≈ DANNY'S



From way down along the ratiroad 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 tham warehous

But that town had some fight in her. in spite of being took unexpected thata-way. It wasn't no coward town. The light from the burning buildings made all the shadders around about eem 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 wareuses was all lit up so that you could see they was no hope of putting them 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

As I bearn 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 deviltry 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 aughed 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 swayed sideways and droppe his gun and lost his stirrups and come flown heavy on the ground. His hoss malloped 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 goos.

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 feethis 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 be tumbled. I picked it up in the road test 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 ron. 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 hart?"

"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-do-"Now," I says, "what can I do fur

"Yo' mighty good to me," says he.

"considering yo' are no kin to this bere 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 with his wagon to tote me

OWN STORY

By DON MARQUIS

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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 fron gate and he'll holler to know what yo'sall 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

"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' bear that?"

And I did hear a sound like kittens mewing, somewheres upstairs. "Yes," I says, "you better stay with Lend nie 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 spec' Miss Lucy Buckner done he'p duced nothing but huckleberries up 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

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 "Oh. Marse Willyum! Oh. Miss

Lucy! Dey've brung him home! Dar

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?" pale as he was, and didn't answer his him-dat dar David Ahmstrong!" 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 favor-

able to all this night rider business. law and order is the main pint. "But you were in the Kuklux Klan

yo'self," says Miss Lucy. The eld 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 school-

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 organfried 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 fine, 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 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

"Den arter de Kukluxes dey was land. ma'hy Marse Prent McMakin, An' she Washington County, Maine, and so don' want to ma'hy him, if dey give successful have they been that steps her her druthers about hit. But ol' are being taken now to secure the Marse Kunnel Hampton, her grampa, and her aunt, my Miss Lucy hyah, dey aln't gwine give her no druthers. And

tle hitse'f too.'



"No one kin settle hit twell hit settles

hitse'f." befoh de weddin' was gwine ter be ed to grain. she ups an' she runs off wid a Yankee He said it easy and gentle, more an' Marse Prent McMakin would o'

> CHAPTER XIII. Miss Hampton's Story and Dr. Kirby Again,

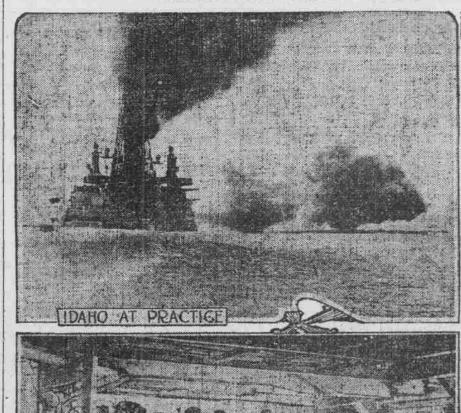
ELL, it give me quite a turn to run onto the mention of or Canada can show.
that there David Armstrong Land in Alberta, to which so many Miss Hampton way up in Indiany and running away with another girl way down here in Tennessee. Then it struck me mebby it is jest different parts of the same story I been hearing

was?"

"Kunnel Hampton-des de same as Marse Willyum."

That made me sure of it. It was the David Armstrong from this here same neighborhood. Then after he got her up north he had left her-or her left er portions of our country. 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.

She would of like to been a night rider herself, but the old man he says BOOM! BOOM! IDAHO'S GUNS ROAR MOST ACCURATELY IN YEARLY TRIALS FOR CRACK SHOOTING



GUNNERS IN ACTION

Washington, June 5 .- It is likely and Lieutenant C. P. Huff, ordthat the battleship Idaho will carry nance officer. The United States navy off the trophy for gunnery in this many of its support are considered the rying a lot of scraps on a plate to a off the trophy for gunnery in this hound dog that had a kennel out near year's competition between the sea best in the world. In the long range day firing the cruiser Maryland leads. leads at present in a general average with the Rhode Island, Virginia, New for all forms of practice. She is com- Hampshire and Michigan standing manded by Captain William L. How- 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 twell hit settles hitse'f." Then he told a view of demonstrating with what tant day the result should be a thrivsuccess farming can be carried on in me about the war and the Kuklukes, New England on what has heretofore een regarded practically as waste primeval in its character. de time Miss Lucy Buckner gwine ter conducted on a large tract of land in

These experiments have been colonization of this tract by practical farmers.

For the purpose of these experiain't gwine give her no druthers. And ments the Industrial Bureau maindey was mo' gwines on. But dat setand Hartford, the Boston and Maine George he begins to chuckle, and I and Maine Central Railroads, recently "Yass, sah, dat settle hitse'f. But I land situated near Cherryfield on the There was no heavy to that time. timber on it because every year it had been burned over for the berries. large part of it was virgin soil.

A careful examination of the

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. 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 gar-den truck. To this his been added this year one acre of strawberries and one acre planted to sugar beets.

The results have confirmed the pre-diction 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 The twenty acres of potatoes vield. the first year produced 5,000 bushels, or 250 bushels to the acre, a record The potatoes were of excellent quality and fully up to the superfor standard of Maine potatoes. The showing made with the other crops was equally favorable. garden vegetables were of excellent size and quality and it was also demsome in de settlement. Foh de day onstrated that the soil was well adapt-

This region in southeastern Maine, frien' of her brother, Kunnel Tom not far from our eastern frontier, has Buckner. An' I'se 'spec' Kunnel Tom to-day practically no population, but plans are being worked out to settle than mad. But Bud, he flushed up, settle him if dey evah had o' cotched 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

agin in this part of the farmers have emigrated, if within country. Here he had been jilting eight or ten miles of the railroad, now sells at from \$35 to \$50 an acre. Fur-ther 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 of, and Martha had got her part a little a few hundred miles of the greater wrong.

"George," I says, "what did you say tionately much cheaper. The best farm land can be bought in that part of Maine for \$15 an acre.

Heretofore nobody has attempted to "Kunnel Hampton-des de same as my Miss Lucy befoh she done ma'hied the Industrial Bureau is to show that this, like many other large tracts in Maine, can be utilized to bring re same woman. She had run away with turns as good as that secured in the For settlement purposes it resembles in many respects the new 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 neces-

In other parts of New England there are no longer large areas available for such purposes and it, is dif-

ficult to secure a tract of even 1,000 The tract upon which these experiments have been conducted cov. ers fifty-seven square miles. 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 rallroads, and at no dising agricultural population established in a region until recently almost

"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.

Two Girls Tell Story of Their Illness and How They Found Relief.



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and feeling a thousand times better." --- Miss Amelia Jaquillard, 613 Seventh Street, New Orleans, La.

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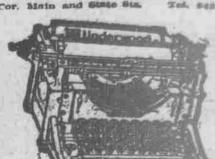
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