# The Mystery of Hartley House

By CLIFFORD S. RAYMOND

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clutch It.

nakent.

The day I called Doctor Brownell I

had been too concerned and alarmed

to pay much attention to anyone but

Mr. Sidney and did not observe until

toward evening that Jed was malig-

nantly unfriendly again in his attitude

toward me. Finally he made it appar-

ent by a bit of vicious insolence. I

had determined never again to take

hold of that nettle gingerly but to

"What do you mean by that?" I

"There is a plague of officiousness

about here, or has been since you

came." he said, "You locked the front

door last night some time, didn't you?"

"I found it open this morning, and

after I had walked about the grounds

"Do You Have to Be Judge of My

Habits?"

for a while I came in and threw the

He seemed unpleasantly astonished

"You were abroad last night!" he

"You had locked me in, I know." I

said, "-or thought you had. I found

my door holted when I went back to

my room. I wasn't in it when you

bolted it," I added. "I was asleep in

outside for a moment. The door was

Jed was more disturbed, and he

"I walked around," I said, "down by

His discomposure became acute. He

"Where were the dogs?" I asked. "I

"They were with me," he said. "I

was out, and you locked me out. That's

why I have been so indignant. I came

back and found I had to break into the

house. I was in a hurry. You wouldn't

"I don't like it myself. I don't like

being locked in my room. I'll not have

it. I thought I had given you to un-

derstand that it would not be toler-

ated. I do not want to annoy the fam-

ily by complaints, but I will not en-

"Well, you can see the occasion for

it. You were loose last night, and

your conscientious officiousness made

trouble. I knew your type, the moment

I set eyes on you. I said here's a

trouble-making person with a duty.

You show it. Of course, you had to

bolt that door. You could not assume

that it was open for a purpose. No

thought of anybody that might be out-

side! I knew you. That's why we're

safe only when you are locked in your

"Well, I'll not have it." I insisted.

and you can understand that. It is

flat. Why do you have to run around

"Do you have to be judge of my

habits? If you do, it may satisfy you

to know that I frequently have many

duties to perform for Mr. Sidney in

the night. I frequently drink too much

grounds to clear my head and be able

My mind had jumped to a conclu-

"Were you at the pool last night?" I

"You seem to be a Paul Pry," he

I was not interested in Jed. I was

thinking of my figure at the pool. As

embodied in Jed It dld not fascinate

"It might have been in

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nearly All Water.

said. "You ought to be manacled."

to do what is needed by Mr. Sidney."

the grounds at night?"

asked.

"Yes," he said.

Montevideo."

He was very ugly.

"Where did you go?" he asked.

oolt." I told him,

exclaimed.

showed It.

the river."

looked sick.

dure that."

didn't see any."

He tried to smile.

have liked it yourself."

joited and disturbed.

#### THE HAUNTED POOL.

Syopsis - 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 is a 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 watchdogs, 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. In reply she says she will not hesitate to kill him. Mrs. Sidney asks John to consent to the announcement of his engagement to Isobel. The young people consent to the makebelieve engagement. Later they find it is to bead 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. Mr. Sidney visits a nearby prison and has Dobson, the murderer, pointed out. Queer stories of the "haunted pool" are told.

### CHAPTER V-Continued.

"And tell sad stories of the deaths of kings," said Jed, drawing his chair nearer to the fire and spreading out his hands before it. He was drinking more rationally now, sipping his wine instead of gulping it. He had arrived at his desired state and wished to maintain it.

Mr. Sidney seemed to feel a comfortable glow as Jed drank. There was no doubt that by suggestion he obtained physical sensations of stimulation and joviality.

"If we had a ghost," said Mr. Sidney, "it would walk on such a night." The wind made an extraordinary attack upon the windows as he spoke and sucked a soughing sound from the

"Tell the doctor the story of the pool," Mr. Sidney said to Jed, "We are in the comfortable werewolf state. Let's have our legend. Do you want to add a shiver to your contentment. doctor?" he asked.

"I want to hear the story," I said. "So do I, once again," said Mr. Sid-

ney. "-on such a night." "This place once belonged to a fam-

ily named Dobson," said Jed. "It was a very old family-for

American families," sald Mr. Sidney. "Came over in 1640," said Jed.

"English Puritans from Holland," said Mr. Sidney. "Go ahead, Jed. 1

sha'n't interrupt." "After the capture of New Amsterdam from the Dutch by the English. the Dobsons came down from the north and bought this manor-house from the Dutch family that had it. Then the Dobsons lived here in a sim-

ple fashion. "They renamed it Hartley house for their father, who was Hartley Dobson. That's its name now."

"I don't want to break in unnecessarily," I said, "but where do you get your information, Jed?" "It's all in records in the library,"

he answered, "and if I am going to tell the story I want a fair chance. . . A lot of generations of Dobsons lived here. There was always a Dobson family in the house, and the property came down to the generation that made this story. There were two boys in that family-a half century agothe sons of James and Henrietta Dob-

"Henrietta Dobson died when her son Richard was nine years old and her other son Henry was seven years old. James Dobson died two years later, and the boys were parentless This family was an argument against families."

"That's one of the heterodox notions I have instilled in an innocent mind." said Mr. Sidney. "Jed, you must not repeat phrases in your narratives. You parrot things and try to pass them as observations."

"You'll have him surly in a moment," I suggested, "and then where is the story?"

"I never knew him surly," said Mr. Sidney, "and he could not be in his genial wine."

Jed showed the flicker of a malignant glance in my direction and went on with his story evenly and good-na-

"I don't pretend to have all the details or to understand it," he said; "but from what I learn, Richard Dobson, the elder brother, was strong and brutal. Henry Dobson, the younger brother, was frail and sensitive. ruess they hated each other from the

radle. "Dick, when he was four and Henry was two, found ways of tormenting his younger brother. The best thing Heny ever had from Richard was con-

"I have known families of that na-

dons teach us to regard a family tie as a sacrament. In many cases it is only an odlous obligation leading to tragedy.'

"Dick knew all of Henry's weaknesses," Jed continued. "Sometimes he would torture him physically, by twisting his wrist or rolling him over on the ground when young girls were around. Sometimes he would torture him without laying hands on him.

"Dick was a thick-headed brute, but he had a genius for cruetty. When their parents died and the boys approached their majority. Henry was almost an imbecile for fear of Dick.

"Dick wanted then to get his inheritance and go out into the world, but the estate was left in trust until both boys were of age. Dick came of age and was obliged to wait two years for Henry."

I was astonished by the succinct and philosophical brevity of this ignorant man's narrative. Mr. Sidney was at ease in his chair with his eyes closed and a placid expression of pleasure on his face. Jed was active in gesticulation as he talked. That was the effect of the wine. The wind continued to pull at the chimney and scold in the "Jed has read a great deal to me."

said Mr. Sidney without opening his eyes. "I think he has become theatric."

"Well," sald Jed, "to shorten a story, when Dick, being twenty-one, found that he had to wait two more years for Henry, he became more brutal than ever. In some way or other, the night of the murder the two brothers happened to meet in a tavern in a village not far from Hartley house. Henry did not want to go home with his brother, but they both got drunk and they started to walk home together.

"No one has been able to do much more than guess at what took place, but it was known that Richard was a brute and that Henry was scared of him but was not a coward. They must have had a violent quarrel.

"There was a cottage near the pool, The only person in it at the time was a little girl, whose parents were not at home. She was awakened by cries and swearing. She said that she heard one man say: 'They'll find you dead in the morning.' Then she heard sounds of a struggle and was scared and hid her head under the bedclothes.

"When her parents came home she told them what she had heard, and they went out with a lantern to the place from which the noise came. They found parts of Henry's clothing. The next day Richard was found, ten miles away, still drunk. He confessed that he had killed his brother in a drunken

"Afterward he said that he hadn't, but he admitted that there had been a quarrel. It was a most celebrated



At the Edge of the Pool a Man Was Revealed in the Moonlight.

trial. Richard was convicted though the state could not produce any indubitable physical evidence of Henry's death. The contention over this evidence made the case noted.

"Richard Dobson is in the penitentiary at Ajwick now. Henry's ghost is what is supposed to come back to the pool."

The whild howled outside, and the fire burned cheerfully. As a remanticist I felt rebellious. The ghost story lacked antiquity. A good ghost fory would not have any human element in it a prisoner in a nearby penitentiary. It was too common a savor of the pres-

"But Stevenson would have liked the story," said Mr. Sidney. "It has so much hate in it. Probably it is because I live here where this tale of hate has its scene that I enjoy 'The Master of Ballantrae' so much."

### CHAPTER VI.

When I said good-night to Mr. Sidney and Jed I did not go to my room. A little alcoholic stimulant to one unaccustomed to it will break down rou

I went to the library to select a book

ture," said Mr. Sidney. "Our conven- | and take it to my room. The fire in | the library was burning cheerfully. The wind had a clear sweep at the windows. To a slightly exhibarated perception the circumstances were alluringly comfortable.

I found a good book, but lost the inclination to go to my room. I sat down in a comfortable chair, having turned off all the lights except that of the reading lamp. The library was large, and when the reading lamp alone was lighted there were deep shadows and the room was largely in darkness.

I read for a while and then fell asleep. I had no intention of doing that, but drowsiness came irresistibly and I was gone before I could force myself to go to bed.

It was two o'clock when I hwoke, The wind had died down. I felt restless and uneasy, not being accustomed to falling asieep in this fashion. The sensation of waking up and having perceptions struggle to establish not only location but identity was unpleas-

I started then for bed but stopped at the main door of the house on my way. I went to look to the fastenings and found that Jed. whose duty it was to close the house, had forgotten to lock and bar the door.

It was this incident of seeing the clain hanging down and of going to the door that suggested a cure for my unpleasant restlessness after the nap in the library. I opened the door and went outside for a walk.

The moon in its last quarter was rising in a cloud-filled sky. There was light one instant and then dark. I expected the dogs to join me, but none

A challenge arose within me-to go down by the way toward the haunted pool. It was the moral taunt of a suggested cowardice. I thought of the place and of all I had been told of it; and the instinctive apprehension, perceptible as I stood on the steps to the entrance, provoked the challenge,

It seemed imperative. It would have been a moral retreat to go back into the house, as would have been sensible, lock the door and go to bed. That seemed like backing down in the face of an inviting danger. These challenges are inconsequential, but they seem important to character.

I did not have the real moral courage, which was to turn my back on the invitation and go indoors, I went down the steps to prove to myself my confidence in myself-thereby disproving the library. When I awakened I went

As I neared the pool, the moon went behind a cloud. I came to a clump of bushes. The moon came from behind its cover. There was a gentle flood of returning light. I was in, or rather behind, a screen of trees and brush. The pool was fifty feet away.

At the edge of the pool a man was revealed in the moonlight. He leaned on a stick.

The moon went behind another cloud, and the figure on the bank became indistinct. It almost disappeared. I stood still, with apprehensive shudders working up and down my spine. The phenomenon was outrageous and unbelievable. The moonlight flashed out again for an Instant. I saw the figure again but persuaded or tried to persuade myself that I did not see it. to say to myself that it was a bush twisted into extravagant shape by my

The moon went under a great dark cloud. I made a moral and physical retreat. I did not run. That would have been an honest confession and expression of desire. I was hypocritical and walked, but my moral defeat was complete. There was a man at the haunted

I had seem him and something had deterred me from speaking to him, finding out who he was or why he was

A really violent change came into our lives. A suggestion that Mr. Sidney go to the South for the winter was neted upon, and within a month I was separated from the place and people so important in my affections. Doctor Brownell had been called to Harttey house by Mr. Sidney's discouraging condition. Our invalid had overtaxed himself the evening he displayed such activity in his room, such unusual strength and agility. The following morning he was almost in collapse. I was alarmed and telephoned Doctor Brownell, who came out at

"You will see his will pull him through," he said. "If it were not for that, I should be alarmed. He is very

"I blame myself for permitting the unusual exertion," I said. "My judgment was deluded. I think, by my happiness at seeing him so strong. He really seemed strong. It did not seem fictitious or unnatural."

Doctor Brownell said that the phe nomenon was not new in his experience with Mr. Sidney's case.

"I have had it six years," he said. and this is the sixth time he has gone from unexplained and unnatural strength to extreme and dangerous weekness. And always in the fallsomewhere about this time. Each time I have seen his will assert itself and strengthen him in his exhaustion."

GIVE IT TO MOLE ESCAPED AN

Little Animal Hereby Qualifies as a Samson.

Venerable Fisherman Tells Story That Should Remove All Doubt Concerning the Strength of the Amail Earth Disturber.

"Do you want to know the most powerful animal for its size in the

The question was asked just after a venerable fisherman had landed a fine eastern brook trout, says Howard M. Wright in the Portland Oregonlan. We were standing on the shore of one of the lakes well back in the

I had only a few moments before unslung my pack at his cabin, and, taking a trail that led to the lake, had found him right in his glory. I, of course, was interested in getting all the data the old fellow had to offer and we sat down on a log and as he produced a Missouri meerschaum I handed out a box of tobacco. He proceeded to fill up with what he called his favorite brand next to H. O.

That gave me a clew and I knew at once the ancient angler could tell some blg ones. He fired up deliberately and crossed his legs in a leisurely manner.

"Well, sir," he started out, "I reckon, according to what one of them scientists told me that happened in here a while back that the mole has got 'em all stopped. I had been telling some stories about being towed around in a boat by a big fish off'n the Newfoundland banks and after I got through he watted a little while and then said:

"'Well, captain, I have never had a lot of experience with big fish, but I certainly had my eyes opened one day. I had accidentally caught a live mole, and for no particular reason I brought it into the house and put it on the floor. It began to wander about the room and finally came up against the leg of a chair which hadpened to be up close to the wall. The mole smelled it over a little, backed up a little, sniffed some and put his nose in between that chair and the wall and pushed her aside as if she had been a puff ball. "'That certainly got my interest,

so I said to myself. "Looka here, Mr. Mole, we'll try you out and see what your limits are." I hunted around until I found a Webster's dictionary and a big family Bible. I placed these on the chair and piled other books on top of them until that chair would hold no more and walted for him to try it out.

"Pretty soon he came, keeping close to the wall. This time he never stopped to sniff, but walked right

"That got me, but I scrntened my head a little and when I saw Mr. Mole coming up for the third time I jumped on top of the pile of books. But it was no use; he kept right on going and slid the whole business of us right to one side.

"'Well. I was somewhat amazed, but suddenly a thought came to me and I went out and called in my neighbor, a big, fat man, weighing a few pounds under 300. He straddled aboard,

"'On came the mole, this time his muscles fairly standing out to get into the fray. But he was no foolhardy young mole. He took time to size up the situation, sort of shrugged his shoulders and acted as if he was spitting on his hands. Finally he poked his nose in between the legs of that chair and the wall and raised those mighty shoulders. The chair creaked a little, moved slowly to one side and the mole passed-but the chair broke and the fat man came down with a thud on the mole's back. And, do you know, that mole hesitated only a moment and then started for the corner of the room, carrying the fat man on his back."

Not All Flattery.

The wife of an Indianapolis traveling man is a poor correspondent. Her letters are short and sometimes do not arrive within a week of each other. Naturally before they reach him he is often rather worried over home affairs as to family health and such things. So on his last trip home he said: "No matter how far away I am from Indianapolis the first day I fr'i to receive a letter I shall come straight home." Since then his daily letters have

come regularly and are also newsy and long. At first he was much gratified, but now, since he has more time to reflect, he is beginning to wonder whether or not he should feel flatwine. I frequently walk around the tered.

> Had Their Tribulations. Ten years ago George L. Verity and

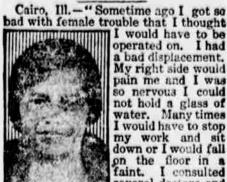
Jennie S. Turney, Chicago, first cousins, were pronounced man and wife by a minister in a Gretna Green marringe at St. Joseph, Mich. Both being Catholics they were married again by a priest when they returned to Chicago. Two years later they were separated, because the statutes of Illinots and Michigan forbid first cousins to marry. Now they have just been married again in Kentucky, where the marriage of first cousins is legal.

Seeking a Rare Plant.

In 1803 a scientific man named Drummond discovered one solitary aronia plant in the woods of St. Tommany Parish, Louisiana, and it is cherished today at the Arnold Arberetura. Now Harvard has written to New Or-Mushrooms generally consist of 90 teans asking to have Louisiana per cent water, but the remaining 10 searched again for the rare growth. per cent is more natritious than bread

# **OPERATION**

By Taking Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound. Many Such Cases.



I would have to be operated on. I had a bad displacement. My right side would pain me and I was so nervous I could not hold a glass of water. Many times I would have to stop my work and sit down or I would fall on the floor in a faint. I consulted several doctors and

every one told me the same but I kept fighting to keep from having the opera-tion. I had read so many times of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped my sister so I began taking it.

I have never felt better than I have since then and I keep house and am able to do all my work. The Vegetable Compound is certainly one grand medicine."

—Mrs. J R. MATTHEWS, 3311 Sycamore Street, Cairo, Ill.

Of course there are many serious cases that only a surgical operation will re-lieve. We freely acknowledge this, but the above letter, and many others like it, amply prove that many operations are recommended when medicine in many cases is all that is needed.

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Lacking. "No, I will not marry you!"

"Why-er-good gracious, Mabel! I thought-"My husband must be a man of courage."

"Well. I hate to talk about myself, but I brought home two medals, you know, and-"

"Yes, but you have just admitted that you have loved me desperately for five weary years, but never before had the courage to propose. No. I can't marry a man with no more nerve than that!"

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Our Overflowing Riches. A Swede in Minnesota, who had but recently arrived there, was speaking enthusiastically to a friend of the wonders of America. "It ban a fine country, Niels." he

said to a friend, "and very generous ban averybody here. I asked at the post office about sending money to my mother and the young man tell me 1 can get a money order for \$10 for 10

Wisdom in the mind is better by far than gold in the hand.

A little flour by any other name would doubtless smell as wheat,



W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 36--1920.