

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

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

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As Stott recognized the well known signature and read the contents the expression of his face changed. He gasped for breath and sank into a chair from sheer astonishment.

"Ah, that's different!" he cried. "That's different!"

Briefly Shirley outlined her plan, explaining that she would go to live in the city immediately and conduct her campaign from there. If she was successful, it might save her father, and if not no harm could come of it.

That same evening her mother, the judge and Stott went for a stroll after dinner and left her to take care of the house. They had wanted Shirley to go, too, but she pleaded fatigue. The truth was that she wanted to be alone, so that she could ponder undisturbed over her plans. It was a clear, starlit night, with no moon, and Shirley sat on the porch listening to the chirping of the crickets and idly watching the flashes of the mysterious fireflies. She was in no mood for reading and sat for a long time rocking herself, engrossed in her thoughts. Suddenly she heard some one unfasten the garden gate. It was too soon for the return of the promenaders. It must be a visitor. Through the uncertain penumbra of the garden she discerned approaching a form which looked familiar. Yes, now there was no doubt possible. It was indeed Jefferson Ryder.

She hurried down the porch to greet him. No matter what the father had done, she could never think any the less of the son. He took her hand, and for several moments neither one spoke. There are times when silence is more eloquent than speech, and this was one of them. The gentle grip of his big, strong hand expressed more tenderly than any words the sympathy that lay in his heart for the woman he loved. Shirley said quietly:

"You have come at last, Jefferson."

"I came as soon as I could," he replied gently. "I saw father only yesterday."

"You need not tell me what he said," Shirley hastened to say.

Jefferson made no reply. He understood what she meant. He hung his head and hit viciously with his walking stick at the pebbles that lay at his feet. She went on:

"I know everything now. It was foolish of me to think that Mr. Ryder would ever help us."

"I can't help it in any way," blurted out Jefferson. "I have not the slightest influence over him. His business methods I consider disgraceful. You understand that, don't you, Shirley?"

The girl laid her hand on his arm and replied kindly:

"Of course, Jeff, we know that. Come up and sit down."

He followed her on the porch and drew up a rocker beside her.

"They are all out for a walk," she explained.

"I'm glad," he said frankly. "I wanted a quiet talk with you. I did not care to meet any one. My name must be odious to your people."

Both were silent, feeling a certain awkwardness. They seemed to have drifted apart in some way since those delightful days in Paris and on the ship. Then he said:

"I'm going away, but I couldn't go until I saw you."

"You are going away?" exclaimed Shirley, surprised.

"Yes," he said, "I cannot stand it any more at home. I had a hot talk with my father yesterday about one thing and another. He and I don't chin wale together. Besides this matter of your father's impeachment has completely discouraged me. All the wealth in the world could never reconcile me to such methods! I'm ashamed of the role my own flesh and blood has played in that miserable affair. I can't express what I feel about it. But what are you going to do?" he asked. "These surroundings are not for you!"

He looked around at the cheap furnishings which he could see through the open window, and his face showed real concern.

"I shall teach or write, or go out as governess," replied Shirley, with a tinge of bitterness. Then smiling sadly she added: "Poverty is easy. It is unmerited disgrace which is hard."

The young man drew his chair closer and took hold of the hand that lay in her lap. She made no resistance.

"Shirley," he said, "do you remember that talk we had on the ship? I asked you to be my wife. You led me to believe that you were not indifferent to me. I ask you again to marry me. Give me the right to take care of you and yours. I am the son of the world's richest man, but I don't want his money. I have earned a competence of my own—enough to live on comfortably. We will go away where you and your father and mother will make their home with us. Do not let the sins of the fathers embitter the lives of the children."

"Mine has not sinned," said Shirley bitterly.

"I wish I could say the same of mine," replied Jefferson. "It is because the clouds are dark about you that I want to come into your life to comfort you."

The girl shook her head.

"No, Jefferson, the circumstances make such a marriage impossible."

Your family and everybody else would say that I had inveigled you into it. It is even more impossible now than I thought it was when I spoke to you on the ship."

Emotion stopped her utterance, and she buried her face in her hands, weeping silently.

"Shirley," said Jefferson tenderly, "you are wrong. If you will not say 'Yes' now, I shall go away as I told my father I would, and one day I shall come back and then if you are still single I shall ask you again to be my wife."

"You may not want me then."

"I shall always want you," he whispered hoarsely, bending over her. In the dim light of the porch he saw that her tear stained face was drawn and pale. He rose and held out his hand.

"Goodby," he said simply.

"Goodby, Jefferson." She rose and put her hand in his. "We will always be friends."

He raised her hand to his lips.

"Goodby, Shirley. Don't forget me. I shall come back for you."

He went down the porch, and she watched him go out of the gate and down the road until she could see his figure no longer. Then she turned back and sank into her chair, and burying her face in her handkerchief, she gave way to a torrent of tears which afforded some relief to the weight on her heart. Presently the others returned from their walk, and she told them about the visitor.

"Mr. Ryder's son, Jefferson, was here. We crossed on the same ship. I introduced him to Judge Stott on the dock."

The judge looked surprised, but he merely said:

"I hope for his sake that he is a different man from his father."

"He is," replied Shirley simply, and nothing more was said.

Two days went by, during which Shirley went on completing the preparations for her visit to New York. It was arranged that Stott should escort her to the city. Shortly before they started for the train a letter arrived for Shirley. Like the first one, it had been forwarded by her publishers. It read as follows:

Miss Shirley Green:

Dear Madam—I shall be happy to see you at my residence—Fifth Avenue—any afternoon that you will mention. Yours very truly,

JOHN BURKETT RYDER.

Shirley smiled in triumph, as, unseen by her father and mother, she passed it over to Stott. She at once sat down and wrote this reply:

Dear Sir—I am sorry that I am unable to comply with your request. I prefer the invitation to call at your private residence should come from Mrs. Ryder. Yours, etc.,

SHIRLEY GREEN.

She laughed as she showed this to Stott.

"He'll write me again," she said, "and next time his wife will sign the letter."

An hour later she left Massapequa for the city.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Hon. Fitzroy Bagley had every reason to feel satisfied with himself. His affairs de occur with the senator's daughter was progressing more smoothly than ever, and nothing now seemed likely to interfere with his carefully prepared plans to capture an American heiress. The interview with Kate Roberts in the library, so awkwardly disturbed by Jefferson's unexpected intrusion, had been followed by other interviews more secret and more successful, and the plausible secretary had contrived so well to persuade the girl that he really thought the world of her and that a brilliant future awaited her as his wife that it was not long before he found her in a mood to refuse him nothing.

Bagley urged immediate marriage. He insinuated that Jefferson had treated her shamefully and that she owed it to herself to show the world that there were other men as good as the one who had jilted her. He argued that in view

of the senator being bent on the match with Ryder's son it would be worse than useless for him (Bagley) to make formal application for her hand, so, as he explained, the only thing which remained was a runaway marriage. Confronted with the fait accompli, Papa Roberts would bow to the inevitable. They could get married quietly in town, go away for a short trip, and when the senator had got over his first disappointment they would be welcomed back with open arms.

Kate listened willingly enough to this specious reasoning. In her heart she was piqued at Jefferson's indifference, and she was foolish enough to really believe that this marriage with a British nobleman, twice removed, would be in the nature of a triumph over him. Besides, this project of an elopement appealed strangely to her frivolous imagination; it put her in the same class as all her favorite novel heroines. And it would be capital fun.

Meantime Senator Roberts, in blissful ignorance of this little plot against his domestic peace, was growing impatient, and he approached his friend Ryder once more on the subject of his son Jefferson. The young man, he said, had been back from Europe some time. He insisted on knowing what his attitude was toward his daughter. If they were engaged to be married, he said there should be a public announcement of the fact. It was unfair to him and a slight to his daughter to let matters hang fire in this unsatisfactory way, and he hinted that both himself and his daughter might demand their passports from the Ryder mansion unless some explanation were forthcoming.

Ryder was in a quandary. He had no wish to quarrel with his useful Washington ally. He recognized the reasonableness of his complaint. Yet what could he do? Much as he himself desired the marriage, his son was obstinate and showed little inclination to settle down. He even hinted at attractions in another quarter. He did not tell the senator of his recent interview with his son when the latter made it very plain that the marriage could never take place. Ryder senior had his own reasons for wishing to temporize. It was quite possible that Jefferson might change his mind and abandon his idea of going abroad, and he suggested to the senator that perhaps if he, the senator, made the engagement public through the newspapers it might have the salutary effect of forcing his son's hand.

So a few mornings later there appeared among the society notes in several of the New York papers this paragraph:

The engagement is announced of Miss Katherine Roberts, only daughter of Senator Roberts of Wisconsin, to Jefferson Ryder, son of Mr. John Burkett Ryder.

Two persons in New York happened to see the item about the same time, and both were equally interested, although it affected them in a different manner. One was Shirley Rossmore, who had chanced to pick up the newspaper at the breakfast table in her boarding house.

"So soon?" she murmured to herself. Well, why not? She could not blame Jefferson. He had often spoken to her of his match arranged by his father, and they had laughed over it as a typical marriage of convenience modeled after the continental pattern. Jefferson, she knew, had never cared for the girl, nor taken the affair seriously. Some powerful influences must have been at work to make him surrender so easily. Here again she recognized the mastery hand of Ryder senior, and more than ever she was eager to meet this extraordinary man and measure her strength with his. Her mind, indeed, was too full of her father's troubles to grieve over her own however much she might have been inclined to do so under other circumstances, and all that day she did her best to banish the paragraph from her thoughts. More than a week had passed since she left Massapequa and, what with corresponding with financiers, calling on editors and publishers, every moment of her time had been kept busy. She had found a quiet and reasonable priced boarding house off Washington square, and here Stott had called several times to see her. Her correspondence with Mr. Ryder had now reached a phase when it was impossible to invent any further excuses for delaying the interview asked for. As she had foreseen, a day or two after her arrival in town she had received a note from Mrs. Ryder asking her to do her honor to call and see her, and Shirley, after waiting another two days, had replied making an appointment for the following day at 3 o'clock. This was the same day on which the paragraph concerning the Ryder-Roberts engagement appeared in the society chronicles of the metropolis.

Directly after the meager meal which in New York boarding houses is dignified by the name of luncheon Shirley proceeded to get ready for this portentous visit to the Ryder mansion. She was anxious to make a favorable impression on the financier, so she took some pains with her personal appearance.

In about twenty minutes the car stopped at the corner of Seventy-fourth street. Shirley descended and with a quakened pulse walked toward the Ryder mansion, which she knew well by sight.

There was one other person in New York who that same morning had read the newspaper item regarding the Ryder-Roberts betrothal, and he did not take the matter so calmly as Shirley had done. On the contrary, it had the effect of putting him into a violent rage. This was Jefferson. He was working in his studio when he read it, and five minutes later he was tearing up to seek the author of it. He understood its object, of course. They wanted to force his hand, to shame

him into this marriage, to so entangle him with the girl that no other alternative would be possible to an honorable man. It was a despicable trick, and he had no doubt that his father was at the back of it. So his mind now was fully made up. He would go away at once where they could not make his life a burden with this odious marriage which was fast becoming a nightmare to him. He would close up his studio and leave immediately for Europe. He would show his father once for all that he was a man and expected to be treated as one.

On arriving home the first person he saw was the ubiquitous Mr. Bagley, who stood at the top of the first staircase giving some letters to the butler. Jefferson cornered him at once, holding out the newspaper containing the offending paragraph.

"Say, Bagley," he cried, "what does this mean? Is this any of your doing?"

The English secretary gave his employer's son a haughty stare and then, without deigning to reply or even to glance at the newspaper, continued his instructions to the servant:

"Here, Jorkins, get stamps for all these letters and see they are mailed at once. They are very important."

"Very good, sir."

The man took the letters and disappeared, while Jefferson, impatient, repeated his question:

[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. 11403 made March 26, 1902, for the NE 1/4, NW 1/4, SE 1/4, SW 1/4 of NW 1/4, Section 10, Township 29, 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. Haga, of Parkersburg, Oregon, Frank Barrows, of Bandon, Oregon, John Haga, of Parkersburg, Oregon, Ev. 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. 11402 made Mar. 26, 1902, for the NE 1/4, SW 1/4, SE 1/4, SW 1/4 of NE 1/4, NW 1/4, NE 1/4, Section 15, Township 29, 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. F. Haga, 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. Little 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. 14016 made April 10, 1906, for the S 1/2 NW 1/4, NW 1/4, NE 1/4, SW 1/4, Section 10, Township 29, 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, Coos Co., Oregon, Evander Rendleman of Parkersburg, Oregon, Ed Ohman of Parkersburg, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Or., 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, Coos County, Oregon, (State or Territory) 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. Liljeqvist, U. S. Commissioner, at Marshfield, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 6th day of November, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Chris Long, Frank Bates, Frank Beyerle 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.

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 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. Blannenrother, 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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