

# The Manager of the B. & A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

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All previous doubts vanished instantly. It was agreed on all sides that they were probably acting on private information and had gone to bring in the prisoner. So strong was this conviction that a number of young men whose teams were hitched about the square promptly followed, and soon an anxious cavalcade emptied itself into the dusty country road.

Just beyond the corporation line the North street, as it was called, forked. Mr. Brown and his companion had taken the road which bore to the west and led straight to Barrow's Sawmills. Those who were first to reach the forks could still see the road cart a black dot in the distance.

The afternoon passed, and the dusk of evening came. Those of the townspeople who were still hanging about the square went home to supper. Unless a man could hire or borrow a horse there was not much temptation to start off on a wild goose chase, which, after all, might end only at Barrow's Sawmills.

Fortunately for him, Dan Oakley had gone to Chicago that morning, intending to see Holloway and resign. In view of what had happened it was impossible for him to remain in Antioch, nor could General Cornish expect him to.

Milton McClintock was at supper with his family when Mrs. Stapleton, who lived next door, broke in upon them without ceremony, crying excitedly.

"They've got him, and they're going to lynch him!"

Then she suddenly disappeared. McClintock from where he sat, holding a piece of bread within an inch of his lips and his mouth wide open to receive it, could see her through the window, her gray hair disheveled and tossed about her face, running from house to house, a gaunt rumor in flapping calico skirts.

He sprang to his feet when he saw her vanish around the corner of Lou Bentick's house across the way. "You keep the children in, Mary," he said sharply. "Don't let them into the street." And, snatching up his hat and coat, he made for the door, but his wife was there ahead of him and threw her arms about his neck.

"For God's sake, Milt, stay with the boys and me!" she ejaculated. "You don't know what may happen!"

Outside they heard the trampling of many feet coming nearer and nearer. They listened breathlessly.

"You don't know what may happen!" she repeated.

"Yes, I do, and they mustn't do it!" unclasping her hands. "Jim will be needing help." The sheriff was his wife's brother. "He's promised me he'd hang the old man himself or no one else should."

There was silence now in the street. The crowd had swept past the house.

"But the town's full of strangers. You can't do anything, and Jim can't!" "We can try. Look out for the children!"

And he was gone.

Mrs. McClintock turned to the boys, who were still at the table. "Go upstairs to your room and stay there until I tell you to come down," she commanded peremptorily. "There, don't bother me with questions!" For Joe, the youngest boy, was already whimpering. The other two, with white, scared faces, sat bolt upright in their chairs. Some danger threatened. They didn't know what this danger was, and their very ignorance added to their terror.

"Do what I say!" she cried. At this they left the table and marched toward the stairs. Joe found courage to say:

"Ain't you coming too? George's afraid!" But his mother did not hear him. She was at the window closing the shutters. In the next yard she saw old Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Stapleton's mother, carrying her potted plants into the house and scolding in a shrill, querulous voice.

McClintock, pulling on his coat as he ran, hurried up the street past the little white frame Methodist church. The crowd had the start of him, and the town seemed deserted except for the women and children who were everywhere, at open doors and windows, some pallid and pitying, some ugly with the brutal excitement they had caught from brothers or husbands.

As he passed the Emorys' he heard his name called. He glanced around and saw the doctor standing on the porch with Mrs. Emory and Constance.

"Will you go with me, McClintock?" the physician cried. At the same moment the boy drove his team to the door. McClintock took the fence at a bound and ran up the drive.

"There's no time to lose," he panted. "But, with a sudden, sickening sense of helplessness, 'I don't know that we can stop them.'"

"At least he will not be alone."

It was Constance who spoke. She was thinking of Oakley as struggling single handed to save his father from the howling, cursing rabble which had rushed up the street ten minutes before.

"No, he won't be alone," said McClintock, not understanding whom it was she meant. He climbed in beside the doctor.

"You haven't seen him?" the latter asked as he took the reins from the boy.

"Seen who?" "Dan Oakley."

"He's on his way to Chicago. Went

this morning." "Thank God for that!" And he pulled in his horses to call back to Constance that Oakley had left Antioch. A look of instant relief came into her face. He turned again to McClintock. "This is a bad business."

"Yes, we don't want no lynching, but it's lucky Oakley isn't here. I hadn't thought of what he'd do if he was."

"What a pity he ever sent for his father! But who could have foreseen this?" said the doctor sadly. McClintock shook his head.

"I can't believe the old man killed Ryder in cold blood. Why, he's as gentle as a lamb."

As they left the town off to the right in a field they saw a bareheaded woman racing after her two runaway sons, and then the distant shouts of men, mingled with the shrill cries of boys, reached their ears. The doctor shook out his reins and plied his whip.

"What if we are too late?" he said.

For answer McClintock swore. He was fearing that himself.

Two minutes later and they were up with the rear of the mob, where it straggled along on foot, sweating and dusty and hoarsely articulate. A little farther on and it was lost to sight in a thicketed dip of the road. Out of this black shadow buggy after buggy flashed to show in the red dusk that lay on the treeless hillside beyond. On the mob's either flank, but keeping well out of the reach of their elders, slunk and skulked the village urchins.

"Looks as if all Antioch was here tonight," commented McClintock grimly.

"So much the better for us. Surely they are not all gone mad," answered the doctor.

"I wouldn't give a button for his chances."

The doctor drove recklessly into the crowd, which scattered to the right and left.

McClintock, bending low, scanned the faces which were raised toward them.

"The whole township's here. I don't know one in ten," he said, straightening up.

"I wish I could manage to run over a few," muttered the doctor savagely.

As they neared the forks of the road, Dr. Emory pulled in his horses. A heavy farm wagon blocked the way, and the driver was stolidly indifferent alike to his entreaties and to McClintock's threat to break his head for him if he didn't move on. They were still shouting at him when a savage cry swelled up from the throats of those in advance. The murderer was being brought in from the east road.

"The brutes!" muttered the doctor, and he turned helplessly to McClintock. "What are we going to do? What can we do?"

By way of answer McClintock stood up.

"I wish I could see Jim."

But Jim had taken the west road three hours before and was driving toward Barrow's Sawmills as fast as McElroy's best team could take him. When he reached there it was enough to make one's blood run cold to hear the good man curse.

"You wait here, doctor," cried McClintock. "You can't get past, and they seem to be coming this way now."

"Look out for yourself, Milt."

"Never fear for me."

He jumped down into the dusty, trampled road and foot by foot fought his way forward.

As he had said, those in front were turning back. The result was a horrible jam, for those behind were still struggling to get within sight of the murderer. A drunken man at McClintock's elbow was shouting, "Lynch him!" at the top of his lungs.

The master mechanic wrenched an arm free and struck at him with the flat of his hand. The man appeared surprised, but not at all angry. He merely wiped the blood from his lips and asked in an injured tone, which conveyed a mild reproach: "What did you want to do that for? I don't know you."

And as he sought to maintain his place at McClintock's side he kept repeating: "Say, neighbor, I don't know you. You certainly got the advantage of me."

Soon McClintock was in the very thick of the mob, and then he saw the captive. His hands were bound, and he was tied with ropes to the front seat of a buckboard drawn by two jaded horses. His captors were three iron jawed, hard faced countrymen. They were armed with shotguns and were enjoying their splendid triumph to the full.

McClintock gave only one look at the prisoner. An agony of fear was on him. The collar of his shirt was stiff with blood from a wounded face. His hat was gone, and his coat was torn. Scared and wondering, his eyes shifted uneasily over the crowd.

But the one look sufficed McClintock, and he lost all interest in the scene.

There would be no lynching that night, for the man was not Roger Oakley. Further than that, he was gray haired and burly. He was as unlike the old convict as one man could well be unlike another.

Suddenly the cry was raised: "It ain't him! You fellows got the wrong man!"

The cry was taken up and banded back down the road. The mob drew a great, free breath of rejoicing. It became good natured with a noisy hilarity. The iron jawed countrymen glanced around sheepishly.

"You are sure about that?" one inquired. "He answers the description all right."

It was hard to have to abandon the idea of the rewards. "What have you been doing to him?" asked half a dozen voices in chorus. They felt a friendly interest in the poor bound wretch in the buckboard. Perhaps, too, they were grateful to him because he was the wrong man.

"Oh, nothing much," uneasily, "only he put up a good fight."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## West Jackson

Mr. Smith of Cedar Falls is a guest at the Ahrenkiel home.

August Meyer of Lake View is visiting with his son William.

Henry Christiansen of Ricketts is visiting with his sister Mrs. Wm. Meyer.

Chas. Richardson, R. J. Dieter, Geo. Gunn, Robert Hannah, and R. J. Riley went to Denison Wednesday as delegates to the Republican convention.

Margaret and Jean Riley spent Sunday in Carroll.

Wm. Meyer and his father August Meyer of Lake View were business callers at Vail Tuesday.

School started Tuesday in Districts No. 2, 3, 4, and 5 with the following teachers: Jean Riley, Olive Towne, Margaret Powers and Genevieve Downey.

Mrs. Henry Maynard's mother died at her home in Omaha on Monday morning.

Supervisor Maynard was a business caller at Denison on Monday.

When two strong men come to blows, even if they are well matched it is not a pleasing sight, but if the man who gets the worst of it will use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, he will look better and feel better in short order. Be sure you get DeWitt's. Good for everything a salve is used for, including piles. Sold by LAM-BORN DRUG CO.

## Deloit.

A social was held at the home of W. T. Huckstep last Tuesday evening.

The Old Settlers picnic drew a large crowd from Deloit and neighborhood. Among the old settlers we note B. F. Galland, B. F. Wicks and wife, John Dobson, N. V. Johnson and Margaret Richardson.

Milo Patchin and family moved in his house recently purchased from Harry Dobson.

Several boarded the train on the Chicago & North Western on Friday morning for the L. D. S. reunion at Moorehead, Iowa.

The last quarterly conference of the M. E. Church was held Sunday evening and Monday forenoon. Rev. Southwell the Presiding Elder was present.

J. D. Newcom and wife and A. Young and wife went to the lake Friday, returning on Saturday.

Blanche Taylor who has been visiting at the home of her grand parents returned to her home Sunday at Stanton, Neb.

Mrs. E. A. Darling was down one day last week from Boyer.

Mrs. M. L. Jordan went to Odebolt last Thursday.

Eunice Dobson began teaching Monday near Schleswig.

Myrtle Ingram began teaching at the Winans school last Monday and Mrs. John Riggleman at the O. L. Fink school.

Geo. Newcom, wife and daughter Margie came down from Odebolt to attend the Old Settlers picnic.

Margie Newcom and her two lady friends have announced that they will give a musical recital at the M. E. church next Saturday night.

Mrs. B. E. McKim has been quite ill the past week. Her mother Mrs. Chas. Jesse of Hastings, Neb. came last week to see her.

Harry Childress got his foot quite badly mashed Sunday evening by a horse falling on it.

Lovicie Morris and Sadie Newton went to Boyer to attend the social Saturday evening. Also Rev. Stone and his mother Mrs. S. C. Richards.

## Jackson

Charley Levey, Jr., and wife of Florida are visiting their friends in Sac and Crawford counties.

Jimmy Gunn took a trip to the Coon river last week to get some of those big fish you read about.

E. J. Gunn and wife went to the State Fair last week.

Mrs. Wiseman of Schaler is visiting her sisters and brothers.

FOR SALE

3 male and one female Tamworth pigs, were farrowed May 16th, also some Duroc male pigs at farmers' prices. The above Tamworths are eligible to registry.

Theo. S. Bundt, Breda, Ia Rte. 1.

LOW RATES TO BUFFALO, N. Y. Via the North Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold at one fare for round trip October 10 to 12, inclusive, with favorable return limits, on account of International Christian Convention. Apply to agents Chicago & North Western R'y.

HALF RATES TO LIVE STOCK EXPOSITION, SIOUX CITY, IOWA. Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold at one fare for round trip Sept. 10 to 15, inclusive, limited to return until Sept. 17, inclusive. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

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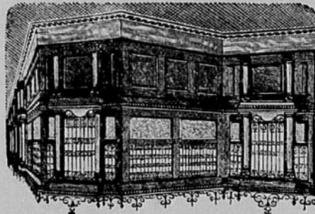
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The demand of the times is for pure food and we cater to those who want the best. No impure canned goods or other articles of food are to be found on our shelves. Our line of groceries is the most complete to be found in Denison.

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# SAY BOYS!

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# E. C. CHAMBERLIN, Jeweler and Optician.

Peter Lawler is having the West Side telephone line extended to his house. He wants to be in on the ground floor too.

Henry Maynard is hauling lumber to build a barn.

Old Gentleman Schafer lost his pocket book some where on the farm. It contained \$7., some notes and papers.

The frost of Sunday night, Aug. 26 whitened some of the corn along the creek bottoms and low places.

Geo. Gunn took in the State Fair on Monday last.

Mell Wright's little baby died Saturday morning Aug 31., of summer complaint.

A number of friends are visiting Geo. Weed and are having a splendid time.

A few politicians are "stalking" the voters in Jackson and are quiet about it.

The republicans of Jackson held a caucus at the Center school house last Saturday evening and appointed 5 delegates to the county convention.

They also made a township ticket which will be hard to beat. It is the finest bunch of men you ever saw.

Quite a number went to the Breda carnival Tuesday.

M. L. Houlihan, Jr., was here last week talking with the boys over his prospects in the coming election. He has made a good officer, and we do not believe there is much doubt of his re-election.—Charter Oak Times.

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