

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

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

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY.

you grinding away at home doing in-erary stunts for the governor." He grined and then added: "Come for a drive. I want to talk to you."

Shirley demurred. No; she could not spare the time. Yet, she thought to herself, why was not this a good opportunity to explain to Jefferson how he came to find her in his father's library masquerading under another name and also to ask him to secure the letters for her? While she pondered Jefferson insisted, and a few minutes later she found herself sitting beside him in the cab. They started off at a brisk pace, Shirley sitting with her head back, enjoying the strong breeze caused by the rapid motion.

"Now tell me," he said, "what does it all mean? I was so startled at seeing you in the library the other day that I almost betrayed you. How did you come to call on father?"

Briefly Shirley explained everything. She told him how Mr. Ryder had written to her asking her to call and see him and how she had eagerly seized at this last straw in the hope of helping her father. She told him about the letters, explaining how necessary they were for her father's defense and how she had discovered them. Mr. Ryder, she said, had seemed to take a fancy to her and had asked her to remain in the house as his guest while she was compiling his biography, and she had accepted the offer not so much for the amount of money involved as for the splendid opportunity it afforded her to gain possession of the letters.

"So that is the mysterious work you spoke of, to get those letters?" said Jefferson.

"Yes; that is my mission. It was a secret. I couldn't tell you. I couldn't tell any one. Only Judge Stott knows. He is aware I have found them and is hourly expecting to receive them from me. And now," she said, "I want your help."

His only answer was to grasp tighter the hand she had laid in his. She knew that she would not have to explain the nature of the service she wanted. He understood.

"Where are the letters?" he demanded.

"In the left hand drawer of your father's desk," she answered.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he said simply: "I will get them."

The cab by this time had got as far as Claremont, and from the hill summit they had a splendid view of the broad sweep of the majestic Hudson and the towering walls of the blue palisades. The day was so beautiful and the air so invigorating that Jefferson suggested a ramble along the banks of the river. They could leave the cab at Claremont and drive back to the city later. Shirley was too grateful to him for his promise of cooperation to make any further opposition, and soon they were far away from beaten highways, down on the banks of the historic stream, picking flowers and laughing merrily like two truant children bent on a self made holiday. The place they had reached was just outside the northern boundaries of Harlem, a sylvan spot still unspoiled by the rude invasion of the flat-house builder. The land, thickly wooded, sloped down sharply to the water, and the perfect quiet was broken only by the washing of the tiny surf against the river bank and the shrill notes of the birds in the trees.

Although it was late in October, the day was warm, and Shirley soon tired of climbing over bramble entangled verdure. The rich grass underfoot looked cool and inviting, and the natural slope of the ground affording an ideal resting place she sat there, with Jefferson stretched out at her feet, both watching idly the dancing waters of the broad Hudson, spangled with gleams of light, as they swept swiftly by on their journey to the sea.

"Shirley," said Jefferson suddenly, "I suppose you saw that ridiculous story about my alleged engagement to Miss Roberts. I hope you understood that it was done without my consent."

"If I did not guess it, Jeff," she answered, "your assurance would be sufficient. Besides," she added, "what right have I to object?"

"But I want you to have the right," he replied earnestly. "I'm going to stop this Roberts nonsense in a way my father hardly anticipates. I'm just waiting a chance to talk to him. I'll show him the absurdity of announcing me engaged to a girl who is about to elope with his private secretary!"

"Elope with the secretary!" exclaimed Shirley.

Jefferson told all about the letter he had found on the staircase and the Hon. Fitzroy Bagley's plans for a runaway marriage with the senator's wealthy daughter.

"It's a godsend to me," he said gleefully. "Their plan is to get married next Wednesday. I'll see my father on Tuesday. I'll put the evidence in his hands, and I don't think," he added grimly, "he'll bother me any more about Miss Roberts."

"So you're not going away now?" said Shirley, smiling down at him.

He sat up and leaned over toward her.

"I can't, Shirley, I simply can't," he replied, his voice trembling. "You are

more to me than I dreamed a woman could ever be. I realize it more forcibly every day. There is no use fighting against it. Without you my work, my life, means nothing."

Shirley shook her head and averted her eyes.

"Don't let us speak of that, Jeff," she pleaded gently. "I told you I did not belong to myself while my father was in peril."

"But I must speak of it," he interrupted. "Shirley, you do yourself an injustice as well as me. You are not indifferent to me—I feel that. Then why raise this barrier between us?"

A soft light stole into the girl's eyes. Ah, it was good to feel there was some one to whom she was everything in the world!

"Don't ask me to betray my trust, Jeff," she faltered. "You know I am not indifferent to you—far from it. But I—"

He came closer until his face nearly touched hers.

"I love you—I want you," he murmured feverishly. "Give me the right to claim you before all the world as my future wife!"

Every note of his rich, manly voice, vibrating with impetuous passion, sounded in Shirley's ear like a soft caress. She closed her eyes. A strange feeling of languor was stealing over her; a mysterious thrill passed through her whole body. The eternal, inevitable sex instinct was disturbing for the first time a woman whose life had been singularly free from such influences, putting to flight all the calculations and resolves her cooler judgment had made. The sensuous charm of the place—the distant splash of the water, the singing of the birds, the fragrance of the trees and grass—all these symbols of the joy of life conspired to arouse the love hunger of the woman.

Why, after all, should she not know happiness like other women? She had a sacred duty to perform. It was true, but would it be less well done because she declined to stifle the natural leanings of her womanhood? Both her soul and her body called out, "Let this man love you; give yourself to him; he is worthy of your love."

Half unconsciously she listened to his ardent wooing, her eyes shut, as he spoke quickly, passionately, his breath warm upon her cheek:

"Shirley, I offer you all the devotion a man can give a woman. Say the one word that will make me the happiest or the most wretched of men. Yes or no! Only think well before you speak"



"Say you will be my wife!"

my life. I love you—I love you! I will wait for you if need be until the crack of doom. Say—say you will be my wife!"

She opened her eyes. His face was bent close over hers. Their lips almost touched.

"Yes, Jefferson," she murmured, "I do love you!"

His lips met hers in a long, passionate kiss. Her eyes closed, and an ecstatic thrill seemed to convulse her entire being. The birds in the trees overhead sang in more joyful chorals in celebration of the betrothal.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was nearly 7 o'clock when Shirley got back to Seventy-fourth street. No one saw her come in, and she went direct to her room and after a hasty dinner worked until late into the night on her book to make up for lost time. The events of the afternoon caused her considerable uneasiness. She reproached herself for her weakness and for having yielded so readily to the impulse of the moment. She had said only what was the truth when she admitted she loved Jefferson, but what right had she to dispose of her future while her father's fate was still uncertain? Her conscience troubled her, and when she came to reason it out calmly the more impossible seemed their union from every point of view. How could she become the daughter-in-law of the man who had ruined her own father? The idea was preposterous, and hard as the sacrifice would be Jefferson must be made to see it in that light. Their engagement was the greatest folly. It bound each of them when nothing but

unhappiness could possibly come of it. She was sure now that she loved Jefferson. It would be hard to give him up, but there are times and circumstances when duty and principle must prevail over all other considerations, and this she felt was one of them.

The following morning she received a letter from Stott. He was delighted to hear the good news regarding her important discovery, and he urged her to lose no time in securing the letters and forwarding them to Massapequa, when he would immediately go to Washington and lay them before the senate. Documentary evidence of that conclusive nature, he went on to say, would prove of the very highest value in clearing her father's name. He added that the judge and her mother were as well as circumstances would permit and that they were not in the least worried about her protracted absence. Her Aunt Milly had already returned to Europe, and Eudoxia was still threatening to leave daily.

Shirley needed no urging. She quite realized the importance of acting quickly, but it was not easy to get at the letters. The library was usually kept locked when the great man was away, and on the few occasions when access to it was possible the lynch-eyed Mr. Bagley was always on guard. Short as had been her stay in the Ryder household Shirley already shared Jefferson's antipathy to the English secretary, whose manner grew more supercilious and overbearing as he drew nearer the date when he expected to run off with one of the richest catches of the season. He had not sought the acquaintance of his employer's biographer since her arrival, and with the exception of a rude stare, had not deigned to notice her, which attitude of haughty indifference was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the Hon. Fitzroy usually left nothing unturned to cultivate a flirtatious intimacy with every attractive female he met. The truth was that what with Mr. Ryder's demands upon his services and his own preparations for his coming matrimonial venture, in which he had so much at stake, he had neither time nor inclination to indulge his customary amorous diversions.

Miss Roberts had called at the house several times, ostensibly to see Mrs. Ryder, and when introduced to Shirley she had condescended to give the latter a supercilious nod. Her conversation was generally of the silly, vacuous sort, concerning chiefly new dresses or bonnets, and Shirley at once read her character—frivolous, amusement loving, empty headed, irresponsible—just the kind of girl to do something foolish without weighing the consequences. After chatting a few moments with Mrs. Ryder she would usually vanish, and one day after one of these mysterious disappearances Shirley happened to pass the library and caught sight of her and Mr. Bagley conversing in subdued and eager tones. It was very evident that the elopement scheme was fast maturing. If the scandal was to be prevented, Jefferson ought to see his father and acquaint him with the facts without delay. It was probable that at the same time he would make an effort to secure the letters. Meantime she must be patient. Too much hurry might spoil everything.

So the days passed, Shirley devoting almost all her time to the history she had undertaken. She saw nothing of Ryder senior, but a good deal of his wife, to whom she soon became much attached. She found her an amiable, good natured woman, entirely free from that offensive arrogance and patronizing condescension which usually mark the parvenu as distinct from the thoroughbred. Mrs. Ryder had no claims to distinguished lineage; on the contrary, she was the daughter of a country grocer when the then rising oil man married her, and of educational advantages she had had little or none. It was purely by accident that she was the wife of the richest man in the world, and, while she enjoyed the pres-

[Continued next week.]

HOTEL : GALLIER

Rates \$1.00 to \$2.00 per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION.

BANDON, OREGON.



R. H. ROSA Co. Inc.,
Rosa Bldg. BANDON

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

Fishermen, Attention! We have a full line of oars. The best money can buy. See them at the Bandon Hardware Store, opposite the Post Office.

LEWIN'S Meat - Market All Kinds of MEATS and PROVISIONS

Furnished at Living Prices. A share of the Public Patronage Solicited

E. LEWIN Prop.

The Opera has a select stock of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Steam Beer on Draught.
COURTEOUS TREATMENT.
Gross Bros
Bandon, Oregon.

Furnished Rooms

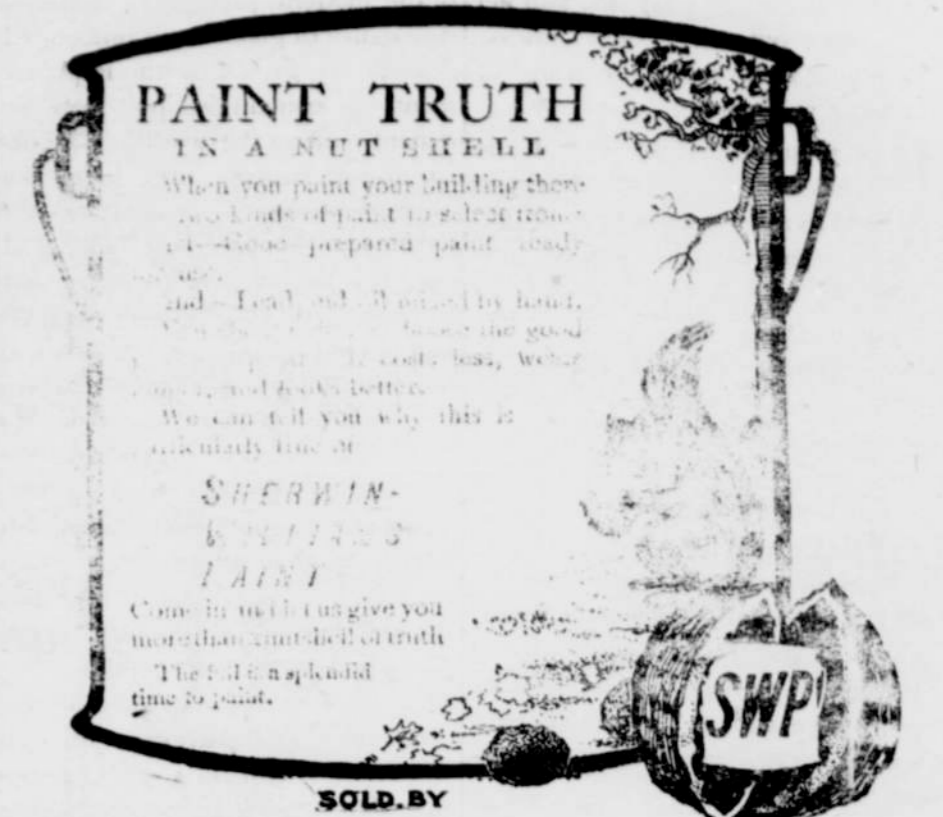
—AT—
The Pacific
BANDON
Nice clean rooms, 25 and 50c a night; \$1.25 a week; \$5.00 a month.
MRS. SARAH COSTELLO.

BOOTS SHOES

You Can't Expect to Get \$2 Worth for \$1. But You Can Get Your MONEY'S WORTH at

M. BREUER'S
Dealer in Boots and Shoes
Repairing neatly and promptly done at lowest living prices.

Mrs. A. G. Hoyt wishes to Invite the Ladies of Bandon to call at her home and see her hats, before buying.



Bandon Hardware Co Opposite Post Office.

NEED A NEW STOVE?
Bridge & Beach
Stoves, Ranges and Heaters
Have in them so many excellencies that they are now acknowledged the greatest sellers on the coast, and they are growing in favor every year. We have the exclusive agency in Bandon for these household and office necessities, and prices range exceedingly modest in either case.
Our assortment of hardware, tinware and edged tools is most complete.
Tinning & Plumbing a Specialty
A. McNAIR, THE HARDWARE MAN.

Chas. S. McCulloch
Civil Engineer and Surveyor.
Higher Classes of Work Solicited
BANDON, OREGON.

Crosman Timmons, President
R. H. Rosa, Vice-President
G. T. Treadgold, Sec
A. E. Hadsall, Treas.

Bandon Investment Corporation Inc. May 6, 1907
A. D. Morse, Mgr.
REAL ESTATE - TOWNSITES - PROMOTIONS BANDON

Gasoline - Steam, Pumping, Irrigation and Lighting Machinery.

Fairbanks-Morse Gasoline Engines for Spraying, Pumping, Sawing, Grinding. Outfits complete. Fairbanks Morse Steam Engines, Pumps, Boilers. Fairbanks Scales for weighing. Fairbanks-Morse Dynamos and Motors, for power and light; Windmills and Towers; Grinders, Feed Choppers, Well Pumps. All first quality goods at lowest prices. Always on stock. Liberal terms. Prompt reply to inquiries and quick shipment. Write for Catalogues and Prices.

Fairbanks - Morse & Co., Portland, Oregon.

PORTORFORD
AND
SHINGLES
For Sale at the Shingle Mill. All orders filled promptly. Office in mill. We pay highest price paid for Red Cedar Logs and Bolts.
J. E. Young & Co

BANK OF BANDON,
BANDON, OREGON
Capital \$25,000.00
BOARD OF DIRECTORS: J. L. KRONENBERG, President, J. DENBOLD, Vice Pres
F. J. FAHY, Cashier, FRANK FLAM, T. P. HANLY.
A general banking business transacted, and customers given every accommodation consistent with safe and conservative banking.
Correspondents: The American National Bank of San Francisco, California. Merchants' National Bank, Portland, Oregon. The Chase National Bank of New York.
Bank is Open from 9 a.m. to 12 m., and 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.