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SUMMONS In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon within and for Crook County. Redmond Bank of Commerce, a corporation, plaintiff, vs. S. J. Anker and the Redmond Townsite Company, a corporation, defendants. To S. J. Anker and to the Redmond Townsite Company, the above named defendants. In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 4th day of December, 1913, and if you fail to so appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint, as follows, to-wit: First: That the certain assignment of the certain bill of sale of the certain building located on Lot Eleven of Block Five, of the original plat of the town (now city) of Redmond, Oregon, made by the defendant S. J. Anker to the plaintiff on the 23rd day of December, 1910, be adjudged, declared and decreed to be a chattel mortgage upon and against said building, for the purpose of securing the payment of the certain note of the said S. J. Anker to the plaintiff for the sum of \$478.30, and interest, less the sum of \$10.00 paid thereon on the 13th day of December, 1912. Second: That plaintiff have and recover of the defendant S. J. Anker judgment for the sum of \$468.30, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the 20th day of November, 1912, together with its costs and disbursements including an attorney fee for the sum of \$50.00. Third: That the said building above mentioned be ordered sold for the purpose of paying said judgment, with costs and disbursements. Fourth: That the said mortgage be foreclosed and that whatever right, title, interest, or lien, or equity of redemption the said defendants may have or claim in and to said building be forever cut off, barred and extinguished. Fifth: That the plaintiff have all and such other and further relief as to the court may seem just and equitable. This summons is published by order of the Hon. G. Springer, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon within and for Crook county, Oregon, made on the 18th day of October, 1913, and prescribing that this summons be published for six consecutive weeks in the Redmond Spokesman, a weekly newspaper published at Redmond, Oregon. The date of the first publication of this summons is October 23rd, 1913. J. A. WILLCOX, Attorney for Plaintiff. First publication Oct 23-Dec 4 If you want a situation use The Spokesman Classified Column.

HIS RISE TO POWER

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my job. "But Sherrod wants to be governor." "He'll take what he's earned and can get," Murchell said shortly. "Parrott can have Roseben's place four years from now—maybe. We'll see." "But they want him to have your place. They say," Sackett explained with that brutal frankness which we naturally associate with royalty, "that you're nothing but a politician and have been identified with a lot of unpopular things, while Parrott is a fine lawyer and could easily work up a reputation as a statesman. They figure he could get 'em more. And they don't care whether the Michigan gets in or not. They think they'd get better rates. And they're afraid that you and Sherrod with your squabbles will spill the milk. I'm getting of that too. Senator, you're getting to be an old man. You've had enough. Why don't you—retire?" "Old, am I?" exclaimed Murchell harshly. "Want me to retire, do you? Well, I won't. And I'll tell you why—because the organization, the power, is mine. Set your mind easy. I'm too old to learn new tricks. I'll not turn agitator like these dreamers and fellows with a grievance. The Michigan won't come in. If I can help it. But Sherrod won't be governor, and Parrott won't get my seat. I'm not going to give up what I've worked for all my life. You tell 'em that I run my job and that I'm not too old to like it. And, Sackett," he added, "play fair—play fair!" Sackett left, wondering if in an enlightened, up to date monarchy a prime minister could have more power than his liege. Sackett would have been surprised had he known that the senator's mind was not on the conversation just ended. He was seeing very clearly the gray green eyes of a young woman and measuring himself against a young man who once had been.

CHAPTER XI. With a Great Price.

WIN was standing at the window of his courthouse office. The sense of loneliness was upon him again. It may be that the sight of Katherine Hampden sauntering down Main street in company with a befeathered summer gentleman had something to do with it. Then another vision was accorded him—a fat white horse lazily drawing an ancient top buggy in which sat Senator Murchell, for all the world a prosperous farmer passing into age amid peace and plenty. A minute later came a knock at his door. "Come!" he said. The senator entered. "Afternoon, John." "What can I do for you?" "Humph! Don't seem very glad to see me. You might ask me to sit down." John pointed to a chair. "Why hesitate? It's your courthouse, isn't it?" "Understood you'd taken a mortgage on it yourself lately," Murchell sat down, looking genially at John. "So you think I'm a bad man and a disgrace to the state?" the senator inquired at last. "Well, just about that," John said quickly. "Told Miss Roberta I'm a bad man, didn't you?" "I could have said that you are a shameful force in politics; that you have exploited a great party and the ignorance of the people; that you have built up a machine for the sole purpose of looting the state; that you have got and held power by compelling public servants to use the influence of their office to perpetuate your machine and by buying the votes of the corruptible. There's probably a lot more, if I only knew it. I've never heard that you used your power for any good thing. Without profession or business you are a rich man. How?" "Humph!" grunted Murchell, who had listened without display of feeling. "Doesn't mean much. You'd have hard work proving any of it." They relapsed into silence. John looked out of the window, awaiting in cold silence the senator's next words. Murchell preserved his usual impassive front. It was not the first time he had encountered the intolerance of youth. But never before, save during the Sheehan trial, had the intolerance pierced the crust of the man. He broke the silence. "What do you want to do?" "A good many things you wouldn't understand—principally, I suppose, to smash you and your organization. That probably sounds funny to you." Murchell did not laugh. He merely felt pity for an unpractical young dreamer. "You can't smash the organization." "It must be smashed, because it exists to deprive the people of the right of self government." "A pretty phrase. It's common sense politics. The people don't want to govern themselves—they can't. They need some one to take the burden from them. How are you going to smash us?" "It may be simpler than you think, Senator Murchell. When the people understand what you are they'll smash you." The other smiled pityingly. "You think because you've sent a few poor devils to jail you're a man of destiny, don't you? You think I'm merely a wicked old fellow who's got power and is using it for his own selfish ends. If I were just that you could smash me. But I'm more than that. I am an institution—a part of a necessary institution, one that society, that property, that business, can't get along without. You can smash William Murchell—that is, put some one in his

place. But you can't smash the institution. And you can't judge a system by its incidental errors." John smiled, not very happily. "I've heard that before. The weakness of your argument is that the errors seem to be essential. Government isn't, or shouldn't be, merely a matter of force, nor exist only as the servant of property, even if all you say is true. And I've got to go on." "And where'll you come out?" "If you will try to break me. You may succeed. But you will observe



"You've gone out of your way to attack me. You're a fool."

that I have little to lose. If I had much—you won't understand this—I hope I'd lose it gladly." "Did I say I was going to break you?" Murchell demanded testily. "I came here today to suggest that you come out for Wash Jenkins' seat in congress." John's reply was almost bitter. "So I have impressed you as a hypocrite trying to get kicked up out of the way. I repeat, I'm not for sale." Murchell suddenly rose and put a heavy hand on John's shoulder. "You said you have little to lose. You have much—a future. You've gone out of your way to attack me. You're a fool. But I—like you, man. And I'd like to save that future for you." For a moment John stared at him, incredulous. He went to the window, staring out wonderingly. He saw a strange thing—Jeremy Applegate stumping across the square and pausing under the flag, looking up. The veteran's hand rose, as though in salute; then, arrested midway, it fell limply, and Jeremy marched on. John murmured. "There, senator, is one who entered the service of your institution. Now he is a broken spirited old man with just enough soul left to be ashamed. If I became part of your machine, in the end I'd become like that—different in size perhaps, but the same in kind. I," he said, quietly, "prefer your enmity; it's safer. You represent an institution. I stand for a principle, a fundamental principle. You can smash John Dunmeade—oh, very easily, no doubt. But Senator Murchell, you can't smash the principle!" The senator did not often permit himself the luxury of losing his temper, but he was exceedingly close to it just then. The friendship he had offered to a young man whom he liked strangely well had been contemptuously rejected, and the hurt was all the deeper because he had broken the rule of a lifetime to make the offer. He carefully waited until the emotion had subsided before speaking. "It's a good deal simpler to state a principle than to follow it in practice. And you can't judge politics by one year's experience. However—" He stopped long enough to put on his hat. "You went out of your way to denounce me. You took a time when I'm needing friends to do it, too. In spite of that I made you an offer in good faith. If there's anything in you I'd have given you the chance to prove it." "I," he concluded, and he spoke as of some divine edict, fixed and immutable—"I rarely offer friendship to those who fight me—never twice." He went out.

dated with unhappiness an summer and for going now on a journey that could only intensify futile longings. He sustained the inditement by continuing his journey. When he found Katherine, she strolled, Katherine chatting unconcernedly, to a seat in a retired corner of the grounds—only the fact would not have been significant to John—where she had sat so long after her talk with Warren Blake. She leaned back in one end of the seat. He sat at the other, as far away from her as he could, half facing her. She was not really beautiful—her features were too firm for that—yet even another than John might have been excused for thinking her so in the softening light of the rising moon. Only her eyes, softly lustrous in the pale light, marked her suppressed excitement. "Do you realize," she said, "this is the first time we've been alone this summer? You have really managed it very awkwardly." As though she had not done all the managing! "He had nothing to say." "Am I such an ogress, or have you been afraid that I'd propose to you again?" "I haven't been fool enough to take that seriously," he said quickly. "And I'm old enough to know the danger of playing with fire. At least," he added, "I ought to have known it." He could not help thinking of the months to come when, with less engrossing tasks to take his mind from the ache, he must renew the loneliness, grown more poignant, of the last winter. He wondered now at his weakness in letting himself, despite his knowledge of her and of what she meant to him, be drawn again within the circuit of her charm. He became aware that she was speaking, with that amazing courage which was always hers. "I am sorry," she said. "But I haven't been fair to you. The things father works for are what appeal to me, not the things you dream of. The prestige, the power, the knowledge that I belong to the men who are conquering, not dreams or ideals, count with me. It isn't very pretty, is it, from your point of view? But it's true. I—I could wish it were different. Last summer it was different. I was trying to decide what I wanted. I—I have always been more or less in love with you ever since I can remember. And I saw you were beginning to care. I unsex myself, I pursued to learn why you were what I wanted. I tried to believe, to make you believe, that I could have you and the rest. And I don't greatly blame myself for that. Because I am a woman must I sit passively by and wait for happiness to come? I was drifting between two ideals, but—struggling against it, of course—toward you. Do you know it's your fault I didn't drift further? You wouldn't take me. You made a mistake the night of that rally, being so finical in your notions of a poor man's honor. You ought to have taken me in your arms and made me go to you. I should have gone—gladly—faithfully too. But you wouldn't." He listened unresponsive to her words that, halting sometimes, fell in low, measured tones with a curious, underlying regretfulness. "Now it is too late. I've had time to think, to weigh you against the other things. Last winter taught me how much they mean to me. And I find you—wanting. This summer has not changed that. What you ask costs too much." "I ask nothing." "True! I forget—you ask nothing. Last summer you need not have asked."



"You can't make me want you enough." "I will do me the credit to remember that I ask you nothing that would cost more than you are willing to pay." "That isn't true," he said in sudden roughness. "You—it is why I'm a fool for having come near you—I'm tempting me with every word you speak." "Am I tempting you, I wonder?" Her voice became uncertain. "I—I beg you to believe that I haven't meant it—to remember that I shouldn't be good for you. I have no wish to—to be a Delilah." The tremor in her voice set him to trembling. Then, without conscious intention, he was holding her in a close, rough clasp and crying to her to go with him. She did not resist, and she did not respond. She lay inert in

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