

The Mystery

Carney Croft

JOSEPH BROWN COOKE

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CHAPTER XXV.-Continued.

"You'd better not try to bring three people back through the drifts," said the doctor, who had just come in for a bite and a cup of coffee. "You can't drive two horses to advantage in this weather, and if you insist upon going why don't you take my mare and cut ter and go alone? She's been in the stable all day and she knows every inch of the road, so if you just give her her head she'll bring you through all right. You'd better take my storm coat and gloves, too, for you'll find the wind pretty cold after you've been in

Although I had but two miles or thereabouts to travel from the house to the railway station I made an early start and had the horse at the door before ten o'clock. The doctor came down to see me off and gave me a few

parting words of advice.

As I opened the door it was almost blown out of my hand by the force of the wind and great sheets of snow and sleet came sailing in, under the prote-cochere and half way down the hall.

I bundled myself up in the doctor's great fur coat and surrounded myself with his rugs and then, bowing my head to the fury of the gale, I did as I had been told, and let the mare take her own gait and pick her own

way to the train.

The train was 40 minutes late and, after putting my horse in the stable and blanketing her comfortably in accordance with the doctor's instruc-tions, I returned to the station and paced restlessly up and down the waiting room, now and then peering anxiously through the frost-coated windows in a childlike way, as if my eyes could penetrate the blackness of the night and see for miles down the track

Finally, as the time for its arrival drew near, one of the station men, with that intuition so frequently observed and so incomprehensible to the average individual, suddenly picked up a lantern and strode out on the platform. The heavy rumble of the oncoming locomotive and the faint squeal of its whistle struck my ears at the same instant and, looking out, I saw its single bleary eye gleaming dimly in the distance as it plowed on through the whirling sleet.

I was about to go out on the plat-form myself when the station master called me to the telephone and the doctor at Carney-Croft said hurriedly:

"I suppose the train is late but get MacArdel here as soon as you can if you want him to see her alive. It won't be many hours now and it may

There was a snap and a buzzing sound for an instant and I knew that the wire was down.

In another moment MacArdel was by my side, and as soon as we could get the lantern lighted and the mare out of the stable we started on our wild drive to Carney-Croft.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Entrance of Chico.

lashed the panting beast until great welts stood out on her sides and her hide was lathered with foam, while we dashed along in the blinding storm and finally galloped through the gate-way and up the winding road toward exercise, we thought of the ghosts as There's little to tell now, sir," said the house. The snow was drifting heavily and MacArdel leaned over the side of the sleigh and held the lantern close to the ground so that I could see such little traces of the road as remained or we would have been ditched a dozen times in our mad race to the

Suddenly, as we neared the house and at a place where the drifts were deeper and the exhausted horse struggled heavily in her effort to make her way on, a man sprang out of the sleet and grasping the animal by the head. threw her backward with almost superhuman strength and brought us to

"What do you mean!" I shouted. raising the whip high over my head.

"Let us go on or I'll brain you!"
"Don't strike, Mr. Ware!" he gasped "it's Bobbs, sir! You remember

"Let us pass, Bobbs!" I exclaimed angrily, losing my astonishment in my anxiety to reach the house. "I'll see you again, Bobbs! It's the doctor, here, for Miss Weston!"

"I know, sir," he panted, "and it's the doctor I want! She's gone, sir, and I'm afraid he's going, too. Come with me, for God's sake!'

"Do you mean she's dead, Bobbs?" I cried, as a great lump rose in my

"Yes, oh, yes!" he almost screamed "The doctor can't do her no good! She died some half hour ago, and he's dying, too, I tell you! Have you no heart, sir? Oh, bring the doctor to him, in God's name!"

"Can we drive?" I asked, suddenly, realizing the fellow's meaning and appreciating the uselessness of our going on to the house.

"No," he replied. "but it's only a step, sir. I'll show you the way. Oh,

I thought you would never come, sir!' sprang out and, giving Bobbs the lantern, followed him through the snow to the side of the house on

which Miss Weston's windows opened. "He doesn't know she's gone yet, said Bobbs, as he trudged along, lighting our way as best he could. "But he knows it must be soon, and he's been waiting out here in the storm for over six hours."

We came to a tree, partly sheltered by some shrubbery around it, and there, leaning against its trunk was poor John Carney, tottering feebly for support and gazing fixedly at the window behind which lay the body of his loved one.
"It's Mr. Carney, sir," explained

Bobbs, choking down a sob. might not know him, sir, he's changed so in the year and it's a long bit since you saw him last."

MacArdel made no move to go near him and we stood there, I in expectation and MacArdel with an air of professional scrutiny. Carney spoke, but without turning his head."

"I know you, Ware," he said slowly and painfully, raising his voice feebly to make it heard above the fury of the storm. "You have been good to Florence and so to me—and—I thank you. I can't say more than that, Ware, but my thanks are heartfelt."

He paused and seemed to choke for

an instant before he resumed:

You must pardon me, Ware, for all the trouble I've made you and for the worry that Florence has had to suffer, but I was too sure of myself when I thought I could frighten you away with the ghosts that Bobbs and I man ufactured and the letters that I had him write you. No one knew we were here but Bobbs' good mother, and thought, but what he said was true,

am perfectly helpless now, you and he changed his position know,' enough to show us two arms swathed in bandages, "but God only knows what a comfort they were to me, and Bobbs or his mother got a word to her from me whenever they could."

He was panting noisily from the effort of his long exertion, and Bobbs made a deprecatory gesture as if he would have him stop, but Carney mo-tioned him away and began once more in faint, disjointed words:

"I mustn't stop now, Bobbs. I have more to say and my time is growing

He leaned heavily against the tree for support and paused as if summon ing to his aid all his energy and all his

courage, and then gasped on: "Be good to Florence when she comes to you, Ware, and—God's—

blessing-on you-both." Suddenly, and with a muffled sob, he lunged forward and raised his poor distorted arms toward the window, which his gaze had never left for an instant. One of the nurses appeared and raised the sash to the top, letting the bitter wintry air rush in and fill

the death chamber.
"It's the end," moaned Carney, in a scarcely audible tone. "It's the end, and yet the beginning, too. Oh! my God, be kind-be good to me now. I cannot wait-my Annie-I-am-com ing — I — Ware — by — her — side — Ware — by — her — side — Ware - don't - forget. I - cannot - harm - her - now - I - Annie my - precious - Our - Father who - art - Amen - my Annie."

As we sprang to support him the light of the lantern flashed across his cruelly disfigured face and MacArdel muttered in my ear:



Leaning Against Its Trunk Was Poor John Carney.

she's been more than a mother to me, | Ware. There's no danger to anyone Ware. You must never let her want for anything as long as she lives. She We and Bobbs must be well provided for when I'm gone, Ware."

He stopped again and gasped heavily for breath, but soon he recovered himself and went on, though more feebly and with greater effort than before:

"I know I was foolish to do this, Ware, but at first I fancied I could Ware, but at first I fancied I could are all worn out in mind and body, but stay here and keep out of sight of the I want you to tell me the rest of this a means of keeping people away and giving me more freedom."

He had not taken his eyes from the window in all this time and the snow was falling so heavily that we were covered thickly with its soft, fleecy mantle.

Again he began to speak while we stood as men entranced, but his voice was even weaker than before and it was with difficulty that we could make out all that he said.

"I'll be gone soon, Ware, and you must keep it all from the people and have me buried at once. You know there would be a panic if they knew and yet there would be no danger in this climate. It's only when you live right in the midst of it, Ware, and have it on all sides of you all the time, as I did in Hawaii, trying to help those poor souls in their sufferings.

"There's no danger, Ware, to anyone and yet, if they'd found me I'd have been penned up somewhere like a wild beast and I couldn't bear it I know I was foolish over it, and that I probably could have bought my freedom in a way, but once we got settled here I wanted to stay in peace. You know we never bothered you with the ghosts after Florence came back, and I had Bobbs send you that one last note in a faint hope that you would

"Bobbs wrote to Annie for me, too, telling her to talk with Mrs. Bruce and try and persuade you to go, but she only begged to see me and insisted on keeping as near to me as she could. Of course, I could not see her, Ware, but she used to write me every day and leave the letters on the window high." But, man, do you know how sill for Chico to get after dark. I long it takes to do up a shirt?" "Why, wasn't able to answer them, Ware, for about four washings.'

We lowered him gently to the ground and the rapidly drifting snow received him in its soft enbrace and covered him over like a shroud. Some hours later, when the house

was quiet for the night and MacArdel had retired to his room, I called Bobbs into the dimly lighted library and said:
"It's late, I know, Bobbs, and we

Bobbs, bravely keeping back his tears. 'We lived either in my mother's house or in the old cellar with the tunnel that leads to the river. Mrs. Bruce is my mother, sir, and my name is Robert Bruce, but in the old country they used to call me "Bobs,' sir, after Lord

Roberts, you know.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROUD OF HIS NEW NOSE.

Original, Frozen Off, Is Replaced by One of Vulcanite.

Philadelphia.-Greatly altered in apearance, but for the better, David Dodson, of Barnesboro, Pa., walked out of the dental hall of the University of Pennsylvania, proud wearer of a substitute for his nose that was frozen off in a blizzard several years ago.

Last year Dodson prevailed on Dean C. H. Frazier, of the medical department, to attempt to graft a finger of his right hand on his face to form the nose. When the operation was about to prove successful, Dodson, crazed by pain, pulled the finger out of its place and made the operation a failure.

The new nose is made of flesh-colored vulcanite, with block-tin tubes, and is held on the face by means of a pair of bow spectacles and a heavy false mustache.

The case was handled by Philip Kurtz, a senior of the dental department, under the direction of Dr. A. De Witt Gritman.

Doing It Up.

"This bill is too high," said the customer. "Too high?" ejaculated the laundryman. "That's what I said; too

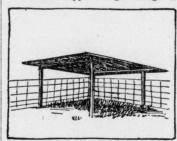


SUMMER SHELTER FOR HOGS.

If You Have Not Provided One Do So Now.

Hogs must have shelter while on pasture. In many localities trees offer suitable protection from the sun, making artificial shade unnecessary. Where there are no trees, it would be well to plant them, but in the meantime the hogs must be shielded from the hot sun.

One plan is to take the farrowing pens to the pasture field and put up on suitable supports high enough to



Shelter for Hogs.

allow the hogs to move about under them. If set out a distance from the fence there is always sure to be shade. Besides furnishing a place for the hogs to go during the hottest part of the day and also affording protection from cold rains in the early fall the pens are up off of the ground making decay less rapid. Another convenient shelter is shown by Farm and Home built in a corner of the pasture. This can be made as long as necessary to suit the requirements. The back of the shed can be boarded up or not to suit the plans of the owner. Where the hogs are left out late in the fall, however, the back and one side should be temporarily boarded up to give protection on chilly nights or during cold

CARE OF MARE AND FOAL. A Little Extra Trouble Will Prove Profitable.

Colts are valuable nowadays. A good one will sell at weaning time for about as much as a matured horse three or four years ago. Mr. W. L. Houser gave some sensible advice about the mare and foal in his talk before Wisconsin farmers. He says it is well to keep pretty close watch of the mare at foaling time. You may save the colt by a little help. After it comes it may need a little asistance to get the first milk from the mother, not usu ally, but sometimes that is the case and you can well afford to give the help. Thoroughly disinfect the navel cord, and do it frequently until it is healed. The greatest loss among young colts is due to the so-called navel disease which results in dullness, swollen joints and frequently

Feed the mare liberally while she is raising the colt. Oats and bran and pasture are the best feed. The colt will learn to eat some oats and bran at an early age if you will give him a chance, and will do well as a result. If you must work the mare, keep the colt in the barn during the day, letting it to the mother three or four times during thet day, if possible I like to wean my colts at about four months of age. If they have been taught to eat grain, they will make the shift without any loss of flesh or impairment of the growth. A little cow's milk (skim milk is good) helps amazingly to keep the colt going along at this time. Feed liberally of oats and bran, about all the colt will eat, and keep him a-going in this way until he is a year old, when he should be thrifty and strong, weighing from 850 to 1,000 pounds. He will not be much trouble to you after this time.

SHEEP AND HORSE NOTES.

Great big stallions and small mares should never be mated to breed.

While half blood horses may do well enough to work, they should never be

used for breeding purposes. A flock of 50 breeding sheep is a good size for the man conducting a general system of farming.

Taking everything into consideration, the draft mare is the most profit-able one for the farmer to raise. Your sheep may need their hoofs trimmed if you didn't attend to this.

Do you notice any of them walking The best place to mark sheep is on the rump. Venetian red and linseed oil will make a distinctive mark. Nev-

er use tar. Men who do not like sheep should not keep them, but at the present prices wouldn't it pay to stretch a point so as to take advantage of the profits along with the other fellows?

Two Litters a Year.

It pays to raise two litters of pigs eason, though few farmers do this. The advantage lies in the double use of the money invested in stock, buildings and appliances. Often it quirs no greater expense for hiring labor to raise two litters of pigs than . Many of our farmers, however, not well enough supplied with equipments to dare risk the raising of pigs in the winter. The greatest ob-stacle they find is the lack of a protein feed in the fall and winter. This problem should be worked out on as many farms as possible on account of

METHOD IN HIS SOLICITUDE.

Willie's Deep Interest in Playmate's Health Explained.

This story is well in keeping with the spirit of the age, says the New York Tribune. A Bronx man tells it about his little boy. The neighbor's young hopeful was very ill, and Willie and the other youngsters in the block had been asked not to make any noise in the streets. The neighbor's rang one day and she opened it to find Willie standing bashfully on her front

"How is he to-day?" he inquired in a shy whisper

"He's better, thank you, dear, and what a thoughtful child you are to

come and ask."
Willie stood a moment on one foot and then burst forth again, "I'm orful

sorry Jimmy's sick."

The mother was profoundly touched. She could find no further words to say, but simply kissed him. Made still bolder by the caress, Willie began to back down the steps, repeating at intervals his sorrow for his playmate's illness At the bottom step he halted and looked up. "If Jimmy should die," he asked, "kin I have his drum?"

FOR SELFISH ENDS.

The Efforts Being Made by the American Medical Association.

The Political activity of the American Medical Association has become so pronounced as to cause comment in political circles especially as the the avowed purpose of the Doctors of the "Regular" or Allopathic school, of which the Association is chiefly composed, is to secure the passage of such laws as will not only prevent the sale of so-called "Patent" medicines, but will restrict the practice of medicine and healing to the "schools" now recognized. This in many states would prevent the growing practice of Osteopathy, and in nearly every state would prevent the healers of the Christian Science and mental science belief from practicing those sciences in which the faith of so many intelligent people is so firmly rooted.

The American Medical Association has a "Committee on Legislation, and the committee has correspondents in practically every township some 16,000 correspondents in all. This committee at the last session of the American Medical Association held in June of this year expressed a hope that a larger number of physicians than heretofore will offer themselves as candidates for Congress at the first opportunity. In its annual report this Committee said: "To meet the growing demands of the move ment, however, particularly if the work of active participation in State legislation is undertaken, a larger

clerical force must be employed."

This is almost the first time in the history of the United States that any organized class has frankly avowed the purpose of capturing legislatures and dominating legislation in their

own selfish interests. The American Medical Association has about 65,000 members of whom 27,000 are "fully constituted members" and the rest are members because of their affiliation with state or local societies. The Association owns real estate in Chicago valued at \$111, 781.91 and its total assets are \$291. 567.89. Its liabilities, at the time of the annual report which was made at the June meeting, amounted to only \$21,906. The excess of assets over liabilities is increasing at the rate of about \$30,000 a year, and the purpose of the organization is to dominate the field of medicine, and by crushing all competitions by securing the passage of prohibitive legislation, competall of the people of the United States to pay a doctor's fee every time the most simple remedy is needed.

Patron Saint of Lawyers

story is told at the expense of Francis H. T. Maxwell a well-known The members of the Taunton, Mass., Bar association thought they ought to have a patron saint, but after much wrangling they could not hit upon any particular saint.

Finally a committee, of which Mr Maxwell was a member, was appointed to make a selection. They made a trip to New York, and there visited a gallery where most of the saints were carved in marble. It was decided to leave the selection to Mr. Maxwell, and after making the rounds he placed his hand on one in a group of two. "This one will do." he said. He had his hand on the devil, whom St. Michael was driving before him.

President Castro's Conceit.

Many stories have been told of Cipriano Castro, president of Venezuela, and of his monumental conceit. During the Russo-Japanese war the fall of Port Arthur was being ex-

plained to him.
"Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "With 500 Venezuelans I could have taken it in four days." "With a thousand, in one day, your

excellency," said the diplomatic representative of a European power. Castro was so pleased at what was

intended to be sarcasm that, it is said, the diplomat succeeded next day in securing satisfaction of a claim that his government had been vainly pressing

Horrible Example.

"My dear," said Mrs. Strongmind, "I want you to accompany me to the town hall to-morrow evening."
"What for?" queried the meek and

lowly other half of the combine.
"I am to lecture on the 'Dark Side
of Married Life.'" explained Mrs. S., "and I want you to sit on the platform and pose as one of the illustra-



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Remove constipation and all of these ailments disappear.

MAN-A-LIN can be relied upon to produce a gentle action of the bowels, making pills and drastic cathartics entirely unnecessarv.

A dose or two of Man-a-lin is advisable in slight febrile attacks, la grippe, colds and influenza.

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Bobbin Boys' Wages.

John B. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, delivered recently an address on strikes.

Turning to the amusing features of

the strike question, Mr. Lennon said:
"I remember a strike of bobbin boys, a just strike, and one that succeeded. These boys conducted their fight well, even brilliantly. Thus the day they turned out they posted in the spinning room of their employers' mill a great placard inscribed with

the words: "'The wages of sin is death, but the wages of the bobbin boys is worse'

Impudence of Hoi Polloi. A noted English artist was standing at the edge of the road, waiting for his horse, and he was dressed in his usual peculiar style—mustard-colored riding suit, yivid waistcoat and bright red tie. A man, who had evidently been reveling, happened to furch round the corner of the street. He stared at the famous artist for a minute in silence, then he touched his cap and asked in a tone of deep commiseration, "Beg pardon, guv'nor, was you in mournin' for anybody?"

A Different Loaf.
"Why," exclaimed little Johnny,
when he heard his father telling about somebody who was looking after the loaves and fishes, "that's just what mamma says about Uncle Henry!"
"Says about Uncle Henry?" repeat-

ed his father, in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Why, pa, don't you know," said
Johnny, "mamma says Uncle Henry
only loafs and fishes."

It's a Good Time now

to see what a good "staying" breakfast can be made without

Meat

A Little Fruit. A Dish of Grape-Nuts and Cream, A Soft-Boiled Egg, Some Nice, Crisp Toast, Cup of Postum Food Coffee.

That's all, and all very easy tion and full to the nourishment and strengt REPEAT FOR LUNCHEC

and have a meat ar dinner either at noon as you prefer.

We predict for you a physical and mental

"There's a R

Read the "little health els Wellville."