

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLow.

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"What's that about mother dancing?" demanded Mrs. Rossmore, who at that instant entered the room. Shirley arose and appealed to her.

"Isn't it absurd, mother, when you come to think of it, that anybody should accuse father of being corrupt and of having forfeited the right to be judge? Isn't it still more absurd that we should be helpless and dejected and unhappy because we are on Long Island instead of Madison avenue? Why should Manhattan Island be a happier spot than Long Island? Why shouldn't we be happy anywhere? We have each other, and we do need each other. We never knew how much till today, did we? We must stand by each other now. Father is going to clear his name of this preposterous charge, and we're going to help him, aren't we, mother? We're not helpless just because we are women. We're going to work, mother and I."

"Work?" echoed Mrs. Rossmore, somewhat scandalized.

"Work," repeated Shirley very decisively.

The judge interfered. He would not hear of it.

"You work, Shirley? Impossible!"

"Why not? My book has been selling well while I was abroad. I shall probably write others. Then I shall write, too, for the newspapers and magazines. It will add to our income."

"Your book, 'The American Octopus,' is selling well?" inquired the judge, interested.

"So well," replied Shirley, "that the publishers wrote me in Paris that the fourth edition was now on the press. That means good royalties. I shall soon be a fashionable author. The publishers will be after me for more books, and we'll have all the money we want. Oh, it is so delightful, this novel sensation of a literary success!" she exclaimed with glee. "Aren't you proud of me, dad?"

The judge smiled indulgently. Of course he was glad and proud. He always knew his Shirley was a clever girl. But by what strange fatality, he thought to himself, had his daughter in this book of hers assailed the very man who had encompassed his own ruin? It seemed like the retribution of heaven. Neither his daughter nor the financier was conscious of the fact that each was indirectly connected with the impeachment proceedings. Ryder could not dream that "Shirley Green," the author of the book which flayed him so mercilessly, was the daughter of the man he was trying to crush. Shirley, on the other hand, was still unaware of the fact that it was Ryder who had lured her father to his ruin.

When at last she could lock herself in her room where no eye could see her, Shirley threw herself down on the bed and burst into a torrent of tears. She had kept up appearances as long as it was possible, but now the reaction had set in. She gave way freely to her pent up feelings; she felt that unless she could relieve herself in this way her heart would break. She had been brave until now, she had been strong to bear everything and see everything, but she could not keep it up forever. Stott's words to her on the dock had in part prepared her for the worst; he had told her what to expect at home, but the realization was so much more vivid. Then to have come to this all in the brief space of a few months! It was incredible, terrible, heart rending! And what of the future? What was to be done to save her father from this impeachment which she knew well would hurry him to his grave? He could not survive that humiliation, that degradation. He must be saved in the senate, but how—how?

She dried her eyes and began to think. Surely her woman's wit would find some way. She thought of Jefferson. Would he come to Massapequa? It was hardly probable. He would certainly learn of the change in their circumstances, and his sense of delicacy would naturally keep him away for some time even if other considerations less unselfish did not. Perhaps he would be attracted to some other girl he would like as well and who was not burdened with a tragedy in her family. Her tears began to flow afresh until she hated herself for being so weak while there was work to be done to save her father. She loved Jefferson. Yes, she had never felt so sure of it as now. She felt that if she had him there at that moment she would throw herself in his arms, crying: "Take me, Jefferson—take me away—where you will—for I love you! I love you!" But Jefferson was not there, and the rickety chairs in the tiny bedroom and the cheap prints on the walls seemed to gibe at her in her misery.

Suddenly she thought of Jefferson's promise to interest his father in their case, and she clutched at the hope this promise held out as a drowning man clutches at a drifting straw. Jefferson would not forget his promise, and he would come to Massapequa to tell her of what he had done. She was sure of that. Perhaps, after all, there was where their hope lay. Why had she not told her father at once? It might have relieved his mind. John

Burkett Ryder, the Colossus, the man of unlimited power! He could save her father, and he would. And the more she thought about it the more cheerful and more hopeful she became, and she started to dress quickly, so that she might hurry down to tell her father the good news. She was actually sorry now that she had said so many hard things of Mr. Ryder in her book, and she was worrying over the thought that her father's case might be seriously prejudiced if the identity of the author were ever revealed, when there came a knock at her door. It was Endoxia.

"Please, miss, will you come down to lunch?"

CHAPTER VIII.

A WHIRLING maelstrom of human activity and dynamic energy—the city which above all others is characteristic of the genius and virility of the American people—New York, with its congested polyglot population and teeming millions, is assuredly one of the busiest, as it is one of the most strenuous and most noisy places on earth. Yet, despite its swarming streets and crowded shops, ceaselessly thronged with men and women eagerly hurrying here and there in the pursuit of business or elusive pleasure, all chattering, laughing, shouting amid the deafening, tumultuous roar of traffic incidental to Gotham's daily life, there is one part of the great metropolis where there is no bustle, no noise, no crowd, where the streets are empty even in daytime, where a passerby is a curiosity and a child a phenomenon. This deserted village in the very heart of the big town is the millionaires' district, the boundaries of which are marked by Carnegie hill on the north, Fifth street on the south, and by Fifth and Madison avenues respectively on the west and east. There is nothing more mournful than the outward aspect of these princely residences which, abandoned and empty for three-quarters of the year, stand in stately loneliness, as if ashamed of their isolation and utter uselessness. Their blinds drawn, enveloping no hint of life within, afforded the greater part of the time in the stillness and silence of the tomb, they appear to be under the spell of some baneful curse. No merry voiced children romp in their carefully railed off gardens, no sounds of conversation or laughter come from their hermetically closed windows, not a soul goes in or out; at most, at rare intervals, does one catch a glimpse of a gorgeously arrayed servant gliding about in ghostly fashion, supercilious and suspicious and addressing the chance visitor in awed whispers as though he were the guardian of a house of affliction. It is, indeed, like a city of the dead.

So it appeared to Jefferson as he walked up Fifth avenue, bound for the Ryder residence, the day following his arrival from Europe. Although he still lived at his father's house, for at no time had there been an open rupture, he often slept in his studio, finding it more convenient for his work, and there he had come straight from the ship. He felt, however, that it was his duty to see his mother as soon as possible; besides he was anxious to fulfill his promise to Shirley and find what his father could do to help Judge Rossmore. He had talked about the case with several men the previous evening at the club, and the general impression seemed to be that, guilty or innocent, the judge would be driven off the bench.

Europe, thought Jefferson as he strode quickly along, pointed with envy to America's unparalleled prosperity, spoke with bated breath of her great fortunes. Rather should they say her gigantic robberies, her colossal frauds! As a nation we were not proud of our multimillionaires. How many of them would bear the searchlight of investigation? Would his own father? How many millions could one man make by honest methods? America was enjoying unprecedented prosperity not because of her millionaires, but in spite of them. The United States owed its high rank in the family of nations to the country's vast natural resources, its inexhaustible vitality, its great wheatfields, the industrial and mechanical genius of its people. It was the plain American citizen who had made the greatness of America; not the millionaires who, forming a class by themselves of unscrupulous capitalists, had created an arrogant oligarchy which sought to rule the country by corrupting the legislature and the judiciary. The plutocrats—these were the leeches, the sores in the body politic. An organized band of robbers, they had succeeded in dominating legislation and in securing control of every branch of the nation's industry, crushing mercilessly and illegally all competition.

Jefferson turned abruptly and went up the wide steps of an imposing white marble edifice which took up the space of half a city block. A fine example of French renaissance architecture, with spire roofs, round turrets and mullioned windows dominating the neighboring houses, this magnificent home of the plutocrat, with its furnishings and art treasures, had cost

John Burkett Ryder nearly \$10,000,000. It was one of the show places of the town, and when the "rubberneck" wagons approached the Ryder mansion and the guides through their megaphones expatiated in awestricken tones on its external and hidden beauties, there was a general craning of vertebrae among the "seeing New Yorkers" to catch a glimpse of the abode of the richest man in the world.

Only a few privileged ones were ever permitted to penetrate to the interior of this \$10,000,000 home. Ryder was not fond of company; he avoided strangers and lived in continual apprehension of the subpoena server. Not that he feared the law, only he usually found it inconvenient to answer questions in court under oath. The explicit instructions to the servants, therefore, were to admit no one under any pretext whatever unless the visitor had been approved by the Hon. Fitzroy Bagley, Mr. Ryder's aristocratic private secretary, and to facilitate this preliminary inspection there had been installed between the library upstairs and the front door one of those ingenious electric writing devices, such as are used in banks, on which a name is hastily scribbled, instantly transmitted elsewhere, immediately answered and the visitor promptly admitted or as quickly shown the door.

Jefferson did not have to ring at the paternal portal. The sentinel within was at his post. No one could approach that door without being seen and his arrival and appearance being signaled upstairs. But the great man's son headed the list of the privileged ones, so without ado the smartly dressed flunkey opened wide the doors, and Jefferson was under his father's roof.

"Is my father in?" he demanded of the man.

"No, sir," was the respectful answer. "Mr. Ryder has gone out driving, but Mr. Bagley is upstairs." Then after a brief pause he added, "Mrs. Ryder is in, too."

Jefferson went up the grand staircase hung on either side with fine oil portraits and rare tapestries, his feet sinking deep in the rich velvet carpet. On the first landing was a piece of sculptured marble of inestimable worth, seen in the soft warm light that sifted through a great pictorial stained glass window overhead, the subject representing Ajax and Ulysses contending for the armor of Achilles. To the left of this, at the top of another flight leading to the library, was hung a fine full length portrait of John Burkett Ryder. The ceilings here as in the lower hall were richly gilt and adorned with paintings by famous modern artists. When he reached this floor Jefferson was about to turn to the right and proceed direct to his mother's suit when he heard a voice near the library door. It was Mr. Bagley giving instructions to the butler.

The Hon. Fitzroy Bagley, a younger son of a British peer, had left his country for his country's good, and in order to turn an honest penny, which he had never succeeded in doing at home, he had entered the service of America's foremost financier, hoping to gather a few of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table and disguising the menial nature of his position under the high sounding title of private secretary. His job called for a spy and a toady, and he filled these requirements admirably. Excepting with his employer, of whom he stood in craven fear, his manner was condescendingly patronizing to all with whom he came in contact, as if he were anxious to impress on those American plebeians the signal honor which a Fitzroy, son of a British peer, did them in deigning to remain in their "blasted" country. In Mr. Ryder's absence, therefore, he ran the house to suit himself, bullying the servants and not infrequently issuing orders that were contradictory to those already given by Mrs. Ryder.

Jefferson could not bear the sight of him. In fact, it was this man's continual presence in the house that had driven him to seek refuge elsewhere. He believed him to be a scoundrel as he certainly was a cad. Nor was his estimate of the English secretary far wrong. The man, like his master, was a grafter, and the particular graft he was after now was either to make a marriage with a rich American girl or to so compromise her that the same end would be attained. He was shrewd enough to realize that he had little chance to get what he wanted in the open matrimonial market, so he determined to attempt a raid and carry off an heiress under her father's nose, and the particular proboscis he had selected was that of his employer's friend, Senator Roberts. The senator and Miss Roberts were frequently at the Ryder house, and in course of time the aristocratic secretary and the daughter had become quite intimate. A dainty girl, with no other purpose in life beyond dress and amusement and having what she termed "a good time," Kate thought it excellent pastime to flirt with Mr. Bagley, and when she discovered that he was serious in his attentions she felt flattered rather than indignant. After all, she argued, he was of noble birth. If his two brothers died, he would be peer of England, and she had enough money for both. He might not make a bad husband. But she was careful to keep her own counsel and not let her father have any suspicion of what was going on. She knew that his heart was set on her marrying Jefferson Ryder, and she knew better than any one how impossible that dream was. She herself liked Jefferson quite enough to marry him, but if his eyes were turned in another direction—and she knew all about his attentions to Miss Rossmore—she was not going to break her heart about it. So she continued to flirt secretly with the Hon. Fitzroy while she still led the Ryders and her own father to think that she was interested in Jefferson.

"Joking," Mr. Bagley was say-

ing the butler, "Mr. Ryder will occupy the library on his return. See that he is not disturbed."

"Very good, sir." The butler bowed and went downstairs. The secretary looked up and saw Jefferson. His face reddened, and his manner grew nervous.

"Hello! Back from Europe, Jefferson? How jolly! Your mother will be delighted. She's in her room upstairs." Declining to take the hint and gathering from Bagley's embarrassed manner that he wanted to get rid of him Jefferson lingered purposely. When the butler had disappeared, he said:

"This house is getting more and more like a barracks every day. You've got men all over the place. One can't move a step without falling over one."

Mr. Bagley drew himself up stiffly, as he always did when assuming an air of authority.

"Your father's personality demands the utmost precaution," he replied.

"We cannot leave the life of the richest and most powerful financier in the world at the mercy of the rabble."

"What rabble?" inquired Jefferson, amused.

"The common rabble, the lower class, the riff raff," explained Mr. Bagley.

"Fshaw!" laughed Jefferson. "If our financiers were only half as respectable as the common rabble, as you call them, they would need no bars to their houses."

Mr. Bagley sneered and shrugged his shoulders.

"Your father has warned me against your socialistic views." Then, with a lofty air, he added: "For four years I was third groom of the bedchamber to the second son of England's queen. I know my responsibilities."

"But you are not groom of the bedchamber here," retorted Jefferson.

"Whatever I am," said Mr. Bagley laughingly, "I am answerable to your father alone."

"By the way, Bagley," asked Jefferson, "when do you expect father to return? I want to see him."

"I'm afraid it's quite impossible," answered the secretary with studied insolence. "He has three important people to see before dinner. There's the national republican committee and Sergeant Ellison of the secret service from Washington, all here by appointment. It's quite impossible."

"I didn't ask you if it were possible. I said I wanted to see him, and I will see him," answered Jefferson quietly but firmly and in a tone and manner which did not admit of further opposition. "I'll go and leave word for him on his desk," he added.

He started to enter the library when the secretary, who was visibly perturbed, attempted to bar his way.

[Continued next week.]

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Administrator's Notice To Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Coos County, as Administrator for the estate of W. S. Pierce, deceased.

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. R. Wade, in the Town of Bandon, in said County and State, within six months from the 14th day of July, 1907, the same being the date of the first publication of this notice.

Dated this 14th day of July, 1907.

A. M. HITCHCOCK, Administrator of the Estate of W. S. Pierce, deceased.

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. Blumenthal, 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. 13135, made October 6, 1903, for the NW 1/4 of Sect 10, Township 29, S. Range 15 W., by Robert A. Donk, contestee, in which it is alleged that said Robert A. Donk 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 29, 1907, before C. T. Blumenthal, Notary Public, at his office at Bandon, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock, a. m., on August 17, 1907, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed June 19, 1907, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

EDWARD L. EDDY, Register.

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