



THE WAY OF A MAN

By EMERSON HOUGH

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best meat is on top anyhow," and then he gave me lessons in buffalo values, which later I remembered.

We had taken some meat from my bull, since I insisted upon it in spite of better beef from a young cow Auberry had killed not far above, when suddenly I heard the sound of a bugle, sharp and clear, and recognized the notes of the "recall."

"What's up?" inquired Auberry as we pulled up our galloping horses near the wagon line.

"Indians!" was the answer. "Fall in!"

We could all now see coming down from a little flattened coulee to the left a head of a line of mounted men, who doubtless had been the cause of the buffalo stampede which had crossed in front of us. The column of the tribesmen came on toward us fearlessly. They made a long calvacade, 200 horses or more, with many travails and dogs trailing on behind. They were all clad in their native finery, seemingly hearty and well fed and each as arrogant as a king. They passed us contemptuously, with not a sidelong glance.

In advance of the head men who rode foremost in the column were three or four young women, bearing long lance shafts decorated with feathers and locks of human hair, the steel tips shining gray in the sun.

"Auberry," said Belknap, "we must go talk to these people and see what's up."

"They're Sioux," said Auberry. "But come on. They don't mean fight right now."

Belknap and Auberry took with them the sergeant and a dozen troopers. I pushed in with these and saw Orme at my side, and Belknap did not send us back. We four rode on together presently. Two or three hundred yards from the place where the Indians halted Auberry told Belknap to halt his men. We four, with one private to hold our horses, rode forward a hundred yards farther, halted and raised our hands in sign of peace. They rode out to us four of the head men of the Sioux, each a stalwart man.

"Talk to them, Auberry," said Belknap. And as the former was the only one of us who understood the Sioux tongue he acted as interpreter.

"What are the Sioux doing so far east?" he asked of their spokesman sternly.

"Hunting," answered the Sioux. "The white soldiers drive away our buffalo. The white men kill too many. Let them go. This is our country. It seemed to me I could see the black eyes of the Sioux boring straight through every one of us."

"Go back to the north and west, where you belong," said Auberry. "You have no business here on the wagon trails."

"The Sioux hunt where they please," was the grim answer. "But you see we have our women and children with us the same as you have"—and he pointed toward our camp.

"Where are you going?" asked our interpreter.

The Sioux waved his arm vaguely. "Heep hunt," he said. "Where you go?" he asked.

Auberry answered that we were going a half sleep to the west to meet a big war party coming down the Platte, the white men from Laramie. The Indian looked grave at this.

"We are going on up to meet our soldiers," said Auberry sternly. "The Sioux have killed some of our men below here. We shall meet our soldiers and come and wipe the Sioux off the land if they come into the valley where our great road runs west."

"That is good," said the Sioux. "As for us, we harm no white man. We hunt where we please. White men go!"

Auberry now turned to us. "I don't think they mean trouble, lieutenant," he said, "and I think the best thing we can do is to let them alone and go on up the valley."

Belknap nodded, and Auberry turned again to the four Sioux, who stood tall and motionless, looking at us with the same fixed, glittering eyes.

"We have spoken," said Auberry. "That is all we have to say."

Both parties turned and went back to their companions. Belknap, Auberry and I had nearly reached our waiting troopers when we missed Orme, and turned back to see where he was. He was standing close to the four chiefs, who had by this time reached their horses. Orme was leading by the bridle his own horse, which was slightly lame from a strain received in the hunt. We saw Orme making some sort of gestures, pointing to his horse and the others.

"Wonder if he wants to trade horses!" mused Auberry, chuckling. Then in the same breath he called: "Look out! Look!"

We all saw it. Orme's arm, shot out

straight, tipped by a blue puff of smoke, and we heard the crack of the

dragon pistol. One of the Sioux, the chief who by this time had mounted his horse, threw his hand against his chest and leaned slightly back, then straightened up slightly as he sat. As he fell, or before he fell, Orme pushed his body clear from the saddle and with a leap was in the dead man's place and riding swiftly toward us, leading his own horse by the rein.

It seemed that it was the Sioux who had kept faith after all, for none of the remaining three could find a weapon. Orme rode up laughing and unconcerned. "The beggar wouldn't trade with me at all," he said. "By Jove, I believe he'd have got me if he'd had any sort of tools for it."

"You broke treaty," ejaculated Belknap—"you broke the council word!"

"Did that man make the first break at you?" Auberry blazed at him.

"How can I tell?" answered Orme coolly. "It's as well to be a trifle ahead in such matters." He seemed utterly unconcerned. He could kill a man as lightly as a rabbit and think no more about it.

Within the instant the entire party of the Sioux was in confusion. We saw them running about, mounting, heard them shouting and wailing.

"It's fight now!" said Auberry. "Back to the wagons now and get your men ready, lieutenant. As soon as the Sioux can get shut of their women they'll come on, and come a bolt-in' too. You blanked fool!" he hissed to Orme. "You murdered that man!"

"What's that, my good fellow?" said Orme sharply. "Now, I advise you to keep a civil tongue in your head or I'll teach you some manners."

Even as we swung and rode back Auberry pushed alongside Orme, his rifle at ready. "Young man, if you want to teach me any manners begin it now! You make your break," he cried.

Belknap spurred in between them. "Here, you men," he commanded, with swift sternness, "into your places. I'm in command here, and I'll shoot the first man who raises a hand. Mr. Orme, take your place at the wagons. Auberry, keep with me. We'll have fighting enough without anything of this."

"He murdered that Sioux, lieutenant," reiterated Auberry.

"Dash it, sir, I know he did, but this is no time to argue about that. Look there!"

We saw the Sioux separate into two bands, the men remaining behind, riding back and forth, whooping and holding aloft their weapons. We heard the note of a dull war drum beating.

"They'll fight," said Auberry. "Look at 'em!"

"Here they come," said Belknap coolly. "Get down, men."

They came on, then swung out around us, their horse line rippling up over the broken ground apparently as easily as it had gone on the level floor of the valley.

"Tell us when to fire, Auberry," I heard Belknap say, for he had practically given over the situation to the old plainsman. At last I heard the voice of Auberry, changed from that of an old man into the quick, clear accents of youth, sounding hard and clear. "Ready now! Each fellow pick his own man and kill him. D'ye hear, kill him!"

Our troopers were armed with the worthless old Spencer carbines, and I doubt if these did much execution, but there were some good old Hawkin rifles and old big bored Yagers and more modern Sharps' rifles and other buffalo guns of one sort or another with us, among the plainsmen and teamsters, and when these spoke there came breaks in the haunting line that sought to hedge us. The Sioux dropped behind their horses' bodies, firing as they rode, some with rifles, more with bows and arrows. Most of our work was done as they topped the rough ground close on our left, and we saw here a half dozen bodies lying limp, flat and ragged, though presently other riders came and dragged them away.

At a hundred yards their arrows fell extraordinarily close to the mark, and time and again they spiked our mules and horses with these hissing shafts that quivered where they struck. They came near breaking our rear in this way, for our men fell into confusion, the horses and mules plunging and trying to break away.

I was crowding a ball down my rifle with its hickory rod when I felt a shove at my arm and heard a voice at my ear. "Git out of the way, man! How can I see to shoot if you bob your head across my sights all the time?"

There stood old Mandy McGovern, her long brown rifle half raised. She was as cool as any man in the line and as deadly.

"Git in here, git in here, son!" I heard her cry. And to my wonder now I saw the long, lean figure of Andrew Jackson McGovern come forward, a carbine clutched in his hand, while from his mouth came some sort of eerie screech of incipient courage, which seemed to give wondrous comfort to his fierce dam. At about this moment one of the Sioux, mortally wounded by our fire, turned his horse and ran straight toward us hard as he could. He knew that he must die, and this was his way. Ah, those red men knew how to die! He got within forty yards, reeling and swaying, but still trying to fit an arrow to the string, and as none of us would fire on him now, seeing that he was dying, for a moment it looked as though he would ride directly into us and perhaps do some harm. Then I heard the boom of the boy's carbine, and almost at the instant, whether by accident or not I could not tell, I saw the red man drop out of the forks of his saddle and roll on the ground with his arms spread out.



Orme's Arm Shot Out Straight, Tipped by a Blue Puff of Smoke.

Perhaps never was metamorphosis more complete than that which now took place. Shaking off detaching hands, Andrew Jackson sprang from our line, ran up to the fallen foe and in a frenzy of rage began to belabor and kick his body, winding up by catching him by the hair and actually dragging him some paces toward our firing line. Mandy called out as though he were a young dog at his first fight: "Whoop! Git to him, boy, git to him! Take him, boy! Whoop!"

We got Andrew Jackson back into the ranks. His mother took him by the hand, as though for the first time she recognized him as a man.

"Now, boy, that's somethin' like." She turned to me. "Some says it's in the paw," she remarked. "I reckon it's some in the maw an' a leetle in the trainin'."

Cut up badly by our fire, the Sioux scattered and hugged the shelter of the river bank, beyond which they rode along the sand or in the shallow water, scrambling up the bank after they had got out of fire. I looked about me now at the interior of our barricade. I saw Ellen Meriwether on her knees lifting the shoulders of a wounded man who lay back, his hair dropping from his forehead, now gone bluish gray. She pulled him to the shelter of a wagon, where there had been drawn four others of the wounded. I saw tears falling from her eyes—saw the same pity on her face which I had noted once before when a wounded creature lay in her hands. I had been proud of Mandy McGovern. I was proud of Ellen Meriwether now.

Almost as I had turned I felt a sudden jar, as though some one had taken a board and struck me over the head with all his might. Then as I slowly became aware my head was utterly and entirely detached from my body and went sailing off deliberately in front of me. I could see it going distinctly, and yet, oddly enough, I could also see a sudden change come on the face of the girl who was stooping before me and who at the moment raised her eyes.

"It is strange," thought I, "but my head, thus detached, is going to pass directly above her, right there!"

Then I ceased to take interest in anything and sank back into the arms of that from which we came, calmly taking 'old of the hand of mystery."

(To Be Continued.)

LEGAL ADVERTISING.

The following section of a law regarding the disposition or placing of legal advertising in newspapers was passed by the Nebraska legislature of 1909, and we desire the friends of the Journal to make a note of its provisions and govern themselves accordingly:

"That from and after the passage and approval of this act it shall be the lawful right of any plaintiff or petitioner in any suit, action or proceeding, pending or prosecuted in any of the district courts of this state, in which it is necessary to publish in a newspaper any notice or copy of an order, growing out of, or connected with such action or proceeding either by himself or his attorney of record, to designate in what newspaper such notice or copy of order shall be published. And it shall be the right of the widow, widower, or a majority of the heirs-at-law of legal age, of the estate of any deceased intestate or the widow, widower, or a majority of the legatees or devisees of lawful age, of the estate of deceased testator, to designate the newspaper in which the notices pertaining to the settlement of the estates of such deceased persons shall be published. And it shall be the duty of the judges of the district court, county judges or any other officer charged with the duty of ordering, directing or superintending the publication of any of such notices, or copies of orders, to strictly comply with such designations, when made in accordance with the provisions of this act."

We want the friends of the Journal throughout Cass county to understand that when they have district court notices or county court notices to publish they are empowered with the right to designate the paper in which such notices shall be published.

Johnson-Harmon.

Marriage license was issued Monday for Asa J. Johnson and Miss A. Pearl Harmon, both of near Avoca, this county. The groom is the son of Albert A. Johnson, one of the pioneer and prosperous farmers of Weeping Water precinct, and the bride is the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. True Harmon of near Avoca. Both the groom and his bride are native Cass county young people and enjoy the respect and esteem of a large circle of young friends.

J. Q. Lansing, juror from South Bend precinct, departed for his home today.

John Hennings of near Louisville arrived from his home this morning and visited Plattsmouth friends for the day, as well as looking after some important business matters.

Jurors S. I. Compton, E. B. Taylor and James Sperry of Weeping Water and W. J. Magney of Nehawka arrived last evening ready to respond to the roll call in the district court today.

Mrs. Matt Sulser was a passenger to Omaha on the morning train today, where she spent the day with her mother, Mrs. Holschuh, at Clarkson hospital, where she is taking treatment for her eyes.

J. L. Smith came down from the hospital last evening, where his daughter-in-law was operated on Saturday, and reported Mrs. Smith as feeling as well as could be expected. Today her husband and two little children went to visit her at the hospital.

Frank Gillitt, jr., son of Frank Gillitt, the cream and produce dealer, from Elmwood, was in the city a few hours today for the transaction of some business matters. The Journal acknowledges a brief call from him.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Kaffenberger and little son, Verner, of the vicinity of Cedar Creek were visitors in the city today. Mr. Kaffenberger and Verner were pleasant callers at this office and had their subscription to this paper pushed ahead for a year.

Will Meisinger, one of the prosperous farmers from near Cedar Creek, drove his fine black span of drivers to the city today from his farm. He spent the day in the county seat looking after business matters and visiting with friends and relatives. He was accompanied by his lady friend, Miss Louisa Hennings.

LOCAL NEWS

From Tuesday's Daily.

John H. Busche of Avoca was a Plattsmouth visitor today.

Dr. Gilmore of Murray came to Plattsmouth this morning in time to catch the early train to Omaha.

Eli Keckler of Manley was a Plattsmouth visitor today, having business in the county court.

August Doering and his mother, Mrs. Agast Doering, sr., of Omaha were Plattsmouth visitors today.

Ben Beckman drove in from his farm, near Murray today, and transacted business in the county seat.

Juror J. Lansing came in from Greenwood on the morning train today and resumed his seat in the panel.

Charles Gerlack of Manley arrived this morning and looked after business matters in the district court.

Ray Frans of Union arrived on the early train today and will resume his duties as a juror in the district court.

Miss Lizzie Bergman was a passenger to Omaha on the morning train today, where she visited with friends for the day.

John Wolff and W. J. Schneider motored in from Cedar Creek this afternoon and Mr. Wolff resumed his duties on the jury.

J. J. Lohnes and son, Will, from Louisville, were in the city a few hours today, visiting with their many county seat friends.

Mrs. J. R. Vallery and daughter, May, visited the metropolis this morning, where they looked after business matters for a time.

Dietrich Koester of Avoca returned to Plattsmouth this morning to resume his labors as a juror at the present term of court.

James Holmes and Rand Minford motored up from Murray this afternoon to look after business matters at the court house for a time.

Troy Davis and W. W. Coatman motored over from Weeping Water in Troy's new touring car this morning. The run was made in 55 minutes.

A. M. Holmes and daughter, Mrs. C. A. Rawls, departed this morning for New York, where they will spend some time visiting Mr. Holmes' old home.

Mrs. Henry Starkjohn was in the city Saturday visiting at the home of her parents and called at this office and renewed their subscription to this paper for another year.

Miss Margaret Goos of Plainview, who has been a guest of relatives in this city for several days, departed for Louisville yesterday afternoon to visit relatives for a time.

Miss Jennie Batan departed for Newman Grove, Neb., on the afternoon train today, where she will visit relatives for a time. She was accompanied to Omaha by Miss Cecil Lee.

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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 IX.

Sioux.

BEFORE dawn had broken the clear bugle notes of reveille sounded and set the camp astray. By the time the sun was faintly tinging the edge of the valley we were drawn up for hot coffee and the plain fare of the prairies. A half hour later the wagon masters called "Roll out! Roll out!" The bugles again sounded for the troopers to take saddle, and we were under way once more.

We had hardly gone five miles beyond the ruined station house when we saw our advance men pull up and raise their hands. We caught it also—the sound of approaching hoofs, and all joined in the cry, "Buffalo, Buffalo!"

The thunderous rolling sound approached, heavy as that of artillery going into action. We saw dust arise from the mouth of a little draw on the left, running down toward the valley, and even as we turned there came rolling from its mouth, with the noise of a tornado and the might of a mountain torrent, a vast, confused, dark mass, which rapidly spilled out across the valley ahead of us. We were almost at the tanks of the herd before they reached the river bank. We were among them when they paused. The front ranks rolled back upon those behind, which, crowded from the rear, resisted. The whole front of the mass wrinkled up mightily, dark humps arising in some places two or three deep. Then the entire mass sensed the danger all at once, and with as much unanimity as they had lacked concert in their late confusion, they wheeled front and rear and rolled off up the valley, still enveloped in a cloud of white, biting dust.

In such a chase speed and courage of one's horse are the main essentials. My horse was able to lay me alongside my game within a few hundred yards. I coursed close to a big black bull and, obeying injunctions old Auberry had often given me, did not touch the trigger until I found I was holding well forward and rather low. I could scarcely hear the crack of the rifle, such was the noise of hoofs, but I saw the bull switch his tail and push on as though unhurt. In spite of the trickle of red that sprang on his flank, as I followed on, the bull suddenly turned, head down and tail stiffly erect, his mane bristling. My horse sprang aside, and the herd passed on. The old bull, his head lowered, presently stopped, deliberately eyeing us, and a moment later he deliberately lay down, presently sinking lower, and at length rolled over dead.

I found the great weight of the bull difficult to turn, but at length I hooked one horn into the ground, and, laying hold of the lower hind leg, I actually turned the carcass on its back.

"That's the first time I ever saw a bull die on his back," said Auberry.

"He did not die on his back," I replied. "I turned him over."

"You did—and alone? It's rarely a single man could do that, nor have I seen it done in all my life with so big a bull."

"The Indians don't bother to turn a bull over. They split the hide down the back and skin both ways. The



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