



# The Mystery OF Carney-Croft

By JOSEPH BROWN COOKE

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### CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Hope I didn't hurt you, Jenks," said MacArdel, apologetically, when we had him securely pinioned. "I just want to have a little quiet talk with you, but I'm not quite ready yet."

We let the fellow up and seated him in a chair passing the hitching strap from the wagon about his waist for greater security.

"By the way, Jenks," said MacArdel, as we were performing this last thoughtful act. "Nobody can hear you if you shout, but don't do it, anyway, or I'll have to gag you. Mr. Ware and I have some matters to discuss and we don't want to be disturbed."

We sat and talked about everything under the sun except Carney-Croft and its affairs, while I marveled at MacArdel's actions, but was unable to question him as to his plans or objects in the presence of the conquered Jenks.

MacArdel consulted his watch with gradually increasing frequency, and, finally, when the hands pointed to ten minutes before 12, he said abruptly:

"Ware, you take this fellow down to the path where the ghosts come out and I'll go and get the widow. I've got her locked up in the house."

The behavior of Jenks was remarkable to witness, as MacArdel uttered these words for, although his capture and that of his accomplice effectually prevented the reappearance of the ghost, at least on this occasion, he could not have shown more evidences of genuine terror if he had expected to encounter an army of specters. After some difficulty I succeeded in getting him to rise, and, with his arms snugly bound behind his back, he shambled with trembling legs down under the trees where we were joined in another moment by MacArdel and Mrs. Bruce.

The two guilty ones did not look at each other, but stood in sullen defiance waiting for what might come next. MacArdel placed them side by side, and, as we faced them, he began:

"You two have been circulating ghost stories about this place all over the country. You've even been here yourselves at midnight, wrapped up in sheets and trying to scare people out of their wits and injure this property. You were here last night and when we shot at you we hit you, Jenks, and wounded your hand. You dropped the sheets and a lot of other things and then you came back and got them all after we had gone to bed. You can't deny it, Jenks, for we found them in your wagon this morning, while you were asleep. Now, there's more than this," continued MacArdel. "There has been some queer doings inside the house, too, and you've got some way of getting in and playing your tricks."

He stopped speaking and eyed them closely for a moment before going on. Then he resumed, slowly and impressively:

"But there's something even worse than all this to be explained, and we are going to find out about the whole matter if we have to keep you here all night. Several of the pieces of cloth in that bundle have been used for something else than making ghost clothes. You know what they've been used for and—"

"Oh, my God, help me!" screamed Jenks, and before I could reach him, he reeled and fell forward on his face. As I turned to his aid I saw the same pair of filmy figures glide slowly past us but with increasing speed as they neared the river, where, on the previous night, they suddenly vanished before our eyes.

The widow made no sound, but stood perfectly motionless with face like marble and eyes almost bursting from her head.

MacArdel stamped his foot impatiently and muttered:

"There's more in this than I thought. Help me get this fellow up, Ware, and we'll take 'em both back to the house."

### CHAPTER XII.

#### A Second Note.

Half leading and half carrying the unfortunate Jenks and followed by Mrs. Bruce who walked as one in a dream, we returned to the house. Once on the veranda, MacArdel unbound the fellow's arms and, noticing bloodstains on his face and shirt front, examined him closely to see if he had sustained any severe injury in his helpless fall. Nothing more serious than a badly cut lip was discovered, and we took the pair into the library, where a light was burning dimly. Turning up the lamp so that he could see distinctly, MacArdel sent me for a basin of water and a towel and stitched up the wound with material from his pocket instrument case.

Jenks submitted to this procedure in a stupidly dazed condition and as soon as the little operation was completed and an improvised dressing ap-

plied, he again fell forward in a swoon.

"Get him a drink, Ware," said MacArdel. "There's whisky in my bag, you know."

Jenks coughed and sputtered over the stuff in a manner nowise complimentary to the quality of liquor affected by MacArdel, and then, bursting into a cold perspiration, he began to tremble violently and beg piteously to be allowed to go home; while Mrs. Bruce, with pale, ghastly face, preserved the silence that she had maintained from the first.

"You may both go on one condition," said MacArdel, sternly, "and on one condition only! You must swear that you will never reveal a word of this night's doings without the consent of Mr. Ware or myself."

"Swear nuthin'," muttered Jenks, feebly. "I'll have the law on ye fur this, ye varmint!"

Like a flash MacArdel grasped his arm in a vice-like grip and said coldly:

"You remember how I handled you before, Jenks? Well, you know I'm your master when it comes to a fight, and unless you do as I tell you and do it at once, back you go to the path where the ghosts are!"

"I hain't afeered of 'em ef you hain't," mumbled Jenks, with a half-hearted attempt at bravado. "I reckon they won't hurt nobody none."

His very manner showed that he was quaking in his shoes, and MacArdel was quick to note it and make the most of it.

"You won't have me with you, Jenks," he continued, impressively. "We'll tie you to a tree and leave you there alone, unless you do as I say. Do you understand?"

That Jenks understood there could be no doubt, for his terror was obvious as he hastened to exclaim:

"I'll swear, mister! I'll swear teh

never dreamed of at first, and if you hadn't been so busy with Jenks when he toppled over you'd have seen what I mean."

"Well," I returned, "they were both frightened nearly out of their wits by the spooks, and I don't believe they know any more about 'em than we do!"

"Nonsense!" cried MacArdel. "You did not watch them as closely as I did, that's all. I confess they were frightened, but each in a different way. Now, Jenks was scared almost to death, and you may take my word for it that his terror was genuine, and that he believed the things to be supernatural. But it wasn't so with the widow. She knew all about them, you may be sure, and when they came so close to us she was only afraid that we would capture them or shoot them or do something of that sort. Of course this Jenks knows about the bundle of cloths because he had them last night when you shot him in the hand, but I don't believe he has any idea of what they had been used for. I tell you, Ware, the widow is at the head of this whole job and Jenks is nothing but her tool."

"Well," I replied, "it may be as you say, but I wish we were out of it. You may be right in your deductions, but they've got a perfect case against us if they choose to take it into court, and, with the popular prejudice that exists around here against the Carneys, a jury of these farmers would give us the limit of the law. It isn't a matter of fine, either, Mac. It's a felony that we've been committing to-night, and that means a term in prison. I want you to understand!"

Closing up the house we retired to our room and, as we were making ready for the night, I said:

"Why didn't you make them sign some kind of a paper that would have exonerated us? It would have been

surely we are all familiar by this time with the claims to admiration of the new woman; the beauty and energy and keen mother wit which, as Americans believe, set her apart from the women of other nations and make her unique, as was once the huntress Diana among the gods.

She never tires of counting over her recent successes, from the marvelous costumes that she wears to her achievements in biology, in cookery or in founding new religions. The woman of the last generation walked in a narrow path; in her life, as in a Chinese song, there were but three notes—love, marriage and motherhood.

But this queen of the present hour has a thousand parts to play. You never know where to find her. She may be driving a four-in-hand in Broadway or looking for the north pole in the arctic seas or nursing some poor beggar in the slums, or, most likely of all, she may be settling herself comfortably for life as duchess or princess in some old English or Italian family.

We all look on with pride, and wonder complacently what she will do next.

The chief difference between her and her grandmother—and it is a very curious difference—is that the older woman regarded herself simply as part of the human race. The man was its head, its spokesman. She thought of herself as his child, his wife or his mother.

The woman of to-day is not only his equal but his antagonist. She talks not of humanity but womanity.

Every village has its club of women who urge each other into new professions, work or studies which have hitherto been considered the business of men only.

Every newspaper has a woman's department in which the successes of the sex in wrestling trades and handicrafts from their brothers and husbands are daily noted.

I saw to-day the announcement that a woman was now filling a place as brakeman on a western railway. This fact is told with a hysterical sob of triumph, as though when this energetic young person laid her hand on the brake she had dealt a fatal blow at the foe of her sex and had made for herself a long stride upward in the scale of being.

In our national exhibitions, too, there is always a woman's department where statues, pictures, soaps, confectionery, etc., made by our sex are exhibited apart to prove that women are as skillful with their fingers as men.

I confess I do not understand this belligerent attitude in the modern woman, nor her vanity. Is she not human, like the man? Has she not the same fingers, eyes and tongue? She is not a monkey nor a freak that her cleverness should be trumpeted and paraded as abnormal in the public eye.

A man when he invents a new plow or paints a picture does not shout out: "A man—a man has done this! Not a woman! See how superior the male of the race is to the female!"

But we American women of late years never weary of boasting of the doings of our sex, and especially on the ground that they are so much like the doings of men!

It is true that at the close of the civil war our women were forced to compete with men for work and wages in every part of the field of labor. They had to make a place for themselves then as wage-earners or starve. It was no wonder that they were aggressive and sharp during that time.

But why squabble and fight now? The whole field is open to them. All of the fences are down. There is not now, I believe, a single honest occupation by which a living can be earned which is not open to a capable, decent woman to try for it. Men give her a fair field and much favor. Whether she chooses to drive a garbage cart or write a historic novel, they invariably are kinder to her endeavors and applaud her more loudly than if she were a man.

Why, then, this incessant, defiant assertion of woman's achievements and possibilities?

This constant noisy boasting seems to be akin to the loud cackling in the barnyard of a hen over each new-laid egg, as if an egg never had been laid before.

Another mistake, it seems to me, is made by my energetic young sister when she thinks that her chief errand into life is the work which she does

## Women as Imitators of Men

By Rebecca Harding Davis

Womanity vs. Humanity—Vanity of Modern Woman Over Her Achievements—Business Not Her Highest Occupation—"To Keep House and Be a Joyful Mother of Children" a Woman's Birthright.

(Copyright by J. B. Bowles.)

(Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis has long been known as a talented writer of fiction. Among her many works may be mentioned "A Law Into Himself," "John Andrews," "Frances Waldeau" and "Dr. Warrick's Daughters." Her home is in Philadelphia. She is the mother of Richard Harding Davis, the author.)

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to keep herself alive. She sings such energetic peans over her success as a doctor or china painter or saleswoman—she is naturally in her need of money so thankful to have work to do and so glad that she can do it—that she begins to think that when she was sent into the world, to work was to be her highest occupation.

It is not true. There is not a fiber in her body nor an impulse in her nature which does not show that the real primary business in life is to be a home-maker, the comrade of a man and the mother of his children.

God in His wisdom may have denied her that highest and best work, but whatever else she may do she knows in her heart that it is the highest and the best.

A "southern woman" the other day rated her sisters of the south sharply because they "took it for granted that no woman is a wage-earner except from necessity and that when the necessity is removed she would gladly return to her old vocation—that of the lily of the field."

And why not? The vocation of the lily of the field is to be fair and sweet, to make one little place on God's earth brighter and fitter for His sight and to reproduce its kind to do the same work when it is dead.

The woman who makes her home a center of help and intelligence and high endeavor, who brings forth children and fits them in that home for their future life, has done enough. She does not need to earn a single dollar in any way to justify her right to live.

As for the woman who voluntarily gives up her birthright—"to keep house and be a joyful mother of children"—in order that she may busy herself with public work, she is precisely in the position of that mad English peer of whom we all read a few years ago, who turned his back on his birthright—castles, title and revenues—in order that he might tramp on the high road grinding a hand-organ for a dancing monkey.

She is choosing the meaner part in her ambition to exploit herself before the public. No club work is as honorable or helpful as a gentleman's management of her home and family; nothing that her talents enable her to give to the world—whether book or statue or lecture—will ever be as important or powerful an influence in it as a living child.

This is not a pleasant subject, but when we read that the births of children of native American parents have fallen off one-half in certain northern states in the last two decades, it surely is worth our consideration. As men go, the native American is a wholesome good bit of that human stuff which makes up humanity. The world seems to need him just now. If he is not to be born into it, I doubt whether the books or charitable work given to it by childless American women will fill his place.

There is one pleasant fact, however, which cheers and comforts us in all these doubts and dangers. That is, that the large majority of American women have kept their footing during all the struggles of their sex since the close of the civil war. They have earned money when it was necessary to do it, but they have not raised money-earning to the highest place among the achievements of life. They have been shrewd, amused listeners to the feminine wrangles in clubs and newspapers, but are themselves usually silent and unpublished. Occasionally they have exerted the power of dumb resistance with most salutary effect, as when for several decades they have silently refused to claim the right of suffrage.

They are best known by what they do not do. They prefer to live in homes, not in boarding houses and hotels. They are not childless mothers nor divorced wives. They find no higher code of truth to teach their little ones than that which Jesus brought to the world. They do not replace it by the sharp worldly wisdom of Confucius or the vague yearnings of Buddhism. They answer all arguments by the question: "Who has led man so far up as Christ?" and go on quietly teaching their children the Sermon on the Mount.

You call them old-fashioned and commonplace, perhaps. But they are eminently sane. One of the strongest proofs of their sanity is that they are content to be women and not imitators of men and that they still keep in their lives that charm of modesty and aloofness which the noisy minority of our women have so foolishly thrown aside.

### Sharp Practice.

Andre Autard, who makes John D. Rockefeller's wigs, is a plump and elegant Frenchman with thin black hair, a rich black mustache and black and sparkling eyes.

Autard has a shop in the best quarter of Paris. Here all the world goes to be shaved, undulated, massaged. And here an American talked to the great hairdresser about the exorbitant duty that Mr. Rockefeller had to pay on his last wig.

"It was sharp practice," said Autard in the fluent English that he learned in London. "To compel Mr. Rockefeller to pay such a duty was hardly honest. Sharp practice it was—like the way I was treated in my apprenticeship. When I was learning barbering I applied for a post in London. The patron engaged me at a certain wage and at the end of our talk he said: 'Of course it is understood that you speak both French and English.'"

"Yes, sir," I responded quickly, "and Dutch also."

"We have no dealings with Dutchmen here," said he, "therefore I will take one-third off that salary."

### A WONDERFUL GAIN.

A Utah Pioneer Tells a Remarkable Story.

J. W. Browning, 1011 22d St., Ogden, Utah, a pioneer who crossed the plains in 1848, says:

"Five years ago the doctors said I had diabetes. My kidneys were all out of order, I had to rise often at night, looked sallow, felt dull and listless and had lost 40 pounds. My back ached and I had spells of rheumatism and dizziness. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me of these troubles and have kept me well for a year past. Though 75 years old, I am in good health."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Medicine of Bamboo Sap. In India the sap of the female bamboo tree is used for medicinal purposes. "Tabasheer," or "banslochan," is sold in all Indian bazars, as it has been known from the earliest times as a medicinal agent. It is also known in Borneo, and was an article of commerce with early Arab traders of the east. Its properties are said to be strengthening, tonic and cooling. It has been analyzed and has been shown to consist almost entirely of silica, with traces of lime and potash. From its remarkable occurrence in the hollows of bamboos the eastern mind has long associated it with miraculous powers.

Shall We Allow Our Cattle to Be Slaughtered. In an effort to stamp out Bovine Tuberculosis? Thousands of our best Dairy Cows are being killed in the effort and yet the disease spreads. Recently a booklet issued to all readers free by The Mutual Mercantile Co., Cleveland, O., claims that a few cents worth of Rasawa procured at any Drug Store and fed to the cow will render her absolutely immune to the disease, and it is surely a sensible move in the right way if the claim is true. At any rate it is not worth while to get the booklet free from your druggists and read what they say? It is especially so when so many thousands of cases of Consumption in the human family are now easily traced direct to the Dairy as the cause.

Stolen Naps. "How do you like that office boy I sent around?" asked the banker. "Don't think much of him," replied the broker. "He isn't wide awake."

"But you told me the last office boy you engaged was too forward and you wanted one who was retiring."

"Yes, but this one is too retiring. Every time I slip out for a few hours I find that he retires on top of the big safe and snores until I return."

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Too Swift for Londoners. According to the British postmaster general the post office experiments in typewriting telegrams have "not been altogether satisfactory." The London Globe conjectures that the telegraph department wants "something slower."

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The acme of goodness is to love the public, to study universal good, and to promote the interests of the whole world, as far as lies in our power.—Ruskin.

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