The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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"It was your song I wanted to be sentimental about. I am like one 'who through long days of toil'—only that doesn't quite apply—'and nights devoid of ease,' but I can't claim that one doesn't sleep well here; it is Plattville's specialty—like one who

"Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies."

"Yes," she answered, "to come here and to do what you have done and to live this isolated village life that must be so desperately dry and dull for a man of your sort, and yet to have the kind of heart that makes wonderful melodies sing in itself—oh," she cried, "I say that is fine!"

"You do not understand," he returned sadly, wishing before her to be unmercifully just to himself. "I came here because I couldn't make a living anywhere else. And the 'wonderful melodies'—I have only known you one evening—and the melodies"— He rose to his feet and took a few steps toward the garden. "Come," he said, "let me take you back. Let us go before I"— He finished with a helpless laugh.

She stood by the bench, one hand resting on it. She stood all in the tremulant shadow. She moved one step toward him, and a single long sliver of light pierced the sycamores and fell upon her head. He gasped.

"What was it about the melodies?" she said.

"Nothing. I don't know how to thank you for this evening that you have given me. I—I suppose you are leaving tomorrow. No one ever stays here. I"—

"What about the melodies?"

He gave it up. "The moon makes people insane!" he cried.

"If that is true, then you need not be more afraid than I, because 'people' is plural. What were you saying about"—

"I had heard them—in my heart. When I heard your voice tonight I knew that it was you who sang them there, had been singing them for me always."

"So!" she cried gayly. "All that debate about a pretty speech!" Then, sinking before him in a courtesy, "I am beholden to you," she said. "Do you think no man ever made a little flattery for me before tonight?"

At the edge of the orchard, where they could keep an unseen watch on the garden and the bank of the creek, Judge Briscoe and Mr. Todd were ensconced under an apple tree, the former still armed with his shotgun. When the young people got up from their bench, the two men rose hastily, then sauntered slowly toward them. When they met, Harkless shook each of them cordially by the hand without seeming to know it.

"We were coming to look for you," explained the judge. "William was afraid to go home alone—thought some one might take him for Mr. Harkless and shoot him before he got into town. Can you come out with Willetts in the morning, Harkless," he went on, "and go with the young ladies to see the parade? And Minnie wants you to stay to dinner and go to the show with them in the afternoon."

Harkless seized his hand and shook it and then laughed heartily as he accepted the invitation.

At the gate Miss Sherwood extended her hand to him and said politely, while mockery shone from her eyes: "Good night, Mr. Harkless. I do not leave tomorrow. I am very glad to have met you."

"We are going to keep her all summer, if we can," said Minnie, weaving her arm about her friend's waist. "You'll come in the morning?"

"Good night, Miss Sherwood," he returned hilariously. "It has been such a pleasure to meet you. Thank you so much for saving my life. It was very good of you, indeed. Yes; in the morning. Good night, good night." He shook hands with all of them, including Mr. Todd, who was going with him. He laughed all the way home, and William walked at his side in amazement.

The Herald building was a decrepit frame structure on Main street. It had once been a small warehouse and was now sadly in need of paint. Closely adjoining it, in a large, blank looking yard, stood a low brick cottage, over which the second story of the old warehouse leaned in an effect of tipsy affection that had reminded Harkless, when he first saw it, of an old Sunday school book woodcut of an inebriated parent under convoy of a devoted child. The title to these two buildings and the blank yard had been included in the purchase of the Herald, and the cottage was the editor's home.

There was a light burning upstairs in the Herald office. From the street a broad, tumbledown stairway ran up on the outside of the building to the second floor, and at the stairway railing John turned and shook his companion warmly by the hand.

"Good night, William," he said. "It was plucky of you to join in that muss tonight. I shan't forget it."

"I jest happened to come along," replied the other awkwardly. Then, with a portentous yawn, he asked, "Ain't ye goin' to bed?"

"No; Parker wouldn't allow it."

"Well," observed William, with another yawn, which threatened to expose the veritable soul of him, "I d'know how ye stand it. It's closte on 11 o'clock. Good night."

John went up the steps, singing aloud—

"For tonight we'll merry, merry be,
For tonight we'll merry, merry be."

CHAPTER V.

THE bright sun of circus day shone into Harkless' window, and he awoke to find himself smiling. For a little while he lay content, drowsily wondering why he smiled, only knowing that there was something new. It was thus as a boy he had wakened on birthday mornings or on Christmas or on the Fourth of July, drifting happily out of pleasant dreams into the consciousness of long awaited delights that had come true, yet lying only half awake in a cheerful borderland, leaving happiness undefined.

The morning breeze was fluttering at his window blind, a honeysuckle vine tapped lightly on the pane. Birds were trilling, warbling, whistling, and from the street came the rumbling of wagons, merry cries of greeting and the barking of dogs. What was it made him feel so young and strong and light hearted? The breeze brought him the smell of June roses, fresh and sweet with dew, and then he knew why he had come smiling from his dreams. He leaped out of bed and shouted loudly: "Zen! Hello, Xenophon!"

In answer an ancient, very black darky, his warped and wrinkled visage showing under his grizzled hair like charred paper in a fall of pine ashes, put his head in at the door and said: "Good mawn', suh. Yessuh. Hit's done pump' full. Good mawn', suh."

A few moments later the colored man, seated on the front steps of the cottage, heard a mighty splashing within while the rafters rang with stentorian song:

"He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon,
He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon,
He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon,
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnnie's so long at the fair!"

The listener's jaw dropped, and his mouth opened and stayed open. "Him!" he muttered faintly. "Singin'!"

"Well the old triangle knew the music of our tread;
How the peaceful Seminole would tremble in his bed!"

sang the editor.

"I dunno huccome it," exclaimed the old man, "but, bless Gawd, de young man happy!" A thought struck him suddenly, and he scratched his head. "Maybe he gone' away," he said querulously. "What become of ole Zen?" The splashing ceased, but not the voice, which struck into a noble marching chorus.

"Oh, my Lawd," said the colored man, "I pray you listen at dat!"

"Soldiers marching up the street.
They keep the time;
They look sublime!
Hear them play 'Die Wacht am Rhein.'
They call it Schneider's band.
Tra la la, la la."

The length of Main street and all sides of the square resounded with the rattle of vehicles of every kind. Since earliest dawn they had been pouring into the village, a long procession, on every country road. The air was full of exhilaration; everybody was laughing and shouting and calling greetings, for Carlow county was turning out, and from far and near the country people came—nay, from over the county line; and clouds of dust arose from every thoroughfare and highway and swept into town to herald their coming.

Dibb Zane, the "sprinkling contractor," had been at work with the town

water cart since the morning stars were bright, but he might as well have watered the streets with his tears, which, indeed, when the farmers began to come in, bringing their cyclones of dust, he drew nigh unto after a burst of profanity as futile as his cart.

"Tief wie das Meer soll deine Liebe sein,' hummed the editor in the cottage. His song had taken on a reflective tone, as that of one who cons a problem or musically ponders which card to play. He was kneeling before an old trunk in his bedchamber. From one compartment he took a neatly folded pair of duck trousers and a light gray tweed coat, from another a straw hat with a ribbon of bright colors. He examined these musingly. They had lain in the trunk for a long time undisturbed. He shook the coat and brushed it. Then he laid the garments upon his bed and proceeded to shave himself carefully, after which he donned the white trousers, the gray coat and, rummaging in the trunk again, found a gay pink cravat, which he fastened about his tall collar (also a resurrection from the trunk) with a pearl pin. He took a long time to arrange his hair with a pair of brushes. When at last it suited him and his dressing was complete, he sallied forth to breakfast.

Xenophon stared after him as he went out of the gate whistling heartily. The old darky lifted his hands, palms outward.

"Lan' name, who dat?" he exclaimed aloud. "Who dat in dem pantjungeries? He gone jine de circus!" His hands fell upon his knees, and he got to his feet rheumatically, shaking his head with foreboding. "Honey, honey, hit bald luck, bald luck sing 'fo' breakfus'."

(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.

From Farmington.

Mrs. Mack has moved into her new house which she had built just north of the Methodist church.

Alec Simmons who has been troubled with inflammatory rheumatism for some time is able to be up again.

Our base ball nine is not a howling success yet, but when we find field room perhaps you will hear from us.

Mrs. Raftree and daughter, from Chicago, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Keith. Mrs. Raftree is Mr. Keith's sister.

Nearly all the farmers will finish sowing their grain this week. Next week we will sew on buttons and prepare for the political campaign generally.

An enjoyable social time was had Thursday evening when friends of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Jack surprised them by coming together at their home to spend the evening, the event being the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding. A special feature of the evening was the sumptuous repast served after amusements. Those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Jack, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Krebbs, Mr. and Mrs. Nicodemus, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jack, Mrs. A. M. Brown, Misses Phoebe Jack, Naomi Nicodemus and Mr. Benj. Jack.

Beaverton Happenings.

Miss Lilly Wilson, who spent a few days in Portland visiting relatives, has returned.

Mr. Hickenbottom, of Hillsboro, has opened a barber shop in this town and is doing a good business.

Mr. W. J. Alexander, who spent the winter in Beaverton, was married Monday in Portland where they will reside.

Mrs. O. S. Allen, who for many years has lived in Beaverton, has now moved to Portland where her son Floyd has a position.

Mrs. Rim who died Monday after an illness of one week, was buried at Crescent Grove today. Rev. Clemo preached the sermon.

Mr. Nelson, proprietor of the Nelson mill north of Glencoe, will establish a lumber yard here and as soon as he can find a favorable location, will be ready for business.

The Beaverton school will have a grand picnic the last day and commencement exercises later on will be held in the Beaverton hall. An excellent program is being prepared.

A young man working at Metzger's saw mill near Garden Home, had the misfortune to lose the end of his first finger on his right hand, by one of the saws one day last week.

Base Ball At Tigardville.

FIRST GAME.

Tigardville met with the same defeat in the morning game of base ball as the Portland Browns. The Tigers were defeated by Tualatin on the home grounds by a score of 15 to 3. Catcher Day of the visiting team met with a bad accident in the sixth inning by having his two fingers badly torn. Pitcher Johnson of the home team was hit in the arm in the third inning by the visitor, causing him to withdraw from the game. The score by innings were as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Tualatin	3	3	1	0	4	0	2	2	0	—15
Tigardville	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	— 3

The lineup was as follows:

TIGERS		SWEET BRIARS
Butler	C	Day
Johnson Collins	P	Todd
Crawford	1	Day
Leedy	2	Todd
Denffenbacher	3	Day
Miltenberger	SS	Smith
Hahnen	R	McConell
Tigard	C	Day
Robinson	L	Roberts

SECOND GAME.

Witnessed by a large crowd the Tigardville Tigers defeated the West Portland Cripples last Sunday by a score of 21 to 17 on the home grounds. The Tigers played a better game in the afternoon than in the morning. The score by innings was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Cripples	1	0	0	0	0	7	1	6	2	—17
Tigers	0	0	4	7	2	3	1	4	4	—21

The lineup was as follows:

TIGERS		CRIPPLES
Butler	C	Mays
Southerland	P	Robins
Tigard	1	Hankey
Leedy	2	Bingham
Robinson	3	Robins
Crawford	SS	Hankey
Hahnen	R	Hankey
Butler	L C S	Paup
Scherman	L	Woltdrige

The press speak very highly of "The 4 Georges" Company. Following are a few of the notices—just enough to demonstrate that the company is all right:

The 4 Georges are a success, they are good comedians and their specialties are way above the average. Marion George is an artist of rare ability, her techique is perfect. And "Katherine" gave the best performance of its kind ever seen here.—St. Louis Republican.

Judging from the applause that greeted The 4 Georges last night, they met with the approval of the audience. They are good.—Salt Lake Tribune.

"The 4 Georges" won't make everybody laugh, such a thing wouldn't be possible, they will, however, make all except the born pessimist happy and that is going some.—Salt Lake Herald.

The specialties would carry "The 4 Georges" were they not otherwise meritorious. There are enough of comical situations to keep the audience amused. It was an enthusiastic crowd that witnessed the performance.—Salt Lake Telegram.

There is only one aim announced by "The 4 Georges," that of making the audience laugh, and they certainly succeeded last night.—Salt Lake News.

"The 4 Georges" Co. completed its engagement at the Grand last night. It made a great hit.—Salt Lake Telegram.

Reserved seats now on sale at H. Wehrungs', 50, 35 and 25 cents.

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.

Greer has the best 25 cent roasted coffee in town.

COMMISSIONER'S PROCEEDINGS.

The County Board met in the Court House, in the City of Hillsboro, Tuesday, May 3, 1904, at 10 o'clock, Judge L. A. Rood and Commissioners E. J. Ward and Wm. Butner, present.

In the matter of the petition for a county road, presented by Jacob Storm et al. Report of viewers read first time.

In the matter of petition for a county road, presented by John R. Ennes et al. Report of viewers read for first time.

In the matter of the appropriation for a county road, David Wenger et al. It appearing that volunteer labor has been subscribed to the amount of $6000 for the purpose of cutting down the Bishop hill, on a county road, it is ordered that $2500 be made from the county road fund when the volunteer labor to the amount of $25 has been done.

In the petition of G. E. Westinghome for a refund of poll tax. Petition being over 50 years old, an order was issued to refund said tax to the amount of $1

County clerk's report for amount of fees for April, $134.75, received and approved.

Report of Recorder's conveyances, $260.50, received and approved.

List of witnesses 9 district attorney and jurors circuit court, received and ordered that warrants be drawn as per list.

Petition of Ladd & Reed Farm Co., to vacate lots and blocks addition to town of Reedville, ordered that the petition be granted as stated in petition.

Petition of J. Wilks to redeem block in Hillsboro, sold for delinquent taxes. Ordered that petition be granted and clerk to issue redemption certificate upon the payment of amount required.

Petition of T. H. Smith to redeem land sold for delinquent taxes. Ordered that clerk issue redemption certificate upon the payment of taxes, costs and interest

State of Oregon vs. Alfred Cummings, transcript. Approved. Allowed as per transcript.

Petition of H. H. Clark to cancel certificate of sale of delinquent taxes. It appearing that H. H. Clark paid taxes on lots in West Portland, place not owned by him and that lots owned by him was sold to Washington county for delinquent taxes, it is ordered that certificate of such sale be canceled.

In the matter of repairs on Centerville bridge. It is ordered that such repairs be made.

Petition of Jennie Moore to refund school tax wrongfully paid. It is ordered that clerk draw warrant for Jennie Moore for $6.13 from county fund.

Petition of Mrs. G. Merruti to redeem land sold for delinquent taxes. Ordered that upon the payment of the amount required by law the clerk issue redemption certificate.

Petition of Lauretta A. Tolson, to redeem lot in Gaston sold for delinquent taxes. Ordered that upon the payment of the amount required by law the clerk issue redemption certificate.

In the matter of the request of John Olliver, transcript. It is ordered that the fees be allowed as marked on transcript.

In the matter of the request of Joseph Maroch. Transcript examined and approved.

In the matter of the petition of W. A. Goodwin for suit claim, deed for lots sold for delinquent taxes. Ordered that the tax sale be canceled.

Petition of John Neirchel to refund poll tax. Ordered that as petitioner is over 50 years old, said tax be refunded.

Petition of J. B. McNew to refund taxes erroneously paid. Ordered that clerk draw warrant in his favor for $318 from county fund.

Petition of Geo. A. Morgan. It is ordered that upon the execution and delivery of warranty deed for Rock Quary the clerk draw warrant in favor of C. U. Johnson for $7500.

Petition of Beaverdam precinct for change of voting place. Ordered that the voting place for said precinct be changed from the school house to Woodmen of the World hall. Ordered that court adjourn. L. A. Rood, Judge.

The following bills were audited and allowed:

Geo H Wilcox, assessing	$ 78 30
L C Walker, assessing	25 00
City Light and Water plant, 2 bills assessing	37 00
D W Bath, pub proc and stationery	21 75
J J Krebs, roads and highways	10 10
A A Morrill " " "	36 80
R K Denney " " "	2 70
Schulmerich Bros, roads and highways	15 45
J Millar, roads and highways	32 50
C H Jeremiah, prisoners	37 05
Beal & Co, 3 bills, roads and highways	28 00
J Millar, roads and highways	19 25
A M Collins, salary, janitor	35 00
Redmond & Sappington, R and H Ex school supt	19 00
Wehrung & Son, relief $7, 21 house $3 27	10 25
A J Roy, relief for poor	101 70
E J Kuratli, recorder's sal and stat	84 75
Willis Irland, sal dep rec	41 65
H A Ball, sal and ex	65 20
Joseph Bazines, relief	1 50
Erwin Ritter, assessing, 21 days	52 50
H B Tigard " 18 "	45 00
J N Vanderwal " 24 1-2 "	61 25
M D Cady " 18 "	45 00
J K Gill & Co, stationery	1 50
J W Sewell, sal, dep and stat	204 05
W M Jackson, sal and stat	56 60
Geo A Morgan, sal, dep and sta	206 40
J A Imbrie, registration for April	50 00
C E Pickett, roads and highways	46 00
The Argus, Co pored R & B and stat	12 00
Fred Lursman, relief	6 00
S B Huston, special atty Wash co, — v Ford, two cases	150 00
Cal Jackson Jr, collecting taxes	35 00
W J Wall, collecting taxes	50 00
Good Roads Machinery Co, roads and highways	$ 5 00
A C Shute, collecting taxes	22 50
Robert P Wirtz, collecting taxes	32 00
Calahan & Sons, relief	6 00
L A Rood, sal $58 33, relief $1 65, R & H $3 25	63 23
W J Butner, com sal and milage	21 00
E J Ward " " " "	25 60

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A Sure Thing.

It is said that nothing is sure except death and taxes, but that is not altogether true. Dr King's New Discovery for Consuption is a sure cure for all lung throat troubles. Thousands can testify to that. Mrs. C. B VanMetre of Shepardtown, W. Va., says "I had a severe case of Bronchitis and for a year tried everything I heard of, but got no relief. One bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery then cured me absolutely." It's infallible for croup, whooping cough, grip, pneumonia and consumption Try it. It's guaranteed by all druggists. Trial bottles free. Reg. sizes 50c, $1 00.

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Quick Arrest

J A. Gulledge of Verbena, Ala., was twice in the hospital from a severe case of piles causing 24 tumors. After doctors and all remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly arrested further inflammation and cured him. It conquers aches and kills pain. 25c. at all druggists

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.

A Starting Test

To save a life, Dr. T. G. Merritt, of No. 7, Mehoopany, Pa., made a startling test resulting in a wonderful cure. He writes, "a patient was attacked with violent hemorrhages, caused by ulceration of the stomach I had often found Electric Bitters excellent for acute stomach and liver troubles so I prescribed them. The patient gained from the first, and has not had an attack in 14 months." Electric Bitters are positively guaranteed for dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and kidney troubles. Try them. Only 50c.

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