THAT'S DOBSON.

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 destrous to live. Mrs. Sidney Spanish woman, dignified and reti-cent. Jed, the butler, acts like a 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 mystery. 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 makes light of it. John buys a revolver. John overhears Jed telling Mrs. Sidney he will have his way. 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 engagement. Later they find it is to head off Jed, who would marry Isobel. Jed tries to kill John, but the matter is smoothed over. John, though "engaged" to Isobel, conceals his love.

CHAPTER IV-Continued.

Our charming old gentleman could not go through the entire Institution. and the warden led him to the most accessible parts of the interesting place. We saw the rattan-chair works and the honor men in the gardens. We also took one glance at a tier of cellhouses and peeped into the dining-hall and into the chapel.

The warden would have had us stay to dinner.

I had to forbid this. It would have been too much of a physical strain upon Mr. Sidney. I knew that the little diversion was interesting him, and I was glad to have him interested, but I did not want to tax his strength.

"I'm the doctor's servant," he said. "I'll look into the library if you don't mind, warden, and then we'll obey the

Warden Williams led us to the library, which contained a large collection of books. An elderly convict was engaged in cataloguing some new volumes which had just been taken out of boxes. He was interested and paid no attention to us.

Mr. Sidney looked at him for a few minutes.

"What did you say was his crime?" he asked of the warden.

"That's Dobson," said Mr. Williams, "You must know his story. He is the man who killed his brother. You are living in the Dobson house."

I looked at the frail, white-haired man with a sudden shock of interest. This was the man who had created the ghost story at Hartley house. He was fumbling registry cards and writing on them. He was frail and insignificant. He had been once, by legend, a sturdy, muscular, cruel brute. He was now feeble and interested in cataloguing.

Mr. Sidney looked about the room, "This does not seem to be so well protected as the other parts of the prison," he said.

"It is not thought necessary," said the warden. "Escape from here might not be impossible for an agile man. It



Man Who Killed His "He is the Brother."

is not impossible from any part of the prison. It can only be made improbable. It would be easier from here, but still difficult. But this old man would be in a harder prison of deprivation and friendlessness outside than he is inside."

"Do you mean that he is the man who made the ghost story I bought with my house?" Mr. Sidney asked.

"That's all there is human of your ghost story," said the warden. "It is more than most ghost stories have," said Mr. Sidney.

CHAPTER V.

I could not believe the slightest particle in the ghost story. I am rationalistic. But as the legend of the pond took shape, my imagination began to give substance to its shadows.

Yet the place was gental and cordial. Mr. Sidney's joviality was the dominant note in the house. An aging sick man migle naturally have been testy. He might have been impatient, have had whims and crochets. He might have been irascible in his demands upon and acceptance of service. But considerate. A great deal of the time he spent in bed. When he was not in bed, he sat in a great chair, and very often a yellow Persian cat rested on his knees. It was a difficult if not dangerous matter for any one else than Mr. Sidney to touch the cat, named Algol.

"The Winking Demon," said Mr. Sidney, fingering the cat's ruff as it lay on his lap, and purred. I knew just enough of the star Algol and its variability to understand the whimsicality of an old man's naming a cat for the winking sun. Algol in Mr. Sidney's lap blinked at me, and the old man's genius for understanding and classification seemed uncanny.

Mr. Sidney's room was of great size. It had two fireplaces and a large cove of windows bulging toward the west. At the smaller of the two fireplaces he had his breakfast. Either at the large fireplace or in the outward bulge of windows, he had his dinner.

In spite of the Persian cat, Mr. Sidney had three canaries in the room. Algol respected them after a fashlon that I thought uncertain. I have seen a canary sitting on the cat's head, but I thought it was a decided case of misplaced confidence. Algol wanted that canary and would continue to want it. He was deterred from natural action in the matter by his affection for the strange but kindly master who wanted cats and canaries to live together in

I know I never fully grasped Mr. Sidney's scheme of life, but I thought | these things began to sound different. that he found existence ironic. His thought, represented the garlands of his conquest of morbidity. His personal charm was extraordinary. Every one in the house felt it. But an astonishing thing about Mr. Sidney was an occasional emotion which, as it manifested leself in his expressions-and that was the only fashion I saw it for

a long time—was one of savage hate. It was only by coming on him when he was not expecting me that I saw this. I remember that the first time I saw the expression on his face I was dumfounded. That I was not expected in his room was entirely without intention on my part. People who were accustomed to being with him walked into the room without ceremony. His bedroom and bath were to one side. His living-room he insisted should be open without formality.

On the occasion I speak of I had come in quietly, but it was without intention to surprise my patient. He was sitting in his large chair with Algol on his knees. His eyes were closed, and on his face was an expression of malevolence that was almost demoniac. It was so startling that the sight of it stopped me in my step and made me feel more than uneasy, almost afraid. Mr. Sidney was quiet, except that with one hand he stroked Algol about the head and ears. The caress was almost imperceptible in motion, but Algol was purring so loudly that the sound filled the otherwise quiet room.

The malevolence—the malignancy. hatred, concentrated essence of ferocity-in Mr. Sidney's face would have stopped anyone. To one who had affection for him as I had, it was abhorrent to see him so. It was a confession of something I did not want to know.

I was in fear that he might hear me and, opening his eyes, find that I had discovered him. I was embarrassed and uncertain what to do. It was a silly predicament, as I saw afterward. My part was quite simple. I should have paid no attention to any such phenomenon as the expression on a man's face and have acted perfectly

The common-sense thing-and I consider myself fairly sensible—was apparent afterward. It indicates the astonishing shock of the thing that I was unable to act sensibly. What was the expression in an aminble, charming man's face, to knock a sensible person out of all his senses? Here was a dozing man merely toying with a cat's ears, and the very sight of what was expressed in his face, made me numb.

I cannot understand it now, the terrifying sensation being one which disappeared as the recollection of the emotions faded. What I did was to back foward the door, open it as quietly as I could, back out, and then re-

enter the room noisily. Mr. Sidney was looking at me smil-

ingly. His charm of manner never seemed more positive and active. "Hello, doctor!" he said. "I needed company and just your company. If you would only drink wine!"

A broken pipe in the laundry made it necessary to call a plumber from Hartley, and to get quick service, it was agreed that we should send a car for the man and his helper,

The day was pleasant, and for the sake of the drive I went with the driver. The plumber was a fat man of the comic type. I thought he must be the embodiment of all the plumbers' jokes. They seemed to have created him; he was the product of the comics,

I even asked him if he were sure he had all his tools. I thought he would be sure to send us back for a wrench. He was amiable, laughed at anything or nothing and was saved from being a nuisance only by an abounding animal optimism which was infectious,

Driving through the Hartley house grounds, we came to the pool, and the plumber-named Harkins-chuckled. Thus far, whenever he or something else amused him, he had laughed. Now he chuckled as if in recollection of an experience richer or deeper than any he had been talking of.

"That place is going to be remembered by me," he said. "I have been out here only once since the night I made a bet I was not afraid to sit on the bank here for an hour. They've got a good many stories of this place in town. I had been drinking a little. Mr. Sidney was always cordial and I don't do it steady, but once in a while I get out. You've got to do it to keep the house going happy. Give the wife something to talk about. My wife would rather scold me than eat, and she leves her food.

"We were at the White Pigeon, having a good time but thinking of going home, when some one started on this Hartley house story. Everybody had something to say, and I said that there was no ghost that could scare me, at least no ghost that ever was within a hundred miles of Hartley. That's where I made a fool of myself. I've got to admit that's where I made a fool of myself.

"I bet five dollars I would sit an hour on the bank at this place. I forgot all about the dogs, or I'd not have made the bet. Anyway, they didn't bother me. We got an automobile and drove out here. The fellows left me at the pool and went a mile back. They were going to take my word for it. I was to stay an hour and then start walking back. At the end of an hour they would start toward me and pick me up. They had beer and sandwiches. I had a couple of bottles and some cheese and crackers.

"I wasn't afraid of that place. I'm not afraid of any place unless I get to thinking about this one. It was along in October. A hoot-owl was somewhere back of me, and there was a whippoorwill up toward the house.

"I'm used to hoot-owls and whippoorwills, but I hadn't drunk more than half a bottle of beer before even

"The current of the river kept knockng at the big rock at the ur the pool, and you began to think that things were reaching for you out of the dark. I'd have given ten dollars to quit, but I got so that I didn't want to move. I felt safer sitting still.

"Then I began to hear things that I don't suppose were making a noise at all. It may be it was rabbits in the bush. I nearly dled when I heard a cry about fifty feet back of me. I did hear that. I guess a ferret had got a rabbit. You know how a rabbit cries -like a baby.

"I was sitting in the open, and I thought I'd feel better if I got my back up against something. So I crawled over to some bushes and sat down behind them.

"Maybe I had been there a half an hour, feeling scary and uncomfortable, when I heard a regular yell. There wasn't any fooling about that. It sounded like some one being hurt but yelling not so much because of the hurt as because he was mad.

"You've heard fellows talking about their hair standing on end. I never knew what it really meant before, but my hair just stood right up. I felt like some one was trying to scalp me. and I was gooseflesh all over.

"It had been dark on account of clouds, but just then the moon came out and lighted up the place. There was a man standing on the edge of the pool, just about where I had been sitting. He was leaning with both hands on a cane and standing perfectly still He didn't seem like a man. He looked like one, but you had a feeling that he

wasn't one. "I don't want ever to be so scared again. I didn't know who had yelled. but I thought this man had, and ! didn't think he was a man. I thought he was a ghost. I'm not saying what I think now, but if I had to, I'd say that I saw the ghost of this piaceand anybody that wants to laugh can laugh. He can come down here at

night and get cured of laughing. "I couldn't move for a while. The man stood still, leaning on his cane, I watched him until I began to fethat I could use my legs again. don't know why I was so scared, but was. I crawled away through the brush for a hundred feet or so. Then

I got up and ran. "I heard that yell behind me again I'll bet nobody around here ever ran mile as fast as I did. I scared the fellow who were waiting for me. They didn't poke any fun at me. They looked at me and got that automobile started. I paid the bet, but they didn't have any laugh on me. There isn't one of them would come down here at night now."

"When was this?" I asked. "Four or five years ago," said the plumber. "Some time in October." We came to the house, and he went into the laundry to fix the pipes.

"It doesn't look haunted around here," he said as he perceived the tangible joviality of the place, "but

you've got to get me out before dark." stance of the Hartley house ghostthe picture of a man leaning on a cone by the edge of the river. Romance had to be content with it.

One evening in late October, which had furned chill and brought up a high wind, Mr. Sidney produced a new phenomenon. He had a strange flash of strength. When I went to his room after dinner I found him walking about without help. Ordinarily, if he walked at all, Jed was his strength. "Occasionally I can do it, doctor," he

said. "The strength comes, I usually pay for it next day, however." "I'd be very careful, then," I sug-

gested. "Yes, but you do not know how grateful it is to feel vigor once in a while," he said, continuing to walk forth and back in the room.

I sat down and watched him without remonstrating. It was astonishing to see him so agile and strong but I had learned that timid prudence was very ineffective. I had confessed my inability to understand him.

He did not seem to want to continue life for the purpose of preserving its sensations but for the purpose of some accomplishment. His conditions were so pleasant that it reight be reasonable to desire a prolonging of them. Evi-



"What Are We Drinking Tonight, Jed?"

dently he was not set upon that. He was not trying to accomplish anything. He did nothing. He had no unfinished work. And yet his will to live, I knew, was a will to see the fruit of some thing. He seemed to have a spiritual incentive; something that had other than a physical impulse controlled him and gave him resolution.

I was marveling at his strange activity when Isobel and Mrs. Signey came in. Mr. Sidney proposed whist, and we began a game. The wind increased in violence, and the log fire grew in comfort. We had a pleasant game, disturbed for me only by speculations as to the cause of Mr. Sidney's strange animation and strength.

Shortly after ten o'clock the ladies said good night, and Jed came in with a fresh log for the fire. The wind had been increasing in volume, sound and power. I was thinking of bed.

"Sit a while longer, doctor," Mr. Sidney urged. "Jed and I shall be the better for some other company. This is the sort of night we like to sit up to enjoy. Esthetically one ought to make the most of such a night."

Jed went out and presently came it again with two bottles of wine, "What are we drinking tonight.

Jed?" Mr. Sidney asked. "I thought the evening suggested a warm sherry," said Jed. "I think it does," said Mr. Sidney,

"There is body and a live soul in sherry." "But certainly." I suggested alarm, "you will not drink sherry."

"Indeed not," said Mr. Sidney. "Jed drinks it for me, and I watch him. You must have a glass with him-just one. He'll have a dozen-I don't ask you to follow him-but just one."

Jed opened a bottle, and when he offered me a glass I yielded. I wanted to increase the sense of protective comforts against that shrill wind out

Jed drew a comfortable chair close to the fire and took his wine in large but appreciative gulps. I took mine in small but appreciative sips. The fire roared, and the wind howled.

Jed, drinking by gulps, soon was exhilarated. Mr. Sidney and I had been rational. We had been talking, I recall, of the substitution of a Syrian idea of immortality, concerned chiefly with precions metals and stones, for the north European idea of Valhalla, when Jed began to sing, and with gusto and affection opened another bottle of wine. The wind grew in vio-

"It is a night for any of the living

dead about a place," I said. "I like a wind that has many voices," said Mr. Sidney. "It produces certain sensations or emotions that are primitive. It suggests a threat and increases the sense of shelter and comfort. We sit like peasants about the fireplace and are inclined to legends."

Story of the Dobson Murder.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sometime we may have an ideal legislature one that will repeal more laws than it passes.

BRAZIL

That was virtually the complete sub- Mischievous Imp a Creation of The Aborigines.

> is Pictured as Having Strong Spice of Humor and Little Desire to Hurt Human Beings-Has But One Leg.

His color is black, his nose broad and flat. A long, pointed tongue is sticking out of his mouth; the teeth are triangular and sharp; otherwise he has the face of an infant. He has three fingers on each hand, as shown by the traces he leaves on the bark of trees he climbs. His palms are pierced in the middle. His ears are big and he wears a red cloak and cap. He smells of sulphur and his eyes emit a thick, stifling smoke. But his most distinctive characteristic is that he has only one leg; he neither walks nor runs, but jumps along, writes a New York Tribune man.

This is the description compiled from the accounts of many witnesses, of Sacy Perere, special indigenous devil of Brazil, whose biography was not long ago published in book form at Sao Paulo. The preface declares that there is so little original, native element in Brazilian cufture that it is worth white to preserve whatever there is. So the great Brazilian newspeper, O Estado de Sao Paulo, instituted an inquiry regarding Sacy Perere, who is described as one of the very few tropical native products. Readers were asked to submit whatever they knew or heard concerning this Brazilian representative of the Evil One and the answers were collected in the book entitled "O Sacy Perere" (the Sacy Perere). In the Neue Zurcher Zeitung Dr. A. Usterl publishes extracts from the testimony, out of which Sacy emerges as a fairly barmless, amiable and humorous sort of devil, who, in spite of his terrifying appearance, does not really want to burt human beings, although he is fond of practical jokes of a rather crude brand.

Sacy Perere is 100 per cent American. He was here before Columbus. for he was invented by the aborigines of Brazil, the Tupi Indians. His name is of Tupl origin, Can Cy, meaning evil eye, and perereg, the jumping one. So Can Cy Perereg, Portuguesified into Sacy Perere, means jumping evil eye. To his above description should be added that, according to a witness of scientific accomplishments, his smell comes from sulphur hydrogen (H,S).

His one leg has a story, told by old negroes, who have it from their slave ancestors. According to this story, once upon a time the devil decided to give a banquet in his cave. There was plenty of everything and more than plenty of cahaca (sugar cane brandy). The guests got so drunk they could hardly move, and the ensuing confusion gave a chance to a gang of small devils' apprentices to go joyriding to the earth. The devil became enraged and pursued the youngsters, capturing them all except one, whose leg, however, he slashed off. The little devil was the original Sacy, and his offspring were born with one leg only. Now the Sacys are very clever and swift and they can easily put it over on the devil, though they are one-

legged. The Sacy and his gang appear usually during tornadoes, when they ride the wind. They alight on the backs of horses and tie knots in their manes. Sometimes a Sacy is observed on the roof of a house. He scares the passerby or throws dirt down the chimney.

Better Not Change Left-Handers. If a child be naturally left handed, it should be allowed to remain so, for an attempt to train it to right-handedness may easily result in making it mentally inferior. Dr. H. Griesbach emphasizes this in an article in the Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift (Berlin), explaining that in left-handed persons the speech center is in the right hemisphere of the brain instead of in the left hemisphere, as is the case in right-handed persons,

The result of persistent efforts to make them right-handed may be a speech center that is not predominantly situated on either side, which condition Griesbach says interferes with the differentiation of the hemispheres throughout childhood and adolescence.

He says that once the unilateral hemishpere differentiation is complete, as it is in adults, a re-education from left to right or from right to left-handedness will do no harm to the brain.

Jamaica Women Get Vote. Under a new law the women of Jamaica. British West Indies, are to have a vote in the elections for the parochial boards and the legislature. Every woman is entitled to vote if she is twenty-five years of age or more, can read and write, and is of British nationality, but she must have also certain salary or property qualifications. The salary designated is £5 per annum, or she may pay £10 in rent or £2 rates on house, lands or personal property.

When His Luck Turned. An extraordinary case of good for-

tune, culminating in the completely unexpected, was that in which a Durhars miner escaped death twice in pit dispators, and finally came into a changery furture of \$500,000. At the time of the receipt of the news of his natorishing windfall be was actu-Promities may to nearly for narish rethe honelf and his fee IV.

Back Lame and Achy?

Do you get up mornings tired and achy? Evening find you "all wornout?" Likely your kidneys are to blame. Hurry and worry, lack of rest, and esting too much rest. blame. Hurry and worry, lack of rest, and eating too much meat, throw a strain on the kidneys. Your back gives out; you are tired and likely suffer headaches and dizzy spells. Take things easier and help the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have brought new strength to thousands. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

J. L. Williams, retd. farmer, Geneva, Nebr., says:
"I had been suffering from pains across my back and sides and it shifted into other parts of my body. I sprained my back when I was young and ever after I noticed weakness through my kidneys. It was hard for me to stoop over. A friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills and they soon brought relief."



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