## The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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The mob was carefully organized. They had taken their time and had prepared everything deliberately, knowing that nothing could stop them. No one had any thought of concealment; it was all as open as the light of day, all done in the broad sunshine. Nothing had been determined as to what was to be done at the Crossroads more definite than that the place was to be wiped out. That was comprehensive enough; the details were quite certain to occur. They were all on foot, marching in fairly regular ranks. In front walked Mr. Watts, the man Harkless had abhorred in a public spirit and befriended in private. Today he was a hero and a leader, marching to avenge his professional oppressor and personal brother. Cool, unruffled and to outward vision unarmed, marching the miles in his brown frock coat and generous linen, he led the way. On one side of him were the two Bowlders, on the other was Lige Willetts, Mr. Watts preserving peace between the young men with perfect tact and sang froid.

They kept good order and a similitude of quiet for so many except far to the rear, where old Wilkerson was bringing up the tail of the procession, dragging a wretched yellow dog by a rope fastened around the poor cur's protesting neck, the knot carefully arranged under his right ear. In spite of every command and protest Wilkerson had marched the whole way uproariously singing "John Brown's Body."

The sun was in the west when they came in sight of the Crossroads, and | and kept on screaming. the cabins on the low slope stood out angularly against the radiance beyond. As they beheld the hated settlement the heretofore orderly ranks showed a disposition to depart from the steady advance and rush the shanties. Willetts, the Bowlders, Parker, Ross Schofield and a dozen others did, in fact, break away and set a sharp pace up

Watts tried to call them back. "What's the use your gettin' killed?" he shouted.

"Why not?" answered Lige, and, like the others, was increasing his speed when old "Wimby" rose up suddenly from the roadside ahead of them and motioned them frantically to go back. "They're laid out along the fence waitin' fer ye," he warned them. "Git out the road. Come by the fields. Fer the Lord's sake, spread!" Then as suddenly as he had appeared he dropped down into the weeds again. Lige and those with him paused, and the whole body came to a halt while the leaders consulted. There was a sound of metallic clicking and a thin rattle of steel. From far to the rear came the voice of old

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground, John Brown's body lies a-moldering in

A few near him as they stood waiting began to take up the burden of the song, singing it in slow time like a dirge. Then those farther away took it up. It spread, reached the leaders. They, too, began to sing, taking off their hats as they joined in, and soon the whole concourse, solemn, earnest. uncovered, was singing-a thunderous requiem for John Harkless.

The sun was swinging lower, and the edges of the world were embroidered with gold, while that deep volume of sound shook the air, the song of a stern, savage, just cause sung perhaps as some of the ancestors of these men sang with Hampden before the brisfling walls of a hostile city. It had iron and steel in it. The men lying on their guns in the ambuscade along the fence heard the dirge rise and grow to its mighty fullness, and they shivered. One of them, posted nearest the advance, had his rifle carefully leveled at Lige Willetts, a fair target in the road. When he heard the singing he turned to the man next behind him and laughed harshly, "I reckon we'll see a big jamboree other side Jordan tonight, huh?"

The huge murmur of the chorus expanded and gathered in rhythmic strength and swelled to power and rolled and thundered across the plain. "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in

the ground. John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground.

John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground. His soul goes marching on! Glory, glory, halleluiah! Glory, glory, halleluiah! Glory, glory, halleluiah!

His soul goes marching on!" A gun spat fire from the higher ground, and Willetts dropped where he stood, but was up again in a second, with a red line across his forehead where the ball had grazed his temple. The mob spread out like a fan, the men climbing the fence and beginning the advance through the fields, thus closing on the ambuscade from both sides. Mr. Watts, wading through the high grass in the field north of the road, perceived the barrel of a gun shining from the fence some distance in front of him and the same second. although no weapon was seen in his the rear they had begun to advance on hand, discharged a revolver at the the house a second time, and Hartley clump of grass and weeds behind the gun. Instantly ten or twelve men leaped from their hiding places along the fences of both fields and, firing hurriedly and harmlessly into the scattered ranks of the oncoming mob. broke for the shelter of the houses. where their fellows were posted. Tak-

en on the flanks and from the rear, there was but one thing for them to do to keep from being hemmed in and shot or captured. (They excessively preferred being shot.) With a wild, high, joyous yell, sounding like the bay of young hounds breaking into view of their quarry, the Plattville men fol-

The most eastward of the debilitated edifices of Six Crossroads was the saloon. It bore the painted legends, on the west wall, "Last Chance;" on the east wall, "First Chance." Next to this and separated by two or three acres of weedy vacancy from the corners, where the population centered thickest, stood-if one may so predicate of a building which leaned in seven directions-the house of Mr. Robert Skillett, the proprietor of the saloon. Both buildings were shut up as tight as their state of repair permitted. As they were farthest to the east. they formed the nearest shelter, and to them the Crossroaders bent their flight, though they stopped not here, but disappeared behind Skillett's shanty, putting it between them and their pursuers, whose guns were beginning to speak. The fugitives had a good start. and, being the picked runners of the Crossroads, they crossed the open. weedy acres in safety and made for their homes. Every house had become a fort, and the defenders would have to be fought and torn out one by one. As the guns sounded, a woman in a shanty near the forge began to scream

On came the farmers and the men of Plattville. They took the saloon at a run, battered down the crazy doors with a fence rail and swarmed inside like busy insects, making the place hum like a hive, but with the hotter industries of destruction. It was empty of life as a tomb, but they beat and tore and battered and broke and hammered and shattered like madmen; they reduced the tawdry interior to a mere chaos and came pouring forth laden with trophies of ruin, and then there was a charry smell in the air, and a slender feather of smoke noated from a second story window.

At the same time Watts led an assault on the adjoining house, an assaul+ which came to a sudden pause, for from cracks in the front wall a squirrel rifle and a shotgun snapped and banged, and the crowd fell back in dis order. Homer Tibbs had a hat blown away, full of buckshot holes, while Mr. Watts solicitously examined a small



They were coming.

aperture in the skirts of his brown coat. The house commanded the road, and the rush of the mob into the village was checked, but only for the instant.

A rickety woodshed which formed a portion of the Skillett mansion closely joined the "Last Chance" side of the family place of business. Scarcely had the guns of the defenders sounded when, with a loud shout, Lige Willetts teaped from an upper window on that side of the burning saloon and landed on the woodshed and, immediately climbing the roof of the mansion itself. applied a brand to the dry, time worn clapboards. Ross Schofield dropped on the woodshed close behind him, his arm lovingly infolding a gallon jug of whisky, which he emptied (not withou: evident regret) upon the clapboards as Lige fired them. Flames burst forth almost instantly, and the smoke, uniting with that now rolling out of every window of the saloon, went up to heav-

en in a cumbrous, gray column. As the flames began to spread there was a rapid fusillade from the rear of the house, and a hundred men and more, who had kept on through the fields to the north, assailed it from behind. Their shots passed clear through the flimsy partitions, and there was a screaming like beasts' howls from within. The front door was thrown open, and a lean, fierce eved girl, with a case knife in her hand, ran out in the face of the mob. At sound of the shots in Bowlder was the nearest man to the store wearing Harkless' hat; also trying girl. With awful words and shricking to dispose torn full dress coat known to inconceivably she made straight at stains on lining believed blood. Second man Hartley and attacked him with the found later at freight yards in empty knife. She struck at him again and lumber car left Plattville 1 p. m., badly again, and in her anguish of hate and hurt, shot and bruised. Supposed Hark-

the seconds they needed to escape from the house. As she hurled herself alone at the oncoming torrent they sped from the door unnoticed, sprang over the fence and reached the open lots to the west before they were seen by Willetts from the roof.

"Don't let 'em fool you!" he shouted. "Look to your left! There they go!

Don't let 'em get away!" The Crossroaders were running across the field. They were Bob Skillett and his younger brother, and Mr. Skillett was badly damaged. He seemed to be holding his jaw, on his face with both hands. The girl turned and sped after them. She was over the fence almost as soon as they were, and the three ran in single file, the girl last. She was either magnificently sacrificial and fearless or she cunningly calculated that the regulators would take no chances of killing a woman-child, for she kept between their guns and her two companions, trying to cover and shield the latter with her frail body.

"Shoot, Lige," called Watts. "If we fire from here we'll hit the girl. Shoot!" Willetts and Ross Schofield were still standing on the roof at the edge out of the smoke, and both fired at the same time. The fugitives did not turn. They kept on running, and they had nearly reached the other side of the field when suddenly, without any premonitory gesture, the elder Skillett dropped flat on his face. The Crossroaders stood by each other that day, for four or five men ran out of the nearest shanty into the open, lifted the prostrate figure from the ground and began to carry it back with them. But Skillett was alive. His curses were heard above all other sounds. Lige and Schofield fired again, and one of the rescuers staggered. Nevertheless as the two men slid down from the roof the burdened Crossroaders were seen to break into a run, and at that, with another yell, fiercer, wilder, more joyous than the first, the Plattville men followed.

The yell rang loudly in the ears of old Wilkerson, who had remained back in the road, and at the same instant he heard another shout behind him. He had not shared in the attack; but, greatly preoccupied with his own histrionic affairs, was proceeding alone up the pike, except for the unhappy yellow mongrel still dragged along by the rope, and alternating, as was his natural wont, from one fence to the other, crouching behind every bush to fire an imaginary rifle at the dog and then springing out with triumphant bellowings to fall prone upon the terrified animal. It was after one of these victories that a shout of warning was raised behind him, and Mr. Wilkerson, by grate of the god Bacchus, rolling out of the way in time to save his life. saw a horse dash by him, a big, black horse whose polished flanks were dripping with lather. Warren Smith was the rider. He was waving a slip of yellow paper high in the air.

He rode up the slope and drew rein beyond the burning buildings just ahead of those foremost in the pursuit. He threw his horse across the road to oppose their progress, rose in his stirrups and waved the paper over his head. "Stop!" he roared. "Give me one minute! Stop!" He had a grand voice, and he was known in many parts of the state for the great bass roar with which he startled his juries. To be heard at a distance most men lift the pitch of their voice. Smith lowered his an octave or two, and the result was like an earthquake playing

an organ in a catacomb. "Stop!" he thundered. "Stop!"

In answer one of the flying Crossroaders turned and sent a bullet whistling close to him. The lawyer paused long enough to bow deeply in satirical response; then, flourishing the paper, he roared again: "Stop! A mistake! I have news! Stop, I say! Horner has got them!"

To make himself heard over that tempestuous advance was a feat; for him, moreover, whose counsels had so lately been derided, to interest the pursuers at such a moment enough to make them listen—to find the word was a greater, and by the word and by gestures at once vehemently imperious and imploring to stop them was a still greater. But he did it. He had come at just the moment before the moment that would have been too late. They all heard him. They all knew, too, that he was not trying to save the Crossroads as a matter of duty, because he had given that up before the mob left Plattville. Indeed, it was a question if at the last he had not tacitly approved, and no one feared indictments for the day's work. It would do no harm to listen to what he had to say. The work could wait. It would "keep" for five minutes. They began to gather around him, excited, flushed, perspiring and smelling of smoke. Hartley Bowlder, won by Lige's desperation and intrepidity, was helping the latter tie up his head. No one else was hurt.

"What is it?" they clamored impatiently. "Speak quick!" There was another harmless shot from a fugitive, and then the Crossroaders, divining that the diversion was in their favor, secured themselves in their decrepit fastnesses and held their fire. Meanwhile the flames crackled cheerfully in Plattville ears. No matter what the prosecutor had to say, at least the Skillett saloon and homestead were gone, and Bob Skillett and one other would be sick enough to be good for awhile.

"Listen!" cried Warren Smith, and, rising in his stirrups again, read the missive in his hand, a Western Union telegraph form. "Warren Smith, Plattville," was the direction.

Found both shell men. Police familiar with both, and both wanted here. One arrested at noon in secondhand clothes fear she was so extraordinary a specta- hospital unconscious. Will die. Other cle that she gained for her companions | man refuses to talk so far. Check any movement Crossroads. This clears Skil-

lett, etc. Come over on 9:15 accommoda-

The telegram was signed by Horner. the sheriff, and by Barrett, the superintendent of police at Rouen.

"It's all a mistake, boys," the lawyer said as he handed the paper to Watts and Parker for inspection. "The ladies at the judge's were mistaken, that's all. and this proves it. It's easy enough to understand. They were frightened by the storm, and watching a fence a quarter of a mile away by flashes of lightning any one would have been confused and imagined all the horrors on earth. I don't deny but what I believed it for awhile, and I don't deny but the Crossroads is pretty tough, but you've done a good deal here already today, and we're saved in time from a mistake that would have turned out mighty bad. This settles it. Horner got



She made straight at Hartley. wire to go soon as they got track of the first man. That was when we saw Sim on the Rouen accommodation."

A slightly cracked voice, yet a huski tuneful one, was lifted quaveringly on the air from the roadside, where an old man and a yellow dog sat in the dust together, the latter reprieved at the last moment, his surprised head rakishly garnished with a hasty wreath of dog fennel daisies.

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground.

While we go marching on." Three-quarters of an hour later the inhabitants of the Crossroads, saved, they knew not how; guilty, knowing nothing of the fantastic pendulum of opinion which, swung by the events of the day, had marked the fatal moment of guilt now on others, now on them who deserved it-these natives and refugees, conscious of atrocity, dumfounded by a miracle, thinking the world gone mad, hovered together in a dark, ragged mass at the crossing corners, while the skeleton of the rotting buggy in the slough rose behind them against the face of the west They peered with stupefied eye-

through the smoky twilight. From afar, faintly through the gloaming, came mournfully to their ears the many voiced refrain, fainter.

'John Brown's body lies a-moldering it the ground. John Brown's body lies a-moldering is the ground, John Brown's body lies-mold- \* \* \*

• • • • we go march • • • on." (To Be Continued.)

Southern Heroism.

Just five years ago the whole country was startled by the report that the city of Galveston had been swept away by a storm. The devastation was almost complete, the city was prostrated, many lives were lost, and t seemed that Galveston had been wiped off the map; but the people of Galveston were not broken in spirit, and as soon as possible they began the work of rebuilding their city. Since then they have expended the enormous sum of \$16,000,000 in building a sea wall and bringing the low ground up to a safe level, and they have expended \$10,000,000 more in building new residences, business houses, churches, schools, libraries and hospitals. Galveston today is a prosperous and progressive city, stronger and better and wealthier than ever, and safe forever from tidal waves. It is a notable record and a noble tribute to the character of Southern people. It shows that Southern men of the present generation have inherited the courage and heroism which their fathers showed in the war for Southern independence.

A knitting mill will be established in Greenville by local capialists.

## ALCOLU RAILROAD.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. Effective September 25, 1905.

No. 3. No. 5. Pass P. M. 7 45 7 50 7 55 Mixed A. M. P. M. 9

y 1015 Lv 700 Lv 1020 705 705 700 1025 710 9 705 710 9 715 9 71 Alcolu McLeod\* Harby\* Durant 8 00 8 20 8 25 Sardinia Gamble Beards\* Gibbons Hudsons Ar 1245 Ar 845 Ar Mondays, Nos. 1 and 3; Tuesdays, No. 5; Wednesdays, No. 1; Thursdays, No. 1; Fri-days, Nos. 1 and 3; Saturdays, No. 5.

	No. 2. Mixed		No. 4. Pass.		No. 6. Pass.	
	P. M.		A. M.		P. M.	
Lv	2 30	Lv	6 45	Lv	9 35	Bethlehen
	2 45	**	7.00	**	9.50	Hudsons*
**	3 05	**	7 20	**	10 10	Gibbons
	3 15	**	7 25	**	10 15	Beards*
**	3 20	**	7 30	***	10 20	Gamble
	3 30	**	7 35	**	10.25	Sardinia
	4 00	**	> 05	**	10.55	Durant
	4 05	••	8 10	••	11 00	Harby*
	4 10	**	8 15	**	11 05	Me Leod*
٩r	4 20	Ar	8 30	Ar	11 20	Alcolu
lav	s. Nos	. 4	and 2:	T	days, No jursdays Nos, 4 ai	o. 4: Wednes o. No. 2: Fri- id 6.

\* McLeod, Harby, Beard and Hudson, flag stations for all trains. F. L. COLLINS, Supt. George W. Muray, Petitioner. P. R. ALDERMAN, G. F. & P. A.

Gec. W. Murray, the wealthy Sumserve three years in the penitentiary on the charge of forgery, has made an he may file an appeal for a rehearing.

The grounds on which he bases his appeal for a stay of the remittitur (or order sending him to prison) is that he was guilty of no intent. The appeal is based on a technicality. The paper in the case will be sent to Judge Eugene B. Gary, who wrote the opinion of the supreme court, and will be passed around from one member of the supreme court to the others until all have signified their opinion on the

The grounds upon which George W. Murray asked for a rehearing of his case are set forth as follows in his petition:

matter. -The State.

"The above named defendant, Murray that after all the law is no George W. Murray, hereby prefers his respecter of race, color or previous petition to the honorable Supreme condition so long as he who is sup-Court of said State to grant him a rehearing in said cause upon the following grounds:

Because the Court having held in said case that the uttering of a forged instrument is made the crime of forgery under Section 373, of the Criminal Code, failed to consider the statute, and of the change of the law thereby effected, upon the rules of evidence thereunto existing in regard himself in a like predicament would to the proof of a fradulent intent where the uttering of a forged instrument was proven.

By the law before the enactmen of the statute in 1882 the uttering of a forged instrument, knowing it to be forged, raised an implication of guilt, which cast the borden on the defendam to overthrow such implication, but the law never attached any such implication upon a charge of forgery. To establish the charge of forgery it

has ever been necessary to prove the criminal intent, either express or im-Under Section 373, of the Criminal

Code, an intent to defraud must be proved, even if the technical offence of forgery consists in only uttering the instrument. This case presents this curious anomaly, that there are circumstances tending to show that the lease signed by James Chatman was not signed by his hand or witnessed by the hand of Marion Cato, and there are circumstances in the case tending to show that your petitioner sought to make it appear that the lease was signed by James Chatman, but all of the testimony, without a single exception, and every circumstane, without a single exeption, were directed to the validity of the lease, but there was not a single act or circumstance averred, any testimony or evidence to suggest any motive or intent to defraud by the uttering of the instrument, and that is the offence set forth in the indictment. Therefore it is apparent that the case was decided against your petitioner upon the theory that the uttering of a forged paper, knowing it News and Courier. to be forged, constituting of attering, carried with it an impli cation of a fraudulent intent, and your petitioner, therefore, respectifully submits that all of the important matter overlooked by this honorable Court. doubtless by reason of the voluminous record, consisting of one hundred and seventeen pages that there was a statement of facts contained in the case, commencing at Folio 60, whereby the fact appears, among others, that when the return was made by the Chatmans before the magistrate, which return embodied a copy of the complaint for specific performance, that your petitioner then and there testified at Folio 17 that 'I was willing to receive the amount due under the lease at any time, and to carry out that contract in every

And that at Folio 51 was also stated as a fact "That the written contract set up by the plaintiffs embodied the original verbal contract, which was subsequently reduced to writing on the 4th day of November, 1899. And your petitioner respectfully submits that these statements of facts that were laid before the jury show that he was standing upon the contract as set up by the plaintiffs, and not against it, and that the only difference between the parties consisted in a difference of opinion as to the legal construction that would be placed upon the terms of the lease.

And it is respectfully submitted that if the Court had the agreed statement of facts, it would have been convinced that the introduction of the lease in evidence was an inno-

cent and not a criminal act. And it is further respectfully submitted that the above statement of facts would have been a conclusive exoneration of the defendant from all evil intent, had it not been for the rule of law which was invoked to the effect that the instrument being a forgery (if it was) carried with the act of uttering an implied intent. Thus leaving it to the jury to say no matter how great was the preponder ance of the evidence in favor of the defendant, that yet, notwithstanding eth suchs ,ameevidence was not sufficient in their opinion to overthrow the implication of guilt arising by a technical rule of law.

And your petitioner most respectfully shows to the Court that if one be indicted under Section 373, of the Criminal Code, for forgery by reason of forging the name of a person to an instrument, that he is tried upon the facts as proven without any implication of guilt, but if he is tried for forgery in that he uttered a forged paper, knowing it to be forged, then by providing the forgery possibly committed years in the past, it clothes the act of uttering, no matter how innocently done, with an implication of guilt, thereby having two rules of evidence for the same offence; all of which is now forgery, including the uttering of a forged instrument, under the terms of the statute, as construed by this Court.

Your petitioner bows in complete asbmission to the mandates of this Court, but he feels that he has committed no wrong against the laws of God or man.

Wherefore he prays that the remittitur may be stayed, and that a rehearing be granted, to enable him to set forth more at large why he should not stand a convicted felon before his State and country and especially before this honorable Court, for which he entertains profound respect.

And your petitioner will ever pray,

THE GEORGE W. MURRAY CASE. Equality Before the Law. While former Congressman Goorge W. Murray appears to be having a ter negro, who has been sentenced to good many troubles of his own these days he should draw some consolation from the fact that he i- placing s appeal for a stay of remittitur so that valuable example before the members of his own race in the South. Complaint has frequently been made to the effect that the negro as such has difficulty at times in obtaining justice and protection at the hands of the law and the Courts. It has been pointed out that members of his race are not infrequently dealt with in a very summary legal fashion. It has been alleged that they are indeed sometimes railroaded, so to speak, to the county jails or to the State Penitentiary on a schedule more speedy and

direct than that used for the transpor-

tation of their white fellow citizens

It would appear, however, from the

experience of former Congressman

in similar circumstances.

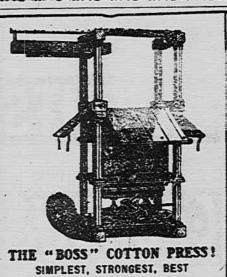
posed to have incurred its displeasure possesses the means with which to invokelits patiencs and protection. Former Conrgessman Murray has been accused and convicted of a very seri ous offence againts the prace and dignity of the United States in general and of South Carolina in particular. Many a negro who had found ere this have been paying the debt which he is alleged to have contracted because of his transgression. But Murray is finding it no whit more difficult than a white man might have done to obtain the benefit of every legal doubt that could legitimately be raised in his favor. Months have come and gone and it is still uncertain as to whether he should or will be sent to prison. He has not beer nor is he likely to be the victim o. legal railroading or preciptation. Such means of rescue as are open to any man accused as he is accused will he employed in his behalf. The lesson which members of his race should learn from the fight which he is making for freedom is therefore to place themselves as quickly as possible in a position to avail themselves of all the opportunities offered them under the law. Had Murray been less provident in former years he would have been unable to incur the expense to which he as recently been put. Had he been without means he might long since have languished in jail without hope of deliverance other than the expiration of his term of service. That fate has befallen many a colored man and white man who could not command the wherewithal to explore every legal avenue of es-

The Murray case would appear to oxonerate us of the charge that the negro is discriminated against in the Courts because of his race. Low is as free to the black man as it is to the whtie man, but the perfectly legitiatem epxenses of obtaining its protection must be borne by each alike .-



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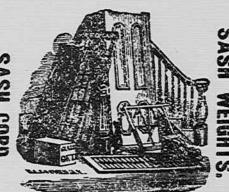
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