

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

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

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

CHAPTER XV.

It was now December, and the winter had been in session for over a week. Jefferson had not forgotten his promise, and one day, about two weeks after Mr. Bagley's spectacular dismissal from the Ryder residence, he had brought Shirley the two letters. She did not ask him how he got them, if he forced the drawer or procured the key. It sufficed for her that the precious letters, the absolute proof of her father's innocence, were at last in her possession. She at once sent them off by registered mail to Stott, who immediately acknowledged receipt and at the same time announced his departure for Washington that night. He promised to keep her constantly informed of what he was doing and how her father's case was going. It could, he thought, be only a matter of a few days now before the result of the proceedings would be known.

The approach of the crisis made Shirley exceedingly nervous, and it was only by the exercise of the greatest self control that she did not betray the terrible anxiety she felt. The Ryder biography was nearly finished, and her stay in Seventy-fourth street would soon come to an end. She had a serious talk with Jefferson, who contrived to see a good deal of her, entirely unsuspected by his parents, for Mr. and Mrs. Ryder had no reason to believe that their son had any more than a mere bowing acquaintance with the clever young authoress. Now that Mr. Bagley was no longer there to spy upon their actions these clandestine interviews had been comparatively easy. Shirley brought to bear all the arguments she could think of to convince Jefferson of the hopelessness of their engagement. She insisted that she could never be his wife; circumstances over which they had no control made that dream impossible. It were better, she said, to part now rather than incur the risk of being unhappy later. But Jefferson refused to be convinced. He argued and pleaded, and he even swore—strange, desperate words that Shirley had never heard before and which alarmed her not a little—and the discussion ended usually by a kiss which put Shirley completely hors de combat. Meantime, John Ryder had not ceased worrying about his son. The removal of Kate Roberts as a factor in his future had not eliminated the danger of Jefferson taking the bit between his teeth one day and contracting a secret marriage with the daughter of his enemy, and when he thought of the mere possibility of such a thing happening he stormed and raved until his wife, accustomed as she was to his choleric outbursts, was thoroughly frightened. For some time after Bagley's departure, father and son got along together fairly amicably, but Ryder senior was quick to see that Jefferson had something on his mind which was worrying him, and he rightly attributed it to his infatuation for Miss Rossmore. He was convinced that his son knew where the judge's daughter was, although his own efforts to discover her whereabouts had been unsuccessful.

Sergeant Ellison had confessed absolute failure. Miss Rossmore, he reported, had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed her, and further search was futile. Knowing well his son's impulsive, headstrong disposition, Ryder senior believed him quite capable of marrying the girl secretly any time. The only thing that John Ryder did not know was that Shirley Rossmore was not the kind of a girl to allow any man to inveigle her into a secret marriage. The Colossus, who judged the world's morals by his own, was not, of course, aware of this, and he worried night and day thinking what he could do to prevent his son from marrying the daughter of the man he had wronged.

The more he pondered over it the more he regretted that there was not some other girl with whom Jefferson could fall in love and marry. He need not seek a rich girl—there was certainly enough money in the Ryder family to provide for both. He wished they knew a girl, for example, as attractive and clever as Miss Green. Ah, he thought, there was a girl who would make a man of Jefferson—bratny, ambitious, active! And the more he thought of it the more he thought of her. He wished that Miss Green would be an ideal daughter-in-law and at the same time snatch his son from the clutches of the Rossmore woman.

Jefferson during all these weeks was growing more and more impatient. He knew that any day now Shirley might take her departure from their house and return to Massapequa. If the impulsive proceedings went against her father it was more than likely that he would lose her forever, and if, on the contrary, the judge were acquitted Shirley never would be willing to marry him without his father's consent, and this, he felt, he would never obtain. He resolved therefore to have a final interview with his father and declare boldly his intention of making Miss Rossmore his wife regardless of the consequences.

The opportunity came one evening after dinner. Ryder senior was sitting

alone in the library reading; Mrs. Ryder had gone to the theater with a friend; Shirley, as usual, was writing in her room, giving the final touches to her now completed "History of the Empire Trading Company." Jefferson took the bull by the horns and boldly accosted his redoubtable parent.

"May I have a few minutes of your time, father?"

Ryder senior laid aside the paper he was reading and looked up. It was unusual for his son to come to him on any errand, and he liked to encourage it.

"Certainly, Jefferson. What is it?"

"I want to appeal to you, sir. I want you to use your influence before it is too late to save Judge Rossmore. A word from you at this time would do wonders in Washington."

The financier swung half round in his chair, the smile of greeting faded out of his face, and his voice was hard as he replied coldly:

"Again? I thought we had agreed not to discuss Judge Rossmore any further?"

"I can't help it, sir," rejoined Jefferson, undeterred by his sire's hostile attitude. "That poor old man is practically on trial for his life. He is as innocent of wrongdoing as a child unborn, and you know it. You could save him if you would."

"Jefferson," answered Ryder senior, biting his lip to restrain his impatience, "I told you before that I could not interfere even if I would, and I won't, because that man is my enemy. Important business interests which you



"How dare you presume to judge my actions?"

cannot possibly know anything about, demand his dismissal from the bench."

"Surely your business interests don't demand the sacrifice of a man's life!" retorted Jefferson. "I know modern business methods are none too squeamish, but I should think you'd draw the line at deliberate murder!"

Ryder sprang to his feet and for a moment stood glaring at the young man. His lips moved, but no sound came from them. Suppressed wrath rendered him speechless. What was the world coming to when a son could talk to his father in this manner?

"How dare you presume to judge my actions or to criticize my methods?" he burst out finally.

"You force me to do so," answered Jefferson hotly. "I want to tell you that I am heartily ashamed of this whole affair and your connection with it, and since you refuse to make reparation in the only way possible for the wrong you and your associates have done Judge Rossmore—that is, by saving him in the senate—I think it only fair to warn you that I take back my word in regard to not marrying without your consent. I want you to know that I intend to marry Miss Rossmore as soon as she will consent to become my wife—that is," he added, with bitterness, "if I can succeed in overcoming her prejudices against my family!"

Ryder senior laughed contemptuously.

"Prejudices against a thousand million dollars?" he exclaimed skeptically.

"Yes," replied Jefferson decisively, "prejudices against our family, against you and your business practices. Money is not everything. One day you will find that out. I tell you definitely that I intend to make Miss Rossmore my wife."

Ryder senior made no reply, and as Jefferson had expected an explosion, this unnatural calm rather startled him. He was sorry he had spoken so harshly. It was his father, after all.

"You've forced me to defy you, father," he added. "I'm sorry!"

Ryder senior shrugged his shoulders and resumed his seat. He lit another cigar and with affected carelessness he said:

"All right, Jeff, my boy, we'll let it go at that. You're sorry—so am I. You've shown me your cards—I'll show you mine."

His composed, unruffled manner vanished. He suddenly threw off the mask and revealed the tempest that was raging within. He leaned across the desk, his face convulsed with uncontrollable passion, a terrify-

ing picture of human wrath. Shaking his fist at his son he shouted:

"When I get through with Judge Rossmore at Washington, I'll start after his daughter. This time tomorrow he'll be a disgraced man. A week later she will be a notorious woman. Then we'll see if you'll be so eager to marry her!"

"Father!" cried Jefferson.

"There is sure to be something in her life that won't bear inspection," sneered Ryder. "There is in everybody's life. I'll find out what it is. Where is she today? She can't be found. No one knows where she is—not even her own mother. Something is wrong—the girl's no good!"

Jefferson started forward as if to resent these insults to the woman he loved, but, realizing that it was his own father, he stopped short and his hands fell powerless at his side.

"Well, is that all?" inquired Ryder senior, with a sneer.

"That's all," replied Jefferson, "I'm going. Goodby."

"Goodby," answered his father indifferently. "Leave your address with your mother."

Jefferson left the room and Ryder senior, as if exhausted by the violence of his own outburst, sank back limp in his chair. The crisis he dreaded had come at last. His son had openly defied his authority and was going to marry the daughter of his enemy. He must do something to prevent it; the marriage must not take place, but what could he do? The boy was of age and legally his own master. He could do nothing to restrain his actions unless they put him in an insane asylum. He would rather see his son there, he mused, than married to the Rossmore woman.

Presently there was a timid knock at the library door. Ryder rose from his seat and went to see who was there. To his surprise it was Miss Green.

"May I come in?" asked Shirley.

"Certainly, by all means. Sit down." He drew up a chair for her, and his manner was so cordial that it was easy to see she was a welcome visitor.

"Mr. Ryder," she began in a low, tremulous voice, "I have come to see you on a very important matter. I've been waiting to see you all evening, and as I shall be here only a short time longer I want to ask you a great favor, perhaps the greatest you were ever asked. I want to ask you for mercy—for mercy!"

She stopped and glanced nervously at him, but she saw he was paying no attention to what she was saying. He was puffing heavily at his cigar, entirely preoccupied with his own thoughts. Her sudden silence aroused him. He apologized:

"Oh, excuse me! I didn't quite catch what you were saying."

She said nothing, wondering what had happened to render him so absent-minded. He read the question in her face, for, turning toward her, he exclaimed:

"For the first time in my life I am face to face with defeat—defeat of the most ignominious kind—incapacity—inability to regulate my own internal affairs. I can rule a government, but I can't manage my own family—my own son. I'm a failure. Tell me," he added, appealing to her, "why can't I rule my own household, why can't I govern my own child?"

"Why can't you govern yourself?" said Shirley quietly.

Ryder looked keenly at her for a moment without answering her question; then, as if prompted by a sudden inspiration, he said:

"You can help me, but not by preaching at me. This is the first time in my life I ever called on a living soul for help. I'm only accustomed to deal with men. This time there's a woman in the case, and I need your woman's wit!"

"How can I help you?" asked Shirley.

"I don't know," he answered with suppressed excitement. "As I told you, I am up against a blank wall. I can't see my way." He gave a nervous little laugh and went on: "I'm ashamed of myself—ashamed! Did you ever read the fable of the Lion and the Mouse? Well, I want you to gnaw with your sharp woman's teeth at the cords which bind the son of John Burgett Ryder to this Rossmore woman. I want you to be the mouse—to set me free of this disgraceful entanglement."

"How?" asked Shirley calmly.

"Ah, that's just it—how?" he replied. "Can't you think you're a woman—you have youth, beauty—brains." He stopped and eyed her closely until she reddened from the embarrassing scrutiny. Then he blurted out: "By George! Marry him yourself—force him to let go of this other woman! Why not? Come, what do you say?"

This unexpected suggestion came upon Shirley with all the force of a violent shock. She immediately saw the futility of her position. This man was asking for her hand for his son under the impression that she was another woman. It would be dishonorable of her to keep up the deception any longer. She passed her hand over her face to conceal her confusion.

"You—you must give me time to think," she stammered. "Suppose I don't love your son. I should want something—something to compensate."

"Something to compensate?" echoed Ryder, surprised and a little disconcerted. "Why, the boy will inherit millions—I don't know how many."

"No—no, not money," rejoined Shirley. "Money only compensates those who love money. It's something else—a man's honor, a man's life! It means nothing to you."

He gazed at her, not understanding. Full of his own project, he had mind for nothing else. Ignoring therefore the question of compensation, whatever she might mean by that, he continued:

"You can win him if you make up

your mind to. A woman with your resources can blind him to any other woman."

"But if he loves Judge Rossmore's daughter?" objected Shirley.

"It's for you to make him forget her, and you can," replied the financier confidently. "My desire is to separate him from this Rossmore woman at any cost. You must help me." His sternness relaxed somewhat, and his eyes rested on her kindly. "Do you know, I should be glad to think you won't have to leave us. Mrs. Ryder has taken a fancy to you, and I myself shall miss you when you go."

"You ask me to be your son's wife and you know nothing of my family," said Shirley.

"I know you. That is sufficient," he replied.

"No, no, you don't," returned Shirley, "nor do you know your son. He has more constancy, more strength of character, than you think and far more principle than you have."

"So much the greater the victory for you," he answered good humoredly.

"Ah," said reproachfully, "you do not love your son."

"I do love him," replied Ryder warmly. "It's because I love him that I'm such a fool in this matter. Don't you see that if he marries this girl it would separate us and I should lose him? I don't want to lose him. If I welcomed her to my house, it would make me the laughing stock of all my friends and business associates. Come, will you join forces with me?"

Shirley shook her head and was about to reply when the telephone bell rang. Ryder took up the receiver and spoke to the butler downstairs:

"Who's that? Judge Stott? Tell him I'm too busy to see any one. What's that? A man's life at stake? What's that to do with me? Tell him!"

[Continued next week.]

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.

WE PAY 4%

ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS.

You may start an account with any amount you wish over \$1.00. Send check, money order, express order or by registered letter and by return mail you will receive your bank book. We pay 4% interest and compound it twice a year, on June 30 and December 31.

Capital and Surplus Over \$3,000,000.00
Total Assets Over \$12,000,000.00
Send for our Booklet on Banking by Mail

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY
California and Montgomery Sts.
SAN FRANCISCO, California.

HOTEL : GALLIER

Rates \$1.00 to \$2.00 per Day.
SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.
SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION.
BANDON, OREGON.

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

Fairbanks - Morse & Co., Portland, Oregon.

BANK OF BANDON, BANDON, OREGON

Capital \$25,000.00
BOARD OF DIRECTORS: J. L. KRONENBERG, President, J. DENHOLM, 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.

SHIELDS & KENNEDY

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKERS
Wagons of all Kinds Made to Order. Horseshoeing a Specialty.
Job work attended to promptly and all work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Prices reasonable. Shop on Atwater street, Bandon, Or.

Finish Your Floors
in paint, varnish, stain, or wax, and use *The Sherwin-Williams Modern Method Floor Finishes.*

For Painted Finish—Inside Floors—The S.W. INSIDE FLOOR PAINT.
Porch Floors—The S.W. PORCH FLOOR PAINT.
For Varnished Finish—Natural—MERBUT, a durable floor varnish. Stained—FLOORAC, stain and varnish combined.
For Waxed Finish—The S.W. FLOOR WAX.
For Unsightly Cracks in Old Floors—The S.W. CRACK AND SEAM FILLER.

A complete line of finishes for any style and any floor, old or new.

Get color cards from

Bandon Hardware Co
Opposite Post Office.