



THE WAY OF A MAN

By EMERSON HOUGH

Copyright, 1907, by the Outlook Publishing Company

PROLOGUE.

A young man and a beautiful young woman, lost and alone in a wilderness for months, half starved and in daily peril of death from wild beasts and still more savage Indians—this is the central theme of the most fascinating romance that has come from Emerson Hough's pen. Read and you will learn how love came to them; how they conducted themselves in this trying, unconventional situation; how the man's chivalry and the woman's purity held them steadfast to the ideals of civilization, and how the strange episode brought tragedies, estrangements and happiness.

CHAPTER XIII.

Cleaving Only Unto Her.

SHE made no great outcry. I saw her bend her face forward into her hands.

"John Cowles of Virginia," she said. "I am sorry we are lost."

I could make no answer save to vow silently that if I lived she must be returned safely to her home, unhurt body and soul. I dared not ponder on conventions in a case so desperate as I knew ours yet might be. Silently I unsaddled the horse and hobbled it securely as I might with the bridle rein. Then I spread the saddle blanket for her to sit upon and hurried about for plains fuel. Water we drank from my hat and were somewhat refreshed. Now we had food and water. We needed fire. But when I came to fumble in my pockets I found not a match.

"I was afraid of that," she said, catching the meaning of my look.

In my sheath was a heavy hunting knife, and now, searching about us on the side of the coulee bank, I found several flints, hard and white. Then I tore out a bit of my coat lining and moistened it a trifle and saturated it with powder from my flask, rubbed in until it all was dry. This niter soaked fabric I thought might serve as tinder for a spark. So then I struck flint and steel and got the strange spark, hidden in the cold stone ages and ages there on the plains, and presently the spark was a little flame and then a good fire, and so we were more comfortable.

We roasted meat now flat on the coals the best we might, and so we ate with no salt to aid us. The girl became a trifle more cheerful, though still distant and quiet. If I rose to leave the fire for an instant I saw her eyes following me all the time. I knew her fears, though she did not complain. Night came on. The great gray wolves, hunters of the buffalo herds, roared their wild salute to us, savage enough to strike terror to any woman's soul. The girl edged close to me. We spoke but little. Our dangers had not yet made us other than conventional.

Even as dusk sank upon us all the lower sky went black. An advancing roar came upon our ears, and then a blinding wave of rain drove across the surface of the earth, wiping out the day, beating down with remorseless strength and volume as though it would smother and drown us twain in its deluge—us, the last two human creatures of the world!

It caught us, that wave of damp and darkness, and rolled over us and crushed us down as we cowered. I caught up the blanket from the ground and pulled it around the girl's shoulders. I drew her tight to me as I lay with my own back to the storm and pulled the saddle over her head, with this and my own body keeping out the tempest from her as much as I could. There was no other fence for her, and but for this she might perhaps have died; I do not know. I felt her strain at my arms first, then settle back and sink her head under the saddle flap and cower close, like some little schoolfellow, all the curves of her body craving shelter, comfort, warmth. She shivered terribly. I heard her gasp and sob. Ah, how I pitied her that hour!

As the rain lessened and the cold increased I knew that rigors would soon

come sight for some moments, but at last I saw something that pleased me better.

The men among the horses stopped, looked and began to hurry about, began to lead up their horses, to gesticulate. Then far off upon the other side I saw a blanket waving.

"It is the buffalo signal," I said to her. "They are going to hunt, and their hunt will be in the opposite direction from us."

We crept back from the top of the ridge, and I asked her to bring me the saddle blanket while I held the horse. This I bound fast around the horse's head.

"Why do you blind the poor fellow?" she inquired. "He cannot eat; he will starve. Besides, we ought to be getting away from here as fast as we can."

"I tie up his head so that he cannot see or smell and so fall to neighing to the other horses," I explained to her. Perhaps I staggered a little as I stood. "You are weak!" she exclaimed. "You are ill!"

"It is fever," I answered thickly. "My head is bad. I do not see distinctly. If you please, I think I will lie down for a time."

I felt her arm under mine. She led me to our little fireside, knelt on the



"My God!" she murmured, "what shall we do?"

wet ground beside me as I sat, my head hanging dully. I remember that her hands were clasped. I recall the agony on her face. The day grew warmer as the sun arose. The clouds hung low and moved rapidly under the rising airs. Now and again I heard faint sounds, muffled, far off. "They are firing," I muttered. "They are among the buffalo. That is good. Soon they will go away."

I do not wish to speak of what followed. For me a merciful ignorance came; but what that girl must have suffered hour after hour, night after night, day after day, alone, without shelter, almost without food, in such agony of terror as might have been natural even had her solitary protector been possessed of all his faculties—I say I cannot dwell upon that because it makes the cold sweat stand on my face even now to think of it. So I will say only that one time I awoke. She told me later that she did not know whether it was two or three days we had been there thus. She told me that now and then she left me and crept to the top of the ridge to watch the Indian camp. She saw them come in from the chase, their horses loaded with meat. Then, as the sun came out, they went to drying meat, and the squaws began to scrape the hides. As they had abundant food they did not hunt more than that one day, and no one rode in our direction. Our horse she kept concealed and blindfolded until dark, when she allowed him to feed. This morning she had removed the blanket from his head, because now, as she told me with exultation, the Indians had broken camp, mounted and ridden away, all of them, far off toward the west. She had cut and dried the remainder of our antelope meat, taking this hint from what we saw the Indians doing, and so most of our remaining meat had been saved.

I saw that her belt was drawn tighter about a thinner waist. Her face was much thinner and browner, her eyes more sunken. The white strip of her lower neck was now brick red. I dared not ask her how she had got through the nights, because she had used the blanket to blindfold the horse. She had hollowed out a place for my hips to lie more easily and pulled grasses for my bed. In all ways thoughtfulness and unselfishness had been hers. As I realized this I put my hands over my face and groaned aloud. Then I felt her hand on my head.

"How did you eat?" I asked her. "You have no fire." "Once I had a fire," she said. "I made it with flint and steel, as I saw you do. See," she added and pointed to a ring of ashes, where there were bits of twigs and other fuel. "Now you must eat," she said. "You are like a shadow. See, I have made you broth."

"Broth?" said I. "How?" "In your hat," she said. "My father told me how the Indians boil water with hot stones. I tried it in my own hat first, but it is gone. A hot stone

burned it through." Then I noticed that she was bareheaded. I lay still for a time, pondering feebly, as best I could, on the courage and resource of this girl, who now no doubt had saved my life, unworthing as it seemed to me. At last I looked up to her.

"After all, I may get well," I said. "Go now to the thicket at the head of the ravine and see if there are any little cottonwood trees. Auberry told me that the inner bark is bitter. It may act like quinine and break the fever."

So presently she came back with my knife and her hands full of soft green bark which she had found. "It is bitter," said she, "but if I boil it it will spoil your broth." I drank of the crude preparation as best I might and ate feebly as I might at some of the more tender meat thus softened. And then we boiled the bitter bark, and I drank that water, the only medicine we might have. Alas, it was our last use of my hat as a kettle, for now it, too, gave way.

"Now," she said to me, "I must leave you for a time. I am going over to the Indian camp to see what I can find."

She put my head in the saddle for a pillow and gave me the remnant of her hat for a shade. I saw her go away, clad like an Indian woman, her long braids down her back, her head bare, her face brown, her moccasined feet slipping softly over the grasses, the metals of her leggings tinkling. My eyes followed her as long as she remained visible, and it seemed to me hours before she returned. I missed her.

She came back laughing and joyful. "See!" she exclaimed. "Many things! I have found a knife, and I have found a broken kettle, and here is an awl made from a bone, and here is something which I think their women use in scraping hides." She showed me all these things, last the saw edged bone or scraping hoe of the squaws used for dressing hides as she had thought.

"Now I am a squaw," she said, smiling oddly. "Yes, we are savages now." She looked down at me at length as I lay. "Have courage, John Cowles," she said. "Get well now soon so that we may go and hunt. Our meat is nearly gone."

"But you do not despair," said I, wondering. She shook her head. "Not yet. Are we not as well off as those?" She pointed toward the old encampment of the Indians. A faint tinge came to her cheeks. "It is strange," said she, "I feel as if the world had absolutely come to an end and yet!"

"It is just beginning," said I to her. "We are alone. This is the first garden of the world. You are the first woman; I am the first cave man, and all the world depends on us. See," I said—perhaps still a trifle confused in my mind—"all the arts and letters of the future, all the paintings, all the money and goods of all the world, all the peace and war and all the happiness and content of the world rest with us, just us two. We are the world, you and I."

She sat thoughtful and silent for a time, a faint pink, as I said, just showing on her cheeks.

"John Cowles of Virginia," she said simply, "now tell me how shall I mend this broken kettle?"

(To Be Continued.)

Ladies' Aid Society Meets.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. J. B. Martin yesterday afternoon and were entertained in a most delightful manner, Mesdames H. D. Travis and Martin being the hostesses on this occasion. A special invitation had been extended to the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary and their friends, and in spite of the extreme warm weather, there was a large number in attendance. The ladies held their regular business session at the usual hour, at which time they were called upon to accept the resignation of Mrs. J. N. Wise, who has been secretary of this organization for the past few months. Mrs. H. D. Travis was elected to fill the vacancy. The ladies regret very much to lose Mrs. Wise from their midst, as she has been one of their most efficient and faithful members. After the business session the large company were entertained with a short program, Misses Marie Douglass and Mildred Cummins furnishing some excellent readings and Misses Ellen and Kathryn Windham contributing a charming number in the way of a vocal duet. Miss Hermia Windham rendered an instrumental selection in a very pleasing manner. A few moments were then devoted to a social time, after which dainty refreshments were provided by the hostesses, they being assisted in serving by a large number of young ladies.

Insect Bite cures Leg.

From Wednesday's Daily.

A Boston man lost his leg from the bite of an insect two years before. To avert such calamities from stings and bites of insects use Bucklen's Arnica Salve promptly to kill the poison and prevent inflammation, swelling and pain. Heals burns, boils, ulcers, piles, eczema, cuts, bruises. Only 25 cents at F. G. Fricke & Co.

Special Sale

on our entire stock of Ready-to-Wear Dresses and Shirtwaists:

The Dress that formerly sold at \$5.00 will now go at	\$2.98
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.98
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.98
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.75
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.39
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1.10
" " " " " " " " " " " "	.98
" " " " " " " " " " " "	.79

Zuckweiler & Lutz

CARNIVAL EXPECTS TO OPEN UP THURSDAY

All Troubles Having Been Amicably Adjusted, Management Expects to Please Our People.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Unless some unforeseen circumstances intervene the carnival will open up Thursday afternoon for a three days' stand in the city. S. L. Heaton, an experienced carnival man, of San Francisco, is in charge of the shows, three cars of which arrived last night and two today. Mr. Heaton is a pleasant gentleman to meet and was with the Mid-West company last week. The principals, says Mr. Heaton, dissolved partnership Saturday and left a good share of the company to reorganize under Mr. Heaton's management. The new company has raised \$500 to pay the freight on the paraphernalia to Plattsmouth and the license of the city for the use of the side streets, the privilege of using which has been turned over to Mr. Heaton with the consent of the city authorities.

Mr. Heaton expects to put on a clean, moral show; one that anyone can view without the least jar to their finer natures. There will be no confetti battles. There will be ten concessions, some fine front shows, with free attractions. The Japanese will put on a fine exhibition, with trained dogs; there will be merry-go-round and ocean wave swings—in fact about all that was advertised before, though perhaps not on quite so gorgeous a scale. Mr. Heaton vouches for his people and says that no one in the city will have cause to regret their visit here.

Carload Texas Melons.

From Wednesday's Daily.

H. M. Soennichsen received a carload of watermelons this morning that were shipped from the famous Falfurrias country. They are large and of a very fine variety. There was a total of 103 cars shipped from that country during the month of June, or from May 25 to June 25. This certainly demonstrates that this part of Texas is sure a great producing country. It is in the same locality where so many Plattsmouth people own tracts of land that were purchased through the agency of our live real estate man, W. E. Rosencrans.

William Cook and son, Lynn, left for Columbus, Neb., on the morning train today, where they have a shooting gallery in full swing. Mr. Cook's family will remain in Plattsmouth for the present.

Sunday School Class Picnic.

Mrs. G. L. Farley's Sunday school class of boys yesterday afternoon, at her invitation, assembled in Garfield park for a picnic; the time being from 4 to 7 o'clock. A rollicking good time at playing games and rolling on the grass was enjoyed by the boys, all of whom are lively and given much to pranks. At the proper time a fine picnic supper was served in picnic style, each little pupil, with whetted appetite, found time from his sport to pause at the tempting spread long enough to enjoy the fine supper. After all had satisfied their appetites for the good things spread before them, they expressed their enjoyment of the occasion to their teacher and departed for their homes. Among those present were: Carl Wurl, Carl Schneider, Otto Trillity, Dean Douglass, Jack Thompson, Harold Renner, and as visitors, Helen and Edith Farley and Virginia Waugh.

Mail Carriers Will Fly.

This is an age of great discoveries. Progress rides on the air. Soon we may see Uncle Sam's mail carriers flying in all directions, transporting mail. People take a wonderful interest in a discovery that benefits them. That's why Dr. King's New Discovery for Coughs, Colds and other throat and lung diseases is the most popular medicine in America. "It cured me of a dreadful cough," writes Mrs. J. F. Davis, Stickney Corner, Me., "after doctor's treatment and all other remedies had failed." For coughs, colds or any bronchial affection it's unequalled. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at F. G. Fricke & Co.

Departed for California.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Mr. C. E. Wescott, who has been visiting his sons for a few weeks, and in the meantime made a trip to Canada, departed for Los Angeles, California, this morning. He was accompanied by Mrs. C. C. Wescott and son, Mason, who will visit on the coast until September. Mr. Wescott and party will board the Overland Limited at Omaha shortly after 9 o'clock this morning, going via Salt Lake City for San Francisco, and from thence to Los Angeles. A number of friends were at the station to see the party off on their long journey.

Don't Kill the Squirrels.

There are numerous tame squirrels in various parts of the city. They are perfectly gentle, harm nobody, and all are warned against killing them, as the law makes it a fineable offense at this time of the year.

The Journal office carries all kinds of typewriter supplies.

Tell Your Automobile Supply Troubles to Us!

We are in a position to assist you in all your needs, when it comes to the supply department. We carry a limited number of tires, tubes and all accessories, but are in a position to make prompt delivery on most anything you need for all merchandise. Our goods are all in the fully guaranteed lines.

Tell Us Your Needs and We Will Sure Do the Rest.

- Kroehler Bros. -

Plattsmouth, Nebraska