

# THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR, HORN BLOW.

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## CHAPTER VI.

A MONTH had passed since the memorable meeting of the directors of the Southern and Transcontinental railroad in New York, and during that time neither John Burkett Ryder nor Judge Rossmore had been idle. The former had immediately set in motion the machinery he controlled in the legislature at Washington, while the judge neglected no step to vindicate himself before the public.

Ryder for reasons of his own—probably because he wished to make the blow the more crushing when it did fall—had insisted on the proceedings at the board meeting being kept a profound secret, and some time elapsed before the newspapers got wind of the coming congressional inquiry. No one had believed the stories about Judge Rossmore, but now that a quasi official seal had been set on the current gossip there was a howl of virtuous indignation from the journalistic muck rakers. What was the country coming to? they cried in double landed type. After the embellishing by life insurance officers, the rascality of the railroads, the looting of city treasuries, the greed of the trusts, the grafting of the legislators, had arisen a new and more serious scandal, the corruption of the judiciary. The last bulwark of the nation had fallen. The country lay helpless at the mercy of legalized sandbaggers. Even the judges were no longer to be trusted. The most respected one among them all had been unable to resist the tempter. The supreme court, the living voice of the constitution, was honeycombed with graft. Public life was rotten to the core!

Neither the newspapers nor the public stopped to ascertain the truth or the falsity of the charges against Judge Rossmore. It was sufficient that the bribery story furnished the daily sensation which newspaper editors and newspaper readers must have. The world is ever more prompt to believe ill rather than good of a man, and no one, except in Rossmore's immediate circle of friends, entertained the slightest doubt of his guilt. It was common knowledge that the "big interests" were behind the proceedings, and that Judge Rossmore was a scapegoat, sacrificed by the system because he had been blocking their game. If Rossmore had really accepted the bribe, and few now believed him spotless, he deserved all that was coming to him. Senator Roberts was very active in Washington preparing the case against Judge Rossmore. The latter being of the party which was in the minority, and "the interests" controlling a majority in the house, it was a foregone conclusion that the inquiry would be against him, and that a demand would at once be made upon the senate for his impeachment.

Almost prostrated by the misfortune which had so suddenly and unexpectedly come upon him, Judge Rossmore was like a man demented. His reason seemed to be tottering, he spoke and acted like a man in a dream. Naturally he was entirely incapacitated for work, and he had applied to Washington to be temporarily relieved from his judicial duties. He was instantly granted a leave of absence and went at once to his home in Madison avenue, where he shut himself up in his library, sitting for hours at his desk wrestling with documents and legal tomes in a pathetic endeavor to find some way out, trying to elude this net in which unseen hands had entangled him.

What an end to his career! To have struggled and achieved for half a century, to have built up a reputation year by year, as a man builds a house brick by brick, only to see the whole crumble to his feet like dust! To have gained the respect of the country, to have made a name as the most incorruptible of public servants, and now to be branded as a common bribe taker! Could he be dreaming? It was too incredible! What would his daughter say—his Shirley? Ah, the thought of the expression of incredulity and wonder on her face when she heard the news cut him to the heart like a knife thrust. Yet, he mused, her very unwillingness to believe it should really be his consolation. Ah, his wife and his child—they knew he had been in blame. He ought to have seen the trap so carefully prepared and into which he had walked as if blindfolded. That extra \$50,000 worth of stock, on which he had never received a cent interest, had been the decoy in a carefully thought out plot. They, the plotters, well knew how ignorant he was of financial matters, and he had been his story that the stock had been sent to him with a plausibly worded letter to the effect that it represented a bonus on his own investment? Now he came to think of it, calmly and reasonably, he would not believe it himself.

It was his conviction of his own good faith that made his present dilemma all the more cruel. Had he really been a grafter, had he really taken the stock as a bribe, he would not care so

much, for then he would have foreseen and discounted the chances of exposure. Yes, there was no doubt possible. He was the victim of a conspiracy; there was an organized plot to ruin him, to get him out of the way. The "interests" feared him, resented his judicial decisions, and they had halted at nothing to accomplish their purpose. How could he fight them back, what could he do to protect himself? He had no proofs of a conspiracy; his enemies worked in the dark; there was no way in which he could reach them or know who they were.

He thought of John Burkett Ryder. Ah, he remembered now! Ryder was the man who had recommended the investment in Alaskan stock. Of course. Why did he not think of it before? He recollected that at the time he had been puzzled at receiving so much stock, and he had mentioned it to Ryder, adding that the secretary had told him it was customary. Oh, why had he not kept the secretary's letter? But Ryder would certainly remember it. He probably still had his two letters in which he spoke of making the investment. If those letters could be produced at the congressional inquiry they would clear him at once, so, losing no time and filled with renewed hope, he wrote to the Colossus a strong, manly letter, which would have melted an iceberg, urging Mr. Ryder to come forward now at this critical time and clear him of this abominable charge, or in any case to kindly return the two letters he must have in his possession, as they would go far to help him at the trial. Three days passed and no reply from Ryder. On the fourth came a polite but frigid note from Mr. Ryder's private secretary. Mr. Ryder had received Judge Rossmore's letter and in reply begged to state that he had a vague recollection of some conversation with the judge in regard to investments, but he did not think he had advised the purchase of any particular stock, as that was something he never did on principle, even with his most intimate friends. He had no wish to be held accountable in case of loss, etc. As to the letter which Judge Rossmore mentioned as having written to Mr. Ryder in regard to having received more stock than he had bought, of that Mr. Ryder had no recollection whatever. Judge Rossmore was probably mistaken as to the identity of his correspondent. He regretted he could not be of more service to Judge Rossmore and remained his very obedient servant.

It was very evident that no help was to be looked for in that quarter. There was even decided hostility in Ryder's reply. Could it be true that the financier was really behind these attacks upon his character? Was it possible that one man, merely to make more money, would deliberately ruin his fellow man whose hand he had grasped in friendship? He had been unwilling to believe it when his friend ex-Judge Stott had pointed to Ryder as the author of all his misfortunes, and what an pathetic letter, with its falsehoods, its lies, plainly written all over its face, was proof enough. Yes, there was now no doubt possible. John Burkett Ryder was his enemy, and what an enemy! Many a man had committed suicide when he had incurred the enmity of the Colossus. Judge Rossmore, completely discouraged, bowed his head to the inevitable, but he sent for his old friend ex-Judge Stott.

They were lifelong friends, having become acquainted nearly thirty years ago at the law school, at the time when both were young men about to enter on a public career. Stott, who was Rossmore's junior, had begun as a lawyer in New York and soon acquired a reputation in criminal practice. He afterward became assistant district attorney and later, when a vacancy occurred in the city magistrature, he was successful in securing the appointment. On the bench he again met his old friend Rossmore, and the two men once more became closely intimate. The regular court hours, however, soon palled on a man of Judge Stott's nervous temperament, and it was not long before he retired to take up once more his criminal practice. He was still a young man, not yet fifty, and full of vigor and fight. He had a blunt manner, but his heart was in the right place, and he had a record as clean as his close shaven face. He was a hard worker, a brilliant speaker and one of the cleverest cross examiners at the bar. This was the man to whom Judge Rossmore naturally turned for legal assistance.

Stott was out west when he first heard of the proceedings against his old friend, and this indignity put upon the only really honest man in public life whom he knew, so incensed him that he was already hurrying back to his aid when the summons reached him.

Meantime a fresh and more serious calamity had overwhelmed Judge Rossmore. Everything seemed to combine to break the spirit of this man who had dared defy the power of organized capital. Hardly had the news of the congressional inquiry been made public, than the financial

was startled by an extraordinary slump in Wall street. There was nothing in the news of the day to justify a decline, but prices fell and fell. The bears had it all their own way, the big interests hammered stocks all along the line, "coppers" especially being the object of attack. The market closed feverishly, and the next day the same tactics were pursued. From the opening on, selling orders coming from no one knew where, prices fell to nothing, a stampede followed, and before long it became a panic.

Pandemonium reigned on the floor of the Stock Exchange. White faced disheveled brokers shouted and struggled like men possessed to execute the orders of their clients. Big financial houses which stood to lose millions on a falling market rallied and by rush orders to buy attempted to stem the tide, but all to no purpose. One firm after another went by the board, unable to weather the tempest, until just before closing time the stock ticker announced the failure of the Great Northwestern Mining company. The drive in the market had been principally directed against its securities, and after vainly endeavoring to check the bear raid it had been compelled to declare itself bankrupt. It was heavily involved, assets nil, stock almost worthless. It was probable that the creditors would not see 10 cents on the dollar. Thousands were ruined, and Judge Rossmore among them. All the savings of a lifetime—nearly \$55,000—were gone. He was practically penniless at a time when he needed money most. He still owned his house in Madison avenue, but that would have to go to settle with his creditors. By the time everything was paid there would only remain enough for a modest competence. As to his salary, of course he could not touch that so long as this accusation was hanging over his head, and if he were impeached it would stop altogether. The salary, therefore, was not to be counted on. They must manage as best they could and live more cheaply, taking a small house somewhere in the outskirts of the city, where he could prepare his case quietly without attracting attention.

Stott thought this was the best thing they could do, and he volunteered to relieve his friend by taking on his own hands all the arrangements of the sale of the house and furniture, which offer the judge accepted only too gladly. Meantime Mrs. Rossmore went to Long Island to see what could be had, and she found at the little village of Massapequa just what they were looking for—a commodious, neatly furnished two story cottage at a modest rental. Of course it was nothing like what they had been accustomed to, but it was clean and comfortable, and

as Mrs. Rossmore said, rather tactically, beggars cannot be choosers. Perhaps it would not be for long. Instant possession was to be had, so a deposit was paid on the spot, and a few days later the Rossmores left their mansion on Madison avenue and took up their residence in Massapequa, where their advent created quite a flutter in local social circles.

Stott was given a room in the cottage so that he might be near at hand to work with the judge in the preparation of the defense, and he came out from the city every evening. It was now June. The senate would not take action until it convened in December, but there was a lot of work to be done and no time to be lost.

The evening following the day of their arrival they were sitting on the porch enjoying the cool evening air after dinner. The judge was smoking. He was not a slave to the weed, but he enjoyed a quiet pipe after meals, claiming that it quieted his nerves and enabled him to think more clearly. Besides, it was necessary to keep at bay the ubiquitous Long Island mosquito. Mrs. Rossmore had remained for a moment in the dining room to admonish Eudoxia, their new and only maid of all work, not to wreck too much of the crockery when she removed the dinner dishes. Suddenly Stott, who was perusing an evening paper, asked:

"By the way, where's your daughter? Does she know of this radical change in your affairs?"

Judge Rossmore started. By what mysterious agency had this man penetrated his own most intimate thoughts? He was himself thinking of Shirley that very moment, and by some inexplicable means—telepathy modern psychologists called it—the thought current had crossed to Stott, whose mind, being in full sympathy, was exactly attuned to receive it. Removing the pipe from his mouth, the judge replied:

"Shirley's in Paris. Poor girl, I hadn't the heart to tell her. She has no idea of what's happened. I didn't want to spoil her holiday."

He was silent for a moment; then after a few more puffs he added confidentially in a low tone, as if he did not care for his wife to hear:

"The truth is, Stott, I couldn't bear to have her return now. I couldn't look my own daughter in the face."

A sound as of a great sob which he had been unable to control cut short his speech. His eyes filled with tears, and he began to smoke furiously, as if ashamed of this display of emotion. Stott, blowing his nose with suspicious vigor, replied soothingly:

"You mustn't talk like that. Everything will come out all right, of course. But I think you are wrong not to have told your daughter. Her place is here at your side. She ought to be told even if only in justice to her. If you don't tell her, some one else will or, what's worse, she'll hear of it through the newspapers."

"Ah, I never thought of that!" exclaimed the judge, visibly perturbed at the suggestion about the newspapers. "Don't you agree with me?" demanded Stott, appealing to Mrs. Rossmore, who emerged from the house at that instant. "Don't you think your daughter

should be informed of what has happened?"

"Most assuredly I do," answered Mrs. Rossmore determinedly. "The judge wouldn't hear of it, but I took the law into my own hands. I've cabled for her."

"You cabled for Shirley?" cried the judge incredulously. He was so unaccustomed to seeing his ailing, vacillating wife do anything on her own initiative and responsibility that it seemed impossible. "You cabled for Shirley?" he repeated.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Rossmore triumphantly and secretly pleased that for once in her life she had asserted herself. "I cabled yesterday. I simply couldn't bear it alone any longer."

"What did you say?" inquired the judge apprehensively.

"I just told her to come home at once. Tomorrow we ought to get an answer."

[Continued next week.]

Patience—Do you know Jules, the artist?

Patrice—Yes, but I don't like him.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I like a man who can look you in the eye."

"Can't he?"

"Why, he can't even paint a picture of a person who can look you in the eye!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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Located in EL DORADO BUILDING, First Street, Bandon, Oregon.

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Bathroom newly fitted up with Foreclain Tub, Hot or Cold Baths 25 cent

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## THE MERCY HOSPITAL

At North Bend

Is now open for the reception of patients. The terms are \$10 per week and upwards. For particulars apply to:

## Sisters of Mercy

North Bend, Or.

### Notice of Tax Liens.

Notice is hereby given by authority of the Board of Taxes of the Town of Bandon, Coos County, State of Oregon, made upon the 16th day of July, 1907, and duly entered in the Journal of Proceedings for that day, that an assessment has been levied against the following described property, and the same has been entered in the docket of Town taxes, said entry being made pursuant to Ordinance No. 85, which provides for the improvement of Atwater Street and the Extension of First Street. This notice will be published for the last time upon the first day of August, 1907, and within five days thereafter, namely upon the 6th day of said month, the assessments so levied on the following described property must be paid to C. Y. Lowe, Treasurer of the Town of Bandon, and a duplicate receipt therefor filed with the Recorder, or Execution will be issued thereon according to law.

### In Commercial Addition to Bandon.

Assessed to: Sam Assessed  
Lot 1 Block 2 Mary E. Ledgerwood, 66.5 ft., \$128.50  
Lot 2 Block 2, Thomas Devereux, 50 ft., \$96.50  
Lot 3 Block 2, Peter Nelson Estate, 50 ft., \$96.50  
Lot 4 Block 2, William Gallier, 50 ft., \$96.50  
Lot 5 Block 2, Robert Fredericks, A. C. Bailey, et al., 50 ft., \$96.50  
Lot 6 Block 2, Sarah Costello, 23.8 ft., \$45.90  
Lot 7 Block 2, H. D. Gherken, 45.3 ft., \$87.40  
Lot 8 Block 2, C. J. Daily, 128 ft., \$247.00  
Lot 9 Block 3, R. H. Rosa, 130.5 ft., \$251.85

### Woodland Addition to Bandon.

Lot 10 Block 3, J. H. Vaeger Estate, 130.5 ft., \$180.10  
Lot 11 Block 3, J. H. Kime estate, 137.5 ft., \$189.75  
Lot 8 Block 4, J. H. Kime Estate, 130.5 ft., \$180.10  
Lot 9 Block 5, R. H. Rosa, 127.5 ft., \$189.75  
Lot 10 Block 5, R. H. Rosa, 59.25 ft., \$92.35  
Lot 11 Block 5, R. H. Rosa, 50.25 ft., \$69.35  
Lot 12 Block 5, R. H. Rosa, 50.25 ft., \$69.35  
Lot 13 Block 5, R. H. Rosa, 50.25 ft., \$69.35  
Lot 14 Block 5, R. H. Rosa, 80.25 ft., \$110.75  
Lot 5 Block 6, J. H. Vaeger Estate, 83.55 ft., \$115.30  
Lot 6 Block 6, J. H. Vaeger Estate, 53.55 ft., \$73.90  
Lot 7 Block 6, Bandon Mfg. Co., 53.55 ft., \$73.90  
Lot 8 Block 6, Bandon Mfg. Co., 83.55 ft., \$115.30  
Lot 1 Block 7, B. Winston Morris and J. C. Shields, 83.55 ft., \$115.30  
Lot 2 Block 7, W. C. Wrenshall, 53.55 ft., \$73.90  
Lot 3 Block 7, W. C. Wrenshall, 53.55 ft., \$73.90  
Lot 4 Block 7, W. C. Wrenshall, 83.55 ft., \$115.30  
Lot 1 Block 8, William Gallier, 80.25 ft., \$110.75  
Lot 2 Block 8, E. M. Gallier, 50.25 ft., \$69.35

Lot 3 Block 8, M. F. Shoemaker and M. A. Shoemaker, 50.25 ft., \$69.35  
Lot 4 Block 8, Mary A. Lowe, 50.25 ft., \$69.35  
Lot 5 Block 8, Mae L. Walker, 50.25 ft., \$69.35  
Lot 6 Block 8, R. E. L. Bedillion, 50.25 ft., \$69.35  
Lot 7 Block 8, Ella J. Nelson, 50.25 ft., \$69.35  
Lot 1 Block 9, Mary E. Walker, 87.75 ft., \$121.10  
Lot 2 Block 9, Mary E. Walker, 84.4 ft., \$116.90  
Lot 3 Block 9, Mary E. Walker, 47.2 ft., \$64.15  
Lot 4 Block 9, Mary E. Walker, 47.2 ft., \$64.15  
Lot 5 Block 9, Frank L. Lowe, 47.2 ft., \$64.15  
Lot 6 Block 9, Frank L. Lowe, 47.2 ft., \$64.15  
Lot 7 Block 9, R. H. Rosa, 48.2 ft., \$64.15  
Cor. of last above described parcel and extending NW along Atwater St. of Cor. of Church St. and extending NW along Atwater St. 175.2 ft. Alex. Kennedy and J. H. Shields, and J. C. Shields, 130.4 ft., \$243.90  
48.8 ft., \$94.15

A parcel of land beginning at the NW Cor. of last above described parcel and extending NW along Atwater St. 57 ft. V. M. Lowe, 570 ft., \$110.05

A parcel of land beginning at the NW Cor. of last above described parcel and extending NW along Atwater St. or the extension to First Street, 61 2 3 feet Fred Von Pagert, 61 2 3 ft., \$119.00

A parcel of land beginning at the NW Cor. of last above described parcel and extending NW along Atwater St. or the extension to First Street, 82 2 3 feet F. L. Lowe, 82 2 3 ft., \$158.90

A parcel of land beginning at the NW Cor. of last above described parcel and extending NW along Atwater St. or the extension to First Street, 157 feet W. R. Panter, 157 ft., \$256.70

A parcel of land beginning at the NW Cor. of last above described parcel and extending NW along Atwater St. or the extension to First Street, 157 feet Geo. P. Laird, 157 ft., \$303.00

C. R. WADE, Recorder of the Town of Bandon.

### Administratrix and Guardian Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Coos County, as Administratrix for the estate of Niels A. Pederson, and Guardian of minor children.

Therefore, all persons having claims against the said estate are notified to present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned at the office of C. T. Blumenrother, in the Town of Bandon, in said County and State, within six months from the 18th day of July, 1907, the same being the date of the first publication of this notice.

Dated this 18th day of July, 1907.  
MRS. GERDA PEDERSON,  
Administratrix of the Estate of Niels A. Pederson, and Guardian of Minor Children.

### CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior,  
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg Or.,  
June 12, 1907.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Edwin E. Stillwell, contestant, against homestead entry No. 1335, made October 6, 1903, for the NW 1/4 of Section 25, Township 29, S. Range 15 W., by Robert A. Doak, contestee, in which it is alleged that said Robert A. Doak has wholly abandoned said tract and changed his residence therefrom for more than two years since making said entry and next prior to the date herein; that said tract is not settled upon and cultivated by said party as required by law; that said absence was not due to employment in the military or naval service of the United States in time of war, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on July 30, 1907, before C. T. Blumenrother Notary Public, at his office at Bandon, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on August 13, 1907, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon.

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BANDON, OREGON

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