



BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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PROLOGUE.

An irate British lord and his beautiful but petulant lady; the Hon. Penelope Drake, youngest and most cherished sister of his lordship; Randolph Shaw, a handsome and athletic young American, and a French count are the leading characters in this amusing and highly entertaining romance by McCutcheon, the prince of American story tellers. It captures the interest from the very first paragraph, and there is not a dull line in it from start to finish.

CHAPTER I.

In Which a Young Man Trespasses.

"HE'S just an infernal dude, your lordship, and I'll throw him in the river if he says a word too much."

"He has already said too much, Tompkins, confound him, don't you know?"

"Then I'm to throw him in whether he says anything or not, sir?"

"Have you seen him?"

"No, your lordship, but James has. James says he wears a red coat and—"

"Never mind, Tompkins. He has no right to fish on this side of that log. The insufferable ass may own the land on the opposite side, but confound his impudence, I own it on this side."

This concluding assertion of the usually placid but now irate Lord Bazelhurst was not quite as momentous as it sounded. As a matter of fact, the title to the land was vested entirely in his young American wife, his sole possession, according to report, being a title much less substantial but a great deal more picturesque than the large, much handled piece of paper down in the safety deposit vault—lying close and crumpled among a million sordid, homely little slips called coupons.

It requires no great stretch of imagination to understand that Lord Bazelhurst had an undesirable neighbor. That neighbor was young Mr. Shaw—Randolph Shaw, heir to the Randolph fortune. It may be fair to state that Mr. Shaw also considered himself to be possessed of an odious neighbor. In other words, although neither had seen the other, there was a feud between the owners of the two estates that had all the earmarks of an ancient romance.

Lady Bazelhurst was the daughter of a New York millionaire. She was young, beautiful and arrogant. Nature gave her youth and beauty. Marriage gave her the remaining quality. Was she not Lady Bazelhurst? What odds if Lord Bazelhurst happened to be a middle aged, adulated ass? So much the better. Bazelhurst castle and the Bazelhurst estates heavily encumbered before her father came to the rescue) were among the oldest and most coveted in the English market. Her mother noted, with unctuous joy, that the present Lady Bazelhurst in babyhood had extreme difficulty in mastering the eighth letter of the alphabet, certainly a most flattering sign of natal superiority, notwithstanding the fact that her father was plain old John Banks (deceased), formerly of Jersey City, more latterly of Wall street and St. Thomas'.

Bazelhurst was a great catch, but Banks was a good name to conjure with, so he capitulated with a willingness that savored somewhat of suspended animation, so fearful was he that he might do something to disturb the dream before it came true. That was two years ago. With exquisite irony Lady Bazelhurst decided to have a country place in America. Her agents discovered a glorious section of woodland in the Adirondacks teeming with trout streams, game haunts, unparalleled scenery. Her ladyship instructed them to buy without delay. It was just here that young Mr. Shaw came into prominence.

His grandfather had left him a fortune, and he was looking about for ways in which to spend a portion of it. College, travel and society having palled on him, he hid himself into the big hills west of Lake Champlain, searching for beauty, solitude and life he imagined it should be lived. He found and bought 500 acres of the most beautiful bit of wilderness in the mountains.

The same streams coursed through his hills and dales that ran through those of Lady Bazelhurst, the only distinction being that his portion was the more desirable. When her ladyship's agents came leisurely up to close their deal they discovered that Mr. Shaw had snatched up this choice 500 acres of the original tract intended for their client. At least a thousand acres were left for the young lady, but she was petulant enough to covet all of it.

Overtures were made to Mr. Shaw, but he would not sell. He was preparing to erect a handsome country place, and he did not want to alter his plans. Courteously at first, then somewhat scathingly, he declined to

discuss the proposition with her agents. After two months of pressure of the most tiresome persistency he lost his temper and sent a message to his inquirers that suddenly terminated all negotiations. Afterward when he learned that their client was a lady he wrote a conditional note of apology, but if he expected a response he was disappointed. A year went by, and now with the beginning of this narrative two newly completed country homes glowered at each other from separate hillsides, one envious and spiteful, the other defiant and a bit satirical.

Bazelhurst Villa looks across the valley and sees Shaw's cottage commanding the most beautiful view in the hills; the very eaves of his ladyship's house seem to have wrinkled into a constant scowl of annoyance. Shaw's long, low cottage seems to smile back with tantalizing security, serene in its more lofty attitude, in its more gorgeous raiment of nature. The brooks laugh with the glitter of trout, the trees chuckle with the flight of birds, the hillsides frolic in their abundance of game, but the acres are growing like dogs of war. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is not printed on the boards that line the borders of the two estates. In bold black letters the signboards laconically say: "No trespassing on these grounds. Keep off!"

"Yes, I fancy you'd better put him off the place if he comes down here again to fish, Tompkins," said his lordship, in conclusion. Then he touched whip to his horse and bobbed off through the shady lane in a most painfully upright fashion, his thin legs sticking straight out, his breath coming in agonized little jerks with each succeeding return of his person to the saddle.

"By Jove, Evelyn, it's most annoying about that confounded Shaw chap," he remarked to his wife as he mounted the broad steps leading to the gallery half an hour later, walking with the primness which suggests pain. Lady Bazelhurst looked up from her book, her fine aristocratic young face clouding with ready belligerence.

"What has he done, Cecil dear?"

"Been fishing on our property again, that's all. Tompkins says he laughed at him when he told him to get off. I say, do you know, I think I'll have to adopt rough methods with that chap. Hang it all, what right has he to catch our fish?"

"Oh, how I hate that man!" exclaimed her ladyship petulantly.

"But I've given Thompson final instructions."

"And what are they?"

"To throw him in the river next time."

"Oh, if he only could!" rapturously.

"Could? My dear, Tompkins is an American. He can handle these chaps in their own way. At any rate, I told Tompkins if his nerve failed him at the last minute to come and notify me. I'll attend to this confounded popinjay!"

"Good for you, Cecil!" called out another young woman from the broad hammock in which she had been dawdling with half alert ears through the foregoing conversation. "Spoken like a true Briton. What is this popinjay like?"

"Hullo, sister! Hang it all, what's he like? He's like an ass, that's all. I've never seen him, but if I ever called upon to—but you don't care to listen to details. You remember the big log that lies out in the river up at the bend? Well, it marks the property line. One-half of its stump belongs to the Shaw man, the other half to me—to us, Evelyn. He shan't fish below that log—no, sir!" His lordship glared fiercely through his monocle in the direction of the faraway log, his watery blue eyes blinking as malevolently as possible, his long, aristocratic nose wrinkling at its base in fine disdain. His five feet four of stature quivered with illly subdued emotion, but whether it was rage or the sudden recollection of the dog trot through the woods it is beyond me to suggest.

"But suppose our fish venture into his waters, Cecil. What then? Isn't that trespass?" demanded the Hon. Penelope Drake, youngest and most cherished sister of his lordship.

"Now, don't be silly, Pen," cried her sister-in-law. "Of course we can't regulate the fish."

"But I dare say his fish will come below the log, so what's the odds?" said his lordship quickly. "A trout's a lawless brute at best."

"What's up, Cecil, with your legs?" called his sister. "Are you getting old?" This suggestion always irritated him.

"Old? Silly question. You know how old I am. No; it's that beastly American horse. Evelyn, I told you they have no decent horses in this beastly country. They jiggle the life out of one—but he was obliged to unbend himself perceptibly in order to keep pace with her as she hurried through the door.

The Hon. Penelope allowed her indolent gaze to follow them. A perplexed pucker finally developed on her fair brow and her thought was almost expressed aloud: "By Jove, I wonder if she really loves him." Penelope was very pretty and very bright. She was visiting America for the first time, and she was learning rapidly. "Cecil's a good sort, you know, even"—but she was loyal enough to send her thoughts into other channels.

Nightfall brought half a dozen guests to Bazelhurst Villa. They were fashionable to the point where ennui is the chief characteristic, and they came only for bridge and sleep. There was a duke among them and also a French count, besides the bored New Yorkers; they wanted brandy and soda as soon as they got into the house, and they went to bed early because it was so much easier to sleep lying down than sitting up.

All were up by noon the next day, more bored than ever, fondly praying that nothing might happen before bed-time. The duke was making desultory love to Mrs. De Peyton and Mrs. De Peyton was leading him aimlessly toward the shadler and more secluded nooks in the park surrounding the villa. Penelope, fresh and full of the purpose of life, was off alone for a long stroll. By this means she avoided the attentions of the duke, who wanted to marry her; those of the count, who also said he wanted to marry her, but couldn't because his wife would not consent; those of one New Yorker, who liked her because she was English, and the pallid chatter of the women who bored her with their conjugal cyclisms.

"What the deuce is this coming down the road?" queried the duke, returning from the secluded nook at luncheon time.

"Some one has been hurt," exclaimed his companion. Others were looking down the leafy road from the gallery.

"By Jove, it's Penelope, don't you know?" ejaculated the duke, dropping his monocle and blinding his eye as if to rest it for the time being.

"But she's not hurt. She's helping to support one of those men."

"Hey!" shouted his lordship from the gallery as Penelope and two dilapidated male companions abruptly started to cut across the park in the direction of the stables. "What's up?" Penelope waved her hand aimlessly, but did not change her course. Whereupon the entire house party sallied forth in more or less trodaplodion to intercept the strange party.

"Who are these men?" demanded Lady Bazelhurst as they came up to the fast breathing young Englishwoman.

"Don't bother me, please. We must get him to bed at once. He'll have pneumonia," replied Penelope.

Both men were dripping wet, and the one in the middle limped painfully.



"Who are you?" demanded his lordship, probably because both eyes were swollen tight and his nose was bleeding. Penelope's face was beaming with excitement and interest.

"Who are you?" demanded his lordship, planting himself in front of the shivering twain.

"Tompkins," murmured the blind one feebly, tears starting from the blue slits and rolling down his cheeks.

"James, sir," answered the other, touching his damp forelock.

"Are they drunk?" asked Mrs. De Peyton, with fresh enthusiasm.

"No, they are not, poor fellows," cried Penelope. "They have taken nothing but water."

"By Jove! Deuced clever, that," drawled the duke. "Eh?" to the New Yorker.

"Deuced," from the Knickerbocker.

"Good Lord! Couldn't you rescue him?" in horror.

"He rescued us, sir," mumbled Tompkins.

"You mean?"

"He threw us in and then had to jump in and pull us out, sir. Beggin' your pardon, sir, but dash him!"

"And you didn't throw him in after all? By Jove! Extraordinary!"

"Do you mean to tell us that he threw you great bulking creatures into the river? Single handed?" cried Lady Bazelhurst, aghast.

"He did, Evelyn," inserted Penelope. "I met them coming home, and poor Tompkins was out of his senses. I don't know how it happened, but—"

"It was this way, your ladyship," put in James, the groom. "Tompkins and me could see him from the point there, sir, a-fishin' below the log. So we says to each other 'Come on,' and up we went to where he was a-fishin'. Tompkins, beln' the game warden, says he to him, 'Hi, there!' He was plainly on our property, sir, a-fishin' from a boat for bass, sir. 'Hello, boys!' says he back to us. 'Get off our land,' says Tompkins. 'I am,' says he; 'it's water out here where I am.' Then—"

"You're wrong," broke in Tompkins. "He said 'It's wet out here where I am.'"

"You're right. It was wet. Then Tompkins called him a vile name, your lordship—shall I repeat it, sir?"

"No, no," cried four feminine voices. "Yes, do," muttered the duke.

"He didn't wait after that, sir. He rowed to shore in a flash and landed on our land. 'What do you mean by that?' he said, madlike. 'My orders is to put you off this property,' says Tompkins, 'or to throw you in the river.' Who gave these orders?" asked Mr. Shaw. "Lord Bazelhurst, sir, dash you—beg pardon, sir; it slipped out. 'And who the devil is Lord Bazelhurst?' said he. 'Hurst,' said Tompkins. 'He owns this ground. Can't you see the mottoes on the trees! No 'Trespassin'?' But Mr. Shaw said, 'Well, why don't you throw me in the river?' He kinder smiled when he said it. 'I will,' says Tompkins and made a rush for him. I don't just remember why I started in to help Tompkins, but I did. Somehow, sir, Mr. Shaw got—"

"Don't call him Mr. Shaw. Just Shaw; he's no gentleman," exploded Lord Bazelhurst.

"But he told us both to call him 'Mister,' sir, as long as we lived. I kinder got in the habit of it, your lordship, up there. That is, that's what he told us after he got through with us. Well, anyhow, he got the start of us, an'—there's Tompkins' eyes, sir, an' look at my ear. Then he pitched us both in the river."

"Good Lord!" gasped the duke.

"Diable!" sputtered the count.

"Splendid!" cried Penelope, her eyes sparkling.

"Hang it all, Pen, don't interrupt the count!" snorted Bazelhurst for want of something better to say and perhaps hoping that Deveaux might say in French what could not be uttered in English.

"Don't say it in French, count," said little Miss Folsom. "It deserves English."

"Go on, James!" sternly, from Lady Bazelhurst.

"Well, neither of us can swim, your ladyship, an' we'd 'a' drowned if Mr.—if Shaw hadn't jumped in himself an' pulled us out. As it was, sir, Tompkins was unconscious. We rolled him on a log, sir, an' got a keg of water out of him. Then Mr.—Shaw told us to go 'ome and get in bed, sir."

"He sent a message to you, sir," added Tompkins, shivering mightily.

"Well, I'll have one for him, never fear," said his lordship, glancing about bravely. "I won't permit any man to assault my servants and brutally maltreat them. No, sir; he shall hear from me or my attorney."

"He told us to tell you, sir, that if he ever caught anybody from this place on his land he'd serve him worse than he did us," said Tompkins.

"He says, 'I don't want no Bazelhursts on my place,'" added James in finality.

"Go to bed, both of you!" roared his lordship.

"Very good, sir," in unison.

"They can get to bed without your help, I dare say, Pen," added his lordship caustically as she started away with them. Penelope blushed, and one party went to luncheon, while the other went to bed.

"I should like to see this terrible Mr. Shaw," observed Penelope at table. "He's a sort of Jack the Giant Killer, I fancy."

"He is the sort one has to meet in America," lamented her ladyship.

"Oh, I say now," expostulated the New York young man wryly.

"I don't mean in good society," she corrected, with unconscious irony.

"Oh," said he, very much relieved.

"He's a damned cad," said his lordship conclusively.

"Because he chucked your men into the river?" asked Penelope sweetly.

"She's dooced pretty, eh?" whispered the duke to Mrs. De Peyton without taking his eyes from his young countrywoman's face.

"Who?" asked Mrs. De Peyton. Then he relinquished his gaze and turned his monocle blankly upon the American beside him.

was frigid silence at the table for a full minute, relieved only when his lordship's monocle dropped into the glass of water he was trying to convey to his lips. He thought best to treat the subject lightly, so he laughed in his most jovial way.

"You'd better take a mackintosh with you, my dear," he said. "Remember what he told Tompkins and James."

"He will not throw me into the river. It might be different if you went. Therefore I think—"

"Throw me in, would he?" and Bazelhurst laughed loudly. "I'm no groom, my dear. You forget that it is possible for Mr. Shaw to be soosed."

"He was good enough to soose himself this morning," volunteered Penelope. "I rather like him."

"By Jove, Cecil! You're not afraid to meet him, are you?" asked the



Lord Bazelhurst Rode Forth Like a Lochinvar.

duke, with tantalizing coolness. "You know, if you are I'll go over and talk to the fellow."

"Afraid? Now, hang it all, Barmister, that's rather a shabby thing to suggest. You forget India."

"I'm trying to. Demmed miserable time I had out there. But this shabby natives did when we were out there. Marching isn't fighting, you know."

"Confound it! You forget the time—"

"Mon Dieu! Are we to compare ze Hindu harem wiz ze American feast slagger?" cried the count, with a wry face.

"What's that?" demanded two noblemen in one voice. The count apologized for his English.

"No one but a coward would permit this disagreeable Shaw creature to run affairs in such a high handed way," said her ladyship. "Of course Cecil is not a coward."

"Thank you, my dear. Never fear, ladies and gentlemen. I shall attend to this person. He won't soon forget what I have to say to him," promised Lord Bazelhurst, mentally estimating the number of brandies and soda it would require in preparation.

"This afternoon?" asked his wife, with cruel insistence.

"Yes, Evelyn, if I can find him."

And so it was that shortly after 4 o'clock Lord Bazelhurst, unattended at his own request, rode forth like a Lochinvar, his steed headed bravely toward Shaw's domain, his back facing his own home with a military indifference that won applause from the assembled house party.

"I'll face him alone," he had said a trifle thickly for some unknown reason when the duke offered to accompany him. It also might have been noticed as he cantered down the drive that his legs did not stick out so stiffly, or did his person bob so exactly as in previous but peaceful expeditions.

In fact, he seemed a bit limp. But his face was set determinedly for the order line and Shaw.

(To Be Continued.)

Uncle Ezra Says

"I don't take more'n a gill uv effort to git folks into a peck of trouble," and a little neglect of constipation, billiousness, indigestion or other liver derangement will do the same. If ailing take Dr. King's New Life Pills for quick results. Easy, safe, sure and only 25 cents at F. G. Fricke & Co.

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Local News

From Friday's Daily.  
Kelly Rhoden and W. L. Scott motored up from Murray last evening and spent a few hours in the city.

L. F. Baker and wife returned this morning to their home at Murray, Iowa, after a visit here with Will Baker and family.

Frank Lorenz of Sheldon, Iowa, who is traveling for the Oliver Typewriter company, came in this morning and will visit his brothers here for a few days.

There couldn't be a much better melodrama of the kind nor a much better performance than "The Arab," at the Parmele theater one night only, Wednesday, October 2.

Postmaster Henry Schneider is wearing his hand bandaged up as a result of removing a wart from the hand, which had become quite sore and required the services of a physician.

Philip H. Tritsch and wife, residing west of this city, are happy over the arrival at their home this morning of a fine new daughter, and it is the wish of the Journal that she may grow up to be a comfort and joy to her parents.

Henry G. Meisinger was a visitor in the city today, looking after some business matters.

From Saturday's Daily.  
Julius A. Pitz was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he visited for the day.

Adam Fornoff of near Cedar Creek was in the city today looking after business matters.

Frank Stander of Louisville came down this morning and looked after some business matters.

Adam Kaffenberger of Cedar Creek was a visitor in the city today, looking after business matters.

C. M. Seybert of Louisville was in the city for a short time this morning, returning home on the Schuyler.

George Kaffenberger was a passenger on No. 2 last evening for Malvern, Iowa, where he will visit friends.

Judge Travis returned last evening from Papillion, where he has been holding a session of the district court.

W. F. Gillespie, the Mynard grain man, was in the city last evening en route home from Omaha, and visited friends here for a while.

A household remedy in America for 25 years—Dr. Thomas' Eucletic Oil. For cuts, sprains, burns, scalds, bruises, 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.

Don't use harsh physics. The reaction weakens the bowels, leads to chronic constipation. Get Doan's Regulets. They operate easily. 25c at all stores.

Hives, eczema, itch or salt rheum sets you crazy. Can't bear the touch of your clothing. Doan's Ointment is fine for skin itching. All druggists sell it, 50c a box.

"The Arab," a story of romance and satire, that holds much, that is interesting and thoughtful. See it at the Parmele theater one night only, Wednesday, October 2.

Misses Edith and Edna Kroehler of Havelock arrived this morning and will visit their grandmother, Mrs. George Weidman, for a short time.

W. N. Minford of Elmwood was in the city today making arrangements for the funeral of his father, E. J. Minford, at Eight Mile Grove cemetery Monday morning.

Can't look well, eat well, or feel well with impure blood. Keep the blood pure with Burdock Blood Bitters. Eat simply, take exercise, keep clean, and good health is pretty sure to follow. \$1.00 a bottle.

A. A. and W. S. Wetenkamp of the vicinity of Mynard departed over the M. P. Wednesday morning for Lincoln to attend the funeral of their cousin, Mrs. Fred G. Beach of that city. Mrs. Beach was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Wetenkamp of Eagle.

Uncle Peter Keil Improving.  
Uncle Peter Keil, who was injured a few months ago in a runaway, has been quite sick of late, and although able to be out at this time, still suffers a great deal at times. He is well advanced in years and the injuries received in the runaway were quite a shock to him.

Judge Archer III.  
Judge Archer, the dean of the Cass county bar, is confined at his home threatened with an attack of malaria. It is to be hoped that the judge may escape this sickness and soon be able to resume his duties in his court.