

A Fiftieth Anniversary War Story

By RANDALL PARRISH

you? Truly, I am as anxious to un-

cover this mysterious passage as you

can wait; that big chimney looks to

Convinced by the expression on her

Miss Jean was following. In appear-

to contain a great back log and over-

shadowed by a huge mantel. The

place should be located here upon the

"Have you heard or seen anything.

"Not a thing, sor," his eyes on the

"No doubt; it is large enough to con-

tain a hurricane. Lay hold of the

screen and let us see what it looks like

He leaned his carbine against the

wall and grasped what appeared to be

the handle of the iron sheet. It failed

to yield to his effort, and I laid hold

with bim, thinking that probably it

was caught in some manner. We tug-

ged together, but the thing was im-

back, convinced we had at last uncor-

ered the secret, and turned my face to-

ward Miss Denslow. She stood mo-

tionless, covering us both with O'Brien's

The girl's eyes looked almost black

He did so, his motion that of an au-

black muzzle of the gun. Dazed, stupe-

"Now move backward into that room.

to delay. Step by step we drew back

clicked, leaving us in total darkness.

"The infernal little divil," O'Brien

cried, finding his tongue in a sudden

O'Brien," I interrupted sternly. "The

girl did nothing but her duty. The

thing for us now is to find some way

and takes our men in the rear."

I did not believe she would.

Is this the act of a friend?"

over the shining barrel, her lips com

leveled carbine.

pressed and resolute.

reach it with your hand."

but determined.

have to fire."

go I fire."

minure."

girl, "only the wind. There's a power-

ful dhraft blowin' up the chimney."

O'Brien?" I asked as I came up.

to merit close attention.

inside.

me the more promising."

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. C. McCLURG & CO. self," she confessed. "May 7 go with

CHAPTER XIL

A REBEL STILL. SEARCHED two other rooms, in-

ciuding the one wherein I had found Navarre's body. This I knew was Jean's chamber, yet I was in no way surprised at not discovering her there, as the memory of the murder would be sufficient to keep her from venturing within, Everything I touched reminded me of her. However, I found nothing disturbed and no evidence that any one had been there since the removal of the lleutenant's body. My beart was beating rapidly as I came forth once more into the hall and tried the door of the apartment opposite. It was locked, and I rapped softly. There was a rustle within, then Jean's voice: "Who is it?"

"Lieutenant King. Will you speak with me a moment?"

I heard the lock turn, the door open creakingly, and she stood before me, her face calm, but her eyes troubled. What is it? What has happened? You have been fighting below?"

"Yes. Miss Denslow, but nothing that need alarm you. Affairs have changed very rapidly, but you can remain here in perfect safety. The Federal troop of cavalry that came to my assistance was suddenly fired on by parties concealed in the shrubbery. We lost a number of men, but the survivors succeeded in getting into the house and have driven their assallants back. Just now it is quiet on both sides, but the truce probably is not lasting.

"What soldiers came to aid you?" "A troop of Ohio cavalry, under guidance of one of my scouts."

"Not-not Bill Daniels?" And for the first time I realized that she shared with me the belief that this man was responsible for the many borrors of the night.

"No, he was not with them," I assured her, clasping her hand in sudden desire to give comfort. "He now is in the Federal lines, and has not been here at all. Whoever the murderer may be, he is not Daniels."

"Are you sure?" "Absolutely so: O'Brien, who is on guard yonder, asserts that Daniels was never out of his sight until after they returned to camp. He is a simple bearted Irish lad and, I believe, speaks the truth."

She looked from my face down in the hall to where the lad was barely visible amid the far shadows, her hand still within mine, as if she clung to me unconsciously. Then her eyes came back questioningly to my own.

"What-what is he doing there?" "Merely watching the ball while I search the rooms.'

"Why should you search the rooms?" "Because we cannot afford to be taken by surprise from the rear. I am hunting for the secret passage." "Is-is that why you stationed him

way back there?"

The question was innocent enough. natural enough, yet instantly it awoke my suspicion. She knew now where that entrance was-she may not have known before. Donald must have still been in the hall when she came upstairs, and he had been compelled to reveal to her his means of escape from the house. And we must have guessed right, for it was O'Brien's position that alarmed her. Perhaps I could surprise the girl into a partial confession.

"I stationed him there," I said quietly, "because I believe that fireplace hides the secret. Now we are going to find out'

For an instant I thought the shot had carried home. Then her eyes smiled. almost mockingly.

"That is very bright of you, I am sure, but really I think you are mistaken. Have you searched all the mems?"

"All except those to the rear." "I have never looked into those mynothing to her, not even a friend.

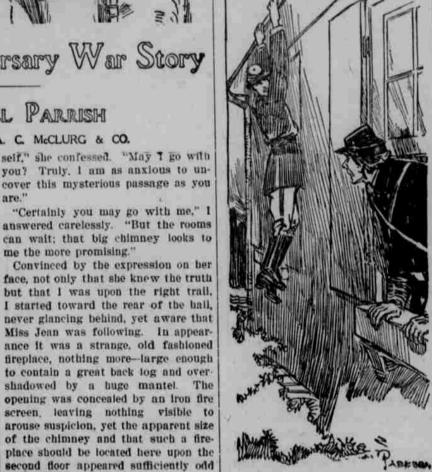
opening with head and shoulders. The pose reward was scarcely worth the effort. The darkness was intense and the silence profound. The ground must branches obscuring the view. O'Brien story. thrust his head out beside mine.

"It is black as the bottomless pit," whispered. "Can you see any-

"There's a grape arbor or something loike that straight ahead, sor," he said at last slowly, "an' maybe there's plenty of rebs holdin' in it, but there's no signs of thim from here. Why not thry a dhrop to the ground, sor?"

"Because after we got there we would be no better off. Those fellows are preparing to come up through that back passage, and our work is to head them off. Help me to lower this up-

I climbed up, pushing my body out as far as possible, while O'Brien steadied me by grasping my feet. My hands groped about for the edge of the roof, and my tingers found firm



STAY WHERE YOU ARE," I ORDERED

hold upon the lead gutter. My recollection of the roof was that it had a rather sharp pitch, sufficiently so to ing at us. make scaling it, even if I could draw "I got toired waitin', sor," he said. my body up, an impossibility. this gutter was built in solld and would safely sustain my weight. I swung out, testing it cautiously, expecting every instant to be fired at from below. Nothing happened, however, and I determined to risk the

"Let loose of my feet, O'Brien; I a: going to try for the next room."

He was too surprised for protest, but movable Surprised, I bent forward. released his grip, and I swung free, striving in the dim light to discover daugling from the gutter. I heard him the cause and running my hand along clamber up on the still and saw his the edge. Instantly I comprehended; head poked out through the opening. the screen was bolted fast. I stepped "Stay where you are." I ordered soft-

ly, "and if I make it I'll let you out through the door. Be careful; some fellow may take a shot this way."

The distance did not exceed ten feet. and I moved along hand over hand noiselessly, the supporting gutter not yielding in the slightest to my weight

and my mind becoming more confident

"Don't move, either of you, except to as I advanced. I could see little, but my orders," her voice sounding hard my dangling feet told me when I hung and metallic as we stared at her in opposite the first window. Here a seriour first surprise. "O'Brien, reach ous difficulty presented itself-the winback and open that door at your left; dow was closed, probably locked. Yet no. don't move your body; you can I had anticipated this, reasoning that the clasp would be the same as that of the room in which we had been im tomaton, his eyes fastened on the prisoned, a half circle catch between the two sashes. To reach it with my fied, angry as I was, I could not deny foot I would have to break a pane of the admiration I feit for her cool acglass, and It must be the right pane. tion. The polished barrel of the car-I felt for it carefully, located the propbine never trembled; the watchful eyes er spot and sent my shoe crashing never left us; the girl face was white, through the glass. A musket boomed from the black shadow of the grape arbor, the leaden messenger chugging both of you. Lieutenant King, if you into the wood just above my head. drop your hand to your beit I shall Two carbines barked from a window of the lower floor, their flame showing like a red gash in the night. I stuck "Miss Denslow," I protested, "I have my leg through the shattered pane, felt tried to serve you, have trusted you. the clasp with my shoe and pressed it back. An instant later, with foot and "No." she answered sharply, "this is hand, I had forced down the sash and | Pills with benefit. Kidney comwar. There is nothing between usswung my body in through the opennothing that can change my purpose. As God is my witness if you do not

It was a ticklish job to let go my grin on the gutter, but my left hand It was useless to argue, dengerous found purchase on the frame of the window, and I squirmed in inch by across the threshold, and the lock inch, expecting every instant a second shot from the fellow in the arbor. As Kidney Pills brought leads me to I finally dropped to the floor his musket exploded, the bullet singing through rush of passion. "The purring cat! the open window, burying itself in the I'd lolke to git me hands on her for a ceiling and showering me with plas-

"You might as well stop that, The sharp responsive crack of the carbines proved the troopers below alert, while a yell of surprise and pain out before Donald leads the way in made me hopeful that one of their shots had reached the mark.

Even in the darkness the nature of The noise of crashing glass and my the apartment was easily discoverable by sense of touch. It was small, apparently the sleeping quarters of some in the hall, as there had been so much servant. For the third time since enof similar disturbance during the past half-hour. If the door of this room

tering this house I found myself a was unlocked, and I could surprise prisoner, twice through the wit and her, the rest would be easily accomnerve of this woman, and she, un-plished. I crossed the room softly, knowing it, was my wife. Except for and tried the knob, which yielded. those legal bonds, by which we were Looking first toward the fireplace I frandulently bound together, I was saw nothing, and it was a moment or two before I perceived her, sitting on I discovered the lock of the single a low stool, the cocked carbine across ing the sash so as to lean through the Instantly I comprehended her pur-

Confident that both O'Brien and 1 ald would lead his men into the house have been at least thirty feet below, by way of the secret passage, she and a great tree stood in front, was waiting to defend the stairs, to shadowing everything, its spreading prevent any search of the second

She was sufficiently in earnest, no doubt; indeed, the intenseness of her attitude, the grip of her fingers on the weapon, her very posture, exhibited determination. And yet the women in her was equally apparentthe quick trembling of her shoulders. the occasional uplifting of one hand as if she swept aside gathering tears. the fluffy brown of her hair, although the light was so dim that she seemed little more than a shadow. In that moment of indecision I would have given the world to go to her, to clasp her in my arms and stand beside her through right or wrong. She could respect and admire a worthy enemy, even if his lack of manhood came through love of her. Besides, she was doing this for Donald. She had said this was war, and I would bear my part in it.

Even as she leaped to her feet, giving vent to a faint cry of startled fear, I had grasped the barrel of her gun and held it safely.

"You said, Miss Denslow, this was war," I began sternly, "and now it is my turn. Give me the carbine," She released her grasp of it, her eyes on my face. They were not angry. but seft from unshed tears.

"I-I am sorry," I stammered lamely, "that I must hold you prisoner, but you have proved too dangerous to be permitted to go free."

"How did you get here? Where did you come from?" she questioned. "I came out through the window of one room and in through the window of another. Some of your friends shot at me, but their marksmanship was poor. You must have a pretty low opinion of Yankees to suppose one would lie idle very long under lock and

She sank back upon the chair, her face buried in her hands. A wave of pity swept over me.

"Don't be angry." I urged. "I am not angry at you," and she looked up at me, the tears visible. "I respect you more because you have not yleided. But-but I have falled-falled utterly. I am angry with myself, hu miliated, miserable.

There was a noise behind, and I wheeled about quickly, throwing up the carbine. O'Brien stood in the doorway through which I had come, star-

Joute.

"Very good," I returned, driven by his presence to action. "And now, Miss Denslow, I shall be compelled to lock you up for awhile." She rose to her feet, no longer look-

ing at me. "Where?"

"The room you were in when I first came upstairs.'

"Very well." She followed me without word of protest, her head bent forward. I held open the door, glancing within to see the nature of the apartment. Then her

eyes uplifted and met mine, and I raised my cap. "Believe me, I regret this." "There is no necessity for apology You merely do your duty," she return-

ed quietly, "I am a rebel still" I closed and locked the door.

(To Be Continued.)

It is Near at Hand to Hundreds of Plattsmouth Readers.

Don't neglect an aching back. Backache is the kidney's cry for

Neglect hurrying to their aid follow quickly.

Dire distress, dropsy, Bright's disease. Profit by a sufferer's ex-

perience. Mrs. Augusta Engellander,

1823 Emmett street, Omaha, Neb., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney plaint caused me much suffering and I always felt tired and languid. I had dizzy spells, was nervous and had a great deal of trouble from the kidney secretions. The great relief Doan's give this public statement in their favor.'

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name-Doan'sand take no other.

L. J. Walradt and A. E. Leesley fall to the floor would hardly alarm of Greenwood are in the city and the girl, even if she remained on guard may be called to sit as jurors in the state against George Lytle being tried in the district court this

Referee's Sale!

window and succeeded in silently rais. her knees, at the head of the stairs. THOMAS E. PARMELE, Plaintiff.

were securely caged and that Don- CHARLES V. BOEDEKER, ET AL ..

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given, That by virtue of an order entered in the foregoing entitled cause on the 4th day of December 1911, by the District Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska, I the undersigned, sole Referee appointed by said Court, will, on the

Defendants.

9th Day of February, 1912,

at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the South door of the Court House I could perceive one white cheek, and in the city of Plattsmouth, in Cass County, Nebraska, offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, the South half of the South West Quarter of Sec. tion Twenty-Six (26) and ti e East half of the North West Quarter and the North West Quarter of the North West Quarter of Section Thirty-Five (35), all in Township Twelve (12) North, in Range Eleven (11), East of the 6th P. M., in the County of Cass, Nebraska, excepting the right of wav of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company, and known as the Theodore but she would despise a weakling. Boedeker farm, lying South of Louisville, in said County, containing 200 acres, less railway right of way.

Dated: Plattsmouth, Neb., January 4, 1912.

Byron Clark and Wm. A. Robertson, Attorneys.

JOHN M. LEYDA, Referee

GEORGE LYTLE, THE THIRD MAN OF LOUISVILLE SAFE BLOWERS ON TRIAL

Case Starts Today in District Court and the Afternoon Taken Up in Selecting a Jury-Evidence Will Be Much the Same as in the Cases of McCann and Doud.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The trial of George Lytle, the a failure to open the vault. third man in the trio charged with the attempted blowing of the vault of the Wabash State bank on the blowing of the safe and robbery of the jewelry store of Michael Tritsch at Louisville on the night of the 28th or early was commenced at noon today. and Attorney Britt, for the defendant, and the court were engaged most of the afternoon in

selecting a jury.

vault the same night, resulting in

It is known to be a fact that in nine cases out of ten where the first charge of explosive fails the night of September 27, and open the safe door, it results in springing the bolts so much that subsequent explosions are resisted by the bolts. It is believed that the crooks misjudged the morning of the 29th of September. character of the vault door on the Wabash bank vault and put in too County Attorney C. H. Taylor and light a charge, which resulted in W. W. Slabaugh, for the state, their failure to make a haul at that place.

The night before the Wabash affair an attempt was made to rob The evidence in this case will the City National bank at Weepbe much the same as offered in ing Water, an entrance to the the other two cases, but there will building being made by means of be several new witnesses, and it is an open window. The men were likely that the defendant will offer frightened away before the vanit some alibi witnesses. It is the and safe were opened. From theory of the state that Lytle is Weeping Water the men went to the worst crook of the three men South Bend to prepare for the charged, and he is thought to be Wabash robbery, and failing there an old hand at safe-blowing, al- they did not want to go back to though the Wabash job did not Omaha empty-handed and made a indicate the work of a skilled successful raid on Mr. Tritsch's safe-blower. Three attempts were jewelry store, taking his entire made to blow the Wabash bank stock of valuables.

NO REASON FOR DOUBT

A Statement of Facts Backed by Strong Guarantee.

We guarantee complete relief to all sufferers from constipation, our store-The Rexall Store. P. or, in every case where we fall, we G. Fricke & Co., Union Block. will supply the medicine free.

effective, dependable and safe bowel regulator, strengthener and the winner was to throw his optonic. They aim to re-establish ponent two out of three falls, wits nature's functions in a quiet, easy pulled off last night at Turner way. They do not cause inconvience, griping or nausea. They Athlete Edwards. Lee Fickler are so pleasant to take and work refereed the match. In the first os easily that they may be taken round Vallery threw his opponent Means that urinary troubles by any one at any time. They at the end of 16 minutes. In the thoroughly tone up the whole second bout Vallery was again system to healthy activity.

Rexall Orderlies are unsurpassable and ideal for the use of children, old folks and delicate per- the Journal office.

sons. We cannot too highly recommend them to all sufferers from any form of constipation and its attendant evils. Three sizes, 10c, 25c and 50c. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in this community only at

Vallery Throws Edwards. Rexall Orderlies are a gentle, From Wednesday's Dally.

In a wrestling match, in which hall between Albert Vallery and victor at the end of 13 minutes.

For Typewriter ribbons call at

-HOSIERY-

FOR LADIES, GENTS AND CHILDREN!

We are in a position to give you better values in woolen, fleeced and cotton hosiery than you have ever gotten before. We have a large stock and are giving some special prices.

ZUCKWEILER & LUTZ