

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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He had no notion that he was signing in a way that would have put a fine race to shame, but he turned his eyes from her because he feared that if he looked longer he might blurt out some speech about her loveliness.



She picked a long spear of grass from the turf before her, twisted it absently in her fingers, then turned to him slowly. Her lips parted as if to speak. Then she turned away again. The action was so odd, somehow, as she did it, so adorable, and the pre-arranged silence was such a bond between them, that for his life he could not have helped moving half way up the bench toward her.

"What is it?" he asked, and he spoke in a whisper such as he might have used at the bedside of a dying friend. He would not have laughed if he had known he did so. She twisted the spear of grass into a little ball and threw it at a stone in the water before she answered:

"Do you know, Mr. Harkness, you and I have not met, have we? Didn't we forget to be presented to each other?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sherwood. In the perturbation of comedy I forgot."

"It was melodrama, wasn't it?" she said. He laughed, but she shook her head.

"Furthest comedy," he said simply, "except your idea of it. You shouldn't have done it. This evening was not arranged in honor of 'reveling ladies.' But you mustn't think me a comedian. Truly, I didn't plan it. My friend from Six Crossroads must be given the credit of devising the scene, though you devised it."

"It was a little too picturesque, I think. I know about Six Crossroads. Please tell me what you mean to do."

"Nothing. What should I?"

"You mean that you will keep on letting them shoot at you until they—until you— She struck the bench angrily with her hand.

"There's no summer theater in Six Crossroads. There's not even a church. Why shouldn't they?" he asked gravely. "During the long and tedious evenings it cheers the poor Crossroaders' soul to drop over here and take a shot at me. It whistles away dull care for him, and he has the additional exercise of running all the way home."

"Ah!" she cried indignantly. "They told me you always answered like this." "Well, you see, the Crossroads affects me. As a patriot I have sometimes felt extreme indignation that such bad marksmanship should exist in the country, but I console myself with the thought that their best shots are, unhappily, in the penitentiary."

"There are many left. Can't you understand that they will organize again and come in a body, as they did before you broke them up? And then, if they come on a night when they know you are wandering out of town?"

"You have not had the advantage of an intimate study of the most exclusive people of the Crossroads. Miss Sherwood. There are about thirty gentlemen who remain in that neighborhood while their relatives sojourn under discipline. If you had the chance over there, you would understand that these thirty could not gather themselves into a company and march the seven miles without physical debate in the ranks. They are not precisely amiable people even among themselves. They would quarrel and shoot one another to pieces long before they got here."

"But they worked in a company once."

"Never for seven miles. Four miles was their radius. Five would see them all dead."

She struck the bench again. "Oh, you laugh at me! You make a joke of your own life and death and laugh at everything. Have five years of Plattville taught you to do that?"

"I laugh only at taking the poor Crossroaders too seriously. I don't laugh at your running into fire to help a fellow mortal."

"I know there wasn't any risk. I know he had to stop to load before he shot again."

gray eyes upon him with troubled sunlight, and under the sweetness of her regard he set a watch upon his lips, though he knew it would not avail him long. He had traveled along respectably so far, he thought, but he had the sentimental longings of years, starved of expression, culminating in his heart. She continued to look at him wistfully, searchingly, gently. Then her eyes traveled over his big frame, from his shoes (a patch of moonlight fell on them; they were dusty; he drew them under the bench with a shudder) to his broad shoulders the shock the stoop out of them. She stretched her small white hands toward him and looked at them in contrast and broke into the most delicious low laughter in the world. At this he knew the watch on his lips was worthless. It was a question of minutes till he should present himself to her eyes as a sentimental and susceptible imbecile. He knew it. He was in wild spirits.

"Could you realize that one of your dangers might be a shaking?" she cried. "Is your seriousness a lost art?" Her laughter ceased suddenly. "Ah, no! I understand Thiers said the French laugh always in order not to weep. I haven't lived here five years. I should laugh, too, if I were you."

"Look at the moon," he responded. "We Plattvillians own that with the best of metropolitanity, and for my part, I see more of it here. You do not appreciate us. We have large landscapes in the heart of the city, and what other capital has advantages like that? Next winter the railway station is to have a new stove for the waiting room. Heaven itself is one of our suburbs—it is so close that all one has to do is to die. You insist upon my being French, you see, and I know you are fond of nonsense. How did you happen to put 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' at the bottom of a page of Flaubert's notes?"

"Was it? How were you sure it was?"

"In Carlow county?"

"He might have written it himself."

"Flaubert has never in his life read anything lighter than *Madame Bovary*."

"Miss Briscoe?"

"She doesn't read Lewis Carroll, and it was not her hand. What made you write it on Flaubert's manuscript?"

"I was here this afternoon. I tossed him a little about your heading in the Herald—Business and the Crucible, the Altar and the Grave, isn't it?—and he said it had always troubled him, and your predecessor had used it, and you thought it good. So do I. He asked me if I could think of anything that you might like better and put in place of it and I wrote 'The Time Has Come,' because it was the only thing I could think of that was as appropriate and as fetching as your headlines. He was perfectly dear about it. He was so serious. He said he feared it wouldn't be acceptable. I didn't notice that the paper he handed me to write on was part of his notes; nor did he, I think. Afterward he put it back in his pocket. It wasn't a message."

"I'm not so sure he did not notice. He is very wise. Do you know, I have the impression that the old fellow wanted me to meet you."

"How dear and good of him!" She spoke earnestly, and her face was suffused with a warm light. There was no doubt about her meaning what she said.

"It was," John answered unsteadily. "He knew how great was my need of a few minutes' companionship with—"

"No," she interrupted. "I meant dear and good to me. I think he was thinking of me. It was for my sake he wanted me to meet."

"It might have been hard to convince a woman if she had overheard this speech that Miss Sherwood's humility was not the calculated affectation of a coquette. Sometimes a man's mission is to be a man's mission. In addition, he was not a fawning man; he did not extend the implication of her words nearly so far as she would have had him."

"But I had met you," said he, "long ago."

"What?" she cried, and her eyes danced. "You actually remember?"

"Yes. Do you?" he answered. "I stood in Jones' field and heard you singing, and I remembered. It was a long time since I had heard you sing."

"I was a runner of flowers. And I fought for a North's hire. You were the cause of my claims. And now to my heart's desire."

"But that is the balladist's notion. The truth is that you were a lady at the court of Chorus, and I was a leathern captive. I heard you sing a Christmas hymn and asked for baptism."

She did not seem overpowered with his fancy, for the surprise faded from her face. "Oh, that was the way you remembered," she said.

"Perhaps it was not that way alone. You won't despise me for being marvellous tonight?" he asked. "I haven't had the chance for so long."

A PLEASANT EVENT.

Prepared by the Hazelwood Cream Company.

The 1904 ice cream season will be formally opened Saturday, May 7, at G. J. Palmateer's "the confectionery," the Hillsboro agency for Hazelwood ice cream. A special brick of ice cream will be made for the occasion, in the Hazelwood Cream Co.'s plant in Portland and forwarded here by express in time for the opening.

Special arrangements have been made by the Hazelwood company to take care of the ice cream trade in Hillsboro during the season. It is hoped that the demand for this fine confection will warrant the shipment here of a limited supply of the Hazelwood ice cream bricks, special patterns for the different weeks of the season.

The company's facilities for producing high grade ice cream have been greatly enlarged during the last few months, as you have probably noticed in the daily press, and every preparation has been made for a large trade during the season. The company believes that Hillsboro is a sufficiently important town to warrant making a special effort to please the high class trade.

FAMOUS HAZELWOOD ICE CREAM. Hazelwood ice cream is made from pure, thick cream—cream so much richer than that used by most of the noted ice cream makers that competent authorities have pronounced the Hazelwood make the richest and finest produced in the United States. There is no artificial thickening used in Hazelwood ice cream. It is just pure, rich, heavy cream and flavoring.

Let a little Hazelwood ice cream melt in a dish and keep it till next day. Then taste it. You will find that it tastes like fresh cream. This is a test of purity in cream. Compare an inferior brand of ice cream with Hazelwood in this way and you will see a great difference.

Only pure fruit and nut flavors are used in coloring and flavoring Hazelwood ice cream. The exquisite, dainty effects, achieved by the Hazelwood experts in making this ice cream, appeal to the eye as well as to the palate, and all are attained without the aid of any chemical coloring matters. Whoever eats Hazelwood ice cream can be supremely sure of purity and quality.

THAT VELVETY TASTE.

The velvety taste, which so distinguishes Hazelwood ice cream from inferior creams, comes from the beating to which the rich cream is subjected in the freezing process.

So that some of the exclusive and original creations in ice creams may be served in Hillsboro at popular prices, the company plans to make a special kind of brick each week during the season, something distinctive and delicious. These special bricks can be ordered at "the Confectionery" any time during the week, up to Friday night, for delivery two or three days later.

COME, EVERYBODY.

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The Hazelwood Company's effort to cater to a high class of custom will doubtless be appreciated by liberal patronage.

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Hazelwood Ice Cream

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-AT-

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Our Country Correspondence.

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

Correspondents wanted in all parts of the County.

FROM CENTERVILLE.

Regular Correspondent.

Mrs. Ada Johnson is visiting with her folks here this week.

Misses Rose Reverman and Etta Vandehy who attend St. Mary's Academy at Beaverton, spent Sunday last at their respective homes.

The Centerville school children will have their commencement exercises next Saturday. Parents and friends are invited.

Mr. W. Bennett, of Baker City, visited with Mr. and Mrs. P. Bird, Sunday.

The Centerville boys have started a base ball club and practiced last Sunday on the Newell place east of town.

Rev. F. J. Springer, formerly of this place, but now of Corvallis, visited his many friends here Tuesday.

TIGARDVILLE JOTTINGS.

Regular Correspondent.

The ball game which was played at this place last Sunday by the Tigardville Tigers and the West Portland hard hitters was won by the Tigardville Team by a score of 18 to 10 in the tenth inning. The game went off very nicely. Tigardville will give Tualatin a match game next Sunday if the weather is favorable. The line up was as follows:

THORNTON TIGARDS. The Butler.....Catcher
The Johnson.....Pitcher
L. Crawford.....First Base
Jay Leedy.....Second Base
Al Holman.....Third Base
Parker DeLongbaugh.....Short Stop
Pete Hoffman.....Right Field
W. W. Tiedel.....Center Field
Harry Robinson.....Left Field

WEST PORTLAND. D. W. Mass.....Catcher
W. Robinson.....Pitcher
Rich.....First Base
E. Paup.....Second Base
A. S. Robins.....Third Base
M. Bingham.....Right Field
W. Bingham.....Left Field
W. Mass.....Short Stop
C. Robins.....Center Field

The road grader is doing good work in this vicinity.

Mr. Johnnie Brandt had a run

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(County Correspondence on 2nd Page.)

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