



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Chapter I—At the suburban home of Charles Wainwright, "high financier," he and his broker, Scott Gibbs, hatch up a scheme to corner Borough street railway stock. They rely upon the support of Dick Horrigan, boss of the neighboring city, who is coming to discuss matters. Alderman Phelan, the thorn in Horrigan's side, whom Wainwright is anxious to conciliate, is also coming. Among the members of Wainwright's household are his niece and nephew, Dallas and Perry Wainwright, and his secretary, Thompson, a secretive young man in whom the financier has implicit confidence. Judge Newman, a neighbor of Wainwright, whose continuance in office depends upon Horrigan's favor, requests Wainwright's intervention with the boss. Another visitor to the Wainwrights is Alwyn Bennett, in Joe with Dallas, who is calling to ask her about her rumored engagement to Gibbs. Perry is in love with Cynthia Garrison, also a neighbor. II—Cynthia is the daughter of a bank president who nine years before the opening of the story was ruined by the dealings of an unnamed dishonest financier and shot himself. His son thereupon disappeared. Mrs. Bennett congratulates herself upon the immaculate record of her son's defeated father. Dallas refuses to marry Alwyn unless he does something worthy of his family and education. Phelan and Horrigan face each other. III—Phelan defies Horrigan. Judge Newman is turned down by the boss, but at Wainwright's request Horrigan becomes suspicious of Thompson, but Wainwright scoffs at the idea. Horrigan and Wainwright make a corrupt deal whereby the former, for a big consideration, is to procure from the board of aldermen a perpetual franchise for the Borough street railway. The boss is worried by the reform movement threatening his power at the coming election and is casting about for a candidate for mayor with a clean record. He hits upon Bennett, who has had some slight political experience. The latter accepts, but warns Horrigan that, if elected, he will be absolutely honest and independent. IV—Bennett is elected and appoints Cynthia his private secretary. Phelan tells him that the financier who caused the ruin of the Garrisons was Wainwright, who is also the power behind the crooked Borough franchise bills, with Horrigan and Gibbs. Dallas and Mrs. Bennett visit the city hall. V—Gibbs tries to induce Bennett to sign the bill. The mayor's talk with Dallas is interrupted by Horrigan. VI—Bennett refuses to be bulldozed by Horrigan into signing the bill. The boss lacks one vote in the board of aldermen of the fourteen needed to pass the bill without the mayor's assent. Despite the fact that defeating the bill means impoverishing Dallas and Perry, whose fortune Wainwright has invested in Borough stock, Bennett vetoes the measure. VII—Bennett's plan to save Dallas and Perry is to have Perry sell Borough stock short. The mayor's opposition causes Horrigan and Wainwright to amend the bill, retaining however, some of the most objectionable features. VIII—Alwyn's lovelornness to Dallas at the Mayor's ball is interrupted by Horrigan.

CHAPTER IX.

THE moment of strained silence that ensued upon Horrigan's entrance was broken by the irrepressible Perry, who, having rescued Cynthia from Gibbs at the close of their dance, was escorting her triumphantly from the ballroom. "This is my dance," he remarked happily to Alwyn as he came up, "and we're going to sit it out. If Mrs. Bennett in her capacity of chaperon should ask for Cynthia, you can tell her we're going into the glass house to stroll among the romantic vegetables." And he departed with his prize in the direction of the conservatory. The moment's interruption had sufficed for Wainwright to whisper an admonitory word in Horrigan's ear. Dallas, too, fearing a clash, took Bennett's arm. "It's so warm in here," she murmured. "Perhaps we can find better air in one of the other rooms. Shall we try?" "Wainwright," exclaimed Horrigan, as the portieres closed behind the mayor and girl, "I don't like that! Is your niece on his side or with us?" "I don't know," answered Wainwright disinterestedly, "and I don't like to force an issue by asking her. It doesn't especially matter, I suppose.

In any case, I can trust her." "You're in luck!" sneered Horrigan. "That makes two people you say you can trust—first your secretary, Thompson, and then— Hello!" he broke off as a swarthy middle aged man hurried in. "Looking for me, Williams? What's up?" The newcomer was visibly excited, and at first glance Horrigan had seen that something was amiss. "What's up?" repeated the boss. "Ellis has gone—deserted!" cried Williams. "Ellis?" echoed Wainwright in dismay, for the man of whom Williams spoke was one of the aldermen "sold thirteen" on whom Horrigan counted. The boss made no comment, but waited impatiently for his henchman to continue. "Ellis has gone," repeated Williams. "He left a note for me saying his wife is very ill and the doctor's ordered him to take her south. So he can't attend Friday's meeting." "Can't attend the meeting?" gasped Wainwright. "But everything depends on—"

"Oh, he'll be on hand, the cur!" growled Horrigan. "The rest are standing solid of course?" "I think so," hazarded Williams, "but some of 'em are pretty scared. We've never had such a fight before as Bennett's putting up against us now, and—"

"I'll strengthen 'em up so as to knock out any weakening!" declared Horrigan confidently. "It's Ellis we've got to look after now. Go after him, Williams, on the first train south and haul him back. Have him here by Friday if you have to kidnap him. I'll stand for any damage or expense. Only see he's here for that meeting. It's up to you. Now jump!" As Williams hastened toward the door Horrigan called after him: "On your way out send word to Roberts that I want to see him here. Well, Wainwright," he resumed, turning back into the room, "it looks bad."

"Do you think—"

"I think we're in a tight place. If our aldermen found out about Ellis' quitting, there's no knowing how many of 'em would bolt. If we could only work Bennett!"



"Fall through!" cried Gibbs, dismayed.

fluence with Bennett?" asked Wainwright as the judge vanished. "Can't do any harm to try. They're neighbors in the country and in the same crowd in society and all that. If it fails, I've another card that's even stronger. Roberts ought to be here by now. You found out about those notes of his?"

"Yes; both of them. One for \$7,000, one for \$15,000. Both secured by mortgaging his factory. Roberts can't meet them. They've been extended twice, though the security must have been fairly good or the Sturtevant Trust company wouldn't have lent."

"Williams said you wanted to speak to me, Mr. Horrigan," said a nervous voice from the door, and a pale, middle aged man came forward. He wore worry's stamp between his perplexed eyes, and care had bent his narrow shoulders.

"Yes. Good evening, Roberts," replied Horrigan cordially. "See you later, Wainwright."

The financier took the hint and walked toward the ballroom, on his way out nearly colliding with Phelan, who was entering the foyer. At sight of Horrigan and Roberts together Phelan's eyebrows went upward, with a jerk, and he tiptoed out in the opposite direction as fast as his stout legs could carry him in search of Bennett. Meantime Horrigan had come directly to the point, as usual, in his appeal to Roberts.

"Look here, alderman," said he, "you've been trying for years to get through a park bill for your ward. Still want it?"

"Yes," returned Roberts. "My constituents are at me all the time about that park. They—"

"It would make your ward's property values go up 50 per cent, and it would make you solid there forever, hey?"

"Yes, but—"

"Introduce that bill again, and I'll guarantee it will go through."

"Are you in earnest?"

"There's my hand on it. Only, of course, it's understood that your park bill won't come up until after the Borough Street railway franchise is passed. Understand?"

"I'm afraid I do," said Roberts after a pause, "but I voted against that bill, and—"

"You voted against the bill in its original form," Horrigan interrupted reassuringly, "and you were right, too. It had a lot of clauses that you thought weren't square. But all those have been cut out."

"But I still—"

"But you'll be doing what's best for your own constituents by looking after their interests in the matter of the park. You'll be their hero for that. Of course if I wanted to put it another way I could remind you that your

"Same here," chimed in Phelan. "An you, Roberts?"

"I?" muttered the uncomfortable man. "Why?"

"It's Friday that the Borough bill comes up again," explained Bennett, as though imparting new information. "You will vote against it, of course Mr. Roberts?"

"I'm not sure. You see, it's been altered so as to—"

"The alterations don't affect the main issue, and they can't change any honest man's views. So I can count on you to continue opposing it, can't I?"

"I object to this catching!" flared up poor Roberts. "I won't stand for it."

"I'm my own master and—"

"Are you sure you're your own master?" demanded Bennett. "If so, why should you be afraid to say how you are going to vote?"

"Do you accuse me of—"

"I accuse you of having changed your mind about the bill for some reason that won't bear the light. And I warn you to go carefully. Somebody's going to prison before this matter's ended."

"I'm not answerable to any one but my constituents," said Roberts, with a pitiful attempt at cold dignity, "and they—"

"And they shall demand an answer from you," warned Bennett. "I'll see to it that they do. Now, you can go if you want to," turning his back on the confused Roberts, who eagerly took the opportunity to escape.

"I'm afraid friend Roberts ain't havin' the happiest time of his life tonight," remarked Phelan, going to the doorway and looking after the departing alderman. "There's not much of what the poet geezer calls 'whoop up the dance, for joy be unfeigned' about him. Poor fool! He never was cut out to be a crook. He makes a punk job of it in spite of the trimmin's Horrigan's decorated him with. If I hadn't the sense to be crooked without makin' a monkey of myself, I'm blest if I don't believe I'd turn honest. Hey! Here's a couple of folks, though, that's gettin' more fun out of the ball than ever I had at a dog fight!"

As he spoke Perry Wainwright piloted Cynthia in from the conservatory at top speed, his jolly young face alight with a joy that reflected itself in Miss Garrison's own very flushed countenance.

"Alwyn," shouted young Wainwright, not seeing Phelan in his excitement, "guess what's happened! I'll give you three guesses and—"

"And I can't possibly guess if you gave me a thousand," retorted Bennett, with vast gravity, "so I won't try. I'll just congratulate you with all my heart, old chap, and wish Miss Garrison every happiness that—"

"Gee! How'd you know? We haven't told a soul. It only happened about four minutes ago. I was telling Cyn-

tha what a daisy little girl she was, and she said she thought I was pretty nice, too, and so I got brave and said, 'Then why don't you'—"

"Perry!" reproved Cynthia sternly, jerking his arm to show that Phelan as well as Alwyn was recipient of the highly intimate tidings.

"Oh, don't mind me, children!" put in Phelan. "I'm used to it. I was young myself once, so I've been told, though I don't clearly remember it myself. Can I butt in with a line of congratulations?"

He extended his big hand with an honest cordiality that quite won Cynthia.

"Thanks, alderman," grinned Perry effusively. "Now, Alwyn, we've got to go and break it to your mother if we can find her. Come along and back us up."

Drugging Bennett between them, the two youngsters started off on their quest. Phelan was about to return to his beloved bar when he was checked by seeing in the opposite doorway a man who stood as though petrified watching Cynthia Garrison's departing form. The intruder was about to withdraw when Phelan hailed him.

"Good evening," called the alderman. "Good evening, str," said the newcomer respectfully, pausing on the point of leaving the foyer.

"I've met you before, I think," went on Phelan.

"Some days ago in the mayor's office," asserted the other. "I am Thompson, Mr. Wainwright's private secretary."

"I'm Alderman Phelan of the Eighth, and I've seen you before we met at his honor's."

"So you said then, sir. But you were mistaken. Good evening."

He turned again toward the door, but Phelan resumed, without seeking to stop him:

"A mistake, was it? I'm not a man who makes many mistakes, Mr. Garrison."

(To be Continued.)

Whooping Cough.

"In February our daughter had the whooping cough. Mr. Lane of Hartland recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and said it gave his customers the best of satisfaction. We found, it as he said, and can recommend it to anyone having children troubled with whooping cough," says Mrs. A. Goss, of Durand, Mich. For sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists.

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Judge Newman.

business is in a bad way and that a friend of mine has bought up your notes at the Sturtevant Trust company and means to send them to you tomorrow. But that has nothing to do with the case. So I just—"

"I'm honest, Mr. Horrigan," faltered Roberts. "I—"

"Sure you're honest! That's why you'll have the courage to vote for the bill when you see it's been amended so as to be a good thing for the city. That's being honest, isn't it?"

"I—I suppose so. And the notes—the—"

"They'll be sent you by registered mail tomorrow if you want them. Do you?"

"Yes. That is, I—"

"That's settled, then. You've got a level head. Good night."

The boss strode out, a grim smile of victory on his big face, leaving Roberts standing confused, doubtful, his brain awl. How long the tempted alderman stood thus—oblivious to the music, his surroundings and all else—he could never remember, but a voice at his elbow brought him to his senses with a start that was followed by a thrill of fear as he wheeled and recognized the speaker.

CHAPTER X.

ROBERTS' eyes rested on the grinning, complacent features of Alderman Phelan. At the latter's side was Bennett.

"I was saying," remarked Phelan blandly, "that it's a fine haul, isn't it now, Roberts?"

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