

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Copyright, 1899, by Doubleday & McClure Co.
Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

CHAPTER IX.

ALL morning horsemen had been galloping through Six Crossroads, sometimes singly, oftener in company. At 1 o'clock the last posse passed through on its return to the county seat, and after that there was a long, complete silence, while the merry corners were unknocked by a single hoof beat. No unkempt colt nickered from his musty stall. The sparse young corn that used to nod and chuckle greenly stood rigid in the fields. Up the Platteville pike despairingly creaked one old hen, with her wabbling, sailor run, smit with a superstitious horror of nothing. She hid herself in the shadow underneath a rickety barn and was still.

Only on the Wimby farm were there signs of life. The old lady who had sent Harkless roses sat by the window all morning and wiped her eyes, watching the horsemen ride by. Sometimes they would hail her and tell her there was nothing yet. About 2 o'clock her husband rattled up in a buckboard and got out the shotgun of the late and more authentic Mr. Wimby. This he carefully cleaned and oiled in spite of its hammerless and quite useless condition, sitting meanwhile by the window opposite his wife and often looking up from his work to shake his weak fist at his neighbors' domiciles and creak decrepit curses and denunciations.

But the Crossroads was ready. It knew what was coming now. Frightened, desperate, sullen, it was ready.

The afternoon wore on, and lengthening shadows fell upon a peaceful—one would have said a sleeping—country. The sun dried pike, already dusty, stretched its serene length between green borders decked with purple and yellow and white weed flowers, and the tree shadows were not shade, but warm blue and lavender glows in the general pervasion of still, bright light; the sky curving its deep, unburnished, penetrable blue over all, with no single drift of floccose upon it to be reflected in the creek that wound along past willow and sycamore, dimpled but un-murmuring. A woodpecker's telegraphy broke the quiet like a volley of pistol shots.

But far eastward on the pike there slowly developed a soft, white haze. It grew denser and larger and gradually rolled nearer. Dimly behind it could be discerned a darker, moving nucleus that extended far back upon the road.

A heavy tremor began to stir the air; faint, manifold sounds, a waxing, increasing, multitudinous rumor.

The pike ascended a long, slight slope leading west up to the Crossroads. From a thicket of ironwood at the foot of this slope was thrust the visage of an undersized girl of fourteen. Her fierce eyes examined the approaching cloud of dust intently. A redness rose under the burnt yellow skin and colored the wizened cheeks.

They were coming.

She stepped quickly out of the tangle and darted up the road. She ran with the speed of a fleet little terror, not opening her lips, not calling out, but holding her two thin hands high above her head; that was all. But Birnam wood was come to Dunstan at last, and the messenger sped. Out of the weeds in the corner of the snake fence, in the upper part of the rise, silently lifted the heads of men whose sallowness became a sickish white as the child flew by.

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 whose 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, untroubled 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 small-tude 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 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 the shanties, Willetts, the Bowlders, Parker, Ross Schofield and a dozen others did, in fact, break away and set a sharp pace up the slope.

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 rank. Come by the fields. Fer the Lord's sake, spread!" They, 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 Wilkerson:

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

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, talking 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 brick tiling walls of a hostile city. It had iron and steel in it. The men lying on their guns in the ambulance 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."

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, and the men climbing the fence and beginning the advance through the fields, thus closing on the ambulance 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 hand, discharged a revolver at the 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. Taken 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 Platteville men followed.

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 Skillet, 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 Crossroadsers lent their flight, though they stopped not here, but disappeared behind Skillet'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 and kept on screaming.

On came the farmers and the men of Platteville. 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 better 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 chary smell in the air, and a slender feather of smoke floated up from a second story window.

At the same time Watts led an assault on the adjoining house, an assault 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 disorder. Homer Tibbs had a hat blown away, full of buckshot holes, while Mr. Watts soliloquiously examined a small 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 Skillet 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



They were coming.

leaped 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 without 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 heaven in a cumulous, 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

(To be continued.)

Brutally Tortured.
A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture has perhaps never been equaled. Joe (Job) Jobick, of Colusa, Calif., writes: "For 15 years I endured insufferable pain from Rheumatism and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Blitters and it's the greatest medicine on earth for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by all druggists.

A TEST OF FLOUR.

It is quite an important event in the Big Mills.

The letters XXXX which decorate our flour bags are a source of mystery to the average housewife, but get there very naturally. In the largest flour mills several tests are given all flour sent out, but the final test is the baking trial. In a kitchen attached to the flour mills, which is resplendent with shining pans, electric ovens and white cooling boards, there are loaves of bread made daily from the different samples of flour which have just been ground. Cooks are kept the year round for this purpose, for as many as sixty loaves are made daily by one mill alone.

Exactly at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, after the bread is done, the head millers file into the kitchen and cut and inspect the different loaves. No man knows which flour has come from his mill, so the test is an impartial one. A vote is taken on the best loaf, and the flour from which that was made is marked with the mysterious X's. So great has this business of testing flour become that one great mill has testing rooms to which samples of grain are sent from all over the United States and Canada. These samples are made into bread after going through a miniature flour mill. After the bread has been made the package of grain is sent back to the miller who shipped it with full directions how to mark his flour, whether best or second best.

THE LAND CRAB.

A Mean Trick by Which Pacific Island Natives Catch Them.

In Fiji and other Pacific islands the natives have an ingenious plan of capturing the land crab. The native goes out in the late night, and when he hears a crab at work up a tree he climbs up some fifteen or twenty feet—the tree is generally a hundred feet high or more—and ties a large wisp of grass round the trunk. The crab, having finished his work, hurries down to his partner for a feed, traveling backward, as usual. When he comes to the wickerous clump of grass, thinking he is once more on mother earth, he lets go his hold of the tree and of course goes down smash, breaking his legs and getting stunned, to fall an easy victim to the native boys who come round with their baskets in the morning. The whole of crabdom apparently regarded this as a mean trick when it came in first, and they are now very circumspect on their expeditions, so that few are caught in this way.

In his hole the land crab makes himself a comfortable bed of cocoanut fiber, and he makes the material up so well that the native women burrow for it, as it is found useful for many purposes—pillow stuffing, the making of chignons, pads and other modern toilet "fakings" which they have now picked up from the mission stations and towns.

It is Not So Quick But That the Mind Has Time to Act.

It is questionable if such a phenomenon as instant death is known to the scientist and investigator. Physicians and surgeons tell us that death by gunshot wound is the easiest mode of terminating life; yet, rapid as such a mode of taking off must necessarily be, the body has leisure to feel and time to reflect and on rare occasions even to act.

On the first attempt of one of the adherents of the Spanish monarch to assassinate William, prince of Orange, the ball passed through the bones of his face and brought him to the ground. In the instant which preceded stupefaction, however, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of a room had fallen in and crushed him.

Another question in this connection is that of probable pain. Although numerous instances could be cited in support of the view that the mind acts in cases of so called instant death, it

by no means follows that the infliction of a fatal blow is attended by the least semblance of pain or a single pang of fear or regret. Unless death results immediately, however, the pain may be as varied as the nature of the injuries.

Don't Go to St. Louis
"Till you call at or write to the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, Office 134 Third Street, Portland, Oregon. Low rate to all points East, in connection with all trans-continentals."

H. S. ROWE,
General Agent,
Portland, Or.

Night Was Her Terror.

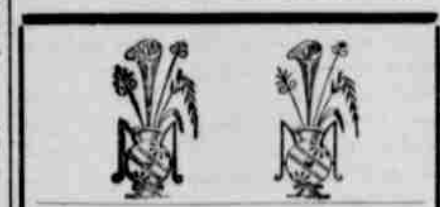
"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but, when all other medicines failed, three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free all druggists.

Excursion Rates to Yaquina Bay.

On June 1st, the Southern Pacific Co. will resume sale of excursion tickets to Newport and Yaquina Bay. Both Season and Saturday-to-Monday tickets will be sold. This popular resort is growing in favor each year, hotel rates are reasonable and the opportunities for fishing, hunting and sea bathing are unexcelled by any other resort on the Pacific Coast.

Anderson & Son, at Witch Hazel, have a full line of Groceries and Notions. They will handle your butter and eggs. Give us part of your trade.

Anderson & Son.



Business Counsel

WE ARE neither doctors, lawyers, nor professional experts in the affairs of business, but when a customer takes a notion that our experience may be helpful to him, and comes to us for business counsel, we are always at his service. The women and the young people are especially welcome.

J. W. SHUTE, Banker,
Hillsboro. - Ore.

Chicago-Portland Special

The most luxurious train in the world. Pullman sleeping cars, dining cars, buffet smoking and library car (barber and bath). Less than three days Portland to Chicago.

Two Through Trains

to Chicago daily from Portland and points in Oregon and Eastern Washington via the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co., Oregon Short Line, Union Pacific R. R. and Chicago & North-Western R. R., over

The Only Double-Track Railway

The Missouri River and Chicago Daily excursions in Pullman tourist sleeping cars from Portland through to Chicago without change.



Job Printing

For anything in the line of Commercial Stationery, as, envelopes, letter heads, packet heads, bill heads, business cards, etc., we would be glad to receive your order. Our work is neat and guaranteed to suit. Prices are reasonable.

The Independent.

Always prompt and reliable. Give us a trial.

REDUCED EXCURSION RATES.

From S. P. and C. & E. Points to the Seaside and Mountain Resorts for the Summer.

On and after June 1, 1904, the Southern Pacific, in connection with the Corvallis & Eastern railroad, will have on sale round trip tickets from points on their lines to Newport, Yaquina and Detroit at very low rates, good for return until October 10, 1904.

Three-day tickets to Newport, Yaquina, good going Saturdays and returning Mondays, are also on sale from all East Side points, Portland to Eugene inclusive, and from all West Side points, enabling people to visit their families and spend Sunday at the Seaside.

Season tickets from all East Side points, Portland to Eugene, inclusive, are also on sale to Detroit at very low rates, with stop-over privileges at Mill City or any point east, enabling tourists to visit the Santiam and Breitenbush hot springs in the Cascade mountains, which can be reached in one day.

Season tickets will be good for return from all points until October 10. Three day tickets will be good going on Saturdays and returning Mondays only. Tickets from Portland and vicinity will be good for return via the East or West Side at option of passenger. Tickets from Eugene and vicinity will be good going via the Lebanon-Springfield branch if desired. Baggage on Newport tickets checked through to Newport; on Yaquina tickets to Yaquina only.

Southern Pacific trains connect with the C. & E. at Albany and Corvallis for Yaquina and Newport. Trains on the C. & E. for Detroit will leave Albany at 7 a. m., enabling tourists to the hot springs to reach there the same day.

Full information as to rates, with beautifully illustrated booklet of Yaquina bay and vicinity, timetables, etc. can be obtained on application to Edwin Stone, manager C. & E. railroad, Albany. W. E. Coman, G. P. A., Southern Pacific Company, Portland, or to any S. P. or C. & E. agent.

Rate from Hillsboro to Newport, \$6.00
Rate from Hillsboro to Yaquina \$6.00
Rate from Hillsboro to Detroit \$5.00
Three-day rate from Hillsboro to Newport \$3.00

No Pity Show.

"For years fate was after me continuously," writes F. A. Gullledge, Verbena, Ala. "I had a terrible case of Piles causing 21 tumors. When all failed Buckle's Arnica Salve cured me. Equally good for Burns and all aches and pains. Only 25c all druggists."

DR. W. E. GARRETON



WILL FIT YOUR EYES
With glasses that are absolutely correct. He don't have to experiment on you, as his modern instruments detect the smallest error. No pain, no medicine or "drops" used. He does not charge fancy prices. Call and see him at 135 Fifth street, Corner Alder, Portland Or.

**Barnes & Simon,
Real Estate Dealers
And Money Loaners.**

Parties wishing to buy or sell Farm or City Property should see us. We sell at owners' prices, do not charge seller five and buyer ten per cent commission. We are not here to rob any one, but we are here to assist, and don't you forget it.

Pure Candies

We have the finest selection of pure candies in this city. Our candies are all home made and we know they are pure.

Lunches
We are prepared to fill short order lunches, the best in this city.

Remember
Us when in need of fruits, soft drinks and cigars.

Heidel's Candy Kitchen

Hillsboro Dray Line

E. W. MOORE, Prop.

Light and Heavy Drayage
Pianos and Household Goods Moving our Specialty.

Always prompt and reliable. Give us a trial.

Have You Received the Seaside Souvenir For 1904.

The A. & C. R. R. will mail to your address free, copies of their Summer Booklet containing 30 pages of half tone engravings of Columbia River and Clatsop Beach scenery. Address J. C. Mayo, G. F. & P. A., Astoria, Ore., or C. A. Stewart, Agent, 248 Alder St., Portland, Ore.

If you want good flour, go to Bob Greer's, he keeps Liberty Bell, \$1.05 per sack and Gilt Edge, \$1.10 per sack. Both hard wheat flour and no better in town.

Dr. A. A. Burris—Magnetic Healer.

I successfully treat diseases without the use of drugs or surgery, by the Weltmer System of magnetic healing. Call and see me. Consultation free. Office over City Bakery, Hillsboro, Or.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain fog into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

City Bill Poster and Distributor

Special Attention given to Shows, Theatres and General Posting, etc. Prices reasonable and all of my work guaranteed.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.

Box 312. C. F. ALLISON.