

# What the Gray House Hid

## The Mystery of a Haunted Mansion

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By Wyndham Martyn

### CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Why do you tease me?" he groaned.

"Because men like you are made to be teased."

"Celia, you didn't really see any one, did you?"

"I swear I did. What I said, if I said anything—which I don't admit—I shall keep to myself."

A moment later Celia left on Bill's arm.

"Quarrelling?" he asked.

"I see too much of him," she said. "I think I shall fall in love with you again. Shall I?"

"My duties don't permit," he laughed. "You look tired. Why not go to bed early?"

"How quickly you tire of me!" she mocked. "I looked for something sadder than you. Les couldn't have done worse."

Bill Felham smiled. Evidently she was fonder of Les than she had admitted. She looked at him dancing with her mother, but Les would not even smile.

"She's hurt him," said Bill to himself.

"I'll take your advice," Celia said, yawning. "Night-o, Bill!"

She had hurt Leslie more than she guessed, and much more than she would have done if she had known how miserable he was.

"It has been lovely to be here all this time," Les said presently.

"Les, that doesn't mean that you are leaving us?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to."

"Is it something Celia has said?" Leslie lied as calmly as he could.

"Not a thing! I've promised to run down to the Water Gap for a few days."

"You'll be back soon?"

Dina was distressed. She liked the boy, and hoped that Celia would marry him. Junior liked him. They all liked him, and yet Celia teased him almost to madness at times.

In his room Leslie composed a letter to Celia filled with that note of minor melancholy which drips from the pens of lovers with such exquisite ease. He told her he would be gone before she was up. He ended by saying, very darkly, that he had taken her advice and "jumped off the road."

Leslie smiled bitterly as he reread it. It sounded like a veiled threat of suicide.

All the others had gone to bed when he finished. He put the letter in his pocket, and went out to see if any wild faun was prowling about the Gray house grounds. Celia's encounter might have been fact or fancy. One could never be sure of Celia.

He gained the hall quietly, unbolting the door, and walked silently toward the abandoned swimming pool by the tennis courts.

"I'll be d—d!" said Leslie.

By the pool stood a very tall man—physically more splendid than young Barron, as Leslie himself would not have denied. The intruder heard no footfall on the grass. He was aware of another's presence only when Leslie tapped him on the arm.

He seemed far more embarrassed than Leslie.

"What's the idea?" he snarled, trying to shake off the other's grip.

Leslie was instantly relieved. Assuredly Celia had not heard the godlike stranger speak, for his speech was of the East side unrefined.

"I don't want you to disappear in your cloud of star dust until I've had a little talk with you. What are you doing here?"

Leslie snapped the question out in a threatening tone.

"I lost my way," replied the wild faun.

"Don't lie!" said Leslie.

The wild faun frowned a little. The white moonlight showed his heavy face to be capable of readily expressed emotion. Leslie saw, too, that for some reason he wished to make his story good.

"I was trying to find a short cut," said the intruder.

"You must make a habit of it. People don't lose their way two nights in succession when the moon is full. You were here last night. Why?"

"H—!" said the wild faun. "Is this Buckingham palace or the White House? I didn't see no sentries at the gate. If you don't like it, I'd better be on my way."

He turned away, as if to walk toward the drive.

"Not yet!" cried the younger man. "There's a little explaining to be done first."

Fretting himself to be at a loss verbally, the stranger revised his tactic. This exparting young man in evening dress must be taught a lesson.

"Bo," said the wild faun coldly, "I don't like your face!"

With that he brought his powerful right arm across with the idea—a wholly diverting one—of altering the sneer on his opponent's features to an expression of fear and agony. He was not quick enough. A left jab caught him on the nose.

"All right!" he said. "If you want it, you can have it!"

He made a vicious spring at Leslie

Barron. Anger beclouded him. Leslie's footwork irritated him. He asked his foe to stand still and have it out man to man. He addressed him as a dancing master, and by other more opprobrious terms.

Finally he measured his distance for a blow that would end it all. The lad in evening dress could box, and was annoyingly active. He had played for the godlike body of the wild faun, and was inflicting hurt.

Just as the strong arm of the intruder was drawing back, there came the sudden sharp cry of an owl, repeated three times. He paused for a second, and turned away his head. It was a tactical error, of which he was conscious too late. Leslie saw his opportunity and made the most of it. He landed a clean blow on the point of the jaw. The wild faun dropped, and, in falling, his head struck the base of an Italian garden marble.

Leslie knelt at the side of his fallen foe. He was undecided whether to alarm the house by calling for help, or to try to carry this big bulk in himself.

A shadow came out of nothingness. Leslie looked up into the bland face of Mr. Appleton. Since young

Mr. Appleton gave a skillful imitation of the cry of an owl. From afar came the call of another night-flying bird. The owl that was Mr. Appleton hooted again. Gradually the other cry came nearer. Presently there was a rustling in the thicket, and a bullet head was thrust through.

"Luigi!" called Mr. Appleton softly. "Come at once!"

The man who wriggled out of the bushes was short, but of tremendous breadth. His exclamations and gestures when he saw what seemed to be a pair of dead men were stayed at a word from the other.

"Carry Jim below, and come back for this."

Luigi shouldered the two hundred and twenty pounds that was Jim with ease. He had been gone no more than five minutes when he returned and picked up the lighter man.

The bird sanctuary received Leslie Barron, heir to a great fortune, Luigi Bartoli, in whom the police were interested, and, last of all, Mr. Appleton, who breathed more easily as a heavy shower began. It would smooth out the trampled earth and make tracking impossible.

CHAPTER VIII

When Leslie Barron came again to consciousness, he thought he was in a prison cell. It was a small stone room, electrically lighted. He had been placed on an iron cot. A bandage was about his head, and his crumpled shirt front was blood-stained. Except for bruises and a throbbing head, however, he found that he was unharmed.

He reconstructed what had happened since he went in search of the wild faun, and was forced to admit that the event which stood out most vividly was the inexplicable knavery of Frederick Appleton. The little man had always been so courteous, so respectful, so flattering. He had expressed his regard for the Barron family repeatedly. He had once embarrassed Leslie by comparing his head with that of the Hermes of Praxiteles; and then, incidentally, he had brought a loaded bludgeon down upon it with such force that death had not been very far away. What was the wild faun to Mr. Appleton, that he had sprung this amazingly to avenge the unknown intruder?

Leslie rose from his cot and walked to the door. It was of heavy wood, metal covered. He could not escape.

No one answered his shouts. Leslie sat down again on the bed.

In his career as a somewhat reckless driver, he had more than once had to wait in a jail cell until he paid his fine. In every instance there had been a penetrating and unpleasant odor about these places. This cell had no such effluvium; nor, as he examined it more closely, had it the appearances of the regular jail. Yet it was plain that it had been constructed for no other purpose than to imprison.

Leslie called to mind his talks with Junior as to the threatened dangers surrounding the Gray house. In the beginning they had thrilled him; but then, as pleasant day succeeded pleasant day, Junior and he began to feel annoyed that they had ever anticipated peril.

Leslie was not yet nervous about the outcome of the adventure. The eldest son of Grantley Barron could not disappear without a nation-wide investigation. It would be proved that he had gone from the Gray house into the grounds. Celia would understand why he had gone. He had disappeared in evening clothes, leaving his other effects untouched. The whole neighborhood would be combed by detectives. In the end, his father might have to pay a huge ransom.

This last thought rather amused Leslie. Appleton was probably a professional blackmailer or kidnaper. None would suspect the suave, modest, hard-working little man. Had not Leslie seen the descending black-jack in his hand, he would not now have believed him guilty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The Lad in Evening Dress Could Box, and Was Annoyingly Active.

Barron had not shared the Hanby's confidences, he assumed that their former guest was still in good odor, a friend of the family, and now most certainly a friend in need.

Quickly Leslie explained what had happened. He did not want the little plump man to be frightened. At the moment, he regarded himself in rather an heroic light and Mr. Appleton warmly commended his courage.

"Ah, youth, youth!" apostrophized the little man, whose years had long bereft him of it. "Magnificent!" He stooped down almost timidly. "We must not alarm our good hostess," he said. "Let us carry him to the garage and awaken a chauffeur. I will take the ruffian's feet. You, as the stronger, take his head. I will satisfy myself that he has no weapon concealed."

From the stranger's pocket Mr. Appleton drew a short, heavy billet of wood. He balanced it in his hand, frowning.

"I think this is what is termed a life preserver. It stamps its owner as a criminal by profession. You will probably be entitled to a reward, Mr. Barron. Now, if you will kindly take your end, we will remove him."

Obediently young Barron put his arms under the shoulders of the wild faun. When Appleton remained standing, Leslie looked up. Staring down at him, the little man might have been his Uncle Russell.

Too late, Leslie saw his danger. The life preserver caught him squarely on the head, and he pitched forward over the other unconscious man.

Mr. Appleton smiled happily.

"Very neat!" he murmured. "For a first attempt, very neat indeed—oh, dear me, yes!"

"I'll be d—d!" said Leslie.

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### Ear of City Dweller Has No Rest Period

Between beats the heart rests, and between breaths the lungs and diaphragm have an instant's respite. All the nerves and muscles of the body have some time when they are relieved of duty except those of the ear in the noisy city. This is pointed out by ear specialists, who say something must be done about it to lower the amount of deafness.

City noises going on day and night keep the ear drum and the tiny bones about it in a constant state of vibration. People accustomed to them sleep comfortably through normal night sounds because the nerves are adapted to something like a temporary disconnection with the brain centers.

Nocturnal periods of rest for the ears seem as remote for the average

city dweller as the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. His days and nights are a bedlam of motor exhausts and horns, the footsteps and voices of passersby and the thousand and one other noises of the city street.

—Lebanon Reporter.

**Ideal Railroad Ties**

Species of the quebracho tree are used for railroad ties in South America. The name may be translated as "ax breaker," and the hardness of the wood makes it ideal for railroad ties.

**Impending Disaster**

Speaking of silent drama, there's mother's face when dad asks for more at a company dinner and there isn't any more.—St. Paul Dispatch.

### ALL-YEAR TOURING ON PACIFIC COAST



A Bus With Tourists Emerging After Passing Through the Famous Wawona Big Tree in Yosemite National Park.

Figures on winter and summer gasoline consumption in Western states indicate the continuous use of motor vehicles, especially on the Pacific coast. Summer brings increased motor touring, but fall and winter are not far behind, according to these figures, which are reported by the California State Automobile association as follows:

The average amount of gasoline consumed in the 12 Western states is highest in California, where each car owner uses 601 gallons, while Oregon ranks second with 535 gallons, Texas third with 532 gallons and Washington fourth with 529 gallons. New Mexico, Arizona and Wyoming are all above the 500-gallon mark, with the lowest being for Idaho.

Idaho has the highest percentage of spring and summer gasoline consumption, with 61 per cent, while Montanans use 60 per cent of their fuel during the more clement seasons. Texas has the nearest approach to an even division, with 51 per cent in summer and 49 per cent in winter.

### TAKING CARE OF BIG FARM TRUCK

#### One of the Main Things Is Not to Tinker With It—Inspect It Often.

(By DAN SCOTTER, Editor Farm Mechanics Department, Professor Agricultural Engineering, Texas A. & M. College, College Station, Texas.)

The truck is coming to the farm very fast. It is going to be a part of every farm's equipment before very many years.

There are a number of things of vital importance in taking care of any piece of farm machinery and it is particularly true of the truck as well as the automobile because they are very fine pieces of machinery.

One of the things that should be firmly fixed in one's mind relative to taking care of the truck is—not to tinker with it. Leave well enough alone. Some folks, you know, just have to be working with a piece of machinery all the time. They just must be tearing it up and seeing what it is made of and endeavoring to make it run better than the people who built it. The result of this is that it always runs worse. Do not make any major repairs on the truck until it is necessary, but be sure to make them at that time.

**Make Inspections Often.**

The important thing to do along this line is to go over the truck frequently and at definite intervals in order to inspect it thoroughly, tighten up the bolts and nuts, and that sort of a thing. Keep it washed and well greased; change the lubricating oil at the times the manufacturer instructed you to. Do not forget that there is a rear end to the truck and that it needs oiling and greasing. Watch the fan belt and keep it tight and do not overlook that the radiator needs water as well as the battery. Air up the tires, not once a year, when you have a puncture, but once a week.

I am a great believer in having a time to do a certain job and then doing it at that time. Our automobile runs every day and we have a rule that it is to go to the filling station every Saturday, at which time its oil is checked, the gasoline tank is filled, water is put into the radiator, the battery is checked up and the tires are all aired. At this same time the car is washed and cleaned—if it needs it.

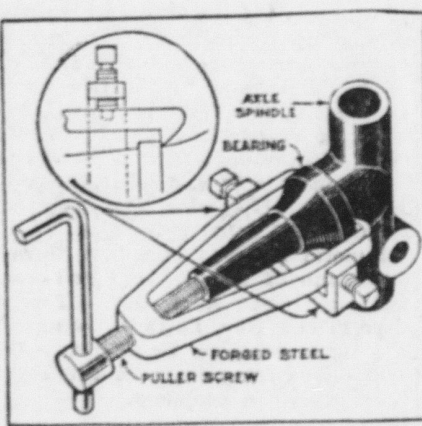
**Grease Every 500 Miles.**

Every 500 miles the cylinder oil is drained and the car is greased.

Of course, it depends on how much use the truck is given as to how frequently this inspection should be given to it. It is certain that during the time of the year when it goes on heavy duty it should be looked after with greater care than at other times. But regardless of how much it is used, it should be kept in good shape at all times. And not the least duty is to keep it well washed and clean.

### Tool Removes Bearings From Car Axle Spindles

Force-fitted bearings on the front-wheel spindles of autos are difficult to remove, and the usual gear pullers are not serviceable for this work, as the bearing rests close to the shoulder of the spindle and only the edge can be gripped by the puller. Where much of this work is done, it will be found worth while to make a special puller like that shown in the illustration. The body is a steel forging having hook jaws to engage the edges



Tool for Pulling Force-Fitted Bearings From Auto-Axle Spindles.

of the bearing. A clamp is provided to straddle the jaws of the tool to prevent them from spreading. Setscrews are used to hold the clamp to the jaws, small depressions being drilled in the latter to receive the ends of the setscrews. The body of the tool is drilled and tapped for a puller screw to which a small crank is attached. Turning the crank causes the tool to pull the bearing off with very little effort and without distorting the ball races.—G. A. Luers, Washington, D. C., in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

### THE MOTOR QUIZ (How Many Can You Answer?)

- Q.—Does driving with fouled spark plugs waste gasoline?
- Ans.—Yes. About 20 or 25 per cent of gasoline used is wasted for every plug that is out of use. Plugs should be replaced at the first sign of a miss, and inspected at least once a year.
- Q.—What happens when a driver races the engine to warm it up?
- Ans.—This often causes burned out bearings. When the oil is cold it does not circulate immediately and the engine is raced on dry bearings. If this is done every morning over a cold snap, bearings will soon have to be replaced.
- Q.—Is sunlight hard on tires?
- Ans.—Tires should not be given unnecessary sunlight. They enjoy the dark.
- Q.—Is it harmful to park a car in a puddle of oil?
- Ans.—Yes. Oil eats rubber.

### AUTOMOBILE NOTES

The horse had one advantage over the automobile. It didn't become obsolete a year after you bought it.

At the beginning of 1920, Sweden had more than 123,000 motor vehicles in operation.

The most discomforting thing about dodging an auto is the dirty look the driver gives you for escaping.

Figures from the Department of Commerce show that there are 4.81 motor vehicles to every mile of highway in the world and 50.91 persons to every automobile.

### It May Be Urgent



### When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.



**Words That Cut**

Lady Rhinestone—It seems to me that some women are just crazy for cut glass.

Mrs. Van Cutter—Oh, yes; some women wear a lot of it, my dear.—New Bedford Standard.

### For Barbed Wire Cuts Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Maybe Not

Two friends were talking over a projected holiday on the continent.

"I say," said one, "how do we ask for water in Paris?"

"Avez vous?" began the other, then broke off. "But shall we want any water in Paris?"

**Shopping Note**

"If I were trying to match politeness," exclaimed the woman, "I'd have a hard time here."

"Let me see your sample," said the clerk, calmly.



### Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect antacid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective. The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

### PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

**ASTHMA**

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

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