## The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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oppose their progress, rose in his stir-rups and waved the paper over his shead, "Stop!" he roared, "Give me one minute! Stop!" He had a grand white we go marching on.

Three-quarters of an hour later the parts of the startled his juries.

To be heard at a distance most men lift the pitch of their voice. Smith lowered his an octave or two, and the lowered his an octave or two and the lowered his an oc lowered his an octave or two, and the result was like an earthquake playing

'Stop!" he thundered, "Stop!" In answer one of the flying Crossroaders turned and sent a bullet whistling close to him. The lawyer paused long enough to bow deeply in satirical response; then, flourishing the paper, be 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 counsels 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 Bave 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, perspiring and smelling of smoke. Hartley Bowlder, won by Lige's desperation and intrepidity, was helping the latter tie up his head. No

one e'se was hurt.
"What is it?" they clamored impatiently. "Speak quick!" There was another harmless shot from a fugitive. and then the Crossroaders, 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 Skillett saloon and homestead were gone and Bob Skillett 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 secondhant clothes store wearing Hardless' hat; also trying to dispose tora full dress coat know a to have been worn by Harkless last night. Stainson lining believed blood. Second man foun later at freight yards in employ lumber car left Plattville 1 p. m., bedly hurt, shot and bruised. Supposed Parkless made hard fight. Hart man taken to hospital uncorseions. Wh. die Ocher

The telegram was signed by Horner, e sheriff, and by Barrett, the super-

intendent of pelice at Rouen.
"It's all a mistake, boys." the lawye 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 ear, enough to understand. They were frightened by orm, and watching a fence a of a salir away by flashes of ary ene would have been the lined all the horrors ony but what I be postty ough, but deat is a already

ion as they got track of in account? cas litted ... latter

the threw his horse across the road to propose their progress, rose in his single raisibility garnished with a hasty wreath of dog fennel daisies.

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground, While we go marching on."

the day, had marked the fatal moment of guilt now on others, now on them ure. "See here, Jerry," he said, "I want who deserved it these natives and to talk to you a little. Rouse up, will refugees, conscious of atrocity, dumfounded by a miracle, thinking the world gone mad, hovered together in a dark, ragged mass at the graves. a dark, ragged mass at the crossing corners, while the skeleton of the retting buggy in the slough rose behind them against the face of the west.

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

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-meldering in
the ground,
John Brown's body lies—mold— \*\*\*

\*\*\* we go march \*\*\* on."

CHAPTER X. that pight a stout young man introduced himself to Bar-rett, superintendent of police; Warren Smith and Horner, sheriff He spoke in a low voice

"My name is Meredith," he said. "Mr. Harkless was an old and-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 it very hot for him before the two of 'em got away with him. He's so shot and hacked 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 hatowned up that they beat their way 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.

'Yes," said Meredith simply, and a Earthly mu oung surgeon presently appeared and led them down a wide corridor and un a narrow hall, and they entered a

small, quiet ward. There was a pungent smell of chemicals in the room. The light was low. ind the dimness was imbued 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 cloths, and what part of the face was lide was discolored and pigmented with drugs. Stretched under the white at the man looked immensely tall-Horner saw with vague misgiving-al be lay in an odd, inhuman fashas though he had been all broken bees. His attempts to move were tantly soothed by the nurse, and constantly continued such at-1.4s, and one hand, though torn bandaged, was not to be restrained from a wandering, restless movement that Meredith felt to be pathetic. He

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Lused Dr.

Profitable Poultry Raising Gay," Meredith whispered to the sur-geon, whom he know, "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 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

"See here, Jerry," repeated Barrett mere sharply, "Jerry! Rouse up, will you? We don't want any fooling, un-derstand that, Jerry!" He dropped his They peered with stupelied eyes hand on the man's shoulder and shook through the smoky twilight. The Teller uttered a short, gasping

"Let me," said day and swiftly in-

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 Plattville 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 il 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. Mer-

dith moved forward, with a startled gesture. "What's that?" he said. "Seems to be trying to sing, or so thing," said Barrett, bending over to

The Teller swung his arm heavily over the side of the cot, the fingers nev er ceasing their painful twitching. The surgeon leaned down and gently moved the cloths so that the white, scarred lips were free. They moved steadily They seemed to be framing the sem blance 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 and to let him pass over dry.

s smile, sic-cannot waken-lovely-

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 Romley 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 him-self 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 egotism. 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 eail you Helen-I mean Miss-Miss-Fishee-no, Sherwood-but I've always thought Helen was the prettiest name in the worldyou'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, Skillett, first; I know you! I know nearly ail of you. Now let's sing 'Annie Lisle'"— He lifted his hand as if to beat the time for a chorus

prostration and paratysis, and other synaptoms of nervous eleeplessness, and other synaptoms of nervous exhaustion not realizing the danger they are in. Nervous disease develops slowly and by restoring vigor to the wasted nerve cells by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can prevent serious classified was like that of a mother, for it was his old idol and hero who believes and broken before him.

of which quickly descended a gentle man w. a beard an air of emand a small, omenus black be sent e their

with the surgeon and a word with the nurse, then turned the others out of the room by a practiced innuendo of man

ner. 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 work. A trout mezzo is one half the fish deadly, he thought. To him it was iming. The lights in the little ward were turned up, and then suffer as to stand the fish out in bold relief, bued with a hideous portent of sufferturned up, and they seemed to shine giving the effect of an oil painting or from a chamber of horrors, while he whole mounted fish, with the real thing to waited as a brother might have waited show for your prowess. The process of outside the inquisition, if indeed a preserving fish in this artistic way was

wait outside the inquisition. Alas, he had found John Harkless. He had lost track of him as men some times do lose track of their best be loved, but it had always been a com fort to know that Harkless was some where, a comfort without which he could hardly have got along. Like oth ers, he had been waiting for John to turn up-on top, of course-he had such ability for anything, and people would always care for him and believe in him so that he would be shoved alread 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 Plattylle on business speak of him: "They've got a young fellow down there who'll be gov or in a few years. He's a sort of tator. Runs the party all over that dust by sheer personality. isn't a man in the district who wouldn't cheerfully lie down in the some far, halting minstrelsy: that young Harkless, you know. Own "Wave willows-murmur waters-golden the Herald, the paper that downed Mc supheams smile."

To be continued.

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