



BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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CHAPTER VI.

In Which Dan Cupid Trespasses.

LADY BAZELHURST was right. Penelope was making her way through the blackest of nights toward the home of Randolph Shaw. In deciding upon this step, after long deliberation, she had said to herself: "Randolph Shaw is the only real man I've seen since coming to the mountains. I can trust him to help me tonight."

It was fully three miles to Shaw's place, most of the way over the narrow valley road. She knew she would encounter but few tortuous places. The last half mile, however, was steep, rugged and unfamiliar to her. She had ventured no nearer to his home than Renwood's deserted cottage, lying above and to the south of the road, almost at the base of the long hill on whose side Shaw had built his big home. To climb that hill was no easy task in daylight; at midnight, with the stars obscured by clouds and treetops, there was something perilously uncertain in the prospect.

Only the knowledge that patience and courage eventually would bring her to the end made the journey possible. Time would lead her to the haven; care would make the road a friend; a stout heart was her best ally. Strength of limb and strength of purpose she had, in use and in reserve. No power could have made her turn back willingly. Her anxious eyes were set ahead in the blackness. Her runaway feet were eager in obedience to her will.

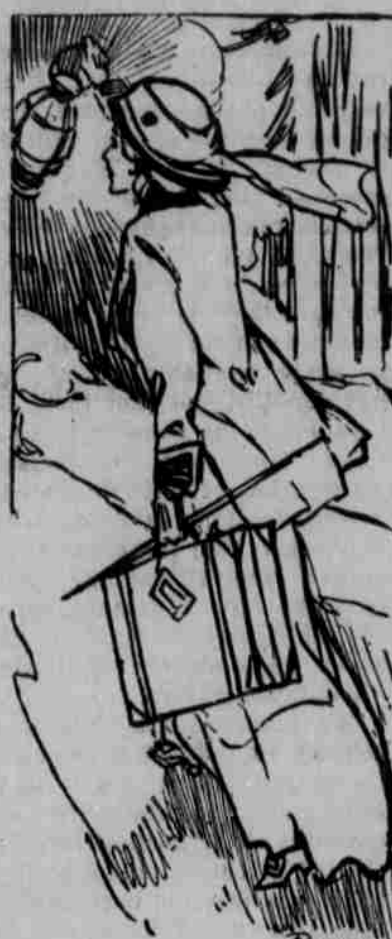
"Why couldn't I have put it off until morning?" she was saying to herself as she passed down the gravelled drive and advanced to meet the wall of trees that frowned blackly in her face.

"What will he think? What will he say? Oh, he'll think I'm such a silly, romantic fool! No, he won't. He'll understand. He'll help me on to Plattsburg tomorrow. But will he think I've done this for effect? Won't he think I'm actually throwing myself at his head? No, I can't turn back. I'd rather die than go back to that house. It won't matter what he thinks. I'll be away from all of it tomorrow. I'll be out of his life, and I won't care what he thinks. England! Goodness! What's that?" She had turned a bend in the drive, and just ahead there was a light. A sigh of relief followed the question. It came from the lantern which hung to a stake in the road where the new stone gate posts were being built by workmen from town. Bazelhurst Villa was a quarter of a mile, through the park, behind her; the forest was ahead.

At the gate she stopped between the half finished stone posts and looked ahead with the first shiver of dismay. Her limbs seemed ready to collapse. The flush of anger and excitement left her face. A white, desolate look came in its stead. Her eyes grew wide, and she blinked her lashes with an awed uncertainty that boded ill for the stability of her adventure. An owl hooted in mournful cadence close by, and she felt her hair was going straight on end. The tense fingers of one hand gripped the handle of the traveling bag, while the other went spasmodically to her heart.

"Oh!" she gasped, moving over quickly to the stake on which the lantern hung. The wind was rushing through the treetops with increased fervor, the air was cool and wet with the signs of rain, a swirl of dust flew up into her face, the swish of leaves sounded like the splashing of water in the air. Holding her heart for minutes, she at last regained some of the lost composure. A hysterical laugh fell from her lips. "What a goose! It was an owl, and I've heard hundreds of them up here. Still, they do sound different outside of one's own room. It's going to rain. What wretched luck! Dear me, I can't stand here all night! How black it is ahead there! O-o-h-h! Really, now, it does seem a bit terrifying. If I only had a lantern it wouldn't be so!"

Her gaze fell upon the laborer's lantern that clattered aimlessly, uselessly, against the stake. An instant later she had jerked it from its fastenings with a cry of joy. "I'll send it back when they go for my trunks. What luck!" Without a second's hesitation she started off briskly into the woodland road, striding along with the splendid swing of the healthy Englishwoman who has not been trained to dawdle. Her walking skirt gave free play to her limbs. She was far past the well known "line in the road" before she paused to take a full breath and to recapitulate. Her heart beat faster, and the sudden glow in her cheek was not from the exercise. Somehow, out there alone in the world, the most amazing feeling of tenderness sped on ahead to Randolph Shaw. She tried to put it from her, but it grew and grew. Then she blushed deep within herself, and her eyes grew sweet with the memory of those stolen, reprehensible hours along the frontier. Something within her breast cried out for those shining, gone by moments, something seemed to close down on her throat, something flooded her eyes with a sortness that rolled up from her entire being. Their



She Started Off Briskly Into the Woodland Road.

lantern—Their insurmountable barrier. An absurd yet ineffable longing to fall down and kiss that line came over her with compelling force.

Her head grew light with the thought of those moments when their horses stood with muzzles together as if kissing by proxy—the flush grew deeper, though her blood went cold and she trembled.

A pitiful confusion seized her, an inexplicable timidity crept into her heart, replacing the bold assurance that had been recklessly carrying her on to him. It was as though some one had whispered the truth into her ear and she was beginning to believe. From that moment her courage began to fall. The glow from her lantern was a menace instead of a help. A sweet timorousness enveloped her and something tingled—she knew not what.

Spattering raindrops whizzed in her face, ominous forerunners from theinky sky. The wind was whistling with shrill glee in the treetops and the treetops tried to flee before it. A mile and a half lay between her and the big cottage on the hillside—the most arduous part of the journey by far. She walked and ran as though pursued, scudding over the road with a swiftness that would have amazed another, but which seemed the essence of slowness to her. Thoughts of robbers, tramps and wild beasts assailed her with intermittent terrors, but all served to diminish the feeling of shyness that had been interlarding her by determination.

Past Renwood's cottage she sped, shuddering as she recognized the stone steps and path that ran up the hillside to the haunted house. Ghosts, witches and hobgoblins fell into the procession of pursuers, cheered on by the shrieking wind that grew more noisome as her feet carried her higher up the mountain. Now she was on new ground. She had never before explored so far as this. The hill was steep and the road had black abysses out beyond its edges.

She was breathless, half dead from fatigue and terror, when at last her feet stumbled up the broad steps leading to his porch. Trembling, she sank into the rustic bench that stood against the wall. The lantern clattered to her feet, and the bag with her jewels, her letter of credit and her curling irons slid to the floor behind the bench. Here was his home! What cared she for the storm?

Even as she lay there gasping for breath, her eyes on the shadowy moon that was breaking its way through the clouds, three men raced from the stables at Bazelhurst Villa, bent on finding the mad young person who had fled the place. Scarcely knowing what direction he took, Lord Bazelhurst led the way, followed by the duke and the count, all of them supplied with carriage lamps, which at any other time would have been sickening in their obtrusiveness. Except for Lady Evelyn the rest of the house slept the sleep of ease.

Gradually Penelope recovered from the effects of the mad race up the hill. The sputtering flame in the lantern called her into action. Clutching it from the floor of the porch, she softly began a tour of inspection, first looking at her watch to find that it was the unholy hour of 2. Had some one yelled "Boo!" she would have swooned, so tense was every nerve. Now that she was here, what was she to do? Her heart came to her mouth, her hand shook, but not with fear; a nervous smile tried to wreak disaster to the concern in her eyes.

The house was dark and still. No one was stirring. The porch was lit-

tered with rugs and cushions. While on a small table near the end stood a decanter, a siphon and two glasses. Two? He had said he was alone except for the housekeeper and the servants. A visitor, then. This was not what she had expected. Her heart sank. It would be hard to face the master of the house, out—a stranger? Cigarette stubs met her bewildered, troubled gaze—many of them. Deduction was easy out there in the lonely night. It was easy to see that Shaw and his companion sat up so late that the servants had gone to bed.

Distractedly she looked about for means of shelter on the porch until daylight could abet her in the flight to the village beyond. The storm was sure to come at no far distant time. She knew and feared the violence of the mountain rains.

"By all that's holy," came in a man's voice, low toned and uncertain. "It isn't a dream, after all!"

She turned like a flash, with a startled exclamation and an instinctive movement as if to shield herself from unbidden gaze. Her lips parted, and her heart pounded like a hammer. Standing in the doorway was Randolph Shaw, his figure looming up like a monstrous, wavering genie in the uncertain light from the shaking lantern. His right hand was to his brow, and his eyes were wide with incredulous joy. She noticed that the left sleeve of his dinner jacket hung limp and that the arm was in a white sling beneath.

"Is it really you?" he cried, his hand going instinctively to his watch pocket as if doubting that it was night instead of morning.

"I've—I've run away from them!" she stammered. "It's 2 o'clock. Don't look. Oh, I'm so sorry now! Why did I?"

"You ran away?" he exclaimed, coming toward her. "Oh, it can't be a dream! You are there, aren't you?" She was a pitiable object as she stood there, powerless to retreat, shaking like a leaf. He took her by the shoulder. "Yes, it is you. Good Lord, what does it mean? What has happened? How did you come here? Are you alone?"

"Utterly, miserably alone! Oh, Mr. Shaw!" she cried despairingly. "You will understand, won't you?"

"Never! Never as long as I live. It is beyond comprehension. The wonderful part of it all is that I was sitting there dreaming of you—yes, I was. I heard some one out here, investigated and found you—you, of all people in the world. And I was dreaming that I held you in my arms. Yes, I was. I was dreaming it!"

"Mr. Shaw! You shouldn't!"

"And I awoke to find you—not in my arms, not in Bazelhurst Villa, but here—here on my porch."

"Like a thief in the night," she murmured. "What do you think of me?"

"Shall I tell you—really?" he cried. The light in his eyes drove her back a step or two, panic in her heart.

"N—no, no—not now!" she gasped, but a great wave of exaltation swept through her being. He turned and walked away, too dazed to speak. Without knowing it, she followed with hesitating steps. At the edge of the porch he paused and looked into the darkness.

"By Jove, I must be dreaming," she heard him mutter.

"No, you are not," she declared desperately. "I am here. I ask your protection for the night. I am going away—to England—tomorrow. I couldn't stay there—I just couldn't. I'm sorry I came here—I'm—"

"Thank heaven, you did come," he exclaimed, turning to her joyously. "You are like a fairy—the fairy princess come true. It's unbelievable! But—but what was it you said about England?" he concluded, suddenly sober.

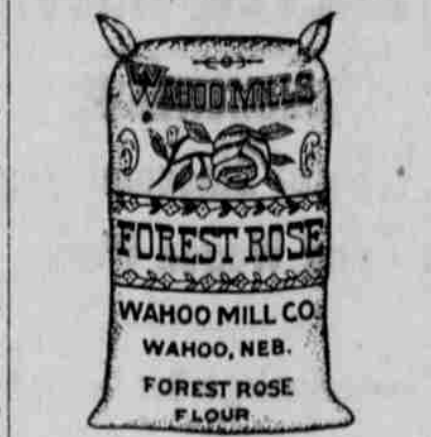
"I am going home. There's no place else. I can't live with her," she said, a bit tremulously.

"To England—at once? Your father—will he?"

"My father? I have no father. Oh!" with a sudden start. Her eyes met his in a helpless stare. "I never thought. My home was at Bazelhurst castle—their home. I can't go there. Good heavens, what am I to do?"

(To Be Continued.)

Mrs. Peter Holan, 41501 Buckeye Rd., Cleveland, O., says: "Yes, indeed, I can recommend Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. My little boy had a bad case of whooping cough, some times he was blue in the face. I gave him Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and it had a remarkable effect and cured him in a short time." Contains no harmful drugs. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.



Forest Rose Flour

Guaranteed as Good as Any on the Market

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

Local News

From Tuesday's Daily.

Mrs. Thomas Wiles was an Omaha passenger this morning on No. 15.

Miss Eleanor Todd departed this afternoon for Omaha, where she will visit with friends.

Fred Meisinger and wife drove in this morning and were passengers for Omaha on No. 15.

J. M. Meisinger of Eight Mile Grove was in the city today looking after some business matters.

William Rice of Murray was in the city yesterday afternoon looking after some business matters.

J. G. Meisinger was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha to look after some business matters.

Frank Blotzer of Cullom was in the city today attending to some business matters at the court house.

Mrs. S. E. Kerr, who went to Ithaca, Neb., to attend the funeral of her cousin, returned home this morning.

V. M. Mullis, the real estate man, was in the metropolis yesterday afternoon to look after business matters.

C. L. Graves and daughter, Vernie, of Union, were in the city this morning looking after some business matters.

Mrs. Luke Wiles and mother, Mrs. Henry Spangler, were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they spent the day.

Miss Mae Rhoden of Murray drove up to this city today and was a passenger on No. 15 for Omaha, where she spent the day.

H. R. Neitzel, wife and child departed this morning for their home in Boise, Idaho, after an extended visit here with relatives and friends.

F. J. Hennings and daughter departed this afternoon for Oklahoma City, where they will visit for a time. Mrs. Hennings accompanied them as far as Omaha.

D. J. Pittman and Meek Davis of Murray and G. W. Young of Alva, Oklahoma, motored up from Murray in Mr. Davis' car this morning and looked after some business matters.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Stennet of Red Oak, Iowa, who have been visiting for a few days with Mrs. Stennet's sister, Mrs. J. M. Johns, departed last evening on No. 2 for their home.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Mrs. G. G. Meisinger was a passenger this morning for Benson, where she will visit with relatives.

Mrs. William Heil and Miss Anna Heil were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they spent the day.

The will of the late Thomas Payne was filed for probate in the county court today. The estate is located near Greenwood.

John W. Erwin, one of the sturdy citizens of Louisville, was in the city today looking after some matters of business.

County Commissioner Jordan was a passenger this afternoon for Norfolk, Neb., to look after some business matters for a short time.

Miss Florence Vallery of the vicinity of Mynard, returned home yesterday morning, having spent several days with South Omaha friends.

Mrs. Henry Ost, Miss Berger and Miss Shepherd of Nehawka motored to this city this morning and were passengers on No. 15 for Omaha.

Uncle Ben Beckman and daughter, Mrs. Rheinaekle, of near Murray, went to the city yesterday, looking after some business matters for the day.

Frank Finkle and two sons of near Union were in the city today looking after some business matters. While in the city Frank and the boys called on the Journal.

W. A. Hennings and son, W. C., of the vicinity of Cedar Creek were visitors in this city today. W. C. called at this office and renewed his subscription to this paper for another year.

Mrs. John Becker returned this morning from Galesburg and Pekin, where she had been visiting. Mrs. Becker was present Monday at the wedding of her daughter, Miss Carrie, to Mr. Frank Clodt, at Galesburg. The young people will remain to visit relatives for several days.

Dyspepsia is America's curse. To restore digestion, normal weight, good health and purify the blood, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Sold at all drug stores. Price \$1.00.

Paper Napkins at this office.

D. M. JONES LAID AT

REST FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11

From Wednesday's Daily.

The Journal is in receipt of a letter from Miss Iva Jones, informing us that the funeral of her brother, D. M. Jones, occurred last Friday afternoon at 2:30 and was held at her home in Franklin, Indiana, where Mr. Jones had made his home for the past few years. The services were conducted by the Grand Army of the Republic, as Mr. Jones was a veteran of the civil war. Miss Jones states that although her brother became quite well acquainted in Franklin, his fondest memories were of the old friends he had left in Nebraska, and one of his greatest regrets was that he was compelled to go without seeing them again. The physicians who attended Mr. Jones discovered that he was suffering from cancer of the lungs, the tuberculosis having entirely healed up. It is hoped to secure a more complete biography of Mr. Jones for publication in the Journal in the near future.

BARN BURNED SUNDAY

MORNING NEAR NEHAWKA

From Wednesday's Daily.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Switzer, three miles north of Nehawka, was the scene of a disastrous fire Sunday morning, by which a large barn and contents were destroyed. Ernest Shomaker, a near neighbor, was the first to discover the fire, but too late to save the building. The contents consisted of three new sets of harness, halters, forks, hay and granary, tool shed, wagon shed, with new binder, new rubber-tired buggy and fanning mill, all of which are a complete loss. The neighbors to the number of about thirty, arrived in time to save the garage and residence from being destroyed. Mr. and Mrs. Switzer had but little insurance on the barn and contents. It is not stated how the barn caught fire, and the property destroyed is a serious loss to Mr. Switzer.

SENSATIONAL DIVORCE SUIT

FILED IN DISTRICT COURT

From Wednesday's Daily.

Suit for divorce was commenced today in district court by John R. Pierson against Anna Pierson. The plaintiff alleges that defendant has at different times proceeded to subject the plaintiff to a public tongue lashing on the street and otherwise made things warm for him. The parties in the case reside in Union and were married in Johnson county several years ago. John G. Watson appears as attorney for plaintiff in the case. The plaintiff is cashier of the Union bank and the case may prove more interesting when the matter comes up.

In Honor of Miss Fern McBride.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Mrs. C. S. Johnson is giving an "at home" this afternoon in honor of her niece, Miss Fern McBride, of South Omaha, whose marriage to Mr. Holmes of Omaha will occur in the near future. Miss Ethel Ballance will entertain a number of guests tomorrow evening at a kitchen shower in honor of Miss McBride.

Little Boy Injured While Playing.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Yesterday while playing at school, near his home, west of this city, Harley, the 8-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Meisinger, received wounds which proved quite painful to the young man. It seems the children were engaged in playing with an old wagon of some sort and Harley was unfortunate enough to fall down and the wagon ran over him, inflicting a cut on the back of his head and one on his right cheek that required three stitches to close. The boy was hurried to this city, where the wounds were dressed and the young man was made as comfortable as possible. He is suffering a great deal of pain still from the wounds.

SOMETHING NOVEL IN STORE

FOR PLATTSMOUTH PEOPLE

Something novel is in store for the theater-goer when the Adams, Hough and Howard musical fantasy, "The Prince of Tonight," with Tom Arnold in the title role, will be presented at the Parmele theater on Saturday night, October 26. Mr. Arnold's role is that of a college youth, poor but resourceful, who is spurned by a beautiful heiress whom he dares to love, and who eventually wins her after being transformed by the mystic influence of a blooming century plant into a prince of the mythical land of Lunytania. It is a pretty story, well told, and gives the authors an opportunity to introduce a number of pretty songs, snappy and witty lines, pretty girls, an excellent male chorus, a wealth of beautiful scenery, electrical effects, attractive costumes and everything that goes to make up the best of musical extravaganza.

John Nemetz Improving.

From Wednesday's Daily.

John Nemetz passed a very fair night and this morning was feeling better than for some time, his fever having gone down and he appears to be regaining his strength in fine shape and the physicians are hopeful that he will soon be himself.

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I Am the Cheapp Land Man— Have a Talk With Me.

Fifty full sections thrown on the market by this big cattle company reducing their range. From \$5.00 to \$7.00 per acre. I will sell you 640 acres for \$1,000.00 cash, balance five years at 6 per cent interest. I can locate you from 9 to 15 miles of Brady, Neb., and only 23 miles east of North Platte, in the best corn, wheat, rye and oats belt, and lots of grass. Start in cattle—do not pay high rent—get a home of your own. This opportunity knocks at your door but once. Local Salesman's Office, C. B. SCHLEICHER, Brady, Neb.

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.

Doan's Regulets are recommended by many who say they operate easily, without griping and without bad after effects. 25c at all drug stores.



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An easy working, hard drying paint of clean, bright color and handsome gloss. It covers well, moderate in price, and exceedingly economical. Will far more than return every dollar paid in increased selling or renting value of your property.

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