

Cavanagh,

The Great Conservation Novel

Some thought you was with him in the east."

The girl was now aware that her visitor was hoping to gain some further information and so curtly answered: "I've never seen my father since that night the soldiers came and took him away to the fort. And my mother told me he died down in Texas."

Mrs. Jackson rose. "Well, I'm glad to've had a word with ye; but, you hear me, yore ma has got to have doctor's help or she's a-goin' to fall down some day soon."

Every word the woman uttered, every tone of her drawing voice, put Lee Virginia back into the past. She heard again the swift gallop of hoofs, saw once more the long line of armed ranchers and felt the hush of fear that lay over the little town on that fateful day. The situation became clearer in her mind. She recalled vividly the words of astonishment and hate with which the women had greeted her mother on the morning when the news came that Edward Wetherford was among the invading cattle barons—was indeed one of the leaders.

In Philadelphia the Rocky mountain states were synonyms of picturesque lawlessness, the theater of reckless romance, and Virginia Wetherford, loyal daughter of the west, had defended it, but in the coarse phrase of this lean rancheress was pictured a land of border warfare as ruthless as that which marked the Scotland of Rob Roy.

Commonplace as the little town looked at the moment, it had been the scene of many a desperate encounter, as the girl herself could testify, for she had seen more than one man killed there.

Then her mind came back to her mother's ailment. Eliza Wetherford had never been one to complain, and her groans meant real suffering.

Her mind resolved upon one thing. "She must see a doctor," she decided. And with this in mind she re-entered the cafe, where Lize was in violent altercation with a waitress.

"Mother," called Lee, "I want to see you."

With a parting volley of vituperation Mrs. Wetherford followed her daughter back into the lodging house.

"Mother," the girl began, facing her and speaking firmly, "you need help, and if the doctor here can't help you you must go to Sulphur or to Kansas City. I can run the boarding house until you get back."

Eliza eyed her curiously. "Don't you go to counting on this 'chivalry of the west' which story writers put into books. These men out here will eat you up if you don't watch out. I wouldn't dare to leave you here alone. No; what I'll do is sell the place, if I can, and both of us get out."

"But you need a doctor this minute."

"I'll be all right in a little while; I'm always the worst for an hour or two after I eat. This little squirt of a local doctor gave me some dope to ease that pain, but I've got my doubts—I don't want any morphine habit in mine. No, daughter Virginia, it's mighty white of you to offer, but you don't know what you're up against when you contract to step into my shoes."

Visions of reforming methods about the house passed through the girl's mind. "There must be something I can do. Why don't you have the doctor come down here?"

"I might do that if I get any worse, but I hate to have you stay in the house another night. It's only fit for these goats of cowboys and women like Hett Jackson. I don't care till somebody like you or Reddy or Ross comes along."

"No, child; you get ready and pull out on the Sulphur stage tomorrow. I'll pay your way back to Philadelphia."

"I can't leave you now, mother. Now that I know you're ill I'm going to stay and take care of you."

Lize rose. "See here, girl, don't you go to idealizing me neither. I'm what the boys call an old battler. I've been through the whole war. I'm able to feed myself and pay your board besides. Just you find some decent boarding place in Sulphur, and I'll see that you have \$10 a week to live on just because you're a Wetherford."

"But I'm your daughter!"

Again Eliza fixed a musing look upon her. "I reckon if the truth was known your Aunt Selia was nigher to being your mother than I ever was. They always said you was all Wetherford, and I reckon they were right."

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW WEST AND THE OLD.

THE knowledge that she must spend another night in the inn led Lee Virginia to active measures of reform. She hurried from one needed reform to another. She drew others into the vortex.

She organized the giggling waiters into a warring party and advanced upon the flies. By hissing and shooting and the flutter of newspapers they drove the enemy before them, and a carpenter was called in to mend screed doors and windows, thus preventing their return. New shades were hung to darken the room and new table-

Forest



cloths purchased to replace the old ones, and the whole place had such a cleaning as it had not known before in five years.

In this work the time passed swiftly, and when Redfield and Cavanagh came again to lunch they exclaimed in astonishment, as, indeed, every one did. "How's this?" queried Cavanagh humorously. "Has the place changed hands?"

Lize was but grimly responsive. "Seems like it has."

"I hope the price has not gone up."

"Not yet."

Redfield asked, "Who's responsible for this—your new daughter?"

"You've hit it. She's started right in to polish us all up to city standards. She can run the whole blame outfit if she's a mind to—even if I go broke for it. The work she got out of them girls is a wonder."

Lee Virginia came in flushed and self-conscious, but far lighter of spirit than at breakfast, and stood beside the table while the waitress laid the dishes before her guests with elaborate assumption of grace and design. Hitherto she had bumped them down with a slash of slangy comment. The change was quite as wonderful as the absence of the flies.

"Do we owe these happy reforms to you?" asked Cavanagh, admiring Virginia's neat dress and glowing cheeks.

"Partly," she answered. "I was desperate. I had to do something, so I took to ordering people around."

"I understand," he said. "Won't you sit at our table again?"

"Please do," said Redfield. "I want to talk with you."

She took a seat a little hesitatingly. "You see, I studied domestic science at school, and I've never had a chance to apply it before."

"Here's your opportunity," Redfield assured her. "My respect for the science of domestics is growing. I marvel to think what another week will bring forth. I think I'll have to come down again just to observe the improvement in the place."

"It can't last," Lize interjected. "She'll catch the western habits. She'll sag, same as we all do."

"No, she won't," declared Ross, with intent to encourage her. "If you give her a free hand I predict she'll make your place the wonder and boast of the county-side."

"When do you go back to the mountains?" Lee Virginia asked a little later.

"Immediately after my luncheon," he replied.

She experienced a pang of regret and could not help showing it a little. "Your talk helped me," she said. "I've decided to stay and be of use to my mother."

Redfield overheard this and turned toward her.

"I want Mrs. Redfield to know you, I'm sure her advice will be helpful. I hope you'll come up and see us if you decide to settle in Sulphur or if you don't."

"I should like to do so," she said, touched by the tone as well as by the words of his invitation.

"Redfield's house is one of the few completely civilized homes in the state," put in Cavanagh. "When I get so weary of cuss words and poaching and graft that I can't live without killing some one I go down to Elk Lodge and smoke and read the supervisor's Lodon and Paris weeklies and recover my tone."

Redfield smiled. "When I get weakened or careless in the service and feel my self respect slipping away I go up to Ross' cabin and talk with a man who represents the impersonal, even handed justice of the federal law."

Cavanagh laughed. "There! Having handed each other reciprocal bouquets, we can now tell Miss Wetherford the truth. Each of us thinks very well of himself, and we're both believers in the new west."

"What do you mean by the new west?" asked the girl.

"Well, the work you've been doing here this morning is part of it," answered Redfield. "It's a kind of house-cleaning. This old west was picturesque and in a way mainly and fine—certain phases of it were heroic—and I hate to see it all pass, but some of us began to realize that it was not all poetry. The plain truth is my companions for over twenty years were lawless ruffians, and the cattle business as we practiced it in those days was founded on selfishness and defended at the mouth of the pistol. We were all pensioners on Uncle Sam and fighting to keep the other fellow off from having a share of his bounty. It

Ranger

By HAMLIN GARLAND
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was all wasteful, half savage. We didn't want settlement; we didn't want law; we didn't want a state. We wanted free range. We were a line of pirates from beginning to end, and we're not wholly reformed yet."

Some one at the table accused Redfield of being more of a town site boomer than a cattleman.

He was quite unmoved by this charge. "The town site boomer at least believes in progress. He does not go so far as to shut out settlement. I don't care to have my children live the life I've lived. Besides, what right have we to stand in the way of a community's growth? Suppose the new life is less picturesque than the old. We don't like to leave behind us the pleasures and sports of boyhood, but we grow

up nevertheless. I'm far more loyal to the state as forest supervisor than I was when I was riding with the cattlemen to scare up the nester."

At this moment Sam Gregg entered the room, followed by a young man in an English riding suit. Seeing that "the star boarder table" offered a couple of seats, they pointed that way. Sam was plainly in a warlike frame of mind and slammed his sombrero on its nail with the action of a man bending an adversary.

"That is Sam Gregg and his son Joe. Used to be ranch cattleman, now one of our biggest sheepmen," Cavanagh explained. "He's bucking the cattlemen now."

Lee Virginia studied young Gregg with interest, for his dress was that of a man to whom money came easy, and his face was handsome, though rather fat and sullen. In truth, he had been brought into the room by his father to see "Lize Wetherford's girl," and his eyes at once sought and found her. A look of surprise and pleasure at once lit his face.

Gregg was the greedy west checked and restrained by the law. Every man in the room knew that he was a bitter opponent of the forest service and that he "had it in" for the ranger, and some of them knew that he was throwing more sheep into the forest than his permits allowed and that a clash with Redfield was sure to come. It was just like the burly old Irishman to go straight to the table where his adversary sat.

Virginia's eyes fell before the gaze of these two men, for they had none of the shyness and none of the indirection of the ruder men she had met.

Redfield did not soften his words on Gregg's account. On the contrary, he made them still more cutting and to the line.

"The mere fact that I live near the open range or a national forest does not give me any rights in the range or forest," he was saying as Gregg took his seat. "I enjoy the privilege of these government grazing grounds, and I ought to be perfectly willing to pay the fee. These forests are the property of the whole nation. They are public lands and should yield a revenue to the whole nation. It is silly to expect the government to go on enriching a few of us stockmen at the expense of others. I see this, and I accept the change."

"After you've got rich at it," said Gregg.

"Well, haven't you?" retorted Redfield. "Are you so greedy that nothing will stop you?"

Gregg growled out: "I'm not letting any of my rights slip. I'll have your head, Mr. Supervisor. I'll carry my fight to the secretary."

"Very well," returned Redfield, "carry it to the president if you wish. I simply repeat that your sheep must correspond to your permit, and if you don't send up and remove the extra number I will do it myself. I don't make the rules of the department. My job is to carry them out."

By this time every person in the room was tense with interest. They all knew Gregg and his imperious methods. Some of the cattlemen in the room had suffered from his greed, and while they were not partisans of the supervisor, they were glad to see him face his opponent fearlessly.

Lize delivered a parting blow: "Bull-frog, you and me are old timers. We're on the losing side. We belong to the 'good old days' when the fork was a 'man's town' and to be 'shot up' once a week kept us in news. But them times are past. You can't run the range that way any more. Why, man, you'll have to buy and fence your own pasture in a few years more or else pay rent same as I do. You stockmen kick like steers over paying a few old cents a head for five months' range; you'll be mighty glad to pay a dollar one of these days. Take your medicine—that's my advice." And she went back to her cash drawer.

Redfield's voice was cuttingly contemptuous as he said quite calmly: "You're all kinds of asses, you sheepmen. You ought to pay the fee for your cattle with secret joy. So long as you can get your stock pastured (and in effect guarded) by the government from June to November for 20 cents or even 30 cents per head you're in luck. Mrs. Wetherford is right. We've all been educated in a bad school. Uncle Sam has been too lazy to keep any supervision over his public lands. He's permitted us grass pirates to fight and lynch and burn

another on the high range (to which neither of us had any right), holding back the real user of the land—the farmer.

Gregg was silenced, but not convinced. "It's a long lane that has no turn," he burst out. "You think you're the whole United States army! Who gives you all the authority?"

"Congress and the president."

"There's nothing in that bill to warrant these petty tyrannies of yours."

"What you call tyrannies I call defending the public domain," replied Redfield. "If I had my way I'd give my rangers the power of the Canadian mounted police. Is there any other state in this nation where the roving of sheep herders and the wholesale butchery of sheep would be permitted? From the very first the public lands of this state have been a refuge for the criminal, a lawless no man's land, but now, thanks to Roosevelt and the chief forester, we at least have a force of men on the spot to see that some semblance of law and order is maintained. You fellows may protest and run to Washington, and you may send your paid representatives there, but you're sure to lose. As free range monopolists you are cumberers of the earth, and all you represent must pass before this state can be anything but the by-word it now is."

The whole dining room was still as

he finished, and Lee Virginia, with a girl's vague comprehension of the man's words, apprehended in Redfield's speech a large and daring purpose.

Gregg sneered. "Perhaps you intend to run for congress on that line of talk."

Redfield's voice was placid. "At any rate, I intend to represent the policy that will change this state from the sparsely settled battleground of a lot of mounted hoboes to a state with an honorable place among the other commonwealths. If this is treason make the most of it."

Cavanagh was disturbed, for, while he felt the truth of his chief's words, he was in doubt as to the policy of uttering them. He rose. "I must be going," he said, with a smile.

Again the pang of loss touched her heart. "When will you come again?" she asked in a low voice.

"It is hard to say. A ranger's place is in the forest. I am very seldom in town. Just now the danger of fires is great, and I am very uneasy. I may not be down again for a month."

The table was empty now, and they were standing in comparative isolation, looking into each other's eyes in silence. At last she murmured: "You've helped me. I'm going to stay a little while anyway and do what I can."

"I'm sorry I can't be of actual service, but I am a soldier with a work to do. Even if I were here I could not help you as regards the townspeople. They all hate me quite cordially, but Redfield, and especially Mrs. Redfield, can be of greater aid and comfort. He's quite often here, and when you are lonely and discouraged let him take you up to Elk Lodge."

He extended his hand, and as she took it he thrilled to the soft strength of it. "Till next time," he said, "good luck."

(To Be Continued.)

FIRE ALARM TURNED IN EARLY THIS MORNING

Fire Caught From Defective Flue in Pearlman Building on Sixth Street.

From Friday's Daily.

The fire alarm was turned in this morning at about 6:30, and on inquiry it was ascertained that the residence property occupied by Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Monroe was on fire. The department was soon on the scene with the hose cart, and before the blaze had been going many minutes a stream of water was playing on the building. Considerable damage was done by water and the fire got some headway in the upper story of the building.

Mrs. Monroe is of the opinion that the fire started from a defective flue, as the smoke issued from between the bricks at different times before the fire started. She had built a fire in the cook stove a short time before, and had stepped outside when someone called her attention to a blaze on the roof. Mrs. Monroe has been sick and dizzy for some months and had to hold to the pump handle while she examined the roof and found it ablaze. She summoned the department at once and the fire was soon under control.

First Home-Grown Strawberries.

From Friday's Daily.

The Journal editor was given a treat yesterday to some mighty fine home-grown strawberries, the first that we have seen this season. They came from our excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Vallery of this city, and when we say they were fine the story is only half told. They were of a very large variety and their flavor cannot be beaten. We are very thankful to our friends for the remembrance.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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LOCAL NEWS

From Friday's Daily.

Miss Florence Dye departed for her home at Peru this morning, going via Omaha.

Mrs. Will Howland and son left for Wymore, Nebraska, where they will visit relatives for a time.

Glen Scott was called to Omaha on business this morning, departing for the metropolis on the early train.

Prof. F. M. Fling returned to Lincoln this morning, having delivered the class oration at the Parme last evening.

Mrs. J. Johns was called to Red Oak on the morning train today on account of the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Stennett.

Mr. M. Fanger, the merchant, returned from Omaha on the morning train today, where he was called on business yesterday.

Mrs. O. C. Doye and Miss Carrie Adams visited the metropolis this morning, where they looked after business matters for a time.

Mr. T. M. Carter, who has been spending some time in Texas looking over the real estate investments, returned this morning.

Mr. W. Joslyn of Sheridan, Wyo., formerly storekeeper in the local shops, was a Plattsmouth visitor this morning, having come down on company business.

Mr. Ed Donat transacted business in the metropolis this afternoon, going to the city on the fast mail.

Mrs. M. Lynde of Union was in the city last evening and witnessed the graduation of her son, Durwood Bryan Lynde.

Mrs. Charles Troop and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Troop, were Omaha passengers on the afternoon train today.

Mrs. Martha Joyce left for Bellevue this morning, where she went to visit her husband for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Bates were Omaha passengers this afternoon, where Mrs. Bates will visit friends, while Mr. Bates will witness the ball game.

Mr. George Shoeman returned from Louisville on the morning train today, where he has visited his son-in-law, Will Hoover, and wife for a few days.

Mrs. Adda Stokes and her niece, Miss Stokes, who is visiting here from Canada, accompanied by Miss Olga Minford, were here from Murray last evening to attend the graduating exercises. While here the ladies paid the Journal a brief but pleasant visit.

Uncle Ben Beckman and Louis Rhoinackle were in the city today, coming in to look after some business matters and spend a few hours with friends. Uncle Ben is making a genuine "Good Roads King" out of Louie, and this is his first visit home for several weeks.

Earl Travis returned from Omaha this morning, where he was a business caller yesterday.

Mr. Joe Sans was a passenger to Omaha this morning, where he visited his father at the hospital.

Bob Gibson took a lay-off and went to Lincoln this morning to look after his real estate interests.

Grandma Graves of Rock Bluff and her son, H. D. Graves of Peru, went to Glenwood today to visit Mr. Graves' sister.

Mr. Nick Halmes, jr., of Weeping Water arrived in the city this morning, having been called to the county seat on important business.

Misses Nellie and Alice Brinkman returned to Glenwood on the morning train today, having witnessed the graduation of their sister, Miss Hilda, last evening.

Mrs. Lida White and two children arrived last evening from their home at Omaha and are guests of Mrs. White's brother, Mr. C. W. Baylor and wife.

Mrs. Dr. Greeder and daughter, Amanda, were Omaha passengers on the afternoon train today, where they visited friends for a short time.

Miss Villa Gopen came up from Murray last evening to attend the commencement exercises and was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Justus Lillie.

Mr. L. Pearlman was in the city today, having dropped down on the afternoon train. He was apprised of the fire at his dwelling house after he arrived.

Mr. H. R. Frans was up from Union last evening to witness the closing of the school year. His son, Rue, is a member of the class of '12, and, by the way, is president of the class. The class used four dozen eggs in making a float for the seniors recently.

Mrs. F. G. Egenberger and daughter, Helen, departed this afternoon for Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where they will visit relatives for a time. They will visit Mrs. L. B. Egenberger's mother at Sac City before returning to Nebraska. Mr. Egenberger accompanied his wife and daughter as far as Omaha.

John J. Susanka of Omaha arrived in Plattsmouth this morning to take charge of the broom factory of James Rebal. Mr. Susanka has been in Plattsmouth on former occasions and was employed by Mr. Rebal, and of course, is quite well known. He is a broom-maker of many years' experience. Mr. Rebal being appointed street commissioner he will be unable to look after his broom business, but the well established Rebal broom will be maintained under the workmanship of Mr. Susanka.

Notice.

There will be a meeting held at the Rock Bluff school house Saturday, June 3rd, for the election of cemetery directors.

Walter Byers, Overseer.

5-25-10w.