

THE NEW CLARION

By... WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER XIX. In a Prison Cell.

MRS. LANGHAM led her daughter straight to her room, and when they were inside she closed the door and sank into a chair, panting from her rapid walk.

"What is it, mother?" Cora demanded. "You ought to understand, heaven knows!" Mrs. Langham cried. "Haven't you heard about Howard Tinsley?"

"Yes, but what?" "Well, you have ordinary sense, I'm sure," Mrs. Langham flared out. "This whole town and a few even down at home have been connecting your name with that boy's for the last two months. I said nothing because you've had harmless affairs with all sorts of young men everywhere we've ever spent the summer. But this is different. You've entertained him at our house. The Atlanta papers, because he was a sort of editor, made mention of his visit to us. We are tied up in this terrible affair, I tell you. Your father will be furious enough to disown you, and folks in the hotel here are actually asking me if you and that young jailbird are not engaged?"

Stunned beyond utterance over what had happened prior to this tirade, Cora sank into a chair near a window. She could think of only one thing now, and that was the calamity which had befallen her friend.

"Why don't you talk? Say something for God's sake!" Mrs. Langham ground. "What are we going to do?" "Do? Why, mother, what can we do? It is not our fault. We can't help what?"

"We can do something, and we must do something, and without delay," the older woman broke in. "We can pack as quickly as possible and get away from this silly town. The papers will announce our return to Atlanta, and the public will at least know that we are not here backing the man up, no matter what the gossips may try to make out of his past attentions to you. If we stay here they will say you are heartbroken. And who do you think would care to marry a girl under a cloud like that?"

"So you would have me turn against him the moment he is in trouble," Cora answered. "Howard will know why we left town, and that will add to his humiliation. He may be innocent, mother. They say he denies it outright."

"Of course he would deny it! What fool wouldn't under the circumstances? Don't argue with me, Cora. I'm your mother, and right now I have a clearer head than you have. You will live to see the day you will be glad I forced you to be sensible. We've got to get away today on the first train."

"Do you mean to say that you actually want to stay?" Mrs. Langham exclaimed, rising and striding heavily to her daughter's chair and standing over her.

"I don't know what I want," Cora muttered despondently. "I don't—don't know how I feel toward him. I don't know my own heart. I don't know that I have a heart like most girls, but I know I am sorry for Howard and do not want to accuse him by running away like this. His other friends"—Cora was thinking in dismay of Mary Trumbley—"will not turn against him."

"What if they don't?" burst from the desperate matron's lips. "What have



"So you would have me turn against him the moment he is in trouble," Cora answered. "They got at stake? Who ever heard of them outside of this little town? It is different with you. The papers will want to make as much sensation as they can out of it. I see the line they will pursue. They will say that a poor girl from Atlanta is staying here to be near to him, taking flowers and delicacies to his cell every day. You've got

to be sensible." Out of breath Mrs. Langham paused. Cora sat mute, pale and almost quivering for several minutes. Then she arose. She drew herself up to her full height, and, going to her bureau, she looked at her face in the mirror. Taking up a powder puff, she applied some pink powder to her cheeks and gently touched it with her handkerchief.

Cora faced her mother calmly. "Yes, I've got to decide—I've got to be sensible and have it over with," she said deliberately. "He and I are not engaged. He has never even said in so many words that he loved me. It was just a game, mother; but it was the most interesting one I was ever in. I know his worth, and if he were to tell me he is innocent I'd believe him. I have been spoiled all my life, but I long for something more genuine and deeper than I have ever had. Every other man that is attracted to me has been attracted by my position and money, but it was not so with Howard. All along I have seen that he despised what I have. All along I have seen that in I could have thrown it away and become of my own volition, as poor as he is for his sake, he would have loved me. But I am not unselfish enough. There is a streak of the practical—the habit of grasping the practical—in me which came from you or father, or both, that holds me in check."

"You needn't be afraid that I will act foolishly," she went on. "I loathe myself for it, but when I heard of the murder and the likelihood of Howard's arrest my first thought was of myself. I shall look out for our interests as carefully as you would."

"You've got a lot more sense than I gave you credit for having," Mrs. Langham breathed, in relief. "I have less heart, that's all," Cora said bitterly. "I begin to think that the possession of material advantages in life means doing without something finer and more lasting. I got that from Howard. He reads, and I don't. I'll either not marry at all or I'll marry without deep love or even admiration. Mother, Mary Trumbley—the girl you admired—loves Howard unselfishly. She would go to jail with him today if he had a chance. It may be that he will establish his innocence. It may be that she will help him do it, and then—"

"They will marry and be happy ever afterward!" Mrs. Langham made the point in sheer elation over her daughter's precaution. "Yes," Cora replied, "and prove by a life of genuine happiness and wholesome simplicity that the thing you and I strive for and hold so tightly is worthless—absolutely worthless. But that is neither here nor there," Cora sighed. "All of us who are born to the possession of means enough to insure us a life of empty idleness simply go without a higher life. I heard a sermon once about Christ and the rich young man. I now see that the young man was simply bound hand and foot by the belief that he could not do without the very things I am clinging to. Christ was doing without wealth, and he knew the spiritual freedom of it. You and I and father and all our set in Atlanta are slaves. A person striving to acquire money would laugh at this statement, but one striving for spiritual possessions would know what I mean. I am swaying between two desires. I'm tired and sick—young as I am, I'm tired and sick of the life we live. The lives of these mountain people contrasted to my own make my heart ache from sheer emptiness. Some things tell me that if I had been born here of poor parents Howard Tinsley and I would be fighting the obstacles of life side by side."

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter with you?" Mrs. Langham interrupted. "You are not like yourself!" "I really don't want to be like my old self," Cora answered, her pretty lips twitching. "But you need not be afraid. I shall do as you wish. I shall do it because there is nothing else for a woman in my position to do—because, in a sense, it is my duty."

"Then we'll pack up at once," Mrs. Langham said, with a deep breath. "No. Listen, mother," Cora turned square around. "I am able to see both sides of the matter. If I were to give up my part in the play that the young people are getting up and run off to-day there really would be room for talk. If we stay on here and act as if we have no vital connection with the awful affair, no one will dare to connect my name with it either here or down at home."

"You may be right," the older woman agreed. "Now that I think of it, your father would wonder why we changed our plans, for I wrote him only the other day that we'd stay another month."

"Yes, we'll stay," Cora said firmly. "Now, I'm going back to the hall. They will need me to go over my part with the rest. Mother, you can trust me. I shan't make a fool of myself."

Mrs. Tinsley soon visited Howard in his cell and was glad to find him confident of a speedy release.

Passing through the gate, Mrs. Tinsley trudged down the street to the hotel and entered at one of the side doors. Going into the office, she found Sugar at the desk looking over the register.

"How are you, Mrs. Tinsley?" He greeted her in surprise, a blended look of sympathy and embarrassment settling on his face.

She pushed her bonnet farther back and leaned against the desk. "Howard has a room here, I believe," she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Tinsley; one flight up, to the right down the hall." "I want to sleep that tonight if you have no objections," she said. "I want to be close to Howard and—"

up now? If you do, I'll show you myself." He led her up to the room. "Anything I can do for you?" "If you see my husband please tell him not to wait for me," she said. "Tell 'im I'm goin' to stay in town for awhile."

"All right, Mrs. Tinsley, I'll tell him. He's on the street, and I'll find him and let him know."

Mrs. Tinsley had a simple supper in her son's room that evening, and when it was quite dark she slipped out into the street.

The yard of the courthouse adjoining the jail was large, well shaded and grown with grass. No one was there, and she passed through the gate and went in, seeking a point from which she could see the window opposite her son's cell. She heard the gate click, and a moment later a tall figure loomed up close to her. It was Abner Daniel. "I met Hiram driving out," Abner began. "He said you was goin' to stay at the hotel awhile. I called that to see you. They sent up to yore room and said you was out. I looked several places for you an' finally come here. I've got my buggy ready. I want to take you back home."

She took off her bonnet, and as she twisted it in her hands she saw a grim purpose gleaming in her eyes. "I won't go," she said. "I'm goin' to stay right here on this spot till sunrise. I know what I want, an' I want to do that. My child is up there in confinement, Abner Daniel, an' I'm his mother—that's enough to say—I'm his mother. You don't know how I feel. Not a livin' man or woman on this earth can have the slightest idea of it. Hiram says that's a hell. I used to want to dispute it. I won't a bit longer, not from this hour forth, fer ef this"—she raised both her hands and beat her breast—"fer this agony kin be put on a woman that can't tell whar she's sinned in all her life that must be some'n' as bad set aside fer the wicked. You are a wise man, Abner Daniel, fer our day an' time. The Bible speaks of folks that was advised to cuss God an' die. Tell me how to cuss 'im—then tell me how to die."

Abner hung fire a moment. "You can't cuss God, Cynthia Tinsley," he answered sharply. "No livin' creatur' kin cuss God. Everything that is is of God an' from God, an' ef you could cuss God it would be God cussin' hisself."

She put on her bonnet and held out her hands wide apart. Her bonnet slid slowly backward and was kept from falling only by the strings tied beneath her chin. "All that keeps me from cussin' 'im is that this night I hain't sure that is sech a bein'." I have fought unbelief all my life, sayin' 'I believed this an' that fool statement jest to keep from standin' in the way of other folks that was seekin' salvation; but tonight I know by my own feelin's that there is only one ruler that could torture folks as me an' mine is being tortured, an' that is the devil."

"Hush, hush! You must hush!" Abner said softly.

(To Be Continued.)

Shetland Pony For Sale.

Fine Shetland pony for sale cheap at \$100. Call on William Gilmour, Plattsmouth, R. F. D. No. 1.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss. In County Court, in the matter of the estate of Loretta Auld, 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 15th 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 10th day of May, 1916.

ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge.

(Seal) JOHN M. LEYDA, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

State of Nebraska ss. 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. Leyda, Attorney for Administrator.

W. A. ROBERTSON, Lawyer.

East of Riley Hotel, Coates' Block, Second Floor.



Clara Kimball Young in "CAMILLE"

The Greatest and Most Beautiful Photo Actress on Earth

"CAMILLE"

A modern version of Alexander Dumas' immortal drama of plot and passion, produced by the renowned director, Mons. Albert Capellani.

This picture will fascinate mankind all the world over. It is Clara Kimball Young's greatest triumph.

Another Shubert Feature!

Air Dome! Tuesday, May 30th

AT THE AIR DOME TUESDAY NIGHT OF NEXT WEEK

"Camille." One of the Most Beautiful Motion Pictures Ever Seen in Plattsmouth.

CAST.

- Armand Duval.....Paul Capellani Cecile, his sister.....Lillian Cook M. Duval, their father..... Joseph, the servant.....Dan Baker Robert Bousac, Cecile's fiancee..... Stanhope Wheatcroft Count de Varville..... Frederick C. Truesdell Gaston.....William Jefferson The Doctor.....Edward M. Kimball Madame Prudence.....Louie Ducey Naoina.....Beryl Morharge Camille.....Clara Kimball Young

Marguerite Gautier, known as "Camille" on account of her fondness for camellias, is 'queen of the underworld. She has a wealthy lover in Count de Varville, whom, though he supplies her with plenty of money, she does not love in return. Her affections are set upon Armand, a young lawyer from the country. She suffers from her excesses, and the doctor warns her that she must change her mode of living, but she laughs at his advice. Armand's love for her renews her interest in life, and she goes with him and lives quietly in the country. But their happiness is short. Camille has had to sell her jewelry and horses in order to pay her debts, and, learning of this, Armand becomes suspicious.

Armand's father hearing of his son's attachment for Camille, demands that the woman should abandon Armand. For the sake of Armand's young sister, Cecile, Camille agrees to sacrifice herself and returns to her former life with Count de Varville.

But Armand's love for Camille will not be suppressed. They meet again. He begs Camille to go away with him. She refuses. Armand accuses her of loving de Varville. The two men meet and quarrel. There is a duel, and Armand wounds de Varville.

Armand learns that Camille always loved him and that her aim was to please the father by preserving Armand's family's good name. In the end Camille dies with a smile on her lips and expressing her love for Armand.

See "Camille" at the Gem theater Tuesday, May 30, matinee and night.

Office supplies at the Journal office.

Local News

From Tuesday's Daily. Victor Lee of Louisville was here today for a few hours, looking after some matters of business and visiting with friends.

Attorney C. S. Aldrich of Elmwood arrived in the city this afternoon to look after some matters of business for a few hours.

L. G. Meisinger and wife were in the city yesterday afternoon for a few hours, looking after some trading with the merchants.

F. J. Hennings and son, Albert, were in the city yesterday for a few hours, looking after some trading with the merchants.

John Group, assessor of Louisville precinct, was here yesterday afternoon, looking after some matters with the county assessor.

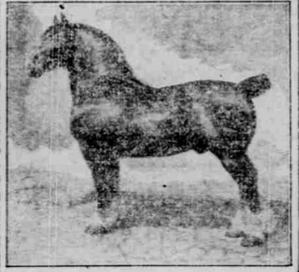
L. A. Meisinger, wife and family drove in yesterday afternoon to spend a few hours attending to some trading with the merchants.

Frank Ohms of Elmwood was attending to some business matters in this city today, and while here was a pleasant caller at this office.

W. S. Wetenkamp drove in this morning from his home near Mynard to spend a few hours in the city, attending to some trading with the merchants.

Gailen Rhoden drove in this morning from his farm home to look after some trading, and reports the roads

BILLY T. 76142



Billy T. is a sure foal getter, and can show over fifty colts from last season's service. He has been inspected for 1916, and found perfectly sound in every way.

PEDIGREE. That the Percheron Stallion Billy T. is recorded by the Percheron Society of America, and that his recorded number is 76142.

Color and Description: Black; Star: Right hind foot white. Foaled March 6th, 1910. Bred and owned by Clyde Hayhurst, Shelby, Nebraska.

SIRE: Brouillard, 76141, by Nerveaux, by Picador, by Brutus, by Germanicus, by Abd El Kader, by Passe Partout, by Comet, by French Monarch, by Ildertum, by Valentin, by Vieux Chaslin, by Coco, by Mignon, by Jean Le Blanc.

DAM: Nora 50861, by Pedro, by Invincible, by Voltaire, by Brilliant, by Coco, by Vieux Chaslin, by Coco, by Mignon, by Jean Le Blanc.

Second Dam: Lavinia 47669, Third Dam, Leticia 23360. Fourth Dam, Black Nell, by Pravo 1621; imported 1881. Fifth Dam, Bay Tib, by Menarch 1704; imported 1880. Sixth Dam, Vance, by Tempest 458; imported 1876. Seventh Dam, Nellie; imported 1873.

In witness whereof we have hereunto affixed the seal of the Society. Dated at Chicago, Illinois, April 3d, 1911.

H. E. McWilliams, Pres. Wayne Dinsmore, Sec'y.

The Celebrated Jack

Spanish Warrior, 20412

SPANISH WARRIOR is jet black, mealy nose and belly; was foaled November 17, 1911, and was bred by J. H. Hardin, at Ninevah, Ind.; will weigh at the present time 975 pounds, but when fully matured will make a 1,000-pound jack. He stands 16 1/2 hands high, and has an excellent reputation as a quick performer and foal getter.

Billy T. and Spanish Warrior will make the season of 1916 as follows: Every day in the week at Nehawka. Phone me at Sheldon's store. If I am not there leave your name and I will call you up or call at your place.

TERMS—The service fee for both Billy T. and Spanish Warrior will be \$15 to insure standing colt. Money becomes due at once if mare is parted with or leaves the community, and when so parted with my guarantee ceases. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should any occur.

JULIUS RUMMANN, Owner

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure No Alum—No Phosphate

as being in very bad shape in his locality.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Morgan of San Diego, Cal., are making an extended visit at the home of Mrs. Morgan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Nelson, south of this city.

Joseph Klein of Omaha was here today visiting with his old-time friends for a few hours, and is feeling greatly improved since his recent illness from appendicitis.

Mrs. W. D. Higgins of Manley, who has been here visiting with friends for a few days, departed this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, from where she will return home.

George Brinklow of San Antonio, Tex., who has been here visiting with his relatives as well as looking after his land interests, departed this morning on the 8:45 Missouri Pacific for his home in the southland.

Mrs. John Hiber, Jr., of O'Neill, Neb., and two children, who have been here visiting for the last two weeks, departed this afternoon for Hastings, for a short visit before returning to their home.

Mrs. Frank Lorenz of Sheldon, Ia., was here visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kopia, was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where she will visit for the day and attend to some matters of business.

C. A. Gauer and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Salsburg were passengers on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where Mrs. Salsburg will consult a specialist in regard to her health, which has been rather poorly of late.

Mrs. C. G. Palmer of Oakland, Neb., who has been here visiting her relatives and friends, departed on the early Burlington train this morning for her home, and was accompanied as far as Omaha by her sister, Miss Nellie Kaufman.

Mrs. John A. Libershal and sister, Miss Anna Vetersnik, were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will spend a few hours in that city and meet their brother, Frank Vetersnik, and family, who are coming here to spend a few days from their home in South Dakota.

From Wednesday's Daily. P. H. Meisinger was among those visiting in the city yesterday for a few hours, looking after some trading with the merchants.

Mrs. Bennett Chriswiser is enjoying a visit at Nehawka with relatives and friends, and is at the home of her son, Charles Chriswiser, and family.

Rue Frans and wife and Mrs. Rose Kendall motored up this afternoon from their home at Union to spend a few hours attending to some business matters.

Allie Meisinger motored in this morning from his home in Eight Mile Grove precinct and spent a few hours looking after some matters of business with the merchant.

W. F. Gillespie, the Mynard grain man, was here yesterday afternoon for a few hours en route home from Omaha, where he was looking after some matters on the grain market.

James W. Holmes and Postmaster

W. S. Smith of Murray departed this afternoon for Imperial, Neb., where they will spend a short time looking after land interests near that place.

The day of harsh physics is gone. People want mild, easy laxatives. Doan's Regulets have satisfied thousands. 25c at all drug stores.

J. L. Smith of Nehawka came up this morning from his home and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha, to spend a few hours looking after some matters of business.

Mrs. Frank D. Burgess of Cedar Rapids, Neb., arrived last evening on No. 2, for a visit here at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. White, and with her many friends in the city.

Eczema spreads rapidly; itching almost drives you mad. For quick relief, Doan's Ointment is well recommended. 50c at all stores.

William Starkjohn departed this morning for Gothenburg, Neb., where he will spend a few days on his farm and inspect the loss occasioned by the farm house being struck by lightning last Monday evening.

Sid James, assessor of Stove Creek precinct, came in yesterday afternoon to turn in his books to the county assessor and took advantage of the occasion to be initiated into the mysteries of Elkdom.

For croup or sore throat, use Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Two sizes, 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.

R. F. Patterson, Mayor John P. Sattler, Philip Thierolf, H. A. Schneider and President E. H. Wescott of the Commercial club motored to Omaha this morning in the car of Mr. Patterson to attend the state meeting of Commercial clubs.

J. J. Horn of near Creighton, Neb., who has been here visiting his father, G. P. Horn, Sr., and brothers, Henry and P. A. Horn, and families, as well as his old friends in this county, departed this morning for his home and was accompanied as far as Omaha by his brother, Henry Horn.

Woman loves a clear, rosy complexion. Burdock Blood Bitters is splendid for purifying the blood, clearing the skin, restoring sound digestion. All druggists sell it. Price, \$1.00.

Misses Katie and Mary Kaffenberger came in this morning from their home west of the city and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha, to visit for a few hours and look after some business matters.

TELLS WHAT SHE THINKS.

Anna Hawn, Cedar Grove, Mo., writes: "We think Foley's Cathartic Tablets are the best liver pill we ever got hold of, as they do not nauseate or gripe, but act freely on the liver." Recommended for constipation, bloating, sour stomach, gas on stomach, bad breath, clogged or irregular bowel action. Sold everywhere.

See the kinds of fancy stationery, the latest up-to-date, and sure to please, at the Journal office.

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. PLATTSMOUTH Auto & Wagon Bridge Co.