

THE NEW CLARION

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

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CHAPTER XX.
A New Assistant.

THE next morning as Abner sat in the office he had an unexpected visitor. It was Mary Trumbley.

"I want to see Howard, Uncle Abner, and I'm glad I did, for it seemed to cheer him up," she said.

"I'm glad you went, too," Abner replied. "You don't believe he's guilty no more'n I do."

"There was one thing I wanted to speak to him about, but somehow I couldn't get to it," Mary sighed. "So—so, I thought I'd mention it to you. You may look on it as very eccentric, but I have enough confidence in myself to want to try it anyway. Uncle Abner, Howard has talked to me a great deal about his editorial policy, and I think I know as much about his general plan as any one except yourself."

"Yes, I know he confided in you a lot," Abner said gently. "In fact, he told me several times that you had given him some of his best ideas."

At this Mary's color rose higher.

"Uncle Abner," she said, "had he been refused him, hasn't it?"

"Yes," Abner nodded reluctantly.

Mary now looked her old friend straight in the face. "Uncle Abner, I believe I can do work on the paper that—that Howard will approve of. I don't know why I feel so confident, but I know I can, and, feeling that way, I thought—"

"Good gracious! Fine, fine!" Abner clapped his hands. "You are the best person in the state for the job."

"Well, I'll come in with you in the morning," Mary replied happily.

One evening after supper, at the end of that week, Pole Baker left his wife and children seated on the grass in front of his cottage and went down the road toward Trumbley's. He was bent on seeing Abner Daniel, and thought the present was as favorable a time as any. However, just as he came into view of Trumbley's house in the dusk he saw Abner come out at the front gate and start across an old cornfield toward the mountain beyond it. Pole impulsively pocketed his lips to whistle, but suddenly changed his mind.

"Maybe I'd better let the old duck alone," he mused. "For all I know he may be out on some private business."

Pole stopped and watched Abner climb over the zigzag rail fence which separated Trumbley's land from the mountain forest, and then another idea came to him.

"He's worried like I am," Pole surmised. "Maybe he's jest tryin' to get to some quiet place away from folks so he kin think what's best to do fer that pore boy. I'll follow 'im, anyway, an' see what's up. I've got to talk to 'im 'fore mornin'."

Hurriedly crossing the field toward the point at which Abner had disappeared from view and finally climbing the fence where Abner had shattered a rotten rail in getting over, Pole paused to listen.

"Ef the old cuss is out possum huntin' it's early in the season," Pole said dryly. "an' he couldn't bag many with-out a gun or a dog. Ef it was anybody but old Ab I would think he had a notion of makin' somethin' to drink an' doin' it as quiet as possible to avoid detection. No; it ain't that, fer he's open an' aboveboard, an' he's too badly bothered right now to think of doin' nothin' of his sort."

On the two went, Abner still leading, Pole following as stealthily as a pioneer tracing a redskin over virgin soil. They were now high above the far-reaching valley. To the east lay the straggling lights of the town. At the mountain's foot, through an open door, shone the fire in the kitchen at Trumbley's. Suddenly Pole heard closer to him than he expected a sound like that of small sticks being broken, and he paused and stood still in wonder. What could it mean? Stick after stick was cracked asunder, as if Abner was bending them across his knee, some of them giving out snappy reports like the bursting of sand crackers. A moment later a light flared up.

"Well, well, well!" Pole said to himself. "Ef old Ab is runnin' a moonshine still or a secret counterfeitin' plant I may as well hook on to 'im. Lawd, breakin' is all right an' safe ef he's doin' it."

Abner stepped back among the bushes suddenly, and Pole saw him bend to the ground and catch hold of a dark object and begin to drag it into the light.

"My Lord, what is the matter with 'im?" Pole asked the question of himself in great perplexity, and in leaning forward to see better he dislodged a stone which began to roll noisily down the steep. Faster and faster it went, bounding and striking the trunks of trees till it finally stopped. Pole held his breath in dismay. He saw Abner draw himself up erect and stand staring fixedly in his direction. For a moment the two pairs of eyes glared toward each other. Then Abner broke the silence.

"Who goes thar?" he called out, as

a sentinel might who was doing duty with a sleeping army in his care.

"A friend—Pole Baker! I didn't mean to be nosin' about in yore private business, Uncle Ab, but I went to see you at home jest as you was leavin'. You was right ahead o' me. I followed, expectin' you to turn back ever' minute, till I got away up here, an'—well, here I am."

"Humph!" Abner broke in, and then Pole saw him bend down, grasp the object he had been dragging, and continue pulling it toward the fire. Moving forward, Pole saw that it was a log of wood, a piece of the trunk of a decayed pine about ten feet long.

"Do you want any help?" he asked, smiling in spite of the gravity of the situation.

"No, I kin put it on," Abner answered shortly; "but I'll tell you what you kin do. You kin go whar I got this un an' fetch some o' them fat pine knots lyin' thar to start it to goin'."

"I want to git onto the game fast, Uncle Ab," Pole laughed in a low, mystical chuckle.

Abner was actually blushing now, and his friend could not remember ever having seen the phenomenon before. To hide his confusion Abner went back into the shadows and brought forward some of the pine knots.

"I may as well own up an' be done with it," he finally said, letting his sheepish glance fall into Pole's resolute stare. "Ef I had evil in mind, settin' the woods afire or the like, it would be easier to explain. I reckon most of us has secret crutches that the world don't know about, an' you've got on to one o' mine."

"I don't know as I'm on yit," Pole said gravely. "An', Uncle Ab, I'll tell you that, so fur in the game, I'm as blind as a bat in broad sunlight. Ef you want to call it off right here I'll promise on my life never to let it go out o' my mouth that I've seed what I have."

"Oh, it ain't as bad as that," Abner said testily. "Fer you to go away right now after—after seein' me here like this you'd think it was some'n awful, but it ain't. It really ain't nothin' but a dang whimsy notion o' mine. I know folks well enough to know that they would say I was goin' daft ef they got on to this feelin' thar."

"I won't tell nothin'," Pole returned more gravely than ever. "I know when to keep my mouth shut."

"You keep makin' so darn much out o' it!" Abner sat down on a flat stone by the fire which looked as if it had been used for a seat many times and folded his long hands over his knees. "This is all thar is to it, Pole. I reckon I begun it about five years ago. I was feelin' sorter bad one cloudy day in the fall, an' I started out for a walk up this place jest as a brisk shower of rain set in. Ef you'll look good you'll see that the rock thar shoves back an' makes a sort o' roof. Well, to keep from bein' drenched to the skin I got back in thar an' set down. The rain kept on gittin' harder an' harder till I felt chilly, an' then, happenin' to have some matches in my pocket an' seein' some dry stuff, leaves an' bark an' one thing or other, I made me a fire. Well, I don't know what it meant, but when that place was all lit up with a red glow an' the steam was belchin' out o' my clothes an' shoes, an' all that ta-

to eat over at yore house or stay in town, when I've bought me a slice o' bacon, some crackers, fresh eggs, a young chicken, coffee an' sugar an' climbed up here an' spent the day like Dan'l Boone or Davy Crockett. Them's been the happiest times I ever spent, silyly as it may look.

"The habit would grow on me, I know, ef I let myself loose. Folks laugh at hermits an' say they are cracked, but all of 'em ain't by a long shot. Some of 'em are jest livin' higher to God an' have the peace that passeth understandin'."

"I don't know as the argument will hold good," Pole said, "fer gittin' soaked with whisky has the same effect. An' of the Lord instigates a prolonged spree he must leave you to the devil's care when you are comin' out of it."

"Well, it ain't no jokin' matter," Abner spoke. "I've been doin' this, an' in my judgment it is my own affair. Ef I like to be out under God's sky at certain stated times more'n I want to stay under a roof—well, that's jest the way I happen to feel about it."

"I really hain't been here much lately," Abner's glance rested on the leaping flames. "In fact, not since I tuck hold o' that paper; but, to tell you the truth, I'm so bothered—so broke up over Howard's trouble—that I jest had to git off to myself."

"That's what I was lookin' fer you about," Pole said eagerly. "I hain't been in to see you because I was at the end o' my rope, an' I hated to admit it. I've been told that I'd make a purty good detective, an' I've always thought I did have a sort o' turn that way. So when I settled it in my mind that Howard was innocent I 'lowed I'd only have to look about a little to locate the right party, but the more I looked the fuder I was from any kind o' conclusion."

"My case exactly—'pint blank!" Abner chimed in disconsolately. "An' I never was so much put out in my life over anythin'."

"Howard's mighty high give up," Abner sighed. "Billy Barnett, who is by long odds the best lawyer in north Georgia, is workin' like a wheel hoss, but even he can't hold out much hope. He keeps sayin' we must find the man, but what's the use? You know, an' I know, Pole, that no bloody murderer is goin' to give hisself up to the scaffold when all he's got to do is to lie low an' let another feller suffer in his place. I know you are a good un to ferret out things, an' I've been countin' on you."

"I've been tryin'," Pole answered. "The first thing I did was to cross my heart and take a solemn oath that not one drop o' liquor 'ud pass my lips till some'n was done for Howard that was with while. I followed a blind trail, Craig-between me 'n' you—was hated by two or three young women, an' at fust I 'lowed that maybe one o' them or the'r kin had done the job, but I searched 'em all out, looked 'em in the face an' knowed I was on the wrong scent."

"Then you throwed it up," Abner's tone was almost one of open rebuke. "You throwed it up?"

"No, I didn't—that is, not entirely," Pole said, leveling his stare anew on Abner's dejected face. "At least I wanted to see you an' talk over a fresh line. Say, Uncle Ab, it is a ticklish sort o' job when you hain't got nothin' to go by but what you might call suspicion, an' then not be sure that you ain't thinkin' a thing may be so because you are so anxious to carry yore point."



"Who goes thar?" Abner called out, as

"I had out the most restful feelin' I ever had."

"I'd look out an' see the treetops wavin' back an' forth, an' the gray mist lustlin' along over the valley, an' hear the patter on the beds o' leaves an' pine needles outside, an' turn back to my hole in the rocks with a feelin' I never knowed a person could have. I come from pioneer stock, an' I now believe the love o' simple outdoor life is in my very bones. Well, do you know? After that day whenever I'd git bothered over any matter or the weather was bad I'd sink off here, an' each time I liked it better an' better. I knowed common folks would swear I was off my base, an' so I never let anybody know I did it."

"See that flat rock agin the big oak? I'll say 'Open, See-same,' in a minute an' let you see what it hides. Under it is a hole I dug about two by two foot, an' it is full o' pans, pots, a knife an' fork, a spoon, a cup an' saucer an', in fact, a camper's complete outfit, even to a hatchet fer choppin' up kindlin', a rope fer draggin' logs an' what not. I've lied to Mrs. Trumbley many an' many a time an' said I was

Whoooping Cough.

One of the most successful preparations in use for this disease is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. S. W. McClinton, Blandon Springs, Alabama, writes: "Our baby had whooping cough as bad as any baby could have it. I gave him Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it soon got him well." Obtainable everywhere.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

State of Nebraska ss.

Cass County 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. Leyde,
Attorney for Administratrix.

Read the want ads in the Journal.

W. A. ROBERTSON,
Lawyer.

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

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

Adam Stecher of near Cullom was in the city today for a short time, attending to some trading and visiting with friends.

August Pautsch, assessor of Center precinct, was here yesterday for a few hours, looking after his work at the assessor's office.

C. T. Peacock and J. H. Becker motored to Omaha yesterday, where they spent a few hours looking after some matters of business.

A. B. Fornoff of near Cullom was here today for a few hours, looking after some trading with the merchants and visiting with friends.

H. E. Becker motored in this morning from his farm home and spent a few hours here looking after some matters of business in the city.

Mike Rys, the Mynard blacksmith, was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha, to visit for the day and look after some matters of business.

J. R. Vallery drove in yesterday from his home near Mynard and spent a few hours in the city, attending to some trading with the merchants.

George Smith, one of the leading residents of near Rock Bluffs, was in the city for a few hours today, attending to a few matters of business at the court house.

Ralph Haynie motored in this morning from his home northwest of this city and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha, to visit there for a few hours.

Mrs. Eleanor Hill came up this morning from near Murray, where she is making her home, and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha to spend the day.

Homor Schrader and family motored up this morning from their home at Murray in company with L. H. Puls and family, and spent a few hours here looking after some trading.

George W. Snyder, assessor of Plattsmouth precinct, and Will Rummel motored in yesterday and spent a few hours looking after some matters at the court house.

George W. Snyder came in this morning from his home west of Mynard and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha to look after some matters on the live stock market for a few hours.

Dr. G. H. Gilmore and wife and babe, and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Walker, motored up this afternoon from their home at Murray to spend a few hours here, the doctor attending a session of the insanity board while the folks visited with friends.

Mrs. H. A. Schneider and children arrived last evening from Los Angeles, Cal., and will make their home in the future in this city. They will be royally welcomed by their old friends and will make a splendid addition to the city.

Mrs. J. W. Jennings arrived this morning from her home at Springfield, Mass., and will enjoy a visit here at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Tudy, and with her many friends in this city, before returning to her home in the east.

L. E. Lancaster, who has been here visiting with his wife and family for the last two weeks, departed last evening on No. 2 for Chicago Junction, O., where he is employed by the Baltimore & Ohio railroad as a fireman, running from Chicago Junction to New Castle, Penn.

E. F. Seybolt and daughter, Miss Nellie Seybolt, of Washingtonville, N. Y., and Mrs. G. A. Emery of Middleton, N. Y., who have been spending the winter in California, stopped off in this city to visit at the home of their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mutz, and departed this morning on No. 6 for their homes in the east.

Glen Perry and little daughter, Helene, motored in from their farm home south of this city yesterday afternoon to attend to some business matters, and while here were pleasant callers at this office. While here Mr. Perry discontinued the Semi-Weekly and ordered the Daily sent to his address, in order that he might be kept posted on the happenings throughout the vicinity every day.

From Saturday's Daily.

Mrs. C. O. Larson of Scranton, Kas., arrived in this city last evening for an extended visit with relatives and her many friends.

James Terryberry of Eight Mile Grove precinct was here today for a short time, looking after some matters of business at the court house.

John Gerry Stark, one of the prominent residents of near Elmwood, was here today with the party of Elmwood protestants against the school division.

Miss Marie Bookmeyer came down last evening from South Omaha to enjoy a visit over Sunday here at the

Let Us Assist You in Planning Your New Residence!

—You are no doubt in the same position that a great many others of this city and community are in. You want a new home, and if you had a little assistance in the way of plans, cost of material and a partial estimate on the cost of your new home you might build now.

—We have just received a most complete line of plans, specifications, estimate of lumber bills for each and every structure in this great volume, all of which will be of great aid to you in planning a new home, all free to you by calling at our lumber office. This volume also contains the plans of combination barns and silos, garages, outbuildings of numerous kinds, which we will be glad to show prospective building of these sort of structures.

This is Our Line and We Will Be Glad to Help You!

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E. J. RICHEY,
Lumber and Building Material. Plattsmouth, Nebraska

HENRY LAHODA HOME.

Henry Lahoda, who has been at the hospital in Omaha for the last few weeks, returned home Saturday evening and feels quite a great deal better as the result of his treatment there. The many friends of Henry will be pleased to learn that he is getting along so nicely and hope for his continued improvement.

MISS MARGARET RABB HOME.

Saturday evening Miss Margaret Rabb returned home from the Presbyterian hospital in Omaha, where she has been recovering from the effects of an operation for appendicitis, and the patient is feeling much improved since the operation, although still quite weak, and will rest and recuperate at her home here.

Father M. A. Shine was a passenger this morning for Lincoln, to attend to a few matters of importance.

Mrs. J. E. Wiles was among those going to Omaha this morning, where she will spend the day with friends.

Ratio Taylor and wife came down from Havlock Saturday to enjoy an over-Sunday visit here with relatives and friends.

FOUND—A package containing ginger-ham. Owner may have same by calling at this office and paying for this advertisement.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested and to the public that the undersigned, H. A. Schoemann and M. L. Williams, have filed their petition and application in the office of the city clerk of the City of Plattsmouth, County of Cass, and State of Nebraska, as required by law, signed by the required number of resident freeholders of said city, setting forth that the applicants are men of respectable character and standing and are residents of the State of Nebraska, and praying that a license may be issued to the said H. A. Schoemann and M. L. Williams for the sale of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the hearing of said application in a building situated on lots eleven and twelve (11 and 12), in block twenty-seven (27), in the First ward of the said City of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

H. A. SCHOEMANN,
M. L. WILLIAMS,
Applicants.

May 20, 1916.

L. G. LARSON
General Carpenter and Builder.
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Fine Shetland pony for sale cheap at \$100. Call on William Gilmore, Plattsmouth, R. F. D. No. 1.

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

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For cattle and horses. Good running water. Two miles southeast of this city. Inquire of James Kennedy.

Sales bills done quickly at the Journal.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

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

In the matter of the estate of Charles R. Craig, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas T. Young has filed a petition asking for administration of the estate of Charles R. Craig, deceased, among other things that said deceased died intestate in Cass county, Nebraska, leaving personal estate to be administered. Also that said deceased left him surviving as his only heirs at law, his widow, Alice E. Craig, and Mildred Craig, daughter, Bernese Craig, daughter and Harold C. Craig, son.

You are further notified that a hearing on said petition will be had on the 28th day of June, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. at the office of the County Judge, Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska.

All objections or exceptions to said petition and the appointment of an administrator of said deceased, must be on file on or before said date, or the allegations of the above petition will be taken as true and the prayer thereof granted.

Dated this 27th day of May, 1916.

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

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

Archibald Holmshell, et al.,
Plaintiffs,
vs.
Kate Hohenshell, et al.,
Defendants.

NOTICE OF REFERRED SALE.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the District Court duly entered on the 25th day of May, 1916, in the above entitled cause, authorizing me as referee in partition to sell the following described real estate:

The west half of the northeast quarter, and the west half of the southeast quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, and the north half of the southwest quarter, all in section twenty-three (23), and on the 12th range (12) township nine (9), all in Cass county, Nebraska, and as upon execution, I will on the 1st day of July, 1916, at eleven o'clock a. m. at the south front door of the court house, in Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, sell to the highest bidder for cash, the foregoing described real estate. Said sale will remain open for one hour.

Dated this 29th day of May, 1916.

CHARLES E. MARTIN,
Referee in Partition.
C. A. RAWLS, Attorney.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss. In County Court, in the matter of the estate of Loretta Aplin, deceased.

Notice is hereby given 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 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 15th day of May, 1916.

ALLEN J. BEESON,
County Judge.

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

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