

THE NEW CLARION

By...
**WILL N.
HARBEN**

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CHAPTER XVI.
A Troubled Conscience.

ON the morning of the day Fred Craig had fought with Howard at the postoffice he had left his bed in the worst of early tempers. He had been drinking heavily the night before, and to add to this, the negro woman who usually prepared his meals had sent a little girl to say that she was sick and could not come. He attempted to cook something for himself, but, owing to unsteady hands and general lack of skill, he failed almost totally. He cut his fingers and scalded his hands with the water he was boiling for coffee. Drinking copiously from a jug of moonshine whisky, his temper grew worse. Carrying a loaded revolver in his hip pocket and scarcely knowing what he was doing he shot at a faithful dog because it ran barking across the yard and barely missed the animal. He was going to town, but remembered that he was to look at some work being done by Abe Fulton, a rough, unlettered laborer with whom he had often had disputes, in the field back of the house. The work was the construction of a modern barbed wire fence to take the place of a decayed rail one through which stray hogs recently had been breaking. Craig walked unsteadily across the old furrows of the field to the spot where Fulton was at work. Intoxicated as he was, he yet had sense enough to see that the man had made a great mistake by the irregularity with which the wire had been nailed upon the hard oak and hickory posts. The mistake meant the taking down and replacing of more than a hundred yards of the fence, and Craig was beside himself with rage.

"I told you plainly that the wires were to stand six inches apart," he railed out at Fulton, with an abusive oath. "Here they are ten, there fully twelve. What do you mean? I've a good mind to kick you out of this field! You want money by tonight, do you? You won't get a cent out of me. Set to work and do this all over."

The laborer laid down his tools, a dogged look of resentment hardening his face. "You was drunk when you told me to do it," he growled. "You don't know what you said—you never do. One minute you say a thing and the next take it back. You say I won't be paid for this. I say I will. Money I will need the money for grub, an' I'm goin' to have it!"

"You'll have what I give you when I give it to you, not a bit sooner," Craig blustered. "I say I will have it." The glare in the eyes of the workman was that of a demon, and, stepping forward, he thrust his hand into his pocket, as if to get a knife.

"Take your hand out of that pocket!" Craig yelled, drawing his revolver and presenting it unsteadily. "Take it out or I'll blow your head off!"

Abe obeyed, a dull look of animal fear capturing his flushed features.

"Ah-ha! you thought you would tackle me, did you, you dirty puppy?" Craig growled. "Now set to work and do that over. You thought you'd jump on me, did you? I'm of a good mind to give you a thrashing that you won't forget in a long time. Thank you stars that I didn't send a ball through you. I will next time you dare to make a move like you did just now."

Restoring his revolver to his pocket, Craig turned and staggered away to-



"Take it out or I'll blow your head off!"

ward his barn to get his horse. Abe was staring after him, standing as still as one of the posts he had put into the ground.

Hiding home that night after his humiliating encounter with Howard, his blotted face smarting from the blows

the younger man had dealt, his brain inflamed with whisky, his mind full of plans for revenge, he gave no thought to the man with whom he had quarreled earlier in the day. At a moment like that a low hiring that depended upon him for a living was not to be thought of. Howard was prominent; Howard was educated; Howard was a man who bore the reputation of being afraid of no one and never taking an insult. The public would wait for the outcome. Tomorrow, Craig told himself, he would go to town, meet his antagonist on the street and settle the whole matter. It would be a duel to death. He would shoot the young upstart down as he would a dog. While these thoughts were hurrying through his befuddled brain, his horse was bearing him up to the front gate of his house. There was a clump of mulberry trees on the opposite side of the road, and out of the shadow of this into the moonlight calmly stepped Abe Fulton, a revolver aimed steadily.

"Hold up yore hands!" he snarled. "Prepare to meet yore God, ef you got one, fer yore day is shore at a' end!"

Too much startled to move, Craig sat helpless in his saddle, but his mount, with a quicker sense of danger, reared up and started to run. At this instant Abe fired with the deliberation of a man who had waited long and patiently for his moment. Craig felt a sharp sting over the region of his heart. He made an effort to thrust his heels into the flanks of the horse to keep from falling, but his muscles failed to respond to the demand. He had the feeling of floating in the air, and then all became dark. He slid from his plunging horse as limply as a blanket and lay in a heap on the ground.

Stepping farther into the moonlight, Abe saw the horse galloping off down the road and turned to look at Craig. One glance convinced him that the man was dead. Experimentally he prodded the body with his rough shod foot, then turned and stalked into the woods.

It was a rugged way over which he passed, and in a lonely spot where the thick branches of the trees met overhead and cut out the moonlight, he paused to conceal the weapon, which still had the faint odor of freshly burnt powder about it. Raising a flat stone, he dug out a little receptacle in the earth and, depositing the revolver in it, he replaced the stone. Then, under the growing sense of a vague terror which he had never experienced before, he trudged on toward his cabin at the foot of the mountain. It was past midnight. He was seldom so late in returning, and yet he had not thought of what his wife might ask or what he might say in the way of explanation. Somehow the deed, justifiable as it had seemed before accomplishment, now was demanding all his thought.

As he approached the lonely log cabin, such as are given rent free to the lowest class of shiftless mountaineers by landowners and which are no whit better than the average stable, he saw that a fire was burning in the chimney and knew that his wife was still up.

"What on earth 've you been all this time?" she asked complacently. "Lord, lord, I loved you never would come. He hesitated for a second, then replied:

"Had to go to town."

"What did you have to go to town fer?"

He was trying to invent a plausible reason, perplexed by her unexpected demand, as he ducked his head to enter the low doorway, but his dull brain seemed unusually unproductive. They faced each other in the red firelight, the bare logs with their mud-filled cracks behind them as a background, the plain, split roof boards between them and the sky. She was a gaunt, dark creature, with scant hair and sunken cheeks. She repeated her question, and an excuse finally flitted into his mind.

"I was lookin' fer work," he said, averting his roving eyes. "We can't live on nothin'. I'm hungry half the time, and so are you. I've got to quit Craig, too—I see that plain enough. He's full all the time, an' spends ever' cent he gets on liquor an' never has none left to pay off hands with."

"Didn't he give you some today?" she asked, indignantly.

"Not a cent—not a red cent. That's why I—I say that—"

"You didn't ax 'im, I'll be bound—you are too slow about sech things. Others git their money from 'im, even niggers that pick cotton an' plant corn, but you let 'im trample roughshod over you. Let me go to see 'im. He won't gut me off—the scamp. I'll tell the fine gentleman a thing or two about hisself. They say he had a fight in town today with Howard Tinsley, an' Howard beat 'im up purty bad. Did you see it?"

"No, I didn't happen to be on hand."

Abe said, his lip hanging loose, his stare reaching through the doorway out into the shadows of the young pines. "But I heard they had a row o' some sort at the postoffice. They've been out for some time."

"Did you git you another job?" she asked, anxiously.

"What do you want to know that fer?"

"Because I'm dead tired o' livin' like a hawk or a hoot owl away out here ag'in these rocks among snakes an' reptiles. I want to have neighbors. You or me could git sick an' die here—actually rot in our beds—an' nobody would know it till the smell carried attention to it. Did you git work? I want to know."

"No." He took a deep breath. His eyes still shrank from hers. "Every blessed place is full up. I'm—I'm thinkin' about Alabama. They say big pay is to be had on the new railroad down thar to all that kin swing a pick-

or lift a full shovel. Ef I could git the money to pay my fare I'd take a trip thar an' look the field over."

"I'd like that," she said, as simply as a child speaking of an untried prospect. "Anything, but this here awful loneliness." She went to the fire and put a fresh piece of pine on the flames. It was full of resin, quickly ignited and a black rope of smoke curled like a serpent upward into the mud and stick fire. There was a sound of cracking twigs outside. He started, leaned forward and fell to quaking.

"What's that?" he muttered.

"Somebody's cow," she said. "I seed 'er graze thar before dark. Her bag was so full she could hardly waddle about. I could 'a' milked 'er an' had some fer yore coffee, but she wasn't mine, an' I let 'er alone. I believe in doin' what's right, Abe. Ef a body lives up to that rule, meetin' or no meetin', I think the Lord will see 'em through somehow. Got any tobacco, darlin'?"

"I'm clean out o' snuff, an' I'm mighty nigh crazy fer some'n'."

Thrusting his hand into his pants pocket, he took out a piece of cheap plug tobacco and handed it to her. Twisting off a small portion, she put it into her mouth and began to chew it. "Now you want yore supper, I know."

He had completely forgotten it, but he nodded dumbly. The stare in his eyes was almost pathetic in its sheer bewilderment. She picked up a short iron poker, lifted the lid of a three-legged pot on the coals and disclosed the remains of a stewed chicken.

"I swapped a pair o' cotton socks I knitted fer it to a peddler that was passin' with a coop o' 'em," she informed him. "He picked the smallest in the lot, but it is fat. I jest et the gizzard, neck an' wings an' left the balance fer yo'. My, it smells good! An' it's so tender it falls to pieces when you lift a bone. Then the gravy! Sop bread in it, darlin'."

When a body is hungry a diet like that can't be beat at a king's table. Ugh, it's good!" Reaching up to a crude shelf above the fireplace, she took down a cracked plate and a broken knife and fork. He sank into a chair, furtively glancing every now and then over his shoulder at the open door, against which the darkness was massed like a material substance. The plate rested insecurely on his knees and almost fell as she began to fill it.

"Hold it still," she laughed. "You are a big baby. I'll have to feed you next. I can't give you any coffee, honey. It's clean out. I was layin' off to git some as soon as you got yore money out o' that triflin' scamp. I'm goin' to see 'im the first thing after sun up. I am—I am, I tell you."

"Let 'im alone," Fulton muttered, his mouth full.

"Why do you say that?" she demanded sharply.

"Because"—slowly, his glance shifting here and there—"because it's my business—not yore'n. I won't—won't have a—a woman dabblin' in my matters. Folks like at a feller that—that lets his wife mix up in his doin's."

"Well, you see that you git it, then," she yielded. "I don't care, jest so we kin live in some sort o' shape. He's a beast of a man—carousin', card playin' and ruinin' the property an' his wife's old home. I'd think her spirit 'ud ha't 'im, an' spirits do hover about—they do—they shore do when they ain't satisfied. I know a few things, of other folks don't."

She prattled on in this wise while he gulped his food down, and when he had finished his meal she sighed wearily.

Her husband heard little of what she was saying. From the insistent drone of her voice his mind was taking desperate flights. Over and over he saw himself, hot with passion, waiting in the shadow of the trees for his victim.

Over and over he felt his determined finger press the trigger of the weapon so relentlessly aimed.

Over and over he saw the human form fall to the ground and lie limp in the thick dust of the road. Perhaps already some passer by had found the corpse or, at least, met the fleeing riderless horse which would lead to discovery. Abe's blood ran cold and plughishly in his veins. How could he meet the sensation that would surely stir the community tomorrow? Could he look men in the face and calmly talk about it as others would talk about it as if it were a casual occurrence?

(To Be Continued.)

For Sale.

My carriage and furniture wagon for sale. Can be seen at the Parmelee livery barn. M. Hill.

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

Mrs. Paul C. Morgan and little daughter arrived this afternoon from Hay Springs, Neb., for a short visit here with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Frank Rennie of Madrid, Neb., who is here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Seivers, for a few days, was a passenger this morning for Omaha in company with Mrs. A. F. Seybert, where the ladies will visit for the day.

Mrs. William Holly returned Saturday evening from Creighton, Neb., where she has been visiting at the home of her brother, Joseph Nejedlik, and brought with her the little niece who she will keep at her home for a time.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

State of Nebraska ss.

Cass County
In County Court.

In the matter of the estate of Frederick Engelkemier, 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 10th day of June, 1916, and on the 11th day of December, 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 10th day of May, 1916.

ALLEN J. BEESON,
County Judge.

(Seal)
John M. Leyde,
Attorney for Administratrix.

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

Joanna Baxter, Plaintiff,
vs.

Clara E. Young, et al. Defendants.

NOTICE OF SUIT TO QUIET TITLE To the defendants Clara E. Young, et al. 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 real 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; 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 John Doe, first real name unknown, deceased; Spencer Packard and Jason G. Miller, Spencer Packard, first real name unknown, deceased; 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 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 R. 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 R. Clark, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Susanah Drake, 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 Clara E. Cole, deceased; William L. Gray, Mary E. Moore, Isaac Moore 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 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 of said lands and her grantors for more than ten years prior to the commencement of said suit and to enforce such title and her right thereof to require you to set forth your right, title, claim, lien 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 therein.

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

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss.

In County Court. In the matter of the estate of Loretta Agit, 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 16th day of June, 1916, and on the 16th day of December, 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 15th day of May, 1916.

ALLEN J. BEESON,
County Judge.

(Seal)
JOHN M. LEYDE,
Attorney for Administratrix.

L. M. Ingwersen bores wells. Nehawka, Neb. Phone 61.

Mrs. Matt Spader and daughter, Miss Katie Shields, came down yesterday from Omaha to visit for the day with friends, and Mrs. Spader remained over to attend the funeral of William T. Scotton today.

J. H. Thrasher and T. W. Glenn departed this afternoon for Lexington, Neb., where they will attend the state encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, representing the post of this city.

Why pay \$300 more?

When you look over the other Sixes on the market and find

- that to equal this Studebaker SIX in power and size, you must pay nearly a third more;
- that no other SIX within hundreds of dollars of its price gives such POWER and flexibility;
- that no other 7-passenger SIX at its price gives the 122-inch wheelbase that insures the comfort and riding-ease this Studebaker SIX is famous for;
- that no other car on the market, irrespective of price, gives more basic quality of materials, more excellence of design, more perfection of finish;

Why pay \$300 more for a Six that gives no more? We invite every man who is going to buy a car to come in and see this new Studebaker—and we'll put it thro' any tests for performance, comfort or quality that you can think of.



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50 h.p. \$1085
7 pass.

Four-Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 7-pass. - \$875
Roadster, 3-passenger - 850
Landau-Roadster 3-pass. 1150

Six-Cylinder Models

Touring Car, 7-pass. - \$1085
Roadster, 3-passenger 1060
Landau-Roadster, 3-pass. 1350

Coupe, 4-passenger - 1600
Sedan - - - - - 1675
Limousine, 7-pass. - 2500

F. O. B. Detroit



Local Agents: Hitchman & Fitt,

If interested call for demonstration. Garage Opposite Court House Phone 58

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

Harry White came in this afternoon from Sioux City to visit for a few days with relatives and friends.

George M. Porter came in this afternoon from Lincoln to look after the interests of the Omaha Bee in this city.

Philip Stoehr of Cedar Creek was attending to some business matters in this city yesterday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Stephen Jochim of Louisville was in the city today for a short time attending to some business matters and visiting with friends.

B. F. Crook departed this morning for Nelson, Nebraska, near where he will visit with a brother and son on their farms near that place.

Giles Roman of Sioux City is here to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Carl Holmberg, which will be held here tomorrow afternoon.

L. G. Meisinger and wife drove in this morning from their home west of the city and accompanied by Miss Grace Nolting, were passengers for Omaha to visit there with Fritz Simonet at the hospital in that city.

From Saturday's Daily.

Gus Carlson and wife of Havelock came in last evening and will enjoy a visit over Sunday with relatives and friends.

J. G. Gabler, who has been visiting with his sister in Pierce county, came in last evening to spend a short time here with his mother.

R. E. Andrews came in last evening from Council Bluffs to visit here for a short time with his wife and other relatives and friends.

John Gauer of Cedar Creek was in the city for a few hours today looking after some matters of business and visiting with friends.

Simon Clark was a passenger this morning for Omaha to visit for the day there taking treatment for his trouble with his ears.

Adolph Koubek, wife and children were among those going to Omaha this afternoon to visit with friends there for a few hours.

Charles Roman of Sioux City, Iowa, is here to be present at the funeral of his niece, Mrs. Carl Holmberg, which was held this afternoon.

James Rishel was among the pas-

sengers this morning for Omaha to consult a specialist there for a few hours in regard to his health.

James Newasek was among those going to Omaha this morning to spend a few hours in that city attending to some matters of business.

C. F. Rhode of Waterloo, Iowa, is here today spending a short time visiting his friends and looking after the interests of the Dutchess trousers.

Fritz Vallery came in this afternoon from his farm home and departed on the Burlington for Omaha to spend a few hours with friends in that city.

Henry Herold, jr., journeyed to Omaha this morning to visit for a few hours in that city with friends and to look after some matters of importance.

C. E. Howe, wife and two children departed this morning for Council Bluffs, Iowa, where they will visit over Sunday there with relatives and friends in that city.

Joe Wurga of Havelock came down last evening and will spend Sunday in this city at the home of his brother, Mike Wurga, and family, as well as visiting other relatives and friends.

Tom Mahoney, the painter, was among the passengers this morning

for Omaha to visit for a few hours in that city attending to some matters of business and visiting with friends.

MAY FEST AT THE GERMAN HOME SATURDAY EVENING

On next Saturday evening the Plattsmouth Turn-Verein will give a May Fest at the German Home on Washington avenue which promises to be a pleasant event to the members of the society and their friends. A splendid social time has been arranged for that will include dancing, singing and a number of entertaining games for the younger folks who gather to enjoy the event. The committee in charge of the gathering are making plans for a very pleasant time, such as these good people always enjoy when they are assembled together. Invitations to the entertainment and dance will be issued in order that the friends of the society may be able to take part in the pleasurable occasion.

GOOD AUTO ROADS

—TO—
OMAHA

The cost of Bridge Tolls for Round Trip using our Commutation Books

Auto and Driver, round Trip..... 50c
Extra Passengers, each,..... 5c
\$10.00 Book,..... \$5.00
\$5.00 Book,..... \$2.50

Commutation Books Good any time and Transferable.

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