



BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON  
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A dozen men and women from the city, brain fagged, listless and smart. The big cottage now was full, the company complete for three weeks at least. She looked ahead, this fresh, vigorous young Englishwoman, and wondered how she was to endure the staidness of life.

There was some relief in the thought that the men would make love to the good looking young married women—at least part of the time—and—but it



"Here is the line, Miss Drake."

depressed her in turn to think of the leftover husbands who would make love to her.

"Why is it that Evelyn doesn't have real men here—like this Mr. Shaw? she found herself wondering vaguely as the night wore on.

CHAPTER III.

In Which a Dog Trespasses.

Penelope was a perverse and calculating young person. She was her own mistress and privileged to ride as often as she pleased, but it seemed rather odd—although splendidly decorous—that she did not venture upon Mr. Shaw's estate for more than a week after her first encounter with the feudal baron. If she found a peculiarly feminine satisfaction in speculating on his disappointment, it is not to be wondered at. Womanly insight told her that Randolph Shaw rode forth each day and watched with hawklike vigilance for the promised trespasser. In her imagination she could almost hear him curse the luck that was helping her to evade the pitfall.

One morning after a rain she rode with the duke to the spot where Shaw had drawn his line in the road. She felt a thrill of something she could not define on discovering that the wet soil on the opposite side of the line was disfigured by a mass of fresh hoof prints. She rejoiced to find that his vigil was incessant and worthy of the respect it imposed. The desire to visit the haunted house was growing more and more irresistible, but she turned it aside with all the relentless thoroughness of a woman who feels it worth while to procrastinate.

Truth to tell, Randolph Shaw was going hollow eyed and faint in his ceaseless, racking watch for trespassers.

Penelope laughed aloud as she gazed upon the tangle of hoof prints. The duke looked as surprised as it was possible for him to look after the wear of the past night.

"Hang it all, Penelope," he said, "I didn't say anything, don't you know?" "I was just thinking," she said hastily, "what fun it would be for us to explore the haunted house."

"Oh, I say, Pen, that's going out of the way for a little fun, isn't it? My word, it's a filthy old house with rats and mice and all that—no place for a ghost, much less a nice little human being like you. They're all like that."

"I think you are afraid to go," said she.

"Afraid of ghosts? Pshaw!" sniffed the duke, sticking out his chest.

"Yes, Shaw; that's whom you're afraid of."

"Now, see here, Pen, you shouldn't say that. Shaw's a d—, a cad. See what Cecil did to him. Remember that? Well, pooh! What would I do to him?" Penelope looked him over critically.

"I'll admit that you're larger and younger than Cecil," she confessed grudgingly. "But they say Mr. Shaw is a giant killer." The duke dropped his monocle and guffawed loudly.

"Good!" he cried in the ecstasy of pride. His worn, dissipated face lighted up with unwonted interest. "I say, Pen, that's the nicest thing you've said to me in a week. You've been so devoted cold of late. I don't understand. I'm not such a bad lot, you know."

"Tell that to Mrs. De Peyton and Mrs. Corwith. They're looking for the good to everything."

"By Jove, I believe you're jealous! This is the proudest moment of my life."

"Don't be silly! And don't try to make love to me any more. Walk on—"

"I'm married," she added, with a laugh, the irony of which escaped him. "But, hang it all, suppose you should marry some one else and not me?"

"That's what I mean." "Oh," he said, perplexed. Then, as if his stupidity called for an explanation: "I had a beastly night. Didn't go to bed till 4. But, I say, why can't I have the same privilege as these other chaps? Corwith makes love to you and so does Odwell, and, hang it, they're both married. It's rotten mean of—"

"Their wives are accountable for their manners, not I. But, come; will you go to Kenwood's with me?"

"I'd rather talk to you in that nice little corner of the billiard room at home if you—"

"But I don't need a brandy and soda. Oh!" This exclamation came with the discovery of an approaching horseman. "It's Mr. Shaw, I'm sure."

Randolph Shaw, loyal to his feudal promise, appeared in the road a couple of hundred yards away. He drew rein and from that distance surveyed the two who were so near to encroaching upon his preserves. He sat straight and forbidding in the saddle. For a full minute the two factions stared at each other. Then, without a sign of recognition, Shaw turned and rode rapidly away.

"He rides like a gentleman," commented Miss Drake, after reflection.

"Indian blood in him," remarked her companion.

"Let us go home," said she, whirling her horse like a flash. The duke had some difficulty in keeping abreast of her during the ride, and he lost sight of her altogether after they dismounted at Bazelhurst Villa.

The momentary glimpse of a real man set Penelope's opinions on edge for the remainder of the day and night. Shaw, whatever else he might be, was a man. Even while others addressed her in conversation she was absently recalling to memory certain English gentlemen at home who could stand comparison with this handsome fellow across the danger line. But to compare any one of the men in Lady Bazelhurst's house party—oh, it was absurd! She looked them over. Dull eyed, blasé, frayed by the social whirl, worn out, pulseless, all of them. They talked automobile, bridge, women and self in particular. In the seclusion of a tea-table they talked love with an ardor that lost most of its danger because it was from force of habit. One of the men was even now admitting in her ear that he had not spent an evening alone with his wife in four years.

"There's always something doing," he said. "A week or two ago, by Jove, you wouldn't believe it, but we had an evening turn up without a thing on hand. Strongest thing I ever knew. Neither of us had a thing on. We said we'd stay at home and go to bed early just to see how it felt. Well, what do you think? We sat up and read till half past 10 o'clock, and then both of us thought of it at the same time. We dressed and went down to Receptor's and waited for the theaters to let out. Three o'clock when we got home. You can't imagine what a queer experience it is being all alone with one's wife."

"Don't you love your wife, Mr. Odwell?" "Certainly! But there's always a crowd." Both of them glanced over at pretty Mrs. Odwell. She was looking down at her plate demurely while Reggie Van Voort talked straight into her pink ear, his eyes gleaming with the zest of invasion. "I say, Miss Drake, you won't mind talking to me awhile after dinner, will you?" went on Odwell, something like relief in his voice.

After dinner she was obliged to set him straight in a little matter. They were sitting on the terrace, and he had thrown away his half smoked cigarette, an act in itself significant. She had been listening patiently, from sheer habit and indifference, to what he was saying, but at last she revolted.

"Don't! You shall not say such things to me. I am not your kind, I fancy, Mr. Odwell," she said. "I don't know why you should tell me of your chorus girl friends, of your suppers and all that. I don't care to hear of them, and I don't intend that you shall use me as a subject of illustration. I am going upstairs."

"Oh, come now, that's rather rough. Just as we were getting on so well. All the fellows do the same!" "I know. You need not tell me. And you all have wives at home, too," with intense scorn.

"Now, that's where you wrong us. They're not at home, you know. That's just it."

"Never mind, Mr. Odwell; I'm going in." She left him and entered the house. For a minute or two he looked after her in wonder and then, softly whispering, made his way over to where De Peyton, through some oversight, was talking to his own wife. De Peyton unceremoniously announced that he was going upstairs to write a letter.

Penelope, flushed with disgust and humiliation, drew near a crowd of men and women in the long living room. Her brother was haranguing the assemblage, standing forth among them like an unconquered bantam. In spite of herself she felt a wave of shame and pity creep over her as she looked at him.

"Barnmaster says the fellow ran when he saw him today," his lordship

was saying. "But that doesn't help matters. He has been on my land again and again, Tompkins says, and Tompkins ought to know."

"And James, too," said the duke with a brandied roar.

"Can't Tompkins and his men keep that man off my land?" demanded Lady Bazelhurst. Every one took note of the pronoun. Her ladyship's temples seemed to narrow with hatred. Bazelhurst had told the men privately that she was passing sleepless nights in order to "hate that fellow Shaw" to her full capacity.

"My dear, I have given positive orders to Tompkins, and he swears he'll carry them out," said he hastily.

"I suppose Tompkins is to throw him into the river again." "He is to shoot that fellow Shaw if he doesn't keep off our land. I've had enough of it. They say he rode his confounded plow horse all over the west and the other day," Penelope smiled reflectively. "Trampled the new fern beds out of existence and all that. Hang him, Tompkins will get him if he persists. He has told the men to take a shot at the rascal on sight. Tompkins doesn't love him, you know."

Penelope went her way, laughing, and forgot the danger that threatened Randolph Shaw. The next morning, quite early, she was off for a canter. Some magnetic force drew her toward that obliterated line in the roadway. Almost as she came up to it and stopped Randolph Shaw rode down the hillside through the trees and drew rein directly opposite, the noses of their horses almost touching. With a smile he gave the military salute even as she gasped in self-conscious dismay.

"On duty, Miss Drake; no trespassing," he said. There was a glad ring in his voice. "Please don't run away. You're on the safe side."

"I'm not going to run," she said, her cheek flushing. "How do you know where the line is? It has been destroyed by the ravages of time."

"Yes. It has seemed a year. This thing of acting sentinel so religiously is a bit wearing." His great friendly dog came across the line, however, and looked bravely up into the enemy's face, wagging his tail. "Traitor! Come back, Bonaparte!" cried his master.

"What a beautiful dog!" she cried, sincere admiration in her eyes. "I love a big dog. He is your best friend, I'll wager."

"Love me, love my dog," is my motto."

The conversation was not prolonged. Penelope began to find herself on rather friendly terms with the enemy. Confusion came over her when she remembered that she was behaving in a most unbecomingly manner. Doubtless that was why she brought the meeting to a close by galloping away.

The ways of fortune are strange, look at them from any point of view. Surprising as it may seem, a like encounter happened on the following day—and aye, on the day after and every day for a week or more. Occasions there were when Penelope was compelled to equivocate shamefully in order to escape the companionship of the duke, the count or others of their ilk. Once when the guardian of the road was late at his post she rode far into the enemy's country, actually thrilled by the joy of adventure. When he appeared far down the road she turned and fled with all the sensations of a culprit, and he thundered after her with vindictiveness that deserved better results. Across the line she drew rein and faced him defiantly, her hair blown awry, her cheeks red, her eyes sparkling.

"No trespass!" she cried, holding up her gloved hand. He stopped short, for that was one of the terms of truce.

The next day he again was missing, but she was not to be caught by his stratagem. Instead of venturing into the trap he had prepared for her, she remained on her side of the line, smiling at the thought of him in hiding far up the road. If any one had suggested to her that she was developing too great an interest in this stalwart gentleman she would have laughed him to scorn. It had not entered her mind to question herself as to the pleasure she found in being near him. She was founding her actions on the basis that he was a real man and that the little comedy of adventure was quite worth while.

At length an impatient line appeared on her fair brow, a resentful gleam in her eyes. His remissness was an impertinence! It was the last time she would come—but a sudden thought struck her like a blow. She turned white and red by turns. Had he tired of the sport? Had the novelty worn off? Was he laughing at her for a silly coquette? The riding crop came down sharply upon her horse's flank, and a very deeply agitated young woman galloped off toward Bazelhurst Villa, hurrying as though afraid he might catch sight of her in flight.

A quarter of a mile brought a change in her emotions. British stubbornness arose to combat an utter rout. After all, why should she run away from him? With whimsical bravado she turned off suddenly into the trail that led to the river, her color deepening with the consciousness that, after all, she was vaguely hoping she might see him somewhere before the morning passed. Through the lanky pathway she rode at a snail's pace, brushing the low hanging leaves and twigs from about her head with something akin to petulance.

As she neared the river the neighing of a horse hard by caused her to sit erect with burning ears. Then she relaxed into a smile, remembering that it might have come from the game warden's horse. A moment later her searching eyes caught sight of Shaw's horse tied to a sapling and on his own domain, many hundred feet from his own domain. She drew rein sharply and looked about in considerable trepidation. Off to the right lay the log that divided the lands, but nowhere along the bank of the river could she see the trespasser. Carefully she resumed her way, ever on the lookout, puzzled not a little by the unusual state of affairs.

"Barnmaster says the fellow ran when he saw him today," his lordship

### DEMOCRATS WILL OPEN CAMPAIGN

[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.]

Sea Girt, Aug. 31.—Acting on orders of Governor Wilson, the democratic nominee for president, about half of the democratic campaign committee started to Chicago today to conduct Wilson's campaign in western states. Governor Wilson explained, however, that this arrangement will not interfere with the authority of the national campaign committee as a whole. Secretary Davies of the campaign committee headed the party. Those accompanying him were Senator Gore of Oklahoma; Congressman Burleson of Texas; Colonel Ewing of Louisiana; C. R. Crane of Illinois; Senator Reed of Missouri, and Will R. King of Oregon. Congressman Burleson will continue to be chairman of the speakers committee and Senator Gore chairman of the organization committee. Crane will have charge of the financial end.

The following members of the committee remained in New York: Chairman McCombs, Vice Chairman McAdoo, Joseph Daniels, Senator O'Gorman of New York, Congressman McGillivuddy of Maine, Robert Hudspeth of New Jersey, and Willard Saulsbury of Delaware.

### A CASE OF "HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD"

[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.]

Oakland, Cal., Aug. 21.—Setting fire to the lodging house in which he lived here today, Olaf Oleson, aged 76, was suffocated by smoke. His body was discovered in the ruins of the building. Oleson had been threatened with eviction. It is believed he set fire to the building in revenge and was unable to escape from the flames.

### Flying Men Fall.

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles just like other people, with like results in loss of appetite, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that as T. D. Peebles, Henry, Tenn., proved. "Six bottles of Electric Bitters" he writes, "did more to give me new strength and good appetite than all other stomach remedies I used." So they help everybody. It's folly to suffer when this great remedy will help you from the first dose. Try it. Only 50 cents at J. C. Perry's.

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Returning leave Newport, 6:00 p. m., arriving Woodburn, 12:30 a. m.

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Further particulars from any S. P. Agent, or by writing to

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.

### Real Estate Bulletin

- 201—\$1100. 5-room house, one-half acre land, good garden, city water, good car service.
- 116—\$1550. Lot 50x153 on Court street. If you are in the market for a lot don't overlook this.
- 168—\$3500. 8-room house and lot 85 x120 on Front Street. This is the property to keep your eye on.
- 187—\$5000. 8-room modern house. This is close in property, four blocks from court house.
- 202—\$2600. 7-room bungalow, beamed ceilings, built in seats, china closets, den and fireplace, full basement and furnace; an ideal home.
- 199—\$2500. 5-room bungalow, beamed ceilings, column openings, large lot, close in; \$500 cash, balance same as rent.
- 181—\$1200. Five-room house and barn, 4 blocks from State street. Built one year; some fruit; \$250 down, balance monthly or will take team as part payment.
- 172—\$1300. Six-room house, one block from paved street, 12-minute car service, plenty of fruit, sewer in.
- 206—\$2400. 10 1/2 acres 2 1/2 miles south of city limits, 200 apples, 200 peaches, 100 Cherries, strawberries and raspberries. This is the last of a large farm, and is very fine.
- 77—\$6000. Thirty-eight acres rolling land, nearly all in crop, 5 acres prune orchard, wood for family use, 600 grape vines, 90 Lambert cherries, 118 walnuts in bearing. Barn cost \$1500 7-room house, water piped from spring to house and barn.
- 193—\$4000. 15 acres, 4 miles south, 6 acres in prunes, 2 1/2 acres strawberries, 1/2 acre peaches, 1 1/2 acres loganberries; horse, cows and farm implements included.
- 79—\$1600. 6-room house, full basement, city water, assessments paid, 3 cherries, 2 apples, 2 pear 2 plum, 4 walnut trees; close in walking distance.

### WEST SALEM TRANSFER

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The Lincoln County fair began at Newport Monday and will continue until Thursday night. It is being well attended and the display is magnificent. For sale by all dealers.

### Dole's Pineapple Juice

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