

## The Man Without a Country.

breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special justification, they were permitted to invite "Plain Buttons," as they called him. They called him "Plain Buttons" because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember soon after I joined the navy. Some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy, and everybody was permitted to lend him books if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship sooner or later, only somebody must go over them first and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. Phillips told me a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage, and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, so Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. Nolan took the book and read to the others, and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and border chivalry and was 10,000 years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stepped a minute and drank something and then began, without a thought of what was coming:

"Breathe there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"This is my own, my native land?"

Then they all saw something was to pay, but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on:

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well."

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages, but he had not quite presence of mind for that. He gagged a little, colored crimson and staggered on:

"For him no minstrel raptures swell,  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
Despite these titles, power and pelf,  
The wretch, concentrated all in self!"

And here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "and, by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first they said he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that, but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare or something else he was sure of. He was always shy afterward when I knew him—very seldom spoke unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted no occa-

sionally, but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart wounded man.

Nolan's transfer at sea to the Warren was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been a long time in the bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball, so the captain said they might ask him if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had ventured so far and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan, but I will dance all the same." Just nodded to Shubrick as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places and met her and this was a godsend. He said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after:

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him! "Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!" And she walked directly up the deck to her husband and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. In one of the great frigate duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square and took right down the officer of the gun himself and almost every man of the gun's crew. As the

surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies there appeared Nolan in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him, perfectly cheery and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits till the enemy struck. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is a part of the story where all the legends agree—that the commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir, and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over and he had the Englishman's sword in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarterdeck he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came the captain said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today. You are one of us today. You will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony and gave it to Nolan and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the secretary of war. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington.

To be continued.

### Estacada's Postal Savings

Postmaster Johnson reports the sum of \$3,078 as now on deposit in the Estacada Postal Savings Bank, comprising 33 accounts.

This service began March 1, '12 and in the past few months has increased decidedly. These accounts draw 2% interest and represent a class of depositors that ordinarily do not avail themselves of the average banking service.

An account may be opened by any person of the age of 10 years or over, and for the sum of \$1. or over. The interest being payable on all money left on deposit one year.

For children desiring to start savings accounts, the service uses a series of stamps in denominations of 10 cents, and when a dollar is shown on the card, the card is cancelled and the dollar deposit is credited. This arrangement stimulates saving on the part of the child.

For further information, apply to your nearest postmaster.

### Juvenile Hog Raising

Every boy and girl in Oregon will have a chance next year to take part in a hog raising contest to be backed by the Portland Union Stock Yards, the State Bankers' Association and other organizations interested in the agricultural development of the Northwest. It is planned to permit the young people to borrow money on the security of their parents or school principal which will enable them to buy their hogs for cash at current market rates, the money to be repaid when the stock is sold. The boys and girls will be required to keep an accurate record of all their expenditures and to submit a complete report of their operations at the end of the year.

### Farmers' Week Postponed

Announcement is made by the Oregon Agricultural College of the postponement of the date for Farmers' Week, from November 30th—December 5th to February 1st—6th inclusive.

## Dale's

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

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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
\$525 Hardman, Very Elaborate Case.....	\$188
\$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, \$237, \$285



\$2 a day

\$10 a week

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