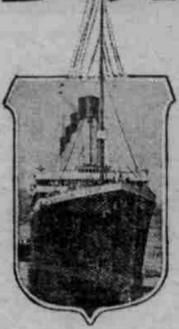


BOTH SIDES

of the SHIELD by MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT



[Copyright, 1905, by J. B. Lippincott company. All rights reserved.]

PRESIDENT TAFT'S TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

Major Archibald W. Butt was one of the heroes of the Titanic. He was President Taft's military aid. After Major Butt's death the president, with tears in his eyes and faltering voice, made him the subject of one of the most heartfelt eulogies ever pronounced over a gallant man, praising his manhood, his courage, his loyalty, his self-sacrifice.

"Everybody knew Archie as 'Archie,'" said the president. "I cannot go into a box at a theater, I cannot turn around in my room, I cannot go anywhere, without expecting to see his smiling face or to hear his cheerful voice in greeting. The life of the president is rather isolated, and those appointed to live with him come much closer to him than any one else. The bond is very close, and it is difficult to speak on such an occasion.

"Archie Butt's character was simple, straightforward and incapable of intrigue. A clear sense of humor lightened his life and those about him. Life was not for him a troubled problem. He was a soldier, and, when he was appointed to serve under another, to that other he rendered implicit loyalty. I never knew a man who had so much self-sacrifice, so much self-sacrifice, as Archie Butt.

"Occasions like the sinking of the Titanic frequently develop unforeseen traits in man. It makes them heroes when you don't expect it. But with Archie it was just as natural for him to help those about him as it was for him to ask me to permit him to do something for some one for me.

"He was on the deck of the Titanic exactly what he was everywhere. He leaves a void with those who loved him, but the circumstances of his going are all that we would have had, and, while tears fill the eyes and the voice is choked, we are fellecitated by the memory of what he was."

Before entering upon military life Major Butt displayed high literary ability. The best of his stories is "Both Sides of the Shield," a splendidly written romance of love and war.

CHAPTER III.

"Waiting For a Prince to Come."

THE colonel told Miss Ellen what the girls had said about Jim, at which she laughed heartily, but grew very red and showed some annoyance when he related what she had said about choosing a farm in the country and especially when reference was made to Squire Hawkins. I shall never forget how my plate looked after it had gone around the table. It had left my table empty and had come back piled to the brim with every sort of vegetable on the table. Miss Ellen laughed when I confessed that I did not know how to eat rice, nor would she rest content until she had taken my plate and arranged it according to the manner of eating rice in that section. She covered it with butter and sprinkled a little salt on it and, handing it back to me, bade me eat it, telling me that it was a part of my education. She laughed again when I wanted to put pepper on it, but she would let her father put a little dish gravy over it if it were not palatable. I ate it, not because I liked it then, for I would have eaten so much sawdust had she told me it was good and asked me to do so.

Every now and then, after I had swallowed some rice, I would look up to find her eyes fixed rigidly on me, and then we would both laugh. She seemed to relish the idea that I did not like the rice and that I was eating it because she had fixed it and told me to do so. I made this fact very plain to her by the faces I would make in swallowing it. She confessed afterward to a little malice in forcing me to eat it, and later, when I really began to like it, she would often say, "Will you have your rice with cream and sugar on it or a little pepper, Mr. Palmer?"

After dinner we went on the porch, where Bud brought us pipes. "I hope you like the pipe," he said as he handed me an old briar root. "We have given up cigars lately—on account of the tariff," he added with a big, good natured laugh. I said I did; that it was my chiefest luxury in my university days and I still preferred it to cigars. Colonel Turpin said that if I did not object to Miss Ellen would play us something; that she always did when he took his after dinner smoke. I said that I could not imagine greater luxury, and I leaned back prepared to undergo any amount of torture and outrage to my artistic nature, for I knew something of music, as my father had been a splendid performer on the piano and had given me the benefit of his knowledge. Instead of hymns and waltzes, however, there floated through the window to us the sweetest notes I seemed ever to have heard. I sat dreamily thinking of this lovely girl and her odd surroundings when she appeared at the window and asked if there was anything that I liked especially.

"I do not know if you care for Chopin," she said. "Father does not know it is Chopin, but it is the music he likes, and so I always play some of the nocturnes for him."

"The truth is, Miss Turpin," I said, "I did not think of what you were playing, but was merely feeling the effect of the music. Your playing seemed to me to be a part of the scene out here, as if it were an accompaniment to the moon in its wanderings or to the stars in the silent watches."

My speech sounded like flattery, and I blushed as the thought came to me. "I hope you will forgive my praise if it seemed extravagant," I said, "but I only said what was in my heart without reflecting that you might take it for flattery." I had been accustomed to pay compliments at will and sometimes, I fear, was given to flattery, but I would not have had this young girl think me guilty of such ill breeding for anything in the world.

"If that is the way you feel," she answered sweetly, "I will play something for you and trust to pleasing father."

and, going back to the piano, she played something—I do not know what. Bud said he had never heard her play it before, and, though I asked her often after that to play it for me again, I never heard it, yet the strains even now go through my head when I sit in the moonlight or lie awake at nights thinking of Ellen.

She disappeared after awhile to clear the table and wash the dishes, I thought, with some resentment. Colonel Turpin talked politics, and I soon learned that he was decided in his views, though somewhat mixed in his politics. I found out that he was addicted to the habit of writing "pieces" for the papers, but never under his own name. He chose rather such noms de plume as "Vox Populi," "Citizen" and sometimes "Patriot." He did not believe that writing was the profession of a gentleman unless one could hide one's identity. Yet he felt that the public should be educated by this means. He was a Democrat, but believed in a high protective tariff. He disclaimed being a jingo, but thought it the duty of the government to avenge the wrongs of any people persecuted by a foreign power. And so the night wore on and the moon rose higher in the heavens. I heard Bud and the colonel discuss the work on the farm and judged that the former and two or three negroes did it all save in the picking season.

There was a contradiction about this strange household which was perplexing to me. Where had Miss Ellen mastered the piano, and why was Bud, with the apparent education of a cultured gentleman, wearing jeans and doing the plow work in the fields? I had begun to weary of conjecture when Miss Ellen returned and offered to show me the view from the cupola. It was a weary climb to the top of that old house, but one felt repaid on reaching there as the panorama unfolded itself in the moonlight. The moon was but a fortnight old, and the night was cloudless. Miss Ellen pointed out to me the field where the army of Sherman had camped on its famous march to the sea, but had not a word of criticism to make of that great general. She told me of the strong young manhood that was developing to regenerate the land and seemed to think the freedom of the slaves a blessing to both people. She promised to take me to the negro settlement some day and show me how they lived. She had a Sunday school there of colored girls, "for," she said, "it is going to be through the mothers of the colored race that we will some day reach it and elevate it to what is good and moral." I stood spellbound, as it were, by her earnestness and faith, and all my preconceived opinions began to fall away under the influence of this little brown eyed girl in a gingham gown.

That night after I retired to my room the instincts of the newspaper man, which had lain dormant since arriving at the Pines, began to stir, and I could not help thinking what a picture this household would make if held up before a Boston audience. But to turn these kindly people into an object lesson would be the basest ingratitude. Yet put this idea from me as I would, it would recur to me during the night, and scene after scene, with Ellen and Bud always in the foreground, kept shifting themselves across the mental canvas, and argue as I would that to make use of this homely life with its poverty and pride, its dignified endurance of changed conditions, as the subject of a news letter would be an ill return for the hospitality I had received, yet I could not put aside the longing to pen the picture as I saw it and to paint it boldly, in order that others might see it in the same light as it had appeared to me.

The next morning I was up early, the sun, in fact, being only an hour ahead of me. Thinking it would be an excellent chance to see something of the place and study its character more in detail, for I had become deeply interested in everything connected with

the Pines, I dressed hastily and started for a brisk walk. As I was making the half circuit of the house by way of exploration I came upon Miss Ellen, carrying an armful of kindling wood.

"Why, Miss Turpin," I cried, "I had no idea of finding you up at this hour." "You forget the dual character I play," she laughed. "I am not early, however, for it is late. But you are responsible for it, as you demoralized the household last night in encouraging father to discuss politics. Doubtless you saw all his fallacies, but was kind enough not to point them out to him." "I had been much entertained, I said, though his politics appeared to be somewhat mixed and his ideas were quite different from those I had expected to hear him express.

"Yes," she answered, "he is half Democrat and half Republican, with a dash here and there of populism, I fear, but it makes him very angry to tell him so, as he thinks himself a hidebound Democrat. He can never forget that Henry Clay believed in a protective tariff. I think, next to General Oglethorpe, he admires the Kentuckian more than any of our historical characters. But I must not allow myself to be dragged into political argument, for I see you are ready to take up the cudgel for Clay, no doubt, and since you have come bothering about so early you must make yourself useful." She then showed me the wood pile and told me to bring enough to the kitchen to last two full days.

"Miss Turpin," I said a little later as I entered the kitchen with my arms loaded down with short oak logs. "Is it really necessary for you to do this work?" "You touched a weak spot then. Bud is the salt of the earth, and he deserves to find diamonds in this dull soil instead of fighting out his life for a few pounds of cotton."

I started down the road which she had pointed out, wondering what had come over me when my life in Boston had seemed a thing forgotten in a few hours and my work and literary career become a secondary matter with me. I passed through an old orchard, where the opening apple buds lent their fragrance to the air, and by my side it seemed to me that the unseen presence of Miss Ellen walked.

The dogwood was blossoming down by the branch, and when I reached the pine trees their crisp needles, stirring in the breeze, seemed singing some blithesome air instead of walling mournfully, as they had done the evening previous. I saw her little rose garden and, picking the only flower then in bloom, hid it away beneath my waistcoat. There was an impassioned picturesqueness in the unkept lawn, and out of the cedar and underbrush I might have expected to see some dryad come. I found the bridge by the path Miss Ellen had pointed out and for an hour sat reclining upon its ivy colored arch conjuring up such scenes as I imagined had been enacted here when its owners lived in affluence and when women in silks and satin and powdered hair sat in the oaken dining hall and danced the stately minuet on rich carpets and under many lights. In my mental vision I thought I saw one with the features of Miss Ellen who glided past all others and stood in gay colored brocade waiting to be wooed like a princess. The picture faded, and I saw the real Ellen, none the less regal, but in place of the scorn the other wore upon her lips there was a gentle patience, and about her form there hung a simple cotton gown more beautiful than the stately gown worn in my dream picture. I must have been asleep, then, after all, I thought, looking at my watch, for it was past the time when she told me to be back. Hurrying home the way I came, I found them seated at the breakfast table, and I pleaded guilty to an early morning nap among the woods.

"And your dream?" she asked, as if reading what was in my mind. "Was of a beautiful woman clad in silks," I said, "and she stood in an old hall waiting for a prince to come." "Ah, what a sweet awakening!" she said, laughing sweetly.

"But wait until I tell you of the change that came over the spirit of my dream," I added. "And I will some day show you the first scene of your picture," she said softly.

"And the last part?" "I do not know what it is, and you have not told me." "But I will some day, and," looking into her deep brown eyes and almost speaking in a whisper, "I like it better than the first portion of my picture."

I did not see Miss Ellen alone again that day. Squire Hawkins called in the afternoon and stayed to dinner. He was a kindly looking man, not over fifty, I should say, and he wore a prosperous air, and he seemed to me to have seen a good deal of the world. Miss Ellen did not play for us that

abuse her mind for fear of losing that confidence and friendship which this fictitious relationship had inspired.

"And now, Mr. Inquisitive," she said. "If you have finished your catechism, I will mix the butter and you will go



"Is it really necessary for you to do this work?"

for a long walk and get an appetite for breakfast."

She had rolled up her sleeves in order to knead the dough, and with her arms bared to the elbow she pointed out to me a road which she advised me to take, telling me it would bring me to the old Oglethorpe bridge.

"But your father promised that you should take me there," I said, "and that is a debt of honor you must pay."

"Very well," she laughed, as if preparing to go, "but you will go without your breakfast, and, what is worse, Bud will call you out for making him lose his, for he comes from the fields hungry and out of temper sometimes."

"I would not mind going without mine," I said, "but heaven forbid that so fine a fellow should go without his." Tears came into her eyes, but she soon brushed them away and with a smile said:

"You touched a weak spot then. Bud is the salt of the earth, and he deserves to find diamonds in this dull soil instead of fighting out his life for a few pounds of cotton."

I started down the road which she had pointed out, wondering what had come over me when my life in Boston had seemed a thing forgotten in a few hours and my work and literary career become a secondary matter with me. I passed through an old orchard, where the opening apple buds lent their fragrance to the air, and by my side it seemed to me that the unseen presence of Miss Ellen walked.

The dogwood was blossoming down by the branch, and when I reached the pine trees their crisp needles, stirring in the breeze, seemed singing some blithesome air instead of walling mournfully, as they had done the evening previous. I saw her little rose garden and, picking the only flower then in bloom, hid it away beneath my waistcoat. There was an impassioned picturesqueness in the unkept lawn, and out of the cedar and underbrush I might have expected to see some dryad come. I found the bridge by the path Miss Ellen had pointed out and for an hour sat reclining upon its ivy colored arch conjuring up such scenes as I imagined had been enacted here when its owners lived in affluence and when women in silks and satin and powdered hair sat in the oaken dining hall and danced the stately minuet on rich carpets and under many lights. In my mental vision I thought I saw one with the features of Miss Ellen who glided past all others and stood in gay colored brocade waiting to be wooed like a princess. The picture faded, and I saw the real Ellen, none the less regal, but in place of the scorn the other wore upon her lips there was a gentle patience, and about her form there hung a simple cotton gown more beautiful than the stately gown worn in my dream picture. I must have been asleep, then, after all, I thought, looking at my watch, for it was past the time when she told me to be back. Hurrying home the way I came, I found them seated at the breakfast table, and I pleaded guilty to an early morning nap among the woods.

"And your dream?" she asked, as if reading what was in my mind. "Was of a beautiful woman clad in silks," I said, "and she stood in an old hall waiting for a prince to come." "Ah, what a sweet awakening!" she said, laughing sweetly.

"But wait until I tell you of the change that came over the spirit of my dream," I added. "And I will some day show you the first scene of your picture," she said softly.

"And the last part?" "I do not know what it is, and you have not told me." "But I will some day, and," looking into her deep brown eyes and almost speaking in a whisper, "I like it better than the first portion of my picture."

I did not see Miss Ellen alone again that day. Squire Hawkins called in the afternoon and stayed to dinner. He was a kindly looking man, not over fifty, I should say, and he wore a prosperous air, and he seemed to me to have seen a good deal of the world. Miss Ellen did not play for us that

For Sale or Trade!

320 acres of fine Blue Stem Grass farm, in Hemphill County, Texas. Can all be put in cultivation. Black sandy loam soil, fine water. Canadian, the County Seat, a thriving R. R. Town. Price \$20.00 per acre. This is a bargain. Will trade for a good improved 160 acre farm, clear of incumbrance. For further information write

P. F. LAU,
Perry, Okla.

evening, for she and the squire took a long walk in the moonlight, and when she came home she went to her room, only stopping to say good night as she passed us on the porch. The squire stayed awhile longer and entertained us with stories of his university days in Germany, where he had been educated. He seemed to treat Miss Ellen when he was with her in such a gentle, fatherly way that I laughed at the idle gossip that I had heard about his courting her. I enjoyed his company and laughed heartily over his stories, which were good and well told. He had some good cigars, which Bud and I enjoyed, but the colonel would not smoke one, for he said they would upset his nerves and make him "bunker after the fleshpots of Egypt." The squire tried to banter him out of his resolution, but the colonel was obstinate and stuck to the pipe.

(To Be Continued.)

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

J. H. Tams was called to Omaha this morning on business of importance.

Miss Bateman returned from Glenwood last evening, where she had visited friends for a short time.

William Starkjohn was an Omaha passenger on the morning train today, where he was called on business.

Miss Helen Dovey returned from Omaha on the afternoon train today, where she had visited friends for a short time.

Miss Ruth Chapman departed for Burlington, Iowa, last evening on No. 2, where she will visit relatives for a few days.

William Shera and John Lambert were Omaha visitors today, where they visited friends and took in the sights.

John Mutz of Maryville, Mo., visited friends in the vicinity of Eight Mile Grove and was a guest this week at the J. R. Vallery home.

W. J. Fickler of Denver arrived yesterday and will visit his uncle, G. Fickler, for a few days. It has been thirty years since W. J. left

Plattsmouth to try the mountain state.

N. C. Halmes of Weeping Water arrived yesterday afternoon to see his father, Mr. Nick Halmes, who has been critically ill for some time and passed away at an early hour this morning.

Fred Warner and his guest, Earl Stevens, of Omaha, who have been visiting the past four days at the Charles Warner home, were Omaha passengers this morning. They were accompanied by Fred's sister, Mrs. William Warga.

Misses Louise and Florence Vallery entertained a party of friends from South Omaha Sunday at a chicken dinner. The party motored to the Vallery home in Mr. Condon's car. The guests were: Miss Sheehy, Messrs. Tom Sheehy, Joe Weppner and Roy Condon.

Renters, Ahoy!

I have 160 acres land, 3 miles from Burlington, Colo., and 8-room house nearly new; a good, big barn, well and mill, with elevated tank and water pipe into house and garden. All fenced; 65 acres broke; all level and best soil. The improvements are worth \$2,500 and all are new. A good home for any man. Can you afford to rent when you can buy this for \$30 per acre? Write me or come and we will look at the land. Address Otto Mutz, Owner, 418 Funke Block, Lincoln.

Real Estate

Bought and Sold ON COMMISSION!

Insurance Placed in Best Companies!
Farm Loans and Rental Agency

- Virgil Mullis -

The Telephone is the World's Best Messenger!

The activities of the business world set in motion a stream of messages; in turn this stream of messages produces more business.

The telephone is not only the most satisfactory, but, all things considered, it is the most economical means of sending messages.

Every Lincoln Telephone is a Long Distance Station!

Lincoln Telephone and Telegraph Company

J. K. POLLOCK, Local Manager