

THE NEW CLARION

By... WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER V.

Abner and Mrs. Hillhouse.

WELL, there it rests," Hillhouse labored and was delivered of a deep groan as Abner succeeded at him. "If I had told her about our talk—that I'd listen to your proposition with any notion of taking it up—well, she would have clawed my eyes out on the spot. I know the woman, Ab, and you don't. You never have lived with her."

"No, thank God—I mean, Hillhouse," Abner corrected quickly. "That she hasn't breathin' you half decent. You are the boss, or ort to be. Scriptur' sumpers lays down powerful strict laws ag'in' women takin' a hand in what ort to be run by the head of the family. Now, the trade is made betwixt us, an' that ain't no way out of it on my part fer reasons I won't go into. The receipt I hold over yore name is as valid as any document that could be drawn up in any law office in the state."

"You say it is?" Hillhouse's face was full of yearning indecision.

"Yes, the Clarion is mine, an' you are lucky to get rid of it. Now, listen to me. You say you've lived with yore wife an' I ain't. That's all so, but I'll bet a hess to a gingercake that I know 'er better'n you do. Now, I'll tell you what you will have to do. You'll have to work her so fine that she will think she is sellin' the paper. She's been boss so long that whenever you take a hand she gits her dander up and squares herself ag'in it. That is at the bottom o' the whole thing."

"That may be a good idea, but I can't do it," Hillhouse answered. "I know that everything that does happen is what she proposes. I can't recall a single thing that I ever mentioned that went through, while everything she hints at somehow goes right off the reel."

"Well, then, I'll have to help you out," Abner said with firmness. "I ain't paid for the work, but simply out of pity fer you as a sufferin' man that I've knowed an' liked a long time I'll take it in hand. Let me git at 'er. Is she at home now?"

"Yes"—Hillhouse raised a pair of doubtful eyes—"you'll find her in the front yard where I left her a minute ago. But, Ab, I want you to be careful. When she is opposed she sometimes has hysterics so bad that a doctor has to come. The last time I called in Dr. Stone he got mad at her for the way she went on. He told me that hysterics wasn't no acual disease, but was just imagination and the way some women have of letting off steam. He came powerful near saying that it was what was meant by the evil spirits our Saviour used to cast out. She was lying there to all appearances unable to talk and making signs when he come in."

"He took one look at her and sniffed. He called me out of the room and said: 'She can talk as well as anybody. Nothing is the matter with her. I can't charge for visits like these, and I don't want to be called away from important cases when I don't do some good. Now just get me a glass half full of water. Watch me close, and the next time she acts this way you administer the same treatment.'"

"I thought he was going to give her a dose of some soothing mixture, for he had his saddlebags with him, but I was mistaken. When I brought the water he hid the tumbler behind him and went in and stood over her. Then he asked her to sit up straight, and she did, he still keeping the tumbler out of sight. She hadn't more than reached an upright position when he dashed the water smack dab in her face. Oh, wasn't she mad? She hopped out of bed and told him if he ever darkened that door again she would have the law on him."

"Well, I have cured you, haven't I? Doc grinned. 'And I am not going to charge for it.' And with that he left her mopping her face with a towel, madder than any wet hen you ever saw."

"I'll bet you never used the treatment," Abner commented dryly. "You ain't got backbone enough."

"No, I never did, to tell the truth," Hillhouse responded. "The treatment is simple an' cheap, and it worked like a charm in my wife's case, but a doctor is a privileged character. No, if you are going to talk to her, Ab, you must keep your wits about you. I hope you will accomplish something, but I don't feel at all sure about it. My wife is a strong willed woman, and she has had her way a good many years."

In the front yard of a simple cottage near by Daniel saw the object of his visit. She was a tall, thin woman, with blue eyes, sparse chestnut hair and almost bloodless skin. She stood up, a garden trowel in hand, a short piece of twine between her drawn lips, as Abner leaned on the gate.

"Good mornin', Sister Hillhouse," he smiled. "Don't let me stop you at yore work. I was just passin'. I was in at the Clarion just now. Yore hus-

band says you run the house, an' I 'lowed I'd ax you ef you'd like to buy some o' my prime smoke cured hams."

"We don't need any," she answered cordially. "We have been using sugar cured hams from Chicago. The merchants here advertise with us, you know, and we feel that we ought to deal with them."

"Biggest mistake you ever made," Abner unlatched the small gate and went in, ostensibly to examine and smell a certain rose. "You ort to know, Sister Hillhouse, that our old fashioned smokehouse meat is miles an' miles ahead o' the quick cured stuff that is shipped by the carload from the west. Why, you ort to be out our way an' see how we do it. We hang the upper part o' the smokehouse full o' hams, shoulders, sides, spiced an' peppered sausage in clean inside corn shucks, an' then we make a fire in the center out o' seasoned hickory wood an' chips as dry as powder. We close the house tight an' keep the fire goin' fer days an' days. A Chicago meat drummer stopped one day to see the process, an' he told me that his stuff was just smoked barely enough to stain the outside a little tiny bit. He said that ef western meat was smoked as thoroughly as mine that you folks would have to pay a dollar a pound for it. You see, wood ain't no object to us out our way, what we are constantly clearin' up new ground, an' as fer the bother o' keepin' the fire goin', a child could attend to it, though a body has to make quick runs in an' out, holdin' the breath, to put chips on. I declare I'd rather see the smoke oozin' out betwixt the shingles of a smokehouse than any sight I ever looked at."

"I know your hams must be delicious, but—"

"They are as sweet as sugar on the tongue," Abner went closer to the porch as he interrupted her. Two chairs in the shade behind the honeysuckle vines looked inviting.

"Take a seat and rest, Mr. Daniel," Mrs. Hillhouse now bethought herself to say, and as he accepted and doffed his hat she went on: "About the hams. Old fashioned eatables do seem to be passing out of use. Folks buy so many fancy things put up in cans here lately. I'll think over your meat and let you know. I noticed in the Clarion not long ago that you took a trip away. Where did you go?" She had seated herself by him and was divesting her thin hands of the cotton gloves she wore while doing garden work.

"Oh, I went everywhar, it seems to me"—he was laying his hat carefully on the floor at his side—"north, west an' south; stopped quite awhile in Augusta. By the way, that's a pretty town, Sister Hillhouse—got the widest, shadiest avenues you ever laid eyes on. The big, fine houses, set away back on wide lawns as green an' level as a billiard table, with grass clipped as close as a convict's hair; an' roses! Oh, my! Joe Hillhouse's wife, Jane, yore sister-in-law, has oceans of 'em both summer an' winter. I used to go to school with Joe over in Gilmer, an' he made me put up overnight at his new mansion. I felt a little like a yahoo at that fine table, with all them glitterin' dishes an' silver contraptions. Jane is a wonderful up to date woman, jest the wife fer a risin' man like Joe."

"I never thought she was anything extra," Mrs. Hillhouse said frigidly, "not in education anyway. She never had half as many advantages as a girl that I had. Her pa was just a poor circuit rider, while my father owned the finest river bottom plantation that—"

"Jane's makin' up for lost time, I reckon," Abner seemed unconscious of the fact that he was interrupting her. "Up here in this God forsaken section she had no sort o' show fer her natural talents, but down 'er in that swift town she is feelin' 'er oats. It is a pretty sight to see Jane in a fluffy yaller silk dress, cut low at the neck, an' her arms white an' plump at the head o' that scriptum table orderin' them nigger gals to tote forward this an' that toothsome dish. Joe's makin' money like a dam broke loose. He's got a big, growin' business, an' he spends freely."

"Yes, he's doing well," Mrs. Hillhouse declared, with animation that crept from her flushed cheeks to her eyes. "He wants a partner too. He has written John to come down an' take an interest. Joe says we needn't have any rent to pay, that there is plenty of room for us all in his big house. Yes, he's crazy to have us come."

"You don't tell me," Abner exclaimed in well assumed astonishment. "An' that a pity, too, for John certainly is tled here hands an' feet. Unloadin' a piece o' property like a newspaper on its last legs ain't no little undertakin'. I'm here to state."

"We'd have no trouble at all," Mrs. Hillhouse answered. "In fact, two young men here in Darley are now borrowin' the money with the hope that we will decide to sell."

"Oh, them fellers?" Abner said, in a tone of sympathetic dismay. "Well, if yore sole hope lies in that direction I'm sorry to say you will meet with disappointment. They came to me after bein' turned down everywhere else. I couldn't lend money to crack brains like them an' told 'em so."

Mrs. Hillhouse's features fell into anxious gravity. It was as if she could think of nothing to say at the moment. "It is that way all through, Sister Hillhouse," Abner said consolingly as he took up his hat and fit it over his knee. "That is always some wail or other risin' betwixt us an' the plums o' life—that is fer some of us—you an' me an' John, for instance, but Jane an' Joe have drifted at high tide into a patch o' clover—especially Jane. If yore husband jest could git in with his brother down thar now you'd eclipse

Jane mighty soon, fer you know what's what. You are dyin' of the dry rot in this measly old town."

"You say those young men can't get up the money?" the woman faltered.

"No, they can't make the rifle," said Abner colloquially, "but you must pay Jane a visit anyway. She'd be glad to see you, I know, fer she was me, an' I'm nothin' but a scrub. You ort to see her chicken house. It is in a great lot fenced off with wire nettin'. Her fine hens lay eggs that fetch a dollar a dozen for hatchin' purposes. It's a pretty sight. The water is good in Augusta, too—fine pure freestone, as soft to wash with as rain water full o' sal soda."

"What a life you are missin', Sister Hillhouse! You could do like Jane says she is goin' to do—spend the winter thar when all the New York millionaires are at the hotels playin' golf an' the warm months here for a chance. It makes me mad to think o' what a little thing is standin' betwixt you an' all them advantages, but it is the little things that sump us an' tie the halter of failure round our necks. I guess John Hillhouse will hang on to that patent inside sheet till the subscribers bury 'im at th'r expense out o' gratitude fer the many obituaries he has printed about th'r kin. I don't know, I'm shore."

"I'm going to sell the paper," she said sharply. "John makes a botch of everything he attempts. He tried awhile back to get me to consent to trade the Clarion for a farm miles and miles from civilization. If I had consented we'd be further from Augusta than we are now. Surely there are persons who will pay \$1,500 for a paper like that, and I'm going to find them if I have to run an advertisement in outside papers."

"That is one thing that would help you," Abner had the air of a paid legal adviser. "You certainly could give the buyer good reasons for you sellin' out, an' that would be an item. Just explain the offer Joe Hillhouse is makin', an' all doubts would be laid. Yes, I agree with you, Sister Hillhouse, if the paper is sold you'll have to do it. John never could do it in this world or the next, as fer that matter."

"I'm going to sell," the woman said. "I've never failed yet in anything I set out to accomplish. Jane Hillhouse



"I'm going to sell the paper," she said sharply.

may think I'll spend the rest o' my days in this poky town, but she will know differently very soon."

Abner rose to take his departure. As he stepped down to the ground he swung his hat idly at his side. "It is funny, but all this talk about sellin' the Clarion makes me think that I had a notion o' ownin' a weekly myself. I think a sight o' Howard Tinsler, an' he's about to go away off somer's to embark in newspaper work. I've got \$1,500 lyin' idle too. I'd never have dreamt o' tradin' with yore husband. Like many men, he don't seem to know his own mind long at a time. Of course if I was to buy I'd want to deal straight out with you."

The woman was flushed with combined eagerness and anxiety.

"I'll let you have it," she said. "John will do exactly what I say. He always does."

Abner turned toward the gate, putting his hat on to shade his face from the sun. "That is a paper that could be bought over in Gilmer county. I ain't been to look it over yet, an'—"

"But that would take you and Howard both away from home," urged the woman shrewdly. "Surely you'd rather have a paper here at Darley."

"Well, thar is somethin' in that too," Abner's entire being wore the vestments of a man being led unwittingly by a superior influence. "An' it tuck a woman to think of it too."

"Well, what do you say?" Mrs. Hillhouse followed him to the gate, which he was closing after him. "You will take it, won't you?"

"I'll swear," Abner said sheepishly, "you certainly know how to wheedle a feller. Shorely you kin wait till I take a trip over to Gilmer to look that plant over."

"It is now or never with me," was the firm answer.

(To Be Continued.)

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Thousands rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Your druggist sells it. 25c and 50c.

TUESDAY, APRIL 11 GEM THEATRE MATINEE and NIGHT

—“Beautiful People May Have Evil Minds”—“Plain Faces Often Conceal Beautiful Souls.”—

To-Day

we are born.

OUR DESTINY

—like driftwood on the ocean, is governed by the current of life—

One day tempest,
The next sunshine!

Matinee and Evening

To-Morrow

we may die.

A PLAY DISTINCTIVE

—because of its Strength, Character and Love!

Tuesday, April 11th

ROBERT WARWICK
FRANCES NELSON
HUMAN DRIFTWOOD
WORLD FILM PRODUCTION

-“Human Driftwood!”-

Matinee 5 and 10c From the Book and Play—“VELMA” Evening 5 and 15c

The Story of “Human Driftwood” in Five Excellent Reels!

“HUMAN DRIFTWOOD” AT THE GEM NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT

On next Tuesday at the Gem, matinee and night, will be shown for the first time in this city by the Shubert Film corporation, the great story of human interest, “Human Driftwood,” with Robert Warwick as the star of the cast. This will be presented in five reels and is undoubtedly one of the greatest dramatic films ever shown in the city. It is a story that is gripping with tense situations and with the splendid company is a rare treat. The story in brief is as follows:

The story of “Human Driftwood” tells in strikingly dramatic form the power of destiny to bridge the years and bring to fruition the aspirations of youth.

Robert Hendricks, a wealthy young bachelor, meets in a famous New York resort Myra, a beautiful but evil dancer, who utilizes Robert's infatuation for her to lead to his apartment a band of crooks of which she is the decoy.

Robert enters while his safe is being robbed, and in the fight that follows one of the crooks (Myra's lover) is accidentally killed by Myra's own hand.

Robert magnanimously lets the girl escape.

The years pass and Robert has become a serious reformer, forceful and effective.

He is sent for, as the head of his reform society, to clean up the fearfully immoral conditions prevailing in an Alaskan mining camp.

Unknown to Robert, Myra is the sinister influence of the camp where she conducts a dance hall. A mystery of the place is the presence there of a beautiful, unsullied girl known as Velma. She is supposed to be Myra's niece.

Despite the vicious conditions surrounding her Velma is innocent of evil with the pure heart of a young girl. Hendricks falls in love with her but Myra has already promised the girl to the bully of the camp, a huge, uncouth ruffian who has “struck it rich” and can pay Myra's price for Velma. To prevent Hendricks' wedding the girl Myra reveals her identity to Hendricks, who hitherto had not suspected it, and declares that Velma is his own daughter, the offspring of their illicit relations years before.

Driven half mad by the hideous lie, Hendricks sets off in pursuit of the bully, who has carried off Velma after

a desperate fight in Myra's dance hall in which the woman is fatally wounded. Eventually he comes to grips with the ruffian.

The bully goes to a fearful death, while fate happily unravels Hendricks' tangled love and he gathers Velma (her true identity being unfolded by the dying Myra) into his arms.

Tuesday, matinee and night.

Henry Engelke and wife came in this morning from their home near Murray and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha where they will visit for the day in that city.

John Fight and wife were passengers this morning for Omaha where they will visit for the day with their daughter, Mrs. Thomas Sullivan, and family.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for bronchial coughs, colds, and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets. For sale everywhere.

Read the Evening Journal. Only 10 cents a week.

COULD NOT WALK

And For Four Years, Could Not Stand Without Support.

Chillicothe, Ohio.—“Nothing pleases me more than to speak a word of praise for Cardui, the woman's tonic,” says Mrs. Ed Davis, of this town, “for I firmly believe that it snatched me from the grave.”

I have been married 14 years, and had two children. After the youngest was born, I was not able to walk, and for four years, I was not strong enough to stand on my feet five minutes at the time, without something to support me.

Nothing seemed to do me any good, until, finally, I commenced using Cardui, the woman's tonic. I only used about four bottles, but, today I am well, can do my work, and walk as far as I want to.

I can never praise Cardui enough, and my neighbors cannot get done wondering at the change in me.

You, too, can depend on Cardui, because Cardui is a gentle, harmless, vegetable tonic, that can do you nothing but good.

Prepared from vegetable herbs, Cardui has a specific effect on the woman's constitution, and puts strength where it is needed.

Try Card-u-1.

NCB 6

Mrs. A. W. Smith departed on the early Burlington train this morning for Omaha where she will visit for a few hours with relatives and friends.

Adam Stoehr from near Cullom was in the city for a short time today attending to some trading with the merchants.

Tom Ruby and wife and little son motored in yesterday from their home near Mynard to spend a few hours here looking after some matters of business.

Dr. B. F. Brendel of Murray was in the city today for a few hours enroute home from Omaha where he has been looking after the interests of his patients there.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the family system tonic. Price, \$1.00.

Now at the Hospital.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Mrs. E. H. Booth of this city departed Monday afternoon for Omaha where she entered the Nicholas Senn hospital in that city for treatment and will remain there for some time. Mrs. Booth has not been in the best of health for some time and it was thought best to enter the hospital to receive treatment in the hope of benefiting her health.

FOUND IT VERY GOOD.

A short time ago we received from one of our esteemed customers a letter, from which we quote the following: “Please send me two more bottles of your American Elixir of Bitter Wine. I find it very good for regulating the system and giving appetite. Rev. Joseph Conrath, Pastor St. Joseph's Church, Rawlings, Wyoming.”

We fully agree with Rev. Conrath and wish to add that we are receiving hundreds and hundreds of such letters from people that have tried it and found it all it was said to be. You may depend on Triner's American Elixir to you whenever you feel “out of help to you whenever you feel “out of sorts,” due to constipation, indigestion or similar ailments. At drug stores. Price \$1.00. Jos. Triner, 1333-1339 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago.

Whenever you are in need of a good reliable Liniment, ask for Triner's. It is prepared from the best ingredients by a competent chemist and pharmacist, under the supervision of our physician. For quick and permanent relief there is none better than Triner's Liniment. Price 25c and 50c, postpaid 35c and 60c.

Subscribe for the Journal.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska.

William A. Wood, Plaintiff.

Charles E. Wiley and Leona Pearl Wiley, Defendants.

CHARLES E. WILEY AND LEONA PEARL WILEY, Defendants, will take notice that on the 13th day of March, 1916, William A. Wood, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to secure judgment upon three several causes of action based upon promissory notes made, executed and delivered by the defendants to the plaintiff, and to secure the payment of such judgment by attachment upon real estate in Cass County, Nebraska, owned by said defendants.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 14th day of May, A. D. 1916.

WILLIAM A. WOOD, Plaintiff.

C. A. RAWLS, Attorney. 3-27-16wks

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County of Nebraska.

STATE OF NEBRASKA.

Cass County, ss.

In the Matter of the Estate of Adam Kurtz, Deceased:

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased that hearings will be had upon claims filed against said estate, before me, County Judge of Cass County, Nebraska, at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said County, on the 20th day of April, 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m., each day for examination, adjustment and allowance.

All claims must be filed in said court on or before said last hour of hearing.

Witness my hand and seal of said County Court at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 1st day of April, 1916.

(Seal) ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge. 4-3-16wks

Eggs for Hatching.

Light Brahma eggs at 50c per setting. Inquire of Mrs. George Reynolds, Route 1, Plattsmouth, Neb. 3-20-16mo-w

For Sale.

My horse team, harness and carriage and furniture wagon for sale. Can be seen at the Parmele livery barn. M. Hill. 3-20-16mo-w

+ W. A. ROBERTSON, Lawyer. +

+ East of Riley Hotel. +

+ Costes' Block, Second Floor. +

GOL. WM. DUNN,

AUCTIONEER

WEeping WATER. NEBRASKA

18 to 20 years experience is worth something to those who have property for sale.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

I am always after the High Dollar for Your Goods.