RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, CHIEF

The Mystery of Hartley House **By CLIFFORD S. RAYMOND**

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CHAPTER XVI-Continued. -16-

"But this scheme of life had this in it that brought disaster to his sonsa laxness of any discipline related to their spiritual and mental development. When we were corrected or punished it was for conduct which affected his comfort or dignity, never for a thing which affected the development of our character.

"We had abundant money to spend. It was a part of our father's egotism that we should be young swells, and we were early in disorderly ways. Richard had a genius for cruelty. A normal boy is likely to be thoughtless, but Richard was inventive in his crueitles. It was brutal. He liked 'to tear things to pieces slowly, a fly if it was all he could catch-a grasshopper. a field mouse. I had a faithful little dog which Richard staked out in the ground and killed by vivisection. I saw the little animal when it was breathing its last with its bowels exposed and its lungs laid bare.

"Richard destroyed birds' nests for pleasure. He liked to cut a leg off a hen and see it stagger about valuly trying to walk. He maimed dogs. He tortured cattle and horses. He killed a fine carriage horse by driving it to death purposely to see how long it would live under the treatment he gave IL

"I doubt that I was a more lovable child, but at least I did not have the attribute of cruelty. I was not only younger but I was weaker physically. I was sensitive to a degree which made me an extraordinary victim to Richard when he cared to express his fiendishness to or upon me.

"We were getting into late childhood-I should say that I was about fourteen-when Richard began to use his inventiveness in cruelty upon me directly. As soon as he had a taste of the delight which came from tormenting me I had no further peace.

"I remember with a still agonized vividness my experience in finding a snake in my bed. He had put it there. He used his superior strength to torture me physically. He dominated me spiritually. He made life a hell, such a hell as life can be made only for a child by mistreatment, when reality has not starkly asserted itself, when proportions are not established and when illusions can be kindly or hide-

"Richand and I grew up in this fashton, I in terror of him and his malevolence. When I was fifteen mother died.

scious. Once I was ill in bed a week as the result of a beating he gave me. "Frequently he threatened that he would kill me. He said this often and openly, with every evidence of earnestness and determination. Later that counted against him.

"I was not cowed, and with the great hatred firmly rooted I was willing to accept the unequal struggle with him. It was a joy to hate him, fight him, even to be beaten by him. I had regained enough courage to seek sociability. It was difficult, because his refined sense of cruelty led him to search me out, wherever I might be with my friends, and to humiliate me, if possible, before them.

"One night I had been at a tavern in the village with some boys of my acquaintance when Richard, being drunk and very violent, found me, and there was a scene in which he made loud threats that he intended to kill me.

"One of my friends persuaded me to go home. At Hartley house we walked the distance from the house to the village in those days. I set out alone, but Richard, breaking away from the young men who would have detained him, pursued me. He caught up with me, and we abused each other as we walked, being overheard by several persons along the way.

"When we came to a pool by the river near the house, he became insanely violent, cried that he was sick

body.

"In arranging the spot to indicate a murder I had thrown my hat, which was broken and bloody, down the bank. It had caught on a projecting rock. I had taken a ring off my finger and had thrown that into the pool. I also had thrown in my coat. It had blood on the collar and shoulders. All this seemed to me to afford inconclusive evidence, but there were obvious difficulties in finding a body which might increase Richard's troubles.

"I waited in New York, carefully concealed, many months, reading of the progress of my murder trial in the newspapers. It gained some celebrity. The prosecuting zeal was tremendous, and public interest, I gathered, acute. My ring was dredged up and was regarded as important evidence. The dredge also brought up some bones which, as I read in the papers, were regarded as fish-nibbled remains of

"Much legalistic argument ensued. I became a case of importance, involving principles of evidence. The superficial facts were all against Richard. His confession faced him. The evidence I had arranged damned him. Our relationship in hate and his threats against me arose against him. He thought he had killed me. He knew he had. There were many witnesses against him.

"The only thing helping him was the lack of a clearly identified body. But there were vestiges of something which, in the circumstances, were accepted as parts of the corpus delicti. I think the prosecution and the jury, convinced that I was dead and my remains swept away, were anxious to meet technically the requirements of law.

"The story of our lives together, as I read it in the testimony of witnesses who knew more of its terrors than I thought anyone knew, was terrific. It would have damned any aggressor in the opinion of any body of men. Everyone who knew anything of the case. Richard himself included, was convinced that I had been murdered. The doubt which remained merely served to get Richard a life sentence instead of the gallows. Popular psychology condemned him. The lack of essential evidence was ignored.

"I waited until I knew what his fate was, and then, rejolcing, I left the country. I had no prospects and He made a shrill little sound, as an few plans, but my inclination was to to South America, and I followed

Three times he knocked me uncon- | to do, but that he had disposed of my | every anniversary of his murder. He found the strength out of some reservoir of will. The reaction was almost disastrous. I imegine he might have lived another year or two if he had not had the experience be had this fall.

"I knew it was a great hate that was keeping Mr. Sidney alive," he continued. "Such a hate as he had! don't know that I understand it now. It was so unprofitable. Or way it? I do not know. It had a great value in his life. I think the hate he cherished warmed and colored his life. "He went to the pool every year

the night of his murder. He did not know that I went with him. It was such an abnormal abuse of his strength. I was afraid for him." "Your prospects depended upon

him," I suggested.

He allowed a moment to pass in slience. It was as if he permitted ventilation before we again entered the room of common thought and communion. He did not look pained or hurt in any fashlon. There was no display about it. He just refrained for a moment from talking. It was as if he were opening the windows for that moment. When the air way cleared of the odors of my testy remark, he went on as if I had said nothing. The old rascal was very diffcult to deal with.

"The night I am reminding you of he met Richard Dobson at the pool and recognized him. The poor old fool, Dick, had walked out of the penitentiary. He had every opportunity to do so. The warden would have let him out if he had asked to go. He was helpless outside. He did not have a place to get a rag or a crust. But he wanted to escape.

"There must have been something in his mind about this night and this place. Arthur Dobson found his brother standing by the pool. I was 50 feet away, hidden by the bushes. I could see the two old men in the moonlight, and when Arthur Dobson began to speak, I could hear distinctly.

"'Well, Richard.'" said Mr. Sidney, 'we are here again.' "Richard Dobson guavered in a

weak, senile tone, almost a falsetto: Who are you? "'I'm your brother Arthur,' said Mr.

Sidney. 'What are you doing here?' "Richard Dobson must have felt that he was confronted by a ghost. old woman might. I was palsied. The situation awass tremend I didn't know what would happen, and I didn't know what to do. Mr. Sidney was calm as an oyster.



IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 14

THE POWER AND AUTHORITY OF JESUS.

LESSON TEXT-Matt. 8 and 9. GOLDEN TEXT-And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gos-pel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness, and every disease among the people.-Matt, 9:35. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL-Mark 1:29;

\$:12; Luke 7:1-10. PRIMARY TOPIC - Jesus Forgiving

Sins. JUNIOR TOPIC-Jesus Heals & Centurion's Servant. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC

-The Response of Jesus to Human Need. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC -Christianity and Physical Needs.

In chapters 8 and 9 are grouped a number of miracles which exhibit what the King can do over the chief foes of mankind-sickness, sin, satanic power, death, sorrow and storms. It is fitting that they should be grouped here, following the laws of the kingdom, for they show the King's power to administer the affairs of the kingdom, and produce within his subjects the graces of character set forth in these laws. It will make the lesson too long to attempt to consider all these miracles. It will also be unsatisfactory to confine ourselves to the particular section selected by the lesson committee, so we will select several of the most outstanding ones.

I. Jesus Heals a Leper (8:1-4).

1. This dreadful disease was the most loathsome and hopeless known. In the Jewish ritual it was regarded as a symbol of sin. It was incurable by man. Only the Divine Physician can cure sin.

2. The leper's faith. His cry was most pitiable, but his faith was strong. He fully believed that Jesus was able, but was uncertain as to his willingness to heal him.

3. Jesus' power. He put forth his hand and touched the leper, bidding the disease to depart, and instantly the man was clean.

II. Jesus Heals the Centurion's Servant (8:5-13).

1. The disease-paralysis. In parylsis the victim is helpless and disqualified for service.

2. The centurion's faith. He belleved that if Jesus would but speak the word his servant would be healed. 3. The wonderful power of the King. He did not need to go to see the centurion's slave and touch him. but only needed to speak the word and it was done.

III. Jesus Calms the Sea (8:23-27). 1. The King asleep in the stormboat (v. 24). Since



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What Johnny Meant.

"Next boy !" exclaimed the teacher. "Can you give a simile to the word 'maiden'?"

"Yes, miss," responded Johnny, Summers. "A maiden is like cider." "Very good, Johnny. You see, boys," explained the teacher, who was of uncertain age and irascible disposition, "Johnny means that a maiden to sweet."

"Yes," broke in Johnny, "and grows sour with old age."

Cutting Down Expenses.

"Bimley has given up bachelor life and gone and got married." "What! With beef a dollar

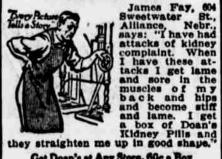
pound?" "Well, that's better than paying the

dollar a bite he's been paying in the restaurants, isn't it?"-Boston Transcript.

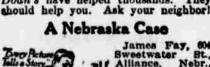
A senseless game-playing the fool.



Back giving out? Tortured with dull, nagging backaches and stabbing pains? Does the least exertion leave you "all played out?" Likely your kidneys are to blame. Overwork, colds, insufficient rest and the hurry and worry of pres-ent-day living tend to weaken the kid-neys. Backache is often the first warn-ing. Headaches and dizzineas may come, too, and perhaps annoying kid-ney irregularities. Help the overworked kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have nelped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!



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She had been an unassertive mother Circumstances and conditions were beyond her strength of mind or body, but she had been a friend, and I missed her cruelly. It was really a terrible loss at a time when I much needed a friend.

"As we grew older Richard's diabolical habits became only shrewder, not less assertive. He contrived the most ingenious schemes for my torment. He humiliated me whenever possible before other boys and, better for his purpose, before girls.

"My father put us out to school together, and this suited Richard's purpose admirably. How I hated this thing that bore my name and my blood ! It became an indomitable hate. It exists to this day. No human being ever was so hated by another as my brother Richard was by me-and isis to this moment and will be hated while a breath remains in my body.

"When I was eighteen my father died, and Richard and I inherited the estate under a trusteeship to continue until I was twenty-one. Richard was then twenty. In another year he attained his majority. He was profligate and wild, a heavy drinker, a coarse. cruel boor, a licentious young ruffian who had suffered twice in actions brought by weak and unfortunate girls.

"It irritated him beyond expression that he had to wait the slow process of my coming of age before he could come into his share of the property. His constant demeanor toward me was violent. Several times I tried to establish the reasonable relations which ought, in convention, to exist between brothers. It was quite hopeless, and my hate for this boor came to be an insane passion. It remains as a passion now.

"I may not be able to satisfy anyone that this was the inevitable consequence of the treatment given me, but I could if I were to elaborate the dedalls-or merely state them. However, my purpose is not so much to indict any brother as to record my own triumph-to assist the commission of a crime which has been of intense satisfaction to me, a crime in which I have maintained my culpability with joy and from which Richard has suffered and is suffering,

"He is a broken old man. He is in a penitentiary."

Here followed a section of the manuscript from which, as I recognized, the page Dravada had taken was missing. Then it continued:

"I became a little more assertive of my rights and dignity, with the result our quarrels were more violent. I tried to be myself physically to meet Bichard, but he was ver sturdy, and his profigate habits had tot yet undermined his health. When I resisted bim physically he had the better of me.



He Became Insanely Violent.

of seeing me on earth and would rid himself of the sight of me. He attacked me with a heavy stick he carried, succeeded in breaking down my guard and knocked me unconscious. Our cries, while he was attacking, were heard by a farmer living across the road. Richard was insanely drunk. He intended to kill me and thought he had done so. He left the spot, disturbed, probably, by the thought of physical consequences but, I am sure, not by any spiritual misgivings.

"I do not know how long I remained unconscious or when I awoke. It may have been ten, forty or sixty minutes. It may have been an hour or two. When it was, consciousness brought an aching head and a dawning determination.

"Life with Richard at Hartley house had become impossible. I could no longer control him, I could no longer endure him.

"A chance of escape and of revenge was possible. I was, in Richard's understanding, dead. He had tried to kill me. He might be made to think he had. I had considerable money with me. Richard, of course, had not touched it. Each of us had been given, that morning, five hundred dollars by trustees. That had been the occasion of Richard's murderous debauch. It is strange-or is it?-that I never think of him as, or ever called him, Dick.

"I arranged the spot as well as I could in the details to suggest that my drunken and brutal brother had not only killed me but had disposed of my body in the river. When I had done this, relying for success on his uncertain memory of the act which already had terrified him. I left Hartley house-all its painful memories and brutal experiences, the unhappiness I had experienced there, the miserable childhood, the wretched boyhood and the young manhood, come to this furtive, malevolent end. And I there resolved that if I got safely away and if my design worked out successfully, I should return to the selfsame spot some time to live a jovial life where life had been so drear. "My plans were not perfect; my resources and my intelligence for this

sudden meeting of the world were slender; but my success was beyond expectation. "First I had the satisfaction of

knowing that my brother was taken for my murder. Circumstances were all against him, and he was convinced in his own heart that he had not only killed me as he so often had wished | said,

It.

"My hatred never ceased. It grew as a passion, at first a disturbing one, later a satisfactory one. I wanted this man to suffer. Nothing that he can suffer will properly pay him-at least it will not pay my score.

"Some day, I know, for I have the determination, I shall return to Hartley house as its owner, although esteemed an allen, with a false name, a false life and a great joy. What is a family that I should not enjoy my perfect revenge upon this brute who made fifteen years and more of my life, in its most impressionable form, an undesirable thing when it was most desired?

"I shall go back to Hartley house, and if life and health be spared me. I shall make it and life in it jovial, and if strength be spared my will, the knowledge that my brother Richard is suffering for the murder of a dead live man shall be the cosy north wind in the caves below which burn my cheerful fires.

"This is my crime, and if it causes no one dear to me later to suffer, I want it known. Some day I shall go back as a man wholly unknown to people who knew the Dobsons. I shall be what I have been, Homer Sidney. I shall buy the old place. I shall know that Richard Dobson is suffering a most equitable but illegal punishment in a penitentiary close to the place where I shall live in the circumstances which a great deal of money will enable me to set up.

"That is my natural revenge upon a fiend who happened to come of the same parents as I. Hate is a wonderful friend."



Jed came into the room again as I finished reading, and put another log on the fire. Then he sat down in a rocking chair by the fire.

"They met that night, you know," he said after he had rocked a while. "They?" I said.

"Arthur and Richard Dobson," said Jed. "Mr. Sidney and his brother, who is over there in the penitentiary."

"They met what night?" 1 asked. Jed was patient.

"They met the night last fall," he explained, "when you found Mr. Sidney leaving the house, the uight 1 found you outside, the night we pretended I was sick, the night he came in here and had as call the penitentiary to say a convict had escaped. That night, he met his brother. His brother was the convict."

Jed was rocking and talking to the fire.

"Mr. Sidney-Arthur Dobson-" he "went out to see the pool on

"'I am your brother Arthur, Richard,' he said, 'and I am not dead. I haven't been dead. You didn't kill me. I have been living in the old place comfortably while you have been in prison. No one would believe you if you told that. You are old and half crazy. If you were out of prison, you would die of starvation and 'exposure in 24 hours. I am not a ghost, Richard; I am your living brother.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS

Study of Statistics Will Enable Al most Any One to Justify His Pet Belief.

Cold, hard statistics prove that the greatest number of premier awards for gallantry were won on Monday. No other day showing anything like the same record, though the muchmaligned Friday stands out noticeably.

Which fact gives some color to the superstitions many people have about certain days of the week being lucky, while others are unlucky.

Tuesday seems to be the had day of the week; calamities are far more common on that day than on any other day. Railway disasters, fires, street accidents-the record in each case is held easily by Tuesday. And it is the day most favored, too, by those who desire to put an end to their existence.

Saturday also has a bad reputation; its specialty is murders; and fully half the petty crime that is dealt with in the police courts occurs on that day. But probably that is because Saturday also holds the record for drunkenness.

There is nothing very distinctive about Thursday beyond the fact that it is the day upon which the birthrate is highest; and Sunday is noticeable only for its low death-rate.

Wednesday is, above all the rest, the day of weddings. This applies to all classes, and nearly as many marriages are celebrated on that day alone as upon any three of the otners .- Montreal Herald.

Why Holland Grows Willows Holland is covered with willow trees, and the great dikes of the country are made stronger by the network formed by the roots .- Brooklyn Eagle.

Some Never Unmask, Unfortunately our blessings in dia. guise are painfully slow in unmush ing .-- Boston Trauscript.

the Almighty Creator, he had no reason to fear, and therefore, could well be resting in sleep.

2. The terrified disciples (v. 25). If they had but known him as really the Almighty King they would not have been terrified, for they would have known that no boat could go down with the Christ on board.

3. The King's rebuke (vv. 26, 27). (1) The disciples rebuked for their lack of faith. Instead of looking at the Lord, they were looking at the circumstances. (2) The sea is made calm. The elements of nature are subject unto him.

IV. Jesus Casts Out Demons (8:28-34). After stilling the tempest Jesus crossed to the other side of the sea into heathen territory.

1. Met by two men possessed by demons (v. 28). By referring to Mark 5:1-7 and Luke S:27 we get a conception of the desperate condition of these men. So fierce were they that no one could safely pass that way.

2. What they knew about Christ (v. 29). They knew that he was the Son of God and that he had come to destroy the Devil and his works.

3. The limitation of the Devil's power (v. 31). Although the Devil is mighty, he cannot even enter a hog without God's permission.

4. Christ's power to deliver from the Devil (vv. 30-32). . The demons quailed before him not daring to dispute his power, but begged permission to enter the swine.

V. Jesus Healing a Woman With an Issue of Blood (9:20-22).

1. Her helpless condition (v. 20). She had been a great sufferer for twelve long years.

2. Her faith (v. 21). Her faith was so strong that she believed contact with the Master's garment would secure the needed help.

3. Her confession (v. 21; cf. Luke 8:47). Jesus had her make a public confession. It was for her good that he had her make this confession, for faith in Christ unconfessed will naturally weaken.

4. Christ's words of encouragement (v. 22). He told her that it was her faith, not her touch, that saved her.

Proper Amusements.

Thousands of people demand amusements. Thousands of dollars are spent in that behalf. But there is absence of plan. concert, and co-operation. The Devil steps in and takes the profit. The people want but little here below nor want that little long. Why muy we not have more of the amusement which strengthens and enlightens? One rich man by Lis own unabled beneficence might provide healthful amusement for a whole city. Why does not benefaction turn in this direction ?- Humphrey J. Desmond.



"Eatonic is the only thing I have found to stop my heartburn and I think ft has been a great help in a nervous spells," writes G. C. Johnson.

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