



THE WAY OF A MAN

By EMERSON HOUGH

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"Let's see," mused Williams. "Haskins is away, and I doubt if Westover could come, for he's officer of the day; also bottle washer. And—"

"How about my friend Mr. Cowles?" asked Orme. "My acquaintance with him makes me think he'd take on any sort of sporting proposition. Do you shoot, sir?"

"All Virginians do," I answered, and so I did in the field, although I had never shot or seen a pigeon match in all my life.

Orme passed his cigarette case. "In view of my possibly greater experience," he said, "I'd allow Mr. Cowles six in the hundred."

"I am not looking for matches," said I, my blood kindling at his accustomed insolence, "but if I shot it would be both men at scratch."

"Oh, very well," smiled Orme. "And should we make a little wager about it—I ask your consent, Mrs. Stevenson?"

"American forever!" said Kitty. "My war chest is light," I said, "as I am farther away from home than I had planned. But you know my black horse, Mr. Orme, that you fancied?"

"Oh, by Jove! I'll stake you anything you like against him—a thousand pounds if you like."

"The odds must be even," I said, "and the only question is as to the worth of the horse. That you may not think I overvalue him, however, make it half that sum or less if these gentlemen think the horse has not that value."

"A son of old Klingwalla is worth three times that," insisted Orme. "If you don't mind and care to close it we'll shoot tomorrow."

"Very well," I said. "And we will be so discourteous to the stranger within our gates," said the vivacious Kitty, "as to give you a jolly good beating, Captain Orme. We'll turn out the post to see the match."

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 V.

Adventures in New Lands.

A CARRIAGE passed with two gentlemen and drew up at the Officers' club. "Billy Williams, adjutant," commented Captain Stevenson lastly. "Who's the other?"

"Yes; who's the tall one?" asked Kitty as the gentlemen descended from the carriage. "Good figure, anyhow. Wonder if he dances?"

"Coming over, I believe," said Stevenson, for now the two turned our way. Stevenson rose to greet his fellow officer, and as the latter approached our stoop I caught a glance at his companion.

It was Gordon Orme! Orme was as much surprised on his own part. After the presentations all around he turned to me with Kitty Stevenson. "My dear madam," he said, "you have given me the great pleasure of meeting again my shadow, Mr. Cowles of Virginia. There is where I supposed him now, back home in Virginia."

"I should expect to meet Mr. Orme if I landed on the moon," I replied. "Er—Captain Orme," murmured Adjutant Williams to me gently.

So then my preacher had turned captain since I saw him last! "You see, Stevenson," went on Williams easily, "Captain Orme was formerly with the British army. He is traveling in this country for a little sport, but the old ways hang to him. He brings letters to our colonel, who's off up river, and meantime I'm trying to show him what I can of our service."

"So good of you to bring Captain Orme here, major. I'm sure he will join us tonight," Kitty motioned toward the dancing pavilion, now well under way. Orme smiled and bowed and declared himself most happy. Thus in a few moments he was of our party. I could not avoid the feeling that it was some strange fate which continually brought us two together.

"The army's rotten for want of service," grumbled Williams, following out his own pet hobby. "Nothing in the world to do for our fellows here. Sport? Why, Captain Orme, we couldn't show you a horse race where I'd advise you to bet a dollar. The fishing doesn't carry, and the shooting is pretty much gone even if it were the season. Outside of a pigeon match or so, this post is stagnant. We dance, and that's all, Bab!"

"You spoke of pigeon shooting," said Orme lastly. "Blue rocks, I imagine."

"No," said Williams; "natives. We use the wild birds. Would you like to have a little match at our birds?"

"I shouldn't mind."

"Oh, you'll be welcome! We'll take your money away from you. There is Bardine or, say, Major Westover. Haskins of the Sixth got eighty-five out of his last hundred. Once he made it ninety-two, but that's above average, of course."

"You interest me," said Orme. "For the honor of my country I shouldn't mind a go with one of your gentlemen. Make it at a hundred for what wagers you like."

"And when?"

"Tomorrow afternoon if you say, I'm not stopping long, I am afraid. I'm off up river soon."



"I'll stake you anything you like against him."

You dance, of course. Are you a married man—but what a question for me to ask—of course you're not!"

Orme smiled, showing his long, narrow teeth. "I've been a bit busy for that," he said, "but perhaps my time has come."

We now turned toward the big square of the parade, which had by this time wholly been taken over for the purposes of military occupation. A vast canopy covered the dancing floor. Innumerable tents for refreshments and wide-flapped marquees with chairs were springing up, men were placing the decorations of flags and roping about the dancing floor with braided ribbons and post rosettes. Through now filled the open spaces, and more carriages continually came. The quarters of every officer by this time were packed. It was a gay scene, one for youth and life and not for melancholy.

"Now, I wonder who is this Ellen?" mused I to myself.

I got into Captain Stevenson's uniform, and my hostess joined me. "You may know me," said Kitty, "by the pink flowers on my gown."

"I should know you anywhere, Mrs. Kitty," I said. "But now as to this Ellen? How shall I know her?"

"You will not know her at all."

"Couldn't you tell me something of how she will look?"

"No. I're not the slightest idea. El-

len doesn't repeat herself. There'll be a row of a dozen beauties, the most dangerous girls in all St. Louis. You shall meet them all and have your guess as to which is Ellen."

"And shall I never know in all the world?"

"Never in all the world. But grieve not. Tonight joy is to be unconfined, and there is no tomorrow."

"And one may make mad love to any?"

"To any whom one madly loves, of course; not to twelve at once. But we must go. See, isn't it fine?"

At once from somewhere on parade there came the clear note of a bugle, which seemed to draw the attention of all. We could see ascending the great flagstaff at the end of its half-yard the broad folds of the flag. Following this was hoisted a hoop or rim of torches, which paused in such position that the folds of the flag were well illuminated. A moment of silence came at that and then a clapping of hands from all about the parade as the banner floated out, and the voices of men, deep throated, greeted the flag. Again the bands broke into the strains of the national anthem, but immediately they swung into a rollicking cavalry air.

"Tonight," said Kitty to me "one may be faithless and be shivered by the morning sun. Isn't it funny how these things go? Such a lot of fuss is made in the world by ignoring the great fact that man is by nature both gregarious and polygamous. Believe me, there is much in this doctrine of the Mormons out there in the west."

"The floor now was beginning to fill with dancers. There moved before us a kaleidoscope of gay colors, over which breathed the fragrance of soft music. A subtle charm emanated from these surroundings. Music, the sight and odor of sweet flowers, the sound of pleasant waters, the presence of things beautiful—these have ever had their effect on me."

Sighing, I said to myself that I was young. I turned to speak to my hostess, but she was gone. So there I stood for half an hour, biting my thumb. I had as yet seen nothing of the mysterious Ellen, when I felt a tug at my sleeve.

"Come with me," whispered a voice. It was Kitty. We passed to the opposite side of the dancing floor and halted at the front of a wide marquee, whose flaps were spread to cover a long row of seats.

"Count them," said Kitty. "There are twelve."

And so indeed there were twelve beautiful young girls, as one might pronounce, even though all were masked with half face dominoes. Half of them were dressed in white and half in black, and thus they alternated down the row. Twelve hands handled divers fans. Twelve pairs of eyes looked out, eyes merry, or challenging, or mysterious, one could not tell. About these young belles gathered the densest throng of all the crowd.

At each fair charmer as I bowed I looked with what directness I dared to see if I might penetrate the mask and so foil Kitty in her amiable intentions. As we passed out at the foot of the row I recalled that I had not heard the name of Ellen.

"Now, then, which one is she?" I queried of my hostess.

"Silly, do you want me to put your hand in hers? You are now on your own resources. Play the game. And the next moment she again was gone."

I had opportunity without rudeness, the crowd so pressing in behind me, to glance once more up the line. I saw, or thought I saw, just a chance glance toward where I stood, near the foot of the Row of Mystery, as they called it. I looked a second time and then all doubt whatever vanished.

If this girl in the black laces, with the gold comb in her hair and the gold shot little shoes just showing at the edge of her gown and the red rose at her hair, held down by the comb, half hidden by the pile of locks caught up by the ribbon of the mask, if this girl were not the mysterious Ellen, then indeed must Ellen look well to her laurels, for here, indeed, was a rival for her!

I began to edge through the ranks of young men who gathered there, laughing, beseeching, imploring, claiming. The sparkle of the scene was in my veins. I did not walk—the music carried me before her. And so I bowed and murmured, "I have waited hours for my hostess to present me to Miss Ellen." (I mumbled the rest of some imaginary name since I had heard none.)

The girl pressed the tip of her fan against her teeth and looked at me meditatively.

"And ours, of course, is this dance," I went on.

"If I could only remember all the names!" she began hesitatingly.

"I was introduced as Jack C. of Virginia."

"Yes? And in what arm?"

"Cavalry," I replied promptly. "Do you not see the yellow?" I gestured toward the facings. "You who belong to the army ought to know."

"Why do you think I belong to the army?" she asked.

"You belong to the army and to Virginia," I said, "because you asked me what is my arm of the service, and because your voice could come from nowhere but Virginia. Now since I have come so far to see you and have found you out so soon, why do you not confess that you are Miss Ellen?"

"We have no names tonight," she answered. "But there is no Jack C. in the Gazette who comes from Virginia and who wears a captain's straps. I do not know who you are."

"At least the game then is fair," said I, disappointed. "But I promise you that some time I shall see you face



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to face and without masks. Tomorrow—

"Tut, tut!" she reproved. "There is no tomorrow!"

I looked down on her as I stood, and a certain madness of youth seized hold upon me. I knew that when she rose she would be just tall enough, that she would be round, full, perfect woman in every line of her figure; that her hair would be some sort of dark brown in the daylight; that her eyes would also be of some sort of darkness, I knew not what for I could not see them fully through the domino.

I could see the hair piled back from the nape of as lovely a neck as ever caught a kiss. I could see at the edge of the mask that her ear was small and close to the head; could see that her nose must be straight and that it sprang from the brow strongly, with no weak indentation. The sweep of a strong, clean chin was not to be disguised, and at the edge of the mask I caught now and then the gleam of white, even teeth and the mocking smile of red, strongly curved lips hid by her fan at the very moment when I was about to fix them in my memory so that I might see them again and know. I suspect she hid a smile, but her eyes looked up at me grandly and darkly. Nineteen, perhaps twenty, I considered her age to be; gentle and yet strong, with character and yet with tenderness. I made estimate that she must be. There was something that assured me that here was a woman not lightly to accept nor lightly to be forgotten.

"My hostess said it would be a lottery tonight in this Row of Mystery," I went on, "but I do not find it so."

"All life is lottery," she said in answer.

"And lotteries are lawful when one wins the capital prize. One stretches out his hand in the dark. But some one must win. I win now. The name of masks is a fine one. I am vastly pleased with it. Some day I shall see you without any mask. Come. We must dance. I could talk better if we were more alone."

(To Be Continued.)

Posts and Wood for Sale.

A quantity of good oak posts, and a large supply of good block wood for sale. For further particulars see Bower & Kinmen, one mile south and one and one-half miles west of Cullom.

Mrs. J. H. Becker returned last evening from Alvo, where she has visited her sister, Mrs. Miller, for a few days.

A Presidential Year Fable.

Once upon a time the lion, tiger, hippopotamus, jackass and elephant assembled themselves together to select a date for a meeting of the representatives of all the fishes of the sea, birds of the air, and beasts of the woods, so that they might select a ruler who would serve for a term of four years. At this meeting it was decided not only to elect a new ruler every four years, but the jackass was also appointed to notify all, that in the years when the rulers were selected they would not be expected to hustle quite so hard for their daily food; that in these years they were to voluntarily go on half rations and spend the time usually devoted to themselves and families in bemoaning the fact that they were what they were, and also predicting direful things that would happen just as soon as the new ruler was elected. All of the animals attentively listened to the bray of the jackass except the bees. The bees called a meeting, buzzed the thing over, and then issued the following proclamation:

We, the bees of the universe, have carefully considered you and your braying, Mr. Jackass, and we wish to say that there will be nothing doing for yours truly in the "laying-off" or "half ration" line. We are satisfied that there will be just as much honey in the buckwheat in the years when the rulers are elected as in any other old year and we propose to get it. If you and the rest of the bunch want to grow lean and waste one year in every four, why go to it; you certainly have our permission. Growl and bray your heads off, but as for us we will keep right on gathering honey at the old stand.

Moral—The best way to make every presidential campaign year a lean year is to spend every preceding three years talking about it, and then when that particular year rolls around, throw up your hands and exclaim, "What's the use of trying? There simply isn't any business to be done during

campaign years, and there is no use in going after it."

JUDGMENT FOR THE FULL AMOUNT SUED

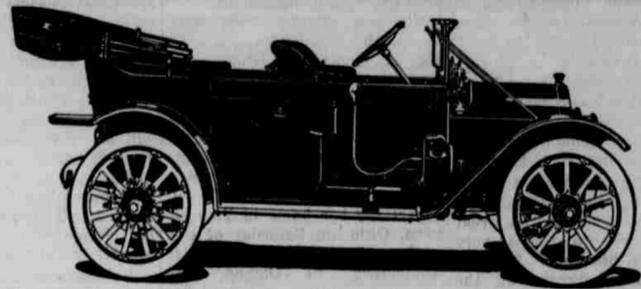
Case of McElwain Against the Platte Mutual Insurance Co. Decided by Jury.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The jury in the case of McElwain vs. Platte Mutual Insurance company, listened to the arguments of counsel and the instructions of the court and went to the jury room about 5 p. m. yesterday. There was considerable wrangling by the attorneys over the admission of the testimony of some of the defendant's witnesses, especially those introduced for the purpose of impeachment. The evidence of Mrs. Leonard and Mr. McElroy, the first swearing to the fact that Mrs. McElwain had expressed regret because the policy had been allowed to lapse, and the evidence of Mr. McElroy to the effect that B. A. McElwain had expressed about the same thing a day or two after the fire, was strenuously objected to by plaintiff, and some time was taken to argue the admissibility of the evidence, which was finally let in, but the court remarked that it could not affect the case much, as he expected to instruct the jury that the question of payment of the premium was not in the case.

The question on which the case seemed to hinge was whether, when the policy was delivered through the mail, it was an unconditional delivery or whether the envelope contained a note from Secretary Gering saying the policy would be in force from the payment of the premium. Mr. Gering declared that the envelope contained such a statement, while both Mrs. McElwain and her son were as positive that it did not.

The jury was out about three hours and several ballots were required to get the verdict, which was brought in for the full \$400, the amount sued for, and the amount expressed in the policy.



The Chalmers Motor Company:

GENTLEMEN—My attention has been called to the mileage records of 15 cars, as set forth in your Chalmers Doings of March 11th, and, in view of the fact that these records do not appear to me to be extraordinary, I am of the fact that these records do not appear to me to be extraordinary, I am taking the liberty of sending you a statement of my own experience.

On September 28th, 1909, I purchased from your local representative, the H. E. Fredrickson Automobile Co., a model K "30" Roadster, which I have driven since on the average of nearly 75 miles each driving day, or a total of 65,000 miles. Understand there were many days when weather conditions or the requirements of my business did not permit of much mileage—some days not any—and in order to reach this grand total it was necessary to drive from 100 to 150 miles on literally hundreds of days. I have driven as high as 1,600 miles in a single week.

I might mention that my occupation as President and Manager of the Waterloo Creamery Company requires that I visit our many branches and our condensing plant at Papillion nearly every day. And I have driven my car to these points when no other machine could get through, times innumerable.

I have driven this car overland, having hauled 26 people in it a distance of two miles in the mud. I have subjected the mechanism to tests that I don't believe were fair to the car, time and again. I have made two trips into Colorado, and last September I drove from here to Cherokee Park, Wyoming, without stopping except for meals. I returned at the same speed.

The machine as it stands today runs very quietly and is in perfect condition. It will do anything I ask it to and has great speed and hill-climbing capacity at the present time, just as it had when new. On account of the ability of this car, I have been able to superintend personally three times as much territory in my business as I would have been able to look after without the car.

I don't know of any reason why I should change for a new car for the next two years, for I think that I will be entirely satisfied to use my little old Chalmers, as it is beyond question absolutely reliable at all times. My friends who know the service this car has given, can hardly believe that a car of this price could have stood it and come through in such excellent condition. Very truly yours, Omaha, Nebraska, March 21, 1912. LEROY CORLIS, Pres., Waterloo Creamery Company.

For prices enquire of T. H. Pollock, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.