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CHAPTER XIV. The Knife and the Rope.

SEVERAL minutes passed, in which they took stock of the situation and made rapid strides in learning the art of sticking to wet and slippery ice. The little man was the first to speak.

"Gee!" he said and a minute later: "If you can dig in for a moment and slack on the rope I can turn over my head."

"Smokey made the effort, then rested on the rope again. 'I can do it,' he said. 'Tell me when you're ready, and be quick.'"

"About three feet down the rope by my heels," Carson said. "It won't take a moment. Are you ready?"

"Go on!" It was hard work to slide down a yard, turn over and sit up. But it was even harder for Smokey to remain flat on his back and maintain a position that from instant to instant made a greater call upon his muscles.

As it was, he could feel the almost perceptible beginning of the slip when the rope tightened, and he looked up into his companion's face. Smokey noted the yellow pallor of his tan, forsaken by the blood, and wondered what his own complexion was like.

But when he saw Carson, with shaking fingers, fumble for his sheath knife he decided the end had come. The man was in a funk and was going to cut the rope.

"Don't mind m-m-me," the little man chattered. "I ain't scared. It's only my nerves, gosh dang them. I'll b-b-be all right in a minute."

And Smokey watched him, doubled over, his shoulders between his knees, shivering and awkward, holding a slight tension on the rope with one hand, while with the other he hacked and gouged holes for his heels in the ice.

"Carson," he breathed up to him, "you're some bear, some bear."

The answering grin was ghastly and pathetic. "I never could stand height," Carson confessed. "It always did get me. Do you mind if I stop a minute and clear my head? Then I'll make those heel holes deeper so I can leave you up."

Smokey's heart warmed. "Look here, Carson; the thing for you to do is to cut the rope. You can never get me up, and there's no use both of us being lost. You can make it out with your knife."

"You shut up!" was the hurt retort. "Who's running this?"

And Smokey could not help but see that anger was a good restorative for the other's nerves. As for himself, it was the more nerve racking strain, lying plastered against the ice with nothing to do but strive to stick on.

A groan and a quick cry of "Hold on!" warned him. With face pressed against the ice he made a supreme sticking effort, felt the rope slacken and knew Carson was slipping toward him. He did not dare look up until he felt the rope tighten and knew the other had again come to rest.

"Gee, that was a near go!" Carson chattered. "I came down to a yard. Now, you wait. I've got to dig new holds."

Holding the few pounds of strain necessary for Smokey with his left hand, the little man jabbed and chipped at the ice with his right. Ten minutes of this passed.

"Now, I'll tell you what I've done," Carson called down. "I've made heel holds and hand holds for you along side of me. I'm going to leave the rope in slow and easy, and you just come along sticking and not too fast. I'll tell you what, first of all. I'll take you on the rope, and you worry out of that pack. Get me?"

Smokey nodded, and with infinite care unhooked his pack straps. With a wriggle of the shoulders he dislodged the pack, and Carson saw it slide over the bulge and out of sight.

"Now, I'm going to ditch mine," he called down. "You just take it easy and wait."

Five minutes later the upward struggle began. Smokey, after drying his hands on the insides of his arm sleeves, clawed into the climb-belled and clung and stuck and plastered—sus tained and helped by the pull of the rope. Alone, he could not have advanced.

A third of the way up, where the pitch was steeper and the ice less crooked, he felt the strain on the rope decreasing. He moved slower and slower. Here was no place to stop and remain. His most desperate effort could not prevent the stop, and he could feel the down slip beginning.

"I'm going," he called up. "So am I," was the reply, grunted through Carson's teeth.

"Then cast loose." Smokey felt the rope tauten in a futile effort; then the pace quickened, and as he went past his previous judgment and over the bulge the last glimpse he caught of Carson he was turned over, with madly moving hands and feet

striving to overcome the downward draw.

To Smokey's surprise, as he went over the bulge, there was no sheer fall. The rope restrained him as he slid down a steeper pitch, which quickly ensued until he came to a halt in another niche on the verge of another bulge. Carson was now out of sight, ensconced in the place previously occupied by Smokey.

"Gee!" he could hear Carson shiver. "Gee!"

An interval of quiet followed, and then Smokey could feel the rope agitated.

"What are you doing?" he called up. "Making more hand and foot holds," came the trembling answer. "You just wait. I'll have you up here in a jiffy. Don't mind the way I talk. I'm just excited."

"You're holding me by main strength," Smokey argued. "Soon or late, with the ice melting, you'll slip down after me. The thing for you to do is to cut loose. Hear me! There's no use both of us going. Get that? You're the biggest little man in creation, but you've done your best. You cut loose!"

"You shut up! I'm going to make holes this time deep enough to haul up a span of horses."

Several silent minutes passed. Smokey could hear the metallic strike and hack of the knife, and occasionally dribbles of ice slid over the bulge and came down to him. Thirsty, clinging on hand and foot, he caught the fragments in his mouth and melted them to water, which he swallowed.

He heard a gasp that slid into a groan of despair and felt a slackening of the rope that made him claw. Immediately the rope tightened again. Straining his eyes in an upward look along the steep slope, he stared a moment, then saw the knife, point first, slide over the verge of the bulge and down upon him. He tucked his cheek to it, shrank from the pang of cut flesh, tucked more tightly and felt the knife come to rest.

"I'm a slob!" came the wail down the crevasse.

"Cheer up, I've got it!" Smokey answered. "Stay! Wait! I've got a lot of string in my pocket. I'll drop it down to you, and you send the knife up."

Smokey made no reply. He was battling with a sudden rush of thought.

"Hey, you! Here comes the string. Tell me when you've got it."

A small pocketknife weighted on the string slid down the ice. Smokey got it, opened the larger blade by a quick effort of his teeth and one hand and made sure that the blade was sharp. Then he tied the sheath knife to the end of the string.

"Hill away!" he called.

With strained eyes he saw the upward progress of the knife. But he saw more—a little man, afraid and indomitable, who shivered and chattered, whose head swam with giddiness and who mastered his qualms and distresses and played a hero's part. Here was a proper meat eater, eager with friendliness, generous to destruction, with a grit that slaking fear could not shake.

Then, too, he considered the situation cold bloodedly. There was no chance for two. Steadily they were sliding into the heart of the glacier, and it was his greater weight that was dragging the little man down. The little man could stick like a fly. Alone, he could save himself.

"Bully for us!" came the voice from above, down and across the bridge of ice. Now we'll get out of here in two shakes.

The awful struggle for good cheer and hope in Carson's voice decided Smokey.

"Listen to me," he said steadily, vainly striving to shake the vision of Joy Gastell's face from his brain. "I sent that knife up for you to get out with. Get that? I'm going to chop loose with the jackknife. It's one or both of us. Get that?"

"Wait! For God's sake, wait!" Carson screamed down. "You can't do that! Give me a chance to get you out! Be calm, old horse. We'll make the turn. You'll see, I'm going to dig holes that'll lift a house and barn."

Smokey made no reply. Slowly and gently, fascinated by the sight, he cut with the knife until one of the three strands popped and parted.

"What are you doing?" Carson cried desperately. "If you cut I'll never forgive you—never. I tell you it's two or nothing. We're going to get out. Wait! For God's sake!"

And Smokey, staring at the parted strand, five inches before his eyes, knew fear in all its weakness. He did not want to die. He recoiled from the shimmering abyss beneath him, and his panic brain urged all the preposterous optimism of delay. It was fear that prompted him to compromise.

"Ah right," he called up. "I'll wait. Do your best. But I tell you, Carson, if we both start slipping again I'm going to cut."

"Huh! Forget it. When we start, old horse, we start up. I'm a porous plaster. I could stick here if it was twice as steep. I'm getting a sizable hole for one hell already. Now, you bush, and let me work."

A gasp and a groan and an abrupt slackening of the rope warned him. He began to slip. The movement was very slow. The rope tightened loyally, but he continued to slip. Carson could not hold him and was slipping with him. The digging toe of his farther extended foot encountered vacancy, and he knew that it was over the straightaway fall. And he knew, too, that in another moment his falling body would jerk Carson's after it.

Blindly, desperately, all the vitality and life love of him beaten down in a flashing instant by a shuddering perception of right and wrong, he brought the knife edge across the rope, saw the strands part, felt himself slide more rapidly and then fall.

What happened then he did not know. He was not unconscious, but it happened too quickly, and it was unexpected. Instead of falling to his death his feet almost immediately struck in water, and he sat violently down in water that splashed coolly on his face.

His first impression was that the crevasse was shallower than he had imagined and that he had safely fetched bottom. But of this he was quickly disabused. The opposite wall was a dozen feet away. He lay in a basin formed in an outcrop of the ice wall by melting water that dribbled and trickled over the bulge above and fell sheer down a distance of a dozen feet. This had hollowed out the basin. Where he sat the water was two feet deep, and it was flush with the rim. He peered over the rim and looked down the narrow chasm hundreds of feet to the torrent that foamed along the bottom.

"Oh, why did you?" he heard a wail from above.

"Listen!" he called up. "I'm perfectly safe, sitting in a pool of water up to my neck. And here's both our packs. I'm going to sit on them. There's room for half a dozen here. If you slip stick close and you'll land. In the meantime you like up and get out. Go to the cabin. Somebody's there. I saw the smoke. Get a rope or anything that will make rope, and come back and fish for me."

"Honest?" came Carson's incredulous voice.

"Cross my heart and hope to die. Now, get a hustle on or I'll catch my death of cold."

Smokey kept himself warm by kicking a channel through the rim with the heel of his shoe. By the time he had drained off the last of the water a call from Carson announced that he had reached the top.

After that Smokey occupied himself with drying his clothes. The late afternoon sun beat warmly in upon him, and he wrung out his garments and spread them about him.

Two hours later, perched naked on the two packs, he heard a voice above that he could not fail to identify.

"Oh, Smokey! Smokey!"

"Hello, Joy Gastell!" he called back. "Where'd you drop from?"

"Are you hurt?"

"Not even any skin off."

"Father's paying the rope down now. Do you see it?"

"Yes, and I've got it," he answered. "Now, wait a couple of minutes, please."

"What's the matter?" came her anxious query after several minutes. "Oh, I know you're hurt."

"No, I'm not. I'm dressing."

"Yes, I've been in swimming. Now! Ready? Hoist away!"

He sent up the two packs on the first trip, was subsequently rebuked by Joy Gastell and on the second trip came up himself.

Joy Gastell looked at him with glowing eyes while her father and Carson were busy coiling the rope. "How could you cut loose in that splendid way?" she cried. "It was—it was glorious, that's all."

Smokey waved the compliment away with a deprecatory hand.

"I know all about it," she persisted. "Carson told me. You sacrificed yourself to save me."

"Nothing of the sort," Smokey lied. "I could see that swimming pool right under me all the time."

(To Be Continued.)

PIANO AT A BARGAIN.

Customer near Plattsmouth is unable to finish payments on piano contract. We will turn piano over to first satisfactory party who will pay balance, either cash or five dollars per month. Write Schmolzer & Mueller Piano Co., Omaha, Neb.

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Farm and Stock Sales a Specialty! Rates Reasonable!

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IN PLATTSMOUTH FORTY YEARS AGO.

Mrs. George Ballance of Lincoln is making a short visit to her parents in Plattsmouth.

Mr. Gaston, father-in-law of Hon. Jno R. Clark, had a severe stroke of paralysis on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin of Kansas are making their relatives and friends in Cass county a visit. Mrs. Baldwin is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wiley of Three Groves.

We are sorry to be obliged to chronicle the departure of Mrs. French, daughter of Chaplain Wright, to the barracks at Omaha, where she will reside this winter. She will be very much missed from Plattsmouth society.

Captain Bennett presents the Herald with the magnificent California pear he brought home; also, a fine bunch of the original "Mission grape," famous in California. The captain evidently made good use of his time in California.

The Hon. J. M. Beardsley, our Weeping Water friend, called on us Saturday. Joe has one peculiarity, he says he would like to skate on the Missouri river if it was frozen solid to the bottom and he knew the bottom was thoroughly braved up with white ash piles. Never mind, Joe, you'll skate to Lincoln soon on as treacherous a stream as Old Muddy. Look out for air holes.

Our efficient postmaster, Captain Marshall, met with a severe accident Friday morning. He made a misstep as he was going down stairs and fell heavily against the brick wall, injuring his shoulder badly. Fortunately no bones were broken and we hope he will soon recover and be able to attend to business with his accustomed urbanity.

Our town is looking up, business improving, houses scarce and few to rent. The B. & M. R. R. is doing a heavy business, averaging about 100 cars per day each way. Last Friday the transfer crossed 137 loaded cars going east. The new R. R. shops are progressing rapidly, the contractor is working all the men he can put upon the walls. The news shops will make a fine addition to our city. The main building or machine shop proper is 150 feet long by 60 wide. The blacksmith shop 40x60. The round house to contain sixty stalls, the old carpenter shops are to be used this winter and be replaced by new ones in the spring. The depot is to be moved to the foot of Main street, where it should have been put in the first place. The B. & M. have the best water supply in the state; they have a fall of some thirty feet from the spring to the water tank. They intend putting a reservoir on the top of the hill south of the shops, one hundred feet above, which will be invaluable in case of fire. Adding the O'Neil spring would give the city the best water works in the city.

Elam Parmele lost a wagon last week and John Shannon some double-trees and things. Tuesday the wagon was brought back in front of Donnelly's blacksmith shop—with compliments of the borrower, we suppose. Wish someone would bring our old bench back soon. Its getting summer and we want it.

Charles P. Olson, bridge carpenter in the employment of the B. & M. R. R., under Road Master Osborne, while working on a bridge near Ashland last Saturday, slipped and fell a distance of twenty feet upon the ice below, fracturing the left wrist, dislocating the right one, cutting the upper lip open to the bone, and fracturing the skull over the left eye and contusing the face in a frightful manner. He is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

Fred M. Dorrington of our city, the pioneer stage man, west of the Missouri river, has had a contract of blank bids and bonds for conveying the U. S. mails, done at this office. Mr. D. has pioneered our western railroads since 1856. His knowledge of the mail business and the country through which they are to run, made him a very efficient officer, of both the government and the company to which he belongs. Success to you, Mr. D., and the old Pioneer S. W. Stages.

The Plattsmouth literary appeared in force Friday evening. Hon. Joseph A. Connor led one side and Hon. W. L. Wells the other, and the question was that old one, whether Napoleon ought to have been an angel or not. That wasn't just the way they put it,

but then it meant the same. Brother Frye was the hero of the evening, and "Gad" the slaughterman of the Lincoln Journal who was present was so tickled that he proposed to get up a petition to congress to have the whole society transferred to Washington to take the place of the senate next session. He thinks they are better "argufyers." The question next week is, Resolved, that a fellow generally walks straight because he is afraid of gettink hurt, and not because he likes it. The leaders are Mr. Thos. Wiles and Mr. Wayman, and the lyceum-goers may expect to hear a good debate.

Editor Herald:—Here are a few notes from the southern part of the county:

Our public schools have been in full operation all winter. Despite the severe and inclement weather the attendance has been good.

The debating club of Lyceum of Factoryville is at the present time in a very flourishing state; while the community at large takes much interest in this institution, the more prominent actors display more than common talent and ability in speech and judgment.

Some of those who know, say that the Weeping Water Valley Old Batholers' society has more members enrolled than any like institution in the state. Singular as this may appear, a fact it is, that marriageable young ladies, including young widows, can have their choice out of nearly a hundred. How is that for high?

With the approach of spring our farmers are making preparations for putting in crops. It is thought, however, the area for small grain will be a small one, as those myriads of unhatched grasshoppers are causing much anxiety and fear among our soil tillers. Well, time will show how large the grasshopper crop will be.

Great flocks of prairie chickens are inhabiting the cornfields along the banks of the Weeping Water, but it is feared that a great part of the coming young brood will be destroyed by the prairie fires in the spring.

Lovers of wild and romantic music can have a rich treat by listening to the free and unsolicited nightly concerts of a large family of coyotes which infest our neighborhood. Nothing like it. Occasionally more.

Chas. E. Chasoff.

P. S.—The Black Hills fever has come out in the person of our industrious blacksmith, Henry K. We hear that Dr. Wallace is attending the case. C. E. C.

Dr. Wm. Wintersteen, city treasurer, left last Monday for Philadelphia. Judge Despain will attend to the collection of taxes in his absence.

Mr. Schlegel, our accommodating express man, had another of his run-aways on Tuesday, demolishing his wagon pretty effectually, as usual.

We understand a brass band of ten persons has been organized in this city and that the instruments are here. A subscription has been raised to pay for the instruments.

Mike McGuire has bought the old Patterson place, and will soon have a handsome residence put up there, if cottonwood lumber don't give out or the mill bust up. Hurrah for Mike!

George Cutler, esq., is now acting as assistant engineer of the B. & M. R. R., with Mr. Calvert, and it just suits George.

Eddy Kirkpatrick and wife are in town. They came up to see Dr. John Black, Mrs. K.'s father, and we are happy to learn that the doctor is much better, and will probably soon be able to attend to business again.

Our friend, George Smith, has the pleasure of welcoming his father and mother, Elder Ross and wife, during the holidays.

Joe Connor is just rushing things, got a big corn crib four blocks long out on the avenue, and six or seven more up along the road, and buying at big prices all the time. He has just moved his office to Stadelmann's building and is as happy as a boy with his first pair of breeches with a pocket in 'em.

Mr. Thaddeus Adams gives us some grasshopper items. He says he turned up the ground in many places where the eggs are very thick and he thinks most of them will hatch. He did not find many egg-eating parasites. Same result in three fields, and Mr. A. has gloomy forebodings about the hopper crop in the spring. Mr. Sol Beardsley, however, comes to a different conclusion. He has examined a good many eggs, too, and finds many already hatched out or have had life and then died. In many shells the form of the grasshopper can be distinctly seen. Others he found adled, and altogether he doesn't feel so much afraid of the grasshoppers as he used to.

SOUTH BEND.

Mrs. Willard Dill and babies visited over Sunday at the W. S. Kittrell home.

J. D. Kittrell left last Monday evening for Wyoming, where he intends to oversee a bridge gang out there.

Mrs. Caulder is sick at her home with pneumonia.

Elmer Green and daughter, Lucy, were passengers for Ashland, where they will visit for a few days.

Mrs. Dave Campbell was a passenger for Louisville this week to spend a few days with friends before starting for her new home in the western part of the state.

Vonie Eccleston came down from Memphis Saturday to spend a few days at the W. S. Kittrell home.

Mr. Merrill and wife are moving to the country this week.

They were blasting ice in the river all day Saturday.

S. B. McDonald left for his home at Greenwood Thursday.

Carl Huffmeister spent a few hours in Louisville Thursday.

Harry Long spent the day in Omaha Wednesday.

Ross Dill spent a few hours in Louisville Monday.

Mrs. Margaret Kittrell and Miss Thiene Wannamaker spent the day in Louisville Friday.

Charley Atkinson went to Havelock Saturday to spend Sunday with friends.

Obituary.

Again the grim monster, death, has claimed one of our friends and neighbors. By this we are reminded that we are swift passengers from time to eternity. The summons came for Mrs. Carrie Lansing Green at 3:15 o'clock Saturday afternoon, February 6, 1915. She peacefully answered the call, and her spirit went to try the realities of an unseen country to us. Her maiden name was Carrie Lansing, and she was born in Yutan, Nebraska, April 18, 1879, and died at her home February 6, 1915, at the age of 35c years, 9 months and 29 days.

The funeral services were conducted by Francis K. Allen of Ashland, Nebraska, and the R. N. of A lodge, of which she was a member, rendered their services in a most beautiful manner, and interment was made in the Ashland cemetery. She had been a patient sufferer for many weeks. She leaves a husband, Elmer N. Green, and one daughter, Lucy; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Lansing of South Bend, and two sisters, Lucy Graham of Melia, Nebraska, and Jennie Abethnot of Des Vaso, California. She was married to Elmer Green January 1, 1902.

She was a faithful member and church worker, and was loved by all who knew her. But she has gone from our midst and has left a vacant chair in the home, and sad and lonely hearts to grieve her love to know. Let us turn our eyes from the dark picture and look to a kind Saviour, who stands with outstretched arms ready to comfort the sad hearts and let the sunlight in on the darkened soul that mourns from such sorrow.

W. T. Richardson.

2-9-2td-2twkly

NOTICE.

J. W. Hamilton will take notice that on the 11th day of January, 1915, M. Archer, a justice of the peace of Cass County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$95.75 in an action pending before him, wherein John Cory is plaintiff, and J. W. Hamilton is defendant, and that property of the defendant, consisting of money in the possession of the C. B. & Q. R. R. Co., has been attached under said order. Said cause was continued to February 27th, 1915.

JOHN CORY, Plaintiff.

FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorn Cockerels. Inquire of Fred H. Ramge, Route 1, Plattsmouth.

2-15-2twkly

Sell your property by an ad in The Journal.

lended and a very able discourse was delivered by the district superintendent.

William Gillispie is busy weighing and shipping hogs to the South Omaha market.

George Hild moved to Plattsmouth last week. His neighbors were very sorry to lose George, but he would go. Most of the entire neighborhood joined in helping him move. This shows the right spirit and the esteem in which the family were held among their friends. Success to them in their new home.

Our rural route, under the management of Adam Meisinger, has again been made over the entire route for the past few days. Heavy drifts of snow blockading the roads made it impossible to cover the entire route last week.

MURDOCK. (Special Correspondence.)

Harold Tool was an Omaha visitor Sunday between trains.

Harry Davis was a Lincoln visitor Thursday and Friday.

Dr. Hornbeck was a Lincoln visitor Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Edith Kelley of Plattsmouth was visiting her sister, Mrs. O. McDonald, Saturday.

Mrs. H. Davis was visiting relatives in Avoca and Lincoln respectively.

C. Eisenhut was an Omaha visitor Friday.

The R. N. A. made \$19.00 at their valentine supper last Saturday.

Mrs. J. Johansen and Edna were Omaha visitors Monday between trains.

Mrs. Emma Davis entertained her Sunday school class at her home Friday night. The evening was spent in playing games, and later a dainty lunch was served.

Mrs. H. V. McDonald and Miss Leate were Omaha visitors Monday between trains.

Marel Gillispie was visiting his uncle, Will McNamara and family, this week at Fairmont.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Murray State Bank of Murray, Nebraska

Charter No. 578

Incorporated in the State of Nebraska, at the close of business February 9, 1914.

RESOURCES

Table with 2 columns: Resource and Amount. Includes Loans and discounts, Credits, Banking house, furniture and fixtures, Current expenses, taxes and interest, Due from national and state banks, Currency, Gold coin, Silver, nickels and cents.

LIABILITIES

Table with 2 columns: Liability and Amount. Includes Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Individual credits, Individual deposits subject to check, Demand certificates of deposit, Time certificates of deposit, Cashier's checks outstanding, Depositors' guaranty fund.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, I, W. G. Bodeker, cashier of the above named bank, do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the State banking board.

W. G. BODEKER, Cashier. Attest: CHAS. C. PARMELLE, Director. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of February, 1915. VERA HAYF, Notary Public.

SPECIAL NOTICE:

In order to guard against imaginative rumors, I wish to say regarding my Implement Sale to be held Monday, February 22, that every piece put up