



The Mystery OF Carney-Croft

By JOSEPH BROWN COOKE

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"We thought it was he and Mrs. Bruce that we saw last night," said MacArdel, pleasantly. "We were out enjoying the moonlight when they drove down the road."

"Didn't see nuthin' else, did ye?" asked Hoskins, in a confidential tone.

"Why, no!" laughed MacArdel. "Why do you ask?"

"Wal," said Hoskins, drawing nearer and speaking seriously, "Jenks says th' ghosts wuz about agin' an' they went past him, daown th' road jest as he wuz a-turmin' into th' pike. His hoss gave a jump as they went scootin' by, an' it threw him agin' th' dash an' cut his hand some. He called me up 'n' he git him a rag 'n' he around it an' he looked scared enough to ha' seen 20 ghosts."

"Was his hand badly hurt?" I asked.

"Nuthin' 'teh speak of," said Hoskins. "Jest a little nick along the side like he'd gouged a piece outen it."

"See here, Hoskins!" said MacArdel sharply. "We didn't see any ghosts last night, and all your friend Jenks could have seen was ourselves, in our shirt-sleeves, walking back of the hedge by the river road. You remember how his horse jumped and ran, don't you, Ware?"

"Certainly," I replied, obediently. "We wondered what the trouble was, at the time."

"Now, then, Hoskins," continued MacArdel, looking at his watch and speaking rapidly, "Don't let Jenks hear a word about this business. He don't know that I had a trunk at the station, and, if we can get back here before he wakes up, he needn't even know that we've had his wagon."

"No fear of his wakin' up for a good bit yet," grinned Hoskins. "He wuz so scared when he got in that he liked 'teh ha' finished a pint o' whisky 'fore I could stop him."

"So much the better," said MacArdel, gathering up the reins. "Now, remember what I say, and keep this business to yourself. We'll have some fun with him before he gets through!"

We drove as rapidly as the tired beast could carry us, until we reached the gate leading into the stable grounds, when MacArdel pulled up suddenly and said:

"Let's dump the trunk in here. We can carry it up to the house after we get this horse and wagon back where they belong. No one will touch it here."

As soon as the trunk was on the ground by the side of the roadway, MacArdel dragged out the parcel from under the blankets and, opening it on the grass, began to examine the pieces minutely.

After a moment he straightened up and exclaimed:

"It's just as I thought. It's the same stuff that we found last night, and the scoundrel went back and got 'em all after we had gone to bed!"

CHAPTER XI.

The Ghosts Captured.

Replacing the parcel under the blankets in as nearly as possible the same condition and position as when we found it, we drove rapidly back to Hoskins' stable and were successful in safely housing the horse and wagon before Jenks put in his appearance.

"Now," said MacArdel, "all we have to do is to tip off that man at the station, and we can keep Jenks in the dark until we are ready to bring him up with a round turn."

We walked the short half mile to the railway and found no difficulty in bribing the fellow to silence concerning the trunk, laying stress on the alleged joke that we purposed practicing on the driver of the "express."

"You see," said MacArdel, as we strolled leisurely along the grassy roadside "the whole business is plain enough now. This Bruce woman started a ghost story when she first came here purely in a spirit of idle gabble and to impress the wondering natives with the knowledge of the homes of the nobility in England. Then, when her boy was killed, she tried to make trouble by again circulating these yarns and frightening the men off the place."

"Well," I replied, "she ought to be satisfied now, at any rate. Miss Carney gave her a good bit of money in a lump sum, and provided her with a comfortable house and a generous plot of land around it. I don't see what more she wants or what she hopes to gain, and, to tell the truth, I'm about as much in the dark as I was at first."

"Well, it's plain enough!" continued MacArdel. "You gave her the money in a lump sum, you say, so she has nothing more to expect in that direction. You'd have done better if you had given her an annuity instead, and kept the control of her funds in your own hands."

"We do, in a way," I returned. "We give her the use of the house and land, you know."

"That's where the whole trouble lies now!" exclaimed MacArdel. "Don't you see, Ware, she and this fellow, Jenks, are going to be married. She's got a good house and farm on the estate, and, just as they are about to settle down for better or for worse, you come along with a scheme to oust her, bag and baggage, and turn her place into golf links."

"What of it?" I replied. "We are going to provide for her elsewhere, and she will be better off than she is now."

"You know that, but she doesn't," continued MacArdel, "and there may be other reasons why she does not want to move. This seems to be a pretty prosperous community, and apparently no one about her is especially anxious to have the house open."

"No reason why they should want it open," I said. "Practically all the servants are brought from the city and almost nothing is purchased in the village, so the natives don't derive any material benefit from the place."

"But they may when it's closed up," MacArdel insisted. "There's fruit and nuts and game and grass and timber and other things that can be picked up and never missed from one year's end to another when the house is unoccupied and no watchman or caretaker is about. I tell you, Ware, these people don't want the Carneys to come back, and they are playing this ghost game for all there is in it to frighten them away."

"They'll have a fine time doing it," I said. "Miss Carney isn't afraid of anything under the sun, and even if she returns before we are able to make out a case against them, she'll stay here and fight it out to the last."

washed and aired out. We can get along to-night again, but if you could get some of the things back to us to-morrow we wish you would."

Mrs. Bruce was quite willing to do us this favor, and MacArdel told her to call for the things at six that evening, explaining that we would not return to the house until that hour.

As we left the cottage and wandered on down the hill, MacArdel said:

"She don't look half bad, after all. I confess I expected to see a very different sort of woman."

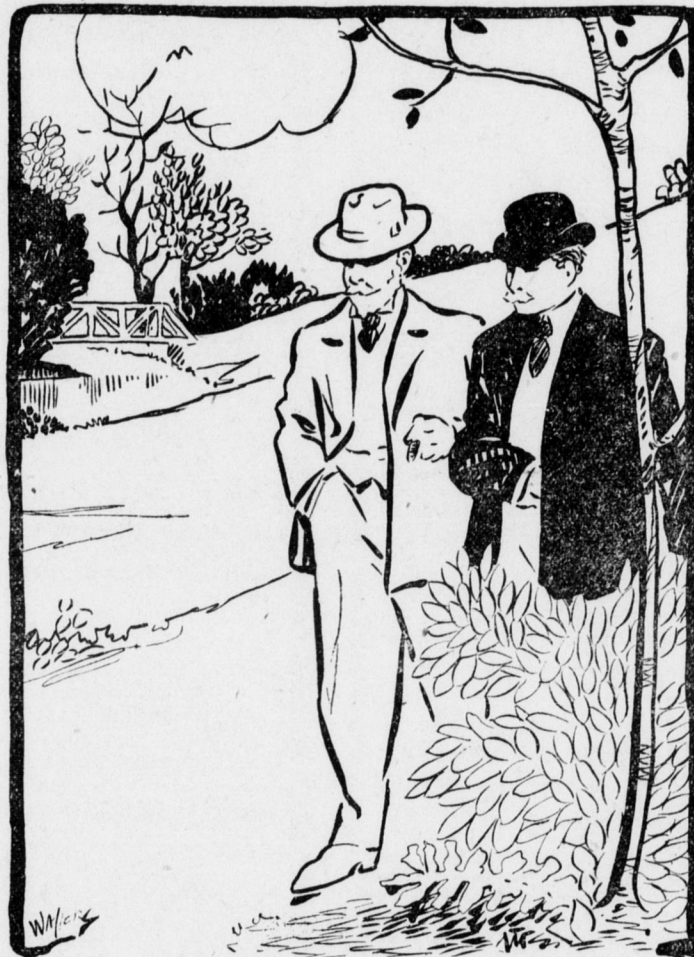
A moment later he muttered as if to himself: "We'll get the story out of her, though, or I'll miss my guess," beyond which sage remark he became absolutely uncommunicative on the entire subject.

We kept our word about returning to the place before evening, and, after lunching at Hoskins' and taking a row on the river in the afternoon, we arrived at the house a little after five to await the appearance of Mrs. Bruce. MacArdel had been far from talkative for some time, when suddenly he said:

"Ware, go back to the village right away! Send two or three meaningless telegrams to your office within an hour or so. Tell it around that unless you receive a reply before ten o'clock we will both have to return to town on the midnight train. I'll stay here and attend to the widow when she comes."

"Of course I won't get any reply if my messages are meaningless," I exclaimed, in amazement. "What on earth are you driving at?"

"Never mind about that," said MacArdel. "Just do as I tell you and be mighty careful to so word your message that no one can make any sense out of them, but be sure to send them to your own office. Then they'll look



"What's That Got to Do with It?"

"Hope she likes to do housework," said MacArdel.

"What's that got to do with it?" I snapped.

"Well," he returned, grinning, "she'll have to live here without servants until you get this business cleared up. She may be satisfied that there is nothing supernatural about these midnight visitations, but she won't get a servant to stay on the place while there's any hocus-pocus going on."

We were on our way back from the railway station, and, coming to the brow of the hill, we could look down across the valley and see the grim gray walls of the Carney mansion through the occasional openings in the foliage as it waved in the gentle morning breeze. To one side, and less than a mile away, was the Widow Bruce's cottage, and I pointed it out again to MacArdel.

"Let's go over there," he said, briefly. "I want to see her."

We tramped across the fields and over the fences of stone and brush, soiling our boots, tearing our clothing, and decorating ourselves with a generously distributed collection of burrs, which clung to our garments with a tenacity wonderful to believe.

A sharp knock at the cottage door was answered by a pleasant-faced, motherly appearing woman of about 45, who spoke with a marked English accent. MacArdel took the initiative and introduced us without delay.

"This is Mr. Ware," he said, "the attorney of the Carney estate, and I am his friend, Dr. MacArdel."

The widow bobbed up and down like a duck in a puddle and invited us into the house with a great show of ceremony.

"No, thank you," said MacArdel. "We won't come in. We've just been taking a morning stroll over the hills and we stopped to ask if you could do some washing for us. You know we've been stopping over at the house for a couple of days and the sheets and things are so musty that we thought we had better have some of them

like cipher dispatches. Now, when ten o'clock comes and no answer, get hold of this fellow Jenks and make him drive up here along with you to get our things. He may pretend he's afraid, but he'll come willingly enough, especially if you offer to pay him well."

I did as I was told, and shortly after ten o'clock, Jenks and I drove up to the house and found MacArdel waiting for us on the veranda.

"Hello, Ware!" he called out, cheerily. "Didn't you get that message from town?"

"No," I responded shortly. "I wired them three times myself, but I couldn't get any reply."

"S'pose we'll have to get started to-night, then," said MacArdel. "The trunk is all ready. Will your horse stand, Jenks?"

"Will of some one holds him," said Jenks, sullenly.

"All right," said MacArdel, ignoring the fellow's surly manner. "Get hold of his head, Ware, and Jenks and I will fetch the trunk."

The man clambered down from his seat, slowly and unwillingly, and as he did so the moonlight fell on his injured hand and illuminated the crudely applied bandage.

"Why, what's this, man?" exclaimed MacArdel, with interest. "Have you hurt yourself?"

"Nuthin' but a scratch," replied Jenks, gruffly. "Got dragged agin' a nail in th' barn last night."

"Let me look at it," said MacArdel. "I'm a doctor, you know," and he reached for the injured member and grasped it firmly at the wrist. An instant later Jenks went spinning through the air with MacArdel astride of his chest, holding him firmly to the ground.

"Wonderful what an hour a day at the gymnasium will do for a fellow," said MacArdel, when he had regained his breath. "There's a bit of rope there on the step Ware. Give it here and help me tie him. He's wriggling like the devil."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



DR. ANITA MCGEE

Heroines of the Battlefield

By Anita N. McGee

Four Hundred Women Enlisted as Soldiers in Civil War—Crimean War Gave Stimulus to Idea of Training Women Nurses—Florence Nightingale's Work—Interesting Facts About the Use of Term "Red Cross"—Widespread Misunderstanding as to Its Meaning.

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(Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee is the one woman in this country who has held a commission as an officer of the United States army. During the Spanish-American war, as director of the hospital corps organized by the Army and Navy chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which society she was vice-president-general, Dr. McGee was regularly appointed assistant surgeon of the army. During the war she was constantly on duty, visiting hospitals and battlefields in her capacity of director and supervisor of the army's trained nurses. She was prominently connected with the Japanese hospital service during the late war with Russia. Dr. McGee studied abroad at Cambridge and the University of Geneva. She was graduated from Columbia university of Washington in 1888. Later she took a special course at Johns Hopkins hospital. She is a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.)

An army has always two parts. One part is the actual fighters, who work, suffer and die and at the end receive all the glory. The other part is those who provide for the fighters. They also work and suffer and die, but at the end they are ignored and afterward forgotten.

There are naturally very few women who have achieved glory in the fighting part of an army, though the amazons are well known and Semiramis, Zenobia and Jeanne d'Arc were commanders of armies. In former times, however, many a woman concealed her sex and took her place in the ranks as a man, though, from the nature of the case, not many of their names are known. Among those who enlisted in our revolutionary army were Deborah Sampson, Elizabeth Canning and Molly Madauley, and the last-named won the grade of sergeant before being discovered. It has been estimated that during our civil war no less than 400 women contrived by some means or other to enlist as soldiers. The most recent instance of fighting women was in the Transvaal war when many a burgher's wife handled a weapon at his side and many were taken prisoners, some of them being dressed as men. It is quite common for the royal women of Europe to-day to hold honorary commissions, generally as colonels, and although not expected to take command in time of actual war, they do wear their uniforms and ride with their troops on occasions of ceremony.

But, after all, the true story of women in armies relates to their part in providing and caring for the fighters. The present elaborate organization of armies is of comparatively recent growth, and originally the greater part of the cooking and of the nursing of soldiers was done by their hardy female relatives, who were as well able as themselves to bear the fatigues of the campaign. It is always easier to procure a new soldier than it is to cure one who is sick or wounded, and the humane medical corps, as one of the departments of an army, was a growth of the last century. During the middle ages the care of the sick was largely left to

the great catholic order of knights and the orders of sisters who were affiliated with them. On the continent of Europe to-day, although a large majority of army nurses are men, yet in most countries there are a few sisters of catholic orders who not only continue to follow the troops in time of war, but who serve as head nurses in large army hospitals in time of peace.

About the beginning of the last century the idea of systematic training in the principles and practice of caring for the sick had its origin in Germany, where one of the earlier students of the art was Florence Nightingale. Like untold thousands of women before her, she went forth to the great battle with death in the hospitals, taking with her to the Crimea 38 women, of whom 18 were sisters of catholic or protestant orders. Other nurses joined her later. This war gave a great stimulus to the idea of training nurses, and it ultimately led to the introduction into the British army of a regular corps of women nurses. These "sisters," as they are called, are of course graduates of hospital training schools and their work consists essentially in the supervision of the nursing in large hospitals where the details are carried out by men enlisted for the purpose. In some respects the English system is well organized, as the rules are explicit regarding increase of pay with length of service, with provision for retirement and pensions. The most important post in this service is that of woman superintendent of Netley hospital, there being no woman at the head of all the nurses. There exists also an independent Indian nursing service of secular "sisters."

At the outbreak of the South African war the number of English sisters was fixed at 79, of whom 63 were employed in the British isles and 16 at Gibraltar, Malta and Egypt. In addition to this small number provided for peace times there was a corps of reserve sisters, although appointments to it were unfortunately not under the control of the war office. As the nursing sisters of the reserves numbered only 33, hasty appointments were made, and some women who were entirely without knowledge of a nurse's duties succeeded in obtaining appointments. Of course the trained nurses who were sent to the Transvaal worked nobly and well, though the investigation of army hospitals has shown a most distressing insufficiency in their number.

The United States is looked to as a country whose system of women nurses may, in many respects, be used as an example.

Our nurse corps is a matter of quite recent growth. There were, of course, a large number of women employed during the civil war, most of them appointed by Miss Dorothea Lynde Dix, who was then superintendent of women nurses, but their services, as well as the work of the helpers who held no regular positions, came to an end at the close of the war. A vast amount of good was done by these women individually, but there was no lasting effect on the army itself.

In our country, with its prevailing independence, army assistance may be rendered by any one who chooses to offer it and no organizations are recognized as those through which alone such assistance will be received. It is true that there was before and during the Spanish war a committee acting under the name of the "American National Red Cross," which was allied with the international committee, but it had no exclusive recognition from our government, nor had it any organization as a general society.

Nothing I Ate Agreed With Me.



MRS. LENORA BODENHAMER.
Mrs. Lenora Bodenhamer, R. F. D. 1, Box 99, Kernersville, N. C., writes: "I suffered with stomach trouble and indigestion for some time, and nothing that I ate agreed with me. I was very nervous and experienced a continual feeling of uneasiness and fear. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did me no good."

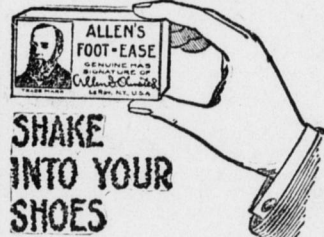
"I found in one of your Peruna books a description of my symptoms. I then wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice. He said I had catarrh of the stomach. I took Peruna and Manalin and followed his directions and can now say that I feel as well as I ever did."

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