

THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK

I

WHAT MANNER OF MEN

MID-JULY, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-four. On her rude bed in the formless western wilderness the great mother, Destiny, had been delivered of an infant commonwealth, which was lifting its voice in the first shrill wail of surprise over the strangeness of life. Already its name was chosen: Nebraska. And its lot? Mother-like, this mother had seen her visions in the bitter-sweet days wherein she had felt the new life quickening. Full share of good and