

# THE RIDDLE OF THE SPINNING WHEEL

Being An Exploit in the Career of Hamilton Cleek, Detective  
By MARY E. AND THOMAS W. HANSEW

(Continued from yesterday)

**CHAPTER XIX**  
**Dollops Makes A Discovery**

The rest of the day passed comparatively uneventfully for all those concerned in the drama of a night's doings, and save for a searching scrutiny of the library by Cleek, carried out under the noses of the village policeman, with Inspector Campbell very much to the fore as being in command of the local constabulary and anxious to make a good impression upon the Yard's Superintendent (with an eye to future promotion), and the discovery of one or two minor details which had passed even his searching eye before, Cleek's time hung fairly heavily upon his hands.

Dollops, keen as mustard upon any task which involved the imagination of his beloved master, spent the rest of the afternoon and a goodly part of the long twilight in scamping over the country-side in pursuit of various "facts," by the aid of a borrowed bicy- cle, which Mr. Fairbairn had advanced him seven-and-sixpence for in charge, being obviously doubtful as to whether the young man would return it or not, for Dollops's cockney countenance was not one to breed immediate trust on sight.

His efforts in this direction proved fairly fruitful, for after having scraped

acquaintance with one of the grooms at Captain Macdonald's stables—the worthy Captain meanwhile champing furiously at the "bit" which kept him tethered to his present quarters for another night, when there were other affairs at his own place that wanted looking into—and in his own inimitable fashion managing to wangle an old letter written by his master to himself from the groom, Dollops, whistling vociferously, came spinning back again to Argon Castle to present his find to Cleek, and receive the reward in Cleek's instantly spoken pleasure.

But to see Cleek with a different matter altogether. He had been told to "lie low" where Lady Paula was concerned, and not poke his nose in anything within reach of her ladyship's sharp eye. And as he did not possess Cleek's marvelous birthright by which he was able to alter his countenance in the space of a second, and become to all intents and purposes another man, Dollops was certainly "floored."

"Better try rhabd the servants' quarters, an' see what I kin see there," he decided after a brief survey of the land from an adjacent laurel bush which immediately faced the Castle. "The Governor'll be ready ter split my nob open if I ups and goes later the plyce by the front door, bless 'is heart! An' it's shorely the back door for the

likes o' you, Dollops me lad! So here goes!"

So to the servants' quarters went Dollops forthwith, and scraped acquaintance with Jarvis, the butler, by offering him an impossible cigar, and asking off-handedly for Mr. Deland in the meanwhile.

"Dunno where 'e is at the moment," replied Jarvis, with a wink and a smile. "Seen 'im talkin' to the loides only a few moments back, in the drov'n' room. But since then, . . . Lunnon chap, ain't yer?"

"Yus!" Dollops's voice rang with pride of birth-place. He threw back his narrow chest and stuck his fingers in his waistcoat and surveyed his interlocutor with upturning chin.

"Well, so'm I. Come dahn with the family last January from their Lunnon 'ouse. Park Mansion, it's called. Big plyce in Eton Square. Know those parts, I'll lay."

"Every inch of 'em," vociferated Dollops with emphasis. "Luvly plyce, ain't it? They tells me yer got a ghost in this 'ouse, and blimy! I'm that fright- ened ter meet 'er, me backbone's al- most come rhabd ter me front. 'Ugs the gentlemen at night don't she?"

Jarvis threw back his head and let his hearty laugh ring out over the rafters of the servants' hall.

"Wouldn't 'ug you, young 'un, not for nothing—if it were light enough ter see yer face by," he started with heavy wit. "But it's truth. And the wimmenfolk is that nervous at night there's no managing with 'em now. Some sprightly feller in a bygone cen- tury went and man-handled a girl from these parts an' carried 'er 'ere by force. Then 'e got 'er into trouble, so the story goes, an' she up and stashed 'er- self with the spindle of her spinning wheel—that there contraption wot stands in the library terly and makes a rare job of duffin' fer Minnie the under 'ousemaid. She don't 'arf kick at it, I kin tell yer! Anyway, that last May wot fanned 'imself very par- tickler as a brave bloke. We's, he says, says 'e, 'I'll sit up tonight and go dahn by the dungeon door, where she's supposed ter come from, and see wot I kin see.' Course we laughed at him, and there was a bit of friendly gamblin' done—you know an' backed the blighter for a pound-note."

"An' what happened?"

"Ah, that's the scrub of it, as Shake- speare says, me lad. Young feller sat up there, and then about three o'clock in the mornin' 'e 'eard 'im come a- screamin' ter 'is quarters, lookin' as pale as death. 'E said 'e'd 'eard the Peasant Girl ruttin' about in her room, and the chink o' chains, and then the iron grille door began to open, and an unearthly voice called out, 'Awant ye varied, or I'll break yer bones!' and then . . . 'E was off like a pea from a catapult, and that was the last we ever 'eard of 'is bravery. 'E gave no- tice next day and forfeited a month's money ter get away from the plyce. And I lost me money, of course! That's wot comes of backin' a bad starter— mostly criss loses yer money, I find."

During this enlightening recital Jar- vis had been polishing the table silver, peeping between his task to relate the story, while Dollops's pale face went the colour of ivory, and the hair at the back of his neck began to prickie with fright.

"Gawd's troof!" he ejaculated, stung to some show of feeling by this gruesome tale. "Ain't that orful! 'O'd 'ave thought it? I wouldn't spend a night dahn there fer a mint of money—would you, Guv'nor?"

"Not if I knows it. But no one never does dahn very often, only ter the wine-cellar. See that door there? Open that and you'll find a set o' stairs leadin' right dahn inter the cellar, and the rest of the pleasant little dun- geon-places where they used ter put bad men like you an' me, my boy. Or right in daytime, er course, an' nothin'



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this sight. "Someun's 'ere, that's a fact! And from what I knows er ghosts, they shine wiv a more uncer- tainly light than wot comes from a candle in a bottle. Now, 'oo the dickens—"

But his searchings after light on the subject were cut off short by the sound of softly speaking voices creeping to him through that grilled door, and coming from some long distance away within it. He darted back against the wall and, groping with his hands, found a cupboard door ajar, slipped into it, and drew himself up tight against the inner wall and waited for that which might come to pass, every nerve a- tremble, his eyes fixed upon the crack of the door, which at present showed black as a pocket.

(To be continued)

**MAKES NEW AIR SPEED RECORD**

Major Heffernan Goes 75 Miles at Rate of 250 Miles an Hour—Through Sand Storm.

Washington, March 28.—All airplane speed records have been broken by the Army Air Service with a speed of 250 miles an hour, the War Department has announced. The record-breaking flight was made recently by Major Leo G. Heffernan piloting a DH-4B airplane with Sergeant Jensen as ob- server. The plane traveled the dis- tance of seventy-five miles from Columbus, N. M., to Fort Bliss, Texas, in eighteen minutes, an average speed of 250 miles an hour. The flight from Columbus to Fort Bliss was made in a blinding sandstorm, the air being tur- bulated with sand to a height of 5,000 feet.

Major Heffernan endeavored to climb above the sand after leaving Co- lumbus, but was unable to do so on account of the velocity of the wind and the shortness of the flight. He made a safe landing at the Fort Bliss air- drome. At the time the record was made Major Heffernan and Sergeant Jensen were making a flight from Nogales, Ariz., to Fort Bliss, Texas.

The former American speed record was held by Brig. Gen. William Mitch- ell, Assistant Chief of Air Service, who

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**DRINKING MORE BLACK TEA.**

Americans gradually are shifting from the use of green teas to black or oolong teas, and imports from Japan have been gradually declining, while those from China, Ceylon and India are on the increase, according to Government tea examiners.

About 15,000,000 pounds more of tea were examined at the ports of entry last year than during 1921. A total of 87,898,221 pounds of tea were ex- amined during 1922. Of this total 1,620,162 pounds, or 1.85 per cent., were rejected by the examiners. Examina- tions at Eastern ports showed an in- crease, while the Western ports and central ports have fallen off.

Exports of tea from the United States more than doubled during the year, but, was still far behind 1919 and 1920, when exports were abnormally high.

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