



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 XV. They Twain.

EVEN as we were putting together our small belongings for the resumption of our journey I looked up and saw what I took to be a wolf stalking along in the grass near the edge of our encampment. I would have shot it, but reflected that I must not waste a shot on wolves. Advancing closer toward it, as something about its motions attracted me, I saw it was a dog. It would not allow me to approach, but as Ellen came it lay down in the grass, and she got close to it.

"It is sick," she said, "or hurt," and she tossed it a bone.

"Quick," I called out to her, "get it! Tame it. It is worth more than riches to us, that dog."

So she, coaxing it, at last got her hands upon its head, though it would not wag its tail or make any sign of friendship. It was a wolfish mongrel Indian dog. One side of its head was cut or crushed, and it seemed that possibly some squaw had struck it with intent perhaps to put it into the kettle, but with aim so bad that the victim had escaped.

To savage man a dog is of nearly as much use as a horse. Now we had a horse and a dog and food and weapons and shelter. It was time we should depart, and we now were well equipped to travel. But whither?

"It seems to me," said I, "that our safest plan is to keep away from the Platte, where the Indians are more apt to be. If we keep west until we reach the mountains we certainly will be above Laramie, and then if we follow south along the mountains we must strike the Platte again and so find Laramie, if we do not meet any one before that time." It may be seen how vague was my geography in regard to a region then little known to any.

"My father will have out the whole army looking for us," said Ellen Meriwether. "We may be found any day."

But for many a day we were not found. We traveled westward day after day, she upon the horse, I walking with the dog. We had a rude travois, which we forced our horse to draw, and our little belongings we carried in a leathern bag slung between two lodge poles. The dog we did not yet load, although the rubbed hair on his shoulders showed that he was used to harness.

At times on these high rolling plains we saw the buffalo, and when our dried meat ran low I paused for food, not daring to risk waste of our scanty ammunition at such hard game as antelope. Once I lay at a path near a water hole in the pocket of a half dried stream and killed two buffalo cows. Here was abundant work for more than two days cutting, drying, scraping, feasting. Life began to run keen in our veins in spite of all. I heard her sing that day, saw her smile. Now our worldly goods were increasing, so I cut down two lodge poles and made a little travois for the dog. We had hides enough now for a small tent, needing only sufficient poles.

"Soon," said she to me, "we will be at Laramie."

"Pray God," said I to myself, "that we never may see Laramie!" I have said that I would set down the truth. And this is the truth. I was becoming a savage. I truly wanted nothing bet-

ter. I think this might happen to many a man, at least of that day. We forded several streams, one a large one, which I now think must have been the North Platte, but no river ran as we fancied the Platte must run. So we kept on until we came one day to a spot whence we saw something low and unmoving and purple far off in the northwest. This we studied and so at length saw that it was the mountains. At last our journeying would change at least, perhaps terminate ere long. A few more days would bring us within touch of this distant range, which, as I suppose now, might possibly have been a spur of what then were still called the Black Hills, a name which applied to several ranges far to the west and south of the mountains now so called, or perhaps these were peaks of the mountains later called the Laramie range.

Then came a thing hard for us to bear. Our horse, hobbled, as usual, for the night and, moreover, picketed on a long rope I had made from buffalo hides, managed some time in the night to break his hobbles and in some way to pull loose the picket pin. When we saw that he was gone we looked at each other blankly.

"What shall we do?" she asked me in horror. For the first time I saw her sit down in despair. "We are lost! What shall we do?" she wailed.

I trailed the missing horse for many miles, but could only tell he was going steadily, lined out for some distant point. I dared not pursue him farther and leave her behind. An hour after noon I returned and sullenly threw myself on the ground beside her at our little bivouac. I could not bear to think of her being reduced to foot travel over all these cruel miles. Yet indeed it now must come to that.

"We have the dog," said I at length. "We can carry a robe and a little meat and walk slowly. I can carry a hundred pound pack if I need be, and the dog can take twenty-five!"

"And I can carry something," she said, rising with her old courage. "It is my part." I made her a pack of ten pounds, and, soon seeing that it was too heavy, I took it from her and threw it on my own.

"At least I shall carry the belt," she said. And so she took my belt, with its flask and bullet pouch, the latter now all too scantily filled.

Thus, sore at heart and somewhat weary, we struggled on through that afternoon and sank down beside a little water hole. And that night when I reached to her for my belt that we might again make our fire she went pale and cried aloud that she had lost it and that now indeed we must die!

I could hardly comfort her by telling her that on the morrow I would certainly find it. I knew that in case I did not our plight indeed was serious. She wept that night—wept like a child, starting and moaning often in her sleep. That night for the first time I took her in my arms and tried to comfort her. I, being now a savage, prayed to the Great Spirit, the Mystery, that my own blood might not be as water, that my heart might be strong—the old savage prayers of primitive man brought face to face with nature.

When morning came I told her I must go back on the trail. "See, now, what this dog has done for us," I said. "The scratches on the ground of his little travois poles will make a trail easy to be followed. I must take him with me and run back the trail. For you, stay here by the water, and, no matter what your fears, do not move from here in any case, even if I should not be back by night."

"But what if you should not come back?" she said, her terror showing in her eyes.

"But I will come back," I replied. "I will never leave you. I would rise from my grave to come back to you. But the time has not yet come to lie down and die. Be strong. We shall yet be safe."

So I was obliged to turn and leave her sitting alone there, the gray sweep of the merciless plains all about her. The dog was our savior. Without his nose I could not have traced out the little travois trail, but he, seeing what was needed and finding me nosing along and doubling back and seeking on the hard ground, seemed to know what was required or perhaps himself thought to go back to some old camp for food. So presently he trotted along, his ears up, his nose straight ahead, and I, a savage, depended upon a creature still a little lower in the order of life, and that creature proved a faithful servant.

We went on at a swinging walk or trot or lope, as the ground said, and ate up the distance at twice the speed we had used the day before. In a couple of hours I was close to where she had taken the belt, and so at last I saw the

dog drop his nose and sniff. There were the missing riches, priceless beyond gold—the little leaden balls, the powder, dry in its horn; the little rolls of tow, the knife swung at the girdle; I knelt down there on the sand. I, John Cowles, once civilized and now heathen, and I raised my frayed and ragged hands toward the Mystery and begged that I might be forever free of the great crime of thanklessness. Then, laughing at the dog and loping on tireless as when I was a boy, I ran as though sickness and weakness had never been mine and presently came back to the place where I had left her.

She saw me coming. She ran out to meet me, holding out her arms—I say she came holding out her arms to me.

"Sit down here by my side," I commanded her. "I must talk to you. I will—I will."

"Do not," she implored. "Ah, what shall I do! You are not fair!"

But I took her hands in mine. "I can endure it no longer," I said. "I will not endure it."

She looked at me with her eyes wide, looked me full in the face with such a gaze as I have never seen on any woman's face.

"I love you," I said to her. "I have never loved any one else. I can never love any one again but you." I say that I, John Cowles, had at that moment utterly forgotten all of life and all of the world except this then and there. "I love you!" I said over and over again to her.

She pushed away my arm. "They are all the same," she said as though to herself.

"Yes, all the same," I said. "There is no man who would not love you, here or anywhere."

"To how many have you said that?" she asked me, frowning.

"To some," I said to her honestly. "But it was never thus."

She curled her lip, scornful of the truth which she had asked now that she had it. "And if any other woman were here it would be the same. It is because I am here, because we are alone, because I am a woman—ah, that is neither wise nor brave nor good of you!"

"That is not true. Were it any other woman, yes, what you say might be true in one way. But I love you not because you are a woman. It is because you are Ellen. You would be the only woman in the world, no matter where we were nor how many were about us. Though I could choose from all the world, it would be the same."

"It is the old story," she sighed.

"Yes, the old story," I said. "It is the same story, the old one. There are the witnesses, the hills, the sky."

"You seem to have thought of such things," she said to me slowly. "I have not thought. I have simply lived along, enjoying life, not thinking. Do we love because we are but creatures? I cannot be loved so—I will not be! I will not submit that what I have sometimes dreamed shall be so narrow as this. John Cowles, a woman must be loved for herself, not for her sex, by some one who is a man, but who is beside!"

"Oh, I have said all that. I loved you the first time I saw you—the first time, there at the dance."

"And forgot and cared for another girl the next day." She argued that all over again.

"That other girl was you," I once more reiterated.

"And again you forgot me?"

"And again what made me forget you was yourself. Each time you were that other girl, that other woman. Each time I have seen you you have been different, and each time I have loved you over again. Each day I see you now you are different, Ellen, and each day I love you more. How many times shall I solve this same problem and come to the same answer. I tell you the thing is ended and done for me."

"It is easy to think so here, with only the hills and skies to see and hear."

"No; it would be the same," I said. "It is not because of that."

"It is not because I am in your power?" she said. She turned and faced me, her hands on my shoulders, looking me full in the eye. The act a brave one.

"Because I am in your power, John Cowles?" she asked. "Because by accident you have learned that I am a comely woman, as you are a strong man, normal, because I am fit to love, not ill to look at? Because a cruel accident has put me where my name is jeopardized forever—in a situation out of which I can never, never come clean again—is that why? Do you figure that I am a woman because you are a man? Is that why? Is it because you know I am human and young and fit for love? Ah, I know that as well as you. But I am in your hands; I am in your power. That is why I say, John Cowles, that you must try to think, that you must do nothing which shall make me hate you or make you hate yourself."

"I thought you missed me when I was gone," I murmured faintly.

"I did miss you," she said. "The world seemed ended for me. I needed you, I wanted you"—I turned toward her swiftly. "Wanted me?"

"I was glad to see you come back. While you were gone I thought, yes, you have been brave, and you have been kind, and you have been strong. Now, I am only asking you still to be brave and kind and strong."

"But do you love me, will you love me—can you?"

"Because we are here," she said, "I will not answer. What is right, John Cowles, that we should do."

Woman is strongest when armored in her own weakness. My hands fell to

the ground beside me. I shuddered. I could not smile without my mouth going crooked, I fear. But at last I smiled as best I could, and I said to her, "Ellen! Ellen!" That was all I could find to say.

(To Be Continued.)

MAKING BIG HIT AT LONDON THEATRE

Arthur Helps, Formerly of This City, Visits Plattsburgh Girl While in London.

Arthur Helps, formerly a merchant of this city, now a resident of Long Beach, California, en route from London, England, to his home, accompanied by his wife, are visiting friends in the city. While in London Mr. Helps and wife went to the Globe theater to see "The Pink Lady," in which Miss Alice Dovey of Plattsburgh plays a very important part.

Mr. Helps noted that Miss Dovey was very popular with her London audience and her acting and singing is much superior to that of the leading lady in the company. Her voice has retained its smoothness, richness and sweetness of tone and her audiences were enthusiastic in their applause whenever Miss Dovey appeared upon the stage. Her friends in this city are much pleased to note her success and are not at all surprised that she should take her English audiences by storm.

Dysentery is always serious and often a dangerous disease, but it can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has cure it even when malignant and epidemic. For sale by E. G. Fricke & Co.

Landed Valuable Timbers.

Charles McCauley and Floyd Kuhney yesterday afternoon landed several dollars' worth of valuable timber which came floating down the river. The landing was effected below the bridge. The timbers were fastened together and an ax was lying on the raft. There were 29 timbers 12x18 inches and about 16 feet long. Some days ago Charley caught a row-boat floating down the river and brought it in and chained it to a tree. Today he had the pleasure of turning the boat over to the owner, who, with a large raft, floated down the river from Folsom, where he had been at work on the dike. Charley received 20 per cent of the value of the boat as salvage. The owner, with his raft, expected to drift down the river 75 miles below Kansas City.

L. F. Langhorst Here.

From Tuesday's Daily. We were most agreeably surprised this morning when our good friend, L. F. Langhorst, the merchant prince of Elmwood, stepped in upon us. And we don't know of anyone we could give a more cordial greeting. Lou is full of energy and hustle and his great success in mercantile pursuits is due to the fact that he possesses the qualities and is genial in manner of doing business. Mr. Langhorst has one of the largest department stores in Cass county, and we seriously doubt there being an establishment of its character in the county that carries a larger stock of goods. He is one of the best men in Cass county, and we are pleased to note his prosperity. He anted over and was accompanied by Mrs. Langhorst.

Finds the Coin.

Asbury Jacks, while promenading near the Japanese concession this morning, with eyes cast on the pavement, happened upon a piece of bronze money, which he says the owner may have by proving the property. Asbury is an honest man. Many fellows would have pocketed the coin and said nothing about it, but not Asbury, as he was raised different. It is not his fault that he is so honest, but having been raised by honest parents, he cannot help it.

Cuts Finger Off.

While operating a circular saw Monday evening at his home, Anton Svoboda had the misfortune to get the index finger of his right hand too close to the teeth of the saw and it was drawn under it and completely severed. A physician was summoned and the injury dressed and the hand made as comfortable as possible. Anton will have a few days' enforced rest.

Injured Hand With Hammer. Anton Peterson, carpenter in the coach shop, had the misfortune to make a mislick Monday morning, striking his finger a blow with the hammer instead of the nail aimed at. Anton sought the surgeon's office and had the injured finger dressed and was directed to take a few days' lay-off until the injury recovered.

Injured Hand at Shops. Al Reinackel, who works on the rip track, had the misfortune last evening to get his fingers in to close touch with the emery wheel and it only took a second's time to grind off considerable skin and flesh. He went to the surgeon at once and had his injuries dressed. Al will lay off for a few days.

Elmwood Lawyer Here. Attorney William DellesDernier of Elmwood arrived in the county seat from Omaha last evening and put up for the night, expecting to attend the carnival during last evening and look after some professional business today.

Miss Gladys Steinhauser returned last evening on the Missouri Pacific from Dunbar, Neb., where she visited over Sunday with her friend, Miss Mary Gorton.

A. J. Kanka was a passenger to Omaha on the fast mail this afternoon.

Some of the Bargains that can be found AT THE STORE OF A. G. BACH & CO.

on Seasonable Necessities

| | |
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| 16 pounds of granulated sugar for..... | \$1.00 |
| 48 pound sack Plainsifter or Diamond Patent flour | \$1.40 |
| Forest Rose, Jersey Cream or Premium Patent... | \$1.50 |
| Fruit Jars, pints, per dozen..... | 50c |
| Fruit Jars, quarts, per dozen..... | 60c |
| Fruit Jars, half-gallon, per dozen..... | 75c |
| 3 cans of good sweet corn for..... | 25c |
| 8 bars of Diamond "C" Lenox or White Russian Soap for..... | 25c |
| 6 bars of good white Laundry Soap for..... | 25c |

at Main Street or South Park Stores Telephone orders receive Prompt Attention.

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You'd better make your plans this week to get some of the exceptionally good things we're offering for your benefit and if you're wise you won't wait very long about it either.

A big out-clearing sale of good clothes; at big price reductions; a clean-cut, straight forward sale of high-grade goods, backed by this store of quality; with the same service and satisfaction, guaranteed as if the prices hadn't been changed:—

100 Hart, Schaffner & Marx Suits including Worsteds in fancy Blue Serges, neat gray, tan and brown effects, in sizes from 33 to 42—regular prices from \$20 to \$30. Divided into two lots— Now \$10 and \$14

25 Society Brand Suits, including grays, tans, browns, and two-piece Blue Serges—regular prices from \$20 to \$30. Divided into three lots— Now \$10, \$14 and \$18

25 Micheals, Stern & Co. Suits, mostly grays and tans—regular prices \$15 to \$25. Divided into two lots— Now \$10 and \$14

High-Grade Shirts, made by Ferguson-McKinney and Wilson Bros., in sizes from 14 to 17½—regular prices \$1.25 and \$1.50— Now 75c Each

Gordon and Everwear Sox in sizes from 9½ to 11½—regular prices 25 and 50c —Now 3 Pairs for 50c

This store will close at 6 p. m. during the rest of July and August. Open until 10 p. m. Saturday nights, pay day and the night following.

Falter & Thierolf MAKE GIVING CLOTHES Manhattan Shirts Stetson Hats