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**HIS RISE TO POWER**

Continued from page 3

years ago. The novelty's worn off; the dear peep's tired of hearing you, and they believe that somehow you're worse than an anarchist. And you're even going to be kicked out of office here next spring. Do you know that? You're breaking down your health. You're doing the work of three men and a small boy—for nothing. This county is growing. There's going to be plenty of law business. And you could be the biggest lawyer around here. You are that now in point of ability, though the Lord knows where you find time to study your cases. Why don't you chuck it? Serving the people is the most worthless, thankless job in the world."

"You besotted cynic!" John laughed. "What if we don't get any farther forward? We can't let 'em have the state by default, can we? And it isn't altogether thankless. Once in a while I run into men like Cranshaw or Criswell or Sykes. When I see how they depend on me, I—I have to stick it out. It isn't necessarily worthless, either. I've generally found that if you hold on to the breaking point and then hold on a little longer, things get easier all of a sudden."

"Sunday school apothems. What's to be the next slaughter of the innocents?"

"We elect a governor next year."

"And where'll you find a candidate?"

"Well," said John cheerfully. "I could run myself, you know."

"And offer 'em more bread pills, eh?" Haig was trying to decide whether he was a Socialist or not, hence was critical of all remedies and theories.

"I suppose you are thinking of your brotherhood as a substitute?"

"Not my brotherhood!" Haig snorted. "I wouldn't have the dolls you call the people as my brothers. They're interesting to me only as a study in insanity. What can you expect of a people whose very ideal is concentrated selfishness?"

"But the people don't understand—that's all."

"Not understand! You can say that! Do you suppose there's an intelligent man in the state who doesn't know that you have as much brains and capacity for government, and far more character, than either Murchell or Sherrod or any of their tribe? Yet they turn you down for them every time. Why? Because the Murchells and the Sherrods represent the people. You don't. Ninety-nine out of a hundred men, all over the nation, have a pretty clear notion of what's going on in politics and government, and they have a rudimentary social instinct that tells them it is wrong. Sometimes that instinct sense gets them interested in a reform, but the interest lasts only for about one campaign. Just as you have found it. We don't really care. We don't want things changed."

"But—"

"Here, I have the floor. Things are rotten—yes! There's a sink in every plane of our national life. You think you have a purpose in life to clean up this state. Well, then play the game as you find it, make of yourself a despot. And when you have your power, use it to win compromises from the other strong ones, and to give the people just as much as they are able to use and enjoy. Among a selfish people only a supreme, practical egoist can lead."

Haig sat back, relighting his pipe. "Gosh!" he grinned. "Reminds me of my college debating society. But I mean it," he added earnestly.

John smiled faintly. He leaned forward and caught up the poker, absent-mindedly jabbing the coals in the stove. He was thinking of another time when, out of her ignorance, a young woman had stumbled, far less cleverly, upon the same theory. He said:

"One must build from the bottom upward. The nation can be saved from its sins neither by strong individuals nor by mechanical systems. Only by the aroused moral sense of the people, a realization and acceptance of political responsibility, and a man can't very successfully preach political morality unless he practices it. He has to serve in the way for which he's best fitted. I don't think I'm cut out for a boss. Haig."

Haig growled again. "Service—who wants your service? What you need is some woman to come along and marry you out of hand and teach you common sense. Why didn't you marry Katherine Hampden when you had the chance?"

"I never really had the chance," John replied calmly.

"Oh, go to the devil!" And with characteristic abruptness Haig rose and walked out of the office.

A minute later he reappeared to demand, "Do you still want to?"

"Want to what?" said John so blankly that Haig again recommended the devil as his ultimate destination and withdrew.

Out in the street he stopped long enough to look back through the window. John was still absent-mindedly jabbing the coals. Haig shook his head and passed on, muttering to the snowy night:

"I have seen a miracle—a man who has tested, yet believes in the people and who has loved the same woman through five years. I wonder how long his courage will hold out?"

in which he had kept the remembrance of her in the secret, rarely opened chamber of his innermost consciousness.

It had been the easier to bury, if not completely to forget, the past, because Katherine's life and his had not often crossed. The incident of the flowers has been told. One day, a week before the conversation just narrated, they had accidentally met.

He was in the Steel City to deliver his lecture on "Civic Responsibility" before one of the reform bodies that discussed, but did nothing to alleviate the city's ills. For early luncheon he went into a restaurant where elaborate trappings and service enabled the patron to ignore the moderately well cooked food and immoderately high prices.

As he was passing through the foyer he came face to face with Katherine Hampden and another lady, whose attire proclaimed her one of fashion's elect. There was a moment's hesitation, and then impulsively Katherine held out her hand. Mutual inquiries concerning each other's health followed, were satisfactorily answered, and Katherine introduced him to her companion. Mrs. Deland nodded distantly, as from a great height, down upon the rather contrived looking man who carried the queer, black slouch hat.

"This is the Mr. Dunmeade," Katherine explained.

"Oh, indeed!" was the murmured answer, accompanied by a vacuous smile. Mrs. Deland, it was clear, had never heard of "the Mr. Dunmeade." Just then another group entered the foyer and with scant ceremony she escaped to join them. Katherine said:

"There isn't any reason why we shouldn't have a nice, chummy little chat, is there? I am waiting for Mr. Gregg, who is always late. Shall we sit down somewhere?"

He assented, and they ensconced themselves on a luxurious davenport with which the foyer was equipped.

"He is still faithful, you see," she laughed. Obviously she referred to Gregg. "They are preparing to lay me on the shelf. I am almost twenty-nine, you may remember. And they are beginning to put me on boards and committees and things already! It is suspected in some quarters that I rouge."

He smiled his skepticism.

"No, I don't, though no doubt I'll come to it in time. About yourself. You have had some very interesting experiences, haven't you? I keep tab on you through the newspapers. I heard a man pay you a very fine compliment. Ought I to tell you, I wonder? Or do you receive so many that one more wouldn't interest?"

"It is when we get few that a compliment is dangerous. I'm not sure, but I'll risk it," he said idly.

"He said, 'A man can't keep on preaching decency as earnestly and bravely as Dunmeade does unless he's a pretty decent sort of chap himself.' I don't mind telling you it was Mr. Gregg who said that." She did not add that Gregg had qualified his compliment with, "Of course he's a crank."

"That was kind of Gregg."

"He often speaks of you. He admires you and is very much interested in your career. We may call it that, mayn't we?"

"If you can't think of a better word," he wished it were not necessary to bring Gregg's name so often into the conversation.

They talked for a few minutes longer on uninteresting, impersonal subjects until they saw Gregg appear at the entrance. But Mrs. Deland effusively waylaid him, and there was an awkward pause which John did not know how to bridge.

Katherine said, on an impulse, the wisdom of which may be regarded as doubtful: "About what you said of your career. I don't like to hear you speak so—so lightly of it. I think you have been very brave and splendid. Not many men would have held out as you have."

He was taken off his guard. "I did not expect you to think so."

"My notions of values and things have changed a good deal, I find. And, I—may I go on?" She looked at Gregg. He was still in Mrs. Deland's clutches. "I was a very selfish, thoughtless girl—then, I deliberately—no, carelessly, which is worse—jeopardized your happiness in the search for my own. I have been heartily ashamed of it. I—I hope it did not mean serious unhappiness to you."

He looked at her steadily. "I have not been unhappy." Then he rose to greet Gregg, who had extricated himself.

The latter was very cordial. "Any time you're in town call me up and we'll lunch at the club. Any time, remember?"

But he did not miss Katherine's tone as she said to John, "Goodby—and I am very glad of what you have just told me."

Later, when they were at their table, Gregg said to Katherine, "I have a notion Dunmeade is the reason you have kept me waiting so long."

Under his gaze the tinge of color in her cheeks deepened. She made no reply.

"Does it ever occur to you," he asked, carefully setting down the glass, "that I might get tired of waiting?"

"Does it ever occur to you," she answered, "that I shouldn't care very much?"

But of this John could know nothing.

which, symbol of his undisputed sway, he had occupied for twenty years and his enemy took his place there was nothing to indicate that the seals of dominion had been formally transferred.

The monarch was not present in person. Many of the committeemen were surprised at Murchell's presence. They had thought that he would stay away to escape the last humiliation of his beholding the formal ratification of his accomplished defeat.

He had gone to the meeting in a carriage because the weather was rough and his physical condition was not good. But when he left he forgot the carriage and started to walk to the house that he called home. He walked aimlessly, head lowered as though he were pondering some deep problem. The defiant front that he had maintained before the committee had been a pose. He was feeling old—old!

His course took him past a house of state, where the monarch sat enthroned amid his court, directing the affairs of his kingdom. What Murchell saw was the office building of the Atlantic railroad. He entered an elevator and was rapidly hoisted to the proper story. A page of ebony skin took his card.

Murchell did not have to wait long. Soon he was before his former liege.

The royal brow wrinkled. "Isn't this a little indiscreet—considering the present state of public sentiment?"

"What difference does it make—now? I've just come from the committee meeting."

"Yes?" Sackett understood. "Sherrod's elected, I suppose?"

"Yes. Thanks to your influence."

"I'm sorry," Sackett's regret was genuine. "But I have my duty"—

"To your stockholders, of whom I am one. Yes, I know. I'm not complaining," Murchell interrupted mildly. "I came to tell you to keep an eye on the Michigan. I've kept them out of the Steel City for you so far. But they're coming in. They ought to get in, too. At any rate, they're getting ready to spend a million in the attempt. I don't believe Sherrod can keep them out. Keep an eye on him, Sackett."

"We're counting on you to help there."

Murchell shook his head. "I'm through."

"Look here! What's the use of your getting your back up over this business? You understand perfectly well that we must stand in with whoever's on top. You put Sherrod out and we'll back you as strong as ever. I wish," Sackett said persuasively, "you'd keep an oversight of the Michigan matter. I doubt myself that Sherrod can keep them out."

"Little late thinking that, aren't you? He can't. Don't trust him to do it. Sherrod won't last, Sackett. He has no self control. He's too greedy. But I'm through. I don't want to put him out."

"We'll make it worth your while, if that's the trouble."

"You can't make it worth my while," "You politicians," Sackett exclaimed angrily, "make me tired with your infernal bickerings and jealousies. I'd as soon be back in the old days"—

"No, you wouldn't," Murchell interrupted again dryly. "You wouldn't go back to those days for many times the millions it'll cost you to keep the Michigan out—if you keep it out. You know that—I know it. You railroaders have grown hog fat the last few years just because in every state of the Union there's been a man like me, willing to prostitute himself at your service."

Sackett looked a real astonishment—and suspicion.

"You needn't be afraid," Murchell grimly answered the suspicion. "It's too late for the leopard to change his spots. I'm not going to fight you. I'm going to quit."

He slouched back in his chair, half closing his eyes as though he were very tired. He sat for several minutes without speaking, forgetting that Sackett's time was precious. Sackett, too, seemed to have forgotten this important fact. He was wrinkling his brow over the problem, what means to devise to induce an old, pigheaded, betrayed minister to remain in the service in a minor capacity. He was too shrewd to argue. For many years he had had intimate knowledge of Murchell's inflexibility.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he began at last. "I'll see Sherrod and"—

Senator Murchell looked up sharply, as though he had forgotten the other's presence. "I'm through. I've earned a rest, and my health's gone back on me. I'm going back to the farm to raise potatoes—the farmer vote crop has petered out. And if I ever do come back into politics I'll make my own terms."

He nodded a careless goodby and went slowly out of the office. Apparently he had forgotten to shake hands. Sackett did not remind him of the omission. He remained with the impression of having beheld a broken, hence harmless, old man.

(To be continued.)

**THOUGHTS AND THE MAN.**

Thoughts make the man. Habitual thinking determines the character. And thoughts may be as fatal as crime to the development of a lofty manhood. Regulate your thoughts and you regulate the direction and the measure of your growth. Think of sinful gains and sinful pleasures and your character will lose its warmth and color. Think of duty, righteousness and God, and the beauty of holiness will be reflected in your face.—J. Sanders Reed.

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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 22nd, 1913.  
 J. A. WILLCOX,  
 Attorney for Plaintiff.  
 First publication Oct 23-Dec 4  
 If you want a situation use The Spokesman Classified Column.