



The Mystery OF Carney-Croft

By JOSEPH BROWN COOKE

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CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Well," I said, thoughtfully. "Dr. MacArdel put her through a course of spouts that made a strong, hearty man faint away twice, and yet she never said a word nor moved a muscle."

"How delightfully interesting!" said Miss Weston. "I should never have dreamed from her appearance that she had so much fortitude. What could Dr. MacArdel have done that was so thrilling?"

"Oh, he didn't do much," I returned. "He just asked some questions about the things that had been going on, but he did it in a way that was very effective. We wanted to learn who wrote the mysterious note that I had received on the night of my arrival. We found out that she did it, but it was only by chance and not through anything that she told us. If she had been a little more clever in delivering the other I am afraid we would be in the dark about it yet."

"And so this Mrs. Bruce really wrote them both, did she?" asked Miss Weston, with continued interest. "What a horrible creature she must be!"

"I don't believe she is exactly horrible," I said, cautiously, "but she certainly wrote the second note, and whoever wrote that one must have written the first as well."

"Wouldn't it be interesting if some more would come!" cried Miss Weston, enthusiastically. "I think it would be the greatest fun in the world!"

"You might change your mind if it really happened," I said with a smile. "These things are well enough after they are explained, but before that time, they strike one rather seriously, as I know from experience."

"Well, I'd be willing to try it just for once," said Miss Weston, confidently. "I'm simply crazy to see what a real good mystery is like at first hand."

As I chanced to move my plate a folded paper was disclosed and I hastily slipped it into my lap and read it surreptitiously. It said:

"You have not kept Miss Carney and her friends away. Do not be surprised if the ghosts return."

"Your wish is granted, Miss Weston," I exclaimed, holding it up in my hand. "Here is one of the spook notes this very minute. It is under my plate."

"Oh, do let me take it!" she entreated, and I passed it to her by way of Miss Carney, who read it thoughtfully before handing it to her friend.

The moment Miss Watson saw the paper a most unaccountable thing occurred. Her face blanched and she swayed in her seat for an instant as if in danger of falling, but regaining her self-control in another moment, she exclaimed:

"How silly I am! This ridiculous note made me quite dizzy for a minute. Where did you say you found it, Mr. Ware? Under your plate, here at the table? Why, some one must be playing a joke on us all!"

"No doubt," I returned, watching her closely. "But it may prove to be a very serious joke. You see, a thing of this kind is more startling than one would expect. I've grown rather used to it myself, but you seem to be quite upset over it."

"Oh, it's just for the moment," said Miss Weston, with a forced laugh. "I didn't get much sleep last night and this thing came on me so suddenly and unexpectedly that it quite took my breath away."

A moment later she left the table on some trivial pretext, and Miss Carney called the butler, who had left us to our coffee before this conversation began, and questioned him closely as to the affairs of the morning. He said that he had laid the plates himself not long before we came down to breakfast and that while he had not been in the room all the time he was positive that no one could have entered without his knowledge.

"It looks as if you must have slipped it under your plate yourself, Mr. Ware," said Miss Carney in a bantering tone that ill betokened her true frame of mind. "There doesn't seem to be any other explanation. And do you really think the ghosts will come back again? I shall not let you go away until they are permanently suppressed, you may be sure."

"I know I appear to be guilty," I replied with a laugh, "but I assure you I am not. You are merely having a taste of the same mysterious phenomena that I myself saw here last summer. I cannot say whether the ghosts will return or not, but I scarcely think they will. If they do, we know where to go to discourage them."

"But how do you suppose the note was placed under your plate?" asked Miss Carney, in an anxious tone. "I don't like this sort of thing at all! It makes me dreadfully nervous."

"I haven't the slightest idea," I said, frankly. "But I am sure we will find out all about it before long. You know the other notes seemed very mysteri-

ous at first, but we soon explained them without the slightest difficulty."

As I said these words I thanked my lucky stars that I had taken the precaution to keep Miss Carney in ignorance concerning the cigar case and the odor of the rags that we found in Jenks' possession. For my part, the mystery of Carney-Croft seemed to be growing deeper and deeper, and yet I felt it my duty to my hostess to make as light of the matter as possible, especially in the presence of her other guests.

After breakfast Miss Carney and I walked down toward the river together and passed the spot where MacArdel had questioned Jenks and the widow.

"This is where you saw the ghosts, isn't it?" asked Miss Carney, with a little nervous shudder.

"Yes," I replied, "and we could have captured them, too, if we had not been so sure that we already had bigger game in our hands."

"I do hope they won't come back again," she said with a shiver. "I'm almost as much upset over it as Annie was. But she is not at all well, Mr. Ware. Do you know, I really think she is growing weaker and weaker every day. Her spirits keep her up and all that, but she certainly hasn't the strength she used to have."

"I suppose that is why the note affected her so," I returned. "You remember, she was actually calling for some ghostly manifestation only a moment before, and yet you must have noticed how completely she lost her head when I found the paper."

"But not until she had read it," said Miss Carney. "She didn't seem to mind it at all until then, you know."

"It almost seemed to me that she recognized the writing," I said guardedly. "Did you ever see it before?"

I handed Miss Carney the note, which was in the flowing hand of the Widow Bruce as MacArdel and I had

could tell by the way she spoke and when she opened the door to answer me she wouldn't let me see her face."

"Perhaps she is a trifle ashamed of her ignominious collapse at the table this morning after she had expressed so much bravery only the moment before," I suggested. "She was evidently deeply affected all of a sudden, you know."

"Yes," said Miss Carney, soberly, "and I don't understand it at all. But I am sure she knows nothing about the writing. How could she, Mr. Ware, when I cannot recognize it myself? It was just a nervous attack, of course, but I wish she did not take it so seriously, for the least little thing uses her up so."

Nothing was said at the luncheon table about the affair of the morning, and Miss Weston's vacant chair seemed to give an air of gloom to the whole party.

In the afternoon I wandered about the grounds by myself, trying to decide what I ought to do. The quandary I was in was not one to be easily surmounted, for, while I realized that my duty to Miss Carney, as well as my own personal inclinations in the matter, called upon me most imperatively to clear up this mystery promptly and at any cost, I was still convinced that Miss Weston's share in the affair was entirely unexpected by her and due to no wilful act of her own, and the pathetic appeal in her eyes when I handed her Mrs. Bruce's letter was enough to make me preserve her secret faithfully for the present at least.

It was beginning to grow dark as I turned to go back to the house and, when about half way up the "ghost walk," as we had jokingly named the path that led to the river, I saw Miss Weston coming slowly toward me. She must have heard my step at the same instant, and, looking up, she hastened to my side and laid her hand on my



"I Cannot Tell You Now."

seen it on that eventful night in the summer. She studied it carefully for some time and then said:

"No, it is totally unfamiliar to me. I hardly think that Annie knows anything about it, either. It was merely her weakness that upset her, Mr. Ware. You cannot realize how feeble she is."

We returned to the house as the morning mail arrived and it chanced to be handed to me for distribution. As I sorted over the letters I came across one for Miss Weston and it was addressed in the now well-known hand of the Bruce woman and had been posted in the village the day before. I stuffed it in my pocket without comment, and when I had an opportunity to hand it to its owner, she returned my significant glance with a look of such pathetic appeal that I knew she was innocent of any wrong doing, and that, at the most, she had become unwittingly entangled in this almost unfathomable mystery, which seemed to grow from hour to hour.

CHAPTER XVI.

From Another Angle.

Miss Carney knew nothing of the letter that Miss Weston had received from Mrs. Bruce, and when I saw her again, just before luncheon, she expressed great concern over her friend's condition.

"Do you know, Mr. Ware," she said anxiously, "Annie was dreadfully upset over that note this morning. She has shut herself in her room all day and even refuses to see me. I have just tried to persuade her to come down to luncheon, but she won't do it, and says she doesn't want anything sent up, either. She has so little strength now that it worries me to have her go without her meals in this way, and then, she has been crying, too, which is very bad for her and a thing that she almost never does. I

arm while her bosom rose and fell, her eyes filled with tears, and her form trembled with suppressed emotion.

"Oh, Mr. Ware," she whispered, "you were so good this morning not to let any one see that letter. It was so foolish of them to send it in that way, right through the mail, though there was only a chance that anyone but a servant would have seen it. You won't tell of it, Mr. Ware? I know you won't," she sobbed softly. "I beg of you, Mr. Ware; I beg of you, do not speak of it for a few days at least, until I can find out what should be done."

I led her to a seat by the side of the path and tried to calm her with reassuring words, but her nervousness seemed only to increase.

"I cannot tell you now what I know about it all," she went on, wiping away the tears that flowed freely down her face. "Oh, it's too terrible even to think of, and yet no one has done any wrong. You must trust me implicitly, Mr. Ware, and the time may come when I can tell you everything. But not now. I even know very little about it myself, and that little chills the very blood in my veins. May God forgive me," she murmured; "it is all my fault, and yet I have done no wrong. You must believe that, Mr. Ware, as you would believe your own senses, and trust me in everything, or I shall go mad!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Go to England to Marry.

Every year from 800 to 1,200 couples go to England from the continent, mostly from Germany, to get married. To comply with the conditions of the English law the bride usually comes over first, stays one night in a hotel and gives notice of the marriage on the following day. Then the man arrives and the ceremony takes place. It is generally by license, as otherwise both would have to be in England for four weeks.

Is the Sailors' Friend.

Sixty thousand sailors look to H. A. Hanbury for advice and for protection. Mr. Hanbury is the United States shipping commissioner for the port of New York. He is the sailors' judge and jury. The men who sign on foreign craft now must appear before him for their papers instead of going to the consuls of the various countries. He decides all disputed questions between the men and their sailing masters. Many of the abuses of these men that formerly were common, such as compelling them to buy their outfits from the ship owners or captains, have been done away with under Mr. Hanbury's rule. His office is on the Battery park, New York, where he easily can reach all the ships leaving that port.

INSURANCE INVESTMENTS.

How One Company's Assets Are Distributed in the South and West.

In connection with its withdrawal from Texas, along with many other companies, rather than to submit to the new law which requires that 75% of the reserves on Texas policies shall be invested in securities of that state, which securities shall be deposited in the state and subjected to heavy taxation, in addition to the large tax now imposed on life insurance premiums, the Equitable Life Assurance Society has made public the distribution of its assets, at the end of the second year of the new management. The Equitable now has \$10,958,000 invested in Texas, which is twice as much as the new law requires, but the management decided that to submit to the additional taxation would be an injustice to its policyholders in other states, which impose no such penalty on the thrift of their citizens.

The Equitable's report shows that more than 37% of its total reserves are now invested in the southern and western states, while only 35% of its total insurance is carried in these states. Its investments are distributed as follows: Ala., \$3,099,000; Ariz., \$974,000; Ark., \$4,038,000; Cal., \$5,142,000; Col., \$5,222,000; Fla., \$4,924,000; Ga., \$4,048,000; Idaho, \$5,197,000; Ill., \$12,617,000; Ind. Ter., \$443,000; Ind., \$6,536,000; Iowa, \$3,690,000; Kansas, \$11,637,000; Ky., \$2,631,000; La., \$3,054,000; Md., \$2,207,000; Mich., \$6,009,000; Minn., \$2,065,000; Miss., \$767,000; Mo., \$8,197,000; Mont., \$1,890,000; Neb., \$7,526,000; Nev., \$640,000; New Mex., \$1,376,000; N. C., \$1,649,000; N. D., \$677,000; Ohio, \$11,634,000; Okla., \$1,006,000; Ore., \$1,158,000; S. C., \$975,000; S. D., \$1,305,000; Tenn., \$1,909,000; Utah, \$2,134,000; Va., \$6,592,000; Wash., \$1,202,000; W. Va., \$5,523,000; Wis., \$2,342,000; Wyo., \$3,367,000.

New Austrian Railway.

Hitherto tourists from the United States who chose the southern trip to Europe left the steamer at Gibraltar or Naples, but many, chiefly those who had already been in Italy, now come to Trieste and continue from here their voyage by the new Austrian railway. There can hardly be a more beautiful country than the regions which are made accessible by this new Transalpine railroad. The new railway is owned by the state, and is 130 miles long. There are 49 tunnels, with a total length of ten miles. There are 50 bridges, one of which, across the river Isonzo, has the longest stone span in the world. There are, besides, as many as 678 smaller bridges and viaducts.—Consular Reports.

New Automatic Rifle.

The self-loading or automatic musket is now being seriously considered as the infantry arm of the future. The equipment of the great armies of the world with an improved rifle is hardly completed when the mechanics begin work on a new weapon. At the recent examinations of the German War Academy the automatic rifle was one of the themes for discussion. The piece now on trial has a magazine holding ten cartridges; the recoil is utilized to load and cock. Consequently the soldier can remain quietly in position, never removing his eye from the target, and fire his ten shots.—New York Sun.

COFFEE COMPLEXION.

Many Ladies Have Poor Complexions from Coffee.

"Coffee caused dark colored blotches on my face and body. I had been drinking it for a long while and these blotches gradually appeared, until finally they became permanent and were about as dark as coffee itself."

"I formerly had as fine a complexion as one could ask for. When I became convinced that coffee was the cause of my trouble, I changed and took to using Postum Food Coffee, and as I made it well, according to directions, I liked it very much, and have since that time used it in place of coffee."

"I am thankful to say I am not nervous any more, as I was when I was drinking coffee, and my complexion is now as fair and good as it was years ago. It is very plain that coffee caused the trouble."

Most bad complexions are caused by some disturbance of the stomach and coffee is the greatest disturber of digestion known. Almost any woman can have a fair complexion if she will leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee and nutritious, healthy food in proper quantity. Postum furnishes certain elements from the natural grains from the field that Nature uses to rebuild the nervous system and when that is in good condition, one can depend upon a good complexion as well as a good healthy body. "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in piggy.

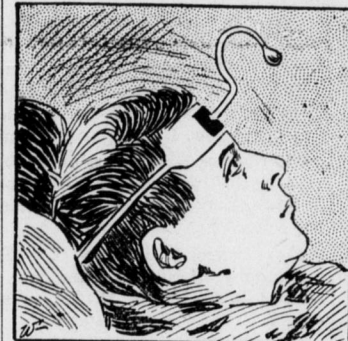


MACHINE-MADE HYPNOTISM.

Clever Mechanical Devices That Will Produce Sleep.

It has long been recognized by experts in hypnotism that the hypnotic sleep is induced by the subject himself. All that the operator can do is to persuade the patient that he has ability to produce the sleep. Any mechanical device that will cause the belief that sleep is inevitably approaching will do as well, and a number of these are now in use by physicians who resort to hypnotic suggestion in the treatment of nervous affections. Some of them are described in the Technical World Magazine by John Elfreth Watkins. We read:

"One of the newest of these mechanical aids employed by the hyp-



A Machine for Inducing Hypnotism. The Little Knob Claims and Holds the Subject's Attention.

notist is the 'hypnotic ball.' It might be mistaken for the half hour of an hour-glass mounted upon a short handle of ebony. It is, in fact, a glass ball, half-filled with sand, and having a bottle-mouth, into which the wooden handle fits snugly. Stuck into the interior extremity of this handle—the end protruding inside the ball—is a pin, whose head extends to the center of the transparent globe. The sand is dyed a bright indigo blue, as is the globular head of the pin. Thus we have a little ball—the pinhead—with a larger transparent one, and between the two, a bright colored powder.

"The subject concentrates his eyes upon the pinhead, while the ball, held at about the height of his head, is revolved by the operator with both a circular and rotary motion within a circle of the subject's eyes. The rotary manipulations cause the sand to fall like a cascade behind the pinhead."

"Thus there are three movements—circular, rotary, and vertical—all intended to puzzle vision as it inquisitively follows the ball."

"In this way the ocular muscles become quickly fatigued, the influence being an exaggeration of the soporific stimulus caused by the rapid flight of the landscape past a car window, or the rapid change of environment viewed from a rapidly moving swing. That which fatigues the ocular muscles, of course, favors sleep, and physiological drowsiness is but the vestibule to the hypnotic state. The eyelids becoming heavy, the skilled hypnotologist has but to command 'Sleep!' and the sensitive is then ready to abide by his will."

Other mechanical aids are: The "electro-hypnotic head-band"—a rubber band, clasped about the forehead,

holding a tiny incandescent light between the eyes; a bright disk, illuminated by a miniature search-light; and mirrors, revolved by electric or mechanical motors, and known as "alouettes," some with single, others with multiple, disks, while still others have wings like those of a bird, or geometrical solids with mirrored surfaces. A single alouette may hypnotize an entire roomful of persons at once, provided all have previously received the suggestion that the machine will cause sleep—a condition necessary to the success of all mechanical aids. Another device, the "vibrating coronet" of Dr. Galfre, consists of three metal bands which encircle the head and support branches that vibrate against the eyelids. Some hypnotists, we are told, employ a large drawing of a human eye, on a card, while others use a combination of magnets, relying on the common idea that magnetism is connected in some way with the hypnotic sleep. It may often be necessary to employ makeshifts in case none of these devices is at hand. Says Mr. Watkins:

"A candle placed behind an ordinary brown or colored bottle is sometimes used in lieu of a hypnotic lamp. The candle flame focuses itself at a spot on the side of the bottle nearest the patient, who has been given the suggestion that sleep will result when, after staring fixedly at this spot, the light will go out. The candle, cut short for the purpose, burns itself out, and the sensitive consequently falls asleep when there is no longer a vestige of light in the room."

DEVICE FOR THE INVALID.

Chair Which Instantly Can Be Transformed Into a Rocker.

To instantly change a rocking chair into a wheeling or invalid chair is made possible by the recent invention of a California man. An ordinary rocker is employed, a pair of rubber-tired wheels being journaled close to the center of the rockers. When the



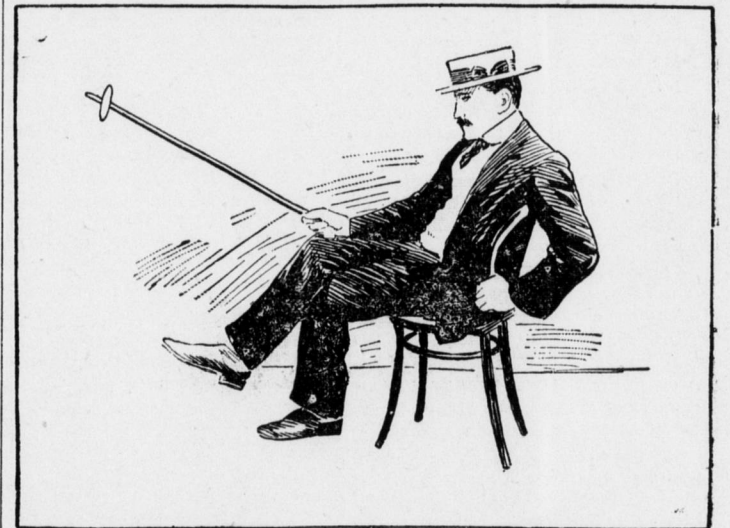
The Wheeled Rocker.

device is used as a wheeling chair a rod attached to the framework is hooked to the axle of the wheels. To transform to a rocking chair the lever is released and the end hooked to the framework. Those who are entrusted with the care of invalids will instantly appreciate the usefulness of this combined chair. The invalid will also recognize the advantages of this simple device.

A Genuine "Trouble" Line.

To avoid a personal conference the Shah has had a telephone line built from his palace to the public square for the use of subjects having grievances to present. When he gets enough troubles for one day he gives the "busy" signal. The czar might profitably employ a few thousand miles of wire in the same way.

A NOVEL FORM OF TELESCOPE.



Comfort While Using the Unilens.

A novel form of field-glass or telescope of a remarkably portable and handy description, has been invented by Major Baden-Powell, F. R. A. S.

It consists of a single convex lens, 2½ inches in diameter, mounted in a metal rim, and may be carried in the waistcoat pocket. The mount has a small clip and screw, enabling the lens to be attached to a walking-stick or umbrella.

The invention is thoroughly practical, and with it a large view of distant objects may be obtained, the maximum magnification being about four diameters.

The "unilens" is the most efficient when mounted on a walking-stick and held at arm's length, as the further it is held from the eye the greater the magnification.

With the arm fully extended, which is roughly equal to a distance of six feet between the eye and lens, the object has its maximum magnification, though at this distance there is a slight blurring.

The best way to use the "unilens" is to sit down and rest the hand holding the stick on the knee, when the glass is about four feet distant from the eye, and the user is able to see objects clearly and sharply.

The lens has the great advantage of always being in focus and it is a useful aid to the natural sight in the examination of hanging pictures, the architectural features of buildings, and similar objects. Although the appliance is not suited to all sights, three people out of every four can use the "unilens" quite satisfactorily, and with good results.