

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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terposed. Bending over the cot, he said in a pleasant voice: "It's all right, old man; it's all right. Slattery wants to know what you did with that man down at Flatville when you got through with him. He can't remember, and he thinks there was money left on him. Slattery's head was hurt. He can't remember. He'll go shares with you when he gets it. Slattery's going to stand by you if he can get the money."

The Teller only tried to move his free hand to the shoulder Barrett had shaken.

"Slattery wants to know," repeated the young surgeon, gently moving the hand back upon the sheet. "He'll divvy up when he gets it. He'll stand by you, old man."

"Would you please not mind," whispered the Teller faintly—"would you please not mind if you took care not to brush against my shoulder again?"

The surgeon drew back, with an exclamation, but the Teller's whisper gathered strength, and they heard him murmuring oddly to himself. Meredith moved forward, with a startled gesture. "What's that?" he said.

"Seems to be trying to sing, or something," said Barrett, bending over to listen.

The Teller swung his arm heavily over the side of the cot, the fingers never ceasing their painful twitching. The surgeon leaned down and gently moved the cloth so that the white, scarred lips were free. They moved steadily. They seemed to be framing the semblance of an old ballad that Meredith knew. The whisper grew more distinct. It became a rich but broken voice, and they heard it singing like the sound of some far, halting minstrelsy:

"Wave willows—murmur waters—golden sunbeams smile,
Earthly music—cannot waken—lovely—Annie Lisle."

Meredith gave an exclamation.

The bandaged hand waved jauntily over the Teller's head. "Ah, men," he said, almost clearly, and tried to lift himself on his arm. "I tell you it's a grand eleven we have this year! There will be little left of anything that stands against them. It's our championship. Did you see Jim Komeley ride over his man this afternoon?"

As the voice grew clearer the sheriff stepped forward, but Tom Meredith, with a loud cry of grief, threw himself on his knees beside the cot and seized the wandering fingers in his own. "John," he cried, "John, is it you?"

The voice went on rapidly, not heeding him. "Ah, you needn't howl! Well, laugh away, you Indians! If it hadn't been for this ankle—but it seems to be my chest that's hurt—and side—not that it matters, you know. The sophomore's just as good or better. It's only my egoism. Yes, it must be the side—and chest—and head—all over, I believe. I'll try again next year—next year I'll make it a daily. Helen said, not that I should call you Helen—I mean Miss—Miss—Fisbee—no, Sherwood—but I've always thought Helen was the prettiest name in the world—you'll forgive me?—and please tell Parker there's no more copy and won't be—I wouldn't grind out another stick to save his immortal—she said—ah, I never made a good trade—no—unless they can't come seven miles—but I'll finish you, Skillet, first; I know you! I know nearly all of you. Now let's sing 'Annie Lisle'!" He lifted his hand as if to beat the time for a chorus.

"Oh, John, John!" cried Tom Meredith, and sobbed outright. "My boy, my boy—old friend!" The cry of the classmate was like that of a mother, for it was his old idol and hero who lay helpless and broken before him.

Two pairs of carriage lamps sparkled in front of the hospital in the earliest of the small hours, these subjoined to two deep hooded lanterns, from each of which quickly descended a gentleman with a head of eminence and a small, ominous black box, and the air of eminence was justified by the haste with which Meredith had sent for them and by their wide repute. They arrived almost simultaneously and hastily shook hands as they made their way to the ward down the long hall and up the narrow corridor. They had a short conversation with the surgeon and a word with the nurse, then turned the others out of the room by a practiced innuendo of manner. They stayed a long time in the room without opening the door.

Meredith went out on the steps and breathed the cool night air. A slender taint of drugs hung everywhere about the building, and the almost imperceptible permeation sickened him. It was deadly, he thought. To him it was imbued with a hideous portent of suffering. The lights in the little ward were turned up, and they seemed to shine from a chamber of horrors, while he waited as a brother might have waited outside the inquisition. If indeed a brother would have been allowed to wait outside the inquisition.

Alas, he had found John Harkless. He had lost track of him as men sometimes do lose track of their best beloved, but it had always been a comfort to know that Harkless was somewhere, a comfort without which he could hardly have got along. Like others, he had been waiting for John to turn up—on top, of course—he had such ability, ability for anything, and people would always care for him and believe in him so that he would be shoved ahead no matter how much he hung back himself; but Meredith had not expected him to turn up in Indiana.

He remembered now hearing a man who had spent the day in Flatville on business speak of him: "They've got a young fellow down there who'll be governor in a few years. He's a sort of dictator. Runs the party all over that part of the state to suit his own sweet will just by sheer personality. And

He named the men slowly and carefully. Then he went on: "I think they gave up the notion of whipping. We all got into a bunch, and they couldn't get clear to shoot without hitting some of their own, and there was a lot of goading and kicking. One fellow nearly got my left eye, and I tried to tear him apart, and he screamed a good deal. Once or twice I thought I might get away, but somehow he hampered me over the head and face again, and I got dizzy, and then they all jumped away from me suddenly, and Boy Skillet stepped up and—and shot me. He waited for a flurry of lightning, and I was slow tumbling down. Some one else fired a shotgun. I think, I can't be sure, about the same time from the side. I tried to get up, but I couldn't, and then they got together for a consultation. The man I had hurt—I didn't recognize him—came and looked at me. He was named, I think, over and over again, and I laughed, I think; at any rate my arm was lying stretched out on the grass, and he stamped his heel into my hand, and after a little of that I quit feeling.

(To be continued.)

Why Stammerers Are Able to Sing.
Stammering depends on a want of harmony between the action of the muscles (chiefly abdominal) which expel air through the larynx and that of the muscles which guard the orifice by which it escapes with that of those which modulate the sound to the form of speech. Over either of the groups of muscles by itself a stammerer may have as much power as other people, but he cannot harmoniously arrange their conjoint action. Nervousness is a frequent cause of stammering. It is possible that the defect in some instances may result from malformation of the parts about the back of the mouth. The fact that stammering people are able to sing their words better than to speak them has been usually explained on the supposition that in singing the glottis is kept open so that there is less liability to spasmodic action.—Boston Transcript.

Hospitality.
I pray you, O excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for the man and woman who have just alighted at our gate. . . . These things, if they are desirous of them, they can get for a few shillings at any village inn. But rather let that stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, that which he cannot buy at any price in any city and which he may travel miles and dine sparsely and sleep hardly to behold.—Emerson.

Lack of Education.
One of the most pitiable tragedies in human life is that of strong young men and young women letting their powers go to waste for lack of education. Many of them lament their ignorance, but excuse it on the ground of "no chance" or opportunity. Such excuses in a land which teems with chances decide no one but those who make them.—Success.

Public Spirit.
Little James (who has an inquiring mind)—Father, what do they mean when they call a man public spirited? Professor Broadley—Why, it usually means that he is very liberal in his devoting to persuade other people to spend their money bountifully for the public good.

Women Are Sharp Eyed Guests.
Will any truthful woman pretend that she ever stayed in the house of a friend for a couple of days without being keenly conscious of gross mismanagement on the part of her hostess?—Liverpool Post.

Borrowing is not much better than begging.—Leasing.

HAIRS OF THE NETTLE.

The Reason They Sting So When They Prick the Flesh.

The stinging hairs of the common nettle, which can easily be seen by the naked eye, stand out under the microscope as rigid, transparent, tubular prickles, highly polished and exquisitely pointed. At their bases these hairs are furnished with bulbous reservoirs, which are charged with formic acid, an acid, poisonous fluid, which is discharged into the wound after the sharp points have pierced the skin.

Mr. Curtis, in his "Flora," gives this graphic description of the process: "Placing the foot stalk of a nettle leaf on the stage of a microscope, I pressed the bulb with a blunt pin and found a liquid ascend in the prickles, as quicksilver does when a warm hand is applied to the bulb of a thermometer. I saw the liquid ascend and flow from its extremity. I was the more anxious to see this, as I fancied the poison might proceed from an aperture in the side of the stinging hair's point, and here it appears to be placed rather than quite at the end, that it may not take off from its necessary sharpness."

Put to the Test.

A great crowd has assembled to cheer the boy prince Alexander on his arrival at Belgrade by steamer. "Why do these people make so much noise when they see me?" cried little Alexander. "Because they love you, my little son." Immediately he almost sprang out of the steamer's arms, calling out: "They say you love me. Show me your love by throwing all your hats into the water." The hats were thrown.—From "Belgrade, the White City of Death."

How Some Medicines Are Obtained.

From the horns and bones of various animals may be procured by distillation muriate of ammonia, commonly used in medicines for both internal and external use. From burned bones comes phosphate of soda, so valuable in physics, and prussic acid, used medicinally as one of the most powerful narcotic substances, may be obtained from animal matter in a state of decomposition.

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The summer schedule of the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co. has been inaugurated between Portland and Astoria and Seaside in connection with special

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The Portland-Seaside Flyer leaves 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.

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 for 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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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.

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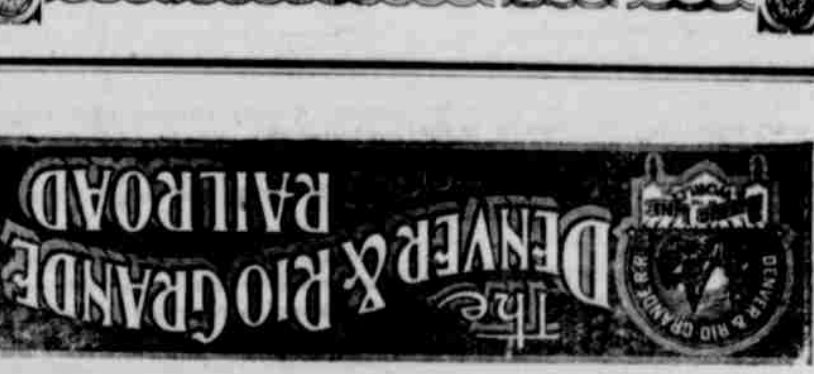
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