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The Mystery OF Carney-Croft

By JOSEPH BROWN COOKE

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

I told him of my experiences in the morning, taking care not to omit a single detail of what I had observed in my interview with either Carney or Bobbs. When I had finished he remarked, with equal brevity:

"Well, what of it?"

That's the way with MacArdel! He can be, and usually is, the most exasperating fellow that ever lived. "What of it!" I exclaimed. "There's a damned lot of it, I tell you! I want to find out what this fellow is doing and get him to leave it alone. If you had ever seen his sister and could understand, as I do, the desolation of her position, you'd be as anxious as I am to reform him."

"Woman in the case, of course," murmured MacArdel softly, taking a deep puff of smoke which he held in his mouth for a moment and then blew out slowly in a long thin cloud.

This is one of the most insulting things that a man can do, and MacArdel knows it perfectly well. I was inclined to knock him down, but I think too much of him for that, so I merely said:

"No, Mac, don't be a fool, but try to listen to reason, if you can!"

"Impossible when you're talking," he observed softly.

I ignored this and continued: "My only interest in Miss Carney is that of lawyer to client and I'm not in love with her or thinking of marrying her. In the first place, I've only seen her once or twice in my life, and in the next, the difference in our financial positions, to speak of nothing else, is quite enough to put out of the question any such idea on my part."

"Cat-look-king," said MacArdel, between puffs.

"I suppose you mean by that to infer that a dog may look at a queen!" I replied testily, "but I tell you, man, it's all nonsense—utter nonsense."

"Looks bad, though!" said MacArdel, "specially when a fellow compares himself to a dog, and the lady to a queen," and he touched the bell on the little table between us.

"What's that for?" I asked. "I've got plenty of cigars here in my pocket."

"Yellow chatreuse," he replied. "I think you need it."

"Now, seriously, Mac!" I resumed. "What do you think of this man Carney's virtual denial of any excesses?"

"Lie," said MacArdel.

"Well," I went on, "what do you think of the servant's behavior in practically admitting the whole business and then turning about as he did at the last moment?"

"Nother lie," he replied.

Then you think they are a pair of precious scoundrels?" I asked.

"No; damned scoundrels," he said slowly. "I think they are unless the matter can be explained in another way. But I'm not at all sure of it. That's merely the way things look now."

"Mac," I said, "you don't know as much as I do."

"That," he replied, "is the most unkind thing you ever said to me. I know things, my boy, that your philosophy never dreamed of. I have been trying to think, while you have been talking, and, in spite of you, I have thought to some purpose."

"In the first place, as I said a minute ago, I think the man is an ordinary drunkard and that this servant of his is in league with him to keep the facts from you and his family. Now, I only think this because it is the most plausible explanation that offers; I am not sure of it by any means, and I want that distinctly understood."

"In the second place, you don't know anything about it at all, and yet, in your monumental assurance, you have settled the whole thing with the exception of one detail, and you have come to me, as a physician, to supply you with that necessary link in your chain of evidence. You think he is the victim of some drug habit and you want me to tell you, from his symptoms, what drug he is using. Isn't that so?" and he blew out another of those insulting streamers of smoke.

I was forced to admit sheepishly that he was right, and my good opinion of myself faded away like the smoke of our cigars.

"Well," he continued, "the symptoms he presents could not be caused by opium, nor by cocaine, nor by hashish. Whisky is the mostly likely thing of all, and you have nothing but a couple of vague expressions of astonishment from him and his servant to make you search for any other solution of the problem."

"There is, however, one other thing that might be at the bottom of it all, but he could not get it here, and it would be pretty hard for him to get it anywhere. Moreover, I am not at all sure myself about it, and would have to look it up before I would venture to say anything definite on the subject."

"What is it?" I asked impatiently. "Never mind what it is, for the present," he replied. "If I am wrong in my surmise you can safely put it down to whisky, and if I am right, you are no better off, though perhaps no worse. Now, I am not going to say anything more about it to-night."

"But in the meantime what am I to do with him?" I persisted. "I may see him again or be asked for advice concerning him at any time, you know."

"Leave him to Bobbs. Ware leave him entirely to Bobbs and let him go his own way as he will," said MacArdel earnestly. "If it's whisky, the sooner he drinks himself to death the better, and if it's the only other thing it can be, Bobbs is a veritable God-send to him and to all of you, too. Whatever you do, leave him alone yourself, for you can't do him any good and you may get into a lot of trouble if you bother with him. Let's go down and play a game of billiards."

CHAPTER VI.

An Anonymous Letter.

The first lot of bills that I paid for the Carney establishment contained one for two dozen bottles of Scotch whisky which had been ordered by Mr. Carney and shipped by express to Carney-Croft on the day that he and Bobbs were in my office. I made no mention of this item to Miss Carney when I was going over the accounts with her, but paid it on the chance that it was correct. In this I was not mistaken, for, although I never saw John Carney again except for an instant, I did see the identical 24 bottles, empty, of course, in the cellar at Carney-Croft.

It was more than three years after the death of the old gentleman and the stable boy, and I had gone back to the place to arrange for its opening after

reached the gates, when, as I was unlocking them with a key from the big bunch that I had brought with me, he unbent enough to say: "Don't look much like it uster, here!"

He was quite right. The grass stood knee high on the lawns, the roadbeds and paths were choked with weeds, and the asphalted walks, leading from the front and sides of the mansion, and winding gracefully down under the trees to the river, were blanketed under the leaves and other accumulations of three long years.

The man waited until I had unlocked the front door, which swung inward with the fitful creaking of disuse, and then asked: "D'ye want me teh wait?"

"Oh, no!" I replied. "Not at all."

"All right," he returned, clucking to his horse. "I'll tell Hoskins teh save a room fur ye, an' it hain't much of a walk from here, anyhow."

"Hold on!" I shouted, as he was turning the corner. "Don't do anything of the sort! I'm going to sleep here to-night, if I can find any lights and manage to turn on the water. I don't want to sleep at Hoskins' unless I have to, but I'll be over there for breakfast in the morning."

His expression of amazement was wonderful to behold, as he pulled his horse down on its haunches to hear me through. Then, with a grin, he chuckled: "Wal, it's gol dummied little sleepin' ye'll do, I'll warrant!" and he drove on up the road."

I wandered over the house, raising windows and opening shutters to let in the light and air and then, making a frugal lunch of some things I had purchased on the train for this purpose, I lighted a cigar and, drawing a chair out on the veranda, I watched the sunset far away over the river and waited for bed-time.

I had no doubt that my rustic friend's astonishment at my determination to sleep in the house was found-



Waited for Bed-Time.

it had been closed for the greater part of that time.

John Carney had remained at Carney-Croft only long enough to have a short visit with his sister and put to rights his own personal effects, and then, accompanied by Bobbs he had departed for a tour of the world or goodness knows where. I heard from either him or Bobbs at varying intervals, and on strictly business matters, and the only way I had of addressing him was through a banking house in London which was kept fairly well informed as to his whereabouts.

Miss Weston's health improved sufficiently to permit her traveling, and she continued to reside with Miss Carney, who took a furnished apartment in town, as her brother and I had advised her to do. Later they traveled considerably abroad, and finally settled down for a protracted stay at a little village on the Mediterranean coast, in the hope of benefiting the health of Miss Weston, who, as I afterward learned, was suffering from consumption.

As I have said, more than three years had passed when I received a most unexpected communication from Miss Carney saying that she had decided to return home at once, bringing Miss Weston with her. She asked me to have Carney-Croft made ready for occupancy with as little delay as possible.

I had had no vacation that summer, and it occurred to me that, instead of attending to the matter at long range, I would go down myself for a week or two and give it my personal attention.

I arrived on a day that was almost a counterpart of the one that saw my first visit to Carney-Croft, and at the station, I was received with scant show of welcome by the man who had taken me down in his trap before and entertained me on my return journey with anecdotes of old Mr. Carney and a tale of ghosts.

"Want teh go daown teh th' place, I s'pose," he grumbled.

We rode along in silence until we

ed upon the twaddle over ghosts that was begun in the village three years before, and I rather welcomed this idea, for I felt that the more prevalent it became the less likelihood would there be of undesirable prowlers about the place.

The room I chose for the night was the one I had occupied on the occasion of my former visit, and after making up my bed in true bachelor fashion, with bedding which I had no trouble in finding, I locked the house securely and slept the sleep of the just.

I awoke suddenly, startled no doubt by a ray of sunlight gleaming fairly in my face, and, finding the day so far advanced, I sprang out of bed thoroughly refreshed by my sleep and exhilarated by the crisp morning air that was blowing in through the window. As I threw back the sheet something fell to the floor; picking it up, I found a small, square envelope addressed in a cramped and totally unfamiliar hand:

Frederick Ware, Esq., Carney-Croft.

I tore it open, and my astonishment at its discovery was increased ten fold by its contents. The note read:

As you love Florence Carney and hope to make her your wife, keep her away from this place at any cost.

I read it over and over again until the letters fairly danced before my eyes, and then I suddenly awoke to the importance of finding, if possible, how it had been placed in my bed.

The window was open, but it was too far from the ground to have been reached without a ladder, and a later inspection of the ground beneath showed conclusively that no ladder had been placed under it. Moreover, the little tendrils of ivy that waved in the breeze all around the sash were absolutely uninjured, which could not have been the case if an entrance to the room had been effected in this way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SEE END OF STEAM

ELECTRICITY IS THE COMING MOTIVE POWER.

Experiments Along This Line Have Met with Such Uniform Success That the Day of General Adoption is Near.

Five years ago, except for the overhead trolley and a few other experimental cases, there was not a railroad in the country using electricity for its motive power. Ten years hence, say the railroad prophets, the steam locomotive will be almost as much of a novelty as the horse car is to-day, and the electric motor will reign supreme in the handling of all freight and passenger service.

It was only five years ago when the motive power of the elevated roads in New York city was changed from steam to electricity. The example thus set was followed by the subway, and later by the terminal system of the New York Central lines. The first electric train was run by the latter in December of last year. 37 miles of electric equipment having been built on the Hudson division and 27 miles on the Harlem. Now over 200 electric trains pass through the terminal tunnels of the Central daily; in a year, it is estimated, all the trains on this line will enter the city by electricity, and in ten years, according to the opinion of some of the officials of the road, the electric motor will replace the steam locomotive on the entire Central system.

In this change of its motive power from steam to electricity the experience of the Central merely illustrates what is taking place or what is planned on the other great roads of the country. Now that the danger from the "deadly third rail" has been practically eliminated by incasing the latter in wood the chief hindrance to the adoption of electricity by the through railroads has been overcome. As a consequence, the demand on the part of the railroads for electric equipment has increased so rapidly that it has passed, temporarily, quite beyond the ability of the manufacturers to meet it. Meanwhile, enough has been

KEEPING STEAM UP WITH OIL.

An Entirely Different Job from Firing a Locomotive with Coal.

Firing a locomotive with oil is a very different matter from firing with coal. In Texas on account of the low cost of fuel oil many lines burn it in their engines.

"The oil is stored in tanks in the tender and enters the firebox below the door," writes a Texas fireman in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine. "A small pipe called the atomizer connects with the oil pipe just as it reaches the firebox, which sprays the oil evenly all over the firebox, which is lined with fire brick.

"The fireman has five valves to operate—the oil valve, to regulate the supply of oil; the atomizer, to spray it; the heater, which heats the oil in the tank; the superheater, which heats the pipes connecting tank with firebox, and the blower, which must be worked a little when steam is shut off to create draught enough to keep oil burning.

"Firing an oil burner is a very particular job. The operation of the oil valve and the atomizer must correspond at all times with the amount of work an engine is doing; not enough fire starts an engine leaking, and too much oil makes black smoke, gums up the flues and makes less steam.

"It is then up to the fireman to get down on the deck and fill up a funnel with sand to clean the flues. By putting the end of the funnel into a hole in the firebox door the sand is drawn through the flues and out the stack.

"Firemen on helpers and yard engines prefer coal, as it requires less watching, but on a through freight, especially on the heavy hills, oil is all right. The engineer can drop her down a notch or so, and just as quickly can the fireman give her a little more oil and the atomizer.

"The hardest work an oil burner fireman does is to take water. It is not a dirty job, either, but I have never seen a fireman wearing a white collar. It is all he can do to keep clean overalls. The pay was just the same as for the coal burners in that locality.

"In reference to hiring experienced

DON'T GRUMBLE AT TRIFLES.

Twenty-five Bushels Wheat and Forty-five Bushels Oats Per Acre Are in Western Canada.

Saltcoats, Sask., 8th December, 1906.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir, I willingly give you the result of my four and a half years' experience in the District of Saltcoats.

Previous to coming here I farmed in Baldwin, St. Croix County, Wisconsin, and as I have heard a great deal about the Canadian North-West, I decided to take a trip there and see the country for myself. I was so impressed with the richness of the soil that I bought half a section of land about five miles from the town of Saltcoats. I moved on to the land the following June and that year broke 90 acres, which I cropped in 1904, and had 39 bushels wheat per acre. In 1905, with an acreage of 160 acres, I had 24 bushels wheat and 35 bushels of oats per acre. In 1906, with 175 acres under crop, I had 25 bushels wheat and 45 bushels of oats per acre.

From the above mentioned yields you can readily understand that I am very well pleased with the Canadian West. Of course, I have had to work hard, but I don't mind that when I get such a good return for my labor.

To anyone thinking about coming to this country I can truthfully say that if they are prepared to work and not grumble at trifles, they are bound to get on. Some things I would like different, but take the country all round, I don't know where to go to get a better.

Yours truly, (Signed) O. B. OLSON.

Write to any Canadian Government Agent for literature and full particulars.

Coming Popular Craze.

Signs are not wanting that amateur photography will have a vast increase of raw recruits in 1907. From the cloistered retreats of the learned it has transpired that we are on the verge of discovering the art of direct color photography. And the masses—there is abundant evidence of it—are beginning to turn their eyes towards this hobby which promises so many wonders for the near future.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; and cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Chivalrous English Candidates.

In a recent municipal election at Chard, England, two male candidates withdrew in order that two women might have an uncontested election.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Lies often tread on the toes of the unshod truth.

The Evolution of Household Remedies.

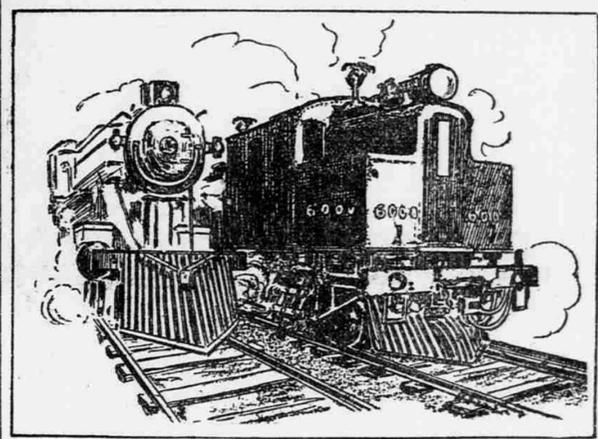
The modern patent medicine business is the natural outgrowth of the old-time household remedies.

In the early history of this country, EVERY FAMILY HAD ITS HOME-MADE MEDICINES. Herb teas, bitters, laxatives and tonics, were to be found in almost every house, compounded by the housewife, sometimes assisted by the apothecary or the family doctor. Such remedies as picra, which was aloe and quassia, dissolved in apple brandy. Sometimes a hop tonic, made of whiskey, hops and bitter barks. A score or more of popular, home-made remedies were thus compounded, the formulae for which were passed along from house to house, sometimes written, sometimes verbally communicated.

The patent medicine business is a natural outgrowth from this wholesome, old-time custom. In the beginning, some enterprising doctor, impressed by the usefulness of one of these home-made remedies, would take it up, improve it in many ways, manufacture it on a large scale, advertise it mainly through almanacs for the home, and thus it would become used over a large area. LATTERLY THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY BUSINESS TOOK A MORE EXACT AND SCIENTIFIC FORM.

Peruna was originally one of these old-time remedies. It was used by the Mennonites, of Pennsylvania, before it was offered to the public for sale. Dr. Hartman, THE ORIGINAL COMPOUNDER OF PERUNA, is of Mennonite origin. First, he prescribed it for his neighbors and his patients. The sale of it increased, and at last he established a manufactory and furnished it to the general drug trade.

Peruna is useful in a great many climatic ailments, such as coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and catarrhal diseases generally. THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES HAVE LEARNED THE USE OF PERUNA and its value in the treatment of these ailments. They have learned to trust and believe in Dr. Hartman's judgment, and to rely on his remedy, Peruna.



The Present and the Future.

gathered from the actual experience in the running of elevated, subway and interurban lines to establish something like a comparison between the electric motor and the steam locomotive, from which a definite idea may be gained of what is likely to take place on the railroads of this country in the near future.

According to an estimate, if all the railroads of the United States were today run by electricity, using the system adopted for the equipment of the New Haven railroad, the energy required being developed by power plants such as are now in extensive use, the aggregate cost of railroad operation, which in 1905 amounted, in round numbers, to \$1,400,000,000, would be reduced by about \$250,000,000. In other words, it appears that the entire railroad system of the United States could be operated at a less cost by the electric motor than by the steam locomotive, and this with an earning power much greater than it has to-day.

That the change from steam to electricity will come at once is not regarded as either possible or advisable. The art of electric traction as applied upon a large scale to heavy trains is still young, and the wisdom of making haste with deliberation in a matter involving interests of such magnitude as those which are tied up with the transportation systems of the United States is obvious. But in view of the present-day experience of the railroad companies the era of the steam locomotive appears to be rapidly nearing its close.

New Explosive of Great Value.

Potasimite is a new explosive, perfected in Monterey, Mexico, and first used with success upon the construction of a Mexican Central railroad branch with wonderful results, for it is pronounced safer, cheaper and more powerful than dynamite. Those explosives based upon nitrogen produce a gas that necessitates abandoning closed works, such as a mine or tunnel, during the explosion, and the laborers can not return to work for a long time thereafter, depending upon the facility for carrying off the gas. Potasimite is said to produce no noxious gas, the only precaution necessary in its use being that the workmen get out of the way of the flying particles of blasted rock.

Study Locomotive Economy.

The Pennsylvania system is investigating the problem as to how many miles a locomotive should make before being sent to the shop, irrespective of whether it is broken down or not. An expert engineer is studying the problem and is making exhaustive reports on the mileage that can be made economically by a locomotive before it should be sent to the shops for an overhauling. When this mileage is determined orders will be issued to send every engine to the shops when it makes the specified run, regardless of its general condition.—Iron Trade Review.

Arc Electric Lights on Trains.

Western railroads have begun to plan the installing of arc electric lights on passenger trains de luxe. These are to be operated on a battery of 50 cells, which will prevent fire or explosion following a wreck. The use of the incandescent electric lights on trains was regarded as a distinct advancement, but the arc lights glow with a light so much whiter and softer that they will be adopted by progressive lines. A test made in Chicago during the week by one of the railroads was entirely satisfactory. The battery is ample for a 50-hour run.