



### 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 I.

#### The Art of the Orient.

"COME," said Orme to me, "let us go into the shade, for I find your Virginia morning warm."

We stepped over to the gallery of the little tavern.

"So you did not hear my little effort the other night?" he remarked, smiling.

"I was not so fortunate as to hear you speak, but I will only say I will back you against any minister of the gospel I ever knew when it comes to riding horses."

"Oh, well," he deprecated, "I'm just passing through on my way to Albemarle county across the mountains. You couldn't blame me for wanting something to do—speaking or riding or what not. One must be occupied, you know. But shall we not have them bring us one of these juleps of the country? I find them most agreeable, I declare."

"A while ago," I said, "my father came to me and said, 'Jack, that tree is trying to do three things—to farm, hunt foxes and drink juleps. Does he think they can handle all three of these activities in combination?' You see, my mother is a Quakeress, and when my father wishes to reprove me he uses the plain speech. Well, sir, I thought it over, and for the most part, I dropped the other two and took up more farming."

"Your father is Mr. John Cowles of Cowles' Farms?"

"The same."

"These are troublous times," he ventured. "I mean in regard to this talk of secession of the southern states."

I was studying this man. What was he doing here in our quiet country community? What was his errand? What business had a julep drinking, horse riding parson speaking in a Virginia pulpit where only the gospel was known, and that from exponents worth the name?

"You are from Washington?" I said at length.

He nodded.

"The country is going into deep water one way or the other," said I. "Virginia is going to divide on slavery. It is not for me nor for any of us to hasten that time. Trouble will come fast enough without our help."

"I infer you did not wholly approve of my little effort the other evening. I was simply looking at the matter from a logical standpoint. It is perfectly clear that the old world must have cotton, that the southern states must supply that cotton and that slavery alone makes cotton possible for the world. It is a question of geography rather than of politics, yet your northern men make it a question of politics. Your congress is full of rotten tariff legislation, which will make a few of your northern men rich and which will bring on this war quite as much as anything the south may do. Moreover, this tariff disgusts England, very naturally. Where will England side when the break comes? And what will be the result when the south, plus England, fights these tariff makers over here? I have no doubt that you, sir, know the complexion of all these neighborhood families in these matters. I should be most happy if you could find it possible for me to meet your father and his neighbors, for in truth I am interested in these matters more—as a student, and I

# THE WAY OF A MAN

By EMERSON HOUGH

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have heard much of the kindness of this country toward strangers."

It was not our way in Virginia to allow persons of any breeding to put up at public taverns. I had no hesitation in saying to Mr. Orme that we should be glad to entertain him at Cowles' Farms.

We were sitting some paces from the room where Landford Sanderson kept his bar, so that we heard only occasionally the sound of loud talk which came through the windows. But now came footsteps and confused words in voices, one of which I seemed to know. There staggered through the door a friend of mine, Harry Singleton, a young planter.

"Hello, ol' fel!" he croaked at me. "Hurrah for C'federate States of America!"

"Very well," I said to him, "suppose we do hurrah for the Confederate States of America. But let us wait until there is such a thing."

He glowered at me. "Also," he said solemnly, "Hurrah for Miss Grace Sheraton, the pretties' girl in whole C'federate States America!"

"Harry," I cried, "stop! You're drunk, man. Come on. I'll take you home."

He waved at me an uncertain hand. "Go way, slight man!" he muttered. "Grace Sheraton pretties' girl in whole C'federate States America."

According to our creed it was not permissible for a gentleman, drunk or sober, to mention a lady's name in a place like that. I rose and put my hand across Harry's mouth, unwilling that a stranger should hear a girl's name mentioned in the place. To my surprise Harry Singleton was just sufficiently intoxicated to resent the act of his best friend. With no word of warning he drew back his hand and struck me in the face with all his force, the blow making a smart crack, which brought all the others running from within. Still, I reflected, this was not the act of Harry Singleton, but only that of a drunken man, who tomorrow would not remember what had been done.

"That will be quite enough, Harry," said I. "Come, now, I'll take you home. Sanderson, go get his horse or wagon or whatever brought him here."

"Not home!" cried Harry. "First infict punishment on you for den'rin' Miss Grace Sheraton pretties' girl in whole C'federate States America. Girls like Johna Cowles too much! Must mash John Cowles! Must mash John Cowles sake of Grace Sheraton, pretties' girl in whole wide worl!"

He came toward me as best he might, his hands clinched. I caught him by the wrist, and as he stumbled past I turned and had his arm over my shoulder. I admit I threw him rather cruelly hard, for I thought he needed it.

"By Jove!" I heard a voice at my elbow. "That was handsomely done—handsomely done all around."

I turned to meet the outstretched hand of my new friend, Gordon Orme.

"Where did you learn the trick?" he asked.

"The trick of being a gentleman," I answered him slowly, my face red with anger at Singleton's foolishness. "I never learned at all, but to toss a poor drunken fool like that over one's head any boy might learn at school."

"No," said my quasi minister of the gospel emphatically, "I differ with you. Your time was perfect. You made him do the work, not yourself. Tell me, are you a skilled wrestler?"

I was nettled now at all these things which were coming to puzzle and perturb an honest fellow out for a morning ride.

"Yes," I answered him, "since you are anxious to know, I'll say I can throw any man in Fairfax except one."

"And he?"

"My father. He's sixty, as I told you, but he can always beat me."

"There are two in Fairfax you cannot throw," said Orme, smiling.

"Sir," I said to him hotly, "I propose taking you home with me. But before I do that and since you seem to wish it I am going to lay you on your back here in the road. Frankly, there are some things about you I do not like, and if that will remedy your conceit I'm going to do it for you for any sort of wager you like."

"Money against your horse?" he inquired, stripping to his ruffled shirt as he spoke. "A hundred guineas, five hundred?"

"Yes, for the horse," I said. "He's worth ten thousand. But if you've two or three hundred to pay for my selling the shoulders of your shirt I'm willing to let the odds stand so."

"I like you," he said simply. "If all the men of this country resembled you all the world could not beat it."

Orme came to me with no hurry and no anxiety, light on his feet as a skilled fencer. As he passed he struck for my shoulder, and his grip, although it did not hold, was like the cutting of

a hawk's talons. He branded me red with his fingers wherever he touched me, although the stroke of his hand was half tentative rather than aggressive. I went to him with head low, and he caught me at the back of the neck with a stroke like that of a smiting bar, but I flung him off, and so we stepped about, hands extended, waiting for a hold. He grew eager and allowed me to catch him by the wrist. I drew him toward me, but he braced with his free arm bent against my throat, and the more I pulled the more I choked. Then by sheer strength I drew his arm over my shoulder as I had that of Harry Singleton. He glided into this as though it had been his own purpose, and, true as I speak, I think he aided me in throwing him over my head, for he went light as a feather and fell on his feet when I freed him.

As we stepped about cautiously, seeking to engage again, his eye was fixed on mine curiously, half contemptuously, but utterly without concern or fear of any kind. I never saw an



I Pulled His Head Against My Chest, Throwing Him Across My Shoulder.

eye like this. It gave me not fear, but horror. The more I encountered him the more uncanny he appeared. Continually I felt his hands, and where he touched there was pain—on my forehead, at the edge of my eye sockets, at the sides of my neck, in the middle of my back—whenever we locked and broke I felt pain, and I knew that such assault upon the nerve centers of a man's body might well disable him, no matter how strong he was. But, as for him, he did not breathe the faster. It was system with him. I say I felt not fear only, but a horror of him.

By chance I found myself with both hands on his arms, and I knew that no man could break that hold when once set, for vast strength of forearm and wrist was one of the inheritances of all men of the Cowles family. I drew him steadily to me, pulled his head against my chest and up ended him fair, throwing him this time at length across my shoulder. I was sure I had him then, for he fell on his side. But even as he fell he rose, and I felt a grip like steel on each ankle. Then there was a snakelike bend on his part, and before I had time to think I was on my face. His knees were astride my body, and gradually I felt them pushing my arms up toward my neck. I felt a slight blow on the back of my head, as though by the edge of the hand—light, delicate, gentle, but dreamy in its results. For the first time in my life I found myself about to be mastered by another man.

Had he been more careful he certainly would have had the victory over me. But the morning was warm, and we had worked for some moments. My man stopped for a moment in his calm plinning of my arms and perhaps raised his hand to brush his face or push back his hair. At that moment luck came to my aid. He did not repeat the strange gentle blow at the back of my head—one which I think would have left unconscious a man with a neck less stiff—and as his pressure on my twisted arm relaxed I suddenly got back my faculties. At once I used my whole body as a spring and so straightened enough to turn and put my arm power against his own, which was all I wanted.

He laughed when I turned and with perfect good nature freed my arm and sprang to his feet, bowing with hand upreached to me.

"By the Lord, sir," he said, with a certain looseness of speech, as it seemed to me, for a minister of the gospel, "you're the first I ever knew to break it!"

"'Twas no credit to me," I owned. "You let go your hand. The horse is yours."

"Not in the least," he responded; "not in the least. If I had felt I had won him I'd take him, and not leave you feeling as though you had been given a present. But if you like I'll draw my own little wager as well. You're the best man I ever met in any country. By the Lord, sir, you broke the hold that I once saw an ex-guardian killed at Singapore for resisting—broke his arm short off, and he died on the table. I've seen it at Tokyo and Nagasaki. Why, man, it's the yellow policeman's hold, the secret trick of the orient. Done in proper time, and the little gen-

tleman is the match of any size, yellow or white."

"If you like to call it a draw," said I, "it would suit me mighty well. You're the best man I ever took off coat to in my life, and I'll never wrestle you again unless—I fear I blushed a little—well, unless you want it."

"Game! Game!" he cried, laughing and dusting off his knees. "I swear you Virginians are fellows after my own heart. But, come, I think your friend wants you now."

We turned toward the room where poor Harry was mumbing to himself, and presently I loaded him into the wagon and told the negro man to drive him home.

For myself, I mounted Satan and rode off up the street of Wallingford toward Cowles' Farms with my head dropped in thought, for certainly when I came to review the incidents of the morning I had had enough to give me reason for reflection.

We sent our carriage down to Wallingford that evening and had my new friend, Mr. Orme, out to Cowles' Farms for that night. He was a stranger in the land, and that was enough. I often think today how ready we were to welcome any who came and how easily we might have been deceived as to the nature of such chance guests. Yet Orme so finely conducted himself that none might criticize him, and indeed both my father and mother appeared fairly to form a liking for him. This was the more surprising on the part of both, since they were fully advised of the nature of his recent speech, or sermon, or what you choose to call it, at the Methodist church, the sentiments of which scarce jumped with their own. Both my parents accepted Orme for what he purported to be, a minister of the gospel, and any singularity of his conduct which they may have noticed they ascribed to his education in communities different from our own quiet one. I recall very well the discussions they had and remember how formally my mother would begin her little arguments. "Friend, I am moved to say to thee," and then she would go on to tell him gently that all men should be brothers and that there should be peace on earth and that no man should oppress his brother in any way and that slavery ought not to exist.

"What, madam?" Orme would exclaim, "this manner of thought in a southern family?" And so he in turn would go on repeating his old argument of geography and saying how England must side with the south and how the south must soon break with the north. "This man Lincoln, if elected," said he, "will consecrate every slave in the southern states. He will cripple and ruin the south, mark my words."

"I do not think the south would fight the north over slavery alone. The south loves the flag because she helped create it as much or more than the north. She will not bear treason to the flag." Thus my father.

"It would be no treason," affirmed Orme, "but duty, if that flag became the flag of oppression. The Anglo-Saxon has from King John down refused to be governed unjustly and oppressively."

And so they went on, hour after hour, not bitterly, but hotly, as was the fashion all over the land at that time. My father remained a Whig, which put him in line sometimes with the northern men then coming into prominence, such as Morrill of New England and young Sherman from across the mountains, who believed in the tariff in spite of what England might say to us. This set him against the Jefferson clans of our state, who feared not a war with the north so much as one with Europe. Already England was pronouncing her course, yet those were not days of triumphant conclusions, but of doubtful weighing and hard judgment, as we in old Virginia could have told you, who saw neighbors set against each other and even families divided among themselves.

I fear, however, that I was busier with the training of my pointer than I was with matters of politics. I was not displeased when my mother suggested that we should all visit Dixiana farm to call upon our neighbors, the Sheratons.

"Mr. Orme says he would like to meet Colonel Sheraton," she explained. "Thee knows the Sheratons and the Cowles have sometimes been friends and sometimes enemies. I would rather we were friends. And, Jack, Miss Grace is quite thy equal. If any may be the equal of my boy, and some day these must be thinking, these knows—"

"I was already thinking, mother," said I gravely, and so, indeed, I was, though perhaps not quite as she imagined.

Colonel Sheraton met us at his lawn and, as the day was somewhat warm, asked us to be seated in the chairs beneath the oaks. Here Miss Grace joined us presently, and Orme was presented to her, as well as to Mrs. Sheraton, tall, dark and lace draped, who also joined us in response to Colonel Sheraton's request. I could not fail to notice the quick glance with which Orme took in the face and figure of Grace Sheraton; and, indeed, he had been a critical man who would not have called her fair to look upon. I say none could have failed to call Grace Sheraton fair. It pleased me better to talk with her than to listen once more to the arguments over slavery and secession. As for us two the language that goes without speech between a young man and a maid passed between us. I rejoiced to mock at her always and did so, now declaring again my purpose to treat her simply as my neighbor and not as a young lady finished at the best schools of Philadelphia.

## AVOCA NEWS

Several of our farmers are replanting corn.

Fred Westlake and wife were at Omaha Saturday.

Miss May Bogard was on the sick list this week.

A. D. S. Foot Soap is just the thing for sore feet.

Mrs. L. Brittin was at Omaha the first of the week.

Mrs. Henry Franzen was one of the sick this week.

Benjamin Betts is having his residence painted.

O. Teft returned Saturday from his northwestern trip.

Herman Mitchell was a Weeping Water visitor Sunday.

Samuel Johnson and wife were Lincoln visitors Sunday.

Mrs. B. C. Marquardt was an Omaha visitor Saturday.

Mrs. M. M. Straub made a trip to Nebraska City Tuesday.

Ora E. Copes returned from Page, Neb., Friday morning.

Albert Johnson was here from Weeping Water Wednesday.

Miss Eda Marquardt returned home from the west Monday.

Mrs. J. M. Kokjer was on the sick list a few days last week.

William Smoots was at the metropolis the first of the week.

Mrs. Henry Wulf was an Omaha passenger Saturday morning.

Mrs. John Everett is taking treatment at an Omaha hospital.

Nicholas Trook was at Nebraska City this week visiting relatives.

Charles Taney, a pioneer resident of Berlin, was here Monday.

Louis Carsten shipped a car of cattle to Omaha the first of the week.

Miss Katie Maseman was numbered among the sick this week.

Fred Betts and wife are the parents of a fine boy, born Friday, May 24.

Miss Mabel Hanger returned Sunday from a visit with Lincoln relatives.

Andreas Rehmeier arrived Monday evening for a visit with Avoca relatives.

Anna and Lenora Kruse were at Dunbar this week visiting Mueller Shaeley.

Mrs. Ora E. Copes spent from Saturday until Monday with Bellevue friends.

Bernard Wurl of Plattsmouth was calling on his trade here Wednesday.

Mrs. John Busch and son, Harry, are away visiting relatives for a few weeks.

Simon Rehmeier and wife entertained relatives from Weeping Water Saturday.

Miss Flora Felthouser of Nebraska City was visiting the Misses Kohl this week.

Mrs. E. F. Ethridge of Cook visited her daughter, Mrs. Theron Malcolm, this week.

Prof. C. O. Larson was over from Plattsmouth this week visiting his many friends.

Mrs. Charles Woodson and son of Omaha came down last week for a visit with home folks.

J. C. Zimmerer and G. F. Mohr were at Omaha Monday, bringing Schmidt's car home with them.

Miss Lizzie Reed of Weeping Water was the guest of Mrs. Fred McGrady a few days this week.

Herman Behrens and wife were Omaha visitors the first of the week, going up in their auto.

Mrs. L. J. Marquardt and children were at Omaha Saturday to visit Mrs. Beckard at the hospital.

Several from here attended a dance at the home of Fred Schmidt, west of town, Monday evening.

Misses Emma and Clara Marquardt, who have been teaching at Brady and Havelock, returned home Saturday evening.

Carl Schroder shipped a car of cattle to Omaha this week. Mr. Schroder and Ben Mohr accompanied the same.

Miss Verna Ward of Kansas City, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. M. G. Keedy, left Saturday for Elmwood, and will go from there to her home.

William Thiele and wife motored from Berlin this week and have gone to housekeeping in the John Benecke residence.

The following pupils from Avoca went to Weeping Water Saturday to receive their diplomas for eighth grade graduates: Harry Mickle, Clara Meyers, Belle Heckathorn, Merna Nutzman and Howard Maple.

Mrs. Will Rose was the victim of a very painful accident last Saturday morning. Mr. Rose had left the team, which was hitched to the wagon standing with the three little girls in the wagon. The team started to run and Mrs. Rose tried to stop them, but was thrown down and badly injured, one hip being dislocated and otherwise bruised. The little girls were uninjured and escaped with a few scratches.

Thursday was Mrs. E. C. Nutzman's birthday and Mrs. Keedy prepared a delightful surprise for her by inviting a number of lady friends in for the evening. Those present were: Mesdames M. G. Keedy, John McFarland, Gustav Buss, W. A. Hollenberger, John Weaver, Fred Bartell, Harry Oaks, George Shackley, Charles Woodson, Ora Copes, Lester Hoback, P. Nutzman Will Morley, Misses Bardell, Eda Nutzman, Verna Ward. Cake, strawberries and punch were served. A number learned the Chinese language during the evening. Mrs. Nutzman was showered with post cards.

**Avoca Wins Two.**

The Avoca ball team defeated Elmwood and Eagle here this week in two good games of ball. The first game resulted in a score of 11 to 12. The game with Eagle was more hotly contested and the locals won by a score of 5 to 4, only one man being out in the ninth when the winning run came in. Both teams put up a good game. Score—First game: Elmwood 0 2 0 4 1 2 0 0 2—14 Avoca ... 1 3 0 3 2 0 0 3—12 Batteries—Lynn and Gonzales; Betts and Pittman.

Second game: Eagle ... 1 0 3 0 0 0 0 0—4 Avoca ... 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 1—5 Batteries—Trumble, Rudolph and Crabtree; Gruber and Mead. Umpire—Harmon.

**Purchase Building for Garage.**

It is rumored on the street that John Bauer, jr., and W. B. Banning have purchased the brick building adjoining the M. W. A. building on the west and will at once fit it up for a garage. This is a splendid location for a garage and will be convenient for all automobiles traveling the Omaha-Plattsmouth-Kansas City Scenic Route. Bauer & Bannings are the Cass county salesmen of the Overland automobile and have already sold several of these popular cars to the prosperous farmers of the county. Plattsmouth needs just such an enterprise, where automobile supplies and repairs can be had, and Bauer & Bannings are just the right sort of business men to promote an industry of this character.

**New Garage at Sixth and Vine.**

Wagga & Geil have leased the Sam Smith livery barn and the same will be fitted up at once as a first-class garage and general automobile repair and supply shop. These gentlemen are well known young mechanics and know all about the complex machinery of an automobile and can take them apart and place them together again in a twinkling. They will have an ideal location, being so near the postoffice and right on the Omaha-Plattsmouth Kansas City Scenic Route. We predict this will be one of the popular repair shops between Kansas City and Omaha.

**Transcript Filed Today.**

From Saturday's Daily.

A transcript of the proceedings before Justice of the Peace James W. Probst of Louisville, in which Fred Ohm was complained against by his wife, was filed in the district court today. The matter will come up for hearing before Judge Travis at the present term of court and the defendant given a chance to give the bond to be fixed by the court. His wife has begun proceedings for a divorce and the peace warrant was for her protection.

**Will Visit Fatherland.**

William Anderson and family leave today (Saturday) for an extended visit to Sweden and other foreign countries. They expect to be gone from two to three months. Mrs. Anderson will visit her mother, whom she has not seen for twenty-five years. This will certainly be an enjoyable trip for the Anderson family and their host of friends here send best wishes with them.—Louisville Courier.

**Milinery in Murray.**

Mrs. Julia Dwyer of Plattsmouth has decided to open a milinery store in Murray, and will be here three days, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week. The line will be located at the home of Mrs. Joseph Cook on lower Main street. All ladies of the community are invited to call and see her.

**For Sale.**

R. L. Red eggs for sale, 50 cents per setting, or \$3.00 per hundred. Mrs. C. E. Schwab, Phone 3-H, Murray, Neb.

J. J. Schneider of Cedar Creek was a Plattsmouth visitor on the morning train today, where he looked after business matters between trains.

(To Be Continued.)