

# The Mystery of Hartley House

By CLIFFORD S. RAYMOND

Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS

## CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"But this scheme of life had this in it that brought disaster to his sons—a laxness of any discipline related to their spiritual and mental development. When we were corrected or punished it was for conduct which affected his comfort or dignity, never for a thing which affected the development of our character.

"We had abundant money to spend. It was a part of our father's egotism that we should be young swells, and we were early in disorderly ways. Richard had a genius for cruelty. A normal boy is likely to be thoughtless, but Richard was inventive in his cruelties. It was brutal. He liked to tear things to pieces slowly, a fly if it was all he could catch—a grasshopper, a field mouse. I had a faithful little dog which Richard stalked out in the ground and killed by vivisection. He saw the little animal when it was breathing its last with its bowels exposed and its lungs laid bare.

"Richard destroyed birds' nests for pleasure. He liked to cut a leg off a hen and see it stagger about vainly trying to walk. He maimed dogs, maimed cats and horses. He killed a cow carriage horse by driving it to death purposely to see how long it would live under the treatment he gave it.

"I doubt that I was a more lovable child, but at least I did not have the atrocious cruelty which I saw in my father. I was weaker physically. I was sensitive to a degree which made me an extraordinary victim to Richard when he cared to express his furies on me or upon me.

"We were going into late childhood—I should say that I was about fourteen—when Richard began to use his inventiveness in cruelty upon me directly. As soon as he had a taste of the delight which came from tormenting me I had no further peace. I remember vividly in finding a snake in my bed. He had put it there. He used his superior strength to torture me physically. He dominated me spiritually. He made life a hell, such a hell as life can be made only for a child by maltreatment, when reality has not starkly asserted itself, when proportions are not established and when illusions can be kindly de-hiduous.

"Richard and I grew up in this fashion. I in terror of him and his malice. When I was fifteen mother died. She had been an unassertive mother. Circumstances and conditions were beyond her strength of mind or body, but she had been a friend, and I had loved her truly. It was really a terrible loss at a time when I much needed a friend.

"As we grew older Richard's diabolical habits became only shrewder, not less assertive. He contrived the most ingenious means for tormenting me. He humiliated me whenever possible before other boys and, better for his purpose, before girls.

"My father put us out to school together, and this suited Richard's purpose admirably. How I hated this school that bore my name and my blood! It became an indelible hate. It exists to this day. No human being ever was so hated by another as my brother Richard was by me—and I was in this moment and will be hated while a breath remains in my body.

"When I was sixteen my father died, and Richard and I inherited the estate under a trusteeship to continue until I was twenty-one. Richard was then twenty. In another year he attained his majority. He was profligate with a heavy debt, and my father's funeral home, a licentious young ruffian who had suffered twice in actions brought by weak and unfortunate girls.

"It irritated him beyond expression that he had to wait the slow process of my coming of age before he could come into his share of the property. His constant demeanor toward me was violent. Several times I tried to establish the reasonable relations which ought, in convention, to exist between brothers. It was quite hopeless, and my hate for this hour came to be an insane passion. It remains as a passion now.

"I may not be able to satisfy anyone that this was the inevitable consequence of the treatment given me, but I could, if I were to elaborate the details—no merely state them. However, my purpose is not so much to induce my brother as to record my own triumph—to assist the commission of a crime which has been of intense satisfaction to me, a crime in which I have maintained my culpability with joy and from which Richard has suffered and is suffering.

"He is a broken old man. He is in a penitentiary.

"Here followed a section of the manuscript from which, as I recognized, the name Dravada had been mislaid. Then it continued:

"I became a little more assertive of my rights and dignity, with the result that our quarrels were more violent. I tried to fit myself physically to meet Richard, but he was very sturdy, and his profligate habits had not yet undervalued his health. When I resisted him physically he had the better of me. Three times he knocked me unconscious. Once I was ill in bed a week as the result of a beating he gave me.

"Frequently he threatened that he would kill me. He said this often and openly, with every evidence of earnestness and determination. Later that counted against him.

"I was not cowed, and with the great hatred firmly rooted I was willing to accept the unequal struggle with him. It was a joy to hate him, fight him, even to be beaten by him. I had regained enough courage to seek solace, but it was difficult, because his refined sense of cruelty led him to search me out, wherever I might be, with my friends, and to humiliate me, if possible, before them.

"One night I had been at a tavern in the village with some boys of my acquaintance when Richard, being drunk and very violent, found me, and there was a scene in which he made loud threats that he intended to kill me.

"One of my friends persuaded me to go home. At Hartley house we walked the distance from the house to the village in those days. I set out alone, but Richard, breaking away from the young men who would have

detained him, pursued me. He caught up with me, and we abused each other as we walked, being overheard by several persons along the way.

"When we came to a pool by the river near the house, he became insanely violent, cried that he was sick of seeing me on earth and would rid himself of the sight of me. He attacked me with a heavy stick he carried, succeeded in breaking down my head and knocked me unconscious. Our cries, while he was attacking, were heard by a farmer living across the road. Richard was insanely drunk. He intended to kill me and thought he had done so. He left the spot, disturbed, probably, by the thought of physical consequences, but I am sure, not by any spiritual misgivings.

"I do not know how long I remained unconscious or when I awoke. It may have been ten, forty or sixty minutes. It may have been an hour or two. When I was consciousness brought an aching head and a dawning determination.

"Life with Richard at Hartley house had become impossible. I could no longer control him, I could no longer endure him.

"A chance of escape and of revenge was possible. I was in Richard's understanding, dead. He had tried to kill me. He might be made to think he had. I had considerable money with me. Richard, of course, had not touched it. Each of us had been given, that morning, five hundred dollars by trustees. That had been the occasion of Richard's murderous debauch. It is strange—or is it?—that I never think of him as, or ever called him, Dick.

"I arranged the spot as well as I could in the details to suggest that my drunken and brutal brother had not only killed me but had disposed of my body in the river. When I had

the country. I had no prospects and few plans, but my inclination was to go to South America, and I followed it.

"My hatred never ceased. It grew as a passion, at first a disturbing one, later a satisfactory one. I wanted this man to suffer. Nothing that he could suffer will properly pay him—at least it will not pay my score.

"Some day, I know, for I have the determination, I shall return to Hartley house as its owner, although esteemed an alien, with a false name, a false life and a great joy. What is a family that I should not enjoy my perfect revenge upon this brute who made fifteen years and more of my life, in its most impressionable form, an undesirable thing when it was most desired?

"I shall go back to Hartley house, and if life and health be spared me, I shall make it and life in it jovial, and if strength be spared my will, the knowledge that my brother Richard is suffering for the murder of a dead man shall be the easy north wind in the caves below which burn my cheerful fires.

"This is my crime, and if it causes no one dear to me later to suffer, I want it known. Some day I shall go back as a man wholly unknown to people who knew the Dobsons. I shall be what I have been, Homer Sidney. I shall buy the old place. I shall know that Richard Dobson is suffering a most equitable but illegal punishment in a penitentiary close to a man whose name I shall live in the circumstances which a great deal of money will enable me to set up.

"That is my natural revenge upon a fiend who happened to come of the same parents as I. Hate is a wonderful friend."

## CHAPTER XVII.

Jed came into the room again as I finished reading, and put another log on the fire. Then he sat down in a rocking chair by the fire.

"They met that night, you know," he said after he had rocked a while.

"They?" I said.

"Arthur and Richard Dobson," said Jed. "Mr. Sidney and his brother, who is over there in the penitentiary."

"They met that night?" I asked.

"Jed was patient.

"They met the night last fall," he explained, "when you found Mr. Sidney leaving the house, the night I found you outside, the night we pretended I was sick, the night he came here and had us call the penitentiary to say a convict had escaped. That night, he met his brother. His brother was the convict."

Jed was rocking and talking to the fire.

"Mr. Sidney—Arthur Dobson—" he said, "went out to see the pool on every anniversary of his murder. He found the strength out of some reservoir of will. The reaction was almost disastrous. I imagine he might have lived another year or two if he had not had the experience he had this time."

"I knew it was a great hate that was keeping Mr. Sidney alive," he continued. "Such a hate as he had! I don't know that I understand it now. It was so unprofitable. Or was I do not know. It had a great effect on his life. I think he has been cherished warmed and colored his life."

"He went to the pool every year the night of his murder. He did not know that I went with him. It was such an abnormal abuse of his strength. I was afraid for him."

"Your prospects depended upon him," I suggested.

"He allowed a moment to pass in silence. It was as if he permitted reflection before we again entered the room of common thought and communion. He did not look pained or hurt in any fashion. There was no display about it. He just refrained for a moment from talking. It was as if he were opening the windows for that moment. When the air was cleared of the odors of my testy remark, he went on as if I had said nothing. He said as usual, very difficult to deal with.

"The night I am reminding you of he met Richard Dobson at the pool and recognized him. The poor old fool, Dick, had walked out of the penitentiary. He had every opportunity to do so. The warden would have let him out if he had not made a lot of things may have happened. Many changes will have taken place. And if the feminist movement rushes onward with ever increasing momentum, as it has since 1915, there is no telling whether it will stop short of the White House.

"What if it did send numerous women to the senate and the house of representatives, to the cabinet and to gubernatorial offices? Are there women educated and trained sufficiently to fill these important national and state offices? Time will have to answer these questions. Meanwhile why not canvass the possibilities?"

"Richard Chapman Catt," says the Herald writer, might be the logical first woman president. She is probably right in saying that. Anyway, Mrs. Catt's name is probably the first that would occur to the average well-informed American man and woman. This is because Mrs. Catt has been



He Became Insanely Violent.

done this, relying for success on his certain memory of the act which already had terrified him, I left Hartley house—all its painful memories and brutal experiences, the unhappiness I had experienced there, the miserable childhood, the wretched boyhood and the young manhood, come to this futile, malevolent end. And I there resolved that if I got safely away and if my design worked out successfully, I should return to the selfsame spot some time to live a joyful life where life had been so drear.

"My plans were not perfect; my resources and my intelligence for the sudden meeting of the world were slender; but my success was beyond expectation.

"First I had the satisfaction of knowing that my brother was taken for a murderer. Circumstances were all against him, and I had no concern in his own heart that he had not only killed me as he so often had wished to do, but that he had disposed of my body.

"In arranging the spot to indicate a murder I had thrown my hat, which was broken and bloodstained, into the bank. It had caught on a projecting rock. I had taken a ring of my finger and had thrown that into the pool. I also had thrown in my coat. It had blood on the collar and shoulders. All this seemed to me to afford inconceivable evidence. I gathered, obvious difficulties in, finding a body which might increase Richard's troubles.

"I waited in New York, carefully concealing my month, reading of the progress of my murder trial in the newspapers. It gained some celebrity. The prosecuting zeal was tremendous, and my ring was dredged up and was regarded as important evidence. The dredge also brought up some bones which, as I read in the papers, were regarded as fish-bibbed remains of me.

"Such legalistic argument ensued. I became a case of importance, involving principles of evidence. The superficial facts were all against Richard. His confession faced him. The evidence I had arranged damned him. Our relationship in hate and his threats against me were against him. He thought he had killed me. He had had. There were many witnesses against him.

"The only thing helping him was the lack of a clearly identified body. But there were vestiges of something which, in the circumstances, were accepted as parts of the crime. I think the prosecution and the jury, convinced that I was dead and my remains swept away, were anxious to meet technically the requirements of law.

"The story of our lives together, as I read it in the testimony of witnesses, who knew more of its terrors than I thought anyone knew, was terrific. It would have damned any aggressor in the opinion of any body of men. Everyone who knew anything of the case, Richard himself included, was convinced that I had been murdered. The doubt which remained merely served to get Richard a life sentence instead of the gallows. Popular psychology condemned him. The lack of essential evidence was ignored.

"I waited until I knew what his fate was, and then, rejoicing, I left

# A WOMAN PRESIDENT?



WOMAN for President of the United States? It's an interesting question, anyway, now that the federal suffrage amendment has been ratified, and women are voters.

And there's nothing new or startling about it. Many men are asking themselves the question—to say nothing of what the women may or may not be thinking on the subject. But to hold any intelligent man and ask him what he thinks and it's likely he'll talk about like this:

"I would not be surprised, to see a woman candidate for the presidency before long. And four years from now they're quite likely to be demanding—and getting—the vice presidency on one or both of the two leading party tickets. By the time the next presidential election gets around the women will have found themselves as politicians and will be in shape to make their power felt. They'll certainly put in a claim for a cabinet position or two and for some of the important elective or appointive offices. We might do worse. There are plenty of mighty capable women in this country, and 'a new broom sweeps clean,' you know."

Figures compiled by the census bureau and other government departments, indicate that the number of women in the United States over twenty-one years of age is 28,035,000, of whom approximately 25,000,000 are eligible to vote in the November election. Estimated at the number of eligible male voters, based on a population of 105,000,000, give approximately 31,500,000. The vote in the last presidential election was 15,528,743. It is seen, therefore, that the voting power of women does not suffer much, as compared with that of the men.

And there is no constitutional handicap to their administrative progress, says Martha O'Connell in the New York Herald, if the women themselves really want to see one of their number occupying the highest position it is within the power of this nation to bestow. Women are eligible to the office of Chief Executive of the United States as well as to all cabinet positions, and any of the most important offices which are either elective or appointive.

Tennessee's ratification of the federal suffrage amendment has opened up an unlimited field of power and activity to the new voter. The gates of the White House and the capitol swing wide to women if they care to enter. By 1924 a lot of things may have happened. Many changes will have taken place. And if the feminist movement rushes onward with ever increasing momentum, as it has since 1915, there is no telling whether it will stop short of the White House.

What if it did send numerous women to the senate and the house of representatives, to the cabinet and to gubernatorial offices? Are there women educated and trained sufficiently to fill these important national and state offices? Time will have to answer these questions. Meanwhile why not canvass the possibilities?"

"Richard Chapman Catt," says the Herald writer, might be the logical first woman president. She is probably right in saying that. Anyway, Mrs. Catt's name is probably the first that would occur to the average well-informed American man and woman. This is because Mrs. Catt has been

for some time the real leader of the woman suffrage movement. She founded the International Woman's Suffrage association and she was serving her second term as president of the National-American Suffrage association when it was recently merged into the League of Women Voters. She is probably the leading spirit in this latter organization, which is nonpartisan. It is well organized, should it turn the purpose of electing a woman president it has the membership and the organization to make itself felt. The Herald writer says of Mrs. Catt, among other things:

"Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt might be the logical first woman president. We will not ask the National Woman Suffrage association leader whether she would consider accepting the nomination or not. Her reply would spoil interesting speculation. She has battled so long and so earnestly for the national franchise for women that just now the only sort of life that appeals to her is one spent among the chickens and trees and sold home comforts of her farm at Brarcliff. If you broached such a thing to her as running for any public office she might take it as a bit of pleasantry. Her blue eyes would smile at you and the corners of her well-shaped mouth would curve upward with an expression of amusement.

"However, candidates have been forced into nomination. This might appear to the suffrage leader if the pressure of her 2,000,000 adherents were directed toward such an end. There is no woman in the United States better known than Mrs. Catt.

"Like Senator Harding and Governor Cox she has had editorial experience, having assisted her husband in editing a daily newspaper in an Iowa town. When Mr. Catt died his wife took position as advertising solicitor. Probably she set type just as did Senator Harding for his Marion newspaper, and she knew all about the business end of journalism.

"While soliciting advertising her attention was drawn to the obstacles thrown in the way of the self-supporting woman. And the more she considered the more she thought of helping to remove them. She allied herself with the suffrage movement and just 20 years ago was elected president of the National American Woman Suffrage association.

"New York women voters have been urged by their suffrage leaders not to vote for a woman candidate just because she is a woman. Mrs. Catt was one of the first to give this advice. Fitness for office is the great test, according to their idea. The question of sex would hardly come up if Mrs. Catt were a presidential candidate. She is a stateswoman of broad and generous vision, a student of international affairs; she has traveled around the world and has been closely associated with men and women of nearly every foreign country. She is kindly, sympathetic, considerate, and her mind has been trained to cope with the big issues of the day. And she has an organization the like of which no man running for president ever had to support him.

"When the women really enter politics, both state and national, the men will begin to realize the sort of organization these vote yearners have been building up for more than a score of years. It might have the power to sway an election, if brought to a test."

The name of Miss Alice Paul, head of the National Woman's party, would probably be the next to occur to those who have kept in touch with the long suffrage struggle just ended. Concerning her the Herald writer says, in part:

"What sort of a president would Miss Alice Paul make? She has a large following, though this militant worker for the enfranchisement of American women entered the field recently, compared with Mrs. Catt's long period of service. There are women who assert that Miss Paul has presidential qualifications, and in the event of her nomination she would be supported by members of the National Woman's party, that organization of

degrees in London, it was 72 in northern Iceland—entirely inappropriate to an island of that name.

Of course, there is an explanation. It is pointed out that during the summer, while England was swept by icy blasts from the arctic, Iceland was favored by the warm and moist breezes from the western Atlantic. The experience of the two islands serve to illustrate the extent to which the weather will sometimes depart from normal conditions. It will doubtless set people in England and Iceland to gossiping about the

change in the climate. But the climate does not change within the lifetime of a man. Iceland and England will, in the main, have the same kind of weather they have had for centuries, as will New England, for that matter, although in this bit of the world we find in nearly every neighborhood the elderly citizen who declares that the winters are not what they were when he was a boy.

Of Russia's population, two out of three persons are peasants.

The interest in an Etching. The art of etching has no mechanical attractiveness. If an etching has no meaning it can interest nobody; if its significant lines are accompanied by many insignificant ones, their value is neutralized.—Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

"Gee, Jed, you ought to 'a' been a minister; you've got that holy boldness that lets you talk right out about anybody's business."—New York Evening Sun.

# EARLE'S HYPO-COD STOPPED HIS COLD AND BUILT HIM UP.

"I Had Such an Awful Cold and Cough Could Hardly Breathe. Was All in."

**COULD NOT SLEEP**

"This new and wonderful tonic they call Earle's Hypo-Cod is all right. I had such an awful cold I could cough and bark half the night and could not sleep. My appetite gave out on me and I was nearly down and out. I could hardly breathe my lungs hurt so bad at times and I was having a bad time with my kidneys too. I would suffer with severe pains.

"All those troubles have gone now, however, and I'm praising Earle's Hypo-Cod to the sky. It does do the work—no getting around that fact. I breathe freely now. My lungs don't hurt. My sleep is peaceful as you please and I feel my appetite is much better also. It helped me wonderfully because the ingredients tell anybody who can read that it is the real thing," declared Mr. J. K. Leake, 62 Souder Ave., Columbus, O., and a well known carpenter with the Latham Contracting Co. of that city.

If weak, full of cold, catarrhal or bronchial troubles, or feeling like the man above go right down to the drug store for a bottle of the genuine Earle's Hypo-Cod which has the formula on each bottle, and is in an orange colored carton. Druggists, chemists and experts assert it is good. Thousands have endorsed it. Take home a bottle with you tonight.

Earle's Hypo-Cod is sold here by all druggists and the leading druggists in all nearby towns.—Adv.

Guide Concoct of Hears'. Edith—Would you marry a man who was your inferior? Helen—If I marry at all.

# The Best Advice FOR MOTHERS

**ELGIN, ILLS.**—I was weak, nervous and run down after motherhood, and was advised to take the "Favorite Prescription." I look about five bottles while nursing my baby and he seemed to improve as much as I did. My appetite was normal once more and I was able to sleep at night, and became strong and well. I would never hesitate in recommending Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription to all young mothers who need just such a tonic for their babies. —MRS. CARRIE HILL, 314 Dundee Ave.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy that any ailing woman can safely take, because it is prepared from roots, does not contain alcohol or narcotics. All druggists.

Send 10 cents for trial package of "Favorite Prescription Tablets" to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., or write for advice.

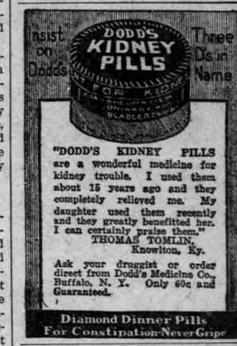
# BIG ULCER ALL HEALED

"Here is another letter that makes me snappy," says Peterson, of Buffalo. "One that I would rather have than a thousand dollars.

"Money isn't everything in this world. There is many a big hearted, rich man who would give all he has on earth to be able to produce a remedy with such mighty healing power as Peterson's Ointment. So, at least, at all druggists for 35 cents a large box.

"Dear Sir:—I cannot untold suffer from old running sore and ulcers. I had tried most everything without any relief from pain. A few years ago I used your wonderful ointment and the first box took away the pain that had not left before in years, and after using just nine dollars' worth of the salve I am cured. The ulcer was 4 inches by 3 inches, all healed and I can walk. Never, never will I be without Peterson's Ointment.

"You may use this to recommend your ointment, if you wish. I cannot say enough to praise it." Yours truly, Mrs. Albert Southcott, Medina, N. Y. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



# Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor

It pays to be good; if you get into the penitentiary it shortens your term.

Use **MURINE** Night-Morning Eye Drops. Keep Your Eyes Clean—Clear—Healthy.

W. N. U., FORT WAYNE, NO. 45-1920.

# England Had Odd Weather

The icelander and the Englishman appear to have got their Summers Mixed.

On the last day of August, in Manchester, a screened thermometer four feet above the ground recorded a temperature only three degrees above the freezing point. It now appears that the while England was shivering the summer through, Iceland was enjoying the kind of weather that England wanted and did not get. On a day when the mercury recorded a temperature of 53

degrees in London, it was 72 in northern Iceland—entirely inappropriate to an island of that name.

Of course, there is an explanation. It is pointed out that during the summer, while England was swept by icy blasts from the arctic, Iceland was favored by the warm and moist breezes from the western Atlantic. The experience of the two islands serve to illustrate the extent to which the weather will sometimes depart from normal conditions. It will doubtless set people in England and Iceland to gossiping about the

# EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY.

Plymouth was the first permanent white settlement in New England and dates its founding from the landing of the Pilgrims, Dec. 21, 1620. The iron works on the banks of the Saugus river, established in 1643, were the first iron works established in America. A small iron pot cast there in the first forge in America is now the property of the city of Lynn and is in a glass case in the Lynn public library.

Bert was about sixty, and Jed hadn't ten years his junior. Bert hadn't "joined the church," but Jed's deep voice thrilled with emotion, and stamped him as one of the elect, as he entreated Bert to "give himself to God." Bert listened while Jed dined various instances of narrow escapes from horrible death of those whose "flin" was the next act after the

click of the Grim Reaper's scythe was out of their ears. Jed grew more and more personal, and finally he prodded Bert's chest with a snowy forefinger and then fairly shouted, "Look at yer! Nearly sixty; on the edge of the grave, so to speak, and not joined yet! Ain't yer afraid to take such a chance on the hereafter?" Bert shifted his toothpick

# Was Preacher's Privilege

Unfortunately our blessings in disguise are painfully slow in unmaking.—Boston Transcript.