

THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

CHAPTER I—Eugene Bantry, a Canaan (Ind.) young man, who has been east to college, returned home and attends the natives by the gorgeously of his raiment. His stepbrother, Joe aged male gossip who daily assemble at the National House for argument as the good for nothing associate of doubtful characters. 11—Eugene's appearance has a pronounced effect upon Mamie Pike, whose father, Judge Pike, is the wealthiest and most prominent citizen of Canaan. Joe worships Mamie from afar. Eugene interferes in a snow fight between Joe and his hoidenish and very poor girl friend, Ariel Tabor, who is worsted. Ariel hotly resents the interference and slaps Eugene, who sends her home. 13—Ariel, unbecomingly attired, attends Mamie Pike's ball. 14—Joe, concealed behind some plants on the Pike veranda, watches hungrily for a glimpse of Mamie. Ariel is ignored by most of the guests. Ariel discovers Joe, but shortly afterwards, learning that her uncle, Jonas Tabor, has died suddenly, leaves. 15—The Daily Tocsin of the next day tells of Joe's discovery on the Pike veranda and of his pursuit and escape therefrom. It also refers to wounds in the head of himself and of Norbert Pitcroft, who detected him. Joe retreats to the "Beach," a low resort kept by his friend, Mike Sheehan, who dresses his wound. 16—Joe leaves Mike's place. He visits Ariel Tabor, who by the death of her Uncle Jonas has become rich. She wishes Joe to accompany her and her grandfather to Paris. Joe refuses and leaves Canaan to avoid arrest for the trouble at Judge Pike's. 17—Joe is heard from two years later as a ticket seller for a side show. Eugene Bantry also meets him seven years later in a low resort in New York, but wisely refrains from advertising it. 18—Joe returns to Canaan a full fledged lawyer. Even his father ignores him, and he is refused accommodations at the National House. 19—Joe is welcomed at the "Beach," and "Happy Fear," one of Joe's admirers, seriously assaults Nashville Corey, a detractor. At the end of Happy's term in prison he visits Joe, who now has a law office on the square, with a living room adjoining. Joe has a large practice, principally among the lower classes, and is frequently attacked by the Tocsin. Joe begins, in his impetuosity, to yield to the seduction of the bottle. Bantry's engagement to Mamie Pike is announced. Bantry is now associate editor of the Tocsin, owned by Judge Pike. 20—Joe awakens after a "bad night" with the words, "Remember, across the Main-street bridge at noon," ringing in his ears. He goes there and is presently joined by the most beautiful and most beautifully girl he has ever seen. 21—She turns out to be Ariel Tabor, arrived in Canaan the night before from her long sojourn in Paris. She has seen Joe as she alighted from the train and, realizing his condition, had escorted him home after exacting from him a promise to meet her the next day (Sunday) across the Main-street bridge at noon. Joe learns that Ariel is stopping at Judge Pike's home, the judge having entire charge of her money, etc. 22—Eugene Bantry, although engaged to Mamie, is much smitten with Ariel's charms. Judge Pike tries his usual blustering tactics with Ariel, but subsides when she tells him that she shall ask him to turn over the care of her estate to Joe Louden. 23—Ariel holds a sort of informal reception at Judge Pike's and learns that the "tough element" is talking of running Joe for mayor. 24—Happy Fear and Nashville Corey have more trouble. Joe corners Happy and sends Claudine (Mrs. Fear) to meet him. 25—Ariel visits Joe's affairs in his hands. While there Happy Fear rushes in and announces that he has killed Nashville Corey in self defense. Joe makes Happy give himself up. 26—Mamie Pike admits to Ariel that she, too has begun to believe in Joe Louden.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

The Tocsin was quoted on street corners that morning, in shop and office, wherever people talked of the Cory murder, and that was everywhere, for the people of Canaan and of the country roundabout talked of nothing else. Women clustered in parlors and kitchens; men gathered in small groups on the street and shook their heads ominously over it; farmers, meeting on the road, halted their teams and loudly damned the little man in the Canaan jail; milkmen lingered on back porches over their cans to agree with cooks that it was an awful thing and that if ever any man deserved hanging that there Fear deserved it—his lawyer along with him. Tipsey men hammered bars with fists and beer glasses, inquiring if there was no rope to be had in the town, and Joe Louden, returning to his office from the little restaurant where he sometimes ate his breakfast, heard hisses following him along Main street. A clerk, a fat shouldered, blue aproned, pimple checked youth, stood in the open doors of a grocery and as he passed stared him in the face and said "Yah" with supreme disgust. Joe stopped. "Why?" he asked mildly.

exclaimed. "I believe," said Joe, "that we have never met before." "Go on, you shyster!" Joe looked at him gravely. "My dear sir," he returned, "you speak to me with the familiarity of an old friend." The clerk did not recover so far as to be capable of repartee until Joe had entered his own stairway. Then, with a bitter sneer, he seized a bad potato from an open barrel and threw it at the mongrel, who had paused to examine the landscape. The missile failed and Respectability, after bestowing a slight injury upon the clerk, followed his master. In the office the red bearded man sat waiting. Not so red bearded as of yore, however, was Mr. Sheehan, but grizzled and gray and, this morning, gray of face, too, as he sat, perspiring and anxious, wiping a troubled brow with a black silk handkerchief. "Here's the devil and all to pay at last, Joe," he said uneasily on the other's entrance. "This is the worst I ever knew, and I hate to say it, but I doubt yer pullin' it off." "I've got to, Mike." "I hope on my soul there's a chanse of it! I like the little man, Joe." "So do I." "I know ye do, my boy. But here's this Tocsin kickin' up the public sentiment, and if there ever was a follerin' sheep on earth it's that same public sentiment." "If it weren't for that"—Joe flung himself heavily in a chair—"there'd not be so much trouble. It's a clear enough case." "But, don't ye see," interrupted Sheehan, "the Tocsin's tried it and convicted him aforehand? And that if things keep goin' the way they've started to-day the gran' jury's bound to indict him and the trial jury to convict him? They wouldn't dare not to. What's more, they'll want to. And they'll rush the trial, summer or no summer, and"— "I know; I know." "I'll tell ye one thing," said the other, wiping his forehead with the black handkerchief, "and that's this, my boy: Last night's business has just about put the cap on the Beach for me. I'm sick of it, and I'm tired of it. I'm ready to quit, sir." Joe looked at him sharply. "Don't you think my old notion of what might be done could be made to pay?" Sheehan laughed. "Who! You and yer hints, Joe! How long past have ye come around me with 'em? I believe ye'd make more money, Mike—that's the way ye'd put it—if ye altered the



Joe stopped. "Why?" he asked mildly. Beach a bit. Make a little country-side restaurant of it, ye'd say, 'and have good cookin', and keep the boys and girls from raisin' so much hell out there. Soon ye'd have other people comin' beside the regular crowd. Make a little garden on the shore, and let 'em eat at tables under trees an' grape arbors." "Well, why not?" asked Joe. "Haven't I been tellin' ye I'm thinkin' of it? It's only yer way of hintin' that's funny to me, yer way of sayin' that'd make more money, because ye're afraid of preachin' at any of us, partly because ye know the little good it'd be and partly because ye have humor. Well, I'm thinkin' ye'll git yer way. I'm willin' to go into the missionary business with ye!" "Mike," said Joe angrily, but he grew very red and failed to meet the other's eye. "I'm not!" "Yes, ye are!" cried Sheehan. "Yes, sir! It's a thing ye prob'ly haven't had the nerve to say to yerself since a boy, but that's yer notion inside. Ye're little better than a missionary. It took me a long while to understand what was drivin' ye, but I do now. And ye've gone the right way about it, because we know ye'll stand fer us

when we're in trouble and fight fer us till we git a square deal, as ye're goin' to fight for Happy now." Joe looked deeply troubled. "Never mind," he said crossly and with visible embarrassment. "You think you could not make more at the Beach if you ran it on my plan?" "I'm game to try," said Sheehan slowly. "I'm too old to hold 'em down out there the way I yosta could, and I'm sick of it—sick of it into the very bones of me." He wiped his forehead. "Where's Claudine?" "Held as a witness." "I'm not sorry for her!" said the red bearded man emphatically. "Women o' that kind are so light headed it's a wonder they don't float. Think of her pickin' up Cory's gun from the floor and hidin' it in her clothes! Took it fer granted it was Happy's and thought she'd help him by hidin' it! There's a hard point fer ye, Joe—to prove the gun belonged to Cory. There's nobody about here could swear to it. I couldn't myself, though I forced him to stick it back in his pocket yesterday. He was a wanderer, too, and ye'll have to send a keen one to trace him, I'm thinkin', to find out where he got it so's ye can show it in court." "I'm going myself. I've found out that he came here from Denver." "And from where before that?" "I don't know, but I'll keep on traveling till I get what I want." "That's right, my boy," exclaimed the other heartily. "It may be a long trip, but ye're all the little man has to depend on. Did ye notice the Tocsin didn't even give him the credit fer givin' himself up?" "Yes," said Joe. "It's part of their game." "Did it strike ye now," Mr. Sheehan asked earnestly, leaning forward in his chair—"did it strike ye that the Tocsin was aimin' more to do Happy harm because of ye than to himself?" "Yes," Joe looked sadly out of the window. "I've thought that over, and it seemed possible that I might do Happy more good by giving his case to some other lawyer." "No, sir!" exclaimed the proprietor of Beaver Beach loudly. "They've begun their attack, they're bound to keep it up, and they'd manage to turn it to the discredit of both of ye. Besides, Happy wouldn't have no other lawyer. He'd rather be hung with you fightin' fer him than be cleared by anybody else. I believe it, on my soul, I do! But look here," he went on, leaning still farther forward, "I want to know if it struck ye that this morning the Tocsin attacked ye in a way that was somehow v'f'enter than ever before." "Yes," replied Joe, "because it was aimed to strike where it would most count." "It ain't only that," said the other excitedly—"it ain't only that! I want ye to listen. Now, see here, the Tocsin, is Mike, and the town is Mike—I mean the town ye naturally belonged to. Ain't it?" "In a way, I suppose—yes." "In a way," echoed the other scornfully. "Ye know it is! Even as a boy Pike disliked ye and hated the kind of a boy ye was. Ye wasn't respectable, and he was. Ye wasn't rich, and he was. Ye had a grin on yer face when ye'd meet him on the street." The red bearded man broke off at a gesture from Joe and exclaimed sharply: "Don't deny it! I know what ye was like! Ye wasn't impudent, but ye looked at him as if ye saw through him. Now listen and I'll lead ye somewhere. Ye run with riffraff. Now, I ask ye this: Ye've had one part of Canaan with ye from the start—my part, that is—but the other's against ye. That part's Pike, and it's the rulin' part!" "Yes, Mike," said Joe wearily. "In the spirit of things, I know." "No, sir," cried the other. "That's the trouble; ye don't know. There's more in Canaan than ye've understood. Listen to this: Why was the Tocsin's attack harder this morning than ever before? On yer soul didn't it sound so bitter that it sounded desprit? Now, why? It looked to me as if it had started to ruin ye, this time fer good and all! Why? What have ye had to do with Martin Pike lately? Has the old wolf got to injure ye?" Mr. Sheehan's voice rose and his eyes gleamed under bushy brows. "Think," he finished. "What's happened lately to make him bite so hard?" There were some faded roses on the desk, and as Joe's haggard eyes fell upon them the answer came. "What makes you think Judge Pike isn't trustworthy?" he had asked Ariel, and her reply had been, "Nothing very definite, unless it was his look when I told him that I meant to ask you to take charge of things for me." He got slowly and amazedly to his feet. "You've got it!" he said. "Ye see?" cried Mike Sheehan, slapping his thigh with a big hand. "On my soul I have the penetration! Ye don't need to tell me one thing except this: I told ye I'd lead ye somewhere. Haven't I kept me word?" "Yes," said Joe. "But I have the penetration!" exclaimed Mr. Sheehan. "Should I miss my guess if I said that ye think Pike may be scared ye'll stumble on his track in some queer performance? Should I miss it?" "No," said Joe, "you wouldn't miss it." "Just one thing more." The red bearded man rose, nipping the inner band of his straw hat. "In the matter of yer running fer mayor, now—"

Joe, who had begun to pace up and down the room, made an impatient gesture. "Pshaw!" he interrupted, but his friend stopped him with a hand laid on his arm. "Don't be treatin' it as clean out of all possibility, Joe Louden. If ye do, it shows ye haven't sense to know that nobody can say what way the wind's blowin' week after next. All the boys 'xant ye; Louie Farbach wants ye, and Louie has a big say. Who is it that doesn't want ye?" "Canaan," said Joe. "Hold up! It's Pike's Canaan ye mean. If ye git the nomination ye'd be elected, wouldn't ye?" "I couldn't be nominated." "I ain't claimin' ye'd git Martin Pike's vote," returned Mr. Sheehan sharply, "though I don't say it's impossible. Ye've got to beat him, that's all. Ye've got to do to him what he's done to you and what he's tryin' to do now worse than ever before. Well, there may be ways to do it, and if he tempts me enough I may forget my troth and honor as a noble gentleman and help ye with a word ye'd never guess yerself." "You've hinted at such mysteries before, Mike," Joe smiled. "I'd be glad to know what you mean if there's anything in them." "It may come to that," said the other, with some embarrassment. "It may come to that some day if the old wolf presses me too hard in the matter o' tryin' to git the little man across the street hangin' by the neck and yerself mobbed fer helpin' him. But today I'll say no more." "Very well, Mike," Joe turned wearily to his desk. "I don't want you to break any promises." Mr. Sheehan had gone to the door, but he paused on the threshold and wiped his forehead again. "And I don't want to break any," he said, "but if ever the time should come when I couldn't help it"—he lowered his voice to a hoarse, but piercing, whisper—"that will be the devourin' angel's day fer Martin Pike!"

CHAPTER XVIII. I T was a morning of the warmest week of mid-July, and Canaan lay inert and helpless beneath a broiling sun. The few people who moved about the streets went languidly, keeping close to the wall on the shady side; the women in thin white fabrics; the men, often careless, carrying palm leaf fans and replacing collars with handkerchiefs. In the courthouse yard the maple leaves, gray with blown dust and grown to great breadth, drooped heavily, depressing the long, motionless branches with their weight, so low that the four or five shabby idlers upon the benches beneath now and then flicked them sleepily with whittled sprigs. The doors and windows of the stores stood open, displaying limp wares of trade, but few tokens of life, the clerks hanging over dim counters as far as possible from the glare in front, gossiping fragmentarily, usually about the Cory murder and anon upon a subject suggested by the sight of an occasional pedestrian passing perspiring by with scrooged eyelids and purpling skin. From street and sidewalk transparent hot waves swam up and danced themselves into nothing, while from the river bank a half mile away came a sound hotter than even the locust's midsummer rasp, the drone of a plating mill. Greater heat than that of these blazing days could not have kept one of the sages from attending the conclave now, for the battle was on in Canaan, and here upon the National House corner, under the shadow of the west wall, it waxed even keener. Perhaps we may find full justification for calling what was happening a battle in so far as we restrict the figure to apply to this one spot. Elsewhere in the Canaan of the Tocsin the conflict was too one sided. The Tocsin had indeed tried the case of Happy Fear in advance, had convicted and condemned and every day grew more bitter. Nor was the urgent vigor of its attack without effect. Sleepy as Main street seemed in the heat, the town was incensed and roused to a tensify of feeling it had not known since the civil war, when, on occasion, it had set out to hang half a dozen "Knights of the Golden Circle." Joe had been hissed on the street many times since the inimical clerk had whistled at him. Probably demonstrations of that sort would have continued had he remained in Canaan, but for almost a month he had been absent and his office closed, its threshold gray with dust. There were people who believed that he had run away again, this time never to return, among those who held to this opinion being Mrs. Louden and her sister, Joe's step-aunt. Upon only one point was everybody agreed—that twelve men could not be found in the county who could be so far persuaded and befuddled by Louden that they would dare allow Happy Fear to escape. The women of Canaan, incensed by the terrible circumstances of the case, as the Tocsin colored it—a man shot down in the act of begging his enemy's forgiveness—clamored as loudly as the men. There was only the difference that the latter vociferated for the hanging of Happy; their good ladies used the word "punishment."

And yet, while the place rang with condemnation of the little man in the jail and his attorney, there were voices here and there uplifted on the other side. People existed, it astonishingly appeared, who liked Happy Fear. These were for the greater part obscure and even darkling in their lives, yet quite demonstrably human beings, able to smile, suffer, leap, run and to entertain fancies; even to have, according to their degree, a certain rudimentary sense of right and wrong, in spite of which they strongly favored the prisoner's acquittal. Precisely on that account, it was argued, an acquittal would outrage Canaan and lay it open to untold danger. Such people needed a lesson. The Tocsin interviewed the town's great ones, printing their opinions of the heinousness of the crime and the character of the defendant's lawyer. "The Hon. P. J. Parrott, who so ably represented this county in the legislature some fourteen years ago, would scarcely restrain himself when approached by a reporter as to his sentiments anent the repulsive deed. 'I should like to know how long Canaan is going to put up with this sort of business,' wove his words. 'I am a law-abiding citizen, and I have served faithfully and with my full endeavor and ability to enact the laws and statutes of my state, but there is a point in my patience, I would state, which lawbreakers and their lawyers may not safely pass. Of what use are our most solemn enactments, I may even ask of what use is the legislature itself, chosen by the will of the people, if they are to ruthlessly be set aside by criminals and their shifty protectors? The blame should be put upon the lawyers who by tricks enable such rascals to escape the rigors of the carefully enacted laws, the fruits of the solon's labor, more than upon the criminals themselves. In this case I there is any miscarriage of justice I will say here and now that in my opinion the people of this county will be sorely tempted, and while I do not believe in lynch law, yet if that should be the result it is my unalterable conviction that the vigilantes may well turn their attention to the lawyers or lawyer who brings about such miscarriage. I am sick of it!'" The Tocsin did not print the interview it obtained from Louie Farbach—the same Louie Farbach who long ago had owned a beer saloon with a little room behind the bar, where a shabby boy sometimes played dominoes and seven up with loafers; not quite the same Louie Farbach, however, in outward circumstance, for he was now the brewer of Farbach beer and making Canaan famous. His rise had been Teutonic and sure, and he contributed one-twentieth of his income to the German Orphan asylum and one-tenth to his party's campaign fund. The twentieth saved the orphans from the country, while the tithe gave the county to his party. He occupied a kitchen chair, enjoying the society of some chickens in a wired inclosure behind the new Italian villa he had erected in that part of Canaan where he would be most uncomfortable, and he looked woefully at the reporter when the latter put his question. "Hef you any acquaintance off Mister Fear?" he inquired in return, with no expression decipherable either upon his gargantuan face or in his heavily enfolded eyes. "No, sir," replied the reporter, grudging. "I never ran across him." "Dot iss a goot ting fer you," said Mr. Farbach stonily. "He iss not a man poebles bedder try to run Gory iss dead." The reporter, slightly puzzled, lit a cigarette. "See here, Mr. Farbach," he urged, "I only want a word or two about this thing, and you might give me a brief expression concerning that man Louden besides, just a hint of what you think of his influence here, you know, and of the kind of sharp work he practices. Something like that?" "I see," said the brewer slowly. "Happy Fear I hef knowt for a goot many years. He iss a goot frient of mine." "What?" "Choe Louten iss a bedder one," continued Mr. Farbach, turning again to stare at his chickens. "Git owit." "What?" "Git owit," repeated the other without passion, without anger, without any expression whatsoever. "Git owit." The reporter's prejudice against the German nation dated from that moment. There were others, here and there, who were less self contained than the brewer. A farmhand struck a fellow laborer in the harvest field for speaking ill of Joe, and the unraveling of a strange street fight one day disclosed as its cause a like resentment on the part of a blind broommaker, embittered by a like offense. The broommaker's companion, reading the Tocsin as the two walked together, had begun the quarrel by remarking that Happy Fear ought to be hanged once for his own sake and twice more to show up that shyster Louden." Warm words followed, leading to extremely material conflict, in which, in spite of his blindness, the broommaker had so much the best of it that he was removed from the triumphant attitude he had assumed toward the person of his adversary, which was an admirable imitation of the dismounted St. George and the dragon, and conveyed to the jail. Keenest investigation failed to reveal anything oblique in the man's record. To the astonishment of Canaan, there was nothing against him. He was blind and moderately poor, but a respectable, hardworking artisan and a pride to the church in which he was what has been called an "active worker." It was discovered that his sensitiveness to his companion's attack on Joseph Louden arose from the fact that Joe had obtained the acquittal of an imbecile sister of the blind man, a two-thirds witted woman who had been charged with bigamy. The Tocsin made what it could of this, and so dexterously that the wrath of Canaan was one farther jot increased against the shyster. Aye, the town was hot, inside and out.

PIN GRAFTING SUCCESSFUL. WESTBROOK, Me., June 14.—Grafting report is given out by the surgeons attending Miss Marie Bourgeois, the girl who was terribly burned recently, that 500 pieces of flesh, cut from the bodies of her mother and brothers, have been successfully grafted on to the patient. During an accident in the laundry in which the girl worked her right arm was burned and crushed and her body was otherwise burned. Every Man His Own Doctor. The average man cannot afford to employ a physician for every slight ailment or injury that may occur in his family, nor can he afford to neglect them, as so slight an injury as the scratch of a pin has been known to cause the loss of a limb. Hence every man must from necessity be his own doctor for this class of ailments. Success often depends upon prompt treatment, which can only be had when suitable medicines are kept at hand. Chamberlain's Remedies have been in the market for many years and enjoy a good reputation. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Chamberlain's Pain Balm (an antiseptic liniment) for cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, swellings, lame back and rheumatic pains. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for constipation, biliousness and stomach troubles. Chamberlain's Salve for diseases of the skin. One bottle of each of these five preparations costs but \$1.25. For sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists. Don't!!!! Don't let your child suffer with that cough when you can cure it with Ballard's Horehound Syrup, a sure cure for Coughs, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup and Pulmonary Diseases. Buy a bottle and try it. Sold by Hart's Drug Store. B. B. Laughter, Byhalis, Miss., writes: "I have two children who had croup. I tried many different remedies, but I must say your Horehound Syrup is the best Croup and Cough medicine I ever used." Sold by Hart's Drug Store.

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(To be continued next Sunday)