

NEW RICHMOND RECORD.

IN INQUIRY TO OTHERS
THE CONCERN OF ALL
INDIANA ASSOCIATED WEEKLIES

Thursday, Oct. 15, 1914.

When you go away to school order a regular weekly letter from home. The RECORD will reach you each week during the school year for only 50 cents.

Clover Leaf Schedule.

WESTBOUND.

No. 3 2:47 p. m.
No. 5 2:35 a. m.

EASTBOUND.

No. 4 2:47 p. m.
No. 6 1:06 a. m.

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226-246 W. 37th St., New York City
N.Y.—Sample Copy, Premium Catalogue and Pattern Catalogue free
on request.

Can you tell me anything of such
knowledge?"

Gibson stared incredulously at his
superior. Could it be possible that this
old man was willing to make his
daughter a scapegoat for his crime?
No, it was all too unbelievable. And
yet the general must have sold the
papers. He could see no other explanation.
But what was this tale of landing
aboard the Empress in an aeroplane?
The orderly again entered, slowly
passing a Marconigram across the
desk.

Gibson stared wonderingly at his
chief, wondering at the purpling of his
already florid face. Suddenly with a
choking laugh the old man tossed the
wireless to his aid, the last blow of
Hugo Loubeque: "Not the aid. General
Love sold me papers."

The lieutenant felt a warm throb of
pity for the old man. The general
straightened slowly, rising from his
chair.

"Somewhere, somehow there is an
explanation," he muttered. "And Lu-
cille is all that stands between us and
disgrace. You will come with me, Lieutenant."

"Yes, sir. You have some idea?"

"To the provisional governor," curtly
answered the old soldier, "until this
charge can be sifted. Meanwhile, we
will wait until there is word from Lu-
cille in answer to the message I sent."

"A message? You did not mention
that."

"Certainly I sent a message immedi-
ately Harley told his story. We can
drop in there on the way to the gov-
ernor's mansion."

Gibson nodded shortly. He was in
a haze still, feeling that his suspicions of
the old officer had been unfounded,
knowing that some evil brain was con-
niving at their destruction.

Gibson did not notice the general's
orderly hurrying toward them until the
man halted in salute there on the pa-
rade grounds, the moon casting an eerie
shadow across his olive khaki.

"Sir," he reported, "the operator has
tried to reach the Empress, but there is
no response. Her wireless must be
disabled."

General Love stared at his aid. Fear
gleamed in the eyes of both men, a
mutual fear for a mutual object. Who
was this unseen enemy who struck
such fierce blows from out of the dark?
And Lucille, sweetheart and daughter;
Lucille, the pampered, dainty, fragile
Lucille was undoubtedly near this one
who even commanded the lightnings to
do his will.

* * * * *

Curiously Hugo Loubeque watched
the operator as he settled back in his
chair, almost immediately receiving the
flash that a message was on the way to
him from some unseen, unknown
source.

Came a long sliver of light that seemed
to nudge the switchboard violently
from its fastenings, a shaft that reached
out and pierced him through and
through, blinding him with its bursting
light vapor. Then Loubeque felt
himself falling, falling into a pit that
seemed to have no bottom.

It was hours before he could piece
together what had happened, how he
chanced to be in bed, what the cause
of the terrible throbbing pains upon
his arms and torso was. Then the
wonder of Lucille's being with him,
ministering to him, drove every pain
away and he watched her from under
cover of his heavy lashes as she moved
about the stateroom, quiet, cool, sym-
pathetic.

He straightened in bed so abruptly
as to bring a moan of anguish from
his lips. In the lassitude induced by



Loubeque Feels Himself Falling.

his burns and the shock of the wireless
room explosion he had concentrated
the forty years that were past into
the living presence of the daughter of
the woman he had loved at that time.
And she was his enemy.

He must not show resentment of her
kindly interest, must not betray the
fact that he had papers for which she
was looking. The coincidence of her
tending him was too strange to be un-
premeditated.

"You are very kind," he said. "There
was an explosion in the wireless room,
was there not?"

"You must not talk till the surgeon
comes," she smiled. "I must obey or-
ders, you know, because I am only a
volunteer."

"A volunteer! You volunteered to
help a stranger?"

"But you are not a stranger." She
smiled curiously. "You knew my
name and that made me feel really ac-
quainted when you were hurt." There
was something penetrating in the eyes
rested upon his own, something
guileful about the suggestive expres-

sion of her tones that put him instantly
on guard.

Day followed day with ever his fac-
tories fastened on the necessity for
caution. A curious sort of friendship
sprang up between them, a friendship
partaking more of an armed neutrality
without the formality of a flag of
truce than anything else he could
imagine.

With the alleviation of Hugo Lou-
beque's sufferings the old animosity
and purpose flourished with redoubled
vigor. This girl had undoubtedly
sought the opportunity of nursing him
that she might defeat his purpose. She
was the daughter of the man he had
spent his life in working out a com-
plete degradation for. He must fight
down the weakness which assailed him
when her resemblance to the Lu-
cille of forty years ago surged strong

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(To Be Continued.)

Chronic Dyspepsia.

The following unsolicited testi-
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Notice to Heirs, Creditors, Etc.

In the Matter of the Estate of Thom-
as A. Bastion, Deceased.

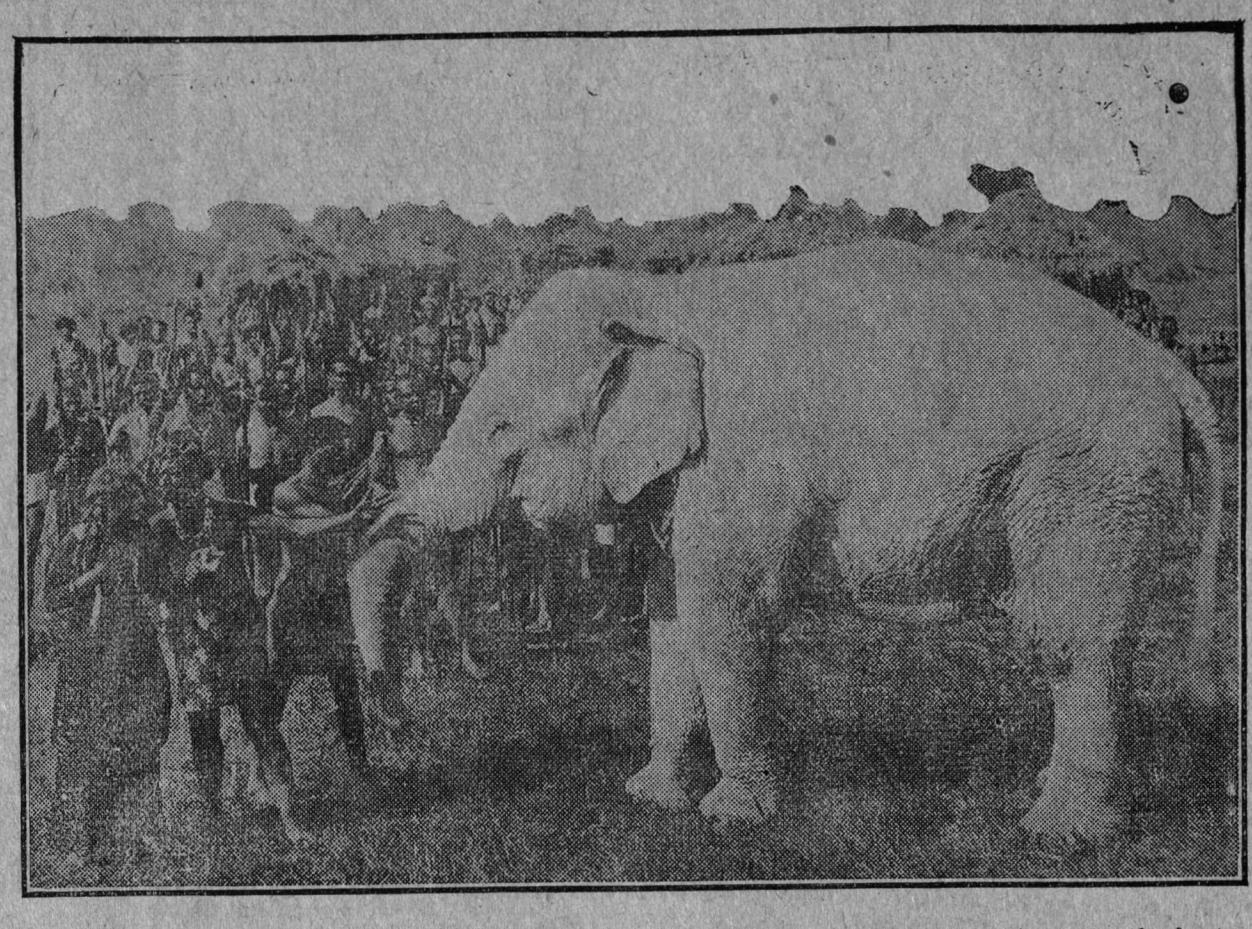
In the Montgomery Circuit Court,
September Term, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Martha J.
Bastion, as Administratrix of the estate
of Thomas A. Bastion, deceased, has
presented and filed her account and
vouchers in final settlement of said es-
tate, and that the same will come up for
the examination and action of said
Circuit Court on the 17th day of October,
1914, at which time all heirs, creditors
or legatees of said estate are required to
appear in said Court and show cause,
if any there be, why said account and
vouchers should not be approved.

MARTHA J. BASTION,
Administratrix.

Dated September 25, 1914.
Williams & Murphy, Attorneys for Es-
tate.

A White Elephant on Her Hands



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For Information.



smokes Turkish cigarettes and that's why they are establishing
lives off his father's pension. Still, courts of domestic relations here
there's no accounting for tastes and there.