

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 XVI. A Deserted Jordan.

THE consternation in the royal palace was great when the news came that the beleaguered stronghold had fallen. The Michigan had won into the Steel City.

Two men were scrambling over each other, turning the state upside down, because each lusted for power and hated the other. Victory by either, if one might judge by the past, meant corruption, thievery, oppression, injustice, and it would be won for him by characteristic means. The people knew it.

Between the two camps wandered a lonely voice, preaching honesty, decency, liberty, equity. He was worthy to preach. He was the sort of man to whom other men gladly entrusted their most important private affairs. He was fitted by capacity, by study, by ideals, for the pure function of government. He had put aside preferment, money, love—the trio of rewards for any one of which men daily sell their souls—that he might be the fittest for his task.

And as he went about that spring preaching his crusade scanty audiences listened carelessly or with suspicion—bred of many deceptions and systematic misdirection; let us be just—indifferently responsive.

John was in the Steel City one night speaking at a public meeting. He was often laughed at for proffering old fashioned oratory in the day of the ubiquitous newspaper. But it was the only way in which he could reach the people, since the columns of the subsidized press were not open to him or his crusade. He went away from the hall heavily downcast. The audience had been small, anything but enthusiastic, and he had spoken poorly. There is no discouragement like unto that of the man who believes he has a message to give and knows that he has delivered it inadequately.

His way to the hotel took him along the city's principal street. He walked slowly, scrutinizing the passersby with that interest in city throngs which the country bred man never quite loses. He came to a corner where another crowded thoroughfare crossed. He stopped and leaned against the wall of the bank that stood there.

The theaters were just letting out, and around him swirled a stream of humanity, the sound of many voices and twice as many feet rising in a peculiar, unmusical roar. John wondered at the endless stream of humanity swept by him if it were true, as Haig had said to him once that 500 men in 1,000 in the cities were dependent on the thousandth, and that six men had it in their power to "turn on a panic," to "put on the screws." What, if the screws were put on, would these men do—fight or submit? But it was not that which made the load of despondency hang heavier.

Once, seeing a thousand men gathered in the square at home, he had thought of the power there, "the power and the glory." Now he saw the people, not in their immensity, but in their infinite multiplicity; so many men with so many interests, each living in his own restricted sphere. Was Haig then right? How could a dreamer or a thousand dreamers by word of mouth teach these men to think what their lives taught them not to feel—that a social problem was their problem, that a political putrefaction was their peril, that the masses' interest was their interest?

He walked on, tortured by doubts, yet clinging, as the shipwrecked mariner clings to his raft, to his dwindling faith in the people.

As he was passing through the lobby of his hotel the clerk motioned him to the desk. "Say, there's been a big tough guy in three times tonight asking for you. Says it's important, and he'll be back again. Name is Maley. I guess," he laughed, knowing his guest, "it's some political bum wanting to make a touch."

Butch Maley of New Chelsea, former "beeler," doubtless! John, curious, found a seat in the lobby and waited. He laughed inwardly, not pleasantly, at the recollections called forth by the name, which he had almost forgotten. Butch Maley was the first to be convicted in that crusade of nearly six years ago.

He had not long to wait. Maley was the same bestial creature who had stood trembling in the dock and marched away, mouthing imprecations and large threats, to the penitentiary. That he was prosperous, the yellow diamond in his neckle loudly proclaimed. He rolled toward John, grinning affably.

"Howdy, Johnny?" He did not offer to shake hands, for which John was thankful.

"How are you, Maley?"
"Me?" Maley drew up a chair and deposited his huge bulk in it. "Oh, I'm livin' on No. 1 Easy street. These here is good times fer fellers like me." With an apparently unconscious gesture he lovingly stroked his paunch.

"So I should say. Same old profession?"
"I got a half intrust in a booze joint. That's my business. As fer professin', I'm still a statesman. Only yuh'd have a fine time gittin' the goods on me now. I learn!" he grinned, "a lot from yuh. Say, I'm wantin' sump'n."

"What can I do for you?"
"Tain't fer me." He assumed an air of extreme caution. "S'posin' they wuz a feller wot never done yuh no dirt and at the same time, not bein' in yer game, yuh got him foul. An' then s'posin' he beat it, not wantin' to serve time, an' then, bein' up against it in a pertickler way, he wanted to see yuh. Would yuh see him?"

"Slayton or Sheehan?"
"Sheehan."
"I guess I'd see him. Where is he?"
Maley winked solemnly. "I don't know nuthin' till I know yuh wot have him pinched. That's the point—will yuh have him pinched?"
John thought a moment before replying. "Well, I guess I wouldn't so long as he stays out of my jurisdiction. I couldn't make him more harmless now by having him arrested."

"Then go in the little room back o' the bar, an' I'll have him with yuh in no time. He's waitin' not far away." In a few minutes Maley returned, leading the fugitive. There was an embarrassing moment as John rose to greet the man who he had broken. He hesitated, hardly knowing how to address him. Sheehan's hand started forward in an uncertain gesture, then dropped back to his side. On a kindly impulse John held out his. The other caught it almost eagerly in a soft, damp clasp.

"I hope you are well, Sheehan."
"I look it, don't I?" The fugitive gave a half hearted laugh.
John was obliged to confess to himself that he did not look it. His cheeks, once so rubicund, were sallow and pimply. Flabby pouches had gathered under his eyes, which were furtively restless, as though continually on the watch for some pursuer. He was fatter than ever. But whereas his stomach had formerly been of the graceful rotundity of semi-active prosperity, it had now become a paunch, like unto Maley's own.

"Sit down," said Maley hospitably, "an' have a drink on me."
John sat down, but declined the drink. Sheehan and Maley ordered whiskey. The drink seemed to restore to Sheehan a part of his nerve. Without further preliminaries he blurted out, "I want to go back."

John waved his hand and remarked, "The railroads are still running," a plensantry that seemed lost on Sheehan.

"It's that cursed sentence that's troubling me."
"That's nuthin'," Maley interposed cheerfully. "It's only four months in the workhouse. I got a year in the pen." His tone might have led one to believe him boasting of a distinction.
"I should think," said John gravely, "you would find it almost a relief to have it served and over."
"So I would," answered Sheehan, with an emphatic sincerity that was not to be doubted. "But I've got a family."
"A little late to think of them, isn't it? The sentence would have to be served."
"It wouldn't if you said the word."
John shook his head. "Besides, I'll not be district attorney much longer, and my successor mightn't be complaisant."
Sheehan leaned over the table and clutched John by the arm, his face twitching nervously. "I guess yo' think fellers like me haven't got any heart? Let me tell you something, I've got a wife and two kids that I think as much of as if I was an educated reformer. I haven't seen them in nearly five years, for fear you would trail me through them. But now they are in trouble. Money affairs are all balled up. And the wife's got to go under an operation. I don't know whether she'll pull through or not. I ought to be there to take care of them."
A doubtful blessing to them. John

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"That's nuthin'," Maley interposed cheerfully. "It's only four months in



There Was an Embarrassing Moment.

thought, studying the dissipation marked countenance. Still he was not there to pass on Sheehan's value to his family. And he remembered having heard that in former days Sheehan had been very proud and fond of his wife and children and—eccentric virtue among his kind—faithful to them.

"I didn't think you'd let me off. You reformers—here was bitterness—'are always bent on sending somebody to jail. But will you do this—give me two or three months until the wife gets out of the hospital and I've got things straightened out some? Then I'll take my medicine."

John thought rapidly. In the beginning of his crusade he would have enforced the law rigorously and mercilessly, believing that in punishment lay healing virtue for the state. Now he had learned its futility, and the broken man in front of him had already been punished enough. Surely he could show so much leniency and harm no one.

"I'll do that much for you gladly," he said. "And if you need any legal help in straightening out your affairs I'll be glad to help you."

Sheehan suddenly sat bolt upright, the red rushing to his sallow face. "It's that sanctimonious Blake," he said angrily. "He's gettin' after me because they think I'm afraid to come back. Dirty crook! The bank's tryin' to collect some old notes of mine that wasn't supposed to be paid."

"Not to be paid? Why?"
"Political notes. Look here!" Sheehan's face lighted up in a slow, cunning smile that boded no good for Warren Blake. "Do you want to make a big play?"

John, too, sat up, suddenly alert. "Just what do you mean?"
"Have you been percolatin' around in politics for six years an' not known about the Farmers'? There's always a few easy banks for the politicians. They get state deposits. See? An' then dish them out to the politicians on notes. Sometimes the notes are paid, an' sometimes they're just carried along. My notes wasn't to be paid because I helped get the Farmers' its deposits. It used to be one of the easy banks. An' I guess it is still. Else why is a bank that's friendly to Murchell carryin' deposits under Sherrod? I guess they must be gettin' pretty shaky, because I ain't the only one they're after. I've been skirminshin' around here, seein' some men I used to know, an' they tell me Blake's pushin' a good many old notes hard."

"But Hampden and Blake, with their stock, wouldn't let?"
"Stock! I bet they haven't ten shares apiece. If you want to find that stock you've got to look in the tin boxes of the farmers or in the estates of the widows an' orphans."

"But their last report was fine."
"That's easy. You just carry the notes as assets. Assets!"
"See here, Sheehan!" John was stern

"Have you anything but suspicion for this?"

"Ain't suspicion, the kind I've got, enough? You go after 'em an' show 'em up. I bet you'll find 'em rotten. Those easy banks always do bust up sooner or later. I s'pose I've got to pay. I've got property an', if they sue, I can't make any defense. But," he concluded vengefully, "somebody else has got to pay too."

"Sheehan," John said coldly, rising, "you're letting your desire to get even get away with your common sense. I'll not destroy confidence in a bank, ruin it, by going after it on mere suspicion. As for yourself," he added, more kindly, "if you report at my office next Saturday morning with new ball I'll go before the court and ask that execution of your sentence be postponed until your affairs are easier." With that he left.

Only a few days remained before the primaries. During the two terms of office John had acquired himself with skill and fidelity. Fear of him had doubtless restrained the machine from many characteristic depredations, but victory was well nigh hopeless. He had become a candidate again only that the fight might go on, in the faint hope that something might occur to turn the tide in his favor. In the absence of the unforeseen he would carry the townships by a slight majority, but New Chelsea and Plumville would go strongly against him. The little city had grown remarkably in population and importance. John was an old story in which it had lost interest. It got the impression that in turning deaf ears to his plea it was righteously squelching a shallow, impudent, self-seeking upstart.

Even among the farmers John met with the unresponsiveness of discouragement. They would vote for him, most of them, but it would be perfunctorily, hopelessly. They were disappointed. The reform that had begun so auspiciously six years before was ending in dismal failure, with no other fruit than to evolve a new and stronger machine.

Well it was for John's melting trust in himself and his fellows that he could meet an occasional Cranshaw or Sykes or Criswell. Their faith survived. He met the trio, the night before the primaries, at Cranshaw's home on the pike. They did not pretend a vain optimism; they knew that they faced defeat.

"At any rate," remarked Criswell, at the close of the discussion, "ye've had six years of good fightin'."
"I guess," said Cranshaw kindly, "ye think it hasn't paid. In one way mebbe it hasn't. An' then again in another it has. It's like what I once told ye. Ye've showed us the way, if we hain't followed, it's our own lookout. Ye've done your part."

"Ye have," agreed Sykes solemnly. And when he left all three made a point of shaking hands with him.

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