

WINNETOU THE APACHE KNIGHT

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Winnetou the Apache Knight by Marion Ames Taggart

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MARION AMES TAGGART

**WINNETOU THE
APACHE KNIGHT**

WINNETOU, THE APACHE KNIGHT.

JACK HILDRETH AMONG THE INDIANS.

WINNETOU,
THE APACHE KNIGHT.

ADAPTED FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS FROM C. MAY

BY

MARION AMES TAGGART.



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WINNETOU, THE APACHE KNIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

TOWARD THE SETTING SUN.

It is not necessary to say much about myself. First of all because there is not very much to tell of a young fellow of twenty-three, and then because I hope what I have done and seen will be more interesting than I am, for, between you and me, I often find Jack Hildreth a dull kind of person, especially on a rainy day when I have to sit in the house alone with him.

When I was born three other children had preceded me in the world, and my father's dreamy blue eyes saw no way of providing suitably for this superfluous fourth youngster. And then my uncle John came forward and said: "Name the boy after me, and I'll be responsible for his future." Now Uncle John was rich and unmarried, and though my father could never get his mind down to anything more practical than deciphering cuneiform inscriptions, even he saw that this changed the unflattering prospects of his latest-born into unusually smiling ones.

So I became Jack Hildreth *secundus*, and my uncle

nobly fulfilled his part of the contract. He kept me under his own eye, gave me a horse before my legs were long enough to bestride him, nevertheless expecting me to sit him fast, punished me well if I was quarrelsome or domineering with other boys, yet punished me no less surely if when a quarrel was forced upon me I showed the white feather or failed to do my best to whip my enemy.

"Fear God, but fear no man. Never lie, or sneak, or truckle for favor. Never betray a trust. Never be cruel to man or beast. Never inflict pain deliberately, but never be afraid to meet it if you must. Be kind, be honest, be daring. Be a man, and you will be a gentleman." This was my uncle's simple code; and as I get older, and see more of life, I am inclined to think there is none better.

My uncle sent me to the Jesuit college, and I went through as well as I could, because he trusted me to do so. I did not set the college world afire, but I stood fairly in my classes, and was first in athletics, and my old soldier uncle cared for that with ill-concealed pride.

When I left the student's life, and began to look about on real life and wonder where to take hold of it, I was so restless and overflowing with health and strength that I could not settle down to anything, and the fever for life on the plains came upon me. I longed to be off to the wild and woolly West—the wilder and woollier the better—before I assumed the shackles of civilization forever.

"Go if you choose, Jack," my uncle said. "Men are a better study than books, after you've been grounded