

The Manager Of the B. & O. A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers

(Continued from Thursday.)

"I suppose there is such a thing as duty, but don't you think, under the circumstances, your responsibility is really very light?"

Dan laughed softly. "I didn't imagine you would be the first to advise me to shirk it."

"I wouldn't ordinarily, but you don't know Antioch. They can make it very unpleasant for you. The town is in a fever of excitement over what has happened today. It seems the men are not through with you yet."

"Yes, I know. My father should have gone back. It looks as if I'd yielded, but I couldn't ask him to when I saw how he felt about it."

"You see, the town lives off the shops and road. It is a personal matter to every man, woman and child in the place."

"That's what makes me so mad at the stupid fools!" said Oakley, with some bitterness. "They haven't the brains to see that they have a lot more at stake than any one else."

"They have done about all they can in that direction. The worst has happened. I won't say it didn't bruise me up a bit. Why, I am actually sore in every bone and muscle. I was never so battered, but I'm beginning to get back, and I'm going to live the whole thing down right here. I can't have skeletons that are liable to be unearthed at any moment."

He took a letter from his pocket, opened it and handed it to the doctor. "I guess you can see to read this if you will step nearer the street lamp."

The letter was an offer from one of the big eastern lines. While the doctor knew very little of railroads, he understood that the offer was a fine one and was impressed accordingly.

"I'd take it," he said. "I wouldn't fritter away my time here. Precious little thanks you'll ever get."

"I can't honorably break with General Cornish. In fact, I have already declined, but I wanted you to see the letter."

"I am sorry for your sake that you did. You are sure to have more trouble."

"So much the more reason why I should stay."

"I am quite frank with you, Oakley. Some strong influence is at work. No, I haven't to do with your father. You can't well be held accountable for his acts."

Ryder's laughter reached them as he spoke. Oakley could see him faintly outlined in the moonlight, where he sat between Constance Emory and her other. The influence was there. It was probably at work at that very moment.

He went down to the office alert and vigorous. As he strode along he nodded and smiled at the people he met on the street. If the odium of his father's crime was to attach itself to him it should be without his help. Antioch might count him callous if it liked, but it must not think him weak.

His first official act was to go for Kerr, who was unusually cantankerous, and he gave that frigid gentleman a scare which lasted him for the better part of a week, for Kerr, who had convinced himself overnight that Oakley must resign, saw himself having full swing with the Huckleberry and was disposed to treat his superior with airy indifference. He had objected to hunting up an old order book Dan wished to see on the score that he was too busy, whereas, as Holt expressed it, the latter "jumped on him with both feet." His second official act was to serve formal notice on Branyon that he was dismissed from the shops. He

was even harsh with Miss Walton, and took exception to her spelling of a typewritten letter which he was sending off to Cornish in London.

He also inspected every department in the shops and was glad of an excuse he discovered to reprimand Joe Stokes, who was stockkeeper in the carpenter's room, for the slovenly manner in which the stock was handled. Then he returned to the office and as a matter of discipline kept Kerr busy all the rest of the morning hauling dusty order books from a dark closet.

He felt that of excitement was what was wanted he was the one to furnish it. He had been too easy.

Naturally the office force gave a deep sigh of satisfaction when Oakley closed his desk and announced that he was going uptown and would not return. Miss Walton confided to Kerr that she just hoped he would never come back.

It was a little before 3 o'clock when Dan presented himself at the Emorys'. The maid who answered his ring ushered him into the parlor with marked trepidation. She was a timid soul. Then she swished from the room, but returned almost immediately to say that Miss Emory would be down in a moment.

When Constance entered the room he advanced a little uncertainly. She extended her hand quite cordially, however. There was no trace of embarrassment or constraint in her manner.

As he took her hand Dan said simply, going straight to the purpose of his call:

"I have thought a good deal over what I want to tell you, Miss Emory," Miss Emory instantly took the alarm and was on the defensive. She enveloped herself in that species of inscrutable feminine reserve men find so difficult to penetrate. She could not imagine what he had to tell her that was so pressing. He was certainly very curious and unconventional. There was one thing she feared he might want to tell her which she was firmly determined not to hear.

Oakley drew forward a chair. "Won't you sit down?" he asked gravely.

"Thank you, yes." It was all so formal they both smiled.

Dan stood with his back to the fireplace, now filled with ferns, and rested an elbow on the mantel. There was an awkward pause. At last he said slowly:

"It seems I've been the subject of a lot of talk during the last two days, and I have been saddled with a matter for which I am in no way responsible, though it appears to reflect on me quite as much as if I were."

"Really, Mr. Oakley," began Constance, scenting danger ahead. But her visitor was in no mood to temporize.

"One moment, please," he said hastily. "You have heard the story from Mr. Ryder."

"That he is a murderer?" plunging ahead mercilessly.

"Yes." "And this is influencing you?" "I suppose it is," helplessly. "It would naturally. It was a great shock to us all."

"Yes," agreed Dan, "I can understand, I think, just how you must look at it."

"We are very, very sorry for you, Mr. Oakley. I want to explain my manner last night. The whole situation was so excessively awkward. I am sure you must have felt it."

"I did," shortly. "Oh, dear, I hope you didn't think me unkind!"

"No." Then he added, a trifle wearily: "It's taken me all this time to realize my position. I suppose I owe you some sort of an apology. You must have thought me fearfully thick skinned." He hoped she would say no, but he was disappointed. Her conscience had been troubling her, and she was perfectly willing to share her remorse with him since he was so ready to assume a part of it.

She was as conventional as extreme respectability could make her, but she had never liked Oakley half so well. She admired his courage. He didn't whine. His very stupidity was in its way admirable, but it was certainly too bad he could not see just how impossible he was under the circumstances.

Dan raised his eyes to hers. "Miss Emory, the only time I remember to have seen my father until he came here a few weeks ago was through the grating of his cell door. My mother

took me there as a little boy. When she died I came west, where no one knew me. I had already learned that, because of him, I was somehow judged and condemned too. It has always been hanging over me. I have always feared exposure. I suppose I can hush it up after awhile, but there will always be some one to tell it to whoever will listen. It is no longer a secret."

"Was it fair to your friends, Mr. Oakley, that it was a secret?" "I can't see what business it was of theirs. It is nothing I have done, and, anyhow, I have never had any friends until now I cared especially about."

"Oh!" and Miss Emory lowered her eyes. So long as he was merely determined and stupid he was safe, but should he become sentimental it might be embarrassing for them both.

"You have seen my father. Do you think from what you can judge from appearances that he would kill a man in cold blood? It was only after years of insult that it came to that, and then the other man was the aggressor. What my father did he did in self defense, but I am pretty sure you were not told this."

He was swayed by a sense of duty toward his father and a desire to vindicate him—he was so passive and enduring. The intimacy of their relation had begotten warmth and sympathy. They had been drawn nearer and nearer each other. The classiness of his blood and race asserted itself. It was a point of honor with him to stand up for his friends and to stand up for his father most of all. Could he, he would have ground his heel into Ryder's face for his part in circulating the garbled version of the old convict's history. Some one should suffer as he had been made to suffer.

"Of course Mr. Ryder did not know what you have told me," Constance said hastily. She could not have told why, but she had the uneasy feeling that Griff required a champion, that he was responsible.

"Then you did hear it from Mr. Ryder?" She did not answer, and Oakley, taking her silence for assent, continued: "I don't suppose it was told you either that he was pardoned because of an act of conspicuous heroism, that at the risk of his own life he saved the lives of several nurses and patients in the hospital ward of the prison where he was confined." He looked inquiringly at Constance, but she was still silent. "Miss Emory, my father came to me to all intents an absolute stranger. Why, I even feared him, for I didn't know the kind of man he was, but I have come to have a great affection and regard for him. I respect him, too, most thoroughly. There is not an hour of the day when the remembrance of his crime is not with him. Don't you think it cowardly that it should have been ventilated simply to hurt me, when it must inevitably hurt him so much more? He has quit work in the shops, and he is determined to leave Antioch. I may find him gone when I return to the hotel."

"And you blame Mr. Ryder for this?" "I do. It's part of the debt we'll settle some day."

"Then you are unjust. It was Mr. Kenyon. His cousin is warden of the prison. He saw your father there and remembered him."

"And told Mr. Ryder," with a contemptuous twist of the lips. "There were others present at the time. They were not alone."

"But Mr. Ryder furnished the men with the facts."

GET THE BEST

GRAND PRIZE
Highest Award
WORLD'S FAIR
ST. LOUIS

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Recently Enlarged
WITH
25,000 New Words
New Gazer of the World
with more than 25,000 titles, based on the latest census returns.
New Biographical Dictionary
containing the names of over 10,000 noted persons, date of birth, death, etc.

Edited by W. J. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D.,
United States Commissioner of Education.

2380 Quarto Pages
New Plates. 5000 Illustrations. Rich Bindings.

Needed in Every Home

Also Webster's Collegiate Dictionary
1116 Pages. 1600 Illustrations.
Regular Edition 7x10 1/2 inches. 3 bindings.
Do Lane Edition 5 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches. 1 volume from 12x16 pages. 1000 illustrations. Beautiful binding.

PRICE, "Dictionary Writers." Illustrated pamphlets.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,
Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

The C. B., R. & E. R. R. and Navigation Co.

TRAIN SCHEDULE NO. 2.

In Effect January 1, 1907.
All previous schedules are void.
Subject to change without notice.
W. S. Chandler, manager; F. A. Laise, freight agent; general offices, Marshfield, Oregon.

No. 1.	Trains.
Daily	Stations.
Except Sunday.	
Leave 9:00 a. m.	Marshfield.
9:30 a. m.	B. H. Junction.
9:45 a. m.	Coquille.
Arrive 10:30 a. m.	Myrtle Point.

No. 2.	Trains.
Daily	Stations.
Except Sunday.	
Leave 10:45 a. m.	Myrtle Point.
10:30 a. m.	Coquille.
12:00 p. m.	B. H. Junction.
Arrive 12:30 p. m.	Marshfield.

Extra trains will run on daily special orders. Trains to and from Beaver Hill daily.

Business Directory

- Doctors.
- E. E. STRAW, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat a specialty.
Office in Lockhart's Building.
Marshfield, Oregon
- DR. HAYDON
Office opposite Union Furniture Store. Hours 10 to 12 and 2 to 5.
Special attention paid to diseases of the skin, urinary and digestive organs.
U. S. Pension examiner
Marshfield, Oregon
- DR. J. W. INGRAM,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Sengstacken's Drug Store.
Phones—Office 1621; residence 783.
- B. M. RICHARDSON,
Physician and Surgeon.
Diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat a specialty.
Office in Eldorado Block.

Lawyers.

E. L. C. FARRIN.
Attorney-at-Law.
City Attorney. Deputy Dist. Att'y.
Lockhart Building. Marshfield, Ore.
Phone 44.

J. M. UPTON,
Attorney-at-Law.
Marshfield, Oregon.

J. W. BENNETT,
Office over Flanagan & Benett Bank.
Marshfield, Oregon.

C. F. MCKNIGHT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Upstairs, Bennett & Walter block.
Marshfield, Oregon.

J. W. SNOVER
Attorney-at-Law
Office: Rogers building
Marshfield, Oregon

COKE & COKE,
Attorney-at-Law.
Marshfield, Oregon.

PIXLEY & MAYBEE,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office over Myers' Store.
Phone 701. North Bend, Ore.

Real Estate Agents.
DIER LAND COMPANY
Real Estate Brokers
North Bend, Oregon.

Ready to show Spring Millinery
CLARKE
Broadway and "C" Streets
Correct Millinery
Smart shapes and tasteful trimmings combine to make every hat in the assortment a
Perfect Style

All the latest
Magazines
at the
North Bend News Co.
NORTH BEND

EGGS

I can furnish the following
Thoroughbred Eggs at
\$2.00 Per Setting

Rhode Is. and Red
Barred Plymouth Rocks
White Leghorns
Pekin Ducks

JOHN W. FLANAGAN
Send in your orders Now—
Eggs Shipped anywhere in the county.

Flanagan & Bennett Bank

MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
Capital Subscribed \$50,000
Capital Paid Up \$40,000
Undivided Profits \$35,000

Does a general banking business and draws on the Bank of California, San Francisco Calif., First National Bank Portland Or., First National Bank, Roseburg, Or., Hanover National Bank, New York, N. M. Rothschild & Son, London, England.

Also exchange on nearly all the principal cities of Europe.

Accounts kept subject to check, safe deposit lock boxes for rent at 5 cents a month or \$5 a year.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

STEAMER FLYER

M. P. Pendergrass, Master

TIME TABLE.
Leaves Marshfield 7:30, 9:00, and 10:30 a. m., and 1:00, 2:30 and 4:00 p. m.
Leaves North Bend at 8:15, 9:45 and 1:15 a. m., and 1:45, 3:15 and 5:00 p. m.
Makes daily trips except Sundays. Fare: One way, 15 cents; round trip, 25 cents.

W. A. HARING

Dealer in Pure Cream Milk and Buttermilk. Free delivery to all parts of the city.
North Bend, Oregon

Now Ready

HOTEL OREGON
New and Modern
Sample Rooms in Connection
NORTH BEND, ORE.

Try the

Marshfield Hotel
Home Cooking, Good Beds
Rates—Board and Lodging \$5 per week; per day, \$1; Meals 25c.

Pull the

BELL CORD
Get Your Whistle Then Blow.
J. R. HERRON, Prop.
Front Street, : : Marshfield, Oregon

Bank of Oregon

Capital stock fully paid up
50,000.
Transacts a general Banking Business.
North Bend, Oregon

SKATING RINK

Announcements:

Open afternoon and evenings, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10, week days only.

Prices:
25 cents for use of Rink skates.
15 cents for those using their own skates.
10 cents admission to Gentlemen evenings.
Special attention given to beginners every afternoon.
Best of order always maintained.

D. L. Avery,
Manager

Nelson Iron Works

F. E. NELSON, Prop.

We repair all kinds of machinery, Steam and Gas Engines, Guns and Engines. Best of work our Specialty. : : :

We manufacture Castings in Iron and Bronze for Saw Mills and Logging Camps. We make the best Shovels and Road Spoils for Loggers. : : :

TELEPHONE 22
MARSHFIELD, - - OREGON

F. H. BRIGHAM

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT
Plans and specifications made for all classes of buildings.
North Bend, Oregon
PHONE 541

MASTERS & McLAIN

Marshfield and North Bend
CONTRACTORS FOR
Wood and stone block pavements, macadam and plank streets, sewer and water mains, cement sidewalks and curbs, plain and reinforced concrete for building, foundations and retaining walls. Fire proofing and asphalt roofing. Crushed rocks and building stone. Grading and excavating.

Steam Dye Works

C Street.
Ladies and Gents' garments cleaned and dyed.
Phillip Becker, Proprietor.