

The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN
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objects behind them were quite visible. It was the nature of these objects which made the mystery. The longer Sweetwater examined them the less he understood the reason for their collection, much less for their preservation in a room which in all other respects expressed the quintessence of taste.

At one end he saw a stuffed canary, not perched on a twig, but lying prone on its side. Near it was a doll, with scorched face and limbs half consumed. Next this the broken pieces of a china bowl and what looked like the torn remnants of some very fine lace. Further along his eye lighted on a young girl's bonnet, exquisite in color and nicety of material, but crushed out of all shape and only betraying its identity by its dangling strings.

"Some childish nonsense," he remarked and moved toward the door. "The servants will be coming back, and I had rather not be found here. You'll see me again. I cannot tell just when. Perhaps you may want to send for me. If so, my name is Sweetwater."

His hand was on the knob, and he was almost out of the room when he started and looked back. A violent change in the patient had occurred. Disturbed by his voice or by some inner pulsation of the fever which devoured her, Carmel had risen from the pillow and now sat, staring straight before her, with every feature working and lips opened as if to speak. Sweetwater held his breath, and the nurse leaped toward her and gently encircled her with protecting arms.

Flinging out her hand, she cried out loudly, just as she had cried an hour before:

"Break it open! Break the glass and look in. Her heart should be there. Her heart, her heart!"

"Go or I cannot quiet her!" ordered the nurse, and Sweetwater turned to obey.

But a new obstacle offered. The brother had heard this cry and now stood in the doorway.

"Who are you?" he impatiently demanded, surveying Sweetwater in sudden anger.

"I brought up the drugs," was the quiet explanation of the ever ready detective. "I didn't mean to alarm the young lady, and I don't think I did. It's the fever, sir, which makes her talk so wildly."

"We want no strangers here," was young Cumberland's response. "Remember, nurse, no strangers." His tone was actually peremptory.

Sweetwater observed him in real astonishment as he slid by and made his quiet escape. He was still more astonished when, on glancing toward the alcove, he perceived that, contrary to his own prognostication, the whisky stood as high in the decanter as before.

CHAPTER X.

HELEN SURPRISES SWEETWATER.

THE servants returning from the funeral drove up just as Sweetwater reached the lower floor. He was at the side door when they came in, and a single glance convinced him that all had gone off decorously at the grave and that nothing further had occurred during their absence to disturb them.

He followed them as they fled away into the kitchen and, waiting till the men had gone about their work, turned his attention to the girls, who stood about very much as if they did not know just what to do with themselves.

"Sit, ladies," said he, drawing up chairs quite as if he were doing the honors of the house. "You're all upset, you are, by what Mr. Cumberland said in such an unbecoming way at the funeral. He'd like to strangle Mr. Ranelagh! Why couldn't he wait for the sheriff? It looks as if that gentleman would have the job, all right."

"Oh, don't!" wailed out one of the girls, the impressionable, warm-hearted Maggie. "The horrors of this house will kill me. I can't stand it a minute longer. I'll go—I'll go to-morrow."

"You won't; you're too kind hearted to leave Mr. Cumberland and his sister in their desperate trouble," Sweetwater put in, with a decision as suggestive of admiration as he dared to assume.

Her eyes filled, and she said no more. Sweetwater shifted his attention to Helen. Working around by her side, he managed to drop these words into her ear:

"She talks most, but she doesn't feel her responsibilities any more than you do. I've had my experience with women, and you're of the sort that stays."

She rolled her eyes toward him in a slow, surprised way that would have abashed most men.

"I don't know your name or your business here," said she, "but I do know that you take a good deal upon yourself when you say what I shall do or shan't do. I don't even know myself."

With the most innocent air in the world he launched forth in a tirade against the man then in custody, as though his guilt were an accepted fact and nothing but the formalities of the law stood between him and his final

doom. "It must make you all feel queer," he wound up, "to think you have waited on him and seen him tramping about these rooms for months just as if he had no wicked feelings in his heart and meant to marry Miss Cumberland—not to kill her."

"Oh, oh!" Maggie sobbed out. "And a perfect gentleman he was too. I can't believe no bad of him. He was not like"—Her breath caught and so suddenly that Sweetwater was always convinced that the more cautious Helen had twitched her by her skirt. "Like—like other gentlemen who came here. It was a kind word he had or a smile. I—I— She made no attempt to finish, but bounded to her feet, pulling up the more sedate Helen with her. "Let's go," she whispered. "I'm afraid of the man."

The other yielded and began to cross the floor behind the impetuous Maggie. Sweetwater summoned up his courage.

"One moment," he prayed. "Will you not tell me before you go whether the candlestick I have noticed on the dining room mantel is not one of a pair?"

"Yes; there were two—once," said Helen, resisting Maggie's effort to drag her out through the open door.

"Once," smiled Sweetwater, "by which you mean three days ago."

A lowering of her head and a sudden make for the door.

Sweetwater changed his tone to one of simple inquiry.

"And was that where they always stood, the pair of them, one on each end of the dining room mantel?"

She nodded, involuntarily perhaps but decisively.

Sweetwater hid his disappointment. The room mentioned was a thoroughfare for the whole family. Any member of it could have taken the candlestick.

"I'm obliged to you," said he and might have ventured further had she given him the opportunity. But she was too near the door to resist the temptation of flight. In another moment she was gone, and Sweetwater found himself alone with his reflections.

The moon shone that night, much to Sweetwater's discomfort.

The house presented an equally dolorous and forsaken appearance, and in the stable it was no better. Zadok had bought an evening paper and was seeking solace from its columns. Sweetwater had attempted the so-called, but had been met by a decided rebuff.

Soon Sweetwater realized that his work was over for the night and planned to leave. But there was one point to be settled first. Was there any other means of exit from these grounds save that offered by the ordinary driveway?

He had an impression that in one of his strolls about he had detected the outlines of a door in what looked like a high brick wall in the extreme rear. If so it were well worth his while to know where that door led. It might be as well to try the lock, but he would have to cross a very wide strip of moonlight in order to do so, and he feared to attract attention to his extreme inquisitiveness.

Advancing in a quiet, sidelong way he had, he laid his hand on the small knob above the lock and quickly turned it. The door was unlocked and swung under his gentle push. An alleyway opened before him leading to what appeared to be another residence street. He was about to test the truth of this surmise when he heard a step behind him and, turning, encountered the heavy figure of the coachman advancing toward him with a key in his hand.

Zadok was of an easy turn, but he had been sorely tried that day, and his limit had been reached.

"You snooper!" he bawled. "What do you want here? Won't the run of the house content you? Come! I want to lock that door. It's my last duty before going to bed."

Sweetwater assumed the innocent.

"And I was just going this way. It looks like a short road into town. It is, isn't it?"

"No! Yes!" growled the other. "Whichever it is, it isn't your road tonight. That's private property, sir."

The alley you see belongs to our neighbors. No one passes through there but myself and—"

He caught himself in time with a sudden grunt which may have been a result of fatigue or of that latent instinct of loyalty which is often the most difficult obstacle a detective has to encounter.

"And Mr. Ranelagh, I suppose you would say?" was Sweetwater's easy finish.

No answer. The coachman simply locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

Sweetwater made no effort to deter him. More than that, he desisted from further questions, though he was dying to ask where this key was kept at its usual place on the evening of the murder. He had gone far enough, he thought. Another step and he might arouse this man's suspicion, if not his enmity. But he did not leave the shadows into which he again receded until he had satisfied himself that the key went into the stable with the coachman, where it probably remained for this night at least.

It was after 10 when Sweetwater re-entered the house to say good night to Herzfeld. He found him on watch

in the upper hall, and the man, Clarke, below. He had a word with the former.

"What is the purpose of the little door in the wall back of the stable?"

"It connects these grounds with those of the Fultons. The Fultons live on Husted street."

"Are the two families intimate?"

"Very. Mr. Cumberland is sweet on the young lady there."

"He uses that door, then?" Sweetwater pursued.

"Probably."

"Did he use it that night?"

"He didn't visit her."

"Where did he go?"

"We can't find out. He was first seen on Garden street, coming home after a night of debauch. He had drunk hard. Asked where he got the liquor, he mumbled out something about a saloon, but none of the places which he usually frequents had seen him that night. I have tried them all and some that weren't in his books. It was no good."

"That door is supposed to be locked at night. Zadok says that's his duty. Was it locked that night?"

"Can't say. Perhaps the coroner can. You see, the inquiry ran in such a different direction at first that a small matter like that may have been overlooked."

Sweetwater subdued the natural report and, reverting to the subject of the saloons, got some specific information in regard to them. Then he passed thoughtfully downstairs, only to come upon Helen, who was just extinguishing the front hall light.

"Good night," he said in passing.

"Good night, Mr. Sweetwater."

There was something in her tone which made him stop and look back. She had stepped into the library and was blowing out the lamp there. He paused a moment and sighed softly. Then he started toward the door, only to stop again and cast another look back. She was standing in one of the doorways, anxiously watching him and twisting her fingers in and cut in an irresolute way truly significant in one of her disposition.

He felt his heart leap.

Returning softly, he took up his stand before her, looking her straight in the eye.

"Good night," he repeated, with an odd emphasis.

"Good night," she answered, with equal force and meaning.

But the next moment she was speaking rapidly, earnestly.

"I can't sleep," she said. "I never can when I'm not certain of my duty. Mr. Ranelagh is an injured man. Ask what was said and done at their last dinner here. I can't tell you. I didn't listen, and I didn't see what happened, but it was something out of the ordinary. Three broken wineglasses lay on the tablecloth when I went in to clear away. I heard the clatter when they fell and smashed, but I said nothing. I have said nothing since, but I know there was a quarrel, and that Mr. Ranelagh was not in it, for his glass was the only one which remained unbroken. Am I wrong in telling you? I wouldn't if it were not for Mr. Ranelagh. He didn't do right by Miss Cumberland, but he doesn't deserve to be in prison, and so would Miss Carmel tell you if she knew what was going on and could speak. She loved him and I've said enough—I've said enough," the agitated girl protested as he leaned eagerly toward her. "I couldn't tell the priest any more. Good night."

And she was gone.

He hesitated a moment, then pursued his way to the side door and so out of the house into the street. Soon he returned to his old habit of muttering to himself.

"One thing I will solve, and that is where this miserable fellow spent the hours between this dinner they speak of and the time of his return next day. Herzfeld has failed at it. Now we'll see what a blooming stranger can do."

To be continued.

NOTICE.

Please do not ask us to send you the News without paying for it cash in advance.—John D. Babbage.

Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for much sickness and suffering, therefore, if kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results are most likely to follow. Your other organs may need attention, but your kidneys most, because they do most and should have attention first. Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. A trial will convince you of its great merit.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest because its remarkable health restoring properties have been proven in thousands of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best.

Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, and don't let a dealer sell you something in place of Swamp-Root—if you do you will be disappointed.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR IS A GOOD ROADS ENTHUSIAST.

Goes to France to Learn Construction and Maintenance of Highways.

Colonel John Jacob Astor, the millionaire, has joined the ranks of good roads enthusiasts, and sooner or later he will be heard from as exerting himself for the betterment of the public highways.

Colonel Astor has gone to Paris. On leaving New York he said: "One of



COLONEL JOHN J. ASTOR.

the chief purposes of my trip is to obtain copies from the French government of specifications for the construction and maintenance of highways. French methods of road building are excellent, as I have found by personal study."

Cuts and bruises may be healed in about one-third the time required by the usual treatment by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. It is an antiseptic and causes such injuries to heal without maturation. This liniment also relieves soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

Origin of Bridge.

A great many people play bridge, and a few fortunate ones occasionally make grand and little slam, but a very small minority have any idea of the origin of the name of this pleasant but uncommon score, says a writer in an English magazine. Close to Boston, in the United States, is the outlying town and harbor of Salem. Certain prisoners kept here in confinement amused their weariness by inventing and playing a card game into which they introduced terms borrowed from the place names in the neighborhood. In the bay are two islands called respectively Great and Little Misery. These names were adopted for their game and have found their way into ours. We even have a game called misery bridge. It is rather curious to think of these Boston prisoners inventing these terms, which were destined to come into use again after all these days intervening. "Slam" is simply Salem abbreviated to a monosyllable.

A well known Des Moines woman after suffering miserably for two days from bowel complaint, was cured by one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by all dealers.

What It Taught Her.

To top off an expensive education a young married woman of no particular ability in any one line took a course at a dramatic school. She never attempted to secure an engagement, so one day a close and candid friend of her husband asked what good all that training had done, anyhow.

"So far as I can see," the friend said, "that \$500 you spent on Ethel's education has been practically thrown away."

"Oh, no, it hasn't," returned the husband mildly. "Oh, no, it hasn't. Her stage experience has taught her to dress in a hurry. Nowadays when I ask her to go to any place with me she can change her clothes in ten minutes. It used to take over an hour."—New York Sun.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Stops the pain and heals the wound. All druggists sell it.

A Bank Incurses Good Roads.

The First National bank of Moultrie, Ga., opens up a new field for helpfulness and usefulness on the part of banks. The following resolutions were adopted by the directors of this progressive bank recently:

"We, the officers of the First National bank, do hereby heartily endorse the movement made by the chamber of commerce to improve the roads in this county.

"The First National is always eager to push any movement that will help and gratefully benefit the working people and the deserving farmers of Colquitt.

"During this good road movement, if at any time the deserving farmer sees that it will be necessary to put up a new wire fence, build a new house or improve his farm in any way, we stand ready to loan you the necessary money to make these improvements."

Subscribe Right Now.

Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis Ry.

TIME TABLE

Corrected to Dec. 4, 1910

147	145	143	141	STATIONS	146	142	144	148
Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily		Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily
9:21 pm	8:21 pm	4:40 pm	4:40 am	Lv. LOUISVILLE	7:15 am	12:30 pm	4:40 pm	
		14:35		STRAW HERRY		7:35		
		15:09	10:09	BISHOPP		7:50		
		15:14	10:14	MEIGRA	10:42	8:15	7:05	
		15:17	10:17	STITES	10:50	8:27	7:05	
10:01	9:21	15:21	10:21	KATHRYN	10:58	8:40	7:05	
		15:23	10:23	WEST POINT	11:06	8:52	7:05	
		15:26	10:26	HOWARD	11:14	9:04	7:05	
		15:29	10:29	BARTLES	11:22	9:16	7:05	
		15:32	10:32	ROCK HAVEN	11:30	9:28	7:05	
		15:35	10:35	LONG BRANCH	11:38	9:40	7:05	
		15:38	10:38	FRANDESBURG	11:46	9:52	7:05	
		15:41	10:41	ELKTON	11:54	10:04	7:05	
		15:44	10:44	CLAYTON	12:02	10:16	7:05	
10:43	10:01	15:47	10:47	IRVINGTON	12:10	10:28	7:05	
		15:50	10:50	WHEELER	12:18	10:40	7:05	
		15:53	10:53	LOUISVILLE	12:26	10:52	7:05	
		15:56	10:56	MYSTIC	12:34	11:04	7:05	
		15:59	10:59	SAMPLE	12:42	11:16	7:05	
		16:02	11:02	STEPHENSBORO	12:50	11:28	7:05	
		16:05	11:05	ADDISON	12:58	11:40	7:05	
		16:08	11:08	HOLT	13:06	11:52	7:05	
		16:11	11:11	CLOVERPORT	13:14	12:04	7:05	
11:20	11:20	16:14	11:14	SKILLMAN	13:22	12:16	7:05	8:15
		16:17	11:17	HAWESVILLE	13:30	12:28	7:05	8:15
		16:20	11:20	FEELING	13:38	12:40	7:05	8:15
		16:23	11:23	LEWISPORT	13:46	12:52	7:05	8:15
		16:26	11:26	WALTMAN	13:54	13:04	7:05	8:15
		16:29	11:29	MADISON	14:02	13:16	7:05	8:15
		16:32	11:32	PATES	14:10	13:28	7:05	8:15
		16:35	11:35	DUTCH	14:18	13:40	7:05	8:15
		16:38	11:38	OWENSBORO	14:26	13:52	7:05	8:15
		16:41	11:41	CUNAWAY	14:34	14:04	7:05	8:15
		16:44	11:44	MATTINGLY	14:42	14:16	7:05	8:15
		16:47	11:47	GRIFFITH	14:50	14:28	7:05	8:15
		16:50	11:50	ADAMS	14:58	14:40	7:05	8:15
		16:53	11:53	NEWMAN	15:06	14:52	7:05	8:15
		16:56	11:56	BEALS	15:14	15:04	7:05	8:15
		16:59	11:59	SPOTSVILLE	15:22	15:16	7:05	8:15
		17:02	12:02	BASKETT	15:30	15:28	7:05	8:15
		17:05	12:05	HENDERSON	15:38	15:40	7:05	8:15
		17:08	12:08	EVANSVILLE	15:46	15:52	7:05	8:15
		17:11	12:11	ST. LOUIS	15:54	16:04	7:05	8:15

"T" Stops on Signal. Where no time shown trains DO NOT STOP.

Trains 145 and 146 carry free reclining chair cars between Louisville and St. Louis, Pullman Local sleeper between Louisville and Evansville. Through Pullman sleeper between Louisville and St. Louis.

No. 141 will stop at stations west of Cloverport to discharge passengers from east of Cloverport.

No. 144 will stop at stations east of Cloverport to discharge passengers from west of Cloverport.

Hartford Line

West Bound Between Irvington and Fordsville East Bound

Second Class	First Class	STATIONS	First Class	Second Class
No. 9	No. 7		No. 112	No. 6
Mixed Daily	Freight Daily ex-Sun		Pass. Daily ex-Sun	Sund'y Only
6:45 pm	8:15 am	11:00 am	10:10 am	4:15 pm
6:50	8:20	11:15	10:25	4:30
6:55	8:25	11:30	10:40	4:45
7:00	8:30	11:45	10:55	5:00
7:05	8:35	12:00	11:10	5:15
7:10	8:40	12:15	11:25	5:30
7:15	8:45	12:30	11:40	5:45
7:20	8:50	12:45	11:55	6:00
7:25	8:55	1:00	12:10	6:15
7:30	9:00	1:15	12:25	6:30
7:35	9:05	1:30	12:40	6:45
7:40	9:10	1:45	12:55	7:00
7:45	9:15	2:00	1:10	7:15
7:50	9:20	2:15	1:25	7:30
7:55	9:25	2:30	1:40	7:45
8:00	9:30	2:45	1:55	8:00
8:05	9:35	3:00	2:10	8:15
8:10	9:40	3:15	2:25	8:30
8:15	9:45	3:30	2:40	8:45
8:20	9:50	3:45	2:55	9:00
8:25	9:55	4:00	3:10	9:15
8:30	10:00	4:15	3:25	9:30
8:35	10:05	4:30	3:40	9:45
8:40	10:10	4:45	3:55	10:00
8:45	10:15	5:00	4:10	10:15
8:50	10:20	5:15	4:25	10:30
8:55	10:25	5:30	4:40	10:45
			4:55	11:00

WEST BOUND Between Dempster and Falls of Rough. EAST BOUND

Second Class	First Class	STATIONS	First Class	Second Class
No. 31	27		24	26
Mixed Daily	Passenger Sunday		Passenger Sunday	Mixed Daily
1:28 pm	12:36 pm	8:40 am	8:35 am	2:04 pm
1:33	12:41	9:00 am	8:55 am	2:14

Real Estate Department

Do you want to buy a farm or business? If you do you may find just what you need in this department. If you are interested in any of the following properties write us at once for owner's name and address. If none of these places suit you, write us at once telling us what you want and where you want it and let us introduce you to the man who has the very property you are looking for.