

Colonel TODHUNTER of Missouri

By RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS

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CHAPTER IV.

Lottie-May Doggett Weaves a Web.

Lottie-May Doggett, her dark and eager face alight with excitement, had attended the political meeting which followed the Strickland parade. Nearly all Nineveh indeed, ordinarily so quiet, was in public evidence this night, grateful for a little diversion.

The girl was a witness therefore to the dire interruption of Colonel Todhunter's speech and had also seen the clash of the rival factions, headed by Tom Strickland and Stam Tucker. Her eyes shone with expectancy of a personal encounter between the two young men.

"Lord, I'd like to see 'em clinch!" she exclaimed, pushing a bit forward as she spoke. "They'd make a good fight, too, seein' as how there ain't been no love lost between 'em for some time. I bet they'll get at it!"

Her companion, a girl who envied Lottie-May that partial acceptance by Nineveh's good families which was due to her grandfather's honorable Confederate record, laughed a bit significantly. "It won't be your fault if they don't fight some day, Lottie-May Doggett!" she charged. "I hear you've been settin' your cap at both of 'em in a mighty dangerous way."

"I ain't been doin' nothin' of the sort!" indignantly denied Lottie-May, resentment in her face. "It ain't my fault if Stam Tucker sets up to me, is it? And I reckon Tom Strickland's got the same right, ain't he? You better mind your own business and let my affairs alone."

"Land alive! What a spit cat about nothin'!" protested the other. "But Tom Strickland better leave Stam Tucker alone. My brother says Stam always carries a pistol and is a dangerous man when his blood's up."

Lottie-May's eyes flashed instant disdain. "I reckon Tom Strickland can take care of himself," she retorted hotly. "I wouldn't be afeared for him in a difficulty with Stam Tucker."

Her companion laughed triumphant. "I caught you that time, Lottie-May!" she cried. "I just wanted to see which you liked the best, Stam or Tom. And it's Tom, that's who it is!"

"You think you're smart, don't you?" countered Lottie-May, but blushing angrily. "Well, you ain't. Neither one of 'em is makin' me lay awake of nights, I can tell you."

"It'll be Tom does it, if anybody does," calmly returned the other. "But they ain't a-goin' to clinch this time, at any rate. Pete Fanshaw's just called 'em down and put a stop to their foolishness."

Lottie-May was still fuming with resentment of this open bantering concerning Tom Strickland and Stam Tucker when she started homeward. Not at all unwilling to accept the secret wooing of either, she intuitively shrank from the open coupling of their names with hers. The shadow of her mother's shame oppressed her, and it was only in moments of sudden anger or other excitement that she surrendered to a mood of reckless defiance of her dark inheritance.

Even now, however, it gave Lottie-May a thrill of vainful triumph to remember that Stam Tucker was awaiting her somewhat farther along her lonely homeward way through the night and that he would accompany her as near to her suspicious old grandfather's house as she dared permit. But Tom Strickland himself intervened before her meeting with Stam Tucker this night. He, too, was homeward bound, encountering the girl at a secluded crossing of their respective roads. Lottie-May's heart gave a great leap as she recognized him in the darkness. A sudden impulse of passionate enticement possessed her soul.

"Goodness me, Tom Strickland!" she cried. "You skered me 'most to death! I took you for one of them Black Bottom men from the trappin' camp."

Emphasizing her claim of panic, she stood very close to Tom. A loose strand of her hair blew against his face. Her dark eyes were velvety with unconcealed temptation, her voice vibrant with appeal.

"You oughtn't to be going home by yourself at this time of night, Lottie-May," said Tom. "It ain't safe—for as young and—as pretty a girl as you are." His voice shook just a little.

Lottie-May laughed. "There, Tom, you've actually paid me a compliment!" she exclaimed, a perilous exultation curving her red lips. "It's the first one, too. Maybe you ain't so hard hearted in the nighttime as you are in the daytime, Tom!"

There was the frankest wooing in the girl's manner. She moved until her softly rounded young shoulder touched Tom's arm.

"I never saw the day I was afraid to tell you how pretty you are!" he said. "But that's just the trouble right now. I don't like to see you go-



ing home alone so late at night."

Lottie-May Doggett felt a sudden glow of love for Tom thrill her. At the same instant, though remembering, she recklessly ignored the fact that Stam Tucker was waiting for her farther along the way.

"Maybe you better come home with me, then, Tom," she said softly. Tom Strickland laughed.

"That's what I'm going to do, Lottie-May," he responded. "I'd never forgive myself if anything happened to you with me knowing you had to go home alone. You—you're sure you're willing for me to come with you?"

The girl's eyes were liquid soft. "Willin'?" she repeated. "You know I'm willin'—and more than willin'. Tom, I just asked you—and I ain't never goin' to forget this night as long as I live!"

Again Tom Strickland laughed. "You will have me making love to you first thing you know?" he said. "You'd better be careful, Lottie-May. If you ain't willing!"

"I dare you to, Tom!" the girl replied in a low voice. "I dare you to! And no real man ever took such a dare from a girl!"

They were moving side by side along the road. The girl's free carriage seemed that of some wild and beautiful young animal of the woods. Tom Strickland bent toward her, passing his arm about her soft little waist.

"Kiss me!" whispered Lottie-May in reply. "Kiss me, Tom. I love you so!"

Even as she spoke Tom Strickland had taken her in his arms, pressing his lips to hers.

And at that moment Stam Tucker, waiting to meet Lottie-May by appointment, stepped out of the shadow at the road's edge. His face was black with jealous rage.

Lottie-May Doggett gave a little cry of dismay. "Why, Stam!" she cried, releasing herself from Tom's arms and



"Let him alone, Lottie-May," said Tom Strickland. "He won't shoot."

essaying to laugh. "You are waiting for me after all, ain't you? I was afeared you'd gone home, so Tom Strickland here was goin' with me instead."

An ugly sneer was on Stam Tucker's face. "So I see," he replied, glancing venomously from one to the other. "And you seem to be having a good time, both of you."

"Oh, shucks, now, Stam, it's nothin' but foolin', that's all!" cried the girl, a note of pleading in her voice. "It was teachin' Tom for bein' bashful, and I dared him to kiss me, and he would not take a dare—and that's the whole truth."

"I reckon it's all the truth you intend to tell," replied Stam. "But I'll tell you what it looks like to me. It looks like—"

"Stop right there, Stam!" interrupted Tom Strickland. "If you've seen anything you don't like I'm the responsible party. Say whatever you've got to say to me, not to a woman!"

"I don't ask anything better, Tom Strickland," instantly retorted Stam, turning swiftly from the girl. "And

I won't mince any words saying if either. You're a—"

"Stam!" cried Lottie-May, running to the speaker and placing a restraining hand on his that had suddenly been thrust back to his hip pocket. "You shan't do it! You mustn't do it, Stam! It'd ruin me in Nineveh forever and ever!"

"Let him alone, Lottie-May," said Tom Strickland. "He won't shoot. Just you stand aside and let him crack his whip."

Stam Tucker made a movement to throw Lottie-May off, but the girl clung to him desperately. Tom Strickland's eyes hardened as they watched Stam Tucker with an ominous alertness.

A farm horse drawing a ramshackle spring wagon emerged into view around a bend in the road some distance away and came lumbering along toward the three.

"Good Lord, it's granddaddy!" cried Lottie-May Doggett. "For my sake, please—please, Stam, you and Tom both—don't let him see there's been any trouble!"

Old Rafe Doggett, white haired and stern of visage, scowled suspiciously at Lottie-May and her companions as he brought his horse to a halt.

"Where in the world have you been till this hour of the night, Lottie-May?" he asked. "I was on my way to town after you. What have you been doin', girl?"

Lottie-May stood shamefaced. "Why, granddaddy," she replied nervously, "I just stayed to the political meetin', that's all. There was to be a brass band there and speakin' and all that, and I just couldn't come away till it was over."

The old man kept his accusing eyes on the girl's face for a moment. Then he turned and looked searchingly first at Stam Tucker and then at Tom Strickland. Tom felt a sudden and overwhelming sense of shame and self reproach and pity for the good old man whose dread, harried eyes were so somberly bent on him.

There was a moment of silence. "Well, seein' all there was to see," old Rafe Doggett resumed then, "what did you do after that, girl? How comes it that you're here on the road with Stam Tucker, facin' Tom Strickland like there'd been a quarrel? Tell me the truth!"

Lottie-May Doggett flashed a quick appeal of her eyes at Tom Strickland. It was plainly a mute and desperate entreaty for his forbearance with whatever she was about to say.

"Then, 'Why, granddaddy,'" she made answer, "stam onered to escort me home, and we met Tom on the way, and we just all three stopped to talk for a minute—that's all. Quarrelin'? Stam and Tom wasn't thinkin' of such a thing; that's the truth. I cross my heart, please, sir!"

The girl's voice trembled with fear of her grim old grandfather, to whom her mother's memory remained but as meaning a lifelong disgrace and humiliation. The old man seemed not entirely satisfied with her explanation. He sat silent, still studying the group confronting him. Then he sighed.

"Well, Lottie-May," he spoke at last, "since Stam wants to escort you home he can still do it, I reckon. But you both better come along with me in the wagon. There ain't no sense in your walkin' now."

Lottie-May's frightened eyes were pleading with Stam and Tom to abide by her story and comply with her grandfather's wishes.

"All right, Mr. Doggett," spoke Stam finally. "I'll be specially glad for Lottie-May to ride. I reckon she's pretty tired by now, so I'll just see her home that way, along with you."

Tom Strickland stood silent as Lottie-May was lifted into the wagon by Stam Tucker, who mounted to the seat beside her. Old Rafe Doggett clucked to his horse.

"Good night, Tom!" cried the girl. "Good night, Lottie-May!" replied Tom. "Good night, Mr. Doggett!"

The next moment they were gone. And Tom Strickland, shamed to the soul at thought of what he had seen in old Rafe Doggett's worn and wasted face, made his own way homeward.

The Hon. William J. Strickland and Colonel Todhunter were parting company for a few days after a final conference concerning preliminary campaign plans.

"I'll have to get back to St. Louis and see how things are starting off at my headquarters there," said Colonel Strickland. "Then it'll be necessary to take a run across the state and establish headquarters in Kansas City, right under Steve Yancey's nose. I'll want you to make a few speeches for me in St. Louis about next week, Thurs, old fellow. And don't forget—I'm going to hold you to your promise to stump the state for me."

"I ain't forgettin'," responded Colonel Todhunter. "I'm cocked and primed for a campaign that'll bring every old time Democrat in Mizoorah out of the brush and set 'em to whoopin' things up for you to beat the band, suh. The almighty dollar ain't the only thing that talks in this here state yet—not by a jugful—and I'm a-goin' to prove it, Bill."

"It's what we've got to beat, though," commented the candidate. "Things ain't like they used to be in Missouri politics, my friend."

"That's why we got so many of 'em professional politicians and so few real statesmen nowadays," replied the other. "But, all the same, the people of Mizoorah's honest, if the politicians ain't, and this here new primary law's a-goin' to give 'em their best chance to name their own choice for governor, suh."

"It will, if there's no crooked work at the polls," said Colonel Strickland. "I'm afraid of the cities for that reason."

Colonel Todhunter nodded his head, emphatically. "I'll just be jig whittled if all the corruption in American politics don't seem to come from the big towns, suh. It looks like it's plumb natural for cities to be sinful. It's been that way ever since Sodom and Gomorrah, suh. Do you reckon the Old Marster up above couldn't ha' found ten honest men among the shepherds-watchin' their flocks and the husbands-makin' tillin' their fields in the country? He couldn't ha' missed findin' 'em 'less'n he'd struck a bunch of 'em like old Eph Tucker here in Nineveh, suh!"

Then, after a reflective pause: "The trouble with old Eph Tucker, suh, is that he's got so he can't see anything but money. I ain't talkin' against money in its rightful proportion to the rest of life. I like to have it as well as the next man, and sometimes I need it mighty bad, too, but I'll be struck limber jawed if it ain't plumb foolish to plug up your eyes with it, suh. It don't cost a cent to see the beauty and goodness o' this here world, suh, not a cent, and if you miss seein' it, you miss seein' the whole show. That's too big a price to pay for the privilege of lookin' at a dollar instead, suh."

The Hon. William J. Strickland contemplated Colonel Todhunter with a smile on his grim lips.

"Thurs," he said, "I don't know anything sounder than your faith in the good of life and your enthusiasm for livin' it on that basis!"

(To Be Continued.)

IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO

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

The cut on Third street, south of Main, has been convulsed by a young earthquake, or else tickled itself over the election so much it has split its sides and now bids fair to tumble down on some one's head. Better look after it, Mr. Street Commissioner.

Col. Morse of the B. & M. has gone and left us. He takes the same position on the Athetison & Topeka R. R. in Kansas. The Colonel was so tall and the Herald so short, that there was always a great gap between us, and we never got very well acquainted, yet we are sorry to see the Colonel leave us. He was a gentleman, and they are getting scarce now-a-days. Our loss is Kansas's gain, we suppose, yet we all shall miss the Colonel, and the dogs, and the bay mare with the white legs, but we wish them Bon Voyage, wherever they may go.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Drost of Three Groves celebrated their wooden wedding on last Friday and such a set of wooden traps as flumbered up to the old farm house at Dr. Wiley's you never saw. Sixteen wooden half bushels, 40 pecks, 19 pitchfork handles, half a carload of potato smashers, 25 brand new wooden cradles, gives some idea of this wedding of wood. The old Doctor tried to keep tally of the things for awhile, but they rushed in on him so he just dumped 'em in the big log corn crib and let 'em brindle, meanwhile the folks in the house, that is "Hattie and Ben," just went in to make everybody happy and merry and the throng looked so cozy and snug that we understand 19 more "splicings" are on the tapis in Cass county just for the fun of having a wooden wedding every five years.

By a circular just printed at the Herald office we learn that our old friend and neighbor, Jno. R. Clark, has resigned the position of cashier of the First National Bank of Plattsouth and accepts the same position in the Merchants' bank at Lincoln. The officers of our bank now stand: John Fitzgerald, president; E. G. Dovey, vice president; A. W. McLaughlin, cashier; John O'Rourke, assistant cashier.

We are authorized to state, however, that Mr. Clark has not disposed of any of his interest in the bank and that he will also remain one of the directors as before. Mr. Clark also retains all his interest in Plattsouth, and the Herald begs leave to say for the many friends of Mr. Clark here that we all hope that his Lincoln exodus is only a temporary one. Few men in our county stand higher or have any more real friends than Jno. R. Clark.

M. L. White, county commissioner, left for Illinois yesterday to bring home the wife and babies. Good luck to M. L.

Mike Schnellbacher, the black-

smith, returned home on Tuesday. Mike has had a good time, but returns without being wedded yet. He will have to go in a different temper next time.

Uncle Jason Streight, after renting his rooms to a succession of strangers, who came and went like pictures in a traveling show, concludes to move in there and keep house himself. So you see Streight & Miller's confectionary, fruit and "nick-nax" stand is now open.

They do say that Billy Edger-ton, Mickelwait, Schnasse and others will petition the legislature this winter for a new ward out south of town. They want one ward they can carry election day.

On Monday Uncle Schlegel's team of handsome black colts took a play-spell. They left the old gentleman and his plow on Sixth street, just by Pottenger's stable and waltzed over on Fourth street, where they struck a gallop and came sailing down Fourth with such force as to carry them clear over on the sidewalk by the Platte Valley house. From thence in a straight line due west up the sidewalk till they struck Solomon & Nathan. Nathan slipped down through a crack in the sidewalk and Solomon scooted into the store. The ponies then straddled the sign board, turned a double somerset, and came up in Frank Kendall's hands, as quiet and demure as if nothing had ever happened. The concussion was so great though that pieces of the harness and a martingale ring were thrown up in the Herald office window. S. & N.'s sign is strained some, and one pony put his foot through a carpet bag for fun. Nathan came round the back way in time to see the double chasseur, and Alex led the waltzers home to a hot bran mash.

Can't the Bee and Herald find another Plattsouth witness—that can keep out of jail—to swear to some more corruption in the surveyor general's office?

Mr. Wm. Bennett has got around to Plattsouth again, and all his friends are glad to see him. He looks none the worse for his sojourn in Utah.

Last Thursday Mrs. James O'Neil butchered one of the largest hogs we have ever seen. It was raised by Mr. Elam Parmele and weighed 822 pounds. How is that for a 2-year-old hog? Who can beat it?

Cap. Marshall, like the captain of the ship, stood last and longest at his post and late last evening he might have been seen, like patience on a monument, smiling at the last sad remnants of a lost cause in the up-town postoffice business. Tomorrow he will loom up fresh as new sunflower in Masonic block.

We asked our "devil" if he knew of any local and he gave us the following: Rush Fellows had the toothache; my brother has a felon on his finger; it has been snowing; it is very cold; we have splendid sleighing; wood is cheaper; we are very nearly out of coal; we are going to have a bran new barber shop; the plow factory is going to commence running again; Jim Tucker has received his ironing tables; Mike Schnellbacher is a good blacksmith; D. H. Wheeler is in Lincoln; Frank Stadter is in the paper business yet; Dan McKinnon is back; J. R. Dilley has gone to Lincoln; Dave Morrow has started a new blacksmith shop; Tom Mitchell is going to have his carpenter shop in the old Central house; Charles Forsha is remodeling and fixing up his saloon; McDonagh is still afraid Sturgis will pray for him; T. W. Shryoek got a big lot of furniture the other day; Rev. Mr. McKelvey preached at the M. E. church last Sunday night; folks don't pay their printer's bills very well; the prisoners captured the penitentiary Monday evening; I would like to have part of that \$20,000?; I'm dry, and it is time to—go to supper.

Best Laxative for the Aged.

Old men and women feel the need of a laxative more than young folks, but it must be safe and harmless and one which will not cause pain. Dr. King's New Life Pills are especially good for the aged, for they act promptly and easily. Price 25c. Recommended by F. G. Fricke & Co.

C. A. Gauer of Cedar Creek was among those in the city today looking after some matters of business for a few hours.

Local News

From Friday's Daily.
James Loughridge of Murray was in the city today for a few hours attending to some matters of business.

H. T. Crocker of Tabor, Iowa, was in the city yesterday for a few hours looking after some matters of business.

J. H. Meisinger of near Cedar Creek was in the city for a few hours today attending to some business matters.

Miss Florence Fisher of Red Oak, Iowa, arrived yesterday afternoon for a short visit with her friend, Miss Helen Egenberger.

Mrs. Harley Burdick of Omaha came down this afternoon to visit over Sunday at the home of her parents, Mayor and Mrs. J. P. Sattler.

Mrs. R. A. Shell and little son of Hastings, Neb., arrived last evening on No. 2 for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bryan.

Mrs. W. M. Brooks of Nelson, Neb., arrived on No. 2 last evening for a short visit at the home of Superintendent W. G. Brooks and wife.

A. M. Searle returned this morning from Montecello, Ark., where he has been looking after some land interests, and he feels very enthusiastic over the conditions in that state.

Mrs. John Weyrich and daughter, Alice, departed last evening for Bentonville, Arkansas, where they were summoned by the serious illness of Mrs. Weyrich's brother.

Joseph Mullen, one of the sturdy citizens of Elmwood, came in this morning from his home to attend to some business matters, as well as to visit his numerous friends for the day.

G. H. Meisinger and son, Alvin, of the vicinity of Myard, were visitors in this city yesterday afternoon and were pleasant callers at this office. Mr. Meisinger renewed his subscription.

Mrs. H. A. Bailey and little son, Kenneth, of Alvo, who have been here for about a week visiting with Mrs. Bailey's sister, Mrs. Fred Kunsman and family, returned to their home this afternoon.

David G. Miller came in this morning from Thompson Falls, Montana, and will visit here with his brother and sister for a short time before returning to Montana to resume his duties in the forestry service.

Mrs. Guy French and little daughter, Octa, who have been here for a few days visiting with T. B. Bates and wife, departed this morning for Omaha and will move to Minneapolis next Monday to make their future home.

C. O. Larson and wife, formerly Miss Bess Edwards, returned this morning from their honeymoon trip to Minneapolis, St. Paul and a short time at Lake Independence, Minnesota. They will remain for a short time visiting with their relatives here.

Mrs. George Koehnke and children of Hay Springs, Neb., who have been here for the past few weeks visiting with relatives, departed this morning for their home. Mrs. W. J. Bookmeyer, a sister of Mrs. Koehnke, accompanied her as far as Omaha.

T. J. Kesterson, an old comrade of Thomas Wiles, came in yesterday afternoon and visited over night at the home of Mr. Wiles and wife, returning to his home this morning. Mr. Wiles and Mr. Kesterson both served in Company B of the 29th Iowa during the civil war.

George A. Kaffenberger, one of the readers of our daily, residing west of the city, while attending to business matters in this city Saturday, called at this office and had his subscription extended for another year, for which please accept our thanks.

Misses Margaret Scotten and Teresa Drouge departed today over the Burlington for Denver, where Miss Drouge will make an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. John Ulrick, while Miss Scotten will continue on to La Junta, to visit her uncle, Sam Sexton and family, and goes from there to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where her brother, Edmund, is living, and will visit him for a short time and then proceed to Texas to visit relatives before returning home.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Every family without exception should keep this preparation at hand during the hot weather of the summer months. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is worth many times its cost when needed and is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. It has no superior for the purposes for which it is intended. Buy it now.