

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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"Why can't we get no square treatment here?" one of the gamblers whined. But his eyes blazed with a rage that belied the plaintive passivity of his tone. "We ain't been runnin' no skin. W'y d'ye say we gotta give up our own money? You gotta prove it was a skin. We risked our money fair."

"Prove it! Come up here, Eph Watts. Friends!" the editor turned to the crowd, smiling. "Friends, here's a man we run out of town once because he knew too much about things of this sort. He's come back to us again, and he's here to stay. He'll give us an object lesson on the shell game."

"It's pretty simple," remarked Mr. Watts. "The best way is to pick up the ball with your second finger and the back part of your thumb, as you pretend to lay the shell down over it this way." He illustrated and showed several methods of manipulation with professional sang froid, and as he made plain the vulgar swindle by which many had been duped that morning there arose an angry and threatening murmur.

"You all see," said Harkless, raising his voice, "what a simple cheat it is—an old, worn-out one. Yet a lot of you lost your own money on it and then stood by, staring like idiots, and let Hartley Bowdler lose \$80, and not one of you lifted a hand. How hard did you work for what these two cheap crooks took from you? Ah," he cried, "it is because you were greedy that they robbed you so easily? You know it's true. It's when you want to get something for nothing that the confidence men steal the money you sweat for and make you the laughingstock of the country. And you, Jim Bardlock, town marshal; you, who confess that you 'went in the game 60 cents' worth' yourself!" His face was wrathful and stern as he raised his accusing hand and leveled it at the unhappy municipal.

The town marshal smiled uneasily and deprecatingly about him and, seeing only angry, frowning brows, hearing only words of condemnation, passed his hand unsteadily over his fat mustache, shifted from one leg to the other and back again, looked up, looked down, and then, an amiable and pleasant man, beholding nothing but accusation and wrath in heaven and earth and wishing nothing more than to sink into the waters under the earth, but having no way of reaching them, and finding his troubles quite unbearable and himself unable to meet the manifold eyes, he sought relief after the monotonous fashion of a larger bird than he. His curly form underwent a series of convulsions not unlike sobs, and he shut his eyes tight and held them so, presenting a picture of misery unequalled in the memory of



"You, you, a man elected to—any spectator. The editor's outstretched hand began to shake. "You," he tried to continue; "you, a man elected to—"

There came from the crowd the sound of a sad, high keyed voice drawing. "That's a nice vest Jim's got on, but it ain't hardly the feathers fitten for an ostrich, is it?"

Harkless broke into a ringing laugh and turned to the shell men. "Give up the boy's money. Hurry."

"Step down here and git it," said the one who had spoken.

There was a turbulent motion in the crowd, and a cry arose. "Run 'em out! Run 'em out a rattin' for and feathers! Run 'em out o' town!"

"I wouldn't dubiously long if I were you," said Harkless. A roll of bills was suddenly placed in his hand, which he counted and turned over to the elder Bowdler. One of the shell men clutched the editor's sleeve with his dirty hand.

"We hadn't done w' youse," he said hoarsely. "Don't believe it, not for a minute, see?"

The town marshal opened his eyes briskly and, placing a hand on each of the gamblers, said, "I do hereby arrest your said persons and declare you my prisoners."

The cry arose again louder: "Run 'em out! String 'em up! Hang 'em! Hang 'em!" And a forward rush was made. "This way, Jim. Quick!" cried Harkless, bending down and jerking one of the gamblers half way up the steps. "Get through the hall to the other side and then run 'em to the lockup. No one will stop you that way. Watts and I will hold this door."

Bardlock insisted his prisoners through the doorway, and the crowd pushed up the steps, while Harkless struggled to keep the vestibule clear until Watts got the double doors closed. "Stand back, there!" he shouted. "It's all over. Don't be foolish. The law is good enough for us. Stand back, will you?" He was shouting vigorously with open hand and elbow, when a compact little

group of men suddenly dashed up the steps together, and a heavy stick swung out over their heads. A straw hat with a gay ribbon sailed through the air. The editor's long arms went out swiftly from his body in several directions, the hands not open, but clinched and hard. The next instant he and Mr. Watts stood alone on the steps, and a man with a bleeding, blaspheming mouth-dropped his stick and tried to lose himself in the crowd. Mr. Watts was returning something he had not used to his hip pocket.

"Prophets of Israel!" exclaimed William Todd ruefully. "It wasn't Eph Watts' pistol. Did you see Mr. Harkless? I was up on them steps when he begun. I don't believe he needs as much takin' care of as we think."

"Wasn't it one of them Crossroads devils that knocked his hat off?" asked Judd Bennett. "I thought I see Bob Skillet run up with a club."

Harkless threw open the doors behind him. The hall was empty. "You may come in now," he said. "This isn't my courthouse."

CHAPTER VI.

THEY walked slowly back along the pike toward the brick house. He was stooping very much as they walked. He wanted to be told that he could look at her for a thousand years. The small face was rarely and exquisitely modeled, but perhaps just now the salient characteristic of her beauty (for the salient characteristic seemed to be a different thing at different times) was her coloring, a delicate glow under the white skin, a glow that bewitched him in its seeming to reflect the rich benediction of the noonday sun that blazed overhead.

Once he had thought the way to the Briscoe homestead rather a long walk, but now the distance sped malignantly. Stroked they never so slow, it was less than a "young bird's flutter from a wood." With her acquiescence he rolled a cigarette, and she began to hum lightly the air of a song, a song of ineffably gentle, slow movement.

That, and a reference of the morning and perhaps the smell of his tobacco mingling with the fragrance of her roses, awoke again the old reminiscence of the night before. A clearly outlined picture rose before him—the high green slopes and cool cliff walls of the coast of Maine and the sharp little estuary waves he lazily watched through half closed lids while the pale smoke of his cigarette blew out under the rail of a waxen deck where he lay cushioned. And again a woman peited his face with handfuls of rose petals and cried: "Up, lad, and at 'em! Yonder is Winter Harbor!" Again he sat in the oak rafters of a casino, breathless with pleasure, and heard a young girl sing the "Angel's Serenade," a young girl who looked so bravely unconscious of the big, hushed crowd that listened, looked so pure and bright and gentle and good, that he had spoken of her as "Sir Galahad's little sister." He had been much taken with this child, but he had not thought of her from that time to this, he supposed. He had almost forgotten her. Not her face suddenly stood out to his view as though he saw her with his physical eye, a sweet and vivacious child's face, with light brown hair and gray eyes and a short upper lip like a curled rose leaf. And the voice—

He stopped short. "You are Tom Meredith's little cousin."

"The great Harkless," she answered and stretched out her hand to him.

"I remember you."

"Isn't it time?"

"Ah, but I never forgot you!" he cried. "I thought I had. I didn't know who it was I was remembering. I thought it was fancy, and it was memory. I never forgot your voice, singing, and I remembered your face, too, though I thought I didn't." He drew a deep breath. "That was why."

"Tom has not forgotten you," she said as he paused.

"Would you mind shaking hands once more?" he asked.

She gave him her hand again. "With all my heart. Why?"

"I'm making a record of it; that's all. Thank you."

"They called me 'Sir Galahad's little sister' all one summer because the great John Harkless called me that. You danced with me in the evening."

"Did I?"

"Ah," she said, shaking her head, "you were too busy being in love with pretty Mrs. Van Skuyt to remember a walk with only me! I was allowed to meet you as a reward for singing my very best, and you—you bowed with the indulgence of a grandfather and asked me to dance."

"Like a grandfather! How young I was then! How time changes us!"

"I'm afraid my conversation did not make a great impression upon you," she continued.

"But it did. I am remembering very fast. If you will wait a moment I will tell you some of the things you said."

The girl laughed merrily. Whenever she laughed he realized that it was becoming terribly difficult not to tell her how adorable she was. "I wouldn't risk it if I were you," she warned him, "because I didn't speak to you at all. I shut my lips tight and trembled all over every bit of the time I was dancing with you. I did not sleep that night, and I was unhappy, wondering what the great Harkless would think of me. I knew he thought me unutterably stupid because I couldn't talk to him. I wanted to send him word that I knew I had bored him. I couldn't endure that he shouldn't know that I knew I had. But he was not thinking of me in any way. He had gone to sea again in his white boat, the ungrateful pirate, cruising with Mrs. Van Skuyt."

"Yes," she interrupted, tossing her head in airy travesty of the stage coquette, "you think so—I mean, you say so—now. Away with you and your blarneying!"

And so they went through the warm noontide, and little he cared for the heat that wilted the fat mullein leaves and made the barefoot boy who passed by skip gingerly through the burning dust with anguished mouth and watery eye. Little he knew of the katydid that suddenly whirled its mills of shrillness in the maple tree and sounded so hot, hot, hot; or that other that rattled at the country quiet from the dim, cool shade around the brick house, or even the rain crow that sat on the fence and swore to them in the face of a sunny sky that they should see rain ere the day were done. Little the young man recked of what he ate at Judge Briscoe's good noon dinner—chicken wing and young roasts' ear, hot rolls as light as the dust of a summer cloudlet, and honey and milk, and apple butter flavored like spices of Arabia and fragrant, flaky cherry pie and cool, rich, yellow cream. Like Willets was a lover, yet he said he asked no better than to just go on eating that cherry pie till a sweet death overtook him; but railroad sandwiches and restaurant chops might have been set before Harkless for all the difference it would have made to him.

(To be continued.)

State Grange Session.

The annual session of the State Grange was held in Corvallis last week, Thursday and Friday, and was very largely attended by delegates from all parts of the state. This state meeting was pronounced the most successful ever held in the state of Oregon. The principal report of the Thursday meeting was by the Educational committee. From this paper we quote:

"We urge upon the members of our subordinate Granges the necessity of electing men for our school officers who are qualified to fill such positions, and who are vitally interested in the cause of education."

We declare for a more practical education, that Nature's studies and elementary principles of agriculture be taught in our public schools.

That we have text-books and teachers who, instead of teaching our children to get away from the farm, will dignify farm life, show its possibility, and draw more young people to it.

We urge upon the patrons of the Grange the necessity of a good library in our public schools, among which should be a liberal number of books pertaining to farm life."

A resolution was adopted favoring the consolidation of rural school districts, and the establishing of high schools in the country, and another calling for the appropriation of \$1500 annually for farmers' institute work in connection with the Agricultural College.

Forest Grove was selected as the meeting place of the Grange for 1905.

If President Roosevelt did not want Binger Hermann renominated and re-elected for Congress he would have made it known in some way. The selection of Hermann is therefore perfectly satisfactory to the president, who now would undoubtedly feel greatly disappointed if this Republican Congressional

nominee were not elected by a rousing plurality. We are under the impression that a great big vote for Hermann would make Roosevelt give one of his hearty laughs. Every Republican who votes against Hermann will undoubtedly be working for the pleasure of such men as Grover Cleveland.

The Carnival of Nations was held by the Presbyterian ladies of Corvallis last week and \$200 was made by the ladies which will be used toward building their new church at that place.

Reduced Rates to St. Louis Exposition.

The Southern Pacific Co. will sell round trip tickets at greatly reduced rates to St. Louis and Chicago, account of the St. Louis Exposition, on the following dates: June 16, 17, 18; July 1, 2, 3; August 8, 9, 10; September 5, 6, 7; October 3, 4, 5.

Going trip must be completed within ten days from date of sale, and passengers will be permitted to start on any day that will enable them to reach destination within the ten days limit. Return limit ninety days, but not later than December 31, 1904.

For full information as to rates and routes call on H. A. Hinshaw, Agent Southern Pacific at Hillsboro.

Strawberry Picking in Hood River.

The Strawberry crop in Hood River promises from every indication to be enormous this year. 5,000 people will be needed to pick and pack this luscious fruit. Pickers are paid 14 cents a box and packers 4 cent. Good pickers earn as high as \$3.50 a day. People intending to go should take their camping outfit with them as it is cheaper, and easier to move from place to place.

The fare on the "Regulator Line" steamers is very low, being only \$2.00 for the round trip, or \$1.25 one way. Children between 6 and 12 half fare. A liberal allowance of baggage is carried free with the ticket. Every article should be marked plainly with name of owner and destination. Remember steamers leave Alder Street dock, Portland, every morning except Sunday, at 7 o'clock sharp. Full particulars may be had by calling at dock, or telephone Main 914.

Excursion Rates to Yaquina Bay.

On June 1st, the Southern Pacific Co. will resume sale of excursion tickets to Newport and Yaquina Bay. Both Season and Saturday-to-Monday tickets will be sold. This popular resort is growing in favor each year, hotel rates are reasonable and the opportunities for fishing, hunting and sea bathing are unexcelled by any other resort on the Pacific Coast.

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