



BY GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### In Which a Ghost Trespasses.

THE impulse which drove Fenelope out for the second time that night may be readily appreciated. Its foundation was fear. Its subordinate emotions were shame, self pity and consciousness of her real feeling toward the man of the house. The true spirit of womanhood revolted with its usual waywardness.

She was flying down the stony road, some distance from the cottage, in the very face of the coming tornado, her heart beating like a triphammer, her eyes bent on the little light up the mountain side, before it occurred to her that this last flight was only senseless but perilous. She even laughed at herself for a fool as she recalled the telltale hand bag on the porch and the damning presence of a Hazelhurst lantern in the hallway.

The storm which had been raging farther down the valley was at last whirling up to the hilltops, long delayed as if in gleeful anticipation of catching her alone and unprotected. The little electric saddle lamp that she carried gave out a feeble glow, scarce opening the way in the darkness more than ten feet ahead. Rough and irksome was the road, most stubborn the wall of wind. The second threat of the storm was more terrifying than the first. At any instant it was likely to break forth in all its slashing fury, and she knew not whither she went.

Even as she lost heart and was ready to turn wildly back in an effort to reach Shaw's home before the deluge the lightning flashes revealed to her the presence of a dwelling just off the road not 200 feet ahead. She stumbled forward, crying like a frightened child. There were no lights. The house looked dark, bleak, unfriendly. Farther up the hillside still gleamed the little light that was meant to keep Renwood's ghost from disturbing the slumbers of old man Grimes and his wife. She could not reach that light, that much she knew. Her feet were like hundredweights, her limbs almost devoid of power. Grimes' hut appeared to be a couple of miles away. With a last, breathless effort she turned off the road and plodded through weeds and brush until she came to what proved to be the rear of the darkened house. Long, low, rangy, it reached off into the shadows, chilling in its loneliness. There was no time left for her to climb the flight of steps and pound on the back door. The rain was swishing in the trees with a hiss that forbade delay.

She threw herself panting and terror stricken, into the cavalcade opening under the porch, her knees giving way after the supreme effort. The great storm broke as she crouched far back against the wall, her hands over her ears, her eyes tightly closed. She was safe from wind and rain, but not from the sounds of that awful conflict. The lantern lay at her feet, sending its ray out into the storm with the senseless gleam of a beacon light.

"Penelope!" came a voice through the storm, and a second later a man plunged into the recess, crashing against the wall beside her. Something told her who it was even before he dropped beside her and threw his strong arm about her shoulders.

He was crying something into her ear—wild, incoherent words that seemed to have the power to quiet the storm. And she was responding—she knew that eager words were falling from her lips, but she never knew what they were—responding with a fervor that was overwhelming her with joy. Lips met again and again, and there was no thought of the night, of the feud, the escapade, the Renwood ghost, or of aught save the two warm living human bodies that had found each other.

The storm, swerving with the capricious mountain winds, suddenly swept their refuge with sheets of water. Randolph Shaw threw the raincoats over his companion and both laughed hysterically at their plight, suddenly remembered.

"We can't stay here!" he shouted. "We can't go out into it," she cried. "Where are we?"

"Renwood's," he called back. Their notion was untenable. He drenched: the raincoats protected her as she crouched back into the most remote corner. Looking about, he discovered a small door leading to the cellar. It opened the instant he touched the latch. "Come, quick," he cried, lifting her to her feet. "In here—stuck! I have the light. This is the cellar. I'll have to break down door leading to the upper part of the house, but that will not be difficult. Here's an ax or two. Good Lord, I'm soaked!"

"Where are we going?" she gasped as he drew her across the earthen floor.

"Upstairs. It's comfortable up there." They were at the foot of the narrow stairway. She held back.

"Never! It's the haunted house! I can't—Randolph."

"Pooh! Don't be afraid. I'm with you, dearest."

"I know," she gulped. "But you have only one arm. Oh, I can't!"

"It's all nonsense about ghosts. I've

frantically at Randolph's shoulders. He awoke with an exclamation, staring bewildered into the horrified face above.

"The—ghost!" she gasped, her eyes glued upon the hall door. He leaped to his feet and threw his arms about her.

"You've had a bad dream," he said. "What a beast I was to fall asleep. Lord, you're frightened half out of your wits. Don't tremble so, dearest. There's no ghost. Every one knows."

"Listen—listen!" she whispered. Together they stood motionless, almost breathless before the fire, the glow from which threw their shadows across the room to meet the mysterious invader.

"Good Lord," he muttered, unwilling to believe his ears. "There is some one in the house. I've heard sounds here before, but not like these."

Distinctly to their startled ears came the low, subdued murmur of a human voice and then unmistakable moans from the very depth of the earth—from the grave, it seemed.

"Do you hear?" she whispered. "Oh, this dreadful place! Take me away. Randolph, dear!"

"Don't be afraid," he said, drawing her close. "There's nothing supernatural about those sounds. They come from lips as much alive as ours. I'll investigate." He grabbed the heavy poker from the chimney corner and started toward the door. She followed close behind, his assurance restoring in a measure the courage that had temporarily deserted her.

In the hallway they paused to look out over the broad porch. The storm had died away, sighing its own requiem in the misty treetops. Dawn was not far away. A thick fog was rising to meet the first glance of day.

In surprise Shaw looked at his watch, her face at his shoulder. It was after 5 o'clock.

"Ghosts turn in at midnight, dear," he said, with a cheerful smile. "They don't keep such hours as these."

"But who can it be? There are no tramps in the mountains," she protested, glancing over her shoulder apprehensively.

"Listen! By Jove, that voice came from the cellar."

"And the lock is broken," she exclaimed. "But how silly of me! Ghosts don't stop for locks."

"I'll drop the bolts just the same," he said as they hurried down the hallway. At the back stairs they stopped and listened for many minutes. Not a sound came up to them from below.

Softly he closed the door and lowered two heavy bars into place. "If there's any one down there they probably think they've heard spooks trotting around up here."

"Really, it's quite thrilling, isn't it?" she whispered in her excitement.

"In any event we're obliged to remain under cover until they depart," he said thoughtfully. "We can't be seen here, dearest."

"No," she murmured, "not even though it is our house."

"Well, this is trespassing," she said, beaming a happy smile upon him.

"I shall be obliged to drive you out, alas," he said reflectively. "Do you recall my vow? As long as I'm a Hazelhurst, I must perform eject you."

"Not tonight!" she cried in mock dismay.

"But, as an alternative, you'll not be a Hazelhurst long," he went on eagerly, suddenly taking her hands into his, forgetful of the wounded left. "I'm going to try trespassing myself. Tomorrow I'm going to see your brother. It's regular, you know. I'm going to tell the head of your clan that you are coming over to Shaw, heart and hand."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "You—you no, no! You must not do that!"

"But, my dear, you are going to marry me."

"Yes—I suppose so," she murmured helplessly. "That isn't what I meant. I mean it isn't necessary to ask Cecil. Ask me; I'll consent for him."

Half an hour passed. Then he went to the window and looked out into the storm.

"You must lie down and get some sleep," he insisted, coming back to her. "The storm's letting up, but we can't leave here for quite a while. I'll sit up and watch. I'm too happy to sleep." She protested, but her heavy eyes were half closed. Soon he sat alone before the fire; she slept sound on the broad couch in the corner, a steamer rug across her knees. A contented smile curved his lips as he gazed reflectively into the flames. He was not thinking of Mrs. Renwood's amiable ghost.

How long she had been asleep Penelope did not know. She awoke with a start, her flesh creeping. A nameless dread came over her; she felt that she was utterly alone and surrounded by horrors. It was a full minute—sickening hour, it seemed—before she realized that she was in the room with the man she loved. Her frightened eyes caught sight of him lying back in the chair before the dying fire in the chimney place. The lights were low, the shadows gaunt and chill.

A terrible exclamation started to her lips. Her ears again caught the sound of some one moving in the house—some alien visitor. There was no mistaking the sound—the distant, sepulchral laugh and the shuffling of feet, almost at the edge of the couch, it seemed.

"Randolph!" she whispered hoarsely. The man in the chair did not move. She threw off the blanket and came to a sitting posture on the side of the couch, her fingers clutching the covering with tense horror. Again the soft, rumbling laugh and the sound of footsteps on the stairway. Like a flash she sped across the room and clutched

Leonard Meisinger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Meisinger, has been confined to his home for the past few days with a very severe cold, but is reported as getting along very nicely.

Auction Bridge, 500 and Bridge Pads at the Journal office.

#### ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.

Known All Men by These Presents, that we, Jno. A. Chopieska, Sam G. Smith, D. O. Dwyer, H. M. Soennichsen and John T. Lambert, so associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming and becoming a corporation in the State of Nebraska, for the transaction of the business hereinafter described.

1. The name of the corporation shall be the Chopie Gasoline Engine Company (Limited). The principal place of transacting its business shall be in the city of Plattsmouth, County of Cass, and State of Nebraska.

2. The nature of the business to be transacted by said corporation shall be the manufacture and sale of gasoline engines, other engines, and machinery and the erection and maintenance of such buildings and structures as may be deemed necessary, and to purchase real estate for a site therefore, and to procure any and all necessary property, both real and personal, incidental to or required in the manufacture of gasoline engines.

3. The authorized capital stock of said corporation shall be Two Hundred Thousand Dollars, divided into shares of ten dollars each, to be subscribed and paid for as required by the Board of Directors. One-half of said stock shall be preferred, and which preferred stock shall draw seven per cent, to be paid out of the net earnings of the company, per annum. The other half shall be common stock, on which dividends shall be paid as the Board of Directors might determine. Only the owners of the common stock shall be entitled to participate in the further profits, election of officers and management of the Company. All of said stock shall be non-assessable.

4. The existence of this corporation shall commence on the 5th day of October, 1912, and continue during the period of twenty-five years.

5. The business of said corporation shall be conducted by a Board of Directors not to exceed five in number, to be elected by the stockholders of the common stock. The first election of directors shall take place at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on the day of October, 1912, and thereafter such election to take place at such time and be conducted in such manner as shall be prescribed by the by-laws of said corporation.

6. The officers of said corporation shall be president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and a general manager, who shall be chosen by the Board of Directors, and shall hold their office for the period of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified.

7. The highest amount of indebtedness to which said corporation shall at any time subject itself shall not be more than two-thirds of its issued and paid up capital stock.

8. The manner of holding the meeting of stockholders for the election of officers, and the method of conducting the business of the corporation, shall be as provided in the by-laws adopted by the Board of Directors.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto set our hands this 5th day of October, 1912.

Jno. A. Chopieska,

Sam G. Smith,

H. M. Soennichsen,

D. O. Dwyer,

John T. Lambert,

In presence of

Bessie Shea.

STATE OF NEBRASKA,

Cass County, ss.

On this 2nd day of October, 1912, before me, Bessie Shea, a notary public, in and for said county, personally appeared the above named Jno. A. Chopieska, Sam G. Smith, D. O. Dwyer, H. M. Soennichsen and John T. Lambert, who are personally known to me to be the identical persons whose names are affixed to the above articles as parties thereto, and they severally acknowledged their instrument to be their voluntary act and deed.

Witness my hand and notarial seal at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 5th day of October, 1912.

(Seal) Bessie Shea,  
Notary Public.  
My commission expires June 3rd, 1913.

State of Nebraska,

Secretary's Office.

Received and filed for record October 7, 1912, and recorded in Book 20, Miscellaneous Incorporations, at page 528.

Addison Wait,  
Secretary of State.  
By Geo. W. Marsh, Deputy.

If you have a house for rent try a Journal Want Ad.

#### MYNARD.

Henry Heitz visited in Mynard Friday.

Charles Barnard is sporting a new Vela car.

Miss Eva Porter returned from Omaha to spend Sunday with her parents.

Mrs. Thayer Propst visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, over Sunday.

Mr. Vilas of Albany, N. Y., is visiting at the home of W. B. Porter, his brother-in-law.

Fred Bines and family of Havlock visited at the home of his brother-in-law, John Livingston, over Sunday.

The weather has been ideal for the last ten days and farmers are getting the fall work in good shape for winter.

Frank Goodman, Ray Howard and Edgar Barker were among the number transacting business in town Thursday.

We are very much in need of a High school here, as nine of our young boys and girls attend the High school in Plattsmouth.

Colonel Venner is having a large barn built on his farm east of town, which will add greatly to the improvements already on the place.

George Snyder is having the large trees in his yard removed. The trees are very old and are decaying badly, having been planted by his father about 1860.

Uncle Jap Young will soon move back to town and occupy the residence owned by Frank Marler of Murray. Uncle Jap carries the rural route mail.

William Fight is making a canvas of the county selling stock food. Others are campaigning the county in behalf of some position in the county court house.

Mrs. J. H. Adams visited her mother, Mrs. Henton, at the home of William Gillispie. Mrs. Henton has been quite poorly for several weeks, owing to her extreme age of 85 years.

Chris Metzger and Lee Cole have returned from their hunting trip in the western part of the state. They report game plentiful and crop conditions far above the average.

William Burby finished this season's threshing on the farm of Mrs. William Wedenkamp Friday. He has had a very successful run, he being an experienced hand at the business, as well as congenial, has won for him the respect of all patrons.

**Good and Poor Roads.**

Those traveling the public highway west of Louisville road and through Mynard can do so with pleasure as far west as the precinct line. They have been gone over with a road drag and are nice and smooth; but west of the precinct line the road is in very poor condition. Also the automobile road is very rough from town to the Pollock & Duff bridge, and for that matter they are not good all the way to Omaha. I think a good plan for the bridge company would be to keep the road in better shape for travel. A small amount spent in the way of dragging the road would make a great improvement. We certainly are paying toll enough and why not give us a better road?

**One Who Has Been Over the Roads.**

UNION.

Ledger.

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**Farm for Sale.**

135-acre farm, four miles from town, between 50 and 60 acres under plow, 7 acres hay land, balance pasture. Running water. Seven-room house and other improvements.

Inquire at the office of Rawls & Robertson. 10-10-(f-wkly)

**Don't forget! The Journal office is prepared to do all kinds of fancy job work. Give us a trial.**

pahoe, Colo., going via Kansas City.

Bett Tulene and wife, who conducted the restaurant here for more than a year, sold out last week, and Friday evening they returned to Plattsmouth, where they own a nice home. They made a success of the business while here, treated everybody "on the square," and are sure of a cordial welcome by their many friends any time they visit here.

Three of the Murray brothers, John, Leonard and Charles, former residents of this county, now living at Al