THE UNION ADVOCATE WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1904.

 The Gentleman

 From Indiana

 By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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wild spirits.

"In Carlow county!"

"Miss Briscoe"-

scriptions

"What is it?" he asked, and he spoke loway." in a whisper such as he might have "Then I don't understand your wishused at the bedside et a dying friend. ing to save me. He would not have laughed if he had She smiled unwillingly and turned her known he did so. She twisted the spear gray eyes upon him with troubled sunof grass into a little dall and threw it niness, and under the sweetness of her at a stone in the water before she anregard he set a watch upon his lips,

though he knew it would not avail him swered: "Do you know, Mr. Harkless, you long. He had driveled along respectand I have not met, have we? Didn't we forget to be presented to each ably so far, he thought, but he had the entimental longings of years, starved other? of expression, culminating in his heart.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sherwood. In the perturbation of come is I forgot.' "It was melodrama, wasn't it?" she

said. He laughed, but she shook her

"Purest comedy." he said garly, "except your part of it. You shouMn't have done it. This evening was not arranged hands toward him and looked at them in honor of visiting ladies. But you in contrast and broke into the most dein honor of 'visiting ladies.' But you mustn't think me a comediat. Truly, 1 didn't plan it. My friend from Six Crossroads must be given the credit of devising the scene, though you divined

"It was a little too picturesque, 1 think. I know about Six Crossroads. Please tell me what you mean to do." "Nothing. What should I ?"

"You mean that you will keep on let-ting them shoot at you until they-until you"- She struck the bench angrily with her hand.

"There's no summer theater in Six "There's no summer theater in one weep. I haven't a to if I were you." Crossroads. There's not even a church. Why shouldn't they?" he asked grave "Look at the moon," he responded. Why shouldn't they?" he asked grave-ly. "During the long and tedious evenings it cheers the poor Crossroader's best of metropolitans, and, for my part, soul to drop over here and take a shot I see more of it here. You do not apat me. It whiles away dull care for him, and he has the additional exercise in the heart of the city, and what other of running all the way home."

"Ah?" she cried indignantly. "They told me you always answered like this."

"Wei2, you see, the Crossroads efforts have proved so thoroughly hygienic for me. As a patriot I have sometimes felt extreme mortification that such bad marksmanship should exist in the county, but I console myself with the thought that their best shots are, un-happily, in the penitentiary."

"There are many left. Can't you un-derstand that they will organize again and come in a body, as they did before you broke them up? And then, if they come on a night when they know you are wandering out of town"-

"You have not had the advantage of an intimate study of the most exclusive scople of the Crossroads, Miss Sherwood. There are about thirty gentlemen who remain in that neighborhood while their relatives sojourn under dis-cipline. If you had the entree over ere, you would understand that these irty could not gather themselves into apany and march the seven miles him, but your predecessor had used it, are not precisely amiable people, among themselves. They would el and shoot one another to pieces

the smell of damask roses from the garden. The creek splashed over the pebbles at their feet, and a drowsy bird, half wakened by the moon, crooned languorously in the sycamores. The girl looked out at the sparkling water through downcast lashes. "Is it be cause it is so transient that beauty is pathetic," she said, "because we can never come back to it in quite the same way? I am a sentimental girl. If you are born so it is never entirely teased out of you, is it? Besides, to-night is all a dream. It isn't real, you know. You couldn't be mawkish." Her tone was gentle as a caress, and

it made him tingle to his finger tips, "How do you know?" he asked. "I just know. Do you think I'm very bold and forward?" she said dreamily.

"It was your song I wanted to be sentimental about. I am like one 'who through long days of toil'-only that doesn't quite apply-'and nights devoid of ease,' but I can't claim that on doesn't sleep well here; it is Plattville's specialty-like one who

"Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies."

"Yes," she answered, "to come here She continued to look at him wistfully, and to do what you have done and to searchingly, gently. Then her eyes traveled over his big frame, from his shoes (a patch of moonlight fell on live this isolated village life that must be so desperately dry and dull for a them; they were dusty; he drew them under the bench with a shudder) to his man of your sort, and yet to have the kind of heart that makes wonderful broad shoulders (he shook the stoop out of them). She stretched her small white melodies sing in itself-oh," she cried, "I say that is fine."

"You do not understand," he returned sadly, wishing before her to be unlicious low laughter in the world. At mercifully just to himself. "I came here because I couldn't make a l this he knew the watch on his lips was worthless. It was a question of min-utes till he should present himself to melodies'-I have only known you one eyes as a sentimental and suscepevening-and the melodies"- He rose tible imbecile. He knew it. He was in to his feet and took a few steps toward the garden. "Come," he said, "let me "Could you realize that one of your take you back. Let us go before 1"-

dangers might be a shaking?" she cried. "Is your seriousness a lost art?" He finished with a helpless laugh She stood by the bench, one hand Her laughter ceased suddenly. "Ah, no! I understand Thiers said the resting on it. She stood all in the tremulant shadow. She moved one French laugh always in order not to weep. I haven't lived here five years. step toward him, and a single long sliver of light pierced the sycamores and fell upon her head. He gasped.

"What was it about the melodies? "We Plattvillians own that with the she said. "Nothing. I don't know how to thank

you for this evening that you have giv-en me. I-I suppose you are leaving topreciate us. We have large landscapes morrow. No one ever stays here. I"capital has advantages like that? Next "What about the melodies?" If gave it up. "The moon makes peo-ple insane." he cried. winter the railway station is to have a

new stove for the waiting room. Heaven itself is one of our suburbs-it is so "If that is true, then you need not be close that all one has to do is to die. ore afraid than I, because 'people' is plural. What were you saying about"-"I had heard them-in my heart You insist upon my being French, you see, and I know you are fond of non-sense. How did you happen to put When I heard your voice tonight I "The Walrus and the Carpenter' at the knew that it was you who sang them bottom of a page of Fisbee's notes?" there, had been singing them for me al-"Was it? How were you sure it was ways."

"So." she cried gayly. "All that de bate about a pretty speech!" Then, "He might have written it himself." sinking before him in a courtesy, "I am beholden to you," she said. "Do you "Fisbee has never in his life read anything lighter than cuneiform inthink no man ever made a little flat-tery for me before tonight?"

At the edge of the orchard, when

"She doesn't read Lewis Carroll, and they could keep an unseen watch on the it was not her hand. What made you garden and the bank of the creek. Judge write it on Fisbee's manuscript?" Briscoe and Mr. Todd were ensconced "He was here this afternoon. I under an apple tree, the former still teased him a little about your heading armed with his shotgun. When the under an apple tree, the former still in the Heraid-Business and the Cra-dle, the Altar and the Grave,' isn't it? young people got up from their bench the two men rose hastily, then saunte -and he said it had always troubled ed slowly toward them. When they anong the meter the seven miles him, but your predecessor had used it, are not precisely aniable people, among themselves. They would him, but your predecessor had used it, and you thought it good. So do I. He asked me if I could think of anything that you might like better and put in place of it and I wrote 'The Time Has Come,' because it was the only thing I could think of that was a anything



N.3 " " ...

ore they got here ut they worked in a company I could think of that was as appropri-

for seven miles. Four miles er radius. Five would see them

struck the bench again. "Oh, you that the paper he handed me to write at me! You make a joke of your on was part of his notes; nor did he, 1 and death and laugh at every- think. Afterward he put it back in his Have five years of Plattville pocket. It wasn't a message.'

"I'm not so sure he did not notice. agh only at taking the poor He is very wise. Do you know, I have ers too seriously. I don't laugh the impression that the old fellow unning into fire to help a fel-

there wasn't any risk. I spoke carnestly, and her face was suf-ad to stop to load before be fused with a warm light. There was

no doubt about her meaning what she shoot again. If I had known said. e tonight, I"- His tone ind he spoke gravely. "I am "He knew how great was my need of for minutes' companionableness in worship of your divine a few minutes' companionableness It's so much finer to risk with-with"-"No," she interrputed. "I meant dear a stranger than for a

anted us to meet."

have had him.

"I was a ruffler of Flanders And fought for a florin's hire. You were the dame of my captain And sang to my heart's desire.

The truth is that you were a lady at

the court of Clovis, and I was a heath-en captive. I heard you sing a Chris-

She did not seem overpleased with

his fancy, for, the surprise fading from

her face. "Oh, that was the way you

Perhaps it was not that way alone.

mise me for being mawk

" asked. "I haven't had

ped them warmly.

te breezes that

nd then was

tian hymn and asked for baptism."

remembered." she said

You

and good to me. I think he was think-ing of me. It was for my sake he

d yours for a man you had saw you at the lecture. I

oduce the Hon. Mr. Hal-

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n on kie danced. "You actually remember?" Dr "Yes. Do you?" he answered. "I stood in Jones' field and heard you rify the blood and ter in the D.A.R singing, and I remembered. It was a

long time since I had heard you sing: , N.S. -" I have used hase's Kidney-Pills for a number "But that is the balladist's notion

one might take him for Mr. Harkless ate and as fetching as your headlines. He was perfectly dear about it. He Can you come out with Willetts in the was so serious. He said he feared it morning, Harkless," he went on, "and vouldn't be acceptable. I didn't notice go with the young ladies to see the parade? And Minnie wants you to stay

to dinner and go to the show with them in the afternoon." Harkless seized his hand and shook it

and then laughed heartily as he accept ed the invitation.

At the gate Miss Sherwood extended her hand to him and said politely, wanted me to neet you." "How dear and good of him!" She while mockery shone from her eyes: "Good night, Mr. Harkless. I do not leave tomorrow. I am very glad to have

met you." "We are going to keep her all sum mer, if we can," said Minnie, weaving her arm about her friend's waist. You'll come in the morning?"

"Good night, Miss Sherwood," he re turned hilariously. "It has been such a pleasure to meet you. Thank you so much for saving my life. It was very

good of you, indeed. Yes; in the morn It might have been hard to convince ing. Good night, good night." He shook hands with all of them, includa woman if she had overheard this was not the calculated affectation of a coquette. Sometimes a man's unsus-picion is wiser, and Harkless here. liam walked at his side in amazement. The Herald building was a decrepit picion is wiser, and Harkless knew that she was not flirting with him. In frame structure on Main street, had once been a small warehouse addition, he was not a fatuous man; he did not extend the implication of was now sadly in need of paint. Close her words nearly so far as she would ly adjoining it, in a large, blank-looking yard, stood a low brick cottage, over "But I had met you," said he, "long which the second story of the old ware house leaned in an effect of tipsy af "What!" she cried, and her eves fection that had reminded Harkle when he first saw it, of an old Sunday school book woodcut of an inebriated parent under convoy of a devoted child

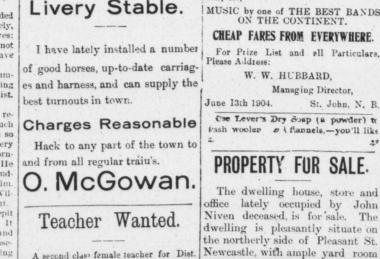
The title to these two buildings and the blank yard had been included in the purchase of the Herald, and the cottage was the editor's home.

There was a light burning upstairs in the Herald office. From the street a broad, tumbledown stairway ran up on the outside of the building to the econd floor, and at the stairway rail ng John turned and shook his com anion warmly by the hand.

"Good night, William." he said. "It was plucky of you to join in that muss night. I shan't forget it."

To be continued.

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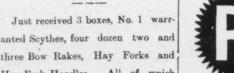
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FRIDAY, JULY 29th, 1904.

or all the stock consisting of Fancy Dry Goods and Millinery contained in the store hately occupied by the said Gertrude Foran in the Morrison Block in the Town of Newcastle, N. B. The stock and inventory of the same can be seen during during usiness hours by applying to Miss M Quigley, Newcastle

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