

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARRINGTON

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"Good day, Mr. McCune," was the answer. "Let me have your note of withdrawal before you leave town this afternoon." The young man paused a moment, then extended his hand as he said: "Shake hands, won't you? I-I haven't meant to be too hard on you. I hope things will seem easier and gay-er to you before long, and if—if any-thing should turn up that I can do for you in a private way I'll be very glad, you know. Goodby."

The sound of the Herald's victory went over the state. The paper came out regularly. The townsfolk bought it, and the farmers drove in for it. Old subscribers came back. Old advertisers renewed. The Herald began to sell in Amo, and Gaines county people sub-scribed. Carlow folk held up their heads when journalism was mentioned. Presently the Herald announced a news connection with Rouen, and with that and the aid of "patent insiders" began an era of three issues a week, appear-ing on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Satur-days. The Plattville brass band serenaded the editor.

During the second month of the new regime of the Herald the working force of the paper received an addition. One night the editor found some barroom loafers tormenting a patriarchal old man who had a magnificent head and a grand white beard. He had been thrown out of a saloon, and he was drunk with the drunkenness of three weeks' steady pouring. He propped himself against a wall and reproved his tormentors in Latin. "I'm walking your way, Mr. Fisbee," remarked the journalist, looking his arm into the old man's. "Suppose we leave our friends here and go home."

Mr. Fisbee was the one inhabitant of the town possessing an unknown past, and a glamour of romance was thrown about him by the gossips, who agreed that there was a dark, portentous se-cret in his life, an opinion not too well confirmed by the old man's appearance. His fine eyes had a habit of wandering to the horizon, and his expression was mild, vague and sad, lost in dreams. At the first glance one guessed that his dreams would never be practicable in their application, and some such im-pression of him was probably what caused the editor of the Herald to nick-name him, in his own mind, "the White Knight."

Mr. Fisbee, coming to Plattville from nobody knew where, had taught in the high school for ten years, but he proved quite unable to refrain from lecturing to the dumfounded pupils on archæ-ology, neglecting more and more the ordinary courses of instruction, grow-ing year by year more forgetful and absent, lost in his few books and his own reflections, until at last he had been discharged for incompetency. The dazed old man had no money and no way to make any. One day he dropped in at the hotel bar, where Wilkerson, the professional drunkard, favored him with his society. The old man under-stood. He knew it was the beginning of the end. He sold his books in order to continue his credit at the Palace bar, and once or twice, unable to pro-ceed to his own dwelling, spent the night in a lumber yard, piloted thither by the harder veteran Wilkerson.

The morning after the editor took him home Fisbee appeared at the Her-ald office in a new hat and a decent suit of black. He had received his sal-ary in advance, his books had been re-purchased and he had become the re-portorial staff of the Carlow County Herald; also he was to write various treatises for the paper. For the first few evenings when he started home from the office his chief walked with him, chatting cheerfully, until they had passed the Palace bar. But Fis-bee's redemption was complete.

The editor of the Herald kept steady-ly at his work, and as time went on the bitterness his predecessor's swindle had left in him passed away. But his loneliness and a sense of defeat grew and deepened. When the vistas of the world had opened to his first youth he had not thought to spend his life in such a place as Plattville, but he found himself doing it, and it was no great happiness to him that the Hon. Kedge Hallowsay of Amo, whom the Herald's opposition to McCune had sent to Washington, came to depend on his in-fluence for renomination, nor did the realization that the editor of the Car-low County Herald had come to be McCune's successor as political dic-tator produce a perceptibly enlivening ef-fect upon the young man. The years drifted very slowly, and to him it seem-ed that they went by while he stood far aside and could not even see them move. He did not consider the life he led an exciting one, but the other citi-zens of Carlow did when he undertook a war against the White Caps, deni-zens of Six Crossroads, seven miles

west of Plattville. The natives were much more afraid of the White Caps than he was. They knew more about them and understood them better than he did.

There was no thought of the people of the Crossroads in his mind as he sat on the snake fence staring at the little smoky shadow dance on the white road in the June sunshine. On the contrary, he was occupied with the realization that there had been a man in his class at college whose ambition needed no restraint, his promise was so great—in the strong belief of the university, a be-lief he could not help knowing—and that seven years to a day from his com-mencement this man was sitting on a fence rail in Indiana.

Down the pike a buggy came creak-ing toward him, gray with dust, old and frayed like the fat, shaggy gray mare that drew it, her unchecked, de-spondent head lowering before her, while her incongruous tail waved in-cessant, like the banner of a storming party. The editor did not hear the flop of the mare's hoofs nor the sound of the wheels, so deep was his reverie, till the vehicle was nearly oppo-site him. The red faced and perspir-ing driver drew rein, and the journal-ist looked up and waved a long white hand to him in greeting.

"Howdy do, Mr. Harkless?" called the man in the buggy. "Soakin' in the weather?" He spoke in shouts, though neither was hard of hearing.

"Yes, just soaking," answered Hark-less. "It's such a gypsy day. How is Mr. Bowlder?"

"I'm givin' good satisfaction, thank you, and all at home. She's in town."

"Give Mrs. Bowlder my regards," said the journalist, comprehending the symbolism. "How is Hartley?"

The farmer's honest face shaded over for a second. "He's been steady ever since the night you brought him home, six weeks straight. I'm kind of bother-ed about tomorrow—he wants to come in for show day, and seems if I hadn't any call to say no. I reckon he'll have to take his chance—and us too. Seems more like we'd have to let him, long as we got him not to come in last night for Kedge Hallowsay's lecture at the courthouse. Say, how'd that lecture strike you? You give Kedge a mighty fine send-off to the audience in your in-troduction, but I noticed you spoke of him as 'a thinker,' without sayin' what kind. I didn't know you was as cau-tious a man as that! Of course I know Kedge is honest."

Harkless sighed. "Oh, he's the best we've got, Bowlder."

"Yes, I presume so, but"—Mr. Bowl-der broke off suddenly as his eyes opened in surprise, and he exclaimed: "Law, I'd never of expected to see you settin' here today! Why ain't you out at Judge Briscoe's?" This speech seem-ed to be intended with some humor, for Bowlder accompanied it with the loud laughter of sylvan timidity risking a joke.

"Why? What's going on at the judge's?"

"Goin' on! Didn't you see that strange lady at the lecture with Minnie Briscoe and the judge and old Fisbee?"

"I'm afraid not, Bowlder."

"They couldn't talk about anything else at the postoffice this mornin' and at Tom Martin's. She come yesterday on the afternoon accommodation. You ought to know all about it because when Minnie and her father went to the deerpoe they had old Fisbee with 'em, and when the buckboard come through town he was settin' on the back seat with her. That's what stir-red the town up so. Nobody could fig-ger it out any way, and nobody got much of a good look at her then except Judd Bennett. He said she had kind of a new look to her. That's all any of 'em could git out of Judd. He was in a sort of a dreamy state. But Middy Up-ton—You know Middy? She works out at Briscoe's—"

"Yes, I know Middy."

"She come in to the postoffice with the news this lady's name was Sher-wood and she lives at Rouen. Miss Tibbs says that was't no news—you could tell she was a city lady with both your eyes shut. But Middy says Fisbee was goin' to stay for supper, and he come to the lecture with 'em and drove off with 'em afterwards. Sol Tibbs says he reckoned it was because Fisbee was the only man in Carlow that Briscoe thought had read enough books to be smart enough to talk to her, but Miss Selby says if that was so they'd have got you instead, and so they had to all jest about give it up. Of course everybody got a good look at her at the lecture—they set on the platform right behind you and Hallowsay, and she did look smart. What got me, though, was the way she wore a kind of a little dag-ger stuck straight through her head. Seemed a good deal of a sacrifice jest

to make sure your hat was on right. You never see her at all?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Harkless absently. "Miss Briscoe stopped me on the way out and told me she had a visitor."

"Young man," said Bowlder, "you better go out there right away." He raised the loose ends of the reins in his hands, leaned far over the dash-board and struck the mare a hearty thwack. The tattered banner of tail jerked indignantly, but she consented to move down the road. Bowlder thrust his big head through the sun curtain behind him and continued the conver-sation. "See the White Caps ain't got you yet?"

"No, thank you. I'll walk in for the sake of my appetite."

"Wouldn't encourage it too much—Havin' at the Palace hotel," observed Bowlder. "Sorry you won't ride." He gathered the loose ends of the reins in his hands, leaned far over the dash-board and struck the mare a hearty thwack. The tattered banner of tail jerked indignantly, but she consented to move down the road. Bowlder thrust his big head through the sun curtain behind him and continued the conver-sation. "See the White Caps ain't got you yet?"

"No, not yet," Harkless laughed.

"Reckon the boys 'druther you stayed in town after dark," the other called back. "Well, come out and see us if you git any spare time from the judge's." He laughed loudly again in farewell, and the editor waved his hand as Bowl-der finally turned his attention forward to the mare. When the flop, flop of her hoofs had died out, Harkless realized that the day was silent no longer; it was verging into evening.

He dropped from the fence and turned his face toward town and supper. He felt the life and light about him, heard the clatter of the blackbirds above him, heard the homing bees hum by, saw the vista of white road and level landscape framed on two sides by the branches of the grove, a vista of infinitely stretching fields of green, lined here and there with woodlands and that to the horizon line, the village lying in their lap. No roll of mellow, no rise of pasture land, relieved their serenity nor shouldered up from them to be called a hill.

A farm bell rang in the distance, a tinkling coming small and mellow from far away, and at the loneliness of that sound he heaved a long, mournful sigh. The next instant he broke into laughter, for another bell rang over the fields, the courthouse bell in the square. The first four strokes were given with mechanical regularity, the pride of the custodian who operated the bell being to produce the effect of a clockwork bell, such as he had once heard in the courthouse at Rouen, but the fifth and sixth strokes were halting achieve-ments, as, after 4 o'clock he often lost count in the strain of the effort for pre-cise imitation. There was a pause after the sixth; then a dubious and reluctant stroke, seven; a longer pause, followed by a final ring with desperate decision—eight! Harkless looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes of 6.

As he crossed the courthouse yard to the Palace hotel on his way to supper he stopped to exchange a word with the bell ringer, who, seated on the steps, was mopping his brow with an air of hard earned satisfaction.

"Good evening, Schofield's," he said. "You came in strong on the last stroke tonight."

"What we need here," responded the bell ringer, "is more public spirited men. I ain't kickin' a you, Mr. Hark-less—no, sir; but we want more men like they got in Rouen. We want men that 'll git Main street paved with block or asphalt; men that 'll put in factories; men that 'll act—not set round like that old fool Martin and laugh and pollywoggle along and make fun of public spirit, day in, day out. I reckon I do my best for the city."

"Oh, nobody minds old Tom Martin," observed Harkless. "It's only half the time he means anything by what he says."

"That's just what I hate about him," returned the bell ringer in a tone of high complaint. "You can't never tell which half it is. Look at him now!" The gentleman referred to was stand-ing over in front of the hotel talking to a row of countless loungers, who sat with their chairs tilted back against the props of the wooden awning that projected over the sidewalk. Their faces were turned toward the court-house, and even those lost in medita-tive whirling had looked up to laugh. Mr. Martin, one of his hands thrust in a pocket of his alpaca coat and the other softly caressing his wiry, gray chin beard, his rusty silk hat tilted forward till the brim almost rested on the bridge of his nose, was addressing them in a one keyed voice, the melan-choly whine of which, though not the words, penetrated to the courthouse steps.

The bell ringer, whose name was Henry Schofield, but who was known as Schofield's Henry (popularly abbre-viated to Schofield's), was moved to in-dignation. "Look at him!" he cried. "Look at him! Everlastingly goin' on about my talk! Well, let him talk. Let him talk!"

To be Continued.

New Feed Mill ready—I am now prepared to do your feed grinding with a first class grinder. Will grind all kinds of feed every Saturday. Bring in your grain, our charges are reasonable. W. F. Hartrampf, Pac. Ave. Forest Grove, Ore.

HOYT'S

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



WHAT IS WRONG WITH PICTURE?

There are three things wrong with the above picture. Every person bringing into our store before we close Saturday evening, February 20, the correct solution of the above puzzle will be given a reduction of 10 per cent on the first bill of goods purchased of us, regardless of amount.

Finding one of the three things wrong will give you a reduction of 6 per cent; finding two will give you 8 per cent, and 10 per cent for all three.

Watch for Hoyt's hand.

It tells you of Special Bargains. It will appear in front of his window two times each week. It will remain out one day only. On that day a bargain will be put in the window. It is not a ruse to get you to bite. It tells of a real bargain. Watch it close. It will pay you.

HOYT'S

The "MONEY BACK" Store. If you are not satisfied with your purchase your money will be cheer-fully refunded. We want to keep your trade, and are bound to please you. Right goods, right prices and right treatment are the right policy, and that's HOYT'S.

Hillsboro.

Who Fills Your Prescription?

If we fill your prescription our re-cipe it is filled with the best quality of drugs and full-weight without over charge for honest service. We pay no one to send you to us and therefore, it PAYS YOU to bring your prescription here. A goodly number of people are al-ready aware of this and a trial will convince you.

Bailey's Pharmacy.