



The Mystery OF Carney-Croft

By
JOSEPH BROWN COOKE

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CHAPTER XXI.

An Amphibian Mystery.

My astonishment at this last remark of the Bruce woman was beyond expression, and, grasping her somewhat rudely by the arm, I exclaimed:

"What do you mean by that? Explain yourself at once!"

"You know well enough what I mean, and who I mean, sir," she replied in a whisper, placing her mouth close to my ear as she spoke. "As you love Miss Carney, and as you value her happiness, sir, you must trust me and ask no questions now."

I pondered deeply for a moment before I answered her and then I said in a low tone:

"You are asking a great deal of me, Mrs. Bruce. You must remember that I am Miss Carney's legal adviser and that I am in duty bound to look out for her interests. This thing has gone quite far enough already, and yet matters are growing more and more mysterious. I heard Jenks tell you that I was up on the hill this morning, and I have no wish to deny it, but I saw something there that must be explained at once or I shall notify the authorities; and, for my part, I do not see how it can be explained at all."

"What did you see, sir?" she gasped, as if in great mental distress.

"Well," I replied, slowly, "I saw a number of little graves, or what appeared to be such."

"Oh, my God!" she moaned, covering her face with her hands, "I did not think anything like that could happen! I should have burned them, sir. Oh, why didn't I burn them! It would have been much safer!"

Jenks had slunk into the house, leaving us to ourselves, and I was enabled to talk more freely.

"Look here, woman!" I exclaimed. "What in the name of heaven does all this mean? Speak, or by all that's holy I'll have you in jail before morning!"

My impassioned words had no effect upon her other than to make her weep piteously, and I waited until she had regained her composure somewhat and was able to talk coherently.

"You misjudge me, Mr. Ware," she said. "Indeed you do, sir. I have committed no crime, sir, and I am doing all in my power to prevent one; for it would be a crime if it happened, although the law wouldn't call it so, sir."

She laid her hand on my shoulder respectfully and then, the old-fashioned, motherly way coming over her, she continued in a choking voice:

"You must do as I ask, Mr. Ware. Do not distrust me, I beg of you, sir, for I have so much to bear and I have borne it all so patiently and so willingly, too, sir. Remember, I have no fault to find, and I am glad to have been able to do what I have done, sir, but the end is so near now that I cannot bear to have everything go for nothing at the last."

Her eyes were filled with tears, and, do what I might, I could not doubt her honesty and sincerity. Before I could speak, she went on hurriedly, looking about her in an apprehensive way:

"Just believe in me for a few days, sir, won't you? Do this for your own sake and for Miss Carney's and the other young lady's. You will never regret it, sir, I promise you; I swear it, sir, on everything I hold sacred, and God knows I am a churchwoman and live in fear of Him and His love sir."

For my life I could do no more than she asked, and, after a moment's hesitation, I said slowly:

"I must trust you, Mrs. Bruce, but I must tell you that I do so against my best judgment. I do not see how all these things can be explained satisfactorily and they must be explained soon in every way. Still, I believe that you are sincere in what you tell me, and, for the present at least, I will ask no more questions and rely upon you to fulfill your protestations of good faith when the proper time comes. You will understand, of course, that in spite of this promise I shall feel perfectly free at any time to take such steps in this matter as I may deem necessary, and, while I am willing to let things stand as they are now for a short time, I shall act promptly and effectively if any new or otherwise suspicious circumstances arise."

With these words I turned and walked down the path in the direction of Carney-Croft, leaving her standing by the gate, crying softly.

The next afternoon I took a boat on the river and paddled aimlessly up and down trying to kill time and watching for an opportunity to speak to Miss Carney, whom I had not seen for two days. Miss Weston's condition was growing steadily worse, and the arrival of the nurses from town and their

close attention to their patient, coupled with the frequent and anxious visits of the village physician, served as a sufficient excuse for the hurried departure of all of Miss Carney's guests except myself, who remained from a sense of duty as well as a desire to be near at hand and in a position to set myself right with my hostess on the first occasion that offered.

I did not go far from the house, but rowed up and down the stream with no particular objective point in mind and only thinking of what I might do in regard to Mrs. Bruce, and, most of all, how I could hope to again gain Miss Carney's good will, if nothing more, and explain, in the slightest degree, my outrageous behavior.

It is needless to say that I was in no happy frame of mind and, as I allowed the boat to drift slowly down stream with the current, I leaned over the side and peered into the depths of the limpid water on which I was floating.

As I drifted carelessly along in this lazy fashion I finally came to a point opposite that portion of the bank where the ghosts had disappeared so suddenly and mysteriously in the bright moonlight. Up to this time my mind had been free from any thought of this feature of the Carney-Croft puzzle, for the events of the past few days, together with my anxiety to see Miss Carney and right myself in her eyes, were more than enough to occupy my entire attention for the moment.

The realization of my position off the shore, however, served to recall vividly the spectral scene of the summer, and I again began to speculate as to the manner in which the ghost-like figures had managed to disappear from view in such an effectively supernatural way.

While I was pondering over this problem and wondering if I was ever

ter, and leading apparently to some sort of a tunnel or cave.

As I made this discovery I had no doubt that the mysterious figure I had seen had emerged from this sunken tunnel, and, upon encountering me, had returned to it with all possible haste. I certainly had no desire to follow him through the submerged entrance to his place of concealment, but I determined to oust him without delay, and leaving my skiff at the boathouse, I returned for a final reconnoiter before summoning a gang of men to dig down from above and lay bare the subterranean vault to which the submerged stairway doubtless led.

Clambering up on the knoll that overlooked this part of the river, I cast my eye in every direction up and down the stream, keeping as close a watch as possible on the entire landscape, and, even sooner than I had expected, I was rewarded by seeing the fellow's head again emerge from the water about 20 feet off shore.

As he shook the drops from his face and glanced about him apprehensively I crouched low down on the ground, back of a brush, and watched him attentively from this point of vantage. His countenance was so distorted with the cold and the water in his eyes that I could not have recognized him even if I had seen him before, and he seemed to swim with great difficulty, doubtless because of the icy chill of the water; but he went bravely about it and struck out manfully for the shore, which he reached in a few sturdy strokes.

As he got into shallow water and made his way to the land, I could see that he was fully dressed, even to his shoes, and that he was shivering violently from the effect of his exertion and the exposure to which he had been subjected.

I was almost on the point of calling out to him and offering him such as-



A Man's Head Appeared Above the Surface.

to solve it with any degree of satisfaction, I noticed a slight commotion in the water between me and the shore, such as might have been made by a beaver or a muskrat.

In another moment a man's head appeared above the surface and then, with a wild look at me and my boat, not 20 yards distant, he gave a convulsive spasm and disappeared again with a plunge like that of a porpoise playing under the bow of a ship.

The water was bitterly cold, for it was now near the end of October, and there was a chill in the air which foretold the coming of snow, yet, although I patrolled the spot for nearly half an hour and had a clear view of the river and shore for fully a mile in every direction, the figure did not reappear.

CHAPTER XXII.

An Unexpected Swim.

For a time it seemed to me that the fellow's life must have been lost and that his body had floated down the stream with the current, which increased steadily in force as it neared the falls, some two miles below.

Whence he had come I did not know, for I could not conceive that a man would be swimming in the river at this time of year, and, just as I was about to row ashore and report the affair to those who could institute a proper search for the body, an idea flashed into my head and served to explain the matter in short order.

The ghosts, or at least the men who impersonated them, had always disappeared from sight at this point on the river bank, and, doubtless, they had dived into the water and found shelter somewhere under the shore. If this were the case, a man might easily enough have ventured out from his hiding place, and, upon seeing me, returned and waited until the coast was clear again.

I pulled in close to the shore, and, paddling slowly along under the overhanging bank, I soon discovered a broad flight of stone steps lying entirely beneath the surface of the wa-

ter, and leading apparently to some sort of a tunnel or cave. As I made this discovery I had no doubt that the mysterious figure I had seen had emerged from this sunken tunnel, and, upon encountering me, had returned to it with all possible haste. I certainly had no desire to follow him through the submerged entrance to his place of concealment, but I determined to oust him without delay, and leaving my skiff at the boathouse, I returned for a final reconnoiter before summoning a gang of men to dig down from above and lay bare the subterranean vault to which the submerged stairway doubtless led.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Modern Youth.
Young Girl—Is it not true, mamma, that I cannot read that book of which every one is talking until after I have been divorced?—Translated from Transatlantic Tales from Megendorfer Blatt.

SPAIN FAR BEHIND NATIONS.

Illiteracy Prevails There to a Most Amazing Extent.

Of the 20,000,000 people inhabiting Spain, only about 35 per cent. can read and write; another two and one-half per cent. of the population can read without being able to write, but the remaining 62½ per cent. are absolute illiterates. In the south of Spain it is impossible to get a servant who can read and write, and many of the postmen are unable to tell to whom the letters they carry are addressed. They bring a bundle of letters to a house and the owner looks through them and takes those which are (or which he thinks are) addressed to him. The Spanish postmen are not paid by the state; the recipient of the letters have to remunerate them according to the amount of their correspondence, and each letter costs the addressee at least one cent. It is a joke among the easy-going Spaniards that he who treats the postmen best receives the most letters—whether they are intended for him or not.

THE NEW YORK LIFE'S PROGRAM.

Economy, Publicity and the Paramount Interest of Policyholders.

President Kingsley, of the New York Life Insurance Company, says, in an address to the policyholders, that his plan of administration involves these points:

"First: Strict economy; second, the widest, fairest and fullest publicity; third, the continuance of the New York Life as a world-wide institution; fourth, such an amount of new business under the law as we can secure while practicing intelligent economy, and enforcing the idea that the interest of the policy-holder is paramount."

Close Confinement.

The new phonograph had just arrived, and in her husband's absence, Mrs. Jones thought she would give her parrot a treat, so she set the machine working on a record of "In Old Madrid," sung by Mr. Jones in his best style.

At the very first bar Polly opened her eyes in surprise, and rocked herself to and fro in deep and speechless wonder.

She was evidently thinking deeply, and her excitement was intense. She cocked her head on one side, with an expression that indicated interested conjecture, and irritation at not arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. As the song finished, an idea dawned upon her.

"Well," said Mrs. Jones with pride, "what do you think of that, Polly?" Then the bird found words: "Great Scott!" she shrieked. "You've got the old man boxed up this time."

Queer Idea of Enjoyment.

Dr. Juliet Severance writes in the Vegetarian Magazine:

"I am often reminded of a clinic case brought before the class when I was in medical college in 1858. The man had gout and rheumatism, both the small and large joints being immovable, and his suffering was severe. Dr. R. T. Trall, professor of theory and practice, was explaining to us the importance of a very strict and abstemious diet. The poor fellow tried vainly to turn his head, and grunted out: 'I can't go that; I want to enjoy life while I do live!'"

Watching the Knife Play.

"There is an awful fascination about seeing people eat with their knives," said he who has just spent a week on the farm for this health, with a retrospective look in his eyes. "A knife is such an unexpected instrument. You never know just where it is going to strike. You can't keep your eyes off. You are afraid to look for fear it might slip and cut the mouth half in two, and you are afraid if you don't look it might happen and you won't get to see it."

SOAKED IN COFFEE

Until Too Stiff to Bend Over.

"When I drank coffee I often had sick headaches, nervousness and biliousness much of the time, but when I went to visit a friend I got in the habit of drinking Postum.

"I gave up coffee entirely and the result has been that I have been entirely relieved of all my stomach and nervous trouble.

"My mother was just the same way. We all drink Postum now, and without coffee in the house for 2 years, we are all well.

"A neighbor of mine, a great coffee drinker, was troubled with pains in her side for years and was an invalid. She was not able to do her work and could not even mend clothes or do anything at all where she would have to bend forward. If she tried to do a little hard work she would get such pains that she would have to lie down for the rest of the day.

"At last I persuaded her to stop drinking coffee and try Postum Food Coffee and she did so and has used Postum ever since; the result has been that she can now do her work, can sit for a whole day and mend and can sew on the machine and she never feels the least bit of pain in her side, in fact, she has got well and it shows coffee was the cause of the whole trouble.

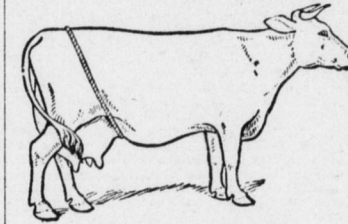
"I could also tell you about several other neighbors who have been cured by quitting coffee and using Postum in its place." "There's a Reason." Look in pkg. for the famous little book "The Road to Well-being."



KEEPING A COW FROM KICKING.

How Rope Can Be Adjusted to This End.

In the sketch herewith you will notice a rope which is to be passed over the hip, down in front of the udder, drawn tolerably tight and tied. I have found this to be an excellent method of keeping cows from kicking.



The Rope in Place.

ing, and it in no way cuts off the milk supply.

The only objection to such a plan, says Breeders' Gazette, would be that injury might happen to the mammary veins running forward from the udder. These veins remove the blood that comes from the arteries to the udder and have nothing whatever to do with the supply of blood from which milk is elaborated.

GOOD AND POOR COWS.

They Can Be Discovered Only by Methods of Testing.

The establishing of test associations will enable the dairymen to eliminate the unprofitable cows from their herds and help them to get better cows and make half the number do the same or even better work than the whole number of our average cows are doing at the present time.

The milk scale and Babcock test must of necessity come into use. Every farmer should have a milk scale hanging in the barn where it will be handy to weigh each cow's milk, and, by the side of this, a milk sheet with names or numbers of cows, enabling him to keep a daily record of each cow in his herd.

There is not more than one in 20 farmers that knows the amount of milk and butter fat each cow in the herd is producing per year. However, now is a good time for every dairymen to begin a more economical production of milk. It costs but very little more to keep a cow that will produce 400 pounds of fat per year than one producing 100 pounds.

The most extravagant thing a dairymen can do is to head his herd with a scrub sire; this is a step back and a continual slide as long as he continues such methods. There is no advancement or grading up without a pure bred, prepotent sire. Improvement comes only through the superior qualities of the male used. Experience in my work shows that cows kept at a good profit to their owner are not allowed out of barn in winter more than one-half to one hour per day in fine weather, and are kept in warm, well-lighted and well ventilated stables. They are watered in stable cold days and fed food of a succulent nature, such as ensilage or mangles, with all the alfalfa or clover hay they will consume without waste, and a balanced grain ration of not less than one pound to every three pounds of milk given.

H. C. SEARLES

DAIRY NOTES.

Three cows without salt produced 55 pounds less milk in a week in an experiment station test.

Only clean tin milk utensils should be used. Patched or rusty tinware should not be tolerated.

When you buy a separator get one that runs easy, washes easy and skims clean and you'll have the best. Whitewash looks and is mighty nice on the inside of the cow barn and a little salt will make it stick better.

Eastern cowmen practice soiling in summer. They figure green corn or alfalfa fed this way is worth \$20 to \$25 per acre.

Many a dairymen blames his cows when he ought not to do so. It often quiets his conscience, though, and the cows don't care.

Scoring the Buttermaker.

The officials of the dairy division of the department of agriculture are planning a score card that will not only score butter and cheese but that will score the buttermakers and cheesemakers also. This is a good plan, and the card would do much good if it could be honestly used. Some of the managers of factories would be surprised at the low scoring their manufacturer would receive. It would certainly be a good thing for the dairy schools; for it would show the dairy students ranking high up, as a rule. This would be an object lesson to the boards that control the creameries and cheese factories.

Room for Improvement.

The "average" dairymen is a very poor dairymen in the true sense of the word, yet a comparison of the methods in use to-day with those of even ten years ago is quite complimentary to this same "average" dairymen. There's abundant room for improvement yet, however.

The Yoke.

very tough wood make a slat, No. 2, long enough to prevent cow from getting over fence, and through it. Through each end of bow run a pin, No. 3.

Snakebite Cure.

A Callaway county, Mo., farmer says he found his cow suffering from a snakebite on the neck, and cured it by applying a poultice of soft soap and gunpowder. He tells of a boy who was also cured of a bite from a copperhead snake by this method. It is claimed to be as good as whisky for snakebite.

A good milk house pays for its cost very season.

THE FALL COW.

She Will Make Winter Dairying Profitable.

If every farmer who follows the practice of having the cows drop their calves in the spring could thoroughly understand the comparative advantage of winter dairying he would be pretty apt to change his plans. The average cow produces little more than 150 pounds of butter in a year. It is safe to say that this same cow can be made to produce 200 pounds of butter per year through winter dairying entirely.

The cow that drops her calf about May 1 has only about two months of good pasturage ahead before the hot weather comes and the flies begin to pester her. Those two months she will do exceedingly well but they are the two months of the year when dairy products are at the lowest prices. During the season of dry pasture and flies her milk flow will diminish to such an extent that it is impossible to make her give a good flow during even the early winter months.

The cow that drops her calf about November 1 or December 1 has been dry during the time of shortest pastures and during the busiest season of the year on the farm. She has a long period of usefulness ahead of her before fly time the following season. She will be doing her very best while prices for dairy products are highest and while the time of her owner is not so expensive. By the time grass comes she will have reached a period in her lactation when a decrease in the milk flow is to be expected, but will give a good flow as soon as she gets on grass anyway. She will be ready to take her rest when the season is most unfavorable for milk production.

In addition to these facts there is another very potent reason why the cows should freshen in the fall. The young calf will not require very much grain feed the first six months and is old enough to thrive in the pasture the following season and to fight its own battle during fly season. The result is a yearling calf at a very small cost.

It is true that it will cost perhaps five or six dollars more per year to feed the winter dairy cow, but if it does the increase in receipts will be more than double that amount.

CLEAN CREAMERIES.

There Are a Few of Them But Many Are Dirty.

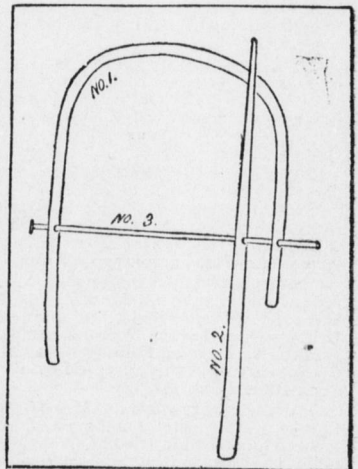
Some time ago I had the pleasure of taking a trip to visit a number of creameries in the county in which I live. As a result of that visit I came to the conclusion that there are many very dirty creameries and also many very clean ones. I could but wish that the people that buy the butter and buttermilk from the two kinds of creameries knew the difference between them, says a writer in Farmers' Review. If they did I am sure that the dirty creameries would all shut their doors and go out of business, while the other creameries would have all the business. If we could get a publicity of that kind it would be a powerful lever for lifting up the quality of our butter and other dairy products.

The dirty creameries were, wide open to the flies and dust. Old milk and dirt were spattered all over the floor. The churns smelled strong, and some of the utensils smelled as if they had not been thoroughly washed out for a long time. The clean creameries had cement floors, and the doors and windows were all screened. The utensils all smelled as clean as if bran new. It is a pleasure to think of eating butter coming from such creameries.

YOKING A FENCE JUMPER.

Device Which Will Check the Worst Case Known.

Get a good piece of green timber and make a bow, No. 1. Of some



very tough wood make a slat, No. 2, long enough to prevent cow from getting over fence, and through it. Through each end of bow run a pin, No. 3.

A Callaway county, Mo., farmer says he found his cow suffering from a snakebite on the neck, and cured it by applying a poultice of soft soap and gunpowder. He tells of a boy who was also cured of a bite from a copperhead snake by this method. It is claimed to be as good as whisky for snakebite.

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