

# The Mystery of Hartley House

By CLIFFORD S. RAYMOND

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## CHAPTER XVI—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. I saw the little animal when it was breathing its last with its howls expressed 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. He tortured cattle and horses. He killed a fine 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 attribute of cruelty. I was not only younger but I was weaker physically. I was sensitive to a degree which made me an extraordinary victim to Richard when he cared to express his harshness to or upon me.

"We were getting 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 with a still agonized vividness my experience 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 mistreatment, when reality has not starkly asserted itself, when propensities are not established and when illusions can be kindly or hideous.

"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 missed her cruelly. 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, no less assertive. He contrived the most ingenious schemes for my torment. 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 thing 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 is to this moment and will be hated while a breath remains in my body.

"When I was eighteen 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 and wild, a heavy drinker, a coarse, cruel boor, 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 boor 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—or merely state them. However, my purpose is not so much to indict 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 page Draydon had taken was missing. 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 undermined 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.

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 guard 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



He Became Insanely Violent.

done this, relying for success on his uncertain 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 furtive, malevolent end. And I there resolved that if I got safely away and if my design worked out successfully, I should return to the seafaring life where life had been so drear.

"My plans were not perfect; my resources and my intelligence for this 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 my murder. Circumstances were all against him, and he was convinced 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 bloody, down the bank. It had caught on a projecting rock. I had taken a ring off 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 inconclusive evidence, but there were obvious difficulties in finding a body which might increase Richard's troubles.

"I waited in New York, carefully concealed, many months, reading of the progress of my murder trial in the newspapers. It gained some celebrity. The prosecuting zeal was tremendous, and public interest, I gathered, acute. 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-bibbled remains of me.

"Much 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 evi-

dence I had arranged against him. Our relationship in hate and his threats against me arose against him. He thought he had killed me. He knew he 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 corpus delicti. 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 terrible. 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 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 can 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 joyful, and if strength be spared my will, the knowledge that my brother Richard is suffering for the murder of a dead five man shall be the only 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 the place where 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 what 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 he came in 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 fall.

"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 it? I do not know. It had a great value in his life. I think the hate he 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 ventilation before we again entered the room of common thought and common emotion. 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. The old rascal was very difficult to deal with.

"There must have been something in his mind about this night and the place. Arthur Dobson found his brother standing by the pool. I was a few feet away, hidden by the bushes, could see the two old men in the moonlight, and when Arthur Dobson began to speak, I could hear distinctly.

"Well, Richard," said Mr. Sidney, "we are here again."

"Richard Dobson quavered in a weak, senile tone, almost a falsetto. 'Who are you?'"

"'I'm your brother Arthur,' said Mr. Sidney. 'What are you doing here?'"

"Richard Dobson must have felt that he was confronted by a ghost. He made a shrill little sound, as an old woman might. I was palsied. The situation was tremendous. I didn't know what would happen, and I didn't know what to do. Mr. Sidney was calm as an oyster.

"I am your brother Arthur, Richard," he said, "and I am not dead. I haven't been dead. You didn't kill me. I have been living in the old place comfortably while you have been in prison. No one would believe you if you told that. You are old and half-crazy. If you were out of prison, you would die of starvation and exposure in 24 hours. I am not a ghost, Richard; I am your living brother."

TO BE CONTINUED

## LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS

Study of Statistics Will Enable Almost Any One to Justify His Pet Belief.

Cold, hard statistics prove that the greatest number of premier awards for gallantry were won on Monday. No other day showing anything like the same record, though the much-maligned Friday stands out noticeably.

Which fact gives some color to the superstitions many people have about certain days of the week being lucky, while others are unlucky.

Tuesday seems to be the bad day of the week; calamities are far more common on that day than on any other day. Railway disasters, fires, street accidents—the record in each case is held easily by Tuesday. And it is the day most favored, too, by those who desire to put an end to their existence.

Saturday also has a bad reputation; its specialty is murders, and fully half the petty crime that is dealt with in the police courts is committed on that day. But probably this is because Saturday also holds the record for drunkenness.

There is nothing very distinctive about Thursday beyond the fact that it is the day upon which the birth-rate is highest; and Sunday is noticeable only for its low death-rate.

Wednesday is, above all the rest, the day of weddings. This applies to all classes, and nearly as many marriages are celebrated on that day alone as upon any three of the others.—Margaret Herald.

## Don't Neglect Your Play.

There are men in the world who feel that the whole works would stop if they took time enough to play a little. That's all bosh. The man who can play well is usually the fellow who can put the work across. Some have the play spirit so well in hand that they make sport of their work. It is real pleasure to them. They get both recreation and profit from their efforts. It's no wonder they stay young in their work.

And don't forget that if you would succeed you must carry your load. It's a mistake to get out from under responsibility. It's meeting responsibility that makes progress possible. Shirkers are not in demand. They may put things over occasionally, but they do it at the expense of personal discount. You can't afford to do it. Carry your load like a man.—Grit.

## An Acre.

The word acre is derived from the old Anglo-Saxon word acer, and is identical with the Latin word acer, meaning a cultivated field. The English acre consists of 4,840 square yards, or 43,560 square feet. If your field is a rectangle, that is, having four sides and each angle a right angle or "square corner," its area is obtained by multiplying the length by the breadth. If your measurements are in rods, the result will be square rods; if in yards, square yards; and if in feet, square feet. A field 132 feet by 165 feet of rectangular shape contains 21,780 square feet. It is therefore, half an acre. But a rectangular field might be different length and width, and yet contain an acre. For example, if it is 230 feet long and 65 feet wide it will contain 21,780 square feet, or half an acre.

## Not a Fixed Opinion.

Lawyer (examining prospective juror in criminal case)—Mr. Juror, have you any fixed opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?

Juror (emphatically)—Now, I ain't get no doubt but the guy's guilty, but they ain't nobody fixed me.

## Why Holland Grows Willows

Holland is covered with willow trees, and the great dikes of the country are made stronger by the network formed by the roots.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Some Never Unmask.

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

## Philosophy.

If I live another couple of years I ought to be able to hold out for the rest of my life.—Christiana Tyrihans.

## TAKE TIME TO SMILE



ABSOLUTELY.

"Hereafter there will be absolutely no smoking in barracks at any time," bellowed a captain in Baritan arsenal, New Jersey, after a fire caused by a forgotten butt had been quelled. "Absolutely! Not at any time!"

Then he paused and added as an afterthought in a louder bellow even than before:

"Especially at night!"—American Legion Weekly.

## The Grand Essential.

"What is the plot of your new play?"

"We haven't begun to think about that," replied the producing manager. "But you say you have a sure winner?"

"We certainly have. We thought up a risqué title that'll bring the people in as soon as they read the bill-boards."

## Spoiling the Show.

"I understand the magician's performance was broken up in disorder."

"Yes. While he was levitating Princess Oomah, a careless stage hand left a door open and exposed her to a strong draft."

## She Caught Him.

"Pop!"

"Yes my son."

"Are you busy just now?"

"No, my boy. Why?"

"Got time to answer me a question?"

"Oh, I think so."

"Well, pop, how are lobsters caught?"

"Oh, go ask your mother."

## Best Way Out.

When Bracer hints that he is short and starts the same old song, don't wait to hear how short he is. But just remark, "So long!"

## Light-Headed.

The lights were very low, and stillness reigned in the back parlor. Presently a female voice was heard:

"Freddie, dear!"

"Yes, angel."

"Does my head seem heavy on your shoulder?"

"No, darling. It is very light, indeed!"

## An Ingenious Thing.

Mrs. Mason, who had just had installed an electric cooking stove, asked her maid, Norah, what she thought of it.

"To me, mum," said Norah, "it seems like a great invention. When you and Mr. Mason were away for over Sunday, mum, I burned it all the time, mum, and there seems to be plenty of electricity still left!"

## This Is Mean.

"Why don't married men kiss their wives oftener?"

"I dunno. I have noticed, however, that the mouse in the trap seems to lose all taste for cheese."

## Inevitable Leisure.

"Nobody ought to enjoy the breed of idleness."

"And yet you can't expect a man who sells bread these days to avoid getting rich enough to quit work."

## A Touch of Authority.

"You claim to be an optimist?"

"I do," replied the photographer. "When I tell a man to smile, he invariably does his best."

## Relative Rank.

"And do you think I would prove a satisfactory mate with whom to sail the sea of life?" he asked softly.

"Oh, so-so," the maiden responded coolly. "You'd do pretty well as a mate, I guess, if you clearly understood who was captain."—Country Gentleman.

## A Cynical Woman.

Mrs. Green—My husband seems to enjoy life thoroughly.

Mrs. Wyse—What a lot of bad habits he must have.—Boston Transcript.

## Place to Park Cars.

Styles—I see that pawnbroker on the next block has started an automobile department in connection with his business.

Myles—I understand so. Do you expect to park your car there soon?

## Saw His Mouth.

Belle—Did his face express any emotions while I was singing?

Benah—Really, I don't know.

"Why, couldn't you see his face from where you sat?"

"No; he was yawning."

## DOG HUNTS GOAT FINDS LOST BOY

Collie Outclimbs Searchers on Mountain Side and His Barks Summon Help.

## WENT UP 1,000 FEET

Little Fellow Happy After Night in the Woods, but Unable to Tell of Adventures and Hardships He Underwent.

Winsted, Conn.—Henry Tamplin, 3 years old, and the son of a farmer living in the town of Colebrook, disappeared from his home one night just before sunset. He was found next morning two miles away from his home, standing at the edge of a cliff 1,000 feet high.

The child's recovery alive is due immediately to a collie, which was out with a searching party and was deflected from his duty by a wild goat which crossed his path. In following the goat half way up a mountain side he saw the boy and his furious barking was answered by the searching party.

## Was Not Afraid.

No one except the child knows through what adventures and dangers he passed that night, for he is too young to give a connected account of his exploit and has shown almost continually ever since he was found. He declares he did not sleep at all during the night, but insists that he was not afraid, and would like to spend a night in the mountains again.

All the men and women who could be spared from their homes near the Tamplin farm started out in search of little Henry that night after his father and mother had made frantic attempts to learn by telephone if any one had seen the child. The search was conducted in a thorough and systematic fashion and the mountainside was assigned to a party composed of the youngest and most active men. Such men as had good dogs took them along.

They spent all night in the woods which line the mountainside, built several fires to show the child where they were, and from time to time called his name with megaphones.

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"Yes my son."

"Are you busy just now?"

"No, my boy. Why?"

"Got time to answer me a question?"

"Oh, I think so."

"Well, pop, how are lobsters caught?"

"Oh, go ask your mother."

"I hear that you have been laid up with nervous prostration. What's the cause, overwork or worry?"

"Both. I tried to have a photograph taken that suited my wife."

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