



THE WAY OF A MAN

By EMERSON HOUGH

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Griffin of our regulars advance take this height against the steadily thickening line of the Confederates, who had now had full time to concentrate. There came a hot cavalry charge upon the zouave regiment on my left, and I saw the zouaves lie down in the woods and melt the line of that charge with their fire and save the battery for a time. Then in turn I saw that blunder by which the battery commander allowed Cummins' men—the Thirty-third Virginia, I think it was—deliberately to march within stone's throw of them, mistaken for Federal troops. I saw them pour a volley at short range into the guns, which wiped out their handlers and let through the charging lines now converging rapidly upon us. Then, though it was but my first battle, I knew that our movement must fail, that our extended line, lying upon nothing, supported by nothing, must roll back in retreat along a rough road, where the horses and guns would mow us down. Stuart's men came on, riding through us as we broke. When the Louisiana Tigers came through our remnants as well.

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 XXIV.

The Reckoning.

SO it was war. We drew apart into hostile camps. By mid-winter South Carolina, Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Texas, had withdrawn from the Union. There arose two capitals, each claiming a government, each planning war—Washington and Richmond. As for me, I had seen the flag on our far frontiers in wide, free lands. It was a time when each must choose for himself. I knew with whom my own lot must be cast. I pledged myself to follow the flag of the frontier, wherever it might go.

When the gun of Sumter came on that sad day of April I was ready with a company of volunteers who had known some months of drill at least and who had been good enough to elect me for their captain. Most of my men came from the mountains of western Virginia. I heard remotely that Colonel Meriwether would not join the Confederacy. Both the Sheratons, the old colonel and his son Harry were, of course, for the south, and early in January they both left home for Richmond. On the other hand, again, our friend Captain Stevenson stood for the Federal government, and so I heard also indirectly, did young Belknap of the Ninth dragoons, regulars, a gallant boy who swiftly reached distinction, and died a gallant man's death at Shiloh later on.

My mother, all for peace, wept when she saw me in uniform and belt. "See," she said, "we freed our slaves long ago. We thought as the north thinks. This war is not for the Society of Friends." But she saw my father's blood in me again and sighed. "Go, then," she said. All over the country, north and south, came the same sighed consent of the women. "Go, then." And so we went out to kill each other, we who should all have been brothers. None of us would listen. The armies formed, facing each other on Virginia soil. Soon in our trampled fields and broken herds and ruined crops, in our desolated homes and hearts, we brothers in America learned the significance of war.

My men, most of them young fellows used to horse and arms, were brigaded as infantry with one of the four divisions of McDowell's men, who converged along different lines toward Fairfax.

It was not until the 20th of July that our leaders determined upon a flanking movement to our right, which was to cross Bull Run at the Sudley ford. Even so, we dallied along until every one knew our plans. Back of us the battle opened on the following day, a regiment at a time, with no concert, no plan. My men were with this right wing, which made the turning movement, but four brigades in all. Four other brigades, those of Howard, Burnside, Keyes and Schenck, were lost somewhere to the rear of us. Finally we crossed and reached the left flank of the Confederates under Beauregard, and swung south along Bull Run. Our attack was scattering and ill planned, but by 3 o'clock of the next day we were in the thickest of the fighting around the slope which led up to the Henry house, back of which lay the Confederate headquarters.

I saw the batteries of Rickett and

Wishing nothing so much as to kill his own rival, he came each time with his ears back and his mouth open, wicked in the old blood lust that I knew. It was the fury of his horse that saved me, I suppose, for as that mad beast bored in, striving to overthrow my own horse, the latter



My Blade Met His With a Shock.

would flinch away in spite of all I could do, so that I needed to give him small attention when we met in these short, desperate charges. I escaped with nothing more than a rip across the shoulder, a touch on the cheek, on the arm, where his point reached me lightly as my horse swerved away from the encounters. I could not reach Orme at all.

At last, I know not how, we clashed front on, and his horse bore mine back, with a scream fastening his teeth in the crest of my mount, as a dog seizes his prey. I saw Orme's sword turn lightly, easily again around his head, saw his wrist turn gently, smoothly down and extend in a cut which was aimed to catch me full across the head. There was no parry I could think but the full counter in kind. My blade met his with a shock that jarred my arm to the shoulder.

I saw him give back, pull off his mud horse and look at his hand, where his own sword was broken off a foot above the hilt. Smiling, he saluted with it, reigning back his horse and no more afraid of me than if I were a child. He saluted again with his broken sword and made as though to toss it from him, as indeed he did. Then like a flash his hand dropped to his holster.

I read his thought, I presume, when he made his second salute. His motion of tossing away the sword hilt gave me the fraction of time which sometimes is the difference between life and death. Our fire was almost at the same instant, but not quite. His bullet cut the epaulet clean from my left shoulder, but he did not fire again, nor did I. I saw him straighten up in his saddle, precisely as I had once seen an Indian chieftain do under Orme's own fire. He looked at me with a startled expression on his face.

At that moment there came from the edge of the woods the crack of a musket. The great horse Satan pitched his head forward and dropped limp, sinking to his knees. As he rolled he caught his rider under him. I myself sprang down, shouting out some command toward the edge of the wood, that they should leave this man to me. I stooped and caught hold of the hind leg of the great black horse, and even as I had once turned a dead bull, so now I turned this carcass on its back. I picked up the fallen rider and carried him to the woods, and there I propped his body against a tree.

"Thank you, old man," he said, "the horse was decidedly heavy—spoiled that leg, I think." He pointed to his boot. "I suffer badly. Be a good fellow and end it."

I answered him by tossing down one of his own pistols.

"Let's talk it over a bit first," he said. "I'm done. Did you ever know me to break parole?"

"No," said I, and I threw down the other weapon on the ground. "In mercy to us both, Orme, die. I do not want to kill you now, and you shall not live."

"I'm safe enough," he said. "It's through the liver and stomach. I can't possibly get over it."

He stared straight ahead of him as though summoning his will. "Swami!" I heard him mutter, as though addressing some one.

"There, that's better," he said finally. He sat almost erect, smiling at me. "It is Asana, the art of posture."

he said. "I rest my body on my ribs, my soul on the air. Feel my heart."

I did so and drew away my hand almost in terror. It stopped beating at his will and began again! His uncanny art was still under his control!

"I shall be master here for a little while," he said. "So—I move those hurt organs to ease the flow. But I can't stop the holes nor mend them. We can't get at the tissues to sew them fast. After a while I shall die."

He spoke clearly, with utter calmness, dispassionately.

I looked down at a strange, fascinating soul, a fearsome personality, whose like I never knew in all my life.

"Will you make me a promise?" he said, smiling at me, mocking at me. "No," I answered.

"I was going to ask you after my death to take my heart and send it back to my people at Orme castle, Gordon Arms, in England—you know where. It would be a kindness to the family." I gazed at him in a sort of horror, but he smiled and went on. "We're medieval today as ever we were. Some of us are always making trouble, one corner or the other of the world, and until the last Gordon heart comes home to rest there's no peace for that generation. Hundreds of years they've traveled all over the world and been lost and stolen and hidden. My father's is lost now somewhere. Had it come back home to rest my own life might have been different. I say, Cowles, couldn't you do that for me?"

It is not for me to say whether or not I made a promise to Gordon Orme or to say whether or not things medieval or occult belong with us today. Neither do I expect many to believe the strange truth about Gordon Orme. I only say it is hard to deny those about to die.

"Orme," I said, "I wish you had laid out your life differently. You are a wonderful man."

"The great games," he smiled—"sport, love, war!" Then his face saddened. "I say, have you kept your other promise to me?" he asked. "Did you marry that girl—what was her name—Miss Sheraton?"

"Miss Sheraton is dead."

"Married?" he asked.

"No. She died within two months after the night I caught you in the yard. I should have killed you then, Orme."

He nodded. "Yes, but at least I showed some sort of remorse—the first time, I think. Not a bad sort, that girl, but madly jealous. Fighting blood, I imagine, in that family."

"Yes," I said, "her father and brother and I, all three, swore the same oath."

"The same spirit was in the girl," he said, nodding again. "Revenge—that was what she wanted. That's why it all happened. It was what I wanted too. You blocked me with the only woman—"

"Do not speak her name," I said to him quietly. "The nails on your fingers are growing blue, Orme. Go with some sort of squaring of your accounts."

He shrugged a shoulder. "My Swami said we do not die—we only change worlds or forms. What! I, Gordon Orme, to be blotted out—to lose my mind and soul and body and senses—not to be able to enjoy! No, Cowles, somewhere there are other worlds, with women in them. I do not die—I transfer." But sweat stood on his forehead.

"You're an awfully decent sort. Give me a bit of paper. I want to write." I found him a pencil and some pages of my notebook.

"To please you, I'll try to square some things," he said. "You've been so deuced square and straight with me all along. I'm—I'm Gordon, now, I'm English. Word of a fighting man, my—my friend."

He leaned forward, peering down at the paper as though he did not clearly see, but he wrote slowly for a time, absorbed in thought.

In all the death scenes which our country knew in thousands during those years I doubt if any more unbelievable than this ever had occurred. I saw the blood soaking all his garments, lying black on the ground about him. I saw his face grow gray and his nails grow blue, his pallor deepen as the veins lost their contents. I saw him die. But I swear that he still sat there, calm as though he did not suffer, and forced his body to do his will, at last smiling again as he looked up. "Fingers getting dreadfully stiff. Tongue will go next. Muscles still under the power for a little time. Here, take this. You're going to live, and this is the only thing. I'll make you miserable, but happy too. Goodby, I'll not stop longer."

I like a flash his hand shot out to the weapon that lay near him on the ground. I shrank back, expecting the ball full in my face. Instead it passed through his own brain.

At last I rubbed the blood from my own face and stooped to read what he had written. Then I thanked God that he was dead. These were the words:

I, Gordon Orme, dying July 21, 1863, confess that I killed John Cowles, Sr., in the month of April, 1859, at the road near Wellingford. I wanted the horse, but had to kill Cowles. Later took the money. I was a secret agent detailed for work among U. S. army men.

I, Gordon Orme, having seduced Grace Sheraton, asked John Cowles to marry her to cover up that act.

I, Gordon Orme, appoint John Cowles my executor. I ask him to fulfill last request. I give him what property I have on my person for his own. Further I say not, and being long ago held as dead, I make no bequests as to other property whatsoever.

GORDON ORME. In Virginia, U. S. A.

It was he, then, who had in cold blood killed my father! That horrid riddle at last was read. In that confession I saw only his intent to give me his last touch of misery and pain.

Then slowly I realized that what I held in my hand was the proof of his guilt, of my innocence. He had robbed me of my father. He had given me—what? At least he had given me a chance. Perhaps Ellen Meriwether would believe!

By next morning I was far on my way toward the Potomac. Then I opened the wallet I had found on Orme's body. It held memoranda, writings in cipher and foreign characters, pieces of drawings, maps and the like, all of which I destroyed. It contained also in thin foreign notes a sum large beyond the belief of what an ordinary officer would carry into battle, and this money for the time I felt just-

ded in retaining.

Orme was no ordinary officer. He had his own ways and his own errand. His secret, however great it was—and at different times I have had reason to believe that men high in power on both sides knew how great it was and how important to be kept a secret—never became fully known. (To Be Continued.)

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

Paul W. Kieser was in the city today in the interest of Bellevue college.

Earl Travis and W. E. Rosenkrans motored to Weeping Water yesterday to look after business matters.

Tom Fry came down from Cedar Creek on No. 4 this morning, the rain making the ground too wet for work.

Ed Reynolds and wife of Havelock arrived this morning and will visit Plattsmouth relatives for a short time.

W. D. Wheeler of near Murray went to Omaha on the fast mail this afternoon, where he was called on business.

George Shoeman departed for Louisville yesterday afternoon on No. 33, where he will visit his son for a few days.

G. W. Becker arrived from Clarinda this morning and will look after business matters in this city for a short time.

Mrs. M. Archer was a passenger to Omaha on the afternoon train today, where she went to visit her daughter for a short time.

Mrs. T. L. Murphy, who has been a guest of her parents, W. T. Scotten and wife, for a few days, returned to her home today.

Miss Gilliland and daughter of Fremont, who have been guests of Mrs. Baxter Smith for a time, left for their home this afternoon.

M. Tritsch, deputy county treasurer, was a passenger to Louisville on No. 33 yesterday, where he was called on business.

Donald Despain of Lincoln arrived on the afternoon train today to look after some business matters in the city and visit his parents.

Ed Ackerman and wife and children departed for Havelock on the morning train today, where they will visit relatives for a few days.

Miss Robin Richardson of My-nard left last evening for Louisville, where she will be a guest of the Charles Richey home for a few days.

Miss Minnie Baier of Weeping Water returned to that city yesterday afternoon, after a two days' visit at the home of August Gorder.

J. M. Meisinger drove in from his farm this morning in time to catch the early train for Omaha, where he was called on important business.

John Albert returned from Cedar Creek on the morning train today, where he has been looking after his farming interests for a few days.

A. B. Fornoff and his brother, G. W. Fornoff, of near Cullom, came down on No. 4 this morning to look after business matters in the county seat.

Dr. B. F. Brendel of Murray was in the city today for a short time, having come on No. 23 this afternoon from Omaha, where he had been on professional business.

John Lutz and wife and daughters, Misses Helen and Katherine, departed for Pekin, Illinois today, where they will visit Mrs. Lutz's sister and other friends for a few days.

Fred Patterson returned from Weeping Water on the morning train today, where he went to do some surveying, but on account of the rain the work had to be postponed.

Mrs. M. A. Street departed for Villisca, Iowa, on the morning train today, where she was called on business. She expects to return to Red Oak for a visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Bardwell of Lincoln are rejoicing over the arrival of a new baby girl, which arrived at their home on Monday. Mrs. Bardwell is a daughter of George Poissall of this city.

George Halmes and wife and son, Johnnie, of San Jose, California, who were called here in June on account of the illness of George's father, Mr. Nick Halmes, departed for their home last evening on No. 2, going via Kansas City.

Mrs. A. L. Henry and two daughters, Ethel and Hazel, departed for South Omaha this afternoon, where they will make their future home. Master Clarence Henry went yesterday with a load of household goods. Mr. Henry will probably go tomorrow with three loads of furniture.

From Saturday's Daily.

J. C. Smith of Rock Bluffs was a Plattsmouth visitor today and registered at the Perkins.

Adam Fornoff, one of the enterprising farmers from near Cullom, was a business visitor in the city yesterday.

Mrs. George Snyder and daughter, Miss Anna, were Omaha passengers yesterday, where they spent the day.

Henry Inholder of Cedar Creek was a Plattsmouth visitor yesterday, having been called to the county seat on business.

Frank L. and Jack L. Rhoden of Murray dined at the Perkins today, while in the city to look after some items of business.

Ed Ingram and S. S. Spence of Louisville were Plattsmouth visitors yesterday, having come to the county seat on business.

Hon. William Puls, Jr., Charles Herring and Fred Lutz drove in from Mount Pleasant precinct and transacted business in the city today.

Misses Judith and Donna Straub of Avoca returned to their homes yesterday afternoon on No. 33, after transacting business in the county seat.

Richard Criswisher of near Dunbar arrived last evening and visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bennet Criswisher over night, departing for Omaha on the morning train today.

William Richardson, the My-nard merchant, accompanied by J. W. Thompson and son, Harris, went to Omaha on the morning train today to look after business matters for a few hours.

Miss Clara Place of Nebraska City, who has been a guest of Mrs. C. M. Parker and other friends for a time, departed for her home via Omaha this morning. Mrs. Parker accompanied Miss Place to Omaha.

Joe Peters, Charley Richards and Guy McMaken left for Glenwood, Iowa, on the morning train today to look over the site for the new state building on which Peters & Richards have the contract for the foundation and first story.

To the Public:

You are requested to visit our store for inspection of our several lines, before you buy elsewhere.

We have first-class Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Mattings and Linoleums in stock at all times and our prices are right.

Your visits to our store are appreciated.

MICHAEL HILD, FURNITURE and UNDERTAKING

Plattsmouth, : : Nebraska

Our Summer clearance of fine

suits worth up to \$30—now divided into three lots—\$10, \$14 and \$18—continues as the main attraction for men and young men. The values we're giving makes selling easy for us.

Fill your dresser now with fine shirts; Manhattans; the greatest clearance we've ever had:

\$1.50 and \$1.75 values now \$1.15
\$2.00 and \$2.50 values now 1.40

Falter & Thieroff
MAKING GIVING CLOTHING

Manhattan Shirts
Stetson Hats