

BOTH SIDES of the SHIELD

By MAJOR
ARCHIBALD W. BUTT



[Copyright, 1905, by J. B. Lippincott company. All rights reserved.]

PRESIDENT TAFT'S TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

Major Archibald W. Butt was one of the heroes of the Titanic. He was President Taft's military aid. After Major Butt's death the president, with tears in his eyes and faltering voice, made him the subject of one of the most heartfelt eulogies ever pronounced over a gallant man, praising his manhood, his courage, his loyalty, his self sacrifice.

"Everybody knew Archie as 'Archie,'" said the president. "I cannot go into a box at a theater, I cannot turn around in my room, I cannot go anywhere, without expecting to see his smiling face or to hear his cheerful voice in greeting. The life of the president is rather isolated, and those appointed to live with him come much closer to him than any one else. The bond is very close, and it is difficult to speak on such an occasion.

"Archie Butt's character was simple, straightforward and incapable of intrigue. A clear sense of humor lightened his life and those about him. Life was not for him a troubled problem. He was a soldier, and, when he was appointed to serve under another, to that other he rendered implicit loyalty. I never knew a man who had so much self abnegation, so much self sacrifice, as Archie Butt.

"Occasions like the sinking of the Titanic frequently develop unforeseen traits in men. It makes them heroes when you don't expect it. But with Archie it was just as natural for him to help those about him as it was for him to ask me to permit him to do something for some one for me.

"He was on the deck of the Titanic exactly what he was everywhere. He leaves a void with those who loved him, but the circumstances of his going are all that we would have had, and, while tears fill the eyes and the voice is choked, we are felicitated by the memory of what he was."

Before entering upon military life Major Butt displayed high literary ability. The best of his stories is "Both Sides of the Shield," a splendidly written romance of love and war.

CHAPTER IV. Almost a Proposal.

EARLY Sunday morning the old coach was got ready, for Miss Ellen sang in the church choir, and we had to make an early start in order that she might get there on time. "I reckon you are not a churchman," said the colonel, "for, if I remember rightly, the Palmers were always blue-back Presbyterians, but most people down here are Episcopallians, so don't you go unless you feel so inclined."

I acknowledged to being a member of the Presbyterian church, but expressed a willingness—nay, even an eagerness—to go, for I knew that Miss Ellen would not be at home. The drive that morning was a memorable one. Bud sat on the box and did the driving, with Pickaninny Sam by his side. Colonel and Mrs. Turpin, Miss Ellen and I occupied the seats on the inside. I had seen the George Washington coach at Mount Vernon, and I could not help thinking of it as I looked at this heirloom of the Turpins. I might have thought that it had once been used by General Oglethorpe himself, so ancient did it look. The colonel assured me in a most serious vein that it had never had that distinction, though there was a tradition in the family that it had been occupied by General Washington on his famous visit to Fort Augusta after the days of the Revolution, when he stayed at Meadow Garden, the home of the Waltons, the head of which family had been one of those to sign the Declaration of Independence. The coach was still strong and did not look out of place as it rambled through the pine forests, but it would come near to upsetting at times when going down hills where the roads were washed into deep trenches.

Every now and then Bud would bring the team to a stand and, telling us that the trace or some other part



The Coach Would Come Near to Upsetting at Times.

of the harness had broken, would get down and, taking a bundle of twine from his pocket, tie the ends together, and soon we would start again. I cared not how many times the traces might snap or how long it took us to get to church while opposite to me sat Miss Ellen, her eyes laughing into mine every time the horses were brought to a stop.

"Bud, the harness is getting pretty old," said the colonel with grave dignity when Bud halted the coach for the fifth time, I think, and just within sight of the old church.

"Yes, father; it must be considerably

older than I am," answered Bud cheerfully as he used the last bit of twine he had, "but it will hold together another six months, I reckon," smiling into the coach at Miss Ellen and me.

"Do you think the coach will hold together that long, Bud?" nervously asked Mrs. Turpin, for her faith in the vehicle was but little. Indeed, she had suggested using the wagon before we started.

"How can you ask such a question, Mary?" said the colonel, showing annoyance. "Has it not lasted ever since George Washington visited Augusta? It will be here when we are gone and serve your grandchildren well yet. I'll be bound," at which Miss Ellen colored and Bud laughed heartily.

Bud drove to the back of the church, where there was a long row of horse stalls. There were several old coaches standing by, but none as ancient or as grand as ours, and I found myself taking pride in the apparent antiquity of the family I was visiting and remembering quite well sneering at the newly painted buggies which were lined along the fence. We not only had a pew well up under the chancel, but occupied a place of honor among the middle aisle aristocracy. I had never heard Miss Ellen sing and did not know now whether she was soprano or alto. I was tempted sorely to look around just once to see her in the organ loft, but so many eyes were fixed on me that I kept mine fixed religiously on the minister. After sermon the Turpins held quite a reception under the pines in the yard, and I was given an opportunity of seeing in what respect they were held in the county. Several of the young men invited me to hunt with them and offered me their guns, shells and dogs.

"We know Bud is pretty busy," they would say, "so if you give the word we will ride by for you some day this week." Miss Ellen was the center of attraction, and every man tried to edge himself within the circle that surrounded her in order to receive one passing remark from her at least. She seemed entirely unconscious of the influence she exerted in her limited sphere, yet apparently took this homage for granted, or so it appeared to me.

"We must have a dance in the hall while Mr. Palmer is here," I heard her saying to some of the girls who were standing near, at which they immediately set up such a chatter and chatter as a hundred sparrows might be expected to make upon the first warm day in spring. The following Friday was settled as the day, and all, boys and girls as well, agreed to come Thursday and help cook the supper for the party, and each agreed, too, to bring something. Margaret Robertson said she would bring all the sugar needed for the cake. Bert Simmons promised three quarts of cream for the sabbab, and Jim Barrett said he would make up the rest that might be needed. Ruth Howard would donate flour, and another offered chickens for the salad, and so on down the list.

"Be sure to bring them picked, George Adams," said Miss Ellen, laughing, to the lad who had donated the chickens, "for if Sally Stovall is there you will be of no assistance, as we know from experience. And two of you girls must come prepared to spend the night of the ball to help clear away the remnants the next day." All volunteered, and Miss Ellen had a hard time to choose between them, so highly was this honor prized. The rector, coming out and hearing what all the chatter was about, delivered a lecture upon the frivolity of youth and ended by saying:

"And if no one has seen about the music I promise to furnish that as my share. I will bring my old violin and be one of the band myself," which announcement was greeted with applause, for I heard afterward that no one could keep such good time as Mr. Lamb, and the darky band always played better when he led it.

That afternoon a number of older

people in the county called, and Miss Ellen served tea on the shady side of the house under the porch. Later Bud and I rode horseback. He took me to see the camping ground of General Sherman, which Miss Ellen had pointed out to me the night of my arrival, and from there we took a circuitous route home. He told me many of the difficulties of farming in the county. We passed a number of farmers, and from each I learned something and stored up in my mind many a quaint anecdote for my letters from these simple country folk. One time when Bud had ridden forward to consult some one about getting extra hands I rode up to a stolid looking individual whom I saw sitting on a rail fence near by whittling a stick. His beard and hair were unkempt, and his whole attitude was one of supreme indifference to his surroundings.

"Good morning," I said.

"Same to you," he answered without looking up to see who had addressed him.

"How are your crops this year?" I asked.

"Poor," was his monosyllabic reply.

"Good last year?"

"Nup," with maddening indifference.

"I hope your crops will be better next year," I ventured again.

"Doubt it," was all he would answer.

The field back of him did not look encouraging. Despairing finally of getting any information from him, I drew rein, preparing to join Bud, adding, however, before leaving:

"Well, that's too bad."

With sudden animation he stopped whittling for a moment to look up and remark:

"Tain't as bad as you think, my friend. I don't own this land."

I rode off, laughing at this quaint conception of the value of land. He had not intended to be either witty or humorous, but was sincere in trying to disabuse my mind of a false impression I might have of the extent of his troubles. When Bud rode up he explained to me that the man farmed only on shares and had he owned the land he would have been held responsible for the interest on the mortgage. Indeed, he said that to own certain of the land around that section was regarded as a calamity.

That ride with Bud gave me much material for a letter, and when I went to my room I wrote until after midnight. I touched only on the general condition of the planters and petty farmers and made use of such apt comments as I had chanced to pick up away from the Pines. I read and re-read my letter to make sure it could not be traced to Oglethorpe or its immediate vicinity. I was satisfied that it would describe many of the older counties in the state; but, looking back now, it seems to me that I was too general in my deductions and that the illustrations, while unique, did not give a proper conception either of the manners of the people or of the conditions of the country save in the exceptional case. But I had been trained to look for the exception, I fear, which I think is the main fault of all young people who have a pen put into their hands, who are prone to point out the ridiculous side of life instead of seeing the manhood and the strength which often underlie conditions, no matter how strange they may appear at first.

But my work for that week was done, and I arose the next morning with the feeling that I could do with my time as I wished without trying to remember incidents or conversations which might make interesting reading matter in Boston. I rode to the station and mailed my letter, and on my return I found Miss Ellen engaged, as she said, in putting the house to rights, "For if we leave all until the last day, very little will be done," she said, and so I spent the day lending a hand here or lifting a piece of furniture there. Miss Ellen mended many an old lace curtain that day, while I would sit, pipe in mouth, watching her fingers move backward and forward and keeping my eyes on her face when her own

were fixed on the work in her lap. I was on the point several times of telling her why I had come south, to confess that there was no kinship possibly with the Kentucky Palmers, but after several efforts, which really got no further than planning them, I would forego all determination to play a strictly honorable role, and then, too, I feared it might put Colonel Turpin in a false position as well as myself, or so I chose then to think. That evening Miss Ellen played more beautifully than I had ever heard her play before, and she sang some old time melodies for us too. Her voice was sweet, and she sang simply and without effort. Before bedtime we had gathered around the piano and sung glees, even the colonel remembering enough from his old Princeton days to lend discord occasionally. It was an uneventful but happy day, and it swept me many leagues nearer to the goal to which I had been drifting unconsciously since the first minute I had seen Miss Ellen and looked into her honest brown eyes.

(To Be Continued.)

COMFORTING WORDS!

Many a Plattsmouth Household Will Find Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed—to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders, is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. The following advice of one who has suffered will prove comforting words to hundreds of Journal readers.

Mrs. Ray Smith, 1006 Rock St., Plattsmouth, Neb., says: "I know that Doan's Kidney Pills are a good kidney medicine. I have seen them used in my own family and they have always given relief. A member of my household had been suffering intensely from lameness across the back and could get no rest at night. Seeing Doan's Kidney Pills advertised we got a supply and their use brought relief. We always get Doan's Kidney Pills at Rynott's Drug Store. I recommend them."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Renters, Ahoy!

I have 160 acres land, 3 miles from Burlington, Colo., and 8-room house nearly new; a good, big barn, well and mill, with elevated tank and water pipe into house and garden. All fenced; 65 acres broke; all level and best soil. The improvements are worth \$2,500 and all are new. A good home for any man. Can you afford to rent when you can buy this for \$30 per acre? Write me or come and we will look at the land. Address Otto Mutz, Owner, 118 Funke Block, Lincoln.

YOUNG MEN DEPART FOR CREGHTON UNIVERSITY

From Tuesday's Daily. Robert Rebal and Frank Hiber, two of our promising young men, departed Monday morning for Omaha, where they will enter the Creighton university school of pharmacy. Both of these young gentlemen were born and reared in this city and have for several years been employed in two of the local drug stores, Mr. Rebal in that of Weyrich & Hadraba and Mr. Hiber at F. G. Eriek & Co.'s, and that will greatly assist them in mastering the art of "pill-making." These young men are good, reliable gentlemen and have always been found ready and willing in their work and that they will make a success of their school work goes without saying.

CHICKEN THIEF PROBABLY GETS A DOSE OF SHOT

From Tuesday's Daily. Some party greatly desirous of securing some spring chickens, visited the village of Mynard last night about 11 o'clock and entered the hen house of Dr. Brown, the veterinary, and secured a fowl, but while they were making their getaway the doctor was aroused from his slumbers, and securing a gun proceeded to open fire in the direction of the noise, and on further investigation found the remains of the fowl filled with shot, which would lead to the supposition that the thief also received a justly deserved dose of shot. It is to be hoped this will prove a lesson to the various prowlers who have been visiting the hen houses in that locality.

Home grown alfalfa seed for sale. A. L. Todd. 8-8-Stwky

For Sale or Trade!

320 acres of fine Blue Stem Grass farm, in Hemphill County, Texas. Can all be put in cultivation. Black sandy loam soil, fine water. Canadian, the County Seat, a thriving R. R. Town. Price \$20.00 per acre. This is a bargain. Will trade for a good improved 160 acre farm, clear of incumbrance. For further information write

P. F. LAU,
Perry, Okla.

A Snap at \$125 Per Acre.

154 acres, 5 miles west and 1 mile north of Plattsmouth, Neb. Good 6-room house 28x30. Barn 36x54. 25 acres alfalfa, 15 acres clover, 15 acres pasture, balance good farm land. One-quarter mile to school. For further particulars write or 'phone

E. T. Younker, Glenwood, Ia.
8-22-3twky

To the Public:

You are requested to visit our store for inspection of our several lines, before you buy elsewhere.

We have first-class Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Mattings and Linoleums in stock at all times and our prices are right.

Your visits to our store are appreciated.

MICHAEL HILD,
FURNITURE and UNDERTAKING
Plattsmouth, : : Nebraska

Real Estate

Bought and Sold
ON COMMISSION!

Insurance Placed in Best Companies!
Farm Loans and Rental Agency

- Virgil Mullis -



A Distinction With a Difference

YOU may not always get what you pay for. It takes a good judge of values to do that, but if there is one sure rule in business it is—you pay for all you get. You may not be able to see the difference between engines of similar appearance at different prices, but if you buy from a reputable firm you may be sure the difference in quality is there.

I H C Oil and Gasoline Engines

cost more than some others because they are more carefully made, and more thoroughly tested. Skillful designing, better material, better workmanship, more careful assembling, and more thorough testing, tell in the long run. Given equal care an I H C engine costs less per year of service than any other engine you can buy. If an I H C engine is given all the work it will do, pumping, sawing wood, running the grindstone, feed grinder, hay press, silage cutter, repair shop machines, cream separator, churn, washing machine, etc., etc., it will pay for itself in a very short time in money and labor saved.

I H C engines are made in every style—horizontal, vertical, air and water-cooled, stationary, portable and mounted on skids, to operate on gas, gasoline, kerosene, naphtha, distillate or alcohol, in sizes from 1 to 50 H. P. Kerosene-gasoline tractors, 12, 15, 20, 25 and 45-H P.

The I H C local dealer will give you catalogues and full information, or write

International Harvester Company of America

(Incorporated)
Council Bluffs Ia.

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizers, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U.S.A.

