

# The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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Trouble 'fo' de day be done. Trouble, honey, 'grat' trouble. Bald luck, bald luck!

Along the square the passing of the editor in his cool equipments was a progress, and wide were the eyes and deep the gasps of astonishment caused by his festive appearance. Mr. Tibbs and his sister rushed from the post-office to stare after him.

"He looks just beautiful, Solomon," said Miss Tibbs.

Harkless usually ate his breakfast alone, as he was the latest riser in Piattville. He did not reach the hotel until 8 o'clock. This morning he found a bunch of white roses, still wet with dew and so fragrant that the whole room was fresh and sweet with their odor, prettily arranged in a bowl on the table, and in his plate the largest of all with a pin through the stem. He looked up smilingly and nodded at the red faced, red haired waitress who was waving a long fly brush over his head. "Thank you, Charmin, over he said. "That's very pretty."

"That old Mr. Wimby was here," she answered, "and he left word for you to look out. The whole possetucky of Johnsons from the Crossroads passed his house this mornin', comin' this way, and he see Bob Skillet on the square when he got to town. He left them flowers. Mrs. Wimby sent 'em to ye. I didn't bring 'em."

"Thank you for arranging them," she said, and answered nothing, vigorously darting her brush at an imaginary fly on the cloth. After several minutes she said abruptly, "You're welcome."

There was a silence, finally broken by a long, gasping sigh. Harkless looked at the girl. Her eyes were set unflinchingly upon his pink tie. The wind had dropped from her nerveless hand, and she stood rapt and immovable. She started violently from her trance. "Ain't ye goin' to finish yer coffee?" she asked, playing her instrument again, and bending slightly, whispered, "Sisy, Eph Watts is over there behind ye."

At a table in a far corner of the room a large gentleman in a brown frock coat was quietly eating his breakfast and reading the Herald. He was of an ornate presence, though entirely neat.

A sumptuous expense of linen exhibited itself through the laps of his low cut waistcoat, and an inch of bediamonded breastpin glittered there like an ice jewel on a snowy mountain side. He had a steady blue eye, and a distinguished iron gray mustache. His personage was Mr. Ephraim Watts, who, following a calling more fashionable in the eighteenth century than in the latter decades of the nineteenth, had shaken the dust of Carlow from his feet some three years previously at the strong request of the authorities. The Herald had been particularly insistent upon his deportation. In the local phrase, Harkless had "run him out of town." Perhaps it was because the Herald's opposition, as the editor had explained at the time, had been "merely moral and impersonal," and the editor had confessed to a liking for the unprofessional qualities of Mr. Watts, that there was but a slight embarrassment when the two gentlemen met today. His breakfast finished, Harkless went over to the other and extended his hand. Cynthia, the waitress, held her breath, and the waitress, held her hand. However, Mr. Watts made no motion toward his well known hip pocket. Instead he rose, flushing slightly, and accepted the hand offered him.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Watts," said the journalist, cordially. "And also, if you are running with the circus and calculate on doing business here today, I'll have you first out of town before noon. How are you? You're looking extremely well."

"Mr. Harkless," answered Watts, "I cherish no hard feelings, and I never said but what you done exactly right when I left, three years ago. No, sir; I'm not here in a professional way at all, and I don't want to be molested. I've connected myself with an oil company, and I'm down here to look over the ground. It beats poker and rummy all hollow, though there ain't as many chances in favor of the dealer, and in oil it's the farmer that gets the rakeoff. I've come back, but in an enterprising spirit this time to open up a new field and shed light and show in Carlow. They told me never to show my face here again, but if you say I stay I guess I can. I always was sure there was oil in the county, and I want to prove it for everybody's benefit. Is it all right?"

"My dear fellow," laughed the young man, shaking the gambler's hand again. "It is all right. I have always been sorry I had to act against you. Everything is all right. Stay and bore to Korea, if you like. Did ever you see such glorious weather?"

"I'll let you in on some shavers," Watts called after him as he turned away. The other nodded in reply and was leaving the room when Cynthia detained him by a flourish of her fly brush. "Say," she said, she always called him "Sisy," you've forgot your name." "You pin it on for me, Charmin?"

"I don't know what call you got to speak to me out of my name," she responded, looking at the furrowed moodily. "Why?" he asked, surprised. "I don't see why you want to make fun of me."

"I beg your pardon, Cynthia," he said gravely. "I didn't mean to do that. I haven't been considerate. I didn't think you'd be displeased. I'm very sorry. Won't you pin it on my coat?" Her face was lifted in grateful pleasure, and she began to pin the rose to his lapel. Her hands were large and red and trembling. She dropped the flower and, saying hastily, "I don't know as I

could do it right," seized violently upon a pile of dishes and hurried from the room.

Harkless rescued the rose, pinned it on his coat himself, with the internal observation that the red haired waitress was the queerest creature in the village, and set forth upon his holiday.

Mr. Lige Willets, a stalwart bachelor, the most obliging in Carlow, and a habitual devotee of Minnie Briscoe, was seated on the veranda when Harkless turned in at the gate of the brick house. "The ladies will be down right off," he said, greeting the editor's cool finery with a perceptible agitation and the editor himself with a friendly shake of the hand. "Mildly says to wait out here."

There was a faint rustling within the house, the swirl of draperies on the stairs, a delicious whistling, when light feet descended, tapping, to hearts that beat an answer, the telegraphic message: "We come! We come! We are near! We are near!" Lige Willets stared at Harkless. He had never thought the latter was good looking until he saw him step to the door to take Helen Sherwood's hand and say, in a strange, low, tense voice, "Good morning," as if he were announcing, at the least, "Every one in the world, except you two, died last night. It is a solemn thing, but I am very happy."

They walked, Minnie and Mr. Willets, a little distance in front of the others. Harkless could not have told afterward whether they rode or walked or floated on an airship to the court-house. All he knew distinctly was that a divinity in a pink skirt waist and a hat that was woven of gauzy cloud by mocking fables to make him stoop hideously to see under it dwelt for the time on earth and was at his side, dazzling him in the moon had sent her a silvery glamour. She had something of the ethereal whiteness of night doves in that watery light, a tymph to the moon, or, as he thought, remembering her courtesy for his pretty speech, perhaps a little lady of King Louis' court wandering down the years from Fontainebleau and appearing to sunny mortals sometime of a summer night when the moon was in their heads.

But today she was of the faintest color, a pretty girl whose gray eyes twinkled to his in gay companionship. He marked how the sunshine danced across the shadows of her fair hair and seemed itself to catch a luster rather than impart it, and the light of the June day drifted through the gauzy hat to her face, touching it with a delicate and tender flush that came and went like the vibrating pink of early dawn. She had the divinest straight nose, tip tilted a faint, alluring tilt, and a dimple cleft her chin, "the deadliest masterpiece in the world!" He thrilled through and through. He had been only vaguely conscious of the dimple in the night. It was not until he saw her by daylight that he really knew it was there.

The village hummed with life before them. They walked through shimmering air, sweeter to breathe than nectar is to drink. She caught a butterfly basking on a Jimson weed, and before he could get it to him in her hand, it was a white butterfly. He asked which it was the butterfly.

"Bravo!" she said, tossing the captive craft above their heads and watching it.

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## FROM THE CAPITOL CITY.

Salem, May 17, 1904.—The fields hereabouts had begun to look somewhat parched, but this is eliminating today as the rather heavy showers of rain are falling. They are most welcome, especially as many fields were seeded late.

Hop men say that the crop is looking exceedingly well. Conservatives report that it is fully twenty-five per cent better than last year. There are no missing hills this year. Of course they do not claim yet that the yield will be a fourth greater than last year for the season of lice and mould is yet to be passed, but they put the crop at 125,000 bales. Last year the yield hovered about the 100 mark.

The eastern agent of a manufacturing company who is introducing a new hay baler was here last week. After satisfying local dealers that his machine will handle our hay, they will place it on their lists. It seems our timothy and clover are different from that of the Mississippi states. This new candidate is mounted on wheels. The power is horses, hitched to sweeps mounted on the fore wheels. The team travels in a circle, stepping over the coupling which lays on the ground. The bales are ejected from the front end of the press. The plunger makes two strokes at every complete circle of the team. I suggested to the agent that if he had anything really good he should go to Washington county. He is here though, to prove the adaptability of his machine after which, if efficient, it will be turned over to local machinery men to sell.

The state board is closing up the matter of getting the right of way for the Ceilo-Dalles canal. All the land owners save one, along the line have closed with the terms offered by the state. This includes the O. R. & N. Co., which, it is understood, gave the right of way for the canal through its holdings. The one exception is a private owner and the state has brought an action to condemn a way through his land.

The State Board for the management of swamp and tide lands, consisting of the governor, secretary of state and state treasurer today is hearing arguments in a contest that comes from Newport. Some twenty or thirty years ago, the water front about the steamboat landing at Newport was vested in private owners. By purchase and transfer it is now owned by Abbey, of the Abbey hotel, Matthews, of the local newspaper, and several others who have built sea wall of rock and wharves upon which buildings now stand. The postoffice and the steamboat baggage rooms are on the land in question. Recently property owners across the street, Bayview hotel people, have dug up musty records and claim to have found defects in the titles of the present occupants. They now are attempting to have the state decide that it still owns the "front." They have already made application to buy. The present occupants are making a fight for their property which they have occupied and improved for nearly thirty years. The statutes of limitations does not seem to be running very fast in this instance. Many of our Hillsboro people are well acquainted with the property in dispute.

The Hubbard correspondent of the Woodburn Independent says: Those people that raise chickens can make some money during the 1905 fair if they will get in and raise a lot of chickens and have them ready for market by the time the fair begins. The fair will surely bring a lot of people to Portland, and while there they will eat a good many chickens, consequently there will be a good market and if the Oregon farmers cannot furnish them the commission men will be compelled (as they are at the present time) to send east for poultry. Remember this, poultry raisers, and make an extra effort to have a lot of nice poultry to sell in 1905 and you will be among the lucky ones and the 1905 fair will be a help to you.

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Election June 6th, 1904 for state, and November 8th for Federal officers.

The annual Oregon encampment G. A. R., will be held at Hood River June 15, 16, 17.

This office was never before better prepared to do job work of all kinds on short notice than it is right now. Send in your work.

Charles A. Towne would make an ideal candidate for the democrats. He voted for free silver when the enactment of such a policy could not injure him in the slightest degree. Having amassed a comfortable fortune within the past few years, he frankly admits that the silver issue may keep company with the rest of other democratic fallacies. —St. Louis Globe.

An exchange truthfully says "When you fight or work don't make it a fuss; the hen cackles only after it has laid an egg. The noise and sizzle of a locomotive are not force. All force is silent. The heehaw of a mule may startle but is not as dangerous as his hind legs bear in mind that it is the empty wagon that makes the most noise when in motion. The noise of a train is due to the fact that there is nothing in it."

Let us go into the woods and get away from the mass of humanity—from the desperate life-drive; from the rush and crush of crowds; from the babel of tongues that only way to cure; from the blinding glare of the glittering dollar, whose mimic eagle's talons are at the throat of Life; from false loves, false friends and the Terror of Cities whose thunder clouds hide God. Let us take a day off with the thrush and the song thrilled mockingbird, in dreamy depths of daisies, by rippled rivers and inviolate vines; let us dedicate one day to the freedom of the wild—one day of bright, barbaric splendor, with echoes of "ancestral voices." In other words, "let's go a-fishing!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Ira Purdin, the nominee named at the county democratic convention for state senator from Washington county, failed to qualify for reasons best known to himself. Mr. Purdin is an estimable gentleman and his many democratic friends will not be pleased with the situation unless it can be shown that it was his entirely his own wishes that caused his withdrawal. Meanwhile Mr. James Sewell has been placed at the head of the democratic ticket to run against Hon. E. W. Haines. Mr. Sewell is chairman of county committee and has a brother running for the office of sheriff for a third term. Against this combination Ex-Senator Haines will have an easy campaign, when before he was certain of only the regular republican majority of from 500 to 600. Mr. Schulmerich, the nominee for recorder, has also withdrawn which leaves the field clear for the popular incumbent, E. I. Kuratli. The chances for a landslide to the republican ticket were never better.—Washington Co. News.

Now it is said to be on the books for Portland to have another "carnival." Portland has done this before. Following the metropolis, the Valley towns have tried their hand at the game. The result is disgust and disappointment. The proposition is founded on fake, and after people have been fooled a few times with snake eaters, high dives, menageries consisting of a mangy lion, a dyspeptic coyote or two and a few sorrowful dogs and other attractions of this sort of thing, brings up a bad taste to hear of more "carnivals," where in the natural order of things they may have to be innocent sufferers. The Valley people are planning to stand by Portland's big show next year, and ought, meanwhile, to be excused from the dangers of this shell game form of amusement, should it be their portion to sojourn within the gates of the "Rose City." If Portland plans to give a dog fight, a "carnival" or any other old thing for its own amusement, 'tis another story, but this sounds like the same old way of extracting shekels from the country.—Albany Herald.

It is up to the Hillsboro and Forest Grove people interested in the Oregon Traction Company to make a showing of the sincerity of their intention of using Northrup street for the West Side & Suburban electric line, for which a franchise was granted several months ago. The Oregon Traction Company was organized several weeks ago, citizens of those towns being largely interested in its formation to secure rapid transit to Portland. It was then announced that the company had acquired the rights of the West Side & Suburban and that plans had been perfected for financing the enterprise to soon begin construction work.

Threatened action of Council to revoke the franchise was deferred.

awaiting some evidence of good faith on part of the company, and there has been a constant expectation that dirt would be turned for the track through from First street to the corporate limits of the city. From time to time it has been stated that Andrew Graddon, president of the company, who is in the East, had practically completed financial arrangements, but no one here seems to have any definite knowledge of when construction may be expected to start. It has been asserted that material would be forthcoming and work under way before June 1, and the street committee of the Council is anxious to be shown. At a meeting yesterday afternoon the matter was discussed, as proposed improvements of Northrup street have been held in abeyance waiting for the company to act.—Portland Telegram.

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Quick Arrest. J. A. Gilleard of Vertona, 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 cures pain. 25c at all druggists.

If you want good flour, go to Bob Greer's, he keeps Liberty Bell, \$1.00 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 had not 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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She fastened her rose in place of the white one.

"And so you can make little dainties in the morning too. It is another courtesy you should be having from me if it weren't for the distinctness of it. Wait till we come to the board walk."

She had some big pink roses at her waist. Indicating these, he answered, "In the meantime, I know very well a lad that would be blithe to accept a pretty token of any lady's high esteem."

"But you have one already, a very beautiful one." She gave him a genial up and down glance from head to foot, half quizzical and half approving, but so quick he scarcely saw it, and he was glad he had resurrected the straw hat with the youthful ribbon and his other festive vestures. "And a very becoming flower a white rose is," she continued, "though I am a bold girl to be blarneying with a young gentleman I met no longer ago than last night."

"But why shouldn't you blarney with a gentleman when you began by saving his life?" "Especially when the gentleman had the politeness to gallop about the county with me tucked under his arm." She stood still and laughed softly, but consummately, and her eyes closed tight with the mirth of it. She had taken one of the roses from her waist. (To be continued)

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