Danny's Own Story

By DON MARQUIS

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CHAPTER VII. Martha.

LOOKS up, and that was how I got acquainted with Martha. She was eating one herself. setting up in the tree like a into the fork two limbs made so as not to tumble.

"Well," I says, "can I have one?" "so there isn't any use begging for it, and I'll have to pay for it!"

I seen she was a tease, that girl, and I would of give anything to of been able to tease her right back agin. But I couldn't think of nothing to say, so I thinking what a dern purty girl she Dr. Kirby would of thought of something to say right off. And after I got back to camp I would think of somenothing bright, so I says:

"Well, then, you give me another one!"

She gives the core of the one she has been eating a toss at me. But I ketched it and made like I was going to throw it back at her real hard. She slung up her arm and dodged back, and she dropped her book.

I thinks to myself I'll learn that girl



She Was Setting Up In the Tree Like a Boy.

dumbhead, even if she is purty. So I was trying all the time to think of she says: something smart to say to her. But "Oh, you are on a quest! How ro-I couldn't of done it if I was to be mantic!" shot. Still, I thinks to myself, no girl neither.

front of me, mad.

"Give me my book," she says. ain't going to tell any one.

agin, red as one of them harvest ap- ful rich man and more'n likely a earl. ples, "or I'll tell Miss Hampton you She was a very romanceful kind of Miss Hampton's secret was, and she stole it and she'll have you and your | girl. show arrested."

I reads the name agin. It was "The Lost Heir." I seen I had her good and teased now, so I says, "It must be one of these here love stories by the way you take on over it."

"It's not," she says, getting ready to cry. "And what right have you got in our wood lot anyhow?"

"Well," I says, "I was jest about to move on and climb out of it when you hollered to me from that tree."

"I didn't!" she says. But she was mad because she knowed she had spoke to me first, and she was awful sorry she had. She began to walk away and

to cry. I got up and follered her a little piece. And it come to me all to oncet I had teased her too hard, and I was

Bay," I says, kind of tagging along

and she wouldn't pull 'em down to even look at it.

So I tried agin. "Well," I says, feeling real mean, "I wisht you wouldn't cry. I didn't go to make you do that."

She drops her hands and whirls

"I'm not! I'm not!" she sings out, and stamps her feet. "I'm not crying!" But jest then she loses her holt on herself and busts out and jest natcherally bellers. "I hate you!" she says, like she could of killed me.

That made me kind of dumb agin, fur it come to me all to oncet I liked that girl awful well. And here I'd up and made her hate me. I held the book out to her agin.

Well, sir, she snatches that book and she gives it a sling. I thought it was going kersplash into the crick. But it didn't. It hit right into the fork of a limb that hung down over the crick, and it all spread out when it lit and boy. In her lap was a book she had stuck in that crotch somehow. She been reading. She was leaning back couldn't of slung it that way on purpose in a million years. We both stands and looks at it a minute.

"Oh. oh!" she says. "What have I "You've eaten it already," she says, done? It's out of the town library,

"I'll get it fur you," I says. But it wasn't no easy job. If I shook that limb it would tumble into the crick. But I clumb the tree and eased out on that limb as fur as I dast to. And, jest stands there kind o' dumblike, of course, jest as I got holt of the book that limb broke and I fell into was and thinking how dumb I must the crick. But I had the book. It look, and I felt my face getting red. was some soaked, but I reckoned it could still be read.

I clumb out and she was jest splitting herself laughing at me. The wet on thing myself. But I couldn't think of her face where she had cried wasn't dried up yet, and she was laughing right through it, kind o' like the sun does to one of these here May rainstorms sometimes, and she was the purtiest girl I ever seen. Gosh! How



Gosh! How I Was Getting to Like That

I was getting to like that girl! And she told me I looked like a drowned rat.

Well, that was how Martha and me sixteen, and when she found out I was don't say a word. I jest picks up that a orphan she was glad, fur she was book and sticks it under my arm and one herself. Which Miss Hampton walks away slow with it to where that lived in that house had took her they was a stump a little ways off, not to raise. And when I tells her how fur from the crick, and sets down with I been traveling around the country my back to her and opens it. And I all summer she claps her hands and

I asts her what is a quest. And she can sass me and not get sassed back, tells me. She knowed all about them, fur Martha was considerable of a read-I hearn a scramble behind me which er. Some of them was longer and I knowed was her getting out of that some of them was shorter, them quests, tree. And in a minute she was in but mostly, Martha says, they was fur a twelvemonth and a day. And then you are released from your vow and But I only reads the name of the one of these here queens gives you a book out loud, fur to aggervate her. whack over the shoulder with a sword I had on purty good duds, but I kind and says, "Arise, Sir Marmeluke, I dub of wisht I had on my Injun rig then. you a night." And then it is legal fur You take the girls that always comes you to go out and rescue people and down to see the passenger train come reform them and spear them if they into the depot in them country towns don't see things your way, and come and that Injun rig of mine and Looey's between husband and wife when they always made 'em turn around and look row, and do a heap of good in the a good deal. She had come to that at us agin. I never wisht I had on world. Well, they was other kind of them Injun duds so hard before in my quests, too, but mostly you married life. But I couldn't think of nothing somebody, or was dubbed a night, or bright to say, so I jest reads the name found the party you was looking fur ing with one of them soft, drawly kind of that book over to myself agin, kind in the end. And Martha bad it all of voices, Martha says, no one had grinning like I got a good joke I fixed up in her own mind I was in a ever dared to ast her about herself. quest to find my father. Fur, she "You give me my book," she says says, he is purty certain to be a power-

> Well, we talked about them quests until Martha has to milk the cow, and done about not telling would of made I goes along back to camp thinking the cold chills run up your back, it what a purty girl she is, which we had was so solemn. Miss Hampton had set there talking so long it was nigh been jilted years ago, Martha said. sundown, and my clothes had dried and the name of the filter was David

> When I got over to camp I seen they must be something wrong. Looey was setting in the grass under the wagon try like they ought to be she would of looking kind of sour and kind of wor- sent a night to find that David Armried and watching the doctor. The strong. And that would of ended up doctor was jest inside the tent, and he in a mortal combat, and the night was looking queer, too, and not cheer- would have cleaved him. ful, which he was usually.

> The doctor looks at me like he don't of married that there night. I supskeercly know me. Which he don't. pose." He has one of them quiet kind of drunks on. Which Looey explains is bound to come every so often. He and mebby you wouldn't of. If he don't do nothing mean, but jest gets cleaved David Armstrong that night low sperrited and won't talk to no one. would likely be arrested fur it."
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> Then all of a sudden be will go down Martha says if he was she would lown and walk up and down the main wait outside his dangers keep fur

it, and her hands was over her face, ptreets, orderly, but looking hard into fears and years till she was a old wopeople's faces, mostly women's faces. Oncet, Looey says, they was big trouble over it. They was in a store in a good sized town, and he took hold of a woman's chin, tilted her face back and looked at her hard and most scared her to death, and they was nearly bearound on me, mad as a wet hen right ing a riot there. And he was failed and had to pay a big fine. Since ther Looey always follers him around when he is that-a-way.

The next day he is asleep all morning. But that day he don't drink any more, and Looey says mebby it ain't going to be one of the reg'lar pifflicated kind. I seen Martha agin that day too-twicet I has talks with her. I told her about the doctor.

"Is he into a quest, do you think?"

She says she thinks it is remorse fur some crime he has done. But I couldn't figger Doctor Kirby would of done none. So that night after the show I says to him, innocent-like:

"Doctor Kirby, what is a quest?" He looks at me kind of queer. "Wherefore," says he, "this sudden

thirst for enlightenment?".

"I jest ran acrost the word accident al like," I told him. He looks at me awful hard, his eyes jest natcherally digging into me. I felt like he knowed I had set out to pump him. I wisht I hadn't tried it. Then he tells me a quest is a bunt. And I'm glad that's over with. But it ain't, for purty soon he says:

"Danny, did you ever hear of Lady Clara Vere de Vere?"

"No," I says. "Who is she?" "A lady friend of Lord Tennyson's." he says, "whose manners were above

reproach." "Well," I says, "she sounds kind o

like a medicine to me." "Lady Clara," he says, "and all the other Vere de Veres were people with manners we should try to imitate. If Lady Clara had been here last night when I was talking to myself, Danny. her manners wouldn't have let her listen to what I was talking about."

"I didn't listen!" I says. Fur I seen what he was driving at now with them Vere de Veres. Purty soon he says. cheerful-like:

"There was a girl talking to you to

"Mebby they was," I says, "and mebby they wasn't." But I felt my face getting red all the same and was mad because it did. He grinned kind o' aggervating at me and says some poetry at me about in the spring a young man's frenzy likely turns to thoughts

"Well," I says, kind of sheepishlike, "this is summer time and purty nigh autumn." Then I seen I'd jest as good as owned up I liked Martha and was kind of mad at myself fur that. But I told him some more about her too. Somehow I jest couldn't help it. He laughs at me and goes on into the tent.

I laid there and looked at the fire fur quite a spell outside the tent. 1 was thinking, if all them tales wasn't jest dern foolishness, how I wisht I would really find a dad that was a high mucky muck and could come back in an automobile and take her away. laid there fur a long, long time. I

supposed the doctor had went to sleep But all of a sudden I looks up, and he is in the door of the tent staring at me. I seen be had been in there at it hard agin and thinking quietlike all this time. He stood there in the doorway of the tent, with the firelight was interduced. She wasn't more'n on to his face and his red beard and his arms stretched out, holding to the canvas and looking at me strange and wild. Then he moved his hand up and down at me, and he says:

"If she's fool enough to love you treat her well-treat her well. For if you don't you can never run away from the hell you'll carry in your own

And he kind of doubled up and pitch ed forward when he said that, and i I hadn't ketched him he would of fell right acrost the fire. He was plumb pifflicated.

CHAPTER VIII.

Miss Hampton and Her Secret.

ARTHA wouldn't of took anything fur being around Miss Hampton, she said, Miss Hampton was kind of quiet and sweet and pale looking, and no body ever thought of talking loud or raising any fuss when she was around She had enough money of her own to run herself on, and she kep' to herself town from no one knowed where years ago and bought that place. Fur all of her being so gentle and easy and talkthough they was a lot of women in that town that was wishful to.

But Martha said she knowed what hadn't told no one, neither. Which she told me and all the promising I Armstrong. Well, he must of been a low down sort of man. Martha said if things was only fixed in this coun-

"Yes," says I, "and then you would

She says she would of. "Well," says I, "mebby you would of



She Had Fainted and Keeled Over.

man with gray in her hair, and every day they would give lingering looks at each other through the window bars. And they would be happy that-a-way.

Well. I never took no stock in them mournful ways of being happy. 1 couldn't of riz up to being a night fur Martha. She expected too much of one. I thought it over fur a little spell without saying anything, and I tried to make myself believe I would of liked all that night business. But it wasn't no use pertending. I knowed

I would get tired of it. So I changed the subject and asts her why I ain't seen Miss Hampton planned fur to say. around the place none. Martha says she has a bad sick headache and ain't been outside the house fur four or five days. I asts her why she don't wait on her. But she don't want her to, Martha says. She's been staying in and jest wants to be let alone. I thinks all that is kind of funny, and But she did know all the time. I I leaves her alone.

knowed she would tell. Martha liked it. I grabbed her and I kissed her. having her friends help her to keep a

"I think Miss Hampton has seen a ghost," she says finally, "and that her staying indoors has something to do with that."

Then she tells me. The night of the day after we camped there her and Miss Hampton was out fur a walk. We didn't have any show that night. They passed right by our camp, and they seen us there by the fire, all three of us. But they was in the road in the dark, and we was all in the light, so none of the three of us seen somebody about four sizes bigger'n scared of us first glance, fur she gaspmust of been fur a couple of hours. I all of a sudden so tight she pinched it. Which it was very natcheral that she would be startled, coming across three strange men all of a sudden at night around a turn in the road. They went along home, and Martha went inside and lighted a lamp, but Miss Hampton lingered on the porch fur a minute. Jest as she lit the lamp Marthe hearn another little gasp or kind of sigh from Miss Hampton out there on the porch. Then they was the sound of her falling down. Martha ran out with the lamp, and she was laying there. She had fainted and keeled over. Martha said jest in the minute she had left her alone on the porch was when Miss Hampton must of seen the ghost. Martha brung her to, and she was looking puzzled and wildlike both to oncet. Martha asts

> her what is the matter. "Nothing." she says, rubbing her fin gers over her forehead in a helpless kind of way, "nothing."

"You look like you had seen a ghost."

Martha tells her. Miss Hampton looks at Martha awful funny, and then she says mebby she has seen a ghost and goes along upstairs to bed. And since then she ain't been out of the house. She tells Martha it is a sick headache, but Martha says she knows it ain't. She

thinks she is scared of something. "Scared?" I says. "She wouldn't see

no more ghosts in the daytime." Martha says how do I know she wouldn't? She knows a lot about ghosts of all kinds. Martha does. Horses and dogs can see them easter than humans, even in the daytime, and it makes their hair stand up when they do. But some humans that have the gift can see them in the daytime like an animal. And Martha asts me how can I tell but Miss Hampton is like

that? "Well, then," I says, "she must be s witch. And if she is a witch why is she scared of them a-tall?"

But Martha says if you have second sight you don't need to be a witch to see them in the daytime.

Well, with all the talking back and forth we done about them ghosts we couldn't agree. That afternoon it seemed like we couldn't agree about anything. I knowed we would be going away from there before long, and I says to myself before I go I'm going to have that girl fur my girl, or else know the reason why. No matter what I was talking about, that idea was in the back of my head, and somehow it kind of made me want to pick fusses with her, too. We was setting on a log. purty deep into the woods, and there come a time when neither of us had said nothing for quite a spell. But after a walle I save:

"Martha, we'll be going away from here in two, three days now."

She never said nothing. "Will you be sorry?" I asts her. She says she will be sorry. "Well," I says, "why will you be

sorry?" I thought she would say because I was going. And then I would be finding out whether she liked me a lot. sorry is because there will be no one read. I was considerable took down when she said that.

"Martha," I says, "it's more'n likely I won't never see you agin after I go

She says that kind of parting comes between the best of friends.

I seen I wasn't getting along very fast nor saying what I wanted to say. I reckon one of them Sir Marmeluke fellers would of knowed what to say Looey would of said it better than I could. So I was kind of mad with myself, and I says mean like:

"If you don't care, of course I don't

care neither."

She never answered that, so I gets ip and makes like I am starting off. "I was going to give you some of them there Injun feathers of mine to remember me by," I tells her, "but if you don't want 'em there's plenty of others would be glad to take 'em.

But she says she would like to have them. "Well," I says, "I will bring them to

you tomorrow afternoon." She says, "Thank you."

Finally I couldn't stand it no longer. I got brave all of a sudden and busted

out, "Martha, I-I-I"-But I got to stuttering, and my braveness stuttered itself away, and I

finished up by saying: "I like you a hull lot, Martha." Which wasn't jest exactly what I had

Martha, she says she kind of likes me too.

"Martha," I says, "I like you more'n any girl I ever run acrost before. She says, "Thank you," agin. The way she said it riled me up. She said the house ever since we been in town it like she didn't know what I meant. nor what I was trying to get out of me.

then I seen from the way Martha is knowed she did. She knowed I knowanswering my questions that she is ed it too. Gosh dern it, I says to myholding back something she would like self, here I am wasting all this time to tell, but don't think she orter tell. jest talking to her. The right thing to help making puns even in the presdo come to me all of a sudden and like When she said it was a secret I to took my breath away. But I done

Twice. And then agin. Because the first was on the chin on account of her jerking her head back. And the second one she didn't help me none. But the third time she helped me a little. And the ones after that she helped me

considerable. about the rest of that afternoon: 1 couldn't rightly describe it if I wanted to. And I reckon it's none of any-

body's business. Well, it makes you feel kind of fun-ny. You want to go out and pick on them. Miss Hampton was kind of you are and knock the socks off'n him Is Thy Victory?" It stands to reason others has felt thated and grabbed holt of Martha's arm a-way, but you don't believe it. You want to tell people about it one minute. The next minute you have got chills and ague fur fear some one will guess it. And you think the way you are about her is going to last fur al-

ways. That evening, when I was cooking supper. I laughed every time I was spoke to. When Looey and I was hitching up to drive downtown to give the show, one of the bosses stepped on his foot and I laughed at that, and there was purty nigh a fight. After the show, when we got back to camp and the hosses was picketed out fur the night, I had to tell Looey all about how I felt fur an explanation of why I laughed at him.

Which it made Looey right low in his sperrits, and he shakes his head and says no good will come of it.

"But it ends happy sometimes," I

"Not when it is true love it don't," says Looey. "Look at Anthony and Cleopatra."

"Yes." I says, "and so is Adam and Eve and Dan and Burrsheba and all the rest of them old timers. But I bet they had a good time while they lasted."

Looey shakes his head solemn and sighs and goes to sleep very mournful, like he has to give me up fur lost. But I can't sleep none myself. So purty soon I gets up and puts on my shoes and sneaks through the woodlot and through the gap in the fence by the apple tree and into Miss Hampton's yard. It was a beauty of a moonlight night, that white and clear and clean you could almost see to read by it, like all of everything had been scoured as bright as the bottom of a tin pan. And that very day, and mebby the same one Miss Hampton seen on that very same porch. I thought I was in fur it then, mebby, and I felt like some one had whispered to the back of my neck it ought to be scared. And I was scared clean up into my hair. I stared hard, fur I couldn't take my eyes away. Then purty soon I seen if it was ghost it must be a woman ghost. Fur it was dressed in light colored clothes that moved jest a little in the breeze. and the clothes was so near the color of the moonlight they seemed to kind of silver into it. You would of said it had jest floated there and was waiting fur to float away agin when the breeze blowed a little stronger or the moon

drawed it. It didn't move fur ever so long. Then it leaned forward through the gap in the vines, and I seen the face real plain. It wasn't no ghost-it was a lady. Then I knowed it must be Miss Hampton standing there. Away off through the trees our camp fire sent up jest a dull kind of a glow. She was standing

there looking at that. I wondered why.

CHAPTER IX.

The Wild Man From Borneo.

HE next day we broke camp and was gone from that place. and I took away with me the half of a ring me and Martha had chopped in two. We kept on go-But she says the reason she will be ing. and by the time punkins and county fairs was getting ripe we was new to talk to about things both has into the upper left hand corner of Ohio. And there Looey left us.

One day Dr. Kirby and me was walking along the main street of a little town, and we seen a bang up funeral percession coming. It must of been one of the Grand Army of the Republicans, fur they was some of the old soldiers in buggies riding along behind and a big string of people follering in more buggies and some on foot. Everybody was looking mighty sollum. or Dr. Kirby would, or mebby even | But they was one man setting beside the undertaker on the seat of the hearse that was looking sollumer than them all. It was Looey, and I'll bet the corpse himself would of felt proud and happy and contented if he could of knowed the style Looey was giving that funeral. A couple of hours later Looev comes into camp and says he is going to quit.

The doctor asts him if he has inherited money.

"No." says Looey. "but my aunt has given me a chancet to go into business."

Looey says be was born nigh there and was prowling around town the day before and run acrost an old aunt of his'n he had forgot all about. She is awful respectable and religious and ashamed of him being into a traveling show. And she has offered to lend him enough to buy a half share in a

business. "What kind of business are you going into?" asts the doctor.

"I am going to be an undertaker," says Looey. "My aunt says this town needs the right kind of an undertaker

bad." Mr. Wilcox, the undertaker that town has, is getting purty old and shaky, Looey says, and young Mr. Wilcox, his son, is too light minded and goes at things too brisk and airy to give it the right kind of a sendoff. People don't want him joking around their corpses. and he is a fat young man and can't ence of the departed. Old Mr. Wilcox's eyesight is getting so poor he made a scandal in that town only the week before. He was composing a departed's face into a last smile, but he went too fur with it and give the departed one of them awful mean, devilish kind of grins, like he had died with a bad temper on. By the time the departed's fambly had found it out Well, they ain't no use trying to talk things had went too fur, and the face had set that-a-way, so it wasn't safe

to try to change it any. Old Mr. Wilcox had several brands of last looks. One was called "Bear Up. For We Will Meet Again." The one that had went wrong was his favorite look, named "O Death, Where

Looey's aunt says she will buy him a partnership if she is satisfied be can fill the town's needs. They have a talk with the Wilcoxes, and he rides on the bearse that day fur a tryout. His aunt peeks out behind her bedroom curtains as the percession goes by her house. and when she sees the style Looey is giving to that funeral, and how easy it comes to him, that settles it with her on the spot. And it seems the hull dern town liked it, too, including the

departed's fambly. Looey says they is a lot of chancet fur improvements in the undertaking game by one whose heart is in his work, and he is going into that business to make a success of it, and try and get al! the funeral trade fur miles the shadders was soft and thick and velvety and laid kind of brownishgreeney on the grass. I flopped down in the shadder of some lilac bushes and wondered which was Martha's window. I knowed she would be in bed long ago, but-well. I was jest plumb foolish that night, and I couldn't of kept away fur any money. That moonlight had got into my head, it seemed like, and made me drunk.

The porch of that house was part covered with vines, but they was kind of gaped apart at one corner. As I laid there in the shadder of the bushes I hearn a fluttering movement, light and gentle, on that porch Then all of a sudden I seen some one standing on the edge of the porch where the vines was gaped apart, and the 'moonlight was falling on to them. They must of come there awful soft and still. Whoever it was couldn't see into the shadder where I laid-that is, if it was a human and not a ghost. Fur my first thought was it might be one of them shosts I had been running down so around. He reads us an advertisement of the new firm he has been figgering out fur that town's weekly paper. I cut a copy out when it was printed. and it looks about the genteelest thing like that I ever seen, as follers:

(To be continued)

YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

To make more money during your spare hours than at your regular work. Become a salesman. An old, well-established automobile manufacturing company wants an agent in every township and district where it has no representative. You need no experience. You can sell your neighbor. Some of your neighbors are going to buy cars. Why don't you sell them? Will you do it now or will you miss the opportunity?

Write this minute to Great Western Automobile Co. Peru, Ind.

REPORTER FOR JOB WORK.