



The Mystery OF Carney-Croft

By JOSEPH BROWN COOKE

(Copyright, 1907, by Story-Press Corporation.) CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

An iron ladder, very much rusted and weather worn, but apparently perfectly strong and secure, was attached to one side of this shaft, and, after waiting for a few minutes until my eyes had become accustomed to the blackness of the hole, I could see that it was about 12 feet deep and opened into the arched roof of a tunnel of some kind, the floor of which, as well as the sides and top, was constructed of massive masonry.

At times the most level-headed and evenly balanced man is tempted to do some foolhardy thing, and, while I make no claim to any unusual degree of personal bravery, and have not a dare-devil trait in my disposition, I was suddenly seized with an irresistible desire to descend into this forbidding looking pit and investigate it for myself, then and there.

My revolver was fully loaded and I also carried a small pocket-lamp which had been given me some time before and which I had found useful on several occasions; less strenuous, however, than the one at hand.

With these thoughts in my mind and, it must be confessed, with many misgivings which I strove to keep down and ignore, I propped open the lid of the manhole and descended boldly into the underground passage, holding my revolver firmly in my hand and ready to light my little lamp as soon as I reached the bottom of the ladder.

Once in the tunnel I stepped to one side in the direction of the river, where I could not be seen by anyone looking in from above, and tried to accommodate my eyes to the darkness of the place and avoid, if possible, the use of my lamp.

After a time I found that I could see fairly well and that I was in a long, narrow tunnel of brick and stone, about six feet wide and seven in height, which sloped gradually down to the river, where it ended in the flight of stone steps that I had seen and which were entirely under the surface of the water. There was a damp, noisome odor to the place and I soon recognized in it the same graveyard smell that I now knew so well and dreaded so much.

I had, however, expected something of this sort, and nerving myself to almost anything that might be disclosed in my search, I proceeded cautiously and stealthily along toward the steps, thinking I would explore that part of the tunnel first, before going in the other direction.

I saw nothing of interest until I got near the water, where I found a heavy, warm coat neatly folded and, on it, a whisky flask with the cork loosened, evidently awaiting their owner and indicating clearly that he purposed returning by the route he had taken when he left.

Leaving these as they lay, I retraced my steps and passed once more under the open shaft and on up the gentle slope of the passage-way, holding my pistol well in front of me and wondering at what moment some ghastly sight would meet my gaze and account for the constantly increasing fetidness of the place. I had not lighted my lamp, for the faint glimmer that filtered in through the river water and the illumination from the shaft enabled me to see with reasonable distinctness.

As I proceeded up the tunnel, however, objects began to grow dimmer and dimmer and I was on the point of striking a light when I heard a sudden crash and saw, to my horror, that the lid of the manhole had fallen shut with a bang, leaving me in total darkness.

Before I could ignite my lamp or even collect my thoughts, there was a rush of foul air from the upper end of the tunnel and then some heavy, lumbering creature brushed past me, breathing into my face a hot breath of unspeakable suggestiveness and wheezing and mumbling like a fretful lion just after a generous meal.

I shrank close to the wall of my prison, for such it now was, not knowing what to do or which way to turn, when, to my great relief, the beast, or whatever it was, shuffled awkwardly past me again, still making horrid guttural sounds and breathing deeply as before.

A rat, or some similar little animal, scuttled over my feet at the same moment, stopping long enough to bite my ankle sharply, but I made no sound and held my breath until the more formidable creature was well beyond me and left me a free course to the river.

As soon as I felt that the coast was clear and that I could not be overtaken, I sped down the incline toward the steps and plunged headlong into the water, which glimmered faintly green before me. Striking under the surface, I swam as far away from the entrance as I could, and, coming to the top at last, I made for the shore

and dashed on to my room for whisky and dry clothing.

CHAPTER XXIII. Another Escape.

It was still early in the evening and such was my anxiety to solve this problem without unnecessary delay that, in spite of my experiences of the day, I resolved to return again to the manhole and see how it happened to have fallen shut and if anything new could be learned from a superficial inspection of the place after dark.

I stopped long enough in the hallway to dispatch a servant to the railway station with my letter to Mac-Ardel so that it would catch the late mail and then, leaving word that I was going out for a short stroll, I put on a heavy coat and left the house.

There was an icy chill in the air that betokened snow in the near future, and I had heard one of the natives say the day before that we would have a storm and a "gol dummed big one, too," before the end of the week. As I started down the path to the river I could not doubt the accuracy of the fellow's prophecy, and I drew my coat collar well about my neck and shivered fitfully as the rigorous blasts of the coming winter reached through my garments and chilled my very bones.

A sudden drop in temperature, followed by heavy snow, in the early autumn was not uncommon in this climate, as I knew full well, and it was usually a serious matter to the farmers, whose fall crops were ruined and many of whose cattle perished; but this year was destined to see such a storm as had not been equaled in many a decade.

The wind howled and whistled through the trees and over the hill-tops and then, when a lull would come, it was emphasized by the dull, heavy moaning of the pines and hemlocks far away in the distance beyond the river. At times I even thought I could feel occasional flakes of snow striking me in the face as I strode on over the turf on my way to the tunnel entrance, but I could not be sure, and it might have been only the dust and

or motion in front of me where I found the pistol, and I had convinced myself that the crackling I had heard at my back, and which was some distance away at best, had been due to nothing more than the wind.

At length, and with trembling fingers, I removed the paper from the stock of the weapon and stuffed it into my pocket, so that I could examine it later, and was about to rise nervously to my feet, when I again heard a slight disturbance in the shrubbery to one side of me and saw a man approaching stealthily and apparently on all fours.

With no thought of the consequences and in an actual frenzy of terror, I raised the pistol and fired at him point-blank, but the cartridge failed to explode or else the chambers were empty, and, with a frantic shriek, I sprang to my feet and threw myself headlong upon him.

He seemed entirely unprepared for this attack, but he made no sound and strove manfully to defend himself as I grappled at his throat and we rolled over and over down the velvety lawn to the river.

I was considerably hampered by my overcoat and having no desire to go into the water with him, I relaxed my efforts somewhat, when, with almost superhuman strength and emitting a cry that indicated a degree of terror equal to my own, he tore himself from my grasp and sped away in the direction of the turnpike.

Feeling, now, that I was his master, I dashed madly after him, pulling off my coat as I ran, and I was gaining slowly upon him in spite of the redoubled efforts that he made, when, on the sharp incline that led down to the road, he stumbled and fell and I was upon him again in a moment.

My victory was short lived, however, for as he struggled fiercely to free himself from my grasp and I, with equal fury, strove to choke or beat him into a state of submission, we again rolled over and over in the grass until, as luck would have it, my leg caught in a strand of the barbed wire fence that enclosed the property at this out-of-the-way point, and once



Descended into the Underground Passage.

other small bits of matter that were picked up in the gale and whirled viciously through the air.

When I reached the manhole I was not at all surprised to find that some one had been there before me and again covered it with leaves and bits of grass but, as I tried to raise it once more, never doubting that I could make my escape across the lawn if I were detected in this, my astonishment was profound at discovering that it was securely fastened down from below.

While I was kneeling down on the ground and tugging at the lid to make sure that it was locked, I thought I heard a step behind me and turned my head quickly to see if anyone was approaching. It was, however, apparently nothing more than the snapping of a branch due to the fury of the wind, and I again turned to the manhole, hoping vaguely that, even if I could not open it, I might perhaps hear some conversation through the grating that would serve as a sort of a clew to the gressome doings beneath.

As I laid my hand on the iron work again it touched a cold, heavy object which had certainly not been there a moment before, and, picking it up and holding it between me and the sky, I saw, to my amazement, that it was my own revolver, to the handle of which was tied a bit of folded paper.

For an instant my heart seemed to stop and I remained rigid on my knees with my arms upraised as I had held out my pistol for inspection, fearing to move through very terror of my own shadow. My breath caught in my throat and then came in short, heavy gasps, while the wind alternately moaned and roared about me and occasional thick damp snowflakes lightly touched my ashen face.

There certainly had been no sound

more he succeeded in freeing himself and tore down the road in the direction of the village.

My clothing was torn and mud-stained, my hands and face were bruised and bleeding, I ached in every limb and was well nigh exhausted with the furious and protracted encounter, and I was hatless and coatless into the bargain, but I at least had one cause for congratulation.

In my second wrestle with my hitherto unknown assailant I had been able to get a sufficiently good view of his face to identify him positively and, in spite of the remarkable protestations of ignorance concerning the Carney-Croft mystery which I had heard him make to the widow only the night before, and which I was now forced to believe were but part of a little comedy gotten up for my special delectation, my lusty antagonist was no other than the long-suffering Jenks.

CHAPTER XXIV. The Doctor Explains It.

When I returned to the house my first thought was to read the note which I had found tied to the pistol and, as I had expected, it was in the Bruce woman's hand and was evidently intended for Jenks, whom I had detected as he was coming to get it. It was brief and to the point and read: "Try and return this pistol to Mr. Ware's room. Be cautious. Get her to manage it. Do as she says."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Complain of Beavers.
There is a movement in Maine to permit an open season for killing beavers, because of the damage to standing timber caused by the little animals. Lumbermen lay all sorts of deprecations at the door of the dam-builders.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

How a Veteran Was Saved the Amputation of a Limb.

B. Frank Doremus, veteran, of Roosevelt Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I had been showing symptoms of kidney trouble from the time I was mustered out of the army, but in all my life I never suffered as in 1897. Headaches, dizziness and sleeplessness, first, and then dropsy. I was weak and helpless, having run down from 180 to 125 pounds. I was having terrible pain in the kidneys, and the secretions passed almost involuntarily. My left leg swelled until it was 34 inches around, and the doctor tapped it night and morning until I could no longer stand it, and then he advised amputation. I refused, and began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The swelling subsided gradually, the urine became natural and all my pains and aches disappeared. I have been well now for nine years since using Doan's Kidney Pills."

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

HIS FOOT ON THE TREADMILL.

Mr. Joacker Tells of One Sentenced to Hard Labor for Life.

Said Mr. Joacker, who was reading the paper: "Another poor wretch has been given a life sentence at hard labor."

Said Mrs. Joacker, who was embroidering blue roses: "Probably he deserves it. What is he guilty of?"

"Fraud and no visible means of support. He obtained clothes and a fine turnout with no money and nothing collectible. He seems to be larger and stronger than most of that class, yet it is plain that he has never done a tap of work, though he has managed to live well, so far. But the poor fellow takes his sentence hard and cries piteously, protesting his innocence."

"The wretch! He must have dealt with perfect fools!"

"No, his victim is our own friend, Jack Smith."

"That clever lawyer! Do read to me all about it!"

"Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, a 12-pound boy."—The Bohemian.

SETTING THE BRIDE AT EASE.

"Widder's" Sympathy Went Out to Fellow Passenger.

A couple recently married had just entered the train that was to bear them to the mountains on their honeymoon, when they became aware of the close scrutiny of them by a female passenger, who had evidently "spotted" a bride and groom. The young wife, on opening her handbag, let fall some rice on the floor, and the woman smiled. The other passengers regarded the couple with interest. Seeing that the bride was every moment becoming more flushed and uncomfortable by reason of their scrutiny, the woman in the goodness of her heart, leaned across the carriage.

"Never mind, my dear!" she said. "I'm a widder now, but by this time next week I'll be in the same fix myself!"

In Extremis.

The yacht was heavily becalmed. There were but ten bottles of champagne in the lockers. Their last signal of distress had been sent up, without bringing any response.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the commodore, in a quavering voice, "I can no longer conceal the hideous truth from you. Sobriety stares us in the face!"

It was a wildly various scene which ensued. Some blabbered, some prayed, some, in an access of frenzied wantonness, sang songs, while some sat stoically by, awaiting their fate with at least an outward calm.—Puck.

High-Priced Meat

may be a

Blessing

If it gives one the chance to know the tremendous value of a complete change of diet.

Try this for breakfast:

A Little Fruit

A Dish of Grape-Nuts and Cream

A Soft-Boiled Egg

Some Nice, Crisp Toast

Cup of Well-made

Postum Food Coffee

That's all, and you feel comfortable and well-fed until lunch.

THEN REPEAT.

And at night have a liberal meat and vegetable dinner, with a Grape-Nuts pudding for dessert.

Such a diet will make a change in your health and strength worth trial.

"There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in page.

FINALLY ROUSED UP UNCLE.

How a Crowd of Villagers Stirred the Sage of the Cracker Barrel.

There was the usual crowd of villagers sitting on the postoffice steps waiting for the mail to be distributed, and among them was Uncle John. He had joined the sitters without saying a word, and at the end of fifteen minutes one of the men winked at the crowd and said:

"Well, Uncle John, have you heard about the big earthquake in Vermont, with 10,000 people killed?"

Uncle John looked at him in a weary way and shook his head. "And the cyclone in Connecticut yesterday and 500 houses blowndown?" continued the man.

Uncle John yawned and was not the least interested.

"The Ohio river rose 200 feet of a sudden the other day and carried the city of Cincinnati down stream. Tens of thousands of people lost their lives. Any of your relatives down there, Uncle John?"

The old man slowly shook his head and reached down to pick up a silver and pick his teeth with it.

"And the whole state of Pennsylvania is caving in," said the joker, "and by to-morrow there will be a great lake where 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 people have lived."

Uncle John took the news without a word. In fact, he yawned and stretched over it.

"By thunder, but there goes a rat under that pile of lumber across the street," exclaimed the joker as he rose up. "Say, you fellers—"

But he got no further. Uncle John was across the street and had a club in his hand, and within the next ten minutes he had done a half day's work tearing down the pile to get at the rat. He had been aroused at last.—Kansas City Journal.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

Wife's Sneering Comment Met with Sharp Answer.

Gelett Burgess at the recent dinner of the American Booksellers' association of New York said: "I once knew a San Franciscan who married a girl for her money. She was not a pretty girl, and as time passed and love cooled, she developed a rather tart tongue.

"One day her husband bought with his quarter's allowance a 20-horsepower automobile. He took the car home gayly and brought his wife out to the front door to look at it. She gave one sneering glance, and then said:

"It's very fine, but if it hadn't been for my money, it wouldn't be here."

"Well, Mamie," said the husband, quickly, "if it hadn't been for your money you wouldn't be here yourself."

USED BY THE DOCTORS.

Ninety Per Cent of the Drugs Prescribed Are Patent Medicines.

Despite the opposition of physicians, especially of those whose experience has been neither far reaching nor profitable, to "patent" medicines, ninety per cent of all drugs that physicians use are put up and compounded by manufacturing concerns,—are, in fact, "patent" medicines just as truly as if they were advertised in the newspapers.

The average doctor knows little or nothing of pharmacy and is, therefore, glad to depend on the very medicines, which in public he condemns, just as he is obliged in many cases to depend on the diagnosis of the patient himself, even while publicly deprecating what he calls "self-diagnosis."

How rapid has been the growth of the professional use of "patent" or "proprietary" medicines is shown in an article written for the Journal of the American Medical Association for September 29, 1906, by A. Jacobi, M. D., LL. D. He relates that 50,000 prescriptions, compounded in several drug stores were carefully examined. From 1850 to 1870 no prescription was found for "patent" or "proprietary" medicines. In 1874 but one prescription in 1,500 called for ready-to-use remedies. Between 1875 and 1880 the number calling for "patent" or "proprietary" medicines equalled two per cent of the total. This increased to 5 per cent in the period between 1880 and 1890. In 1895 it was 12 per cent, in 1898 it was 15 per cent, and in 1902-1903 was from 20 to 25 per cent.

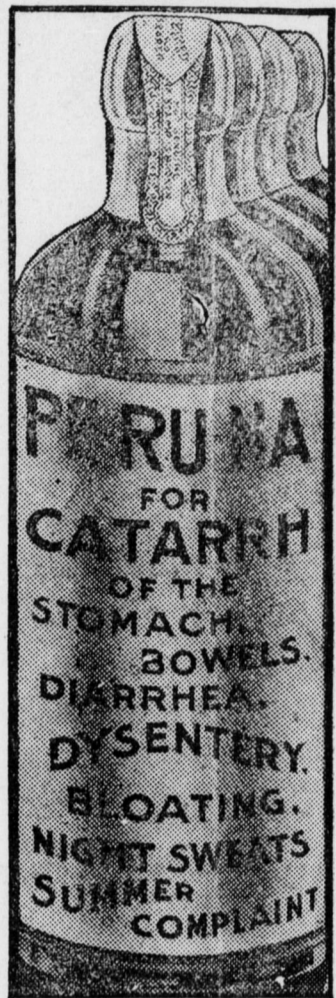
Dr. Jacobi says that in a large store he was assured that 70 per cent of the prescriptions were for "patent" or "proprietary" medicines, and this probably is approximately the correct proportion at the present time. From this it would seem that if the "patent" and "proprietary" medicines are good enough for physicians to prescribe in seven cases out of ten they are good enough for family use in cases of necessity and where the symptoms are well known and as easily understood by the people as by the doctors.

Always the Politeness.

A Germantown woman was not long ago watching a workman as he put up new window fixtures in her house.

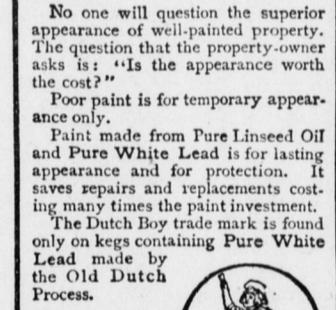
"Don't you think that you have placed those fixtures too high?" asked she, having reference to the curtain rolls last put in place. The workman, a stolid German, made no reply, but continued to adjust the fixtures. "Didn't you hear my question?" demanded the lady of the house. "How dare you be so rude?" Whereupon the German gulped convulsively, and then replied in the gentlest of voices: "I ha' my mouth full of schrews, and I could not speak till I swallow some!"—Harper's Weekly

HEALTH NOTES FOR AUGUST.



Pe-Ru-na FOR CATARRH OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, DIARRHÆA, DYSENTERY, BLOATING, NIGHT SWEATS, SUMMER COMPLAINT.

August is the month of internal catarrh. The mucous membranes, especially of the bowels, are very liable to congestion, causing summer complaint, and catarrh of the bowels and other internal organs. Pe-ru-na is an excellent remedy for all these conditions.



Painting for Profit
No one will question the superior appearance of well-painted property. The question that the property-owner asks is: "Is the appearance worth the cost?"
Poor paint is for temporary appearance only.
Paint made from Pure Linseed Oil and Pure White Lead is for lasting appearance and for protection. It saves repairs and replacements costing many times the paint investment.
The Dutch Boy trade mark is found only on kegs containing Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliary Stagnation. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Small Bear Face-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

RICH'S CAPUDINE CURES
It removes the cause, soothes the nerves and relieves the aches and pains. Cures all head-aches and neuralgia also. No bad effects. 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. (Liquid.)

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We sell land that never fails to return big interest on the investment; land that will double in value soon. Colorado is booming. Buy now before prices go up, as they are bound to do. Write for our descriptive literature. Local and Eastern references if desired.
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DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces in the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.