

An Interrupted Revenge

By JOHN GASTON

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"WHO IS the distinguished looking man who came in then with Mr. Campbell?"

The person to whom the question was addressed glanced across the reception hall and replied:

"Robert Gordon. He is the fellow about whom the newspapers are saying so much—the lobbyist from New York who has succeeded in getting the Consolidated Telephone ordinance through the council. Handsome, isn't he?"

"Remarkably so. Still, on a closer view his expression is not entirely pleasant, and I should say that he bears marks of dissipation—not grossly, but there is something that suggests wine, women and song at unholy hours—or am I mistaken? Is that pallor natural?"

A woman standing near bent a keen glance at the man as his name was mentioned, and the slightest suggestion of a flush appeared on her cheeks. It was the first time she had laid eyes on him since the night she had killed him for Frederick Markham. That was 19 years ago. They were both young—about 15—and had been sweethearts from childhood. He was still in college, a brilliant boy and a career predicted for him. But the career was a long way off and Gordon had little other than expectations.

Frederick Markham was rich and well-connected and ten years her senior. He offered her all the things so dear to the girl just budding into society, and she had accepted him and thrown Gordon over. She had not anticipated such a scene, however, as followed when she told him that she was to marry Markham. He accused her bitterly of heartlessness and of deliberately leading him on for the sake of amusement. He swore that she had ruined his life and for the wreck that would follow she was responsible by every law of God and of man. He told her that he would never again believe in the sincerity of a human creature. He would live, he declared, solely to gratify his senses, and he wished her much joy in the sale she had made of herself. It was the speech of a hot-headed, high-spirited, disappointed boy. It all came up before her this night many years later with startling vividness as she looked at him across the reception hall.

And it had eventuated much as he had predicted. He had finished his college course and studied law, while plunging into extreme dissipations. His great natural abilities had carried him through and he had settled in New York, where, instead of devoting himself to his profession, he had used his brilliant qualities to forward all sorts of questionable schemes. He had become a very successful lobbyist.

He had never visited the home city since his interview with the woman until this time, when he had come to force through the city council the most audacious and notorious measure that had ever been attempted in the city. And he had succeeded and it was whispered that he had secured a small fortune for his work.

She was surprised at the great change in the man, and still more surprised at the unchanged resemblance to the ingenuous, enthusiastic youth she had known. He looked scarcely older, excepting for the prematurely gray hair, although the face had lost its roundness and the cheeks were white with pallor.

While all this flashed through her mind Robert Gordon and Mr. Campbell were surrounded by a merry party of ladies and gentlemen, to whom the former was being presented. When Mrs. Markham glanced toward the party, Gordon was being presented to her daughter, a tall, handsome, vivacious girl of 18. The mother noted the look of startled recognition in his eyes (the girl was a perfect prototype of her mother at the same age), and noted also the slight flush in his pale cheek. The mask of indifference had vanished from his face and he entered at once into an animated conversation with the girl. An expression of anxiety came into the face of Mrs. Markham and the shadow of a great apprehension crossed her heart. Then she straightened herself haughtily and muttered to herself:

"What an idea. I must be going into second childhood."

During the entire evening Gordon monopolized Miss Markham's attention, and at the close handed her to the carriage—all to the considerable discomfort of her mother.

Robert Gordon did not return at once to New York as he had announced previously. The weeks faded into months and still he occupied the handsomest suite at the Royal and hung over the dainty hand of the young heiress of the Markham fortune. Mrs. Markham fretted and stewed, but her expostulations fell on unheeding ears. The girl felt the strong attraction toward the handsome man of the world ever felt by daughters toward the men who

have been the unsuccessful suitors for their mothers' hands; and as for Markham, he was charmed by the dominant personality of the New Yorker.

The mother's apprehensions were not unfounded, however, and one day the father awoke to the situation and there was a most serious talk between Clara's parents. It was fully evident that the girl was madly in love with the brilliant lobbyist, and when the matter was talked over Frederick Markham saw at once that it was not a proper match for the daughter. Then there was a serious

interview with the girl, who was told plainly the character of the man. She resented it passionately, and the result was that a few days later Robert Gordon formally proposed to Markham for the hand of his daughter. In reply to the indignant refusal of the father Gordon coolly informed him that he already had the consent of the girl and proposed to marry her in any event—with the parental consent if possible, without it if necessary. Clara when consulted cast her lot with Gordon. All revelations concerning Gordon's career and record were without avail.

Then the mother in desperation went to Gordon's apartments at the Royal and made a pathetic appeal to him.

"There can be no happiness in such a match," she said. "When she awakens to the realities she will be heart-broken—as you well know. There is no happiness in such a marriage either for her or for you. I do not know what you are after. I will not insult you by intimating that you seek her money. If you do it shall be yours without a marriage. In any event I conjure you by a mother's love; by the memory of the old times when we were friends—more than friends, do not destroy my daughter's life."

Rising from his chair where he had sat nonchalant and unconcerned during the interview, Gordon advanced directly in front of the excited woman who stood with clasped hands and flushed face pouring out her heart, and said in a voice hoarse with emotion:

"It has been my dream for 19 years to see you in front of me pleading for something dear to your heart. I never dared to hope the dream would come true—certainly not in the manner it has. Let me tell you, I will give you your heart's desire just as you gave me mine 19 years ago. You chose deliberately to ruin my life. You were merciless—even scornful. What I am, I am as a result of your heartlessness. What I am not is the result of your faithlessness. All the reasons that make me in your estimation an unfit husband for your daughter are the result of your ambition and your advice. I was not a man of bad instincts in the old days. I was not void of ambition. All this you deliberately killed. You sapped all the good out of my nature and threw me aside, a mere husk. Now you appeal to the moral nature you destroyed. I never dreamed of so perfect a revenge until I saw the girl—your very second self, and then I saw the way to make you suffer even as I have suffered. And you must suffer to the end. I will not spare you. Go and tell the girl what I have said—and that I am your old lover, if you please. She will not believe it and I will deny it. It is your turn to walk the floor now. I have done it for 19 years. Oh, I will lead your proud and sensitive girl a pretty dance, I promise you."

He caught her as she fainted, and after applying restoratives showed her to her carriage.

The wedding was a swell affair and the newly-wedded pair went abroad for a honeymoon tour.

It was ten months later at Venice, when the crisis came. They had lingered there for five weeks enjoying the soft languor of the Italian skies. The months had been a revelation to Gordon. Never had he supposed earth held such joy as he had found in the golden weeks that had slipped by since his marriage. As he penetrated further and further into the nature of the woman who had married him despite warning and evil report, he sounded depths of tenderness that he never expected had existed. Far from carrying out his threat and intention to break her heart, he became inspired day by day with the deepest reverence for her. This soft evening in Venice the climax came. He crossed over to where his wife sat and said:

"Clara, I have a confession to make. I cannot go on in this way with a lie in my heart. I did not marry you with a clean soul and from a pure love. All they have said about me is true. Your mother knew me better than any living person, and she told you the truth. Since I have known you as wife I have come to learn somewhat of your real worth, and a great loathing of myself has taken possession of me until life seems only tolerable on the condition that I cease to act a lie and that you know me as I am. Forgive me? I was cruelly hurt by a woman once and I charged it to all womankind. I will make any amends you say. I will leave you if you will it—any-

thing, anything, no matter how hard so I stand at least honest in your sight."

With a broken sob he sank on one knee and buried his face in his hands. In an instant she was beside him with both arms about his neck.

"I knew you better than you knew yourself," she whispered.

Finding His Hiding.

It was on the beach at Southampton. A number of children were playing and digging in the sand in charge of two nurses and governesses. Two little fellows in immaculate white duck sailor suits had scraped up an acquaintance. Neither of them was much over three years old.

"I live in New York," said one, with somewhat of an air of superiority, "and where do you live?"

The other chap looked him over for a moment and then retorted: "I live at Tuxedo Park. How many horses does your father keep?" This last was a crusher, but it showed the spirit of the rising money-eyed generation.—N. Y. Times.

Culver Cullings.

Grand ball February 14th.

Bill Rogers got his thumb frozen.

Rob Osborne got his ear frozen.

Rob and Geo. got some meat, but Bill got tired.

Cold. Winter. 13 deg. below zero and sleighing is good.

Jake Merrill and Thos. Leach were on our streets Friday.

School reopened Tuesday after a few days dismissal on account of smallpox (?) scare.

Rabbit hunting is good now and some report good luck. Alf Cook reports over 50 in one day.

The Ball February 14th will be conducted on town principles, (i. e.) pay at the door \$1.50 per number, including supper. No bump wanted. J. P.

Jan. 31, 1902.

Mrs. J. P. Hahn is quite sick, suffering from a severe attack of tonsillitis.

The Red Rock school is progressing nicely under the skillful management of Miss Lilly Read.

We are informed that J. L. Windom intends selling his interests here and locating in California.

St. Valentine day will be celebrated with a dance at the hall. Let it be the best of the season.

Mr. O. G. Colver has completed his new sawdust cellar, which is a great improvement to his building.

DAISY BELL.

February 1, 1902.

J. Qu her wants to buy a band

Mr. Walter Lithgow returned a few days ago from Eugene and reports a delightful time, only the weather a little foggy.

All the young people and some of the older ones are enjoying the snow sleighriding. Though at the present writing it is melting very fast.

Every one is feeding their stock during the storm, although they are not in poor condition, but if the storm continues feed will be rather scarce.

At the horse sale Friday at Rim Rock, Bob Montgomery, of Willow creek, was thrown from a wild horse and his foot badly bruised. There were quite a number of horses sold from this section.

COUNTRY LAD.

Jan. 31, 1902.

Sisters Sitings.

Thinking a few lines from Sisters would be acceptable, and to let the public know we are not snowed under, I will scribble a few lines.

Mr. George Stevens has about completed his saloon.

We're expecting a grand ball at Union Hall February 14th.

Percy Davie had the misfortune to lose one of his fine calves recently.

The weather has moderated. Smiling faces can be seen on First street.

Mr. Irvin Person, who has been quite sick the past week, is convalescing.

Mr. Thomas Arnold has succeeded in organizing a singing school and is getting along nicely.

Not many days since we were visited by a monster cougar measuring seven and a half feet.

School closed Wednesday with a fair attendance, under the management of Miss Jessie Andrews.

The young folks have taken advantage of same and had several sleigh rides, (after good snow left.)

Guy Claypool, expecting to make a musician of himself, has commenced taking lessons of Miss Lena N.

On Wednesday, 29th, a few of our young folks met at William Woods' and a jolly whist game was enjoyed.

During the past week we have had some snow and very cold weather, the thermometer registering 25 deg. below zero.

This cold weather has put Will Claypool to buying cotton batting and calico and we hope he'll enjoy a very pleasant future.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Wilt entertained a number of their friends last Wednesday night. After being entertained with music a few hours refreshments were served.

P. C. Davis finished putting up five tons of ice, which was obtained from Hindman's pond, the ice being two feet thick. Those wishing ice cold lemonade next summer may call on Percy.

Thursday, 30th, Mr. Rod Foster became a voter. A birthday party was given in his honor. Quite a few came out, and a very pleasant evening was passed. Rod, we wish 'twould come again.

Monday night, Jan. 20th, a card party was given at Frank Osbornes. All reported a fine time. On Tuesday night a party of same description was participated in at Chas. Foster's. A very pleasant time was passed, for I was there.

Mrs. J. B. Claypool has just returned from a two weeks' visit at Ruel's Flat. She found everything in grand style, and she's living in hope and dying in despair, that the next time she goes there, she'll find a maiden young and fair.

February 1, 1902.

J. Qu her wants to buy a band

of goats.

Mrs. Cobb is hauling lumber to build a house on her homestead.

Alex Smith has shaved off his mustache. He is really a fright to look at.

Frank Stroud is up here hauling lumber part way on the road to Haystack.

Mr. Post was up from the Mattoles today. He reports that the coldest time was 5 deg. below zero at the Cary place.

Miss Jessie Andrews has just closed a successful term of school here. The only thing wrong is that we ought to have kept her teaching for another three months, for we all know that the last three months of any school a teacher can learn the scholars nearly as much again as in the first three months.

Last Sunday was a great day for three of our boys, Rod Foster, Jess Wilt and Walt Graham got on the track of a cougar and tracked him for about six or seven miles when he took the back track on the boys. One of them took a shot at him and he was about to attack them when Rod got in a quick shot and put an end to Mr. Cougar.

JACK.

Jan. 31st, 1902.

Address Changed.

To all those concerned: I have changed my postoffice address from Cross Keys to Hay Creek, Oregon

J. H. GARRETT.

POINDEXTER

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Shaving
Haircutting
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A fine bathroom devoted especially to the use of ladies.
Everything up-to-date and strictly first class.

Deputy Stock Inspectors.

Notice is hereby given that I have appointed the following named persons deputy stock inspectors:

J. P. Cartwright,	Hay Creek,
Sam Hamilton,	Ashwood,
E. Sparks,	Sisters,
A. Morrow,	Haystack,
F. M. Smith,	Paulina,
Roscoe Knox,	Pear,
T. C. Swain,	Bear Creek,
J. S. Bogue,	Rosland,
Alex McIntosh,	Hardin,
J. P. VanHouten,	Hay Creek,
Joe Hinkle,	
Stock Inspector Crook County.	

The
Bee
Hive.



The
Place
To Save
Money.

We thank the consumers of Crook County for the liberal patronage during the year 1901.

During the dull months of January and February we shall run a 5 and 10c Bargain Counter where odds and ends, which are always forgotten, can be picked up very cheaply.

Mens, Ladies and Childrens Mackintoshes are sold at a greatly reduced price.

Random Wool Drawers for men while they last, reduced to 50c a pair.

A splendid variety of Mens and Boys Duck Leggings. Will keep out snow and keep you warm. Boys, 40 and 50c a pair. Mens, 75c and \$1.00 a pair.

Don't forget that we keep the Celebrated Klondike Plug Cut Smoking Tobacco always on hand, and no other house has it. OUR OWN BRAND, a comfortable smoke and wont burn the tongue. 1 lb tins 50c, full weight; 1-2 lb tins 25c, full weight.

If you want a good 5c smoke we have a big variety to choose from. Every known brand is kept here for sale.

A share of your patronage respectfully solicited.

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