

LEOPARD'S SPOTS

BY THOMAS DIXON JR.
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LITERARY SECTION
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THIS is the second installment of "The Leopard's Spots," wherein the author, Thomas Dixon Jr., has taken up the tale of "the white man's burden" in the South during the awful carnage of the great civil strife in 1860, and the more distressing period since, and drawn a picture that is heartrending in its vividness.

And yet the very best part of Mr. Dixon's remarkable book is the fact that he has not written merely to thrill you. There is no striving after effect. He writes very quietly of things as they are and were, but those things are tremendously potential. Moreover he has written in this, his latest book, the tenderest love passages, the most virile, tense situations ever created by modern pen.

If you have read any part of the first installment, printed last Sunday—if only the first chapter—you need only the simple announcement that you get the whole book—free—in two or three editions to keep you on the qui vive for the NEXT SUNDAY CALL.

Immediately after the completion of "The Leopard's Spots" you will get "THE THIRTEENTH DISTRICT" by Brand Whitlock. This novel has created a tremendous sensation both in America and in Europe for its expose of the insidious, vampire-like effect of social life in Washington, upon the moral and political careers of those who are drawn into the maelstrom. Watch this novel. You'll hear it talked about.

Then in rapid succession will follow, "The Gentleman From Indiana," by Booth Tarkington; "The Mississippi Bubble," by Emerson Hough; "Tainted Gold," by Mrs. C. N. Williamson; "The Turnpike House," by Fergus Hume, etc., etc.

There are other announcements to be made later that will be right in line with the splendid literary policy of The Sunday Call already outlined, by which our readers get the best fiction of the day without any extra cost.

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CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED.

“A FEW years ago a Southern Representative in stupid rage knocked Charles Sumner down with a cane and cracked his skull. Now it is this poor cracked brain, mad with hate and revenge, that is scrambling to his feet on the map of the Southern States from the map of the world and build negro Territories on their ruins. In the madness of party passions, for the first time in history, an anarchist, Thaddeus Stevens, has obtained the dictatorship of a great constitutional government, hauled down its flag and nailed the black flag of confiscation and revenge to its masthead. The excuse given for this, that the lawmakers of the South attempted to re-enslave the negro by their enactments against vagrants and provisions for apprenticeship, is so weak a lie it will not deserve the notice of a future historian. Every law passed on these subjects since the abolition of slavery was simply copied from the codes of the Northern States, where free labor was the basis of society.

“Lincoln alone, with his great human heart and broad statesmanship, could have saved us. But the South had no luck. Again and again in the war, victory was within her grasp, and an unseen hand snatched it away. In the hour of her defeat the bullet of a madman strikes down the great President, her last refuge in ruin.

“God alone is our help. Let us hold fast to our faith in him. We can only cry with aching hearts in the language of the psalmist of old, 'How long, O Lord, how long?'

“The voices of three men now fill the world with their bluster—Charles Sumner, a crack-brained theorist; Thaddeus Stevens, a club-footed misanthrope, and B. F. Butler, a triumvirate of physical and mental deformity. Yet they are but the cracked reeds of a nation's blind rage. When the storm is passed, and reason rules passion, they will be flung into oblivion. We must bend to the storm. It is God's will.”

“The people left the church with heavy hearts. They were hopelessly depressed. In the afternoon, as the churches were being slowly emptied, groups of negroes stood on the corners talking loudly and discussing the meaning of his new Sunday so strangely observed. It began to snow. It was late in March and this was an unusual phenomenon in the South.

“The next morning the snow was covered with four inches of snow, that glistened in the sun with a strange reddish hue. On examination it was found that every snow drop had in it a tiny red spot that looked like a drop of blood! Nothing of the kind had ever been seen before in the history of the world, so far as any one knew.

“This freak of nature seemed a harbinger of sure and terrible calamity. Even the most cultured and thoughtful could not shake off the impression it made.

CHAPTER XIII.
DICK.

When Charlie Gaston reached his home after a never-to-be-forgotten day in the woods with the preacher, he found a ragged little dirt-smear'd negro boy peeping through the fence into the wood-yard. “What you want?” cried Charlie.

“Nuttin’.”
“What's your name?”
“Dick.”
“Who's your father?”
“Haint got none. My mudder say she was tricked, en I se de trick!” he chuckled and waddled his eyes.

Charlie came close and looked him over. Dick giggled and showed the whites of his eyes.
“What made that streak on your neck?”
“Nigger done it wid er ez.”
“What nigger?”
“Low life nigger name er Amos, what stays round our house Sundays.”



HE WAS TOO WILD, DRANK TOO MUCH WHISKEY, AND WAS TOO HANDY WITH A REVOLVER”

conscience was the fire that kindled the Civil War, rose in solemn protest against this insanity. Their protest was drowned in the roar of multitudes maddened by demagogues who were preparing for a political campaign.

Late in August Hambricht and Campbell County were thrilled with horror at the report of a terrible crime. A whole white family had been murdered in their home, the father, mother and three children in one night, and no clue to the murderers could be found.

Two days later the rumor spread over the country that a horde of negroes, heavily armed, were approaching Hambricht burning, pillaging and murdering.

All day terrified women, some walking with babes in their arms, some riding in old wagons and carrying what household goods they could load on them, were hurrying with blanched faces into the town.

By night five hundred determined white men had answered an alarm bell and assembled in the courthouse. Every negro save a few faithful servants had disappeared. A strange stillness fell over the village.

Mrs. Gaston sat in her house without a light, looking anxiously out of the window, overwhelmed with the sense of helplessness. Charlie, frightened by the wild stories he had heard, was trying in spite of his fears to comfort her.

“Don't cry, mama.”
“I'm not crying because I'm afraid, darling, I'm only crying because your father is not here to-night. I can't get used to living without him to protect us.”
“I'll take care of you, mama—Nelse and me.”
“Where is Nelse?”
“He's cleaning up the shotgun.”

“What made him do it?”
“He low he wuz me daddy, en I sez he wuz er liar, en den he grab de ax en try to chop me head off.”
“Gracious, he 'most killed you!”
“Tassir, but de doctor sewed me head back, en hit grow'd.”
“Goodness me!”
“Say,” grinned Dick.
“What?”
“I likes you.”
“Do you?”
“Yastr, en I ain't gwine home no mo' I done run away, en I wants ter live wid you.”
“Will you help me and Nelse work?”
“Dat I will, I can do most anyting. You ax yet ma fur me, an' doan let dat nigger Nelse git hit er me.”
Charlie's heart went out to the ragged little waif. He took him by the hand, led him into the yard, and begged her to give him a place to sleep and keep him.

His mother tried to persuade him to make Dick go back to his own home. Nelse was loud in his objections to the newcomer, and Aunt Eve looked at him as though she would throw him over the fence.

But Dick stuck doggedly to Charlie's heels.
“Mamma, dear, see; they tried to chop my head off with an ax,” cried the boy, and he wheeled Dick around and showed the terrible scar across the back of his neck.

“I spec hits er pirty dey didn't cut hit clean off,” muttered Nelse.
“Mama, you can't send him back to be killed, darling, I'll see about it to-morrow.”
“Come on, Dick; I'll show you where to sleep!”

The next day Dick's mother was glad to get rid of him by binding him legally to Mrs. Gaston, and a lonely boy found a playmate and partner in work, he was never to forget.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEGRO UPRISING.

The summer of 1867! Will ever a Southern man or woman who saw it forget its scenes? A group of oath-bound secret societies, the Union League, the Heroes of America and the Red Shirts dominating army and marauding bands of negroes armed to the teeth terrorizing the

if. Same time I'es gettin' ready fur 'em. Ef er nigger come t'goin' round dis house ter night, he'll tink he's run ergin er whole regiment! I haint been ter wah fur nuttin’.”

“Nelse, you have always been faithful. I trust you implicitly.”
“De Lawd, masy, dat you kin do! I fight fur you en dat boy till I drap dead in my tracks!”

“I believe you would.”
“Yessum, cose I would. En I wants dat sword er Marse Charles to-night, missy, en Charlie ter help me sharpen im in de grinstone.”

She took the sword from its place and handed it to Nelse. Was there just a shade of doubt in her heart as she saw his black hand close over its hilt as he drew it from the scabbard and felt its edge? It so she gave no sign.

Charlie turned the grinstone while Nelse proceeded to violate the laws of nature by putting a keen edge on the blade.

“Nebber seed no sensas in dese dull swodes nohow.”
“Why ain't they sharp, Nelse?”
“Doan know, honey, Marse Charles tell me de law doan 'low it, but dey shake 'em in de law now.”

“We'll sharpen it, won't we, Nelse?”
“Dat us will, honey. En you des watch me mov niggers, en dey come er prowlin' round dis house!”
“Did you kill many Yankees in the war, Nelse?”
“Doan know, honey, spec I did.”
“Are you going to take the gun or the sword?”
“Bofe um 'em, chile. I've gwine ter shoot er pair er niggers fust, en den charge de whole gang wid dis swode.

Perkins made himself the poll holder at Hambricht, though he was a candidate for member of the constitutional convention and the poll holders were allowed to keep the ballots in their possession for three days before forwarding to the general in command at Charleston, South Carolina.

Scores of negroes, under the instructions of their leaders, voted three times that day. Every one of the distinguished well-grown was allowed to vote and no questions asked as to his age.

Nelse approached the polls attempting to cast his vote against the Rev. Ezra Perkins, the poll holder. A crowd of infuriated negroes surrounded him in a moment.

“Im! Knock 'im in the head! De black debil, votn' agin his color!”
Nelse threw his big fists right and left and had an open space in the edge of which lay half a dozen negroes scrambling to get to their feet.

The negroes formed a line in front of the polls, and Nelse, almost one said, “You try ter put dat vote in de box we bust you head open!”

Nelse knocked him down before he got the words well out of his mouth. “Honey, I've er bad nigger!” he shouted with a grin, as he stepped back and started to return to the polls.

Perkins ordered the guard to arrest him. As the guard carried Nelse away a crowd of angry negroes followed, grinning and cursing.

“We lay fur you yit, ole hoss!” was their parting word as he disappeared through the jail door.

The night at the supper table to the hotel at Hambricht an informal census of the voters was taken. There were present, besides the great Ezra Perkins, Judge, two lawyers, a general, two clergymen, a merchant, a farmer and two mechanics. The only man of all allowed to vote had a lay was the negro who waited on the table.

Thus began the era of a corrupt and degraded ballot in the South that was to bring forth sorrow for generations yet unborn. The intelligence, culture, wealth, social prestige, brains, conscience and the historic sense of a great State were thrust under the hoof of ignorance and vice.

The votes were sent to the military commission at Raleigh, North Carolina. It was gravely announced from Washington that a “republican form of government” had at last been established in North Carolina.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEGREE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

The new government was now in full swing, and a saturnalia of Legree, Speaker of the House, and the Hon. Tim Shelby leader of the majority on the floor of the House.

Raleigh, the quaint little City of Oaks, never saw such an assemblage of lawyers gathered in the gray stone Capitol.

Ezra Perkins, who was a member of the Senate, was frugal in his habits and found lodgings at an unpretentious boarding-house near the Capitol square.

The room was furnished with six iron cots on which were placed straw mattresses and six honorable members of the new Legislature occupied these. They were close enough together to allow a bottle of whiskey to be finely passed from member to member at any hour of the night. They took to the beds were much pleased with this view and were much pleased.

Ezra was the only man of the crowd who arrived in Raleigh with a valise or trunk. He had a carpet bag. The others simply had one shirt and a few odds and ends tied in red bandana handkerchiefs.

Three of them had walked all the way to Raleigh and kept in the woods from habit as deserters. The other two rode on the train and handed their tickets to the first stranger they saw on the platform of the car they boarded.

“What's this for?” said the stranger.
“Them's our tickets. Ain't you the door keeper?”
“No, but there ought to be one to every circus. You'll have one when you get to Raleigh.”

The landlady, Mrs. Duke, apologized for the poor beds when she showed them to their room. “I'm sorry, gentlemen, I can't give you softer beds.”
“That's all right, ma'am! them's fine. Us fellows been sleeping in the woods and in straw stacks so long dodgin' ole Vajec's officers, them white sheets is the finest thing we've seed in four years, er more.”

They were humble and made no complaints. But at the end of the week they gathered around the Rev. Ezra Perkins for a grave consultation.
“When are we going ter draw?” said one.
“Air we ever goin' ter draw?” asked another with sorrow and doubt.
“What are we here ter of we can't draw?” pleaded another looking sadly at Ezra.
“Gentlemen,” answered Ezra, “I will

country, stealing, burning and murdering. Labor was not only demoralized, it had ceased to exist. Depression was universal, farming paralyzed, investments dead, and all property insecure. Moral obligations were dropping away from conduct, and a gulf as deep as hell and high as heaven opening between the two races.

The division agents of the Freedman's Bureau in the South sent to Washington the most alarming reports, declaring a famine imminent. In reply the vindictive Congress became to the desolate South what Attila, the “Scourge of God,” was to civilized Europe.

The Abolitionists of the North, whose States as a deliberative body under constitutional forms of government no longer existed. The Speaker of the House shook his fist at the President and threatened openly to hang him, and he was arraigned for impeachment for daring to exercise the constitutional functions of his office!

India and Egypt the mastery of the cotton markets of the world. Congress became to the desolate South what Attila, the “Scourge of God,” was to civilized Europe.

“Tell him to come here.”
When Nelse approached his mistress asked:
“Nelse, do you really think this tale is true?”
“No, missy, I doan believe nary word of

“I'm used to trouble, pardner,” replied Tom.
“You've got a nice little cabin home and ten acres of land. Fight us and we will give this house and lot to a nigger.”
“I don't believe it,” cried Tom.
“Come, come,” said Perkins, “you're