

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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places by the searching parties, he felt sure of the direction taken by the Crossroads men, and he perceived that the searchers had mistaken the tracks he followed for those of earlier parties in the hunt. On the embankment he saw a number of men walking west and examining the ground on each side and a long line of people following them out from town. He stopped. He held the fate of his Crossroads in his hand, and he knew it.

The men on the embankment were walking slowly, bending far over, their eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly one of them stood erect and tossed his arms in the air and shouted loudly. Other men ran to him, and another far down the track repeated the shout and the gesture to another far in his rear. This man took it up and shouted and waved to a fourth man, and so they passed the signal back to town. There came almost immediately three long, loud whistles from a mill near the station, and the embankment grew black with people pouring out from town, while the searchers came running from the fields and woods and underbrush on both sides of the railway.

Briscoe began to walk on toward the embankment. The track lay level and straight, not dimming in the middle distances, the rails converging to points both north-west and southeast in the clean washed air like examples of perspective in a child's drawing book. About seventy miles to the west and north lay Rouen. In the same direction, nearly six miles from where the signal was given, the track was crossed by a road leading directly south to Six Crossroads.

The embankment had been newly ballasted with sand. What had been discovered was a broad brown stain in the sand on the south slope near the top. There were smaller stains above and below, none beyond it to left or right, and there were many deep footprints in the sand. Men were examining the place, and excitedly talking and gesticulating. It was Judge Willett who had found it. His horse was tethered to a fence near by at the end of a lane through a cornfield. Jared Wiley, the deputy sheriff, was talking to a group near the stain, explaining.

"You see, them two must have known about the 1 o'clock freight and that it was to stop here to take on the empty lumber cars. I don't know how they knowed it, but they did. It was this way: When they got out the window they beat through the storm straight for this side track. At the same time Mr. Harkless leaves Briscoe's west. It begins to rain. He cuts across to the railroad to have a sure footin' and strikin' for the deepo for shelter—near place as any, except Briscoe's, where he's said good night already, and probably don't wish to go back, fear of givin' trouble or keepin' 'em up. Anybody can understand that. He comes along and gets to where we are precisely at the time they do, them comin' from town, him strikin' for it. They run right into each other. That's what happened. They re-cog-nized him and raised up on him and let him have it. What they do with it I don't know. We took everything in that line of 'em. Probably used railroad iron, and what they done with him afterward we don't know, but we will by night. They'll sweat it out of 'em up at Rouen when they get 'em."

"I reckon maybe some of us might help," remarked Mr. Watts reflectively. Jim Bardock swore a violent oath. "That's the talk," he shouted. "Ef I ain't the first man of this crowd to set my foot in Rouen and first to beat in that jail door I'm not town marshal of Plattville, county of Clatsop, state of Indiana, and the Lord have mercy on our souls!"

Tom Martin looked at the brown stain and quickly turned away. Then he went back slowly to the village. On the way he passed Warren Smith. "Is it so?" asked the lawyer. "That's the talk," he shouted. "Ef I ain't the first man of this crowd to set my foot in Rouen and first to beat in that jail door I'm not town marshal of Plattville, county of Clatsop, state of Indiana, and the Lord have mercy on our souls!"

When the attorney reached the spot where the crowd was thickest, way was made for him. The old colored man, Xenophon, approached at the same time, leaning on a hickory stick and bent very far over, one hand resting on his hip as if to ease a rusty joint. The negro's age was an incentive to fable. From his appearance he might have known the prophets, and he wore that hoary look of unearthly wisdom which many decades of superstitious experience sometimes give to members of his race. His face, so tortured with wrinkles that it might have been made of innumerable black threads woven together, was a living mask of the mystery of his blood. Harkless had once said that Uncle Xenophon had visited heaven before Swedenborg and hell before Dante. To-day as he slowly limped over the ties his eyes were bright and dry under the solemn lids, and though his heavy nostrils were unusually distended in the effort for regular breathing, the deeply puckered lips beneath them were set firmly. He stopped and looked at the faces before him. When he spoke his voice was gentle, and though the tremulousness of age harped on the vocal strings, it was rigidly controlled. "Kin some line gelunin," he asked

"please t' be so good ez t' show de ole main whud de White Calps is done shoot Marse Hawkless?"

"Here was where it happened, Uncle Zen," answered Wiley, leading him forward. "Here is the stain."

Xenophon bent over the spot on the sand, making little odd noises in his throat. Then he painfully resumed his former position. "Dass his blood," he said in the same gentle, quavering tone. "Dass my bes' frien' whut lay on de groun' whay yo' staid, gelunin. Dass whud dey laid 'im, an' dass whud he lie," the old negro continued. "Dey whut 'im in de do's. Dey ain't shot 'im dead. Yondah dey druggen 'im, but dis whud be lie." He bent over again, then knelt groaningly and placed his hand on the stain, one would have said, as a man might place his hand over a heart to see if it still beat. He was motionless, with the air of heart-cending.

"Marse, honey, is you gone?" He raised his voice as if calling. "Is yo' gone, sub-marse?"

He looked up at the circle about him, and then, still kneeling, not taking his hand from the sand, seeming to wait for a sign to listen for a voice, he said: "Whafu' yo' gelunin think de kase Lawd summon Marse Hawkless? Kase de mos' fittes?" You know, dat man be ketch me in de cole night, wintuh 'fo' his' stealin' 'is wood. You know whut he done t' de ole thief? Tek an' build up big fah een ole Zen's shanty. Say: 'He's yo'se't, an' welcome. Reck on you hungry, too, ain' you, Xenophon?' Tek an' feed me, tek an' tek keer o' me ev' since. Ah pump de balh full in de mawn, mek 'is bed, pull de weeds out'n de front walk; dass all. He tek me in. When Ah ask 'im ain' he 'traid keep ole thief he say, jesso: 'Dass all my fault, Xenophon; ought look you up long go; ought know long go you be cole dese bald nights. Reck on Ah'm de thievenest one 'us two, Xenophon, keepin' all dis wood stock' up when you got none,' he say, jesso. Tek me in; say he laik a thief; pay me sala'y; feed me. Dass de main whud de Caps gone shot lals' night." He raised his head sharply, and the mystery in his gloomy eyes intensified as they opened wide and stared at the sky unseeingly.

"Ah's bawn wid a caw!" he exclaimed loudly. His twisted frame was braced to an extreme tension. "Ah's bawn wid a caw! De blood ansuht!" "It wasn't the White Caps, Uncle Xenophon," said Warren Smith, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder. Xenophon rose to his feet. He stretched at his knees, long arm straight to the west, where the Crossroads lay, stood rigid and silent, like a seer; then spoke:

"De men whut shot Marse Hawkless yondah, hidin' 'um de light o' day. An' him"—he swerved his whole rigid body till the arm pointed north-west—"he lies yondah. You won't fine 'im heah. Dey fought 'im in de fle's, an' dey druggen 'im heah. Dis whud dey lay 'im down. Ah's bawn wid a caw!"

There were exclamations from the listeners, for Xenophon spoke as one having authority. Suddenly he turned and pointed his outstretched hand full at Judge Briscoe.

"An' dass de main," he cried; "dass de main kin teil yo' Ah speak de trufe!"

Before Briscoe answered, Eph Watts looked at him keenly and then turned to Lage Willett and whispered: "Get on your horse, ride in and ring the courthouse bell like fury. Do as I say."

Tears stood in the judge's eyes. "It is so," he said solemnly. "He speaks the truth. I didn't mean to tell it to-day, but somehow"—He paused.

"The hounds!" he cried. "They deserve it. My daughter saw them crossing the fields in the night—saw them climb the fence, a big crowd of them. She and the lady who is visiting us saw them—saw them plainly. The lady saw them several times clear as day by the flashes of lightning. The seconds were coming this way. They must have been dragging him with

them then. He couldn't have had a show for his life among them. Do what you like. Maybe they've got him at the Crossroads. If there's a chance of it, dead or alive, bring him back!"

A voice rang out above the clamor that followed the judge's speech. "Bring him back! God could, maybe, but he won't. Who's travelin' my way? I go west!" Hartley Bowlder had ridden his sorrel right up the embankment, and the horse stood between the rails.

There was an angry roar from the crowd. The prosecutor pleaded and threatened unheeded, and as for the deputy sheriff, he declared his intention

of taking with him all who wished to go as his posse. Eph Watts succeeded in making himself heard above the tumult.

"The square!" he shouted. "Start from the square. We want everybody. We'll need them. And we want every one in Carlow to be implicated in this posse."

"They will be!" shouted a farmer. "Don't you worry about that." "We want to get into some sort of shape!" cried Eph.

"Shape!" repeated Hartley Bowlder scornfully.

There was a hiss and clang and rattle behind him, and a steam whistle shrieked. The crowd divided, and Hartley's sorrel scrambled down just in time as the westbound accommodation rushed by on its way to Rouen. From the rear platform leaped the sheriff, Horner, waving his hands frantically as he flew by, but no one understood or cared what he said or in the general excitement even wondered why he was going away. When the train had dwindled to a dot and disappeared and the noise of its rush grew faint the courthouse bell was heard ringing, and the mob was rushing pellucid into the village to form on the square. The judge stood alone on the embankment.

"That settles it," he said aloud, gloomily watching the last figure. He took off his hat and pushed back the thick white hair from his forehead. "Nothing to do but wait. Might as well go home for that. Blast it!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I don't want to go there. It's too hard on the little girl. If she hadn't come till next week she'd never have known John Harkless."

(To be continued.)

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A case came to light that for persistence and unmerciful torture has perhaps never been equaled. Joe Golobick, of Colusa, Calif., writes: "For 15 years I endured insufferable pain from Rheumatism and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and it's the greatest medicine on earth for this trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by all druggists.

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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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St. Louis (Yamhill county) correspondence of North Yamhill Record: At the Manning reunion held here recently there were 88 people of one family. They surely enjoyed themselves by holding a family dance on a platform which was built for the occasion, and Sunday they invited a great many of their friends and all partook of a delicious dinner in the oak grove on one large table, where about 150 people did due justice.

Night Was Her Terror.

"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.

Dowie says he does not care to go to heaven, as he thinks he could accomplish more by going to hell and fighting the devil. If he feels that way about it, we see no reason why he should leave Chicago.—Astoria Astorian.

Oregon Development League. The Portland Commercial Club has issued a call for a convention of the Oregon Development League, to be held at the Marquam Grand Theater in Portland August 2nd and 3rd. All commercial, agricultural, mining, stock-raising and irrigation interests will be represented; every editor in the state will be invited to attend as a delegate; County Commissioners of all the towns and cities will also be called upon to name delegates. The Portland Women's Club will look after the comfort of ladies accompanying delegates, and, among other entertainments, have arranged for a trolley ride on August 2nd, taking in the most interesting and beautiful environs of Portland, and on August 3rd ten street cars will be provided for a trip over the entire city.

The Southern Pacific Co. will sell tickets at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip, from all points on Oregon Lines to Portland and return, for this occasion, and it is hoped that every section of the state will be well represented at the convention, to work in harmony for the development of Oregon.

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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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Newport on Yaquina Bay is the ideal seaside resort of the North Pacific Coast. Round trip tickets at greatly reduced rates on sale from all Southern Pacific points in Oregon, on and after June 1st. Ask agents for further information and a handsomely illustrated souvenir booklet, or write to Edwin Stone, Manager C. & E. R. R., Albany, Ore., or W. E. Coman, G. P. A., S. P. Co., Portland.

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From S. P. and C. & E. Points to the Seaside and Mountain Resorts for the Summer.

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 hit 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. Coman, G. P. A., Southern Pacific company, Portland, or to any S. P. or C. & E. gent.

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