D'ri and I

Author of "Eben Holden," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," Etc.

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CHAPTER L.

A poet may be a good companion,

mother and grandmother. mountaineer of Vermont-a man of steely sinews that took well to the grip of a sword. He cut his way to fame in the northern army when the British came first to give us battle, and a bloody way it was. I have now a faded letter from Ethan Allen, grim old warrior, in which he calls my father "the best swordsman that ever straddled a horse." He was a "gallous chap" in his youth, so said my grandmother, with a great love of good clothes and gunpowder. He went to Montreal, as a boy, to be educated; took lessons in fencing, fought a duel, ran away from school, and came home with little learning and a wife. Punished by disinheritance, he took a farm, and left the plow to go into battle.

I wonder often that my mother could put up with the stress and hardship of his life, for she had had gentle breeding, of which I knew little until I was grown to manhood, when I came to know also what a woman will do for the love of her heart. I remember well those tales of knights and ladies she used to tell me as we sat together of an evening, and also those adventures of her own knight, my good father, in the war with the British. My love of arms and of a just quarrel

After the war came hard times. My my grandmother. D'ri, the hired man, and myself, then a sturdy cart that carried our provision, the sacred feather beds of my mother, and

some few other things. We drove with us the first flock of sheep that ever went west. There were 40 of them, and they filled our days with trouble. But for our faithful dog Rover, I fear we should have lost heart and left them to the wild wolves. The cart had a low cover of canvas, and my mother and grandmother sat on the feather beds, and rode with small comfort even where the roads were level. My father let a moment my father came hurrying me carry my little pet rooster in a back with his pail of water. basket that hung from the cart-axle when not in my keeping. The rooster fancy, for the days were hot and the roads rough. He was always panting. with open mouth and thoughtful eye, when I lifted the cover. But every as the wolves came nearer. day he gave us an example of cheerfulness not wholly without effect. He said my father. crowed triumphantly, betimes, in the hot basket, even when he was being tumbled about on the swamp ways. Nights I always found a perch for him on the limb of a tree, above the reach of predatory creatures. Every morning, as the dawn showed faintly in the tree-tops, he gave it a lusty cheer, flapping his wings with all the seeming of delight. Then, often, while the echo rang, I would open my eyes and watch the light grow in the dusky cavern of the woods. He would sit dozing awhile after the first outbreak, and presently as the flood of light grew clearer, lift himself a little, take another peep at the sky, and crow again. turning his head to hear those weird. mocking roosters of the timber-land. Then, shortly, I would hear my father poking the fire or saying, as he patted rifle. the rooster: "Sass 'em back, ye noisy little brat! Thet's right; holler. Tell D'ri it's time t' bring some wood fer

the fire." In a few minutes the pot and kettle would be boiling and the camp all astir. We had trout and partridge and venison a-plenty for our meals, that were served in dishes of tin. Breakfast over, we packed our things. The cart went on ahead, my father bringwith D'ri.

Those sheep were as many thorns in our flesh that day we made off in the deep woods from Lake Champlain. Travel was new to them, and what with tearing through thickets and runjumping. When they were leg-weary quietly. But slow work it was at best, 10 or 12 miles a day being all we could do, for the weather was hot and our road like the way of the transgressor. could hear the wolves howling as we barking fiercely; then we heard the camped at dusk. We built our fire near the shore of a big pond, its still water framed in the vivid green of young tamaracks. A great hill rose og the farther side of it, with galleries of timber sloping to the summit, and peopled with many birds. We huddled the sheep together in a place where the trees were thick, while father brought from the cart a coil of small as before. .upe. We wound it about the trees, so the sheep were shut in a little yard. After supper we all sat by the fire, their murmurs of fear. Early in the leg. while D'ri told how he had been chased evening I had tied Rover to the cart- slouching shoulders, he flung him at by wolves in the beaver country north

D'ri was an odd character. He had degrees of wonder, admiration and by thet air big hemlock." lative. Who that poor lady might be other trap took hold hard; as it sprang to other trap took hold hard; as it

youth he had been a sailor on the lake, tattooed a British jack on the back of lay a streak of poverty over three gen- in a sawmill. His rifle was distinerations. Doubt not I know whereof I guished by the name of Beeswaxspeak, dear reader, for my mother's "Ol' Beeswax" he called it sometimes whose lines had crossed the Atlantic "easy spoke an' had a kind uv a pow- the deer. They had just finished when long before that summer of 1770 when erful soun' tew it." He had a nose the cock crew. he came to Montreal. He died there, like a shoemaker's thumb: there was



'D'RI PULLED UP SUDDENLY-AND LISTENED, PEERING INTO THE

father had not prospered handsomely, meanwhile feeling the pipe-stem with when, near the end of the summer of his lips, and then resume the narra-1803, he sold his farm, and we all live as suddenly as he had stopped. started west, over rough trails and He was a lank and powerful man, six roadways. There were seven of us, feet tall in his stockings. He wore a bound for the valley of the St. Law- thin beard that had the appearance rence-my father and mother, my two of parched grass on his ruddy countence. In the matter of hair nature had treated him with a generosity boy of ten. We had an ox-team and most unusual. His heavy shock was sheared off square above his neck. That evening, as he lay on his elbow

in the firelight, D'ri had just entered the eventful field of reminiscence. The women were washing the dishes; my father had gone to the spring for water. D'ri pulled up suddenly, lifted his hat of faded felt and listened, peering into the dusk.

"Seems t' me them wolves is comin nearer," he said, thoughtfully. Their cries were echoing in the far timber. We all rose and listened. In

"D'ri," said he, quietly, as he threw some wood on the fire, "they smell had a harder time than any of us, I mutton. Mek the guns ready. We may git a few pelts. There's a big bounty on 'em here in York state."

> We all stood about the fire listening "It 's the sheep thet brings 'em,'

"Quite a consid'able number on 'em tew," said D'ri, as he stood cleaning the bore of his rifle.

My young sisters began to cry. "Need n't be scairt," said father. 'They won't come very near. 'Fraider of us 'n we are o' 'em, a good deal." "Tow-w-w!" said D'ri, with a laugh 'They'll be apt t' stub ther toes 'fore they git very nigh us."

This did not quite agree with the tales he had previously been telling I went for my sword, and buckled it belt about me, the scabbard hanging to my heels. Presently some creature came bounding over the brush. I saw him break through the wall of dark ness and stop quickly in the firelight Then D'ri brought him down with his

"Started him up back there 'n the woods a few mild," said D'ri. "He was mekin' fer this 'ere pond-thet's what 's the matter." he was dewin'.'

What for?" I inquired. knowed he would n't mek no tracks 'n dog came whining to D'ri and rushing the water, ner no scent," said D'ri, on, eager for us to follow. We hurwith some show of contempt for my ried after him, and in a moment D'ri

ignorance. The deer lay floundering in the briers | halted suddenly. some 50 feet away. My father ran with his knife and put him quickly out of up.

to clear ground. he, as we came back to the fire. Then fer 'im to git tew rambunctious, er the he got our two big traps out of the fust thing he knows he won't hev no cart and set them beside the carcass insides in 'im." and covered them with leaves. . The howling of the wolves had ceased. I could hear only the creaking of a dead limb high above us, and the bellow of frogs in the near pond. We had fastened the trap chains and were coming back to the fire, when the dog rose, rifle and took aim. The dog broke

"More 'n 50 wolves eroun' here." he whispered as we ran up to him. right and left with his fore paws to cash, but no other products of the "Never see sech a snag on 'em." The sheep were stirring nervously. Near the pen a wolf lay kicking where

D'ri had dropped him. "Rest on 'em snooked off when the gun hollered," he went on, whispering struck the dog with a front claw, drag- the river-land, cut a raft of timber,

My mother and grandmother sat with my sisters in the cart, hushing the painter by the tail and one hind wheel, where he was growling hotly, arm's-length. The lithe body doubled My mother had a few jewels and some impatient of the leash.

"See?" said D'ri, pointing with his his own way of expressing the three finger. "See 'em?—there 'n the dark jiffy I had run my sword through the

surprise. "Jerushy!"-accented on the | We could make out a dim stir in the second syllable—was the positive, shadows where he pointed. Presently on thet air dog he'd rake his ribs right "Jerushy Jane!" the comparative, and we heard the spring and rattle of a off," said D'ri, as he lifted his hat to fiddle, that hung on the wall, and made "Jerushy Jane: the comparative, and we heard the spring and factor of a scratch his head. "Would n't 'a' left the strings roar as he tuned them.

give 'em somethin' fer spraint ankles." Other wolves were 'swarming over he dead deer, and the two in the traps were snarling and snapping at them. My father and D'ri fired at the bunch, killing one of the captives and another -the largest wolf I ever saw. The pack had slunk away as they heard the rifles. Our remaining captive struggled to get free, but in a moment D'ri had brained him with an ax. He and my father reset our traps and hauled the dead wolves into the firelight. There they began to skin them, for the when some artist of the needle had bounty was \$10 for each in the new towns-a sum that made our adventure but, so far as I know, he is ever his left hand—a thing he covered, of profitable. I built fires on the farther the worst of fathers. Even as grand- shame now, when he thought of it. side of the sheep, and, as they brightfather he is too near, for one poet can His right hand had lost its forefinger ened, I could see, here and there, the gleaming eyes of a wolf in the darkness. I was up all night heaping wood upon the fires, while D'ri and my father was a poet—a French poet, too, for no better reason than that it was father skinned the wolves and dressed

"Holler, ye gol-dum little cuss! leaving only debts and those who had a deep curve from its wide tip to his D'ri shouted as he went over to him. great need of a better legacy-my forehead. He had a large, gray, in- "Can't no snookin' wolf crack our quiring eye and the watchful habit of bones fer us. Peeled 'em-thet's what the woodsman. Somewhere in the we done tew 'em! Tuk 'n' knocked 'em that fatal folly in him. He was a midst of a story he would pause and head over heels. Judas Priest! He peer thoughtfully into the distance, can peck a man's finger some, can't

The light was coming and he off to the spring for water, while I brought the spider and pots. The great, green-roofed temple of the woods, that had so lately rung with the howl of wolves, began to fill with far vandering echoes of sweet song.

"They was a big cat over there by the spring las' night," said D'ri, as we all sat down to breakfast. "Tracks bigger 'n a griddle! Smelt the mutton, mos' likely."

"Like mutton?" I inquired. "Yis-sir-ee, they dew," said he 'Kind o' mince-pie fer 'em. Like deer meat, tew. Snook eroun' the ponds after dark. Ef they see a deer 'n the water they wallop 'im quicker 'n lightnin'; jump right in k'slap 'n' tek

We were off at sunrise, on a road my father waded in, going hips under where the water was deep and swift. Then he cut a long pole and took my mother on his shoulders and entered the broad stream, steadying himself with the pole. When she had got down safe on the other side, he came back for grandmother and my sisters, and took them over in the same way. D'ri, meanwhile, bound up the feather beds and carried them on his head, leaving the dog and me to tend the were carried across in the same manner. Then I mounted the cart, with my rooster, lashing the oxen till they took to the stream. They had tied the bell-wether to the axle, and, as I started, men and dog drove the sheep after me. The oxen wallowed in the deep water, and our sheep, after some cart floated like a raft part of the way, and we landed with no great difficulty. Farther on the road became nothing better than a rude trail, where, frequently, we had to stop and chop through heavy logs and roll them away. On a steep hillside the oxen fell, breaking the tongue, and the cart tipped sidewise and rolled bottom up. My rooster was badly flung about, and began crowing and flapping as the basket settled. When I opened it he flew out, running for his life, as if finally hurt. My father and D'ri were busy half a day "righting up," as they

called it, mending the tongue and cover, and getting the cart on its ly, we had a roof over us and floors thrill as I heard the roar of the great wheels and down the steep pitch. After two days of trail travel we came out on the Chateaugay road, stopping awhile to bait our sheep and | We chinked the logs with moss and into three parts, ours being hindmost. clear road, with here and there a set- knew not the luxury of the glass pane. The logs began to heave and fall, and plece of board on his knee. tler's cabin, its yard aglow with the ern at Chateaugay about dusk and put the clearing of our farm. We felled the as by an earthquake in the rough wa-

Next afternoon we came to rough wood when the chopping was over. roads again, camping at sundown along That done, we fired the rows, filling the shore of a noisy brook. The dog the deep of heaven with smoke, as it began to bark fiercely while supper seemed to me, and lighting the night was making, and scurried off into a with great billows of flame. thicket.

D'ri was stooping over, cooking the meat. He rose and listened. "Thet air dog's a leetle scairt," sald

He took his rifle and I my swordnever thought of another weapon-"'Cause fer the reason why he making off through the brush. The

and the dog, who were ahead of me, "It's a painter," said D'ri, as I came "See 'im in thet air tree-top. I'll misery. Then we hauled the carcass larrup 'im with Ol' Beeswax, then jes' like es not he'll mek some music. Bet-"Let it lie where 't is fer now," said ter grab holt o' the dog. 'T won't dew

> I could see the big cat clinging high in the top boughs of a birch and looking calmly down at us. The treetop swayed, quivering, as it held the to smother me when D'ri raised his ground his grain. away at the crack of it. The painter reeled and spat; then he came crash- Pearlash, black-salts, West India pipe ing through the branches, striking save himself. He hit the ground heavily, and the dog was on him. The gave a dance, a rude but hearty pleaspainter lay as if dead. Before I could uring that followed a long conference get near, Rover began shaking him in which my father had a part. They by the neck. He came to suddenly, and all agreed to turn to, after snowfall, on ging him down. A loud yelp followed the blow. Quick as a flash D'ri caught | Our things had come, including D'ri's With a quick surge of his great, on a tree trunk, quivered, and sank

cat's belly and made an end of him. "Knew 'f he got them hind hooks

We took the painter by the hind legs and dragged him through the bushes to our camp. The dog had a great rip across his shoulder, where the claws had struck and made furrows; but he felt a mighty pride in our capture, and never had a better appetite for a meal, There were six more days of travel

in that journey-travel so fraught

with hardships, I wonder that some days we had the heart to press on. More than all, I wonder that the frail body of my mother was equal to it. But I am writing no vain record of endurance. I have written enough to suggest what moving meant in the wilderness. There is but one more color in the scenes of that journey. The fourth day after we left Chateaugay my grandmother fell ill and died suddenly there in the deep woods. We were far from any village, and sorrow slowed our steps. We pushed on, com-ing soon to a sawmill and a small sectlement. They told us there was neither minister nor undertaker with in 40 miles. My father and D'ri made the coffin of planed lumber, and lined it with deerskin, and dug the grave on top of a high hill. When all was ready, my father, who had always been much given to profanity, albeit I know he was a kindly and honest man with no irreverence in his heart, called D'ri

"D'ri," said he, "ye 've alwus been more proper-spoken than I hev. Say a word o' prayer?" "Don't much b'lieve I could," said hand fer prayin'."

kind o' rough when I was in the army. "'Fraid it'll come a leetle unhandy fer me," said D'ri, with a look of embarrassment, "but I don't never shirk toe to finger. He was over-modest,

a tough job ef it hes t' be done." and said, in a drawling preacher tone ing I and others of my age were play-God, tek care o' gran'ma. Help us t' go on careful an' when we 're riled, that grew rougher every mile. At noon | help us t' keep er mouths shet. O God, we came to a river so swollen as to help the ol' cart, an' the ex in permake a dangerous ford. After dinner tic'lar. An' don't be noway hard on us. Amen."

CHAPTER II.

to our new home in the town of their wild kin of the forest. The road river-land with the choppers every winran through a little valley thick with ter morning. timber and rock-bound within a mile My father was stronger than any of bead of us, all comfortably settled in small them except D'ri, who could drive his timber and rock-bound within a mile sheep. All our blankets and clothing log houses. For temporary use we ax to the bit every blow, day after day. partition of blankets, living in this no man I knew tried ever to cope t' think. Ye hurt?"

primitive manner until my father and with him. By the middle of May we D'ri had felled the timber and built a began rolling in for the raft. As soon log house. We brought flour from Ma- as they were floating, the logs were lone—a dozen sacks or more—and withed together and moored in secwhile they were building I had to tions. The bay became presently a supply my mother with fish and game quaking, redolent plain of timber. hesitation, began to swim. The big and berries for the table—a thing easy enough to do in that land of plenty. June, that summer of 1810, and worked When the logs were cut and hewn I it into the broad river with sweeps went away, horseback, to Canton for a and poles, I was aboard with D'ri and jug of rum. I was all day and half the six other men, bound for the big city night going and coming, and fording of which I had heard so much. I was

the Grasse took me stirrups under. That summer we "changed work" up for the night, as becomes a Chris- trees in long, bushy windrows, heaping them up with brush and small the raft grew steady.

By mid-autumn we had cleared to the stumps a strip half down the valley from our door. Then we turned to on the land of our neighbors, my he. "Guess we better go 'n' see whut time counting half, for I was sturdy and could swing the ax to a line, and felt a joy in seeing the chips fly. But my father kept an eye on me, and held

me back as with a leash. My mother was often sorely tried for the lack of things common as dirt these better days. Frequently our only baking-powder was white lye, made by dropping ash-cinders into water. Our cinders were made by letting the sap of green timber drip into hot ashes. Often deer's tallow, bear's grease, or raccoon's oil served for shortening, and the leaves of the wild raspberry for tea. Our neighbors went to mill at Canton-a journey of five days, going and coming, with an mean?" ox team, and beset with many difficulties. Then one of them hollowed the top of a stump for his mortar and tied a rope he drew the bough down, which, great dun beast. My heart was like as it sprang back, lifted the pestle that

But money was the rarest of all things in our neighborhood those days. staves and rafts of timber brought early settler. Late that fall my mother and send it to Montreal in the spring. fiddle, so that we had chairs and bedsteads and other accessories of life not common among our neighbors. fine old furniture that her father had down, as the dog came free. In a given her-really beautiful things, I have since come to know-and she showed them to those simple folk with a mighty pride in her eyes.

Business over, D'ri took down hi



"MY MOTHER GAVE ME ALL THE SCHOOLING I HAD THAT WIN-

light-footed as a rout of fairles. Mean-

Then he stepped forward, took of spoke of it, and had no ear for a comgames with a rush and tumble in them, purs-in-the-corner, hunt-the-squirrel and the like. Even then I thought I was in love with pretty Rose Merriman. She would never let me kiss

> had the right. My mother gave me all the school-

When we started the raft, early in

to visit the relatives of my mother Then the neighbors came to the rais- and spend a year in the College de St. ing-a jolly company that shouted Pierre. We had a little frame house "Hee, oh, hee!" as they lifted each on a big platform, back of the middle heavy log to its place and grew noisier section of the raft, with bunks in it, quaffing the odorous red rum, that had where we ate and slept and told a mighty good look to me, although stories. Lying on the platform there my father would not hear of my tast- was a large flat stone that held our resolved to quit us. Fortunately, we ing it. When it was all over there fires for both cooking and comfort. were all walking, and nobody was was nothing to pay but our gratitude. D'ri called me in the dusk of the early While they were building bunks I morning, the first night out, and said began to kindle a fire, "ground a-plenty went off to sawmill with the oxen we were near the Sault. I got up, for boards and shingles. Then, short- rubbed my eyes, and felt a mighty to walk on and that luxury D'ri called rapids and the creaking withes, and at our cave under the logs. It was a "pyaz," although it was not more felt the lift of the speeding waters. than a mere shelf with a roof over it. D'ri said they had broken the raft cattle on the tame grass and tender clay at first, putting up greased paper | The roaring grew louder, until my briars. It was a great joy to see the in the window spaces. For months we shout was as a whisper in a hurricane. waves came rushing through them. marigold, the hollyhock and the fra- with the neighbors and after we had Sheets of spray shot skyward, coming grant honeysuckle. We got to the tav- helped them awhile they turned to in down like a shower. We were shaken ter. Then the roar fell back of us, and t git 'em."

> "Gin us a tough twist," said D'ri, o' the bit 'n' a kick 'n the side." It was coming daylight as we sailed hands to his mouth and hailed loudly, getting an answer out of the gloom

ahead. laughing as he spoke. "Never see our meal cooking in a few minutesnothin' jump 'n' kick 'n spit like thet our dinner, really, for D'ri said it was

my born days." D'ri's sober face showed dimly now in the dawn. His hands were on his hips; his faded felt hat was tipped on us," said he. "They 're withed so sideways. His boots and trousers they 'll stick together." were quarreling over that disputed territory between his knees and ankles. logs, at the water's edge, after an hour His boots had checked the invasion. "Smooth water now," said he, raft was in the water. thoughtfully. "Seems terribly still. Hain't a breath uv air stirrin'. Jeru- fer daylight." shy Jane Pepper! Wha' does thet

He stepped aside quickly as some We swam around the timber, scrambits of bark and a small bough of hem- bling over a dead cow, and up-shore lock fell at our feet. Then a shower The ruined raft was torn and tumbled his pestle to the bough of a tree. With of pine needles came slowly down, into a very mountain of logs at the scattering over us and hitting the tim- edge of the water. The sun was shinber with a faint hiss. Before we could ing clear, and the air was still. Limbs look up a dry stick as long as a log of trees, bits of torn cloth, a broken fell rattling on the platform. "Never seen no sech doin's afore," wheel, and two dead sheep were scat-

said D'ri, looking upward. "Things tered along the shore. Where we had don't seem t' me t' be actin' eggzac'ly seen the whirlwind coming, the sky nat'ral-nut jest es I'd like t' see 'em." | was clear, and beneath it was a great As the light came clearer, we saw gap in the woods, with ragged walls of clouds heaped black and blue over the evergreen. Here and there in the gap tree-tops in the southwest. We stood a stub was standing, trunk and limbs a moment looking. The clouds were naked. heaping higher, pulsing with light, roaring with thunder. What seemed to claimed, with a pause after each word. be a flock of pigeons rose suddenly above the far forest, and then fell as Don't b'lieve a mouse could 'a' lived if they had all been shot. A gust of where the timber 's down over there.' wind coasted down the still ether, flut- Our sweepers and the other sections tering like a rag and shaking out a of the raft were nowhere in sight. few drops of rain.

"Look there!" I shouted, pointing aloft.

ATThe deserving poor are often tho "Hark!" said D'ri, sharply, raising his hand of three fingers. We could hear a far sound like that

idly. They had a glow like that of

"Tryin' to put a ruf on the world." my companion shouted. "Swingin ther hammers hard on the rivets." A little peak of green vapor showed above the sky-line. It loomed high as we looked. It grew into a lofty column, reeling far above the forest. Be low it we could see a mighy heaving in the tree-tops. Something like an immense bird was hurtling and pirouetting in the air above them. The tower of green looked now like a great flaring bucket hooped with fire and overflowing with darkness. Our ears were full of a mighy voice out of the heavens. A wind came roaring down some tideway of the air like water in flume. It seemed to tap the sky. Before I could gather my thoughts we were in a torrent of rushing air, and the raft had begun to heave and toss. I felt D'ri take my hand in his. I could just see his face, for the morning had turned dark suddenly. His lips were moving, but I could hear nothing he said. Then he lay flat, pulling me down. Above and around all the man-the beating of drums, the bellowing of cattle, the crash of falling trees, ing into all the details.

the shriek of women, the rattle of mathe increasing tempo until it came up of rifles, the blowing of trumpets, the Darius Olin was mostly of a slow and like of which I had never heard and Wall street. ober manner. To cross his legs pray God I may not hear again, one and feel a fiddle seemed to throw his and then another dominating the he, thoughtfully. "I hev been t' meet- heart open and put him in full gear. mighty chorus. Behind us, in the libel. Lawson said last night none is He says Dwight Bramman has had himin', but I hain't never been no great Then his thoughts were quick, his gloom, I could see, or thought I could eyes merry, his heart was a fountain see, the reeling mass of green plough-"T would n't sound right nohow fer of joy. He would lean forward, sway- ing the water, like a ship with chains me t' pray," said my father, "I got s' ing his head, and shouting "Yip!" as of gold flashing over bulwarks of fire. lozen libels on every page. In wind- broke open desks and took all the pathe bow hurried. D'ri was a hard- In a moment something happened of ing up his story of the Bay State Gas pers he could find, and in an hour or working man, but the feel of the fid- which I have never had any definite deal, for instance, Lawson tells of a so will be in Philadelphia and in posdle warmed and limbered him from notion. I felt the strong arm of D'ri campaign fund of \$5,000,000 raised to session of all my books and papers. clasping me tightly. I heard the thump making light of his skill if he ever and roll and rattle of logs heaping 000 was required to be paid in a transabove us: I felt the water washing over his faded hat, his brow wrinkling deep pliment. While our elders were danc- me; but I could see nothing. I knew self as saying: the raft had doubled; it would fall that had no sound of D'ri in it: "O ing games in the kitchen-kissing- and grind our bones: but I made no effort to save myself. And thinking how helpless I felt is the last I remember of the great windfall of June 3, 1810, the path of which may be seen now, 50 years after that memorable her, even though I had caught her and day, and I suppose it will be visible

long after my bones have crumbled I thought I had been sleeping when ing I had that winter. A year later I came to: at least, I had dreamed. they built a schoolhouse, not quite a I was in some place where it was dark and then I felt him stir.

> "Yes," I answered. "Where are we?" "Judas Priest! I ain' no idee. Jes'

Guess not," said I. "Ain't ye got no pains or aches no- kind. where 'n yer body?" "Head aches a little," said I.

looked at me. "Got a goose-egg on yer for'ard," said he, and then I saw there was into the hands for which it was in-

blood on his face. "Ef it hed n't been fer the withes they 'd 'a' ground us t' powder." We were lying alongside the little

above us.

"Jerushy Jane Pepper!" D'ri exclaimed, rising to his kness. "S whut effect, and in addition tell him that I call a twister." He began to whittle a piece of the splintered platform. Then he lit a

shaving. "They 's ground here," said he, as he right under us."

The firelight gave us a good look about 10 feet long and probably as high. The logs had crashed through the side of the house in one or two places, and its roof was a wreck. "Hungry?" said D'ri, as he broke

"So 'm I," said he, "hungrier 'n she-wolf. They's some bread 'n' ven'son there 'n the house; we better try

"Yes," I answered.

An opening under the logs let me around the house corner to its door I was able to work my way through shouting down at me—"kind uv a twist the latter, although it was choked with heavy timbers. Inside I could hear the wash of the river, and through into still water, and then D'ri put his its shattered window on the farther wall I could see between the heaped logs a glow of sunlit water. I handed our ax through a break in the wall, "Gol-dum ef it hain't the power uv and then D'ri cut away some of the a thousan' painters!" D'ri continued, baseboards and joined me. We had air, 'less it hed fur on-never 'n all near noon. Having eaten, we crawled out of the window, and then D'ri began to pry the logs apart.

"Ain't much 'fraid o' their tumblin' We got to another cave under the

of crawling and prying. A side of the "Got t' dive,' said D'ri, "an' swim

A long swim it was, but we came up in clear water, badly out of breath. hay-rake, fragments of wool, a wagon-

"Jerushy Jane Pepper!" D'ri ex-"It 's cut a swath wider 'n this river.

TO BE CONTINUED.

who don't deserve to be poor.

with two legs. Outside a museum it his personal secretary). Then, 'Yes, I that time until his death he refused isn't necessary to have four legs to hear you plainly. Repeat it.' Then, a firmly to take part in his old line of

Says Oil Men Bribed Courts With \$5,000,000.

MORE DAMAGE SUIT REVELATIONS.

The Terrible Man From Boston Ex-Confederates, and Defies Them to with you." Do Their Worst.

New York American, Wednesday.

zine containing Lawson's January in- had left the telephone, and I, being bestalment of "Frenzied Finance," and hind, had not seen his face. He lookthe similar warning to the publishers ed at me. Could this gray ghost be of the magazine, the periodical came the same man who had just before out yesterday with the most direct been smiling so contentedly at Parker noises that ever came to the ear of supposed standing of forthright crime seared with strange lines and seams. -bribe-giving and bribe-taking-go-

Not only was the publication circuwhile the toe of his right boot counted chinery, the roar of waters, the crack lated in the usual way, but it was pedfled on the streets by the newsboys, braying of asses, and sounds of the and nowhere more plentifully than in here he was cowering in a mortal funk,

And up to date there has been no action following the threats of criminal contemplated, so far as he knows.

If " ... son's statements in this inaction, of which Lawson quotes him-

"The question is, how to get Rogers to advance so large a sum in such a ticklish business? He does not want to get mixed up in a matter in which any one man's treachery might mean state's prison."

Continuing Lawson writes: "Rogers refused absolutely to be a sources of hazard; first, through mile away, where I found more fun and still. I could hear nothing but the bribing a court officer, he might be aware for my henchmen, they'll turn Madrid—then a home only for the than learning. After two years I drip of water; I could feel the arm of blackmailed by being charged with on me like wolves—they've caught me foxes and the fowls of the air and shouldered my ax and went to the D'ri about me, and I called to him, conspiracy, or a conspiracy charge might be brought by Bay State stockholders, and he be held for tremend-"Thet you, .tay?" said he, lifting his ward a dozen ways to meet the emerbuilt a rude bark shanty that had a He had the strength of a giant, and woke up. Been a-layin' here tryin' gency, but he would have none of the company. You know I won't have

Republican Machine Used.

This scheme was simply to pay the He rose to his elbow, and made a alleged bribe into the Republican camlight with his flint and tinder, and paign fund and when it was distributed in the effort to carry Delaware for Addicks the money would be steered earth who, similarly placed, would not

tended. Lawson continues: "Having clearly set forth the political situation through which we should be saved, Mr. Rogers proceeded to map house, and the logs were leaning to it out my own programme. Firs, I must perfect an alibi for him; . next, I must convince Addicks to the same Mr. Rogers had angrily refused to get into the mix-up; that I should then hold myself in readiness to meet John Moore and Hanna or Osborne as soon as an appointment could be arranged. That afternoon I got the word and dropped what he had taken from the went to No. 26 Broadway, and from there Mr. Rogers and I went over to John Moore's office, slipping in the pri-

vate door from the rear street. "'John,' said Mr. Rogers, 'I am going to turn this matter over to you and not knocked out yet. At least let us Lawson, and I am to have nothing to find out what has struck us," do with it. What you two agree to will be satisfactory to me, and remempaid is paid by the National commit- court jurisdiction, and, with Mr, Rogtee, but after it's all settled, and if ers neutral, the damage was repaired. there is no slip-up, I will look to Lawon for whatever is expended. Is it

understood?" Addicks in Adversity.

Lawson also gives a picture of "Gas' Addicks in adversity that is as lurid a thing as has been displayed for a long time. They were trying to reorganize Bay State Gas. Six million dollars was to be raised and delivered to H. H. Rogers in exchange for certain se-

curities. Lawson continues: "It was a period of unremitting efnew lot of Bay State stock and I had he proceeds of this stock and the securities which Rogers would turn over to us we should have money enough to meet our engagements, always provided no slip-up occurred * * * Our relations with Rogers had been satisfactory-I should say my relations for he persistently kept Addicks and his crowd at a distance.

"At the very moment our position and prospects seemed most secure a trap was being set.

and his directors, and we opened headquarters at the Hoffman House in New York. It was my habit to come over for a short time every week, and then we got together, reported progress, and discussed future moves. The Blow Falls.

"It was at one of these gatherings

on Friday, Oct. 16, that the blow fell had come down on the midnight train from Boston and was brimming over with pleasant news and agreeable anticipations. In the parlor of Addicks's stay sgainst outcry. suite at the Hoffman the directors were them was Parker Chandler, the Bay head of the firm should be the sacri-State's general counsel. We got down fice. But the representatives of the to business at once. I told them how ton and listened to the tidings they his grief and anger, nominated for jail had to tell of progress elsewhere. We the associate member who had charge

wanted Addicks quick. "Addicks stepped to the instrument. We all heard him say, 'Hello.' Then, minute's wait, while he listened. Then, work, or was ever again his old johigh-salaried office finds 'When will they get up there?' Then, vial self."

attuned, even voice, without the emphasis of a word to show that the subject was a hair more important than any of the hundred-and-one ordinary messages which went to make up a large part of his daily life. The talk was so commonplace that we were none of us interested enough to even stop

TERMS---\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

Addicks Tells Him. "Addicks stepped from the telephone and in a "bring-me-a-finger-bowl tone of voice said: 'Tom, come into the poses the Criminality of His Former other room a minute; I want a word

He passed ahead of me through a small parlor into ...s bedroom. I followed. He went straight to the bu-Despite the threat of the attorneys reau, took something from a drawer, for H. H. Rogers to prosecute the slipped it into his pocket, turned and managers of the American Press As- dropped upon a lounge. But the fracsociation if they circulated the maga- tior ... a minute had elapsed since he and violent charges of the Lawson Chandler's last story? His face was series. The Bostonian accuses men of the color of a mouldy lead pipe and The eyes that met mine were dim and glazed, lusterless and dead as a fish's eyes dragged from watery depths.

"Addicks had not turned a hair as he hung up the telephone receiver, and

abjectly hopeless. "'Lawson, the game's up,' he said in a trembling voice. 'That was Fred. self appointed receiver of Bay State; that he raided the Wilmington office st....ent are not facts there are a immediately after he was appointed, defeat Bryan. Something like \$175,- He has a court order for the bank accounts, and the right to take charge of

our funds. "This is a starter,' I said, 'what are

we going to do?" Caught Napping, Says Addicks. "The trap is perfect, and I'm in it. They've caught me with every bar down. Before, when they attempted to get a receivership, things were ready for them-books and papers pucked for Europe and cash in charge of an unparty to any payment that could be served officer prepared at the first raced back to him. He canvassed the word to start for Canada. But now, a few days before election, when if I treachery; he might be accused of don't throw a lot of money into Delnapping. It's a plot sure—a receiver in possession, particularly Bramman, and appointed in a way that shows delibeous damages. He refused to put him- rate calculation, proves that it was self into any such trap. I put for- done by some one who knows our situation to a 'T.' It means ruin to me and them. Finally he suggested a m thod a friend left on earth, and enemies which was certainly perfect of its now will rise up like snakes before a

"It was indeed a stiff, tough turn, yet was watching the man rather out of curiosity to note how he would take a reverse than out of sympathy. I don't believe there is another man on have aroused my sympathy; but Addicks-no man has pity for Addicks.

"'Well,' I repeated, 'what are we going to do?" "He did not reply for a moment. I continued to look at him. The eyes still haunted me. I noted that the lines around the lids had deepened into furrows. He half raised himself

from the lounge. Sees Yellow Streak.

"T've said they would never get me, and they won't.' Instinctively his hand sought the pocket into which he had dresser's drawer. Then I knew, The yellow streak showed plain at last. I had guessed from the start it was there. . . .

Lawson goes on to tell how the Bay State papers and books still in his ber, both of you, every dollar that is possession were got out of hostile

Lawson in his story goes as far

afield as Washington and tells how

"'Brace up, Addicks,' I said, 'We are

United States senators manage to profit by foreknowledge of impending legislation. "Such a contingency seemed imminent some years ago when the Sugar Trust was before the United States senate for some legislation it required to bolster up its monopoly. Its agents had either been less diligent than usual in disguising the raw bribery they were perpetrating, or this particular senate was too brazen to take the usual precautions to hide its greed from ort, but the prospects of success were the world. In any case, so great an excellent. Addicks had got ready a outcry was made in the press of the country that some sacrifice to the peoprepared the public to take it. With ple's wrath was called for-one of those familiar sacrifices which at in-

tervals of ten or fifteen years in this republic our rulers make to the great god Integrity.

Sugar Trust On Trial. "So an investigation was organized, and a senatorial inquisition had before it eminent sugar capitalists and many other distinguished gentlemen who could by no possibility shed light on the transactions, and then, realiging that a show of earnestness, at least, requent conferences with Addicks was demanded, it was agreed that some go on the witness stand, and, on refusing to tell what senators had speculated in sugar, must be sent to jail, This grandstand play, it was calculated, and rightly, would so hold the attention of the American people that when the committee concluded its investigation with the usual loud acclaim of duty well done, its Draconian punishment of the unsubmissive broker would act as another ten years'

"When this stratagem was decided on, John Moore announced that he as to assign him that role, and instead to were all in the merry mood of success. of Moore & Schley's Washington busi-"The telephone bell rang. Some one ness, whom they declared the logical his friend and partner spent behind the bars John Moore's hair whitened more The latest museum freak is a pig 'Is that you Fred?' (Fred Keller was than in all the years before, and from