

## DAVE MANN

(Continued from page 11)

She was a kindly, quiet woman, with a spinning wheel that hummed loud and steadily through the summer days. A great brown dog used to lie in her dooryard and glare at us boys, turning his square head slowly as we crept along the farthest side of the road. There was a belief that Dave Mann often visited his mother, and that the dog knew when he was coming, and when he went away. Keeping the reward in mind we used to wish we had a place in the trees below the house, where we could watch the still, brown sentinel—unwatched by him.

"The Philistines be upon thee!" was a cry we hoped to hear some day when that Sampson, shorn to impotence, should be as other men.

And then as we grow older we seemed to learn—though this must have been told us—about his love for Martha Hecker, and how she, quiet girl, seemed to favor him even from the first time she knew him; how they grew closer together as they gained in years; how he left his wild ways and continued the clearing; how Martha had intended to marry him till home and church and neighborhood joined in the seige, and convinced her judgment—which had nothing to do with her heart—that he would wreck her, body and soul, if he made her his wife.

We learned of the rivalry between him and Lett Evans, and the ill fortune that seemed to follow the latter—injuries that he and all men charged against Dave Mann. We learned of the fights they had at "raisings," and the usual perching of victory on the banner of Mann. And we knew of the wedding, that came at last on a rainy day—had augury for the bride, though she followed the counsel of every friend but one.

Lett Evans had gathered the timbers for a new house. His father was rich, and had given him a farm. Dave Mann came to the "raising," and helped like a yeoman in raising the logs of which his rival's estate was constructing. The work was half done when he met the master of the place, and provoked a quarrel. Evans fought him, for the man who "took down" in the presence of these censors would have lost both caste and sweetheart, though he owned the whole of Little Wabash. It ended much as the rest had ended. Dave Mann laid his enemy on the very floor place of his home, and covered him with forest leaves—and ignominy. Then he disappeared, and they did not see him till the night of the wedding.

But Evans chafed under that last defeat, and went about armed, and threatening. He circulated damaging stories. He may have invented them. But a chumsier narrator could have secured an audience, bringing the tales he brought. It was easy to make the neighborhood believe that Dave Mann was guilty of a score of crimes. When the colporteur was robbed, Dave Mann's walls were covered with illustrated religious papers in less than a week. Sam Ingle had seen them there; though Sam, if true, he confessed, was not an expert scholar. Dave Mann was in town that time the post-office was rifled. If he wanted, he might tell pretty nearly who met Dr. Boggs in the woods, and beat him so badly he could not mount his horse. No one ever heard him give a correct account of himself that other night when the Frenchman's wheatstack burned. And then there were wild rides, and escapades in which ghosts figured; practical jokes of the most serious kind, and all that, which he never took the trouble to deny. If they questioned, he laughed till his white teeth laughed with him, and entered no sort of defense.

And so it came to the wedding day. Manners were rough in the country, and the nuptial hours were usually interrupted with discordant serenades. In the rain and the cold a dozen men gathered down there at the mill, for a descent upon Lett

Evans' house, timing their arrival to the conclusion of the ceremony. While they were waiting restlessly, inspecting bells, and pans and fowling pieces, chatting noisily on the possibilities of each, Dave Mann walked into the circle, laughing and tossing that wavy hair, just as they had seen him a hundred times.

He took it for granted he was going with them. Their scant preparation was equalled by his own, for he carried a monster triangle, made from a piece of wagon tire, and beat upon it with a bar of iron that would have been burden enough for other men. He was filled with the sort of humor we grant to vanquished men, but he treated it as so real and hearty it soon became contagious; and before they knew it—long before they wished it—they were laughing and giving him place among them.

They did not want him to go. The neighborhood opinion was a unit against him. Rude as the charivari was sure to be, it was a recognized proceeding, and could give no sort of offense. But this man's coming was a promise of trouble. Yet they could not displace him. He walked in the thick of the crowd, joking with the men who carried sleighbells or great tin pans, and was in every way the gayest of a gala party.

Before they reached the house, creeping silently at last—for all the cannons of the "shivaree" demanded secrecy—in the margins of the party a story was current that Dave Mann carried a pistol, and meant to end a losing feud in slaughter.

At length they took position about the cabin, hiding in the shrubs or behind the ample stumps that studded the clearing. They waited till the minister and his friends had departed, and then on the hush of night in the deepest woods they loosed the Bedlam of their revelry. They changed discordant noises till the forest rang. Through the din of the hammered tin, above the constant clash of bells, between the sharp explosions of guns, Dave Mann's voice sounded. It was against all precedent. It was a publication that amounted to a breach of faith. The victim was not supposed to know who were his visitors till such time as he gracefully surrendered, and "agreed to treat." They protested but Dave Mann defied them, and roared his rage against the heavy door behind which rested the sunshine and the shadow of his life.

Within the house a singular drama was enacting. Martha Hecker had turned weeping from her friends when they left her there upon the margin of unwelcome seas, and gave the serenade only the small attention of endurance. But her heart beat quick at the first loud call of Dave Mann. Her brown eyes burned with a fire Lett Evans could not light; and her passive attitude changed to a carriage erect, with nerves all tense as she caught her breath, and waited.

It was the Age of Stone again. She was his mate, and he her strong defender.

Lett Evans, raging but helpless, turned upon her, and read the lesson. There was a pistol in his right hand, and she thought for a welcome moment he meant to kill her. Had he pointed the weapon toward her, she would never have moved a muscle. But instead of that, he lifted his empty left hand, and struck her cruelly.

She bounded from him, and threw the door wide open. A massive form loomed defiant in the square of light thrown from her blazing fireplace. The bridegroom stood for a chill moment, numbed by his life's one great event. That figure in the square of light walked straight toward him. The opened door had driven the other bellers left and right. Identity must be concealed till all formalities were complied with.

There was a flash of light more vivid within the house, a sharp report upon the

sudden silence—and then the st. y of Dave Mann's arming stood confirmed. He carried a ready pistol in his hand.

Lett Evans was frantic with terror. Helpless, and coatless, fleeing and stumbling past the skulking revelers, he darted from the house and ran toward the river. Dave Mann was close behind him. One moment, and they were lost to sight. One moment more, and the air was full of that telegraphy which tells of men in mortal combat. Then came the second pistol shot, and then the bushes down that sloping bank were crushed and broken by a body, falling. From the margin of the swift current below came a strangled cry. From the shore above came a deep-toned shout of exultation. And they knew Dave Mann had triumphed.

Martha Hecker had closed her door. Here in her bridal home, when the rugged roar of her man without was answered by the spiteful defiance of her uncertain lord, she had told too plainly where held the mastery. The general judgment of officious neighbors, the mumbled words of a lazy preacher, were nothing to her heart's swift answering to that lover call.

And yet, in the silence that followed her rebellion came the thought of this deed of blood; came the bitterer burden of her certain wrong. She gave scant time to weeping, or to waiting. She gathered her strength, and came to where the men stood at the edge of her clearing. They talked in whispers, forgetting the rain. They listened to her, caught the forward impetus of her urging, and planned for the capture of Dave Mann.

Minutes had been wasted in wonderment. Now, anger at the outrage grew with rural swiftness. The chase begun, it was pitilessly pursued. They found him crossing a lowland road, only to lose him again upon the hill. They took up the trail where Baze Pennington's hounds gave warning, and followed him along the weedy margins of the swollen river, and into the woods again.

Occasionally in those after years, when I went to Zehner's mill a-fishing, I have stolen an hour from the uncertain sport, and crept half frightened through the forest to the tree where he hid when hard pressed on that midnight race, and from whose cover he sprang like a demon, to beat down half a dozen of his pursuers, laughing till they saw again his glistening teeth, and caught for the last time the toss of that raven hair as he plunged into the swamp lands, and vanished.

I can never forget the general fright of that night, nor how the crying of men and the baying of hounds, the flash of torches, and the racing—now far away, now near my home—mingled with dreams, and taught the daylight unaccustomed tardiness. It seemed fitting I should find the family astrig long before dawn; should find father and mother sitting there by the fire-place—with Martha Hecker between them.

For some reason that mother seemed to understand, the young woman never returned to her husband's house. I remember her large, gentle presence about my bed when I was sick; remember the stories she told when I was well enough to sit by the kitchen table while she did the evening work; and remember yet with a pleasure nothing can dull, the songs she taught me.

Next to my mother, she was the most beautiful woman I ever knew. Time and again when the pain in my side was severe Martha Hecker has held me, big boy as I was, and made me forget it with just her silent sympathy, and the slow, slumberous soothing of her rocking chair. Her dresses were marvels of riches to me. Into the Quaker family where color was subdued she brought bright shades and pretty fabrics. She decked herself with the large, unharshsome jewelry of the time, and wore it all with a grace and comeliness that won even my mother's admiration. It did not seem like vanity in Martha Hecker.

(Continued next week)



MISS CARRIE McMANUS, The Tedrazzini of Ragtime Singers opens at Maxim's Monday Night.

Madge—"Why are you going to change your shirt waist?"

Marjorie—"This one is too light colored. I'm going to sit in the hammock with Charlie this evening."

## LEGAL NOTICES.

### SUMMONS

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake.

May Kingsbury, Plaintiff vs. Roy X. Kingsbury, Defendant—Summons. The State of Utah to the said Defendant: You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, if served within the county in which this action is brought, otherwise, within thirty days after service, and defend the above entitled action; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint which has been filed with the clerk of the said court. This action is brought to have dissolved the bonds of matrimony between plaintiff and Defendant.

NEPHI JENSEN,

Plaintiff's Attorney.

P. O. Address 225 Atlas Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

### SUMMONS

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of Utah, County of Salt Lake.

Valera Holz Eftimovic, Plaintiff, vs. Peter Eftimovic, Defendant—Summons. The State of Utah to the said Defendant: You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, if served within the county in which this action is brought, otherwise, within thirty days after service, and defend the above entitled action; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which has been filed with the Clerk of said Court. This action is brought to recover a judgment dissolving the marriage contract heretofore existing between you and the Plaintiff.

JONES, BROWN & JUDD,

Plaintiff's Attorneys.

VALERIA HOLZ EFTIMOVIC,

Plaintiff.

P. O. Address 811-814 McIntyre Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

### SUMMONS

In the District Court of the Third Judicial District of the State of Utah in and for Salt Lake County.

Margaret Edwards Clayton, Plaintiff vs. Rexford Monroe Clayton, Defendant—Summons. The State of Utah to the said Defendant: You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after service of this summons upon you, if served within the County in which this action is brought; otherwise, within thirty days after service, and defend the above entitled action; and in case of your failure so to do judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which