DANNY'S OWN STORY

By DON MARQUIS

(Continued.)

From way down along the railroad track they come a sort of blunted roar, like blasting big stumps out, and then another and another. Purty soon, down that way, a slim flame licked up the side of a big building there and crooked its tongue over the top. Then a second big building right beside it ketched afire, and they both showed up in their own light, big and angry and handsome, and the light showed up the men in front of 'em, too—guarding 'em, I guess, fur fear the town would get its nerve and make a fight to put 'em out. It was tobacco burning in them warehouses.

But that town had some fight in her, in spite of being took unexpected that-a-way. It wasn't no coward town. The light from the burning buildings made all the shadders around about seem all the darker. And every once in awhile, after the surprise of the first rush, they would come thin little streaks of fire out of the darkness somewheres and the sound of shots. And then a gang of riders would gallop in that direction, shooting up all creation. But by the time the warehouses was all lit up so that you could see they was no hope of putting them out the shooting from the darkness had jest about stopped.

It looked like them big tobacco warehouses was the main object of the raid. Fur when they was burning past all chancet of saving the leader sings out an order, and all that is not on their hosses jumps on, and they rides away from the blaze. You bet I laid low on them boards while they was going by, and flattened myself out till I felt like a shingle.

As I hearn their hoof sounds getting farther off I lifts up my head agin. But they wasn't all gone either. Three that must have been up to some pertic'ler devilitry of their own come galloping acrost the square to ketch up with the main bunch. Two was quite a bit ahead of the third one, and he yelled to them to wait. But they only laughed and rode harder.

And then fur some fool reason that last feller pulled up his hoss and stopped. He stopped in the road right in front of me and wheeled his hoss acrost the road and stood up in his stirrups and took a long look at that blaze. He stood still fur most a minute like that, black agin the red sky, and then he turned his hoss' head and jabbed him with his stirrup edge.

Jest as the hoss started they come a shot somewheres behind me. The hoss jumped forward at the shot, and the feller swayed sideways and dropped his gun and lost his stirrups and come down heavy on the ground. His hoss galloped off. I heard the noise of some one running off through the dark and stumbling agin the lumber. It was the feller who had fired the shot running away. I suppose he thought the rest of them riders would come back when they heard that shot and hunt him down. But purty soon I hearn them all crossing that plank bridge agin and knowed they was gone.

At first I guessed the feller on the ground must be dead. But he wasn't, fur purty soon I hearn him groan. He had mebby been stunned by his fall and was coming too enough to feel his pain.

I didn't feel like he orter be left there. So I clumb down and went over to him. He was lying on one side all kind of huddled up. There had been a mask on his face, like the rest of them, with some hair onto the bottom of it to look like a beard. But now it had slipped down till it hung loose around his neck by the string. They was enough light to see he wasn't nothing but a young feller. He raised himself slow as I come near him, leaning on one arm and trying to set up. The other arm hung loose and helpless. Half setting up that-a-way he made a feel at his belt with his good hand, as I come near. But that good arm was his prop, and when he took it off the ground he fell back. His hand come away empty from his belt.

The big six shooter he had been feeling fur wasn't in its holster, anyhow. It had fell out when he tumbled. I picked it up in the road jest a few feet from his shotgun and stood there with it in my hand, looking down at him.

"Well," he says, in a drawly kind of voice, "yo' can finish yo' little job now—yo' shot me from the darkness, and now yo' done got my pistol. I reckon yo' better shoot agin."

"Bo," I says, "you got nerve. I like you, Bo. I didn't shoot you, and I ain't going to. The feller that did has went. I'm going to get you out of this. Where you hurt?"

"Hip," he says, "but that ain't much. The thing that bothers me is this arm. It's done busted. I fell on it."

I drug him out of the road and back of the lumber pile I had been laying on and hurt him considerable a-doing it.

"Now," I says, "what can I do fur you?"

"Yo' mighty good to me," says he, "considering yo' are no kin to this here part of the country at all. I reckon by yo' talk yo' are one of them d—— Yankees, ain't yo'?"

That there war was fought forty years ago, but some of them fellers down there don't know d—— and Yankee is two words yet; but, shucks! They don't mean no harm by it. So I tells him I am a d—— Yankee and asts him agin if I can do anything fur him.

"Yes," he says, "yo' can tell a friend of mine Bud Davis has happened to an accident and get him over here quick with his wagon to tote me home."

I was to go down the railroad track past them burning warehouses till I come to the third street and then turn to my left. "The third house from the track has got an iron picket fence in front of it," says Bud, "and it's the only house in that part of town which has. Beauregard Peoples lives there. He is kin to me."

"Yes," I says, "and Beauregard is jest as likely as not going to take a shot at me."

"He won't shoot," says Bud, "if yo' go about it right. Beauregard ain't going to be asleep with all this going on in town tonight. Yo' rattle on the iron gate and he'll holler to know what yo' all want."

"If he don't shoot first," I says.

"When he hollers yo' cry back at him yo' have found his *old dead* hoss in the road. It won't hurt to holler that loud, and that will make him let you within talking distance."

"His old *dead hoss?*"

"Yo' don't need to know what that is. He will." And then Bud told me enough of the signs and words to say and things to do to keep Beauregard from shooting—he said he reckoned he had trusted me so much he might as well go the hull hog. Beauregard, he says, belongs to them riders too.

I made a long half circle around them burning buildings, keeping in the dark, fur people was coming out in bunches, now that it was all over with, watching them fires burning and talking excited and saying the riders should be follered—only not follering.

I found the house Bud meant, and they was a light in the second story window. I rattled on the gate and after a lot of talk told Beauregard what I wanted.

"Come on in," he says.

He shut the door behind us and lighted a lamp agin. And we looked each other over. He was a scrawny little feller, with little gray eyes set near together and some sandy complected whiskers on his chin. I told him about Bud and what his fix was. He said:

"I don't see how on airth I kin do it. My wife's jest had a baby. Do yo' hear that?"

And I did hear a sound like kittens mewing, somewheres upstairs.

"Yes," I says, "you better stay with it. Lend me a rig of some sort and I'll take Bud home."

So we went out to Beauregard's stable with a lantern and hitched up one of his hosses to a light road wagon. He went into the house and come back agin with a mattress fur Bud to lie on and a part of a bottle of whisky, and I drove back to that lumber pile. I guess I nearly killed Bud getting him into there. But he wasn't bleeding much from his hip—it was his arm was giving him fits.

We went slow, and the dawn broke with us four miles out of town. It was broad daylight and early morning noises stirring everywheres when we drove up in front of an old farmhouse, with big brick chimbleys built on the outside of it, a couple of miles farther on.

As I drove into the yard a bareheaded old nigger with a game leg throwed down an armful of wood he was gathering and went limping up to the veranda as fast as he could. He bawled out:

"Oh, Marse Willyum! Oh, Miss Lucy! Dey've brung him home! Dar he!"

A little, bright, black eyed old lady like a wren comes running out of the house and chirps:

"Oh, Bud! Oh, my honey boy! Is he dead?"

"I reckon not, Miss Lucy," says Bud, raising himself up on the mattress as she runs up to the wagon, and trying to act like everything was all a joke. She was jest high enough to kiss him over the edge of the wagon box. A worried looking old gentleman come out the door, seen Bud and his mother kissing each other, and then says to the old nigger man:

"Take the bay mare quick and go for Dr. Po'ter, George." Then he comes to the wagon and says:

"So they got yo', Bud? You would go night riding like a rowdy and a thug! Are yo' much hurt?"

He said it easy and gentle, more than mad. But Bud, he flushed up, pale as he was, and didn't answer his dad direct. He turned to his mother and said:

"Miss Lucy, dear, it would 'a' done yo' heart good to see the way them trust warehouses blazed up!"

And the old lady, smiling and crying both to oncet, says, "God bless her brave boy!" But the old gentleman looked mighty serious, and his worry settled into a frown between his eyes, and he turns to me and says:

"Yo' must pardon us, sir, fo' neglecting to thank yo' sooner." I told him that would be all right, fur him not to worry none. And him and me and Mandy, which was the nigger cook, got Bud into the house and into his bed. And after quite a while George gets back with Dr. Porter.

He sets Bud's arm and he locates the bullet in him, and he says he guesses he'll do in a few weeks if nothing like blood poisoning nor gangrene nor inflammation sets in.

I eat my breakfast with the old gentleman, and then I took a sleep until time fur dinner. They wouldn't hear of me leaving that night. I fully intended to go on the next day, but before I knowed it I been there a couple of days and have got very well acquainted with that fambly.

Well, that was a house divided agin itself. Miss Lucy she is awful favorable to all this night rider business.

She would of like to been a night rider herself, but the old man he says law and order is the main pint.

"But you were in the Kuklux Klan yo'self," says Miss Lucy.

The old man says the Kukluxes was working fur a principle—the principle of keeping the white supremacy on top of the nigger race, fur if you let 'em quit work and go around balloting and voting it won't do. It makes 'em biggity, and a biggity nigger is laying up trouble fur himself, because sooner or later he will get to thinking he is as good as one of these here Angle-Saxtons you are always hearing so much talk about down south.

He was sure a very quiet, peaceable old man, Mr. Davis was, and Bud says he was so dern foolish about law and order he had to up and shoot a man about fifteen years ago who hearn him talking that-a-way and said he reminded him of a Boston schoolteacher.

But Miss Lucy and Bud they tells me what all them night ridings is fur. It seems this here tobaccer trust is jest as mean and low down and unprincipled as all the rest of them trusts. The farmers around there raised considerable tobaccer—more'n they did of anything else. The trust had shoved the price so low they couldn't hardly make a living. So they organized and said they would all hold their tobaccer fur a fair price. But some of the farmers wouldn't organize—said they had a right to do what they pleased with their own tobaccer. So the night riders was formed to burn their barns and ruin their crops and whip 'em and shoot 'em and make 'em jine, and also to burn a few trust warehouses now and then.

So fur as I could see they hadn't hurt the trust none to speak of, them night riders, but they had done considerable damage to their own county, fur folks was moving away, and the price of land had fell. Still, I guess they must of got considerable satisfaction out of raising the deuce nights that-a-way, and sometimes that is worth a hull lot to a feller. As fur as I could make out both the trust and the night riders was in the wrong.

I asts George one day what he thought about it. George, he got mighty serious right off, like he felt his answer was going to be used to decide the hull thing by. He was carrying a lot of scraps on a plate to a hound dog that had a kennel out near George's cabin, and he walled his eyes right thoughtful, and scratched his head with the fork he had been scraping the plate with, but fur awhile nothing come of it. Finally George says:

"I'se spec' mah jedgment des about de same as Marse Willyum's an' Miss Lucy's. I'se notice hit mos' ingin'lly am de same."

"That can't be, George," says I, "fur they think different ways."

"Den if dat am de case," says George, "dey ain't no one kin settle hit twell hit settles hitse'f." Then he told me about the war and the Kuklukes, and he said:

"Den grter de Kukluxes dey was de time Miss Lucy Buckner gwine ter ma'hy Marse Prent McMakin. An' she don' want to ma'hy him, if dey give her her druthers about hit. But ol' Marse Kunnel Hampton, her grampa, and her aunt, my Miss Lucy hyah, dey ain't gwine give her no druthers. And dey was mo' gwines on. But dat settle hitse'f too."

George he begins to chuckle, and I ast him how.

"Yass, sah, dat settle hitse'f. But I 'spec' Miss Lucy Buckner done he'p some in de settlement. Foh de day befoh de weddin' was gwine ter be she ups an' she runs off wid a Yankee frien' of her brother, Kunnel Tom Buckner. An' I'se 'spec' Kunnel Tom an' Marse Prent McMakin would o' settle him if dey evah had o' cotched him—dat dar David Ahmstrong!"

"No one kin settle hit twell hit settles hitse'f."

CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Hampton's Story and Dr. Kirby Again.

WELL, it give me quite a turn to run onto the mention of that there David Armstrong agin in this part of the country. Here he had been jilting Miss Hampton way up in Indiany and running away with another girl way down here in Tennessee. Then it struck me mebby it is jest different parts of the same story I been hearing of, and Martha had got her part a little wrong.

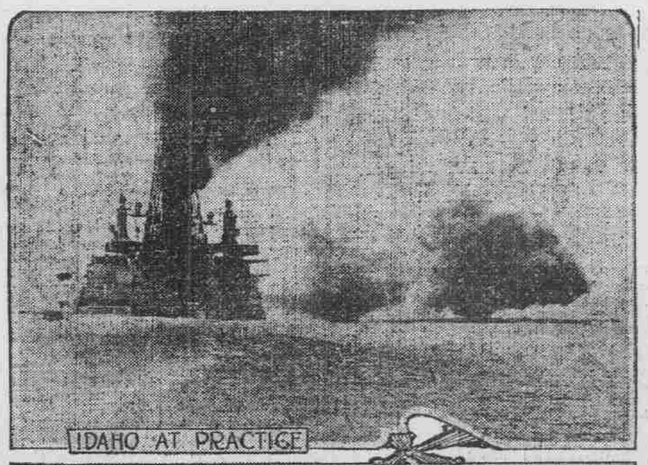
"George," I says, "what did you say Miss Lucy Buckner's grandad's name was?"

"Kunnel Hampton—des de same as my Miss Lucy befoh she done ma'hied Marse Willyum."

That made me sure of it. It was the same woman. She had run away with David Armstrong from this here same neighborhood. Then after he got her up north he had left her—or her left him. And then she wasn't Miss Buckner no longer, and she was mad and wouldn't call herself Mrs. Armstrong. So she moved away from where any one was liable to trace her to and took her mother's maiden name, Hampton.

(To be Continued.)

BOOM! BOOM! IDAHO'S GUNS ROAR MOST ACCURATELY IN YEARLY TRIALS FOR CRACK SHOOTING



Washington, June 5.—It is likely that the battleship Idaho will carry off the trophy for gunnery in this year's competition between the sea fighters of the United States navy. She leads at present in a general average for all forms of practice. She is commanded by Captain William L. Howard and Lieutenant C. P. Huff, ordnance officer. The United States navy ranks very high in gunnery. Indeed many of its gunners are considered the best in the world. In the long range day firing the cruiser Maryland leads, with the Rhode Island, Virginia, New Hampshire and Michigan standing next in the order named.

MORE FARMERS FOR MAINE.

Industrial Bureau Hopes to Get Them to Settle Big Tract There.

Some interesting experiments have been conducted by the Industrial Bureau of the New England Lines with a view of demonstrating with what success farming can be carried on in New England on what has heretofore been regarded practically as waste land. These experiments have been conducted on a large tract of land in Washington County, Maine, and so successful have they been that steps are being taken now to secure the colonization of this tract by practical farmers.

For the purpose of these experiments the Industrial Bureau maintained by the New York, New Haven and Hartford, the Boston and Maine and Maine Central Railroads, recently secured an option on 36,000 acres of land situated near Cherryfield on the Maine Central. This tract had produced nothing but huckleberries up to that time. There was no heavy timber on it because every year it had been burned over for the berries. A large part of it was virgin soil.

A careful examination of the soil made by Prof. A. J. Bonstell of the Geological Survey showed results which exceeded expectations. The soil was found to contain a basis of lime rock and the decomposition by pulverization and erosion had caused conditions of wonderful fertility. A farmer of considerable experience was put in charge of the work of reclaiming this land and last year eighty acres were cultivated. Twenty acres were given over to potatoes, fifteen acres to beans and the rest to oats, wheat, barley, corn and general garden truck. To this his been added this year one acre of strawberries and one acre planted to sugar beets.

The results have confirmed the prediction made by Prof. Bonstell that this land which had lain so long neglected would grow wheat and other crops known to New England with much better results than the average yield. The twenty acres of potatoes the first year produced 5,000 bushels, or 250 bushels to the acre, a record product. The potatoes were of excellent quality and fully up to the superior standard of Maine potatoes. The showing made with the other crops was equally favorable. The garden vegetables were of excellent size and quality and it was also demonstrated that the soil was well adapted to grain.

This region in southeastern Maine, not far from our eastern frontier, has to-day practically no population, but plans are being worked out to settle at least 400 Polish and Swedish farmers with their families on the tract, cutting it up into about 400 farms averaging 100 acres each. The Poles and Swedes have shown themselves to be especially good intensive formers and it is predicted that they will produce results on this land which will compare favorably with any the West or Canada can show.

Land in Alberta, to which so many farmers have emigrated, if within eight or ten miles of the railroad, now sells at from $35 to $50 an acre. Further west the prices range from $11.50 to $22.50 an acre. The tract which has been thrown open in Washington county is from three to twelve miles from a railroad and within but a few hundred miles of the greater market in this country. It is proportionately much cheaper. The best farm land can be bought in that part of Maine for $15 an acre.

Heretofore nobody has attempted to cultivate this land. The object of the Industrial Bureau is to show that this, like many other large tracts in Maine, can be utilized to bring returns as good as that secured in the West. For settlement purposes it resembles in many respects the newer portions of our country. Maine is one of the few States in the East capable of colonization schemes, because to carry out a colonization scheme a large tract of land is necessary.

In other parts of New England there are no longer large areas available for such purposes and it is difficult to secure a tract of even 1,000 acres. The tract upon which these experiments have been conducted covers fifty-seven square miles. That it will easily support a colony of 400 farmers and their families has been clearly demonstrated by the experiments conducted by the Industrial Bureau of the railroads, and at no distant day the result should be a thriving agricultural population established in a region until recently almost primeval in its character.

"What's de matter wid Jimmy?"
"Aw, he feels disgraced for life."
"How's dat?"
"His mudder come out yesterday and took him home right off second base."
—Kansas City Journal.