

# The Mystery of Hartley House

By CLIFFORD S. RAYMOND

Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by George H. Doran Co.

### CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"There was a lot of malevolence in Mr. Sidney's tone, a tremendous amount of hate. Richard Dobson uttered the quivering, quivering little cry again and started to run. As he got under way, he shrieked. It sounded like an old woman's shriek.

"Mr. Sidney started after him. He had that came you saw him take out of this room. That was the one he was beaten down with.

"I think for a moment he wanted to kill Richard. He flourished the stick and yelled. Richard, being in a frenzy of fright, was stronger on his legs than his brother. He was off into the bush. Mr. Sidney stumbled and fell. He got up rather slowly, as if he were either hurt or as if his strength were leaving him. I could hear Richard shrieking farther off in the bush.

"When Mr. Sidney got up, he turned toward the house, and I ran to beat him here and found you."

Jed rocked a while, and I did not say anything.

"I am decidedly shaken," he said after a while. "I was very fond of him, and I am a useless old man, an alcoholic of no account except to him, and he is dead."

"There is only one thing to do," I said. "Richard Dobson must be on his way to freedom tomorrow. We shall have to see to that."

Jed aroused himself for an instant. "You copy-book moralist!" he said. "You would interfere with a genial, lovable man's magnificent hate just because he is dead and your scruples have become important. You ought to choke. Let the brute Dick Dobson rot in prison. It's his desert."

"It can't be done, Jed," I said. "Tomorrow we'll go to Alwicks prison and explain."

For me to act without telling Mrs. Sidney was impossible, and it was almost impossible for me to take the subject up with her. I saw her only for a moment, told her that, being acquainted with the facts, I thought I knew what the conscience of the house would require.

Her world had been destroyed; her light had gone out. She had no pride for herself; she shrank from the possibility of a hurt to Isobel, but I had judged the conscience of the house correctly. She would have protected Mr. Sidney against all the equities and justice in the world—that was her sin in her own esteem. But now he was dead; justice could be done.

I did not want to act without Isobel's knowing what I was doing. I hoped she would approve of what I intended to do, though I intended to do it whether she did or not. I had to tell the story.

"You are right, John," she said. "But how magnificent father was! He was stark Nemesis, the clearest, purest justice there is!"

She was a bit ecstatic. They teach young ladies too many generalizations, I thought. There was no rhapsody in this; it was ugly.

Jed had one more flash of spirit as we started for the penitentiary.

"You poor old copy-book fool of a moralist!" he said. "Why can't your insignificant conscience be satisfied without doing a lot of damage to no good end? Hang you moralists! You wreck life. Richard Dobson can't ve



Mr. Sidney Started After Him.

outside the penitentiary. He has no money, no way of making any, no place to go, no friends. You are going to throw him out of his home. You are going to torture him with the knowledge that his life was wasted in prison when he was a free man in law. You are going to destroy the Sidney family."

"Richard Dobson saw his brother," I said, "that night at the pool."

"He saw a ghost," asserted Jed. "Or if he can't see a ghost, he must want to stay in the penitentiary. If he knew it was his brother, why didn't he demand an inquiry and his freedom? Either because he saw a ghost or he does not want his freedom. You

can have it either way you want. You are going to force him out of the only place he has to live, and you are going to give him the tragedy of knowing that his life was wicked."

"He is a rich man," I said. "Half the old Dobson estate is his. All of it is his. His brother was legally and is now actually dead."

"You are a worse man than I was," said Jed. "I never interfered with Mr. Sidney's scheme of punishment. You are trying to. His scheme was just."

"What's the use of this debate?" I exclaimed. "You are morally incapable of right doing."

"And you are a foolish collection of pious axioms," said Jed.

When we came to the penitentiary entrance, we encountered Morgan of the Metropolitan agency. He stopped me.

"You had me fooled," he said. "I really thought you didn't know."

"I did not know," I said.

"Didn't you?" he exclaimed. "You are here to see Richard Dobson. I followed my hunch. I have the answer to the thing. I know why this man Sidney never was younger than twenty years. You are here to see Richard Dobson because you are representing Arthur Dobson."

"Arthur Dobson is dead."

"I know he is—as a name; but he is alive as Sidney."

"Mr. Sidney is dead," I said. "We have come here to tell Richard Dobson that he can go free. I did not know who Arthur Dobson was until last night."

As Morgan stood before us on the penitentiary steps, I thought how true had been my conception of him as the inevitable. Mr. Sidney had outplayed fate, but it was by using the trump card death.

Morgan's face showed some unpleasant lines.

"What do you mean, that Sidney is dead?" he asked.

"He died Christmas night. I read his diary last night. Jed gave it to me. It is the one Dravada tried to steal. We came here at once to tell Richard Dobson."

"Let his brother Arthur tell him. Richard is dead," said Morgan, going on down the steps. "But I am not through with you people. Publicity is just as good now as it was before."

He got into an automobile, and was driven away.

"Something always happens to these moral consciences," said Jed savagely. "You'll learn life some day, young fellow. Now keep your mouth shut inside here."

The warden told us that Richard Dobson had died the night before. He had sustained a great shock the night he walked out of the penitentiary and was found on Mr. Sidney's grounds. The adventure not only overtaxed him physically, but it had affected his imagination. When the guards found him, after the message from Hartley house, he was incoherent and in a fever.

He never regained strength or rationality. He had been quiet at times, but at other times was in delirium. When delirious, he suffered chiefly from the delusion that he had seen his brother's ghost.

He died slowly and in great misery, the warden said.

"Now keep your mouth shut, you fool," Jed ordered—by merely prodding me to the ribs.

The warden was affected by the news of Mr. Sidney's death. He remembered him as the pleasant man who had called one day. It seemed to me that our visit, so shortly after Mr. Sidney's death, must appear as a thing strangely without purpose to the warden, but Jed was so apparently right in asking for silence at this time that I yielded to his prudential course.

The right and wrong of the Dobson affair was in the grave. Our departure from the penitentiary was awkward, I thought. The warden did not seem to find it so.

On the way back Jed presented, viciously, the sharp edges of our trouble.

"You have that fellow Morgan to deal with," he said. "If you are going to be moralistic, you will ruin the lives of two ladies who have trusted you. Morgan has to be bought. You are not doing anyone any hurt now. You are not keeping an innocent man in the penitentiary. You are not disturbing justice or defeating punishment. You are taking the surest means to the protection of the innocent by bribing this man to silence."

Of all the obvious things I might have said to this man for a long time had terrorized the Sidney household, none seemed pertinent. They would have been imprecations and reproaches. They would have dealt with the past. He, as if he had a clean slate, was dealing with the future. It did Mrs. Sidney and Isobel no good to tell Jed that he had been a rascal and was unfit to advise.

"If you go to Mrs. Sidney," said Jed, "she will sacrifice herself and everybody else. Go to Miss Sidney and tell her that the family must pay Mr. Morgan \$20,000. He'll want \$50,000. He'll take twenty. Give it to him in five annual installments. At the end of five years he'll be harmless. You and Miss Sidney will have

established yourselves, and Morgan's story will be a dried-up walnut."

The proposal was so repulsive that I did not answer Jed. He said a great deal more in a great deal of bitterness, chiefly against me and what he conceived to be my moralistic ideas.

When we had returned to Hartley house, Jed said:

"Do at least one thing, ask Miss Sidney what she prefers."

I had no right and no inclination to make a decision which concerned the family and not me. I did not want to speak to Mrs. Sidney—Jed was right, her conscience might permit only the answer which would expose the family to consequences. I spoke to Isobel.

We compromised with Morgan. Jed again was right. Morgan wanted \$50,000. He took \$20,000.

Isobel had been insistent. She had been impatient of any suggestion that there could be anything immoral or dangerous in such compromising. Female morals are selfishly protective of things near and dear. A generalized immorality, an unembodied immorality, is to women unimportant. It is less than unimportant; it is impossible; it does not exist. This is a part of the instinct which nourishes and protects the infant.

"I don't understand you at all, John," she said. "Is there any question in your mind that we ought to protect my father's memory and my mother's peace of mind? You admit that even now this man Morgan can wreck the things we hold dearest. You admit that a small payment can protect these things. You know that the one thing of which we have more than we need is money, and you admit that we are not doing any person any harm by using it to bribe this man Morgan."

Of course, I had to give in.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. Sidney was buried by the pool on a bitter afternoon when the snow creaked underfoot, and the sun, in a cold blue sky to the southwest above the hills across the river, could hardly be regarded as a warm and sustaining star.

The servants were pall bearers—six ones; and we had the chaplain from the penitentiary to read the service in the room Mr. Sidney had used. The sun came in the southwestern windows, and the canaries sang. Algol was afraid of strangers and hid himself. Otherwise it was Mr. Sidney's room.

We carried the coffin the half-mile in the bitter cold to the grave which had been dug by the pool with mattocks through the frozen earth. Mrs. Sidney took my arm, but walked the distance bravely. Isobel went as if she were a clear-eyed Spartan girl accepting life without a quaver or whimper, upon the terms offered. We left the remains of our gracious gentleman there.

So genial a man could not die. He still pervaded the house. He had impregnated it. His death could not destroy his influence. Even his room, his death chamber, remained jovial; but Algol attached himself to Isobel and could not be parted from her. He went to her room that night.

Necessity and delicacy both suggested that I go away for a while the following morning. It was necessary for me to establish myself in the city, in material and physical facts of lodging, and so forth, and delicacy intimated that I was an alien in the household upon a strangely fictitious standing.

I went away in the early morning, leaving word that I would return in a day or two to say good-bye. I came back the evening of the second day, by automobile from the city. I had been impelled to go back and had so far resisted the compulsion that I had missed train time. Then the impulse reasserted itself so irresistibly that I took an automobile for the 40-mile ride.

Jed met me at the door. His cordiality was unforced. It was the dinner hour. Jed suggested either some biscuits and sherry in my room or an omelet with mushrooms. Mrs. Sidney, he said, had been Spartan, but was in collapse. Miss Sidney was somewhere about—he did not know where.

I did not want anything to eat and went toward the library. Isobel was sitting there by the fire.

I had often seen her thus before. It was one of the familiar pictures I should remember. There were probably a half dozen others—none better than this.

She looked up as I entered.

"I am glad you are back, John," she said.

I could think only of a commonplace.

"I did not intend to disturb you," I said. "How is your mother?"

"Utterly and happily stupefied," said Isobel. "Her pain waits for her."

"And yourself?"

"I can't find a tragedy in it," she said. "I feel a sense of terrible but inevitable loss. I had reconciled myself to it. I can't be a sentimental rebel against life. His life was happy to the end. He would hate us if we

were morose. Please sit down, John."

I did, in a comfortable chair. We looked at the fire.

"I'll be saying good-bye tomorrow," I said.

"What are you going to do?"

"I have made some arrangements. I'll build up a small practice. I may go to a small town. I think that would suit me. I haven't the temperament for a city. It is chill."

"You have really set yourself back by coming here," she suggested.

"Possibly," I admitted, "in purely material ways; but I have lived the wonder time of my life here. The sacrifice was cheap."

"But it was a sacrifice?"

"In a strictly pragmatic fashion, yes."

"You think of it as a sacrifice?"

"I do not. I think of it as my real



"You Presume That I Am Not in Love With You."

life. The rest of my existence will be the sacrifice."

"You are a simple sort of a person, John."

"I presume so. I have no reason to think otherwise."

"Where did you get your ideas of women, John?"

"I have no ideas of women. I am not presumptuous or, in that fashion, egotistic."

"Yes, you are," she said.

"I don't think you are right in saying that."

"You are presumptuous about me."

"I am not!" I exclaimed in hurt pride.

"You are," she said. "You presume that I am not in love with you."

(THE END.)

### WANTED TO "GO IT ALONE"

Many Years Ago Missouri Declared Her Ambition to Become an Independent Republic.

Missouri once had intention of setting up as an independent republic all by herself. The Session acts, state of Missouri, 1838-1839, contain a memorial to the congress of the United States relative to the Santa Fe trade. It tells of an expedition of traders to Santa Fe in 1812 from St. Louis, though it is not specifically stated that they went over the Santa Fe trail.

The early Session acts of the Missouri legislature, starting in 1824, contain many interesting resolutions and memorials to congress on all manner of political and historical subjects. Incidentally the Missouri constitution of 1820 starts with the preamble that the citizens of the state agree to form and establish a free and independent republic by the name of the state of Missouri.

Missouri was one of the pivotal states in the history of this country. It was made such in the ancient fight in congress over the slavery question, which took up the admission of free and slave states and considered the balance thereof in congress. Missouri was also a pivotal state in yet another and larger sense—she was the jumping-off place for that wild and unknown country called the Wild West—the land west of the Missouri river. She made the midway point between the frontiersmen of Kentucky and those of the great plains, occupying a generation of history herself as a frontier commonwealth.

### Value of Snakes.

Most people have a decided shrinking from snakes, which is not to be wondered at in tropical countries, where their bite is venomous and often fatal. But the grass snake ought not to be confounded with the rattlers, cobras or pythons. It is as harmless to humanity as a frog and a good deal more useful. No greater enemy to bugs is in existence. And slugs are among the most hurtful of garden and field pests. They keep down the numbers also of such other pests as mice, screws and other small rodents. But as slug destroyers they deserve to be cherished rather than massacred at sight, which is their usual fate.

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. H. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (©, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

### LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 28

#### HOW JESUS THE KING WAS RECEIVED.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 11 and 12. GOLDEN TEXT—Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Luke 7:18-35; 10:13-15, 21, 32; 11:14-26, 29, 32.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Kind Deeds of Jesus.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Friends and Enemies of Jesus.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Choosing Jesus as Our Teacher.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Response of Men to the Ministry of Jesus.

The teacher should keep in mind the progress of thought in Matthew and present these lessons accordingly. In chapters 5 to 7 we have the laws of the kingdom; chapters 8 and 9, the mighty works to demonstrate the King's ability to administer the affairs of the kingdom; chapter 10, the propagation of the kingdom through the sending forth of the twelve; chapters 11 and 12, how the kingdom was received.

#### I. Four Classes of Hearers (ch. 11).

1. Perplexed hearers like John the Baptist (11:2-11). John believed that Jesus was the Christ (v. 2), but was somewhat perplexed as to the manner of the establishment of the kingdom. In the Old Testament predictions there were two lines in the Messianic prophecies: the one set forth Christ as the suffering one, as in Isaiah 53, and the other, as the Invincible Conqueror, as in Isaiah 63. Indeed, in Isaiah 60:1, 2 we have the two advents in one view (see Matt. 23:10-12). He said that the ax is laid unto the root of the trees and that there was to be a separation of the chaff from the wheat and a burning of the chaff, but now the King was occupied merely with the opening of the eyes of the blind, etc. John saw Christ as the one who would remove the sins of the people by the shedding of his blood (John 1:29), but he failed to see the interval between the time of his sufferings and the time of his triumph. Since this interval between the first and second comings—the nature of the age in which we live—was not known until Christ revealed it in the parables of the thirteenth chapter, we do not wonder at John's perplexity. John's faith was not failing him, neither did he send this deputation to Jesus for the sake of his disciples. He was a true prophet and a faithful man, but he was perplexed.

2. Violent hearers (11:12-19). These were willing to receive the kingdom according to their own way, but were unwilling to conform to its laws. Their ears were closed to everything but their own carnality. They would not repent when called upon to repent by John, nor rejoice when called upon by Christ to rejoice (vv. 17-19).

3. The stout-hearted unbelievers (11:20-24). In Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, Christ had done most of his mighty works, but the people deliberately set their hearts against him and his message. It was not for lack of knowledge and opportunity that they were unsaved, but for their purposeful rejection of Christ. Tyre and Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah were filled with immoral profligates and idolaters, but they will be more tolerably dealt with in the day of judgment than those who wilfully reject Christ.

4. Hearers who are babes in spirit (11:25-30). There were some among those who heard Jesus with childlike faith, who believed that Christ was the Messiah, and they opened their hearts to receive him. Christ invites those who have the babe-like spirit to come to him, and to all who come to him and receive him he gives rest.

#### II. The Antagonism of the Kingdom. (ch. 12).

In chapter 11 we saw the shameful indifference of the Jews to their King. In this chapter we see positive and bitter antagonism manifesting itself against him. They are not only without a heart for him, but do their best to destroy him. The immediate occasion of their wicked determination was Christ's relation to the Sabbath. Because the hungry disciples plucked corn and Jesus healed the withered hand on the Sabbath day, they sought to destroy him. They accused him of being in league with the Devil. Jesus with unanswerable logic showed them that they had blasphemed against the Holy Ghost, and were therefore guilty of an unpardonable sin. They did not deny the miracle but sought to account for it without owning him as the Messiah.

What Tenderness is.

Tenderness is the extreme susceptibility of the softer emotions and passions. It implies the refinement of pity, the sensitive delicacy of love, the culture of sympathy, and the most complete embodiment of a fervent, deep-seated, and impulsive gentleness. —A. M. A. W.

#### Apply Discipline.

Restrain all the senses under the severity of discipline, and give not thyself over to foolish mirth.—Thomas a Kempis.

## PAINS NEARLY DOUBLED ME UP

Nothing Helped Me Until I Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Wyandotte, Mich.—"For the last four years I have doctored off and on without help. I have had pains every month so bad that I would nearly double up. Sometimes I could not sweep a room without stopping to rest, and everything I ate upset my stomach. Three years ago I lost a child and suffered so badly that I was out of my head at times. My bowels did not move for days and I could not eat without suffering. The doctor could not help me and one day I told my husband that I could not stand the pain any longer and sent him to the drug-store to get me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and throw the doctor's medicine away. After taking three bottles of Vegetable Compound and using two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash I could do my own housework. If it had not been for your medicine I don't know where I would be today and I am never without a bottle of it in the house. You may publish this if you like that it may help some other woman."—Mrs. MARY STENDER, 120 Orange St., Wyandotte, Mich.



**VICTIMS RESCUED**

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

**GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES**

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

## SAYS PILES ALL GONE AND NO MORE ECZEMA

"I had eczema for many years on my head and could not get anything to stop the agony. I saw your ad and got one box of Peterson's Ointment and I owe you many thanks for the good it has done me. There isn't a blotch on my head now and I couldn't help but thank Peterson for the cure in great."—Miss Mary Hill, 429 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"I have had itching piles for 15 years and Peterson's is the only ointment that relieves me, besides the piles seem to have gone."—A. B. Ruder, 1127 Washington Avenue, Racine, Wis.

Use Peterson's Ointment for old sores, salt rheum, chafing and all skin diseases. 60 cents. Druggists recommend it. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## FRECKLES

POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Barry's Freckle Remover. Price 25c. Dr. C. W. Barry, Co., 2713 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

**Cuticura Talcum**  
Fascinatingly Fragrant  
**Always Healthful**  
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

## Persistent Coughs

are dangerous. Get prompt relief from Piso's. Stops irritation, soothing. Effective and safe for young and old. No opiates in

## PISO'S

Recognizing Them. Her parents had started with nothing; had succeeded in amassing a fortune; had given her a splendid education, and had sent her abroad to study music. She was cultured, but her parents were still as ingenuous as the day when they were married. They went to see "The Passing Show." When a pair of acrobats did their turn the mother became excited, and said, "So that everybody could hear her, 'Sadie, Sadie! Do you remember what I said about them two fellows I saw in the hippodrome in Cleveland?'"

"Yes."

"Well, them there are 'em."—Indianapolis News.

### Short Term.

"She says she has an ideal husband."

"How long have they been married?"

"Three weeks."

"Shucks; all husbands are ideal for the first three weeks."—Life.

### Just the Place.

"Many romances occur in business life."

"I suppose so. Especially in a match factory."

## AFTER Thanksgiving Dinner

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELLANS Hot Water Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

