



FRECKLES

By
Gene Stratton-Porter

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through the swamp all that night with lighted torches, and the next day McLean headed as thorough a search as he felt could be made of one side, while Duncan covered the other, but Black Jack could not be found. Spies were set about his home in Wildcat hollow to ascertain if he reached there or aid was sent in any direction to him, but it was soon clear that his relatives were ignorant of his whereabouts and themselves searching for him.

Great is the elasticity of youth. A hot bath and a sound night's sleep renewed Freckles' strength. Freckles was on the trail early the next morning. Besides a crowd of people anxious to witness Jack's capture, he found four stalwart guards, one at each turn. In his heart he was compelled to admit that he was glad to have them there.

Near noon McLean turned his party over to join Duncan's and, taking Freckles, drove to town to see how it fared with the angel. McLean visited a greenhouse and bought an armload of its finest products, but Freckles would have none of them. He would carry his message in a glowing mass of the Limberlost's first goldenrod.

The angel was in no way seriously injured. She reached both hands to McLean. "What if one old tree is gone? You don't care, sir? You feel that Freckles has kept his trust as no body ever did before, don't you? You won't forget all those long first days of fright that you told us of, the fearful cold of winter, the rain, heat and loneliness and the brave days, and, lately, nights, too, and let him feel that his trust is broken?"

"Oh, Mr. McLean," she begged, "say something to him! Do something to make him feel that it isn't for nothing he has watched and suffered it out with that old Limberlost. Make him see how great and fine it is and how far, far better he has done than you or any of us expected! What's one old tree anyway?" she burst out passionately.

"I was thinking before you came. Those two other men were rank cowards. They were scared for their lives. If they were the drivers I wager you gloves against gloves they never took those logs out to the pike. My coming upset them. Before you feel bad any more you go look and see if they didn't run out of courage the minute they left Wessner and Black Jack and dump that timber and go on the run. I don't believe they ever had the grit to drive out with it in daylight. Go see if they didn't figure on going out the way we did the other morning, and you'll find the logs before you strike the road. They never risked taking them into the open when they got away and had time to think. Of course they didn't!"

"And, then, another thing. You haven't lost your wager! It will never be claimed, because you made it with a stout, dark, red faced man that drives a bay and a gray. He was right back of you, Mr. McLean, when I came up to you yesterday. He went deathly white and shook on his feet when he saw those men would likely be caught. Some one of them was something to him, and you can just spot him for one of the men at the bottom of your troubles and urging those other younger fellows on to steal from you. I suppose he'd promised to divide. You settle with him, and that business will stop."

She turned to Freckles. "And you be the happiest man alive, because you have kept your trust. Go look where I tell you and you'll find the logs. I can just see about where they are. When they go up that steep little hill into the next woods after the cornfield why they could unloose the chains and the logs would roll off the wagons themselves. Now, you go see; and, Mr. McLean, you do feel that Freckles has been brave and faithful? You won't love him any the less even if you don't find the logs?"

The angel's nerve gave way and she burst into tears. Freckles couldn't bear it. He fairly ran from the room with the tears streaming from his own eyes. But McLean took the angel out of the Bird Woman's arms and kissed her brave little face.

As they drove back to the swamp McLean so earnestly seconded all that the angel had said that he soon had the boy feeling much better.

"Freckles, your angel has a spice of the devil in her, but she's superb. You needn't spend any time questioning or bewailing anything she does. Just worship blindly, my boy. By heaven, she's sense, courage and beauty for half a dozen girls!" said McLean.

"It's altogether right you are, sir," affirmed Freckles heartily. After a little he added, "There's no question but the series is over now."

"Don't think it," answered McLean. "The Bird Woman is working for success, and success along any line is not won by being scared out. She will be back on the usual day, and ten to one the angel will be with her. They

are made of pretty stern stuff, and they don't scare worth a cent. You may do your usual walking, but those four guards are there to stay. They are under your orders absolutely. I have listened to your pride too long. You are too precious to me to run any more risks."

"I am sorry to have anything spoil the series," said Freckles, "and I'd love them to be coming, the angel especially, but it can't be. You'll have to tell them so. You see, Jack would have been ready to stake his life she meant what she said, and did to him. When the teams pulled out, Wessner seized me, and he and Jack went to quarrelling over whether they should finish me then or take me on to the next tree they were for felling. Wessner wanted to get at me right then, and Jack said he shouldn't be touching me till the last tree was out and all the rest of them gone. They tied me up again. To keep me courage up I twits Wessner about having to tie me and needing another man to help handle me. I told him what I'd do to him if I was free, and he grabs up me own club and lays open me head with it. When the blood came streaming, it set Jack raving, and he cursed Wessner for a coward and a softy. Then Wessner turned on Jack and gives it to him for letting the angel make a fool of him. Tells him she was just playing with him, and beyond all manner of doubt she'd gone for you, and there was nothing to do on account of his cursed foolishness but finish me, get out, and let the rest of the timber go, for likely you was on the way right then. And it drove Jack plumb crazy."

"I don't think he was for having a doubt of the angel before, but then he just raved. He grabbed out his gun and turned on Wessner. Sprang! It went out of his fist, and the order comes. 'Hands up!' Wessner reached for kingdom come like he was expecting to grab hold and pull himself up. Jack puts up what he has left. Then he leans over to me and tells me what he'll do to me if he ever gets out of there alive. Then, just like a snake hissing, he spits out what he'll do to her. I ain't done with him yet, and I've brought this awful thing on her."

"And I haven't begun with him yet," said McLean, setting his teeth. "I've been away too slow and too easy, believing there'd be no greater harm than the loss of a tree. I've sent for a couple of first class detectives. We will put them on his track, and rout him out and rid the country of him."

They entered the swamp, taking the route followed by the Bird Woman and the angel. They really did find the logs, almost where the angel had predicted they would be. McLean went on to the south camp and had an interview with Crown that completely convinced him that the angel was correct there also. But he had no proof, so all he could do was to discharge the man, though his guilt was so apparent that he himself offered to withdraw the wager.

Then McLean sent for a pack of bloodhounds and put them on the trail of Black Jack. They clung to it, on and on, into the depths of the swamp, leading their followers through what had been considered impassable and impenetrable ways, and, finally, around near to the west entrance and out into the swale. Here the dogs bellowed, raved and fell over each other in their excitement. They raced back and forth from swamp to swale, but follow the scent farther they would not, even though cruelly driven.

At last their owner attributed their actions to snakes, and, as they were very valuable dogs, gave over the effort to urge them on. So that all they really established was the fact that Black Jack had eluded their vigilance and crossed the trail some time in the night. He had escaped to the swale, from which he probably crossed the corduroy and, reaching the lower end of the swamp, had fanned his levels.

For Freckles, with Jack's fearful oath ringing in his ears, there was neither rest nor peace. He was almost ill when he saw the Bird Woman and the angel coming down the corduroy. The guards of the east line he left at their customary places, but those of the west he brought over and placed one near Little Chicken's tree and the other at the carriage. He was firm about the angel's remaining in the carriage, which he did not offer to have un hitched. He went with the Bird Woman for the picture, which was the easiest matter it had been at any time yet, for the simple reason that the placing of the guards and the unusual movement about the swamp had made Mr. and Mrs. Chicken nervous, and they had not carried Little Chicken the customary amount of food. Freckles, in the anxiety of the last few days, had neglected him.

When the Bird Woman proposed to look for other subjects about the line Freckles went so far as to tell her that Jack had made fearful threats against the angel. He implored her to take the angel home and keep her under incessant guard until Jack was located. He let her go, and then blamed himself fiercely that he had done so.

"McLean," said Mrs. Duncan, as the boss paused to greet her in passing the cabin, "do you know that Freckles hasna been in bed the last five nights and all he's eaten in that many days ye could pack into a pint cup?"

"Why, what does the boy mean?" demanded McLean. "There's no necessity for his being on guard with the watch I've set on the line. I had no idea he was staying down there."

"He's no' there," said Mrs. Duncan. "He goes somewhere else. He leaves on his wheel just after were abed and rides in about cock crow or a little earlier, and he's looking like death and nothing short of it."

BARGAIN PRICES ON FENCING

Owin to the late spring we find ourselves greatly overstocked on woven wire fencing, and are making the following prices on stock on hand for SPOT CASH:

780 rods, 6 inch stay, 34 inches high, 9 bar, American fence, weight per 100 rods 1230 lbs, per rd	34 1/2c
80 " 6 " " 36 " " 9 " Kokomo fence " " 1230 " "	34 1/2c
160 " 6 " " 47 " " 10 " American fence " " 1460 " "	38 1/2c
580 " 12 " " 47 " " 10 " " " " " 1080 " "	28c
580 " 6 " " 26 " " 7 " " " " " 960 " "	26c
20 " 12 " " 71 " " 21 " " " " " 3120 " "	\$1.00
35 " " " 50 " " " " " " " " 2540 " "	80c
100 " 16 " " 47 " " " " " " " " " " 10 bar Kokomo fence " " " "	38 1/2c
100 " 12 " " 47 " " " " " " " " " " " "	28c
580 " 6 " " 27 " " 7 " " " " " " " "	26c
120 " 12 " " 27 " " 7 " " " " " " " "	22c
2 12 foot American gates, 50 inches high, each	\$6.50
2 14 foot American gates, 50 inches high, each	\$7.00
1 12 foot, 2 bar Iowa gate	\$7.00
2 14 foot, 2 bar Iowa gates, each	\$7.50
1 15 1/2 foot 2 bar Iowa gate	\$7.75
2 14 foot, 1 bar Iowa gate, each	\$4.00
1 15 foot 1 bar Iowa gate	\$4.25

JOHN BAUER

PLATTSMOUTH

NEBRASKA

"But, where does he go?" asked McLean in astonishment.

"I'm no given to bearing tales out of school," said Sarah Duncan, "but in this case I'd tell ye if I could. What the trouble is I dinna ken. If it is no stopped he's in for dreadful sickness, and I thought ye could find out and help him. He's in sair trouble; that's all I know."

McLean sat brooding as he stroked Nellie's neck.

At last he said: "I suspect I understand. At any rate, I think I can find out. Thank you for telling me."

"Ye'll no need telling once ye clap your eyes on him," prophesied Mrs. Duncan. "His face is all a glist'ny yellow and he's peaked as a starving caged bird."

(To Be Continued.)

You will look a good while before you find a better medicine for coughs and colds than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It not only gives relief—it cures. Try it when you have a cough or cold, and you are certain to be pleased with the prompt cure which it will effect. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Attend the Convention.

George K. Staats, the efficient clerk in the postoffice, went to Omaha Monday to attend the congress of U. S. mail handlers. George delivered a speech in the convention, but refuses to let the Journal print it until after it appears in the state papers. We think that Mr. Briggs is putting him up to this.

"My little son had a very severe cold. I was recommended to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and before a small bottle was finished he was as well as ever," writes Mrs. H. Silks, 29 Dowling Street, Sydney, Australia. For sale by Sydney, Australia. This remedy is for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

C. D. Woodworth, the paving contractor, was in the city this morning looking after business matters for a few hours.

LADY WHO POSSESSES NERVES OF STEEL

Daring Feat to Be Seen With Cole Brothers United Shows Absolutely Free of Charge.

With Cole Brothers United Shows, due to exhibit in Plattsmouth on Saturday, May 4th, will be found an act which has made other managers sit up and notice things since the opening of the season. It is termed "spanning death's arch," and persons who have witnessed it proclaim it a highly sensational and daring feat—one which seems to prove that its author, M'lie Zizze, possesses nerves of steel. She is a winsome and petite young native of Lyon, France, who twice daily juggles with death in accomplishing an act, the like of which has never been attempted before by one of her sex. Mounting to the topmost pinnacle of a towering web like wooden inclined plane, this dauntless young lady seats herself upon an ordinary bicycle and before the surging mass of expectant humanity below can fully realize just what she intends to do she has started upon her frenzied flight. The bravest heart seems to cease beating for the moment, as machine and its charming rider near the earth, 30 feet from which both shoot upward and onward into space, having left the curved end of the frail structure's first section. Like a bird on wing they fairly fly through the air, high over the broad backs of a heard of elephants, clearing a space of 55 feet and landing upon the last portion of the light wooden path. It is a wonderfully hazardous exploit and, as M'lie Zizze safely reaches the ground smiling and bowing to the anxious spectators who crowd around her, cheer after cheer is given. This unparalleled deed of daring is given absolutely free of

charge on the show grounds directly after the parade and again at 6:30 p. m. Even if you will be unable to attend the performance do not permit anything to interfere with your seeing M'lie Zizze span death's arch.

Don't be surprised if you have an attack of rheumatism this as will abate this threatening spring. Just rub the affected parts freely with Chamberlain's Liniment and it will soon disappear. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Undergoes Operation.

From Tuesday's Daily. Mrs. John W. Elliott was taken to an Omaha hospital yesterday, where she was operated on this morning. Her parents, Asbury Jacks and wife, and Mr. Elliott went to her bedside this morning to be with her during the trying ordeal. Mrs. Elliott has been in poor health for some months and hopes to regain her health by undergoing the operation.

For rheumatism you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. Try it and see how quickly it gives relief. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

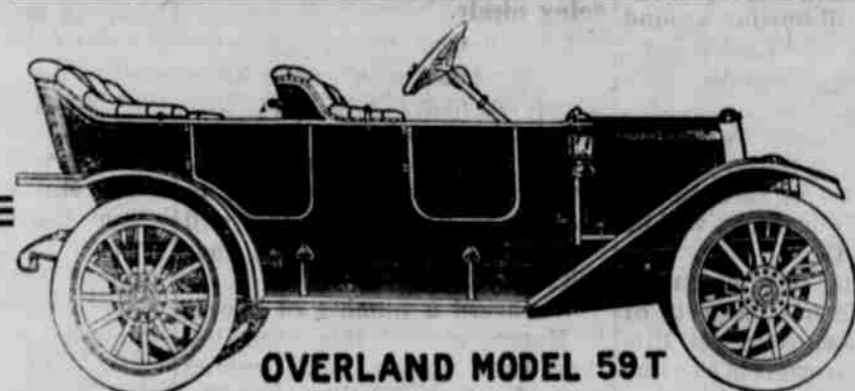
Breckenridge Stock Company.

The Breckenridge Stock company, now appearing at the Overland, seems to have made a decided hit with the patrons of the house, judging from remarks made last night after the presentation of the opening bill. Those who saw it say it is the best repertoire company that has ever appeared here, at least within recent years. The house last night was a splendid one.—Nebraska City Daily Press.

This company opens a week's engagement at the Parnelle theater Monday night, April 29.

Attorney C. E. Tefft of Weeping Water came in from Omaha on the morning train today and looked after business matters in the city.

Overland



OVERLAND MODEL 59T

\$900 for this elegant 30-horse power car.
\$1,200 for the same, only larger and 35 horse power.
\$1,500 for the 45-horse power, still larger.

The above models are made in two-passenger, four-passenger and five-passenger cars—just to suit size of family.

Phone or write us if interested. Cars in stock here for immediate delivery.

Union Overland Company,

Agents Eastern Cass County, Union, Nebraska