

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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yet trying to soothe her. "They would mind the rain," Helen whispered. "They would fear a storm. Yes, yes! And I let him go; I let him go!"

Pressing close together, clasping each other's waist, the two girls peered out at the landscape.

"Look!"

Up from the distant fence that bordered the northern side of Jones' field a pale, pelted, flapping thing reared itself, poised and seemed, just as the blackness came again, to drop to the ground.

"Did you see?"

But Minnie had thrown herself into a deep chair with a laugh of wild relief. "My darling girl!" she cried. "Not a line of white things—just one—Mr. Jones' scarecrow! And we saw it blown down!"

"No, no, no! I saw the others. They were in the field beyond. I saw them. When I looked the first time they were nearly all on the fence. This time we saw the last man crossing. Ah, I let him go alone!"

Minnie sprang up and inhaled her. "No; you dear, imagining child, you're upset and nervous, that's all the matter in the world. Don't worry; don't, child; it's all right. Mr. Harkless is home and safe in bed long ago. I know that old scarecrow on the fence like a book, and you're so unstrung you fancied the rest. He's all right. Don't you bother, dear."

The big, motherly girl took her companion in her arms and rocked her back and forth soothingly and patted and reassured her and then cried a little with her, as a good hearted girl always will with a friend. Then she left her for the night, with many a cheering word and tender caress. "Get to sleep, my dear," she called through the door when she had closed it behind her. "You must if you have to go in the morning. It just breaks my heart. I don't know how we'll bear it without you. Father will miss you almost as much as I will. Good night. Don't bother about that old white scarecrow; that's all it was. Good night, dear; good night."

"Good night, dear," answered a plaintive little voice. Helen's cheek pressed the pillow and tossed from side to side. By and by she turned the pillow over; it had grown wet. The wind blew about the eaves and blew itself out. Sleep would not come. She got up and laved her burning eyes; then she sat by the window. The storm's strength was spent at last. The rain grew lighter and lighter until there was but the sound of running water and the drip, drip on the tin roof of the porch. Only the thunder rumbling in the distance marked the storm's course, the chariots of the gods rolling farther and farther away till they finally ceased to be heard altogether. The clouds parted

"Look!" she cried.

majestically, and then, between great curtains of mist, the day star was seen shining in the east.

The night was hushed, and the peace that falls before dawn was upon the wet, flat lands. Somewhere in the sodden grass a swamped cricket chirped; from an outlying fringe of the village a dog's howl mournfully; it was answered by another far away and by another and another. The sonorous chorus rose above the village, died away, and quiet fell again.

Helen sat by the window, no comfort touching her heart. Tears coursed her cheeks no longer, but her eyes were wide and staring, and her lips parted breathlessly, for the hush was broken by the far clamor of the courthouse bell ringing in the night. It rang and rang and rang and rang. She could not breathe. She threw open the window. The bell stopped. All was quiet once more. The east was gray.

Suddenly out of the stillness there came the sound of a horse galloping over a wet road. He was coming like mad. Some one for a doctor? No; the hoof beats grew louder, coming out from the town, coming faster and faster, coming here. There was a plashing and trampling in front of the house and a sharp "whoa!" In the dim light of first dawn she made out a man on a foam-flecked horse. He drew up at the gate.

A window to the right of hers went screwing up. She heard the judge clear his throat before he spoke.

"What is it? That's you, isn't it, Wiley? What is it?" He took a good deal of time and coughed between the sentences. His voice was more than ordinarily quiet, and it sounded husky.

"What is it, Wiley?"

"Judge, what time did Mr. Harkless leave here last night, and which way did he go?"

There was a silence. The judge turned away from the window. Minnie was standing just outside his door. "It must have been about half past 3, wasn't it, father?" she called in a

choked voice. "And—you know—Helen thought he went west."

"Wiley!" The old man leaned from the sill again.

"Yes," answered the man on horseback.

"Wiley, he left about half past 3—just before the storm. They think he went west."

"Much obliged. Willets is so upset he isn't sure of anything."

"Wiley!" The old man's voice shook. Minnie began to cry aloud. The horse-man wheeled about and turned his animal's head toward town. "Wiley?"

"Yes."

"Wiley, they haven't—you don't think they've got him?"

Said the man on horseback, "Judge, I'm afraid they have."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE courthouse bell ringing in the night! No hesitating stroke of Schofield's Henry, no uncertain touch, was on the rope. A loud, wild, hurried clamor pealed out to wake the countryside, a rapid clang! clang! clang! that struck clear in to the spine. The courthouse bell had tolled for the death of Morton, of Garfield, of Hendricks; had rung joy peals of peace after the war and after political campaigns, but it had rung as it was ringing now only three times—once when Hibbard's mill burned, once when Webb Landis killed Sep Bardlock and entrenched himself in the lumber yard and would not be taken until he was shot through and through, and once when the Rouen accommodation, crowded with children and women and men, was wrecked within twenty yards of the station.

Why was the bell ringing now? Men and women, startled into wide wakefulness, groped to windows. What red mist hung over town or country. What was it? The bell rang on. Its loud alarm beat increasingly into men's hearts and quickened their throbbing to the rapid measure of its own. Vague forms loomed in the gloaming. A horse, madly ridden, splashed through the town. There were shouts; voices called hoarsely; lamps began to gleam in the windows; half clad people emerged from their houses, men slapping their braces on their shoulders as they ran out of doors; questions were shouted into the dimness.

Then the news went over the town. It was cried from yard to yard, from group to group, from gate to gate, and reached the furthestmost confines. Runners shouted it as they sped by, and boys panted it, breathless, women with loosened hair stumbled into darkening chambers and faltered it out to new wakened sleepers, and pale girls, clutching wraps at their throats, whispered it across fences. The sick, tossing on their hard beds, heard it. The bell clamored it far and near; it spread over the countryside, and it flew over the wires to distant cities. The White Caps had got Mr. Harkless!

Lige Willets had lost track of him out near Briscoe's. It was said, and had come into town at midnight seeking him. He had found Parker, the Herald foreman, and Ross Schofield, the typesetter, and Bud Tipworthy, the devil, at work in the printing office, but no sign of Harkless there or in the cottage. Together these had sought for him and had roused others who had inquired at every house where he might have gone for shelter, and they had heard nothing. They had watched for his coming during the slackening of the storm. He had not come, and there was no place he could have gone. He was missing. Only one thing could have happened.

They had roused up Warren Smith, the prosecutor, and Horner, the sheriff, and Jared Wiley, the deputy. William Todd had rung the alarm. It was agreed that the first thing to do was to find him. After that there would be trouble, if not before. It looked as if there would be trouble before. The men tramping up to the muddy squares in their shirt sleeves were bulgy about the right hips, and when Homer Tibbs joined Columbus Landis at the hotel corner and Landis saw that Homer was carrying a shotgun Landis went back for his. A hastily sworn posse gathered out Main street. Women and children ran into neighbors' yards and began to cry. Day was coming, and as the light grew men swore and savagely kicked at the palings of fences as they ran by them.

In the foreglow of dawn they gathered in the square and listened to Warren Smith, who made a speech from the courthouse fence and warned them to go slow. They answered him with angry shouts and boastings. But he made his big bass voice heard and bade them do nothing rash. No facts were known, he said. It was far from certain that harm had been done, and no one knew that the Six Crossroads people had done it, even if something had happened to Mr. Harkless. He declared that he spoke in Harkless' name. Nothing could distress him so much as for them to defy the law, to take it out of the proper hands. Justice would be done.

"Yes, it will!" shouted a man below him, brandishing the butt of a rawhide whip above his head. "And while you jaw on about it here he may be tied up like a dog in the woods, shot full of holes by the men you never lifted a finger to hinder, because you want their votes when you run for circuit judge. What are we doin' here? What's the good of listening to you?"

There was a yell at this, and those who heard the speaker would probably have started for the Crossroads had not a rumor sprung up which passed rapidly from man to man and in a few moments had reached every person in the crowd. The news came that the shell gamblers had wreathed a bar under cover of the



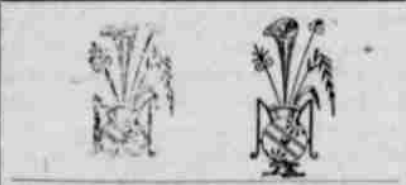
They answered him with angry shouts, storm, had broken jaw and were as large. Their threats of the day before, were remembered now with envying vividness. They had sworn repeatedly to Bardlock and to the sheriff and in the hearing of others that they would "do" for the man who had taken their money from them and had them arrested. The prosecuting attorney, quickly perceiving the value of this complication in holding back the mob that was already forming, called Horner from the crowd and made him get up on the fence and confess that his prisoners had escaped, at what time he did not know, probably toward the beginning of the storm, when it was noisier.

"You see," cried the attorney, "there is nothing as yet of which we can accuse the Crossroads. If our friend has been hurt it is much more likely that those crooks did it. They escaped in time to do it, and we all know they were laying for him. You want to be mighty careful, fellow citizens. Horner is already in telegraphic communication with every town around here, and he'll have those men before night. All you've got to do is to control yourselves a little and go home quietly."

He could see that his words (except those in reference to returning home—no one was going home) made an impression. There was a babble of shouting and argument and swearing that grew louder and louder.

Mr. Ephraim Watts, in spite of all confusion, clad as carefully as upon the preceding day, deliberately climbed the fence and stood by the lawyer and made a single steady gesture with his

(To be continued.)



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PUBLIC AUCTION.
Sale of Stock on J. C. Hare's Farm, on Saturday, July 9th.

The undersigned will sell at public auction, on his farm, at the Miller bridge, 3 miles southeast of Hillsboro, on Saturday, July 9th, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following described property, to-wit:

1 roan cow, 5 years old, fresh in October; 1 Jersey cow, 4 years old, fresh in January; 1 Holstein cow, 5 years old, fresh in August; 1 big Jersey cow, 7 years old, fresh in January; 1 Jersey cow, 4 years old, fresh in January; 2 Jersey cows, 5 and 6 years old, fresh in February; 2 Holstein cows, 4 years old, fresh in September and February; 1 Jersey cow, 4 years old, fresh in December; 1 Durham, 3 years old, fresh in September; 1 Durham, 7 years old, fresh in January; 2 Durhams, 3 and 6 years old, fresh in January; 2 Durham and Jerseys, 5 and 6 years old, fresh in February; 1 Durham, 3 years old, fresh in February; 1 Durham bull, 3 years old; 1 bull calf, 3 weeks old; 2 2-year-old heifers, fresh in October; 1 heifer, 4 months old; 3 brood sows; 1 span mules, 8 and 9 years old; 1 mare, weights 1,100 pounds; 1 mare, weight 900 pounds; 1 horse, weight 900 pounds.

Terms of Sale.—All sums under \$10 cash; over that amount one year's time with approved note, at 8 per cent interest per annum; 4 per cent discount for cash on all sums over \$10.
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"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but, when all other medicines failed, three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free all druggists.

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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 5, 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.

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On and after June 1, 1904, the Southern Pacific, in connection with the Corvallis & Eastern Railroad, will have on sale round trip tickets from points on their lines to Newport, Yaquina and Detroit at very low rates, good for return until October 10, 1904.

Three-day tickets to Newport, Yaquina, good going Saturdays and returning Mondays, are also on sale from all East Side points, Portland to Eugene inclusive, and from all West Side points, enabling people to visit their families and spend Sunday at the Seaside.

Season tickets from all East Side points, Portland to Eugene, inclusive, and from all West Side points, are also on sale to Detroit at very low rates, with stop-over privileges at Mill City or any point east, enabling tourists to visit the Santiam and Breitenbush hot springs in the Cascade mountains, which can be reached in one day.

Season tickets will be good for return from all points until October 10. Three-day tickets will be good going on Saturdays and returning Mondays only. Tickets from Portland and vicinity will be good for return via the East or West Side at option of passenger. Tickets from Eugene and vicinity will be good going via the Lebanon-Springfield branch if desired. Baggage on Newport tickets checked through to Newport; on Yaquina tickets to Yaquina only.

Southern Pacific trains connect with the C. & E. at Albany and Corvallis for Yaquina and Newport. Trains on the C. & E. for Detroit will leave Albany at 7 a. m., enabling tourists to the hot springs to reach there the same day.

Full information as to rates, with beautifully illustrated booklet of Yaquina bay and vicinity, timetables, etc. can be obtained on application to Edwin Stone, manager C. & E. railroad, Albany. W. E. Conant, G. P. A., Southern Pacific company, Portland, or to any S. P. or C. & E. agent.

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