

THE NEW CLARION

By... WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER XXV. A True Comforter.

ULFON suddenly shrank from Abner's touch. A slender man through him. He turned his distorted face to Abner. It was the face of a fiend goaded by despair.

"Huh!" he snarled. He rose and stood swaying to and fro like a reed in a windstorm. "You are just up to yore old sly tricks. All you have jest said is to lead me into a trap. You know Howard Tinsley in yore business. Look here, Abner Daniel! You know you hain't got a feather's weight o' proof agin me. You are tryin' to bluff me."

Abner endeavored to step nearer the man, but Fulton slunk farther away.

"You let me alone, Abner Daniel," he muttered sullenly. "You stop doggin' me an' dinzongin' this thing at me. I ain't got a feather's weight o' proof agin me. You are tryin' to bluff me."



"You let me alone, Abner Daniel," he muttered sullenly.

It's a big un. Do you want to know what it is? One man is already down on the docket to testify that he seed Howard at Craig's gate jest a little while 'fore the—the shot was fired. What of another feller livin' in the neighborhood was to say—was to swear that he seed even more'n that—heard more'n that! How does that strike you?"

"It don't strike me at all, Abe," Abner answered, with a bluntness he could not restrain. "A man as guilty as you are couldn't stand up before a court full o' honest men an' tell a tale o' that sort an' mke it go down."

Abe swayed back and forth. "I give you fair warnin'," he muttered. "You keep me out o' this thing. I see what you are tryin' to do, but it won't work. It won't! It won't!"

He turned and stalked away. Abner saw the figure of a man emerge from the shadow of the stable and approach. It was Pole Baker.

"Don't fly off the handle, Uncle Ab," Pole said, half apologetically. "I give you my word I ain't interferin' with you in this thing at all."

"Well, what do you mean by turnin' up so daaz often?" Abner inquired. "Seems to me that I never see this feller without rumblin' on you like a printer dog squatin' behind a stump some'r's."

"It's this way, Uncle Ab," Pole laughed softly. "I know you are rumblin' this thing, an' I don't intend to bother you in the least, but I'm feelin' so bad over the little progress that's made that I thought of I watched Abe like a hawk I mought by some accident drop on to a little some'n that mought help you out."

"Well, have you—that's what I'd like to know?" Abner leaned on the fence, a picture of utter dejection. "I've seed enough to know that Abe is as restless as the devil hisself 'goin' about seekin' some'n to devour. I've seed 'im a dozen times when he thought nobody was lookin'. For one thing, I noticed that he goes regular every day down in the big swamp below his cabin. He's wore a little path o' his own in the weeds an' grass. An' 'fther day, when I knowed he was off in town, I slipped down thar. But I didn't find nothin'. Uncle Ab, except that his tracks come to an end at a particular spot in the thickest part o' the swamp. I couldn't make nothin' of it except that he jest loved to go to some one quiet spot."

"I see, an' so that come to nothin'," Abner sighed.

"I actually don't know," Pole returned. "But it give me an idea. I knowed I could liver my tracks, an' so dar before yesterday I went down thar be-

fore he did an' hid myse'f as nigh the spot as I could with safety. I lay down flat in the burrashes an' waited for him to come. It was a long wait an' not pleasant, for the gnats an' mosquitoes fairly chawed the meat off my bones, but after awhile I heard 'im a-comin'. The spot was mighty shady, an' I couldn't see his face good, but I heard 'im mumblin' some'n to hisse'f. Then he set in to swingin' his arms about 'im, an' I heard 'im groanin' like he was in torment."

"Then—then what did he do?" Abner leaned forward, a look of tense eagerness on him as he spoke.

"Why, he started to go back," Pole replied. "He plunged into the cane-brake an' willows, an' I heard 'im thrashin' his way through the bushes at a great rate. I was about to crawl out an' slip after 'im when I seed 'im come back. He stood twistin' his hands over his head an' behin' his back, an' then all at once he fell flat on his all fours an' stuck his face right in the mire. Then, Uncle Ab, I heard 'im prayin'. I couldn't catch what he was sayin', fer it was mostly groans an' grunts, but I heard 'im callin' on God. I heard 'im sayin': 'God help me! God have mercy!'"

"You heard that, did you?" Abner exclaimed. "Are you sure you heard that?"

"Yes, but that was all, Uncle Ab, an' I've been mad at myse'f ever since fer not rumblin' on some'n worth while. I hate like rips to be beat in this thing."

Abner was silent for a moment, then he looked at Pole with a grateful smile. "I'm glad you watched 'im. When you come just now I had plumb lost hope myself, but I feel better now. Pole, the whole truth, proof an' all, is locked up in Abe Fulton's heart an' soul. I've been hopin' that I could stir up pity in 'im an' git 'im to do the right thing before God an' man, an' I've been workin' to that end, but he said some'n jest now that made me lose faith in that plan. In fact, I was beginnin' to fear that his conscience was dead, but it ain't—it ain't quite. Pole, a man killer that prays to God while his hands are wet with his victim's blood ain't hopeless. You didn't know it, but you've brought me the only news that could keep my hopes alive. Good night, Pole. I must go in."

"Good night, Uncle Ab. I'm due at home too. I ain't a prayin' man, but I feel like it sometimes—I feel like it when I hear a feller like you talk as you are a-doin' now. You are the best all round link betwixt this world and the next that I ever run across, an' ef I ever git to heaven it will be by hangin' on to yore coat-tail."

The next morning after he had left Mary at the office Abner walked around to the jail, taking a quiet side street to avoid passing through the business section of the town.

Abner ascended the narrow stairs slowly. The first flight was rather dark, and he had to place his feet carefully. However, there was more light in the neighborhood of Howard's cell, and as Abner drew near the bars he saw Howard rise from his cot at his approach and stand peering through the squares at him.

"Hello, Howard! How are you, my boy?" Abner asked, mastering his emotion with difficulty and trying to speak in a cheerful, offhand tone.

"Oh, I'm all right, Uncle Ab. How are you?" Abner was dismayed at the change in Howard's appearance since he had last seen him. He was paler and thinner, and worry had cut deep lines in his face. His eyes glowed with the fire of despair. His hair stood stiffly awry, and his hands quivered as they clutched the bars. "I say I'm all right, but I don't know that I am anything to boast of. I am only flesh and blood, after all, and this is a pretty tough situation. I try to hope. I keep saying to myse'f that it will come out right, but sometimes I doubt it. I know what I've got to face in my trial, and there is hardly one chance in a hundred of escapin' the gallows. The more I think about it the worse the situation seems."

"Oh, you are blue," Abner returned, unsteadily. "Confinement has upset yore liver. It will do it fer the stontest constitutions. You must keep up hope. The editorials you are writing are the finest things you ever done. Then thar's Mary—think of her, Howard."

Abner saw a look of inexpressible tenderness suffuse the wan, steel framed face and heard the prisoner sigh.

"Lord, Lord, Uncle Ab," he said. "I seldom think of any one else here of late. If I am condemned to death I'll carry to the end the sweet thought of what she has been and is to me. That is worryin' me, too, and I don't know what to do about it."

"How is it worryin' you?" Abner asked.

"Why, Uncle Abner—Howard's voice shook, and he averted his eyes— "her beautiful young life, so full of sweet usefulness, out not to be associated in any way with mine. I brought this thing on myse'f. She used to warn me against my hot temper and plead with me to control it. If I had listened to her advice I'd never have been accused of this crime, and so now some people are saying that she and I are engaged to be married. She is the most wonderful girl in all the world and deserves a long life of happiness. She doesn't deserve havin' her name dragged in the mire like this. I don't care so very much for myse'f now, I've passed that point, but the consciousness that that dear girl is sufferin' through my worthless existence and may suffer even that, my boy, Abner pleaded. "You now know what a woman's love means. You now know what many a husband don't know even after passin' a long life with a faithful wife. You have proof that Mary Trumbley would die fer you. Ain't that

some'n?" Howard's breast rose under a billow of emotion. "We've never spoken of our love," he said. "We talk chieffy of our work. You see, I am not in a position to tell her how I feel. I didn't before this, and I can't now. I want her to know how I have grown to love her and lean on her since I came here, and yet I can't honorably mention it."

"I understand," Abner said tenderly. "You needn't bother about that, though. Mary knows. She shows it in her gentle face when she comes back to the office after seein' you. She has been my mainstay in this matter, Howard. She hain't never fer one second doubted yore release. She gits that from God direct. She is sufferin' keen pain over the way you are bein' treated, but she believes in her heart that it will end."

Within half a mile of Trumbley's were the Hilldale camp meeting grounds, which were used annually by several Protestant churches for open air union services for a week. The time had come around again, the farmers havin' laid by their crops to wait for their ripenin' and being free to attend.

On the first Sunday of the meeting the spaces in the surrounding level woodland were well staked off and filled with housekeeping tents, each having its fireplace, where food was prepared.

On that first Sunday morning Abner rose and looked out of his window upon the road. He dressed himself carefully, putting on his best black trousers and coat, which was a long frock and worn without a vest in the summer, and then went out on the dew wet lawn. Here he met Mary, an empty pan under her arm. She was coming from the barnyard, where she had been to feed the chickens.

"I thought yore ma did that job since you become a up to date newspaper woman?" he jested as she greeted him with a welcoming smile.

"I do it on Sundays," she answered. "I don't want the chickens to forget me."

"Big meetin' they are goin' to have down at the shed," he remarked, brushing some lint off the sleeve of his coat. "They say Brother Wellman is a regular wheel loss at whoopin' up sinners an' backsliders. You are a-goin', ain't you?"

She shook her head, put down her pan on the grass and began to retell his career, which she said looked like a shoestring. "I don't feel like it," she said, with a swift glance into his eyes, her lips quivering. "Last year Howard and I went together, and—and—well, I don't want to go."

"I remember," Abner said, seeing that her voice had completely failed her. "I remember when he come by fer you. Me an' him had a chat thar on the steps while you was primpin' up an' puttin' yore hat on. La, la, things have changed, hain't they? I watched you two as you passed through the gate an' strollin' across the meadow to escape the dust o' the road, both of you pickin' flowers. I went on to meetin' an' set thar a good half hour 'fore you an' him finally come. You made a purty sight, as purty as I'd care to see. I remember I thought that you two didn't need no cut an' dried religion. Thar was youth an' happiness, good will an' faith shinin' out o' yore faces. I remember how you an' him giggled out loud when the bench give way an' Brother Carroll had such a tumble in the straw an' got up so mad that he refused to pray when they axed 'im. Then seem happy days when you look back on 'em. We ort to look forward fer happiness instead o' back, but we don't as a rule."

"I can't go to the meeting, I simply can't," Mary half sobbed.

"You don't know what you are talkin' about, child. I've a good mind to be more plain in what I say. Don't you see God's hand in it all? After the time o' which I jest spoke, when you an' Howard was so happy, things began to happen agin the harmony of it all. He indulged his natural pride an' hot temper an' this trouble came on him. An' what was the consequence? Why, he's learnt a great lesson. An' you—you have showed that you are a woman o' brain an' power an' heart an' have won his very soul. Mary, my child, he loves you with a love that is as rare as a flower growin' on a mountain o' ice—a love that never could 'ave been born any other way. His face melts an' glows, his voice shakes, when he talks about you an' how dear you are to 'im. He says he ain't told you about it, fer he feels unworthy of you because this blight is on 'im. Now—now, this is jest the earthly part of the whole divine process you an' him are goin' through, an' it ain't as bad as you think it is. You may be losin' faith an' hope, but I hain't. His love an' yore'n is too beautiful, too glorious, too Godlike, to ever be crushed clean out. He's goin' to be free, I tell you, girl. I simply will not give up. I won't! I won't! God will give us light. He will! He will!"

"Oh, Uncle Abner—Uncle Abner!" Mary began. "You are so good—so full of faith and courage! I'm going to meeting with you. I want to be by your side today, for I have almost given up." Tears in her eyes, she turned and walked away.

Rue Frans' new house is near completion and is a beauty.

D. A. Hathaway is here from Dorchester, visiting with friends and relatives.

Mrs. E. M. Smith has been very ill with heart trouble but is now slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Royal, of Lincoln, spent Sunday with Chas. Graves and family.

Ellis LaRue is taking the place of

Orville Hathaway at the depot during the vacation of Orville.

E. C. Srstine of Nebraska City, was a visitor at the George Everett home last Sunday evening.

Mrs. Harry Graves and little daughter, Helen, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mark.

Lemuel Barritt and Alva Sikes are at home for their vacation, after spending the school year at the University at Lincoln.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Reberoy, Monday June 5th, a girl. Dr. Thomas of Nehawka, was called to assist Dr. Hamilton in the case.

Ed Young returned from his trip to the western part of the state Thursday afternoon. Ed says that things are on the boom with the farmers out in Custer county.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Foster and children motored to Plattsmouth Wednesday evening to attend the commencement exercises of the Plattsmouth high school, Mrs. Foster's brother, Raymond Larson, being one of the graduates.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horne, of near Wyoming, last Friday, a nine pound baby boy. Mother and child are getting along nicely. A rather sad part of the affair was that at the time of the child's birth the father was in the hospital suffering with a broken leg.

Chas. Ransford and family arrived here Tuesday of last week from Napa, Calif., and for the present will make their home with Walter Ransford. They were accompanied by Richard Ransford.

Mrs. A. H. Vanlandingham left Saturday night for Palmyra, Mo., for an extended visit with relatives. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Eugene Setz, of Plattsmouth, who met her at Lincoln.

G. L. Myers and family, of Summerfield, Kansas, who have spent the past two weeks here visiting relatives, left Wednesday for Omaha where they will spend a few days before returning to their home.

John Peterson returned home Friday of last week from Defiance and Irwin, Iowa, where he visited a few days with relatives. His father, Louis Peterson, of Defiance, accompanied him and visited here until Monday when he returned home. John accompanied him as far as Omaha.

F. J. Davis had twenty head of fat cattle on the market last week that sold for \$10.25 per hundred.

The Misses Reine Jameson and Irene Philpot left Monday morning for Peru to attend summer school.

Mrs. D. M. Hoyt left last Saturday morning for Oakland, to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. R. Armstrong and family.

C. W. Bish left Friday morning for Denver on a business trip. He will return via Gering to look after bank interests.

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Charley Fowler and wife and baby returned to their home in Central City Saturday after a few weeks visit with his parents Mr. and Mrs. John Fowler.

C. B. Andrus who was off duty on Route 2 for some time on account of a severe case of appendicitis, is back to his duties again since the first of the month.

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Mrs. Clayton Rosencrans of Plattsmouth came down for a short visit Friday afternoon.

M. G. Kime and N. Klaurens were in Omaha on business Monday. The former shipped a car of stock to the Omaha market.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Pollard returned home from Pawnee City, Thursday after a short visit with relatives. They went via the auto route.

Miss Etta Swartz returned to Peru Monday after a short visit at home. Miss Cunningham who had been here with her also returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stone, of Elmwood, visited relatives here Friday evening. The trip was made by auto. Mr. Stone is now driving a new Buick.

Mrs. J. S. Hall and daughter Ruth of Plattsmouth, and former's sister Mrs. Nettie Kimmel, of Pittsburg, Pa., are visiting at the former's daughter Mrs. Herman Smith north of town.

Mrs. Emma Chandler and children returned to their home in Falls City after an extended visit with Mrs. Chandler's mother, Mrs. Reynolds.

Wanted—Stock to Pasture. Good blue grass, plenty of shade and running water. Inquire of Howard Graves, Plattsmouth, Nebraska, or call phone No. 1605, Murray exchange. 5-11-1mowk

Horses For Sale. I still have a few horses for sale, also some farm machinery. If you need them see me. Frank Vallery, Murray.

MARE STRAYED. Strayed, roan mare; has full white face and white mane and tail. Finder call D. C. Rhoden at his expense and receive reward for return of mare.

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Lova accompanied her as far as Union.

The largest number of cars we ever saw in our little city for some time was last Saturday evening. At about 9:30 o'clock we counted thirty-five and one party tells us he counted fifty-seven at an earlier hour.

The young people of Nehawka enjoyed a very pleasant dancing party at the auditorium last Friday evening. It was a very beautiful evening and the attendance was good. There were a number of University girls visiting Miss Isadore Sheldon were the guests.

A number of base ball fans from this place attended the ball game in Plattsmouth Sunday afternoon. It was worth the trip as it was an extraordinary fast game. Plattsmouth won from the Imperials of Council Bluffs by a small margin of 2 to 0. The feature of the game was the pitching of Connors, for Plattsmouth who did not allow the visitors a single hit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Campbell, of South Bend, are the proud parents of a fine boy that arrived at their home Tuesday, June 6.

Mrs. E. C. Twiss is home again and recovering rapidly from an operation which she underwent in an Omaha hospital.

Mrs. F. H. Ossenop went to Lincoln Friday, to accompany her sister, Miss Rose Rathbun, back to Louisville Saturday. Miss Rathbun is recuperating from two serious operations for peritonitis, and will spend the summer here with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Sarah Cutforth went to Omaha Tuesday and entered the Methodist hospital where she will have her eyes treated. The sight has entirely gone from one eye and it is feared that the other one cannot be saved. E. C. Twiss accompanied her to the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sass and family drove in Sunday in their new Buick to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Adam Rentschler and family. Mr. Sass is one of Cass County's substantial farmers and has well earned the right to ride in his own auto the balance of his days.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Marshall drove down in their car from Arlington, Neb., Saturday to visit their aunt, Mrs. Sarah Givens, who is ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. N. Taylor. Mr. Marshall is president of the Marshall Brothers Nursery, of Arlington.

W. D. Williams, of Eddyville, visited in Louisville the latter part of last week with his brother, M. L. Williams. He came down to Omaha with a car of stock and while so near could not resist the temptation to pay a short visit to his old home. While here he renewed his subscription to the Courier for another year.

Walter and Miss Martha Stohlman and Mrs. S. C. Keckler returned Wednesday evening from Ipswich, So. Dak., where they went three weeks ago by automobile to visit with relatives. They started home Tuesday but only got about eight miles on their way when the found the roads so muddy that they had to abandon the car and return on the train.

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W. A. ROBERTSON, Lawyer.

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

FOR SALE—McCormick hay sweep. Only been used a day and a half. Inquire of A. W. Smith or call phone No. 475-W. 6-1-2tw

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S 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 the referee in partition to sell the following described real estate, to-wit:

The east half of the northwest 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) Township twelve (12) Range nine (9), all in Cass County, Nebraska.

For cash, 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 ten days.

Dated this 28th day of May, 1916. CHARLES E. MARTIN, Referee in Partition.

C. A. RAWLS, Attorney. 5-29-304

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