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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.

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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.

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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

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WE CARRY IN STOCK DEERING AND JOHN DEERE BINDERS, DEERING, DAIN AND ADRIANCE MOWERS, IN EITHER 4 1/2 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 XVIII. The Honey Pot.

JOHN DUNMEADE had thought that anticipation would rob defeat of its sting. Not until the event, until Benton county, his own neighbors, had repudiated him could he measure the hurt. There was one thing which he would do—deep down within him was the unworded resolve that it should be his valedictory.

"There's something," he told Haig, a week after the primaries, "that has been haunting me."

And he told the other what Sheehan had said concerning the bank.

"Well, what business is it of yours? You aren't the guardian of the public morals. Even if you want to be, the people have just clearly declared that they don't. Keep out of what isn't your affair."

"But I'm still district attorney."

"All right. If anything happens or any one makes official information before the end of your term, prosecute."

"But I understand my duty to include uncovering crime as well as prosecuting what others expose. I'll ask Blake to let me go over the books."

"He won't let you, of course. There'd be a crash."

"I think he will," said John thoughtfully, "if nothing is wrong. Especially when he understands that, if he doesn't, I'll subpoena him with the books before the grand jury. If there's nothing wrong, there will be no crash. But I have friends who have money and stock in the bank. And if our political bank history is repeating itself they and the public have the right to know it."

"John," Haig argued earnestly, "don't you do it. Haven't you had enough? What's the use of making more trouble and enemies for yourself?"

"I know," John said patiently. "I've gone over all that. This is my last crusade. But it goes through. Because, if there's anything amiss, now

is the time for it to come out, while it can help Jerry Brent."

"Great Scott! Have you still faith in the people? Don't you know what they'll do, if you uncover anything? Just sniff daintily around and then walk off to vote for Sherrod or Jenkins or whoever the gangs nominate. I think it very possible that things aren't straight at the bank. But I like you and I like Warren Blake—he's a good friend of yours, too—and I don't want to see him in trouble. Besides," he grinned, "none of my money is deposited in the bank."

"Is that all you have to offer for the defense? If it is—are you coming along to help me or not?"

"I suppose," Haig grumbled, "I'll have to. You need a guardian angel."

So it happened that at a critical time in the fortunes of the bank and its officers John and Haig set out on their mission. They chose an hour early in the evening, after supper. They tried the bank first. It would be closed, but within, as all New Chelsea knew, Warren Blake was apt to be found faithfully at the work that never seemed to end.

The dark green window shades had been closely pulled down, but a glimmering around the edges showed that a light was burning within. Blake might have been expecting them, so promptly was the door thrown open when they rapped. Surprise, however, was depicted on his face when he beheld the visitors.

"Good evening, gentlemen. Can I do something for you?"

"We'd like to have a little talk with you, Warren," said John. "It concerns the bank."

"The bank?"

Suddenly Warren by some strange intuition knew, as he had known that the market would sag, what this untimely visit portended. He felt the blood leave his face and rush to his heart. His hands and feet became icy cold. He stared stupidly at the visitors, as though his faculties were benumbed.

"I—I'm pretty busy tonight," he said.

"Can't you put it off until Monday?"

"I think we'd better talk it over now, Warren," John answered.

The sense of shock seemed to pass away. The cashier threw the door wider open to admit them. "Come in," he said quietly. They entered, and he closed and locked the door behind them. Then he straightened up, all composure, to face them.

"I'll have to ask you to be brief. I'm preparing some papers for Senator Murchell and Mr. Hampden, and they'll be here soon."

"I'll come right to the point," John answered. "Warren, I want to see the books of the bank. I've heard that you are carrying a good deal of worthless political paper and that the bank is in danger. I want to verify or disprove that."

"That's absurd, P

rectly safe. And, of course, we can't let you see the books. You aren't even a stockholder and have no interest in them."

"Warren," said Haig hastily, putting his hand on the cashier's shoulder, "I beg you to do as he asks. We're here in a wholly friendly way. And, of course, the bank is sound. You can rely on Dunmeade and me to do absolutely nothing, in that case, to harm it."

Warren shook his head. "You ought to know that it is out of the question."

"Then," said John regretfully, "I'll have to subpoena you to appear with the books before the grand jury on Monday." He drew forth two documents, one of which he gave to Blake.

"I suggest that you wait and explain your errand to Murchell and Hampden. They will be here soon. Just take chairs in the cage. While we're waiting I'll finish my work," said Blake.

He ushered them into the cage, found chairs, offered cigars and, politely excusing himself, retired into the cashier's office and settled himself at the desk. For a few minutes he worked, with a speed that was not nervous haste, transcribing figures from the book before him and adding up columns. Then he wrote a few lines and carefully blotted them.

This done, he seemed to have come to the end of his work. But he did not return to John and Haig. He seemed to have lost consciousness of their proximity. The pen fell from his fingers. His folded hands rested passively on the desk. He sat motionless, staring straight ahead into nothingness. Under the gaslight his face showed very white. A heavy, tracery silence descended upon the three men.

There came a rap at the door.

As though he had been waiting for just that, Warren rose, went to the door and admitted the new visitors. They were Hampden and Murchell. Hampden was the first to notice the presence of John and Haig.

"What are they doing here?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Come back into the office and we'll explain," Warren answered. "You come, too," he nodded to the men within the cage.

The five men gathered in the little office. No one sat down or offered to shake hands. Warren broke the silence calmly.

"Dunmeade wants to examine the books."

"Well, he can't do it," Hampden said quickly.

"So I told him," Warren continued. "And he followed the request up by serving me with a subpoena to appear with the books before the grand jury."

"Why are you doing this?" Murchell demanded of John.

"Because I have information that the bank is carrying worthless political paper and is rotten. I have it from one who has helped manipulate such paper—from one, in fact, whose notes, sud-

posed to be uncollectable, the bank is now trying to collect."

"And on general suspicion you would take an action that might ruin the soundest bank in the country?"

"Not on general suspicion," John returned. "But on absolute knowledge. There!" He pointed to Blake's face.

"And there!" Haig's dry, shrill voice was like the crack of a whip as he aimed a long, lean forefinger at Hampden. The latter recoiled as from a blow.

Murchell did not look at Blake or Hampden. From under wrinkled brows his eyes were boring deep into John's, seeking to test the strength of the latter's determination. He saw only one way out; boldly he took it.

"You can see the books. Now?"

"We may as well begin now. It will take some time, I suppose."

Hampden, vainly trying to regain an appearance of composure, tremblingly sat down. For a minute Warren said nothing. When he did speak it was in a low, lifeless voice.

"I can save you the trouble. The statement I have been preparing for Senator Murchell contains what you want, I think. This is it." He pointed to the papers lying on his desk.

Slowly, mechanically, as one walking in sleep, he gathered up the books on the desk and carried them from the office to the vault. John saw Warren put the books in their places, then fumble around in a corner of the shelf. Warren seemed to feel his presence, for, hand still resting on the shelf, he turned to face John. Then the hand, grasping a black, shining thing, leaped from the shelf to his head. John's cry and the shot rang out together.

For an instant the body swayed, then crumpled in a heap on the floor.

Four stunned men, held in a horrible fascination, knelt by the ghastly thing, dumbly watching the struggle of that which is called life to free itself from its prison of flesh. Of these men, three of them, each in anguish, was calling himself murderer.

For nearly an hour—an eternity—shaken to the very center of their beings, they kept the death watch. There was a shiver that passed over the whole body—then stillness.

Haig was the first to recover himself. He caught John by the arm and drew him away. "Come back here." He drew John into the office and forced him to sit down. "And you two, come."

Murchell seemed to come out of his daze. He touched Hampden, who followed him docilely and fell into a chair.

"I seem to be the only one with a trace of sanity left. And I," said Haig grimly, mopping his brow with a shaking hand. "I am pretty far gone. God, I didn't know it could be so awful! But we've got to decide whether we'll let this—how and why it happened—come out. By some miracle nobody seems to have heard. If the luck holds



For an instant the body swayed, we may be able to keep it quiet. He looked at Murchell.

But a great change seemed to have come over the politician during the racking hour. His face was ashen; he looked old as he never had before. All the firm self reliance, the habit of domination, justified through so many crises, seemed to have broken down in the presence of sudden, violent death. He shook his head in a hopeless negative.

"There's no use trying," he said wearily. "If you go ahead with this investigation," he turned to John. "It's for you to decide. If this is kept quiet and maybe. But if you do go on there'll be a great scandal and I can do nothing. And—you've got to understand the situation—you'll have to prosecute Hampden here."

John did not answer. He was staring at the face of Warren Blake.

Haig mopped his forehead again. "Let's get out of here," he muttered nervously. "If I stay much longer with—that—I'll be a gibbering idiot."

He took the dead cashier's keys from the desk, turned out the light and went to the door. The others followed.

They forgot to close the vault. But it was well guarded.

New Chelsea had been long asleep, the streets emptied, when Haig and Murchell, accompanied by the doctor and undertaker—stockholders in the

bank and frightened into secrecy—drove a roundabout course by side streets and alleys to the rear door of the bank. Like thieves, they entered and carried what lay there out to the carriage. Then they drove away, praying that no untimely passerby had chanced to observe them.

But the lock held.

Later still, with another picture a little faded old woman became in an instant a foolishly smiling child—burst into their memories. Haig and Murchell emerged from the home of Warren Blake. Haig stopped, looking up.

"I wonder what John Dunmeade is going through just now? I can see the end. The good have no luck. There's a curse on the man responsible for this night. Old man, do you say amen? You and I will have to discuss the matter of payment."

He caught the other by the shoulders, peered closely into his face and, laughing harshly, turned away.

Through a night that seemed endless a man fought a battle old as sin itself. He had sought the solitude of the fields in a blind, vain wish to escape the issue and the thing that filled his eyes. He had come so near to greatness. And now, at an hour when he seemed most to need stimulus and support, he was brought face to face with the temptation to desert. It was one thing in a moment of disheartenment to cry, as he had cried to himself, "I have come to the end." It was far different when opportunity had come to retire a sinking cause to stay his hand. He knew he had but to reach out to disclose, not an Excalibur rising out of the waters to lend invincibility to him who would wield it, but a new prod for a emboldened people, one fact the more to add to the knowledge, whose cumulative power in the end would—must—carry the people forward, upward.

It was Hampden, Katherine and John Dunmeade against the people.

And what did he owe the people, the calloused fools whose knowledge, if not complete, was yet full enough to show them whither they were going and whither they must turn, but who trudged contentedly on, indifferent to all but the present profit, thinking only of self, repudiating and sneering at those who offered honest service and counsel? The balance was all against them and in his favor. Let some one else now take up the task to which John Dunmeade had been unequal!

He saw Stephen Hampden cowering, a suddenly broken, fear palsied man, before the death agony, looking with a kind of wistfulness on the dying man's face, as though in Warren Blake's example he saw a way out of the tangle. A troop of miserable, pitiable figures marched before him—Stanton, Brown, Parsons, Sheehan, Blake—men whom he had punished, whose