

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

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

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"There's some one in there," he said in an undertone. "Someone waiting for your father."

"Is there?" replied Jefferson coolly. "I'll see who it is," with which he brushed past Mr. Bagley and entered the library.

He had guessed aright. A woman was there. It was Kate Roberts.

"Hello, Kate! How are you?" Jefferson decided to say nothing of the interrupted tete-a-tete, but mentally he resolved to spoil Mr. Bagley's game and save Kate from her own folly. On hearing his voice Kate turned and gave a little cry of genuine surprise.

"Why, is it you, Jeff? I thought you were in Europe."

"I returned yesterday," he replied somewhat curtly. He crossed over to his father's desk, where he sat down to scribble a few words, while Mr. Bagley, who had followed him in, scowling, was making frantic dumb signs to Kate.

"I fear I intrude here," said Jefferson pointedly.

"Oh, dear no, not at all," replied Kate in some confusion. "I was waiting for my father. How is Paris?" she asked.

"Lovely as ever," he answered. "Did you have a good time?" she inquired.

"I enjoyed it immensely. I never had a better one."

"You probably were in good company," she said significantly. Then she added: "I believe Miss Rossmore was in Paris."

"Yes, I think she was there," was his noncommittal answer.

To change the conversation, which was becoming decidedly personal, he picked up a book that was lying on his father's desk and glanced at the title. It was "The American Octopus."

"If you'll excuse me, I'll go and pay my filial respects upstairs," said Jefferson. "I'll see you again." He gave Kate a friendly nod, and without even glancing at Mr. Bagley left the room.

The couple stood in silence for a few moments after he disappeared. Then Kate went to the door and listened to



"I fear I intrude here."

his retreating footsteps. When she was sure that he was out of earshot she turned on Mr. Bagley indignantly.

"You see what you expose me to. Jefferson thinks this was a rendezvous."

"Well, it was to a certain extent," replied the secretary unabashed. "Didn't you ask me to see you here?"

"Yes," said Kate, taking a letter from her bosom; "I wanted to ask you what this means?"

"My dear Miss Roberts—Kate—I—"

stammered the secretary.

"How dare you address me in this manner when you know I and Mr. Ryder are engaged?"

No one knew better than Kate that this was not true, but she said it partly out of vanity, partly out of a desire to draw out this Englishman who made such bold love to her.

"Miss Roberts," replied Mr. Bagley loftily, "in that note I expressed my admiration—my love for you. Your engagement to Mr. Jefferson Ryder is, to say the least, a most uncertain fact." There was a tinge of sarcasm in his voice that did not escape Kate.

"You must not judge from appearances," she answered, trying to keep up the outward show of indignation which inwardly she did not feel. "Jeff and I may hide a passion that burns like a volcano. All lovers are not demonstrative, you know."

The absurdity of this description as applied to her relations with Jefferson appealed to her as so comical that she burst into laughter, in which the secretary joined.

"Then why did you remain here with me when the senator went out with Mr. Ryder, senior?" he demanded.

"To tell you that I cannot listen to your nonsense any longer," retorted the girl.

"What?" he cried incredulously. "You remain here to tell me that you cannot listen to me when you could easily have avoided listening to me without telling me so! Kate, your coldness is not convincing."

"You mean you think I want to listen

to you?" she demanded.

"I do," he answered, stepping forward as if to take her in his arms.

"Mr. Bagley!" she exclaimed, recoiling.

"A week ago," he persisted, "you called me Fitzroy. Once in an outburst of confidence you called me Fitz."

"You hadn't asked me to marry you then," she laughed mockingly. Then, edging away toward the door, she waved her hand at him playfully and said teasingly: "Good by, Mr. Bagley. I am going upstairs to Mrs. Ryder. I will await my father's return in her room. I think I shall be safer."

He ran forward to intercept her, but she was too quick for him. The door slammed in his face, and she was gone.

Meantime Jefferson had proceeded upstairs, passing through long and luxuriously carpeted corridors with paneled frescoed walls and hung with grand old tapestries and splendid paintings, until he came to his mother's room. He knocked.

"Come in!" called out the familiar voice.

He entered. Mrs. Ryder was busy at her escritoire looking over a mass of household accounts.

"Hello, mother! How's father?" he cried, running up and hugging her in his boyish, impulsive way. Jefferson had always been devoted to his mother, and, while he deplored her weakness in permitting herself to be so completely under the domination of his father, she had always found him an affectionate and loving son.

Mrs. Ryder sighed while she looked her son over proudly. In her heart she was glad Jefferson had turned out as he had. Her boy certainly would never be a financier to be attacked in magazines and books. Answering his question, she said:

"Your father is as well as those busy-bodies in the newspapers will let him be. He's considerably worried just now over that new book, 'The American Octopus.' How dare they make him out such a monster? He's no worse than other successful men. He's richer, that's all, and it makes them jealous. He's out driving now with Senator Roberts. Kate is somewhere in the house—in the library, I think."

"Yes, I found her there," replied Jefferson dryly. "She was with that cad, Bagley. When is father going to find that fellow out?"

"Oh, Jefferson," protested his mother, "how can you talk like that of Mr. Bagley? He is such a perfect gentleman. His family connections alone should entitle him to respect. He is certainly the best secretary your father ever had. I'm sure I don't know what we should do without him. He knows everything that a gentleman should."

"And a good deal more, I wager," growled Jefferson. "He wasn't groom of the backstairs to England's queen for nothing." Then changing the topic, he said suddenly: "Talking about Kate, mother, we have got to reach some definite understanding. This talk about my marrying her must stop. I intend to take the matter up with father today."

"Oh, of course, more trouble!" replied his mother in a resigned tone. She was so accustomed to having her wishes thwarted that she was never surprised at anything. "We heard of your goings on in Paris, that Miss Rossmore was there, was she not?"

"That has got nothing to do with it," replied Jefferson warmly. He resented Shirley's name being dragged into the discussion. Then more calmly he went on: "Now, mother, be reasonable. Listen. I purpose to live my own life. I have already shown my father that I will not be dictated to and that I can earn my own living. He has no right to force this marriage on me. There has never been any misunderstanding on Kate's part. She and I understand each other thoroughly."

"Well, Jefferson, you may be right from your point of view," replied his mother weakly. She invariably ended by agreeing with the last one who argued with her. "You are of age, of course. Your parents have only a moral right over you. Only remember this: It would be foolish of you to do anything now to anger your father. His interests are your interests. Don't do anything to jeopardize them. Of course you can't be forced to marry a girl you don't care for, but your father will be bitterly disappointed. He had set his heart on this match. He knows all about your infatuation for Miss Rossmore, and it has made him furious. I suppose you've heard about her father."

"Yes, and it's a dastardly outrage!" blurted out Jefferson. "It's a conspiracy against one of the most honorable men that ever lived, and I mean to ferret out and expose the authors. I came here today to ask father to help me."

"You came to ask your father to help you?" echoed his mother incredulously. "Why not?" demanded Jefferson. "Is it true, then, that he is selfishness incarnate? Wouldn't he do that much to help a friend?"

"You've come to the wrong house, Jeff. You ought to know that. Your father is far from being Judge Rossmore's friend. Surely you have sense enough to realize that there are two

reasons why he would not raise a finger to help him. One is that he has always been his opponent in public life, and the other is that you want to marry his daughter."

"Yes, I see now, mother. You are right." Then he added bitterly: "That has always been the trouble at home. No matter where I turn, I am up against a stone wall—the money interests. One never hears a glimmer of fellow feeling, never a word of human sympathy, only cold calculation, heartless reasoning, money, money, money! Oh, I am sick of it! I don't want any of it. I am going away where I'll hear no more of it."

His mother laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"Don't talk that way, Jefferson. Your father is not a bad man at heart. You know that. His life has been devoted to money making, and he has made a greater fortune than any man living or dead. He is only what his life has made him. He has a good heart, and he loves you, his only son. But his business enemies—ah, those he never forgives!"

Jefferson was about to reply when suddenly a dozen electric bells sounded all over the house.

"What's that?" exclaimed Jefferson, alarmed and starting toward the door.

"Oh, that's nothing," smiled his mother. "We have had that put in since you went away. Your father must have just come in. Those bells announce the fact. It was done so that if there happened to be any strangers in the house they could be kept out of the way until he reached the library safely."

"Oh," laughed Jefferson, "he's afraid some one will kidnap him? Certainly he would be a rich prize. I wouldn't care for the job myself, though. They'd be catching a tartar."

His speech was interrupted by a timid knock at the door.

"May I come in to say goodby?" asked a voice which he recognized as Kate's. She had successfully escaped from Mr. Bagley's importunities and was now going home with the senator. She smiled amiably at Jefferson, and they chatted pleasantly of his trip abroad. He was sincerely sorry for this girl whom they were trying to foist on him. Not that he thought she really cared for him—he was well aware that hers was a nature that made it impossible to feel very deeply on any subject—but the idea of this ready-made marriage was so foreign, so revolting to the American mind! He thought it would be a kindness to warn her against Bagley.

"Don't be foolish, Kate," he said. "I was not blind just now in the library. That man is no good."

As is usual when one's motives are suspected, the girl resented his interference. She knew he hated Mr. Bagley, and she thought it mean of him to try and get even in this way. She stiffened up and replied coldly:

"I think I am able to look after myself, Jefferson. Thanks, all the same."

He shrugged his shoulders and made no reply. She said goodby to Mrs. Ryder, who was again immersed in her tradespeople bills, and left the room, escorted by Jefferson, who accompanied her downstairs and on to the street, where Senator Roberts was waiting for her in the open victoria. The senator greeted with unusual cordiality the young man whom he still hoped to make his son-in-law.

"Come and see us, Jefferson," he said. "Come to dinner any evening. We are always alone, and Kate and I will be glad to see you."

"Jefferson has so little time now, father. His work and his friends keep him pretty busy."

Jefferson had noted both the pause and the sarcasm, but he said nothing. He smiled, and the senator raised his hat. As the carriage drove off the young man noticed that Kate glanced at one of the upper windows where Mr. Bagley stood behind a curtain watching. Jefferson returned to the house. The psychological moment had arrived. He must go now and confront his father in the library.

CHAPTER IX.

THE library was the most important room in the Ryder mansion, for it was there that the Colossus carried through his most important business deals, and his busiest hours were those which most men devote to rest. But John Burkett Ryder never rested. There could be no rest for any man who had a thousand millions of dollars to take care of.

Here the money Moloch held court like any king, with as much ceremony and more secrecy, and having for his courtiers some of the most prominent men in the political and industrial life of the nation. Corrupt senators, grafting congressmen, ambitious railroad presidents, insolent coal barons who impudently claimed they administered the coal lands in trust for the Almighty, unscrupulous princes of finance and commerce, all visited this room to receive orders or pay from the head of the "system." Here were made and unmade governors of states, mayors of cities, judges, heads of police, cabinet ministers, even presidents. Here were turned over to confidential agents millions of dollars to overturn the people's vote in the national elections. Here were distributed yearly hundreds of thousands of dollars to grafters, large and small, who had earned it in the service of the "interests."

Here secretly and unlawfully the heads of railroads met to agree on rates which by discriminating against one locality in favor of another crushed out competition, raised the cost to the consumer and put millions in the pockets of the trust. Here were planned tricky financial operations with deliberate intent to mislead and deceive the investing public, operations which would send stocks soaring one day, only a week later to put Wall Street on the verge of panic. Half a

dozen suicides might result from the coup, but twice as many millions of profits had gone into the coffers of the "system." Here, too, was perpetrated the most heinous crime that can be committed against a free people—the conspiring of the trusts, abetted by the railroads, to arbitrarily raise the prices of the necessities of life—meat, coal, oil, ice, gas—wholly without other justification than that of greed, which with these men was the unconquerable, all absorbing passion. In short, everything that unscrupulous leaders of organized capital could devise to squeeze the life blood out of the patient, defenseless toiler was done within these four walls.

When Jefferson entered, his father was seated at his desk, a long black cigar between his lips, giving instructions to Mr. Bagley. Mr. Ryder looked up quickly as the door opened, and the secretary made a movement forward as if to eject the intruder, no matter who he might be. They were not accustomed to having people enter the sanctum of the Colossus so unceremoniously. But when he saw who it was Mr. Ryder's stern, set face relaxed, and he greeted his son amiably.

"Why, Jeff, my boy, is that you? Just a moment until I get rid of Bagley, and I'll be with you."

Jefferson turned to the bookshelves and ran over the titles while the financier continued his business with the secretary.

"Now, Bagley, come, quick! What is it?"

He spoke in a rapid, explosive manner, like a man who has only a few moments to spare before he must rush to catch a train. John Ryder had been catching trains all his life, and he had seldom missed one.

"Governor Rice called. He wants an appointment," said Mr. Bagley, holding out a card.

"I can't see him. Tell him so," came the answer quick as a flash. "Who else?" he demanded. "Where's your list?"

Mr. Bagley took from the desk a list of names and read them over.

"General Abbey telephoned. He says you promised—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Ryder impatiently, "but not here. Down town, tomorrow, any time. Next?"

The secretary jotted down a note against each name and then said:

"There are some people downstairs in the reception room. They are here by appointment."

"The national committee and Sergeant Ellison of the secret service from Washington," replied Mr. Bagley.

"Who was here first?" demanded the financier.

"Sergeant Ellison, sir."

[Continued next week.]

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For Sale.

Two yoke of cattle and one Bain Wagon good condition. Will sell them cheap if sold at once, Address C. G. Kennedy, Bandon, Oregon.

Timber Land Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Ore., August 7, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, John M. Long, of Bandon, County of Coos, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 8491, for the purchase of the NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section No. 29, in Township No. 29 S., Range No. 14 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before L. A. Talley, U.S. Com'rs, commissioner at Marshfield, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 6th day of November, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Chris Long, Frank Bates, Frank Beverly and Edward Ohman, all of Bandon, Coos County, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of November, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Notice.

You are all invited to call, and have your teeth examined and advice given free by Dr. Steele and Sorenson men of large and modern experience.

Who said picnic? Are you going to get some of those sweet pickles and chipped beef from Lorenz & Hoyt's to take along? The picnic won't be a success unless you do.

For Sale.

Brand new one half truck, three inch tires, Will sell cheap. Call at the Hardware Company, opposite the Post Office.

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. T. Blumenthal, in the Town of Bandon, in said County and State, within six months from the 11th day of July, 1907, the same being the date of the first publication of this notice.

Dated this 11th 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, Ore., 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 Section 25, Township 29 S., Range 15 W., by Robert A. Donk contestee, in which it is alleged that said Robert A. Donk has who 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. Blumenthal, 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.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed June 10, 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.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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