

A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI

By THOMAS A. WISE

Novelized From the Play by Frederick R. Toombs

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BATTLES OF WASHINGTON.

Twenty minutes after 12 Senator Langdon and Secretary Haines were still undisturbed by any move on the part of Peabody and Stevens, who maintained a silence that to Haines was distinctly ominous. His experience at the capitol had taught him that when the senate machine was quiet it was time for some one to get out from under.

Miss Williams, the naval committee's stenographer, entered.

"Senator Langdon," she said, "Senator Peabody and Senator Stevens are in committee room 6, and they told me to tell you that they'd be—I can't say it. Please, sir, I—"

"D—d," interpolated Langdon, laughing.

"Yes, sir, that's it. They'll be that—if they come in here at 12:30. You must come to them, they say."

"Tell the gentlemen I'm sitting here with my hat on the back of my head smoking a good see-gar with walls driven through both shoes into the floor—and looking at the clock."

At 12:25 Senator Stevens entered.

"I came to warn you, Langdon," he said, "that Senator Peabody's patience is nearly exhausted. You must come to see him at once if you expect the south to get a naval base at Altacoola or anywhere else. If you do not agree to take his advice this naval bill and any other that you are interested in now or in future will be trampled underfoot in the senate. Mississippi will have no use for a senator who cannot produce results in Washington, and that will prove the bitterest lesson you have ever learned."

"I'm waiting for Peabody here, Stevens."

"Oh, ridiculous! Of course he's not coming. Why, Langdon, he's the king of the senate. He has the biggest men of the country at his call. He's—"

"He's got one minute left," observed Langdon, looking at the clock, "but he'll come. I trust Peabody more than the best clock made at a time like this when—"

The figure of the senior senator from Pennsylvania appeared in the doorway.

"Good day, Senator Langdon," he remarked icily.

"Same to you. Have a see-gar, senator," said Langdon. He turned and winked significantly at Haines.

The three senators seated themselves.

"I suppose you wouldn't consider yourself so important, Langdon, if you knew that we now find we can get another member of the naval affairs committee over to our side for Altacoola," began Peabody. "That gives us a majority of the committee without your vote."

"That wouldn't prevent me from making a minority report for Gulf City and explaining why I made that report, would it?" the Mississippian asked blandly.

Peabody and Stevens both knew that it wouldn't. Stevens exchanged glances with "the boss of the senate" and in low voice began making to Langdon a proposition to which Peabody's assent had been gained.

"Langdon, we would like to be alone," and he nodded toward Haines.

"Sorry can't oblige, senator," Langdon replied. "Bud and I together make up the senator from Mississippi."

"All right. What I want to say is this: The president is appointing a commission to investigate the condition of the unemployed. The members are to go to Europe, five or six countries, and look into conditions there, leisurely, of course, so as to formulate a piece of legislation that will solve the existing problems in this country. A most generous expense account will be allowed by the government. A member can take his family. A son, for instance, could act as financial secretary.

"I've heard of that commission," said Langdon.

"Well, Senator Peabody has the naming of two senators who will go on that commission, and I suggested that your character and ability would make you"—

"Good glory," exclaimed Langdon, "you mean that my character and ability would make me something or other if I kept my mouth shut in the senate this afternoon! Stevens, I've been surprised so many times since I came to the capitol that it doesn't affect me any more. I'm just amused at your offer or Senator Peabody's."

"I want to tell you two senators that there's only one thing that I want in Washington—and you haven't offered it to me yet. When you do I'll do business with you."

"What's that? Speak out, man!" said Peabody quickly.

"A square deal for the people of the United States."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed "the boss of the senate." "Is this Washington or is it heaven?"

"It is not heaven, senator," put in Haines.

"Man alive," cried Peabody, "I've been in Washington so long that"—

"So long you've forgotten that the American people really exist," retorted Langdon, "and there are more like you in the senate, all because the voters have no chance to choose their own senators. The public in most states has to take the kind of a senator that the legislature, made up mostly of politicians, feels like making them take. You, Peabody, wouldn't be in the senate today if the voters had anything to say about it."

The Pennsylvanian shrugged his shoulders.

"And now I'll tell you honorable senators," went on Langdon, thoroughly aroused, "something to surprise you. I have discovered that you were not working for yourselves alone in the Altacoola deal, but that you intend to turn your land over to the Standard Steel company at a big profit as soon as this naval base bill is passed. Then that company will squeeze the government for the best part of the hundred millions that are to be spent."

The senator sank back in his chair and gazed at his two opponents.

Those two statesmen jumped to their feet.

"Come, Stevens, let him do what he will. We cannot stay here to be insulted by the ravings of a madman," cried the Pennsylvanian. But he brought his associate to a standstill midway to the door. "By the way, Langdon, what is it you are going to do in the senate this afternoon?" he asked. "You said you were going to make us honest against our will. You know you can't do anything."

Bud Haines turned his face toward the speaker and grinned broadly, to the senator's intense discomfort.

"I'll do more than that," announced Langdon, rising and pounding a fist into his open hand. "I'll make you and Stevens more popular than you ever were in your lives before."

"Bah!" shouted Peabody.

"I'll do even more yet. I'm going to make you generous—patriots. And, I regret to say, I'll give you the chance to make the hits of your careers."

The polished hypocrites looked at him, too astonished to move.

"How? What?" they gasped.

Swept on by his own enthusiasm and the force of his own courageous honesty, the voice of the southerner rose to oratorical height.

"This afternoon," he exclaimed, "when the naval base committee makes its report I will rise in my place and declare that for once in the history of the senate men have been found who place the interests of the government they serve above any chance of pecuniary reward. These men are the members of the naval base committee."

"With this idea in view, realizing that dishonest men would try to make money out of the government, these members of the naval base committee, after they settled on Altacoola, went out quietly and secured control of all the land that will be needed for the naval base, and these men secured this at a very nominal figure. Now they are ready to turn over their land to the government at exactly what they paid for it without a cent of profit."

"Then they're going to sit up over there in that senate. They're going to realize that a new kind of politics has arrived in Washington—the kind—"

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"In some years I suffered from intense colicky pains which would come on at times and from which I could find no relief," says I. S. Mason, of Beaver Dam, Ky. "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was recommended to me by a friend. After taking a few doses of the remedy I was entirely relieved. That was four years ago and there has been no return of the symptoms since that time." This remedy is for sale by Burnaugh & Mayfield.

that I and lots of others always thought there was here.

"And, gentlemen"—he advanced on his colleagues triumphantly—"when I, Senator Langdon of Mississippi, your creation in politics, have finished that speech I dare one of you to get up and deny a word!"

"The boss of the senate" and his satellite were dumfounded. Firmly believing that Langdon could find no way to pass the bill for Altacoola and yet spoil their crooked scheme, they were totally unprepared for any such de-

velopment. To think that a simple, old fashioned planter from the cotton fields of Mississippi could originate such a plan to outwit the two ablest political tricksters in the senate!

Langdon eyed his colleagues triumphantly.

Peabody, however, was thinking quickly. He was never beaten until the last vote was counted on a roll call. He knew that, no matter how apparently insurmountable an opposition was, a way to overcome it might often be found by the man who exercises strong self control and a trained brain.

This corrupt victor in scores of bitter political engagements on the battlefield of Washington was now in his most dangerous mood. He would marshal all his forces. The man to defeat him now must defeat the entire senate machine and the allies it could gain in an emergency; he must overcome the power of Standard Steel; he must fight the resourceful brain of the masterful Peabody himself.

Peabody whispered to Stevens, "We must pretend to be beaten."

Then the Pennsylvanian advanced, smiling, to Langdon and held out his hand.

"Senator Langdon," he said, "I'm beaten. You've beaten the leader of the senate, something difficult to be-

lieve. What's more, you've given me the chance of a lifetime to become known as a public benefactor. As soon as you've finished your speech in the senate I will get up and make another one—to second yours. Here's my hand. Anything you may ever want out of Peabody in the future shall be yours for the asking."

Langdon refused to grasp the proffered hand.

Senator Stevens made a show of protesting against his superior's seeming surrender.

"But," he objected, "look here"—Peabody turned upon him instantly. "Oh, shut up, Stevens; don't be a fool. Come on in. The water's fine."

The pair of schemers, with Norton at their heels hurried away.



"I dare one of you to get up and deny a word!"

Peabody eagerly clutched the receiver.

The telephone bell at the desk interrupted him.

Peabody leaned over and eagerly clutched the receiver.

The senior senator from Mississippi jerked himself to his feet. He stood at a window and looked out over the roof tops of the city.

Professional Directory of Wallowa County

<p>THOS. M. DILL ATTORNEY-AT-LAW</p> <p>Office first door south of New Fraternal Bldg., Enterprise, Ore.</p>	<p>BURLEIGH & BOYD ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW</p> <p>Practice in all State Courts and Interior Department. Careful attention to all business.</p>	<p>D. W. SHEAHAN LAWYER - ENTERPRISE</p> <p>Practice in State and Federal Courts and Interior Department.</p>	<p>C. T. HOCKETT, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON</p> <p>Office upstairs in Bank Building. Ind. Home phone in office and residence.</p>
<p>W. C. KETCHUM DENTIST - ENTERPRISE</p> <p>Office Berland Building. Home Independent Phone.</p>	<p>E. T. ANDERSON, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON</p> <p>Calls attended to day or night. Home phone, Enterprise, Ore.</p>	<p>DR. C. A. AULT PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON</p> <p>Office in Bank Building. Home phone both office and residence.</p>	<p>The Supreme court has denied James A. Finch, the Portland lawyer, a new trial and he must hang for the murder of Attorney Ralph B. Fisher.</p> <p>Don't fail to hear the "Band Concert" given by Burk's Big Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. They feature a number of soloists and will certainly render a musical treat on the principal streets of our city, during the day of their exhibition here at Enterprise, August 17.</p> <p>Sergeant Arthur Todd, U. S. M. C., testified Tuesday that Lieutenant Sutton was shot.</p>

The Pennsylvanian drew Stevens into committee room 6 and, ordering the stenographer to leave, drew up chairs where both could sit, facing the door.

"We've thrown dust in that old gander's eyes," whispered Peabody. "It's now tea after 1. He is to be recognized to make his speech at 3:30. That gives us two hours and twenty minutes—"

"Yes, but for what?" asked Stevens excitedly. "I've been trying myself to think of something. What will you do—what can you do?"

"The boss of the senate" smiled patronizingly on the senior senator from Mississippi, as though amused and scornful of his limitations as a strategist, as a tenacious fighter. Then his jaw set hard, and his brows contracted.

"I will not do anything," he said, "I cannot do anything"—he hesitated a full ten seconds—"but Jake Steinert can."

Stevens' hands twitched nervously.

"And," continued Peabody, "I'm expecting a phone call from him any moment. I told him this morning that he might be able to make \$1,000 before night if—"

The telephone bell at the desk interrupted him.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. SPANGLER GIVES A LUNCHEON.

WHEN Senators Peabody and Stevens had gone Langdon and Bud went over the situation together and concluded that their opponents had no means of defeating Langdon's program—that, after all, Peabody might really have meant his words of surrender.

"But they might try foul play. Better stay right here in the capitol the rest of the day," suggested Bud.

Langdon scoffed at the idea.

Haines bustled away to get a few mouthfuls of lunch to fortify himself for a busy afternoon—one that was going to be far busier than he imagined.

The telephone bell rang at the senator's desk. It was Mrs. Spangler's voice that spoke.

"Senator Langdon," she said, "Carolina and Hope Georgia are here at my home for luncheon, and we all want you to join us."

"Sorry I cannot accept," answered the Mississippian, "but I am to make an important speech this afternoon—"

"Oh, yes, I know. The girls and I are coming to hear it. But you have two hours' time, and if you come we can all go over to the senate together. Now, senator, humor us a little. Don't disappoint the girls and me. We can all drive over to the capitol in my carriage."

The planter hesitated, then replied, "All right; I'll be over, but it mustn't be a very long luncheon."

"Come to eat; back by 3 o'clock," he scratched quickly on a pad on the secretary's desk and departed.

Mrs. Spangler's luncheons were equally as popular in Washington as Senator Langdon's dinners. The Mississippian and his daughters enjoyed the delicacies spread lavishly before them.

Time passed quickly. The old planter enjoyed seeing his daughters have so happy a time, and he was not insensible to the charm of his hostess' conversation, for Mrs. Spangler had studied carefully the art of ingratiating herself with her guests.

Suddenly realizing that he had probably reached the limit of the time he

could spare, the senator drew out his watch.

"What a stunning job you wear," quickly spoke Mrs. Spangler, reaching over her hand and taking the watch from her guest's hands as the case snapped open.

"Oh, that's Carolina's doing," laughed Langdon. "She said the old gold chain that my grandfather left me was—"

"Why, how lovely," murmured Mrs. Spangler, glancing at the watch. "We have plenty of time yet. Won't you have to hurry. Your time is the same as mine," she added, nodding her head toward a French renaissance clock on the black marble mantel.

As the hostess did this she deftly turned back the hands of the senator's watch thirty-five minutes.

Delightfully turned back.

"Do you care to smoke, senator?" Mrs. Spangler asked as her guests concluded their repast, "if the young ladies do not object?"

Langdon inclined his head gratefully and laughed.

"They wouldn't be southern girls, I reckon, if they didn't want to see a man have everything to make him happy—er, I beg pardon, Mrs. Spangler, I mean, comfortable. Nobody that's your guest could be unhappy."

The hostess beamed on the chivalrous southerner.

Langdon drew forth a thick black perfecto and settled back luxuriously in his chair, after another glance at Mrs. Spangler's clock. He was absorbed in a mental resume of his forthcoming speech and did not hear the next words of the woman, addressed pointedly to his daughters.

"Do you know, really, why this luncheon was given today?" she queried. Then she continued before Carolina and Hope Georgia could formulate reply.

"Because your father and I wanted to take this opportunity to announce to you—our engagement."

The speaker smiled her sweetest smile.

The two girls gazed at each other in uncontrollable amazement, then at Mrs. Spangler, then at their father, who had turned partly away from the table and was gazing abstractedly at the ceiling.

Hope Georgia was the first to regain her voice.

"Oh, Mrs. Spangler," she ejaculated, "you are very kind to marry father, but—"

"What's that?" exclaimed the senator, taking his thoughts by his youngest daughter's words and thrusting himself forward.

Mrs. Spangler laid her hand on his arm.

"Oh, senator, I have just told the dear girls that you had asked me to marry you—that we were soon to be married," she said archly, looking him straight in the eye. She clasped her hands and murmured, "I am so happy!"

(Continued next week.)

If you are all run down Foley's Kidney Remedy will help you. It strengthens the kidneys so they will eliminate the impurities from the blood that depress the nerves, and cause exhaustion, backache, rheumatism, and urinary irregularities, which sap the vitality. Do not delay. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy at once, Burnaugh & Mayfield.

Richard Golden, who made the play Old Jed Prouty, famous, died Tuesday.

Cured Hay Fever and Summer Cold.

A. S. Nusbaum, Batesville, Indiana, writes: Last year I suffered for three months with a summer cold so distressing that it interfered with my business. I had many of the symptoms of hay fever, and a doctor's prescription did not reach my case, and I took several medicines which seemed only to aggravate it. Fortunately I insisted upon having Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly cured me. My wife has since used Foley's Honey and Tar with the same success. Burnaugh & Mayfield.

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