

Colonel TODHUNTER of Missouri

By RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS

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CHAPTER III.

"For Governor, William J. Strickland
of Nineveh."

COLONEL TODHUNTER'S heart swelled with an unselfish pridefulness.

The favorite old Mississippi steamer, Gray Eagle, now in full view from where he stood at the Nineveh landing, was bringing homeward the Hon. William J. Strickland of Nineveh, at last an avowed candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor of Missouri.

Colonel Todhunter himself had organized the public reception at this very moment awaiting the most distinguished of Nineveh's citizens. "I'll be shot full o' holes, suh," he said to Dick Cantrill, editor and proprietor of the Nineveh Weekly Blade, "if we don't show the people of this here state what old Bill Strickland's home folks think of him, anyway. Th' ain't nothin' more helpful to a candidate than provin' that them as knows the most about him has the least against him, suh."

"What about Squire Tucker's opposition, colonel?" asked Dick Cantrill.

"That's better'n his indorsement, suh!" retorted Colonel Todhunter. "Long as I've known Bill Strickland if I knew old Eph Tucker was supportin' him I'd be against him on suspicion, suh, blamed if I wouldn't!"

Knowing the speaker better than he knew himself, Dick Cantrill laughed. Colonel Todhunter and Colonel Strickland were friends from boyhood. Friendship was something in the nature of a religion with Colonel Todhunter. In his simple creed he did not simply "like" his friends. He loved them with a trustful steadfastness that knew no limitations of loyalty or of potential sacrifice.

"Barin' his wife and children, suh," Colonel Todhunter was wont to say, "a man's friends is all that's worth while in this here world of our'n. And his old friends, them that was young with him when he was makin' as many different kinds of a fool of himself as the law allows—well, suh, th' ain't no price can be set on 'em, nether gold nor rubles nor Jasper nor frankincense and myrrh, as the good book says, suh!"

Colonel Todhunter had been vastly impatient for the return of the Hon. William J. Strickland. When the Gray Eagle rounded the bend in the river two miles below Nineveh and waked the Missouri echoes with the mellow tunefulness of her famous baritone whistle the colonel's face became splendidly illumined.

"There he comes, folks!" he cried. "There comes old Bill Strickland, the man we're a-goin' to nominate and elect governor of Mizzoora! All ready, now? Hip, hip, hooray!"

A mighty cheer rose from the crowd assembled on the Nineveh wharf boat and smote afar the ears of Colonel Bill Strickland where he stood beside Captain Beverly Leigh on the Gray Eagle's upper deck. The candidate's eyes twinkled as they met those of the weatherbeaten riverman.

"That's old Thurs T. Todhunter's doin', Bev," he spoke. "I'll bet he's got nigh about all the male population of Nineveh rallyin' around him at that landing. The old rascal!"

Once more the cheering from Nineveh throats rose as the Gray Eagle neared the landing, and the Hon. William J. Strickland waved his hand toward the waiting multitude. It increased in volume as he made his way downward until he stood pictorially framed in at the farther end of the lowered gangplank. It was a great moment for Nineveh.

Already the Nineveh brass band was playing "Hail to the Chief!" with tremendous fervor. The gorgeously uniformed Nineveh Light Infantry stood

in company front at parade rest behind the band. All Nineveh, it seemed, was assembled back of them on the wharf boat and along the immediate river front. The ardent gathering split the air with shouts of high acclaim as the well known figure of Colonel Bill Strickland crossed the steamer's gangplank. The next moment Colonel Thurs T. Todhunter, advancing, was seen to grasp his hand.

Each man accomplished a splendid cavalier sweep of his wide brimmed soft hat. Then they stood facing each other in a fine attitude of cordial dignity. They were prime types of two of the four strains of pioneer blood that are blended in the Missouri type itself, Colonel Todhunter coming of Kentucky stock and Colonel Strickland of Tennessee. Virginia and New England were the other contributors to the blend. The three southern states pined are responsible for the emotional endowment that has made Missouri "spellbinders" long famous

on the stump. The eastern states have



supplied that cooler, steadier and more practical strain that constitutes Missouri's balance wheel in character adjustment.

Linking arms, Colonel Todhunter and the Hon. William J. Strickland moved through the applauding hosts to an open carriage.

"After you, suh," said Colonel Todhunter, ceremoniously waving his companion to the seat of honor. "And, suh, I beg to notify you that this is the beginnin' of your triumphal progress to the executive mansion at Jefferson City, suh."

Renewed cheering greeted this imposing announcement. The Hon. William J. Strickland took his place in the carriage. Colonel Todhunter followed him. The mayor of Nineveh, the editor of the Blade and other local celebrities occupied the remaining vehicles.

Captain Sim Birdsong of the Nineveh Light Infantry, a veteran of the Spanish war, now stiffened until his spine was as straight and rigid as a ramrod. Ordinarily Sim was rather an awkward young Missourian, sandy haired, freckle faced and easily abashed. But he became fiercely martial the moment he donned his regimentals.

"Cump'ny, 'teashun-n-n!" roared Captain Sim. "Carry—humps! Shoulder—humps! Right forward—fo's right—march! Col'm right—march!"

Even as the thrilling commands were given and the Nineveh Light Infantry, in column of fours, came swinging on and took its station in front of the Strickland carriage the Nineveh brass band at the head of the column struck up "Stars and Stripes Forever!" and the first parade of the Strickland campaign for the governorship of Missouri was under way.

"Seems to me, Bill," said Colonel Todhunter as the carriage moved off, "that you came out for the nomination at exactly the right minute in that St. Louis announcement of your'n. The old machine crowd's a-backin' Steve Yancey to a fare you well, and the people's sick and tired of the whole out-fit, suh. I miss my guess if th' ain't a stampede in your direction."

Colonel Bill Strickland smiled doubtfully. "Our side seems to think that I'm the best man to make the race, Thurs," he spoke, "but you're 'way off if you think there ain't goin' to be a fight. It'll be hot and heavy straight down the line. Whoever wins will win after the toughest scuffle you and me ever saw in Missouri politics, my friend."

"I ain't objectin' none to a fight," said Colonel Todhunter. "But this is the first time in the history of Mizzoora that the Democrats nominate their candidate for governor at the polls 'stead of in a nominatin' convention, and I believe they're a-goin' to make sure of an honest man. It looks good to me, suh."

Pausing for just a moment he resumed. "Here's the way I size up the situation. Mizzoora Democrats know now that the old gang is crooked'er'n a dog's hind leg, suh. They know you've been frozen out of the state committee chairmanship because that bunch ain't got no more use for you'n a boss thief's got for a square sheriff. You stand for a return to straight politics in their eyes. And now the voters don't have to leave the nominatin' business to a convention that's full of tricks'n a cur dog is of deas, suh. That's why I'm a-coun'tin' on your bein' nominated."

"Maybe so," replied the other. "But the machine's goin' to fight me all it knows how from start to finish. The fight'll begin right here in my own town. Old Eph Tucker, the richest man in Nineveh, is Stephen K. Yancey's personal representative in this neck o' the woods, and old Eph Tucker hates me so hard it keeps him awake at nights."

"Well, suh," chuckled Colonel Todhunter, "if the old gang waits for Eph Tucker to spend any of his money in politics they'll wait a mighty long time, suh. He squeezes ev'ry dollar o' his'n till the eagle screams and flies back into his own pocket, and you know it."

Colonel Strickland laughed. Suddenly he held up one finger. "What's that?"

A sound of strident music, punctuated by terrific and hollow thumpings at rhythmic intervals, came from the

little strip of Nineveh lying between them and the town hall.

The light of battle leaped into Colonel Todhunter's eyes. "I'll be eternally flamm'd," he cried, "if it ain't that there Nineveh bugle and drum corps that's been cavortin' 'round here at the head of the Stephen K. Yancey Campaign club! You look a-here, Bill Strickland! If them fellows has had the impudence to turn out on parade when we're a-welcomin' you home to Nineveh I'll sick our boys on 'em as sure as my name's Thurs T. Todhunter, suh!"

Colonel Strickland was laughing outright. "What did I tell you?" he said. "They haven't lost any time declaring war, and somebody's paying good money for it too!"

Colonel Todhunter leaned out of the carriage and spoke to the nearest Strickland partisan. "You run up yonder at the head of that there band," he said, "and tell Samson Meek to come back here a minute. I want to see him."

Samson Meek, leader of the Nineveh brass band, hurried back. He was so buttoned up and padded in his gorgeous drum major's uniform, topped off with a gigantic fur shako, that the sweat poured down his lank and honest Missouri face like rain.

"Samson," spoke Colonel Todhunter ominously, "if we run across that Stephen K. Yancey bugle and drum corps, I want you to drown 'em out and keep 'em drowned out, suh. Do you understand?"

Samson Meek brought his baton to



Colonel Todhunter and the Hon. William J. Strickland Moved Through the Applauding Hosts.

a present. "Colonel Todhunter, we'll smother 'em, suh. I just been waiting for the chance."

"Then you go back and tell your horn tooters what's expected of 'em, suh," commanded Colonel Todhunter. "Specially that little fat fellow with the horn bigger'n he is. Tell him to blow himself inside out. This here Strickland parade ain't a-goin' to be interrupted by no Steve Yancey and Eph Tucker foolishness as long as I'm in charge of the welcome ceremonies, suh!"

Then he turned to Colonel Bill Strickland. "That settles it, suh!" he snorted. "I'll be shot full o' holes if I don't take the stump for you myself, Bill Strickland, if they're startin' the fight right in your own town, suh, the first minute you come home, suh. I'll make Imperial Mizzoora howl for William J. Strickland, too, suh; hang my picture if I don't!"

In full view of the parading crowd Colonel Bill Strickland grasped Colonel Todhunter's hand. "You old war horse!" he cried. "I'd rather have you stumping Missouri for me than all the state committee spellbinders that ever breathed the breath of life! Bully for you, Thurs! We'll fight 'em to the last ditch!" Great was the cheering at this incident.

But the Strickland parade did not encounter the Nineveh bugle and drum corps and the Stephen K. Yancey Campaign club at this juncture.

The encounter came later.

It came at that tremendous moment when Colonel Thurston T. Todhunter, majestic on the town hall stage, was just reaching the fervid peroration of a speech that was to close with the inspiring mention of the name of the Honorable William J. Strickland as Missouri Democracy's sure choice for governor.

It was a premeditated blow at the glory of the Todhunter brand of oratory, the cherished pride of Colonel Thurs T. Todhunter's ardent soul.

Entering the town hall and defiantly marching up the main corridor to the wide double doors that gave a view of the Strickland meeting, the Nineveh bugle and drum corps, heading the Stephen K. Yancey Campaign club, awoke the resounding echoes.

Never, it would seem, had earth heard such clamor of trumpet and tambour.

It crashed into and through the town hall assembly room. It rose to the roof and came thundering back into the aisles. It smote the ears as with cataclysmic bolts of sound. It stilled the eloquence of Colonel Thurs T. Todhunter as if that mighty speaker were an infant lifting voice against the voice of elemental chaos.

And Colonel Todhunter paused, crestfallen.

Then the lust of righteous battle flamed from his indignant eyes. He

waved his right hand with a Jovian gesture. "Drive 'em away, Samson!" he shouted. "You and Sim Birdsong, I ain't done yet!"

And the gallant Samson Meek rose to the occasion. With a mighty wave of his baton he rallied his bandmen in close order behind him. Captain Sim Birdsong, no less dependable, formed the Nineveh Light Infantry in line behind the band. There was a magnificent flourish of Samson Meek's silver knobbed rod of office, a quick command from Captain Sim Birdsong, and then—

The Nineveh brass band and the Nineveh Light Infantry deployed into the corridor and charged upon the enemy.

It was an assault sonorous and irresistible. Its slogan was "Hail Columbia!" This gave the big horns an almost unearthly opportunity. The "little fat fellow with the horn bigger'n him" seemed resolved to obey Colonel Todhunter's injunction and "blow himself inside out." His fellows followed his example. The resultant cyclone of wind clamor wiped out the Nineveh bugle and drum corps as if it had not been. Triumph shone on the face of Drum Major Samson Meek, truculently waving his glittering baton.

But an ominous cry rose from his front. "Rush 'em, boys! Make a rough house!"

Even as the Strickland forces leaned forward for a countering rush into combat, however, a resolute figure sprang in between the battle lines. It was the figure of Constable Pete Fanshaw, embodying the law of Nineveh. It waved a sternly forbidding hand for a moment.

"None o' that, you boys!" he shouted. "I ain't takin' no sides, but this here's a public meetin' and it's my sworn duty to see that there ain't no disturbin' of the peace. Stam Tucker, you turn your men right around and march 'em out o' here double quick! And you, Tom Strickland, quit your edgin' up to get a lick at Stam! There ain't goin' to be no fightin' here this load o' poles!"

Every young chap in Nineveh knew Pete Fanshaw's fiber. He stood restrainingly between the lines. He was not to be trifled with. If necessary he could enlist either faction under the standard of the law, to punish the aggressor if battle were precipitated.

Stamford Tucker glowered at him for a moment. Then his eyes narrowed in a venomous flash at Tom Strickland.

At last, sullenly, Tucker gave the order that set the Yancey clan in motion to abandon the field.

War had been averted.

And five minutes later, again getting up steam, Colonel Todhunter completed his speech. The Hon. William J. Strickland advanced to the front of the stage and began his own address. Soon the first rally of the Strickland campaign for the governorship of Missouri peacefully reached its appointed finish, and the crowd dispersed.

(To Be Continued.)

MRS. SHURIGER, FORMERLY MISS MOLLY GODWIN IS MOTHER OF A FINE BOY

From Wednesday's Daily.

News has just been received by friends in this city of the birth of a fine baby boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Shuriger at Kenasaw, Neb. Mrs. Shuriger was formerly Miss Molly Godwin of this city, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Godwin, and the many friends of the family will join in wishing that the little man may live to be a joy and comfort to his parents in their old age. The mother and little one are getting along nicely and the grandparents who reside near Murray are greatly pleased over the news of the new addition to their descendants.

VERY HEAVY RAINFALL IN THIS VICINITY LAST NIGHT

From Wednesday's Daily.

This city and vicinity was visited by a very heavy rain last evening that started about 8:30 and continued almost all night, the rainfall being slightly over an inch. There was no particular damage done in this section by the storm, which seemed general throughout this section of the state. The land of Tom Stokes on the river bottom, east of the depot, received another very heavy flood from the subway and sewer and the greater part of his corn land is now under water, which will make his chances of a crop this year very slim. Some excitement was created on the streets here last night by a report that Omaha had been visited by another destructive cyclone, but telephone messages to the metropolis brought the information that no cyclone had visited there and the city suffered nothing worse than a heavy rain storm.

Farm for Sale.

Anyone wanting to buy a farm would do well to see W. R. Bryan, county assessor.

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

Items of Interest to Old and New Residents of City Which Were New Forty Years Ago.

Wm. Neville has gone to Omaha to "sit on the grand jury."

D. H. Wheeler, E. E. Cunningham, F. M. Dorrington and Wm. L. Wells have gone to Lincoln to attend the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F.

Mr. Wm. Brantner, an old resident of Cass county, but who has been living in Virginia for the past two years, returned to Plattsouth last week, bringing a wife with him. Will thinks Nebraska is far ahead of Virginia.

Dan McKinnon arrived safe at Salt Lake one day last week, we see by the papers he sent us. Brigham immediately sent for Dan to meet him by moonlight alone and talk over the prospects of Ann Eliza's getting some alimony.

We had quite a little chunk of horse race on the fair ground track Monday morning. Dick Straight's black mare, Wm. Jones' roan mare, Charley Holmes' sorrel pacer and Reese's roan colt all tried a hand—we mean a foot—and the roan colt (Reese) came out ahead; whereby many Plattsouth sports were badly sold.

Big Jerry is up again before the public, in his role of a fighting character, which he seems inclined to fill frequently. On Wednesday afternoon he went into Julius Pepperberg's and demanded some cigars, refusing to pay for them. Upon Pepperberg's declining to give them, he began to curse and swear, and Pepperberg ordered him out of the shop, when Jerry gave him a rousing blow on his head, knocking him from his chair and dragging him out on the pavement by the throat.

The by-standers here interfered and amidst the cries of children, rushing of men and barking of dogs, Jerry was marched first to Justice Haines' office, where he again struck Pepperberg, and then to the place where all such good folks go, where he now meditates in the retirement of his cell upon the way of the transgressor, which in his case ought to be much harder than it is.

Later—Jerry had his trial before Justice Haines, and was bound over in \$160 bail to appear at the next term of court; failing to obtain bail he yet meditates in retirement.

Father Todd and Father Thomas held a sidewalk meeting in front of the P. O. on yesterday all about the W. W. W. Go it and may the best man win.

The grand jury was in session four days and returned three indictments, one for murder and two for felonious assault.

John C. Kuabe, a rare old German gentleman from Mt. Pleasant, called and took a Herald Tuesday.

Solomon, of the firm of Solomon & Nathan, goes east this week for spring stock. Look out for a caravan of new goods.

The court room has been vastly improved by putting in windows, but the room is yet poorly ventilated and we hear lawyers complaining about the bad atmosphere.

Coal seems to be cropping out all over about these times, except in the coal dealers' yards, and there it has been mighty scarce for a week or so back. A friend near our shoulder tells us that good coal has been found not far from Plattsouth, and that an Ohio company propose to take hold of and work the vein, and that another firm from the same place will open a rolling mill here if suitable encouragement is given. Here's a chance, business men. Don't let her slip through your fingers.

The Catholic festival on last Thursday was a great success. The drama of the "Charcoal Burner" was very finely rendered for an amateur troupe, and all home talent at that. Dick Claiborne makes a good "Charcoal Burner," and Mr. Young a first-rate "Old Man." Frank White only needed a few hirsute appendages to pass for the "Captain

with his whiskers," who took a sly glance at the girls, just as Frank does. The only farce in the business was where Arden tells him not to blush—Frank White blushing, eh?—that's good. Valentine Verdier, Joe MacDonough, made everybody laugh, though against the statutes of William and Mary; and Billy Neville took a wheelbarrow ride, that brought down the house, and Billy and his wheeler, too. Miss Robertson and Mrs. Curtis acquitted themselves manfully—no womanfully, and altogether the play showed that we have considerable dramatic talent here. "Paddy Miles' Boy," the afterpiece, with MacDonough as Paddy Miles, just set everyone screeching with laughter.

Rev. Chas. McElvey of the Plattsouth M. E. church went to Omaha last week and remained over Sunday, and there was no preaching in his church last Sunday in consequence.

The Tutts are fairly moving out. Very sorry to lose them two stauncher, better men it would be hard to find. John goes to Kansas and Andy down on the Republican.

The new time table of the B. & M. R. R. helps us out wonderfully in going to Omaha. Don't have to get up so early and can stay nearly all day if necessary.

James Vivian, son of Richard Vivian, shot himself in taking a gun out of the wagon last week, and now lies in a critical condition at the Platte Valley house. His arm is badly lacerated above and below the elbow. Dr. Livingston attending him.

Court sits this week. Judge Lake and all the dignitaries of justice arrived on Monday, and have kept the usually quiet town in hot water ever since. Fourteen criminal cases are on the docket, and a large number of civil cases.

Hot, dusty, tired and thirsty, our boys arrived at Rock Bluffs at 2:30 p. m., and to one not used to outdoor exercise, a ride of ten miles through a tunnel of dust and scorching wind is anything but pleasant preparatory to a close game. However, the cordial reception and gentlemanly bearing of the R. B. club soon put us at our ease. The game was called by Mr. Church, the umpire, and who by his impartial decisions, was soon popular with both sides. Mr. Skill was chosen scorer, and his "gleeful" tones were often heard above the din of the enthusiastic captives. The batting by the R. B. club was poor, not on a par with their fielding. By practice this drawback might be remedied, which would make them a formidable nine. The "Empires" played equally as well at the bat as in the field. But Billy Mann and Mr. Mathews deserve special notice. Billy on first base and Mathews at the bat, were simply "immense." The game at the ninth inning stood 36 to 12 in favor of the "Empires."

After the usual amount of cheering was done we adjourned to the pleasant rooms of Dr. F. B. Reed and lady, where a bountiful and tempting supper awaited us. Their kind hospitality was appreciated.

The only accident of any consequence was sustained by Mr. Oatley, who sprained his ankle severely in running to first base. Some of the "sports" of Plattsouth were along and their jovial spirits flowed freely during the game. I heard several offers to bet, but the "takers" were few—I understand, however, that one gentleman of military renown, came home a little "short."

From Our Own Reporter.

BROUGHT BEFORE JUDGE ARCHER AND FINED

From Wednesday's Daily.

This morning T. J. McFadden was brought before Judge M. Archer charged with being drunk on the streets of the city in a manner contrary to the peace and dignity of the law, and the judge, after hearing the evidence in the case, decided it would require \$5 and costs to satisfy the demands of outraged justice, and the prisoner promised to liquidate the amount today and was allowed his liberty until he could raise the necessary amount. He was arrested last evening by Chief of Police Rainey while in an intoxicated condition and lodged in jail over night.

Anyone wishing dressmaking done, call on Miss Valley. Phone 225-J. 6-25-31d