

# Bandon Recorder

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FRIDAY..... August 18, 1911

## The Settler's Daughter

She Chose Her Own Way of  
Showing Gratitude

By SARAH BRYCE VAUGHAN

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While the Emery family were sitting at supper Phoebe, a girl of twelve, saw through the open door a man on horseback galloping straight for the house.

He rode right up to the door and cried out to the husband and father:

"Mr. Emery, the body of Ben Armstrong, with whom you had the trouble last week, has been found with a bullet hole in his head. An excited crowd of his friends is coming to lynch you. Come, hurry up; I must put you in the jail before they get here."

"But, sheriff, I haven't seen Armstrong since the day he threatened to kill me."

"That doesn't matter. Suspicion points to you, and they won't give you a chance to defend yourself."



"GET OUT A HORSE AS QUICK AS YOU CAN."

Come; get out a horse as quick as you can and go with me to the jail. If I get you in there they'll have to pass over my dead body to get you out."

It may be it was these stirring words that fixed the picture of Sheriff John Winslow on Phoebe Emery's mind.

"Go with him!" cried Mrs. Emery, terror-stricken.

"Go with him, papa!" cried Phoebe.

"I reckon you're right, sheriff," said Emery. And, making a dash for the barn, he saddled a horse, and, embracing his wife and children, who had followed him, he mounted, and the two men galloped away. Before their horses' hoof beats had died in the distance others were heard coming from an opposite direction, and in a few minutes an excited mob surrounded the house.

"What's Emery?" cried the leader to the wife, whose children clung to her in terror.

"He's not here. What do you want with him?"

"Not here? We'll find out whether he's here or not." And half a dozen of the party, throwing themselves off their horses, entered the house and ransacked it.

"The bird has flown," said the leader. "Like enough Jack Winslow has warned him."

"But Jack wouldn't let a man under charge of murder go," said another.

"More'n likely he's taken Emery to jail to keep him from us. If he has you might as well let the law take its course. The sheriff can't go to give him up—that is, Jack will die before he'll let any of his prisoners be taken away from him."

"He will, eh?" exclaimed the leader.

"Then there'll be two funerals. Come on, boys! To the jail!"

What a night for the Emery family! Only the younger ones slept. Neither Mrs. Emery nor Phoebe closed their eyes. The mother moaned and cried out from time to time: "They're taking him from the jail! He's awing! I know he is! Oh, heavens, I shall go mad!"

"Mother, didn't you hear the sheriff say that they'd have to kill him too?"

"Oh, don't talk to me! Your father is dead—hanged for a murder he never committed. I was only afraid that Armstrong would kill him. Armstrong was a bad man—a horrid man. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

All night the little girl strove to

keep up a ray of hope in her mother, and when day dawned the child had left childhood. From that night she acted the part of a woman.

It was about 9 o'clock in the morning that Cyrus Crowfoot rode up to the cabin. Phoebe saw him coming and went out to meet him that she might hear him to break any bad news he might have gently to her mother.

But Mrs. Emery followed her, wildly crying:

"Is it all over? Have they killed him? Tell me quick!"

"I have come to let you know, Mrs. Emery, that the sheriff concluded not to stop at the jail, but kept right on. The mob, not finding them there, scattered, some of them going to their homes and a few taking the road to Marion. But I don't think they'll catch 'em."

"Thank heaven!" cried the woman clasping her hands fervently.

"Thank you for coming to tell us, Mr. Crowfoot," said Phoebe as the man rode away.

The next appearance of Phoebe Emery in this story is six years later. She is eighteen years old, and nature has endowed her with a face and figure singularly attractive. Strong and beautiful characters are often made so as much by environment as by heredity. Phoebe's experience as a child and her own inherent strength had developed her into a very different person from the average girl of eighteen. The mob, disappointed in finding her father and drunken with liquor, had returned and forced his wife and children out of their home by burning it. But he had been saved to them, and as soon as he could safely communicate with them he had done so. Then the real murderer of Armstrong turned up, and a committee of citizens had gone to Emery and invited him to return to them. But he declined.

Emery established himself in one of these rapidly growing western towns which throw off their childhood within a few years and become cities. There his children were educated and became accustomed to city ways and manners. Phoebe became an accomplished girl and when she was nineteen years old was the acknowledged belle of her social circle.

One evening at a ball Miss Emery was standing in the center of a group of young men who were vying with one another to engage her for the dances. Happening to glance toward the entrance, she saw a man enter and stand looking as if attracted by curiosity, but too reticent to join the gay throng. She saw in the man who shrank from elbowing his way through the immediately dressed young people assembled for the dance Sheriff Jack Winslow. Before he flashed a picture of his stalwart figure riding over the plain to warn her father of his danger in the risk of his own life. He had changed but little. She had laddered from childhood to womanhood. Even if at the time he had come to her former home he had not been preoccupied with his warning she was then too young for him to have noticed her, and now, changed as she was, he would not, in any event, have recognized in her the little girl of half a dozen years ago. Phoebe knew him the moment her eyes rested upon him.

The German cotillon was introduced that evening for the first time in the season. Jack Winslow, though he had danced in barns, did not consider himself sufficiently polished to take part in a society dance. Indeed, his coat was not a spick-and-span, nor did he wear a low cut white vest. So he concluded to "sit out" the cotillon by himself.

Various figures were danced, and finally one was introduced wherein a lady was seated by herself in the middle of the room, holding a hand mirror. The young men, one by one, were brought up behind her. She looked at their reflections in the mirror, and when the one she wished to dance with appeared she chose him for her partner.

When it came Phoebe Emery's turn to take the chair one man after another was led up behind her, but she seemed disposed to be very particular as to the man she would dance with. All the young men most prominent in a social point of view were taken up, and all were rejected. Then the less desirable newcomers, and generally unknown men were tried, to meet a like fate. At last every man who was dancing the cotillon had been led up and sent back to his seat.

Naturally the episode by this time excited attention. What did it mean? That the lady desired to snub the man, or had not the right man been found? The leader, having exhausted those who were in the cotillon, now turned his attention to the few loiterers who were not. They were all known except Jack Winslow. Every man in the room except himself was taken up and rejected. Finally, amid excited chatter, the leader approached the last man. Jack saw the eyes of every one turned upon him.

"Go away," he said, red as a beet.

"I don't know the lady."

"Come," replied the leader. "Every man must be tried."

Jack was dragged unwillingly behind the chair in which Phoebe was sitting. He was about to turn away when she arose from her chair, put one hand on his shoulder and said away amid a burst of applause.

The interest excited was short lived except for one person. That person was Jack Winslow. After dancing a few minutes the couple seated themselves, and Jack said:

"Will you kindly explain this unusual attention with which you have honored me?"

"Not till I have 'honored' you with another. I wish you to be my escort to my home."

"And then?"

"You will understand it all."

"Let us go at once."

"I am ready."

Later the two ascended the steps of a dwelling, and the girl rang. A man opened the door, but the darkness prevented him and Winslow from getting a good view of each other.

"Come in," said Phoebe.

They entered a parlor, and Phoebe turned up a gas jet.

"Great Scott, sheriff!" exclaimed the man, grasping Jack's hand in both of his. "Where did you come from?"

"And you?" cried Jack, turning to Phoebe.

"I am the daughter of the man whose life you saved."

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OCCIDENTAL CHAPTER, No. 45, O. E. S., meets Saturday evening before and after stated communication of Masonic Lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend.  
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BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.  
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## Knights of Pythias

DELPHI LODGE, No. 64, Knights of Pythias. Meets every Monday evening at Knights hall. Visiting knights invited to attend.  
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