

NOT LIKE OTHER MEN.

By Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey.

Author of "The Brotherhood of Silence," "The Quality of a Sin," Etc.

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CHAPTER II.

CRAG THOMPSON, FRONTIERSMAN.

IT was the week of the annual "round up" in the Smoky valley, which nestles in the embrace of towering mountains along the western boundary of the state of Nevada. Upon the crest of a rise of ground which overlooks the entire valley a horseman, who had just risen over the height, reined in his mount and with bated breath and eager enthusiasm surveyed the spectacle before him.

"It is grand—beautiful!" he exclaimed aloud. "It is strange that my father has never permitted me to see it before; strange that he hesitated now. But I am here in spite of him, and he will not send me back. He must not. I will not go."

The youth turned his head and looked back in the direction from which he had come, and there was a pleased, if somewhat anxious, smile upon his face when he noted toward the southeast a heavy cloud of dust which extended backward along the trail as far as the eyes could reach, but which was steadily though slowly coming nearer. To his practiced eyes that cloud explained that beneath it was moving an army of cattle numbering several thousands, that their track lay over the ridge where he was standing and that their destination was the valley beyond, where the different brands were to be singled out and separated, sorted and assigned to their respective owners.

For an entire week—perhaps for two, for the number of cattle was known to be greater this year than ever before—the Smoky valley was destined to become a scene of life and activity. There would be collected there cattle and horses by the tens of thousands, ranchers and vaqueros by the dozens and scores; there would be trials of skill of every kind which find proficient performers and ardent admirers in the wild, free life of ranchmen and their cowboy assistants; there would be fighting and frolic, danger and pleasure—all things desirable and every thing supposedly attainable for Lisle Maxwell, the margin of whose life hitherto had been the limits of his father's ranch.

As he looked again toward the valley he could see that thousands of cattle had already arrived. They browsed along the mountain slopes as far as his vision could extend, and his keen glance could detect here and there the figures of horsemen on guard near the entrance of passes where they were stationed to prevent the animals, gathered with such difficulty, from straying again. Hoarse bellows and muttering murmurs drifted along the mountain sides, telling of disputes between rival steers which had met now for the first time, and away up the valley glistened a lake beside which could distinguish the outlines of a corral, near which he knew was situated the camp.

Lisle was undetermined what to do. His impulse was to ride on into the valley and make himself known to the men, who one and all were acquainted with his father and who would therefore make him welcome. Some of them were acquaintances of his own, for he had met and learned to know several ranchmen and cowboys who during years past had made occasional visits to his father's ranch. On the other hand, he feared the anger of his father, whom thus far in life he had never dared to disobey in other than very little things.

"If I await him here, he will send me back again," mused Lisle; "if I go on, he cannot, or at least, if he does so, I will have seen something of what I came to see."

While he still hesitated the entire scene changed. The moving panorama in the distance faded from view as his interest centered upon an incident that was taking place almost in the immediate foreground.

graceful curve to the left. At the same instant the horsehair lariet flew from the rider's hand, the horse stopped, planted his feet firmly in the sod and braced himself for the shock that was to come, and the next instant the steer, firmly held by the rope, and had caught one of his hind feet, plunged headlong upon the ground, tearing up the earth and sod and bellowing furiously.

In an instant he had struggled to his feet, but instead of seeking to escape he turned and faced the enemy with lowered head, muttering distant thunder as he picked up clouds of dust and gravel with his forward hoofs and threw them viciously into the air. Then he charged, but the horse, obeying a slight pressure of the knee, easily avoided him, dashing past the infuriated beast so closely that Lisle could have touched him, and in another moment the steer was again dragged to the earth by the suddenly tightened lasso.

It was at that instant when the original pursuer appeared upon the scene. Another writhing, twisting coil of rope darted through the air just as the steer was struggling to his feet. It settled over the animal's horns and head and seized his throat, and the beast was

The steer was again dragged to the earth, captured. It was not the first time that he had been compelled to succumb to the power of mind over matter, and as soon as he found that he was indeed a prisoner his wild rage gave place to sullen docility, and he allowed himself to be led away over the road he had come, knowing that those relentless loops were still fast upon him and that at the first sign of resistance he would again be dragged remorselessly to the earth.

"Well done, sonny!" shouted the stranger. "Mighty well done for a youngster like you. What outfit are you with?"

"Maxwell's. The bunch is two or three miles behind me, to the east."

"Dick Maxwell's, eh? Crescent and cross," naming the brand worn by Richard Maxwell's cattle. "What may your name be?"

"Lisle Maxwell."

"Good, good! So you're Dick Maxwell's kid. You're a youngster, sure enough, but you ain't as young as you look unless I'm mightily mistaken. I saw you when you first came to this region, and that's nigh on to 17 years ago. You must have been most 2 then. How old are you, anyway?"

"Well, you don't look it; not by two or three years. Is the old man with the outfit?"

"Yes."

"Well, maybe I don't, but I think I do. Some day, maybe, I'll tell you the story that makes me think so. Now, tell me why you said that."

"My father has taught me ever since I can remember that women are the curse of the world, and I believe him. He is wise concerning everything else, and he would not instruct me falsely."

An audible grunt was the only reply that Craig Thompson made, and the two rode on in silence several rods.

"I would like to see a woman," remarked Lisle, permitting his train of thought to end in a spoken sentence. "I have never seen one in my life."

"Whoa!" cried Thompson, pulling his horse up with a jerk. Then he jammed his spurs deep into the animal's sides, so that it snorted and made two or three back jumps before it settled down again into ordinary decorum. The ranchman's face was working in the strangest fashion, but whether with an effort to suppress a laugh or an oath it is impossible to say. At last, more to himself than to the young man at his side, the Nevadaian remarked:

"Any man who will give a boy that sort of fodder to chew on is a blamed scoundrel."

Lisle Maxwell heard the words. He halted his horse as suddenly as Thompson had previously checked his and by a sudden pressure of one of his knees compelled it to turn so that it stood directly across the path of the other animal. His right arm straightened out, and Thompson found himself looking into the barrel of a ".44."

"Take that back, Craig Thompson," said Lisle in a low tone, but there was an intense meaning behind the words. The ranchman had never been nearer death than at that instant, and he knew it. But he only smiled, and there was something in the altered expression of his face which Nevadaians were not accustomed to see there. All the hard lines had disappeared. All the harshness was gone, and his eyes, which ordinarily gave back a steely glitter for every gaze which they encountered, softened into a translucent sparkle while he said slowly:

"I'll take it back, Lisle, every word of it, for the Lord knows that I never meant it to sound as you took it. You needn't put your gun down till I've got through talking, 'cause I've got something to say, and after that, if you want to use it on me, you can go ahead, and I won't make any kick. I like you, Lisle, and I would honor you for killing me if you did it to resent an imputation against your father. I spoke on general principles. And now you listen. You've heard lots of bad things about me, and, supposing me to be as bad as them reports, do you think it would be logical to believe every other man in the world bad because I am or every

"I don't know. He would never tell me," replied Lisle.

"Well, I can tell you."

"You can? Why is it?"

"I'll tell you by asking a question or two. Didn't you wing one of my cowboys, a fellow named Cummings, about a year ago when he was over at your place after a bunch of steers that had strayed away?"

"Yes."

"What did you do it for?"

"Because he was impertinent."

"Exactly. What did he say?"

"He said that I was cut out for a Dutchman and spoiled in the making. I convinced him that I was quicker with my gun than he was, anyway."

"Correct. He ain't forgot it, and he won't very soon. He's gone back east, but he left a piece of one of his ribs out here to remember you by. How- ever, that is why Dick don't want you to come here. See?"

"No."

"He's afraid somebody else will say the same thing; that's all."

Lisle brought his horse to a sudden stand. His face darkened and his black eyes flashed ominously.

"Do you say the same thing?" he asked quietly, but in a tone which conveyed much more than did the words that were uttered.

"Lord, what a fire eater you are! No! I don't say the same thing; but it would be a compliment if I did, for women are a hanged sight better than men. But that ain't here nor there. Some of the boys will say it, or something very much like it, and if you are going to shoot every one that does you had better lose no time in selecting a good place to start your graveyard. You won't be long in filling it."

"Why should they say such a thing as that?"

"Well, there are a good many reasons. Are you going to take what I say friendly or are you going to get mad?"

"I'll not be angry."

"Good. Well, I s'pose it's because you ain't developed much. You're 18, and you look in some ways like a boy of 14. Your voice ain't changed enough to suit the taste of such people as like to arrange other people's affairs for 'em. That's one thing. It's a good voice, but it's soft and tender and kinder cooling, like a girl's. 'Twon't hurt it any if you add a pound or two to its weight."

"What else?"

"Nothing else that I can just put my finger on unless it's your whole outfit. You have spent so much of your time in the house reading and studying, playing your piano and such like that your face has got something in it that men don't wear much out here. It's called refinement, and these cusses round here think that all the refinement in the world belongs to women. I want you to understand that every reason that any of the crowd such as you that here are like a woman is a compliment, and you ought to take it as one. Don't get mad. Smile and look pleased, for Lisle, there ain't no better thing on the top of God's earth than a good woman."

"I don't believe that you know," said Lisle quietly, but with such deep conviction that Thompson gazed at him earnestly for a moment in silence.

"Don't I?" he said presently in a voice that was perceptibly altered.

"Well, bless my soul!" exclaimed one of the first citizens of Chicago, that breezy metropolis on the banks of Lake Michigan. "When did you hit the town?"

"I have not hit it at all!" corrected the man from Boston. "The largeness of the area and the absence of a definite personality preclude such action."

"That's so," assented the Chicagoan, his cordial hilarity a little less marked. "By the way, where are you stopping?"

"I'm not stopping at all, my dear friend."

INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.

It is the Surest Safeguard of a People.

REV. W. G. NEVILLE TO THE SOLDIERS

Full Text of an Unusually Strong Sermon That Was Preached in the Yorkville Presbyterian Church on Last Sunday.

Rev. W. G. Neville preached the annual sermon to the Jasper Light Infantry in the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning. The company was out under Captain Moore, in full uniform, about 40 strong, and there were present some ten or twelve honorary members. Quite a large and appreciative congregation was present for the occasion and the services were very interesting. Many people who heard it were of the opinion that the sermon ought to be printed, and at the request of THE ENQUIRER Mr. Neville has kindly furnished it in manuscript as follows:

"But the children of Israel committed a trespass in the accursed thing;—Joshua vi, 1.

The reference here is to the sin of Achan. God had instructed Israel to destroy every living thing in Jericho and to put into His treasury all the silver and gold and vessels of brass and iron. These things were carried out with one exception: Achan took from among the spoils a tunic of Babylonish garment, two hundred shekels of silver, and a golden earring of fifty shekels weight, and appropriated these things to his own use.

This sin affected the whole community. It caused their defeat at Ai, and God said they must not progress in the right direction until the matter was properly adjudicated. The whole community was held responsible for the sin, till they used all the means in their reach to rectify the wrong. Under the leadership of Joshua the sin was punished and righteousness was vindicated.

We see how intimately an individual person's character and conduct are connected with the community at large, and how the welfare of the community is affected by the acts of individual persons.

The subject of my discourse today is: "Individual Character, the Safeguard of a People."

The most valued possession of any man is his character. This is all that belongs to him in an absolute sense. The most valued possession which any community has is to be found in her men of character. Other things may be destroyed, but character is never destroyed.

Why is it that Scotland has attained such prominence in the world and has excelled in every respect wherever she has been? Her territory is small—a little smaller than the state of South Carolina. Her population is small—only about three millions as made up of the people in South Carolina. But her people are people of character, and this has enabled her to exert an influence in the world out of all proportion to her numerical size. Yes, Scotland has in her people—in what the world is pleased to call her common people—a tower of strength which all the outside world has never been able to conquer. Washington Irving was once on a visit to Abbotford. Sir Walter Scott introduced to him many of his friends from among his neighboring farmers and the men of the laboring peasantry. Scott said to Irving: "I wish to show you some of our really excellent plain Scotch people. The soul of the truly benevolent man is not in his fine folks, his fine gentlemen and ladies; such you meet everywhere, and they are everywhere the same."

A country's standing, her influence, her welfare, her very destiny are all lodged in the character of her people. This truth is applicable to a family, a church, a community, our country, and around Yorkville cannot rise above the character of the people who live here. Each person living here forms an integral part of the community character and stands by it; therefore, each person living here makes a contribution to the community's well or woe. It is impossible for the community to rise above the people who live in it? What does it take to constitute a community? Lands, and houses, and stores, and factories? No. These are only incidental. It takes people to make a community, and the character of the community is determined by the character of the people; taken as individual persons. Get the average character of the people, and you will have the character of the community, or nation.

Let us bear in mind, just here, the difference between character and reputation. Character is what a man is; reputation is what the people say he is. A man may have a good reputation and at the same time a bad character, and vice versa. There is sometimes a wide difference between a man's real character and reputation, as there is between night and day. Thank God, neither public opinion, nor private opinion, nor man's praise makes me what I am. The man who has a good character may rejoice that he has something which cannot be disturbed or influenced by the opinion of men. The man who has a bad character may deceive his fellow-men for awhile; he may sell under false colors for a season; but his true character will be revealed by and by.

Let us also remember that every individual person has a character of his own. While this fact is theoretically a self-evident truth, yet it is difficult for some people to realize this truth in a practical way. This character is an integral part of the community's character; and yet it is independent of everything else, as far as its existence is concerned. It is our duty to bring into prominence individual character and to magnify its importance and value. Let us not forget that each man who has an individual character forms a part of the community character.

WHAT CONSTITUTES CHARACTER?—The answer to this question is determined by our relation to temperance, truth and benevolence. The first of

these deals with self; the last has to do with others than self; the middle one of every other person's character. This will strengthen his own character as well as the character of others. This will bring society into closer bonds of union and will furnish a safeguard for a community's defence.

But a failure to recognize and respect the rights of others and their just claims upon us, as well as the reckless destruction of character, is a most effectual way of destroying the very laws and principles upon which society is built. The person who fails to put a priceless value upon the honor and good character of his fellow-men is lacking in one of the essential elements which go to make up a true man. He who would destroy good character—it matters not where it may be found—is doing a deed which is almost as heinous as the destruction of life and property. If there is anything in this world which is more precious than the life of a man, it is his sacred honor, his stainless character. This is worth more to him than all the world beside.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slaves to thousands. Even that which is called good, doth like a bad one wear a bad aspect. But he, that filches from me my good name, Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed."

The man who lives solely for self is a menace to the community in which he lives—yes, he is a curse to that community. A man must get out of self before he can attain any true greatness and before he can be a real blessing to his fellowmen.

You have heard of the old gentleman who is said to have offered this prayer: "O Lord, bless me and my wife, my son and my daughter, and all the people of the world. There are many who live this prayer, if they do not offer it formally before a throne of grace. All such are burdens to the society in which they live. We need to get out of ourselves and out of our own little circles and bring into our hearts and lives a liberality that will rejoice in the welfare of the community at large and that will contribute to the welfare when the opportunity affords."

Think of the priceless value of a good character. If there is anything worth possessing in this life, it is this; and thank God, this is in reach of each one of us. A good character is the individual person's safeguard, the nation's defence. There is nothing comparable to it in its importance. All the wealth of the world is trash compared to it. It is something that abides. Our friends may desert and forsake us; our foes may do all they can against us; our worldly possessions may be taken away from us; our reputation may be blasted; but our good character no climate nor season can destroy; no enemy can deprive us of it. It is ours at all times, incorporated into our very being. Character is the man himself. Good character bids defiance to the ravages of time. Death cannot destroy it, but only confirms its eternal existence. The infinite years of God cannot injure it, but will be its sure protector and conservator of its blessed integrity.

Priceless treasure! The country's safeguard, the community's defence, the individual person's inheritance. Would you have a model in the formation of your personal character? There is but one perfect model, and that is in the life of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. His character stands alone through all history in its matchless, glorious, peerless beauty and perfection. All the excellences and perfections of the world are contained in him. The very perfection of right being is to be found in his heart and the very perfection of right doing is to be found in his life.

No character is complete that is not in sympathy with the peerless character of Christ, and no community is secure that is not leavened with His religion. May your heart and life be the image of both in character and conduct, both in heart and life.

THE ARAB IN THE DESERT. Alongside of Him the European Looks Ridiculous.

The Arab of today is one of the most fascinating figures to be met with, especially in the desert. This is the opinion of Mr. Percy L. Parker, expressed in an article on "Arab Life in the Desert," in the Harmsworth Magazine for August. One of the chief charms of beauty set in a sea of sand, consisting of a multitude of palm trees growing where there is sufficient water, for the Arab says that the palm "stands with its crown in the eternal head in the fires of Heaven." Without the palm, the desert, indeed, would be "uninhabited and uninhabitable."

There are some 360 oases in the Sahara, and the most fertile of these is Biskra, which has not less than 160,000 palms, and from which we get large quantities of our dates. To see after hours of being weary in the desert the lovely rich green of so many palms in such a setting is a sight as impressive as it is beautiful.

The French Sahara covers 125,000 square miles, and 50,000 Arabs live in it. In the oases they build their homes beneath the palms, which afford much needed shade from the hot sun. Sun-dried mud bricks are the chief material used in making their houses. Palm trees provide any timber needed. The houses are two stories high. But for the low doorway one would think they were high wall castles. At the internal light is obtained by openings on the courtyard, round which the house is built. The Arab home is somewhat of a prison for the women, who are rarely seen abroad. They take their walks upon the flat roofs, which are common to all Eastern lands. But few Arabs live in houses. They are great wanderers wherever they go. They are always meeting long caravans on the move. These Bedouins live in tents, which are simply camel-cloths stretched over boughs. For the most part they are very poor and live on the produce of a few sheep and goats.

But, although poor, the Arab is always picturesque. The European beside the Arab looks ridiculous. Let his top hat be ever so shiny, his clothing ever so well fitting, his form ever so straight, he looks at a disadvantage beside the spare figure and flowing draperies of the wandering Bedouin whom he despises. The Arab is poor without being abased. He is soiled without being begrimed. Even his raggedness has a grandeur about it.

The chief item in the Arab costume is a white cloak called the burous, which covers the whole figure. It has a hood, which protects the head from the sun. Beneath this there are all sorts of gorgeous vests and jackets. The legs are bare, but the feet are covered with rich red leather shoes, dyed with the juice of the pomegranate. A few Arabs are always striking, but a group of remarkable gatherings which he sees in the market place of Biskra, where hundreds assemble each day to buy and sell cattle, dates and other wares.

What!—Stop that reporter. Aid—What? Do you want to have him send home an account of your heroism? No, I don't want to be an American hero for a week and a punching bag for the rest of my life.—Life.



The steer was again dragged to the earth, captured. It was not the first time that he had been compelled to succumb to the power of mind over matter, and as soon as he found that he was indeed a prisoner his wild rage gave place to sullen docility, and he allowed himself to be led away over the road he had come, knowing that those relentless loops were still fast upon him and that at the first sign of resistance he would again be dragged remorselessly to the earth.



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man good because your father is? 'Tain't sense, is it? If you know enough to know that we're all born of women, and I suppose you do, you know that a woman was your mother, and there's one little fact you want to take to your life, because if you don't there won't be anything else that is worth trying to. It's this: Your mother was a good woman if every other woman ever born into the world was bad, and so was my mother and the mother of every one of that wild set of fellows that'll soon be raising bades around here. A woman may be had before she's a mother, and she may be had after she's a mother, but there ain't no exceptions to the rule that every one of 'em is good when she's a mother, so, you see, Lisle, I didn't cast any reflections on your father when I said that. I only took your mother's part without thinking of him at all, and I wouldn't be of much account as a friend to you or to any man if I didn't do that. That's right, put up your gun. Now, shall we shake hands? That's the ticket. Maybe when you know me better you'll know me better."

Then, side by side, in the beginning of a friendship which was destined to continue through bitter trials for Lisle Maxwell, they rode into camp just as the van of Dick Maxwell's outfit rose over the ridge where their acquaintance began.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONE ON HIM.

"Well, bless my soul!" exclaimed one of the first citizens of Chicago, that breezy metropolis on the banks of Lake Michigan. "When did you hit the town?"

"I have not hit it at all!" corrected the man from Boston. "The largeness of the area and the absence of a definite personality preclude such action."

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