

THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON**,
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CHAPTER IX.

If any echo of doubt concerning his undoubted consciousness sounded faintly in Joe's mind, it was silenced ere it was born. Canaan had not forgotten him. Far from it, so far that it began pointing him out to strangers on the street the very day of his return. His course of action, likewise that of his friends, permitted him little obscurity, and when the rumors of his finally obtaining lodging at Beaver Beach and of the celebration of his installation there were presently confirmed he stood in the lime light indeed, as a Mephistopheles upspring through the trap door.

The welcoming festivities had not been so discreetly conducted as to accord with the general policy of Beaver Beach. An unfortunate incident caused the arrest of one of the celebrators and the ambulancing to the hospital of another on the homeward way, the ensuing proceedings in court bringing to the whole affair a publicity devoutly unthought for. Mr. Happy Fear (such was the habitual name of the imprisoned gentleman) had to bear a great amount of harsh criticism for injuring a companion within the city limits after daylight and for failing to observe that three policemen were not too distant from the scene of operations to engage therein.

"Happy, if he had it in mind to harm him," said the red headed man to Mr. Fear upon the latter's return to society, "why didn't ye do it out here at the beach?"

"Because," returned the indiscreet, "he didn't say what he was goin' to say till we got in town."

Extraordinary probing on the part of the prosecutor had developed at the trial that the obnoxious speech had referred to the guest of the evening. The assaulted party, one "Nashville" Cory, was not of Canaan, but a bit of driftwood haply touching shore for the moment at Beaver Beach, and—strange as this world—had been introduced to the coterie of Mike's Place by Happy Fear himself, who had enjoyed a brief acquaintance with him on a day when both had chanced to travel incognito by the same freight. Naturally Happy had felt responsible for the proper behavior of his protegee—was, in fact, bound to enforce it; additionally, Happy had once been saved from a term of imprisonment (at a time when it would have been more than ordinarily inconvenient) by help and advice from Joe, and he was not one to forget. Therefore he was grieved to observe that his own guest seemed to be somewhat jealous of the hero of the occasion and disposed to look coldly upon him. The stranger, however, contented himself with innuendo (mere expressions of the face and other manner of things for which one could not squarely lay hands upon him) until such time as he and his sponsor had come to Main street in the clear dawn on their way to Happy's apartment, a variable abode. It may be that the stranger perceived what Happy did not—the three blue-coats in the perspective. At all events, he now put into words of simple strength the unfavorable conception he had formed of Joe. The result was mediocrally immediate, and the period of Mr. Cory's convalescence in the hospital was almost half that of his sponsor's detention in the county jail.

When Happy Fear had suffered, with a give and take simplicity of patience, his allotment of months in duration and was released and sent into the streets and sunshine once more, he knew that his first duty lay in the direction of a general apology to Joe. But the young man was no longer at Beaver Beach; the red headed proprietor dwelt alone there and, receiving Happy with scorn and pity, directed him to retrace his footsteps to the town.

"Ye must have been in the black hole of incarceration indeed if ye haven't heard that Mr. Loudon has his law office on the square and his livin' room behind the office. It's in that little brick buildin' straight across from the sheriff's door o' the jail. Ye've been neighbors this long time. A hard time the boy had persuadin' any one to rent to him, but by payin' double the price he got a place at last. He's a practicin' lawyer now, and all the boys and girls of our acquaintance go to him with their troubles. Ye'll see him with a murder case to try before long as sure as ye're not worth yer salt! But I expect ye can still call him by his name of Joe, all the same!"

It was a bleak and meager little office into which Mr. Fear ushered himself to offer his amends. The cracked plaster of the walls was bare, save for dust. There were no shelves. The fat brown volumes, most of them fairly new, were piled in regular columns upon a cheap pine table. There was but one window, small paned and shadeless. An inner door of this sad chamber stood half ajar, permitting the visitor unreserved acquaintance with the domestic economy of the tenant, for it disclosed a second room, smaller than the office and dependent upon the window of the latter for air

and light. Behind a canvas camp cot, dimly visible in the obscurity of the inner apartment, stood a small gas stove surmounted by a steppan, from which projected the handle of a big tin spoon, so that it needed no ghost from the dead to whisper that Joseph Loudon, attorney at law, did his own cooking. Indeed, he looked it!

Upon the threshold of the second room reposed a small, worn, light brown scrub brush of a dog, so cosmopolitan in ancestry that his species was almost as undeterminable as the cast iron dogs of the Pike mansion. He greeted Mr. Fear hospitably, having been so lately an offshoot of the streets himself that his adoption had taught him to lose only his old tremors, not his hopefulness. At the same time Joe rose quickly from the deal table, where he had been working, with one hand in his hair, the other spluttering ink from a bad pen.

"Good for you, Happy!" he cried cheerfully. "I hoped you'd come to see me today. I've been thinking about a job for you."

"I don't want a job, nohow!" said Mr. Fear, going to the door. "I don't want to work. There's plenty ways fer me to get along without that. But I'll say one thing more. Don't you worry about gettin' law practice. Mike says you're goin' to get all you want, and if there ain't no other way, why, a few of us'll go out and make some fer ye!"

These prophecies and promises, over which Joe chuckled at first, with his head cocked to one side, grew very soon, to his amazement, to wear a supernatural similarity to actual fulfillment. His friends brought him their own friends such as had stoned against the laws of Canaan, those under the ban of the sheriff, those who had struck in anger, those who had stolen at night, those who owed and could not pay, those who lived by the dice, and to his other titles to notoriety was added that of defender of the poor and wicked. He found his hands full, especially after winning his first important case, on which occasion Canaan thought the jury mad and was indignant with the puzzled judge, who could not see just how it had happened.

Joe did not stop at that. He kept on winning cases, clearing the innocent and lightening the burdens of the guilty. He became the most dangerous attorney for the defense in Canaan. His honorable brethren, accepting the popular view of him, held him in personal contempt, but feared him professionally, for he proved that he knew more law than they thought existed. Nor could any trick him, failing which many tempers were lost, but never Joe's. His practice was not all criminal, as shown by the peevish outburst of the eminent Buckalew (the squire's nephew, esteemed the foremost lawyer in Canaan), "Before long there won't be any use trying to foreclose a mortgage or collect a note unless this shyster gets himself in jail!"

The wrath of Judge Martin Pike was augmented—there was a kind of sublimity in its immensity—on a day when it befell that the shyster stood betwixt him and money.

That was a monstrous task—to stand between these two and separate them, to hold back the hand of Martin Pike from what it had reached out to grasp. It was in the matter of some tax titles which the magnate had acquired, and in court Joe treated the case with such horrifying simplicity that it seemed almost credible that the great man had counted upon the ignorance and besottedness of Joe's client, a hard drinking, disreputable old farmer, to get his land away from him without paying for it. Now, as every one knew such a thing to be ludicrously impossible, it was at once noised abroad in Canaan that Joe had helped to swindle Judge Pike out of a large sum of money—it was notorious that the shyster could bamboozle court and jury with his tricks, and it was felt that Joe Loudon was getting into very deep waters indeed. This was serious. If the young man did not look out he might find himself in the penitentiary.

Joe did not move into a larger office; he remained in the little room with its one window and its fine view of the jail. His clients were nearly all poor, and many of his fees quite literally nominal. Tatters and rags came up the narrow stairway to his door—tatters and rags and pitiful fineries; the bleared, the sodden, the flaunting and rouged, the furtive and wary, some in rags, some in tags and some—the sorriest—in velvet gowns. With these, the distressed, the wretched, the drunken, the dirty and the very poor, his work lay and his days and nights were spent.

When Joe went about the streets he was made to feel his condition by the elaborate avoidance, yet furtive attention, of every respectable person he met, and when he came home to his small rooms and shut the door behind him he was as one who has been hissed and shamed in public and run to bury his hot face in his pillow. Unperturbed his mongrel extravagantly (well he might) and would sit with him in his rooms at night holding long converse with him, the two alone together

er. The dog was not his only attendant. There came to be another, a more and more frequent partner to their conversations, at last a familiar spirit. This third came from a brown jug which Joe kept on a shelf in his bedroom, a vessel too frequently replenished. When the day's work was done he shut himself up, drank alone and drank hard. Sometimes when the jug ran low and the night was late he would go out for a walk with his dog and would awake in his room the next morning not remembering where he had gone or how he had come home. Once, after such a lapse of memory, he woke amazed to find himself at Beaver Beach, whither, he learned from the red bearded man, Happy Fear had brought him, having found him wandering dazedly in a field near by. These lapses grew more frequent until there occurred that which was one of the strange things of his life.

It was a June night, a little more than two years after his return to Canaan, and the Tocsin had that day announced the approaching marriage of Eugene Bantry and his employer's daughter. Joe ate nothing during the day and went through his work clumsily, visiting the bedroom shelf at intervals. At 10 in the evening he went out to have the jug refilled, but from the moment he left his door and the fresh air struck his face he had no clear knowledge of what he did or of what went on about him until he woke in his bed the next morning.

And yet, whatever little part of the soul of him remained that night still undulled, not numbed, but alive, was in some strange manner lifted out of its pain toward a strange delight. His body was an automaton, his mind in bondage, yet there was a still small consciousness in him which knew that in his wandering something incredible and unexpected was happening. What this was he did not know, could not



"I don't want a job, nohow!" said Mr. Fear.

see, though his eyes were open, could not have told himself any more than a baby could tell why it laughs, but it seemed something so beautiful and wonderful that the night became a night of perfume, its breezes bearing the music of harps and violins, while nightingales sang from the maples that bordered the streets of Canaan.

(To be continued)

BOYS

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The Boys' Outfitter.

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I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family in cases of whooping cough, and want to tell you that it is the best medicine I have ever used.—W. F. Gaston, Poston, Ga. This remedy is safe and sure. For sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists.

IN THE CITY CHURCHES.

First Congregational.
Morning service at 11 o'clock, Subject: "An Uphill Journey." Evening service at 7:30, Subject: "Life's Chances." Sunday school at 12:20, Y. P. S. C. E., at 6:30, p. m. There will be no mid-week meeting next Wednesday, as the pastor will be in Portland. All are welcome at all the services of this church. C. E. Moorehouse, Ph. D. pastor.

First Baptist.
Rev. L. W. Riley, President of McMinnville College will preach morning and evening. The Sunday school and meeting of the young people will be held at the usual hours. All friends of the church are cordially invited to the services.

First Presbyterian.
Morning worship 11 o'clock, Sabbath school 12:15, Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30. Evening service 7:30. The pastor will preach at both services. All are invited, W. S. Gilbert, pastor.

Norwegian-Lutheran.
At the First Norwegian Lutheran Synod church corner of 29th & Grand Ave., services tomorrow morning at 10:45 and in the evening at 8 o'clock, Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Theo. P. Neste, pastor.

First Methodist.
Song service at First Methodist Church, on Sunday evening, April 21, 1907.

Opening Voluntary
Anthem, Hark, Hark, My Soul, Choir.
Hymn
Prayer.
Anthem, "While the Bridegroom Tarry'd, Ladies Quartette."
Scripture Lesson.
Announcements-Offertory.
Solo-From Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." Mr. Nello Johnson.
Psalm and Gloria.
Anthem "As It Began To Dawn," Choir.
Hymn
Anthem "Dream of Paradise," Choir
Hymn
Benediction

Grace Episcopal.
Morning service today at 11 o'clock; Sunday school at noon. Evening service will be omitted.

First Lutheran.
Gustaf E. Rydquist, pastor. Morning service at 10:45; evening service always in English at 7:30. Theme, "The Joy of the Sorrowing Disciples." Sunday school and service in English at the German Lutheran church at 2 and 3 o'clock, respectively, theme, "Contradictions in Life." A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Baptist Church.
There will be no special service at the Baptist church as was expected. Pastor Riley was obliged to cancel his engagement on account of urgent matters at home. Consequently the regular morning service will be held at 11 o'clock. Sunday school and meeting of young people at usual hours. No evening service.

Norwegian-Danish.
The Norwegian and Danish M. E. church, corner Thirty-seventh and Duane, Sunday school at 10 o'clock; preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Thursday evening prayer meeting. Everybody Welcome. E. Gjerding, pastor.

City Warrants.
City Treasurer Dealey paid out yesterday on city warrants a sum in the neighborhood of \$2000.

EUREKA!

Yes, I Have Found it at Last. Found what? Why that Chamberlain's Salve cures Eczema and all manner of itching of the skin. I have been a lot for many years with a skin disease. I had to get up three or four times every night and wash with cold water to allay the terrible itching, but since using this salve in December, 1905, the itching has stopped and has not troubled me.—Elder John T. Ongley, Reotville, P. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

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When a woman suffering from female troubles is told that an operation is necessary, it, of course, frightens her.

The very thought of the hospital, the operating table and the knife strikes terror to her heart.

It is quite true that these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but a great many women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after an operation has been decided upon as the only cure. The strongest and most grateful statements possible to make come from women who by taking

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from native roots and herbs, have escaped serious operations, as evidenced by Miss Rose Moore's case, of 207 W. 26th St., N. Y. She writes:—

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of the very worst form of female trouble and I wish to express to you my deepest gratitude. I suffered intensely for two years so that I was unable to attend to my duties and was a burden to my family. I doctored and doctored with only temporary relief and constantly objecting to an operation which I was advised to undergo, I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it cured me of the terrible trouble and I am now in better health than I have been for many years."

This and other such cases should encourage every woman to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before she submits to an operation.

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Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised.

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