



THE WAY OF A MAN

By EMERSON HOUGH

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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 XI.

Gordon Orme, Magician.

WE lay in our hot camp on the sandy valley for some days and buried two more of our men, who finally succumbed to their wounds. Gloom sat on us all, for fever now raged among our wounded. The sun blistered us, the night froze us. Still not a sign of any white topped wagon from the east nor any dust cloud of troopers from the west served to break the monotony of the shimmering waste that lay about us on every hand. We were growing gaunt now and haggard, but still we lay waiting for our men to grow strong enough to travel or to lose all strength and so be laid away.

"Injuns is strange critters. A few of us has married among Injuns and lived among them, and we have seen things you wouldn't believe if I told you." Thus spake Auberry.

"Tell some of them," said Orme. "I, for one, might believe them."

"Well, now," said the plainsman, "I will tell you some things I have seen their medicine men do, and ye can believe me or not, the way ye feel about it."

"I have seen 'em hold a powwow for two or three days at a time, some of 'em settin' round dreamin', as they call it, all of 'em starvin', whole camp howlin', everybody eatin' medicine herbs. Then after while they all come and set down just like it was right out here in the open. Somebody pulls a naked Injun boy right out in the middle of them. Old Mr. Medicine Man, he stands up in the plain daylight, and he draws his bow and shoots a arrow plum through that boy. Boy squirms a heap and Mr. Medicine Man socks another arrow through him, cool as you please—I have seen that done. Then the medicine man steps up, cuts off the boy's head with his knife—holds it up plain so everybody can see it. That looked pretty hard to me first time I ever seen it. But now the old medicine man takes a blanket and throws it over this dead boy. He lifts up a corner of the blanket, chucks the boy's head under it and pulls down the edges of the blanket and puts rocks on them. Then he begins to sing, and the whole bunch gets up and dances round the blanket. After awhile, say a few minutes, medicine man pulls off the blanket and thar gets up the boy, good as new, his head grown on good and tight as ever and not a sign of an arrow on him 'cept the scars where the wounds has plumb healed up!"

Belknap laughed long and hard at this old trapper's yarn, and weak as I was myself, I was disposed to join him. Orme was the only one who did not ridicule the story. Auberry himself was disgusted at the meriment. "I knowed you wouldn't believe it," he said. "There is no use tellin' a parcel of tenderfeet anything they hain't seed for themselves. But I could tell you a heap more things. Why, I have seen their buffalo callers call a thousand buffalo right in from the plains and over the edge of a cut bank where they'd pitch down and bust themselves to pieces. I can show you bones of a hundred such places. Buffalo don't do that when they are alone—they have got to be called, I tell you."

"Injuns can talk with other animals—they can call them others too. I

have seed an old medicine man tight out on the plain ground in the middle of the village go to dancla, and I have seed him call three full sized beavers right up out'n the ground—seed them with my own eyes, I tell you! Yes, and I have seed them three old beavers standin' right there turn into full grown old men, gray haired. I have seed 'em sit down at a fire and smoke, too, and finally get up when they got through and clean out—just disappear back into the ground. Now, how you all explain them there things I don't pretend to say, but there can't no man call me a liar, fur I seed 'em and seed 'em unmistakable."

Belknap and the others only smiled, but Orme turned soberly toward Auberry. "I don't call you a liar, my man," said he. "On the contrary, what you say is very interesting. I quite believe it, although I never knew before that your natives in this country were possessed of these powers."

"It ain't all of 'em can do it," said Auberry. "only a few men of a few tribes can do them things, but them that can shore can, and that's all I know about it."

"Quite so," said Orme. "Now, as it chances, I have traveled a bit in my time in the old countries of the east. I have seen some wonderful things done there."

"I have read about the East Indian jugglers," said Belknap, interested. "Tell me, have you seen those feats? And are they feats or simply lies?"

"They are actual occurrences," said Orme. "I have seen them with my own eyes, just as Auberry has seen the things he describes, and it is no more right to accuse the one than the other of us of untruthfulness."

"For instance, I have seen an Indian juggler take a plain bowl, such as they use for rice, and hold it out in his hand in the open sunlight, and then I have seen a little bamboo tree start in it and grow two feet high, right in the middle of the bowl, within the space of a minute or so."

"You'll talk about the old story of 'Jack and the Beanstalk'—I have seen an old fakir take a bamboo stick no thicker than his finger and thrust it down in the ground and start and climb up, as if it were a tree, and keep on climbing till he was out of sight, and then there would come falling down out of the sky legs and arms, his head, pieces of his body. When these struck the ground they would resemble and make the man all over again—just like Auberry's dead boy, you know."

"These tricks are so common in Asia that they do not excite any wonder. As to tribal telegraph, they have got it there. Time and again when our forces were marching against the hill tribes of northwestern India we found they knew all of our plans a hundred miles ahead of us—how, none of us could tell—only the fact was there, plain and unmistakable."

"They never do tell," broke in Auberry. "You couldn't get a red to explain any of this to you—not even a squaw you have lived with for years. They certainly do stand pat for keeps."

"Yet once in awhile," smiled Orme in his easy way, "a white man does pick up some of these tricks. I believe I could do a few of them myself if I liked—in fact, I have sometimes learned some of the simpler ones on my own amusement."

General exclamations of surprise and doubt greeted him from our little circle, and this seemed to nettie him somewhat. "By Jove," he went on, "if you doubt it I don't mind trying a hand at it right now. Perhaps I have forgotten something of my old skill, but we'll see. Come, then."

All arose now and gathered about him on the ground there in the full sunlight. He evinced no uneasiness or surprise, and he employed no mechanism or deception which we could detect.

"My good man," said he to Auberry, "let me take your knife." Auberry loosed the long hunting knife at his belt and handed it to him. Taking it, Orme seated himself cross legged on a white blanket, which he spread out on the sandy soil.

All at once Orme looked up with an expression of surprise on his face. "This was not the knife I wanted," he said. "I asked for a plain American hunting knife, not this one. See, you have given me a Malay kris! I have not the slightest idea where you got it."

We all looked intently at him. There, held up in his hand, was full proof of what he had said—a long blade of wavy steel, with a little crooked, carved handle. From what I had read I saw this to be a kris, a wavy bladed knife of the Malays. It did not shine or gleam in the sun, but threw back a dull reflection from its gray steel as though lead and silver mingled in its make. The blade was

about thirty inches long, whereas that of Auberry's knife could not have exceeded eight inches at the most.

"We did not know you had that thing around you," exclaimed Belknap. "That is only sleight of hand."

"Is it, indeed?" said Orme, smiling. "I tell you I did not have it with me. After all, you see it is the same knife."

We all gaped curiously and there,

as I am a living man, we saw that wavy kris, extended in his hand, turn back into the form of the plainsman's hunting knife! A gasp of wonder and half terror came from the circle. Some of the men drew back. I heard an Irish private swear and saw him cross himself. I do not explain these things. I only say I saw them.

"I was mistaken," said Orme politely, "in offering so simple a test as this, but now, if you still think I had the kris in my clothing, how that could be, I don't know, I'm sure, and if you still wish to call my little performance sleight of hand, then I'll do something to prove what I have said and make it quite plain that all my



"See, you have given me a Malay kris!"

friend here has said is true and more than true. Watch now and you will see blood drip from the point of this blade—every drop of blood it ever drew of man or animal. Look now—draw it closely."

We looked and again, as I am a living man and an honest one, I hope, I saw, as the others did, running from the point of the steel blade, a little trickling stream of red blood! It dropped in a stream, I say, and fell on the white blanket upon which Orme was sitting. It stained the blanket entirely red. At this sight the entire group broke apart, only a few remaining to witness the rest of the scene.

I do not attempt to explain this illusion or whatever it was. I do not know how long it lasted, but presently, as I may testify, I saw Orme rise and kick at the wetted blood stained blanket. He lifted it, heavy with dripping blood. I saw the blood fall from its corners upon the ground.

"Ah," he remarked calmly. "It's getting dry now. Here is your knife, my good fellow."

I looked about me, almost disposed to rub my eyes, as were perhaps the others of our party. The same great plains were there, the same wide shimmering stream, rippling in the sunlight, the same groups of animals grazing on the bluff, the same sentinels outlined against the sky. Over all shone the blinding light of the western midday sun. Yet as Orme straightened out this blanket it was as white as it had been before. Auberry looked at his knife blade as though he would have preferred to throw it away, but he sheathed it and it fitted the sheath as before.

Orme smiled at us all pleasantly. "Do you believe in the Indian telegraph now?" he inquired.

I have told you many things of this strange man, Gordon Orme, and I shall need to tell yet others. Sometimes my friends smile at me even yet over these things. But since that day I have not doubted the tales old Auberry told me of our own Indians. Since then, too, I have better understood Gordon Orme and his strange personality, the like of which I never knew in any land.

How long it was I hardly knew, for I had sunk into a sort of dull apathy in which one day was much like another. But at last we gathered our crippled party together and broke camp, our wounded men in the wagons, and so slowly passed on westward, up the trail. We supposed, what later proved to be true, that the Sioux had raided the valley on both sides of us and that the scattered portions of the army had all they could do, while the freight trains were held back until the road was clear.

I wearied of the monotony of wagon travel and without council with any finally, weak as I was, called for my horse and rode on slowly with the walking teams. I had gone for some distance before I heard hoofbeats on the sand behind me.

"Guess who it is," called a voice. "Don't turn your head."

"I can't turn," I answered, "but I know who it is."

She rode up alongside, where I could see her, and fair enough she was to look upon, and glad enough I was to look. She was thinner now with this prairie life, and browner, and the ends of her hair were still yellowing, like that of outdoors men. She still was

booted and gloved after the fashion of civilization, and still elsewhere garbed in the aboriginal costume, which she filed and honored graciously. The metal cylinders on her leggings rattled as she rode.

"You ought not to ride," she said. "You are pale."

"You are beautiful," said I; "and I ride because you are beautiful."

Her eyes were busy with her gloves

but I saw a sidelong glance. "I do not understand you," she said demurely.

"I could not sit back there in the wagon and think," said I. "I knew that you would be riding before long, and I guessed I might perhaps talk with you."

She bit her lip and half pulled up her horse as if to fall back. "That will depend," was her comment. But we rode on side by side, knee to knee.

Many things I had studied before then, for certain mysteries had come to me, as to many men, who wish logically to know the causes of great phenomena. From boyhood I had pondered many things. I had lain on my back and looked up at the stars and wondered how far they were, and how far the farthest thing beyond them was. I had wondered at that indeterminate quotient in my sums, where the same figure came, always the same, running on and on. I used to wonder what was my soul, and I fancied that it was a pale, blue flaming oblate, somewhere near by, back and in the middle of my body—such was my boyish guess of what they told me was a real thing. I had pondered on that compass of the skies by which the wild fowl guide themselves. I had wondered, as a child, how far the mountains ran. As I had grown older I had read the law, read of the birth of civilization, pondered on laws and customs.

Declaring that I must know their reasons, I had read of marriages in many lands, and many times had studied into the questions of dowry and bride price, and consent of parents and consent of the bride—studied marriage as a covenant, a contract, as a human and so called divine thing. I had questioned the cause of the old myth that makes Cupid blind. I had delved deep as I might in law, and history and literature, seeking to solve, as I might—what?

Ah, witless, it was to solve this very riddle that rode by my side now, to answer the question of the Sphinx. What had come of all my studies? Not so much as I was learning now, here in the open, with this sweet savage woman whose leggings tinkled as she rode, whose tunic swelled softly, whose jaw was clean and brown. How weak the precepts of the social covenant seemed! How feeble and far away the old world we two had known! And how infinitely sweet, how compellingly necessary now seemed to me this new, sweet world that swept around us!

We rode on side by side, knee to knee. Her garments rustled and tinkled.

Her voice awoke me from my brooding. "I wish, Mr. Cowles," said she, "that if you are strong enough and can do so without discomfort, you would ride with me each day when I ride."

"Why?" I asked. "That was the wish in my own mind, but I knew her reason was not the same as mine."

"Because"—she said. She looked at me, but would not answer farther.

"You ought to tell me," I said quietly.

"Because it is prescribed for you."

"Not by my doctor." I shook my head. "Why, then?"

"Stupid—oh, very stupid officer and gentleman!" she said, smiling slowly. "Lieutenant Belknap has his duties to look after, and as for Mr. Orme, I am not sure he is either officer or gentleman."

She spoke quietly but positively. I looked on straight up the valley and pondered. Then I put out a hand and touched the fringe of her sleeve.

"I am going to try to be a gentleman," said I. "But I wish some fate would tell me why it is a gentleman can be made from nothing but a man."

(To Be Continued.)

In District Court.

From Tuesday's Daily.

Judgment on the mandate of the supreme court was entered by Judge Travis in the district court this morning in the case of H. R. Gering against J. M. Leyda, the effect of which is to dismiss the case with costs taxed to the plaintiff. This was an action for damages in the sum of \$10,000, claimed by plaintiff against the defendant, and claimed to have arisen in the prosecution of the plaintiff for the unlawful sale of liquor.

Aged Mother Injured.

From Tuesday's Daily.

City Attorney A. L. Tidd received a message from his old home in Ohio this morning informing him of an unfortunate accident which befell his aged mother, in which she received a fall from which she sustained a fractured hip. Mrs. Tidd is nearly 80 years of age and a fracture is a serious injury at her time of life.

Ice Cream Social at Kenosha.

An ice cream social will be given at the Kenosha church by the ladies of the church, on next Saturday evening, July 6th, and everybody is invited to come.

SEEKS PAROLE FOR CONVICT

Wife of Smith Makes Application to State Board.

WAS ACCOMPLICE OF MORLEY.

Invitation Sent to Robert T. Lincoln to Attend Unveiling of Statue to Martyr President—Keith County Objects to U. P. Valuation.

Lincoln, July 2.—Mrs. Smith, wife of the convict who gave his name as Evans and who was sentenced to the state penitentiary as an accomplice of Morley in connection with a burglary at Walthill, appeared before Secretary Piper in an effort to get her case before the pardoning board for the purpose of getting a parole for her husband. Mrs. Smith had a small child with her, about a year old, and stated that she had five more in the soldiers' orphans' home at Davenport, Ia. She said that if some way was not provided so that her husband could be released and provide for his family that the children would be taken from the home and adopted into families where they would be provided for. The expiration of the time when they would be taken from the home is July 19, but the superintendent of the place had promised her if there was any chance that she could get her husband out of the Nebraska prison they would extend the time thirty days.

Keith County Objects.

County Clerk Nichols of Keith county has written the state board of equalization that unless it raises the valuation of the Union Pacific railroad line in that county 60 per cent the county board will proceed to do so. As the state board only has power to value railroad property for assessment purposes, the members of the body wonder how the county board of Keith county can legally change the Union Pacific values. The state board has completed its valuation of railroads for this year and the matter is closed unless by a vote of the board the matter is opened up again.

Hansen Back From Sargent.

Food Commissioner Hansen returned from Sargent, where he attended a picnic which was given in the interest of the dairy business in that section of the state. While there a new organization was formed to be called the State Farmers' Co-operative Creamery company. He says that the farmers in that section are taking a great deal of interest in the dairy business and are taking advantage of every opportunity to increase the output. The towns are growing very rapidly and he looks for good reports in the future from that section.

Penn to Be Relieved.

Major Julius A. Penn has received orders from the war department that he will be relieved from duty in connection with the Nebraska national guard on July 17, instead of Sept. 1, as previously notified. He will be succeeded by Lieutenant Frederick C. Test of the Twenty-second Infantry, now stationed at El Paso, Tex. Major Penn has not as yet received any assignment.

Lincoln Invited.

Secretary of State Wait has written a letter to Robert T. Lincoln, inviting him to be present at the unveiling of the statue of his father on the state house grounds in this city, Sept. 2. Mr. Wait expected to see Mr. Lincoln in Chicago during the time of the national Republican convention, but the gentleman was not in that city.

Sheely's Conviction Stands.

According to reports received here, C. G. Sheely, the former well known Lincoln contractor, who recently confessed to having bribed two county commissioners of Weld county, Colorado, on the award of some bridge contracts, will have to go to prison, the supreme court having denied his application for a stay of execution.

ANTI-GIFT LAW LITIGATION

County Attorney Wins First Round in Case at Hastings.

Hastings, Neb., July 2.—County Attorney Hartigan has won the first round in the litigation to enforce the anti-gift enterprise law, prohibiting the giving of premium stamps, premiums or prizes with merchandise. In the suit started by him against Sperry, Hutchinson & Co., a trading stamp firm, over a year ago, the defendants filed a demurrer, which was argued some months ago. Judge Dunagan of the district court has given a decision overruling the demurrer as to all points in the controversy except the one charging Sperry, Hutchinson & Co. and Stein Bros. Co. of this city with entering into an illegal combination. Mr. Hartigan says the vital issues remain and he will move for immediate trial of the case on its merits when court reconvenes on Aug. 26.

Wheat Harvesters Busy.

Hastings, Neb., July 2.—The wheat harvest is in full swing in the South Platte section. There will be a strong demand for help in practically all of the winter wheat counties. The yield in Adams and adjoining counties is expected to be above normal, and the fields that showed signs of burning some weeks ago are now the best of all.

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 testate 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.

ATTENTION.

We have recently completed our hay shed, with a capacity of from two to three cars, and will be able and ready at all times to furnish the best hay at the lowest prices consistent with the quality. Just at this time we have part of a car which we have just finished unloading of nice, bright, choice Up-land Hay from the Loup river country, the quality of which cannot be beat, and we are pricing this at \$20 per ton at the shed. Come and supply your wants while it lasts, as it will not hold out long at this money.

CEDAR CREEK LUMBER CO.
6-20-wkly-4t.

TORNADO -INSURANCE-

Summer colds are hard to get rid of, and frequently leads to asthma, bronchitis and hay fever. Do not let your cold get a hold on you, but use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for quick relief. W. H. Allen, Shelsea, Wis., says: "We prefer Foley's Honey and Tar Compound to other cough medicines because it quickly cures coughs and colds. It will ward off a cold if taken in time." Contains no opiates. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

INSURE NOW!

Tornado in Missouri June 15th, thirty lives lost and thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed. Great loss of property in many parts of the country already this season.

Fire can be guarded against and fought. You can build dykes to keep water within bounds. A tornado NEVER gives warning. You cannot guard against it. You cannot fight it when it comes. You cannot move your property out of its path. Be on the safe side and take out tornado insurance at once. Insurance can be furnished at a cost too low for the owner of property to take any chances.

Call, write or phone this office for particulars. Office phone 98; residence No. 20.

WINDHAM

Investment and Loan Co.