



BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEN

CHAPTER II.

In Which a Young Woman Trespases.

MR. SHAW was a tall young man of thirty or thereabouts, smooth faced, good looking and athletic. It was quite true that he wore a red coat when tramping through his woods and vales, not because it was fashionable, but because he had a vague horror of being shot at by some nearsighted Nimrod from Manhattan.

As he sauntered slowly down the river road that afternoon, smiling respectfully from time to time as he looked into the swift, narrow stream that had welcomed his adversaries of the morning, he little thought of the encounter in store for him.

The poor deers might have drowned, eh, Bonaparte? he mused, addressing the dog at his side. "Confounded nuisance, getting wet after all, though. Lord Bazelhurst wants war, does he? That log down there is the dividing line in our river, eh? And I have to stay on this side of it. By George, he's a mean spirited person, and it's his wife's land, too. I wonder what she's like. It's a pity a fellow can't have a quiet, decent summer up here in the hills. Still—lighting his pipe—"I dare say I can give as well as I take. If I stay off of his land they'll have to keep off of mine. Hello, who's that? A man, by George, but he looks like a partridge. As I live, Bonaparte is pointing. Ha, ha, that's one on you, Bony!" Mr. Shaw stepped into the brush at the side of the path and watched the movements of the man at the "log," now less than 100 yards away.

Lord Bazelhurst, attired in his brown corduroys and his tan waistcoat, certainly suggested the partridge as he hopped nimbly about in the distant foreground, cocking his ears from time to time with all the aloofness of that wily bird. He was, strange to relate, some little distance from Bazelhurst territory, an actual if not a confident trespasser upon Shaw's domain. His horse, however, was tethered to a sapling on the safe side of the log, comfortably browsing on Bazelhurst grass. Randolph Shaw, an unseen observer, was considerably mystified by the actions of his unusual visitor.

His lordship paced back and forth with a stride that grew firmer as time brought forth no hostile impediments. His monocle ever and anon was directed both high and low in search of Shaw or his henchmen, while his face was rapidly resolving itself into a bloom of rage. "Confound him," his lordship was muttering, looking at his timepiece with stern disapproval, "he can't expect me to wait here all day. I'm on his land, and I'll stay here as long as I like." (At this juncture he involuntarily measured the distance between himself and the log.) "I knew it was all a bluff, his threat to put me off. Hang it all, where is the fellow? I won't go up to his beastly house. I won't gratify him by going up there even to give him his orders. Damned cad, bowhead! Five o'clock, confound him! I dare say he's seen me and has crawled off into the underbrush. He's afraid of me; he's a coward. It is as I feared. I can't see the rascal. There's only one thing left for me to do. I'll pin a note to this tree. Confound him, he shall hear from me. He'll have to read it."

Whereupon his lordship drew forth a large envelope from his pocket and proceeded to fasten it to the trunk of a big tree which grew in the middle of the road, an act of premeditation which showed strange powers of prophecy. How could he, except by means of clairvoyance, have known before leaving home that he was not to meet his enemy face to face?

As Mr. Shaw afterward read the note and tossed it into the river, it is only fair that the world should know its contents while it hung unfolded to the bark of the tall tree. It said in a very scrawling hand: "Mr. Shaw, I have looked all over this end of your land for you this afternoon. You doubtless choose to avoid me. So be it. Let me state once and for all that your conduct is despicable. I came here personally to tell you to keep off my land henceforth and forever. I will not repeat this warning, but will instead, if you persist, take such summary measures as would befit a person of your instincts. I trust you will feel the importance of keeping off." To this his lordship bravely signed himself.

"There," he muttered, again holding his watch and fob up for close inspection, "he'll not soon overlook what I've said in that letter, confound him!" He had not observed the approach of Randolph Shaw, who now stood, pipe in hand, some twenty paces behind him in the road.

"What the devil are you doing?" demanded a strong bass voice. It had the effect of a cannon shot.

His lordship leaped half out of his corduroys, turned with agonizing abruptness toward the tall young man and gasped "Oh!" so shrilly that his horse looked up with a start. The next instant his watch dropped forgotten from his fingers, and his nimble little legs scurried for territory beyond the log. Nor did he pause upon reaching that supposedly safe ground. The swift glance he gave the nearby river was significant as well as apprehensive. It moved him to increased but unpolished haste.

He leaped frantically for the saddle, scolding the stirrups, landing broadside, but with sufficient nervous energy in reserve to scramble on and upward into the seat. Once there he kicked the animal in the flanks with both heels, clutching with his knees and reaching for the bridle rein in the same motion. The horse plunged obediently, but came to a stop with a jerk that almost unseated the rider; the sapling awayed; the good but forgotten rein held firm.

"Ha!" gasped his lordship as the horrid truth became clear to him.

"Charge, Bonaparte!" shouted the man in the road.

"Soldiers!" cried the rider, with a wild look among the trees.

"My dog," called back the other.

"He charges at the world."

"Well, you know, I saw service in the army," apologized his lordship, with a pale smile. "Get up!" to the squire.

"What's your hurry?" asked Shaw, grinning broadly as he came up to the log.

"Don't—don't you dare to step over that log!" shouted Bazelhurst.

"All right. I see; but, after all, what's the rush?" The other was puzzled for the moment.

"I'm practicing, sir," he said unsteadily, "how to mount on a run, demmit. Can't you see?"

"In case of fire, I imagine. Well, you made excellent time. By the way, what has this envelope to do with it?"

"Who are you, sir?"

"Shaw. And you?"

"You'll learn when you read that document. Take it home with you."

"Ah, yes; I see it's for me. Why don't you untie that hitch rein? And what the dickens do you mean by having a hitch rein anyway? No rider!"

"Confound your impudence, sir! I did not come here to receive instructions from you, dem you!" cried his lordship defiantly. He had succeeded at that moment in surreptitiously slashing the hitch rein in two with his pocketknife. There was nothing now to prevent him from giving the obtrusive young man a defiant farewell. "I am Lord Bazelhurst. Good day, sir!"

"Just a minute, your lordship," called Shaw. "No doubt you were timing yourself a bit ago, but that's no reason why you should leave your watch on my land. Of course I've nothing against the watch, and, while I promise you faithfully that any human being from your side of the log who ventures over on my side shall be ejected in one way or another, it would seem senseless for me to kick this timepiece into the middle of next week."

"Don't you dare kick that watch. It's a hundred years old."

"Far be it from me to take advantage of anything so old. Don't you want it any longer?"

"Certainly, sir. I wouldn't part from it."

"Then why don't you come over and get it? Do you expect me to break the rule by coming over on to your land to hand it to you?"

"I shouldn't call that trespassing, don't you know," began his lordship.

"Ah! Nevertheless, if you want this watch you'll have to come over and get it."

"By Jove, now, that's a demmed mean trick, I'm mounted. Beastly annoying. I say, would you mind tossing it up to me?"

"I wouldn't touch it for \$10. By the way, I'll just read this note of yours."

Lord Bazelhurst nervously watched him as he read; his heart lightened perceptibly as he saw a good humored smile struggle to the tall young man's face. It was, however, with some misgiving that he studied the broad shoulders and powerful frame of the erstwhile poacher. "Very good of you, I'm sure, to warn me."

"Good of me? It was imperative, let me tell you, sir. No man can abuse my servants and trample all over my land and disturb my fish!"

"Excuse me, but I haven't time to listen to all that. The note's sufficient. You've been practicing the running mount until it looks well nigh perfect to me, so I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll step back thirty paces and then you

come over and get the watch—if you're not afraid of me—and I'll promise—" "Afraid? Demmit, sir, didn't I say I was Lord Bazelhurst? Of the guards, sir, and the Seventy-first? Conf—" "You come over and get the watch and then see if you can get back to the horse and mount before I get to the log. If I beat you there, you lose. How's that?" "I decline to make a fool of myself. Either you will restore my watch to me or I shall instantly go before the



"Afraid? Didn't I say I was Lord Bazelhurst?"

authorities and take out a warrant. I came to see you on business, sir, not folly. Lady Bazelhurst herself would have come had I been otherwise occupied, and I want to assure you of her contempt. You are a disgrace to her countrymen. If you ever put foot on our land I shall have you thrown into the river. Demmit, sir, it's no laughing matter. My watch, sir."

"Come and get it."

"Scalwag!"

"By George, do you know if you get too personal I will come over there."

Randolph Shaw advanced with a threatening scowl.

"Ha, ha!" laughed his lordship shrilly. "I dare you!" He turned his horse's head for home and moved off a yard or more. "Whoo! Curse you! This is the demdest horse to manage I've ever owned. Stand still, confound you! Whoo!"

"He'll stand if you stop licking him."

"Halloo! Hey, Bazelhurst!" came a far distant voice. The adversaries glanced down the road and beheld two horsemen approaching from Bazelhurst Villa—the duke and the count.

"By Jove," muttered his lordship, suddenly deciding that it would not be convenient for them to appear on the scene at its present stage, "my friends are calling me. Her ladyship doubtless is near at hand. She rides, you know—I mean dem you! Wouldn't have her see you for a fortune. Not another word, sir! You have my orders. Stay off or I'll—throw you off!" This last threat was almost shrieked and was plainly heard by the two horsemen.

"By Jove, he's facing the fellow," said the duke to the count.

"Ees, eet Shaw? Parbleu!"

"I'll send some one for that watch. Don't you dare to touch it," said his lordship in tones barely audible. Then he looped off to meet his friends and turned back before they came too close for comfort. Randolph Shaw laughed heartily as he watched the retreat. Seeing the newcomers halt and then turn abruptly back into their tracks, he picked up the watch and strolled off into the woods, taking a short cut for the dirt road which led up to his house.

"I had him begging for mercy," explained his lordship as he rode along. "I was on his land for half an hour before he would come within speaking distance. Come along, I need a drink!"

Young Mr. Shaw came to the road in due time and paused, after his climb to rest on a stone at the wayside. He was still a mile from home and in the loneliest part of his domain. The Bazelhurst line was scarcely a quarter of a mile behind him. Trees and underbrush grew thick and impenetrable alongside the narrow, winding road. The light of heaven found it difficult to struggle through to the highway below. Picturesque but lonely and somber indeed were his surroundings.

"Some one coming?" he said aloud, as Bonaparte pricked up his ears and looked up the road. A moment later a horse and rider turned the bend a hundred yards away and came slowly toward him. He started to his feet with an exclamation. The rider was a woman, and she was making her way leisurely toward the Bazelhurst lands.

"Lady Bazelhurst, I'll bet my hat," thought he with a quiet whistle. "By George, this is awkward! My first trespasser is in petticoats. I say, she's a beauty—a ripping beauty. Lord, Lord, what do such women mean by giving themselves to little rats like Bazelhurst? Oh, the shame of it! Well, it's up to me. If I expect to 'make good' I've just got to fire her off these grounds."

Naturally he expected to be very polite about it—instinctively so. He could not have been otherwise. The horsewoman saw him step into the middle of the road, smiling oddly but deferentially. Her slim figure straightened, her color rose, and there was a—yes, there was a relieved gleam in her eyes. As

she drew near he advanced, but in hand, his face uplifted in his most winning smile—savoring more of welcome than of repugnance.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "doubtless you are not aware that this is prescribed land."

"Then you are Mr. Shaw?" she asked, checking her horse with premeditated surprise and an emphasis that puzzled him.

"Yes, madam," he responded gravely, "the hated Shaw. Permit me," and he politely grasped the bridle rein. To her amazement he deliberately turned and began to lead her horse, willy nilly, down the road, very much as if she were a child taking her first riding lesson.

"What are you doing, sir?" she exclaimed sharply. There was a queer flutter of helplessness in her voice.

"Putting you off," he answered laconically. She laughed in delight, and he looked up with a relieved smile. "I'm glad you don't mind. I have to do it. These fends are such beastly things, you know. One has to live up to them whether he likes it or not."

"So you are putting me off your place? Oh, how lovely!"

"It isn't far, you know—just down by those big rocks. Your line is there. Of course," he went on politely, "you know that there is a feud."

"Oh, yes; I've heard you discussed. Besides, I met Tompkins and James this morning. Pardon me, Mr. Shaw, but I fancy I can get on without being led. Would you mind?"

"My dear madam, there is no alternative. I have taken a solemn vow personally to eject all Bazelhurst trespassers from my place. You forget that I am, by your orders, to be thrown into the river and all that. Don't be alarmed! I don't mean to throw you into the river."

"By my orders? It seems to me that you have confused me with Lord Bazelhurst."

"Heaven has given me keener perception, your ladyship. I have seen his lordship."

"Ah, may I inquire whether he was particularly rough with you this afternoon?"

"I trust I am too chivalrous to answer that question."

"You are quite dry."

"Thank you. I deserve the rebuke, all right."

"Oh, I mean you haven't been in the river?"

"Not since morning. Am I walking too fast for you?"

"Not at all. One couldn't ask to be put off more considerably."

"By Jove," he said involuntarily, his admiration getting the better of him.

"I beg your pardon," with slightly elevated eyebrows.

"Do you know, you're not at all what I imagined you'd be."

"Oh? And I fancy I'm not at all whom you imagined me to be."

"Heavens! Am I ejecting an innocent bystander? You are Lady Bazelhurst?"

"I am Penelope Drake. But," she added quickly, "I am an enemy. I am Lord Bazelhurst's sister."

"You—you don't mean it?"

"Are you disappointed? I'm sorry."

"I am staggered and—a bit skeptical. There is no resemblance."

"I am a bit taller," she admitted carefully. "It isn't dreadfully immolated, is it, for one to hold converse with her captor? I am in your power, you see."

"On the contrary, it is quite the thing. The heroine always converses with the villain in books. She tells him what she thinks of him."

"But this isn't a book, and I'm not a heroine. I am the adventuress. Will you permit me to explain my presence on your land?"

"No excuse is necessary. You were caught red handed, and you don't have to say anything to incriminate yourself further."

"But it is scarcely a hundred feet to our line. In a very few minutes I shall be hurled relentlessly from your land and may never have another chance to tell you I dared to venture over here. You see, you have a haunted house on your land, and I'm—She hesitated."

"I see. The old Renwood cottage on the hill. Been deserted for years. Renwood brought his wife up here in the mountains long ago and murdered her. She comes back occasionally, they say; mysterious noises and lights and all that. Well?"

"Well, I'm very much interested in spooks. In spite of the feud I rode over here for a peep at the house. Dear me, it's a desolate looking place. I didn't go inside, of course. Why don't you tear it down?"

"And deprive the ghost of house and home? That would be heartless. Besides, it serves as an attraction to bring visitors to my otherwise unalluring place. I'm terribly sorry the fortunes of war prevent me from offering to take you through the house. But as long as you remain a Bazelhurst I can't neglect my vow. Of course, I don't mean to say that you can't come and do what you please over here, but you shall be recognized and treated as a trespasser."

"Oh, that's just splendid! Perhaps I'll come tomorrow."

"I shall be obliged to escort you from the grounds, you know."

"Yes, I know," she said agreeably. He looked dazed and delighted. "Of course I shall come with stealth and darkness. Not even my brother shall know of my plans."

"Certainly not," he said with alacrity. (They were nearing the line.)

"Depend on me."

"Depend on you? Your only duty is to scare me off the place."

"That's what I mean. I'll keep sharp watch for you up at the haunted house."

"It's more than a mile from the line," she advised him.

"Yes, I know," said he, with his

friendliest smile. "Oh, by the way, would you mind doing your brother a favor, Miss Drake? Give him this watch. He—or—he must have dropped it while pursuing me."

"You ran?" She accepted the watch with surprise and unbelief.

"Here is the line, Miss Drake," he evaded. "Consider yourself ignominiously ejected. Have I been unnecessarily rough and expeditious?"

"You have had a long and tiresome walk," she said, settling herself for a merry clip. "Please don't step on our side." He released the bridle rein and doffed his hat.

"I shall bring my horse tomorrow," he remarked significantly.

"I may bring the duke," she said sweetly.

"In that case I shall have to bring an extra man to lead his horse. It won't matter."

"So this rock is the dividing line?"

"Yes; you are on the safe side now—and so am I, for that matter. The line is here," and he drew a broad line in the dust from one side of the road to the other. "My orders are that you are not to ride across that line at your peril."

"And you are not to cross it either at your peril."

"Do you dare me?" with an eager step forward.

"Goodby."

"Goodby! I say, are you sure you can find the Renwood cottage?" he called after her. The answer came back through the clatter of hoofs, accompanied by a smile that seduced his self possession.

"I shall find it in time."

For a long time he stood watching her as she raced down the road.

"At my peril," he mused, shaking his head with a queer smile. "By George, that's fair warning enough. She's beautiful."

At dinner that night the Hon. Penelope restored the watch to her brother, much to his embarrassment, for he had told the duke it was being repaired in town.

"It wasn't this watch that I meant, old chap," he announced irreverently to the duke, quite red in the face. "Where did you find it, Pen?" She caught the plea in his eye and responded loyally.

"You dropped it, I daresay, in pursuing Mr. Shaw."

The positive radiance which followed dismay in his watery eyes convinced her beyond all doubt that her brother's encounter with the tall Mr. Shaw was not quite creditable to Bazelhurst arms. She listened with pensive indifference to the oft repeated story of how he had routed the "insufferable cad," encouraged by the support of champagne and the solicited approval of two eye witnesses. She could not repress the mixed feelings of scorn, shame and pity, as she surveyed the array of men who so mercilessly flayed the healthy, fair faced young man with a gentle strength.

The house party had been augmented during the day by the arrival of a half

a dozen men and women from the city, brain fagged, listless and smart. The big cottage now was full, the company complete for three weeks at least. She looked ahead, this fresh, vigorous young Englishwoman, and wondered how she was to endure the staleness of life.

There was some relief in the thought that the men would make love to the good looking young married women—at least part of the time—and—but it



"Here is the line, Miss Drake."

depressed her in turn to think of the leftover husbands who would make love to her.

"Why is it that Evelyn doesn't have real men here—like this Mr. Shaw?" she found herself wondering vaguely as the night wore on.

(To Be Continued.)

Geo. T. Craddock, Rubie, Ark., says: "I was bothered with lumbago for seven years so bad I could not work. I tried several kinds of kidney medicine which gave me little or no relief. Two bottles of Foley Kidney Pills cured me and now I can do any kind of work. I cheerfully recommend them to my friends." For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

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Thirty thousand voices—What a grand chorus! And that's the number of American men and women who are publicly praising Doan's Kidney Pills for relief from backache, kidney and bladder ills. They say it to friends. They tell it in the home papers. Plattsmouth people are in this chorus. Here's a Plattsmouth case.

Mrs. Adam Kurtz, one mile west of Plattsmouth, Neb., says: "I have found Doan's Kidney Pills good for any trouble with the kidneys and back. I was suffering intensely at the time I got them and I could not stoop or stand erect. There was a dull, nagging pain through my back that robbed me of energy. My sight became affected and dark spots appeared before me. I got Doan's Kidney Pills from Ryno's Drug Store and in a short time they relieved all my trouble. Since then I have recommended this remedy to a number of friends."

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

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Market a Success.

The market held in the vacant room in the Riley hotel on last Saturday afternoon, under the auspices of the Sunday school of the Presbyterian church, was a decided success. They have concluded to hold another market in the same room, the vacant room in the Riley block, on next Saturday afternoon, October 5. Remember the place and date and that there will be pies, cakes, bread and the like for sale.

Cedar Creek Sunday.

Manager Johnson of the Boosters has secured a game with the Cedar Creek ball team for next Sunday afternoon on the local grounds. Cedar Creek is coming down with blood in their eye and the struggle will be well worth going to see. Noah will appear in the box for the locals.

Glee Club Meeting.

The Glee club held a meeting last evening at the Y. M. B. C. rooms and completed arrangements for organizing and will hold their first lesson next Tuesday at the same place. Mrs. Mae Morgan will direct the singing, and under her expert teaching it ought not to be long before the young men become quite proficient in the art of singing.

Notice to Red Men.

Judge A. L. Sutton of Omaha, Grand Sachem of the Nebraska Improved Order of Red Men, will pay an official visit to Missouri Tribe No. 69, Thursday evening, and a full attendance of the membership is desired, as the Grand Sachem would like to meet all members of the order.

Mrs. A. J. Schnetzky, who has been visiting her daughters, Mrs. Ira Bates and Miss Josephine Schnetzky, near Rock Bluffs, for the past week or so, returned to her home at Stanton, Neb., this morning. Mrs. Bates accompanied her as far as Omaha.

W. H. Bogard of Avoca was in the city a short time today looking after some business at the court house. Mr. Bogard is a carpenter, and went from here to Council Bluffs, to look after some building material. While here he made the Journal a brief call.

OPPORTUNITIES - FOR INVESTMENT! -

A fine 8-room house for \$2,100, only about half its cost. A splendid 7-room cottage, in fine repair, close in, at only \$1,600. A 5-room cottage, in the best residence district in Plattsmouth for only \$850. A 7-room cottage on one of our principal avenues for \$1,000. A 7-room cottage, very desirable, finely located, for \$1,500. A 6-room cottage with 4 lots, \$1,000. A few vacant lots for \$100 each. Now is the time to buy, as Plattsmouth property has been growing more valuable for the past two years and is still advancing.

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