



# Jane Cable

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

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### CHAPTER XI—(Continued).

James Bansemer had proposed a trip to Europe as a wedding journey, a present from himself, but Graydon declined. He would not take an extensive leave of absence from the office of Clegg, Groll & Davidson at this stage of his career.

The morning after his visit to the abode of Elias Droom, Eddie Deever strolled into the office of Bobby Rigby. He looked as though he had spent a sleepless night. Mr. Rigby was out, but Miss Keating was "at home." She was sentineling polite to her delinquent admirer. Eddie's visits to late to the office had not been of a social character. He devoted much of his time to low toned conversations with Rigby. Few were the occasions when he lounged affably upon her typewriting desk as of yore.

"You look as if you'd had a night of it," remarked Rosie. Eddie yawned obligingly. "Don't sit on my desk. Can't you see those letters?"

"Gee, you're getting touchy of late. I'll move the letters."

"No, you don't," she objected. "Besides, it doesn't look well. What if some one should come in suddenly?"

"Well, it would be the first time I got out suddenly, would it? He retained his seat on the desk. "Say, where's Rigby?"

"You mean Mr. Rigby? He's out."

"Gee, you're also snippy. Well, give him my regards. So long."

He was unwinding his long legs preparatory to a descent from his perch. "Don't rush," she said quickly. He reworded his legs and yawned. "Goodness, you're not affected with insomnia, are you?"

"I've got it the worst way. I got awake at 8 o'clock this morning, and I couldn't go to sleep again to save my soul. It's an awful disease. Will Rigby be back soon?"

"It won't matter. He's engaged," she snapped, cracking away at her machine.

"I've heard there was some prospect. She's a fine looker."

"Rubberneck?"

"Say, Rosie, I'm going to ask a girl to go to the theater with me," said Eddie complacently.

"Indeed! Well, ask her. I don't care."

"Tomorrow night. Will you go?"

"Who? Me?"

"Sure. I—I wouldn't take anybody else, you know."

"What theater?" she asked, with her rarest smile.

At that instant Rigby came in. Without a word Eddie popped up, a bit red in the face, and followed the lawyer into the private room, closing the door behind him. Rosie's ears went very pink, and she pounded the keys so viciously that the machine trembled on the verge of collapse.

"Gee, Mr. Rigby, that old Droom's a holy terror. He kept me there till after 1 o'clock. But I'm going back again soon some night. He's got an awful joint. But that isn't what I wanted to see you about. I ran across May Rosabel, that chorus girl I was telling you about. Saw her downtown in a restaurant at 1 this morning. She wanted to buy the drinks and said she had more money than a rabbit. There was a gang with her. I got her to one side, and she said an uncle had just died and left her a fortune. She wouldn't say how much, but it must have been quite a bunch. I know all of her uncles. She's got three. They work out at Pullman. Mr. Rigby, and they couldn't leave 30 cents between them if they all died at once."

After hearing this Rigby decided to confront Bansemer at once. It did not occur to him until later that the easiest and most effective way to drive Bansemer from Chicago without scandal was through Elias Droom. When the thought came to him, however, he rejected. The new plan was to sow the seeds of apprehension with Droom. Bansemer would not be long in repeating their harvest of dismay. Ten apparently innocent words from Eddie Deever would open Droom's eyes to the dangers ahead.

Young Mr. Deever met with harsh disappointment when he came forth to renew his conversation with Rosie Keating. She was chatting at the telephone, her face wreathed in smiles.

"Thank you," she was saying; "it will be so nice. I was afraid I had an engagement for tomorrow night, but I haven't. Everybody says it's a perfectly lovely play. I'm crazy to see it. What? About 7.30. It takes nearly half an hour down on the Clark street cable. Slowest old thing ever. All right. Goodbye." Then she hung up the receiver and turned upon Eddie, who stood agape near the desk. "Oh, I thought you'd gone."

"Say, what was that you were saying over the phone? Didn't I ask you?"

"I'm going to the theater with Mr. Kempshall. Why?"

"Why? Why, you know I asked you to—"

face, as it were. He tramped out of the office in high dudgeon.

"Confound this detective business anyhow," he might have heard to remark. Three nights later, however, he took Rosie to the play, and on the fourth night he was Droom's guest again in the rooms across the river. He was well prepared to begin the campaign of insinuation which was to affect Bansemer in the end. Sitting stiff and uncomfortable in the dingy living room overlooking Wells street, he watched with awe the master of the place at work on the finishing touches of a new "invention," the uses of which he did not offer to explain.

He was without a coat, and his shirt sleeves were rolled far above the elbows, displaying long, sinewy arms, hairy and not unlike those of the orang outang Eddie had seen in Lincoln park.

"I've got a new way of inflicting the death penalty," the gaunt old man said, slipping into a heavy, quilted dressing gown. "These rascals don't mind hanging or the penitentiary. But

if they thought their bodies would be everlastingly destroyed by quicklime they'd hesitate before killing their fellow men."

"But they already bury them in quicklime in England," said Eddie loftily.

"Yes, but not until after they're dead," said Droom, with a cackle. He grinned broadly at the sight of the youth's horror struck face. "Go ahead and smoke, my boy. I'll light my pipe. Make yourself at home. I keep the window closed to keep out the sound of those Wells street cars. It's good of you to come over here and cheer up an old man's evenings. I'm—I'm not used to it," he said, with a wistful touch which was lost to Eddie.

"You ought to have a wife and a lot of children, Mr. Droom," said Eddie, with characteristic thoughtlessness. Droom stirred the fire and scowled.

"Were you ever married?"

"No. I don't believe in marriage," said Droom sullenly. "I saw the girl today that young Graydon Bansemer is to marry—Miss Cable."

"Say, she's swell, isn't she?" said Eddie. The old man sunk into his chair.

"She's very pretty. Mr. Graydon introduced me to her."

"Gee! I'm all Eddie could say."

"They were crossing Wells street down below here on the way home from a nickel plate's in the Indiana street. I saw her years ago, but she didn't remember me. I didn't expect it, however."

"I—how could she have forgotten you?"

"Oh, she'd have forgotten her mother at that age. She was but three months old. I don't think she liked me today. I'm not what you call a ladies' man," grinned Elias, puffing at his pipe as he picked up the volumes on Napoleon. Eddie laughed politely, but uncomfortably.

"How old are you, Mr. Droom?"

"I'm as old as Methusalem."

"Aw, go way!"

"When he was a boy," laughed Elias, enjoying his quip immensely. "Miss Cable seems to be very fond of Graydon. That will last for a couple of years, and then she'll probably be like two-thirds of the rest of 'em. Other men will be paying attention to her and she looking for admiration everywhere. You'd be surprised to know how much of that is going on in Chicago. Women can't seem to be satisfied with one husband. They must have another one or two—usually somebody else's."

"You talk like a society man, Mr. Droom."

"Well, I've met a few society men professionally. And women, too, for that matter. Look out for a sensational divorce case within the next few weeks. It's bound to come unless things change a good deal. Terribly nasty affair."

"Is Mr. Bansemer interested?" asked Eddie, holding tight to his chair. Other "Oh, no. We don't go in for that sort of thing."

"I wonder if Mr. Bansemer knows about the mistake that came near happening to him a week or two ago. I got hold of it through a boy that works in the United States marshal's office."

and Eddie, cold as ice now that he was making the test. Droom turned upon him quickly.

"What mistake? What do you mean?"

"It would have been a rich joke on Mr. Bansemer. Seems that some lawyer is likely to be charged with blackmail, and they got Mr. Bansemer's name mixed up in it some way. Of course nothing came of it, but—just wondered if anybody had told him of the close call he'd had."

Droom stared straight beyond the young liar and was silent for a full minute. Then he deliberately opened the book on his knee and began to turn the pages.

"That would have been a joke on Mr. Bansemer," he said indifferently.

"I don't think he would have enjoyed it, do you?"

"No one enjoys jokes from the United States marshal's office," said Droom grimly. "By the way, who is the lawyer that really was wanted?"

"I never heard. I believe it was dropped. The young fellow I know said he couldn't talk about it, so I didn't ask. Say, who was that swell woman I saw coming out of your office this afternoon? I was up at Mr. Hornbrook's."

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Droom hesitated a moment. He seemed to be carefully weighing everything he said.

"I suspect it was young Bansemer's future mother-in-law," he said. "Mrs. David Cable was there this afternoon about 8."

"Gee!" laughed Eddie. "Does she need a lawyer?"

"Mr. Bansemer transacted business for her some time ago. A very small matter, if I remember correctly. Here, listen to this. Now, here's a little incident I found this evening that interests me immensely. It proves to my mind one of two points I hold in regard to Marshal Ney. Listen." And he read at length from his book, a dry sepulchral monotone that grated on the ear until it became almost unendurable.

The little clock on the mantelpiece chimed 10 before they laid aside Napoleon and began to talk about something that interested Eddie Deever far more than all else—Elias Droom himself and such of his experiences as he cared to relate. The old man told stories about the dark sides of New York life, tales of murder, thievery, rascality high and low, and he told them with bloodcurdling directness—the Walker wife murder, the inside facts of the De Pugh divorce scandal, the Harvey family's skeleton—all food for the dime novel producer. Eddie reveled in these recitals even while he shuddered at the way in which the old man gave them.

"Ah, this is a wicked old world!" said Droom, refilling his pipe and showing his teeth as he puffed. "That's why I have those pictures of the Madonna on the wall—to keep me from forgetting that there are beautiful things in the world in spite of its ugliness and hypocrisy. I haven't much—"

He stopped short and listened intently. The sounds of footsteps on the stairs outside came to his ears. They clumped upward, paused for a moment down the little hall and then approached Droom's doorway. Host and guest looked at the clock instinctively. Eddie heard Droom's breath as it came faster between puffs at his pipe. Then there was a resounding rap at the panel of the door. Eddie Deever never forgot the look that swept over the old man's face—the look of wonder, dread, desperation. It passed in an instant, and he arose unsteadily, undecidedly, to admit the late caller. His long frame seemed to shake like a reed as he stood cautiously inside the bolted door and called out:

"Who's there?"

"Messenger," was the muffled response. Droom hesitated a moment, looking first at Eddie and then toward the window. Slowly he unbolted the door. A small A. D. T. boy stood beyond.

"What is it?" almost gasped Elias Droom, quickly drawing the boy into the room.

"Mr. Droom? No answer, sir. Sign here." The boy, snower covered, drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to Droom.

"Where from?" demanded the old clerk, the paper rattling in his thin fingers.

"I don't know. I'm from Chicago avenue," said the boy, with proper impudence. He took one look at Droom's face as the man handed the slip back to him and then hurried downstairs, far less impudent at heart than he had been.

Droom recognized the handwriting on the envelope as James Bansemer's. It was the first time his employer had communicated with him in this manner. He tore open the envelope and anxiously read the brief missive.

"I've got to go to the office," he said, surprise still lingering in his face. "It's important business—a consultation with—er—with an important eastern client."

"Gee! It's tough to turn out this kind of a night. I'm going your way, Mr. Droom. Come on. I'll take the car down with you."

"I—I won't be ready for some time yet."

"Oh, well, I'll say good night then." Eddie Deever departed, chuckling to himself as he made his way to the U— building, determined to learn what he could of this unusual summons.

But Droom was too crafty. Bansemer's letter had asked him to come to Rector's restaurant and not to the U— building. The command was imperative.

Bansemer had been spending the evening at the home of David Cable.

(Continued Next Week.)

## COTTAGE GROVE HAS NEW SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

This week Professor J. D. Baughman, who served as city superintendent of the Cottage Grove schools last year, and who was elected to serve in the same capacity for another year, tendered his resignation and the board has elected as his successor Professor E. K. Barnes, of Lebanon. Besides coming with the very best credentials, it will be remembered that Professor Barnes' class carried off the honors in the state oratorical contest last spring, the Astoria team being awarded second honors. This alone speaks volumes for the professor and demonstrates the fact that he must be thorough and is also said to be an enterprising, energetic and most exemplary gentleman, as well as a very proficient educator and the leader whom we aim to our city. Professor Barnes has a wife and one child, who will join the professor here and make this city their home. Professor Baughman has not announced his future intentions. The school faculty revised to date is as follows:

Professor E. K. Barnes, city superintendent.  
Mary Mundy, 11th and 12th grades.  
Lulu Currin, 9th and 10th grades.

Professor Harvey Inlow, principal; Misses Lura Hilly, Margaret Riley, Roxey Pringle, Elly Dickerson, Wilson, Hazel Hazelton, Ethel Moore, Gertrude Palmer and Neva Perkins.

The school year will open next Monday.

Articles of incorporation have been filed with the county clerk by the Rees-Wallace Company, general merchants of this city. The capital stock is \$12,000, and the incorporators are G. L. Rees, C. W. Wallace and J. H. Short. The firm will do a general merchandise business. Mr. Rees is a new acquisition to the firm, having recently arrived in this city from Portland to reside. He is an experienced business man, genial and courteous in his manners and with his well-known and highly esteemed associates, this firm will at once become one of the solid and popular mercantile houses of Cottage Grove.

Born—T. Mr. and Mrs. Archie Leonard, September 4, 1908, a daughter.—Leader.

## REMEMBERED BIBLE SCHOOL IN HIS WILL

Lorel McCall, the young man who died at the home of his aunt, Mrs. L. B. Rowland, in Portland Thursday, and was buried at Pleasant Hill this afternoon, remembered the Eugene Bible University, formerly the Divinity School, in his will. Dean E. C. Sanderson received word to that effect from Portland this morning. It is not known what amount was left to the institution, as the will has not yet been read. The young man worked a good many years at the printer's trade until a bout a year ago, when he was compelled to give it up on account of bad health, and had a considerable sum of money saved, besides possessing some property.

## ELECTRICAL STORM PLAYS GREAT HAVOC AT SAGINAW

The territory in and around Saginaw was subjected to the most destructive electrical storm remembered by the oldest inhabitant last Sunday. The bolts of lightning played havoc with the telephone lines, trees and buildings. Up at Lynx Hollow every telephone was knocked out of commission, and in many cases torn from the walls and destroyed. The insulated wires melted and ran out.

The first place to receive damage from this storm was the Saginaw boarding house. Fortunately this was not occupied at the time or most disastrous results might have happened, possibly loss of life. A bolt of lightning struck the side of the roof, making a small hole, going completely through the structure, demolishing the interior and making a huge hole at least ten feet in diameter in the side of the building. The telephone was wrecked, being torn from the wall, and everything metallic melted beyond recognition. It is at this place, it is thought, the lightning followed the wires on its course of ruin.

The next place visited was that of J. P. Neel, where the "juice" tore off a couple of boards from the house, burning out the phone, and jumped to the local telegraph wires leading to the home of C. J. Queen. Here it followed the wires across the woodwork, tearing off several boards. Two poles were shattered, and thus the lightning went on its course up Lynx Hollow, hurling great trees to the ground in splinters and destroying telephones.

Other houses were struck, but with little damage. The lightning was accompanied with reports like that of a pistol, and a number of the inhabitants were badly frightened. Ed Queen had a telegraph instrument which was pretty well melted as a result of the electrical visit. This was without doubt the worst storm that section has ever had, and none are banking after another such experience.—Cottage Grove Western Oregon.

Jas. Hays, representing E. Clemens Horst Company, today shipped two carloads of hops for Chicago. Mr. Hays bought 40 bales of hops from Palmer Ayers at 7 cents per pound and about 100 bales from Boggs Bros., giving them one cent per pound and paying picking expenses.

The Pacific Steel and Wire Company today began suit in the circuit court against Geo. Taylor & Son to recover money. F. M. DeNeffe is attorney for the plaintiff.

Henry Gray has left for Arizona in hopes of benefiting his health.

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