

Cavanagh, Forest Ranger

The Great Conservation Novel
By HAMLIN GARLAND
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CHAPTER XXII.

OUT OF QUARANTINE INTO HEAVEN.

WHEN Cavanagh awoke it was noon, and Swenson, the guard, was standing over him. "I'm sorry, but it's time to be moving," he said. "It's a long ride over there."

"What time is it?" inquired Cavanagh, with some bewilderment.

"Nearly noon. I've got some coffee ready. Want some?"

"Do I? Just watch me!" And he scrambled out of his bed with vigor and stretched himself like a cat, exclaiming, "Wow, but it does feel good to know that I am out of jail!"

Going down to the stream, he splashed his face and neck in the clear cold water, and the brisk rubbing which followed seemed to clear his thoughts as well as sharpen his appetite.

"You seem all right so far," hazarded the guard.

"I am all right, and I'll be all right tomorrow, if that's what you mean," replied Cavanagh. "Well, now, pack up, and we'll pull out."

For a few moments after he mounted his horse Cavanagh looked about the place as if for the last time, now up at the hill, now down at the meadow and last of all at the stream. "I hope you'll enjoy this station as much as I have, Swenson. It's one of the prettiest on the whole forest."

Together they zigzagged up the side of the hill to the north, and then, with Cavanagh in the lead, followed by his pack horse, they set up the long lateral moraine which led by a wide circle through the wooded park toward the pass. The weather was clear and cold. The wind bit, and Cavanagh, scantily clothed as he was, drew his robe close about his neck, saying, "I know now how it feels to be a blanket Indian. I must say I prefer an overcoat."

A little later the keen eyes of the guard, sweeping the mountain side, were suddenly arrested. "There's a bunch of cowboys coming over the pass," he called.

"I see them," responded Cavanagh. "Get out your glasses and tell me who they are."

Swenson unsung his fieldglasses and studied the party attentively. "Looks like Van Horne's sorrel in the lead, and that bald face bay just behind looks like the one Gregg rides. The other two I don't seem to know."

"Perhaps it's the sheriff after me for harboring Edwards," suggested Cavanagh.

But Swenson remained sober. He did not see the humor of the remark. "What are they doing on the forest anyhow?" he asked.

Half an hour later the two parties came face to face on a little stretch of prairie in the midst of the wooded valley. In the sheriff's party were Gregg, the deputy and a big man who was a stranger to Cavanagh. Their horses were all tired, and the big civilian looked sallow weary.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" called the sheriff in southern fashion as he drew near.

"Good evening, Mr. Sheriff," Cavanagh civilly answered. "What's the meaning of this invasion of my forest?"

The sheriff for answer presented the big stranger. "Mr. Cavanagh, this is Mr. Simpson, the county attorney."

Cavanagh nodded to the attorney. "I've heard of Mr. Simpson," he said.

Simpson answered the question Ross had asked. "We were on our way to your station, Mr. Cavanagh, because we understand that this old man Dunn who shot himself had visited you before his death, giving you information concerning the killing of the Mexican sheep herders. Is that true?"

"It is."

"When did he visit you?"

"Two days ago or maybe three. I am a little mixed about it. You see, I have been pretty closely confined to my shack for a few days."

Gregg threw in a query. "How is the old man?"

"He's all right. That is to say, he's dead. Died last night."

The sheriff looked at Simpson meaningfully. "Well, I reckon that settles his score, judge. Even if he was implicated he's out of it now."

"He couldn't have been implicated," declared the ranger. "For he was with me at the time the murder was committed. I left him high on the mountain in the Basque herder's camp; I can prove an alibi for him. Furthermore, he had no motive for such work."

"What did Dunn tell you?" demanded the sheriff. "What names did he give you?"

"Wait a moment," replied Cavanagh, who felt himself to be on his own territory and not to be hurried. "There's a reward offered for the arrest of these men. Is there not?"

"There is," replied the attorney. "Well, before I make my statement I'd like to request that my share of the reward, if there is any coming to me, shall be paid over to the widow of the man who gave me the information. Poor chap, he sacrificed himself for the good of the state, and his family should be spared all the suffering possible."

"Quite right, Mr. Cavanagh. You may consider that request granted. Now for the facts."

"Before going into that, Mr. Attorney, I'd like to speak to you alone."

"Very well, sir," replied the attorney. Then, waving his hand toward the others, he said, "Boys, just ride off a little piece, will you?"

When they were alone Cavanagh remarked, "I don't think it wise to give these names to the wind, for if we do there will be more fugitives."

"I see your point," Simpson agreed. Thereupon rapidly and concisely the ranger reported what Dunn had said, and the attorney listened thoughtfully without speaking to the end. Then he added, "That tallies with what we have got from Ballard."

"Was Ballard in it?" asked Cavanagh.

"Yes. We forced a confession from him."

"If he was in it it was merely for the pay. He represented some one else."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because he was crazy to return to the show with which he used to perform and desperately in need of money. Have you thought that Gregg might have had a hand in this affair? Dunn said he had, although he was not present at any of the meetings."

"This seemed to surprise the attorney very much. "But he's a sheepman!" he exclaimed.

"I know he is. But he's also a silent partner in the Triangle cattle outfit and is making a lot of trouble. And, besides, he had it in for these doggos, as he calls them, because they were shepherding territory which he wanted himself."

"I don't think he's any too good for it," responded Simpson. "But I doubt if he had any hand in the killing. He's too cunning and too cowardly. But I'll keep in mind what you have said, and if he is involved in any degree he'll have to go down the road with the others. His money can't save him."

As they came back to the party Cavanagh thought he detected in Gregg's eyes a shifting light that was not there before, but he made no further attempt to impress his opinion upon the attorney or the sheriff. He only said: "Well, now, gentlemen, I must go on over the divide. I have an appointment with the doctor over there; also with a bed and a warmer suit of clothes than I have on. If I can be of any service to you when I am out of quarantine I hope you will call upon me."

"It is possible that we may need you in order to locate some of the men whose names you have given me," said "Very good," replied Cavanagh. "If they come upon the forest anywhere the supervisor and I will find them for you."

So they parted, and Cavanagh and his guard resumed their slow journey across the range.

"I was about to propose that," replied Redfield. "Shall we walk?"

Lee was instant in her desire to be off, but Lize said: "I never was much on foot, and now I'm hoof bound. You go along, and I'll sit on the porch here and watch."

So Lee, the doctor and Redfield went off together across the meadow toward the little cabin which had been built for the workmen while putting in the dam. It was hardly a mile away, and yet it stood at the mouth of a mighty gorge, out of which the water sprang white with speed.

But Lee had no mind for the scenery, though her eyes were lifted to the meadow's wall, down which the ranger was expected to ride. It looked frightfully steep, and whenever she thought of him descending that trail, worn and perhaps ill, her heart ached with anxiety. But Redfield rambled on comfortably, explaining the situation to the doctor, who, being a most unimaginative person, appeared to take it all as a matter of course.

At the cabin itself Lee transferred her interest to the supper which had been prepared for the ranger, and she went about the room trying to make it a little more comfortable for him. It was a bare little place, hardly more than a camp (as was proper), and she devoutly prayed that he was not to be sick therein, for it stood in a cold and gloomy place, close under the shadow of a great wall of rock.

As it grew dark she lighted a lamp and placed it outside the window in order that its light might catch the ranger's eye, and this indeed it did, for almost instantly a pistol shot echoed from the hillside far above signaling his approach.

"There he is!" she exclaimed in swift rebound to ecstasy. "Hear him shout?"

His voice could indeed be heard, though faintly, and so they waited while the darkness deepened and the voice of the stream rose like an exhalation, increasing in violence as the night fell.

At last they could hear the sound of his horse's feet upon the rocks, and with girlish impulse Lee raised a musical cry, an invitation as well as a joyous signal.

To this the ranger made vocal answer, and they could soon see him moving athwart the hillside, zigzagging in the trailer's fashion, dropping down with incredible swiftness. He was alone and leading his horse, but his celerity of movement and the tones of his voice denoted confidence and health.

The doctor laughed as he said, "I don't think a very sick man could come down a mountain like that."

"Oh, he isn't sick yet," said Redfield. "What we are afraid of is a possible development."

Lize was on the veranda when Lee and Redfield returned. "Did he get through?" she asked.

"He's all right so far," returned Redfield cheerily. "We left the doctor about to fly at him. We'll have a report soon."

They had hardly finished telling of how the ranger had descended the hill when the doctor arrived. "He hasn't a trace of it," was his report. "All he needs is sleep. I cut him off from his entire over the range outfit, and there is no reason why he should not come down to breakfast with you in the morning."

Mrs. Redfield thanked the doctor as fervently as if he had conferred a personal favor upon her, and the girl echoed her grateful words.

"Oh, that's all right," the doctor replied in true western fashion. "I'll do as much more for you any time." And he rode away, leaving at least one person too happy to sleep.

The same person was on the veranda next morning when Cavanagh, dressed in the supervisor's best suit of gray cassimere, came striding across the lawn, too impatient of the winding drive to follow it. As he came, his face glowing with recovered health, Lee thought him the god of the morning and went to meet him unshamed, and he took her to his arms and kissed her quite as he had promised himself to do.

"Now I know that I am delivered," he exclaimed. And they entered the new west together.

ELECTION OFFICIALS FOR THE PRIMARY

The Men Who Will Conduct the Election August 15 and Their Precincts.

Today the Journal gives the list of election officials for August 15. The polls will be open from 12 o'clock noon to 9 p. m. The judges and clerks, with the precincts of each, are as follows:

Democrat Judges.
Tipton—Ed Carr.
Greenwood—L. B. Appleman.
Stove Creek—William Lefler.
Salt Creek—Frank Nichols.
Elmwood—W. O. Schewe.
South Bend—Oscar Zaar, Henry Stander.

Weeping Water — Dietrich Koester.
Weeping Water City—First ward, C. M. Cherry; Second ward, O. K. Comwell; Third ward, W. A. Davis.
Center—August Pautsch and William Rau.
Louisville—E. G. Pautsch.
Avoca—M. M. Straub.
Mt. Pleasant—Z. W. Shrader.
Eight Mile Grove—W. H. Seybert and G. P. Meisinger.
Nehawka—B. F. Moore.
Liberty—Frank Finkle.
Second Rock Bluffs—W. P. Hutcheson and Charles Sans.
First Rock Bluffs—Lee Oldham.
Plattsmouth—Will Rummel and C. F. Vallery.
Plattsmouth City—First ward, James Thrasher and J. H. Donnelly; Second ward, Claus Boetel, sr., and John Peter Keil; Third ward, J. R. Kelly and Peter Vallery; Fourth ward, Aug. Tartsch and J. Schulhoff; Fifth ward, J. M. Vondran and A. Bach, sr.

Democrat Clerks.
Tipton—P. F. Verner.
Greenwood—F. E. Cook.
Salt Creek—Lyman James.
Stove Creek—E. T. Comer.
Elmwood—A. A. Gakemeier.
South Bend—W. M. Richards.
Weeping Water—Ed Mohr.
Weeping Water City—First ward, Herbert Ratnour; Second ward, J. B. Hungate; Third ward, J. M. Fowler.
Center—Leo H. Tighe.
Louisville—Mike Tritsch.
Avoca—William Betts.
Mt. Pleasant—William H. Puls.
Eight Mile Grove—J. G. Meisinger.
Nehawka—Robert C. Alford.
Liberty—George W. Saxon.
Second Rock Bluffs—W. A. Wheeler.
First Rock Bluffs—S. O. Pittman.
Plattsmouth—Walter L. Propst.
Plattsmouth City—First ward, George Falter; Second ward, Jacob Tritsch; Third ward, Henry Jess; Fourth ward, Anton Nitka; Fifth ward, Fritz Heinrich.

Republican Judges.
Tipton—Fred Muenchau and J. C. Benz.
Salt Creek—D. L. Talcott and W. E. Hand.
Elmwood—John Schwinn and Fred Zink.
Stove Creek—M. H. Tyson and William Lefler.
South Bend—F. W. Janovsky.
Weeping Water—L. A. Hay and J. N. Ranny.
Center—Ira Bosworth.
Louisville—J. P. Wood and E. Palmer.
Avoca—E. H. Norris and R. O. Hutchesin.
Mt. Pleasant—Wilson Gilmore and W. J. Philpot.
Eight Mile Grove—F. J. Hennings.
Nehawka—H. M. Pollard and H. P. Sturm.
Liberty—J. D. Bramblet and W. T. Swan.
First Rock Bluffs—W. E. Dull and A. L. Baker.
Second Rock Bluffs—M. A. Hall.
Plattsmouth—J. E. Wiles.
Weeping Water City—First ward, Jess Davis and J. L. Kennedy; Second ward, C. C. Baldwin and E. B. Taylor; Third ward, George E. Stoner and M. Pentico.
Plattsmouth City—First ward, William J. Hartwick; Second ward, William Weber; Third ward, J. H. Becker; Fourth ward, Albert Stokes; Fifth ward, J. B. Higley.

Republican Clerks.
Tipton—R. C. Wenzel.
Salt Creek—J. E. Weideman.
Stove Creek—Ted Jeary.
Elmwood—William Weddell.
South Bend—Walter Thimgan.
Center—Carl E. Day.
Louisville—L. F. Polk.
Avoca—L. J. Marquardt.
Mt. Pleasant—C. L. Livingston.
Eight Mile Grove—Louis Friedrich.
Nehawka—J. J. Pollard.
Liberty—W. A. Taylor.
First Rock Bluffs—W. E. Dull and A. L. Baker.

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Plattsmouth—W. T. Adams.
Weeping Water—W. A. Cole.
Plattsmouth City—First ward, B. A. McElwain; Second ward, R. B. Windham, jr.; Third ward, George Sales; Fourth ward, John Weyrich; Fifth ward, C. C. Despain.
Weeping Water City—First ward, O. N. Boone; Second ward, L. J. Fowler; Third ward, Sam Compton.

"MASHERS" MAY FEEL ARM OF THE LAW

Two Young Women Were Insulted at the Last Band Concert by Two Smart Ales.

A couple of "mashers" of a very objectionable type may find their pastime a little costly if Sheriff Quinton or Chief of Police Ben Rainey hears any further complaint of their actions. Complaint has reached these officers that at the last band concert these two men insulted two young women by trying to force an acquaintance with them. The girls plainly showed the men that they did not care to receive their attentions, but the men persisted to a degree that was extremely embarrassing to the girls.

The officers said to the Journal that such actions would not be tolerated here for an instant, and that quick arrest would follow upon complaint in the future.

The two men whose actions were reported to the police at the band concert are said to be strangers in the city.

THE FINEST SIGN IN THE WHOLE TOWN

Frank Gobelman, the Local Artist, Finishes Fine Sign for M. Fanger.

One of the finest signs that has ever adorned the front of any business house in this city, or in fact most any other city, may now be seen on the front of the department store of M. Fanger, just completed by Frank Gobelman, one of the best sign painters in the state of Nebraska, which reputation he bears from the actual work produced. This new sign is 44 feet in length, the center of which is made of fine raised gold leaf lettering, bearing the inscription, "Fanger's Department Store."

At each end will be found a magnificent array of block surface lettering in gold leaf, conveying to the passerby the lines of goods to be found upon the inside of the store. Mr. Fanger sure deserves a great deal of credit for the displaying of such a beautiful piece of work, and Mr. Gobelman simply adds another laurel to his wreath of master specimens of sign painting.

Pass up and down the streets of our city, pick out the signs that attract your eye, look for the writer's name and see if it doesn't bear the name of "Gobelman." Mr. Gobelman has closed a contract with Mr. Fanger to paint the entire front of both rooms in the near future.

Misses Ethel and Anna Beam returned to their home in St. Joseph, Missouri, this morning. They have been visiting Mrs. Fred Patterson for about a month.

FIGHTIN' IS FIGHTIN' SAYS THE ORDINANCE

And Henry Rothman's Plea of Not Guilty Did Not Help Matters Very Much.

Henry Rothman learned in police court this afternoon that a man who fights within the city of Plattsmouth violates the peace ordinance, whether he was in any way responsible for the fight or not. Henry was up before Judge Archer for fighting, and when he entered his plea, he said that he fought in self-defense and pleaded not guilty.

Judge Archer then reminded him that he had already told enough to indicate that he was guilty of fighting, and read to him the city peace ordinance. Henry reluctantly changed his plea to guilty and the court assessed the damages at \$5 and costs, making \$8 in all.

In passing sentence the judge gave the formal language provided by law, which states that if the fine and costs are not paid the man sentenced must work out the fine on the streets of the city. Henry did not think that it was necessary for the court to refer to such an unpleasant matter, but the court explained that he was simply following the law. Henry sat still while the judge wrote out the commitment to jail, but before it was finished he said he could get the money and he sent for it.

Rothman fought with P. G. Leland, whose property he rented. Some disagreement over the apples on the place was the cause of the trouble.

Phil Rihn went to Omaha to spend Sunday with relatives.

Statement of the Condition

THE LIVINGSTON LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION

PLATTSMOUTH, NEB., JUNE 30, 1911

ASSETS	
First mortgage loans	\$ 39,000 00
Stock loans	3,747 80
Cash	12,905 15
Delinquent interest, premiums and fines	8,588 94
Insurance and taxes paid and advanced	1,570 00
Real estate contracts	5,721 37
Real account	79 81
Total	\$132,417 45
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid up	\$ 37,518 00
Reserve fund	5,153 78
Dividends declared	29,745 67
Total	\$132,417 45
RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1911.	
RECEIPTS	
Balance on hand July 1, 1910	\$ 3,020 75
Dues	23,494 00
Interest, premiums and fines	3,074 34
Loans repaid	23,463 28
Membership fees	52 25
Real estate contracts	192 00
Insurance and taxes paid and advanced	80 41
Fines	15 98
Total	\$ 55,999 75
EXPENDITURES	
Loans	\$ 16,455 00
Expenses	1,596 50
Stock redeemed	21,490 85
Cash on hand	12,905 15
Matured stock	5,122 00
Matured stock interest	4,278 00
Insurance and taxes paid and advanced	773 34
Rent and repair	79 81
Total	\$ 65,999 75

I, Carl G. Fricke, secretary of the above named association, do solemnly swear that the foregoing statement of the condition of said association, is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. G. FRICKE, Secretary.
D. B. SMITH, WILLIAM HULLY, H. M. SORENSEN, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of July, 1911.
THOM WALLING, Notary Public.
My commission expires February 13, 1913.

DR
Herman Greeder,
Graduate Veterinary Surgeon
(Formerly with U. S. Department Agriculture)
Licensed by Nebraska State Board
Calls Answered Promptly
Telephone 378 White, Plattsmouth