



BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
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CHAPTER V.
"I shall go tonight."

LORD BAZELHURST visited his wife's room later in the night, called there by a peremptory summons. Cecil had been taking time by the forelock in anticipation of Shaw's descent in the morning and was inclined to jocundity.

"Cecil, what do you think of Penelope's attitude toward Mr. Shaw?" she asked, turning away from the window which looked out over the night in the direction of Shaw's place.

"I didn't know she had an attitude," replied he, trying to focus his wavering gaze upon her.

"She meets him clandestinely and she supports him openly. Isn't that an attitude, or are you too drunk to see it?"

"My dear, remember you are speaking of my sister," he said with fine dignity but little discrimination. "Besides, I am not too drunk. I do see it. It's a damned annoying attitude. She's a traitor, unstand me? A trait-to-tor. I intend to speak to her about it."

"It is better that you should do it," said his wife. "I am afraid I could not control my temper."

"Penelope's a disgrace—an absolute disgrace. How many legs did Hodder say she'd—she'd broken?"

"Oh, you're disgusting!" cried Lady Evelyn. "Go to bed! I thought I could talk to you tonight, but I can't. You scarcely can stand up."

"Now, Evelyn, you do me injustice. I'm only moving to this chair to keep it from moving 'round the room. See that? Course I can't stand up!" he cried triumphantly.

"I am utterly disgusted with you. Oh, for a man! A man with real blood in his veins, a man who could do something besides eat and drink at my cost. I pay your debts, clothe you, feed you—house your ungrateful sister—and what do I get in return? This!"

Lord Bazelhurst's eyes steadied beneath this unexpected assault, his legs stiffened, his shoulders squared themselves in a pitiful attempt at dignity.

"Lady Bazelhurst, you—you"—and then he collapsed into the chair, bursting into maudlin tears. She stood over by the dressing table and looked pitilessly upon the weak creature whose hiccupping sobs filled the room. Her color was high, her breathing heavy.

There came a knock at the door, but she did not respond. Then the door opened quietly and Penelope entered the room, resolutely, fearlessly. Evelyn turned her eyes upon the intruder and stared for a moment.

"Did you knock?" she asked at last.

"Yes. You did not answer."

"Wasn't that sufficient?"

"Not tonight, Evelyn. I came to have it out with you and Cecil. Where is he?"

"There!"

"Asleep?" with a look of amazement.

"I hope not. I should dislike having to call the servants to carry him to his room."

"I see. Poor old chap!" She went over and shook him by the shoulder. He sat up and stared at her blankly through his drenched eyes. Then, as if the occasion called for a supreme effort, he tried to rise, ashamed that his sister should have found him in his present condition. "Don't get up, Cecil. Wait a bit and I'll go to your room with you."

"What have you to say to me, Penelope?" demanded Evelyn, a green light in her eyes.

"I can wait. I prefer to have Cecil understand," she said bitterly.

"If it's about our affair with Shaw it won't make any difference whether Cecil understands or not. Has your friend asked you to plead for him? Does he expect me to take him up on your account and have him here?"

"I was jesting when I said he would come tomorrow," said Penelope, ignoring the thrust and hurrying to her subject. "I couldn't go to sleep tonight if I neglected to tell you what I think of the outrage this morning. You and Cecil had no right to order Tompkins to shoot at Mr. Shaw. He is not a trespasser. Some one killed his dog today. When he pursued the coward a second shot was fired at him. He was wounded. Do you call that fair fighting? Ambushed, shot from behind a tree. I don't care what you and Cecil think about it. I consider it despicable. Thank God, Cecil was not really to blame. It is about the only thing I can say to my brother's credit."

Lady Bazelhurst was staring at her young sister-in-law with wide eyes. It was the first time in all her petted, vain life that any one had called her to account. She was at first too deeply amazed to resent the sharp attack.

"Penelope Drake!" was all she could say. Then the fury in her soul began to search for an outlet. "How dare you? How dare you?"

"I don't mean to hurt you. I am only telling you that your way of treating this affair is a mistake. It can be rectified. You don't want to be lawless; you don't understand what a narrow escape from murder you have had. Evelyn, you owe reparation to Mr. Shaw. He is—"

"I understand why you take his side. You cheapen and degrade yourself and you bring shame upon your brother

and me by your disgraceful affair with this ruffian. Don't look shocked. You meet him secretly. I know. How much further you have gone with him I don't know. It is enough that you—"

"Stop! You shall not say such things to me!"

"You came in here to have it out with me. Well, we'll have it out. You think because you're English, and all that, that you are better than I. You show it in your every action; you turn



"You'd starve if it were not for me."

up your nose at me because I am an American. Well, what if I am? Where would you be if it were not for me? And where would he be? You'd starve if it were not for me. You hang to me like a leech—you sponge on me—you gorge yourself!"

"That is enough, Evelyn. You have said all that is necessary. I deserve it, too, for meddling in your affairs. It may satisfy you to know that I have always despised you. Having confessed, I can only add that we cannot live another hour under the same roof. You need not order me to go. I shall do so of my own accord—gladly." Penelope turned to the door. She was as cold as ice.

"It is the first time you have ever done anything to please me. You may go in the morning."

"I shall go tonight!"

"As you like. It is near morning. Where do you expect to go at this hour of the night?"

"I am not afraid of the night. Tomorrow I shall send over from the village for my trunks." She paused near the door and then came back to Cecil's side. "Goodby, Cecil. I'll write. Goodby."

He looked up with a hazy smile. "G'night," he muttered thickly.

Without another word or so much as a glance at Lady Bazelhurst, Penelope Drake went swiftly from the room. The big hall clock struck the half hour after 11. Some one—a woman—was laughing in the billiard room below. The click of the balls came to her ears like the snapping of angry teeth. She did not hesitate. It was not in her nature. The room in which she had found so much delight was now loathsome to her. With nervous fingers she threw the small things she most cherished into a bag—her purse, her jewels, her little treasures. Somehow it seemed to her as if she were hurrying to catch a night train, that was all. With her own strong young arms she dragged the two huge trunks from the closet. Half an hour later they were full and locked. Then she looked about with a dry, mirthless smile.

"I wonder where I am to go," she murmured, half aloud. A momentary feeling of indecision attacked her. The click of the balls had ceased, the clock had struck 12. It was dark and still, and the wind was crying in the trees.

"She won't go," Lady Bazelhurst was saying to herself as she sat, narrow eyed and hateful, in her window looking out into the night. "Life is too easy here." The light from the porch lanterns cast a feeble glow out beyond the porte cochere and down the drive. As she stared across the circle the figure of a woman suddenly cut a diametric line through it and lost itself in the wall of blackness that formed the circumference. Lady Evelyn started and stared unbelievably into the darkness, striving to penetrate it with her gaze. "It was she—Penelope," she cried, coming to her feet. "She's really gone—she meant it."

For many minutes she peered out into the night, expecting to see the shadow returning. A touch of anxious hope possessing her, she left the window and hurried down the corridor to Penelope's room. What she found there was most convincing. It was not a trick of the lanterns. The shadow had been real. It must be confessed

that the peevish heart of Lady Bazelhurst beat rather rapidly as she hastened back to the window to peer anxiously out into the somber park with its hooting owls and chattering night bugs. The mournful yelp of a distant dog floated across the black valley. The watcher shuddered as she recalled stories of panthers that had infested the great hills. A small feeling of shame and regret began to develop with annoying insistence.

An hour dragged itself by before she arose petulantly, half terrified, half annoyed in spite of herself. Her husband still was sitting in the big chair, his face in his hands. His small, dejected figure appealed to her pity for the first time in the two years of their association. She realized what her temper had compelled her to say to him and to his sister. She saw the insults that at least one of them had come to resent.

"I hope that foolish girl will come back," she found herself saying, with a troubled look from the window. "Where can the poor thing go? What will become of her? What will every one say when this becomes known?" she cried, with fresh selfishness. "I—I should not have let her go like this."

Even as she reproached herself a light broke in upon her understanding; a thought whirled into her brain, and a moment later a shrill, angry, hysterical laugh came from her lips.

"She knew where she could go! How simple I am. Shaw will welcome her gladly. She's with him by this time—his doors have opened to her. The little wretch! And I've been trying so hard to pity her." She laughed again so shrilly that his lordship stirred and then looked up at her stupefied, uncertain.

"Hullo!" he grunted. "What time is it?"

"Oh, you're awake, are you?" scornfully.

"Certainly. Have I been dozing? What's there to laugh at, my dear?" he mumbled, arising very nastily.

"Where's Pen?"

"She's gone. She's left the house," she said, recurring dread and anxiety in her voice. A glance at the darkness outside brought back the growing shudders.

"What—what d'ye mean?" demanded he, bracing up with a splendid effort.

"She's left the house, that's all. We quarreled. I don't know where she's gone. Yes, I do know. She's gone to Shaw's for the night. She's with him. I saw her going," she cried, striving between fear and anger.

"You've—you've turned her out?" gasped Lord Bazelhurst numbly. "In the night? Good Lord! Why—why did you let her go?" He turned and rushed toward the door, tears springing to his eyes. He was sobbing now and the tears were wrenched from his hurt pride. "How long ago?"

"An hour or more. She went of her own accord. You'll find her at Shaw's," said her ladyship harshly. She hated to admit that she was to blame. But as her husband left the room, banging the door after him, she caught her breath several times in a futile effort to stay the sobs and then broke down and cried, a very much abused young woman. She hated everybody and everything.

(To Be Continued.)

ENTERTAINED IN HONOR
ANTON KOUBEK OF OMAHA

From Saturday's Daily.

Mrs. Joseph Koubek entertained a number of gentlemen last evening in honor of her son, Arthur H. Koubek, of Omaha, who is visiting in the city for a few days. The evening was spent in playing pinochle, two tables being occupied by the jolly players. The winners at the first table were Frank Sitzman and Henry Klingner, while at the second table Paul Sitzman and Tony J. Koubek carried off the honors. The winners at the two tables played each other a series of three games and the winners, Paul Sitzman and Tony J. Koubek, were presented with two beautiful Missouri Mer-schaum pipes, and they can be seen on the street proudly smoking these handsome trophies of their skill. At a late hour Mrs. Koubek, assisted by her daughter, served most delicious refreshments, which were greatly appreciated by the guests. Following is a list of the guests and they are all some pinochle players: Paul Sitzman, Frank Sitzman, Frank Koubek, Joe Libershall, Tony J. Koubek, George Sitzman, Henry Klingner and the guest of honor, Anton H. Koubek, of Omaha.

Saves Leg of Boy.

"It seemed that my 14-year-old boy would have to lose his leg, on account of an ugly ulcer, caused by a bad bruise," wrote D. F. Howard, Aquone, N. C. "All remedies and doctors' treatment failed till we tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and cured him with one box." Cures burns, boils, skin eruptions, piles. 25c at F. G. Fricke & Co.

Miss Baiser is ready to do your sewing. Call her up. Platts, Phone 364-White. 40-12-2wksd

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

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

John McNurlin was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he spent the day looking after some business matters.

A. M. Holmes of Murray was in the city yesterday afternoon, en route to Alvo, where he will attend the Sunday school convention.

Henry Thierolf and wife of Cedar Creek were in the city yesterday looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

A. H. Koubeck of Omaha arrived in the city last evening and will make a short visit here with his folks before returning to the metropolis.

Louis Bushenbus of Ravenna, Neb., who has been here visiting his aunt, Mrs. Dora Hess and family, for a short time, returned home this afternoon on No. 23.

Louis Birkenbush of near Cul-lom was in the city today visiting with county seat friends, and as he is a reader of the Journal, he called at this office to renew his subscription. He has not entirely recovered from the injuries he received in the runaway accident some time ago and is suffering from a rheumatic attack in the shoulder and arm.

From Saturday's Daily.

Frank Shopp of the precinct was in this morning to do some trading with the merchants.

Lloyd Gapen, wife and son, of Murray, departed this morning for Omaha, where they spent the day.

Mr. and Mrs. George Perry of near Mynard are in the city today looking after business matters.

W. G. Meisinger and wife of near Cedar Creek is in the city today looking after business matters.

Ed and Phil Becker of Eight Mile Grove was in the city today looking after some business matters.

Miss Edna Propst came down from Omaha this afternoon to visit her parents, R. L. Propst and wife, at Mynard.

Carl Brandt departed this morning for Galveston, Texas, where he goes to benefit his health, having been in poor health since last May.

A. M. Holmes of Murray returned this afternoon from Alvo, where he had been attending the Sunday school convention.

Henry Horn, wife and daughter of Cedar Creek were in the city today en route to Omaha, where they will visit relatives over Sunday.

Jacob Farnoff of the vicinity of Cedar Creek was a visitor in this city today and called at this office for the purpose of renewing his subscription to this paper.

Application for guardianship of Arthur White, a minor, has been filed in the county court. The petition asks for the appointment of Adelia White, a sister, as guardian.

Mrs. Ed Brantner and daughter, Janet, and Mrs. N. B. Schultz, came in today from Pender. Mrs. Brantner will visit her parents, John Cory and wife, here for a short time.

John Bauer, sr., and George Horn, sr., returned home last evening from Knox county, where they spent several days visiting their former Cass county friends. They report a most enjoyable visit and report crops good in that section of the state.

Miss Myrtle Standish, who has been a guest at the John McNurlin home in this city for a few days, departed this morning for Superior, Neb. Miss Standish has accepted a position as representative of the Nebraska Industrial Development company, a school book concern, and will visit the different schools in the interests of the company.

G. W. Young of Alva, Oklahoma, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Meek Davis, near Murray, for a few days, came in this morning and boarded No. 15 for the metropolis to spend the day. Mr. Young reports that everything in Oklahoma is booming and that the crops there are fine. He has greatly enjoyed his visit here, meeting his old friends.

George P. Meisinger and daughter, of near Cedar Creek, are in the city today attending to business matters. Mr. Meisinger is slowly recovering from the broken arm he received some three weeks ago. While here Mr. Meisinger, who is one of the Journal's best friends, called and renewed his subscription for another year.



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Ladies' Raincoats too

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Do you care for the utmost in style—the magic touch of well wrought tailoring? It's here in our new Fall coats.

COMFORT

Do you enjoy that snug "comfy" feeling when the air is full of chill? You will find it in our new Fall coats.

Slip-Ons 5 to \$15
Gaberlines 15 to \$25
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COME IN

C. E. Wescott's Sons

Always the Home of Satisfaction

Here on a Visit.

From Saturday's Daily.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thierolf of Knox county, Nebraska, arrived in Plattsmouth last evening and will spend a couple of weeks or more visiting relatives and their former neighbors in Cass county. Mr. and Mrs. Thierolf removed from this county several years ago, going to Holt county, and then went to Knox county, where they are more comfortably located and in a vicinity where a number of former Cass county citizens are located. Mr. and Mrs. Thierolf are fine people and it was with regret that the Journal and their many other friends seen these worthy people move away. While here this morning Mr. Thierolf called and renewed his allegiance to the Journal, which he said he could not keep house without.

Entertained by the Elks.

From Saturday's Daily.

The officers who are stationed at the rifle range north of this city were entertained last evening at the Elks' club by the members of the lodge. The affair was in the nature of a banquet and a jolly good time was enjoyed by the officers and the members of the lodge. The officers in attendance were: Major Switzer, Lieutenants Hayes, Brown, Kelly and Wilhelm.

FOR SALE AT ONCE—A hard coal stove, a couch and Brussels' carpet. Inquire at this office.

10-11-17d

If you have young children you have perhaps noticed that disorders of the stomach are their most common ailment. To correct this you will find Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets excellent. They are easy and pleasant to take, and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Apples. Will take your orders for the following varieties of winter apples: Mammoth Blacktwig, Mo. Pippin, Gano and Winesap. Phone 413-Black. S. W. Ransom. 10-3-1wk-d

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The heating proposition is our specialty this Fall, and we now have the contracts for placing five heating plants before the Winter sets in. We also handle hot water and steam heating plants. See us now.

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