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The Mystery

Carney-Croft

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CHAPTER VII.

A Misplaced Joke.

The door was securely locked and bolted on the inside, as I had left it

the night before, and a most thor- jed ough search disclosed no other door opening into the room, and no possible place of concealment for anything of the bulk of a man.

in the ceiling over the bed naturally ing of the sort existed and a moment's examination with a towel on the end dust which evidently had not been disturbed for years.

In short the presence of the envelope on my bed seemed to be shrouded in mystery of the most impenetrable kind; but even it was exceeded in its incomprehensibility by the astonishing contents of the note.

My love for Florence Carney was, I had thought, a secret buried deep in my own breast. Surely I had never told it in all the years that I had cherished it so fondly, and, on one occasion at least, I had denied it flatly. Yet it was mentioned here, in as matter-of-fact a way as if our engagement had been formally announced and our wedding day named.

I turned the matter over and over in my mind, as I strolled slowly along in the winding road that led to Hoskins' hotel, but I was no nearer a solution of the problem when I finished my breakfast than I had been when I left the house. There were a number of letters for me at the post office, but I had no interest in them, and, stuffing them unread into my pocket, wandered back to Carney-Croft, still pondering deeply.

Unlocking the door, I returned at once to my room and again made a careful search for any possible means of ingress after the door was closed and secured for the night. While the lock might have been turned from the outside with a master key, there was still the bolt to hold it, and that this could not have been slipped by any other hand than mine I was absolutely sure. Moreover, there was no hidden mechanism connected with the bolt. which was a simple, commonplace affair, bearing the name of a well-known maker and evidently attached to the door after the house was completed.

Giving up in despair, for the present, at least, I descended to the ground floor again, intending to make a minute inspection of the house and grounds, when a faint odor of cigar smoke attracted my notice, and I saw that the library door was ajar.

Tiptoeing forward, I peered through the opening and beheld, to my amazement, a familiar figure seated comfortably in one of the large leather chairs with his feet resting lazily on another in all the assurance of apparent proprietorship. At the same instant he turned his head slightly in my direction and, uncertain as to do with a matter that only you and I treated rapidly and noiselessly up the know about it you have merely instairs to my room, where I locked my- ferred. Then, when I saw you here in I can do, as I see it." ger and view the situation logically.

While the manner in which the note had reached me was still as much of a mystery as ever, its contents, at least, were explained, and my fury knew no bounds at the wholly unwarranted impertinence of this sorry attempt at a practical joke.

To me the matter was so sacred, so precious, so entirely my own, that my rage at the frivolity of this contemptible jest drove from my mind all thought of wonder that a man who, I had every reason to believe, was miles away, should be, at this very moment, under the same roof with

I sat down and gazed out of the window across the river to the heavily wooded hills in the distance, and made an almost superhuman effort to control myself. Finally I opened the letters that had come by the morning's mail and began to read them in a perfunctory way. The second was from my secretary, and, as I perused it, I suddenly awoke from my apathy and read with interest:

"Two letters came this morning from Mr. Carney, one postmarked London and the other Paris. I forward them, with other papers, under sepa-

"Dr. MacArdel called this afternoon and was greatly surprised to learn that you had gone away so suddenly and without sending him word. He said he wanted to see you on a personal matter, and seemed quite disappointed at missing you.

The Jarvis case has been poned to the fall term."

The letter closed with a few memoranda of business matters and by the time I had finished reading it my mind | getting so excited over it." was clear to an extent that enabled

Opening the door I strode downstairs, into the library, and up to the figure in the chair. "Hello!" I exclaimed, grasping him

by the arm.

"Better late than never!" he responded with a hearty laugh. "What made you sneak upstairs in that mysterious way? Think I was a ghost?" "No," I replied, slowly and seriously, "I thought you were a scoundrel,

and I owe you an apology from the bottom of my heart!"

"Have a cigar, old man," said Mac-

CHAPTER VIII.

A Disappearing Cigar Case.

"What on earth brings you here, Mac?" I exclaimed, accepting his proffered cigar and lighting it with a sudden interest and respect for the traditional pipe of peace.

upon you and take you off with me for a month's vacation."

"So that's why you called at my office yesterday afternoon, eh?" I quer-

"How did you know that I was there?" asked MacArdel.

"My secretary mentioned in his letter that came this morning," I ex-The thought of a concealed opening plained. "And it's a great good thing in your profession. It seems to me that he did, for while the information that it would be a very appropriate suggested itself to my mind, but noth- only made a big mystery out of what appeared for a moment to be a comparatively small one, it served, fortuof a walking stick showed a layer of nately, to clear you in an instant from a very serious charge that I was nursing against you."

"Humph!" said MacArdel. "So that's the way you treat your friends! Condemn 'em without a hearing,

"Well, Mac," I replied, "this had to on my arm.

positive way, unless he had known DONE IN A HURRY that it was true. Now, you are the only person living with whom I have ever talked on this subject, for you will remember that you once intimated pretty broadly that I was in love with Miss Carney."

"And you denied it flatly," he remarked.

"Yes," I replied, "I denied it flatly."

"MacArdel," I said, soberly, looking him squarely in the face, "you've cornered me and I might as well tell you must have loved her then and from the day I first saw her. But not as I love her now, old man, for now she is my all in all and my only thoughts are for her welfare and her happiness. You know I saw her very frequently when she was living in town, and now that she is away our correspondence "Train," said MacArdel, "coupled is necessarily frequent, so that I can with an overwhelming desire to seize keep informed of her whereabouts and know of her needs from the estate."

"Of course, you could not pay her any attentions unless you meant to ask her to marry you," said MacArdel, "but I don't see any objection what ever to that. I know you haven't any money, but your social position is as good as hers, and you are doing well match if you love each other."

"No, Mac," I insisted. "It's better as it is. Considering my position in connection with the estate it would be a mean advantage for me to take, and Mac, if she refused me, I believe would kill myself, I'm such a fool over it."

"But suppose she didn't refuse you," said MacArdel softly, laying his hand



"When Did You Get It?"

whether he had seen me or not, I re- knew anything about, and what you that way," I replied. "I'll just go on self in and tried to smother my an- the house there seemed to be no other explanation at all, at least of the most important part of the thing. But now it is more hopelessly tangled up than before, for, as you were in my office

> "Delightfully interesting, I'm sure!" | half hopeful. said MacArdel, "and most appropriate when occurring in a house alleged to be haunted. Still, I confess I could follow you more closely if I had some faint glimmer of an idea of what you are talking about."

I handed him the note, and he read it slowly and thoughtfully.

"When did you get it?" he asked. "Found it on my bed this morning

when I woke," I replied. "Who put it there?" he continued. "How the devil do I know who put t there?" I returned, excitedly. "The house was locked up and so was the room. The window was open, I admit, but I am positive that no one could have gotten in that way. There are too many vines about it, and not

a twig was bent. "So you thought it was a miracle and that it must have been I who performed it, eh?" said MacArdel. "I know you always maintained that I worked a miracle when I cured your

typhoid." "Hang it all, Mac!" I exclaimed. "I don't care a snap of my little finger how it got on the bed! I want to know

who wrote it!" "Well, I didn't, anyhow," said Mac-Ardel. "I never heard of it before. I suppose somebody wanted to play a fourth floor and had been securely joke on you for your temerity in sleeping alone in a haunted house. Pretty mystifying until it was so simply expoor sort of a joke, to be sure, but I don't see anything to warrant your how the letter got on your bed, and

"See here, Mac!" I said, drawing my me to see things in a reasonable light | chair up close to his, "you don't seem | and to appreciate that the mystery of to understand just what I mean. The a bit. It looks mighty interesting and the note was as deep if not deeper point is simply this. No one could have romantic." written a thing like that, in such a

"No, old man, it's no use talking as I've been doing. It's the only thing

"Bet you a dinner at Sherry's that you propose to her and marry her within two years!" said MacArdel, with a quizzical look in his kindly eyes, and, with a half-hearted grasp of yesterday afternoon, you could not pos- his hand, I accepted the wager with sibly have had anything to do with it. a temerity that was half wishing and

"So you see why I feet so strongly about this note," I said, rising and opening the door, which I had closed carefully on my entrance. "The subject is one that I cannot bear to have trifled with, and, anyway, I cannot imagine who could have read my innermost thoughts so correctly. That puzzles me more than the mysterious appearance of the letter in my bed."

"I fancy we'll be able to explain that without much trouble," said MacArdel, lighting a fresh cigar and laying his cigar case on the table beside him. These mysterious occurrences always happen in a most simple fashion, after all is said and done. One night, last summer I was reading in bed and just before putting out the light I laid my eyeglasses on a little table about six feet from the window. I was perfectly sure about it, for the spring was bent slightly and I had spent several minutes fussing with them before I put them down. The next morning they were gone and never turned up, in spite of the most vigorous search, until the maid found them, three or four days later, hidder completely in the folds of the lace curtain which had blown across the table and caught them up. As my room was on the locked all night, the affair was quite plained. We'll find out before long that will doubtless lead to the discovery of its author. Have a fresh cigar and show me around the place

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GREAT RAILROAD STUNT OF THE LONG AGO.

Man Who Helped to "Narrer" the Grand Trunk Line Tells How the Work Was Pushed to Its Completion.

the whole thing. It was three years ago Me., took part in a railroad stunt back are set mechanically, writes Carl when we talked of this before, and I in '72, which makes one realize that the much abused railroads have ac- what is known as the Kinsman stop. complished some big things in 35 It has been highly successful and has years.

Uncle Ame helped, as he says, to "narrer" the Grand Trunk. It may



Uncle Ame.

surprise some folks to know that the Grand Trunk was originally built to a five foot gauge.

The result was endless trouble, both when the Grand Trunk cars were sent over other lines or strange cars were to be run on the Grand Trunk. Cars had to be specially constructed to meet the contingency, with loose wheels on one side so that they could be set over to fit whatever gauge might come their way.

These loose wheels were fastened with metal pins which were forever working loose and causing all manner of smashups. Traffic suffered, delays ensued and the system was eventually found to be impracticable. Some- for operators to keep their instruthing had to be done about it.

Finally the wise ones got their heads together and agreed that the tor will begin to use the wire while track would have to be narrowed. It would never do to suspend traffic while the herculean task was being accomplished. The wise ones talked and talked and finally hit upon a plan. Uncle Ame helped carry out that

"Word came to us 'long in the spring of '72 that the old railroad was a-goin' to be narrered," he said to a reporter. That was good news, mister. The wide gauge was no end of bother. what with transferrin' freight an' passengers, wheels comin' off perpetual, an' trains runnnin' into th' ditch. So we was glad to hear the standard gauge was a-comin' spite o' all the trouble and expense, you bet.

"First thing we had to do, y' see, was to unspike one rail all along the inside, leavin' jest three spikes to hold her.

"At four a. m. we was all ready on the depot platform. Pretty soon along comes an engine and some flat cars to take us to our new positions. Mine was furthest from the depot.

"'There you be, says the conductor, lettin' us off. 'Now you wait right here until you see two trains pass with signs on the back car; then get busy."

"Purty soon we heard a whistle an' along comes the east-bound, makin' things hum. 'Twa'n't a great while before we heard number two kitin' along tother way. By she whizzed in a cloud of smoke an' cinders. Stickin' out from the back platform we see the sign: 'Last train going west.'

"'Now jump, boys!' I hollered, an they jumped some, I tell ye!

"They certainly did make them spikes fly! One man held a gauge, two was armed with drawbars an' the rest had sledge hammers an' spikes. Those with the bars run along pullin' out the three spikes that held each rail, others slipped the rail over to the gauge an' the rest spiked down to every other tie.

"Mister, that was snappy work! In an hour we'd covered all but half a mile of our section an' had the finish in sight, where another section had started."

Coaches for Honeymooners.

The young folk whose springtide fancies turn toward wedding bells and honeymoons will rejoice to hear that the Midland Railroad company has its fatherly eye on them, and hence a "honeymooners' carriage" has been introduced into the service of the railway, says the Dundee (Scotland) Advertiser. Happily, the carriage is not to attract the unmerciful curiosity of other passengers. It is just a plain, cozy, first-class compartment, on the coupe principle, and it holds two persons-and no more! These two-seat compartments will enable honeymooners to obtain the advantage of a reserved compartment at the price of two tickets. The new compartment is in the middle of the new composite coaches which have just been built; they are linked up by a side corridor with the other compartments of the coach. At present these carriages are known in cold ofcoaches."

AUTOMATIC STOP FOR TRAINS.

Simple Device Which Sets the Brakes If the Danger Signal Is Ignored.

On the subway in New York city, and on the Boston elevated, operating practically all the interurban service of that city, there is now, and for some time has been, in use a simple mechanism, a mechanical trip, by means of which, when an engineer runs past a danger signal, the motive Uncle Ame Byrant of Byrant's Pond, power is shut off and the brakes Snyder, in Everybody's. This is permitted much freer and closer running of trains than had heretofore been deemed possible. It is a practical and demonstrated success.

Its elevator has likewise developed an electrical device of the same nature, and this is now being tried by one or more steam roads. It is extremely simple. It consists merely of an inner guard-rail about 120 feet in length, forming part of an open circuit in connection with the ordinary block signal. Projecting from under the engine is a heavy steel arm strong enough to resist all breakages and fixed on a stiff, but sufficiently flexible spring, so that it may be knocked about without danger. The arm scrapes along the guard-rail as the engine passes over it, thereby closing the circuit, and if the signal be at danger it automatically shuts the engine throttle and throws on the brakes. It is set a little beyond the danger signal, so that if the engineer has obeyed the signal it has no effect. If he has run past, the train is automatically stopped. With this device goes a very ingenious recording apparatus, which shows every time such an automatic stop is made; in other words, how often the engineer has gone by his signals. It is a mechanical "surprise test." This recording apparatus is under lock and key, and is opened only by the inspectors at the end of the run.

HIS WRATHFUL GOOD-BYE.

The Train Dispatcher Was Irritated at the Operator.

When the weather is foggy and damp teregraph wires work badly due to what is known as "escape"-that is, loss of current due to imperfect insulation, moisture being a conductor. On such occasions it is difficult ments properly adjusted. It frequently happens therefore than an operait is already in use. This is termed "breaking in" and is at times a source of great annoyance especially on a train dispatcher's wire.

Recently C. M. Pierce, Missouri Pacific dispatcher at Osawatomie, Kan., was up against such a proposition. It was quitting time for the day men along the line and one chap out in the western part of the state broke in to say, "G N," which is the telegrapher's manner of saying good night. A similar response from the dispatcher

is authority to close up. This man was not adjusted and did not hear Pierce's acknowledgment, Every few minutes he repeated his exasperating "G N." Pierce was covered up with work and every interruption meant a set back to his plans that can only be fully realized by a

member of the craft. For the seventeenth time was heard

the same old appeal: "G N." Pierce, in sheer desperation, responded: "Good night, good morrow. good Lord, good bye,'

FREIGHT TRAFFIC THE CAUSE. Responsible for Excess of Accidents

in the United States.

How little we really know of the casualties on foreign railroads is indicated by the fact that, while French railroad statistics give the total of railway employes killed in 1904 at 226 and the injured at 509, the reports to the labor inspectors under the French law give the following figures of accidents to employes in the transportation industry: Killed, 374; permanently disabled, 513; dis abled not exceeding four days, 32,788; results unknown, 655; a total of

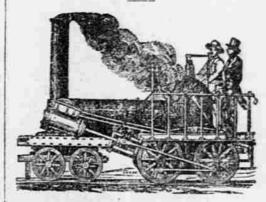
The reason why there are more casualties on American railways than on European is because the units of risk are greater here, as can be seen in the following comparative table: All Europe, Unit'd States,

Miles of railway. 189,774

Passengers car-ried one mile., 53,165,000,000 25,000,000,000 Tons carried one The enormous freight traffic is the

overshadowing element of peril in railway operation in the United States. It is almost three times greater than that of all Europe. Freight trains figure in three-quarters of the prominent collisions reported here .-Slason Thompson, in The World To-

OLD ENGINE HAS HISTORY.



Locomotive used by Dana in his ficial language as "Composite corridor | earlier days in getting news into New York city from Albany.

Pe-ru-na Relieves Spring Catarrh.



"Without hesitation I write to thank you for the great relief I have found in your valuable medicine, Peruna, and will call the attention of all my friends suffering with catarrh to that fact. Besides I cheerfully recommend it to all suffering with catarrh in any form."-Miss Dora Hayden, 819 6th St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

A Case of Spring Catarrh.

Mrs. N. P. Lawler, 4231/2 N. Broadway, Pittsburg, Kas., writes: "Last spring I caught a severe cold, which developed into a serious case of catarrh. I felt weak and sick, and could neither eat nor sleep well.

"A member of our club who had been cured of catarrh through the use of Peruna advised me to try it, and I did so at once. I expected help, but nothing like the wonderful change for the better I observed almost as soon as I started taking it. In three days I felt much better, and within two weeks I was in fine health. Peruna is a wonderful medicine."

STUDENT MADE HIS POINT.

Doubt the Policeman Understood What He Meant.

W. H. Mallock, the well-known English writer and political economist, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of a new definition of socialism: "I find that definition rather confusing. It reminds me of the young Oxford student's badinage with the policeman. 'Officer,' said the youth late one night. 'I'd like to ask you a question.'

"'Very well, sir.' "Does the law permit me to call

you an ass?" "'You move on,' the officer growled. "'But stop a bit,' continued the youth. 'Does the law permit me to call an ass a policeman?"

"'The law don't say nothing about that,' was the gruff reply. "'Then,' said the youth, 'good-night,

BABY IN TERRIBLE STATE.

Mr. Policeman."

Awful Humor Eating Away Face-Body a Mass of Sores-Cuticura Cures in Two Weeks.

"My little daughter broke out all over her body with a humor, and we used everything recommended, but without results. I called in three doctors, but she continued to grow worse. Her body was a mass of sores, and her little face was being eaten away. Her ears looked as if they would drop off. Neighbors advised me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and before I had used half of the cake of Soap and box of Ointment the sores had all healed, and my little one's face and body were as clear as a new-born babe's. I would not be without it again if it cost five dollars, instead of seventy-five cents. Mrs. George J. Steese, 701 Coburn St., Akron, O., Aug. 30, 1905."

English Ribbon Trade Flourishing. The English ribbon trade is said to be now in a more flourishing condition than it has been in many years, owing to the huge demands the dressmakers and milliners are making upon the output of the manufacturers.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Queen Alexandra, after a residence of 45 years in England, has visited the tower of London. She is said to have been "ruch interested in what she It is a pity to be ill! Take Garfield Tea,

men, women and children; it is made wholly of herbs; it purifies the blood, eradicates disease, overcomes constipation, brings Good Health.

the laxative exactly suited to the needs of

Work of Cupid in Germany. The number of marriages in the German empire in 1905 was 485,906.

Krause's Cold Cure. For cold in head throa Best remedy for La Grippe. Druggists, 25c.

There are lots of people in the social scale who do not weigh much.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

Por children teething, softens the gupus, reduces in-flammation, alleys pain, cures wind carlo. 25ca bottle.

A bad imitation is often better than the real thing.