

Jane Cable

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON, Author of "Beverly of Graustark," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX—(Continued.)

"Then I may have her?" he cried. She looked up at her husband, and he nodded his head.

"Our little girl," he murmured. "I all came back to her like a flash. Her deception, her imposition, her years of stealth—and she shuddered. Her hand trembled, and her eyes grew wide with repugnance as they turned again upon Graydon Bansemmer. Both men drew back in amazement.

"Oh, no; it cannot, cannot be!" she moaned, without taking her eyes from Graydon's face. In the same instant she recovered herself and craved his pardon. "I am distressed—it is so hard to give her up, Graydon," she panted, smiling again. The thought had come suddenly to her that James Bansemmer had a very strong purpose in letting his son marry Jane Cable. She never had ceased to believe that Bansemmer knew the parents of the child she had adopted. It had dawned upon her in the flash of that moment that the marriage might mean a great deal to this calculating father. "David, won't you leave us for a few minutes? There is something I want to say to Graydon."

David Cable hesitated for an instant and then slowly left the room, closing the door behind him. He was strangely puzzled over that momentary exposition of emotion on the part of his wife. He was a man of the world, and he knew his wife from the dress up, but it was many days before the startling suspicion struck in to explain her un-called-for display of feeling. It did not strike in until after he noticed that James Bansemmer was paying marked attention to his wife.

Left alone with Graydon, Mrs. Cable nervously hurried to the point. She was determined to satisfy herself that the son did not share her secret with his father.

"Does your father know that you want to marry Jane?" she asked.

"Of course—I mean he suspects, Mrs. Cable. He has teased me not a little, you know. I'm going to tell him tonight."

"He has not known Jane very long, you know."

"Long enough to admire her above all others. He has often told me that she is the finest girl he's ever met. Oh, I'm sure father will be pleased, Mrs. Cable."

"I met your father in New York, of course—years ago. I presume he has told you."

"I think not. Oh, yes; I believe he did tell me after we met you at Hookey's that night. He had never seen Mr. Cable."

"Nor Jane, I dare say."

"Oh, no! I knew Jane long before dad ever laid eyes on her." The look in his eyes satisfied her over all that he knew nothing more.

"You love her enough to sacrifice anything on earth for her?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, Mrs. Cable," he answered simply.

"You would renounce all else in the world for her sake?"

"I believe that's part of the service," he said, with a smile. "Jane is worth all that and more. She shall be first in my heart, in my mind, for all time. If that is what you mean, Mrs. Cable, believe me, I mean that."

"Mr. Bansemmer says that you are like your mother," she mused wistfully.

"That's why he loves me, he also says. I'm sorry I'm not like father," he said earnestly. "It's great!" She turned her face away so that he might not see the look in her eyes. "I think Jane is like—" He paused in confusion. "Like her father," he concluded. She arose abruptly and took his hand in hers.

"Go to her, Graydon," she said. "Tell her that Mr. Cable and I want you to be our son. Good night and God bless you." She preceded him to the stairway and again shook hands with him. David Cable was ascending.

"Graydon," said the latter, pausing halfway up as the other came down, "you were ready to congratulate me in advance on the prospect of becoming president of the P. L. and A. Do you know that I was once an ordinary fireman?"

"Certainly, Mr. Cable. The rise of David Cable is known to every one."

"That's all. I just wanted to be sure. Jane was not born with a silver spoon, you know."

that we cannot permit the hour to pass without assuring you of our own happiness and of our complete approval. Will you dine with us this evening—in familiar—at seven-thirty. FRANCES CABLE.

David Cable read the note and sent it early the next morning by special messenger to James Bansemmer. The engagement of Jane Cable and Graydon Bansemmer was announced in the evening papers.

"See her, Eddie," said Rigby, leaning forward suddenly. "I've heard two or three queer things about Bansemmer. I want you to tell me all you hear from Droom and all that you see. Don't you think you could cultivate Droom's acquaintance a bit? Keep this very quiet—not a word to anybody. It may mean something in the end."

"See whiz!" murmured Eddie, his eyes wide with interest. From that day on he and Bobby Rigby were allies—even conspirators.

Later in the day Rigby had a telephone message from Graydon Bansemmer suggesting that they lunch together. All he would say over the wire was that he would some day soon expect Rigby to perform a happy service for him. Bobby understood and was troubled. He suspected that Graydon had asked Jane Cable to marry him and that she had consented. He loved Graydon Bansemmer, but for the first time in their acquaintance he found himself wondering if the son were not playing into the father's hands in this most desirable matrimonial venture. With a shudder of repugnance he put the thought from him, loyal to that good friend and comrade.

James Bansemmer came into his office late that morning. He had not seen Graydon the night before, but at breakfast the young man announced his good fortune and asked for his blessing. To his son's surprise the elder man did not at once express his approval. For a long time he sat silent and preoccupied to all appearance, narrowly studying his son's face until the young man was constrained to laugh in his nervousness.

"You love her, you are very sure?" asked the father at last.

"Better than my life," cried Graydon warmly.

"She has good blood in her," said Bansemmer senior slowly, almost absently.

"I should say so. Her father is a wonderful man."

"Yes, I dare say," agreed the other, without taking his eyes from the son's face.

"But you don't say whether you approve or disapprove," complained Graydon.

"Would it change matters if I disapproved?"

"Not in the least, father. I love her. I'd hate to displease you in—"

"Then, of course, I approve," said the other, with his warmest smile. "Jane is a beauty, and I am proud of her."

"She is too good for me," lamented Graydon happily.

"I can't very well contradict her future husband," said the lawyer. There was a hungry look in his eyes as he glanced from time to time at the face of the boy who had his mother's unforgettable eyes.

A messenger brought Mrs. Cable's note to Bansemmer soon after his arrival at the office. He and Elias Droom were in the back office when the boy came. They had been discussing the contents of a letter that came in the early mail. The lawyer accepted the note and dismissed the boy with the curt remark that he would telephone an answer in person.

"It looks to me as though this is going to be a rather ticklish affair," Droom resumed after the boy had closed the outer door behind him. Bansemmer's mind was on Mrs. Cable's note. A queer smile hung on his lips.

"I'm rather touched by her astuteness," he said. "She's cleverer than I thought. Oh," suddenly remembering that it was not Mrs. Cable's letter they were discussing, "you always see the dreary side of things, Elias."

"I haven't forgotten New York," said the clerk dryly.

"Ah, but Chicago isn't New York, you know."

"See how Droom, you're getting a trifle too familiar of me. I don't like it," said Bansemmer sharply.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bansemmer," said Droom, scraping his foot across the floor and looking straight past his master's head. "It's for the good of the cause, that's all. It wouldn't do on Graydon's account for you to be driven from Chicago at this time. You see, he thinks you are beyond reproach."

"Curse your impudence, Droom! I would be spoken to in that way," exclaimed Bansemmer, white with sudden rage and loathing.

"Am I to expect my obsequies, sir?" asked Droom, rubbing his hands absently, but looking squarely into Ban-

semmer's eyes for the first time in their acquaintance. Bansemmer glared back for an instant and then shrugged his shoulders, with a nervous laugh. "We shan't quarrel, Elias," he said. "Speaking of Graydon, he is to be married before long."

"I trust he is to do well, sir. Graydon is a fine boy."

"He is to marry David Cable's daughter."

"Indeed! I did not know that David Cable had a daughter."

"You know whom I mean—Jane Cable." He turned rather restlessly, conscious that Droom's eyes were following him to the window. He glanced again at Mrs. Cable's note and waited.

"I suppose you are pleased," said Droom after a long pause.

"Certainly! Jane is a splendid girl. She's beautiful, accomplished and—well, she's thoroughbred," said Bansemmer steadily, turning to face the old man.

"It is not necessary to remind you that her parents are unknown," said Droom.

"Still," said Bansemmer, and he sat down and leaned forward eagerly, "she has good blood from both sides."

"Yes—the so called best."

"You speak as if you know the truth."

"I think—yes, I'm sure I know. I have known for twenty years, Mr. Bansemmer. I had the same means as you of finding out whose child she was."

"That's more than Mrs. Cable knows," said Droom. "She did not take the trouble to investigate. It's too late now."

"I don't believe you really know the names of her father and mother," said Bansemmer shrewdly. "You are trying to trick me into telling you what I do know."

"There are portraits of her ancestors hanging in Fifth avenue," said Droom promptly. "Here," and he picked up a pencil. "I'll write the initials of her parents. You do the same, and we'll see that they tally." He quickly scratched four letters on a pad of paper. Bansemmer hesitated and then slowly wrote the initials on the back of an envelope. Without a word they exchanged the papers. After a moment they both smiled in relief. Neither had been tricked. The initials were identical.

"I imagine the ancestors hanging in Fifth avenue would be amazed if they knew the story of Jane," said Droom, with a chuckle.

"I doubt it, Droom. Ancestors have stories, too, and they hide them."

"By the way, now that your son is to marry her, I'd like to know just what your game is."

Bansemmer turned on him like a tiger, his steely eyes blazing.

"Game? There is no game. Listen to me, Droom. We'll settle this now. I'm a bad man, but I've tried to be a good father. People have called me heartless. So be it. But I love that boy of mine. What little heart I have belongs to him. There can be no game where he is concerned. Some day perhaps he'll find out the kind of a man I've been to others, but can always remember that I was fair and honest with him. He'll despise my methods, and he'll spurn my money, but he'll have to love me. Jane Cable is not the girl I would have chosen for him, but she is good and true, and he loves her."

For the first time in his life Elias Droom shrank beneath the eyes of his master. He hated James Bansemmer from the bottom of his wretched soul, but he could not but feel at this moment a touch of admiration.

Through all the years of their association Elias Droom had hated Bansemmer because he was qualified to be the master, because he was successful and forceful, because he had loved and been loved, because they had been classmates, but not equals. In the bitterness of his heart he had lain awake on countless nights praying—but not to his God—that the time would come when he could stand ascendant over this steely master. Only his unswerving loyalty to a duty once assumed kept him from crushing Bansemmer with exposure years before. But Droom planned the real tree of liberty, beneath whose shade we rest and by whose real fruits we live.

No Astrologer William H. Taft is of the Pilgrim stuff—his is the wisdom that makes the ideal vision a living fact. Tried in every realm of government, tested in every department of statesmanship, he has never yet failed. He is a skilled seaman of statesmanship who takes his reckoning by the fixed stars of human nature and experience—not an uncertain astrologer casting absurd horoscopes from imaginary signs and symbols. And not once on all his voyages has the reckoning he has made been wrong; not once has a single horoscope that Mr. Bryan has cast been right.

We dare not trifle with our future: With all its hopes of future years, is hanging breathless on our fate."

When the great commander who has guided our ship of state through storms of opposition and amid the rocks of hatred straight for the port of our higher hopes and our larger liberties, voluntarily steps from the bridge and delivers to us his high commission, let us hand it to the ablest officer aboard and safely make the harbor of our heart's desire.

SPECTACULAR SUICIDE OF HILLSBORO BOY Hillsboro, Sept. 3.—By blowing his body to fragments with dynamite, Harold Christensen, 16 years old, a stepson of C. Christensen, one of the road supervisors of this county, committed suicide yesterday. He was believed that the lad placed a stick of dynamite in his mouth, holding it with one hand while he lighted the fuse with the other. In the explosion that followed Young Christensen's body was blown to fragments and other parts of his body mutilated.

The deed was committed about 1 o'clock this afternoon, while Mr. and Mrs. Christensen were absent from their home, a mile from Tigardville, on a visit to the family of B. G. Reedy. When they left the house the boy complained of a slight stomach trouble, but seemed not to be suffering unusually severe pain from that cause.

Dependency over ill health is alleged to have caused the act. Coroner Brown, of Hillsboro, was notified and at once compelled a jury, which brought in a verdict of suicide.

E. W. Wright, a member of the Oregonian staff, was with the Harriman party today.



CHAPTER XI.

SEVERAL weeks later Eddie Deever announced quite breathlessly to Rigby that he was going to visit Droom in his Wells street rooms. The two had found a joint affidavit for the law student to sit up late at night, neglecting other literature, in order to

establish anything like an adequate acquaintance with the lamented Corsican.

Rigby was now morally certain that James Bansemmer was all that Harbert had painted. To his surprise, however, the man was not openly suspected by other members of the bar. He had been accepted as a man of power and ability. Certainly he was too clever to expose himself and too wary to leave peepholes for others engaged in that business. Rigby was debating the wisdom of going to Bansemmer with his accusations and the secret advice to leave the city before anything happened that might throw shame upon Graydon. The courage to do the thing alone was lacking.

Graydon was full of his happiness. He had asked Rigby to act as his "best man" in September, and Bobby had promised. On occasions when the two young men discussed the coming event with Jane and Miss Clegg, Rigby's preoccupied air was strangely in contrast with the animation of the others. Graydon accused his liver and advised him to go to French Lick. Far from that, the old quarterback was gradually preparing himself to go to James Bansemmer. To himself he was saying as he put off the disagreeable task from day to day: "He'll kick me out of the office, and that's all the reward I'll get for my pains. Graydon will hate me in the end."

(Continued Next Week.)

BEVERIDGE AND HUGHES OPEN OHIO CONTEST

(Continued on Page Five.)

Such men are necessary to human progress. Always such men have been the voice of a protest, but never the statesman of a cause. Always they have been the urgers of a reform, but never the doers of the work.

Mr. Bryan is an Aaron, but not a Moses; a Henry, but not a Washington; a Wendell Phillips, but not an Abraham Lincoln. He is a storm of unrest which clears the atmosphere, but not the trade winds that carry to port the freighted ships of a people's hope.

Four years ago, in his own home, paying tribute to his character and mind, I called him a dreamer who beholds happy visions but achieves no useful deed. His is the mind that thinks of the barren field bending with grain; but his is not the plowman's hand, the sower's craft or the gleaner's husbandry. The poet's dream of an undiscovered Utopia has cheered us all; but the Pilgrims, actually landing on Plymouth Rock, planted the real tree of liberty, beneath whose shade we rest and by whose real fruits we live.

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COURSE OF STUDY FOR EUGENE HIGH SCHOOL

The Eugene high school course of study for the coming school year has been prepared. There is a course in pedagogy for the junior and senior years, but this is optional with the student. There are four elective subjects for each semester from the juniors and the seniors, including pedagogy, and the student is required to take only one of them. There are three elective subjects for each semester for the freshman and sophomore years. The course of study is as follows:

FRESHMAN YEAR

Required subjects: First semester—English, Algebra, Physical Geography. Elect one subject.

Second semester—English, Algebra, Geology. Elect one subject.

Elective Subjects. First semester—Latin, German (1st year), History (Greek).

Second semester—Latin, German (1st year), History (Roman).

SOPHOMORE YEAR

Required subjects—English, Algebra, History (Greek or English). Elect one subject.

Second semester—English, Plane Geometry, History (Roman or English). Elect one subject.

Elective Subjects. First semester—Latin (Caesar), German (2nd year), Physiology.

Second semester—Latin (Caesar), German (2nd year), Botany.

JUNIOR YEAR

Required subjects: First semester—American Literature, Plane Geometry, Physics. Elect one subject.

Second semester—American Literature, Solid Geometry, Physics. Elect one subject.

Elective Subjects. First semester—Latin (Cicero), German (3rd year), History (European or Oregon), Pedagogy.

Second semester—Latin (Cicero), German (3rd year), History (European or Oregon), Pedagogy.

SENIOR YEAR

Required subjects: First semester—English Literature, American History. Elect two subjects.

Second semester—English Literature, American History. Elect two subjects.

Elective Subjects. First semester—Latin (Virgil), Economics, Advanced Algebra, Pedagogy.

Second semester—Latin (Virgil), Political Institutions (U. S.), Trigonometry, Astronomy, Pedagogy.

Requirements for Graduation. Following are the requirements for graduation:

English, 4 units; Mathematics, 3 units; Foreign Language, 2 units; Science, 2 units; History, 2 units; Electives, 3 units. Total, 16 units.

OREGON BRIDE TIRES OF MISERLY HUSBAND

Phoenix, Ariz., Sept. 2.—Six weeks ago there was a local sensation in the marriage of D. W. Sparks, capitalist, aged 72 years, and Mrs. W. M. Davidson, aged 65. The bride came from Albany, Or., brought by glowing letters that promised a comfortable home and happiness in her declining years.

Night before last another sensation materialized in the departure of the bride for her former home. She was accompanied as far as the railway station by Sparks, where she publicly denounced him as miserly and mean, abusive and fault-finding. Though preparing to take the train she lacked money enough to reach Albany, but the deficiency was quickly made up by a hurried collection by a policeman at the Southern Pacific depot. One witness was so indignant that he threatened personal violence upon Sparks, but the deserted bridegroom made no reply and quietly disappeared.

Mrs. Sparks dramatically refused her husband's request that she write to him and told him that she would never return, as she had become tired of living on hot air and promises.

CRESWELL NOTES

(Special Correspondence.) Creswell, September 4.—Several Creswell people were fleeced some time ago by a smooth young man who claimed to be deaf and dumb and who represented himself as agent for several leading magazines. He took numerous subscriptions here, collecting all the way from \$1.50 to \$7 from each person, and the magazines have never shown up. He gave his name as J. J. Boyd, and said his home was in Oklahoma. He appeared to be about 18 years of age.

Hop-picking in the Brady yard will begin on the 7th inst. There is expected to be between 300 and 400 pickers there.

NATURE AND A WOMAN'S WORK



Lydia E. Pinkham

Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

The Indians on our Western Plains to-day can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle the most skilled physicians who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

Mrs. Bertha Muff, of 515 N. C. St., Louisiana, Mo., writes:

"Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my troubles public."

"For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst forms of female ills. During that time I had eleven different physicians without help. No tongue can tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About two years ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering women."

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Muff it will do for other suffering women.

P.H.L. RECORD advertisement for Pacific Horse Liniment, featuring an illustration of a horse and rider.

STONES BEAVE DROPS advertisement, featuring an illustration of a beaver.

MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH PILLS advertisement, featuring an illustration of a woman.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS advertisement, featuring an illustration of a pill bottle.