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MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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boat shoes made scarcely any sound. He turned once and looked back and finding that I was alone, began amusing himself with feints and dodges, for no other purpose, I fancied, than to perplex or wind me. By this time I had grown pretty angry, for a foot race in a school garden struck me with disgust as a childish enterprise, and I bent with new spirit and drove him away from his giddy circling about the summer house and beyond the only gate by which he could regain the wood and meadow that lay between the garden and his boat. He turned his bead from side to side uneasily, slackening his pace to study the bounds of the garden, and I felt myself gaining.

Ahead of us lay a white picket fence that set off the vegetable garden and marked the lawful bounds of the school. There was no gate and I felt that here the chase must end, and I rejoiced to find myself so near the runner that I heard the quick, soft patter of his shoes on the walk. In a moment I was quite sure that I should have him by the collar, and I had every intention of dealing severely with him for the hard chase he had given me.

But he kept on, the white line of fence clearly outlined beyond him; and then when my hand was almost upon him he rose at the fence, as though sprung from the earth itself, and hung a moment sheer above the sharp line of the fence pickets, his whole figure held almost horizontal, in the fashion of trained high-jumpers, for what seemed an infinite time, as though by some witchery of the moonlight.

I plunged into the feace with a force that knocked the wind out of me, and as I clung panting to the pickets the runner dropped with a crash into the midst of a glass vegetable frame on the farther side. He turned his head, grinned at me sheepishly through the pickets, and gave surrender and I saw that they were cut and bleeding. We were both badly blown, and while we regained our wind we stared at each other. He was the first to speak.

"Kicked, bit or stung!" he muttered, dolefully; "that saddest of all with the basin and towels. words, 'stung!' It's as clear as moonlight that I'm badly mussed, not to say cut."

"May I trouble you not to kick out any more of that glass? The gardener will be here in a minute and fish you

"Lawsy, what is it? An aquarium,

that you fish for me?" He chuckled softly, but sat perfectly quiet, finding, it seemed, a certain humor in his situation. The gardener came running and swore in broad Scots at the destruction of the frame. We got over the fence and released our captive, who talked to himself in doleful undertones as we hauled him to his feet amid a renewed clink of glass.

"Gently, gentlemen; behold the night-blooming cereus! Not all the court-plaster in the universe can glue me together again." He gazed ruefully at his slashed arms, and rubbed his legs. "The next time I seek the garden at dewy eve I'll wear my tin

"There won't be any next time for

you. What did you run for?" "Trying to lower my record-it's a mania with me. And as one good question deserves another, may I ask why you didn't tell me there was a glass-works beyond that fence? It wasn't sportsmanlike to hide a murderous hazard like that. But I cleared those pickets with a yard to spare,

and broke my record." "You broke about seven yards of glass," I replied. "It may sober you to know that you are under arrest. The watchman here has a constable's

license." "He also has hair that suggests the common garden or boiled carrot. The tint is not to my liking; yet it isnot for me to be captious where the Lord has hardened his heart."

"What is your name?" I demanded. "Gillespie. R. Gillespie. The 'R' will mility: I make it a life work to hide

indicate to you the depth of my hu the fact that I was baptized Reginald."

"I've been expecting you, Mr. Gillesple, and now I want you to come over to my house and give an account of yourself. I will take charge of this man, Andy. I promise that he shan't set foot here again. And, Andy, you need mention this affair to no one."

"Very good, sir."

He touched his hat respectfully. "I have business with this person. Say nothing to the ladies at St. Agatha's about him."

He saluted and departed; and with Gillespie walking beside me I started for the boat-landing.

He had wrapped a handkerchief about one arm and I gave him my your presence in this neighborhood is | Hotbrook in your trapels? Be careful

I tied it up for him. "That jump deserved better take.

volunteered, as he accepted my sid "I'm groud to have you like it. Will

"My name is Donovan." "I don't wholly care for it," he ob-

served, mournfully. "Think it over and see if you can't do better. I'm not sure that I'm going to grow fond of you. What's your business with me, anyhow?"

"My business, Mr. Gillespie, is to see that you leave this lake by the first and fastest train."

"Is it possible?" he drawled, mockingly. "More than that," I replied in his

own key; "it is decidedly probable." "Meanwhile, it would be diverting to know where you're taking me. I thought the other chap was the con-

"I'm taking you to the house of a friend where I'm visiting. I'm going to row you in your boat. It's only a short distance; and when we get there I shall have something to say to you.' He made no reply, but got into the boat without ado. I turned over in my mind the few items of information that I had gained from Miss Pat and her niece touching the young man who was now my prisoner, and found that I knew little enough about him. He was the unwelcome and annoying suitor of Miss Helen Holbrook, and I had caught him prowling about St. Agatha's in a manner that was inde-

He sat huddled in the stern, nursing his swathed arms on his knees and whistling dolefully. The lake was a broad pool of silver. Save for the soft splash of liima's paddle behind me and the slight wash of water on the near shore, silence possessed the world. Gillespie looked about with some curiosity, but said nothing, and when I drove the boat to the Glenarm landing he crawled out and followed me through the wood without a word.

I flashed on the lights in the library and after a short inspection of his a large and prosperous button facwounds we went to my room and tory.' found sponges, plasters and ointments in the family medicine chest and cared for his injuries.

"There's no honor in tumbling into greenhouse, but such is R. Gillesple's luck. My shins look like scarlet fever, and without sound legs a man's better dead."

"Your legs seem to have got you into trouble; don't mourn the loss of them!" And I twisted a bandage under his left knee-cap where the glass had cut savagely.

"It's my poor wits, if we must fix the blame. It's an awful thing, sir, to be born with weak intellectuals. As man's legs carry him on orders from his head, there lies the seat of the difficulty. A weak mind, obedient legs, and there you go, plump into the bosom of a blooming asparagus bed, Then he held up his hands in sign of you. If you put any more of that sting-y pudding on that cut I shall undoubtedly hit you, Mr. Donovan.

Ah, thank you, thank you so much!" As I finished with the vaseline he lay back on the couch and sighed deeply and I rose and sent liima away

"Will you drink? There are 12 kinds of whisky-

"My dear Mr. Donovan, the thought of strong drink saddens me. Such alcoholic stimulants. I was drunk once-beautifully, marvelously, nobly drunk, so that antiquity came up to date with the thud of a motor car hitting an orphan asylum; and I saw Julius Caesar driving a chariot up Fifth avenue and Cromwell poised on one foot on the shorter spire of St. Patrick's cathedral. Are you aware, my dear sir, that one of those spires is shorter than the other?"

"I certainly am not," I replied, blantly, wondering what species of madman I had on my hands.

"It's a fact, confided to me by a prominent engineer of New York, who has studied those spires daily since they were put up. He told me that when he had surrounded five highballs the north spire was higher; but that the sixth tumblerful always raised the south spire about 11 feet above it. Now, wouldn't that doddle you?"

"It would, Mr. Gillespie; but may

ask you to cut out this rot-" "My dear Mr. Donovan, it's indelicate of you to speak of cutting anything-and me with my legs. But I'm at your service. You have tended my grievous wounds like a gentleman and now do you wish me to unfold my past, present and future?"

"I want you to get out of this and be quick about it. Your biography doesn't amuse me; I caught you prowling disgracefully about St. Agatha's. Two ladies are domiciled there who came here to escape your annoying attentions. Those ladies were put in my charge by an old friend, and I don't propose to stand any nonsense from you, Mr. Gillespie. You seem

to be at least half sane-' Reginald Gillespie raised himself on

the couch and grinned joyously. "Thank you-thank you for that word! That's just twice as high as anybody ever rated me before."

"I was trying to be generous," I said. "There's a point at which I begin to be bored, and when that's reached I'm likely to grow quarrelsome. Are there any moments of the day or night when you are less a fool

"Well, Donovan, I've often speculated about that, and my conclusion is that my mind is at its best when I'm asleep and enjoying a nightmare. Then, I have sometimes thought, my ntellectual parts are most intelligently employed."

"I may well believe you," I declared with asperity. "Now I hope I can pound it into you in some way that

"And I'm going to give you safe conduct through the lines-or if necessary I'll buy your ticket and start you for New York And If an atom you kindly tell me who the devil you of 1. . . In you, you'll go peaceably and and publish the fact that you know the wherenbouts of these la-

> He reflected gravely for a moment. "I think," he said, "that on the whole that's a fair proposition. But you seem to have the impression that

I wish to annoy these ladies." "You don't for a moment imagine that you are likely to entertain them, do you? You haven't got the idea that you are necessary to their happiness, have you?"

He raised himself on his elbow with some difficulty; flinched as he tried to

make himself comfortable and began: "The trouble with Miss Pat is-" "There is no trouble with Miss Pat,"

"The trouble between Miss Pat and me is the same old trouble of the buttons," he remarked, dolorously. "Buttons, you idiot?"

"Quite so. Buttons, fust plain, every-day buttons; buttons for buttoning purposes."

The fellow was undoubtedly mad. I looked about for a weapon; but he went on gravely:

"What does the name Gillespie mean? Of what is it the sign and symbol wherever man hides his nakedness? Button, button, who'll buy my buttons? It can't be possible that you never heard of the Gillespie buttons? Where have you lived, my dear sir?"

"Will you please stop talking rot and explain what you want here?" I demanded, with growing heat.

"That, my dear sir, is exactly what I'm doing. I'm a suitor for the hand of Miss Patricia's niece. Miss Patricia scorns me; she says I'm a mere child of the Philistine rich and declines an alliance without thanks, if you must know the truth. And it's all on account of the fact, shameful enough, I admit, that my father died and left me

"Why don't you give the infernal thing away-sell it out to a trust-"

"Ah! ah!"-and he raised himself again and pointed a bandaged hand at me. "I see that you are a man of penetration! You have a keen notion of business! You anticipate me! 1 did sell the infernal thing to a trust, but there was no shaking it! They made me president of the combination, and I control more buttons than any other living man! My dear sir, I dictate the button prices of the world. I can tell you to a nicety how many buttons are swallowed annually by the babies of the universe. But I hope, sir, that I use my power wisely and without oppressing the people."

Gillespie lay on his back, wrapped in my dressing-gown, his knees raised, his bandaged arms folded across his a kick that set the glass to tinkling. and the enemy lays violent hands on chest. Since bringing him into the house I had studied him carefully and, I must confess, with increasing mystification. He was splendidly put up, the best-muscled man I had ever seen who was not a professional athlete. His forearms and clean-shaven face were brown from prolonged tanning by the sun, but otherwise his skin was the pink and white of a healthy baby. His short light hair was combed smoothly away from a broad forehead; his blue eyes were perfectly poor wits as mine are not helped by steady-they even invited and held scrutiny; when he was not speaking he closed his lips tightly.

I half believed the fellow to be amusing himself at my expense; but he met my eyes calmly. If I had not caught a lunatic I had certainly captured an odd specimen of humanity. He was the picture of wholesome living and sound health; but he talked likea fool. The idea of a young woman like Helen Holbrook giving two thoughts to a silly youngster like this was preposterous, and my heart hardened against hlm.

"You are flippant, Mr. Gillespie, and my errand with you is serious. There are places in this house where I could lock you up and you would never see your button factory again. You seem to have had some education-

"The word does me great honor, Denovan. They chucked me from Yale in my junior year. Why, you may ask? Well, it happened this way: You know Rooney, the Bellefontaine Cyclone? He struck New Haven with a vaudeville outfit, giving exhibitions, poking the bag and that sort of fake. At every town they invited the local sports to dig up their brightest amateur middle-weight and put him against the Cyclone for five rounds. I brushed my hair the wrong way for a disguise and went against him."

"And got smashed for your trouble,

I hope," I interrupted. "No. The boys in the gallery cheered so that they fussed him, and he thought I was fruit. We shook hands, and he turned his head to snarl at the applause, and, seeing an opening, I smashed him a hot clip in the chin, and he tumbled backward and broke the ring rope. I vaulted the orchestra and bolted, and when the boys finally found me I was over near Waterbury under a barn. Eli wouldn't stand for it, and back I went to the button factory; and here I am, sir, by the grace of God, an ignorant man.' "How did you find your way here,

Gillespie?" I demanded. "I suppose I ought to explain that,"

he replied. I waited while he reflected for a moment. He seemed to be quite serious, and his brows wrinkled as he pondered.

"I guessed it about half and for the rest, I followed the heaven-kissing stack of trunks." He glanced at me quickly, an

though anxious to see how I received his words.

"Have you seen anything of Henry

now: I want the truth."

"I certainly have not. I hope you don't think-" Gillespie hesitated. "It's not a matter for thinking or

guessing; I've got to know." "On my honor I have not seen him,

and I have no idea where he is." I had thrown myself into a chair beside the couch and lighted my pipe. My captive troubled me. It seemed odd that he had found the abidingplace of the two women; and if he had succeeded so quickly, why might not Henry Holbrook have equal luck? | "You probably know this trouble-

some brother well," I ventured.

"Yes; as well as a man of my age can know an older man. My father's place at Stamford adjoined the Holbrook estate. Henry and Arthur Holbrook married sisters; both women died long ago, I believe; but the brothers had a business row and went to smash. Arthur embezzled, forged, and so on, and took to the altitudinous timber, and Henry has been busy ever since trying to pluck his sister. He's wild on the subject of his wrongs -ruined by his own brother, deprived of his inheritance by his sister and abandoned by his only child. There wasn't much to Arthur Holbrook; Henry was the genius, but after the



"I Suppose I Ought to Explain That."

bank went to the bad he sought the married the Hartridge twins who were the reigning Baltimore belles in the early '80's-so runneth the chronicle. But I gossip, my dear, sir; I gossip, which is against my principles. Even the humble button king of Strawberry Hill must draw the line."

When Ijima brought in a plate of analyzed in a scientific spirit.

"The sandwich," he began, "not unhappily expresses one of the saddest en sandwiches in some parts of the world are rather coarsely marked, for purposes of indentification, with pinfeathers. You may covet no nobler fame than that of creator of the Flying Sandwich of Annandale. Yet the feathered sandwich, though more picknights of sounding war-"

With a little sigh, a slow relaxation of muscles, Mr. Gillespie slept. 1 locked the doors, put out the lights, and tumbled into my own bed as the chapel clock chimed two.

In the disturbed affairs of the night the blinds had not been drawn, and I woke to find the room flooded with light and my prisoner gone. The doors were locked as I had left them. Mr. Gillesple had departed by the window, dropping from a little balcony pains in the kidneys or neuralgia to the terrace beneath. I rang for pains, to write to her for a home Ijima and sent him to the pier; and treatment which has repeatedly cured was back, and reported Gillespie's boat still at the pier, but one of the canoes missing. It was clear that in neath my watch on the writing table I found a sheet of note-paper on which was scrawled:

Dear Old Man: I am having one of those nightmares I mentioned in our de-lightful conversation. I feel that I am more Box P. Notre Dame Ind. about to walk in my sleep. As my flannels are a triffe bluggy, pardon loss of your dressing-gown. Yours, P. S.-I am willing to pay for the glass A Notable Event in Church Music. and medical attention; but I want a re bate for that third sandwich. It really tickled too harshly as it went down. Very likely this accounts for my somnam-

When I had dressed and had my tossed it into the bottom of my trunk. Something told me that for a while, at least, I should have other occupation that contributing to the literature of Russian geography.

CHAPTER IV.

I Explore Tippecanoe Creek.

My first care was to find the gardener of St. Agatha's and renew his pledge of silence of the night before; and then I sought the ladies, to make sure that they had not been disturbed by my collision with Gillespie. Miss Pat and Helen were in Sister Theresa's pretty sitting room, through blew fresh and cool:

must certainly venture forth!" I be- Luke's, but that it will be given fit- few weeks. His many friends here gan, cheerily. "You see, Father ting and proper rendition, under will regret this contemplated change

(Continued next Issue.)



\$2.50

you want to buy an extra pair of trousers cheap, buy them here and NOW. This is our Annual sale. We have divided them into 4 prices as above. Some of them worth \$4.50 and \$6.00. All new goods, since the flood last summer. These are cash only at these prices.

C. E. Wescott's Sons

"Where Quality Counts"

Gering Damage Suit (Continued From First Page.)

Witness saw Beggs go into Gering's drug store, but did not see any liquor in him after he came out. Beggs was a stranger to him. Witness thought this took place on the next to the last WINS THE Sunday in June.

Plaintiff rested at 10:20 a. m. Immediately after the announcement of the plaintiff's rest in rebuttal

a short recess was held and then argument of counsel commenced. At 2:30 this afternoon Mr. Matthew Gering, who had opened the argument for the plaintiff, was still speakconsolations of rum. He and Henry ing. Mr. Gering's argument was one Weeping Water and Plattsmouth of the best and most effective he has league teams occurred last evening. ever delivered in this city. He took The contest took place in the audiup the evidence as adduced in the torium of the high school buolding trial of the case and analyzed it in and commenced shortly after 8 detail, showing how the plaintiff in o'clock. The subject was "Resolved, his opinion had established a com- That disputes between Labor and plete and clear case of conspiracy be- Capital in the Railroad Business sandwiches he took one gingerly in tween the defendants Leyda and Should be Settled by Board of Arhis swathed hand, regarded it with Beggs to injure and destroy the rep-bitration With Compulsory Power." cool inquiry, and as he munched it, re- utation and business of the plaintiff marked upon sandwiches in general by securing the bottle of liquor and by Mr. John Falter, and Misses Marie as though they were botanical specimens that were usually discussed and then having a prosecution started by Douglas and Josephine Hall, all of the state. His speech was marked whom made excellent arguments of by an intense and powerful eloquence | the propostition. -at times rising to flights of oratory traits of our American life. I need inspired by feeling most intense. His hardly refer to our deplorable nation- tribute to the virtues of his brother al habit of hiding our shame under a were touching in the extreme and young ladies are excellent speakers blithe and misleading exterior. Chick- when he spoke of the humiliation and their arguments showed that which the arrest had caused many they had given the subject careful eyes filled with tears. His bursts of consideration and study. To their invective and denunciation toward work can be laid the fact that the the defendant were fierce and marked local school snatched the victory by a passion deep and lasting. He from their competitors. denounced the defendant Leyda for turesque, points rather too directly his participation in the plot in unto the strutting lords of the barnyard. measured terms and paid his respects team composed of Mr. John Clark, A sandwich that is decorated like a to the witnesses Glenn and Carter in Misses Grace Teegarden and Mary fall bonnet, that suggests, we will say, unmeasured invective. Altogether Hungate, all of whom advanced the milliner's window-or the plumed his argument was well worth listening to.

this evening sometime, and a verdict if reached at all will probably be given before bedtime tonight.

A Notre Dame Lady's Appeal.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbagos, backache, before I had finished shaving the boy all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify-no change the sorry plight of his arms Gillespie of climate being necessary. This had preferred paddling to rowing. Be-simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood and brightens the eyes, giving elascity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests mers, Box R, Notre Dame, Ind.

St. Luke's Choir will give A. R.

Gaul's "Passion" music during the Lenten season. Prof. Austin has coffee I locked my old portfolio and of his choir, as the "Passion" music is a work of considerable difficulty. and is seldom undertaken except in ing. larger cities. The "Passion" is of great religious solemnity, and is divided into six scenes, viz: "The Traitor at the Table," "The Denial at the Palace," "The Unjust condemnation," "The Mocking on Calvary," "The Shadow of Death," and "The Holy Sepulchre." One scene will be given each Sunday morning during the Lenten season, and the work will be given in its entirety as an Easter of 30 acres of land with valuable imservice. The citizens of Piattamouth provements thereon, within a mile or are fortunate in having an opportuni- two of Plattsmouth, Neb., for which whose windows the morning wind to to hear this classic masterpiece. It he paid the handsome sum of \$113 has, probably, never been under per acre. He expects to remove his "This is a day for the open! You taken by a choir as small as St. family upon the premises within a

The first rehearsal of the "Passion" was held last evening, and the first scene will be given Sunday morning, February 28.

DEBATE

Plattsmouth Team Defeats Representatives of Weeping Water The joint debate between the

The local schools were represented

The arguments advanced by Misses Douglas and Hall were worthy of special mention. Both of these

The negative side of the question was taken by the Weeping Water sound reasons for their position and made elequent and able arguments. The case will likely go to the jury The judges were Mr. Greyson of Council Bluffs, Ia., schools, Miss Macken of the Omaha high school and Mr. Speedie of the Benton, Neb., schools, all judges of good judgment

and ability. Preceding the debate Mr. E. H. Wescott favored the large audience with an instrumental solo and Mr. W. G. Brooks with a vocal solo, both in a very pleasing manner.

While awaiting the decision of the judges Mr. Ben Windham gave a humorous reading and Mrs. J. W. Gamble a vocal solo, both of which was most heartily applauded.

Despite the ability shown by the three Weeping Water debaters, the judges believed that Plattsmouth made the best showing and was entitled to the prize and so decided.

A reception was tendered by the members of the Senior class and the faculty of the high school to the visiting team, the faculty and students of the Weeping Water high school, who had accompanied the team to this city, during the evening. This was also held in the auditorium. Reshown great confidence in the ability freshments were served during the progress of the reception, which augmented the pleasures of the even-

Those attending the debate from Weeping Water were Misses Hazel ameson, Leona Switzer, Mabel Davis, Messrs, Teegarden, I. N. Clark, Richard Cromwell, Cameron Cathey, Earl Hunter, Harold Dunn.

Buys Nebraska Land.

Harry Smith has purchased a tract Stoddard chose well; this is the most | Prof. Austin's direction, is assured. of residence. - Glenwood Opinion.