

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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fields to the north, assailed it from behind. Their shots passed clear through the flimsy partitions, and there was a screaming like beasts' howls from within. The front door was thrown open, and a lean, fierce-eyed girl, with a case knife in her hand, ran out in the face of the mob. At sound of the shots in the rear they had begun to advance on the house a second time, and Hartley Bowdler was the nearest man to the girl. With awful words and shrieking inconceivably she made straight at Hartley and attacked him with the knife. She struck at him again and again, and in her anguish of hate and fear she was so extraordinary a spectacle that she gained for her companions the seconds they needed to escape from the house. As she hurled herself alone at the uncomprehending torrent they sped from the door unnoticed, sprang over the fence and reached the open lots to the west before they were seen by Willets from the roof.

"Don't let 'em fool you!" he shouted. "Look to your left! There they go! Don't let 'em get away!"

The Crossroads were running across the field. They were Bob Skillet and his younger brother, and Mr. Skillet was badly damaged. He seemed to be holding his jaw on his face with both hands. The girl turned and sped after them. She was over the fence almost as soon as they were, and the three ran in single file, the girl last. She was elated, and her magnificent sacrifice and fearless or she cunningly calculated that the regulators would take no chances of killing a woman-child, for she kept between their guns and her two companions, trying to cover and shield the latter with her frail body.

"Shoot, Lige," called Watts. "If we fire from here we'll hit the girl. Shoot!" Willets and Ross Schofield were still standing on the roof at the edge out of the smoke, and both fired at the same time. The fugitives did not turn. They kept on running, and they had nearly reached the other side of the field when suddenly, without any preliminary gesture, the elder Skillet dropped flat on his face. The Crossroads stood by each other that day, for four or five men ran out of the nearest shrub into the open, lifted the prostrate figure from the ground and began to carry it back with them. But Skillet was alive. His curses were heard above all other sounds. Lige and Schofield fired again, and one of the rescuers staggered. Nevertheless as the two men slid down from the roof the Crossroads were seen to break into a run, and at that, with another yell, fiercer, wilder, more joyous than the first, the Plattville men followed.

The yell rang loudly in the ears of old Wilkerson, who had remained back to the road, and at the same instant he heard another shout behind him. He had not shared in the attack; but, greatly preoccupied with his own histrionic affairs, was proceeding alone up the pike, except for the unhappy yellow mongrel still dragged along by the rope, and alternating, as was his natural wont, from one fence to the other, crouching behind every bush to fire an imaginary rifle at the dog and then springing out with triumphant howlings to fall prone upon the terrified animal. It was after one of these victories that a shout of warning was raised behind him, and Mr. Wilkerson, by grace of the god Bacchus, rolling out of the way in time to save his life, saw a horse dash by him, a big, black horse whose polished flanks were dripping with sweat. Warren Smith was the rider. He was waving a slip of yellow paper high in the air.

He rode up the slope and drew rein beyond the burning buildings just ahead of those foremost in the pursuit. He threw his lance across the road to oppose their progress, rose in his stirrups and waved the paper over his head. "Stop!" he roared. "Give me one minute! Stop!" He had a grand voice, and he was known in many parts of the state for the great bass roar with which he startled his juries. To be heard at a distance most men lifted the pitch of their voice. Smith lowered his an octave or two, and the result was like an earthquake playing an organ in a catacomb.

"Stop!" he thundered. "Stop!" In answer one of the flying Crossroads turned and sent a bullet whistling close to him. The lawyer paused long enough to bow deeply in satirical response; then, flourishing the paper, he roared again: "Stop! A mistake! I have news! Stop, I say! Horner has got them!"

To make himself heard over that tempestuous advance was a feat; for him, moreover, whose counsel had so lately been derided, to interest the pursuers at such a moment enough to make them listen—to find the word—was a greater, and by the word and by gestures at once vehemently imperious and imploring to stop them was a still greater. But he did it. He had come at just the moment before the moment that would have been too late. They all heard him. They all knew, too, that he was not trying to save the Crossroads as a matter of duty, because he had given that up before the mob left Plattville. Indeed, it was a question if at the last he had not tacitly approved, and no one feared indictments for the day's work. It would do no harm to listen to what he had to say. The work could wait. It would "keep" for five minutes. They began to gather around him, excited, flushed, panting and smelling of smoke. Hartley Bowdler, won by Lige's desperation and intrepidity, was helping the latter to up his head. No one else was hurt.

"What is it?" they clamored impatiently. "Speak quick!" There was another harmless shot from a fugitive, and then the Crossroads, divining that the diversion was in their favor, secured themselves in their decrepit

fastnesses and held their fire. Meanwhile the flames crackled cheerfully in Plattville ears. No matter what the prosecutor had to say, at least the Skillet saloon and homestead were gone, and Bob Skillet and one other would be sick enough to be good for awhile.

"Listen!" cried Warren Smith, and, rising in his stirrups again, read the



She made straight at Hartley.

missive in his hand, a Western Union telegraph form. "Warren Smith, Plattville," was the direction.

Found both shell men. Police familiar with both, and both wanted here. One arrested at noon in secondhand clothes store wearing Harkness' hat; also trying to dispose torn full dress coat known to have been worn by Harkness last night. Stains on lining believed blood. Second man found later at freight yards in empty lumber car left Plattville 1 p. m., badly hurt, shot and bruised. Supposed Harkness made hard fight. Hurt man taken to hospital unconscious. Will die. Other man refuses to talk so far. Check any movement Crossroads. This clears Skillet, etc. Come over on 9:15 accommodation.

The telegram was signed by Horner, the sheriff, and by Barrett, the superintendent of police at Bonin.

"It's all a mistake, boys," the lawyer said as he handed the paper to Watts and Parker for inspection. "The ladies at the judge's were mistaken, that's all, and this proves it. It's easy enough to understand. They were frightened by the storm, and watching a fence a quarter of a mile away by flashes of lightning any one would have been confused and imagined all the horrors on earth. I don't deny but what I believed it for awhile, and I don't deny but the Crossroads is pretty tough, but you've done a good deal here already today, and we've saved in time from a mistake that would have turned out mighty bad. This settles it. Horner got a wire to go soon as they got track of the first man. That was when we saw him on the Hoken accommodation."

A slightly mangled voice, yet a huskily tinny one, was lifted quaveringly on the air from the roadside, where an old man and a yellow dog sat in the dust together, the latter relieved at the last moment, his surprised head raptly turned with a hasty wreath of dog fennel daisies.

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground."

While we go marching on." Three-quarters of an hour later the inhabitants of the Crossroads, saved, they knew not how; gullible, knowing nothing of the fantastic pendulum of opinion which, swung by the events of the day, had marked the fatal moment of guilt now on others, now on them who deserved it—these natives and refugees, conscious of nothing, dumfounded by a miracle, thinking the world gone mad, hovered together in a dark, ragged mass at the crossing corners, while the skeleton of the rotting buggy in the slough rose behind them against the face of the west. They peered with stupefied eyes through the smoky twilight.

From afar, faintly through the gloaming, came mournfully to their ears the many voiced refrain, fainter, fainter:

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground."
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CHAPTER X.

AT the city hospital in Rouen that night a stout young man introduced himself to Barrett, superintendent of police. Warren Smith and Horner, sheriff of Carlow. He spoke in a low voice. "My name is Meredith," he said. "Mr. Harkness was an old and—"

"He paused for a moment. The Plattville men nodded solemnly. "An old and dear friend of mine," he went on, with some difficulty, and Warren Smith took him silently by the hand.

"You can come in and see this man, the Teller, with us if you like, Mr. Meredith," said the superintendent. "Your friend made a very hot for him before the two of 'em got away with him. He's so shot and backed up his mother wouldn't know him if she wanted to. At least that's what they say out here. We haven't seen him. He's called Jerry the Teller, and one of my sergeants found him in the freight yard. Knew it was the Teller, because he was stowed away in one of the empty cars that came from Plattville last night. And Slattery—that's his running mate, the one we caught with the coat and hat—on that freight. Looks like Slattery—let the Teller do all the fighting. He ain't scratched. We've been at Slattery pretty hard, but he won't open his head, and we hope to get something out of this one. He's delirious, but they say he'll come to before he dies. Do you want to go in with us?"

"Yes," said Meredith simply and

young surgeon presently appeared and led them down a wide corridor and up a narrow hall, and they entered a small, quiet ward.

There was a pungent smell of chemicals in the room. The light was low, and the dimness was lured with a thick, confused murmur, incoherent whisperings that came from a cot in the corner. It was the only cot in use in the ward, and Meredith was conscious of a terror that made him dread to look at it, to go near it. Beside it a nurse sat silent, and upon it feebly tossed the racked body of him whom Barrett had called Jerry the Teller.

The head was a shapeless bundle, so swathed it was with bandages and cloths, and what part of the face was visible was discolored and pigmented with drugs. Stretched under the white sheet the man looked immensely tall—as Horner saw with vague misgiving—and he lay in an odd, inhuman fashion, as though he had been all broken to pieces. His attempts to move were constantly soothed by the nurse, and he as constantly continued such attempts, and one hand, though torn and bandaged, was not to be restrained from a wandering, restless movement that Meredith felt to be pathetic. He had entered the room with a stare of hate for the man whom he had come to see die and who had struck down the old friend whose nearness he had never known until it was too late. But at first sight of the broken figure he felt all animosity fall away from him. Only awe remained and a growing traitorous pity as he watched the long white fingers of the Teller pick at the coverlet.

The man was muttering rapid fragments of words and syllables. "Somehow I feel a sense of wrong, Gay," Meredith whispered to the surgeon, whom he knew. "I feel as if I had done the fellow to death myself, as if it were all out of gear. I know now how Henry felt over the great Guisard. How tall he looks! That doesn't seem to me like a thug's hand."

The surgeon nodded. "Of course if there's a mistake to be made you can count on Barrett and his sergeants to make it. I doubt if this is their man. When they found him, what clothes he wore were torn and stained, but they had been good once, especially the linen."

Barrett bent over the recumbent figure. "See here, Jerry," he said. "I want to talk to you a little. How are you? I want to talk to you as a friend."

The incoherent muttering continued. "See here, Jerry," repeated Barrett more sharply. "Jerry? Rouse up, will you? We don't want any fooling, understand that, Jerry?" He dropped his hand on the man's shoulder and shook him slightly.

The Teller uttered a short, gasping cry.

"Let me," said Gay and swiftly in (To be continued.)

WHAT MICROBES ARE.

How They Multiply and How Nature Keeps Them Within Bounds.

Since Pasteur demonstrated the fact that many human diseases are due to minute living things which grow and multiply in our bodies there has been a tendency to call all microscopic organisms, whether harmful or not, "germs" or "microbes" or "bacteria" indiscriminately. This confusion may be cleared by the statement that protozoa are the lowest known forms of animals and that bacteria are the lowest known forms of plants, while "germs" and "microbes" may apply to the disease causing forms in either group.

In our laboratories, under suitable conditions of food and warmth, a bacillus splits in half an hour into two parts, each of which splits again in half an hour, and so on, and it has been estimated that a single bacillus if given similar conditions in nature, would within a week give rise to progeny numerous enough to fill the Atlantic ocean. Such overbalancing is largely prevented by the protozoa, which feed upon the bacteria, increasing as they increase and decreasing as this food supply gives out. The protozoa in turn are eaten by animals like the worms and shellfish, these by others, and so on, the balance of nature being so delicate that no form increases disproportionately for any length of time, although, like the locust plague or the California fruit tree scale or the gypsy moth, some forms may occasionally predominate.—Gary N. Calkins in Century.

RIGHT FOOTED PERSONS.

A Shoe Dealer Says They Are in the Van.

"Did you ever notice that people are right footed?" asked the proprietor of a shoe store. "Watch my clerks, and you will see that invariably customers will put out their right foot when going to be fitted. Now watch that corpulent woman going to sit down over there."

The woman with great weight of body took a seat, lifted her curtain of black veiling, and as the clerk approached her, she poked her right foot from beneath an expanse of skirt.

"It's always the case, and I don't believe I ever knew it to fail. The shoe manufacturers evidently are wise to this fact, as in the cartoons the right shoe is always packed on top. Once I had a lot of shoes come to me with the left shoe on top, and it caused me such annoyance that I wrote to the manufacturer, calling his attention to the matter so that it wouldn't happen again. The majority of people are right handed, yet a left handed person has the right foot habit. The right hand is larger than the left, as it is used more and consequently develops the muscles to a greater extent. On the other hand, the left foot is larger than the right in most persons. The difference is so slight that we seldom have trouble in fitting shoes, however. It is the left shoe that wears out before the right, and probably for this reason."—Shoe Retailer.

Summer Excursion Rates and Special Train Service Now on Between Portland and Clatsop Beach.

The summer schedule of the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co. has been inaugurated between Portland and Astoria and Seaside in connection with special round trip excursion tickets to all Clatsop and North Beach points, and train leaves Union depot 8:00 A. M. daily and runs through direct, arriving at Astoria 11:30 A. M., Gearhart 12:20 P. M. and Seaside 12:30 P. M.

In connection with this improved service, special round trip season excursion tickets are sold from Portland to all Clatsop and North Beach points at rate of \$4.00 for the round trip, good for return passage until Oct. 15th.

Special Commutation tickets, good for five round trips, are sold from Portland to same points for \$15.00, good to return until Oct. 15th.

Saturday special round trip excursion tickets from Portland to all Clatsop and North Beach points on sale every Saturday at rate of \$2.50 for round trip. Tickets sold from Portland to North Beach points are issued in connection with the I. R. & N. steamers from Astoria and Clatsop and all tickets sold by the O. R. & N. Co. from Portland to Clatsop and North Beach points are interchangeable and will be honored on trains of this company in either direction between Portland and Astoria. Write G. F. & P. A., Astoria, Ore., for Seaside Souvenir of 1904.

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The Portland-Seaside Flyer leaves the Union depot every Saturday at 2:30 P. M. arriving Astoria 5:50 P. M. and runs through direct arriving at Gearhart 6:40 P. M. and Seaside 9:50 P. M.

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How About Your Vacation?

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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REDUCED EXCURSION RATES.

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 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. agent.

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Have You Received the Seaside Souvenir For 1904.

The A. & C. R. R. will mail to your address free, copies of their Summer Booklet containing 30 pages of half tone engravings of Columbia River and Clatsop Beach scenery. Address J. C. Mayo, G. F. & P. A., Astoria, Ore., or C. A. Stewart, Agent, 248 Alder St., Portland, Ore.

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