The Gentleman From Indiana By Booth Tarkington Copyright, 1899, by Doubleday (& McClure Co. Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips (& Co. Copyright, 1902, b

long enough to bow deeply in satirical response; then, flourishing the paper, he roared again: "Stop! A mistake! I have news! Stop, I say! Horner has

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 save the Crossroads as a matter of duty, because he had given that up be fore 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. 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 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. Mean-while 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, Platt-ville," was the direction.

Found both shell men. Police familiar with both, and both wanted here. One arrested at nooh in secondhand clothes store wearing Harkless' hat; also crying to dispose torn 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 emply lumber car left Plattville 1 p. m. bedly hurt, shot and bruised. Supposed I trikless made hard fight. Hurt man taken to hospital unconscious. Will die Other man refuses to trikless fan, Checklany.

The telegram was signed by Horner, the sheriff, and by Barrett, the super-intendent of pelice at Rouen.

"It's all a mistake, boys," the lawye as he handed the paper to Wattand Parker for inspection. "The ladies at the judge's were mistaken, that's all and this proves it. It's easy enough to traderstand. They were frightened by the storm, and watching a fence a quarter of r all away by flashes of lightness are even would have been , ined all the horrors dony but what I beand I don't deny postty ough, but already

ion as they got track of That was with n we saw in account thion." ched voice. a he Allow Co ac latter

chead. "Stop." He roared. "Give me one minute! Stop." He had a grand voice, and he was known in many parts of the state for the great bass roar with which he 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 result was like an earthquake playing an organ in a catacomb.

"Stop." he thundered. "Stop." In answer one of the flying Crossroaders turned and sent a bulket whisting close to him. The lawyer paused long enough to bow doubly in satisfied.

"John Brown's body, less a-moldering in there's a mistake to be made you can count on Barrett and his sergeants to make it. I doubt if this is their man, when they found him, what clothes opinion which, swung by the events of the day, had marked the fatal moment of guilt now on others, now on them who deserved it these natives and refugees; conscious of atrocity, dum refugees; conscious of atrocity, dum to talk to you as a friend."

Three-quarters of an hour later the inhabitants of the Crossroads, saved, they knew not how; guilty, knowing opinion which, swung by the events of the day, had marked the fatal moment of guilt now on others, now on them who deserved it these natives and refugees; conscious of atrocity, dum to talk to you as a friend."

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Barrett bent over the recumbent figure, "See here, Jerry," he said, "I want to talk to you as a friend."

Three-quarters of an hour later the inhabitants of the Crossroads, saved, they knew not how; guilty, knowing they knew not how; guilty, knowing they knew not how; guilty, knowing they knew on them, when they found him, what clothes they had been good once, especially the linen."

Barrett bent over the count on Barrett and his serge ting buggy in the slough rose behind them against the face of the west.

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

AT the city hospital in Rouen that pight a steat

of Carlow. 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 cone difficulty and Warren Smith test."

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 wait outsl dear friend of mine," he went on, with test of many life with the shoulder Barrett had shaken.

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"Slattery wants to know," repeated the young-surgeon, gently moving the hand back upon the sheet. "He'll divvy wait outsl dear friend of mine," he walted as dear friend of mine," he went on, with some difficulty, and Warren Smith took him slightly by the hand."

"Would you please not mind," whishim silently by the hand.

"You can come in and see this man. the Teller, with us if you like, Mr. Meredith," said the superintendent. 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 JerWe haven't seen him. He's called Jer"Seems to be trying to sing or ry 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. Do you want to go in with us?"

young surgeon presently appeared and led them down a wide corridor and up a narrow hall, and they entered a all, quiet ward.

There was a pungent smell of chemicals in the room. The light was low. and the dimness was imbued with a 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 rw. hed it was with bandages and cloths, and what part of the face was visible was discolored and pigmented with drugs. Stretched ander the white et the man looked immensely tall-Herner saw with vague misgivingand he lay in an odd, inhuman fash-ion, as though be had been all broken to pieces. His attempts to move were constantly soothed by the nurse, and a constantly continued such ates, and one hand, though torn that Meredith felt to be pathetic. He

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remained and a growing spity as he watched the long to diagras of the Teller pick at the day. The man was muttering a fragments of words and sylla-

Gay," Merelith 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

a dark, ragged mass at the crossing corners, while the skeleton of the return more sharply, "Jerry! Rouse up, will you? We don't want any fooling, understand that, Jerry!" He dropped his They peered with stupetied eyes hand on the man's shoulder and shook through the smoky twilight. The Teller uttered a short, gasping

"Let me," said Gay and swiftly in-

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

John Brown's body lies—mold—•••

Some what you did with that man down at Plattville when you got in a pleasant voice: "It's all right, old ner. They man; it's all right. Slattery wants to room without through with him. He can't remember, the city hospital in Rouen that night a stout young man introduced himself to Barrett, superintendent introduced himself to Barrett, superintendent of portice; Warren Smith and Horner, sheriff to Barrett had shake the shoulder Barrett had shake the should be should be shaked the shake the should be shaked the shaked the shaked the shaked the shaked

pered the Teller faintly-"would you loved, bu please not mind if you took care not to fort to k brush against my shoulder again?" where, a The surgeon drew back, with an ex- could har

clamation, but the Teller's whisper ers, he l gathered strength, and they heard him turn upmurmuring oddly to himself. Merdith moved forward, with a startled would al-

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

The Teller swung his arm heavily the first the fingers nev who had over the side of the cot, the fingers never ceasing their painful twitching. The surgeon leaned down and gently moved young fe the cloths so that the white, scarred lips were free. They moved steadily. They seemed to be framing the sen 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 some far, halting minstrelsy: "Wave willows-murmur waters-golden the Het

"Yes," said Meredith simply, and a sunbeams smile.

Sunbeams smile.

Earthy 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 cham pionship. 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 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 on-ly my egotism. Yes, it must be the side-and chest-and head-all over, I believe. I'll try again next year-next mel bandaged, was not to be restrained year I'll make it a daily. Helen said, not that I should call you Helen-I mean Miss-Miss-Fishee-no. wood-but I've always thought Helen was the prettiest name in the world-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 l'il finish you, Skillett, 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

Chase's Nerve Food you can prevent sensor results.

MR. MATTHEW WITTE, a retired farmer, living at 61 Eigh St., St. Thomas, Oct., state to For some years I have suffered mote or less from indigestion and nervous dyspepia, and as a result I have been subject to dizzy is and discomfor after the transfer of the small hours, these subjoint of two deep hooded phactons, from each of which quickly descended a gootleman we are retired from an each and a small, output is black to add the artificial 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 subjoint of two deep hooded phactons, from each of which quickly descended a gootleman we abraid an air of cm. a need and a small, output is black to add the artificial was his old idol and hero who lay helpless and broken before him. the 1 Dute





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