

# The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Copyright, 1899, by Doubleday & McClure Co.  
Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

The farmer's honest face faded over for a second. "He's been steady ever since the night you brought him home, six weeks straight. I'm kind of bothered about tomorrow—he wants to come in for show day, and seems if I hadn't any call to say no. I reckon he'll have to take his chance—and us too. Seems more like we'd have to let him, long as we got him not to come in last night for Kedge Halloway's lecture at the courthouse. Say, how'd that lecture strike you? You give Kedge a mighty fine send-off to the audience in your introduction, but I noticed you spoke of him as a 'thinker,' without sayin' what kind. I didn't know you was as cautious a man as that! Of course I know Kedge is honest!"

Harkless sighed. "Oh, he's the best we've got, Bowlder."

"Yes, I presume so, but"— Mr. Bowlder broke off suddenly as his eyes opened in surprise, and he exclaimed: "Law, I'd never expected to see you settin' here today! Why ain't you out at Judge Briscoe's?" This speech seemed to be intended with some humor, for Bowlder accompanied it with the loud laughter of sylvan timidity risking a joke.

"Why? What's going on at the Judge's?"

"Goin' on! Didn't you see that strange lady at the lecture with Minnie Briscoe and the Judge and old Fisbee?"

"I'm afraid not, Bowlder."

"They couldn't talk about anything else at the postoffice this mornin' and at Tom Martin's. She come yesterday on the afternoon accommodation. You ought to know all about it because when Minnie and her father went to the deopie they had old Fisbee with 'em, and when the buckboard come through town he was settin' on the back seat with her. That's what stirred the town up so. Nobody could figger it out any way, and nobody got much of a good look at her then except Judd Bennett. He said she had kind of a new look to her. That's all any of 'em could get out of Judd. He was in a sort of a dreamy state. But Mildy Upton—you know Mildy? She works out at Briscoe's!"

"Yes, I know Mildy."

"She come in to the postoffice with the news this lady's name was Sherwood and she lives at Rouen. Miss Tibbs says that wasn't no news—you could tell she was a city lady with both your eyes shut. But Mildy says Fisbee was goin' to stay for supper, and he come to the lecture with 'em and drove off with 'em afterwards. Sol Tibbs says he reckoned it was because Fisbee was the only man in Carlow that Briscoe thought had read enough books to be smart enough to talk to her, but Miss Selny says if that was so they'd have got you instead, and so they had to all jest about give it up. Of course everybody got a good look at her at the lecture—they set on the platform right behind you and Halloway, and she did look smart. What got me, though, was the way she wore a kind of a little dagger stuck straight through her head. Seemed a good deal of a sacrifice jest to make sure your hat was on right. You never see her at all?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Harkless absently. "Miss Briscoe stopped me on the way out and told me she had a visitor."

"Young man," said Bowlder, "you better go out there right away." He raised the reins and clucked to the gray mare. "Well, she'll be mad I ain't in town for her long ago. Ride in with me."

"No, thank you. I'll walk in for the sake of my appetite."

"Wouldn't encourage it too much—livin' at the Palace hotel," observed Bowlder. "Sorry you won't ride." He gathered the loose ends of the reins in his hands, leaned far over the dashboard and struck the mare a hearty thwack. The tattered banner of tail jerked indignantly, but she consented to move down the road. Bowlder thrust his big head through the sun curtain behind him and continued the conversation. "See the White Caps ain't got you yet?"

"No, not yet," Harkless laughed.

"Reckon the boys'druther you stayed in town after dark," the other called back. "Well, come out and see us if you get any spare time from the Judge's." He laughed loudly again in farewell, and the editor waved his hand as Bowlder finally turned his attention forward to the mare. When the flop, flop of her hoofs had died out, Harkless realized that the day was silent no longer; it was verging into evening.

He dropped from the fence and turned his face toward town and supper. He felt the life and light about him, heard the clatter of the blackbirds above him, heard the homing bees hum he saw the vista of white road and

by the branches of the grove, a vista of infinitely stretching fields of green, lined here and there with woodlands and flat to the horizon line, the village lying in their lap. No roll of meadow, no rise of pasture land, relieved their serenity nor shouldered up from them to be called a hill.

A farm bell rang in the distance, a tinkling coming small and mellow from far away, and at the loneliness of that sound he heaved a long, mournful sigh. The next instant he broke into laughter, for another bell rang over the



He stopped to exchange a word.

fields, the courthouse bell in the square. The first four strokes were given with mechanical regularity, the pride of the custodian who operated the bell being to produce the effect of a clockwork bell, such as he had once heard in the courthouse at Rouen, but the fifth and sixth strokes were halting achievements, as, after 4 o'clock he often lost count in the strain of the effort for precise imitation. There was a pause after the sixth; then a dubious and reluctant stroke, seven; a longer pause, followed by a final ring with desperate decision—eight! Harkless looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes of 6.

As he crossed the courtyard to the Palace hotel on his way to supper he stopped to exchange a word with the bell ringer, who, seated on the steps, was mopping his brow with an air of hard earned satisfaction.

"Good evening, Schofield's," he said. "You came in strong on the last stroke tonight."

"What we need here," responded the bell ringer, "is more public spirited men. I ain't kickin' on you, Mr. Harkless—no, sir; but we want more men like they got in Rouen. We want men that'll git Main street paved with block or asphalt; men that'll put in factories; men that'll act—not set round like that old fool Martin and laugh and pollywoggle along and make fun of public spirit, day in, day out. I reckon I do my best for the city."

"Oh, nobody minds old Tom Martin," observed Harkless. "It's only half the time he means anything by what he says."

"That's just what I hate about him," returned the bell ringer in a tone of high complaint. "You can't never tell which half it is. Look at him now!" The gentleman referred to was standing over in front of the hotel talking to a row of countless loungers, who sat with their chairs tilted back against the props of the wooden awning that projected over the sidewalk. Their faces were turned toward the courthouse, and even those lost in meditative whittling had looked up to laugh. Mr. Martin, one of his hands thrust in a pocket of his alpaca coat and the other softly caressing his wiry, gray chin beard, his rusty silk hat tilted forward till the brim almost rested on the bridge of his nose, was addressing them in a one keyed voice, the melancholy whine of which, though not the words, penetrated to the courthouse steps.

The bell ringer, whose name was Henry Schofield, but who was known as Schofield's Henry (popularly abbreviated to Schofield's), was moved to indignation. "Look at him!" he cried. "Look at him! Everlastingly goin' on about my bell! Well, let him talk. Let him talk!"

As Mr. Martin's eye fell upon the editor, who, having bade the bell ringer good night, was approaching the hotel, he left his languid companions and crossed the street to meet him.

"I was only oratin' on how proud the city ought to be of Schofield's," he said mournfully as they shook hands; "but he looks kind of put out with me." He hooked his arm in that of the young

man and detained him for a moment as the supper gong sounded from within the hotel. "Call on the Judge tonight?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"I reckon you didn't see that lady with Minnie last night."

"No."

"Well, I guess you better go out there, young man. She might not stay here long."

## CHAPTER II.

**T**HE Briscoe buckboard rattled along the elastic country road, the roans settling a sharp pace as they turned eastward on the pike toward home.

"They'll make the eight miles in three-quarters of an hour," said Judge Briscoe proudly. He turned from his daughter at his side to Miss Sherwood, who sat with Mr. Fisbee behind them, and pointed ahead with his whip. "Just beyond that bend we pass through Six Crossroads."

Miss Sherwood leaned forward eagerly. "What did you mean last night after the lecture," she said to Fisbee, "when you asked Mr. Martin who was to be with Mr. Harkless?"

"Who was watching him," he answered.

"Watching him? I don't understand."

"Yes; they have shot at him from the woods at night, and"—

"But who watches him?"

"The young men of the town. He has a habit of taking long walks after dark, and he is heedless of all remonstrance, so the young men have organized a guard for him, and every evening one of them follows him until he goes to the office to work for the night. It is a different young man each night, and the watcher follows at a distance, so that he does not suspect."

"But how many people know of this arrangement?"

"Nearly every one in the county except the Crossroads people, though it is not improbable that they have discovered it."

"And has no one told him?"

"No; he would not allow it to continue. He will not even arm himself."

"They follow and watch him night after night, and every one knows and no one tells him? Oh, I must say," cried the girl, "I think these are good people!"

The buckboard turned the bend in the road, and they entered a squalid settlement built raggedly about a blacksmith shop and a saloon. "I'd hate to have a breakdown here," Briscoe remarked quietly.

Half a dozen shanties clustered near the forge, a few roofs scattered through the shiftlessly cultivated fields, four or five barns propped by fence rails, some sheds with gaping apertures through which the light glanced from side to side, a squad of thin razorback hogs, now and then worried by gaunt hounds, and some abused looking hens groping about disconsolately in the mire, a broken topped buggy with a twisted wheel, settling into the mud of the middle of the road (there was always abundant mud here in the driest summer); a dim face sneering from a broken window—Six Crossroads was forbidding and forlorn enough by day. The thought of what might issue from it by night was unpleasant, and the legends of the Crossroads, together with an unshapen threat easily fancied in the atmosphere of the place, made Miss Sherwood shiver as though a cold draft had crossed her.

"It is so sinister!" she exclaimed. "And so unspcakably mean! This is where they live, the people that hate him, is it? The White Caps?"

"They call themselves that," replied Briscoe. "Usually White Caps are a vigilance committee in a region where the law isn't enforced. These fellows aren't that kind. They got together to wipe out grudges, and sometimes didn't need any grudge—just made their raids for pure devilment. There's a feud between us and them that goes back into pioneer days, and only a few of us old folks know much about it."

"And he was the first to try to stop them?"

"Well, you see, our folks are pretty long suffering," said Briscoe apologetically. "We'd sort of got used to the meanness of the Crossroads. It took a stranger to stir things up, and he did. He sent eight of them to the penitentiary, some for twenty years."

As they passed the saloon a man stepped into the doorway and looked at them. He was contess and clad in garments worn to the color of dust. His bare head was curiously malformed, higher on one side than on the other, and though the buckboard passed rapidly and at a distance this singular lopsidedness was plainly visible to the occupants, lending an ugly significance to his meager, yellow face. He was tall, lean, hard, powerfully built. He eyed the strangers with affected languor and then, when they had gone by, broke into sudden loud laughter.

(To be Continued)

## SAY, MISTER!

Do you know that it will pay YOU, as well as US, to buy your Building Material and Coal at our yards? Not only that our prices AVERAGE lower, or at least as low, as those of our competitors, but BECAUSE we take especial care of and protect all can be classed as REGULAR CUSTOMERS.

PLATT & FREES CO.  
Coal. Lumber.

## TRADERS LUMBER CO.

DEALERS IN

# Lumber and Coal,

BUILDING MATERIAL, ETC.

Red Cloud, - - - Nebraska.

BEST  
15c MEAL  
IN THE CITY

Oysters  
in  
Any Style

HALE'S  
RESTAURANT

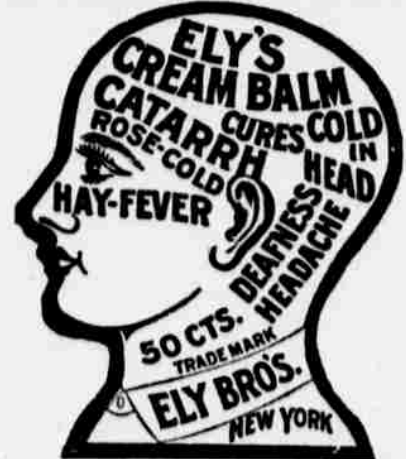
Damrell Block.

## OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE

15c Meals, Lunches  
and Short Orders  
Candies, Nuts, Pies,  
Cakes, Fresh Bread.

The Bon Ton  
W. S. BENSE, Proprietor.

## CATARRH



## ELY'S CREAM BALM

This Remedy is a Specific,  
Sure to Give Satisfaction.  
GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE

It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. Applied into the nostrils and absorbed. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.  
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.



## PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

## MIXED FARMING



## WHEAT RAISING RANCHING

Three great pursuits have again shown wonderful results on the

FREE  
Homestead Lands  
OF

## WESTERN CANADA

MAGNIFICENT CLIMATE—Famous plowing in their shirt sleeves in the middle of November.

"All are bound to be more than pleased with the final results of the past season's harvests."—Extract.

Coal, wood, water, hay in abundance—schools, churches, markets convenient.

Apply for information to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb. Mention this paper.



## TIME TABLE.

Red Cloud, Neb.

LINCOLN  
OMAHA  
CHICAGO  
ST. JOE  
KANSAS CITY  
ST. LOUIS and  
all points east and  
south.

DENVER  
HELENA  
BUTTE  
SALT LAKE CITY  
PORTLAND  
SAN FRANCISCO  
and all points  
west.

### TRAINS LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

- No. 13. Passenger daily for Oberlin and St. Francis branches, Oxford, McCook, Denver and all points west. 7:05 a.m.
- No. 14. Passenger daily for St. Joe, Kansas City, Atchison, St. Louis, Lincoln via Wynona and all points east and south 2:10 a.m.
- No. 15. Passenger, daily, Denver, all points in Colorado, Utah and California. 8:05 p.m.
- No. 16. Passenger, daily for St. Joe, Kansas City, Atchison, St. Louis and all points east and south. 10:35 a.m.
- No. 17. Accommodation, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Hastings, Grand Island, Black Hills and all points in the northwest. 1:30 p.m.

Sleeping, dining, and reclining chair cars (seats free) on through trains. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada.

For information, time tables, maps or tickets call on or address A. Conover, Agent, Red Cloud, Neb., or L. W. Wakeley, General Passenger Agent Omaha, Nebraska.

**Referees' Sale of Real Estate.**  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned referees, appointed by the District Court of Webster county, Nebraska, in the action therein pending, No. 2860, wherein Joseph Freudenstein, et al., is plaintiff and Hazel Garber defendant, for the partition of the real estate hereinafter described, will, under the decree of said court made and reentered at the adjourned December, 1904, term thereof, in said action, at the east front door of the court house in Red Cloud, Neb., on the 21st day of February, 1905, at 11 o'clock a.m. offer for sale at public auction and sell to the highest bidder for cash, as directed by said decree and order the following described real estate in said county, to wit: the east half of the northeast quarter of section 12, in township 1, north, range 9, west of the 6th P. M.  
Dated January 30, 1905.  
L. H. FORT,  
A. B. SELLERS,  
F. J. GRICE,  
Referees.

## HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Busy Medicine for Busy People.  
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.  
A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Live and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headaches and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

**To Cure a Cold in One Day** Cures Grip in Two Days.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. *E. W. Grove* on every box. 25c.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, *E. W. Grove*