



THE WAY OF A MAN

By EMERSON HOUGH

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The lights had faded; the music was less sweet. I strolled over to No. 16 and got Johnson to show me my little room. I did not see Grace Sheraton in my dreams. Clearly I had reasoned it out as I lay awake that if I had seen Ellen once then indeed it were best for me I should never see Ellen again.

CHAPTER VI.

The Supreme Court.

IF remorse, mental or physical, affected any of the dwellers at Jefferson barracks on the morning following the officers' ball neither was in evidence. The next little event of interest was the pigeon match between Orme and myself, which swift rumor seemed to have magnified into an importance not wholly welcome to myself. We had a late breakfast at No. 16, and Stevenson, who was to handle me in the match, saw to it that I had a hard rubbings before breakfast and a good run afterward and later a hearty luncheon with no heavy wines. I was surprised at these businesslike proceedings, which were all new to me.

and I reflected with no satisfaction that my hot-headedness in accepting Orme's challenge might result in no glory to myself and, worse than that, let in my friends for loss, for Stevenson informed me that in spite of the fact that I had never shot in a race a number of wagers were backing me against the Englishman. I reasoned, however, that these responsibilities should not be considered by one who needed perfect command of himself. Moreover, although I had never shot at trapped birds, I reasoned that a bird in the air was a flying bird after all, whether from trap or tree. Then, again, I was offended at Orme's air of superiority. Lastly, though it might be the fault of the Cowles' blood to accept any sort of challenge, it was not our way to regret that so soon as the day following.

The grounds for the match had been arranged at the usual place, near to the edge of the military reservation, and here a half hour before the time set there began to gather practically all of the young officers about the post, all the enlisted men who could get leave, with cooks, strikers, laundresses and other scattered personnel of the barracks. There came as well many civilians from the city, and I was surprised to see a line of carriages with many ladies drawn up back of the score. Evidently our little matter was to be made a semifashionable affair.

Orme shook hands with me and declared he was feeling well, although Major Williams laughingly announced that he had not been able to make his man go to bed for more than an hour that morning or to keep him from eating and drinking everything he could lay his hands upon. Yet now his eye was bright, his skin firm, his step light and easy.

"What boundary do we use, gentlemen?" Orme asked as he looked out over the field. This question showed his acquaintance, but none the less his confidence and his courage as well, for in closely made matches all details are carefully weighed before the issue is joined.

"Our races here have usually been shot at fifty yards bounds," said Stevenson.

"As you like," said Orme, "if that pleases Mr. Cowles."

"Perfectly," said I.

Orme stepped over to the coops where the birds were kept, splendid, iridescent creatures, with long tails, clean, gamy heads and all the colors of the rainbow on their breasts. "By Jove," he said, "they're rippers for looks, and they should fly a bit, I'm thinking. I have never seen them before, much less shot a race at them."

"Still your advantage," said I, laughing, "for I never shot a race at any sort in my life."

"And yet you match against me? My dear fellow, I hardly like"—

"The match is made, Captain Orme, and I am sure Mr. Cowles would not ask for any readjustment," commented Stevenson stiffly.

"Don't understand me to wish to urge anything," said Orme. "I only wish it so we shall all have a chance at revenge. Is there any one who wishes to back me perhaps or to back Mr. Cowles? Sometimes in England we shoot at a guinea or five or ten." Stevenson shook his head.

"Too galled for me at this time of the month," he said, "but I'll lay you \$100 on the issue."

"Five, if you like, on the Virginian, sir," said young Belknap of the Ninth to Orme.

"Done and done, gentlemen. Let it be dollars and not guineas, if you like."

A few more wagers were laid, and the civilian element began to plunge a bit on Orme, word having passed that he was an old hand at the game,

whereas I was but a novice. Orme took some of these wagers carelessly.

"Now as to our referee, captain," said Stevenson. "You are, as you say, something of a stranger among us, and we wish your acquaintance were greater, so that you might name some one who would suit you."

"I'm indifferent," said Orme politely. "Any one Mr. Cowles may name will please me."

His conduct was handsome throughout, and his sporting attitude made him many friends among us. I suspect some army money went on him quietly, although little betting was now done in our presence.

"I see Judge Reeves of the supreme court of the state over there in a carriage," suggested Major Williams. "I've very much a notion to go and ask him to act as our referee."

"God bless my soul," said Orme, "this is an extraordinary country! What a judge of the supreme court?"

Williams laughed. "You don't know this country, captain, and you don't know Judge Reeves. He's a trifle old, but game as a fighting cock, and, not to mention a few duels in his time, he knows more even about guns and dogs today than he does about law. He'll not be offended if I ask him, and here goes."

He edged off through the crowd, and we saw him engaged in earnest conversation with the judge. To our surprise and amusement, we observed the judge climb hastily down out of his carriage and take Major Williams' arm.

Judge Reeves was a tall, thin man, whose long hair and beard were silvery white, yet his stature was erect and vigorous. It was always said of him that he was the most dignified man in the state of Missouri and that he carried this formality into every detail of his daily life. The story ran that each night, when he and his aged consort retired, they stood, each with candle in hand, on either side of the great bed which all their married life they had occupied in harmony. She, formally bowing to him across the bed, said, "Good night, Judge Reeves,"

whereat he, bowing with yet greater formality, replied, "Good night, Mrs. Reeves." Each then blew out the candle and so retired. I cannot vouch as to the truth of this story or of the further report that they carried out their ceremony when seating themselves at table each meal of the day, but I will say that the appearance of this gentleman would have given such stories likelihood.

We uncovered as the judge approached us, and he shook hands with us in the most solemn way, his own wide black hat in his hand. "A-a-ahem, gentlemen," he said, "a somewhat unusual situation for one on the bench—most unusual, I may say. But the court can see no harm in it since no law of the land is violated. Neither does the court hold it beneath the dignity of its office to witness this little trial of skill between gentlemen. Further speaking, the court does not here pass upon questions of law, but sits rather as jury in matters of ocular evidence, with the simple duty of determining whether certain flying objects fall upon this or the other side of that certain line marked out as the boundaries. Gentlemen, I am—ahem—yours with great pleasure." If there was a twinkle in his eye it was a very solemn one.

My weapon was supplied me by Captain Stevenson, a good Manton, somewhat battered up from much use, but of excellent even pattern. Orme shot a Pope made gun of London with the customary straight hand and slight drop of the English makes.

"Shall the firing be with the single barrel or with both barrels?" inquired our referee. In those days many American matches were shot from plunge traps and with the single barrel.

"I'm more used to the use of both barrels," suggested Orme, "but I do not insist."

"It is the same to me," I said. So finally we decided that the race should be at twenty-eight yards, the use of both barrels allowed and the boundary at fifty yards—such rules as came to be later more generally accepted in this country.

"Now, then, gentlemen," said Judge Reeves, "the court is informed that this match is to be for the sum of \$2,500, wagered by Captain Orme against a certain black stallion horse, the same not introduced in evidence, but stated by Mr. Cowles to be of the value of \$2,500 in the open market."

"Ahem, gentlemen," he resumed, "the court being, as it were, broke, will some one be so good as to lend the court a silver coin? Thank you" (to Williams). "And now, gentlemen, will you toss for the order of precedence?"

We threw the coin, and I lost the toss. Orme sent me to the score first with the purpose, as I knew, of studying his man.

I was perhaps a bit too tense and eager. Our birds were to be flown by hand from behind a screen, and my first bird started off a trifle low, but fast, and I knew I was not on with the first barrel, the hang of Stevenson's gun being not quite the same as my own. I killed it with the second, but it struggled over the tape.

"Lost bird!" called out Judge Reeves sharply.

Under the etiquette of the game no comment was made on my mishap, and my second, Stevenson, did not make the mistake of commiserating me. No one spoke a word as Orme stepped to the score. He killed his bird as clean as though he had done nothing else all his life. I was a trifle angry with myself by this time, but it only left me well keyed. My bird fell dead inside of Orme's.

We shot along for ten birds, and Orme was straight to my nine killed,

Whatever the cause, I was by this time perfectly calm. I knew I could shoot to the top of my skill, and if I were beaten it would be through no fault of my own nerves and muscles.

Orme went on as though he could kill a hundred straight. He shot carelessly, but with absolute confidence, and more than half the time he did not use his second barrel. He made it twenty straight before he came back. Then he caught a strong right quarterer, which escaped altogether, apparently very lightly hit. No one spoke a word of sympathy or exultation. Orme seemed not in the least disturbed.

We were now tied, but luck ran against us both for a time, since out of the next five I missed three and Orme two, and the odds again were against me. It stood the same at thirty and at thirty-five. At forty the fortune of war once more favored me, for, although Orme shot like a machine, with a grace and beauty of delivery I have never seen surpassed, he lost one bird stone dead over the line, carried out by a slant of the rising wind, which blew from left to right across the field. Five birds farther on, yet another struggled over for him, and at sixty five I had him back of the two birds. The interest all along the line was now intense. Stevenson later told me that they had never seen such shooting as we were doing.

The heap of dead birds, some of them still fluttering in their last gasps, now grew larger at the side of the referee, and the negro boys were perhaps less careful of wring the necks of the birds as they gathered them. Occasionally a bird was tossed in such a way as to leave a fluttering wing. My seventeenth bird was such, and it came straight and swift as an arrow, swooping down and curving about with the great speed of these birds when fairly on the wing. I covered it, lost sight of it, then suddenly realized that I must fire quickly if I was to reach it before it crossed the score. It was so close when I fired that the charge cut away the quills of a wing. It fell just inside the line with its head up, and my gatherer pounced upon it like a cat.

The decision of the referee was prompt; but, even so, it was almost lost in the sudden stir and murmur which arose behind us.

Some one came pushing through the crowd, and I turned to see a young girl clad in white lawn, a thin silver gray veil drawn tight under her chin. She ran up to the black boy who stood with the bird in his hand, hanging by one wing. She caught it from him and held it against her breast, where its blood drabbled her gown and hands.

"Stop this at once!" cried the girl. "Aren't you ashamed, all of you? Look, look at this!" She held out the dying bird in her hand. "Judge Reeves," she cried, "what are you doing there?"

"Ah—ah, my dear young lady—my very dear young lady"—he began. "Captain Stevenson," exclaimed the girl, "whirling suddenly on my second, 'stop this at once! I'm ashamed of you!'"

Her hair, reddish brown to the sunlight, was massed up by the blinding

At the Gem Theater.

From Saturday's Daily.

A large audience crowded the Gem theater at both performances last night, and those who attended were well paid for their time. Mrs. Setz sang "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland" in both baritone and soprano; also a child dialect and negro dialect selections. Many high compliments were paid the lady for the pleasing manner in which she sang. Mr. Shlaes is now prepared to let the public see two shows for 15 cents. Ten cents will procure a ticket at either show with a 5-cent coupon returned, which, with 5 cents, will pass the holder in at the other show.

Beautiful Plattsburgh on the Way.

W. J. Streight, the Sixth and Vine streets furniture dealer, has caught the "Beautiful Plattsburgh fever" and this morning had the rubbish removed from the parkway adjacent to his store, on Vine street, and prepared the ground for flowers and foliage plants. This laudable bit of gardening was brought about by George Becker making up his mind to go to work. Hitherto the thought of physical exertion has caused George to break out with a profuse perspiration. He is all over that now and insisted on changing the appearance of the parkway this morning.

Crops Looking Well.

Henry Lamphear, who has been farming with Charles (White) Miller, near Creighton, Neb., for the past four months, returned to Plattsburgh the first of the week and will visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Lamphear, for a time. Henry is of the opinion that crops of all sorts are looking better in Knox county than what he has seen in this county. Corn especially is ahead of this locality; there was a good stand from the first planting and it has made a good growth. Grasses of all kinds have done well this season, as well as oats.

Believes in Good Roads.

County Commissioner Heebner took the afternoon train Monday to present Tuesday at Plattsburgh, where the county board met Tuesday as an equalization board. Mr. Heebner informs us that he has lately graded two miles of road north of Wedding Way, on the road to Louisville, and also a mile past George Marks place. Mr. Heebner, one of the county commissioners who believe that the vital thing just now is good roads, and that it is essential that the money spent in making them should be spent intelligently.—Nehawka News.

Public Asked to Co-operate.

The Board of Education urgently requests the assistance and co-operation of everyone in the city in the taking of the school census, which begins this week. The enumerator will visit every house and business block in an effort to secure the complete number of residents in this school district who belong in the school census. This includes all persons between the ages of 5 and 21 years, whose legal residence is here. Those upon whom the enumerators call for information are earnestly requested to give in every such name, as the amount of money received from the state by our school district depends upon the census. There is no cost or tax of any kind connected with this registration.

C. A. Marshall, President. E. H. Wescott, Secretary.

Burned Dwelling Repaired.

The residence owned by Henry McMaken, jr., situated on Day street, between Tenth and Eleventh, which was damaged by fire recently, is being placed in repair and enlarged. The new structure will be a \$5,000 bungalow (with one cipher omitted) and will be 30x30 feet on the ground, one story high. The building will be much larger than the old one and is being made modern throughout, and when completed will be an attractive residence. The work on the building is progressing rapidly and Henry, jr., will soon have the same occupied by a good tenant.

A Fine Tennis Court.

Edwin Fricke and Marion Dickson have been engaged during their spare moments of evenings for some time in leveling and enclosing the J. C. Richey lot west of Cliff Wescott's residence, for a tennis court. The young men are enthusiastic in the game and they are arranging the ground in the shape and will have one of the finest courts in the state. The Journal hopes Ed and Marion will repay their reward in pleasure during the summer months, which they certainly deserve.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Fletcher

tract. Under these circumstances, then, appeal is taken from this lower court," and he bowed very low, "to what my young friend very justly calls the supreme court of the United States. Miss Ellen, it is for you to say whether we shall resume or discontinue."

The girl bowed to Judge Reeves and then swept a sudden hand toward Stevenson and Williams. "Go home, all of you!" she said.

And so, much shamefaced, we did go home, Judge of the supreme court, officers of the army and all, vaguely feeling we had been caught doing some ignominious thing. I have never since then shot in a pigeon match or cared to see others do so. I think the intuitive dictum of the army girl was right.

"Now wasn't that like Ellen?" exclaimed Kitty when finally we found ourselves at her carriage. "Just like that girl. Just wasn't it like that girl to fly in the face of the supreme court of the state and all the laws of sport as well! Jack, I was keeping count." She held out her ivory tablets. "You'd have beaten him sure, and I wanted to see you do it. You were one ahead and would have made it better in the next twenty-five. Oh, won't I talk to that girl when I see her!"

So that was Ellen! And it moreover was none less than Ellen Meriwether, daughter of my father's friend and business associate, whom I had traveled thus far to see and whom, as I now determined, I must meet at the very first possible opportunity. Perhaps, then, it might very naturally come about that—but I dismissed this very rational supposition as swiftly as I was able.

(To Be Continued.)

Henry Kraeger in Town.

From Saturday's Daily.

Henry Kraeger, a prosperous young farmer of Mt. Pleasant precinct, with his father, John Kraeger, drove in from their homes this morning to look after the week-end shopping. Mr. Kraeger reports the rainfall in his locality as just about right for the crops. The cloudburst, which came in the vicinity of Murray Tuesday afternoon, did not bring any rain to speak of in the Kraeger neighborhood, but on Wednesday they got fine rains; even more than fell in Plattsburgh, and it stopped at the right time without washing the ground. Corn is looking fine and Mr. Kraeger did not replant any.

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