THE NEW CLARION

By...
WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER X.

The Quarrel.

FURIOUSLY angry, Howard stepped close to Craig and glared into the bloated face. "The gate is near," he said calmly. "Come outside and let's settle it now. You are drunk, but I won't take anything off of you nevertheless. You bully everybody, but you can't bully me, Craig."

"You say—you dare to—to talk that way to me," Craig blustered, making no movement, however, toward the gate. "You, you"—

There was a sound in the thicket across the road, and Pole Baker suddenly emerged, a stare of surprise in his kindly eyes. "Hold, hold! What's this?" he cried. Then taking Howard by the arm he said: "Come along. Let 'im alone. He's drunk an' don't know his hat from a hole in the ground. You don't want to have to kill a waddlin' baby. Say, Craig, take yore hand out o' yore pocket. You've got a gun—you are jest cowardly enough to tote one all the time, but ef you draw it I'll tear down a panel o' this fence an' beat the life out o' you. This is a friend o' mine, an' what he does goes, an' don't you forget it."

"The young whelp dares to"—

"Dry up!" Pole rested an enormous hand on one of the upright palings. "Dry up ef you know what's good fer you. You owe 'im money as you owe everybody else in the county, an' you are too lordly to swallow a justifiable dun. Come on, Howard. He don't know what he's sayin'."

Craig, muttering threats, lowered his head to the fence and allowed Pole to draw Howard away. For some distance they walked side by side in silence. They were near the town before either spoke. Pole broke the silence.

"Say, Howard, my friend," he began, "the Lord knows I'm a purty thing to advise you after all the shootin' scrapes I've been in, but I hope you'll let this thing slide out o' mind. I know you purty well. You've got a high temper, an' you are burnin' from head to foot right now. It will be like you to let this rankle an' fester till maybe serious trouble may come out of it."

"He'll simply have to take back what he said just now," Howard answered, his lips white and quivering. "When he is sober I shall face him an' remind him of the whole thing, and then if he"—

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Pole. "Wipe it out o' mind. He's a bad man an' not responsible. He don't care whether he lives or dies. Somebody will have to kill 'im, but it mustn't be you. Trouble o' that sort has ruined many a promisin' young life, an' you can't afford to blight yore prospects fer a worthless scamp like him. He makes enemies of everybody he deals with. He can't hire men to work for 'im. He's ruined a dozen good lives."

Howard said nothing, but Pole saw that his anger had not abated in the slightest.

"I know how you are—oh, I know!" Pole sighed. "Sometimes nothin' but a fight to a finish will cool a fellow off, but I hope Craig will have sense enough to keep out o' yore way. You are both hot tempered. Ef Craig knowed you as well as I do he would have helt his lip jest now."

When Pole met Abner on the street that morning and told him of the circumstances Abner's face grew grave. "I was wondering what was wrong," he said. "I knowed some'n' had happened an' understand now. Say, Pole, we must try to keep 'em apart. Howard has a dangerous look in his eye."

On the following afternoon, when Abner returned from luncheon, Howard informed him that Tarp had just been in to see him. "It is about some advertising scheme. He preferred to get the terms from you."

"Do you know why?" Abner asked with a sickly grin. "Ef you don't I do. You remember how he soaked me the last time with his high palaver. He thinks I am the hungriest sucker that ever swam in new waters. Bein' sold once is a plenty fer me. Tarp 'll find me with my eyes peeled an' skinned for every move he makes. Is he comin' in ag'in?"

"No, he said he was too busy at the store. He wants you to run in there for a minute. He has the matter ready for printing."

Abner had hung his hat up on its nail, but he took it down. "I wish it was a hoss trade," he sighed. "I'm as good as the next one at that, but one thing is certain, an' that is ef that skunk gits another ad. out o' me at half price I'll make 'im a present o' the paper. He's got to pay our schedule rates. All his gab about bein' the main advertiser in town won't go down."

Abner found the lively young merchant without his coat superintending the unpacking of several enormous cases of notions on the front sidewalk.

"Leave 'em that way till closin' time," Tarp ordered the young men who were unpacking. "Let the folks passing by see what quantities we buy. Don't sell any, though. Tell everybody they are bein' held for the big anniversary sale day after tomorrow, to open at 10 sharp."

"You wanted to see me about a' ad.," Abner suggested.

"Yes, that was it," Tarp said as he left the front and led Abner back into the store. "We can settle it in a minute. I've got the stuff already written out. Look at that bunch of greenhorns at the showcase, Uncle Ab! They don't know which way to turn. I need an expert floorwalker to direct my customers about. People here in the backwoods would stare in wonder, wouldn't they? Huh! All the gals in town would be in love with him. But if this thing keeps expanding as it is I'll need several, as well as the cash delivery system. I was inspecting a fine thing in that line the other day."

"How about that ad.?" asked Abner.

"Oh, yes," Tarp said, with a thoughtful frown. "It is this way, Uncle Ab. What is your regular rate for locals by the line to the hoi polloi—the little scrub advertiser that just sticks in a few bits now and then in between the regular reading matter?"

"We've just got one rate to the holty toity or any other folks," Abner jested, with twinkling eyes. "Ten cents a line to all—first come first served."

"But this is different," Tarp protested. "Now, Uncle Ab, you've got to have common judgment and discrimination. I have to myself. Why, scores o' little crossroads storekeepers come in here an' get a wholesale rate on the stuff that I sell to my regular trade fer much more. Now, listen good, and don't bite off yore nose to spite yore face. The other night as I set in my room a notion come to me fer a long ad. in the shape of reading matter that would take up about two columns in yore paper, and I jotted it down before I went to bed. It is like a story, and yet it ain't a story. I'd read it to you if I had time. It will make everybody laugh fit to split their sides, it is so funny. In fact, you'd have to pay well to get such a thing composed for you. The only ad. I've got in it is 'Tarp's Dry Goods and

"You'll have to figure some more," Abner answered.

General Merchandise Emporium' like a crack of a whip at the end, and I'll have to get a wholesale price on it or we can't dicker."

"Ten cents a line is our fixed rate," Abner answered firmly, a reminiscent shadow in his eyes, "an' I won't agree to any other."

"Well, you are a mossback editor, then, Uncle Ab—you sure are, for this is a big job, and you will lose a chunk of money if you turn it down. I figured that 3 cents a line would be as high as I could go."

"You'll have to figure some more," Abner answered. "I'm goin' to make a livin' profit down thar or I'll go back to farmin'."

"So you refuse my offer?" Tarp said, with a fallen countenance. "I'll have to tear the dang thing up, then, an' it is the best idea that I ever put on paper."

"Ten cents a line, an' no less, even ef you filled the whole local page," was Abner's half irritated ultimatum.

"Well, it is off, then," Tarp declared. "You'll regret it, Uncle Ab. I'm a big advertiser an' a great help to a home paper."

"I remember what a help you was the last time," Abner said to himself as he left the store with a stride that was all but indignant.

When Abner was gone Tarp walked slowly back to his desk and, with a frown of disappointment, took several sheets of manuscript from a drawer. While he was reading them a clerk came.

"Fred wants to know what to do about the case of piece goods that the railroad hasn't delivered yet," he said.

"Put in a claim for it," Tarp answered crustily. "It is the only way to make them trace lost stuff. Say, Dick, don't bother me any more. When you see me down at the front you can ask me questions, but when I'm at my desk like this I want to be quiet."

Alone again, Tarp turned the pages of his manuscript and continued to frown. "I can't afford to destroy as good a thing as this," he said. "It is a bangup, good idea. I never saw a better one in any paper, if I do say it. Uncle Ab's a fool to lose it."

Tarp lowered his head to his hand and fell into deep reflection. Suddenly he started and looked up, a smile on his face, a gleam in his eyes. "Gee!" he exclaimed aloud, "it might go through with a man that's as new in the newspaper business as he is, and if it did wouldn't I have a joke on him? Let's see; I'd only have to rewrite the first and last pages and sign a name of some sort to the end. I could get a friend over the mountain to mail it to him. By gum, I'll try it! Old Ab may see through it, and he may not. If he don't he's my meat. Lean and lank as he is, I'll eat him whole. Look out, old man. J. L. Tarp is on your track. You may see the day that you'll wish you'd taken up that 3 cents a line proposition. If this passes muster folks will hear of Tarp's Dry Goods and General Merchandise Emporium 500 miles away. Gee, I must get to work on it! He mustn't smell a rat, and he is hard to fool."

Early in the morning two days later Tarp left his "Emporium" by the front door and crossed the street to the postoffice, the mail having just arrived from the rural routes. The postoffice was in the rear of a long building, the front part of which was used as a drug store. Going to his lock box, the merchant took out some letters and circulars. One of the letters which he read as he leaned on a cigar case near a front window ran as follows:

Elktown, Wednesday, 9 a. m.

Dear J. L.—I received the manuscript and your note and at once put the manuscript in a fresh envelope and directed it to the editor of the New Clarion. Moreover, I mailed it myself. I stood by and saw the postmaster drop it in the bag going to Darley. It will reach your man when this gets to you. I hope it will work I know you of old.

"So far so good," Tarp chuckled. "Now for the next move."

He had not long to wait, for Abner Daniel soon sauntered in, a bunch of keys in his hands, and, nodding to the merchant and some other bystanders, he passed on to his lock box. Tarp had opened a dry goods circular which had just come, and above its margin he furtively watched his intended prey. Abner was taking out of the large drawer set aside for the New Clarion's ponderous exchange numerous parcels and letters and stacking them up on his arm.

"I reckon I'd better not let the old chap see me right now," Tarp reflected, and therewith he turned away and walked down to the entrance of the hotel, where he paused, his expectant eyes on the door of the postoffice. His vigilance was rewarded, for a moment later he saw Abner emerge, his face buried in some sheets of foolscap which had a familiar look to the watcher. Abner's face wore a startled, even triumphant expression, comparable to that on the face of a miner who has struck gold and decided to say little about it.

(To Be Continued.)

FRED MANN MADE FOREMAN FREIGHT CAR DEPARTMENT

From Saturday's Daily.

One of the changes that has been made at the Burlington shops is the appointment of Fred W. Mann as foreman of the freight car repair department of the shops to take the place of Charles Parker, who retires from railroad work to devote his time to the care of his farming interests.

Mr. Mann has been an employe of the Burlington since his graduation from the high school in this city in 1905 and has held various clerical positions as well as that of piece work inspector in the shops in that time. He is a young man well qualified in every way to make a splendid foreman and in this department will find a splendid field for his operations as this is one of the most important departments of the shops and one that has the largest number of employes of any department of this great industrial institution. He is now on the job, and that he will make a most efficient employe for the railroad company goes without saying. The freight car department has grown greatly in importance in the last few years and the number of cars turned out daily there is really surprising and a greater part of the work in this line is done here.

New Agent for Stearns-Knight.

From Saturday's Daily.

W. W. Wasley of this city has just secured the agency for the Stears-Knight automobile in this county and has made preparations for handling the machines from the factory to the purchaser. The Stearns-Knight is one of the best known cars on the market today and has had a very heavy sale, and Mr. Wasley feels pleased that he has secured the sale of the machine for this county. He has the prospect for a number of sales and will at once get busy in disposing of them.

Eggs for Hatching.

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

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm for sale. Send cash price and description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 3-16-2tw

L. M. Ingwersen bores wells. Nehawka, Neb. Phone 61. 4-17-wkly tf

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

Frank Foreman was a business visitor in Omaha today for a few hours looking after some matters of business.

P. A. Hild came up this morning from his home west of Murray to spend a few hours looking after trading with the merchants.

Adam Stoehr of near Cedar Creek was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

Guy Wiles was among those going to Omaha this morning where he will visit for the day in that city looking after matters of business.

John H. Becker was among those going to Omaha this morning where he was called to spend a few hours there looking after some matters of business.

William Wohlfarth, one of the reliable farmers from near Mynard, was in the city today for a few hours looking after some trading with the merchants.

Miss Stella Gooding has returned from Rosalie, Nebraska, where she has been for the past month visiting with relatives and friends and enjoying an outing.

James Miller, the Nehawka contractor, came up last evening to spend a few hours here attending to some business matters of importance and calling on his friends.

Wililam Deles Dernier, the Elmwood attorney, came in last evening to spend a short time in this city attending to some matters of business and visiting with his many friends.

Dietrich Koester of Weeping Water precinct was a visitor in the city on Thursday for a few hours, bringing in the election returns from his precinct, and while here called on his friends at the county seat.

A. A. Wetenkamp and Roy Howard came in this morning from their homes out in the precinct and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha to spend the day looking after some matters of business.

C. J. Baker departed for Ashtabula, Ohio, last evening where he will make an extended visit with his mother, and while there will consult a specialist as Mr. Baker's health has not been the best for the past three or four months.

Otto Schafer and Dan Terryberry, two of the live young farmers of Eight Mile Grove precinct, came in this afternoon to spend a few hours and while here the gentlemen called at the Journal office where Mr. Schafer renewed his subscription.

Walter E. Sundell, a former resident of this city, and at present residing at Oakland, Nebraska, is here enjoying a short visit with old time friends. Mr. Sundell was borne and reared in this city and left here with his parents in 1891, locating near Oakland, and the visit here this week has been one greatly enjoyed.

From Saturday's Daily.

August Nolting was among those visiting in the city today attending to trading with merchants.

G. P. Meisinger of Cedar Creek was here for a few hours today attending to some trading and visiting with his friends.

William Puls came up this morning from his home at Murray to spend a few hours visiting with his many friends.

Frank Grauf, residing east of Murray, was among those going to Omaha this afternoon to visit for a few hours with friends.

W. A. Becker came in this morning from his farm home southwest of this city to look after some trading with the merchants.

Will Rummell came in this afternoon from his farm home to visit for a few hours looking after some matters of business.

A. J. McNatt and family came up this morning from Kenosha to spend a short time here looking after some trading with the merchants.

Henry Hirz, sr., drove in yesterday afternoon from his farm home west of this city and spent a few hours looking after some matters of business.

P. A. Horn came in yesterday afternoon from his home near Cedar Creek and spent a few hours here looking after some trading with the merchants.

Henry Horn and father, G. P. Horn, sr., drove in today from their home near Cedar Creek to spend a short time in looking after the week-end shopping.

Alvin Murray and wife arrived this morning from McCook to enjoy a visit here at the home of Mr. Murray's mother, Mrs. J. A. Murray, and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Geis.

Mr. and Mrs. Allie Leonard drove in from their farm home near Mynard yesterday afternoon to attend to some important business matters and visit friends for a short time.

Ross Mote, cashier of the Citizens' State bank of Plainview, Nebraska, is here enjoying a visit at the home of Mrs. Emma Weideman and family. Mrs. Mote has been here for some time visiting at the home of her grandmother.

P. A. Meisinger and wife and H. E. Becker and daughter came in this morning from their home in Eight Mile Grove precinct and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha where they will spend the day with Mrs. John Lohnes at the hospital.

Such tobacco enjoyment

as you never thought could be is *yours to command* quick as you buy some Prince Albert and fire-up a pipe or a home-made cigarette!

Prince Albert gives you every tobacco satisfaction your smoke-appetite ever hankered for. That's because it's made by a patented process that *cuts out* bite and parch! Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

has a flavor as different as it is delightful. *You never tasted the like of it!* And that isn't strange, either.

Men who *think* they can't smoke a pipe or roll a cigarette *can smoke* and *will smoke* if they use Prince Albert. And smokers who have not yet given P. A. a try-out certainly have a big surprise and a lot of enjoyment coming their way as soon as they invest in a supply. Prince Albert tobacco will tell its own story!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that corking fine pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such clever trim—always!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
In County Court.

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 first day of May, 1916, and on the 31st day of October, 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.
4-3-4wks

NOTICE OF HEARING ON PETITION FOR ADMINISTRATION.

In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska.
In the Matter of the Estate of Loretta Ault, Deceased.
To All Persons Interested in Said Estate:

You will take notice that on the 17th day of April, 1916, Emma B. Ault, Charles Ault and Minnie Snodgrass filed their petition in this Court alleging that Loretta Ault, late of Cass county, departed this life intestate in the city of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on the 23rd day of December, 1914 leaving an estate that requires administration, and praying that administration thereof be granted to James Ault, a son of said deceased.

You will further take notice that a hearing will be had upon said petition on May 13th, 1916, at two o'clock P. M., at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, and that unless cause be shown on of before the hour set for hearing the prayer of said petition may be granted and such proceedings had and done in said estate as a just and lawful administration thereof may require.

Dated April 17th, 1916.

By the Court:
ALLEN J. BEESON,
County Judge.

John M. Leyda,
Attorney for Petitioners. 3wks

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE COUNTY OF CASS, NEBRASKA.

Joanna Baxter, Plaintiff,
vs.
Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young, et. al. Defendants.

NOTICE OF SUIT TO QUIET TITLE

To the defendants Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young; John Doe Young, first real name unknown, husband or widower of Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young; Clara E. Young Doe, real name other than Clara E. Young unknown; John Doe, first and reeal name unknown, husband or widower of Clara E. Young Doe; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young, otherwise described as Clara E. Young Doe, real name other than Clara E. Young unknown, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of John Doe Young, first real name unknown, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of John Doe, first real name unknown, deceased; Samuel H. Jones, also known as S. H. Jones, Mrs. Samuel H. Jones, first real name unknown; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Samuel H. Jones, also known as S. H. Jones, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Mrs. Samuel H. Jones, first real name unknown, deceased; Packard & Miller, a partnership composed of Spencer Packard and Jason G. Miller; Spencer Packard, Electa Packard; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Spencer Packard, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Electa Packard, deceased; Jason G. Miller, Mary P. Miller, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Jason G. Miller, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary P. Miller, deceased; John R. Clark; Amelia B. Clark; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of John R. Clark, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Amelia B. Clark, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Susanna Dycke, deceased; Louis F. Cole, also Lewis F. Cole; Clara E. Cole; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Louis F. Cole, also known as Lewis F. Cole, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Clara E. Cole, deceased; William L. Gray, Mary E. Moore, Isabelle Moore and the unknown owners and the unknown claimants of fractional lots six (6) and seven (7), in the northeast quarter (N. E. 1-4) of the northwest quarter (N.W. 1-4), of section twenty-four (24), township eleven (11), north range thirteen (13), east of the 6th P. M., in the County of Cass, Nebraska.

You are hereby notified that on April 19th, A. D., 1916, plaintiff filed her suit in the District Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska, to quiet plaintiff's title to the above described lands, to-wit:—fractional lots six (6), and seven (7), in the northeast quarter (N. E. 1-4) of the northwest quarter (N. W. 1-4) of section twenty-four (24), township eleven (11), north range thirteen (13), east of the 6th P. M., in the County of Cass, Nebraska, because of her adverse possession by herself and her grantors for more than ten years prior to the commencement of said suit and to enjoin each and all of you from having or claiming any right, title, lein or interest, either legal or equitable, in or to said lands or any part thereof; to require you to set forth your right, title, claim, lein or interest therein, if any, either legal or equitable, and to have the same adjudged inferior to the title of plaintiff and for general equitable relief. This notice is made pursuant to the order of the Court.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, May 22, A. D., 1916, or your default will be duly entered thereon.

JOANNA BAXTER,
Plaintiff.
W. A. ROBERTSON, Attorney.

NOTICE OF HEARING ON PETITION FOR ADMINISTRATION.

In the County Court of Cass county, Nebraska.
In the Matter of the Estate of Frederick Engelkemier, Deceased.
To All Persons Interested in Said Estate:

You will take notice that on the 6th day of April, 1916, Henry Frederick Engelkemier filed his petition in this court alleging that Frederick Engelkemier, late of the city of Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, departed this life, intestate, in said city and county, on the 30th day of January, 1916, leaving an estate to be administered, and praying that administration thereof be granted to Emilie Engelkemier, the widow of said deceased.

You will further take notice that a hearing will be had upon said petition on the 4th day of May, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the County Court room in the court house in the city of Plattsmouth, in Cass county, Nebraska, and that unless cause be shown on or before said hour of hearing, the prayer of said petition may be granted, and such other orders and proceedings in the premises as a just and lawful administration of said estate may require.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said court on this 6th day of April, 1916.

By the Court:
ALLEN J. BEESON,
County Judge.
3wks

For Sale.

Single Comb Rhode Island Red eggs. $1.00 per 15; $5.00 per 100. Baby chicks, 15c each.
A. O. Ramge,
Platts. 'Phone 3513.

Stalled on a Railroad Crossing

with an express 300 feet away! Will your starter work or is it a case of jump and lose the car? In such an emergency you want to be sure of your storage battery. Stop here once a month and let us inspect your battery, whatever its make. Then it will always be ready for any emergency. This

Free Battery Inspection
(Any battery on any car)

will save you many a dollar and may save your life.

We can supply repair parts for any storage battery, or a Gould Guaranteed Battery to fit the battery box on your car.

Expert battery repairing and recharging.
Starting motors, lighting generators and ignition systems repaired.

Plattsmouth Electric Shop
Bob Windham. Tel. 117