

World's Greatest Short Stories

No. I.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

By Edward Everett Hale



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. The choice of Mary Roberts Rinehart and Owen Johnson was "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale. His works are published by Little, Brown & Co.



MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

PART I.

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805 at Fort Massac or somewhere above on the river he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow at some dinner party. I think Burr noticed him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to monongahela, sledge and high-low-jack, Bourbon, euchre and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. It was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a cane-brake or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him—and by the time the sail was over Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as "a man without a country."

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only when the grand catastrophe came some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi valley to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams got up for spectacles a string of court martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it and would have obeyed any order to march any whither with any one who would follow him had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exe. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big files occupied rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough as I say, yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States he cried out in a fit of frenzy:

"D— the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Nolan had grown up in the west of those days in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot" and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother hunting horses in Texas, and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore and the sword by his side. I do not excuse Nolan. I only explain to the reader why he damned his country and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, Sept. 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. He called the court into his private room and returned in fifteen minutes with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court. The court decides, subject to the approval of the president, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the president approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the Nautilus got

round from New Orleans to the northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

When I was second officer of the Intrepid some thirty years after I saw the original paper of instructions:

Washington (with the date, which must have been late in 1807).

Sir—You will receive from Lt. Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army.

This person on his trial by court martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again.

The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present the execution of the order is intrusted by the president to this department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it, and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention. Respy yours, W. SOUTHWARD, For the Secretary of the Navy.

I suppose the commander of the Levant has it today as his authority for keeping this man in his mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "The Man Without a Country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sunk into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites. I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His

To be continued.

Edwards-Duus Wedding

Mr. Herman Duus of Estacada and Miss Audrey Edwards of Portland were married Thursday, November 12th, at one o'clock, at the home of the bride.

The Rev. A. J. Montgomery of Portland officiated, in the presence of about forty relatives and friends. Following the ceremony, a wedding dinner was served.

After a few days honeymoon in Portland, the young folks came to Estacada last Monday, and have begun housekeeping in the groom's new house in Garfield. Several loads of new furniture and household goods have already been installed in the new home.

Herman's many friends and relatives in this section, welcome him and his bride and wish them all kinds of prosperity.

Dale's

Would like to have you come in and see the nice aluminum ware that they are giving away absolutely

FREE

as premiums. It pays to trade with them, as their prices are always right, their goods the best and their treatment, courteous.

Yes, the fruit trees have come in, that we told you of, some days since.

See them also, and pick out just which you want.

See DALE'S

Surplus Sale

Manufacturers' Emergency and Surplus sale combined with the slaughter of the balance of the Soule Bros.' Failure stock all in the hands of Ellsworth, Barnes & Davey, the manufacturers' representatives, still in progress at Eilers Music House.

Here is a list of the many beautiful instruments still to be had at the almost unbelievably low prices.

Remember, nearly all pianos are new, not even shopworn, but the few that are used are in perfect and guaranteed condition. All can be had on very easy payments. Take 20 or 30 or 40 months.

- \$650 Mission Wegman Piano now less than half.....\$316
- \$850 Lester Grand, latest style, almost half.....\$437
- \$550 Kingsbury Inner Player, latest 88-note model.....\$288
- \$575 Steinway, Ebony - Stained Case.....\$237
- And a smaller-sized Mahogany.....\$185
- \$526 Hardman, Very Elaborate Case.....\$126
- \$500 Largest-Sized Weber Upright.....\$196
- \$1150 Weber Pianola Piano, just like new, the best and most expensive ever built by Webers.....\$488
- Many other slightly used Pianola Pianos, all with Themodist Metrostyle attachments, \$380, \$337, \$285



2 cans for 25c

To introduce our famous Monopole Solid pack Corn and Tomatoes

Waterbury & Chapman