



# The Mystery OF Carney-Croft

By JOSEPH BROWN COOKE

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

**The Recall of the Wanderer.**  
I did not come down to breakfast next day, and when luncheon was served Miss Carney remained away to be with Miss Weston, who was confined to her room, if not to her bed.

At dinner, which was a formal affair in honor of the rector and his wife, Miss Carney greeted me cordially and unaffectedly, but, beyond an evanescent flush that lighted up her face, and vanished as quickly as it came, she gave no sign that my temerity of the night before had made the slightest impression upon her mind. She was superbly gowned, and her manner, while natural and entirely uncontrived, impressed me as being in a way, unusually thoughtful and serious; yet at times her face fairly glowed with the contented, satisfied expression of one whose cup of happiness was filled and overflowing.

I knew what it meant, for I could no longer hide the truth from myself if I would, and yet I even then strove to devise a plan by which I could take myself away and out of her life so that in time her heart would again be free.

I did this in good faith, for, realizing my unworthiness as I did and knowing well that many circumstances had conspired to give her an exalted opinion of me and my abilities, which, otherwise, she never would have reached, I felt it my duty to step aside and not stand in the way of the far greater conquest that she was surely destined to make.

No tongue can tell the extent to which I regretted my act of temporary weakness on the previous evening, and I cursed my indiscretion in taking advantage of her hour of sorrow and despair when I should have been strong enough to withstand the tempter, if only by virtue of the great and ever increasing magnitude of my devotion. That she knew it now there could be no doubt, and I knew with equal certainty that she returned my love with all the ardor of her great warm heart.

Mr. Arthur Sedgewick, the rector, proved to be a jovial sort of an individual, of the florid type and port wine complexion, while his wife was a demure little woman who regarded him with unconcealed admiration and whose greatest satisfaction in life was derived from half-satisfied exclamations of mock horror at his constant unconventional sallies and jests.

"So you saw all the plays in New York?" he asked, as the conversation imperceptibly took a theatrical turn.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Miss Carney, in almost her childish enthusiasm.

"We went every night and to all the matinees, too. We had not been in so long English-speaking country in so long that we fairly revelled in the theater and we even saw Maud Adams four times."

"You like her, then," I remarked, for want of something better to say, but feeling it my duty to show an interest clearly at variance with the true object of my thoughts.

"Now, Mr. Ware, that is altogether too bad!" returned Miss Carney, in an obviously assumed tone of badinage. "You said that in exactly the way that the traveler at sea greeted his roommate one morning, when he observed politely, but with about as much enthusiasm as you yourself have just shown, 'Good morning, old man, I hope you are well; not that I care a rap, but just to start the conversation!'"

The rector's wife looked properly shocked, while her liege lord laughed uproariously and cried:

"I heard that story when I was in college, Miss Carney, but unless my memory fails me, the wording was somewhat different."

"I expurgated it for your especial benefit, sir," returned Miss Carney solemnly and then, in reply to my question, she added:

"I think Miss Adams is just too sweet and dainty for anything. Is it really true that she is married?"

"It has been rumored that she is married to her manager," I replied, "but I hardly think it possible, for they are almost never together. You know, she spends her summers in Massachusetts while he is in London, and, just as soon as he returns in the autumn, she always starts for the west with the 'Little Minister.'"

"Mercy!" exclaimed the rector's wife, in unfeigned astonishment, while we all laughed in spite of ourselves, and the reverend gentleman fell into a violent fit of coughing and dropped his fork on the floor.

When the general levity caused by my remark had subsided somewhat, and he was able to speak, he explained: "The 'Little Minister,' my dear, is a play, and not a man. I must take you to see it the next time we are in town."

"Is it a biblical play?" asked Mrs. Sedgewick with interest. "Oh, dear, no," replied Miss Carney. "Just the ordinary sort of a play, with a man and a woman and a whole lot of pathos and comedy sandwiched in and spread around. But it is very sweet and enjoyable. Haven't you read the book?"

"No," returned Mrs. Sedgewick seriously. "I am so absorbed in E. P. Roe's works just now that I haven't time for anything else. Don't you think he is a wonderful writer?"

"I'm ashamed to confess that I've never read him at all," said Miss Carney sweetly, "but I hope to, some day, however."

"Mrs. Sedgewick thinks that I only care for biblical plays," broke in the rector, hurriedly, as if to forestall any discussion of his wife's favorite author, "and I do think that good productions of that sort should be encouraged and supported. The stage and the pulpit go hand in hand in educating the masses, and plays that direct the mind toward nobler things are worthy of every commendation and the approval of all good citizens. Many a man, who never gave a thought to the Bible, has been led to a careful study of the Scriptures after witnessing a stirring drama founded on Scriptural history and presented with proper regard to accuracy and detail."

"I am sure that is so!" exclaimed Miss Carney, as a mischievous light came into her eyes. "I remember once, when we were coming away from a most intensely interesting production of 'Ben-Hur,' overhearing two people engaged in a heated discussion as to whether the Book of Hezekiah was historical or prophetic. I don't suppose the thought had ever entered their heads before, and I

matter slowly in my mind and trying to determine the proper course to pursue.

My cigar was nearly burned out and I was on the point of going to my room when a shadow fell across the railing in front of me and Miss Carney stood by my side.

"I wondered if you would be here," she said, nervously. "I wanted to see you, for there is something I forgot to say to you last night."

She had slipped a long coat of dainty brocaded stuff over her dinner dress and, as she stood in the light of the drawing-room window, she made a picture worthy the brush of the greatest genies that ever lived.

"I won't sit down, thank you," she continued, interlocking her fingers and playing with her rings as if greatly agitated. "You know, Annie is growing steadily worse, and the doctor from the village says she must have a nurse, so I have telegraphed for two to come at once. Oh! I thought that dinner would never end."

She seemed to feel the chilliness of the night air, but, declining my offer to get her an additional wrap, she drew the fur trimmed collar of her cloak more closely about her neck, and went on hurriedly:

"You remember I once told you that Annie and Jack, my brother, had some sort of a disagreement just before he went away and that he left this country because of it. Well, Annie told me some time ago that I was entirely wrong in my understanding of the matter, and I have wanted to tell you all about it so many times, only I could never bring myself to speak of it."

She paused, and I could see that she was weeping softly, but I had myself well in hand, and even be-



"You Know, Annie Is Growing Steadily Worse."

have always meant to look it up myself, but I have never done so. Won't you tell me about it, Mr. Sedgewick?"

"Hezekiah—Hezekiah," mused the rector, puckering up his forehead and rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "You know that is a book to which we seldom refer, but—er—strictly speaking, Miss Carney, I feel that it should be regarded—er—in the main as—er—historical—although some authorities do—er—I believe—er—claim—er—"

A merry laugh from Miss Carney interrupted this learned speech and her roguish eyes fairly beamed with glee at the momentary discomfiture of her guest, who had recovered himself in an instant and exclaimed: "I am afraid you are incorrigible, Miss Carney, but I did not think you would be so cruel to me of all persons."

Miss Carney returned his good natured smile and said, apologetically: "I expected you would refer me to Mr. Ware for my answer or I shouldn't have dared to be so rude, but I thought it only courteous to put the question to you first of all."

As soon as dinner was over she excused herself for a moment to visit Miss Weston and then joined the other ladies in the drawing-room, leaving Mr. Sedgewick and me to our cigars and benedictine. I fear I made a poor companion, for my thoughts were far away and I realized that, like myself, but with greater success, Miss Carney had been wearing an air of forced gaiety and good spirits all the evening.

I was heartily glad when the guests were ready to leave, and, although I was tired from my practically sleepless night, I wandered disconsolately about the place until nearly ten, when I seated myself in a quiet corner of the veranda to smoke a small cigar before retiring to my room. My brain was so overwhelmed with the realization that my heart's desire lay within my reach that I sat in a stupidly dazed sort of way revolving the

fore I could speak, she resumed slowly:

"You saw Jack when he returned, Mr. Ware, and you must know how I feel about it all, but since Annie has told me that he went away only because, when she knew of the nature of her disease and that her condition was hopeless, she broke the engagement between them and insisted upon his leaving her in the hope that his love would finally die out, I cannot but look upon the matter in a different light. That is why I have tried to do everything in my power for Annie, for, while at first I merely valued her as a friend, I now love her as a sister, but I have never been able to bring myself to a point where I could condone Jack's behavior. He has my sympathy, of course, but he has no reason to follow the course he has and few or no excuses can be made for him."

Her feelings overcame her at last and, wiping away her tears, she sank into the chair that I had left and continued, plaintively: "Annie speaks of him now almost all the time, and the doctor asked me about it, and when I told him he said that if Jack could come to her at once it might do her a world of good. I know it is a dreadful risk to take in many ways, for Annie did not see him when he was here before, and has no idea of the depths to which he has sunk, but perhaps he would realize his position and do better with her. What do you think about it?"

"I hardly know what to say," I replied. "Have you spoken to Miss Weston about sending for him?"

"Oh, yes," she returned, "and I don't know what to do at all. Whenever I speak of Jack it only throws her into a hysterical state, and just as soon as she thinks I am out of hearing she begins to say those dreadful things I told you about. I am afraid it is a matter we will have to decide for ourselves, Mr. Ware."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### SAVED FROM DREAD FATE.

#### Kind Woman's Assistance Meant Much to This Tramp.

A certain lady, noted for her kind heart and open hand, was approached not long ago by a man who, with tragic air, began:

"A man, madam, is often forced by the whip of hunger to many things from which his very soul shrinks—and so it is with me at this time. Unless, madam, in the name of pity, you give me assistance, I will be compelled to do something which I never before have done, which I would greatly dislike to do."

Much impressed, the lady made haste to place in his hand a five-dollar bill. As the man pocketed it with profuse thanks, she inquired:

"And what is the dreadful thing I have kept you from doing, my poor man?"

"Work," was the brief and mournful reply.—Harper's Weekly.

### WESTERN MEN IN NEW YORK.

#### Brains of Mountain and Prairie in Demand in the Financial Center.

Ever since the early days, when D. O. Mills, J. B. Haggin and James R. Keene "emigrated" from California to New York, the metropolis has been drawing largely on the west and south for its supply of "men who do things." Theodore P. Shonts, both a southerner and westerner, who has undertaken to solve New York's great transit problem, is the latest importation in response to the call of the east.

The promptness with which Thos. F. Ryan, of Virginia, turned the Equitable Life Assurance Society over to its policyholders, who now elect a majority of its Board of Directors, and divested himself of the control of the stock which he bought from Jas. H. Hyde, and the success of the new management of the Society under the direction of President Paul Morton, have created a demand for the strong men of the south and west that is greater than ever before. Under the Morton management the Equitable has made a better showing than any other insurance company in the way of improved methods, economies and increased returns to policyholders.

E. H. Gary, head of the greatest corporation in the world—the U. S. Steel Co.—John W. Gates, Henry C. Frick, Norman B. Ream, Wm. H. Moore and Daniel G. Reid are other westerners who are among the biggest men in New York.

### Her Aim.

A man who runs a truck farm in Virginia tells of the sad predicament in which a colored man named Sam Moore, who is in his employ, recently found himself. Sam had had considerable difficulty in evading the onslaughts of a dog from a neighboring farm. Finally the dog got him, as Sam kicked at him.

Sam's wife, hearing a tremendous yell, rushed to the rescue of her husband. When she came up the dog had fastened his teeth in the calf of Sam's leg and was holding on for dear life. Seizing a stone in the road, Sam's wife was about to hurl it when Sam, with wonderful presence of mind, shouted:

"Mandy! Mandy! Don't frow dat stone at de dawg! Frow it at me, Mandy!"—Youth's Companion.

### His Name for It.

I was once teaching a class of small pupils in physiology in a rural school and asked the class what name was given to the bones of the head as a whole. A little girl raised her hand.

"What is it, Lucy?" I asked.

"Skull!" she answered.

"Correct," said I; "but what other name has it?" expecting some one to answer "cranium." All were silent for a while, then a little fellow who seemed to be in a deep study quickly raised his hand, his eyes sparkling and a confident smile spreading on his face.

"What is it, Henry?" I asked.

"Noggin," was his immediate reply.—Judge's Library.

### A SMALL SECRET.

#### Couldn't Understand the Taste of His Customers.

Two men were discussing the various food products now being supplied in such variety and abundance.

One, a grocer, said, "I frequently try a package or so of any certain article before offering it to my trade, and in that way sometimes form a different idea than my customers have.

"For instance, I thought I would try some Postum Food Coffee, to see what reason there was for such a call for it. At breakfast I didn't like it and supper proved the same, so I naturally concluded that my taste was different from that of the customers who bought it right along.

"A day or two after, I waited on a lady who was buying a 25c package and told her I couldn't understand how one could fancy the taste of Postum.

"I know just what is the matter," she said, "you put the coffee boiler on the stove for just fifteen minutes, and ten minutes of that time it simmered, and perhaps five minutes it boiled; now if you will have it left to boil fifteen minutes after it commences to boil, you will find a delicious Java-like beverage, rich in food value of gluten and phosphates, so choice that when you will never abandon it, particularly when you see the great gain in health."

Well, I took another trial and sure enough I joined the Postum army for good, and life seems worth living since I have gotten rid of my old time stomach and kidney troubles."

Postum is no sort of medicine, but pure liquid food, and this, together with a relief from coffee worked the change. "There's a Reason."

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JULIA WARD HOWE

## How the Quieter Sort Amuse Themselves

By Julia Ward Howe

Newport Now Contrasted with the Newport of Yesterday—Parlor Amusements for the "Quieter Sort"—Old Time Dance on the Green—Famous Men and Women Who Have Enjoyed Themselves Simply—Camping Out and Summer Schools of Philosophy—Recreation vs. Amusement.

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(Julia Ward Howe, with her husband, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the eminent philanthropist who died in 1878, worked earnestly against slavery, becoming a leader in the agitation carried on throughout New England. After the slavery question was settled by the civil war Mrs. Howe took a prominent part in the work for woman suffrage, prison reform and international peace. Her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is known everywhere and will always live. Among her many works may be mentioned "Passion Flowers," "Later Lyrics," "Memoir of S. G. Howe," "Life of Margaret Fuller" and "Is Polite Society Polite?" Her children are also famous, the best known of them being Maud, Howe Elliott and Laura Richards. The intimacy of her associations with the great writers and thinkers of the last half century is shown by the present article.)

I am in Newport in the month of October. The gay season has come and gone. The gay world has driven and dined and danced, seeking and finding its accustomed plethora of frivolous amusement. It has possibly paid its bills and has certainly gone its way. It has troubled itself little with regard to the amusement of those outside of its limits. Yet has some diversion been furnished to mankind at large by the report of its doings. Its taste has been more accordant with Roman luxury than with Greek simplicity. Dinners in private houses of from 80 to 100 plates are far removed from the classic rule which enjoined that guests at a banquet should not be less than three or more than nine.

The faces of the gay people when they departed were anything but gay. They looked fagged and fatigued beyond measure, and their banality of facial expression was such as to strike a chill to the heart of the beholder.

The writer, having haunted the present field of observation for some seven decades, will here hazard some retrospective notes on "things that have been."

I might first speak of a Newport season of 55 years ago, in which George William Curtis and Thomas Appleton, with the families of Post Longfellow and Dr. Howe, sojourned together at the old Cliff house, now replaced by the new Cliff hotel. Studious inmates passed mornings in their rooms. Sea bathing for those who enjoyed it also occupied much of the forenoon. The afternoons were devoted to rambles, out-of-door sketching and driving, mostly along the beautiful beaches. Now and then our drive brought us to a tea-house, famous for its inexhaustible supply of hot griddle cakes. An occasional "hop at the ocean" called away our young people, but the crowning gaiety of the week was found in the Saturday evening gathering at this same Ocean house, where elders sat or promenade while young couples danced to their hearts' content, the ladies holding their trains in one hand, as the traditional mermaid is supposed to hold her caudal appendage.

In those days one of the few residents of Bellevue avenue issued invitations for a dance at his house. When the music and the figures began the Yankee serving man, recently hired, exclaimed, "I won't stay to see those people dance themselves to hell!" and rushed wildly from the house, leaving the refreshments to take care of themselves.

Years passed in which the butterfly hunt of fashion began to invade our quiet, but not yet in aggressive numbers. A summer came which brought Bret Harte, Dr. Holland, James Parton and Fanny Fern, Col. T. W. Higginson and Helen Hunt to the lovely seaside resort. Those congenial spirits soon formed a habit of coming together. We enjoyed many sails across the bay and chowder cooked on the sands of Jamestown, which then boasted few houses and only one small tavern. Our evenings were enlivened by readings, parlor dramas, charades and delightful conversation. The enchanting season came to an end all too quickly, never to repeat itself, but never wholly to perish from the memories of those whom it had united in friendly intercourse.

The watering place presently came into absolute favor with the devotees of fashionable life. Great attention was given to display and entertain-

ments grew more and more formal and expensive. Night was turned into day and day afforded no time for any thoughtful pursuit. What did the "quieter sort" do under these circumstances?

They united to form a small and friendly association whose meetings were held in private parlors. Refreshments were limited to tea and its concomitants or simple ices and cake. A presiding officer, a small committee charged with providing entertainments, a treasurer appointed to receive and care for the very moderate fees intended to cover the expenses of correspondence and announcement—these sufficed for a quarter of a century to keep the club in running order.

The entertainments offered to this assemblage were sufficiently varied in character. Men of science kindly lent themselves to the object held in view and instructive talks on many questions of natural history were given and enjoyed. Under this head mention might be made of a botanical picnic, at which an expert in that line of study led an adventurous party into depths of cliff and valley, to return laden with wild flowers, which were duly dissected and explained before an attentive audience. Music and the parlor drama sometimes brought lighter facilities into play and in the region of pure literature some rare delights were afforded us. Hans Breitmann read us the famous poem which gave him his name. The Rev. George Ellis enlightened us on themes of early American history. Col. T. W. Higginson unearthed for us the veritable diary of a Newport belle of 100 years ago. Memorabilia was a lecture on Aristotle, given by the late Prof. Davidson. The interest of this was so great as to lead to more than one especial gathering for the discussion of the various directions in which this "greatest of those who know" led the intellectual advance of the world.

Leaving for the moment the parlors of Newport town, let me glance a little at summer festivities in the rural districts. In this connection I recall a dance on the green, the grass closely clipped for the occasion. The time was golden September, the company a dozen intimate heads of families, with their young people, the music an old-fashioned fiddler with his instrument. On this smooth sward the waltz, "fatal," some French writer says, "to good dancing," cannot well be managed. But lancers and "Portland fancy" succeeded very well. The time chosen is the very heart of the lovely autumn day. Pappas and mamas sit cheerfully in a pleasant mingling of sun and shade and recall their own days of friskiness. But when the Virginia reel is called their feet refuse to keep still. They take hands and join in the mirthful exercises until they are well tired out and by no means unwilling to taste an excellent "bouillabaisse," which is served, piping hot, under the shelter of the oaks and maples.

Shall I go back a little further and recall a real "dance in a barn?" Not the gymnastic which figures under that name in a modern ballroom, but a feast given by a city lady of 50 years since to celebrate the completion of a new barn on her country estate. She sends her invitations through the village carpenter. He asks whether he shall invite old and young. She replies, "By all means, and the more the merrier."

So, at sundown, the rustic neighbors appear. The barn is lit with lanterns and adorned with green boughs. The tables are spread with substantial viands. The air is redolent of the fragrance of hot coffee. In a corner stands the fiddler and a call is made for partners. Farmer B. suggests that "Cousin Bob might bring his bass," and so the "cello lends its dignity to the occasion. The country folks execute their steps with great good will. At intervals they unite their voices in song:

"Last Tuesday night the wind was west,  
There was a husking in the east,"

And so on and so on until the rural limits of frolic time are reached and the barn is left to its future estate of use.

The extension of camp life in our country is a very encouraging sign of progress. The breath of the woods is fresh and invigorating and the simple labors of the camp, shared among its inmates, afford a lesson in the direction of that plain living which is said to be a condition of high thinking. The summer camps for boys, which have so multiplied of late, provide abundantly for the exercise of that superfluous energy which renders the youngster when "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" a terror to orderly households.

What a camping out was that in which Emerson the elder Agassiz and Lowell, with a chosen company of friends, took refuge in the Adirondack solitudes! William Stillman, who planned and conducted this outing "in the grand style," has spoken of it at some length in his recently published "Reminiscences." It always remained in his mind as one of the greatest events in his eventful life. Mr. Emerson was moved to celebrate this excursion in a poem which I once had, with other friends, the pleasure of hearing from his own lips. As he read the now well-known lines his face was lit up by pleasant recollections and he even quoted with humor the boatman's comment on the bad rowing of one of the party, "Will you catch crabs?"

JULIA WARD HOWE.