ye fixed now that ye have a spade?

Mr. McCann (suspiciously)—How do ye know that I have a spade?

Mr. O'Grady—Because, when I gave ye the card, ye spit in yer right hand.

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