

# MY LADY OF THE SOUTH



## A Fiftieth Anniversary War Story

By RANDALL PARRISH

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### CHAPTER XIX.

Daniels and Donald Meet.

"I AM glad you came," she said simply, her voice trembling slightly. "I—I have wanted to talk with you alone for three years—ever since I began to be a woman. But I have been afraid of you. Ever since I was a child I have been taught that, and it is hard to break away. You are only like the rest of us—like Colonel Donald, like Judge Dunn—you were born into this feud, and have fought and hated because you knew nothing else. I want you to see this as I do. You have to think of me as a friend. I want you to feel the same toward my friends."

"Who do you mean, miss?"

"Those you have fought all your life—Jem Donald."

"Not in a thousand years!" Daniels interrupted hotly, dropping her hand as if it were a coal of fire and raising his gaunt form from the chair. "There's a woman, an' somehow yer same at me jist right; but it's goin' ter take fightin', an' plenty of it, afore Jem Donald an' me settle our trouble. That's too many dead folks an' burned houses atween us fer any sitch foolishness. Ye've got us about wiped out; what was left afore ther war has been finished by these yere guerrillas Jem Donald has turned loose in ther hills. I come back yere, an' ever'whar I go it's a dead Daniels, an' yer ask me ter be peaceful!"

"I tell ye I want my wife an' kids first. I ain't got nuthin' special agin you, Miss Jean. I reckon 'tain't yer fault ye're what yer are; but fer Jem Donald an' the young calf of a Dunn, I'm layin' till I either git 'em er they git me. Lieutenant, I'm a-goin' ter git out o' yere. I feel like I was caught in a trap."

He took one step toward the door, then leaped backward, his knife out, and gleaming in his hand. Standing with back to the entrance, I neither saw nor heard anything, but Jean's face went instantly white, and her fingers convulsively gripped the dresser. Then the knife dropped to the floor and Daniels' arms were elevated.

"I reckon yer got me," he said, the words sounding odd in the silence. Donald stood in the doorway, his face like that of a statue, the black muzzle of a revolver covering the mountaineer. Donald alone seemed cool, self-possessed and capable of action.

"I hardly understand the nature of this little gathering," he said slowly, "and it may be I am not welcome, but I am glad to see you, Bill Daniels, and I advise you to keep those hands up until I say otherwise. Jean, what are you doing here?"

These questions aroused her instantly, the color flooding back to her cheeks. Her first feeling was evidently that of indignation.

"I refuse to answer," she exclaimed, standing erect before him, "until you lower that revolver. Daniels is unarmed and here to meet me upon a mission of peace."

Donald's face pictured his surprise, but he made no attempt to question her word. I saw his eyes wander from her face to that of the mountaineer. "Then he shoved the gun back into his belt."

"Very well, little girl," his tone carelessly good humored. "You can drop your hands, Daniels, only I advise you not to reach for the knife. Now, Jean, do you mind explaining the meaning of all this?"

"Then first answer me one question: Did you know Daniels' cabin on Lost Creek had been destroyed?"

The colonel's face sobered.

"I did not."

"Have any of your men been that way lately?"

"Not for several weeks under any orders from me. There may have been foraging parties covering that territory, but no report has reached

me of any trouble."

"You have heard nothing regarding the disappearance of this man's wife and children?"

"I certainly have not, Jean," now replying with the earnestness of conviction. "Surely you do not suspect me of making war on the helpless?"

"No," gravely, "but our mountain feuds are heartless, and mercy has never been part of the code. Knowing what I do of the past, I cannot blame Daniels for his suspicions. Daniels discovered last night that his home had been burned to the ground and could gain no information relative to the whereabouts of his wife and children. In despair and, naturally enough, believing some of our faction must have been concerned in the outrage, he came here, stealing in through the tunnel. He chanced to meet first with Lieutenant King and learned of the mysterious woman who has been doing such horrible things in this house. His first thought was that it might be his wife, crazed by her sufferings and seeking vengeance. Discovering that I had seen this strange woman's face and knowing that I had also met his wife, he was persuaded to come here and talk to me in hope of learning the truth. It was a brave act and proves loyalty of the man's heart. I have given him no pledge of safety, but I do now. He is going from here unharmed, on my word of honor."

Donald stepped aside, leaving the door partially open and unguarded. His eyes were no longer on the mountaineer, but upon the face of the girl.

"I respect his purpose and your implied pledge," he said gravely. "Was the woman Mrs. Daniels?"

"No," her eyes falling before his gaze and the whole expression of her face softening. "It was a face I had never seen before."

I could perceive the doubt in Daniels' face, the vague suspicion of treachery. Before he could move, however, the girl, excited under the strain, broke forth impulsively.

"I—I don't want this to go on! There has been blood enough shed in these mountains over a forgotten quarrel. Won't you men stop it? For the sake of that woman, those children, homeless, won't you forget the past and unite together in one cause? I ask it as a woman."

The thought was utterly beyond Daniels. I could see this in the steely glint of the eyes fastened on Donald, but the latter said:

"I am not a brute, Jean, and I have fought because I was born into it rather than from choice. If Daniels will meet me halfway it shall be truce between us."

He turned his head to look at the other standing gaunt and grim, a bit of sunshine touching the grizzled hair.

"What shall it be, Daniels, peace or war?"

The silence of the mountaineer burst under the stress of pent-up passion, as if some dam had given away, his words tumbling over one another in torrent.

"Ye want me ter lie down now, do ye? I didn't come yere ter talk ter ye, Jem Donald. I'll fight ye ter die batin' ye."

I saw Donald take one step backward. Jean swept between us, and then Daniels walked out. Jean clung to Donald, her pleading face upturned.

"All I ask is that you let him go and that you make no effort to do further injury. As he says, you have won; there is hardly a Daniels left to continue the feud. Now we can afford to forgive and forget. And you will, I know you will!"

There was a moment's silence, his hands clasping her fingers, his grave eyes upon her face.

"Will it make you glad to have my promise, little girl?"

"It surely will."

"Then I give it to you; no act of

mine shall ever perpetuate the feud." He turned toward me. "Naturally I supposed Lieutenant King had gone before this."

"I appreciate your generosity," I said, but not so heartily as I intended.



"I'M GOIN' TER DIE BATIN' YE."

the suspicion coming to me that perhaps he was only too delighted to get me away from the girl so easily, "and I should have disappeared more promptly but for the reappearance of that crazy creature and my fear of leaving Miss Jean unprotected. If the same arrangements exist I will now say good-by to you both."

"Not quite so swiftly," his voice pleasant, yet with a touch of command in it. "You forget I am in the Confederate service, an irregular, it is true, and ye, amenable to discipline. I like you, King, and you have served both myself and the lass well on several occasions. I wish to repay her debt, as well as my own, but at the same time feel no desire to face a court martial. Give me ten minutes first, and then the coast will be clear."

He bent down, kissed her tenderly and faced me with extended hand. There was a lump in my throat which would not permit speech, yet I returned his firm clasp. He was a fine fellow. I could envy him, but I could neither dislike nor quarrel. Had it been Dunn I should have refused to accept freedom from him, but I understood Donald's motives and respected the man.

"Lieutenant King, you may watch with me," said Jean when Donald had gone. I came slowly across the room, scarcely realizing why I should prove obedient and yet unable to resist her invitation. Just before he disappeared Donald had glanced back and waved his hand. Then the girl turned and smiled in my face.

"Do you like him, Lieutenant?" she questioned sharply.

"He has certainly given me every reason for respect. If we had met under other circumstances I should have valued his friendship highly."

"I am so glad to hear you say that. To me he is the noblest man living, and I want you to think so."

"Surely," I protested, a little surprised, "you did not suppose I would dislike him because he had come into your heart in advance of me?"

"Oh, no!" the blood flooding her cheeks. "You are not one to harbor such prejudice, but I am going to think of you as a friend, and I want you really to care for those whom I care for. I have already emerged that far from sectional narrowness, lieutenant. I can call a Yankee 'friend.' Isn't it almost a miracle? You can never know how bitter I have been, how intensely I have despised everyt'ing northern. Somehow you have taken that away from me, and I can never again feel the same toward those on the other side. I—I always will remember you."

It was not that the words of confession meant so much, but the girl's manner, coupled with this unexpected change in sentiment, seemed instantly to alter our entire relationship.

"Don't," she said, almost pleadingly, yet making no effort to draw away; "you must not misunderstand. You are going away now; you must go at once. It is not probable we shall ever meet again, only we are never to be enemies any more, not even in thought. I do want you to know that."

"I thank you for that little, Miss Jean."

"It is not little." And she lifted her eyes to mine almost indignantly. "It is a great deal. I would not say to many even what I have said to you, and my life has been lived under conditions which enable me to trust few. I trust you. I—I even think I care for you. I—I wish to recall you in memory as a friend; but, of course, you understand, that is all."

"All?"

"Yes; you are going away now. It is best so. I do not know, Lieutenant King, whether I am legally your wife or not, but if I am these courts will divorce me. I shall endeavor to get notice to you, so you will also realize your complete freedom. You expect me to do this?"

"I suppose I do," regretfully, "but I would make any sacrifice to have it otherwise."

She was looking directly at me, her hand still in mine, her eyes gravely

questioning.

"Do you really mean that—really mean all you said to me before?"

"As God is my witness, Jean," I insisted soberly, "I do mean every word of it—I love you earnestly, devotedly. There can be no evil in my saying this, even although I know the impossibility of your making any return. I can take no advantage of the relation between us. I claim no right to you, but I do confess my love, and I want you to know the truth. You cannot think less kindly of me for that?"

"No," the blue gray of her eyes misty, her lips tremulous. "I—I am afraid I am so selfish as to be almost glad. Not—not that I wish you to love me, but—but it is some way a pleasure to know you care."

"Do you really mean?"

"Oh, no! Don't take it that way. I ought not to have said this. I hardly know what I have said. All our acquaintance has been so strange as to leave me confused. I do like you, Lieutenant King, and I find it hard to part, yet nothing else is possible. You must go, and go at once, before the guard is changed. I pray you do not delay, do not linger here longer. I can say no more than I have said already, and your safety depends on departure at once."

It required all my power of will to comply, yet there was no doubting the earnestness of her plea, and I released the hand, feeling a last slight pressure of the fingers. Her eyes upturned to mine, a yearning in their depths. The next instant she was fairly crushed in my arms, and my lips pressed against hers. It was over almost as quickly, and she had pressed me back from her, sinking into the nearest chair, her hands pressed against her cheeks.

"Oh, how could you? Now, now, you must go."

"But you forgive me, Jean? You forgive me?"

"Forgive you! It was more my fault than yours. Why do you make it all so hard for me? Don't you understand I cannot, cannot permit this? You are risking your life here. Go—go at once, for my sake if you will not for your own."

I do not clearly remember what I did, for I seemed dazed, my brain inoperative, but I know I knelt and kissed her hand and then backed from the room, my eyes upon her to the last.

I slipped down the stairs, aroused and alert, determined to make of value every remaining moment. O'Brien, his carbine grasped in one hand, opened the door silently, and I took one quick glance without. The porch and the walk below appeared deserted.

"Where are the horses?"

"Tied to the rail at the north end of the porch."

"Good choice. There are but few windows on that side. Give me your revolver. Have you cartridges?"

"Half a pocketful, sor."

We crept forth, closing the door behind us, and stole along under cover of the rail to the north steps, which led down to the carriage way. The two horses snorted and drew back, startled by our sudden appearance. I had my grip on the rein of the big roan, when O'Brien, who had stopped farther out to unfasten the other animal, uttered a sudden exclamation of alarm. I sprang back to where I could see what he was staring at down the roadway. A troop of horsemen were emerging from a ravine to the left and trotting toward the open gate. A glance told me they were Confederates and that they were spreading out, fan fashion, so as to surround the house.

We were not thirty feet in advance of those spurring troopers. The first two rounding the house corner saw us, but before they could throw forward their carbines we had plunged into the shadow of the vines, running recklessly. A shot or two, fired without aim, only served to increase our pace, our only hope being to cross the orchard before others attained the rear of the house. Beyond that point the weeds offered concealment.

Had we been given a minute more we would have made it. Running almost shoulder to shoulder, recklessly, not evening pausing to glance backward, we were within 100 feet of the weeds, when horsemen swept about the end of the big tobacco barn, firing as they came and spurring their mounts desperately in an attempt to head us off.

"The first cabin, O'Brien! We can make that before they turn."

(To Be Continued.)

### Recalls Freightin' Days.

From Saturday's Daily.

E. W. Bline of Mills county was in the city this morning, and being in a reminiscent mood, recalled that just fifty years ago this coming May he crossed the Big Muddy on a steam ferry with two wagon-loads of flour, each drawn by five yoke of cattle, landing at the foot of Main street. He loaded his wagons at Silver City, Iowa, with flour at \$2.50 per hundred and freighted it to Denver, where he sold it at \$5 per hundred. Each wagon had on six tons of flour. The journey across the plains required from thirty-five to forty days, and about thirty days to return. Mr. Bline freighted corn to Fort Laramie for the government, for which he received \$10 per hundred for carrying it.

At a meeting of the class of '42 yesterday Rev. W. L. Austin was elected to deliver the class sermon on Sunday night, May 19. The service will occur in the Methodist church and will be a union service, Rev. L. W. Gade assisting.

## GREAT WRESTLING CONTESTS AT THE PARMELE THEATER DRAWS BIG CROWD

Smarderer, of Louisville, Defeats Jack Daily, of Omaha, While Joe Spence, of Louisville, Defeats Jack Tolliver, of Omaha. Special Train Brings Large Crowd of Boosters.

From Saturday's Daily.

The principal sporting event for this city for the winter has come and gone, and Cass county has gained the heavyweight championship of the northwest and retains the welterweight championship of the county in the wrestling game. Frank Schmarderer, the Louisville heavyweight, and Joe Spence, the welterweight champions of Cass county, retain their belts, Schmarderer, by throwing Jack Daily, takes the belt for the heavyweights of the northwest.

Schmarderer won by an English barlock in the first and a crotch and leg hold in the second. Spence lost his first fall, his opponent securing the barlock on him; in the next two rounds Spence won with the leg and crotch hold and the barlock.

The special from Louisville brought in about 100 enthusiastic Spence and Schmarderer adherents, although the train was later than expected, having gotten in behind No. 30, which had seventy-five cars and came in slow, yet the delay seemed to add to the zest and eagerness of the Louisville sports for the fray. They lost no time in reaching the opera house, and within half an hour the curtain went up to a fairly good house.

Lee Fickler introduced Farmer Burns, who made a short talk on the good to be derived from wrestling. He stated that he had been following the game for forty-two years, and that he was 51 years old; that he had toured the United States with Frank Gotch and had seen some of the great contests. He stated that he would referee this match, and then introduced Joe Spence, as a Cass county young man; then Jack Tolliver of Omaha.

The men shook hands and went at the game. Tolliver appeared to be several pounds lighter than Spence, but went at his antagonist with a whirlwind style. Spence was cautious and through the first round acted on the defensive most of the time, and appeared to be studying the movements of his opponent. After wrestling about the mat, with Tolliver apparently working his opponent hard to prevent a fall, and with the agility of a cat, while Spence worked slow and careful. Tolliver got an English barlock hold on his antagonist and forced his shoulders to the mat. There were no cheers for Tolliver from the Louisville boosters; a few hand-claps from the Plattsmouth sports was all of the approval the Omaha athlete got for his clever work. Some of the Louisville men were heard to remark that that was the first time Joe was ever put on his back.

The next two rounds were closely contested, but the continual active crowding of the game in the first round by Tolliver seemed to have exhausted his wind and Spence had acquired some knowledge of his oppo-

ent's tactics. Tolliver, apparently weakened by his former struggles, gave Spence an opportunity to get a barlock, and he slowly forced Tolliver's shoulders to the mat. There was wild demonstration on the part of the Louisville sports at the end of each of Spence's successful rounds.

Frank Schmarderer was then introduced, followed by Daily from the opposite wing, who was also introduced by Farmer Burns. The big fellows lost no time, but were soon tugging away at each other for dear life. In this go the Louisville man was on the aggressive all of the time, and although Daily was much stronger looking and apparently heavier by thirty pounds, yet Schmarderer seemed to have the game all his own way through both rounds.

The interest of the spectators was intense as the bulky fellows bounded about the mat, with Farmer Burns in the background part of the time on tip-toe, and again low on his hands and knees with his face close to the mat to discern if Daily's shoulders were touching. On one occasion Daily secured a crotch and leg hold on Schmarderer and spun him around on his ear, but could not force the Louisville boy's shoulders to the floor. Within the next minute Schmarderer secured the same sort of hold on Daily and the big fellow's neck would not stand the pressure and his shoulders were slowly brought to the mat. When Schmarderer was announced as victor the excitement was high for a time, and the ceiling of the opera house was too low for some of the hats which went up from the Louisville sports. Some of them remarked, "We come for it and we got it."

Daily showed much skill and clever work, but was not as quick and clever as Schmarderer, who demonstrated that he is all that his friends claim that he is—a very clever wrestler and one who is capable of going with the best there is to be found in the state. Farmer Burns, after the match, stated to a few bystanders that Schmarderer was a decidedly clever fellow and it would take one of the best to throw him. Spence was also complimented by the Farmer as a young man who was training beautifully and getting better all the time, and what he wanted was to gather speed.

After the first round of the heavyweights, Farmer Burns stated from the stage that Tolliver said he had been thrown fairly, but that he had a bad leg, which troubled him through the match, but that he believed he could throw Spence and would like a match with him later and would divide the gate receipts, 60 per cent to the winner and 40 to the loser.

Charles Gerlack and Henry Urish and Herman Wolfarth of Manley were in the city last evening and attended the wrestling match.

FINAL CLEAN UP THIS WEEK  
—all Suits and Overcoats selling regularly from \$15.00 to \$30.00, now

**\$10, \$14, \$18**

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