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Day of July, A. D. 1905. N. A. LANDRY, Assignee of Charles S. Hachey.

Notice for Tenders,

Sealed Tenders marked "Tenders for Stock2' will be received by the undersigned at Bathurst up to August Tenth, next, at twelve o'clock noon for all the stock in trade of Charles S. Hachey of Caraquet, in the County of Gloucester, Insolvent. Dated at Bathurst, N. B., this Day of July, A. D. 1905.

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The Gentleman From Indiana By BOOTH TARKINGTON Congright, 1899, by Doubleday (& McClure Co. Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips (& Co.

"But what's it for?" "Why-it's-it's likely meant fer dec-

"It seems to have been here "It has. I reckon it's most due to be called in. It's be'n up ever sence-

"Who put it up, Ross?" "We did."

"What for?" Ross was visibly embarrassed. "Why -fer-fer the other editor." "For Mr. Fisbee?" "Land, no! You don't suppose we'd

go to all that work and bother to brisken things up for that old gentleman, "I meant young Mr. Fisbee. He is the other editor, isn't he?"

"Oh!" said Ross "Young Mr. Fisbee? Yes; we put 'em up fer him."
"You did? Did he appreciate them?" "Well, he-seemed to-kind of fike

"Where is he find him." "He's gone." "Gone? Hasn't he been here this aft-

ernoon? "Yes: some the time. Come in and stayed durin' the leevy you was holdin'

and saw the extry off all right." here by half past 8 at the farthest off." "I can't wait till then. I've been wanting to see him every minute since

Where has he gone? I want to see him "Want to discharge him again?" said they saw that Mr. Martin stood there

"No," said Harkless. "I want to give him the Herald. Do you know where

Mr. Martin stroked his beard deliberately. "The person you speak of hadn't ought to be very hard to find in Carlow, and-well, maybe when found you'll want to put a kind of a codicil to that deed to the Herald. The committee was reckless enough to hire that carriage of yours by the day, and Keat-Engine and Boiler For ing and Warren Smith are sitting in it up at the corner with their feet on the cushions to show how used they are to riding around with four white horses every day in the week. It's waiting till you're ready to go out to Briscoes'.

There's an hour before supper time, and you can talk to young Fishee all you want. He's out there.' The first words Warren Smith spoke had lifted the veil of young Fisbee's duplicity; had shown John with what fine intelligence and supreme delicacy and sympathy young Fisbee had worked for him, had understood him and had made him. If the open attack on McCune had been made and the damnatory evidence published in Harkless'

own paper while Harkless himself was a candidate and rival he would have felt dishonored. The McCune papers could have been used for Halloway's bench, was shabing. She put it behind benefit, but not for his own, and young her. Then her eyes were lifted a little, Fishee had understood and had saved and, though they did not meet his, he him. It was a point of honor that many saw them, and a glory sprang into bewould have held finical and inconsisting in his heart. Her voice fell still ent, but one that young Fisbee had comprehended was vital to Harkless. And this was the man he had discharged like a dishonest servant, the man who had thrown what (in Carlow eyes) was riches into his lap, the man who had made his paper and who had made him and saved him. Harkless and he spoke as slowly as she had. wanted to see young Fisbee as he longed to see only one other person in the

As the barouche drove up to the brick house he made out through the trees a retreative flutter of skirts on the porch, and the thought crossed his

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By BOOTH TARKINGTON

preparation of the banquet. But when the barouche halted at the gate he was surprised to see her waving to him from the steps, while Tom Meredith and Mr. Bence and Mr. Boswell formed a

> little court around her. Lige Willetts rode up on horseback at the same moment, and the judge was waiting in front of the gate. Harkless stepped out of the barouche and took his hand. "I was told young Fishee was here." "Young Fisbee is here," said the

Mr. Fisbee came around the corner of the house and went toward Harkless. "Fisbee," cried the latter, "where

is your nephew?" The old man took his hand in both his own and looked him between the eyes and thus stood while there was a long pause, the others watching them. "You must not say that I told you," he said at last. "Go into the garden." But when Harkless' step crunched the garden there was no one there. Asters were blooming in beds between the green rosebushes, and their many fingered hands were flung open in wide surprise that he should expect to find young Fisbee there. It was just before sunset. Birds were gossiping in the "When will he be back?"

sycamores on the bank. At the foot of the garden, near the creek, there were by 8 after supper, but don't stay very some tall hydrangea bushes, flower late. Old Mr. Fisbee and Parker look laden, and beyond them one broad

after whatever comes in then, unless | shaft of sun smote the creek bends for a mile in that flat land and crossed the garden like a bright, taut drawn veil. Harkless passed the bushes and stepped out into this gold brilliance. Then he uttered a cry and stopped. Helen I got in, and he hasn't been near me. Nobody could even point him out to me. was standing beside the hydrangeas with both hands pressed to her face and her eyes cast on the ground. She had run away as far as she could run. There were high fences extending down to the creek on each side, and the water was beyond.

> "You!" he said. "You! You!" She did not lift her eyes, but began to move away from him with little backward steps. When she reached the bench on the bank she spoke with a quick intake of breath and in a voice he almost failed to hear, the merest whisper, and her words came so slowly that sometimes minutes separated them. "Can you-will you keep me-on the Herald?"

He came near her. "I don't understand. Is it vou-vou-who are here again?"

"Have you forgiven me? You know -now-why ! wouldn't resign? You forgive my-that telegram?" "What telegram?" "The one that came

morning.' "Your telegram?" "Yes." "Did you send me one?" "Yes. "It did not come to me."

"Yes-It did." "But-what was it about?" "It was signed," she said; "it was signed"- She paused and turned half away, not lifting the downcast lashes. Her hand, resting upon the back of the lower, and two heavy tears rolled down her cheeks. "It was signed," she whis-

pered, "it was signed-'H. Fisbee." He began to tremble from head to foot. There was a long silence. She had turned full away from him. When he spoke his voice was as low as hers, "You mean-then-then it was-you?" "Yes."

"You!" "And you-you have-you have been here all the time?" "All-all except the week-you were

-hurt." The bright veil that wrapped them was drawn away, and they stood in the quiet, gathering dusk. He tried to loosen his neckband; it seemed to be choking him. "I-I can't-I don't com-



"You!" he gaid. "You!"

what it all means." "It means nothing," she answered. "There was an editorial yesterday," he said, "an editorial that I thought was about Rodney McCune. Did you

"It was about-me-wasn't it?" "It said-it said that-that I had won

the-the-love of every person in Carlow county." Suddenly she found her voice. "Do not misunderstand me," she said rapidly. "I have done the little that I have done out of gratitude." She faced him now, but without meeting his eves. "I owed you more gratitude than a womto give some final directions toward the an ever owed a man before, I think, and I would have died to pay a part

"What gratitude did you owe me?"
"What gratitude? For what you did

for my father." "I have never seen your father in my

"Listen. My father is a gentle old man with white hair and kind eyes. My name is my uncle's. He and my aunt have been good to me as a father and mother since I was seven years old, and they gave me their name by law, and I lived with them. My father came to see me once a year; I never came to see him. He always told me everything was well with him, that his life was happy, and I thought it was easier for him not having me to take care of, he has been so poor ever since I was a child. Once he lost the little he had left to him in the world, his only way of making his living. He had no friends; he was hungry and desperate, and he wandered. I was dancing and going about wearing jewels-only I did not know. All the time the brave heart wrote me happy letters. I should have known, for there was one who did and who saved him. When at last I came to see my father he told me-he had written of his idol before, but it was not till I came that he told it all to me. Do you know what I felt? While his daughter was dancing cotillons a stranger had taken his hand and-and"- A sob rose in her throat and checked her utterance for a moment, but she threw up her head proudly. "Gratitude, Mr. Harkless!" she

cried. "I am James Fisbee's daugh He fell back from the bench with a sharp exclamation and stared at her through the gray twilight. She went on hurriedly, still not looking at him. "I wanted to do something to show you that I could be ashamed of my vile neglect of him-something to show you his daughter could be grateful-and it has been such dear, happy work, the little I have done, that it seems, after all, that I have done it for love of myself. It is what I had always wanted to do-to earn a living for myself, to live with my father. When I came here, my aunt and uncle were terribly afraid I would stay with him. It was to prevent this that they determined to go abroad, and my father said I must go back to them. Then you werewere hurt, and he needed me so much he let me stay. When you-when you told me"-she broke off with a strange, fluttering, half inarticulate little laugh that was half tears and then resumed in another tone-"when .you told me you cared that night-that night of the storm-how could I be sure? It had been only two days, you see, and even if I could have been sure of myself-why, I couldn't have told you. Oh, I had so brazenly thrown myself at your head time and again those two days in my-my worship of your goodness to my father and my excitement in recognizing in his friend the hero of my girlhood that you had every right to think I cared; but if-but if I had-if I had-loved you with my whole soul I could not have-why, no woman could have-I mean the sort of girl I am-couldn't have admitted itmust have denied it. Do you think that then I could have answered 'Yes,' even if I had wanted to-even if I had been sure of myself? And now"- Her

voice sank again to a whisper. "And "And now?" he said tremulously. She gave a hurried glance from right to left and from left to right, like one in terror seeking a way of escape; she gathered her skirts in her hand as if to run into the garden, but suddenly she turned and ran to him. She threw her arms

about his neck and kissed him on the When they heard the judge calling from the orchard they went back through the garden toward the house. It was dark. The whitest asters were but gray splotches. There was no one

in the orchard. Briscoe had gone in-"Did you know you are to drive me into town in the phaeton for the fire-

works?" she asked. "Fireworks?" "Yes. The great Harkless has come home." Even in the darkness he could see the look the vision had given him when the barouche turned into the square. She smiled upon him and said, "All afternoon I was wishing I

could have been your mother."

"Yesterday I had a doctor-a doctor to cure me of lovesickness!" After a time they had proceeded a little nearer the house. "We must burry," she said. "I am sure they have been waiting for us." This was true;

He clasped her hand more tightly.

"This wonderful world!" he cried.

From the dining room came laughter and hearty voices, and the windows were bright with the light of many lamps. By and by they stood just outside the patch of light that fell from one of the windows.

"Look!" said Helen. "Aren't they good, dear people?" "The beautiful people!" he answered THE END.

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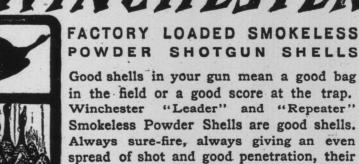
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