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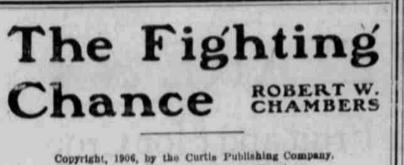
AUG. 27

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#### (A continued story.)

The hot month dragged on. Quar | instant did be dream that his creature rier came. Agatha Calthness arrived a few days later-scheme of the Forrails involving Alderdene-but the hiwanoa did not come, and Plank remained invisible. Leila Mortimer er middle of the month, offering no information as to the whereabouts of what Major Belwether delicately designated as her "legitimate." But everybody knew he was at last to be crossed off and struck clean out, and the ugly history of the winter, now so impudently corroborated at Saratoga. gave many a hostess the opportunity long desired.

"Gad," said Alderdene, "she's well rid of him!"

"A suit before a referee would settle him," mused Voucher. "He hasn't a leg to stand on. Lord, the same cat that tripped up Stephen Siward!"

Fleetwood's quick eyes glimmered to the desk and sank into the chair. for an instant in Quarrier's direction. Quarrier was in the billiard room, out of earshot, practicing balk line prob- over the mouth that all men watched lems with Major Belwether, and Fleetwood said: "The same cat that tripped up Stephen Siward. Yes. But who let her loose?"

"It was your dinner. You ought to know," said Voucher bluntly.

"I do know. He brought her," nodding toward the billiard room.

"Belwether?"

"No," yawned Fleetwood.

Somebody said presently: "Isn't he one of the governors? Oh, I say, that was rather rough on Siward, though."

Sylvia, passing the hall, gianced in through the gunroom door with an absentminded smile at the men and their laughing greeting as they rose with uplifted glasses to salute her.

"The sweetest of all," observed a man, disconsolately emptying his glass, "Oh, irony! What a marriage?"

Beverly Plank had no time for anything outside of his own particular business except to go every day to the for. big, darkened house in lower Fifth avenue where the days had been hard on Siward and the nights harder.

Siward, however, could walk now, using his crutches still, but often stopping to gently test his left foot and see how much weight he was able to bear on it, even taking a tentative step or two without crutch support. He drove when he thought it prudent to use the horses in the heat, usually very early in the morning, though sometimes at night with Plank when phrase-thank you." the latter had time to run his touring car through the park and out into the | ing. Bronx or Westchester for a breath of hir.

But Plank wanted him to go away,

sat closeted with Plank, tremulous, sal low, nearing the edge of eringing avow al, only held luck from utter collapse by the agonizing necessity of completing a bargain that might save himself from the degradation of the punishment that had seemed inevitable. All day long he sat with Plank. Nobody except those two knew he was there. And after a very long time Plank consented that nobody eise except SIward and Harrington and Quarrier should ever know. So he called up Harrington on the telephone, saying that there was in the office somebody who desired to speak to him. And when Harrington caught the judge's first faint. stammered word he reeled where he stood, ashen, unbelieving, speechless,

Enerington was an old man, a very old man, mortally hurt, but he steadled blusself along the wall of his study

After a little while he passed a thin hand over his eyes, over his gray head, with fear, over the shaven jaw now grimly set but trembling. His hand, too, shook with palsy as he wrote, painfully picking out the words and figures of the cipher from his code book, but he closed his thin lips and squared his unsteady jaw and wrote his message to Quarrier:

It is all up. Plank will take over Inter-county. Come at ohce.

Plank slept the sleep of utter ex-haustion that night. The morning found him haggard, but strong, cool in his triumph, serious, stern faced, almost sad that his work was done, the battle won.

From his own house he telegraphed a curt summons to Harrington and to Quarrier for a conference in his own office, then, finishing whatever business his morning mail required, put on his hat and went to see the one man in the world he was most glad

"It's all over, Siward," he said, with a laugh. "Harrington knows it. Quarrier knows it by this time. Their judge crawled in yesterday and threw himself on our mercy, and the men whose whip he obeyed will be on their way to surrender by this time. Well, haven't you a word?"

"Many," said Siward slowly, "too many to utter, but not enough to express what I feel. If you will take two on account here they are in one

"Debt's canceled," said Plank, laugh-"Do you want to hear the de-

talls?" The narrative exchanged by Plank In return for Siward's intensely inter-



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"Infers what?" "The truth, I suppose," replied Plank simply.

"And what," insisted Siward, "have you inferred that you believe to be the | I'd like to talk a little about it to sometruth? Don't parry, Plank. It isn't body. And there's nobody fit to listen. easy for me, and I-I never before except you. You know what a pillow

likely I should have spoken to my to use your mother about it. I had expected to. It on a moment. It's my may be weakness-I don't know, but tired, Plank."

spoke this way to any man. It is a tire that the spoke this way to any man.

Dr. Allin, Dentist, Cooper Bldg. tf.

get out of the city for his convales- ested questions was a simple, limpid cence, and Siward flatly declined, de review of a short but terrific campaign manding that Plank permit him to do that only yesterday had threatened to his share in the fight against the Intercounty people.

like Plank very much he could not ex- was a little dazed. Yet he himself had actly remember. He was not perhaps expected the treason that ended all. aware of how much he liked him. He himself had foreseen it. Plank's unexpected fits of shyness, of formality, often and often amused is nothing in the world that men adhim. But there was a subtler feeling mire more than a man. It is a good under the unexpressed amusement deal of a privilege for me to tell you and, beneath all, a constantly increasing substratum of respect. Too, he found himself curiously at ease with Plank as with one born to his own thing incoherent. caste. And this feeling, unconscious, but more and more apparent, meant victory. Siward, unusually gay for more to Plank than anything that had awhile, presently turned somber, and it ever happened to him.

Then one sultry day toward the last week in August a certain judge of a certain court, known among some as "Harrington's judge," sent secretly for Plank. And Plank knew that the crisis was over. But neither Harrington nor Quarrier dreamed of such a thing.

Fear sat heavy on that judge's soul -the godless, selfish fear that sends



Fear sat heavy on that judge's soul.

tive within an hour's drive, strolled with Sylvia on the eve of her depart- Plank?" ure for Lenox with Leila Mortimer; then when their conference was ended he returned to Agatha calmly uncon- how much you know." scious of impending events.

fine.

Harrington at Seabright paced his veranda awaiting this same judge, annoyed as two boats came in without his head, "One infers from what one the expected guest. And never for one hears."

rage through court after court, year when it was that he first began to after year. In the sudden shock of the cessation from battle, Plank himself

> "Plank," said Siward at last, "there 80.

> Plank turned red with surprise and embarrassment, stammering out some-

> That was all that was said about the was Plank's turn to lift him out of it by careless remarks about his rapid

> convalescence and the chance for vacation he so much needed. Ouce Siward looked up vacantly.

> "Where am I to go?" he asked. "I'd as soon stay here.'

"But I'm going," insisted Plank. The Fells is all ready for us.

"The Fells! I can't go there!" "You once promised"

"Plank, Pil go anywhere except the first coward slinking from there with you. I'd rather be with the councils of you than with anybody. Can I say more than that?" conspiracy to

"I think you ought to, Siward. Aseek immunity from those a fellow feels the refusal of his ofslowly grinding fered rooftree."

"Man! Man! It isn't your roof I am millstones that grind exceeding refusing. I want to go. I'd give anything to go. If it were anywhere ex-Quarrier at cept where it is, I'd go fast enough. Shotover, with Now do you understand? If-if Shothis private car over House and Shotover people were

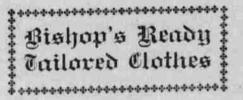
and his locomo- not next door to the Fells I'd go. Do you know what's the matter with me,

"I think so."

"I have wondered. I wonder now

"Very little, Siward."

"How much?" Plank looked up, hesitated and shook



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