in thim days foine cut-glass goblets—an' I took the glass and poured out the wather an' gave it to him, an' to the other wan; an' this wan, Oliver Brown, he said, 'Aren't ye the buck that sthruck me a little while ago?' I said, 'I was the wan.' He said: 'I'm proud that I didn't kill ye. I stumbled or I'd 'a' had ye, but ye were verry imprudent.' I don't know what I said, fer I t'ought 'twas all up wid me, annyhow, an' ye know a fellow will do a great dale for his loife.

"Be this toime I took notice av a little mulatta—Newby, I learned they called him—sitting near by; there was three av thim now an' only two whin I first came out on the bridge. 'Will,' sez I to thim, 'if this be a fair question, what's all this mean?' Ye may bet I was verry polite to thim. Thompson he sez, ''Tis a nagur scrape.' 'An' where is the nagur?' sez I. 'I'm wan,' sez Thompson. 'I'm another,' sez Oliver, laughing. Thin I sez, 'This wather is for a nagur, an' I would loike to be as wealthy as he is.' I sez, 'I get but wan dollar for tending this bridge for twilve hours.' Thin Thompson said: 'This is not to trouble such as you. We do not intind to trouble no wan who does not take up arms against us.' I was verry polite to him, an' I sez, sez I, 'Ye may be sure that I'll niver take up arms against ye.' Thin I towld thim that this poor nagur was suffering very badly, an' they said: 'That's all roight. Take him the wather.' Thin Oliver Brown made the remarrk, 'Let him take what he got; he ought to have done what he was towld.' So it appears they must have had some conversation wid the nagur before they shot him. At that toime I didn't take so much in, but afterwards I understood it.

"Whin I got back to the hotel poor Haywood drunk a couple av glasses, an' as soon as he swallowed it I could hear the gurgle of it in his stummick. I made wan more trip over afther that. 'Tis a little town, ye know, an' some wan had towld me woife that I was hurted an' that wan of me limbs had been ampitated, so over she comes, an' I had to go back wid her, for she wouldn't go back widout me. I called over to Thompson an' towld him me woife was there, an' that I had to take her back to the baby. I towld him would he let me go over wid her, I'd guarantee to come back, an' so they paroled me. She didn't want me to go back, but I wint, just the same. I met many people, an' I towld thim that their men had captured many prisoners an' had shot Haywood, an' I sez, 'Ye'll be prisoners if yez goes.' I wint back to the station, and there I stayed 'til some time about eight o'clock Monday morning. Thin on the road across the river I could see from the office in the distance siven or eight min. They was the citizens from the different parts of the counthry, an' they was fully arrmed. Ye know they used to make arrms in Harper's Ferry—an' good arrms, too. I niver seen a Colt's revolver 'til afther Brown's raid. Bv an' bv these min on the road across wint bang! bang! They had fired on Thompson and Brown on the bridge. An' Thompson and Oliver, they turns around where you see the warehouse; they wheels around to the end of that warehouse down into the armory yard. But this mulatta Newby they had wid thim, he runs along to the narrowest span and jumps down into the yarrd from the bridge. Somebody saw him jump an' shot this darky roight in the neck here. He fell, an' he lay there dead from nine o'clock until about five o'clock in the evening. An' whin it was carried away thin, I tell ye God's truth, I saw white men come up and cut off a little piece of his ears for a relic; both ears was clean cut away. An' Brown's man Stevens, too, a great big good-lookin' man he was, was shot near the engine-house. 'Twas a brave men, too, an' whin they shot him he bled something awful. I niver saw a pig bleed so much; but he lived to get well again, an' be hung, too, loike the owld man himself. Afther he fell I wint to him and he had a Colt's revolver in his pocket with silver initials 'A. D. S.' I'm sorry I didn't kape it.

"Thin they killed some three or four in the river, ye know. I t'ink Brown had some six min an' himsilf in the engine-house. Whin the military first appeared he'd picked some fifteen av the biggest citizens of the town, an' the balance of his prisoners he had allowed to go. He thin goes into the engine-house and barricades with the engines, an' as the citizens came near he would fire on thim from there.

"Sure there was grreat excitement that day; they came from all parts—some from Charlestown, some from wan place an' another; and they congregated at this hotel, an' they had firearrms of all kinds an' ammunition, an' it was a dreadful day; the excitement was jus' terrible. Along towards early afternoon this poor nagur Haywood he died, an' afther he dies—Mr. Beckham (the station agent and Mayor of Harper's Ferry), he owned the big house over be the hotel, I wint to him, an' I sez, 'Squire, Haywood is dead.' He came over to the hotel an' was perfectly safe. I could show you over there where they used to be a wather station near the depot to furnish wather to the passenger-trains. There was a little pump-shed standing there, an' you could look around it an' see the engine-house. Squire walked up. I called: 'Squire, don't go up any further there. Ye're not safe.' He leaned around the pump-shed to look around towards the engine-house an' I heard a report. He said 'Ouch,' an' pitched forward an' niver quivered. They shot him right through the heart. That was about four o'clock, an' he had to lay there until afther darrk before we could get to him an' carry him to the hotel. Meanwhile, ye know, our boys had got this man Thompson, this nice-looking lad of Brown's, and had made him a prisoner. They tied his hands wid a piece av strong twine an' took him a prisoner to the hotel. Afther the shooting of Beckham—'twas the fourth white man killed—the people rushed to the hotel, many of thim mad wid the dhrink; for they'd rushed the saloons, an' they carried on at a great rate. The hotel was run by a man named Foulke, an' Miss Foulke, his sister, she prayed for Thompson. So they took him out, and this George W. Chambers, who died here a few weeks ago, an' others took him out to the middle of the bridge. I had a good sight of him. They shot him down very cruelly. Whin they took out poor Thompson from the hotel this man Chambers said to me: 'Ye go over and get a rope for me. I want to hang this man.' I sez, sez I: 'Will, if ye are going to hang this man ye get the rope yoursilf. I'm not hanging nobody.' Poor Thompson he niver said a worrd. So they just walks up to him and put a pistol in his face an' said, 'We will kill you loike this.' An' they did. The way it was done I did not loike it; it was cold-blooded murder. He fell down through the bridge to a rock on the river, for 'twas low water, an' they kep' shooting at him down in that river long after he was dead.

"Along about two o'clock the next morning came a train to Sandy Hook full of these marines. This Robert E. Lee ye've hearrd tell about, he was with thim, an' a man be the name av Lieutenant Greene an' another be the name of Lieutenant Stuart.* I walked with thim across the bridge, an' they waited thin until along about siven o'clock. This was on Tuesday the 18th. They talked an' they picked out this Stuart, an' he went out on the bridge an' waved a big white handkerchief an' walked up to the arsenal; an' Brown, he opens the dure, an' he knew him for John Brown; for it seems he had seen him in Kansas, an' he wint in an' talked with Brown, an' it appears that Brown would not surrender. Iverybody t'ought 'til that time he was Captain John, or Isaac Smith. Thin as many of the marines as could backed down towards the trestle of this bridge. It made a beautiful scene, wid ould Brown and his min firing from widin. They got a ladder, an' they charged the engine-house; thin they backed back again; thin they came at it again, an' they didn't shake the dure. Thin they backed down again and came down, an' this time the dure give in. I saw thim whin they was taking the prisoners out. They took thim all down to Charlestown. Thin Colonel Lee he gave orders for iverybody to lay down arrms. The citizens gave way, and the marines attended to the whole business. John Brown was not wounded bad; 'twas his head that was cut. His woife she came here the day he was hung. Afther they hung him, she took his body to North Elba, Noo York, where they buried him. That Cook that I was telling ye about, he'd got away, but they got him an' brought him back an' hung him.

"I niver wint over to Charlestown. I niver wint over even to see one av thim hanged. An' that's how I came to know this here John Brown and his min."

* Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, volunteer aide to Colonel Lee; later the famous Confederate cavalry leader.

The Transformation of Texas

By Henry A. Horwood

TEXAS is beginning to come into its own. Ten years ago an immigration began which has steadily gained strength and breadth, until to-day a country nearly as large as New England is feeling the impact of vigorous colonization. Land that had remained for ages as Nature made it is feeling the touch of the plough. Vast stretches of waste-land where only cattle roamed yesterday, and buffalo the generation before, are being opened up as farms, and settlers are coming in from every State in the Union, but especially from the Middle West.

The wonder is not that such a transformation should have taken place, but that it should have been so long delayed. The land is good, the climate better, yet, while the Middle West was filling up, while the hardy pioneer was pushing farther and farther toward the Divide, Texas lay dormant. While those thousands of acres of Iowa and Kansas and Nebraska were being made to blossom, and their value was increasing from a few cents to over a hundred dollars an acre, the whole western part of Texas remained a land of cows and cow-men, and its land of little value.

To-day this difference in value between the two lands is the chief reason for the great change that is coming over the face of this vast section of Texas. It is a matter of mathematics. Farmer Jones, let us say, has forty acres of land in Iowa that is worth six thousand dollars. Down in Texas he can buy land, and good land, too, for from ten to fifty dollars an acre, depending on the location. Thus he can buy one hundred and sixty acres of land, pay for it on easy terms, put up a new house and still have some money in the bank. Or he can take some of his money from the bank and stake one of his younger sons in the new land of promise.

It is another act in the great American drama of conquest. These farmers played, too, in some of the earlier acts. They are the men who pushed on into the undeveloped West. But what a difference there is to-day! They do not come now in prairie-schooners, and the privations of those days are unheard of. They come to Texas in special railway coaches, with an attendant who answers questions, with a dining-car for their comfort, with automobiles to meet them when they arrive at their destination. It is pioneering *de luxe*. What must the old-timers think when they come into this new country to pick a farm if their thoughts go back only a single generation to the days when they fought their way against hardship that seems now to be only tradition?

A change such as is going on in Texas in any other State would call for only passing notice; in Texas it is a matter of national importance. She, with her vast area, will some day be the Empire State of the Union, her resources will equal those of any nation in Europe; she will, in fact, when one day she comes into her own, be a nation herself in strength and size and population.

Texas could contain all of the people of the United States and still have a density of population less than that of Massachusetts or Rhode Island. She could provide a thirty-two-acre farm for each of 5,315,600 people, which is equivalent to saying that all the farmers now living in this country, save only those of Indiana and Illinois, could find a thirty-two-acre farm in the Lone Star State. At the last census she ranked sixth; she could still have half her area uninhabited and rank first if the remaining half were occupied by farms.

Clearing land for new settlers

West Texas, where the land development is in progress, contains 155,791 square miles and fewer inhabitants than are in the city of Cleveland. There is a rectangular strip on the New Mexico border comprising eight counties aggregating 8806 square miles, more territory than possessed by the States of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Delaware; yet at the last census there were only 320 persons in that vast section, fewer persons than live in one double East Side tenement! Yet no one claims that the land is impossible of cultivation. That greatest of all civilizers and builders, the railroad, has not reached it yet; that is all that is the matter with it.

Texas should have begun her awakening fifteen years ago, but was held back by the strangest bigotry that ever beset a people. The raising of cattle was practically the only industry in that whole section of West Texas. Big ranches ranging from over a million acres to a hundred thousand acres were the rule. In figuring on their profits the owners of these ranches allowed each cow twenty acres to roam over. In other words, for every thousand acres of land there could be only fifty head of cattle. This, with the land figured as worth three dollars an acre, netted three per cent. profit on the investment.

Now one might reasonably suppose that, if a farmer were to come along and demonstrate that the land was good for crops and was, as a consequence, worth from ten to fifteen dollars an acre in a raw state, those cow-men would have embraced the farmer on the spot.

A typical ranch, showing the cattle at a natural watering-place