

BOTH SIDES of the SHIELD



by MAJOR
ARCHIBALD W. BUTT



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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 abnegation, so much self sacrifice, as Archie Butt.

"Occasions like the sinking of the Titanic frequently develop unforeseen traits in men. 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 felicitated 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.

The next morning some of the young men of the county, Bud's friends, came for me to go hunting with them. I got into some of Bud's hunting togs and with his gun on my shoulder rode with them to the hunting lodge, from which point we scoured the country for many miles that day. The sport was new to me on account of the game we found. I had indifferent luck, however, though the others filled their bags with plover, robins, doves and larks. There were plenty of blackbirds, but we scorned shooting these, though I was told they make a good pie, which is a favorite dish with the colored hands on the farms. I saw something of each member of the party during the day and



I Rode With Them to the Hunting Lodge.

found them all, to a greater or less degree, in love with Miss Ellen. Jim gave me much information about the others, but added:

"She just laughs at them all and won't even let them pay her compliments as they do to the other girls."

"And you?" I said.

"Oh, me! She would not even look at me," said the manly young fellow, looking me squarely in the face, not ashamed to confess the hopelessness of his love. I made up my mind that if it ever came in my way to do Jim a good turn, no matter how my own suit came out, for I was now intent upon winning Miss Ellen, I would do it for his open and honest confession.

We were a happy party as we lunched at the lodge. We barbecued our robins and some of the doves on little spits over a charcoal fire and stewed some with rice. We rode home early, however, more to see Miss Ellen, I think, than for any other reason. Each would have left all his game at her feet, but she would not have it so, but said she would take what I had killed in part payment for my board, which innocent remark brought a deep flush to my cheek, remembering, as I did, my unhappy mistake when I first arrived at the Pines. We described our sport, and she showed interest in everything we said and all we had done. Presently, looking at the sun, she exclaimed:

"Come, go home, you boys, for I am not going to ask you to stay to dinner, and be here early Thursday morning or I will not dance with any of you at the party." It took them but a few minutes to get their horses and disappear down the road.

"And you, sir," she said, turning to me as we lost sight of the others—"what are you going to do in the way of reparation now that you and your

friends have put me back in my work?" "Set the table and bring the wood," I cried.

"Come, you shall set the table, for the wood has been brought in already." I followed to the dining room, where she threw me the tablecloth.

"Be careful," she laughed, "for it will not bear rough handling, though I dare say father would tell you that it has lasted since General Oglethorpe breakfasted off it and therefore will last after we are dead."

And so we set the table, Miss Ellen running to the kitchen every now and then and coming back to straighten the knives and forks, telling me that men were no earthly good about a house. Once our hands touched while placing the plates, and instantly, as if by instinct, we faced each other, and our eyes met. After that she kept on the other side of the table from me and later sent me upstairs to dress for dinner. When I came down there seemed to be a glow on her cheek, and in her hair there was stuck a wild rose which I had brought her from the woods.

The next three days all was bustle. The boys and girls came on Thursday, each bringing something in a basket. So much cooking I had never seen. One was put to beat the whites of the eggs and another the yolks. Some one was detailed to mix the cake and still another to watch it after it had been put into the oven. Margaret Robertson was given a squad and ordered to decorate the hall with greens. The jelly was made, and some one was sent with it to the springhouse, where it was left to cool and harden. Every now and then the colonel would appear at the kitchen door to tell us what times they used to have before the war when he was a boy.

That night when all were gone and Bud had fallen asleep in a chair Miss Ellen and I went on the lawn to look at the moon.

"Miss Ellen," I said, "I am happy here, and I hate to leave the Pines."

"Why do you talk of going?" she said, her voice subdued and her face turned away.

"Because I do not want to outlive my welcome," I said.

"No one does that at the Pines. As you see, there is not much to offer, but our friends are always welcome. Bud likes you, and father seems younger since you came."

"And you?" I said, drawing a step nearer to her.

"Oh, I!" She gave a little gasp and ended with a laugh. "It is as easy to cook for five as it is for four, so don't think of leaving on my account."

"That is what hurts," I said. "If you did not have to do this or if I had only known you long enough to tell you all that is in my mind," I ended bitterly.

She held up her finger and, laughing in my face, said: "But you haven't, you know. So you must stay a long time and then come back some day and tell me," she added roguishly.

"Never!" I said. "I will tell you before I leave if I have to stay the year out."

"Bravely spoken!" she cried. "And I will do what I can to make you take Christmas dinner with us. And now remember to be nice to all the homely girls you see tomorrow evening, and I promise not to get jealous even if you dance with the pretty ones as well."

Bud was still asleep when we got back to the house. We roused him, and all went quietly to bed. I did not sleep much that night, and somehow I did not think Miss Ellen did either, for I did not feel as lonely as when everybody was unconscious in that spacious mansion.

CHAPTER V.

The Wishing Stone.

THE girls who had been invited to spend the night at the Pines came early the next day, and I went to the fields with Bud, for Miss Ellen told me that I would only be in the way if I stayed

at home. I saw Bud at his plow and watched how cheerfully he did the work of a day laborer. I lit my pipe and walked several of the furrows with him, and then, heartsick at seeing this fine specimen of young manhood trudging wearily to and fro in the thankless soil, I wandered off in the woods to dream of Miss Ellen and weave schemes for the rest of the family when she would have become my wife. When? The question brought with it a flood of doubt, for, after all, would she give up the work she had undertaken, or would her pride allow her to accept any assistance for her family? I felt there were depths to her nature which I had not been able to sound in the short time I had been there.

For fear of wounding her I had remained silent, but I was now resolved to speak to her before leaving, and had I received orders that night to return to Boston I would have told her of my boundless love and asked her to become my wife. Still wavering between my inclination to declare my love and fear of being too precipitate, I returned to the Pines. I did not see her until dinner time, however, then only during a hasty meal, after which we assisted her to clear the table and place a number of small ones on the side porch for the party. We laid the collation for the evening's entertainment and then went to dress.

It was with some misgivings that I donned my evening suit, but on coming downstairs I found the colonel arrayed in one of an anterior date and Bud transformed from the plow hand of the morning in the suit he had worn at the time of his graduation. A number of young girls had arrived before Miss Ellen came down, and the men were assembled at the foot of the stairs as if waiting for her.

My heart seemed to stop beating as I saw her lithe and graceful figure, clad in an old brocade of her mother, coming toward me. Her hair was built high on her head, which seemed to change her whole appearance and made me start as I remembered my dream picture. The brocade was faded, but its gloss and richness remained. Her shoulders were bare, and her flinty chin gave her the air of some quaint old medieval picture come to life.

"Am I not in keeping with the house?" she said, interpreting my gaze.

"You are like a queen," I said.

"Then you shall pay me court for this one night," she answered and held out her hand to me, which I took, and, with the manner of an old time southern gentleman, just as I had seen Colonel Turpin do, I bowed low and for a moment let my lips linger on the tips of her fingers.

"You have other courtiers," said one of several men who came forward to join us.

She held out her hand, and as she did so she looked at me for a second. She withdrew it gracefully and added, with a smile, "I was only admitting a new one," and then bade me follow her. She introduced me here and there and told me how many times I must dance with each. We went on the porch, and standing there, I was again struck with the resemblance to the lady in my dream.

"You are like the first part of my picture," I said softly.

"Then let me play it for this evening," she said. "And if you can imagine me a colonial dame you shall be a courtier from King George's court."

"Good," I cried, "if you will admit that I have come across the seas a-wooling!"

"As you will, my lord," spreading out her gown and courtesying. "But I will not be responsible for the consequences. So see to it that you play well your part, else I will send you your king again."

After that I addressed her only as "most gracious lady" or "fair Mistress Ellen." I wooed her in the strange and quaint language of a hundred

years ago. Sometimes she seemed startled at my earnestness, and when thinking my speech too fervent she would bid me go hence and add another wildflower to my already large bouquet. I would straightway return and tell her of the court life and wove amid my imagery an odd mixture of my New England home. Once, taking her hand for a moment and looking into her eyes, I said:

"Ah, Ellen, I love you well, and I would take you to a court in truth where you would find a royal welcome, and you would be a queen to every one who knew you, and I would so guard you that neither poverty nor sorrow should ever come near you or to those you love."

"I have naught to do with courts, my lord," she said with a certain pathos, and I knew she was thinking of her duty at the Pines. "So go back to your king, and, whether he be ambition or gold, or both, forget the simple colonial dame who more often plays the part of dairymaid. And now," she said, looking into my eyes and laughing, "go and seek out every maid over twenty-nine, and when you have led them all through the graceful minuet come back to me."

And I would do as bid and dance some old time waltz with some lonely maid and then return to Miss Ellen's side only to be sent away again to some one who she noticed was not dancing. Finally the supper hour was announced, and I was made happy by Miss Ellen, who chose me as her partner for the march. Just as we were forming into line some one cried, "It is the hour for the wishing stone!" and then one and all, save myself, for I did not know what was meant by the wishing stone, joined in the clamor. Miss Ellen yielded at length, and, still holding my hand and bidding me give the other to the girl behind me, and so on down the line, we started out of the house through one of the deep, low cut windows. We circled the porch, crossed the gardens and passed down the terrace. The moonlight filtering through the trees glistened brightly on the colored frocks as we sped down the cedar lane.

At length we emerged on an open knoll in the center of which was an old stone sundial covered with ivy. We formed a circle round it, and Miss Ellen, letting go my hand, stood on a step by its side and, calling one after another by name, bade each lay his or her hand on the bare surface of the stone where the ivy had been cut away and to make a wish. One looking on might have thought we were a band of secret plotters taking the oath of allegiance on a tomb. It was no jesting matter, I could see, for each one in that gay party approached the stone in silence and reverence. The only sound that broke the stillness was that of Miss Ellen's voice as she called each name in turn. At last my name was



"It behoves you to approach it reverently."

called, a little more gently than the others, I thought, and Miss Ellen, seeing me approach, held up her hand and motioned me to stop.

(To Be Continued.)

The name—Doan's inspires confidence—Doan's Kidney Pills for kidney ills. Doan's Ointment for skin itching. Doan's Regulets for a mild laxative. Sold at all drug stores.

Hon John Mattes and family of Nebraska City passed through Plattsmouth this morning en route for Omaha via the Pollock-Duff bridge with automobile. He found time to stop at the Journal office for a few minutes. They will return this evening.

The implicit confidence that many people have in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is founded on their experience in the use of that remedy and their knowledge of the many remarkable cures of colic, diarrhoea and dysentery that it has effected. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.



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Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst Brother Nicholas Halmes, a member of Lodge No. 45, Sons of Herman, and

Whereas, In his death this lodge loses one of its most useful and best members, and this community one of its noblest, most upright and sincere citizens, and his family a faithful, kind and loving husband and father; therefore be it

Resolved, By Lodge No. 45, Sons of Herman, that this lodge loses one of its most respected and upright members and this community one of its best citizens and his family a kind and loving husband and father; and be it further

Resolved, That this lodge tenders the relatives of our deceased brother our deepest and most sincere sympathy; and be it further Resolved, That these resolutions be spread at large upon the minutes of this lodge, and that a copy thereof be printed in the newspapers of the city of Plattsmouth and that the charter of this lodge be draped in mourning for the period of thirty days.

Martin Friedrich,
William Weber,
William Starkjohn,
Committee.

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Uncle George Shrader was in the city today looking after some purchases, and we were pleased to see him looking well. Uncle George is one of the Journal's staunch friends and we are always glad to meet him.

To the Public:

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

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