



BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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CHAPTER IX.

In Which the Author Trespasses.

THIS narrative has quite as much to do with the Bazelhurst side of the controversy as it has with Shaw's. It is therefore but fair that the heroic invasion by Lord Cecil should receive equal consideration from the historian. Shaw's conquest of one member of the force opposing him was scarcely the result of bravery; on the other hand Lord Cecil's dash into the enemy's country was the very acme of intrepidity.

Down the drive and into the mountain road clattered the three horsemen. Lady Bazelhurst, watching at the window casement, almost swooned with amazement at the sight of them. The capes of their Mackintoshes seemed to flaunt a satirical farewell in her face; their owners, following the light of the carriage lamps, swept from view around a bend in the road and bravely plunged into the dark territory over which the enemy ruled. It was the duke who finally brought the cavalcade to a halt by propounding a most sensible question.

"Are you sure she came this way, Cecil?"

"Certainly. This is Shaw's way, isn't it?"

"Did she say she was going to Shaw's?"

"Don't know. Evelyn told me. Hang it all, Barminster, come along. We'll never catch up to her."

"Is she riding?"

"No—horses all in."

"Do you know, we may have passed her. Deuce take it, Bazelhurst, if she's running away from us, you don't imagine she'd be such a silly fool as to stand in the road and wait for us. If she heard us she'd hide among the trees."

"But she's had an hour's start of us."

"Where ees she coming to?" asked the count, with an anxious glance upward, just in time to catch a skirning raindrop with his eye.

"That's just it. We don't know," said the duke.

"But I must find her!" cried Lord Cecil. "Think of that poor girl alone in this terrible place, storm coming up and all that. Hi, Penelope!" he shouted in his most vociferous treble. The shrieking wind replied. Then the three of them shouted her name. "Gad, she may be lost or dead or—Come on, Barminster. We must scour the whole damned valley."

"He's like a wildcat tonight," said the duke in an aside to the little Frenchman, referring to his lordship. "Demme, I'd rather not cross him. You seem to forget that his sister is out in all this fury."

"Mon Dieu, but I do not forget. I would give half my life to hold her in my arms thees eenstant."

"Dem you, sir, I'd give her the other half if you dared try such a thing. We didn't fetch you along to hold her. You've got to hold the horses, that's all."

"Diable! How dare you to speak to—"

"What are you two rowing about?" demanded his lordship. "Come along! We're losing time."

Away they swept, Penelope's two admirers wrathfully barking at one another about satisfaction at some future hour.

The storm burst upon them in all its fury—the maddest, wildest storm they had known in all their lives. Terrified, half drowned, blown almost from the saddles, the trio finally found shelter in the lee of a shelving cliff just off the road. While they stood there shivering, clutching the bits of their well nigh frantic horses the glimmer of lights came down to them from windows farther up the steep. There was no mistaking the three upright oblongs of light. They were tall windows in a house, the occupants of which doubtless had been aroused at this unearthly hour by the fierceness of the storm.

"By Jove," lamented the duke, water running down his neck in floods, "what a luxury a home is, be it ever so humble, on a night like this."

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu," groaned the count, "how comfort' zey look! And here? Eh bien! Qui fait trembler la terre! I am seek! I die!"

"Penelope is out in all this," moaned his lordship.

"I am not so sure of that. Trust a woman to find a place where she can't ruin her hat. My word for it, Cecil, she's found a safe roost. I say, by Jove!" The duke was staring more intently than ever at the windows far above. "I have it! Isn't it rather odd that a house should be lighted so brilliantly at this hour of night?"

"Demmed servants forgot to put out the lamps," groaned Bazelhurst with out interest.

"Nonsense! I tell you what—some one has roused the house and asked shelter from the storm. Now, who could that be but Penelope?"

"By Jove, you're a ripping clever ass, after all, Barminster—a regular Sherlock Holmes. That's just it. She's up there where the windows are. Come on. It's easy sailing now," cried his lordship, but the duke restrained him.

"Don't rush off like a fool. Whose house is it?"

"How the devil do I know? This is Shaw's land, and he hasn't been especially cordial about"—

"Aha! See what I mean? Shaw's land, to be sure. Well, hang your stupidity, don't you know we're looking at Shaw's house this very instant? He lives there and she's arrived, dem it all. She's up there with her—dry clothes, hot drinks and all that, and we're out here catching pneumonia. Fine, isn't it?"

"Gad! You're right! She's with that confounded villain. My God, what's to become of her?" groaned Lord Cecil, sitting down suddenly and covering his face with his hands.

"We must rescue her!" shouted the duke. "Brace up, Cecil! Don't be a baby. We'll storm the place."

"Not in zis rain!" cried the count. "You stay in the shade and hold the horses, that's what you do," said the duke scornfully.

After many minutes there came a break in the violence of the storm and preparations were at once made for the climb up the hill. Deveauz was to remain behind in charge of the horses. With their bridle reins in his hands he cheerfully maintained this position of trust, securely sheltered from the full force of the elements. Right bravely did the duke and his lordship venture forth into the spattering rain. They had gone no more than three rods up the path when they were brought to a halt by the sounds of a prodigious struggle behind them. There was a great trampling of horses' hoofs, accompanied by the frantic shouts of the count.

"I cannot hold zem! Mon Dieu! Zey are mad! Ho! ho! Help!"

"Hold to 'em!" shouted Lord Cecil. "Help!" shouted the count, at the same moment releasing his grip on the reins. Away tore the horses, kicking great chunks of mud over him as he tumbled aimlessly into the underbrush. Down the road clattered the animals, leaving the trio marooned in the wilderness. Groaning and half dead, the unfortunate count was dragged from the brush by his furious companions. What the duke said to him was sufficient without being repeated, here or elsewhere. The count challenged him as they all resumed the march up the hill to visit the house with the lighted windows.

"Here is my card, m'sieur," he grated furiously.

"Demme, I know you!" roared the duke. "Keep your card, and we'll send it in to announce our arrival to Shaw."

In due course of time, after many slips and falls, they reached the front yard of the house on the hillside. It was still raining lightly. The thunder and lightning were crashing away noisily farther up the valley. Cautiously they approached through the weeds and brush.

"By Jove!" exclaimed his lordship, coming to a standstill. He turned the light of his lantern toward the front elevation of the house. "Every door and window except these three are boarded up. It can't be Shaw's home."

"That's right, old chap. Deuce queer, eh? I say, Deveauz, step up

"I'm sorry, dear, for that screech of mine," he apologized.

Suddenly he started and gazed intently in the direction of the haunted house. A man—a sorry figure—was slowly, painfully approaching from the edge of the wood scarce a hundred yards away. In his hand he carried a stick to which was attached a white cloth—doubtless a handkerchief. He was hatless and limped perceptibly.

"It's Cecil!" whispered Penelope in horror struck tones. "Good heaven, Randolph, go to him! He is hurt."

It was Lord Bazelhurst. As Shaw hurried down the drive to meet him, no thought of the feud in mind, two beings even more hopelessly dilapidated ventured from the wood and hobbled up behind the truce bearer, who had now paused to lift his shoulders into a position of dignity and defiance. Shaw's heart was touched. The spectacle was enough to melt the prejudice of any adversary. Lord Cecil's knees trembled. His hand shook as if in a chill. Mud covered, water soaked and bruised, their clothes rent in many places, their hats gone and their hair matted, their legs wobbly, the trio certainly inspired pity, not mirth nor scorn.

"One moment, sir," called his lordship, with a feeble attempt at severity. His voice was hoarse and shaky. "We do not come as friends, dem you. Is my sister here?"

"She is, Lord Bazelhurst. We'll talk this over later on," said Shaw in his friendliest way. "You are worn out and done up, I'm sure—you and your friends. Come, I'm not as bad as you think. I've changed my mind since I saw you last. Let's see if we can't come to an amicable understanding. Miss Drake is waiting up there. Breakfast soon will be ready—hot coffee and all that. Permit me, gentlemen, to invite you to partake of what we have. What say you?"

"Confound you, sir! I—I—" But his brave effort failed him. He staggered and would have fallen had not the duke caught him from behind.

and pounced on the door. You've got a card, you know."

"Que diable!" exclaimed the count, sinking into the background.

"We might reconnoiter a bit," said Bazelhurst. "Have a look at the rear, you know."

Around the corner of the house they trailed, finally bringing up at the back steps. The windows were not only dark, but boarded up. While they stood there amazed and uncertain, the rain came down again in torrents, worse than before if possible. They

"I say, Deveauz, step up and pound on the door."

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scattered for cover, plunging three abreast beneath the same steps that had sheltered Penelope and Shaw such a short time before.

"Ouch! Get off my feet!" roared the duke.

"Zounds! Who are you punching, demme! Hello! What's this? A door and open, as I live!" The trio entered the cellar door without ceremony.

"Thank God, we're out of the rain at last!"

It was not until they had explored the basement and found it utterly without signs of human occupancy that the truth of the situation began to dawn upon them. Barminster's face was white, and his voice shook as he ventured the horrid speculation:

"The good Lord save us—it's that damned haunted house Pen was talking about!"

"But ze lights?" queried the count. "Ghosts?"

"Let's get out of this place," said Lord Bazelhurst, moving toward the door. "It's that beastly Renwood house. They say he comes back and murders her every night or so."

"Mon Dieu!"

"Penelope isn't here. Let's move on," agreed the duke readily. But even fear of the supernatural was not strong enough to drive them out into the blinding storm. "I say, look ahead, there's Shaw's place!"

Peering through the door they saw for the first time the many lights in Shaw's windows, scarce a quarter of a mile away. For a long time they stood and gazed at the distant windows. Dejectedly they sat down, backs to the wall and waited for the storm to spend its fury. Wet, cold and tired, they finally dozed. It was Lord Cecil who first saw the signs of dawn. The rain storm had come to a mysterious end, but a heavy fog in its stead loomed up. He aroused his companions and with many groans of anguish they prepared to venture forth into the white wall beyond.

Just as they were taking a last look about the wretched cellar something happened that would have brought terror to the stoutest heart. A wild, appalling shriek came from somewhere above, the cry of a mortal soul in agony.

The next instant three human forms shot through the narrow door and out into the fog, hair on end, eyes bulging, but sightless; legs traveling like the wind and as purposeless. It mattered not that the way was hidden; it mattered less that weeds, brush and stumps lurked in ambush for unwary feet. They fled into the foggy dangers without a thought of what lay before them, only of what stalked behind them.

Upstairs Randolph Shaw lay back against the wall and shook with laughter. Penelope's convulsed face was glued to the kitchen window, her eyes peering into the fog beyond. Shadowy figures leaped into the white mantle; the crash of brush came back to her ears, and then, like the barking of a dog, there arose from the mystic gray the fast diminishing cry:

"Help! Help! Help!" Growing fainter and sharper, the cry at last was lost in the phantom desert.

They stood at the window and watched the fog lift, gray and forbidding, until the trees and road were discernible. Then arm in arm they set forth across the wet way toward Shaw's cottage.

"Poor Cecil!" she sighed. "It was cruel of you." In the roadway they found a hat which she at once identified as the count's. Farther on there was a carriage lamp and later a mackintosh, which had been cast aside as an impediment. "Oh, it was cruel!" She smiled, however, in retrospect.

"If I were only sure that nothing serious had happened to Cecil," she murmured anxiously.

"I'm sorry, dear, for that screech of mine," he apologized.

Suddenly he started and gazed intently in the direction of the haunted house. A man—a sorry figure—was slowly, painfully approaching from the edge of the wood scarce a hundred yards away. In his hand he carried a stick to which was attached a white cloth—doubtless a handkerchief. He was hatless and limped perceptibly.

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"Confound you, sir! I—I—" But his brave effort failed him. He staggered and would have fallen had not the duke caught him from behind.

"Thanks, old chap," said Barminster to Shaw. "We will come in for a moment. I say, perhaps you could give us a dry did or two. Bazelhurst is in a bad way, and so is the count. It was a devil of a storm."

Penelope came down from the porch to meet them. Without a word she took her brother's arm. He stared at her with growing resentment.

"Dem it all, Pen," he chattered, "you're not at all wet, are you? Look at me! All on your account too."

"Dear old Cecil! All on Evelyn's account, you mean," she said softly, wistfully.

"I shall have an understanding with her when we get home," he said earnestly. "She shan't treat my sister like this again."

"No," said Shaw from the other side; "she shan't."

"By Jove, Shaw, are you with me?" demanded his lordship in surprise. "Depends on whether you are with me," said the other. Penelope flushed. Hot coffee, chops, griddle cakes and maple sirup soon put the contending forces at their ease. Bazelhurst, so far forgot himself as to laugh amiably at his host's jokes. The count responded in his most piquant dialect, and the duke swore by an ever useful Lord Harry that he had never tasted such a breakfast.

"By Jove, Pen," exclaimed her brother in rare good humor, "it's almost a sin to take you away from such good cooking as this."

"You're not going to take her away, however," said Shaw. "She has come to stay."

"What—the devil do you mean, sir?" demanded Lord Cecil, his coffee cup shaking so violently that the contents overflowed.

"She's going over to Plattsburg with me today, and when she comes back

"When she comes back she will be Mrs. Randolph Shaw."

she will be Mrs. Randolph Shaw. That's what I mean, your lordship."

Three of his listeners choked with amazement and then coughed painfully. Feebly they set their cups down and gulped as if they had something to swallow. The duke was the first to find his tongue, and he was quite at a loss for words.

"E—by Jove," he said blankly, "that's demmed hot coffee!"

"Is this true, Penelope?" gasped his lordship.

"Yes, Cecil. I've promised to marry him."

"It isn't because you feel that you have no home with me?"

"I love him. It's a much older story than you think," she said simply.

"I say, that hits me hard," said the duke with a wry face. "Still, I join in saying, God bless you."

"We're trying to end the feud, you see," said Penelope.

Tears came into his lordship's pale eyes. He looked first at one and then at the other and then silently extended his hand to Randolph Shaw. He wrung it vigorously for a long time before speaking. Then, as if throwing a weight off his mind, he remarked:

"I say, Shaw, I'm sorry about that dog. I've got an English bull terrier down there that's taken a ribbon or so. If you don't mind, I'll send him up to you. He—he knows Penelope."

THE END.

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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 5th 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.

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

H. H. Bartling of Nebraska City was here last evening attending the bull moose meeting.

Eddie Valley and wife returned last evening from their visit to the western part of the state.

Charles Warner of the precinct was in the city today looking after business matters for the day.

William Wolf and John R. Pierson of Union were in the city last evening looking after business matters.

George Meisinger was a business visitor in the metropolis today, going up on No. 15 this morning.

John Erich motored through this city today with a party en route to Omaha, where they were called on business matters.

J. M. Willard and wife of Murray were in the city this morning en route to Omaha, where they looked after business matters.

James Holmes was in the city yesterday, motoring in from his home at Murray, and visited for several hours with his friends.

Louie Puls of near Murray was in the city today looking after some items of business. He was a passenger to Omaha on No. 23 this afternoon.

Mrs. George Rhoden, accompanied by her guest, Miss Gregory, of Weeping Water, were Omaha visitors today, being passengers on No. 15 this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Beil of the vicinity of Rock Bluffs were in the city today attending to some business matters. Mrs. Beil was a pleasant caller at this office, renewing her subscription to this paper.

Mrs. Marelta Gray of Hanford, California, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. A. Robertson, here for several weeks, departed yesterday afternoon for her home. Mrs. Robertson accompanied her as far as Omaha, where she will visit friends for a few days.

Mrs. J. H. Adams of Mynard departed yesterday for Lincoln, where she visited for the day with Mrs. J. W. Chapman, going from there to Scotts Bluff, Nebraska, where she will visit a sister. Mrs. Adams expects to visit several other towns in the state before her return.

From Saturday's Daily.

Peter Campbell of Rock Bluffs was among the farmer visitors in the city today.

P. M. Meisinger of Eight Mile Grove was in the city today, calling on the merchants.

August Beins drove in today to attend to the week-end shopping and other business matters.

George Meisinger drove in this morning to attend to business matters with the merchants.

W. H. Mark of Union was in the city today looking after some business matters for a short time.