

# The Store Where Your Wants Will be Filled

## Cole's Original Air Tight Heater

FOR WOOD AND LIGHTER FUEL

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF THE ABOVE STOVES—ALL STYLES AND SIZES—BOTH FOR WOOD AND COAL. THEY ARE FUEL SAVERS, BUILT ABSOLUTELY AIR TIGHT AND MADE TO LAST.

NO FIRES TO KINDLE COLD MORNINGS.

GUARANTEED TO HOLD FIRE OVER NIGHT WITH DRY WOOD.

TO REMAIN ALWAYS AIR TIGHT.

TO HEAT A ROOM FROM ZERO TO 70 DEGREES IN FIVE MINUTES.

THE COMBUSTION IS SO PERFECT THAT ASHES ARE REMOVED ONLY ONCE IN SIX WEEKS.

THE MOST SATISFACTORY WOOD HEATER EVER MANUFACTURED.

IF YOU WILL GIVE A COLE'S HOT BLAST A TRIAL YOU WILL NEVER USE ANY OTHER KIND.

## Steel Ranges

WE ALSO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR FINE LINE OF STEEL RANGES AT ALL PRICES, IF YOU ARE WANTING TO BUY THAT KIND OF A STOVE. IN THE REGULAR COOKING STOVE LINE WE ALSO HAVE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF DIFFERENT KINDS AND MAKES THAT IT WILL BE TO YOUR ADVANTAGE TO LOOK OVER WHEN WANTING ANYTHING OF THIS KIND.

## Hardware and Implements

WE WANT TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT WE CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK OF HARDWARE AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS OF ANY CONCERN IN CENTRAL OREGON. AT OUR STORE YOU CAN SECURE JUST WHAT YOU WANT—FROM THE SMALLEST PIECE OF HARDWARE TO THE LARGEST AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT. WE HAVE EVERYTHING FOR THE FARMER IN THE IMPLEMENT LINE, AND EVERYTHING FOR THE BUILDER IN THE WAY OF LIGHT AND HEAVY HARDWARE

## Agricultural Implements

WE CARRY IN STOCK DEERING AND JOHN DEERE BINDERS, DEERING, DAIN AND ADRIANCE MOWERS, IN EITHER 4½ OR 5-FOOT CUT; MILWAUKEE, DEERING AND JOHN DEERE HAY RAKES OF ALL SIZES. A COMPLETE STOCK OF REPAIRS CARRIED FOR ALL THOSE MACHINES.

WE CARRY THE FAMOUS JOHN DEERE PLOWS—THE BEST ON EARTH. FULL LINE OF THEM—WALKING AND RIDING. EVERY PLOW GUARANTEED TO GIVE ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION. OLIVER CHILLED PLOW LINE, BOTH WALKING AND RIDING.

BEAR IN MIND THAT WE ALSO CARRY A FULL STOCK OF DRILLS—THE CELEBRATED VAN BRUNT AND THE SUPERIOR DRILLS.

AT ANY TIME WHEN YOU ARE IN NEED OF ANY IMPLEMENTS, CALL ON US, CONSULT US. WE WILL GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT OF MANY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE.

# ALFRED MUNZ

REDMOND, OREGON

THE LARGEST HARDWARE AND IMPLEMENT HOUSE IN CENTRAL OREGON

## HIS RISE TO POWER

By Henry Russell Miller,  
Author of  
"The Man Higher Up"

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### CHAPTER X. Apples of Eden.

THE summer before had been gay, what shall we say of that which now opened? The center of gaiety was East ridge. The Italian villa was the scene of one continuous house party.

It was inevitable that John and Katherine should meet. It happened one morning a few days after the Sheehan trial when John was leaving the postoffice with his daily mail. A trap drew up in which sat Katherine and a young man. John remembered a saying of hers concerning one whom "people were apt to sneer at as a speculator," but whom she thought "splendid because he had had the brains and courage to make his own fight and win." He had no difficulty in identifying that man with Gregg, of whom he had heard more than once. Gregg was an attractive fellow, a few years older than John, of athletic build and pleasant manner. He joined Katherine in congratulating John on his recently acquired fame.

"We expect to see you often on the ridge. There will be tennis. He will make you play," she said to Gregg, who responded pleasantly.

"I'd like to have the chance, Mr. Dummeade. I've been hearing about your game."  
But, although Gregg spent nearly every week end on the ridge, John did not keep his promise. Indeed, he had little time for recreation, and that little was put in with Haig, with whom he was rapidly cementing a friendship. The June primaries were at hand. John felt less pride than responsibility when he found that he was expected to lead the campaign to capture the county nominations from the machine and that, by tacit consent of friends and enemies alike, upon him devolved the task of choosing the reform ticket. He gave much thought to this task. It was not simple. There were many un-

worthy gentlemen, he discovered, willing to be swept into office by the wave of popular protest. And he could have learned here, had he been so minded, that even a reformer must employ the wisdom of the serpent. He achieved results at which a politician might have sneered, but which were on the whole very promising in the light of his inexperience.

In Haig John found an unexpected but invaluable ally. The novelist had once been a political reporter. The reform ticket was nominated. Murchell, cynically willing to let the reform wave run its brief course, withheld his hand. Bereft of its familiar weapon, fraud, the machine was easily conquered by a people thoroughly angered. Even Plumville gave the reformers a small majority. Haig hailed John as a "little boss."

John indignantly rejected the title. "My work is done, or, at least, will be when they're elected. I can't interfere with them then."

"Say, aren't you afraid the cows will take you for a bunch of nice, green, succulent clover? Just wait," Haig grinned, "until they're in office. Make no mistake, sonny; you'll need to keep a tight rein on them. About a year from now I expect to see some pretty little, homemade illusions badly busted."

The promised journey to the ridge had not yet been made. One afternoon Haig found him busy in his office. "How's the bosslet? Had a shave today? Feeling conversational? You and I are going out for a little drive this afternoon."

"We're not. I hope you are. I've got things to do."  
"This American habit of industry is becoming a positive mania. Are you coming peacefully or will you go anywhere?"

"I'll do neither." John continued his writing.  
"All right." Haig seated himself, deposited his feet on the desk beside John and commenced an apparently interminable monologue on the apocryphal cleverness of a dog he once had owned.

John threw down his pen in disgust. "I surrender," he groaned. "I'll go to get rid of you."  
"Thought I could persuade you. Come right along. I've got a buggy outside."

John put his papers away and meekly followed to the waiting vehicle. Haig drove, chattering volubly of whatever came into his mind. But when Haig turned into the ridge road John stirred uneasily.

"Going anywhere in particular?"  
"Anywhere you'd like to go?"  
"No-o, I guess not."  
"Then we'll go to the Hampdens. There's always somebody there."  
"Oh, no, we won't! Let's go back the other direction. I like the south road better."

"Oh, you do! Why not Hampdens?"  
"Well, you see," John began to explain lamely. "Hampden and I aren't on very good terms and"—  
"Lord! Don't I know that? He spends most of his time enumerating



"I've brought him!"

the different kinds of fool you are. I sometimes think his list is incomplete. But what difference does that make? We aren't going to see him. There's a fellow up there—Gregg—that I want you to play tennis with."

"I haven't had a racket in my hand all summer," John protested.

"Macht nichts aus! I've never seen you play, but you can beat him. You've got to. He's got my scalp so often I have to take revenge by proxy. Besides, you need a little frivolity. You're beginning to take yourself seriously, and that's a bad sign."

"But I'm not fixed up for it." John looked at his shoes, upon which a thin coating of dust had settled.

Haig surveyed him and then stretched out over the dashboard a lean shank, the trouser of which had not felt an iron for many a day. "You're a regular dude beside me."

"Oh, have it your own way," John agreed with as good grace as possible. He could not well explain that he and Katherine had been in love, that he was still in the same case though she had probably recovered, that he had persistently stayed away from her for the sake of his peace of mind, and—Almost any excuse for yielding will serve when one is resisting a weakness

to which one both wishes and does not wish to succumb.

On the shaded eastern terrace they found a small group of young people of both sexes. Haig saluted them with a triumphant hail. "I've brought him! Now, you broker man, I'll bet you \$10 he can beat you, best two out of three sets."

Katherine rose and came forward to meet them. Gregg accompanied her, almost with the air of a host. It seemed to John. They greeted the newcomers cordially. Katherine with such a notable absence of constraint that John, who had nerved himself for an ordeal, was rather heavily let down. He could almost have believed that she had forgotten the ride home under the October moon.

It was undeniably pleasant to loiter luxuriously in the comfortable wicker chair, watching the play of animated young faces, from whose freshness neither work nor worry had subtracted, against the background of green-sward and flowering shrubbery. Occasionally he tossed a light word on the eddy of conversation. He noticed that when he spoke all, especially the men, showed interest. That, too, was pleasant.

Later Gregg reminded him of the promised match, and when they had donned flannels it was played. John lost, although after the first set he gave his opponent a hard game. Gregg proved a generous conqueror, finding more excuses for his lucky victory than John could have devised. The latter enjoyed every point, especially when Haig, grumbling something about a "thrown match," paid his bet. Afterward, in the physical contentment consequent upon hard exercise and a good tubbing, he stayed to dinner, a very gay, informal affair served on the terrace by candlelight. John was almost regretful when the time came to leave.

Late that night, going over the day, he found that he had talked a great deal with Katherine, but never alone. He was leaving.

"I am very glad you came," she said brightly. "You will come again?"

"And I am glad. I certainly shall."  
Then it was he thought he caught a question flickering momentarily in her eyes. But the question, if there at all save in his imagination, was gone before he could make sure.

He was silent during the drive home, and Haig, busily humming the pilgrims' chorus motif, did not try to interrupt his thoughts.

Haig's parting shot as they separated was, "Now I've shown you the way, go up there often. You'll be a brighter and nobler man for it."

John went, not often and always in Haig's company. It is true, but often enough to keep burning brightly the fires within him.

If John's love affairs remained in statu quo those of another advanced at least to a climax. Amid the cares

of banking and trusteeships Warren Blake found time to contribute to the gaiety of the ridge—that is to say, he was frequently to be found on the Hampden terrace, an inconspicuous, often half forgotten listener to the nimble gossip and badinage. Had he been more obtrusive it is probable that he would have been snubbed into staying away. But one does not greatly resent the attentions of a shadow, and one day he proposed to Katherine and was rejected.

"Why don't you marry John Dummeade?" he asked abruptly.

She turned on him angrily. "Warren! That is an"—

"An impertinence," he interrupted again evenly. "You will allow me this time. I'm not likely to bother you much again. You were in love with him last summer. And you aren't the sort that forgets. Nor is he, I think. He will go further than any of us—he'll go better. He is what you need. With me—with Gregg—you would be merely a pleasant incident. You know that yourself. I think you're fighting against that knowledge. Don't do it." It was the longest speech she had ever heard from his lips.

When they were nearing home she turned to him again. "I didn't know you and he were friends."

"We are not," he replied simply. "He doesn't care for me."

"You are mistaken about him and me," she said steadily. "But that you could plead for him when you— Oh, I call that fine, Warren!" she ended impulsively.

"I'm thinking of you," he said. "Since I can't have what I want I want you to have what you need."

When he left for more than an hour she sat, chin cupped in one hand, gazing out over the green hills. Once "It's just a jumble," she sighed.

"What I want, I wish I weren't so—I wish he"— She did not indicate what she wished, and she was not referring to Warren Blake.

Senator Murchell, after several weeks' absence, had returned to his "legal residence." On his roundabout journey homeward he had been interviewed by many reporters concerning a rumored revolt in the organization.

A few days after the senator's return New Chelsea was visited by a monarch. But he came incognito, with a notable absence of regal splendor. To Silas Hicks, at the station, appeared a short, square whiskered, alert man who asked to be taken to Senator Murchell's home.

"Senator's out to the farm," Silas responded in the omniscience of backmen.

"Then take me to the farm."

Arrived at the farm, he received another command—to wait. A hired man was repairing a broken place in the fence. From him royalty demanded to know the whereabouts of the prime

minister and was told to seek him in the potato patch.

In the middle of the potato patch the visitor beheld the figure of his minister, arrayed in a pair of the hired man's overalls and a straw hat of enormous brim, busily hoeing. Toward this truly rural figure Sackett—for our monarch is no other than the president of the great Atlantic railroad—made his way, considerably to the damage of the vines beneath his feet.

"Careful!" admonished the senator. "Walk between the hills."

Sackett became more careful. "How are you, senator?"

"How're you, Sackett?"

His hands met, to part instantly.

"What," Sackett demanded, "is the matter with Sherrod?"

"He wants too much," Murchell answered briefly.

"I was talking to him last week." Murchell turned on him suddenly.

"Told you I ought to get down from the head of the organization, didn't he? Told you that Adelphia and the Steel City are turning against me, that he wants to be governor and that the Steel people want Parrott for my job in the senate, didn't he?"

"You fellows," Sackett exploded irritably, "had better settle your squabbles or you'll give some incendiary the chance to step in and raise Cain. The trouble is Sherrod is close to the Steel City organization, and the Michigan is trying to get into the city." The secret of the royal irritation is out. A competing monarch is making ready to invade his dominion!

Murchell smiled bitterly. "So that's it? For twenty years I've been doing your dirty work. And now at the first threat of competition you're ready to throw me over without a scruple—if you think it's safe! It isn't safe, Sackett."

Sackett's eyes snapped angrily. "I've my duty to my stockholders, of whom you are one. Can you keep the Michigan out?"

"I don't know, so I won't promise. But have I ever failed you yet?"

"I don't believe you can do it. You're too unpopular with the organization. You've been too strong handed. Things are ripe for a revolt. Why, you can't even control your own county!"

"When I give up hope for this county," the senator answered sharply, "you can talk. All that's been said before. How do you expect me to keep these hungry coyotes in line—by quoting Golden Rule Scripture at 'em? Do you want to go back to the old guerrilla days, Sackett?"

Sackett stared moodily at his feet. Murchell took off his old straw hat and leaned against the tree. He waited until Sackett was ready to speak.

"About Parrott," Sackett said after a long pause. "MacGregor and Filck want him for senator."

"He's slated for governor. I like

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