

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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By special request we will continue with the serial story, "The Gentleman from Indiana." In order to resume the thread of the story, the first few chapters will be reprinted.

staff had just left in his hands. He glanced over them meditatively, making alterations here and there.

The last one Fiske had written as follows:

Miss Bherwood of Rouen, whom Miss Briscoe knew at the Mission Jennings' finishing school in New York, is a guest of Judge Briscoe's household.

Fiske's letters were written in ink. There was a blank space beneath the last. At the bottom of the page something had been scribbled in pencil. Harkness vainly tried to decipher it; but the twilight had fallen too deep, and the writing was too faint, so he struck a match and held it close to the paper. The action betokened only a languid interest. But when he caught sight of the first of the four subscribed lines he sat up straight in his chair, with a sharp exclamation. At the bottom of Fiske's page was written in a dainty feminine hand of a type he had not seen for years:

"The time has come," the waitress said, "to talk of many things—Of shoes and slippers and waiting wags—And outbursts and things."

He put the paper in his pocket and set off rapidly down the village street. At his departure William Todd looked up quickly. Then he got upon his feet, with a yawn, and quietly followed the editor. In the dusk a fattered little figure rose up from the weeds across the way and stole noiselessly after William. He was in his shirt sleeves, his waistcoat unbuttoned and loose. On the nearest corner Mr. Todd encountered a fellow townsman who had been pacing up and down in front of a cottage adjoining to a protective baby bed in his arms. He had paused in his vigil to stare after Harkness.

"Where's he bound for, William?" inquired the man with the baby.

"Trisces," answered William, pursuing his way.

"I reckoned he would be," observed the other, turning to his wife, who sat on the doorstep. "I reckoned so when I see that lady at the lecture last night."

The woman rose to her feet. "Hil, Bill Todd!" she said. "What ye got on to the back of yer vest?" William paused, put his hand behind him and encountered a paper pinned to the dangling strap of his waistcoat. The woman ran to him and unbuttoned the paper. It bore a writing. They took it to where the yellow lamplight shone out through the open door and read:

dear Sir—Fisher harkles at ye ples an pard him yest venegans in clostet harkles not got a heart to live we come in witte.

"What ye think, William?" asked the man with the baby anxiously. But the woman gave the youth a sharp push with her hand. "They never said to do it!" she cried; "never in the world! You hurry, Bill Todd. Don't leave him out of your sight one second."

CHAPTER III.

THE street upon which the Palace hotel fronted formed the south side of the square and ran west to the edge of the town, where it turned to the south for a quarter of a mile or more, then bent to the west again. Some distance from this second turn there stood, fronting close on the road, a large brick house, the most pretentious mansion in Carlow county. And yet it was a homelike place, with its red brick walls embowered in masses of cool Virginia clematis and a comfortable veranda crossing the broad front, while half a hundred stalwart sentinels of elm and beech and poplar stood guard around it. The front walk was bordered by geraniums and hollyhocks, and honeysuckle climbed the pillars of the porch. Behind the house there was a shady little orchard, and back of the orchard an old-fashioned, very fragrant rose garden, divided by a long grape arbor, extended to the shallow waters of a wandering creek, and on the bank a rustic seat was placed beneath the sycamores.

From the first bend of the road, where it left the town and became



A woman's voice singing Schubert's "Serenade" came to him.

after some indecisive country highway, ended the place, rather than a proud city boulevard, a pathway led through the fields to end at some pasture bars opposite the brick house.

John Harkness was leaning on the pasture bars. The stars were wan and the full moon shone over the fields. Meadows and woodlands lay quiet and motionless under the old, sweet marvel of a June night. In the wide monotony of the flat lands there sometimes comes a feeling that the whole

earth is stretched out before one. Tonight it seemed to lie so, in the pathos of silent beauty, passive and still, yet breathing an antique message, sad, mysterious, reassuring. But there had come a divine melody adrift on the air. Through the open windows it floated. Indoors some one struck a peal of silver chords, like a harp touched by a lover, and a woman's voice was lifted. John Harkness leaned on the pasture bars and listened with upraised head and parted lips.

"To thy chamber window roving, love hath led my feet."

The Lord sent manna to the children of Israel at the wilderness. Harkness had been five years in Plattsville, and a woman's voice singing Schubert's "Serenade" came to him at last as he stood by the pasture bars of Jones' field and listened and rested his dazzled eyes on the big white face of the moon.

How long had it been since he had heard a song or any discourse of music other than that furnished by the Plattsville band? Not that he had a taste for a brass band. But music that he loved always gave him an ache or delight and the twinge of reminiscences of old gay days gone forever. Tonight his memory leaped to the last day of a June gone seven years to a morning when the little estuary waves twinkled in the bright sun about the boat in which he sat, the trim launch that brought a cheery party ashore from their schooner to the casino landing at Winter Harbor, far up on the Maine coast.

As if he saw the picture as plainly as if it were yesterday. No reminiscences had risen so keenly before his eyes for years. Pretty Mrs. Van Skuyt sitting beside him—pretty Mrs. Van Skuyt and her roses—what had become of her? He saw the crowd of friends waiting on the pier for their arrival, the dozen or so emblazoned classmates (it was in the time of brilliant flannels) who sent up a volley of college cheers in his honor. How plainly the dear old, young faces rose up before him tonight, the men from whose lives he had slipped! Dearest and jolliest of the faces was that of Tom Meredith, classmate, his closest friend, the thin, redheaded third baseman. He could see Tom's mouth opened at least a yard, it seemed, such was his frantic cheerfulness. Again and again the cheers rang out, "Harkness! Harkness!" on the end of them. In those days everybody, particularly his classmates, thought he would be minister to England in a few years, and the orchestra on the casino porch was playing "The Conquering Hero Comes" in his honor and at the behest of Tom Meredith, he knew.

There were other pretty ladies besides Mrs. Van Skuyt in the launch load from the yacht, but as they touched the pier, pretty girls or pretty women or jovial gentlemen, all were over-looked in the wild scramble the college men made for their hero. They hailed him forth, set him on high, bore him on their shoulders, shouting "Skal to the Viking!" and carried him up the wooded bluff to the casino. He heard Mrs. Van Skuyt say: "Oh, we're used to it. We've put in at several other places where he had friends!" He remembered the wild progress they made for him up the slope that morning at Winter Harbor; how the people looked on and laughed and clapped their hands. But at the veranda edge he had no time for a little form disappearing around a corner of the building, a young girl running away as fast as she could. "See there," he said as the tribe set him down; "you have frightened the populace." And Tom Meredith had stopped shouting long enough to answer: "It's my little cousin, overcome with emotion. She's been counting the hours till you came—been hearing about you for a good while. She hasn't been able to talk or think of anything else. She's only fifteen, and the crucial moment is too much for her. The great Harkness has arrived, and she has fled."

But the present hour grew on him as he leaned on the pasture bars. It had been a reminiscent day with him, but suddenly an memories sped, and the voice that was singing Schubert's "Serenade" across the way touched him with the urgent personal appeal that a present beauty had always held for him. It was a soprano and without tremolo, yet came to his ear with a certain tremulous sweetness. It was soft and slender, but the listener knew it could be lifted with fullness and power if the singer would. It spoke only of the song, yet the listener thought of the singer. Under the moon thoughts ran into dreams, and he dreamed that the owner of the voice, she who quoted "The Waitress and the Carpenter" on Fiske's notes, was one to laugh with you and weep with you, yet her laughter would be tempered with sorrow and her tears with laughter.

When the song was ended he struck the rail he leaned upon a sharp blow with his open hand. There swept over him a feeling that he had stood precisely where he stood now on such a night a thousand years ago; had heard that voice and that song and been moved by the voice and the song and the night just as he was moved now. He had long known himself for a sentimentalist. He had almost given up trying to cure himself. And he knew himself for a born lover. He had always been in love with some one. In his earlier youth his affections had been so constantly inconstant that he finally came to settle with his self respect by recognizing in himself a fine constancy that worshipped one woman always. It was only the shifting image of her that changed. Somewhere the dreamed, whimsically indulgent of the fancy, yet mocking himself for it there was a girl whom he had never seen who waited till he should come. She was every thing. Until he found her he could not help adoring others who possessed it.

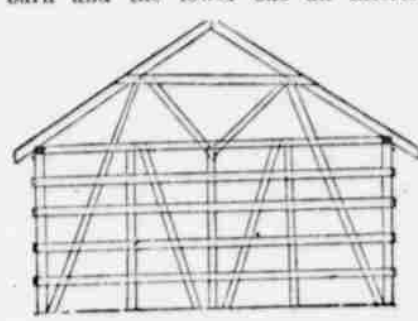
(To be continued.)

Of Interest to The Farmer.

THE PLANK FRAME BARN.

It Secures as Strong a Frame as the Old Style and Saves Material.

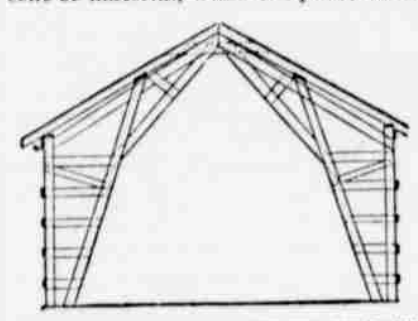
The plank frame barn is rapidly coming into favor, and those who have built such barns speak very highly of them. The cuts from Rural New Yorker show the construction, the upper one being the end bent of a plank frame barn and the lower one an interior



END BENT OF PLANK FRAME BARN.

bent. The interior bent is so arranged that no timbers or braces will interfere with the working of the hay carriers. Some of the plank frame barns already built appear to be models of cheapness and durability. An authority on farm matters gives the following description of the plank frame barn:

The plank frame has now been so modified and improved that it serves well for the largest farm building. All the frame timbers are sawed two inches thick and of variable widths as desired. Instead of uniting the timbers by means of mortise and tenon, they are fastened with wire spikes. The new method secures as strong a frame as the old and saves from 30 to 40 per cent of material, while the plank frame



INTERIOR BENT OF PLANK FRAME BARN. Is more easily and cheaply erected than is the large timbered frame. The two inch frame material can be so placed as to direction and position, and it will secure the maximum of strength with the minimum of lumber.

Flowers For London.

In Selby and Guernsey the industry of growing early flowers for the London market has reached large proportions. From the former island as many as fifty tons of early spring blossoms are shipped to the mainland in a single day. The flower season begins in January, when the early varieties are coming into bloom. Often, when the weather is cold and cloudy, the buds are tardy in opening, and it is necessary to resort to artificial aid in order that the waiting markets may be supplied. The flower heads are picked as soon as one bud penetrates the calyx and placed in jars of water, which are ranged upon the shelves of a greenhouse kept at a temperature of 60 to 70 degrees. In a few hours the backward buds respond to the genial warmth, spread their petals, assume their glowing colors and are ready for bunching and packing.

Future Affords a Safe Asylum For the Helpless Fishes.

It is doubtful whether protective military among animals is better exemplified than in the case of the fish commonly known as the marbled angler of the Sargasso sea (Pterophryne listri). Owing to its peculiar structure it is a poor swimmer, and it therefore spends most of its life moving slowly about on the bottom among corals, seaweeds, etc., which these fishes closely resemble in color and in outline. They cling, too, to the floating masses of sargassum weed with their peculiar fins, and the color markings of the fish closely resemble the weed itself. Not only does the weed thus furnish a home for this species, but the fish actually constructs a nest from it and therein deposits its eggs. One of these nests, found in connection with the Hatter expedition, was described as consisting of a round mass of sargassum about the size of two fists rolled up together. To all appearances it was made of nothing but this green weed, the branches and leaves of which were, however, evidently knitted together and not merely tangled into a roundish mass, for, though some of the leaves and branches hung loose from the nest, it became at once visible that the bulk of the ball was held together by threads trending in every direction among the seaweed. By close observation it became apparent that this mass of seaweed was a nest, the central part of which was bound up in the form of a ball, with several loose branches extending in various directions. On still closer examination the nest above described was found to be full of eggs, which were scattered throughout the mass.

Nature has thus afforded a safe asylum for these somewhat helpless fishes, whose cutaneous filaments, which are plentifully provided on the belly, around the mouth and on the dorsal spine, so nearly resemble the weed itself that prodigious fishes doubtless fail to recognize the living animals, and thus the latter escape extermination.—Scientific American

How One Clerk Fretted a Whole Year All For Nothing.

An ex-bank official said that during his career in the banking business he had known more than one employee of a bank to get into trouble on account of carelessness in handling money.

One collector, who was a light-hearted fellow, was going along the street in high water season slipping up a twenty dollar piece with his thumb and finger and catching it as it came down. Finally it slipped and fell through a grating on the sidewalk into about two feet of water. He made some efforts to recover it, but finally decided to wait till the water was gone, and then it was found that the coin was also gone. Another time the same fellow was coming up the street with \$10,000 in twenty dollar pieces

on his shoulder. In some way he lost his hold on the sack, and in striking the sidewalk it burst, and the coins rolled in all directions. A number of people rushed to his assistance, but he described a large circle around the sack and, waving his arms wildly, ordered everybody to "stand back." He recovered most of the coin, but decided to get out of the banking business.

Another time a Chinaman came into the bank and deposited \$200 and took a certificate of deposit. The clerk who made out the certificate was preoccupied and wrote \$2,000 on it and on the stub. When he made up his cash at night he was \$1,800 short. He knew where the mistake was and tried to hunt up the Chinaman; but, although he got a clew, he could never find him, and he remained \$1,800 short on the books. He had a notice of the date of the certificate, amount, etc., pasted in his desk and was always on the lookout to catch the certificate as it came in. Just a year from the day the deposit was made the Chinaman walked into the bank and presented the certificate to be cashed. When asked how much he wanted he said all—\$200. He had never noticed the mistake in the amount of the certificate, and he has never found it out, and the clerk suffered the worry of being short in his mind for a whole year all for nothing.—Portland Oregonian.

WISDOM OF NOVELISTS.

The great thing to learn of life is not to be afraid of it.—Jerome K. Jerome.

Audacity stands in the place of ancestors to those who are not well born.—Lucas Cleve.

All knowledge is gain, even the knowledge of evil. Like eating olives, it prepares you for the next course.—G. B. Burgh.

If a woman wasn't handicapped by her affection or need of it, the cleverest chap in Christendom would be just a bit of putty in her hands.—George Egerton.

There are only three men of whom it may safely be predicted that they will make their mark in the world—the man who cannot write, the Miller and the chimney sweep.—Frankfort Moore.

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story and writes another, and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with that he vowed to make it.—J. M. Barrie.

Bee Men Will Meet.

A meeting of the North American Bee Inspectors' association, a new organization of the state inspectors of the United States and also Canadian inspectors, has been called for May 1 in Buffalo.

The National Bee Keepers' convention is to be held in St. Louis about the beginning of October.

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