

Cavanagh,

The Great Conservation Novel

CHAPTER VII.

TWO ON THE VERANDA.

REDFIELD met his young guest in dinner coat, looking extremely urban, and presented his "friend and neighbor, Mr. Enderby."

Enderby turned out to be the owner of the voice with the English accent which Lee Virginia had heard in the hall, but he was very nice, and a moment later Mrs. Redfield entered with Mrs. Enderby, a large lady with a smiling face. Then a voice she knew spoke from behind her: "I don't need a presentation. Miss Wetherford and I have already met."

She turned to meet Ross Cavanagh, the young ranger.

"How did you get here?" she asked in wonder.

"I rode across the hills. It's not far."

He, too, was in evening dress, and as she stared at him in surprise he laughingly protested. "Please don't scrutinize this coat too closely. It's the only one I've owned for ten years, and this is the only house in which I'd dare to wear it."

One of the guests was State Senator Bridges, a farmerlike elderly man wearing a badly fitting serge suit. He was markedly western. So was his wife, who looked rather uneasy and hot.

Virginia and Ross, being the only young folk at the table, were seated together, and Enderby remarked privately, "Ross, you're in luck."

"I know I am," he replied heartily.

He was, as Redfield had said, highly susceptible, made so by his solitary life in the mountains, and to be seated close beside this maid of the valley stirred his blood to the danger point. It was only by an effort of the will that he kept in touch with the conversation.

"I hadn't the least thought of seeing you here," said Virginia. "How did you happen to come?"

"Redfield telephoned me at the mill, and I came at once. I haven't been here since May, and I just thought I'd take a half day off. Luckily my understanding was with me. I left him 'on the job.'"

He did not tell her that she was the principal reason for this sudden descent upon Elk Lodge, and no one but Redfield knew the killing ride he had taken in order to be in at the beginning of the dinner. The girl's face and voice, especially her voice, had been with him night and day as he went about his solitary duties. Her life problem had to fill his mind to a disturbing degree, and he was eager to know more of her and of her struggle against the vice and vulgarity of the Forks.

"How is your mother?" he asked a few minutes later.

"Not at all well. Mr. Redfield is to take the doctor back with us tomorrow. The ecstasy died out of her face, and the flexible lips drooped with troubled musing. "I am afraid she suffers more than she will admit."

"She needs a rest and change. She should get away from her seat at that cash register and return to the open air. A touch of camp life would help her. She sticks too close to her work."

"I know she does, but she won't let me relieve her, even for an hour. It isn't because she doesn't trust me; she says it's because she doesn't want me sitting there—so—publicly. She doesn't oppose my housekeeping any more."

"You certainly have made the old hotel into a place of miraculous neatness."

She flushed with pleasure. "I have done something, but not as I'd like to do. I really think if mother wishes to sell she could do so now to much better advantage."

"I've no doubt of it. Really, I'm not being funny, Miss Wetherford, when I say you've done something heroic. It's no easy thing to go into a place like that and make it habitable. It shows immense courage and self reliance on your part. It's precisely the kind of work this whole country needs."

His praise, sincere and generous, repaid her for all she had gone through. It was a great pleasure to hear her small self praised for courage and self reliance by one whose daily work was heroic. All things conspired to make a conquest of her heart, for the ranger bore himself with grace and dealt with his silver deftly. His face, seen from the side, was older and sterner than she had thought it, but it was very attractive in line.

Redfield appealed to the ranger. "Ross, you're all sorts of a reactionary. What do you say to this? Senator Bridges is opposed to all federal interference with state forests and state game."

The forester's eyes lit up. "But are they state forests and state game? What makes them so? They are lands which the whole people purchased and which the whole people defended."

"Heah, heah!" cheered Enderby.

Bridges bristled with anger and went off into a long harangue on state rights and the dangers of centralization, to which Enderby replied: "Bosh! The whole trouble with your bally gov-

Forest



ernment is its lack of cohesion. If I had my way I'd wipe out the senate. You're such blooming asses over here. You don't know enough to keep a really big man in your presidential chair. This fussing about every four years is plain rot. Here's Roosevelt gets in the midst of a lot of the finest kind of reforms, you know, and directly you go and turn him out. Then if you get a bad man you've to wait four years till you can fetch him a whack. Why not arrange it so you can pitch your president out the minute he goes wrong? I say your old rag of a constitution is a ball and chain on your national leg. England is immeasurably better off so far as that goes."

Ross turned to Virginia, leaving the political discussion to go on over his head. "I was back in the old island a couple of years ago, and you've no idea how small it seemed to me. It surely is a 'right little, tight little island.' I couldn't help wondering whether the men in parliament were as important as they seemed to think they were and whether England is not really an empty shell of empire, a memory of what it once was. I couldn't settle down there some way. I was homesick for the mountains in a month. But what scared me most was the pauper population of the old place—one in every thirty-seven must be helped. I came back to the States gladly. 'I guess I'm an American,' I said to my sisters."

To Lee Virginia the talk of "the curse of democracy" and "the decay of empire" was unexciting, but when Cavanagh told of the sheepmen's advance across the dead line on Deer creek and of the threats of the cattle owners she was better able to follow the discussion. Bridges was heartily on the side of law and order, for he wished to boom the state (being a heavy owner in a town site), but he objected to Redfield's ideas of "bottling up the resources of the state."

"But we're not," retorted Redfield; "we're merely defending them against those who would monopolize them. We believe in their fullest use, but we see no reason for giving away the resources when the country needs the revenue."

Mrs. Redfield rose as soon as the coffee came on. "You gentlemen seem bent upon discussing matters of no interest to us," she said, "so we'll leave you to fight it out alone. I'm sure you'll all agree with Hugh in the end. Like General Grant, he's a very obstinate man."

No sooner were they seated in the big living room than Mrs. Enderby bent to relate comical stories of her household. Her cats had fits and ran up the wall. Her dogs were forever getting quilled by reason of foolish attacks upon porcupines, or else they came home so reminiscent of skunks that they all but smothered the cook. "Invariably they return from encounters of this kind just as we are sitting at dinner," she explained. "Furthermore, Enderby's ditches are habitually getting clogged and overflowing the lawn and filling the cellar, and he stands in terror of his cowboys. When I think of all these irruptions and distractions England's order and routine seem heavenly." But Charley finds all this amusing, more's the pity, and leaves me to set things in order. Most ludicrous of all to me is his habitual claim that the ranch is paying. I tell him there's an error in his bookkeeping somewhere, but he assures me that his receipts exceeded his expenditures last year, which is quite too incredible. You've no idea how high wages are and how little we raise."

"Oh, yes, I have," laughed Mrs. Redfield. "And my cat had a fit too. Hugh says it's the high altitude. I tell him it's melancholia."

Cavanagh showed himself. "I hear so much laughter I'm coming in. We're all so insufferably political out here, and, besides, I came to see the ladies, and I can stay only a few minutes longer."

"You're not going back tonight?" exclaimed his hostess.

"I must be on my own precinct by daylight," he replied. "The supervisor has an eye on me."

Mrs. Redfield explained to Lee Virginia, "He rode fifty miles over the mountains."

"Thirty," corrected Ross. "But what does that matter when I'm in the company of such charming ladies?" he added gallantly.

"And now he's going to ride all the way back tonight."

"Think of that!" gasped Mrs. Enderby. "And no moon?"

"How can you find your way?" asked

Ranger

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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Mrs. Bridges, to whom this was a mortally dangerous journey.

"Oh, it's quite simple! If you don't bump against a tree or fall into the creek you may be quite sure you're on the trail," laughed Ross.

Mrs. Redfield knew the true reason for his coming and was not at all pleased, "for with all Lee's personal charm," she said to her husband, "she is socially beneath Ross Cavanagh even in a state where social barriers are few."

"Come out on the veranda," suggested Cavanagh, "and I'll show you the hills I must climb."

Lee accepted innocently, but as the young people left the room Mrs. Enderby looked at her hostess with significant glance. "There's the lady Ross rode down to meet. Who is she?"

"Her mother is that dreadful old creature that keeps the Wetherford hotel in Roaring Fork."

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Enderby.

"Yes; Lee Virginia is Lize Wetherford's daughter."

"But the girl is charming."

"I cannot understand it. Hugh came home a week or so ago full of her praise"—and at this point her voice dropped lower, and the other drew closer.

(To Be Continued.)

A VERY QUITE BUT PRETTY HOME WEDDING

W. B. Mordock of Nebraska City and Miss Bertha M. Richey United in Marriage.

From Wednesday's Daily.

A very pretty home wedding occurred today at high noon at the residence of Mr. F. M. Richey, in which his daughter, Miss Bertha M., was married to Mr. William B. Mordock of Nebraska City, Rev. L. W. Gade, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiating. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present to witness the ceremony.

A wedding lunch was served immediately after the ceremony, and the happy couple departed for Omaha on the fast mail. They will make their home in Nebraska City, where the groom is engaged in the mercantile business.

The bride is a daughter of one of Plattsmouth's best citizens and she is one of our city's most popular and handsome young ladies. The good wishes of a host of friends of the bride in this city attend Mr. and Mrs. Mordock, and the Journal wishes them much happiness along life's journey.

There is one medicine that every family should be provided with and especially during the summer months; viz, Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed. It costs but a quarter. Can you afford to be without it? For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

J. P. Lindeman Here.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Mr. J. P. Lindeman of Sherman county, Oregon, is in the city, the guest of his brother, J. C. Lindeman. Mr. J. P. Lindeman formerly resided in this city, but has been in the west seventeen years, and was called to Santa Fe, Kansas, a few days ago to attend the funeral of his brother, Fred Lindeman, who died of pneumonia. Mr. Lindeman will visit friends in Omaha for a week or so before returning to Oregon.

Returns From South Dakota.

Anton Homola, who went to Clark county, South Dakota, three months ago to try his luck at farm work, returned yesterday. He says the spring has been rather dry where he was and that crops are in better condition here than in South Dakota.

Whooping cough is not dangerous when the cough is kept loose and expectoration easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It has been used in many epidemics of this disease with perfect success. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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THE GLORIOUS

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FOURTH of JULY

WILL BE CELEBRATED IN GRAND STYLE AT

Plattsmouth, Neb.,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Improved Order of Red Men

A GRAND OLD FASHIONED PROGRAM IS BEING PREPARED!

Good Speaking! Splendid Band Music! Many Sports! Grand Display of Fireworks!

Watch these columns for further announcements, and make it a point to

Celebrate in Plattsmouth!

GOVERNOR ALDRICH WANTS FLAG DAY OBSERVED

Issued Proclamation Requesting All to Hang "Old Glory" on the Outer Wall June 14.

Governor Aldrich has issued the following proclamation asking the people to observe flag day, June 14:

"Under and by virtue of the authority in me vested, I hereby proclaim and designate Wednesday, June 14, 1911, as Flag Day. On this, the one hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary of the day when the United States congress, by an act, adopted the stars and stripes as our nation's emblem, it is desirable that we take due notice of this important matter to the end that our devotion may be renewed and reinvigorated so that our fervor for liberty and justice and equality will continue to be strong and enduring.

"This flag, in name, stands for justice, liberty and equality, and if it is to remain so in reality, we must ever keep burning the fires of patriotism, loyalty and devotion.

"Let the observance of this day be such that it will arouse in the manhood of our state and nation a lofty inspiration to love and venerate the flag, for in this way alone can the price of human liberty be fully appreciated.

"For this purpose I therefore direct that on this day Old Glory be displayed from the capitol building, and all other public buildings in the state. I urgently request all citizens of the state to decorate their homes and places of business in suitable style with our national emblem. I earnestly request that the mayor of each and every city and that the village government of each and every village throughout the state take this matter up and see that Old Glory floats conspicuously on this day.

"And may there be such other and proper observance of this day as may be deemed fit and desirable."

Mr. and Mrs. E. Jussen of Ripon, Wisconsin, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Weber for a few days, departed for their home this morning.

Toll Bridge Incorporation.

A Lincoln special says: The only toll bridge to be operated in the state is to be built by a Cass county company, which filed its articles of incorporation with the secretary of state. The bridge will be built over the Platte river and will connect Cass and Sarpy counties. The incorporators are: T. H. Pollock, Oida Pollock, James K. Pollock, Mrs. N. A. Duff and R. A. Duff.

FATHER VLECK BIDS GOOD-BYE TO HIS FRIENDS

Departs for New York, Where He Sails for the Land of His Birth.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The departure last evening of Father Vleck, pastor of the Holy Rosary Catholic church, for his long voyage across the Atlantic, brought to the station to see him off the largest company of Plattsmouth people which has ever assembled on a similar occasion. Almost every one of his seventy-five or eighty families, adherents of his church, were represented by one or more members, and about 200 persons, the majority being men, were on hand to speak a word of parting and wish Rev. Vleck a pleasant voyage and safe return to this, the land of his adoption.

The majority of the men had come right from the shops to say good-bye, and Rev. Vleck was the center of an animated throng for twenty minutes before the arrival of No. 2, on which he departed for Chicago and New York. Seldom has it been that a man has, in so short a time, so much endeared himself to any people as Father Vleck has to the Plattsmouth citizens, both Catholic and non-Catholic.

Not long since Father Vleck made application for his citizenship papers, and it will no doubt be a comfort to his parishioners to know that in his absence from the United States he will have the protection of our flag, and can at any time, should necessity require, call upon this government for its protection.

Father Vleck will visit his sisters and brother in Bohemia and attend to some matters of business while in Europe, and the

good people of this city hope to see him return in the fall well and happy.

In the County Court.

Attorney C. E. Tefft of Weeping Water, by mail today, filed a petition for the probate of the will of the late Mr. Polhemus, who died at Fort Worth, Texas, some months ago. The petitioner, Mrs. Rebecca B. Polhemus, who was named in the will as executrix, declines the trust and suggests the name of Mrs. Jennie E. Day of Weeping Water as such executrix. The date for filing objections to the probate of the proposed will was fixed by the court on June 30. A deposition of attesting witnesses will be taken later, and the hearing probably postponed on that account. Ramsey & Ramsey have filed a petition for final settlement in the estate of A. E. Lewis, deceased.

It is worse than useless to take any medicine internally for muscular or chronic rheumatism. All that is needed is a free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Fixing Up Store Building.

From Thursday's Daily.

Mr. C. H. Smith is having his store building on Main street put in condition for occupancy by M. Fanger's clothing store. Mr. A. Dispan is doing the carpenter work. As soon as the building is ready Mr. Fanger will remove his stock of clothing from the rooms above his dry goods store and again be situated as he was before removing to Omaha.

The uniform success that has attended the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has made it a favorite everywhere. It can always be depended upon. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

State Apportionment Made.

The school funds of the state have been distributed to the different counties. The portion received by this county, as reported to County Superintendent Miss Mary Foster, is \$7,237.30, of which there was derived from fines and licenses the sum of \$823.25.

August Bach, sr., returned from Omaha on No. 24 today, where he was called on business.