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By Gross



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G. W. DAVIES

The Old Pioneer Blacksmith of Redmond

HIS RISE TO POWER

Continued from page 4

would be deprived of the stampede presence that summer, because she had the new house to open and, moreover, preferred to remain with her husband, who had important business matters to oversee.

"She means," Katherine whispered, "that dad caught a tartar in Wall street."

Later the Blakes rose to leave. Warren with surprising tact covering the awkwardness of his mother's farewells, and then, unostentatiously gentle, escorting her away.

Hampden caught his wife yawning daintily. "Well, Maria, since you're so tired, we might as well go in and leave these young people to themselves. The chaperon has no standing in New Chelsea."

After a languid good night to John Mrs. Hampden went, with an air of utter weariness, into the house.

Hampden, however, for the space of one cigar, remained on the terrace, chatting pleasantly, during which time John discovered that even Steve Hampden, hard driver of men and daring speculator, had a very likable side and took a mighty pride in his daughter. When the cigar had been tossed away Hampden rose, shaking hands cordially with John.

"I'd better take my own advice. I have to work tomorrow, but don't you miss this fairy night. Come around often, John. And don't let this girl flirt the head from your shoulders."

"I'm already fearful for my peace of mind," John laughed. "But I shall come often, thank you."

It would be evidence of an officious surveillance to set down here just how often John Dunmeade journeyed to the ugly house behind the hedge. It was not, however, thanks to the duties of his candidacy, as often as he would have liked.

But there were other matters demanding the attention of John Dunmeade, nominee for the office of district attorney by grace of the bosses' choice. For he saw an army, whose discipline and weapons and effectiveness caused him to wonder, go forth to war. Not with pomp and panoply—that was to come later. This was the time for scout and reconnaissance, for the drawing of maps, the seizing of strategic positions and for numbering the enemy. The enemy—the people—John perceived, made no counter preparations, did not even see the necessity.

Jeremy Applegate one day gave John a new point of view. Jeremy was an old soldier, a cripple, and a clerk in the recorder's office.

"I'm mighty glad," said Jeremy, "that for once I've got to work for a man I got some respect for. I'm a pretty specimen of citizen, ain't I?" he exclaimed bitterly. "I got a job. Why've I got it—because I'm fit for it? Guess you lawyers that have to read my kinky handwriting know better'n that. It's because I'm an old soldier and a pegleg and the kind of shrip that'll go round whinin' to his friends about his job so's to get them to vote the ticket. Yessir, I'm that kind. I fit for my country all right, but I did it because it was my duty, not so's to be able to get a job and beg for votes afterward. I was a man then. Now I'm a parasite. For nigh onto twenty years I've done it, because I can't make a livin' any other way, for good men and bad men, for them I can respect—mostly for them I can't respect. I ain't allowed a mind of my own ner a conscience, and every time I go campaignin' I feel like a pup. Do you know what it is? It's hell, that's what it is."

"What we need," said John, "is civil service."

"Civil service! They've got civil service in the postoffice. Did you ever hear of a postmaster or his clerk that wasn't in politics?"

But a grumbling soldier often is a good fighter; witness Jeremy on a scouting expedition. It begins at the establishment of Silas Hicks, liveryman Jeremy, being a pegleg, cannot tramp the weary miles ahead of him.

He drives out into the country, brow wrinkled as he marshals his arguments. He has no eyes for the calm beauty of the afternoon. He pulls in the jogging horse beside a field in the middle of which a man is seen

driving a hayrake. In response to Jeremy's hail the man descends from his seat and walks slowly over to the fence.

"Howdy, comrade," says Jeremy.

"Howdy, Jeremy."

"Good harvestin' weather."

"Purty good," comrade agrees. There is not a cloud in the sky.

"Smoke?" suggests Jeremy. From a bulging pocket he draws forth a cigar griddled by a gaudy red and gold band. They are very good cigars, costing \$10 the hundred. At home repose three boxes of them, recently purchased. Jeremy has needed a new suit and his wife a new dress for more than a year. These luxuries, however, must be postponed.

The farmer holds the cigar to his nose, sniffing approvingly. "I'll keep it till after supper." He deposits it carefully on the bottom rail of the fence beside his water jug.

Jeremy resorts again to the bulging pocket. "Keep that and smoke this now," he offers generously. The farmer lights the cigar. From another pocket Jeremy draws forth his own weed. This pocket is not so well filled and contains only "three fers" for Jeremy's own consumption.

After further preliminaries Jeremy opens fire.

"S'pose you're goin' to git into line this fall, same as ever, comrade?" he remarks usually.

The farmer leans on the fence in an attitude suited to comfortable argument. "Well, I don't know's I am."

"With Johnny Dunmeade on the ticket?"

"I'll vote for him. He's all right. Does my law work. I don't think much of the state ticket, though."

Forthwith Jeremy launches into a

passionate defense of his party, in which the tariff is freely mentioned. Reference is made also to the days when comrade and he shared blankets together on the red soil of Virginia. He talks rapidly, dreading to hear the argument which he cannot answer. Comrade is not unimpressed, but is far from conviction.

"Well, I don't know," he says slowly. And then brings forth the thing that has been haunting Jeremy's nights and days. "I'm bothered some about that trust company business. Looks to me as if some of Murchell's politicians was at the bottom of it. When they git to foolin' with our banks, it's time to make a change. If we let 'em go on, how'm I to know that my bank ain't mixed up with 'em?"

There is a silence, while Jeremy braces himself for his duty. "I know, it-it's been botherin' me, too. But," he looks away and tries manfully to keep the white out of his voice, "I'm askin' you as a favor to me to overlook it. They've served notice on me that I've got to bring in my list for the whole ticket or my job goes."

There is another silence, a longer one, while the farmer chews his cigar reflectively.

"Well," he says at last, "I'd like to do ye a favor, Jeremy. I'd think it over."

(To be continued.)

Little Effie—Grandma, do you like candy?

Grandma—No, dear; I never eat it.

Little Effie—Then I wish you'd hold mine until I get dolly dressed.

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We will sell at the ranch as the Arnold place at Clatsop on FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, at 10 o'clock a. m., the following property:

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Fresh Clerk—No, sir, we sell it.

Stranger—Not always, my boy. You can just keep that dozen I was going to buy. Good day.

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