

BLACK HAND WRECKS TOWN

Blow Up 25 Buildings in Center of Town Made Famous by Congressman Joseph Cannon.

(United Press Leased Wire.)
DANVILLE, Ill., Nov. 23.—Twenty-five frame buildings in the heart of the city were wrecked today and four persons are reported missing. Members of the Black Hand society are believed to be responsible for the outrage.

According to the police the dynamite was set off in the fruit and wine house of Joseph Mascari, an Italian. The explosion demolished Mascari's place and practically all of the buildings within the block. The plate glass windows in the buildings for several blocks were shattered.

Two men were seen near Mascari's place shortly before the explosion. The Italian denied having any enemies and also declared that he had not received any threats.

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Doan's Kidney Pills will give renewed life. They will cure the backache; Cure every kidney ailment. Here is Medford proof that it is so; Mrs. G. L. Boone, corner Ninth and C streets, Medford, Or., says: "It gives

THE RIVERMAN.

(Continued from page 2.)

game." The men broke into mingled cheers and laughter as the full significance of Orde's plan reached them. They streamed back to the dam.

Reed came out, eyes blazing. Reed stormed back and forth for a moment, then departed at full speed up the road.

"Now, boys, get as much done as possible," urged Orde. "We better get back in the brush or he may try to arrest the whole billing of us on some sort of a blanket warrant."

"How about the other boys?" inquired North.

"I gave one of them a telegram to send to Daly," replied Orde. "Daly will be up to bail them out."

Once more they hid in the woods, and again, after a longer interval, the mill owner and the sheriff reappeared. Reed appeared to be expostulating violently and a number of times pointed up river, but the sheriff went ahead fieldily to the dam, summoned those working below and departed up the road as before. Reed stood uncertain until he saw the rivermen beginning to re-emerge from the brush, then followed the officer at top speed.

Without the necessity of command a half dozen men leaped down on the apron. The previous crews had made considerable progress in weakening the heavy supports. As soon as these should be cut out and the backing removed the mere sawing through of the massive sill should carry away the whole obstruction.

At 4 o'clock the sheriff made his third appearance, this time in a side bar buggy.

"I wish I dared join that confab," said Orde, "but he'd jug me sure."

"He wouldn't jug me," spoke up Newmark. "I'll go down." The young man departed in his precise, methodical manner. About sunset he returned.

"Well?" the crew demanded.

"Reed wanted the sheriff to stay and protect the dam," reported Newmark. "Sheriff refused. Said his duty was simply to arrest on warrant and as often as Reed got out warrants he'd serve them. Reed said then he should get a posse and hunt up Orde and the rest of them. Sheriff replied that as far as he could see the terms



Orde watched them disappear.

of his warrant were covered by the men he found working on the dam. Reed demanded protection. Sheriff said for him to get an injunction and it would be enforced."

"Well, that's all right," interjected Orde, with satisfaction. "We'll have her cut through before he gets that injunction."

"Yes," said Newmark, "but now he's gone to telegraph the governor to send the troops."

"Kind of expected that, boys," said Orde. "Let's see. The next train out from Redding— They'll be here by 5 in the morning at soonest. Hope it'll be later."

"What will you do?" asked Newmark. "Take chances," replied Orde. The sun had dropped below the fringe of trees. Two straight, thin columns of smoke rose from the neglect-

ed campfires. Orde, glancing around him, noticed these.

"Doctor," he commanded sharply, "get at your grub! Make some coffee right off and bring it down. Come on, boys!"

Over a score of men attacked the sluiceway, for by now part of the rear crew had come down river. The pond above had recovered its volume. Water was beginning to trickle over the top of the gate. The men worked up to their knees in swift water. They could not see, and the strokes of ax or pick lost much of their force against the liquid. Down by the sluice a dozen lanterns flickered and blinked yellow against the blue blackness of the night. Orde opened the sluice gates. The water had become too deep for effective work, and a half hour's flow would reduce the pressure. The time was occupied in eating.

When the meal was finished the men fit their pipes and went back to work philosophically.

Near midnight a swaying lantern was seen approaching. Orde heard the sound of wheels. A moment later Daly's bulky form stepped into the illumination of the fire.

Orde wandered over to where his employer stood peering about him.

"Oh, there you are!" cried Daly angrily. "What in h— you up to here?"

"Running logs," replied Orde coolly. "Running logs!" shouted Daly, producing a much folded newspaper.

"How about this?" Orde lowered the paper to the campfire. It was an extra, screaming with wood type:

WAR!

Rioting and Bloodshed in the Woods. Rivermen and Dam Owners Clash.

There followed a highly colored statement that a skirmish had left the field in possession of the rivermen, in spite of the sheriff and a large posse, but that troops were being rushed to the spot and that this "high handed defiance of authority" would soon be suppressed. It stated that the loss of life was as yet unknown.

"Don't you know any better than to get into that kind of a row down here?" said Daly. "Don't you realize that this isn't the northern peninsula?"

"Sure I do," replied Orde placidly. "Come along here till I show you the situation."

The sheriff did not reappear. Reed evidently now pinned his faith to the troops.

By 3 o'clock the main abutments had been removed. The gate was then blocked to prevent its fall when its nether support should be withdrawn.

Suddenly was heard an exultant yell from one of the axmen. A brief instant later the snapping of wood fibers began like the rapid explosions of incendiary fire; a crash and bang of timber smote the air, and then the river, exultant, rushing with joy, rushed into the new passage opened for it.

Orde stormed into the camp. "Roll out, you river boys!" he shouted to those who had ventured out their shifts earlier in the night. "Roll out, you webfooted sons of crows, and hear the little birds sing praise!"

Suddenly Orde had froze in an attitude of attentive listening. "Hark!" said he.

Faint, the wandering morning breeze bore to their ears a sound whose difference from the louder noises that he had alone rendered it audible.

"The troops!" exclaimed Orde, seizing a lantern and returned down the trail, followed eagerly by Newmark and every man in camp.

The men drew a little to one side, watching the dim line of the forest, dark against the pulling sky. A man rode out of the shadow and reined up by the fire. "Halt!" commanded a harsh voice. The riverman could make out the troops—three or four score of them—standing rigid at attention. Reed pushed forward.

"I wish to inquire, sir," asked the commanding officer of Orde, "if you have gone mad to counsel your men to resist civil authority?"

"I have not resisted civil authority," replied Orde respectfully. "The reports have been false. The sheriff of this county has arrested about twenty of my men single handed and without the slightest trouble."

"Mr. Morris," cried the officer sharply, "is what this man says true?"

"It sure is. Never had so little fuss arrestin' rivermen before in my life." "Then why the devil am I dragged up here with my men in the night?" cried the officer explosively. "Who's responsible for this insanity anyway? Don't you know," he roared at Reed, "that I have no standing in the presence of civil law?"

Reed started to speak. "I've nothing to do with that; settle it in court. And what's more, you'll have something yourself to settle with the state! About, face! Forward, march!"

Orde burst into his deep roar of laughter.

"Now you see, boys," he said, digging his fists into his eyes, "if you'd put up a row, what we'd have got into. No bluecoats in mine, thank you."

"I tell ye, I'm not done with ye yet," threatened Reed. "I'll sue ye for damages, and I'll git 'em too."

"Now, hop along," urged Orde. "We'll pay you any legitimate damages, of course, but you can't expect to hang up a riverful of logs just on a notion. And we're sick of you. See here, you two; just see that this man leaves camp."

Reed hastily retreated. "Well, goodby, boys," said Daly. "I'll just get along and bail the boys out of that village calaboose."



(To be continued.)

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