

# THE BOSSIER BANNER.

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Subscription, \$1 per Year.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

BENTON, BOSSIER PARISH, LA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1915.

NUMBER 45.

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- One of the greatest conveniences in living so near Shreveport is the nearness of the Shreveport Drug Company's large and varied and low-priced stock.
- When you feel the need of our services, write to us for it.
- You will be surprised at the quick service.
- You will receive your order fresher, finer and cheaper. The mail order service is akin to our personal service. See why?

## Shreveport Drug Co

THE ORIGINAL CUT-RATE DRUG STORE

Texas at Market Street 'phones, 637

## Cotton

To obtain full market value for cotton you must have a broad market, with free competition. To borrow money on cotton advantageously you must have a bonded warehouse receipt to offer as collateral. We enjoy the above advantages, and solicit your cotton shipments.

You will find our Office and Sample Rooms at the corner of Commerce and Travis Streets.

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Shreveport, Louisiana

## We Pay 4 Per Cent Interest on Time Deposits

Every loan made by our bank is carefully considered, as is evidenced by the fact that we have been in business eleven years and have never lost a dollar on a loan. Can you deposit your money in a bank with a better record?

We want your business and in return will render you prompt and accurate service.

## Bank of Benton

Benton, La.

## Splendid Offers Here

Desirable Bossier Properties That Offer Exceptional Opportunities.

A nice residence and lot in the town of Plain Dealing.

130 acres—within one mile of Rocky Mount. 20 acres under fence; 100 acres second bottom land. On public road. Only \$10 per acre. Terms can be had.

If you want 40 acres of first-class farm land (about 25 acres in cultivation) within three miles of Plain Dealing, on a public road and rural mail route, at \$10 per acre, see me.

A bargain!—200 acres of well improved, fertile land, 120 in cultivation, 20 will grow ribbon cane; four good houses; near school and church. Six and a half miles east of Plain Dealing.

100 acres—A good stock farm. 70 acres under good wire fence. Running water the entire year. A comfortable dwelling; good water. Good orchard and barn. Best bargain to be found in Bossier if you want a desirable home. Only \$10 per acre—one half cash.

100 acres—30 under fence, 130 in original timber, less pine cut off. Enough timber on the land to more than pay for it. A four-room house and other improvements. Fine cattle and hog range. Three miles from Red Land Graded School; free transportation for pupils. Price, \$6.50 per acre.

A tract of 120 acres—50 acres in cultivation, 20 acres in enclosed pasture, remaining portion in original woods. A five-room dwelling, tenant houses, barn, stables and three good wells. Six miles from Plain Dealing, free transportation to graded school located within four miles, on rural mail delivery route, telephone, etc. One of the best farms of its size in this section. For quick sale, \$12.50 per acre, one-third cash. If you want a good home, you can't beat this. Apply at once.

J. T. MANN, Plain Dealing, La.

## LAHOMA

By JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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### SYNOPSIS.

Brick Willock, highwayman, saves one Gledware and a baby girl from being murdered by his fellow outlaws on the western plains.

Willock flees to the mountains and hides to escape the wrath of the outlaws he has outwitted. He learns that some one has discovered his hiding place.

Red Feather, an Indian chief, brings Willock a little white girl, named Lahoma, and instructs him to take care of her. He says her father is living with Indians.

Willock recognizes her as the daughter of a woman who had died and was buried near by. He begins to teach Lahoma correct English.

The girl is taken across country by Willock to visit Bill Atkins, and later she makes her first trip to a real town.

A young man, Wilfred Compton, visiting at a ranch, gets an accidental glimpse of Lahoma and becomes interested in her. The girl is now fifteen years old.

Compton afterward visits Willock and is finally allowed to meet and talk with Lahoma. They become vastly entertained by one another's company.

Compton leaves and goes to another section of the country as a pioneer, where he hopes to make his fortune. Willock and Atkins join forces. Compton later returns.

Lahoma is sent to a city to get education and training. Compton is heartbroken at not being able to see her. Red Feather appears on the scene once more.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### Writing Home.

DEAR BRICK AND BILL: "I don't know what to tell you first. It's all so strange and grand—the people are just people, but the things are wonderful. When I lived in the cave—it seems a long, long time ago—my thoughts were always away from dirt floors and cook-stoves and cedar logs and washtubs. But the people in the big world keep their minds tied right up to things—only the things are finer—they are marble floors and magnificent restaurants and houses on what they call the 'best streets.' At meals there are all kinds of little spoons and forks, and they think to use a wrong one is something dreadful.

#### The Banner Free

From this date until January 1, 1916, to all new subscribers who pay \$1. In other words, subscribe now, pay \$1, and get the Banner until January 1, 1917.

"They have certain ways of doing everything, and just certain times for doing them, and if you do a wrong thing at a right time or a right thing at a wrong time it shows you are from the west.

"Miss Sellimer is so nice to me. I told her right at the start that I didn't know anything about the big world, and she teaches me everything. I'd be more comfortable if she could forget about my saying her life, but she never can, and is so grateful it makes me feel that I'm enjoying all this on false pretenses, for you know my finding her was only an accident. Her mother is very pleasant to me—much more so than to her. Bill, you know how you speak to your horse, sometimes, when it acts contrary? That's the way Miss Sellimer speaks to her mother at times. However, they don't seem very well acquainted with each other. Of course if they'd lived together in a cave for years they'd have learned to tell each other their thoughts and plans, but out in the big world there isn't time for anything except to dress and go.

"I'm learning to dress. I used to think a girl could do that to please herself—but no; the dresses are a thousand times more important than the people inside them. It wouldn't matter how wise you are if your dress is wrong, nor would it matter how foolish if your dress is like anybody else's. A person could be independent and do as she pleased, but she wouldn't be in society, because they don't know anything about being independent; they want to be governed by their things. A poor person isn't cut out for society because he hasn't money, but because he doesn't know how to deal with high things, not having practiced amongst them. It isn't because society people have lots of money that they stick together, but because all of them know what to do with the little forks and spoons.

"It is like the dearest, jolliest kind of game to me to be with these people and say just what they say and like what they like and act as they act—and that's the difference between me and them; it's not a game to them; it's deadly earnest. They think they're living—

"Miss Sellimer is witty and talented and from the way she treats me I know she has a tender heart. And her mother is a perfect wonder of a manager, and never makes mistakes except such as happen to be the fate of the hour. And Mr. Edgerton Compton could be splendid, for he seems to know everything.

"What they are working at now is all they expect to work at as long as they live—and it takes awfully hard work to keep up with their sets. They call it 'keeping in the swim,' and let me tell you what it reminds me of—a strong young steer out in a 'tank,' using all the strength he has just to keep on top of the water instead of swimming to shore and going somewhere. Society people don't go anywhere; they use all their energy staying right where they are, and if one of them loses grip and goes under—goodness!

"I know what Mrs. Sellimer has set her heart on because she has already begun instructing me in her ideals. She wants her daughter to marry a rich man, and Mr. Edgerton Compton isn't rich, he only looks like he is. Mrs. Sellimer feels that she's terribly poor.

"What's come over you? Look here, Brick Willock, Lahoma is your cousin, but I claim my share in that little girl, and I ask you sharp and flat!"

"Oh, you go to—!" cried Willock fiercely. "All of you."

Wilfred said lightly, "Red Feather has already gone there perhaps."

"Eh?" Willock wheeled about as if roused to fresh uneasiness. The Indian chief had glided from the room as silent and unobtrusive as a shadow.

Willock sank on the bench beside Bill Atkins and said harshly, "Where's my pipe?"

"Don't you ask me where your pipe is," snapped Bill. "Yonder it is, in the corner where you dropped it."

Willock picked it up and slowly recovered himself. "You see," he observed apologetically, "I mean Lahoma about to keep me tame. I was wondering the other day if I could swear if I wanted to. I guess I could. And if put to it I guess I could take up my old life and not be very awkward about it either. I used to be a tax collector and, of course, got rubbed up against many people that didn't want to pay. That there Gledware—well, maybe it isn't this one Lahoma writes about, but the one I knew is just about middle age, and he's a widower, all right, or the next thing to it—I didn't like Gledware. That was all. I hate for Lahoma to be thrown with anybody of the name, but I guess it's all right. Lahoma ain't going to let nobody get on her off side when the wind's blowing."

Bill inquired anxiously, "Did that Gledware you knew live near Kansas City?"

"He lived over in Indian Territory last time I heard of him. But he was a roving devil. He might be anywhere. Only—he wasn't rich. Why, he didn't have nothing on earth except a little—yes, except a little."

"Then he can't be the owner of a big estate," remarked Wilfred, with relief. "I don't know that. Folks goes into the territory, and somehow they contrive to come out loaded down. But I hope to the Almighty it's a different Gledware!"

"Lahoma can hold her own," Bill remarked confidently. "You just wait till her next letter comes and see if she ain't flying her colors as gallant as when she sailed out of the cave."

Wilfred reflected that his invitation to remain had been sincere. There was nothing to hurry him back to the Oklahoma country.

"I will," Wilfred declared, setting back in his seat. "I'll wait until that next letter comes."

"We are not going straight on to Chicago. A gentleman has invited the Sellimers, which of course includes me, to a house party in the country not far from Kansas City. He is a very rich man of middle age, so they tell me, a widower, who is interested in our sex and particularly in Annabel Sellimer. Mr. Edgerton Compton isn't invited. You see, he's a sort of a rival—a poor rival. This middle-aged man has known the Sellimers a long time, and he has been trying to win Annabel for a year or two. If it hadn't been for Mr. Compton she'd have married his house before now. I gather, the house is said to be immense, in a splendid estate near the river. I am all excitement when I think of going there for ten days. There are to be fifty guests, and the other forty-nine are invited as a means of getting Annabel under his roof. The name of the country house we are to visit is the same as that of the man who owns it—

Wilfred Compton held the letter closer to the light.

Brick Willock spoke impatiently: "No use to stare at that there word—we couldn't make it out. I guess she got it wrong first, then wrote it over. Just go ahead."

Wilfred resumed the letter: "I must tell you goodby now, for Annabel's maid has come to help me dress for dinner, and it takes longer than it did to do up the washing at the cave and is more tiresome. But I like it. I like these fine, soft, beautiful things. I like the big world, and I would like to live in it forever and ever if you could bring me dugout and be near enough for me to run in any time of the day. I wish I could run in this minute and tell you the thousands and thousands of things I'll never have time to write."

"Your loving, adoring, half homesick, half bewildered, somewhat dizzy little girl, LAHOMA."

"P. S.—Nobody has been able to tell from word or look of mine that I have ever heard or seen. You may be quite sure of that."

"I bet you!" cried Willock admiringly. "Now, what do you think of it?"

"She won't be there long," remarked Bill, waving his arm, "till she finds out what I learned long ago—that there's nothing to it. If you want to cultivate a liking for a dugout just live awhile in the open."

"I don't know as to that," Willock said. "I sorter doubts if Lahoma will ever care for dugouts again, except as she stays on the outside of 'em and gets to romancing. A mouthful of real ice cream spoils your taste everlasting for frozen starch and raw eggs."

"I've made out the name of that widower who's paying court to my old sweetheart," said Wilfred. "But it's one I never heard of before. It's Gledware."

Willock uttered a sharp exclamation. "Let me see it!" He started up abruptly and bent over the page.

"What of it?" asked Bill in surprise. Willock had uttered words to which the dugout was unaccustomed.

"That's what it is," Willock growled. "It's Gledware!" His face had grown strangely dark and forbidding.

"What of it?" reiterated Bill. "Suppose it is Gledware; who is he?"

"Do you know such a man?" Wilfred demanded.

"Out with it!" cried Bill, growing wrathful as the other glowered at the fire. "What's come over you? Look here, Brick Willock, Lahoma is your cousin, but I claim my share in that little girl, and I ask you sharp and flat!"

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## CHAPTER XII. THE DAY OF FENCES.

WILLOCK waiting for Lahoma's letter, Wilfred Compton spent his days in ceaseless activity, his evenings in dreamy musings. Over on the north fork of Red river—which was still regarded as Red river proper, and therefore the dividing line between Texas and Indian territory—he renewed his acquaintance with the boys of Old Man Walker's ranch. Henry Woodson, the concupiscer, still known as Mizoo was one of the old gang who greeted Wilfred with extravagant joy.

Brick Willock rode over to Mangum nearly every afternoon to hear from Lahoma, but it happened that on the day of the great news, neither he nor Bill had returned from a certain hunting expedition in time for the stage, so Wilfred went for the mail. There was only one letter, addressed to "Mr. B. Willock," and it seemed strangely thin.

Brick and Bill had ridden far, and it was dusk before they reached home with a deer slung over one of the horses.

"Get a letter?" asked Brick, hurrying forward. "Eh! That it? She is

sure getting fashionable! I reckon when she's plumb civilized, she won't write nothing."

"Well, why don't you open 'er?" snapped Bill. "Afraid you'll spring a trap and get caught?"

"Ain't much here," replied Brick slowly, "and I'm making it last."

Brick tore it open and found within another envelope, the inner one of yellow. "It's a telegraph," he said uneasily. "Lahoma had telegraphed to the end of the wire, and at Chickasha they puts it in the white wrapper and sends it on. Do you see?"

"I don't see anything yet," snapped Bill. "Rip 'er open!"

The telegram was as follows: "The second you get this, hide for your life. Red Kimball says he can prove everything. Will explain in letter."

LAHOMA.

"Don't say anything to me for a spell," growled Brick, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets. "I've got to think mighty quick." He strode toward the dugout, leaving Wilfred and Bill staring at each other, speechless.

In a short time Willock reappeared, bringing from the dugout his favorite gun. "Come along," he bade them briefly. When he had ascended the rounded swell of Turtle hill he stretched himself between two wide, flat rocks and lay with his face and gun directed toward the opening of the cave.

"Now, Bill," he said sharply, "if you just set facing me with your eye on the north wall, so you can tell if anybody tries to sneak over the mountain top, I'll make matters clear. Wilfred, you can go or stay, free as air, only if you stay I can't promise but you may see a man killed—me, or Red Kimball, I don't know which, though naturally I has my preference."

He added his harsh voice suddenly changing to the accent of comradeship. "As to Bill, he ain't got no choice. He come and put up with me and Lahoma when nobody didn't want him, and now, in time of danger, I 'low to get all the help out of him that's there in spite of a begrudging disposition and the ravages of time."

"What I want to know is this," Bill interrupted: "Who and what is this Red Kimball? And if you have to hide from him, why ain't you doing it?"

"I puts it this way, Bill—that the telegram traveled faster than old Red could, so no need to hide till tonight, though when you deals with Red it behooves you to have your run ready against chances. You want to know about Red Kimball? But I think I'd best wait till Lahoma's letter comes, so my story can tally with hers."

"Her word says he can prove everything. What is everything?"

"That's what we'll learn from her letter. We'll just watch him do his proving."

"And her word says to hide this minute."

"I don't do my hiding in daylight, but when it's good and dark I'm going to put out. I would tell you the hiding place, for I trusts you both—but if you knowed where it was and if officers of the law come to you for information

you'd be in a box; I know you wouldn't give me up, but neither would you swear to a lie. Not knowing where I hides, your consciences are as free as mine that hasn't never been bridled."

Wilfred asked, "But when Lahoma writes, how will you get her letter?"

"You or Bill will go for the mail. If a letter comes you'll take it to that crevice into which Miss Sellimer was dragged by that big Injun, and you'll wait in there till I come, not opening that letter till I am with you. We'll read it together, down in the hollow where poor Miss Sellimer's life was saved by Lahoma; then you two will go back to the cave and leave me to sneak away to my hiding place."

When the next letter came from Lahoma Wilfred Compton and Bill Atkins hurried to the crevice in the mountain top according to agreement. It was a cloudless afternoon, but at the farther end of the retreat the light of the lantern was necessary for its purpose. Brick Willock, who was there before them, read the letter in silence before handing it to the young man to read aloud.

Wilfred took the letter, tingling with excitement. The strained watching and waiting for the sudden appearance of an unknown Red Kimball had made his bed in the cabin as sleepless as had been Bill's pallet in the dugout. They squatted about the lantern that rested on the stone floor. Willock always with eyes directed toward the narrow slit in the ceiling that they might not be taken by surprise.

"Dear Brick—By this time you have hidden where nobody can find you, for you've got my telegram and you know I wouldn't have sent it if it hadn't been necessary. You believe in me, and as you would say—how I'd love to hear you—'act according.' Well, and I believe in you, Brick, and you needn't imagine as long as you live that anybody could make me think you anything but what I know you to be—the kindest, most tender hearted, most thoughtful man that ever lived. Get that fixed in your mind so when I tell what they say about you you won't care, knowing I'm with you and will believe in you till death. Maybe I ought to begin with Mr. Gledware, so you'll know more about him when I begin on the main news."

The first time I met Mr. Gledware he acted in a curious way. Of course I was introduced as 'Miss Willock,' and he started at the name and at sight of me—two separate little movements just as plain as anything. Then he said he had heard the name 'Willock' in unusual surroundings and that they were talking about somebody who was dead. That was all there was to it then. But afterward he heard Annabel call me 'Lahoma,' and his face turned perfectly white.

The first chance he had after that he sat down to talk to me in a corner where we wouldn't be overheard, and he asked me questions. So, of course, I told about father and mother taking me across the prairie to the Oklahoma country.

Then he asked if I thought I had ever seen him, for he thought he could remember having seen me somewhere. And I said I wasn't sure, I had met so many people, and there was something familiar about him. Then he said he guessed we hadn't ever met unless accidentally on the trail somewhere, as he had once been down in Texas—and that was all.

I don't like Mr. Gledware's eye because it always looks away from you. He would be considered a handsome man by anybody not particular about eyes. Afterward I heard about his trip to Texas. Annabel and her mother were talking about Mr. Gledware's past. It seems that once Mr. Gledware and his first wife (I say his first because I look upon Annabel as certain to be his last) were attacked by Indians, just as my father and mother were, and they had with them his wife's little girl, for he had married a widow, just as my father had (my stepfather) and there was a terrible battle. And Mr. Gledware, oh, he was so brave! He killed the Indians, and he saved his wife and daughter, and he broke through the attacking party and escaped on a horse—the only one that got away.

He doesn't look that brave. Later, I asked him if it could be possible that he was with the wagon train we were in, but he said there wasn't any Mr. or Mrs. Willock in his party and no little girl named Lahoma Willock. But he's been through what my father went through, and it made me feel kinder to him somehow.

Now, I've come to the day when I sent you the telegram and why I sent it, so he prepared. There was to be a big picnic today near a town called Independence and, as it happened, I didn't feel like going, so he begged off—let me tell you why: I began a novel last night full of bright conversation, the pages all broken up in little scraps of print that hurry you along as if building steps for you to run down—it was ever and ever more interesting than real people can be. So I stayed to finish that book.

Now, there is a nook in Mr. Gledware's library, a sort of alcove where you have a window all to yourself, but are shut off from the rest of the room, and that is where I was when two men came in softly and closed and locked the door behind them. I couldn't see them, but just as I was starting up to find out what it meant one of them—it was Mr. Gledware, which surprised me, as he had gone with the rest to the picnic—spoke your name, Brick. As soon as I heard that name, and particularly on account of the way he spoke it, I determined to 'lay low' and scout out the trouble.

The other man, I soon found, was Red Kimball. They had about finished their conversation before coming into the room, so the first part was lost. Mr. Gledware had come for his check book, and the check was for Red Kimball. Red Kimball used to be the leader of a band of highwaymen up in Cimarron when it was No Man's Land; it was his band that attacked the wagon train when Mr. Gledware acted the hero—only, as they were discussed as Indians, Mr. Gledware didn't know they were such till later. He came on them afterward without their disguises, and they would have killed him if you, Brick, hadn't knocked down Red and shot his brother! So, as I listened, I found out that Mr. Gledware wasn't the hero he claimed to be, but was the man you saved, and he is my stepfather, and was carried away by him and taken from him by the Indians, but he wasn't killed at all. And I am no kin to you, at all, Brick, you just took me in and cared for me because you are Brick Willock, the dearest, tenderest friend a little girl ever had—and these lines are crooked because there are tears—because you are not my cousin.

I'd rather be kin to you than married to a prince.

Red Kimball says you were one of his gang of highwaymen, but I know it isn't true, so you don't have to say a word. But he is determined to be revenged on you for killing his brother. And the reason he's waiting this long is because he didn't know where you were—good reason, isn't it? Tell you how he found out—

It all comes from my getting civilized! He's a porter at our Kansas City hotel. So when he heard the men talking about how I had once been kidnaped by the Indians and wrote nearly every day to my cousin, Brick Willock, which they thought an odd name, he guessed the rest.

It makes my blood turn cold to think that all the time we were living quietly and happily in the cave that awful Red Kimball was hunting for you, meaning to have your life, and in a way that I'm ashamed to write, but must, so you'll know everything. He means to have you arrested and tried for his brother's murder—and he says he can hang you!

And Mr. Gledware is his witness. That's why Red has come after him. You'll think it strange that after his gang were about to kill Mr. Gledware in the prairie that he should come to make him so act as witness against another man. That's what Mr. Gledware told him. But Red Kimball answered that it was all a bluff—they had never dreamed of shooting him or his little girl.

When No Man's Land was added to Oklahoma a pardon was offered to Red Kimball and all his gang if they would come in and lay down their arms and swear to keep the peace—you see, most of their crimes had been committed where no courts could touch them. Well, all the gang came in. But what do you think? That terrible Red Kimball swears that you were one of his gang, and that as you didn't come in and surrender you were one of the pardoned. Well, it was all I could do to keep from stepping right out and telling him you were one of the pardoned. But what do you think? Men and that you just happened to be riding about when you saw Mr. Gledware's danger and just had to shoot Kansas Kimball to save me and my stepfather. You, a highwayman, indeed! I could laugh at that if it didn't make me too mad when I think about it.

Then Mr. Gledware talked. He said maybe it was a bluff against him, that standing him up against the moon to be shot at, but it wasn't one he was apt to forget, and he could never be on any kind of terms with Red; besides, he said, if Brick Willock hadn't saved his life he'd always thought so, so wouldn't witness against him, though he had no doubt he belonged to Red's gang. But that was nothing to him, and he couldn't understand how Red could have the face to come to him about anything, but was willing to pay a sum to keep the past hushed up, as he didn't want any 'complications' from being claimed as a stepfather by Lahoma! The past was over, he said, and Lahoma had a home of her own, and he was satisfied to be free of her—and he would pay Red something to keep the past buried.

Then Red spoke pretty ugly, saying it wasn't the past he was anxious to have buried, but Brick Willock. And he said that Mr. Gledware was a witness to the murder, whether he wanted to or not, and Red was willing to confess to everything in order to have Brick hanged.

Then Mr. Gledware, in a cold, unmoved voice, said he would go back to the picnic, and "Mr. Kimball" could do as he pleased.

But that wasn't the end. "Do you know," says "Mr. Kimball," "that Red Feather is in town laying for you, says Mr. Gledware gave a dreadful kind of low scream, such as turned me sick to hear. The room was as still as death for a little while. I guess they were looking at each other.

At last Red says, pretty slow and calm. "Would you like to have that Indian out of the way?" Mr. Gledware didn't answer, at least not anything I could hear, but his eyes must have spoken for him, for Red went on after awhile: "It's a good then, as it'll take time to get in a few days—maybe in a few hours—I'll deal with the chief. And I want your word that after that's accomplished you'll go with me to Greer county and stay on the job till Brick Willock swings."

There was a longer silence than before. My nerves all clashed in the strangest way—like the shivering of morning ice on a pool—when Mr. Gledware's voice jarred on my ears. He said, "How will I know?"

"Well," says Red Kimball roughly, "how would you know?"

There was another of those awful silences. Then Mr. Gledware said, "When you bring me a pin that he always carries with him, I'll know that Red Feather will never trouble me again."

Kimball spoke rougher than before. "You mean it'll show you that he's a dead 'un huh?"

"I mean what I said," Mr. Gledware snapped, as if just rousing himself from a kind of stupor.

"Well, what kind of pin?" That was Kimball's question.

Then Mr. Gledware described the pin. He said it was a smooth faced, gold rimmed pin of onyx set with pearls. And Kimball said boastfully that he could produce that pin, as he was a living man. And Mr. Gledware told him if he did he'd go to witness against Brick Willock