

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 XXV.

Ellen.

By autumn I was one of the youngest colonels in the Federal army. Thus it was easy for me to find a brief furlough when we passed near Leesburg on our way to the Blue Ridge Gap, and I then ran down for a look at our valley.

I found Dr. Bond in his little brick office at the top of the hill overlooking the village. It was he who first showed me the Richmond papers with lists of the Confederate dead. Colonel Sheraton's name was among the first I saw. He had been with Cumming's forces, closely opposed to my own position at Bull Run. His son Harry, practically at his side, was seriously, possibly fatally, wounded and was now in hospital at Richmond.

I showed Dr. Bond the last writing of Gordon Orme and put before him the Bank of England notes that I had found on Orme's person, and which, by the terms of his testament, I thought might perhaps belong to me.

"Could I use any of this money with clean conscience?" I asked. "Could it honorably be employed in the discharging of the debt Orme left on my family?"

"A part of that debt you have already caused him to discharge," the old doctor answered slowly. "You would be doing a wrong if you did not oblige him to discharge the rest."

I counted out and laid on the desk before him the amount of the funds which my father's memoranda showed had been taken from him by Orme that fatal night more than a year ago. The balance of the notes I tossed into the little grate, and with no more ado we burned them there.

We concluded our conference in regard to my business matters. I learned that the coal lands had been redeemed from foreclosure, Colonel Meriwether having advanced the necessary funds; and as this now left our debt running to him, I instructed Dr. Bond to take steps to cancel it immediately and to have the property partitioned as Colonel Meriwether should determine.

He spread out on the top of the desk a folded bit of hide. Familiar enough it was to me.

"You saved but half," I said. "The other half is gone."

He pushed a slake of snuff far up his long nose. "Yes," said he quietly, "I sent it to her some three months ago."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing, you fool. What did you expect?"

"Now, my son," he concluded savagely, "if you ever dreamed of marrying any other woman dash me if I wouldn't come into court and make this indenture witness for you both—for her as well as you! Go on away now, and don't bother me any more."

Our forces passed up the valley of Virginia and rolled through the old Rockfish gap. We overspread all the Piedmont valley and passed down to the old town of Charlottesville. It was nearly deserted now. The gay southern boys who in the past rode there with their negro servants and set at naught good Thomas Jefferson's intent of simplicity in the narrow little chambers of the old University of Virginia now were gone with their horses and their servants. Today you may see their names in bronze on the tablets at the university doors.

I had quartered my men about the quiet old place when I heard the voice of my sentry challenge and caught an answering word of indignation in a woman's voice.

A low, single seated cart was halted near the curb, and one of its occupants was apparently much angered. I saw her clutch the long brown rifle barrel which extended out at the rear over the top of the seat. "You git out'n the road, man," repeated she, "or I'll take a shot at you for luck. We done come this far, and I reckon we c'n go the rest the way."

That could be no one but old Mandy McGovern. For the sake of amusement I should have left her to make her own argument with the guard had I not in the same glance caught sight of her companion, a trim figure in close fitting corduroy of golden brown, a wide hat of russet straw shading her face. It was Ellen!

Her face went rosy red as I hastened to the side of the cart and put down Mandy's arm. She stammered, unable to speak more connectively than I myself. Mandy could not forget her

anger and insisted that she wanted to see the "boss."

"I am the colonel in command right here, Aunt Mandy," I said. "Won't I do?"

"You a kunnel?" she retorted. "Looks to me like kunnels is mighty easy made if you'll do. No; we're after G'nral Meriwether, who's comin' here to be the real boss of all you folks. Say, man, you taken away my man and my boy. Where they at?"

"With me here," I was glad to answer, "safe and somewhere not far away. The boy is wounded, but his arm is nearly well."

"Ain't got 'nuff fightin' yit?"

"No; both he and Auberry seem to be just beginning."

"Humph! Reckon they're happy, then. If a man's gittin' three squares a day and plenty o' fightin', don't see whut more he kin ask."

"Corporal," I called to my sentry, who was now pacing back and forth before the door, hiding his mouth behind his hand, "put this woman under arrest and hold her until I return. She's looking for Privates Auberry and McGovern, G company, First Virginia volunteers. Keep her in my office while they're sent for. Bring me my bag from the table."

It was really a pretty fight, that between Mandy and the corporal. The latter was obliged to call out the guard for aid. "Slick 'em, Pete!" cried Mandy when she found her arms pinned, and at once there darted out from under the cart a hairy little demon of a dog, mute, mongrelish, pink eared, which began silent havoc with the corporal's legs.

I looked again at that dog. I was ready to take it in my arms and cry out that it was my friend. It was the little Indian dog that Ellen and I had tamed. Why, then, had she kept it? Why had she brought it home with her? I doubt which way the contest would have gone had not Mandy seen me climb into her vacated seat and take up the reins. Pete then stolidly took up his place under the cart.

We turned and drove back up the shady street, Ellen and I saw her fingers twisting together in her lap, but as yet she had not spoken. The flush on her cheek was deeper now. She beat her hands together softly, confused, half frightened, but she did not beg me to leave her.

"If you could get away," she began at last, "I would ask you to drive me back home. Aunt Mandy and I are living there together. Kitty Stevenson's visiting me—you'll—you'll want to call on Kitty. My father has been in east Kentucky, but I understand he's ordered here this week. Major Stevenson is with him. We thought we might get word and so came on through the lines."

"You had no right to do so. The pickets should have stopped you," I said. "At the same time, I am very glad they didn't."

"So you are a colonel," she said after a time, with an army girl's nice reading of insinuation.

"Yes," I answered, "I am an officer. Now if I could only be a gentleman!"

"Don't!" she whispered. "Don't talk in that way, please."

"Do you think I could be?"

"I think you have been," she whispered, all her face rosy now. Then she pointed to a mansion house on a far off hill—such a house as can be found nowhere in America but in this very valley—an old family seat, lying re-

served and full of dignity at a hilltop shielded with great oaks.

"That is our home," she said. "We have not often been here since grand-father died, and then my mother. But this is the place that we Meriwethers all call home."

As we approached the gate I heard behind us the sound of galloping horses. There came up the road a mounted officer, with his personal escort, an orderly, several troopers and a grinning body servant.

"Look, there he comes! It is my father!" exclaimed Ellen. And in a moment she was out of the cart and running down the road to meet him, taking his hand, resting her cheek against his dusty cheek as he sat in saddle.

The officer saluted me sharply. "You are outside the lines," said he. "Have you leave?"

I saluted also and caught the twinkle in his eye.

"On detached service this morning, general," I said. "If you please, I shall report to you within the hour."

He wheeled his horse and spurred on up along his own grounds, fit master for their stateliness. A wide seat lay beneath one of the oaks. We wandered thither, Ellen and I. The little dog, mute, watchful, kept close at her side.

"Ellen," said I to her, "the time has come now. I am not going to wait any longer. Read this." I put into her hand Gordon Orme's confession.

She read, with horror starting on her face. "What a scoundrel—what a criminal!" she said. "The man was a demon. He killed your father!"

"Yes, and in turn I killed him," I said slowly. Her eyes flashed. She was savage again as I had seen her. My soul leaped out to see her fierce, relentless, exulting that I had fought and won, careless that I had slain.

"Orme did all he could to ruin me in every way," I added. "Read on." Then I saw her face change to pity as she came to the next clause. So now she knew the truth about Grace Sheraton and, I hoped, the truth about John Cowles.

"Can you forgive me?" she said brokenly, her dark eyes swimming in tears as she turned toward me.

"That is not the question," I answered slowly. "It is, Can you forgive me?" Her hand fell on my arm impromptly.

"I have no doubt that I was much to blame for that poor girl's act," I continued. "The question only is, Has my punishment been enough or can it be enough? Do you forgive me? We all make mistakes. Am I good enough for you, Ellen? Answer me."

But she would not yet answer. So I went on.

"I killed Gordon Orme myself in fair fight, but he wrote this of his own free will. He himself told me it would be proof. Is it proof?"

She put the paper gently to one side of her on the long seat. "I do not need it," she said. "If it came to question of proof we have learned much of these matters, my father and I, since we last met you. But I have never needed it; not even that night we said goodby. Ah, how I wanted you back after you had gone!"

"And your father?" I asked her, my hand falling on hers.

"He knows as much as I. Lately he has heard from your friend, Dr. Bond. We have both learned a great many things. We are sorry. I am sorry. I have always been sorry."

"But what more?" I asked. "Ellen!"

She put out her hands in a sort of terror. "Don't," she said. "I have put all this away for so long that now—I can't begin again. I can't! I can't! I am afraid. Do not ask me. Do not. No, no!"

She started from the seat as though she would have fled in a swift panic. But now I caught her.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, rage in all my heart. "I've been a fool long enough, and now I will have no more of foolishness. I will try no more to figure niceties. I'll not try to understand a woman. But, gentleman or not, I swear that if we were alone again, we two out there, you should do as I said, as I desired. And I say now you must, you shall!"

She sank back against the rail with a little sigh as of content, a little smile as of a child caught in mischief and barred from escape. Oh, though I lived a thousand years, never would I say I understood a woman!

"Now we will end all this," I said, frowning. I caught her by the arm and led her to the gallery, where I picked up the bag I had left at the driveway. I myself rang at the door, not allowing her to lead me in. The orderly came.

"My compliments to General Meriwether," I said, "and Colonel Cowles would like to speak with him."

He came, that tall man, master of the mansion, dusty with his travel, stern of face, maned like a gray bear of the hills. But he smiled and reached out his hand. "Come in, sir," he said. And now we entered.

"It seems you have brought back my girl again. I hope my welcome will be warmer than it was at Laramie." He looked at us, from one to the other, the brown skin about his keen eyes wrinkling.

"I have certain things to say, general," I began. We were walking into the hall. As soon as I might I handed to him the confession of Gordon Orme. He read it with shut lips.

"Part of this I know already," he said finally, "but not this as to your father. You have my sympathy, and, sir, my congratulations on your accounting for such a fiend. There at least justice has been served." He hesitated before continuing.

"As to some details, I regret that my daughter has been brought into such matters," he said slowly. "I re-

gret also that I have made many other matters worse, but I am very glad that they have now been made plain. Dr. Samuel Bond of Wallingford, your father's friend, has cleared up much of all this. I infer that he has advised you of the condition of our joint business matters?"

"Our estate is in your debt, general," I said, "but I can now adjust that. We shall pay our share. After that the lands shall be divided or held jointly, as yourself shall say."

"Why could they not remain as they are?" He smiled at me. "Let me hope so."

I turned to Ellen. "Please," I said, "bring me the other half of this."

I furtively opened my bag and spread upon the nearest table my half of the record of our covenant, done, as it had seemed to me, long years ago. Colonel Meriwether and I bent over the half rigid parchment. I saw that Ellen had gone, but presently she came again, hesitating, flushing red, and put into my hands the other half of our indenture. She carried Pete, the little dog, under her arm.

I placed the pieces edge to edge upon the table. The old familiar words looked up at me again solemnly. Again I felt my heart choke my throat as I read: "I, John Cowles—I, Ellen Meriwether—take thee—take thee—until death do us part."

I handed her a pencil. She wrote slowly, frowning, having her maiden will; and it seemed to me still a week to a letter as she signed. But at last her name stood in full—E-l-l-e-n M-e-r-i-w-e-t-h-e-r.

"General," I said, "this indenture witnesseth! We two are bound by it. We have consented together in holy wedlock. We have witnessed the same before God. We have pledged our faith, either to other."

He dashed a hand across his eyes then, with a swift motion, he placed our hands together. "My boy," said he, "I've always wanted my girl to be taken by an army man—an officer and a gentleman. Dash it, sir—I beg your pardon, Ellen—give me that pencil. I'll sign my own name. I'll witness this myself! There's a regimental chaplain with our command—if we can't find a preacher left in Charlottesville."

"Orderly!" I called, with a gesture asking permission of my superior.

"Yes, orderly," he finished for me, "get ready to ride to town. We have an errand there." He turned to us and motioned us as though to ownership, bowing with grave courtesy as he himself left the room. I heard the chatter of Mrs. Kitty greet him. I was conscious of a grinning black face peering in at a window—Annie, perhaps. They all loved Ellen.

But Ellen and I, as though by instinct, stepped toward the open door, so that we might again see the mountain tops.

I admit I kissed her!

THE END.

ENTERTAIN THE EUPATERPEAN GLEE CLUB

From Wednesday's Daily.

Misses Zelma, Alice and Hazel Tney entertained the Eupaterpean Glee club and a few of their friends, to the number of about thirty, yesterday afternoon in honor of Miss Etha Crabill, at a sewing circle for Miss Crabill. The young ladies plied the busy needle and enjoyed each other's society from 2:30 to 5 o'clock. During the afternoon the party hemmed a dozen towels and a dozen dishcloths for Miss Crabill, adding the proper initials. Refreshments were served, consisting of ice cream and cake. Piano selections were furnished by Miss Violet Freese and Miss Crabill, and Miss Ferris York sang a pretty solo. The out-of-town guests who were present were: Misses Grace and Ruth Smith of Kansas City and Mrs. H. O. Ehlers of Omaha.

Entertained at Wohlfarth Home.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Miss Mattie Larson and her class of boys of the Sunday school of the Presbyterian church held a most enjoyable class party last evening, at which time they were entertained at the home of one of the members of the class, Carl Wohlfarth. The boys had come prepared to have a good time and we are reliably informed that they sure did. They played all sorts of games and indulged in various pranks and amusements until a late hour. At that time light refreshments, consisting of ice cream and wafers, was served.

"I was cured of diarrhoea by one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes M. E. Gehhardt, Oriole, Pa. There is nothing better. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

For Sale.

Team of 4-year-old "Coach Horse" colts, broken, fine lookers. Will make a splendid driving team.

T. H. Pollock, Plattsmouth, Neb.

80 Acres for Sale.

Extra fine laying land, 2 1/2 miles from Murray. Priced right for quick sale.

C. F. Harris, Union, Neb.

Local News

From Tuesday's Daily.

W. T. Richardson of Mynard was called to Omaha on business for his store this morning.

J. C. R. Todd of Murray was a Plattsmouth visitor last evening and registered at the Riley.

B. I. Clements of Elmwood was in the city today transacting business with the county court.

Attorney C. L. Graves, editor of the Union Ledger, was a Plattsmouth visitor this morning.

George Kaffenberger drove in from his farm today and looked after business in the county seat.

Marriage license was issued yesterday for Ted Gardner and Miss Lucy Minford, both of Glenwood.

Mrs. Luke Wiles and Miss Elizabeth Spangler were Omaha passengers on the morning train today.

Fred Wagner of near Louisville was a Plattsmouth visitor today, looking after business matters in the county seat.

H. A. Schneider returned from Cedar Creek on No. 4 this morning, where he had been on business for a short time.

Mrs. Charles McGuire and sons, Tom and Con, left this morning for Gretna, where they will visit relatives for a few days.

Mrs. Cromwell and children, who have been visiting friends at La Platte for a short time, returned last evening on No. 2.

S. F. Girardet and Thomas Murty, two of Weeping Water's leading business men, were in the city with the Boosters yesterday.

C. T. Kydd, the state deputy for the W. O. W., who has been looking after the interests of the order here, left for his home this morning.

H. B. Goldsberry of Waverly, Neb., arrived today and will talk real estate in the Big Horn basin. He will be a guest of J. W. Davis while in the city.

J. M. Meisinger and wife of near Cedar Creek drove in from the farm this morning and boarded the early train for Omaha on business of importance.

Ben Beckman and two grandsons were in the city today. Mr. Beckman to look after business matters for a short time, while the boys took in the sights.

Mrs. Rose Kendall and children of Union changed cars here this morning, en route home from Monmouth, Illinois, where they have been visiting relatives for a time.

G. H. Olive, postmaster at Weeping Water; I. W. Tegarden, E. E. Day, John W. Colbert and Harry D. Reed were among the chautauqua boosters that dined at the Riley yesterday.

Mrs. W. F. Chalfant and her sister, Miss Maude McCulloch, of near Union, were Omaha passengers on the morning train today, where they looked after business matters for the day.

In the county court this morning a final hearing was had in the estate of Peter Van Buren, deceased. C. S. Aldrich of Elmwood was in the city looking after the legal matters in the case, being held at those points this week.

Place Cards, Score and Tally Cards of every description at the Journal office.

J. W. Holmes and wife and W. S. Smith and wife and A. M. Holmes motored to Plattsmouth from their home at Murray last evening and visited the C. A. Rawls home for a time.

Mrs. Fred Howland and daughters, Marguerite, Catherine and Virginia, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Howland for a week, returned to their homes Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Fred Reznor of Edmont, S. D., and Mrs. Carson of Wall Lake, Iowa, arrived last night to visit their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Tams. Mrs. Tams is very sick and her daughters came on this account.

R. D. Stine, one of the leading farmers of Liberty precinct, was in the city this morning and added his name to the Journal list of subscribers. Mr. Stine was born in Cass county and could not be otherwise than a good citizen.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Walter Scott returned last night from near Union, where he has been doing some work for the M. P.

J. A. Watson of Louisville was in the city between trains today, looking after important business matters.

J. H. Vallery and wife, who have been spending a few weeks in Denver and Salt Lake City, returned on the morning train today.

Mrs. John McNurlin returned from Cedar Creek on the morning train today, where she has been visiting friends for a few days.

Mrs. Ray Beaver and children returned from Louisville on the morning train today, where they have been guests of her parents.

Mrs. Dr. T. J. Todd and children, who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mauzy, for a few days, left for their home at Wahoo yesterday.

Dr. Brendel of Murray came up this afternoon and boarded the fast mail for Omaha, where he was called on professional business.

W. A. Sturtz of South Dakota was a guest of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Handley yesterday, but left for Omaha on the afternoon train. Tonight Mr. Sturtz and wife will go to Kansas City to spend Sunday with his parents.

Frank Smith was up from Union this morning and the doctor removed the cast from his arm, which is now almost recovered from the break received four weeks ago. His stepfather, Claude Everett, drove up with him this morning.

Bennett Criswisher left for Nehawka this morning, where he will visit his son, Dick, for a few days while the threshing is going on. Bennett has gotten the idea that he always gets more to eat when the threshers are there. Mrs. Criswisher is different and she will not go until about the last of the week.

VACANT LOTS FOR SALE—Lots 1, 7, 8, 9, 10, in Block 11, Duke's Addition; 9 and 10, Block 7; 5 and 6, block 12; 1 and 2, Block 13; 1, 2, 3 and 4, in Block 7, Townsend's Addition. We have other nice laying lots. As lots are advancing in value, now is the time to purchase. Brick house, two lots, monthly payments, \$325.00.

Windham Investment & Loan Co.

STATE FAIR SEPT. 2 TO 6 1912
LINCOLN
Aeroplane Flights DAILY
THE ENTIRE CHEYENNE (WYO.)
"Frontier Days" Show
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\$13,000 IN RACES
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