

# THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

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

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"My doing?" sneered Mr. Bagley. "Really, Jefferson, you go too far. Do you suppose for one instant that I would condescend to trouble myself with your affairs?"

Jefferson was in no mood to put up with insolence from any one, especially from a man whom he heartily despised, so, advancing menacingly, he thundered:

"I mean—were you in the discharge of your menial-like duties instructed by my father to send that paragraph to the newspapers regarding my alleged betrothal to Miss Roberts? Yes or no?"

The man winced and made a step backward. There was a gleam in the Ryder eye which he knew by experience boded no good.

"Really, Jefferson," he said in a more conciliatory tone, "I know absolutely nothing about the paragraph. This is the first I hear of it. Why not ask your father?"

"I will," replied Jefferson grimly. "He was turning to go in the direction of the library when Bagley stopped him."

"You cannot possibly see him now," he said. "Sergeant Ellison of the secret service is in there with him, and your father told me not to disturb him on any account. He has another appointment at 3 o'clock with some woman who writes books."

Seeing that the fellow was in earnest, Jefferson did not resist. He could see his father a little later or send him a message through his mother. Proceeding upstairs, he found Mrs. Ryder in her room, and in a few energetic words he explained the situation to his mother. They had gone too far with this matchmaking business, he said; his father was trying to interfere with his personal liberty, and he was going to put a stop to it. He would leave at once for Europe. Mrs. Ryder had already heard of the projected trip abroad, so the news of this sudden departure was not the shock it might otherwise have been.

As Jefferson went downstairs something white on the carpet attracted his attention. He stooped and picked it up. It was a letter. It was in Bagley's handwriting and had evidently been dropped by the man to whom the secretary had given it to post. But what interested Jefferson more than anything else was that it was addressed to Miss Kate Roberts. Under ordinary circumstances a king's ransom would not have tempted the young man to read a letter addressed to another, but he was convinced that his father's secretary was an adventurer, and if he were carrying on an intrigue in this manner it could have only one meaning. It was his duty to unveil a rascal who was using the Ryder roof and name to further his own ends and victimize a girl who, although sophisticated enough to know better, was too silly to realize the risk she ran at the hands of an unscrupulous man. Hestating no longer, Jefferson tore open the envelope and read:

My Dearest Wife That is to Be—I have arranged everything. Next Wednesday—just a week from today—we will go to the house of a discreet friend of mine where a minister will marry us. Then we will go to city hall and get through the legal part of it. Afterward we can catch the 4 o'clock train for Buffalo. Meet me in the ladies' room at the Holland House Wednesday morning at 11 a. m. I will come there with a closed cab. Your devoted  
FITZ.

"Phew!" Jefferson whistled. A close shave this for Senator Roberts, he thought. His first impulse was to go upstairs again to his mother and put the matter in her hands. She would immediately inform his father, who would make short work of Mr. Bagley. But, thought Jefferson, why should he spoil a good thing? He could afford to wait a day or two. There was no hurry. He could allow Bagley to think all was going swimmingly and then uncover the plot at the eleventh hour. He would even let this letter go to Kate. There was no difficulty in procuring another envelope and imitating the handwriting, and when Bagley



"Say, Bagley, what does this mean?" was just preparing to go to the rendezvous he would spring the trap. Such a cad deserved no mercy. The scandal

would be a knockout blow, his father would discharge him on the spot, and that would be the last they would see of the aristocratic English secretary. Jefferson put the letter in his pocket and left the house rejoicing.

While the foregoing incidents were happening John Burkett Ryder was secluded in his library. The great man had come home earlier than usual, for he had two important callers to see by appointment that afternoon. One was Sergeant Ellison, who had to report on his mission to Massapequa; the other was Miss Shirley Green, the author of "The American Octopus," who had at last deigned to honor him with a visit. Pending the arrival of these visitors the financier was busy with his secretary trying to get rid as rapidly as possible of what business and correspondence there was on hand.

The plutocrat was sitting at his desk poring over a mass of papers. Between his teeth was the inevitable long black cigar, and when he raised his eyes to the light a close observer might have remarked that they were sea green, a color they assumed when the man of millions was absorbed in scheming new business deals. Every now and then he stopped reading the papers to make quick calculations on scraps of paper. Then if the result pleased him a smile overspread his saturnine features. He rose from his chair and nervously paced the floor as he always did when thinking deeply.

"Five millions," he muttered, "not a cent more. If they won't sell we'll crush them."

Mr. Bagley entered. Mr. Ryder looked up quickly.

"Well, Bagley?" he said interrogatively. "Has Sergeant Ellison come?"

"Yes, sir. But Mr. Herts is downstairs. He insists on seeing you about the Philadelphia gas deal. He says it is a matter of life and death."

"To him—yes," answered the financier dryly. "Let him come up. We might as well have it out now."

Mr. Bagley went out and returned almost immediately, followed by a short, fat man, rather loudly dressed and apologetic in appearance. He looked like a prosperous brewer, while, as a matter of fact, he was president of a gas company, one of the shrewdest promoters in the country, and a big man in Wall street. There was only one bigger man and that was John Ryder. But, today, Mr. Herts was not in good condition. His face was pale and his manner flustered and nervous. He was plainly worried.

"Mr. Ryder," he began with excited gesture, "the terms you offer are preposterous. It would mean disaster to the stockholders. Our gas properties are worth six times that amount. We will sell out for \$20,000,000, not a cent less."

Ryder shrugged his shoulders.

"Mr. Herts," he replied coolly, "I am busy today and in no mood for arguing. We'll either buy you out or force you out. Choose. You have our offer. Five millions for your gas property. Will you take it?"

"We'll see you in tophet first!" cried his visitor, exasperated.

"Very well," replied Ryder, still unruffled, "all negotiations are off. You leave me free to act. We have an offer to buy cheap the old Germantown Gas company, which has charter rights to go into any of the streets of Philadelphia. We shall purchase that company, we will put \$10,000,000 new capital into it and reduce the price of gas in Philadelphia to 60 cents a thousand. Where will you be then?"

The face of the Colossus as he uttered this stand and deliver speech was calm and inscrutable. Conscious of the resistless power of his untold millions, he felt no more compunction in mercilessly crushing this business rival than he would in trampling out the life of a worm. The little man facing him looked haggard and distressed. He knew well that this was no idle threat. He was well aware that Ryder and his associates by the sheer weight of the enormous wealth they controlled could sell out or destroy any industrial corporation in the land. It was plainly illegal, but it was done every day, and his company was not the first victim nor the last. Desperate, he appealed humbly to the tyrannical money power:

"Don't drive us to the wall, Mr. Ryder. This forced sale will mean disaster to us all. Put yourself in our place; think what it means to scores of families whose only support is the income from their investment in our company."

"Mr. Herts," replied Ryder unmoved, "I never allow sentiment to interfere with business. You have heard my terms. I refuse to argue the matter further. What is it to be? Five millions or competition? Decide now or this interview must end!"

He took out his watch and with his other hand touched a bell. Beads of perspiration stood on his visitor's forehead. In a voice broken with suppressed emotion he said hoarsely:

"You're a hard, pitiless man, John Ryder! So be it—five millions. I don't know what they'll say. I don't dare return to them."

"Those are my terms," said Ryder coldly. "The papers," he added, "will be ready for your signature tomorrow at this time, and I'll have a check ready for the entire amount. Good day."

Mr. Bagley entered. Ryder bowed to Herts, who slowly retired. When the door had closed on him, Ryder went back to his desk, a smile of triumph on his face. Then he turned to his secretary.

"Let Sergeant Ellison come up," he said.

A moment later the door opened, and Sergeant Ellison entered, followed by the secretary, who almost immediately withdrew.

"Well, sergeant," said Mr. Ryder cordially, "what have you to tell me? I can give you only a few minutes. I expect a lady friend of yours."

The plutocrat sometimes condescended to be jocular with his subordinates. "A lady friend of mine, sir?" echoed the man, puzzled.

"Yes—Miss Shirley Green, the author," replied the financier, enjoying the detective's embarrassment. "That suggestion of yours worked out all right. She's coming here today."

"I'm glad you've found her, sir."

"It was a tough job," answered Ryder, with a grimace. "We wrote her half a dozen times before she was satisfied with the wording of the invitation, but finally we landed her, and I expect her at 3 o'clock. Now, what about that Rossmore girl? Did you go down to Massapequa?"

"Yes, sir, I have been there half a dozen times. In fact, I've just come from there. Judge Rossmore is there, all right, but his daughter has left for parts unknown."

"Gone away! Where?" exclaimed the financier.

This was what he dreaded. As long as he could keep his eye on the girl there was little danger of Jefferson making a fool of himself, with her disappeared everything was possible.

"I could not find out, sir. Their neighbors don't know much about them. They say they're haughty and stuck up. The only one I could get anything out of was a parson named Teetle. He said it was a sad case, that they had reversed and a daughter who was in Paris."

"Yes, yes," said Ryder impatiently. "We know all that. But where's the daughter now?"

"Search me, sir. I even tried to pump the slavey. Gee, what a vixen! She almost flew at me. She said she didn't know and didn't care."

Ryder brought his fist down with force on his desk, a trick he had when he wished to emphasize a point.

"Sergeant, I don't like the mysterious disappearance of that girl. You must find her if it takes all the sleuths in the country. Had my son been seen there?"

"The parson said he saw a young fellow answering his description sitting on the porch of the Rossmore cottage the evening before the girl disappeared, but he didn't know who he was and hasn't seen him since."

"That was my son, I'll wager. He knows where the girl is. Perhaps he's with her now. Maybe he's going to marry her. That must be prevented at any cost. Sergeant, find that Rossmore girl and I'll give you \$1,000."

The detective's face flushed with pleasure at the prospect of so liberal a reward. Rising, he said:

"I'll find her, sir. I'll find her."

Mr. Bagley entered, wearing the solemn, important air he always affected



The mouse was in the den of the lion.

when he had to announce a visitor of consequence. But before he could open his mouth Mr. Ryder said:

"Bagley, when did you see my son Jefferson last?"

"Today, sir. He wanted to see you to say goodby. He said he would be back."

Ryder gave a sigh of relief and addressing the detective said:

"It's not so bad as I thought." Then turning again to his secretary he asked:

"Well, Bagley, what is it?"

"There's a lady downstairs, sir—Miss Shirley Green."

The financier half sprang from his seat.

"Oh, yes. Show her up at once. Goodby, sergeant, goodby. Find that Rossmore woman and the \$1,000 is yours."

The detective went out, and a few moments later Mr. Bagley reappeared ushering in Shirley.

The mouse was in the den of the lion.

## CHAPTER XII.

MR. RYDER remained at his desk and did not even look up when his visitor entered. He pretended to be busily preoccupied with his papers,

which was a favorite pose of his when receiving strangers. This frigid reception invariably served its purpose, for it led visitors not to expect more than they got, which usually was little enough. For several minutes Shirley stood still, not knowing whether to advance or to take a seat. She gave a little conventional cough, and Ryder looked up. What he saw so astonished him that he at once took from his mouth the cigar he was smoking and rose from his seat. He had expected a stout old maid with spectacles, and here was a stylish, good looking young woman, who could not possibly be over twenty-five. There was surely some mistake. This slip of a girl could not have written "The American Octopus."

He advanced to greet Shirley. "You wish to see me, madam?" he asked courteously. There were times when even John Burkett Ryder could be polite.

"Yes," replied Shirley, her voice trembling a little in spite of her efforts to keep cool. "I am here by appointment. Three o'clock, Mrs. Ryder's note said. I am Miss Green."

"You—Miss Green?" echoed the financier dubiously.

"Yes, I am Miss Green—Shirley Green, author of 'The American Octopus.' You asked me to call. Here I am."

[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 29, 1892, 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. Hagan, of Parkersburg, Oregon, Frank Barrows, of Bandon, Oregon, John Hagg of Parkersburg, Oregon, E. M. Randleman of Parkersburg, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

The new issues for August are now in and you can get them at Lowe's Drug Store.

**Notice for Publication.**

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

Notice is hereby given that Evander M. Randleman 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. 28, 1892, for the SE 1/4, SW 1/4, NW 1/4, NE 1/4, NW 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: Edw. K. Randleman of Parkersburg, Oregon, J. O. Hagg of Parkersburg, Oregon, Wesley J. Hagg 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 his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14016 made April 16, 1886, for the S 1/2, NW 1/4, NW 1/4, NW 1/4, NW 1/4, 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 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 Randleman of Parkersburg, Oregon, Ed Othman 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, Coos, 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 Othman, 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. 13335, made October 6, 1893, 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 sold 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 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, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence concerning said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on July 29, 1907, before C. T. Blumenthor, 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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