

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARRINGTON

Copyright, 1899, by Doubleday (D. McClure Co.
Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips (D. Co.

the pieces and suggestions of her—her brilliancy, her courage, her short upper lip, "like a curled rose leaf," or her dear voice or her pure profile. He had no recollection of any lady who had quite her eyes. He had never passed a lovely stranger on the street in the old days without a thrill of delight and warmth. If he never saw her again and the vision had only lasted for the time it takes a lady to cross the sidewalk from a shop door to a carriage he was always a little in love with her because she bore about her somewhere, as did every pretty girl he ever saw, a suggestion of the faraway divinity. One does not pass lovely strangers in the streets of Platteville. Miss Briscoe was pretty, but not at all in the way that Harkless dreamed. For five years the lover in him that had loved so often had been starved of all but dreams. Only at twilight and dusk in the summer, when strolling he caught sight of a woman's skirt far up the village street, half outlined in the darkness under the cathedral arch of meeting branches, this romantic of petticoats could catch a true lover's sight and, if he kept enough distance between, fly a yearning fancy that his lady wandered there.

Ever since his university days the image of her had been growing more and more distinct. He had completely settled his mind as to her appearance and her voice. She was tall, almost too tall, he was sure of that; and out of his consciousness there had grown a sweet and vivacious young face that he knew was hers. Her hair was light brown, with gold tints the reason that when your fancy is painting a picture you may as well go in for the whole thing and make it sumptuous, and her eyes were gray. They were very earnest, and yet they sparkled and laughed to him companionably, and sometimes he smiled back upon her. The Undine danced before him through the lonely years, on fair nights in his walks and came to sit by his fire on winter evenings when he stared alone at the embers.

And tonight, here in Platteville, he heard a voice he had waited for long, one that his fickle memory told him he had never heard before. But, listening, he knew better—he had heard it long ago, though when and how he did not know, as rich and true and ineffably tender as now. He threw a top to his common sense. "Miss Sherwood is a little thing" (the image was so surely tall, "with a bumpy forehead and spectacles," he said to himself, "or else a provincial young lady with big eyes to pose at you.") Then he felt the ridiculousness of looking after his common sense on a moonlight night in June; also, he knew that he lied.

The song had ceased, but the musician lingered, and the keys were touched to plaintive harmonies new to him. He had come to Platteville before "Cavalleria Rusticana" won the prize at Rome, and now, entranced, he heard the "Intermezzo" for the first time. Listening to this, he feared to move lest he should wake from a summer night's dream.

A rugged little shadow drifted down the path behind him, and from a solitary apple tree standing like a lonely ghost in the middle of the field came the "Woo" of a screech owl twice. It was answered—twice—from a clump of elder bushes that grew in a fence corner fifty yards west of the pasture bars. Then the barrel of a squirrel rifle issued, lifted out of the white elder blossoms, and lay along the fence. "The music in the house across the way ceased, and Harkless saw two white dresses come out through the long parlor windows on the veranda. 'It will be cooler out here,' came the voice of the singer clearly through the quiet. 'What a night!'

John vaulted the bars and started to cross the road. They saw him from the veranda, and Miss Briscoe called to him in welcome. As his tall figure stood out plainly in the bright light against the white dust a streak of fire leaped from the elder blossoms, and there rang out the sharp report of a rifle. There were two screams from the veranda. One white figure ran into the house. The other, a little one with a gauzy wrap streaming behind, came flying out into the moonlight straight to Harkless. There was a second report. The rifle shot was answered by a revolver. William Todd had risen up, apparently from nowhere, and, kneeling by the pasture bars, fired at the flash of the rifle.

"Jump for the shudder, Mr. Harkless!" he shouted. "He's in the elders. For God's sake, come back!" Empty handed as he was, the editor dashed for the treacherous elder bush as fast as his legs could carry him, but before he had taken six strides a hand clutched his sleeve and a girl's voice quavered from close behind him: "Don't run like that, Mr. Harkless! I can't keep up."

He wheeled about and confronted a vision, a dainty little figure about five feet high, a flushed and lovely face, hair and draperies disarranged and flying. He stamped his foot with rage. "Get back in the house!" he cried. "You mustn't go!" she panted. "It's the only way to stop you." "Go back to the house!" he shouted savagely. "Will you come?" "For God's sake," cried William Todd, "come back! Keep out of the road!" He was emptying his revolver at the clump of bushes, the uproar of his firing blasting the night. Some one screamed from the house: "Helen, Helen!"

John seized the girl's wrists. Her gray eyes flashed into his defiantly. "Will you go?" he roared. "No!" He dropped her wrists, caught her up in his arms as if she had been a kitten and leaped into the shadow of the trees that leaned over the road from the yard. The rifle rang out again,



The rifle rang out again.

brown hair and gray eyes and a short upper lip like a curled rose leaf. He set her down on the veranda steps. Both of them laughed wildly. "But you came with me," she gasped triumphantly. "I always thought you were tall," he answered, and there was afterward a time when he had to agree that this was a somewhat vague reply.

CHAPTER IV.

JUDGE BRISCOE smiled grimly and leaned on his shotgun in the moonlight by the veranda. He and William Todd had been kicking down the elder bushes and, returning to the house, found Minnie alone on the porch. "Safe?" he said to his daughter, who turned an anxious face upon him. "They'll be safe enough now, and in our garden."

"Maybe I oughtn't to have let them go." "Pooh! They're all right. That seal-away's half way to Six Crossroads by this time, isn't he, William?" "He tuck up the fence like a scared rabbit," Mr. Todd responded, looking into his hat to avoid meeting the eyes of the lady, "and I didn't have no call to follow. He knew how to run, I reckon. Time Mr. Harkless come out the yard again we see him take across the road to the wedge woods, near half a mile up. Somebody else with him then—looked like a kid. Must 'a' cut across the field to join him. They're far enough toward home by this."

"Did Miss Helen shake hands with you four or five times?" asked Briscoe, chuckling.

"No, Why?" said Minnie. "Because Harkless did. My hand aches, and I guess William's does too. He nearly shook our arms off when we told him he'd been a fool. Seemed to do him good. I told him he ought to hire somebody to take a shot at him every morning before breakfast—not that it's any joking matter," the old gentleman finished thoughtfully.

"I should say not," said William, with a deep frown and a jerk of his head toward the rear of the house. "He jokes about it enough. Wouldn't even promise to carry a gun after this. Said he wouldn't know how to use it—never shot one off since he was a boy, on the Fourth of July. This is the third time he's been shot at this year, but he says the others was at a what'd he call it?"

"A merely complimentary range," Briscoe supplied. He handed William a cigar and bit the end off another himself. "Minnie, you better go in the house and read, I expect, unless you want to go down to the creek and join those folks."

"Me!" she exclaimed. "I know when to stay away, I guess. Do go and put that terrible gun up." "No," said Briscoe lighting his cigar deliberately. "It's all safe; there's no question of that; but maybe William and I better go out and take a smoke in the orchard as long as they stay down at the creek."

In the garden shafts of white light pierced the bordering trees and fell where June roses breathed the mild night breeze, and here, through summer splendor, the editor of the Herald and the lady who had run to him at the pasture bars strode down a path trembling with shadows to where the creek tinkled over the pebbles. They walked slowly, with an air of being well accustomed friends and comrades, and for some reason it did not strike either of them as unnatural or extraordinary. They came to a bench on the bank, and he made a great fuss dusting the seat for her with his black slouch hat. Then he regretted the hat—it was a shabby old hat of a Carlow county fashion. It was a long bench, and he seated himself rather remotely toward the end opposite her, suddenly realizing that he had walked very close to her coming down the narrow garden path. Neither knew that neither had spoken since they left the veranda, and it had taken them a long time to come through the little orchard and the garden. She rested her chin on her hand, leaning forward and looking steadily at the creek. Her laughter had quite gone; her attitude seemed a little wistful and a little sad. He noted that her hair curled over her brow in a way he had not pictured in the lady of his dreams. This was so much prettier. He did not care for tall girls. He had not cared for them for almost half a hour. It was so much more beautiful to be dainty and small and pliant. (To be continued.)

Our Country Correspondence.

From our regular correspondents. Items of interest from all over Washington County.

Correspondents wanted in all parts of the County.

BEAVERTON HAPPENINGS.

F. W. Cady, Southern Pacific agent at this place, for the past eight years, has been succeeded by a Mr. Ellis, formerly of the Jefferson St. depot. Owing to the increasing business at this place the company has decided to install a telegraph of five, hence the change. Mr. Cady will continue in charge of the Wells Fargo express and postoffice.

The Tigardville and Beaverton base ball teams crossed bats at the Beaverton grounds Sunday afternoon. The game which was close and interesting from start to finish, was viewed by the fans of both sexes from the two towns. Beaverton won in the ninth inning by the score of 9 to 7. The two home teams will battle for the supremacy on Sunday, May 1st.

Mrs. H. G. Vincent is having a six-room cottage built on the Knapp place. John Livingood has the contract.

P. D. Morris has moved to his new butcher shop.

George Haase visited in Beaverton last week.

Louis Crone has gone to Yacault, Washington, to work in the logging camps.

The dance at this place, Saturday night, was a social and financial success. Jack's orchestra of Farmington furnished the music for the occasion.

Mrs. D. Mary Miller, of Masco, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pike.

Saturday night Beaverton hall was filled with happy dancers and many who came from Portland, Cedar Mills, Tigardville and other places proved, beyond a doubt, the success of the affair. Only for a few outside the hall who had indulged too freely in drink, everything went smoothly.

The big ball game which came off Sunday between Tigardville and Beaverton was a howling success for Beaverton, but the most of the howling could be heard from both sides judging from the noise. Beaverton 18, Tigardville 17.

Transient photographers who have been spending a day or two in town, are surely having success in their line of business. The school-house and pupils from the different grades and many other houses have been photographed.

The R. R. Co. have placed a man in their office here to look after the telegraph and ticket office. Still we have the smiling face of our former one at his place in the postoffice department.

Next Friday night Dr. Manion, Dpt. Supt. Med. Doctor United Artisans will speak to the members of the United Artisans at Beaverton. All members of the Order are cordially invited to attend.

Pacific University won the fourth intercollegiate debating contest from the University of Oregon, held in Villard Hall, Eugene, Tuesday evening. The decision of the judges was two in favor of the affirmative and one for the negative. The judges of the contest were Judge A. F. Sears, Jr., Professor J. R. Wilson, of Portland, and Hon. T. T. Geer, of Salem. The question discussed was: "Resolved, that the history of trades unionism in the United States for the past 20 years shows a general tendency detrimental to the best interests of the country." Pacific supported the affirmative. Shively, of Pacific, opened the debate in a pleasing manner, first defining what was meant by the term tendency and outlining the course of argument and point of view that the affirmative would uphold. A detrimental tendency to the employee, the public and the nonunion men was the outline given. The Oregon debaters were unable to meet the arguments hurled rapidly by the visiting men, who are eloquent speakers, and for this reason lost the debate. The decision was favorably received. H. M. McKinney, '06; H. L. Rafferty, '07, and E. D. Jasper, '06, spoke for Oregon. W. B. Shively, '06; M. L. Barnett, '06, and R. F. Peters, '05, spoke for Pacific. A reception was tendered the Pacific students.

That the Colorado exhibit will be transferred from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland is practically assured. The Legislature will be asked to appropriate \$5000 to provide for all expenses.

The Oregon Humane Society, of Portland, is directing the attention of its officers to the large number of song birds being shot by boys who do not seem to understand that there

is any reason why they should not shoot at their pleasure, any bird coming in range of their air guns. If there were more boys and girls who were members of the Band of Mercy, it would not be necessary for an officer to explain why the birds should be protected. The teaching of the Band of Mercy enlightens even the youngest child.

FROM FARMINGTON.

Regular Correspondent. For those who do not know or have forgotten where our town is situated, we will state that Farmington is six miles south of Hillsboro on the Tualatin river and in a beautiful valley of about sixteen square miles. The town proper is clustered about the west approach to the bridge, formerly known as the Harris bridge, which spans the river. We have some of as fine farms as can be found in the state, such as Robinson's, Bague's, Schulmerich's, Burkhalter's, Robert Bros., Blass's, Kamna's, Jack Bros., and others. With this introduction, your correspondent will, from week to week, try to give proceedings and events of the community which we hope will be pleasing to all and hurtful to none.

Dan Burkhalter is building a large barn this spring. This is an effect of the milk condensers.

Mrs. Roy Heater, Newberg, is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Robinson, this week.

Miss Maude Brown, of Hillsboro, visited her sister, Mrs. Geo. Jack, on Tuesday.

Mr. L. Ingram and sons have gone to Gresham to do a job of slashing one hundred acres of land.

Another man in our neighborhood who has had his coat off, is Benj. Jack. He recently came from Portland to do some grubbing on his ranch here; his grubbing hoe complains about him straining its back, but he has no mercy on it.

Governor Chamberlain last Tuesday officially visited the Soldiers' Home, at Roseburg, and directed that new barracks be furnished at once providing quarters for 46 veterans on the waiting list. The barracks will be opened soon after June.

This had not been done for the reason that no provision was made by the last Legislature for the maintenance of any additional members in the home. There are now between 30 and 40 applicants on the waiting list, several of whom are in a very needy condition and a few are being cared for in county hospitals.



"OREGON."

on the usual circuit, is in prime condition and has a thorough keeper that is out posting and furnishing his special instruction cards which gives all dates.

Sunday, Half mile south of Dille. Monday, Verbort Settlement. Tuesday, Greenville, C. F. Brown. Wednesday, Glencoe, Mays' Bros. Thursday, on call. Friday, Hillsboro, Feed Stable. Saturday, Forest Grove, Cornelius stable.

The above dates are subject to minor changes by postal notice. Mr. C. W. Brown has volumes of works by recognized authors and will present his customers with a special work on care of fowls and husbandry at proper payment of fees due. List your stock early and get your card. We challenge the coast for the prize. Write us a card to any of the postoffices named and remember 'phones are up.

C. W. BROWN.

ASK THE AGENT FOR TICKETS VIA



To Spokane, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Chicago, St. Louis, and All Points East and South.

2 OVERLAND TRAINS DAILY. The Flyer and the Fast Mail

SPLENDID SERVICE. UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT. COURTEOUS EMPLOYEES.

DAYLIGHT TRIP ACROSS THE CASCADE AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

For Tickets, Rates, Folders and Full Particulars, call on or address H. DICKSON, City Ticket Agent, 122 Third St. Portland.

S. G. VERKES, G. W. P. A., 612 First Ave., Seattle, Wash.

racks will be opened soon after June. This had not been done for the reason that no provision was made by the last Legislature for the maintenance of any additional members in the home. There are now between 30 and 40 applicants on the waiting list, several of whom are in a very needy condition and a few are being cared for in county hospitals.

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 Ry., 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.

R. E. RITCHIE, Gen'l Agt., Pac. Coast. A. G. BARKER, Gen'l Agt., Chicago & N.W. Ry. 407 Market Street, Portland, Ore. 105 Third Street, Chicago & North-Western Ry.

Hillsboro Dray Line ...

E. C. MOORE, Prop.

Light and Heavy Drayage

Pianos and Household Goods Moving our Specialty.

Always prompt and reliable. Give us a trial.

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

California.

Where Nature is always in a pleasant mood, providing Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers at all seasons of the year.

\$55.00

Portland to Los Angeles and Return.

Fine Vestibule Trains, Magnificent Mountain Scenery on the Great Shasta Route of the

Southern Pacific Co.

Pamphlets descriptive of California resorts will be sent free on application to W. E. COMAN, General Pass. Agt. PORTLAND, OREGON.

30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Any one sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Confidentiality strictly maintained. Handbooks on Patents sent free. This office of agency for securing patents, Patents taken through Kears & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 227 1/2 St., Washington, D. C.

Call at Donelson's

When in town and look over his goods before buying anything in the line of Iron Beds, Sofas, Rockers, Lace Curtains, Portiers, etc. We carry a complete line of fine furniture that cannot be beat as to price and quality.

I.O.O.F. Bld., Cor. 3rd & Main, Hillsboro.

O. M. POPE, The Photographer

Come gallant youth, with lady fair that leans upon your arm; Come right along to O. M. Pope, and let him paint her charms. Come one! Come all! Where you can get pictures of the best, To leave your friends to look upon when you are laid at rest.

Best Work Reasonable Prices

Hillsboro, Oregon.

Who Fills Your Prescription?

If we fill your prescription or recipe 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 already aware of this and a trial will convince you.

Bailey's Pharmacy.

BICYCLE HOSPITAL

Agent for the Rambler, Hartford and Racycle Bicycles.

Special attention given to Guns, Ammunition, and other Sporting Goods. Second hand wheels for sale cheap. Wheels for rent. A neat repair shop in connection.

F. R. DAILEY, PROP. MAIN ST. HILLSBORO.

Tourist Cars Going East.

Many experienced travelers prefer tourist sleeping cars for the transcontinental journey. The

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

can arrange for your trip east in tourist cars, offer you choice of routes and save you money.

H. S. ROWE, General Agt. 134 Third St., Portland

THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD

The Most Delightful Way to Cross the Continent. Through Salt Lake City, Glenwood Springs, Leadville, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver.

A Daylight Ride Through Nature's Art Gallery. Passing Castle Gate, Canon of the Grand, Tennessee Pass, Marshall Pass and the Royal Gorge.

3 Trains Daily Between Ogden and Denver

EQUIPMENT and SERVICE SECOND TO NONE

SEEK NO FURTHER, BETTER CAN'T BE FOUND

For detailed information, address W. C. McBRIDE, General Agent. 124 Third Street Portland, Oregon