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The Gentleman From Indiana By BOOTH TARKINGTON Copyright, 1899, by Doubleday (2 McClure Co.

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THEY walked slowly back along the nike

CHAPTER VI.

house. He was stooping very W MAR much as they walked. He wanted to be told that he could look at her for a thousand years. The small face was rarely and exquisitely modeled, but perhaps just now the salient characteristic of her beauty (for the salient characteristic seemed to be a different thing at different times) was the coloring, a delicate glow under the white skin, a glow that bewitched him in its seeming to reflect the rich benediction of the noonday sun that blazed overhead.

Once he had thought the way to the Briscoe homestead rather a long walk, but now the distance sped malignantly. Strolled they never so slow, it was less than a "young bird's flutter from a wood." With her acquiescence he rolled a cigarette, and she began to hum lightly the air of a song, a song of ineffably gentle, slow movement.

That, and a reference of the morning and perhaps the smell of his tobacco mingling with the fragrance of her roses, awoke again the old reminiscence of the night before. A clearly outlined picture rose before him-the high green slopes and cool cliff walls of the coast of Maine and the sharp little estuary waves he lazily watched through half closed lids while the pale smoke of his cigarette blew out under the rail of a waxen deck where he lay cushioned. And again a woman pelted his face with handfuls of rose petals and cried: "Up, lad, and at 'em! Yonder is Winter Harbor!" Again he sat in the oak raftered casino, breathless with pleasure, and heard a young girl sing the "Angel's Serenade," a young girl who looked so bravely unconscious of the big, hushed crowd that listened, looked so pure and bright and gentle and good, that he had spoken of her as "Sir Galahad's little sister." He had been much taken with this child, but he had not thought of her from that time to this, he supposed. He had almost forgotten her. No! Her face suddenly stood out to his view as though he saw her with his physical eye, a sweet and vivacious child's face, with light brown hair and gray eyes and a short upper lip like a curled rose leaf. And the voice-

He stopped short. "You are Tom Meredith's little cousin." "The great Harkless," she answered and stretched out her hand to him. "I remember you. "Isn't it time?" "Ah, but I never forgot you!" he cried. "I thought I had. I didn't know who it was I was remembering. I thought it was fancy, and it was memory. I never forgot your voice, singing, and I remembered your face, too, though I thought I didn't." He drew a deep breath. "That was why"-

hot, hot; or that other that railed at the country quiet from the dim, cool shade around the brick house, or even the rain crow that sat on the fence and swore to them in the face of a sunny sky that they should see rain ere the day were done. Little the young man recked of what he ate at Judge Briscoe's good noon dinner-chicken wing and young rons'n ear, hot rolls as light as the fluff of a summer cloudlet, and honey and milk and apple butter flavored like spices of Arabia and fragrant, flaky cherry pie and cool, rich, yellow cream. Lige Willetts was a lover, yet he said he asked no better than to just go on eating that cherry pie till a sweet death overtook him; but railroad sandwiches and restaurant chops might have been set before Harkless for all the difference it would have made to

him. At no other time is a man's feeling of companionship with a woman so strong as when he sits at table with her, not at a "decorated" and becatered and bewaitered table, but at a homely, appetizing, wholesome, home table like old Judge Briscoe's. The very essence of the thing is domesticity, and the implication is utter confidence and liking. There are few greater dangers for a bachelor. An insinuating imp perches on his shoulder and, softly tickling the bachelor's ear with the feathers of an arrow shaft, whispers: "Pretty gay, isn't it. eh? Rather pleasant to have that girl sitting there, don't you think? Enjoy having her notice your butter red. plate was empty? Think it exhilarating to hand her those rolls? Looks nice. doesn't she? Says 'Thank you' rather prettily? Makes your lonely breakfast seem mighty dull, doesn't it? How would you like to have her pour your coffee for you tomorrow, my boy? How would it seem to have such pleasant company all the rest of your life? Pretty cheerful, ch? It's my conviction that your one need in life is to pick her up in your arms and run away with her, not anywhere in particular, but

just run and run and run away!" After dinner they went out to the veranda, and the gentlemen smoked. The judge set his chair down on the g ound, tilted back in it with his feet on the steps and blew a wavery, domed city up in the air. He called it solid comfort. He liked to sit out from under the porch roof, he said. He wanted to see more of the sky. The others moved their chairs down to join in the celestial vision. A feathery thin cloud or two had been fanned

The whip cracked, and the buckboard dashed off in a cloud of dust. "Every once in awhile, Harkless," the old fellow called after them, "you must remember to look at the team." The enormous white tent was filled with a hazy, yellow light, the warm, dusty, mellow light that thrills the rejoicing heart because it is found nowhere else in the world except in the tents of a circus, the canvas filtered sunshine and sawdust atmosphere of show day. Here swayed a myriad of palm leaf

"Good afternoon, judge," said John.

fans; here paraded blushing youth and rosy maiden more relentlessly arm in arm than ever; here crept the octogenarian, Mr. Bodeffer, shaking on cane and the shoulder of posterity; here waddled Mr. Snoddy, who had hurried through the animal tent for fear of meeting the elephant; here marched sturdy yeomen and stout wives; here came William Todd and his true love, the good William hushed with the embarrassments of love, but looking out warily with the white of his eye for Mr. Martin and determined not to sit within a hundred yards of him; here rolled in the orbit of habit the town bacchanal, Mr. Wilkerson, who politely answered in kind all the uncouth roarings and guttural ejaculations of jungle and fen that came from the animal tent-in brief, here came with lightest heart the population of Carlow and

part of Amo. Helen had found a true word; it was a big family. Jim Bardlock, broadly smiling and rejuvenated, shorn of de-

pression, paused in front of the "reserve" seats, with Mrs. Bardlock on his arm, and called loudly to a gentleman on a tier about the level of Jim's head: "How are ye? I reckon we were a leetle too smart fer 'em this morning, huh?" Five or six hundred people, ev ery one within hearing, turned to lool at Jim, but the gentleman addressed

was engaged in conversation with a lady and did not notice. "Hi! Hi, there! Say! Mr. Harkless!" bellowed Jim informally. The people turned to look at Harkless. His attention was arrested, and his cheek grew

"What is it?" he asked, a little con fused and a good deal annoyed. "I don't hear what ye say," shouted Jim, putting his hand to his ear.

"What is it?" repeated the young man. "I'll kill that fellow tonight," he added to Lige Willetts. "Some one ought to have done it long ago." "What?"

"I said, What is it?" "I jest wanted to say me and you certainly did fool these here Hoosier this morning. Hustled them two fel lers through the courthouse, and no body thought to slip round to the other door and head us off. Ha, ha! We were jest a leetle too many fer 'em,

huh?" From an upper tier of seats the rusty length of Mr. Martin erected itself joint by joint, like an extension ladder, and he peered down over the gaping faces at the town marshal. "Excuse me," he said sadly to those behind him, but his dry voice penetrated everywhere. "I got up to hear Jim say 'we'

again."

less!"



"Please don't do that," he answered. "Thank you. It was rather trying in there," she said and looked up into his eyes with a divine gratitude. "Please don't do that," he answered

in a low voice. "Do what?" "Look like that."

She not only looked like that, but more so. "Young man, young man," she said, "I fear you're wishful of turning a girl's head." The throng was thick around them,

garrulous and noisy, but they two were more richly alone together, to his appreciation, than if they stood on some far satellite of Mars. He was not to forget that moment, and he kept the picture of her, as she leaned against the big blue tent pole there, in his heart; the clear, gray eyes lifted to his, the piquant face with the delicate flush stealing back to her cheeks and the brave little figure that had run so straight to him out of the night shadows. There was something about her and in the moment that suddenly touched him with a saddening sweetness too keen to be borne. The forgetme-not finger of the flying hour that could not come again was laid on his soul, and he felt the tears start from his heart on their journey to his eyes. He knew that he should always remember that moment. She knew it too. She put her hand to her cheek and turned away from him a little tremulously. Both were silent.

They had been together since early morning. Plattville was proud of him. Many a friendly glance from the folk who jostled about them favored his suit and wished both of them well, and many lips, opening to speak to Harkless in passing, closed when their owners, more tactful than Mr. Bardlock, looked a second time.

Old Tom Martin, still perched alone on his high seat, saw them standing by the tent pole and watched them from under his dusty hat brim. "I reckon it's be'n three or four thousand years

Miscellancous Reading. "I guess he won't mind coming," said the judge. "Well," returned his daughter, glancing at Helen, who stood apart reading the telegram to Fisbee, "I know if he follows Mr. Harkless he'll get here Great Care Needed to Navigate the

pretty soon after supper-as soon as the moon comes up, anyway." The editor of the Herald was late to

canal is compelled to take a pilot, behis evening meal that night. It was cause the skippers of ordinary vessels dusk when he reached the hotel, and cannot be trusted to navigate the narfor the first time in history a gentlerow channel, for the slightest deviaman sat down to meat in that house tion may cause damage that will cost of entertainment in evening dress. housands of dollars to repair. Each There was no one in the dining room year, however, navigation is rendered when he went in-the other boarders easier by the widening of the channel had finished, and it was Cynthia's and by the excavation of additional sid-"evening out"-but the landlord, Coings or basins where vessels can pass. lumbus Landis, came and attended to From the moment the pilot goes on his wants himself and chatted with him while he ate. the movements of the ship and is re-

"There's a picture of Henry Clay," remarked Landis in obvious relevancy regulating the speed according to tonto his companion's attire-"there's a nage and draught. picture of Henry Clay somewheres

Vessels cannot pass in motion. about the house in a swallow tail. Gov-When they meet the one which arrives ernor Ray spoke here in one, Bodeffer first at the signal station is compelled says; always wore one, except it was to stop and the up in a basin until the higher built up 'n yourn about the colother goes by. These basins are found lar and had brass buttons. I think. Ole man Wimby was here again tonight," the landlord continued, changcharge of a signal officer, who coring the subject. "He waited around fer responds to a train dispatcher on one ye a good while, but last he had to go. of our railroads, and the block system He's be'n mighty wrought up sence the trouble this morning an' wanted to see is used to regulate the movements of ye bad. I don't know if you seen it, but vessels. Formerly no traffic was allowed at night, but it is now carried that feller 't knocked your hat off with on without interruption by the aid of

a club got mighty near tore to pieces electric lights on the shore and searchin the crowd before he got away. Seems some of the boys re-cog-nized lights on the vessels.

DITCH IN THE DESERT.

Suez Canal.

Every vessel passing through the Suez

A Ditch Through the Desert. him as one of the Crossroads Skillets The canal looks exactly what it is-and sicked the dogs on him, and he had a pretty mean time of it. Wimby a big ditch through a desert on which says the Crossroads folks 'll be worse foxes, jackals, hyenas and occasionally 'n ever, and, says he, 'Tell him to stick lions are seen by the watchmen in the close to town,' says he. 'They'll do anything to git him now.' says he. 'and resk anything.' I told him you wouldn't high that passengers on the steamer Yemen and derives its name from the take no stock in what any one says, cannot see over them, but for the most and I knowed well enough you'd laugh that a-way. But, see here, we don't view of the mountains that rise from put nothin' too mean for them folks. I the desert, and at a certain point for a and blight, and the trees have not been tell ye, Mr. Harkless, all of us are mile or two Mount Sinal is visible 37 renewed. This is accounted for by bad scared for ye."

The good fellow was so earnest that when the editor's supper was finished and he would have departed, Landis detained him almost by force until the arrival of Mr. Willetts, who, the landlord knew, was his allotted escort for the evening. When Lige came (wearing a new tie, a pink one he had haswhich is exasperating to the youngtened to buy as soon as his engageters. They do not like to stop and ments had given opportunity) the land- dive for them while there is a chance lord hissed a savage word of reproach of getting more, but I imagine they for his tardiness in his ear and whisper- mark the spots and come back to re- to extend their orchards or to increase ingly bade him not let the other out of cover lost baksheesh when they have their product. reach that night. Mr. Willetts replied left the vessel.

with a nod implying his trustworthiness, and the young men went out into the darkness.

TO BE CONTINUED. LINCOLN'S ADVICE.

Prescription That Might Be Used

abundantly irrigated, and hence has tween seven and twelve millions. The With Advantage Today. lovely gardens and groves of palms distance from north to south is more There is a story still current in Illiand other trees. Here reside most of than a thousand miles, and from east nois which says that an old farmer self. Then, pushing his hat still farther friend of President Lincoln, who used the engineers and other officers of the to west it varies from 500 to 800. Yet down over his eyes, "I don't believe I'd to correspond with him, complained on canal, because it is preferable to Port in this enormous territory there is no one occasion of his poor health. He Said. There are hospitals for sick centralized authority. The interior is employees, a club for the benefit of the governed by petty ort to rightly look on at that." He received the following reply, which is officers and several good houses, in- absolute over the members of his own quoted in Illinois as "Lincoln's precluding one erected especially for the tribe. Along a coast line of nearly scription:" "Do not worry. Eat three entertainment of M. de Lesseps, when 2,500 miles are only six ports, where square meals a day. Say your prayers. he should be pleased to use it. Be- the sultan of Turkey maintains Pasha Think of your wife. Be courteous to yond Ismalia, as before, are occasional governors and garrisons to protect the your creditors. Keep your digestion "Do you see that tall old man up there?" said Helen, nodding her head good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exoases in the desert-groves of palms collectors of customs, who are requirand luxurlant gardens surrounding the ed to pay him a certain amount of tribercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe stations of the canal officials-for ute every year, and they wring it out there are other things that your eswherever you can turn water upon that of the people in any way they can. pecial case requires to make you hap-The relationship between the govlonely desert everything will grow with py; but, my dear friend, these, I reckluxuriance. It seems as if the earth ernment at Constantinople and the "I know." on, will give you a good lift." suddenly released germinating power Bedouins, of Arabia is very slender This advice is doubtless applicable in that had been accumulating during and is due solely to the cohesive power its entirety to many Americans in of the Mohammedan religion. There centuries of suppression. every state in the Union today. There is no law in Arabia but the Koran; Where the Caravans Cross. are parts of it which apply to us gen-The chief interest is found in the there are no courts but the priests; ger. Please try to forgive me for leterally-as a nation. "Do not worry, there are no mails, no postoffices, no town of Suez, because it is the crossing Keep your digestion good. Go slow postage stamps, and a person who family,' and it was so jolly and good and easy." It would be difficult to find place of the great caravans of camels wants to communicate with a disnatured, and that dear old man was so an American who has not something that furnish transportation between tant friend must send his letter by a the two continents of Asia and Africa, to amend on these points. Worry and messenger, which is expensive, or by and travel regularly between Cairo, dyspepsia have assumed the proporcaravan, which is the common way. much a stranger-I think I love all tions of national evils, and they are Damascus and Bagdad; also because Biblical historians believe that here the There is no telegraph line, no newspathese people a great deal-in spite of both more or less the result of undue waters of the Red sea opened 3,500 per, no railroad, and, strange to say, haste. There is no surer way to proyears ago and allowed 3,000,000 of the not a river in all that vast area, ex-At that a wild exhilaration possessed mote dyspepsia than to be in a conchildren of Israel to cross over upon cept a few shallow, rocky beds, which stant state of hurry, and nothing will during the spring season bring down a dry bottom. so surely give one the "blues" or incline water from the melting snow on the On the other side of the Red sea one to worry and fretting as dyspepsia. mountain tops to the sea, but for nine months in the year are as dry as a which, by the way, is not red, but blue Our native institution-the 'quick -as blue as the sky in Junelunch" restaurant-is responsible for a crematory. The captain tells me that they roduce a curious phenomenon. The portant, she loved them a great deallarge proportion of the physical ills of you can see the purple peaks of produce a curious phenomenon. The coast of the Red Sea is lined with cor-al banks, built by those mysterious lit-tle masons, who, like some men I know, range, and a few business people in large cities. Eating the Siniatic He made the horses prance on the hastily-"bolting" one's food, as it is miles from the shore, which you popularly expressed-is enough to ruin can reach in three hours by donkey, hate fresh water, and wherever the spring floods fall into the sea there is the digestive organs of an ostrich. A one of those remarked oases that are man would better eat half as much as frequently found in the desert. This always a wide break in the coral reef. told him that she had read a good many he ran them into a fence. After this usual at the midday meal, which is particular one is called the Wells of Capable of Cultivation. usually the most hurried, and take Moses. There is a comfortless hotel, The mountains of Arabia reach an ing their destination and had come at time to masticate properly what he kept by an Arab, where beds and realtitude of over 10,000 feet, and in spots where borings have been made the sand is more than 600 feet deep. a perversely sharp gait, so he held the does put into his stomach. Better still freshments can be obtained, but it is better to start early in the morning, so as to get back the same day, and take a luncheon in a basket from Suez. The trip can be easily made while the vessel is coaling. better to start early in the morning, so would it be if he would give himself ample time to relax and eat a light as to get back the same day, and take lunch without allowing any thought of a luncheon in a basket from Suez. business to intrude on this necessary they cannot be reached by water, but two-thirds of the country is capable ressel is coaling. music, and discovered that they dif- period of relaxation .- Success. The children of Israel, according to They found Mr. Fishee in the yard, talking to Judge Briscoe. As they drove up and before the horses had quite stopped Helen leaped to the ground and ran to the old scholar with both her hunds outstrated the time ago. Woven into the both her hands outstretched to him. He looked timidly at her and took the hands she gave him; then he produced from his pocket a yellow telegraph en-realme watching her emetablic her watching her emetablic her watching her matching her matching her emetablic her watching her emetablic her emet trom his pocket a yellow telegraph en. Howarer et Din, Emperor of Persia, to tree which he cast into the waters and all the maining the summer season makes life velope, watching her anxiously as she Her Majesty Wilhelmina, Queen of the waters were made sweet. And almost unendurable, but in the interior, received it. Howarer she counted to Holland. In the Year of the Heira they came to Elim where there were received it. However, she seemed to Holland. In the Year of the Hejira they came to Elim, where there were upon the table attach no particular importance to it, 1320." The carpet measures thirty- twelve wells of water, and three score tain slopes, and in the and instead of opening it leaned toand ten palm trees, and they encamped even in midsummer. While the direct even in midsummer. While the direct rays of the sun are intense, it is cool ward him, still holding one of his yard there are 350,000 stitches. prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a in the shade, and at night the mercury In the sales below 50. More than two-thirds of the popula-tion are Bedouin nomads, without per-manent places of abode, who live in tents made of camel's hair, just like the partriarchs of old. They have enormous flocks of sheep and goats, and herds of cattle and camels. They timbrel in her hand, and all the wom- often falls below 50. In order that he may devote his groaned inwardly as he handed the whole time to his work as secretary of en went out after her with timbrels "These awful old men!" Harkless horses over to the judge. "I dare say the Presbyterian board of home mis-That beautiful scene, one of the most sions, Rev. Charles Steizle, pastor of ltor and Mr. Willetts had gone it was Markham church, Lt. Louis, has re- dramatic in the whole Bible, is believtor and Mr. Willetts had gone it was Lelen who kissed Fisbee. "They're coming out to spend the vening, aren't they?" asked Briscoe, odding to the young men as they set ff down the road. Markham church, Ct. Louis, has ter signed his charge. During his pastor-ate of Markham church Mr. Steizle has schools, free lectures, free concerts, a collection of a dozen or more springs. The village is peopled with naked free dispensary and summer tent the herefit of the mem-Arabs, sinewy, springy, enduring felsigned his charge. During his pastor- ed to have taken place here, for these nodding to the young men as they set schools, free lectures, free concerts, a collection of a dozen or more springs. off down the road. "Lige has to come whether he wants to or not," Minnie laughed rather con-sciously. "It's his turn tonight to look after Mr. Harkless." the values of the second to be the largest west of the Missis-the values of the Missis-the value of the Missis-the Missis-the Missis-the Missis-the Missis of the Missis-th enormous and other

started on the journey that was not finished for forty years. It is difficult to understand why and how they happened to be wandering

about so long down here. If you will look at the map you will see that Suez is almost on a line with Cairo, and it was the most natural rendezvous for the tribes, who were scattered all along the Nile from Memphis, which is just above Cairo, to Thebes, which is just below Luxor.

The Red sea is 1,400 miles long, and its greatest width is 200 miles. It is about the shape of a sausage, and tapers at both ends. On one side is Arabia, the most mysterious and primitive of all countries, and on the other side are Egypt, Nubia and the Soudan. At the north end what is known as the bridge he takes charge of the Siniatic peninsula projects southward and divides the sea into two arms, sponsible for whatever may happen, and near the point of the peninsula is Tor, the landing place for Sinai. Opposite Tor is Jebel Ez-Zeit, which means "the mountain of oil," where petroleum was discovered some years ago and created great excitement. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in sinking wells and at intervals of a few miles, and at building docks, ware houses and refinevery basin is a "gare" or station in eries; but they have all been abandoned, because, for some reason, the manufacturers could not compete with 'he Standard Oil company or the Russian factories on the Black and Casian seas.

No Incentive to Industry.

People think that there is a good cal more wealth in Arabia than we know of. It was once of greater importance than now, and in ancient ays produced considerable gold and other metals, but now it ships little but lates, wool and coffee, and that is gradually falling off. Mocha coffee is signal towers. At some places the produced at the extreme end of the banks of earth on either side are so Arabian peninsula in a province called little port it is shipped from. But the of the journey you have a beautiful people have no enterprise, the coffee orchards have been injured by insects miles to the southeast, and is pointed government. As everywhere else in out to you by the captain or the deck the dominions of the sultan of Tursteward. Naked Arab boys run along key-for Arabia is nominally a part the banks crying for baksheesh and of the Otoman empire-the officials reeasily keep abreast of the creeping ves- ceive no salaries and live off blacksel, grabbing at the pennies which pas- mail. Hence whenever a citizen gets sengers throw them from the deck. a little ahead, when he shows signs of Half the coins roll down into the water, prosperity, he immediately becomes an object of plunder and persecution by the tax gatherer and every other representative of the government. There is no incentive for the coffee growers

One does not realize, until he come face to face with the fact, that Arabia There are only two towns of any account on the canal. One is Ismalia, is nearly half as large as the United a half-way point, with a population of States. Its area is almost as great as of 4,000. It is the only monument in that of India and is nearly equal to honor of the Khedive Ismail, who did that of our states east of the Missisthe most and spent the most to carry sippl river. The population is unknown, because there has never been a out the enterprise and lost his throne thereby. It is a rather pretty town, census, but it is supposed to be be-

"Tom has not forgotten you," she said as he paused. "Would you mind shaking hands

once more?" he asked. She gave him her hand again. "With

all my heart. Why?" "I'm making a record of it; that's

all. Thank you."

"They called me 'Sir Galahad's little sister' all one summer because the great John Harkless called me that. You danced with me in the evening." "Did 1?"

"Ah," she said, shaking her head, "you were too busy being in love with pretty Mrs. Van Skuyt to remember a waltz with only me! I was allowed to meet you as a reward for singing my very best, and you-you bowed with the indulgence of a grandfather and asked me to dance."

"Like a grandfather! How young I was then! How time changes us!"

"I'm afraid my conversation did not make a great impression upon you," she continued "But it did. I am remembering very

fast. If you will wait a moment I will tell you some of the things you said."

The girl laughed merrily. Whenever she laughed he realized that it was becoming terribly difficult not to tell her ago. how adorable she was. "I wouldn't risk it if I were you," she warned him, "because I didn't speak to you at all. I shut my lips tight and trembled all, ian skies, though I doubt if many of over every bit of the time 1 was danc- us Hoosiers realize it, and certainly no ing with you. I did not sleep that one else does." night, and I was unhappy, wondering what the great Harkless would think of me. I knew he thought me unutter- Hoosiers!"" chuckled the judge. "You're ably stupid because I couldn't talk to him. I wanted to send him word that I knew I had bored him. I couldn't endure that he shouldn't know that I knew I had. But he was not thinking of me in any way. He had gone to sea again in his white boat, the ungrateful pirate, cruising with Mrs. Van Skuvt."

"How time does change us!" said John. "You are wrong, though. I did think of you. I have al"-

"Yes," she interrupted, tossing her head in airy travesty of the stage coquette, "you think so-I mean, you say so-now. Away with you and your blarneying!"

And so they went through the warm noontide, and little he cared for the heat that wilted the fat mullein leaves and made the barefoot boy who passed by skip gingerly through the burning suddenly whirred its mills of shrillness in the maple tree and sounded so hot, gallantly.

across it, but save for these there was nothing but glorious and tender brilliant blue. It seemed so clear and close one marveled the little church spire in the distance did not pierce it Yet at the same time the eye ascended miles and miles into warm, shimmering ether. Far away two buzzards swung slowly at anchor halfway to the

sun. "O bright, translucent, cerulean hue, Let my wide wings drift on in you, Harkless quoted, pointing them out to Helen.

"You seem to get a good deal of fun out of this kind of weather." observed Lige as he wiped his brow and shifted his chair into the shade.

"I expect you don't get such skies as this up in Rouen," said the judge, looking at the girl from between his ye.' lazily half closed eyelids.

"It's the same Indiana sky, I think," she answered.

"I guess maybe in the city you don' see as much of it or think as much about it, then. Yes, they're the In diana skies." the old man went on.

"Skies as blue As the eyes of children when they smile at you.

"There aren't any others anywhere that ever seemed much like them to me. They've been company for me all my life. I don't think there are any others half as beautiful, and I know there aren't any as sociable. They were always so." He sighed gently and Miss Sherwood fancied his wife must have found the Indiana skies as lovely as he had in the days of long "Seems to me they are the softest and bluest and kindest in the world." "I think they are," said Helen, "and they are more beautiful than the Ital-

The old man leaned over and patted her hand. Harkless gasped. " 'Us a great Hoosier, young lady! How much of your life have you spent in the state? 'Us Hoosiers!''

"But I'm going to be a good one," she answered gayly, "and if I'm good enough when I grow up maybe I'll be a great one."

The buckboard had been brought around, and the four young people climbed in, Harkless driving. Before they started the judge, standing on the horse block in front of the gate, leaned over and patted Miss Sherwood's hand again. Harkless gathered up the reins. "You'll make a great Hoosier, all right," said the old man, beaming upon the girl. "You needn't worry about

that, I guess, my dear." When he said "my dear," Harkless spoke to the horses.

"Wait," said the judge, still holding the little hand. "You'll make a great dust with anguished mouth and watery Hoosier some day; don't fret. You're space about her and ruggedly letting eye. Little he knew of the katydid that he hard her beet his white hard and big the crowd surge against him as it he bent his white head and kissed her rough carelessness.

Mr. Bardlock joined in the laugh against himself and proceeded with his wife to some seats forty or fifty feet distant. When he had settled him self comfortably he shouted over cheerfully to the unhappy editor, "Them shell men got it in fer you, Mr. Hark-

"Hain't that fool shet up yit?" snarl ed the aged Mr. Bodeffer indignantly He was sitting near the young couple

and the expression of his sympathy was distinctly audible to them and many others. "Got no more regards than a brazing calf-disturbin' a feller with his sweetheart!" "The both of 'em says they're going

to do fer ye." bleated Mr. Bardlock; "swears they'll ketch their evens with Mr. Martin rose again. "Don't git

scared and leave town, Mr. Harkless!" he called out. "Jim 'll protect you." Vastly to the young man's relief the band began to play and the equestrians and equestriennes capered out from the dressing tent for the "grand entrance," and the performance commenced. Through the long summer afternoon it went on-wonders of horsemanship and of horsewomanship, hair raising exploits on wires tight and slack, giddy tricks on the high trapeze, feats of leaping and tumbling in the rings, while the tireless musicians blatted inspiringly through It all, only pausing long enough to allow that riotous jester, the clown,

to ask the ringmaster what he would do if a young lady came up and kissed him on the street, and to explode his witticisms during short intervals of rest for the athletes. When it was over, John and Helen

found themselves in the midst of a densely packed crowd and separated from Miss Briscoe and Lige. People were pushing and shoving, and he saw her face grow pale. He realized with a pang of sympathy how helpless he would feel if he were as small as she and at his utmost height could only

see big, suffocating backs and huge shoulders pressing down from above. He was keeping them from crowding heavily upon her with all his strength. and a royal feeling of protectiveness came over him. She was so little. And

yet, without the remotest hint of hardness, she gave him such a distinct impression of poise and equilibrium. She hands. seemed so able to meet anything that might come, to understand it-even to laugh at it-so Americanly capable and sure of the event that, in spite of her pale cheek, he could not feel quite so

protective as he wished to feel. He managed to get her to one of the tent poles and placed her with her back to it. Then he set one of his own

hands against it, over her head, braced himself and stood keeping a little would. No one should touch her in

sighed again as he rose and gently spoke the name of his dead wife: "Marjie, I reckon you're mighty tired waitin' for me. It's be'n lonesome sometimes"-

toward Martin. "I think I should like to know him. I'm sure I like him." "That is old Tom Martin."

"I was sorry and ashamed about all that conspicuousness and shouting. It must have been very unpleasant for you. It must have been so for a stran-

ting you in for it." "But I liked it. It was 'all in the bright. Do you know," she went on in a low voice, "I don't believe I'm so having known them only two days." him. He wanted to shake hands with every soul in the tent, to tell them all that he loved them with his whole heart; but, what was vastly more im-

in spite of having known them only two days. nomeward drive, and once, when she

roans down to a snall's pace (if it be true that a snail's natural gait is not a trot) for the rest of the way, and they alked of Tom Meredith and books and

he'll kiss her too." But when the ed-Helen who kissed Fisbee. evening, aren't they?" asked Briscoe, introduced sewing schools, cooking sippi river. after Mr. Harkless."