



LAHOMA

BY
JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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(Continued from last week.)

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 had 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.

Lahoma writes a long letter. One of the men she meets is Gledware, her step-father, but she does not know of the relationship. He is a crook of the lowest type.

Lahoma sends a warning to Willock that Red Kimball, one of the outlaws with whom Willock formerly operated, has sworn to kill him and has started on his way to do so. She adds that Gledware is in dread of something the Indian, Red Feather, may do to him.

Red Feather attacks Gledware and almost kills him. Lahoma learns that Gledware has married the Indian's daughter and deserted her. Wilfred Compton joins Lahoma and escorts her in a stagecoach to Willock's home.

Red Kimball and the remnant of the old outlaw gang are seen by Lahoma and Wilfred on their way to kill Willock. A terrific storm, a Texas norther, overtakes Lahoma and Wilfred.

Kimball and two other men are killed. Willock is under suspicion and a warrant is issued. Gledware will testify against Willock on an old charge.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Who killed Red Kimball?"

"ONE day," Lahoma resumed, "Brick saw a white man with some Indians standing near that grave. He couldn't imagine what they meant to do, so he hid, thinking them after him. Years afterward Red Feather explained why they came that evening to the pile of stones. The white man was Mr. Gledware. After Red Kimball's gang captured the wagon train Mr. Gledware escaped, married Red Feather's daughter and lived with the Indians. He'd married immediately to save his life, and the tribe suspected he meant to leave Indian Territory at the first chance. Mr. Gledware, great coward, was terrified night and day lest the suspicions of the Indians might finally cost him his life.

"It wasn't ten days after the massacre of the emigrants till he decided to give a proof of good faith. Too great a coward to try to get away and caring too much for his wife's rich hands to want to leave, he told about the pearl and onyx pin. He said he wanted to give it to Red Flower. A pretty good Indian Red Feather was—true friend of mine. He wouldn't rob graves! But he said he'd take Mr. Gledware to the place, and if he got that pin they'd all know he meant to live among them forever. That's why the band was standing there when Brick Willock looked from the mountain top. Mr. Gledware dug up the body after the Indians had rolled away the stones—the body of his wife—my mother—the body whose face Brick Willock wouldn't look at in its helplessness of

death. Mr. Gledware is the principal witness against Brick. If you don't feel what kind of man he is from what I've said nobody could explain it to you."

From several of the intent listeners burst involuntary denunciations of Gledware, while on the faces of others showed a momentary gleam of horror.

Red Kimball's confederate spoke loudly, harshly, "But who killed Red Kimball and his pard and the stage driver if it wasn't Brick Willock?"

"I think it was Red Feather's band. I'm witness to the fact that Kimball agreed to bring Mr. Gledware the pearl and onyx pin on condition that Mr. Gledware appear against Brick. After Mr. Gledware deserted Red Flower, or, rather, after her death, Red Feather carried that pin about him. Mr. Gledware knew he'd never give it up alive. He was always afraid the Indian would find him, and at last he did find him. But Red Kimball got the pin. Could that mean anything except that Kimball discovered the Indian's hiding place and killed him? But for that, I'd think it Red Feather who attacked the stage and killed Red Kimball. As it

of the situation. "Fellows," he called, "he says you carried him in there, and dinged if you won't have to carry him out, for not a step will he take!"

At this unexpected development a burst of laughter swelled into a roar. After that mighty merriment, Bill was as safe as a babe. Twenty volunteers pressed forward to carry the wedding guest from his cell. And when the old man slowly but proudly followed Wilfred and Lahoma to the hotel where certain preparations were to be made—particularly as touching Bill's personal appearance—the town of Mangum began gathering at the newly erected church whither they had been invited.

When the four friends—for Miz-zoo joined them—drove up to the church door in the only carriage available, Bill descended stiffly, his eyes gleaming fiercely from under snowy locks, as if daring any one to ask him a question about Brick. But nobody did.

The general suspicion that Bill Atkins knew more about Brick Willock than he had revealed, was not without foundation; though the extent of his knowledge was more limited than the town supposed. Bill had carried to his friend—hidden in the crevice in the mountain top—the news of Red Kimball's death; since then, they had not seen each other.

Skulking along wooded gullies by day, creeping down into the cove at night, Willock had unconsciously reverted to the habits of thought and action belonging to the time of his outlawry. He was again, in spirit, a highwayman, though his hostility was directed only against those seeking to bring him to justice. The softening influence of the years spent with Lahoma was no longer apparent in his shifting bloodshot eyes, his crouching shoulders, his furtive hand ever ready to snatch the weapon from concealment. This sinister aspect of wildness, intensified by straggling whiskers and uncombed locks, gave to his giant form a kinship to the huge grotesquely shaped rocks among which he had made his den.

He heard of Red Kimball's death with bitter disappointment. He had hoped to encounter his former chief, to grapple with him, to hurl him, perhaps, from the precipice overlooking Bill's former home. If in his fall, Kimball, with arms wound about his waist, had dragged him down to the same death, what matter? Though his enemy was now no more, the sheriff held the warrant for his arrest—as if the dead man could still strike a mortal blow. The sheriff might be overcome—he was but a man. That piece of paper calling for his arrest—an arrest that would mean, at best, years in the penitentiary—had behind it the whole state of Texas.

He had been raised with real men, men that know how to stand by each other and be true to the death. You want Bill to turn traitor. I say, what kind of men are you?"

(Continued Next Week)

"THE WOLF."

The management of the Orpheum has secured Tom Lennon and his company of players as the attraction at that house for Friday, January 7. This company is, no doubt, one of the best that ever appeared before a Glasgow audience, and comes as a

guaranteed attraction. Manager Bish-ell vouches for the play and states that every ticket will be sold on a positive guarantee of money back if the purchaser is dissatisfied in any way. This is not a feature picture, but one of the good road attractions that the Orpheum management prom-

ised earlier in the season. "The Wolf" has played to packed houses all along the line and no doubt will be greeted with a large audience on its appearance here.

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