



THE WAY OF A MAN

By EMERSON HOUGH

Copyright, 1907, by the Ouling Publishing Company

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 XX.

The Uncovering of Gordon Orme.

It is not necessary for me to state that dinner in the Sheraton hall, with its dull mahogany and its shining silver and glass, was barely better than a nightmare to me, who should have been most happy. At least there remained the topics of politics and war, and never was I more glad to plunge into such matters than upon that evening. In some way the dinner hour passed. Miss Grace pleaded a headache and left us, my mother asked leave, and presently our hostess



I Saw Him Plainly. It Was Gordon Orme!

and host departed. Harry and I remained to stare at each other moodily. I admit I was blind when finally he announced his intention of returning. A servant showed me my own room. My restlessness grew upon me so that, some time past midnight, not having made an attempt to prepare for sleep, I arose, went quietly down the stair and out at the front door, to see if I could find more peace in the open air. By this time every one of the household had retired. I was surprised, therefore, when I saw a faint streak of light from one of the windows dash out across the lawn. Not wishing to intrude, I changed my position. Almost at that instant I saw the figure of a man appear from the shrubbery and walk directly toward the house, apparently headed for the window from which emerged the light. I watched him advance, and when I saw him reach the heavily barred trellis which ran up to the second gallery, I felt confirmed in my suspicion that he was a burglar. Approaching carefully in the shadow, I made a rapid run at him, and as his head was turned at the time, managed to catch him about the neck by an arm. His face, thus thrown back, was illuminated by the flare of light. I saw him plainly. It was Gordon Orme!

ened my grip upon him in so fell a fashion that all his arts in wrestling could avail him nothing. I had caught him from behind, and now I held him with a hand on each of his arms above the elbow. No man could escape me when I had that hold.

He did not speak, but struggled silently with all his power. At length he relaxed a trifle. I stood close to him, slipped my left arm under his left along his back, and caught his right arm in my left hand. Then I took from his pocket a pistol which I put into my own. I felt in his clothing and finally discovered a knife, hidden in a scabbard at the back of his neck. I drew it out—a long bladed, ivory thing I found it later, with gold left into the hilt and woven into the steel.

He eased himself in my grip as much as he could, waiting, as I knew, for his chance to twist and grapple with me. I could feel him breathing deeply and easily, resting, waiting for his time, using his brains to aid his body with perfect deliberation.

"It's no use, Orme," I said to him. "I can wring your neck or break your back or twist your arms off, and I've a notion to do them all. If you make any attempt to get away I'm going to kill you. Now come along."

I shoved him ahead of me, his arms pinioned, until we found a seat far away in a dark portion of the great front yard. Here I pushed him down and took the other end of the seat, covering him with his own pistol.

"Now," I demanded, "tell me what you are doing here."

"You have your privilege at guessing," he sneered in his easy, mocking way. "Have you never taken a little adventure of this sort yourself?"

"In Virginia we keep the shotgun for men who prowl around houses at night," I said. "What are you doing here?"

"You have no right to ask. It is not your house."

"There was a light," said I. "For that reason I have a right to ask. I am a guest, and a guest has duties as well as a host."

"If I give you parole," he asked, "will you believe me and let us talk freely?"

"Yes," said I slowly. "You are a liar, but I do not think you will break parole."

I threw the pistol on the seat between us. "What is it you want to know?" I asked. "And again I ask you why are you here when you are supposed to be in South Carolina?"

"I have business here. You cost me my chance out there in the west," he answered slowly. "In turn I cost you your chance there. I shall cost you other things here. I said you should pay my debt." He motioned toward my neck with his slim finger.

"Yes, you saved my life," I said, "and I have hated you for that ever since."

"Will you make me one promise?" "Perhaps, but not in advance." "And will you keep it?" "If I make it."

"Will you promise me to do one thing you have already promised to do?"

"Orme, I am in no mood to sit here and gossip like an old woman."

"Oh, don't act ugly. You're done out of it all around, in any case. Belknap, it seems, was to beat both you and me. Then why should not you and I try to forget? But now as to this little promise. I was only going to ask you to do as much as Belknap, or less."

"Very well, then."

"I want you to promise to marry Grace Sheraton."

Let me say that I can exchange my personality. The Jews used to say that men of certain mentality were possessed of a devil. I only say that I was a student in India. One phrase is good as another. The Swami Hamadatta was my teacher. I am a raja yogi. I have taken the eight mystic steps. For years even here in this country I have kept up the sacred exercises of breath, of posture, of thought.

"All that means nothing to me," I said.

"No; it means nothing for me to tell you that I have learned Yama, Niyama, Assana, Pranayama, Pratyahara, Dharana, Dyhana and Samadhi. Yes, I was something of an adept once. I learned calm, meditation, contemplation, introspection, superconscious reasoning—how to cast my own mind to a distance, how to bring other minds close up to me. But"—he smiled with all his old mockery—"mostly I failed on Pratyahara, which says the senses must be quelled, subdued and set aside. All religions are alike to me, but they must not intrude on my own religion. I'd liefer die than not enjoy. My religion, I say, is to play the great games—to adventure and above all to enjoy. That is why I am in this country, also why I am in these grounds tonight."

"You are playing some deeper game than I know?"

"I always am. How could you be expected to understand what it took me years to learn? But I suppose in your case you need a few practical and concrete proofs. Let me show you a few things. Here, put your hand on my heart."

I obeyed. "You feel it beat?" he said. "Now it stops beating, does it not?" And as I live, it had stopped!

"Feel on the opposite side," he commanded. I did so, and there was his heart, clear across his body, and beating as before! "Now I shall stop it again," he remarked, calmly. And I swear it did stop, and resumed when he liked!

"Put your hand upon my abdomen," he said. I did so. All at once his body seemed thin and empty, as a spent cocoon.

"I draw all the organs into the thorax," he explained. "When one has studied under the Swami, as I have, he gains control over all his different muscles, voluntary and involuntary. He can, to a great extent, cut off or increase the nerve force in any muscle. Simple tricks in magic become easy to him. He gains, as you may suppose, a certain influence over men, and more especially over women, if that be a part of his religion. It was not with the Swami. It is with me!"

"You are a strange man, Orme," I said, drawing a long breath. "The most dangerous man, the most singular, the most immoral I ever knew."

"No," he said, reaching for his cigar case. "I was only born without what you call morals. They are not necessary in abstruse thought. Yet in some ways I retain the old influences of my own country. For instance, I lie as readily as I speak the truth, because it is more convenient; but though I am a liar, I do not break my word of honor. I am a renegade, but I am still an English officer! You have caught that distinction."

"Yes, I would trust you," I said, "if you gave me your word of honor."

He turned full upon me. "By Jove, old chap," he said, with a queer note in his voice, "you touch me awfully close. You're like men of my own family—you stir something in me that I used to know. The word of a fighting man—that's the same for yours and mine, and that's why I've always admired you. That's the sort of man that wins with the best sort of women."

"You were not worth the best sort of woman," I said to him. "You had no chance with Ellen Meriwether."

"No, but at least every fellow is worth his own fight with himself. I wanted to be a gentleman once more. Oh, a man may mate with a woman of any color. He does all over the world. He may find a mistress in any nationality of his own color or a wife in any class similar to his own. He does all over the world. But a sweetheart and a wife and a woman—when a fellow even like myself finds himself honestly gone like that—when he begins to fight inside himself, old India against old England, renegade against gentleman—I say that's awfully bitter—when he sees the other fellow win. You won!"

"No," said I, "I did not win. You know that perfectly well. There is no way in the world that I can win. All I can do is to keep parole—well, with myself, I suppose."

"You touch me awfully close," he mused again. "You play big and fair. You're a fighting man and a gentleman and—excuse me, but it's true—an awful ass all in one. You're such an ass I almost hesitate to play the game with you."

"Thank you," said I. "But now take a very stupid fellow's advice. Leave this country and don't be seen about here again, for if so you will be killed."

"Precisely," he admitted. "In fact, I was just intending to arrange a permanent departure. That was why I was asking you to promise me to—in short, to keep your own promise. There's going to be war next spring. The dreams of this strange new man Lincoln, out in the west, are going to come true. There will be catastrophes here. That is why I am here. War, one of the greatest games, is something that one must sometimes cross the globe to play. I will be here to have a hand in this one."

"You have had much of a hand in it already," I hazarded. He smiled frankly.

"Yes," he said, "one must live. I admit I have been what you call a secret agent. There is much money behind me, big politics, big commercial

interests. I love the big games, and my game and my task, my duty to my masters, has been to split this country along a clean line from east to west, from ocean to ocean, to make two countries of it. You will see that happen, my friend."

"No one will ever see it happen," I said to him soberly.

"Under which flag, then, for you?" he asked quickly.

"The flag you saw on the frontier, Orme," I answered him. "That is the flag of America and will be. The frontier is free. It will make America free forever."

"Oh, well," he said, "the argument will be obvious enough by next spring—in April, I should guess. And whatever you or I may think the game will be big, very big—the biggest until you have your real war between black and white and your yet bigger one between yellow and white. I imagine old England will be in that with you or with one of you if you make two countries here. But I may be a wandering Jew on some other planet before that time."

He sat for a time, his chin dropped on his breast. Finally he reached me his hand.

"Let me go," he said. "I promise you to leave."

"To leave the state?"

"No, I will not promise that."

"To leave the county?"

"Yes, unless war should bring me here in the course of my duty. But I will promise to leave this town, this residence, this girl—in short, I must do that. And you are such an ass that I was going to ask you to promise to keep your promise—up there," He motioned toward the window where the light lately had been.

"You do not ask that now?" I queried.

"You are a fighting man," he said suddenly. "Let all these questions answer themselves when their time comes. After all, I suppose a woman is a woman in the greatest of the games, and one takes one's chances. Suppose we leave the debt unsettled until we meet some time? You know, you may be claiming debt of me."

"Will you be ready?" I asked him.

"Always. You know that. Now, may I go? Is my parole ended?"

"It ends at the gate," I said to him and handed him his pistol. The knife I retained, forgetfully, but when I turned to offer it to him he was gone.

(To Be Continued.)

YOUR BUSINESS SENSE AND YOUR "TRADING" APPETITE OUGHT TO BE WHETTED BY THIS OFFERING—GOOD CLOTHES FOR A WHOLE LOT LESS THAN YOU'VE EVER BOUGHT THEM BEFORE. IT'S A CLEARANCE PLANNED ALONG THE LINES THAT HAVE MADE THIS STORE A POPULAR TRADING PLACE.

Not a Suit Worth Less than \$20.00

and most of them worth \$22.50, \$25, \$27.50 and \$30; now \$10, \$14, and \$18. Hart Schaffner & Marx, and Alfred Decker & Cohn made the most of them.

Any Straw Hat in the house for HALF PRICE.

Falter & Thieroff
Manhattan Shirts Stetson Hats

SUDDEN DEATH OF JAMES MRASEK

Has Resided in Plattsmouth for Thirty Years and Was Born in Bohemia.

From Saturday's Daily. James Mrasek, who for thirty years has been a resident of Wintersteen Hill, in Plattsmouth, died suddenly yesterday afternoon at his home on South First street. He was born in Bohemia about fifty-nine years ago and came to America when a young man and settled in Plattsmouth. He was married in Europe.

RINGLING BRO.'S IMMENSE CIRCUS

Great Spectacle of "Joan of Arc" Has Been Added to Their Great Show.

From Saturday's Daily. Ringling Brothers' circus and newly added \$500,000 spectacle of "Joan of Arc," will exhibit in Omaha Friday, August 9. The spectacle in itself is an attraction that should bring thousands of visitors from the surrounding country. It is beyond question the greatest production of its kind ever seen in America.

STATE FAIR.

The Nebraska State Fair, September 2-6, would not seem natural without the great Liberatori Military band and Grand Opera Concert company in their daily concerts. This band is without doubt the peer of any like organization in the United States and music lovers look forward with delight to the rendition of favorite acts from Il Trovatore, Lucia, Cavalleria Rusticana, Rigoletto, Faust, Carmen and other popular operas.

STATE FAIR SEPT. 2 TO 6 1912

LINCOLN

Aeroplane Flights DAILY

THE ENTIRE CHEYENNE (WYO.)

"Frontier Days" Show

Liberati's Band & Grand Opera Co

\$13,000 IN RACES

WORTHAM & ALLEN SHOWS

VAUDEVILLE NIGHT RACES FIREWORKS

HE CELEBRATES HIS COUNTRY'S HOLIDAY

From Saturday's Daily. While celebrating an Austrian holiday yesterday at Louisville, Louie Miller, an Austrian native, filled up on Nebraska brewed corn juice and carved right and left with his trusty jack-knife. He first made a dash at Joe Schmarder with his knife drawn and threatened to kill him. Joe was not ready to die, as the call came suddenly and his business was not in shape for that, and he made his getaway quick. City Marshal Cam Seybert accosted Miller, who drew his knife and slashed the officer on the arm, but was overpowered before he could do further injury. Sheriff Quinton was summoned at once and he went to Louisville and brought Miller in and lodged him in the county jail. Complaint was filed this afternoon against the accused man and a preliminary hearing will probably be held Monday.

Cut the Weeds.

I hereby wish to call the attention of all farmers in Road District No. 27 that according to the new law, they are compelled to cut the weeds along their road or the same will be cut by the road overseer and charged up in taxes to land adjacent. Also, that all weeds must be cut on or before August 15th, or I will be compelled to comply with the law.

Walter Byers, Overseer.
7-29-4twkly

Acorn Brand Waists, one of the best on the market, worth from \$1.50 to \$5.00. Summer Clearance Sale price, 75c to \$3.50.

E. G. DOVEY & SON.

NOTICE!

Just received on track, car of extra choice Midland Hay from the Loup river country, and while it lasts we will sell it at \$16.00 per ton. This is a hay of excellent color, fine quality, at the very low price of \$16.00 per ton from our hay shed. Come and supply your wants before it is all gone.

Cedar Creek Lumber Co., Cedar Creek, Neb.