

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 he if 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?'"

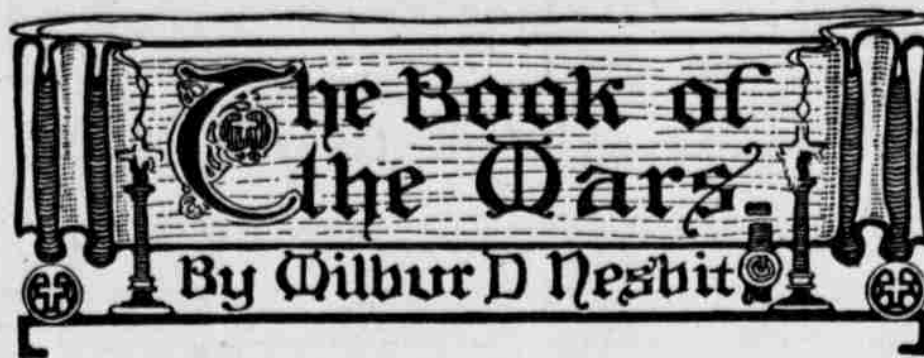
"'Did you search the island before you left last night?'"

"'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.

"'Well, well, no one can think of everything,' said Peace, with a flicker



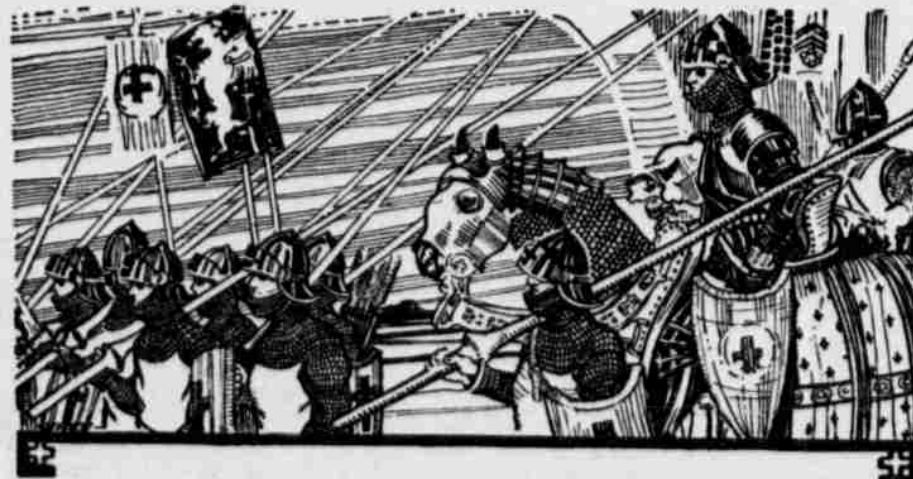
"Whereof it is said in the book of the wars of the Lord, what he did in the Red sea and in the brooks of Arnon."—Numbers, 22:14.

When the Book of the Wars of Men is done  
And the story is truly penned  
From the yellowing page of the tale begun  
To the chapter that holds The End—  
When the trumpets of peace the world around  
Have blent in a chorus grand,  
And the battle flag shall no more be found  
As a shadow above the land;

Will we keep the Book of the Wars of Men  
In a high and an honored place,  
That our children's sons may be thrilled again  
With the stories their eyes may trace?  
Will we cherish the book in faithful pride  
That men of a future age  
May acquaint themselves with the ones who died  
That the volume might have a page?

Will the Book of the Wars of Men tell truth?  
Will it mingle the songs and cheers  
With the sacrifice of the beardless youth  
And the dew of a mother's tears?  
Will it blazon in gold the noble deed  
That won a forgotten fame?  
Will it tell of the gripe of a ceaseless greed  
That has wrought for a nation's shame?

O, the Book of the Wars of Men! It waits  
Till the wakening of the world,  
Till the banners that tell of scorns and hates  
In the glory of peace are furled—  
Will we keep it to tell of the rolling drum  
And the peals that the fifers know,  
Or to speak to the men of the-days to come  
Of the way that they must not go?



of a smile. "Come and show me where you found him."

The dark stain upon the slabs between the nodding reeds was sign-post sufficient. The little detective took one look at the spot, and then stood with his hands behind his back, peering about him.

"Were the prisoner's clothes wet?" he asked quietly.

"No, sir; quite dry."

"And how deep is the lake?"

"From three to six feet deep, or so I've always heard."

"Is there a boat on it?"

"Jake keeps an old punt, I believe, but the pleasure craft are under lock and key in the boathouse. They've not been in the water for years, and would leak like sieves."

"That is all. Go up to the house and wait for me there. I shall be back in an hour or so."

The policeman saluted and retired down the causeway, his heavy boots clattering upon the stones.

"Now we can get to work, Mr. Phillips," said the little man, cheerfully, his eyes dancing with a pleasant expectation. "While I am making a little examination of the causeway, I should be obliged if you will wait for me at the cottage on the island yonder."

The last thing I saw of him was a neat boot sticking out from the reeds into which he was crawling on hands and knees.

The cottage was an old-fashioned, one-storied building. The red tiles of its gabled roof had been delicately toned by age until they had sunk to a color very restful to an artist's eye. Wooden shutters blocked the windows; its door of stained and worm-eaten oak was firmly secured. A path led through struggling laurel bushes from the door to the lake, and I walked down to it to the loud outcry of the nestling ducks that rose with flapping wings about me and circled round to splash into the water at a safe distance. By a dilapidated wooden landing stage I stopped to light a cigarette. As I threw away the match a ragged tear in the deep moss that covered the planking caught my eye. I stooped to examine it. Under the moss the wood itself was splintered with a deep, fresh scar. I studied the rest of the landing stage without result. Neither the moss nor the exposed patches of woodwork showed any similar signs. The one fresh scar—that was all.

I was still considering the problem when Peace joined me. He was in high good humor. For a time he stared at the mark with his head on one side like a meditative sparrow, and then, seizing me by the arm, led me back by the way we had come.

"Picturesque, eh!" he said, pointing to the old pavilion. "It catches your artistic eye. Perhaps you will have time to make a sketch of it this afternoon."

"Nonsense," I said, irritably enough. "Who shot this poor fellow?"

"No one."

"What—suicide?"

"Nothing so simple. I'm afraid. Now don't lose your temper. You will understand within the hour. Come along."

"Where are we going?"

"To visit our esteemed friend, Jake Warner. There is just a chance he may show temper. Shall we risk it, Mr. Phillips, or shall we call the policeman from the house yonder?"

I told him quite briefly that I would see the policeman condemned first.

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