

INDEPENDENCE CLASSIFIED Business Directory.

This directory is corrected monthly and a new directory is published in Portland. Law merchants will see the advantage of having their names under appropriate headings. It is authorized to announce means that are not given as its name for publication.

BANKS.

National, Ore. Main and Monmouth Bks.
National, Ore. Main and C.B.S.

BROKERS, GRAIN AND HOPS.

G. E. Brey, Office First National Bank.

BILLIARD HALL.

W. S. Patterson, Main street.

BLACKSMITHS.

A. A. Fuller, East street.

BOOKS & STATIONERY.

W. S. Patterson, Main street.

BRICK.

R. Cooper, corner C street.

CARPENTERS & CONTRACTORS.

Inch & Claggett, office B street.
Campbell & Son—order at Dooty & Paddock's.

CITY OFFICIALS.

A. M. Hurley, Mayor.
Geo. W. Reed, Recorder.
Andy Tappet, Marshal.

CHURCHES & PASTORS.

Baptist, J. Fred Jenkins.
Presbyterian, J. A. Townsend.
Congregational, D. V. Polling.
Evangelical, S. A. Opey.
Methodist, T. W. Potter.
Christian, No resident pastor.

DENTISTS.

A. A. Mulkey, O. Donnell, brick, up stairs.
B. Johnson, Cor. Railroad & Monmouth, 1st

DOCTORS.

Lee & Habbitt, Ind. Nat'l Bank, up stairs.
L. Ketchum, Monmouth St., near R. R.
D. Butler, opera house, up stairs.

DRAY COMPANIES.

Hubbard & Staats, Railroad St.
V. D. Elkins, leave orders at Hotel.

DRESSMAKERS.

Miss Sophia Goff, at residence, Railroad St.

DRUGGISTS.

Welley, Alexander & Co., Main St.
Patterson Bros., opera house.

FLOUR MILLS.

End, Mill Co., Geo. Skinner & Co.
Far Mills, D. W. Sears & Co.

FURNITURE.

G. G. Berg, cor. C and Main street.
T. O. Cook, Whiteaker brick.

GEN'L MDSE.

Josendort & Hirschberg, Main street.
M. Vandagn, Cor. Main and C streets.
J. A. Mills—Whiteaker brick.

GROCERIES.

Wilcox, Baldwin & Co., South side C street.
McEcheran & Sandereck, Corner Main & Dooty & Paddock, West side Main street.
P. E. Irvine—Whiteaker brick.

HARDWARE & AGL. IMPTS.

F. O'Donnell, Cor. Main & Monmouth Sts.
R. M. Wade & Co., Main and Monmouth Sts.

JOB PRINTER.

WEST SIDE OFFICE, Main street.

LAWYERS.

A. M. Hurley, Main street.
Geo. A. Smith, Ind. Nat'l Bank, up stairs.

LIVERY STABLES.

Peter Cook, Main street.
E. Johnson, Main street.

LUMBER.

Prescott & Yencas, saw mill.

MARBLE WORKS.

G. L. Hawkins, cor. Railroad and E streets.

MEAT MARKETS.

Fred Miller, C street.
Sperling Bros., Main street.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

W. G. Sherman, C street.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

D. H. Craven, C street, north side.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Ind. Lodge No. 22, A. O. U. W.
Lyon Lodge No. 42, I. O. O. F.
Valley Lodge No. 24, A. F. & A. M.
Homer Lodge No. 42, K. of P.
Rebman.
Woodmen.
Rebekah Degree, I. O. O. F., Clover Leaf No. 364.

SALOONS.

The Gem—J. R. Cooper, prop.
The Castle—S. E. Owens, prop.

SASH & DOORS.

Mitchell & Bohannon, Main street.
M. T. Crow, near depot.



"When I was a Boy,"

Writes Postmaster J. C. Woodson, Forest Hill, W. Va., "I had a bronchial trouble of such a persistent and stubborn character, that the doctor pronounced it incurable with ordinary medicines, and advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and one bottle cured me. For the last fifteen years, I have used this preparation with good effect whenever I take

A Bad Cold,

and I know of numbers of people who keep it in the house all the time, not considering it safe to be without it."

"I have been using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for 30 years, with the most satisfactory results, and can cheerfully recommend it as being especially adapted to all pulmonary complaints. I have, for many years, made pulmonary and other medicines a special study, and I have come to the conclusion that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral occupies a position pre-eminently over other medicines of the class."—Chas. Davenport, Dover, N. J.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

CHAS. STAATS,

(SUCCESSOR TO HUBBARD & STAATS.)

PROPRIETOR OF

City Truck and Transfer Co.

Hauling of all kinds done at Reasonable Rates.

Agents for the O. P. Boats.

All bills must be settled by the 10th of each month.

Independence, Oregon.

Steamer Altona!

Salem and Independence

TO PORTLAND

Leaves Independence and Salem Monday, Wednesday and Friday, leaving Independence at 6:45, Salem at 7:30 a. m., and arriving at Portland at 2:45 p. m.

Leaves Portland Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:45 a. m., Salem for Independence at 4 p. m.

Excellent meals served on boat at 25 cents per meal.

Passengers save time and money by taking this line to Portland.

Steamer will carry fast through freight and offers special rates on large lots.

Unexcelled passenger accommodations. Mitchell, Wright & Co., General Agents, Holman block, Salem, Or.

GREATLY REDUCED RATES

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

FOR THE CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR

ROUND TRIP TICKETS GOOD FOR 30 DAYS

Portland to San Francisco AND RETURN. **\$27.50**

Including FIVE Gate Tickets TO THE FAIR.

EXCURSION TRIPS

From San Francisco to other points in California will be allowed purchasers of special Midwinter Fair tickets at the following round-trip rates:

To Stations under 150 miles from San Francisco, One and One-third one-way fare.

To Stations 150 miles or more from San Francisco, one and one-fifth one-way fare.

For exact rates and full information, inquire of J. B. KIRKLAND, District Passenger Agent, 134 First St., Portland, Or., or address the undersigned. T. H. GOODMAN, RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Passenger Agt., Geo. Traffic Manager, San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 94

OUR CONTINUED STORY.

A REPORTER'S ROMANCE.

A Thrilling Tale Which Illustrates the Fate of Villains.

[Published only in the WEST SIDE]

CHAPTER IV.

RAYMOND AND MANGAN DECLARE WAR.

Philip Mortimer, the registrar of arrests, was a lieutenant of Francis Raymond. Both men were lawyers. They had studied in the same office and had succeeded to the practice of their profession. There was much friendship between them. It was a sincere friendship on Mortimer's part.

Raymond had the stronger will of the two. Mortimer was completely under his control. He had lifted him up as he advanced himself, not that he desired to honor him, but that he was useful. Mortimer had such an exaggerated idea of Raymond's difficulty to place him, where so many were clamoring for preferment, that his spirit of gratitude developed into subserviency, completely obliterating every quality that would interfere with the performance of any duty Raymond might impose. He had been named as registrar of arrests because it suited Raymond—that was all.

To be sure Mortimer's sister had been receiving the attentions of the political chieftain and imagined, as Mortimer did, that he was sincere. Sometimes Raymond himself thought the same, but the truth was though he might not at all times own it, that he sought Inez Mortimer's companionship as a relaxation from a life otherwise exciting. Poor Mortimer believed that Raymond's favors were partly due to the regard in which his sister was held by his political sponsor, and in this belief his devotion to Raymond steadily increased. Mortimer was a consumptive, but his work took little of his time and exacted no exertion beyond visiting Raymond at stated times and making his reports; so he was as hopeful and buoyant as consumptives, free from the other vexations of life, usually are.

Raymond occupied a house in a respectable section of the city. He could easily keep an establishment in the most aristocratic quarter, but it wasn't policy to do so. His house was luxuriously furnished and cared for by a woman whom he called his niece, and whom the world believed to bear that relation to him. She was a charming hostess. Her queenly grace and winning manners assured her the entrée to some of the best circles, and as society never questioned her standing why should we? She is nothing to us, beyond a figure exemplifying how Raymond lived.

"I'll go home, now," said Mortimer, arising.

"Wait a minute," said Raymond. "Inez is acquainted with Isabel Le Clair, is she not?"

"I think I have heard her mention the name."

"Look here, Philip"—and Raymond threw the stump of his Havana into the cuspidor, locked the fingers of both hands, inclined forward, supporting his body by resting his left elbow on his knee and looking seriously at Mortimer. "There is some private business on foot in which I want the good offices of Mother St. Gertrude. Miss Le Clair is influential in that quarter. I cannot see her in the convent or at school. Inez has met her socially at many places. I have frequently seen both together, and they seem to be great friends. I am very well acquainted myself with Miss Le Clair, have enjoyed her company at many parties, and she herself has told me she is enthusiastically fond of Inez. Le Clair invite her to your house, and I will there get a chance to call her."

"Tell Inez to manage this for me."

"Certainly she will do it. Is that all?"

"That's all."

Mortimer bade goodby to Raymond at the door. The latter, who he had returned to the library, mused:

"Mifigan cannot harm me. For his bitterness, however, I will punish him. Out of Isabel's great love for him, I can force her to marry me, and he will not let it until he reads the wedding notice. And Inez? Oh, she'll—well, I can get over that, too. But, on every consideration, I think it will be better to wed Isabel Le Clair. Strange, how I find it hard to pronounce that name!"

CHAPTER V.

ISABEL UNDER RAYMOND'S INFLUENCE.

Numerous incandescent electric bulbs, added to the floral embellishments that break out in every direction, make brilliant the rooms in the Mortimer home on the classic Brooklyn Heights Inez is the hostess. Isabel is there, happy and no less radiant than when last we saw her. Old school companions are present, too, with friends particularly selected with a view of making her feel at home. Inez had demonstrated to please Raymond and demonstrate her woman's tact by having none there before whom Isabel might act constrainedly. Inez had also asked Isabel to remain over night, as otherwise she would have to leave early for the convent.

Inez was a petite brunette, vivacious, witty, intellectual and artistic. She had many admirers. She was so sensitively constituted that she so carefully avoided, in a most natural way, the assertion of any accomplishment that might incite jealousy in those of her sex who moved in circles with herself. So strong a feature of her character was this, that even they who thought Raymond an eligible subject for their feminine wiles never could see in her relations with him, at ball or fête, anything beyond the usual amenities of friendship.

Could Inez read her heart, she might have discovered for Raymond was not

ed if you were not discussed in a new light to the people."

"Well! Well!" laughed Raymond. "Who would ever think he is such a dreamer?"

"It's not my business, of course," mildly suggested Mortimer. "But none of the land to be appraised is yours, is it?"

"My dear fellow," said Raymond, "don't worry! None of the land is mine—yet."

"It is some of the land you hold through tax sale certificates?"

"What if it is?"

"This," said Mortimer, "Some years ago you had the law passed. Property owners did not pay taxes promptly. The law as it now stands is that the property is sold at auction to private individuals just for the taxes. To redeem it, the owner must pay a bonus of 10 per cent and interest at 15 per cent, and if he fails to redeem it in 10 years the city gives a clear title to the man who purchased the land and the buildings thereon, if any, for the taxes."

"Proceed."

"Now under that law you have bought, or others have bought for you, and legally secured to you, many blocks of real estate, some of which will never be claimed. If these blocks are to be selected by the commission, Mangan will say so; he will find it out. He is a second Heller; he can see in all directions."

"It seems to me," remarked Raymond, "that you have been badly scared. You forget that under the law there is no record of those transactions in the office of the registrar of deeds in the county, where Mangan will turn for his facts. You are simply the registrar of arrears. What you know is not all a matter of official record."

"But he knows the law."

"Suppose, for the sake of argument, that he does," responded Raymond, a little nettled at Mortimer's persistence. "Suppose, again, that the commission decides on these lands that I may have within my reach. The day after the commission reports, the legal limitations will expire and the property will be legally mine. The deed will come to me directly, or indirectly, to a trustee, most likely the latter, and no paper can say a word about it without leaving itself open to a libel suit. Everything is honest and regular. That is the law. It may not be the fact that the lands will be those that friends of mine hold, you understand? I have assumed that much, just to satisfy you. Your deputy would not talk like this."

"I assure you, Frank," for Mortimer so called him when the warmth of conversation demanded some nominative of address, "I was looking after your interests; that was all."

"I know it," was the reply, intended to convince Mortimer that the personal allusions had not undermined the confidence reposed in him.

"I'll go home, now," said Mortimer, arising.

"Never mind," said Raymond sympathetically. "It is to be expected, and their fears are proof that their judgment is better than their manners."

"You are jesting," said Isabel, surprised at his speech. "Every one knows my status here—that of one who by virtue of the courtesies of old school companions has been permitted to share in the festivities that broaden her experience and add to that sum of knowledge which for the sake of her profession she would enlarge. The friction of contending minds brightens the intellect. I am a poor teacher. Therefore to you it is necessary to state why I am likely never to be asked in places such as this, where wealth casts its glamour over all, to change my name to that of a family which would consider the union of one of its acions to a person out of their social kingdom as a terrible misalliance."

"Believe me, I am not jesting," said Raymond.

"As I think so, let us drop the subject."

"I do not mean to; I would like to place you beyond these people's criticism," he said slowly, with a look that was portent in its firmness, and yet so full of tenderness that Isabel hesitated until the explanation which was evidently coming could be offered in justice to him and her.

"I am prompted to talk in this vein," he said, "out of regard for one who is dear to you, I understand—Laurence Mangan. It is in my power to make him and you happy."

"Not by putting"—she began, while a flush of resentment mantled her cheeks.

"No, not by putting you apart," he interrupted. "If that is what you were going to say. Let me tell you I will bring you closer. His name is not Laurence Mangan, no more than yours is Isabel Le Clair."

Isabel was startled. She awaited in fear the words that were to follow.

"If Mangan knew it, his real name is Laurence Leland, and he is your brother." Was Raymond's next declaration.

"My brother!" she exclaimed.

"Your brother."

"Thank God!"

"That he is!"

"No. Never mind," was her reply. Her right hand, mechanically rising to her brow as if to keep her dancing brain from beating its way outward. "What conflicting emotions! Gratitude that she had escaped marriage with her brother; grief that she had lost Laurence in a relation, the very thought of which had, in days gone by, awakened within her the tenderest sensations of peace and bliss. She stared blankly at Raymond. Her eyes were upon him; her spirit was in other realms, where golden memories, crystallized with ideals that must never evolve into realities, were flying before her vision, dissipating before this revelation like mist on the mountains when the morning rays break in upon them. She was thinking, too, of the truth in the poet's lines:

Ah, such is the fate of our life's early promise, As passing the spirit of joy we have known; Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us, And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone.

to be. Unconsciously she came to accept her brother's opinions and sentiments with respect to the man as her own. She looked upon him as her brother's benefactor. And had not Raymond himself, by his attentions, his compliments and references to a future where he and she stood together, made evident his own intentions with regard to her? Little did she dream that her brother was repaying Raymond a hundredfold, and that the herself, tonight, was rendering him a service whose worth time alone could disclose, if indeed the curtain of mystery was ever to be drawn aside.

There she stood with Isabel by her side, as the guests one after another were received. Why describe that social panorama, in which these two young women, two impressive types of beauty singled out for admiration in a hallelujah chorus of seducing forms and faces? Would it be paralyzing to any one who knew Raymond's design, and would read his thoughts, to assign a reason for his own approval of the course he had resolved to pursue?

"She's a woman among a million," was his mental comment as Isabel offered him her hand, her cheeks aglow with the mild excitement of the scene.

But all things come to an end. The entertainment was on the wane. The guests began to depart. Somewhat Raymond, with his enigmata diplomacy, had managed to engage Isabel's attention. He escorted her to an alcove invitingly embowered with all the taste of the artist's art and suggesting it, in an exotic exaltation, as a respectful retreat, now that the whirl of the evening had begun to pall in its details.

"Yes, it has been a very enjoyable evening," she said in answer to a remark of Raymond. "I never met so many friends at once before."

"And I haven't had the pleasure of seeing you for months. I'm at fewer events of this nature than you."

"Yes. What is there in politics attracts you men so?"

"I can't say; some people have suggested it in the passion for power."

"Commendable, when the power is exercised for good."

"But people will not give us credit for so exercising it. It is in the political world, like the social world, the jealous and the disappointed are quick to spread scandal that originates in their own minds and has nothing but spite to feed and live upon."

"You judge the world harshly," he beseeched. "Harshly! You do not know it. Even you, in whose life there is nothing of the dross, cannot escape criticism."

"I!"

"Why, yes. Is it possible that you have never been annoyed by the envy that I have seen and heard—although but little in society—the envy of designing mothers?"

"That isn't so, is it?" she queried, regret and alarm starting her into an attitude that was wise.

"Never mind," said Raymond sympathetically. "It is to be expected, and their fears are proof that their judgment is better than their manners."

"You are jesting," said Isabel, surprised at his speech. "Every one knows my status here—that of one who by virtue of the courtesies of old school companions has been permitted to share in the festivities that broaden her experience and add to that sum of knowledge which for the sake of her profession she would enlarge. The friction of contending minds brightens the intellect. I am a poor teacher. Therefore to you it is necessary to state why I am likely never to be asked in places such as this, where wealth casts its glamour over all, to change my name to that of a family which would consider the union of one of its acions to a person out of their social kingdom as a terrible misalliance."

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Summoning all her will power to her aid, she concentrated her mind on the situation and its suggestions. Reason came back to its throne, and she asked: "How have you learned this? How do you know it is true, that his name and mine is Leland?"

Raymond was cool and collected. He had not made up his mind how he would broach the subject. He realized that he had not done it delicately, but he had anticipated the result and was prepared. If she expected to read in his face anything of that which she had long dreamed to make clear—the secret of her ancestry—she was disappointed. Not a tremor of a muscle! His look was really one calculated to give her confidence in the sincerity he professed.

"If you do not believe me to be a friend," he continued, "I will say no more about the matter. Let me assure you I thought you would be pleased to hear news you must have long yearned for. It was my great solicitude for your welfare that caused me to speak as I have, and that, too, is my apology for being so abrupt. Let me take you back."

"Stay a moment," she interposed. "How rightly had he studied woman's nature! How often has her curiosity cost her the most priceless jewels in the circle of her womanly treasures! But in Isabel's case such might be pleaded in extenuation.

"Will you tell me all?" she asked, her arms involuntarily outstretched in abjection.

Gently he took her hands and held them in his own. He looked at her lovingly, for his heart went out to her more than it ever had to any other of her sex.

"Don't think me hard," he beseeched. "I'll tell you, but if my story makes you happy, as I know it will, can I not hope for happiness in return?"

"Are you sure that—that—Laurence is my brother?"

"As sure as I am that you are Isabel Leland."

"You could not ask me to answer now. I have never imagined this. Do not press me. I will certainly be grateful. Let me not think you anything but manly, when the recollection of your kindness will rise before me."

"This means much to Laurence—Laurence, you call him, and my friendship warrants me in using the name," continued Raymond. "He is under a cloud. If you were my wife, I could appeal in his behalf to those who mean to ruin him, ruin him through wrong, I feel. As a disinterested person, I could not stay the storm that looms above him, but to protect me and mine from dishonor these people could be induced to consent to an investigation that would vindicate Laurence. Then, again, I have long desired to lift him to the highest place in his profession. It is within my power to do so."

"But I know nothing of this, or of what it means. Am I asked to pledge myself before there is justification? Will you still torture me with suspense?"

"No, I will begin my story. Your father was George Leland, an honored and an honorable man. He came from England with your mother, ambition goading him on. Laurence was the oldest child, nearly 8 years your senior. Two other children your parents had. They are dead. Your father was erratic in his way. For several years he lived at Worcester, Mass. When your brother was 3 years old, your father began to travel, searching for speculations. Your brother Laurence was not very strong, and as your mother had hopes of bringing her husband back to Worcester she left the boy there in her sister's care. As he grew up, the boy addressed him as Laurence Mangan. Mangan was the name of your aunt's husband. He had no children of his own, and Laurence became his idol."

"But how is it that Laurence does not know his own surname?" she queried.

"I am coming to that. Your mother was taken ill here, shortly before your birth. She didn't feel equal to a journey back to Worcester, having been worn out with travel through several states, and at any rate your father took a liking to this city, and she was very cautious in avoiding suggestions that might again awaken the roving disposition within him. Your brother was in his aunt's care from his third year, as the boy was not strong enough to stand the travel. Your father was moving from place to place, your mother always with him. They settled in this city in 1878, and it was your mother's intention to have Laurence

brought on, when she was stricken down. Your uncle had queer notions of the situation and its suggestions. Reason came back to its throne, and she asked: "How have you learned this? How do you know it is true, that his name and mine is Leland?"

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