



# The Mystery OF Carney-Croft

By JOSEPH BROWN COOKE

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### CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The poor fellow's distress was so great that, a moment later, as I stood by his side at the door, I could not resist laying my hand on his shoulder and saying gently:

"Why don't you brace up, Mr. Carney? It isn't too late by any means. Just think of all that life has to offer you. You are a man of great wealth, the head of one of the best known families in the country, and everything that heart could wish for lies before you. Think it over, old man, think it over! Think of your sister, and—Miss Weston, and yourself, Carney; yourself, above all else, and leave the confounded stuff alone!"

As I uttered the last words he recollected from me as if I had been the plague and muttered hoarsely, "My God, Ware, you don't think I am drunk, do you?"

Before I could reply he had hurried through the door, down the stairs and into the street.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### Little Bobbs.

I followed him as rapidly as possible, hoping to overtake him and, at least, persuade him to return to my office until his excitement had cooled somewhat, but I reached the street only in time to see him turn the corner and mingle with the bustling crowd.

At the same instant a little man, not over five feet in height, and dressed in coarse drab, Norfolk jacket and tightly fitting trousers, turned in hurriedly from the opposite direction and collided with me with some violence.

"Beg pardon, sir," he panted, recovering himself with an effort and pulling off his cap respectfully. "Beg pardon, sir, I'm looking for Mr. Ware's office, sir. Mr. Frederick Ware, sir. Is this the place, sir?" and he placed his hand on his chest and gasped noisily in his endeavor to catch his breath.

"Mr. Ware's office is upstairs," I replied, "and I am Mr. Ware. Who are you?"

"Thank ye, sir," he said gratefully, an expression of relief lighting up his face. "I'm Bobbs, sir. Little Bobbs, they calls me, sir." Still holding his cap in his hand he pulled his forelock and bowed with the grace of an east-side dancing master.

"Very well, Bobbs," I said, completely puzzled. "Now what do you want?"

"Why, I want Mr. Carney, of course, sir," he replied. "I'm his man, you know, sir, and he told me to meet him here in half an hour."

"So you are Mr. Carney's servant, eh?" I queried.

He nodded respectfully and touched his forelock again.

"Well," I continued, "Mr. Carney has gone and you won't be able to overtake him, so there is no use in your trying. Moreover, I want to see you myself in the office for a few minutes."

He followed me upstairs and sat down gingerly on the edge of a chair, twirling his cap between his hands and twiddling his thumbs nervously. I watched him for a moment in silence and then, an idea striking me, I unlocked the small cupboard in my desk, took out a bottle and a glass and, placing them before him, said slyly: "You are completely exhausted, Bobbs; better take a little of this."

His face was perfectly frank and honest as he said, politely, "Thank ye kindly, sir, but I never touch it. I'll be all right in a minute, sir."

I returned the bottle and glass to their places, fully satisfied with the result of my little experiment and convinced that the fellow had spoken the truth and could be relied upon in every way.

"How long have you been in Mr. Carney's employ?" I asked, as I turned the key in the lock.

"Three years, come next autumn," he replied promptly.

"And did you never drink anything in your life, Bobbs?" I continued, for I was working out a definite line of questions.

"Well, sir," he rejoined, rather uncomfortably I thought, "I can't say as I've always been teetotal, sir, an' I used to take a drop now and then and again, sir. But since Mr. Carney got this way, sir, I gave it up entirely. It wouldn't do for me to be drinkin' now, you know, sir."

"No, it wouldn't," I said emphatically. "You are quite right, Bobbs, and you are a faithful fellow to give it up as you have."

"Thank ye, sir," said Bobbs.

"How long has Mr. Carney been in this condition?" I asked.

Bobbs looked at me in an undecided fashion for a moment and then blurted out, "Why, I don't know, sir, as I ought to be talkin' of his affairs so much, sir. It don't seem to me as it's quite right, sir."

I appreciated the fellow's devotion

and loyalty to his master's interests and hastened to reassure him.

"It's all right, Bobbs," I said. "You may talk to me perfectly freely for I understand everything. You know, Mr. Carney himself was here for some time this morning."

Bobbs looked relieved and proceeded without further diffidence.

"Why, I should say, sir, it's goin' on about two years now. Ye know, he had some trouble or other on his mind when he went away, sir, an' it seemed to prey on him more an' more all the time. After a while he began gettin' in with those people, which I suppose was a relief to him and kept his thoughts off the other thing. At first it was only occasionally when he got to feelin' specially downhearted, but it wasn't long before he was with 'em all the time, sir. I begged and begged him to keep away from 'em, for you know as well as I do, sir, that only one thing could come of it, but he wouldn't listen to me and things kept goin' from bad to worse."

"At the beginning he kept up his interest in the business pretty well, but finally he lost all track of that, and then it wasn't many months before he couldn't attend to it whether he wanted to or not. That was the time I quit drinkin', sir, for I saw that he needed every minute of my time, day and night, or at least that he might need it."

"His neglectin' the business as he did wasn't any harm, you know, sir, for it's so well managed that it could almost run itself, but I did wish that he had worked off his bad feelin' in the office, 'stead of the way he did. My heart aches for him all the time, sir," continued the faithful fellow, brushing away a tear with his knuckle, "but he got so obstinate that nobody could do a thing with him an', anyway, I could have managed him myself if anyone living could."

"You think there is no chance for

you think he will reach the hotel safely?"

"No doubt about that, sir," said Bobbs. "If he has any trouble or should get—er—dizzy or anything, he'll take a cab, sir. The way he can keep his head is wonderful, sir."

He had risen to go as I asked my last question.

"Bobbs," I said, earnestly, "I want you to tell me something. What, in heaven's name, does Mr. Carney drink, to keep him in this condition?"

"What does he drink, sir?" exclaimed Bobbs in a half frightened tone and viewing me with evident and sudden suspicion. "Why, I thought you knew, sir! I thought you knew!" and before I could stop him, he, like his master, had rushed out of the office into the street.

### CHAPTER V.

#### A Question of Guessing.

Some men are so stupid at times that one wonders how they get on in life at all, and after a few moments of ridiculously profound thought, I was quite ready to consign myself to this class. Here was a man, obviously a slave to a habit which was slowly but surely eating his very life away, who virtually admitted his shortcomings in the plainest of English, and yet who rushed from my presence in horror and disgust when I attempted to persuade him to leave intoxicants alone! Here was his servant, an honest, trustworthy fellow, who not only admitted his master's failings but gave many details of his unfortunate downfall, and yet who regarded me with suspicion and dread when I ventured to ask him a most natural question! And here was a fool of a lawyer who could not see through a millstone with a hole in it!

I reached for the telephone and called up MacArdel.



"Well, What is It?"

him now, Bobbs?" I inquired anxiously.

"Not one in a million, sir," answered Bobbs, sadly. "He's too far gone now, sir. He was takin' the cure for a time an' we began to have some hopes of him, but it wasn't any use, an' the first thing we knew he was as bad as ever."

"I wonder he came back at all," I remarked. "I shouldn't have thought he would have felt inclined to."

"I didn't think he'd come, myself," said Bobbs, "but he insisted upon it, and, as I told you a minute ago, there's no changing him now when he once gets an idea in his head, so we packed up and came. He said he had some matters to attend to with you that he must see about at once, sir."

"Yes," I replied, "he arranged certain affairs with me this morning."

"Well," said Bobbs, "I'm glad that's done, for it will be a great load off his mind."

"Where do you suppose he has gone now?" I asked. "He left here very hurriedly and I wonder if he will get into trouble." My calmness of mind was due to the fact that, under the circumstances, I should not have cared if he had broken his neck.

"Oh! he'll get back to the hotel, sir," returned Bobbs confidently. "He told me to get the tickets for to-night and a few other things he needed and then meet him here, or at the hotel if he had left here. You know he is going home to-night, sir."

"Yes," I said, "but he tells me he does not expect to stay there long. Do you know what his plans are?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, sir," said Bobbs. "He never tells anyone what he is going to do, and he's in such a bad way now that I fancy he's as likely to go one way as another, sir. But I'll stick to him, sir; you may be sure of that. I must be going now for he may need me. You know, sir, he's not always as bad as you've seen him to-day. It's only at times, sir, that he gets like this."

"I should hope so," I returned. "And

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TO RETAIN POSITIONS

### ABERNATHY AND PORTER WILL CONTINUE AS MARSHALS.

President Pleased With Records of Noted Wolf Catcher and of Cowboy—How Former Secured His Job.

Guthrie, Ok.—The good records as wolf catcher and cowboy that first secured for John R. Abernathy and Grosvenor A. Porter their positions as United States marshals have proved sufficient to retain for them these positions after statehood. Both men came into these positions untried, but both have had clean records, and while recently in Washington they were both assured by President Roosevelt that they would be reappointed,



JOHN R. ABERNATHY. (Wolf Hunter Who Will Retain Job as Federal Marshal.)

Abernathy for the western or Oklahoma district for the new state, and Porter for the eastern or Indian territory district.

It was while on a lobo wolf hunting trip in the "big pasture" in southwestern Oklahoma that President Roosevelt first met John Abernathy. The hunting trip had been engineered by Colonel Cecil Lyon of Texas and at the suggestion of President Roosevelt that some good man be procured to

### TO MAKE NEW DASH FOR POLE.

Commander Peary Gets Three Years' Leave of Absence.

New York.—The application of Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., for leave of absence of three years, which has been approved by the secretary of the navy, has uncovered the fact that Commander Peary definitely purposes to make another attempt this summer to reach the north pole. The three years' leave of absence during which he made his famous journey to the farthest north ever reached by man—87 degrees 6 minutes—expired on Sunday, April 10, and the new leave begins at once.

Preparations for another dash toward the pole have been well under way all winter, but Commander Peary and his associates of the Peary Arctic club have been keeping secret their action, as it was felt that it would be a breach of courtesy, if not of discipline, for the naval officer to announce his voyage until his superiors made it possible by their approval. The order granting the leave of absence stipulates that the time is to be devoted to arctic exploration.

Funds necessary for the next trip to the pole have not been obtained in adequate quantity, but it is stated that there is no uneasiness as to that. Morris K. Jessup and another well-known man of wealth, who caused his connection with the enterprise to be kept secret, furnished practically all of the \$150,000 for the purchase of the Roosevelt and the fitting out of the expedition.

### WOMAN ELECTED PEACE JUDGE.

Mrs. McCulloch First Female Magistrate in Illinois.

Chicago.—Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch has the distinction of being the first woman justice of the peace in Illinois, having been elected



CATHERINE WAUGH McCULLOCH. (Woman Elected Justice of Peace at Evanston, Ill.)

to that office by the voters of Evanston. "Squire" McCulloch is the mother of several children and is a noted worker in the cause of woman's suffrage. She also has a husband and

look after the details of the trip. Colonel Lyon recommended "a hunter by the name of Abernathy living down in Oklahoma, who with his hands could catch the lobo alive."

This description pleased the president and instructions were given to secure Abernathy's services for the occasion. This was done and Mr. Abernathy arranged the details for the hunt in the "pasture." To the president's delight Mr. Abernathy performed the feat of catching a lobo wolf alive with his bare hands.

The week's hunts in the "pasture" were very successful, the president was highly pleased and as a result Mr. Abernathy was later appointed United States marshal for Oklahoma, a position that pays an annual salary of \$5,000.

Following the appointment of Abernathy as marshal the facts of his exploits as a hunter and trapper were published widely, not only in the United States, but even in England, France and Germany.

"Grove" Porter, a youth attending the St. Paul military school at Garden City, L. I., caught the cowboy fever as a result of the tales of adventure that drifted back to civilization in connection with the cowboy experiences of Theodore Roosevelt, at that time in the West.

The disease proved incurable as far as Porter was concerned and he went to Cheyenne, Wyo., a tenderfoot and at a time, too, when it took nerve for a tenderfoot to remain in that locality.

Porter was born about 36 years ago, in Frederick county, Maryland, and when ten years old was placed by his parents in the St. Paul military school, from which he ran away to become a cowboy.

"Grove" Porter, although but a youngster, had the nerve, however, and he stayed in Wyoming. He secured employment immediately and rode the range for six years.

The climax was reached when Porter was appointed deputy marshal and served during the hottest period ever known in that state. This, too, was the first work as a peace officer for Porter, although not long afterward he was commissioned a deputy sheriff in Laramie county, and he had four years more of strenuous life as an officer.

### REAR ADMIRAL MEAD, WHO HAS JUST BEEN RETIRED, WAS TALKING ONE NIGHT AT A DINNER IN PORTSMOUTH ABOUT THE POWER OF DISCIPLINE.

"In my youth," he said, "I know a first mate in the merchant service who, though an excellent officer, was dreadfully profane. When anything went wrong he would volley forth oaths and curses in a shocking way. Once, though, he shipped with a very strict, religious captain, and the first time this captain chanced to witness one of the mate's swearing bouts he gave the young man a good dressing down. 'You are a first-rate officer,' he ended, 'but remember, no more swearing. Not another oath aboard my ship.'"



R. E. PEARY, U. S. N. (He Will Make Another Attempt to Reach the North Pole.)

follow the American route, making a dash across the ice from his winter quarters toward the pole, which he is more confident than ever of reaching.

legal attainments. William S. Moore, her plumber competitor in the race, was among the first to congratulate her. Accompanying his note were ten dozen American beauties.

"I am kind of sorry I beat him," she said as she sniffed the roses.

"Many daughters have done worthily, but thou excellest them all—Proverbs, xxxi, 29," was the telegram she received from Rev. Kate Hughes, pastor of a church at Table Grove, Ill.

Mrs. McCulloch received congratulations from judges all over the state and from 100 suffrage clubs.

The lid is down tight in Evanston, so Squire McCulloch is not likely to be pestered by drunks and disorderlies, although it has a population of 30,000.

Squire McCulloch is of course qualified to perform the marriage ceremony. But as pronounced by her the word "obey" will not appear and she promises that neither party will be obliged to make any pledges which the other party is not bound by.

### Great Writer's Compliment.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the novelist and member of parliament, was walking along Fifth avenue, New York, when he remarked to a companion: "Next to the Champs Elysees, leading up to the Arc de Triomphe and the approach to the Bois in Paris, I think this is the most beautiful street in the world." Then he added: "I am glad that I am a Britisher, but if I were an American I should be just as enthusiastic about this country and just as proud of her as the average American is."

## Pe-ru-na Relieves Spring Catarrh.



MISS DORA HAYDEN.

"Without hesitation I write to thank you for the great relief I have found in your valuable medicine, Peruna, and will call the attention of all my friends suffering with catarrh to that fact. Besides I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering with catarrh in any form."—Miss Dora Hayden, 819 6th St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

### A Case of Spring Catarrh.

Mrs. N. P. Lawler, 423 1/2 N. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kas., writes: "Last spring I caught a severe cold, which developed into a serious case of catarrh. I felt weak and sick, and could neither eat nor sleep well."

"A member of our club who had been cured of catarrh through the use of Peruna advised me to try it, and I did so at once. I expected help, but nothing like the wonderful change for the better I observed almost as soon as I started taking it. In three days I felt much better, and within two weeks I was in fine health. Peruna is a wonderful medicine."

### ROARED HIS GENTLE REBUKE.

Mate's Wrath Found Vent in Peculiar Form of Reproach.

Rear Admiral Mead, who has just been retired, was talking one night at a dinner in Portsmouth about the power of discipline.

"In my youth," he said, "I know a first mate in the merchant service who, though an excellent officer, was dreadfully profane. When anything went wrong he would volley forth oaths and curses in a shocking way. Once, though, he shipped with a very strict, religious captain, and the first time this captain chanced to witness one of the mate's swearing bouts he gave the young man a good dressing down. 'You are a first-rate officer,' he ended, 'but remember, no more swearing. Not another oath aboard my ship.'"

"Well, the mate bore the captain's warning in mind. Then one afternoon it happened that the boatswain made an inexcusable error in carrying out an order. When the boatswain confessed the fault he had committed the mate turned red with rage. He opened his mouth. Everybody looked at him expectantly, waiting to hear some remarkable oaths, but just then the captain hove in sight. The mate, seeing the captain, remembered his orders about profanity. But his rage had to have a vent of some sort and, striding up close to the culprit, he roared in the man's face, 'You naughty, naughty boatswain!'"

### STUDENT MADE HIS POINT.

No Doubt the Policeman Understood What He Meant.

W. H. Mallock, the well-known English writer and political economist, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of a new definition of socialism: "I find that definition rather confusing. It reminds me of the young Oxford student's badinage with the policeman. 'Officer,' said the youth late one night, 'I'd like to ask you a question.'"

"Very well, sir."

"Does the law permit me to call you an ass?"

"You move on," the officer growled.

"But stop a bit," continued the youth. "Does the law permit me to call an ass a policeman?"

"The law don't say nothing about that," was the gruff reply.

"Then," said the youth, 'good-night, Mr. Policeman.'"

Cereal Crop Worth \$2,000,000,000. The United States cereal crop of 1906 aggregated 5,000,000,000 bushels, valued at \$2,000,000,000.

