

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

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

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"Bagley," said Mr. Ryder, "I want you to write a letter for me to Miss Shirley Green, author of that book 'The American Octopus.' We will address it care of her publishers, Littleton & Co. Just say that if convenient I should like a personal interview with her at my office, 36 Broadway, in relation to her book, 'The American Octopus.' See that it is mailed tonight. That's all."

Mr. Bagley bowed and retired. Mr. Ryder turned to the secret service agent.

"There, that's settled. We'll see how it works. And now, sergeant, I have another job for you, and if you are faithful to my interests you will not find me unappreciative. Do you know a little place on Long Island called Massapequa?"

"Yes," grinned the detective, "I know it. They've got some fine specimens of 'skedders' there."

Paying no attention to this jocularly, Mr. Ryder continued:

"Judge Rossmore is living there pending the outcome of his case in the senate. His daughter has just arrived

him put off the bench. He told her about the Transcontinental case and how the judge had got mysteriously tangled up in the Great Northern Mining company and of the scandalous newspaper rumors, followed by the news of the congressional inquiry. Then he told her about the panic in Wall street, the sale of the house on Madison avenue and the removal to Long Island.

"That is the situation," said Stott when he had finished. "We are waiting now to see what the senate will do. We hope for the best. It seems impossible that the senate will condemn a man whose whole life is like an open book, but unfortunately the senate is strongly Republican and the big interests are in complete control. Unless support comes from some unexpected quarter we must be prepared for anything."

Support from some unexpected quarter! Stott's closing words rang in Shirley's head. Was that not just what she had to offer? Unable to restrain herself longer and her heart beating tumultuously from suppressed emotion, she cried:

"We'll have that support! We'll have it! I've got it already! I wanted to surprise you! Father, the most powerful man in the United States will save you from being dishonored!"

The two men leaned forward in eager interest. What could the girl mean? Was she serious or merely jesting?

But Shirley was never more serious in her life. She was jubilant at the thought that she had arrived home in time to invoke the aid of this powerful ally. She repeated enthusiastically:

"We need not worry any more. He has but to say a word, and these proceedings will be instantly dropped. They would not dare act against his veto. Did you hear, father, your case is as good as won!"

"What do you mean, child? Who is this unknown friend?"

"Surely you can guess when I say the most powerful man in the United States? None other than John Burkett Ryder!"

She stopped short to watch the effect this name would have on her hearers. But to her surprise neither her father nor Stott displayed the slightest emotion or even interest. Puzzled at this cold reception, she repeated:

"Did you hear, father—John Burkett Ryder will come to your assistance. I came home on the same ship as his son, and he promised to secure his father's aid."

The judge puffed heavily at his pipe and merely shook his head, making no reply. Stott explained:

"We can't look for help from that quarter, Shirley. You don't expect a man to cut loose his own kite, do you?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Shirley, mystified.

"Simply this, that John Burkett Ryder is the very man who is responsible for all your father's misfortunes."

The girl sank back in her seat pale and motionless, as if she had received a blow. Was it possible?

"Do you really believe this, that John Ryder deliberately concocted the bribery charge with the sole purpose of ruining my father?" demanded Shirley, when she had somewhat recovered.

"There is no other solution of the mystery possible," answered Stott.

"And you, father, do you believe Ryder did this?"

"I have no longer any doubt of it," answered the judge. "I think John Ryder would see me dead before he would raise a finger to help me. His answer to my demand for my letters convinced me that he was the arch plotter."

"What letters do you refer to?" demanded Shirley.

"The letters I wrote to him in regard to my making an investment. He advised the purchase of certain stock. I wrote him two letters at the time, which letters if I had them now would go a long way to clearing me of this charge of bribery, for they plainly showed that I regarded the transaction as a bona fide investment. Since this trouble began I wrote to Ryder asking him to return me these letters so I might use them in my defense. The only reply I got was an insolent note from his secretary saying that Mr. Ryder had forgotten all about the transaction, and in any case had not the letters I referred to."

"Couldn't you compel him to return them?" asked Shirley.

"We could never get at him," interrupted Stott. "The man is guarded as carefully as the czar."

"Still," objected Shirley, "it is possible that he may have lost the letters or even never received them."

"Oh, he has them safe enough," replied Stott. "A man like Ryder keeps every scrap of paper, with the idea that it may prove useful some day. The letters are lying somewhere in his desk. Besides, after the Transcontinental decision he was heard to say that he'd have Judge Rossmore off the bench inside of a year."

"And it wasn't a vain boast—he's done it," muttered the judge.

Shirley relapsed into silence. Her brain was in a whirl. It was true, then. This merciless man of money, this ogre of monopolistic corporations,

this human juggernaut had crushed her father merely because of his honesty he interfered with his shady business deals! Ah, why had she spared him in her book? She felt now that she had been too lenient, not bitter enough, not sufficiently pitiless. Such a man was entitled to no mercy.

Long after the judge and Stott had left for the city Shirley sat alone on the porch engrossed in thought, taxing her brain to find some way out of the darkness, and when presently her mother and aunt returned they found her still sitting there, silent and preoccupied. If they only had those two letters, she thought. They alone might save her father, but how could they be got at? Mr. Ryder had put them safely away, no doubt. He would not give them up. She wondered how it would be to go boldly to him and appeal to whatever sense of honor and fairness that might be lying latent within him. No, such a man would not know what the terms "honor," "fairness," meant. She pondered upon it all day, and at night when she went tried to bed it was her last thought as she dropped off to sleep.

The following morning Shirley went out for a walk. She preferred to go alone so she would not have to talk. Hers was one of those lonely, introspective natures that resent the intrusion of aimless chatter when preoccupied with serious thoughts. Every now and then Shirley espied in the distance the figure of a man which she thought she recognized as that of Jefferson. Had he come, after all? The blood went coursing tumultuously through her veins only a moment later to leave her face a shade paler as the man came nearer, and she saw he was a stranger.

As she neared the cottage on her return home, she caught sight of the letter carrier approaching the gate. Instantly she thought of Jefferson, and she hurried to intercept the man. Perhaps he had written instead of coming. "Miss Shirley Rossmore?" said the man eying her interrogatively.

"That's I," said Shirley.

The postman handed her a letter and passed on. Shirley glanced quickly at the superscription. No, it was not from Jefferson; she knew his handwriting too well. The envelope, moreover, bore the firm name of her publishers. She tore it open and found that it merely contained another letter which the publishers had forwarded. This was addressed to Miss Shirley Green and ran as follows:

Dear Madam—If convenient, I should like to see you at my office, 26 Broadway, in relation to your book, 'The American Octopus.' Kindly inform me as to the day and hour at which I may expect you. Yours truly,

JOHN BURKETT RYDER.

Per B.

Shirley almost shouted from sheer excitement. At first she was alarmed—the name John Burkett Ryder was such a booby to frighten had children with a booby for writing about him as she had. She hurried to the porch and sat there reading the letter over and over, and her brain began to evolve ideas. Evidently he had not the slightest idea of her identity, for he had been able to reach her only through her publishers, and no doubt he had exhausted every other means of discovering her address. The more she pondered over it the more she began to see in this invitation a way of helping her father. Yes, she would go and hear the lion in his den, but she would not go to his office. She would accept the invitation only on condition that the interview took place in the Ryder mansion, where undoubtedly the letters would be found. She decided to act immediately. No time was to be lost, so she procured a sheet of paper and an envelope and wrote as follows:

Dear Sir—I do not call upon gentlemen at their business office. Yours, etc.,

SHIRLEY GREEN.

Her letter was abrupt and at first glance seemed hardly calculated to bring about what she wanted—an invitation to call at the Ryder home, but she was shrewd enough to see that if Ryder wrote to her at all it was because he was most anxious to see her and her abruptness would not deter him from trying again. On the contrary, the very unusualness of any one thus dictating to him would make him more than ever desirous of making her acquaintance. So Shirley mailed the letter and awaited with confidence for Ryder's reply. So certain was she that one would come that she at once began to form her plan of action. She would leave Massapequa at once, and her whereabouts must remain a secret even from her own family. As she intended to go to the Ryder house in the assumed character of Shirley Green, it would never do to run the risk of being followed home by a Ryder detective to the Rossmore cottage. She would confide in one person only—Judge Stott. He would know where she was and would be in constant communication with her. But, otherwise, she must be alone to conduct the campaign as she judged fit. She would go at once to New York and take rooms in a boarding house where she would be known as Shirley Green. As for funds to meet her expenses, she had her diamonds, and would they not be filling a more useful purpose if sold to defray the cost of saving her father than in mere personal adornment? So that evening while her mother was talking with the judge she beckoned Stott over to the corner where she was sitting.

"Judge Stott," she began, "I have a plan."

He smiled indulgently at her.

"You said that no one on earth could resist John Burkett Ryder, that no one could fight against the money power. Well, do you know what I am going to do?"

"What will you do?" he asked with a

slightly ironical inflection in his voice. "I am going to fight John Burkett Ryder!" she cried.

Stott looked at her open mouthed.

"You?" he said.

"Yes, I," said Shirley. "I'm going to him, and I intend to get those letters if he has them."

Stott shook his head.

"My dear child," he said, "what are you talking about? How can you expect to reach Ryder? We couldn't."

"I don't know just how yet," replied Shirley, "but I'm going to try. I love my father, and I'm going to leave nothing untried to save him."

"But what can you do?" persisted Stott. "The matter has been sifted over and over by some of the greatest minds in the country."

"Has any woman sifted it over?" demanded Shirley.

"No, but," stammered Stott.

"Then it's about time one did," said the girl decisively. "Those letters my father speaks of—they would be useful, would they not?"

"They would be invaluable."

"Then I'll get them. If not—"

"But I don't understand how you're going to get at Ryder," interrupted Stott.

"This is how," replied Shirley, passing over to him the letter she had received that afternoon.

(Continued next week.)

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Notice for Publication
Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roseburg, Or.
August 13, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Elmer E. Doyle of Parkersburg, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11495 made March 26, 1902, for the N¹/₂ of SW¹/₄, NW¹/₄ of SE¹/₄ of NW¹/₄, Section 16, Township 22, South Range 14, West, and that said proof will be made before L. A. Liljeqvist, U. S. Commissioner at his office at Marshfield, Oregon, on Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of the land, viz: J. F. Hign, of Parkersburg, Oregon, Frank Burrows, of Bandon, Oregon, John Hign of Parkersburg, Oregon, E. M. Rendleman of Parkersburg, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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Notice for Publication
Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roseburg, Or.
August 13, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Evander M. Rendleman of Parkersburg, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11492 made Mar. 26, 1902, for the SE¹/₄, SW¹/₄, SW¹/₄, SE¹/₄, Sec. 10 NE¹/₄, NW¹/₄, NW¹/₄, NE¹/₄, Section 15, Township 22, South Range 14, West, and that said proof will be made before L. A. Liljeqvist, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Marshfield, Oregon, on Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of the land, viz: Dewitt C. Rendleman of Parkersburg, Oregon, J. Hign of Parkersburg, Oregon, Wesley J. Hign of Parkersburg, Oregon, Elmer Doyle of Parkersburg, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Notice for Publication
Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roseburg, Or.
August 13, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Minerva E. Lullie of Arago, Coos Co., Oregon, has filed notice of her intention to make final five year proof in support of her claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11496 made April 16, 1896, for the S¹/₂ of NW¹/₄, NW¹/₄, NW¹/₄, Sec. 15, SW¹/₄, SW¹/₄, Section 16, Township 22, South Range 14, West, and that said proof will be made before L. A. Liljeqvist, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Marshfield, Oregon, on Thursday, Oct. 10, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of the land, viz: Elmer Doyle of Parkersburg, Oregon, Elmer Doyle of Parkersburg, Oregon, Evander Rendleman of Parkersburg, Oregon, Ed Olman of Parkersburg, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Timber Land Act June 3, 1878.
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, 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 filed his sworn statement No. 5491, for the purchase of the NE¹/₄ of NW¹/₄ 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. Liljeqvist, U. S. Commissioner at Marshfield, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 6th day of November, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Chris Lang, Frank Bates, Frank Beverly and Edward Olman, 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.

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 NW¹/₄ of Section 25, Township 22 S., Range 15 W., by Robert A. Donk, contestant, 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 hereof that said tract is not settled upon and cultivated by said entry 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, and 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.

The 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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BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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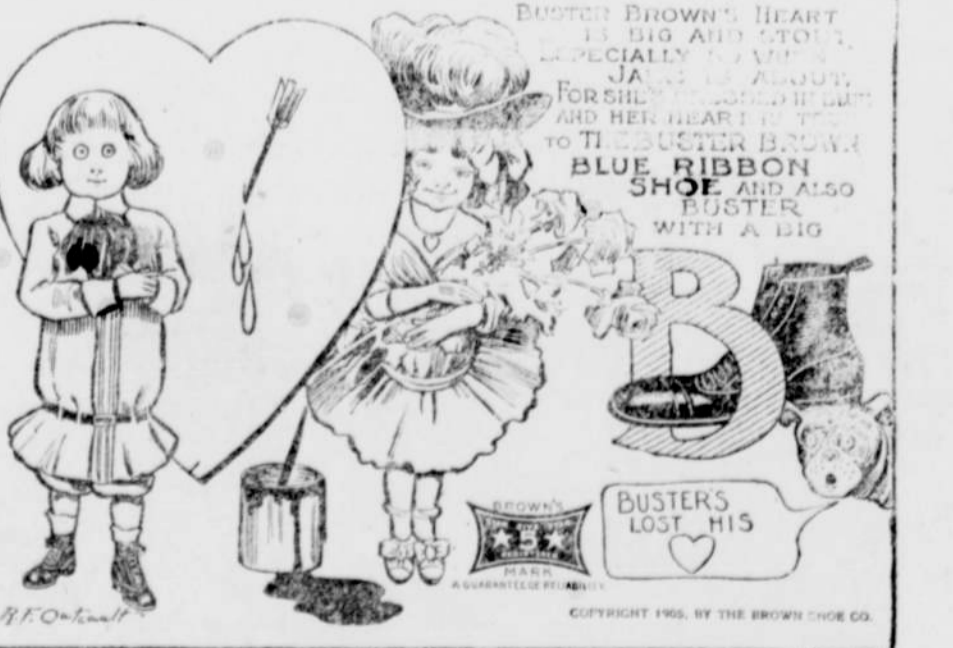
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