

THE MIDLANDERS

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CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

Aurelie was flying to him. The outlaw did not stop—she flung herself against him, clasping her arms about his neck, holding her closer as if to shelter her, and came on, his Winchester swinging up to his other shoulder as he strode.

He fired squarely into the line of his advancing enemies. A man dropped; he fired again, again, again, cool, sure, merciless, the mutter of a prayer upon his lips, the pleadings of the girl within his ears. But he would not stop. The God who ruled above man's petty justice was with him; he had come forth to save his wife and children from the hurricane of bullets silencing his home, but he yielded nothing.

The girl clinging to him was trying to reach his neck, seeking to draw him down, to kiss his gaunt cheek, it seemed. And he did stop. They saw his left arm swing the rifle down until he was clasping Aurelie, listening to her, moved by her. Then from the groups of men about the cottage, who could not see what those on this side could see, came the sound of another volley. From the fence Jane knew a great silence had come. Van Hart's line of men had stopped. They were staring—all the hundreds of people were staring. Jane knew Lindstrom was down, ridden by the deputies behind him. And that Aurelie had fallen not twenty yards from her old home. The roses she had clung to as she ran lay red and scattered about her on the frozen clods. Curran was kneeling by her. And the silence held as earth and sky—the gray loveliness—had glint of sun through the clouds—had hushed her, had hollowed to hold the agony that broke from Curran's lips.

When Janet and Arne reached them, Curran had turned Aurelie's face upward. Curran himself was bloody from a tassel of a wound torn across his forehead. Men were in and about the bullet-swept and burning house, kicking away the barricade of boxes from the door. Under the window they found Ladeau dead, his lips forever sealed, and in another room lay Albert the peddler, his piteous life come to an inevitable nothingsness. The women and children, crowded in the cellar, cold, starved, were unhurt.

But out on the frozen field a group had formed. Curran knelt to watch his child's face. Harlan had dismounted and was staring. He could not speak as Curran wiped the blood from his eyes and muttered: "She kept crying for you to stop. Couldn't you hear? Crying to you, Harlan, to stop. That she loved you—with all her soul she loved you!"

The other man's lips moved uselessly. Then he turned to the others. "You hear, Arne! Quick!"

Stooping he seized the girl's body as if father clung to her and it was as if the two were fighting for her possession. Then Harlan whirled back, with the blood from her lips staining his shoulder. "Keep back, Wiley. The machine—quick. . . . Home. . . . As they all ran, Curran trying to keep her hand in his, as it hung from Harlan's arm, the younger man kept murmuring: "I didn't know—God help me, Wiley—I didn't know."

They thrust Old Michigan aside in the car and were in. The two men seemed again struggling to hold her, as the machine ground off through the field. Janet was conscious of the awed white faces—thousands of them, it seemed—along the roads to town. Only they knew that "Michigan's girl" was being borne from her old home now shot-riddled and burning and that the outlaw of the Pooker, who bewildered mumbled in the car, or Wiley Curran, as he shifted his child's body from the widening pools of blood on the cushions, whispering: "Calling to you, boy, just kept on going—calling that she loved you!"

The car was in the Van Hart yard. Harlan dragged his burden from them, silent, fierce with possession. He laid her on a bed on the lower floor before his mother kept her entrance. In the hall Janet Vance was trying to comfort the Michigan who babbled about his little girl—the little girl he had—trying to take her away from him—they would not let him touch her. The Yankees had killed her, some way or other.

The judge's wife touched Harlan's shoulder as he knelt: "Telephone for the doctor," he said—"for Brown and Lemberg both. And a nurse. Go!"

He stopped the question on her lips, a Roman Caesar grasping power as her young matron's pride in him would have had. She turned and went out without word to the telephone. In the hall she found Michigan a shaggy animal tortured beyond further outcry, swaying his head and whispering: "Done come—done come, Lord."

When she went back the two men were by Aurelie's side. They had been muttering to each other. Curran was staring at the younger.

"You knew—last night? How could you know?"

"Father told me. And Tanner—We choked it out of him. And no one else knows, Wiley. Ladeau is dead—and Tanner dares not speak of seeing him to the pen—as I'll drive 'I'd swing him out of the county!" Then Harlan's new-found wonder broke again. "But your little girl, Wiley?"

"Yes—God help me, I let her grow up any way—without care, without love. Just fighting her own way, al-

Miscellaneous Reading.

TO CONTROL STATE CONVENTION

Governor Blease Has in View Capture of Party Machinery.

News and Courier.

Columbia, September 30.—Leaders of the Blease faction in the Democratic party in South Carolina will meet in a conference in Columbia during the week to map out plans for capturing the next Democratic state convention and controlling the election machinery of the Democratic party. This announcement was made today by Governor Blease, in conversation with the News and Courier representative. The conference will be held in the ball room of the Jefferson hotel which will be the meeting place for the conference.

The call for the leaders to come to the conference has already gone out. Administration leaders at every county seat and in every section of the state have been summoned to gather in Columbia for an important meeting during the week of the state fair. The conference may last two days.

Plans for a full attendance of the Blease faction at the Democratic state convention are being made. When they assemble to elect delegates to the county conventions, will be talked over. Through control of the club meetings the Blease forces plan to capture the county convention, or a majority thereof, and through them the next state convention, which meets in Columbia on the third Wednesday in May. Control of the county convention will insure control of the state Democratic executive committee and the state convention, and thus place the machinery of the Democratic party in the hands of the Blease faction.

Any radical changes in the rules and constitution of the party will be defeated if the Blease forces carry out their plans and capture the next state convention. Governor Blease, in talking this morning, said he believed in every white man being allowed to vote, believed in letting him go to the polls untrammelled, either by money persuasion or threats of losing his position. He said he would never allow a free expression of the will of the white people, but they will fight to the uttermost any restriction of the primary to registered voters, or anything which will make it cumbersome and burdensome on the voters casting their ballots.

She ran across to meet them, and to lift her black-eyed boy to Mr. Curran. "We're getting up a charity fete—and I'm going to appear at the opera house as Cinderella. I think everybody'll come to see me—it makes such a difference who one is. Uncle Mich says at last we done come to the land o' joy!"

JUDGE WILLIAM SMITH

Only Man to Go from York County to United States Senate.

The editorial statement reproduced in the last issue of The Enquirer that Judge Smith of Yorkville, was the leader of the first successful revolution against the political dominance of the city of Charleston and the Episcopal church in South Carolina, gives present interest to the sketch of Judge Smith that was printed in Dr. Moore's "Reminiscences of York." This sketch was as follows:

The "limb of the law" which first engrafted its destinies with those of the growing town, was of material which afterward formed a strong plank in the bench of the state.

William Smith—later Judge Smith—was the first resident lawyer of Yorkville. I have always thought he was from Lincoln, and am still under the impression, though a biographical sketch of him published some years ago by his grandaughter, says he always spoke of himself as a South Carolinian; and she had a vague impression that by the adjustment of the boundary lines between North and South Carolina, his birthplace was thrown from the latter into the former. If that is the case, he was a native of the state of Virginia, and his father's name was John Smith.

A portion of York district formerly belonged to North Carolina. It formed a portion of a county called Tryon, which also included the present counties of Gaston, Lincoln, Catawba, etc., in its boundaries. The court house of Tryon was located near where the road from Salisbury to Smith's ford, on Broad river, crosses the road from Yorkville to Lincoln, known as the "King's Mountain" road. For this location I am indebted to Rev. S. L. Watson; but neither he nor I can designate the points of lines which then formed the boundary between North and South Carolina.

Judge Smith received the first elements of his Latin under Dr. Alexander, but finished his course within the time-honored walls of Mount Zion college, Winnsboro. That he was a man of superior eminence to which he carried himself, undoubtedly prove. His career furnishes to young men a most encouraging example, portraying the strength and accuracy. Much of his effect of ambition, energy, perseverance and sobriety. His parents were happily able to give him a good education and profession. His further patriotism was but good advice and a blessing. Two young men who were his contemporaries—Simon Taylor and Bob Hill—dashed about in their sulkeys on the circuit, while Smith rode a chunk of a horse, carrying saddle-bags filled with law books. In the race of life, now far he has ahead! They were the sons of wealth and had not the stimulus of an empty purse to spur them on and call out every faculty to gain the goal. True, in the beginning, there was little promise in the young lawyer, of the future brilliancy of his career. He was wild and dissipated. Suddenly he was brought to consider and mend his ways.

Galloping his horse at full speed one day, he came to the forks of the road. He wished to take one—the horse the other. The result was the animal ran against a tree, the force of the shock throwing both to the ground—the rider apparently lifeless. The effort to restore consciousness by the companions of his ride, were, for sometime without effect. At last animation was restored, but the injury received was a serious one, confining him for some time; but he found the bed of pain profitable for it "brought him to himself."

At the very time he got his hurt he was determined to leave South Carolina, in consequence of trouble got into through his misdeeds, and had matured his plans to do so. He was thus prevented from carrying out his intention, his season of reflection changed his course, he determined on better things and a new way of living. He was a man ever able to abide by a firm resolve, and a long tide of success rewarded the arduous study and temperance of his after life.

For many years Judge Smith was a member of the legislature from York, and at the time of his election as judge in 1808, filled the position of president of the senate. In 1816 he was first elected to the United States senate. In 1822 he was defeated by Robert Y. Haynes for the United States senate. His York friends showed their sympathy and confidence by returning him at their next election, a member of the house of representatives; and the following years in the house, he took Pringle's resolutions and changed them.

In 1826 Judge Smith was again elected to the United States senate to fill the unexpired term of John Galliard. The doctrine of nullification, about this time, became the popular one of South Carolina, and Judge Smith being an uncompromising Union man, was superseded in 1830—this time by Stephen D. Miller. His friends in the district of York, to soothe his wounded ambition, elected him to the state senate.

I think of Judge Smith as one of the bitterest politicians I ever knew. His temper, naturally dogmatical, was soured by the constant defeats of his party. He hated Mr. Calhoun with bitter animosity and felt that honors offered to the latter by the state, were insults to himself. His affections were finally so alienated from the people of South Carolina he removed from the limits of the state and found a home in Alabama, where, some years earlier, he had transferred the greater part of his property.

In many essentials Judge Smith was a kind man, a pleasant neighbor, a hospitable gentleman, and a good companion to those he liked; but implacable in his prejudices and unforgiving in his enmities. One of Johnson's good friends, but true as steel in a friendship.

It was while at Dr. Alexander's school he formed an attachment to William H. Crawford, which friendship remained intact during their lives. After the contest for the presidency in 1824, when Adams, Jackson, Clay and Crawford all entered the arena, an article published in the papers, quite humorous in tone delineating the race as one of a jockey club course, caught

ETHICS OF THE HORSE TRADE

Take Your Medicine and Do Not Squawl.

The Anderson Intelligencer of Tuesday prints a human interest story from the records of the governor's office as follows:

STONE, FRANK (WHITE), convicted at the fall, 1912, term of court for Laurens county of obtaining goods under false pretenses and sentenced to pay a fine of \$300 or imprisonment upon the public works of said county for a period of thirty days.

"It seems that this party and the prosecutor traded horses, and that this is what brought about the indictment. From the evidence presented in the case, it shows that the horse was supposed to have been blind in one eye and partially blind in the other. This was a defect which could have been very easily detected by both parties. There is no excuse for a man saying that a blind horse has been put out on him, unless he is either blind or drunk at the time, and there is no evidence to show that the prosecutor was either. Therefore, he should have been too much of a man to complain, for return to the state and to the market. He is a trader, and he should have known the best of the bargain, or A would not trade. When B trades with A, he believes he got the best of the bargain or he would not have traded. Therefore, when either one of them gets stung, there should be no complaint. The case was appealed to the supreme court, and the following is the dissenting opinion of Associate Justice Watts:

"I dissent from the opinion of the chief justice, herein, and think the motion to quash the indictment should have been granted, as it did in state cases. The allegations of the indictment against the defendant represented that the bay horse was sound could not be any more than the opinion of the party making the statement he was, if he made a false statement knowingly that he was, might be sufficient to render him liable for damages in a civil action. Parties trading horses are allowed latitude in expressing the opinion of their horses, and trade generally with intent each to get the better of the other, and under the evidence of the case the trial judge should have directed a verdict of acquittal, as the facts, in my opinion, showed that the defect in the horse, complained of, was patent, not latent, and by the exercise of the slightest care, he could have ascertained that the horse's eyes were defective, and under the evidence and the case of State vs. Delong, 1 Bay, 353, quoted by the chief justice, the motion of defendant to direct a verdict should have been granted. That the state has succeeded in convicting the defendant on testimony, which in my opinion it is doubtful if the prosecutor would win in a civil suit he could recover if he make out his case, by a preponderance of the evidence only. For these reasons I dissent."

I heartily concur in Judge Watt's opinion, and wish to add that to the time I was twenty-two years old, I was continuously trading horses, and I always traded with my eyes and ears open, and whenever a man got the best of me, if one ever did, I took my medicine and did not make a howl about every sting.

In addition to the opinion of Judge Watts, petition was presented in which it is stated that the signers thereto know the defendant, Frank Stone, and "we do not believe he was guilty. We, therefore, humbly petition your excellency to grant unto the said Frank Stone a full and free pardon." This petition is signed by the sheriff, probate judge, county auditor, deputy clerk of court, H. S. Blackwell, Esq., member of the house of representatives, former clerk of court John M. Cannon, James T. Crews, Magistrate Cannon, and many other best and most substantial citizens of Laurens county.

Upon this showing the defendant is granted a full and free pardon. Pardon dated September 25th, 1913.

TURNING TOWARD THIS SECTION

Renewed Interest in Eastern and Southern Farm Lands.

With the disappearance of low-priced lands in the western states and the rising prices of farm products in all the markets of the world, the lands of the eastern and the southern states are attracting the attention of our stock-raisers and farmers, and their value as producing acreage is now being more appreciated.

It is evident that for cattle, sheep and hogs, these eastern and southern lands must be relied upon to supply the country to far greater extent than has been the case during the last half-century, and the millions of acres in New England, the middle Atlantic and the south Atlantic states are available for stock-raising purposes is undeniably.

The finely watered, well-sheltered, rich pasture lands of the mountain ranges of the states of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, and north Georgia will support millions of cattle, sheep and hogs, and with increase in the number of agriculturists cultivating the soil producing corn, wheat, oats and alfalfa to a greater amount than at present, these lands and stocks raised so close to the city markets, can be made as profitable as the animals raised one or two thousand miles away in the western states and brought long distances to these same markets.

The rise in value of western lands has made these eastern acres comparatively cheap. It has changed the conditions which prevailed in the last century, and which populated the west through settlers from the eastern states, and as immigrants from every country in Europe.

There has been for the past few years a decided movement of population from the northern to the southern states, and each year that movement takes with it greater numbers of the northern people.

From Maryland to Arizona, all through the southern states belt, this influx of the northern people is well marked and defined, and in states like Florida the percentage of northerners is very high and growing with every year.

The majority of these newcomers are agriculturists seeking low-priced lands in milder climate, and ready to lend their energies and use their means in promoting the development of the state and the section in which they have taken up their abode.

Within the past few weeks the German steamship companies have arranged to place in service additional steamships from Europe to the ports of Baltimore and New Orleans, thus increasing the facilities for immigrants to come through these ports into the United States.

This cannot fail to give the south thousands of additional cultivators of the soil, and whether they come to purchase lands to cultivate for themselves or simply to labor for others who own the acres, they become valuable factors in the development of southern lands.

Maryland and Virginia, two states to which Baltimore is an open door, can offer these immigrants lands well adapted to their use, with locations as to the country's great markets well equipped with excellent transportation facilities by rail or water, and these lands at prices absurdly low, when compared with those of other states at the present time.

It is a great opportunity that is offered these states to secure desirable immigrants through co-operation with the great steamship lines of Germany, and it is just as great an opportunity for the immigrants to secure for themselves, at small cost, lands that within the next decade will bring double the prices that they can be bought for today.—Washington Post.

SOUTH LEADS IN LUMBER

Now Produces Half of Country's Output—Louisiana Near First Place.

How rapidly the south is surpassing the west in the production of lumber is shown by the latest figures, just issued by the United States.

While Washington, with a production of 4,989,775,000 feet in 1912, still holds first place in the country, the increase for that state was only 35,000,000 feet over the total for the preceding year. On the other hand, Louisiana, which was close behind last year, with a total output of 3,876,211,000 feet, showed an increase of 100,000,000 feet, while Mississippi, which was third, with a production of 3,531,036,000 feet, gained \$40,000,000 feet over the previous year.

In 1911 Georgia was in third place, but last year gave way to North Carolina. Texas went up from eighth place in 1911 to sixth place last year. Arkansas dropped from sixth to seventh place, Virginia went up from twelfth to eighth, Wisconsin dropped from seventh to ninth, Michigan held tenth position, and Minnesota fell from ninth to eleventh place.

The figures show that the southern states and the Pacific coast states are the leading producing sections. Both showed an increase of output over the previous year, but the increase in the south was greater. The census for 1900 gave the southern states 38.1 per cent of the total output of the country. In 1907 this had increased to 45.7 per cent, and last year it was 51.4 per cent.

Among the various species of lumber produced, yellow pine maintains its long lead, the total for that wood cut in the southern states being 14,470,617,000 feet. Douglas fir was second, but a long way behind, with an output of 5,175,125,000 feet.—New York Times.

Futile Threat—Pat and Mike were on a roof

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Threat—Pat and Mike were on a roof threatening to get a pick and Mike tossing them in great armfuls to the street below.

As Mike was making his way along with an extra heavy load he slipped and slid down the roof, sweeping Pat over the edge. Pat's pick caught in the drain trough and there he hung.

With one desperate grasp Mike managed to cling to one of Pat's legs, and they dangled there some moments, too frightened to peep. Finally Pat yelled: "Mike, let go, my leg!"

"I will not, cried Mike.

"Mike Tierney," called Pat, madly, "if you don't let go me I'll hit ye wid this pick."—Birmingham News.

TO REFORM PRIMARY.

Special Convention of State Executive Committee to Take Matter Up.

News and Courier.

Columbia, September 30.—According to the terms of a resolution passed by the state Democratic executive committee last summer, following its investigation into the charges of irregularities at the primary, a committee of seven was to be named by State Chairman John Gary Evans to suggest needed changes in the primary rules, and to report to the meeting of the entire committee, to be called some time prior to January 1, 1914. Whatever action the committee takes, or any modifications or amendments, they agree on looking to safeguarding the primary, will be reported to the next Democratic state convention, which will assemble in Columbia on the third Wednesday in May, 1914.

While no announcement has been made by Chairman Evans as to the appointment of the sub-committee of seven, there is every reason to believe they have been selected and are at work. It was not stipulated that their names should be made public and the fact that no announcement has been made does not mean that the resolution to draw up changes through a sub-committee has been ignored.

Obviously they could do better and more effective work out of details than were their names to be made public, for then they would be harassed by suggestions and opinions thrust upon them. The proposed radical changes to be made to safeguard and perpetuate the primary is a herculean task requiring the undivided attention and brain work of the ablest members of the Democratic party.

The sub-committee will report to the full state committee to be called at the meeting of the primary in April before the first of the year, in pursuance of the resolution.

Reform of the primary will be the issue before the Democratic clubs, the various county conventions and the next state convention. The clubs meet on the third Saturday in April and to organize and elect delegates to the county conventions and they in turn gather the first Monday in May. It is important, therefore, that the winning of the battle depends on the control of the club meetings. Advocates of primary reform will be bitterly fought, for there are men who will bitterly oppose any change in the present rules of the party. The doctrine of letting every man who has a white skin vote has predominated in South Carolina from the inception of the primary plan of selecting the candidates of the Democratic party.

Restriction of the right to participate in the Democratic primaries to registered voters will have its back, but the main fight will be to adopt some plan and some method which will put an end to irregularities and those who will present the wide-open system, which is conducive to repeaters, floaters, and other forms of irregularities creeping in, not to mention the opportunity of systematic working of such resources.

The next legislature will be given the opportunity to pass on a bill reforming the primaries, but those in touch with the situation look for little action from the lawmakers at the next session along this line. The Nicholson bill tightening the primary could not get through at the meeting of the general assembly will be the last of the present body and on the eve of another election, those advocating and wanting primary reform, count on very little being done. Any reform will come, they believe, from the next state convention or if it falls there, then the present wide-open system will remain as heretofore. The fight begins in the clubs, and it is the duty of those wanting the reform may as well prepare for action then, or else give up the fight.

CASE OF HARRY COLEMAN

Unnatural Son Who Murdered His Father.

Union county has again proved that it has men who, when serious, difficult and delicate duties are entrusted them will act justly and fairly for the entire citizenship in standing for that which will mean better enforcement of law and order, and this despite the general belief that no conviction could be had in the Harry Coleman case.

It was not because the public generally believed Harry Coleman innocent that they prophesied an expected by other mistrial, but because there was every doubt in the honesty, integrity and intelligence of the men who might be placed on the jury to try him. But in this, as in other cases, popular feeling has been ill founded, for there are as many law loving, sterling and upright men and jurors here as there are in any county anywhere. The main trouble seems to be that the people at large have not enough confidence in men, nor a strong enough desire for the enforcement of the law, and by this every doubtful attitude, condone and make more possible trifling with justice.

The Coleman case is perhaps one of the most remarkable that has been tried in Union county in decades, if ever before. At the third trial the prisoner at the bar appeared as callous when confronted with evidence as to his low moral status, of his drinking and gambling with negroes and other disreputable conduct as when his case was first tried, and in the face of the strong circumstantial evidence that it was he who, without mercy, assassi-