



THE WAY OF A MAN

By EMERSON HOUGH

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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 XIV.

Till Death Do Part.

POOR indeed in worldly goods must be those to whom the discarded refuse of an abandoned Indian camp seems wealth. Yet such was the case with us, two representatives of the higher civilization, thus removed from that civilization by no more than a few days' span. As soon as I was able to stand we removed our little encampment to the ground lately occupied by the Indian village. We must have food, and I could not yet hunt. Here at the camp we found some bits of dried meat. We found a ragged and half hairless robe, discarded by some squaw, and to us it seemed priceless, for now we had a house by day and a bed by night. A half dozen broken lodge poles seemed riches to us. We hoarded some broken moccasins which had been thrown away.

For myself, weakened by sickness, such food as we had was little service. I knew that I was starving and feared that she was doing little better. I looked at her that morning after we had propped up our little canopy of hide to break the sun. Her face was clean drawn now into hard lines of muscle. Her limbs lay straight and clean before her as she sat, her hands lying in her lap as she looked out across the plains. Her eyes were still brown and clear, her figure still was that of woman. She was still sweet to look upon, but her cheeks were growing hollow. Unless presently I could arise and kill meat for her then must the world roll void through the ether, unpeopled ever more.

I know not what thoughts came to her mind as we sat looking out on the pictures of the mirage which the sun was painting on the desert landscape. But finally as we gazed there seemed among these weird images one colossal tragic shape which moved, advanced, changed definitely. Now it stood in giant stature and now dwindled, but always it came nearer. We realized at last that it was a solitary buffalo bull, no doubt coming down to water at a little coulee just beyond us. I turned to look at her and saw her eyes growing fierce. She reached back for my rifle, and I arose.

"Come," I said, and so we started. We dared not use the horse in stalking our game.

I could stand, I could walk a short way, but the weight of this great rifle, sixteen pounds or more, which I had never felt before, now seemed to crush me down. She put her arm about me firmly, her face frowning and eager.

"Can you go?" she said.

"No," said I, "I cannot, but I must and I shall." I put away her arm from me, but in turn she caught up the rifle. Even for this I was still too proud.

"No," said I, "I have always carried my own weapons thus far."

"Come, then," she said, "this way," and so caught the muzzle of the heavy barrel and walked on, leaving me the stock to support for my share of the weight. Thus we carried the great rifle between us, and so stumbled on until at length the sun grew too warm for me, and I dropped, overcome with fatigue. Patiently she waited for me, and so we two, partners, mates, a man and a woman, primitive, the first, went on little by little.

"Go," said I, motioning toward the rifle. "I am too weak. I might miss. I can get no farther."

She caught up the rifle barrel at its balancing point, looked to the lock as a man might have done, and leaned forward, eager as any man for the chase. Lithe, brown, sinuous, she crept rapidly away, and presently was hid where the grass grew taller in the flat beyond. The bull moved forward a little also, and I lost sight of both for what seemed to me an unconscionable time. She told me later that she crept close to the water hole and waited there for the bull to come, but that he stood back and stared ahead stupidly and would not move. She said she trembled when at last he approached, so savage was his look. Even a man might be smitten with terror at the fierce aspect of one of these animals.

But at last I heard the bitter crack of the rifle and, raising my head, I saw her spring up and then drop down again. Then, staggering a short way up the opposite slope, I saw the slow bulk of the great black bull. He turned and looked back, his head low, his eyes straight ahead. Then slowly he knelt down and so died, with his forefeet doubled under him.

She came running back to me, full of savage joy at her success, and put her arm under my shoulder and told me to come. Slowly, fast as I could, I went with her to our prey. We butchered our buffalo as Auberry had showed me, from the backbone down, as he sat dead on his forearms, splitting the skin along the spine and laying it out for the meat to rest upon.

Again I made a fire by shooting a tow wand into such tinder as we could arrange from my coat lining, having dried this almost into fame by a burning glass I made out of a watch crystal filled with water, not in the least a weak sort of lens. She ran for fuel and for water, and now we cooked and ate, the fresh meat seeming excellent to me. Once more now we moved our camp, the girl returning for the horse and our scanty belongings.

Always now we ate, bagging out the hump ribs, the tongue, the rich back fat; so almost immediately we began to gain in strength. All the next day we worked as we could at drying the meat and taking the things we needed from the carcass. We got loose one horn, drying one side of the head in the fire. I saved carefully all the sinews of the back, knowing we might need them. Then between us we scraped at the two halves of the hide, drying it in the sun, flensing it with our little Indian hoe and presently retching into it brains from the head of the carcass as the hide grew drier in the sun. We were not yet skilled in tanning as the Indian women are, but we saw that now we would have a house and a bed apiece and food, food. We broiled the ribs at our fire, boiled the broken leg bones in our little kettle. We made fillets of hide to shade our eyes, she thus binding back the long braids of her hair. We rested and were comforted. Each hour, it seemed to me, she rounded and became more beautiful, supple, young, strong—there in the beginning of the world. We were rich in these, our belongings, which we shared.

Hitherto, while I was weak, exhausted and unable to reason beyond the vague factors of anxiety and dread, she had cared for me simply, as though she were a young boy and I an older man. The small details of our daily life she had assumed because she still was the stronger. Without plot or plan and simply through the stern command of necessity, our interests had been identical, our plans covered us both as one. At night for the sake of warmth we had slept closely side by side, both too weary and worn out to reason regarding that or any other thing. Once in the night I know I felt her arm across my face, upon my head her hand, she still sleeping—and millions of miles away among the stars. I would not have waked her.

But now behold the strange story of man's advance in what he calls civilization! Behold what property means in regard to what we call laws! We had two pieces of robe instead of one. We might be two creatures now, a man and a woman, a wall between, instead of two suffering, perishing animals with but one common need—that of self preservation. There were two houses now, two beds, because this might be and still allow us to survive. Our table was common, and that was all.

During that first night when we slept apart the wolves came very close to our meat heaps and set up their usual roaring chorus. The terror of this she could not endure, and so she came creeping with her half robe to my side where I lay. That was necessary. Later that night when she awoke under the shelter of her half hide she

found me sitting awake near the opening. But she would not have me put over her portion of the robe. She made of our party two individuals, and that I must understand. I must understand now that society was beginning again and law and custom.

At night, in front of her poor shelter, I sat and thought and looked out at the stars. The stars said to me that life and desire were one, that the world must go on, that all the future of the world rested with us two. But at this I rebelled. "Ah, prurient stars!" I cried, "and evil of mind. What matters it that you suffer or that I suffer? Let the world end, yes, let the world end before this strange new companionship, gained in want and poverty and suffering and now lost by reason of comforts and health shall shed one tear of suffering!"

From now, day by day, night by night, against all my will and wish, against all my mind and resolution, I knew that I was loving this new being with all my heart and all my soul, for-aking all others, and that this would be until death should us part. I knew that neither here nor elsewhere in the world was anything which could make me whole of this—no principles of duty or honor, no wish nor inclination nor resolve!

I had eaten. I loved. I saw what life is.

I saw the great deceit of nature. I saw her plan, her wish, her merciless, pitiless desire, and, seeing this, I smiled slowly in the dark at the mockery of what we call civilization, its fuss and flurry, its pretense, its misery. Indeed, we are small, but life is not small. We are small, but love is very large and strong, born as it is of the great necessity that man shall not forget the world, that woman shall not rob the race. For myself I accepted my station in this plan, saying nothing beyond my own soul. None the less, I said there to my own soul that this must be now till death should come to part us twain.

Soon now we would be able to travel, but whither and for what purpose? I began to shrink from the thought of change. This wild world was enough for me. None the less we must travel. We had been absent now from civilization some three weeks and must have been given up long since. Our party must have passed far to the westward, and by this time our story was known at Laramie and elsewhere. Parties were no doubt in search of us at that time. But where should these search in that wilderness of the unknown plains? How should it be known that we were almost within touch of the great highway of the west, now again thronging with wagon trains? By force of these strange circumstances which I have related we were utterly gone, blotted out. Our old world no longer existed for us nor we for it.

As I argued to myself again and again the laws and customs of that forgotten world no longer belonged to us. We must build laws again, laws for the good of the greatest number. I can promise, who have been in place to know, that in one month's time civilization shall utterly fade away from the human heart, that a new state of life shall within that space enforce itself, so close lies the savage in us always to the skin. This vast scheme of organized selfishness which is called civilization shall within three weeks be forgot and found useless, be rescinded as a contract between remaining units of society. This vast fabric of waste and ruin known as wealth shall be swept away at a breath within one month. Then shall endure only the great things of life. Above those shall stand two things—a woman and a man. Without these society is not, these two, a woman and a man.

So I would sit at night, nodding under the stars, and vaguely dreaming of these matters, and things came to me sweetly, things unknown in our ignorance and evil of mind, as we live in what we call civilization. They would become clear underneath the stars; and then the dawn would come, and she would come and sit by me, looking out over the plains at the shimmering pictures. "What do you see?" she would ask of me.

"I see the ruins of that dome known as the capitol of our nation," I said to her, "where they make laws. See, it is in ruins, and what I see beyond is better."

"Then what more do you see," she would ask.

"I see the ruins of tall buildings of brick and iron, prisons, where souls are racked, and deeds of evil are done, and iron sunk into human hearts, and vice and crime, and oppression and wrong of life and love are wrought. These are in ruins, and what I see beyond is better." Humoring her, she would ask that I would tell her further what I saw.

"I see the ruins of tall spires, where the truth was offered by bold assertion. I see the ruins of religion, corrupt because done for gain.

"I see houses also, much crowded, where much traffic and bartering and evil were done, much sale of flesh and blood and love and happiness, ruin, unhappiness. And what I see now is far better than all that."

"And then"—she whispered faintly, her hand upon my sleeve, and looking out with me over the plains, where the mirage was wavering.

"I see there," I said, and pointed it out to her, "only a garden, a vast, sweet garden. And there arises a tree—one tree."

This was my world. But she, looking out over the plains, still saw with the eye of yesterday. Upon woman the artificial imprint of heredity is set more deeply than with man. The commands of society are wrought into her soul.

ONENESS OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

Everywhere Made Prominent In the Scriptures.

BIBLE STUDENTS' CONVENTION

Pastor Russell Says Sects and Parties Are Nowhere Recognized in Holy Writ—There is but One Church, and Jesus is its Head—Sectarian Divisions Arose From Neglect and Loss of Faith—An Address to Bible Students.



PASTOR RUSSELL

Washington, D. C., July 14.—Bible study must be coming quite into vogue if we may judge by the interest manifested by the thousands gathered here for a ten-days' Convention. Nothing holier or more laudable has manifested itself. All day, and every day, appears to be spent in searching the Scriptures and in quiet, spiritual rejoicing in the promises found therein. The testimony of our citizens is that we never before had such a Convention in our midst.

The people are from the middle walks of life—poor rather than rich. They have no outward badge of special clothing, but seem to be adorned with a meek and quiet spirit. The entire Bible is their creed and they truly walk in its light, which they tell us is growing daily brighter as we near the Morn of the New Dispensation of Christ's Kingdom.

A peculiarity of these Bible Students is that during the entire series of the meetings, in which more than forty speakers have participated, no appeal has been made for money; it has not even been mentioned from the platform. Asked why this is, the answer was that each tries to give to the service of the Truth what he is able according to his ability—as unto the Lord. And so far as is known there is no lack, because the expenses of the propaganda are kept within the limit of the offerings. The Convention closes today. Extracts from Pastor Russell's Sunday address follow. His text was, "But ye are come . . . to the General Assembly and Church of the First-born, which are written in Heaven." (Hebrews xii, 23.) He said in part—

The oneness of the Church of Christ is everywhere made prominent in the Bible. Sects and parties are nowhere recognized. Nowhere is it intimated that Christ has various Churches—for instance, the Roman Catholic, the Anglican, the Greek, Presbyterian, Congregational, Lutheran, etc. On the contrary, there is but the one "Church, which is the Body of Christ," and that Body of Christ has but the one Head, Jesus.

We not only find that Christ and the Apostles established but the one Church, but we cannot think of any reason why these should have established more than one. Nothing is plainer than that our sectarian divisions arose from our neglect and loss of "the faith once delivered unto the saints" (Jude 3). As the divisions came in, the errors came in with them; and, as the errors go out, so also will sectarianism pass away.

The General Assembly of the Saints.

As we are assembled here today, not under any human or sectarian name, and not divided by sectarian creeds, and bondages, we are here simply and solely as children of God, and Bible students in the School of Christ, to learn of Him—to be fitted and prepared for glorious joint-heirship with Him in His coming Kingdom, and meantime to learn at His feet the lessons necessary for so great a coming service.

Let me correct myself and say rather that our little home classes very fittingly represent the Lord's Church—as it was in the days of Jesus and the Apostles. And our Assembly here today, far away from those classes, in these beautiful grounds, is a picture rather of what the Apostle describes in our text, namely, "The General Assembly of the Church of the First-born"—from every quarter, as it will be by and by, but gathered on the heavenly plane by the change of the First Resurrection.

How many of us have during the week said with reference to our fellowship in spirit with the Lord, "It is good to be here! But oh, dear brethren, I am sure that I voice the sentiment of everyone present when I say, it will be better to be there! Oh, so much better! When by God's grace we shall reach that Heavenly shore and participate in the joys of that greater and better Convention, "The General Assembly of the Church of the First-born," it will be better than this grand Convention; and I will seek to enumerate some of the reasons why I think it will be so.

Enter Into the Joys of the Lord.

(1) The joys of our present Convention are merely a foretaste of the perfect glory we will experience when we enter into the joys of the Lord—beyond the veil. Now we know in part the wondrous things of our Heavenly Father's character and Plan, and of our Redeemer's love and sympathy, and of each other's love and sympathy; then we shall know even as we are known, is the guarantee of the inspired Apostle.

Now we see as through an obscure glass the things which the natural eye cannot see nor hear, neither can enter into the heart of the natural man, but which God has revealed unto us by His Spirit. But they are still more or less obscure to us. We cannot weigh nor appreciate the wonderful glories which God has in reservation for us, but then we shall see Him face to face, as St. Paul declares.

(2) As we meet here today as New Creatures in Christ, we seek to know each other as God knows us, not after the flesh, but after the spirit. But for all that we experience difficulties. It is often difficult for us to entirely overlook the flesh of our fellows, as they no doubt have difficulty in overlooking our blemishes in the flesh. But oh, what will it be to be there! All the imperfections and weaknesses of the flesh, against which we must now fight—all these will then be gone.

Have we not the promise, "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is?" Have we not the promise again that, sown in weakness, we shall be raised in power; sown in dishonor, we shall be raised in glory; sown an animal body we shall be raised a spirit body? Have we not the further promise respecting that glorious resurrection change, which shall lift us completely out of the human and into the divine nature, that "We must all be changed," "for flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God?" (I Corinthians xv, 50, 51).

Further Trials—Further Battlings.

(3) Another difference between this Convention and the great one promised in our text is that we shall go from here to our homes to engage afresh in warfare with sin within and without—to continue our warfare as good soldiers of Jesus Christ under the Captaincy of our Redeemer. We shall go from here realizing that our trials and testings are not yet ended, that the "cup" which the Father hath poured for us we have not yet drained.

We shall go forth from here remembering that we "have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin" and fighting "the good fight of faith." We shall return to our homes with the thought that we still have need of the Scriptural exhortation, "Watch," and "stand fast"; "Quit you like men"; "Put on the whole armor that ye may be able to stand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand."

We will go from here realizing that in all probability this season of refreshment we have enjoyed has been a part of the Father's good providence for us whereby we shall be the stronger, the more courageous, the better prepared for further trials, besetments, difficulties and conflicts with the world, the flesh and the Adversary.

But when we reach the glorious Convention mentioned by the Apostle, all the fightings and trials and testings will be in the past. For us, therefore, there will be no more sighing, no more crying, no more crosses, no more sufferings, no more instead, life eternal, joy eternal, glory, honor and immortality at our dear Redeemer's right hand of favor. Well do I know that this hope of sharing in the General Assembly of the Church of the First-born strengthens your heart and nerves you to loyalty and faithfulness to the Lord, the Truth and the brethren as the days go by.

Let us console ourselves with the thought that whatever is the will of God concerning us must necessarily be for our highest welfare and best interests. If, therefore, it is not yet time for us to pass beyond the veil, it is because our Heavenly Father and Redeemer have a work for us to do in the present life—either a work of further polishing upon our own characters or a work of helping the brethren, for we remember the declaration that the Bride is to make herself ready for that event. We are to build one another up in the most holy faith, encouraging, strengthening, sympathizing with and assisting one another in running the race for the great Prize.

Another happy thought we should take with us to our homes is the Lord's promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And again, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in thy weakness." And again, "We know that all things work together for good to those who love the Lord, to the called according to His purpose."—Romans viii, 28.

So then, dear friends, we will not return to our homes like an army corps in retreat, but rather as a company of good soldiers who have been well fed and refreshed and encouraged and stimulated; we will return to our homes full of good courage, full of joyful anticipation of the coming Great Convention of the Church of the First-born; full of renewed determination that, by the grace of God, and with the assistance of our great Advocate, we will make our calling and election sure by so running in His footsteps as to obtain the great Prize which He has offered to us.

The Context in Agreement.

Let me detain you a little longer that I may point out afresh that the context confirms our glorious hope respecting this Great Convention of the future, and shows that it is nigh at hand. St. Paul pictures before us the fact that God's dealings with Israel, in bringing them out of Egyptian bondage and to Mt. Sinai, pictured the work of this Gospel Age, in the

calling of Spiritual Israel out of the bondage of the world—the bondage of sin and death. The Apostle thus shows that the giving of the Law Covenant to Israel at Mt. Sinai typically represented the giving to them of the New Law Covenant in Mt. Zion in the end of this Age.

The Law Covenant was given through a mediator, Moses, and the New Law Covenant is to be given through a mediator, the Antitypical Moses, Jesus the Head and the Church His Body. It has required all this Gospel Age to gather out of the world, and to try, test, polish and fit the members of the Body of Christ, who, under His Headship, will be the Antitypical Moses, who will be the Antitypical Mediator between God and men.—Jeremiah xxxi, 31; Acts iii, 22, 23.

As Moses went up into the Mount to commune with God before the Law Covenant was completed, so the entire Church must go up into the Mountain, into the Kingdom, with our glorious Head and Redeemer, by the change of the First Resurrection. As the time for Moses' going up into the mountain drew near, there were great manifestations of the dignity of the Divine Government. And just so in the closing of this Age, the Apostle informs us that the world will have terrifying experiences on a still greater scale. He says that then the mountain trembled and smoked and that the Divine voice was heard. The people were so terrified that they entreated that they might not hear further, but that Moses would act as mediator, and he did so.

So it will be here: There will be such manifestations of Divine Justice and opposition to sin and all iniquity that it will cause the "time of trouble" mentioned by the Prophet and by Jesus, "A time of troubles such as never was since there was a nation; no, nor ever shall be" after.—Daniel xii, 1; Matthew xxiv, 21.

The result of this great time of trouble upon the world will be a realization that they need a Mediator—a Mediatorial Kingdom. And this is just what God has provided for them through the arrangement of the New Covenant.

The Shaking Already Commenced.

Contrasting the experiences at the inauguration of the typical Law Covenant with those to be expected at the inauguration of the antitypical, the New Law Covenant, St. Paul says, "God's voice then shook the earth, but now He hath promised, saying, 'Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven.'" And the Apostle explains that the expression, "Once more," signifies that this second shaking will be so thorough that no further shaking will ever be necessary, but everything of injustice and unrighteousness which ought to be shaken loose will be shaken; and this, says the Apostle, implies everything except the Church and the glorious Kingdom which we shall then receive: "Wherefore we, receiving a Kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."

Can we not see the shaking already beginning? Let us remember that this time it will not be the shaking of the literal earth, as in the type, but the shaking of the symbolical earth—the shaking of society to its very center. Do you not already hear the rumblings—the rumblings of discontent, anger, malice, hatred, strife? These forebode the "great earthquake," which was symbolical of the great Revolution, wherein the present order of things shall collapse and give place to the New Order of Immanuel's Kingdom of righteousness, justice, equity.

And, says the Apostle, God intends this time to shake not merely the earth—the social fabric—but also the heaven—the ecclesiastical powers of the present time. Not the true Church will be shaken, but the many systems which more or less misrepresent the true Church and "the faith once delivered unto the saints."

Do we see premonitions of this shaking? Yes, verily. In all denominations there are forebodings of coming trouble. We may even fear that some of the attempts at Christian union are not made with the proper motive, but through a realization of the shaking which the Lord is about to permit to come upon the ecclesiastical systems of this present time.

"Wait Ye Upon the Lord."

My dear brethren, in these coming days of trouble, which may be very near, the opportunity may come to you and to me to be either strife-breeders or peacemakers. Let us see the will of the Lord in this matter, that we are called to peace, and that the declaration of the Master is, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Let us seek rather to subdue and calm the passions of men in the coming strife, and to do nothing to augment them or to kindle the fires of passion which we know are about to consume the present social fabric. Let us point out to those with whom we have any influence that the worst form of government in the whole world is better than no government—better than anarchy, a thousand times. Let us remind them of the fact that in God's providence we have the best of all earthly governments.

Let us remind them, too, that the Lord has told us to wait for Him and not to take matters into our own hands. His words are, "Wait ye upon Me, saith the Lord, until the day that I rise up to the prey; for My determination is to gather the nations, that I may assemble the kingdoms, to pour upon them Mine indignation, even all My fierce anger; for all the earth shall be devoured with the fire of My jealousy. For then will I turn to the people a pure language (Message), that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve Him with one consent."—Zephaniah iii, 8, 9.

(To Be Continued.)