The Mystery of Hartley House

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Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS

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Synopsis. - Dr. John Michelson, just beginning his career, becomes resident physician and companion of Homer Sidney at Hartley house. Mr. Sidney is an American, a semiinvalid, old and rich and very desirous to live. Mrs. Sidney is a Spanish woman, dignified and reti-cent. Jed, the butler, acts like æ privileged member of the family. Hartley house is a fine old isolated country place, with a murder story, a "haunted pool," and many watch-dogs, and an atmosphere of mys-tery. The "haunted pool" is where Richard Dobson, son of a former owner of Hartley house, had killed his brother, Arthur Dobson. Jed begins operations by locking the doctor in his room the very first night. Doctor John fixes his door so he can't be locked in. He meets Isobel, daughter of the house and falls in love at first sight. In the night he finds the butler drunk and holding Mrs. Sidney by the wrist. He interferes. Mrs. Sidney explains. John buys a revolver. John overhears Jed telling Mrs. Sidney he will have his way. In reply she says she will not hesitate to kill him. Mrs. Sidney asks John to consent to the announcement of his engagement to Isobel. The young people consent to the makebelieve announcement. Jed tries to

CHAPTER III-Continued.

Mr. Sidney never liked to have his always was good natured. "Well, doctor," he said, "what now? Is Jed drinking too much for my

At that moment no possible amount of liquor would have been too much for Jed. The wretch must have thought

I was a ghost. "Jed may drink himself to death, for all me," I said. "That probably is the best end he can come to. I think to him when you can spare him."

"We can't spare Jed to have him changed," said Mr. Sidney. "He's too useful. Who else could drink my wine of an evening? Go along with the doctor, Jed, and see what he wants. It's probably a matter of pills or powders for me.'

Jed was recovering from his shock, but he still showed the effects of it. half hour. I'll be in my room

I went there and wrote two letters. Both were to one point. They related circumstantially what had happened that afternoon. One I addressed to a I flaished them. He was still un-

"I have something I want you to read," I said, and gave him the letters. He read them and moistened his lips.

"You don't need to talk, Jed," I said. "I'll do all the talking that's necessary. I am not going away. I am going to stay right here, and you'd better be very careful of my health. These letters go out tonight. The men who get them will keep their mouths shut so long as I am alive. If anything should happen to me, whether you had anything to do with it or not, you'd have a difficult time with a fury.'

"It was a mistake," he said. "I would not do you any harm. I shot at a rabbit."

"Twice with a pistol, when you had a shotgun?" I said. "You did! I was the rabbit.

CHAPTER IV.

of his candid moods. "I did shoot at you yesterday," he said.

"I know you did," I replied.

you're wondering if I intend to do it

pared against you. I think I am perfectly safe, I know you are a coward."

"No, I'm not a coward," he said, as if he were stating a fast and not makpurpose, I do it no matter what the wanted to shoot you was because you were engaged to Isobel. I intend to are not going to marry Isobel. You nothing. are just the foolish fence that her mother thought she could build up around Isobel and keep me from trying to marry her. Isobel doesn't want you. She is laughing at you. So we might as well be friends again."

"You preposterous old fool!" I said. "You sealle alcoholic! You are a violation of decency. You enfeebled, exasperating old goat! You would sicken the moral conscience of a mummy. If you ever associate your aspirations with the name of Miss Sidney again, I'll cut your throat with a paper

Jed smiled and made me feel ridicu-

"I am a more intelligent man than you," he said. "You are too simple for Sidney's character. She would die of received nope. The estate was baron- tain all the human understanding in

ing preposterous about my candidacy for Miss Sidney. I am older than I'd like to be, but that is all."

"You are a hideous old fool," I said, "but I think I can handle you, and I give you warning." "I am going to be quite friendly,"

said Jed. "You flatter yourself," I said. "Well, anyway," he said, "I'm friend-

He proved to be so. The life of the house went placifly from day to day. Isobel, with a sense of our posturing toward each other, made mocking gestures of affection which shocked her mother. She particularly delighted to demonstrate, when Jed was serving dinner. I thought she would end by getting me shot in the back, but Jed had rated me finally as unimportant, which did my egotism no good. For such a rascal to discard me, formally betrothed as I was to Isobel, in his scandalous pursuits of that beautiful girl, was preposterous.

If Mrs. Sidney had known that I was idiotically in love with Isobel, she would not have sought relief from her distress by the arrangement which made me her daughter's protective flance. The only thing I could take credit for in this absurd situation was that Mrs. Sidney was not allowed to know the state of my feelings.

I was as sensible as a corrupting romanticism would permit me to be. I vicarious drinking interrupted, but he knew that any affection I might place in this fashion was a real and serious emotional vice, which if not controlled might lead to unhappiness. That consciousness had steadled me, but it had not delivered me.

Isober walked brightly through the old house of tragedy-as surely it was, lowever hidden the tragedy. She was the glint of sunshine in the nisles of the dark woods, the 'odor of roses against the wall. She had the charm he is gallows meat, but I want to talk of the hollyhocks, the freshness of the hepatica in the spring, the beauty of the wild rose in June.

If I showed my feeling more than liver sausage shows a soul, I hope I may be punished. What I thought of Isobel was my own affair, so long as I kept it strictly my own affair.

I took myself in hand with as much energy and promptness as I could, following the announcement of our en-'No hurry," I said. "I'd rather wait | gagement. I did not want to confess nyself a fool. I did not intend to do so if I could help it.

I overdid it. I became disagreeable. I kept as much out of Isobel's presence as possible. I never willingly was lawyer I knew, and the other to Dr. | alone with her. I did my best to avoid Brownell. Jed knocked at the door as | meeting her or speaking to her. Isobel met the situation with her natural frankness after I had been giving this lemonstration of myself for some time.

"Doctor," she said, "this household necessarily imposes friendships upon the people in it. I wonder if we could not be a little more agreeable to each other."

I did not know what to say. I hoped not to be a hypocrite, and I did not want to be absurd.

"I shall be glad to be as agreeable as I can," I said after some mental stuttering. "I want to be, but I am o awkward."

"I want to be, too," said Isobel; "and if we both want to be, we shall not have to glower at each other every time we meet. Even mother does not require it and father would detest it." Without saying anything more, she nade me see that I had used a cheap device to escape the consequences of a foolish affection. The girl in a very friendly fashion had shown me that Jed came to me the next day in one my avoidance of her was marked, cool and unreasonable. It was wholly reasonable from my poor standpoint, but

from no other. "I know you did," I replied.

"And you're wondering why and ty by running away from it, and I not only did not like the timidity of escape in this fashion, but furthermore, I did "I don't wonder at anything you not like the opinion Isobel formed of do," I said. "And you know that if me because of it. I had to face the you do it again, the evidence is pre- music, and after that I did. It ought not to have astonished me that I felt better instantly. I knew that a coward only increased his troubles.

I imagine if I had not seemed such a professional stick, such a thing aloof ing a boast. "I never do anything from human emotions, Isobel would without a purpose, and when I have a | have been merely friendly and kind. As it was, she was tantalizing. She consequences may be. The reason I liked me well enough, but that meant very little. If she did not drive, ride, walk or play tennic with me, she had marry Isobel. Now I know that you a choice of the servants. It was I or

I was with Mr. Sidney a number of hours every day. They varied, sometimes seven or eight a day in different periods, sometimes three or four. Very little of this time was occupied in professional duty. Life at Hartley house would have been intolerably lonesome if I had been there merely as a practitioner. And therefore I welcomed a routine that was outside my profession. Mr. Sidney had a delicacy of perception which told him when attention upon even so amiable an invalid might be drawing upon the physical reserve of the people waiting upon him or being with him. He always managed that they never should feel

the fatigue of it. We saw no company at Hartley the complexities of life. You could not | house. We made no calls and received possibly be sufficient for a girl of Miss | none. We extended no invitations and | fashion-I know that a smile can con

boredom in six months. There is noth- | ial, and it had baronial habits, but it brought no friends to the doors.

It was nearly always with regard to Isobel that the condition seemed unnatural. For an invalid like Mr. Sidney it was natural enough. Mrs. Sidney was wholly devoted to him; I was engaged in professional duties; and for Jed and the servants in the house it was natural to be content with what they had of life or with the performance of duties for which they were paid and which they might abandon at will. But this was Isobel's life. She was young, vibrant, beautiful, but vistas opening into human prospects were closed to her. And she was engaged to a piece of professional dead wood who happened to be the only masculine thing available when her mother was in great distress.

Later Isobel said that as a woman she knew of course that I loved her, but this is evident fiction. She did no such thing, and it would be an unkindness to her to think so. What was only comedy if I were, as she thought I was, an indifferent, unfeeling man, would have been cruelty if it had been known that the position was mockery of denied hopes.

Isobel used me to gain her liberty. She affected familiarities and called me "John" derisively, or worse "dear" or "old dear." I protested, in more pain than she could guess. "We are engaged," she said. "What should I call you?"

"You might consider the fact that we are not engaged," I suggested. "But we are. If we don't act as if we were, you'll not be any protection against Jed. Don't you want me to call you John?

"Of course I do," I said. "It's perfectly straightforward, natural and

"Then it's the 'dear' and 'old dear' you object to, and I perfectly delight in calling you 'old dear.' It fits so



Isobel Used Me to Gain Her Liberty.

well-it is really wonderful. It is almost a complete description as well as a charming appellation. I adore it." "I object to unnecessary freedom," said.

"But it helps to deceive Jed." "Nothing deceives Jed. He was deelved only for a short while. Then he tried to kill me. He apologized afterward for his mistake. He knows the character of our engagement." "Just the same, he has not bothered

mother since then as he did before." "That is because he is a coward and have him where I can control him."

Mrs. Sidney did not understand her daughter. That was not astonishing; Isobel was a young American woman; Mrs. Sidney had Spanish traditions. Isobel came naturally, through her father, to a candor which never ceased to amaze and-occasionally-to distress her mother. Isobel said what she thought. Her frankness came from honesty of character. Her lovely mother regarded life as something to be managed by reticence and denial. Mrs. Sidney was esthetic, and if a fact were unesthetic, she denied it and put it out of her consideration. It was, to

her, the only proper thing to do. Isobel was a clever tennis-player and I a poor one. She beat me three or four sets every fine afternoon. She liked to drive a car and ride a horse.

I drove and rode with her. When Isobel sald for the first time that she wanted to take me for a drive in the car, her mother made a gesture of dismay. Isobel stood before her and smiled.

"You know we are engaged, mother," she sald.

I thought of the hen at the pond's edge seeing her brood of ducklings in the water. Mrs. Sidney was not in a panic and she did not flutter, but her distress was acute. She knew the girl had to develop and she knew that she had to live in North, not South America. But knowledge is not a complete anodyne to pain.

Isobel took her mother's hand and kissed it, and then her lips. She smiled in such an honest, frank, perceptive

then, holding her mother's hand, she allowed Mrs. Sidney to have the moment of distress with the intimate sup-

port of her own presence. It may seem a small struggle that but it did not seem small to me who witnessed it, and it had no rhetorical and little emotional expression.

Isobel knew her mother suffered, but she was wise. Mrs. Sidney dreaded her daughter's adopted mode of life, but knew her daughter. "Good-bye, mother," said Isobel, "We

sha'n't be gone long. Come on, John." That was the first time she had called me John honestly and without comedy. I knew her finesse. She did it to give her mother the comfortable sense that she was not going upon a wild adventure of an automobile ride with an unrelated man but was within the strict intimacy of the family.

We went driving, Isobel at the wheel. She liked to drive fast and I do not. I am timid. I do not think that locomotion is a genuine human pleasure. Possibly it is, behind either a fast or a plodding horse. I prefer the plodding horse. Locomotion then merely reveals gradually changing facets of the scene: one likes to see the manifold aspects of a landscape unfold. But an automobile driven as Isobel wanted to drive it revealed no facets. It merely blurred the vision and gave the idea that the satisfaction sought was a certain amount of wind blown in the face. For such as love it, not for me!

"That was a difficult scene, doctor," she said.

I knew that was what she would call me next-"doctor." I came di-rectly down out of the clouds.

"I know it was," I said, "and I admired the honest way in which you managed it."

"I think I shall continue to call you John just that way," she said. "It seems more honest and decent. After all, we are engaged."

Sometimes Mr. Sidney could be taken out in an automobile, of a warm, fair afternoon. It was not often that his strength permitted this, but whenever it did, I was glad not only to allow but to suggest that he make use of all opportunities.

The most beautiful of our river drives brought us, within the limitation of Mr. Sidney's strength, to the penitentiary at Aiwick. It was a nideou structure of barracks, work-rooms and walls, of cells and armed guards; but it was in lovely surroundings, and if we took the best roads, we came naturally to the prison walls.

Mr. Sidney would look at the enclosure and the guards in the turrets as if interpreting his own life in the terms of prison existence. We may have taken this drive by the prison road ten times when, approaching it on another of our outings, Mr. Sidney had the driver stop at the entrance.

"I feel very strong and well today, doctor," he said, "and if you do not object, I think I should like to go inside. I have seen-the outside so many times, I have a curiosity to see the in-

side." I consented, thinking that with Jed and me helping him-we acted as his legs, guiding and sustaining his feeble motions-he was strong enough to make the effort. I'did not know whether it was good or bad pyschology to give him a sight of so many imprisoned men, but my instinct suggested that it would, in his case, be good. He was a logical, reasoning man-a rare phenomenon in the human race. If he had been emotional and sentimental. I should have had more doubt.

Mr. Sidney was important enough to be known in the neighborhood. The warden of the prison came to meet him in the office as soon as we had entered. He was very cordial to Mr. Sidney, who himself never showed more his aristocracy of democracy. 1 am a democrat. I am most fond of an aristocratic democrat. Such was Mr.

Mr. Sidney visits the peni-

TO BE CONTINUED.

Flat Feet.

Symptoms of flat foot are pain along the instep or even in the calves of the legs, knees, thighs, hips or back, often mistaken for rheumatism or other troubles. The person stands with feet well apart and toes turned outward. The ankle bends inward and the weight falls on the inner line of the foot so that the entire sole rests flat on the ground.

Fox Squirrel's Nests. In the South, instead of living to the hollow trees, the fox squirrels build big nests in the tops of the pine and other trees, usually of Spanish moss, says the American Forestry Magazine. In these they sleep, also carrying to them the pine cones. In the hardwood forests of the North, dry leaves take the place of the Spanish moss, and a conspicuous nest is built with an entrance hole at the side.

Every boy knows several men whom he intends to whip when he grows up

IN COUNTRY DUDS

Grand Array Offered in the Gay- SMALL HAT ALWAYS WELCOME est of Wearables.

Newest Coats Are Made of Basket Weave Silk Ratine; Smart Over-Plaited Skirt.

We women would be utterly devoid of vanity if we did not want to revel in a variety of pretty country clothes these sunny summer days, asserts a fashion correspondent. Now is the time above all others when we have an opportunity to bring together an assortment of beautiful colors in our mother and daughter went through, dress. In town we are limited to certain styles and shades, except in our evening dresses and our negligees. For the country the gayest of things are offered, and there is so much to choose from that we need to exercise taste and judgment in our selections.

The sweater or coat must not be chosen because it appeals to you as a color that you have always liked, but bought with a picture of the entire costume in mind. For instance, one of the new open mesh silk sweaters of a tawny gold hue is charming with a rough silk skirt of blending shade and a wide-brimmed old blue straw hat with yellow trimming.

The plain type of sport clothes made of dark colored tweeds and simllar cloths may be infinitely practical, but why be practical at the expense brown Paradise feathers, affording a of beauty? A woman should make a picture in her sport clothes. Coats and swenters alone offer unlimited opportunities. It is well to be constant-

CAPE-LIKE COAT FOR FALL



The simple lines of this cape-like coat are particularly interesting on gandle and voile dresses are also in this advance season wrap which Pa- great demand and it is said that dark risian medistes have decreed milady to flowered cotton voile frocks will be wear this fall.. The high collar is active rivals this season of the more another noteworthy feature.



motoring and general outdoor wear. Here is one, olive green in color, with most pleasing combination.

dresses or with a pretty white blouse ly on the lookout for something new and skirt are made of a basket weave in the way of these jackets that take silk ratine. These come in the gaythe place of the stereotyped sweater, est of colors, such as hunter green, which is gradually being replaced by rose and bright scarlet. What could models quite as useful and infinitely be prettier in effect than a white silk frock worn with such a coat in bright The newest coats to wear over light | red, the whole costume topped by & vivid scarlet hat? These coats are smart, too, when worn over a plaited white sport skirt or the plain white skirts made of very heavy gaberdines and serges, or with the white fiannel skirts which are so much in evidence this year. Full length as well as the sweater length coats may be had. Of course, the sweater length is the most popular because it can be worn all day long if one wishes.

A coat of this material in rose color his long set-in sleeves and is trimmed with hand-drawn work down the front, the trimming continuing aff the way around the bottom and also ornamenting the collarless neck and the pockets and cuffs.

To Make a Placket.

The placket of a skirt may be placed either at the side or the back. The opening should only be as long as is necessary for the skirt to be slipped on open for about ten inches from the waist, according to the size around the hips, but in all cases the shorter the placket the better. Two strips of material, each half an inch longer than the placket opening, should be cut. One strip must be about four inches and the other strip about two inches wide. The wider strip is doubled over and sewn to the left side of the skirt to form an underflap, whilst the other strip is faced to the right side.

Dotted Swiss Is Liked. For midsummer dotted swiss is apparently to be a great favorite as a dress fabric. Colored swiss with white dots leads. The widest possible range of colors is in evidence, but there seems to be a pronounced fancy for brown. Frequently a sash of satin or faille ribbon matching the frock in color will girdle it at the waistling Orcostly silk voiles and chiffons,

Collar Now Receives Attention

Accessory; Organdie Laces or Tulle Are Summery.

There is, perhaps, no accessory of women's apparel so important at the present moment as the frills and natural colored pongee collar and falals we call her neckwear.

With the ardent beams of summer sun, woman puts away regretfully the eries of real raffia, which comes in too heavy fur she snuggled her throat every color. These are considered in during the last few days of spring, more "elegant" than those of orwhen there was still a nip in the air gandle.

Nothing can be more summery than the dainty garnitures of organdie laces or tulle fashioned for just this featured in summer fabric frocks at purpose and giving a touch of light- present. Both plain organdle and ness and grace to the most sober at- dotted swiss appear in the vivid color

are invaluable. Last year's taffeta, for cupy the time and attention of style instance, can readily be transformed designers now to the exclusion of suminto a charming creation by the ad- mer apparel: dition of a collar, cuffs, belt and side puffs over the hips, all made of organdie, cream or light ecru, edged with a narrow Valenciennes lace. The ef- with plain two-piece slim skirts and fect of newness and freshness is en- semi-fitted jackets, some on regular hanced if the organdie is skillfully tailored lines; others with three-quaremployed. A wide surplice crossing ter length sleeves, the cuffs, collar and in front and fastening in the back pocket flaps trimmed with knife plaitwith a large bow is suggested. The lngs of the shantung. A summer stole sleeves must be cut exceedingly short is of gray caracul edged with a plaitand edged with the same banding of ing of gray georgette.

organdie and lace. To wear in the morning with the gingham dress, a real novelty that black moire, or some color contrast- or by satin in two colors.

Neckwear Regarded as Most Important ing with that of the dress, passes under the collar, ties in a coquettish little bow in front and falls in long ends. loosely.

Some fashionable women like the cuffs with their tailored suits, but with the novel and original embroid-

Bright Red for Summer.

A very bright red is considerably and frequently hat and parasol match To brighten a well-known dress they the dress. Fall styles continue to oc-

Shantung Suits.

Summer suits of shantung are made

What is called half-and-half ribbon will meet with approval from the is a new ribbon novelty soon to be younger set is the large Buster Brown | seen. The effect is obtained by strips collar of very stiff linen. A ribbon of or blocks of half-velvet and half-faille