

# THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,  
Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Beaucaire," Etc.

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**Synopsis of Previous Chapters.**

CHAPTER I—Eugene Bantry, a Canadian (Ind.) young man, who has been east to college, returned home and astounds the natives by the gorgeousness 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 Cannan. Joe worships Mamie from afar. Eugene interferences in a snow fight between Joe and his holdenish and very poor girl friend, Ariel Tabor, who is worsted. Ariel hotly resents the interference and slaps Eugene, who sends her home. 12—Ariel, unbecomingly attired, attends Mamie Pike's ball. 13—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. 14—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 Flitcroft, who detected him. Joe retreats to the "Beach," a low resort kept by his friend, Mike Sheehan, who dresses his wound. 15—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 Cannan to avoid arrest for the trouble at Judge Pike's. 16—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. 17—Joe returns to Cannan a full fledged lawyer. Even his father ignores him, and he is refused accommodations at the National House. 18—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 loneliness, 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. 19—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. 20—She turns out to be Ariel Tabor, arrived in Cannan 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. 21—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. 22—Ariel holds a sort of informal reception at Judge Pike's and learns that the "tough element" is talking of running Joe for mayor. 23—Happy Fear and Nashville Cory have more trouble. Joe corners Happy and sends Claudine (Mrs. Fear) to meet him. 24—Ariel visits Joe's affairs in his hands. While there Happy Fear rushes in and announces that he has killed Nashville Cory in self defense. Joe makes Happy give himself up. 25—Mamie Pike admits to Ariel that she, too has begun to believe in Joe Louden.

denly, like a "sea change." His face was whiter, his walk slower, his voice filled thinner. He creaked louder when he rose or sat. Old ways from his boyhood, he had in the turn of a hand become aged. But such things come and such things go. After eighty there are ups and downs. People fading away one week bloom out pleasantly the next, and resiliency is not at all a patent belonging to youth alone. The material change in Mr. Arp might have been thought little worth remarking. What caused Peter Bradbury, Squire Buckalew and the colonel to shake their heads secretly to one another and wonder if their good old friend's mind had not "begun to go" was something very different. To come straight down to it, he not only abstained from all argument upon the "Cory murder" and the case of Happy Fear, refusing to discuss either in any terms or under any circumstances, but he also declined to speak of Ariel Tabor or of Joseph Louden or of their affairs, singular or plural, masculine, feminine or neuter, or in any declension. Not a word committal or noncommittal. None!

And his face when he was silent fell into sorrowful and troubled lines.

The voices of the fathers fell to the pitch of ordinary discourse; the drowsy town was quiet again; the whine of the planing mill boring its way through the stifling air to every waking ear. Far away on a quiet street it sounded faintly, like the hum of a bee across a creek, and was drowned in the noise of men at work on the old Tabor house. It seemed the only busy place in Cannan that day, the shade of the big beech trees which surrounded it affording some shelter from the destroying sun to the dripping laborers who were sawing, hammering, painting, plumbing, papering and ripping open old and new packing boxes. There were many changes in the old house—pleasantly in keeping with its simple character—airy enlargements now almost completed so that some of the rooms were already finished and stood, furnished and immaculate, ready for tenancy.

In that which had been Roger Tabor's studio sat Ariel, alone. She had caused some chests and cases stored there to be opened and had taken out of them a few of Roger's canvasses and set them along the wall. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at them, seeing the tragedy of labor the old man had expended upon them, but she felt the recompense. Hard, tight, literal as they were, he had had his moment of joy in each of them before he saw them coldly and knew the truth. And he had been given his years of Paris at last and had seen "how the other fellows did it."

A heavy foot strode through the hall, coming abruptly to a halt in the doorway, and, turning, she discovered Martin Pike, his big Henry VIII. face flushed more with anger than with the heat. His hat was upon his head and remained there, nor did he offer any token or word of greeting whatever, but demanded to know when the work upon the house had begun.

"The second morning after my return," she answered.

"I want to know," he pursued, "why it was kept secret from me, and I want to know quick."

"Secret?" she echoed, with a wave of her hand to indicate the noise which the workmen were making.

"Upon whose authority was it begun?"

"Mine. Who else could give it?"

"Look here," he said, advancing toward her, "don't try to fool me! You haven't done all this by yourself. Who hired these workmen?"

Remembering her first interview with him, she rose quickly before he could come near her. "Mr. Louden made most of the arrangements for me," she replied quietly, "before he went away

He will take charge of everything when he returns. You haven't forgotten that I told you I intended to place my affairs in his hands?"

He had started forward, but at this he stopped and stared at her inarticulately.

"You remember?" she said, her hands resting negligently upon the back of the chair. "Surely you remember?"

She was not in the least afraid of him, but coolly watchful of him. This had been her habit with him since her return. She had seen little of him except at table, when he was usually grimly laconic, though now and then she would hear him joking heavily with Sam Warden in the yard, or, with evidently humorous intent, groaning at Mamie over Eugene's health; but it had not escaped Ariel that he was on his part watchful of herself and upon his guard.

He did not answer her question, and it seemed to her as she continued steadily to meet his hot eyes that he was trying to hold himself under some measure of control, and a vain effort it proved.

"You go back to my house!" he burst out, shouting hoarsely. "You get back there! You stay there!"

"No," she said, moving between him and the door. "Mamie and I are going for a drive."

"You go back to my house!" He followed her, waving an arm fiercely at her. "Don't you come around here trying to run over me! You talk about your affairs! All you've got on earth is this two for a nickel old shack over your head and a bushel basket of distillery stock that you can sell by the pound for old paper!" He threw the words in her face, the bull bass voice seamed and cracked with falsetto. "Old paper, old rags, old iron, bottles, old clothes! You talk about your affairs! Who are you? Rothschild? You haven't got any affairs!"

and as he passed his own home on his way downtown he saw her white dress mingling with his daughter's near the horse block beside the fire, where the two, with their arms about each other, stood waiting for Sam Warden and the open summer carriage.

Judge Pike walked on, the white spotches reappearing like a pale rash upon his face. A yellow butterfly zigzagged before him, knee high, across the sidewalk. He raised his foot and half kicked at it.

### CHAPTER XIX.

AS the judge continued his walk down Main street he wished profoundly that the butterfly, which exhibited no amoniance, had been of greater bulk and more approachable, and it was the evil fortune of Joe's moulted to encounter him in the sinister humor of such a wish unfulfilled.

Respectability dwelt at Beaver Beach under the care of Mr. Sheehan until his master should return, and Sheehan was kind, but the small dog found the world lonely and time long without Joe. He had grown more and more restless, and at last, this hot morning, having managed to evade the eye of all concerned in his keeping, made off unobtrusively, partly by swimming, and, reaching the road, cantered into town, his ears erect with anxiety. Bent upon reaching the familiar office, he passed the grocery, from the doorway of which the pimply checked clerk had thrown a bad potato at him a month before. The same clerk had just laid down the Tocsin as Respectability went by, and, inspired to great deeds in behalf of justice and his native city, he rushed to the door, lavishly seized this time a perfectly good potato and buried it with a result which astonished him, for it took the mongrel fairly aside the head, which it matched in size.

The luckless Respectability's purpose to reach Joe's stairway had been entirely definite, but upon this violence he forgot it momentarily. It is not easy to keep things in mind when one is violently smitten on the mouth, nose, cheek, eye and ear by a missile large enough to strike them simultaneously. Yelping and half blinded, he deflected to cross Main street. Judge Pike had elected to cross in the opposite direction, and the two met in the middle of the street.

The encounter was miraculously fitted to the judge's need. Here was no butterfly, but a solid body, light withal, a wet, muddy and dusty yellow dog eminently kickable. The man was heavily built about the legs, and the vigor of what he did may have been additionally inspired by his recognition of the mongrel as Joe Louden's. The impact of his toe upon the little runner's side was momentous, and the latter rose into the air. The judge hopped, as one hops who, unshod in the night, discovers an unexpected chair. Let us be reconciled to his pain and not reproach the gods with it, for two of his unintended adversary's ribs were cracked.

at home who might be playing in the street, and the thought of what might happen to them if the mad dog should head that way resolved him to be cool and steady. He was falling behind, so he stopped on the corner, trusting that Respectability would come round again. He was right, and the flying brownish thing streaked along Main street, passing the beloved stairway for the fourth time. The policeman lifted his revolver, fired twice, missed once, but caught him with a second shot in a forepaw, clipping off a fifth toe, one of the small claws that grow above the foot and are always in trouble. This did not stop him, but the policeman, afraid to risk another shot because of the crowd, waited for him to come again, and many others, seeing the hopeless circuit the mongrel followed, did likewise, armed with bricks and clubs. Among them was the pimply clerk, who had been inspired to commandeer a pitchfork from a hardware store.

When the fifth round came Respectability's race was run. He turned into Main street at a broken speed, limping, parched, voiceless, flecked with blood and foam, snapping feebly at the showering rocks, but still indomitably a little ahead of the hunt. There was no yelp left in him—he was too thoroughly winded for that—but in his brilliant and despairing eyes shone the agony of a cry louder than the tongue of a dog could utter—"O master, O all the god I know, where are you in my mortal need?"

Now indeed he had a gantlet to run, for the street was lined with those who awaited him, while the pursuit grew closer behind. A number of the hardest stood squarely in his path, and he hesitated for a second, which gave the opportunity for a surer aim, and many missiles struck him. "Let him have it now, officer," said Eugene Bantry, standing with Judge Pike at the policeman's elbow. "There's your chance."

But before the revolver could be discharged Respectability had begun to run again, hobbling on three legs and dodging feebly. A heavy stone struck him on the shoulder, and he turned across the street, making for the National House corner, where the joyful clerk brandished his pitchfork. Going slowly, he almost touched the pimply one as he passed, and the clerk, already rehearsing in his mind the honors which should follow the brave stroke, raised the tines above the little dog's head for the coup de grace. They did not descend, and the daring youth failed of fame as the laurel almost embraced his brows. A hickory walking-stick was thrust between his legs, and he, expecting to strike, received a blow upon the temple sufficient for his present undoing and bedazzlement. He went over backward, and the pitchfork (not the thing to hold poised on high when one is knocked down) fell with the force he had intended for Respectability upon his own shin.

**MURDER SUSPECTS ARRESTED**

NEW YORK, June 21.—Two Italian laborers, John Monita and Nicola Cardon, were arrested on a Third avenue elevated train at 125th street early this morning by David Wynn, a New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad detective, in the belief that they knew something about the murder of Julius Rosenheimer, the Chicago needle manufacturer, which occurred on the grounds of his home at Pelham Tuesday night. They were locked up.

Wynn, who speaks Italian well, overheard the prisoners telling on the train about the murder. Both Italians said when arrested that they did not know anything about the murder.

The two tramps arrested Wednesday night have been released. Almost everyone in Pelham is helping the authorities on the case and there is considerable rivalry for the \$5000 reward offered by the Rosenheimer family.

**SHORTAGE MADE GOOD.**

WASHINGTON, June 21.—Treasury officials have been notified by the bank examiner at Seymour, Wis., that the directors of the First National Bank of that city have made good the \$40,000 deficit for which Thomas Coghil cashier, had been held responsible and arrested by the local authorities.

**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, 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.



He struck the back of the chair she had vacated a vicious blow with his open hand. "No, you spendthrift! All there was to your grandfather when you buried him was a basketful of distillery stock, I tell you! Old paper, old rags!"

"You have sent me the same income," she lifted her voice to interrupt. "You have made the same quarterly payments since his death that you made before. If you knew, why did you do that?"

He had been shouting at her with the frantic and incredulous exasperation of an intolerant man utterly unused to opposition, his face empurpled, his forehead dripping and his hands ruthlessly pounding the back of the chair, but this straight question stripped him suddenly of gesture and left him standing limp and still before her, pale spotches beginning to show on his hot cheeks.

"If you knew, why did you do it?" she repeated. "You wrote me that my income was from dividends, and I knew and thought nothing about it, but if the stock which came to me was worthless how could it pay dividends?"

"It did not," he answered huskily. "That distillery stock, I tell you, isn't worth the matches to burn it."

"But there has been no difference in my income," she persisted steadily. "Why? Can you explain that to me?"

"Yes; I can," he replied. And it seemed to her that he spoke with a pallid and bitter desperation, like a man driven to the wall. "I can if you think you want to know."

"I do."

"I sent it."

"Do you mean from your own?"

"I mean it was my own money."

She had not taken her eyes from his, which met hers straightly and angrily, and at this she leaned forward, gazing at him with profound scrutiny.

"Why did you send it?" she asked.

"Charity," he answered after palpable hesitation.

Her eyes widened, and she leaned back against the lintel of the door, staring at him incredulously. "Charity!" she echoed in a whisper.

Perhaps he mistook her amazement at his performance for dismay caused by the sense of her own position, for as she seemed to weaken before him the strength of his own habit of dominance came back to him. "Charity, madam!" he broke out, shouting intolerably. "Charity, d'ye hear? I was a friend of the man that made the money you and your grandfather squandered; I was a friend of Jonas Tabor, I say! That's why I was willing to support you for a year and over rather than let a niece of his suffer."

"Support!" she cried. "Support! You sent me a hundred thousand francs!"

The white spotches which had mottled Martin Pike's face disappeared as if they had been suddenly splashed with hot red. "You go back to my house," he said. "What I sent you only shows the extent of my—"

"Effrontery!" The word rang through the whole house, so loudly and clearly did she strike it—rang in his ears till it stung like a castigation. It was ominous, portentous of justice and of disaster. There was more than doubt of him in it—there was conviction.

He fell back from this word, and when he again advanced Ariel had left the house. She had turned the next corner before he came out of the gate,

which she might be playing in the street, and the thought of what might happen to them if the mad dog should head that way resolved him to be cool and steady. He was falling behind, so he stopped on the corner, trusting that Respectability would come round again. He was right, and the flying brownish thing streaked along Main street, passing the beloved stairway for the fourth time. The policeman lifted his revolver, fired twice, missed once, but caught him with a second shot in a forepaw, clipping off a fifth toe, one of the small claws that grow above the foot and are always in trouble. This did not stop him, but the policeman, afraid to risk another shot because of the crowd, waited for him to come again, and many others, seeing the hopeless circuit the mongrel followed, did likewise, armed with bricks and clubs. Among them was the pimply clerk, who had been inspired to commandeer a pitchfork from a hardware store.

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A train had pulled into the station, and a tired, travel worn young man, descending from a sleeper, walked rapidly up the street to learn the occasion of what appeared to be a riot. When he was close enough to understand its nature he dropped his bag and came on at top speed, shouting loudly to the battered mongrel, who tried with his remaining strength to leap toward him through a cordon of kicking legs, while Eugene Bantry again called to the policeman to fire.

"If he does, d-n you, I'll kill him!" Joe saw the revolver raised, and then, Eugene being in his way, he ran full tilt into his stepbrother with all his force, sending him to earth, and went on literally over him as he lay prone upon the asphalt, that being the shortest way to Respectability. The next instant the mongrel was in his master's arms and weakly licking his hands.

But it was Eskew Arp who had saved the little dog, for it was his stick which had tripped the clerk and his hand which had struck him down. All his bodily strength had departed in that effort, but he staggered out into the street toward Joe.

"Joe Louden!" called the veteran in a loud voice. "Joe Louden!" and suddenly reeled. The colonel and Squire Buckalew were making their way toward him, but Joe, holding the dog to his breast with one arm, threw the other about Eskew.

"It's a town—it's a town!" the old fellow flung himself free from the supporting arm—"It's a town you couldn't even trust a yellow dog to!"

He sank back upon Joe's shoulder, speechless. An open carriage had driven through the crowd, the colored driver urged by two ladies upon the back seat, and Martin Pike saw it stop by the group in the middle of the street where Joe stood, the wounded dog held to his breast by one arm, the old man, white and half fainting, supported by the other. Martin Pike saw this and more. He saw Ariel Tabor and his own daughter leaning from the carriage, the arms of both pityingly extended to Joe Louden and his two burdens, while the stunned and silly crowd stood round them staring, clouds of dust settling down upon them through the hot air.

(Continued Next Sunday)

**Do Not Neglect the Children.**

At this season of the year the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention. The best thing that can be given is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy followed by castor oil as directed with each bottle of the remedy. For sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists.

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