

# The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARRINGTON

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"I'm not quite clear about what happened afterward. They went away— not far, I think. There's an old shed, a cattle shed, near there, and I think the storm drove them under it to wait for a shack. It seemed a long time. Sometimes I was conscious, sometimes I wasn't. I thought I might be drowned, but I suppose the rain was good for me. Then I remember being in motion, being dragged and carried a long way. They carried me up a steep, short slope and set me down near the top. I knew that was the railroad embankment, and I thought they meant to lay me across the track, but it didn't occur to them—they are not familiar with melodrama—and a long time after that I felt and heard a great banging and rattling under me and all about me, and it came to me that they had disposed of me by hoisting me into an empty freight car. The odd part of it was that the car wasn't empty, for there were two men already in it, and I knew them by what they said to me.

"They were the two shell men that cheated Hartley Bowdler, and they weren't vindictive. They even seemed to be trying to help me a little, though perhaps they were only stealing my clothes, and maybe they thought for them to do anything unpleasant would be superfluous. I could see that they thought I was done for and that they had been hiding in the car when I was put there. I asked them to try to call the trainmen for me, but they wouldn't listen or else I couldn't make myself understood. That's all. The rest is a blur. I haven't known anything more until those surgeons were here. Please tell me how long ago it happened. I shall not die, I think. There are a good many things I want to know about." He moved restlessly, and the nurse soothed him.

Meredith rose and left the room with a noiseless step. He went out to the stars again and looked to them to check the storm of rage and sorrow that buffeted his bosom. He understood lynching, now the thing was done to him, and his feeling was no inspiration of a fear lest the law miscarry. It was the itch to get his own hand on the rope. Horner came out presently and whispered a long, broad, profound curse upon the men of the Crossroads, and Meredith's gratitude to him was keen. Barrett went away soon after, and Meredith had a strange, unreasonable desire to kick Barrett, possibly for the sergeant's sake. Warren Smith sat in the ward with the nurse and Gay, and the room was very quiet. It was a long vigil. They were waiting.

At 5 o'clock he was still alive—just that, Smith came out to say, Meredith sent a telegram to Helen which would give Plattville the news that Harkless was found and was not yet gone from them. Horner left for the station to catch a train. There were things for him to do in Carlow. At noon Meredith sent a second telegram to Helen as barren of detail as the first. He was alive; was a little improved. But this telegram did not reach her, for she was on the way to Rouen, and half of the population of Carlow—at least so it seemed to the unhappy conductor of the accommodation—was with her.

They seemed to feel that they could camp in the hospital halls and corridors, and they were an incalculable worry to the authorities. More came on every train, and nearly all brought flowers and jelly and chickens for pre-

others needed the care of a physician badly, and one man was suffering from a severely wounded back. Horner had a train stopped at a crossing so that his prisoners need not be taken through Plattville, and he brought them all safely to Rouen.

It took nearly a week to persuade the people of Plattville that it was better for them to go home, and it was only the confidence inspired by the manner of the two eminent surgeons (they lay in wait at all hours to interview these gentlemen) that did persuade them to return—this and the promise of two daily bulletins.

As many of them said on their return, Plattville didn't "feel like the same place," and a strange thing had happened—for the first time in five years the Carlow County Herald missed an altogether. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday passed. Mr. Fiske only sat staring out of the dingy office windows with Parker in a demented silence. There was no Herald; there was no one to get it out.

In the Rouen hospital John Harkless feebly moved on his bed of pain. His constant delusion was that the universe was a vast, white heated brass ball and he a point at the center of it, listening for further details of the brazen hum it gave off and burning in hot waves of sound.

Finally he came to what he would have considered a lucid interval had it not appeared that Helen Sherwood was whispering to Tom Meredith at the foot of his bed. This he knew to be a fictitious presentation of his fever, for she was not by this time away and away for foreign lands? And also Tom Meredith was a slim young thing and not a middle aged youth with an undeniable stomach and a balding head who by the preposterous necromancy of fever assumed a grotesque likeness of his old friend. He waved his hand to the figures, and they vanished like figments of a dream; but, all the same, the vision had been realistic enough for the lady to look exquisitely pretty. No one could help wishing to stay in a world which contained as charming a picture as that.

But the next night Meredith waited near his bedside, haggard and disheveled. Harkless had been lying in a long stupor. Suddenly he spoke, quite loudly, and the young surgeon, Gay, who leaned over him, considered the words and the tone all his life.

"Away—and away—across the waters," said John Harkless. "She was here—once—in June."

"What is it, John?" whispered Meredith huskily. "You're feeling easier, aren't you?"

And John smiled a little, as if, for the moment, he saw and knew his old friend again.

That same night a friend of Rodney McCane's sent a telegram from Rouen: "He is dying. His paper is dead. Your name goes before convention in September."

clouds of white vapor up to the sky, swayed down the track, rushed by them and came to a standstill beyond the platform. Fiske and the foreman made haste to the nearest vestibule and were gazing blankly at its barred approaches when they heard a silvery laugh behind them and an exclamation. "Upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber! Just behind you, dear!"

Turning quickly, the foreman beheld a blushing and smiling little vision, a vision with light brown hair, a vision enveloped in a light brown rain cloak and with brown gloves from which the handles of a big brown traveling bag were let fall as the vision disappeared under the cotton umbrella, while the smitten Judd Bennett reeled gasping against the station.

"Dearest," the girl cried to the old man, "you should have been looking for me between the devil and the deep sea, the parlor car and the smoker! I've given up cigars, and I've begun to study economy, so I didn't come on either!"

The drizzle and mist blew in under the top of the "cut under" and they drove rapidly into town, and bright little drops sparkled on the fair hair above the new editor's forehead and on the long lashes above the new editor's cheeks. She shook these transient gleams off lightly as she paused in the doorway of the office at the top of the rickety stairway.

Mr. Schofield had just added the last touch to his decorations and managed to slide into his coat as the party came up the stairs, and now, perspiring, proud, embarrassed, he assumed an attitude at once deprecatory of his endeavors and pointedly expectant of commendations for the results. (He was a modest youth and a conscious. After his first sight of her as she stood in the doorway it was several days before he could lift his distressed eyes under the new editor's glance or, indeed, dare to avail himself of more than a hasty and fluttering stare at her when her back was turned.) As she entered the room he sidled along the wall and laughed sheepishly at nothing.

Every chair in the room was ornamented with one of his blue rosettes, tied carefully and firmly to the middle of each chair back. There had been several yards of ribbon left over, and there was a hard knot of glossy satin on each of the inlaid and on the doorknobs. A blue band passing around the stovetop lent it an antique rakishness suggestive of the chariot, and a number of streamers suspended from a hook in the ceiling encouraged a supposition that the employees of the Herald were contemplating the intricate festivities of May day. It needed no ghost to infer that the decorations had not embellished the editorial chamber during Mr. Harkless' activity, but, on the contrary, had been put in place that very morning. Mr. Fiske had not known of the decorations, and as his eye fell upon them a faint look of pain passed over his brow. But the girl examined the room with a dancing eye, and there were both tears and laughter in her heart.

"How beautiful!" she cried. "How beautiful!" She crossed the room and gave her hand to Ross. "It is Mr. Schofield, isn't it? The ribbons are delightful. I didn't know Mr. Harkless' room was so pretty."

Ross looked out of the window and laughed as he took her hand, which he shook with a long up and down motion, but he was set at that exact moment, for her apparent unconsciousness of the fact that the decorations were for her. "Oh, it ain't much, I reckon," he replied, and continued to look out of the window and laugh.

She went to the desk and removed her gloves and laid her rain cloak over a chair near by. "Is this Mr. Harkless' chair?" she asked, and Fiske answering that it was, she looked gravely at it for a moment, passed her hand gently over the back of it and then, throwing the rain cloak over another chair, said cheerily:

"Do you know, I think the first thing for us to do will be to dust everything very carefully!"

"You remember, I was confident she would know precisely where to begin," was Fiske's earnest whisper in the willing ear of the lone foreman. "Not an instant's indecision, was there?"

"No, sirree," replied the other, and as he went down to the pressroom to hunt for a feather duster which he thought might be found there he collared Bud Dipworthy, the devil, who, not admitted to the concave of his superiors, was whistling on the rainy stairway.

"You hustle and find that dusterbush we used to have, Bud," said Parker. And presently as they rummaged in the nooks and crannies about the machinery he melted to his small assistant. "The paper is saved, Buddie—saved by an angel in light brown. You can tell it by the look of her."

"Geel!" said Bud.

Mr. Schofield had come, blushing, to join them. "Say, Cale, did you notice the color of her eyes?"

"Yes, they're gray."

"I thought so, too, show day and at Kedge Holloway's lecture. But say, Cale, they're kind of changeable. When (To be continued.)

If you want good flour, go to Bob Greer's, he keeps Liberty Bell, \$1.05 per sack and Gilt Edge, \$1.10 per sack. Both hard wheat flour and no better in town.

Kills His Father. The 15-year-old son of Lafayette Jones, a wealthy farmer living ten miles west of Plattburg, Mo., shot and killed his father last Tuesday. Because he was not allowed to drive the family horse, the boy, with a shotgun, lay in wait for his father and shot him in the head as he passed. Young Jones then reloaded the gun and fired at the prostrate form of his father. The boy is in jail.

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 is sensible 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.

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 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 baggage 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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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 reach 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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