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**Method.**

"Willie asks a great many remarkable questions," said the pensive father.  
 "Yes," replied the observant mother.  
 "Whenever he wants to get out for the afternoon he puts a lot of queries up to you so that you will let him go out and play while you consult the encyclopedia."—Washington Star.

**Old Philadelphia.**

A book printed in England at the end of the seventeenth century says that Philadelphia contained many stately houses of brick and several fine squares and courts. Between the principal towns the "watermen constantly ply their wherries." There are no beggars to be seen, nor, indeed, have any the least temptation to take up that wondrous life.

**A Visit to "Monte Cristo's Cell."**

Steamboat excursions run from Marcellus out to Isle d'If, where gaping tourists are shown the Chateau d'If and Monte Cristo's cell with as much impressiveness as if he had really existed. It is a wonderful tribute to the realism of Dumas. They even show you the place where Monte Cristo's body struck the water. It is still wet. Monte Cristo is much more of a reality than Mirabeau, who actually was imprisoned there.—From "Three Weeks in France."

**Long Lived Clock.**

Of all machines made by man none can compare for long life with the clock. The life of a clock is as much longer than that of any other machinery as the life of a man is longer than that of a dog. The French city of Rouen has a great clock which was built in the year 1380 and is still keeping good time. Except for cleaning and a few necessary repairs it has never stopped during a period of more than five centuries. It strikes the hours and chimes the quarters.

**SMALL SACRIFICES.**

Thousands that are capable of great sacrifices are yet not capable of the little ones which are all that are required of them. A multitude of successive small sacrifices may work more real good in the world than many a large one.

**HIS RISE TO POWER**

Continued from page 3

over him. He fell, sprawling, unconscious on the floor.  
 "He ought," said Murchell, "to have a Turkish bath."

**CHAPTER XV.**

**John Heath Makes Restitution.**

TEN hours later Sherrod opened his eyes. He started up, with a groan, and beheld the man who sat by the window. The man—Murchell—heard the movement and came to the bedside. He stood looking down pitilessly at the half-reclining sick man. Sherrod stared back, with bewildered, fearful eyes, for a moment. Then, with another groan, he fell back. His parched lips tried to frame a question, but nothing came of the effort save a dry, croaking sound.  
 Then Murchell spoke. "Who," he demanded, "is John Heath?"  
 A spasm of fear even more acute contracted Sherrod's face.  
 "Wh what do you—know?"  
 "Who," Murchell repeated, still in the pitiless tone—"who is John Heath?"  
 "He is—the political account."  
 "Of which you're the receiving end?"  
 Sherrod's lips formed a soundless "Yes."  
 "How much are you short?"  
 "Nine hundred thousand dollars."  
 "What have you got to show for it?"  
 "Some securities—oil stocks."  
 "Worth what?"  
 "Three hundred thousand—about. I don't know—exactly."  
 "Where are they?"  
 "In my private safe at the office."  
 Murchell turned sharply and left the room. Almost at once he was back, accompanied by Watkins. "Give Watkins the combination," he commanded.  
 There was another moment of hesitation, of inward struggle. But a great

actly what he wanted and who got it. So pleased was he by his discovery that the next morning, breaking a solemn promise to Murchell, he reported it to Sackett. "Richard," he declared, "is himself again."

But by that time Murchell was well on his way back to the capital.

A rumor that the once great politician was on the train quickly spread among the passengers, and many of them found occasion to stroll past his seat. But there was no visible ripple of emotion to betray to their curious eyes the swelling sense of triumph within him.

When, his energy sapped up by the sickness, the seriousness of which he did not yet realize, he had confronted Sackett and declared his purpose to quit, he had spoken in all truth; but, the operation over and strength creeping back into the body whose tissues austere living had never devitalized, the hunger, the need for action reasserted itself.

Hence he planned, not consciously to reseek his old power and responsibility, but from his castle in the forest to make sudden, unexpected forays to harass those who had deprived him of his glory. Then came the opportunity to wreak the sweetest of all revenges, to save those who had thrown him over, to torture his enemy with the sense of inferiority and obligation, perhaps—the warrior soul leaped—to make of revenge also a lever to open the gates in the road back to supremacy.

Under the stimulus of sharp, successful action he felt almost the strength of his prime. Whirring wheel struck from rail an iron song of triumph in which his soul joined—the mad, exultant shout of the viking returning victorious.

But he found a Sherrod who had had time to think, to measure the situation, who had recovered his nerve. And of Sherrod this may be written: he was a great fighter, cunning and daring, conscienceless, proud, disloyal—yes—but even his treacheries were accomplished with a certain reckless grace and decision that gave them the seeming of the born master's instinctive strategy. And he had what Murchell had not, a personal magnetism that often won faith even where interest failed; though he lacked what made Murchell great, inflexibility and self control. Coward he was not. Almost any man, beaten by the same knowledge of crime and imminent discovery, with so much to lose, would have suffered a lapse from courage. But the hour of cringing and weakness was past.

Murchell found him in the same hotel room, through the open windows of which a biting wind had swept the last trace of the fetid fumes of tobacco and whisky. Murchell carefully closed and locked the door and, without speaking, sat down across the table from him. Sherrod's eyes, cool, not defiant, but aggressive, menacing almost, locked with Murchell's steady ones.

"Well?" The voice was cool.  
 "I went to Wilder," said Murchell, almost in a whisper. "He is selling your securities today at the market. He will lend you the balance. Tomorrow a man will come with the cash."  
 "And in return?" Sherrod knew the price.

"He wants some charters in Adelpia and some traction legislation. He will explain in detail when you see him. I have promised him what he wants. You will see that he gets it."  
 "Yes. The balance—you say it is a loan. How am I to repay?"  
 "That is for you to say." Murchell paused, then added, "I understand banks are still paying for the privilege of state deposits."

"How much do Paine and Watkins know?"  
 "As much as I guessed."  
 "I can keep their mouths shut."  
 Again silence, broken first by Sherrod. His lips twisted in a faint sneer.  
 "Are you waiting for my gratitude?"  
 "I have none. I'm sick still, but I'm not afraid, as I was yesterday, and I understand the situation. You haven't done this for me."

"Is there any reason why I should do it for you?"  
 Sherrod began to feel that he could no longer endure the other's contemptuous, relentless gaze—that, in spite of his will, his own was wavering. The coolness vanished. He almost blazed out his words.  
 "You came here expecting to gloat over me, didn't you? You think because you've caught me with the goods on you're a superior being. You needn't. Everything I am, Bill Murchell, you are. I s'pose when you were sick you had the parson around to pray over you, didn't you? When you were praying did you tell the parson how you got to be so rich?"  
 "At least," Murchell said quietly, "I didn't steal it from the treasury of the state."

Under the taunt Sherrod seemed to lose all hold on himself. He sprang to his feet. His face was convulsed. His voice and the pointing hand shook in a very hysteria of hate.  
 "You dare call me a thief! You! How about the market tips you got for your votes in the senate, the bribes you authorized to be given, the blackmail you levied for your influence in the legislature? Maybe you called them legal fees? You a lawyer, when there isn't a business man in the country would trust you with a case?"

Into Murchell's eyes had come a steely gleam that in a safer moment would have restored Sherrod to self control, but now was unheeded. But his voice continued cold, cuttingly contemptuous.  
 "Thought you'd come into this affair and use the knowledge as a club to

bully me out of politics with, didn't you? Well, swing your club. I'm not afraid. I know why you did it, not for me, but for yourself. You're trying to sneak back into the game after you've been thrown out and you know that this thing if it came out would kill your chances as well as mine. It would help nobody but that fool Dummeade, and by helping me you've made yourself an accessory. So then—crack your whip if you dare!"  
 Murchell got slowly to his feet. He spoke still in the cold, even voice that cut.

"Just why I have done this isn't important at present. I had a good many reasons, some, probably, that you are not qualified to understand. And I'm not trying to sneak back into the game I've never been out of it. As to whether I want or dare to swing my club that remains to be seen. You'll have to chance it, Sherrod."

Sherrod laughed, a harsh, sneering cackling that must have carried into the adjoining room. "I'll chance it! You're not the kind of man in whose hands such knowledge is dangerous. And I know all about your game. Do you think I've been fooled by your pretense? I know all about Wash Jenkins' gumshoe campaign for delegates. I can be nominated governor even from behind the bars of the penitentiary!"

Murchell was fully master of himself once more. "That," he remarked, "would be a fitting residence for you. In the meantime, we'll put it out of your power to seek the nomination from that quarter."

He left the room abruptly, returning immediately with Watkins. He carefully closed the door behind them. Then he faced the two men.

"Watkins, it's fortunate that you're cashier in the treasurer's office."

"Watkins agreed."  
 "Because from this minute I am state treasurer. Sherrod will be allowed to sign vouchers that I approve—that's all. You will report to me once a week in person. And not a voucher must be cashed until O. K'd by me. You understand?"

"Watkins looked at Sherrod, then back to Murchell. He nodded."

"Sherrod will do nothing to disturb this arrangement. If he tries—let me know. Good day!"

He went out of the room, quietly closing the door.

(To be continued.)

**Carrying Out His Principles.**



Mr. Grasscenter—No meat for me. Never eat anything that costs the life of a living creature. This boiled potato will do.  
 Mr. Meatified—Very well, but let me warn you that the production of that potato has cost the lives of thousands of potato bugs.

**FIRMNESS.**

There is one sort of man that never wins respect. He is the weak wabblers, who never knows where he stands, who is always slipping about, apologizing, never daring to take a firm stand on anything. Everybody despises him. He is a weakling. Better a thousand times have the reputation of being eccentric and cranky, even, than never to stand for anything.

**Cut the Ship in Two.**

"I was a passenger on one of the old fashioned sailing steamers going from London to Australia in 1888," said a traveler. "In the Red sea we ran plump into a vessel, and our boat cut it entirely in two, so neatly that it might almost have been done with a huge knife. We went clean through her, and the men on the vessel struck stepped from the two halves of that ship on to our deck. The injured vessel went down within a few minutes after it had been struck. The thing was so strange that when the captain of the vessel we had struck went back to London an investigation was held, and it was substantially proved that the officers had with design got in the immediate track of our vessel in order to bring about a collision in the hope that they could collect insurance money. The captain and some of the officers were punished by imprisonment."

**Dumas' Chicken on the String.**

Amusing reminiscences of the elder Dumas have been supplied by his cook, Mme. Collin. Dumas' most famous recipe was "poulet a la ficelle" (chicken on the string). The plucked bird is suspended by a string from the ceiling and turned slowly before the fire. The flames, just touching it, brown it slowly. It took time, says the cook, but made a tasty dish.

"Dumas lived a biggledy piggedly life," said Mme. Collin. "He kept open house and always had at least fifteen people to dinner. But he lived from hand to mouth, and at times a sheet served as a tablecloth. After his receptions he sometimes worked all night. Such a muddle displeased me, especially as his guests were bohemians. So I left after six months of it."

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