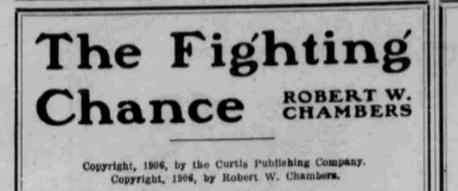
EIGHT PAGES

INDEPENDENCE ENTERPRISE, INDEPENDENCE, OREGON, AUGUST 12, 1910.



(A continued story.)

"I only mentioned it," she said carelessly. "You had an opportunity to make Howard pay you back. What are you going to do?"

"Do?" "Of course. You are going to do something, I suppose. You haven't yet told me how you intend to make Howard return the money you lost through his juggling with your stock."

"I don't exactly know myself," admitted Mortimer, still overflushed. "I mean to put it to him squarely as a debt of honor that he owes. I asked him whether to invest. He never warned me not to. He is morally responsible "

She nodded.

"I'll tell him so, too," blustered Mortimer, shaking himself into an upright posture and laying a pudgy clinched fist on the table. "Fin not afraid of him! He'll find that out too. I know enough to stagger him. Not that I mean to use it. I'm aot going to have him think that my demands on him for my own property resemble extortion I've half a mind to shake that money out of him in one way or another.'

He struck the table and looked at her for further sign of approval.

"I'm not afraid of him." he repeated, "I wish to God he were here, and I'd tell him so.

She said coolly, "I was wishing that too."

For awhile they sat silent, preoccu pled, avoiding each other's direct gaze. When she rose he started, watching her in a dazed way as she walked to the telephone

"Shall 1?" she asked quietly, turning to him, her hand on the receiver. "Walt. W-what are you going to

do?" he stammered.

"Call him up. Shall 1?"

A dull throb of fright pulsed through him. "You say you are not afraid of him.

Leroy. "No!" he said, with an oath. "I am

not. Go ahead!" She unbooked the receiver. After a second or two her low, even voice sounded. There came a pause. She rested one elbow on the wainut shelf.

the receiver tight to her ear. Then: "Mr. Quarrier, please. Yes. Mr. Howard Quarrier. No, no name. Say It is on business of immediate importance. Very well, then; you may say that Miss Vyse insists on speaking to him. Yes, I'll hold the wire."

She turned, the receiver at her ear, and looked narrowly at Mortimer.

noiselessly past him. He shrank back into the shadow of a porte cochere. The hansom halted before the limestone basement house. A tall figure left it, stood a moment in the middle of the sidewalk, then walked quickly to the front door. It opened and the man vanished.

whole business. A sullen shame was

pumping the hot blood up into his neck

and cheeks. An electric hansom flew

The hansom still waited at the door. Mortimer, his hands shaking, looked at his watch by the light of the electric bulbs flanking the gateway under which he stood.

There was not much time in which to make up his mind, yet his fright was increasing to a pitch which began to enrage him with that coward's courage which it is impossible to reckon

Fumbling with his intchkey, but with se enough left to make no noise, he let himself in, passed silently through the reception hall and up to the drawing room floor, where for a second he stood listening. Then something of the perverted sportsman sent the blood quivering into his veins. He had him. He had run him down! The game was at bay

An inrush of exhilaration steadled him. He laid his hand on the banister and mounted, gloves and hat brim crushed in the other hand. When he entered the room, he pretended to see only Lydia.

"Hello, little giri," he said, laughing, "are you surprised to"-

At that moment he caught sight of Quarrier, and the start he gave was genuine enough. Never had he seen in man's visage such white concentration of anger.

"Rather unexpected, isn't it?" said

Mortimer, staring at Quarrier. "Is it?" returned Quarrier in a low voice.

"I suppose so," sneered Mortimer. "Did you expect to find me here?"

"No. Did you expect to find me?" asked the other, with emphasis unmistakable

"What do you mean?" demanded. Mortimer hoarsely. "What the devil to you mean by asking me if I expected to find you here? If I had, I'd not have traveled down to your office tolay to see you; I'd have come here for you. Naturally people suppose that an engaged man is likely to give up this sort of thing."

quarrier, motionless, white to the Eps, turned his eyes from one to the other. He looked at Lydia, and his "Won't he speak to you?" he de- lips moved. "You asked me to come."

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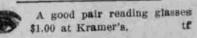
SALEM, OREGON

pens?" "As long as you have a check with ing. So he had brought a check! Had he s sposed that a check might be nec you, Howard," said Lydia quietly, essary when Lydia called him up? "suppose you simply add to Mr. Mor-Was he prepared to meet any demand timer's amount what you had intendof hers, too, even before Mortimer ap- ed to offer me."

peared on the scene?

(To be continued.)

He stared at her without answer-



manded.

"I'm going to find out. Hush a moyou? Yes, I know I promised not to ders-"you seemed to be afraid of do this, but that was before things something or other." happened. Well, what am I to do when it is necessary to talk to you? Yes, it house, with guests in the room. is necessary. I tell you it is necessary. well; I shall expect you. Goodby."

She hung up the receiver and turned to Mortimer:

"He's coming up at once. Did 1 say anything to scare him particularly?"

ing his eigar, which had gone out. 'If he comes up in his motor he'll be five minutes."

had suddenly begun to work them- mind hunting up that check book I selves out too swiftly.

"Do you think that's best?" he faljob to me. But I guess it's all right, spiracy. It's better for me to just happen in, isn't it? Don't forget to put Merkle

kle, the butler, held his hat and gloves it and nodded that it was correct. and opened the door for him.

I wished to "No; you offered to. ment!" and in the same caim, almost talk to you over the wire, but"-her childish volce: "Oh, Howard, is that lip curied, and she shrugged her shoul-

"I couldn't talk to you in my own

"One moment," interposed Mortimer I am sorry it is not convenient for you blandly. "As long as I traveled down to talk to me, but I really must ask town to see you and find you here so you to listen. No, I shall not write, I unexpectedly I may as well take adwant to talk to you tonight-now! vantage of this opportunity to regu-Yes, you may come here if you care late a little matter. You don't mind to. I think you had better come, How- our talking shop for a moment, Lydia? ard, because I am liable to continue Thank you. It's just a little business ringing your telephone until you are matter between Mr. Quarrier and mywilling to listen. No, there is nobody self, a matter concerning a few shares here. I am alone. What time? Very of stock which I once held in one of his companies bought at par and tumbled to ten and- What is the fraction, Quarrier? I forget."

Quarrier thought deeply for a moment; then he raised his head, looking "One thing's sure as preaching," said full at Mortimer, and under his silky Mortimer. "He's a coward, and I'm beard an edge of teeth glimmered. glad of it," be added naively, relight- "Did you wish me to take back those shares at par?" he asked.

"Exactly! I knew you would! ! here in a few minutes," she said, knew you'd see it in that way!" cried "Suppose you take your hat and go out. Mortimer heartily. "Confound it all. I don't want him to think what he Quarrier, I've always said you were will think if he walks into the room that sort of man; that you'd never let and finds you waiting. You have your a friend in on the top floor and kick key, Leroy. Walk down the block, and him clear to the cellar. As a matter of when you see him come in give him fact, 1 sold out at 10%. Wait! Here's a pencil. Lydia, give me that pad on

Her voice had become a little breath- your desk. Here you are, Quarrier. less, and her color was high. Morti- it's easy enough to figure out how mer, too, seemed apprehensive. Things much you owe me. Lydia, would you left here before din"-

He had made a mistake. The girl tered, looking about for his hat, "Tell flushed. He choked up and cast a star-Merkle that nobody has been here if tled giance at Quarrier. But Quarrier Quarrier should ask him. Do you if he heard made no motion of underthink we're doing it in the best way, standing. Perhaps it had not been Lydia? By God! It smells of a put up necessary to convince him of the con-

When he had finished his figures he reviewed them, tracing each total with his pencil's point; then quietly handed

He descended the stairs hastily. Mer- the pad to Mortimer, who went over

Lydia rose. Quarrier said, without Once on the street his impulse was looking at her: "I have a blank check to flee-get out, get away from the with me. May I use one of these \*\*\*\*\* Bishop's Ready Tailored Clothes \*\*\*\*\*

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