

# Jane Cable

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

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## CHAPTER XII.

**F**OLLOWING close upon Mrs. Cable's visit to his office in the afternoon, Bansemmer presented himself at her home in the evening, urbane, courtly, but characteristically aggressive. Her action in hearing him in his den was not surprising, even though it might have been considered unusual. He had been well aware for some time that she was sorely uneasy and that it was only a question of time when she would make the expected advances. Since the announcement of Jane's engagement Bansemmer had been punctiliously considerate. And yet underneath his faultless exterior Mrs. Cable felt that she could recognize the deadly poison of other intentions. She lived in fear that they would spring upon her as if from the dark and that she would be powerless to combat them. Something stronger than words or even intuition told her that James Bansemmer was not to be turned aside by sentiment.

Driven at last to the point where she felt that she must know his intentions, she boldly ventured into his consultation room, a trembling but determined creature whose flesh quivered with chill despite the furs that folled the wintry winds. Elias Droom passed her on into the private room, with a polite grin that set her teeth on edge.

She left the building fifteen minutes later, nursing a wild but forlorn hope that James Bansemmer meant no evil after all. Without hesitation she told him plainly that she came to learn the precise nature of his attitude toward herself and the girl. Bansemmer's resentment appeared too real to have been simulated. He was almost harsh in his response to the inference. In the end, however, he was a little less than tender in his efforts to convince her that she had cruelly misjudged him. She went away with a chill in her heart dislodged, but not dissolved. When he asked if she and Mr. Cable would be at home that night for a game of cards she felt obliged to urge him to come. It was not until she was in the carriage below that she remembered that David Cable was to attend a big banquet at the Auditorium that night and that Jane would be at the theater with friends.

Bansemmer smiled serenely as he escorted her to the door. "We will not permit anything to happen which might bring misery to the two beings so dear to us," he assured her at parting.

Shortly after 8 he entered the Cable home. He had gone to Chicago avenue beforehand to send a telegram east. From the corner of Clark street he walked across town toward the lake, facing the bitter gale with poor grace. In Washington place he passed two men going from their club into the Union club. He did not look at him, nor did he see that they turned and stared after him as he buffeted his way across Leeward avenue. One of the men was Bobby Rigby, the other Denis Harbert of New York.

"It's the same Bansemmer," said Harbert as they entered the club. "I'd know him in a million."

At the Cable's a servant on opening the door announced that Mr. Cable was not at home.

"Is Mrs. Cable at home?" asked Mr. Bansemmer, making no effort to find his cardcase.

"Yes, sir," responded the servant after a moment's hesitation. Bansemmer passed through the vestibule.

"Say Mr. Bansemmer, if you please," he removed his coat and was standing comfortably in front of the blazing logs in the library when she came down.

"I thought the night was too dreadful for any one to venture out unless—she was saying as she gave him her hand.

"A night indoors and alone is a thousandfold more dreadful than one outdoors in quest of good company," interrupted Bansemmer. He drew up chairs in front of the fireplace and stood by waiting for her to be seated.

"I had forgotten that Mr. Cable was to attend a banquet at the Auditorium," she explained nervously, confident, however, that he felt she had not forgotten.

"To be sure," he said. "This is the night of the banquet. It is not invited."

"I tried to telephone to ask you to come tomorrow night. The storm has played havoc with the wires. It is impossible to get connection with any one." A servant appeared in the doorway.

"You are wanted at the telephone. Mrs. Cable. Shall I say you will come?"

Flushing to the roots of her hair, the mistress of the house excused herself and left the room. Bansemmer leaned back in his chair and smiled. She returned a few minutes later with a fluttering apology.

"What a terrible night it must be those poor firemen," she said. "I re-

member what it meant to be a railroad fireman in the west years ago. The blizzards out there are a great deal more severe than those we have here, Mr. Bansemmer. Just think of the poor fellows who are repairing the lines to-night. Doesn't it seem heartless?"

"It does, indeed. And yet I dare say you've been scolding them bitterly all evening. One seldom thinks it worth while to be merciful when the telephone refuses to obey. It's only a true philanthropist who can forgive the telephone. However, I am grateful to the blizzard and happy. Fair weather would have deprived me of pleasure."

"I am sorry Mr. Cable is not at home," she said quickly.

"I doubt if I shall miss him greatly," said he.

"He expects to leave early. He isn't well," she hastened to say. "Don't you want to smoke?"

"A cigarette if you don't mind. By the way, where is my future daughter-in-law? Surely I may see her tonight."

"She is at the theater—with Fernmore. Graydon is one of the party. Didn't you know?" she asked suddenly.

"I do remember it now. He left the apartment quite early. Then I have Fernmore to thank for—we are alone."

He leaned forward in his chair and flicked the cigarette ashes into the fire, his black eyes looking into hers with unmistakable intensity.

"You assured me today that you would be fair," she said, with strange calmness, meeting his gaze unflinchingly.

"I am fair. What more can you ask?" with a light laugh.

"Why did you say today that I had nothing to fear from you?" she demanded.

"You have nothing to fear. Why should you fear me? For twenty years your face has not been out of my memory. Why should I seek to hurt you, then? Why should I not rejoice in the tie that binds our interests—our lives, for that matter? Come, I ask if I am not fair?"

Her face became pale, her heart cold. She understood. The mask was off. He veiled his threat in the simplest words possible. The purpose looked through with greedy disdain for grace.

"I can offer no more than I offered today," she said.

"Do you suppose I would accept money in payment for my son's peace of mind?" declared Bansemmer, with finely assumed scorn. "You offered me \$10,000. You will never know how that hurt me, coming from you. Money? What is money to me in an affair like this? I care more for one tender touch of your fingers than all the money in the world. You and you alone can mold every impulse in me. For half my life I have been hated. No one has given me a grain of love. I must have it. For years you have not been out of my mind—I have not been out of yours."

"Stop!" she cried angrily. "You have no right to say such things to me. You have been in my mind all these years, but, oh, how I have hated you!"

"Like a flash his manner changed. He had her in his power, and it was not in his nature to permit his subjects to dictate to him. Craft and coercion always had been his ally. Craft could not win a woman's heart, but coercion might crush it into submission. It was not like James Bansemmer to play a waiting game after it had been fairly started.

"Now listen to me," he said distinctly. "You cannot afford to talk like that. You cannot afford to make an enemy of me. I mean what I say."

"What would you do?" she cried. "You have promised that nothing shall happen to mar the lives of our children. You have given me your pledge. Is it worthless? Is it?"

"I wouldn't speak so loud if I were you," said he slowly. "The walls have ears. You have much to lose if cars other than those in the wall should hear what could be said. It would mean disaster. I know at least that you do not love David Cable."

"What! I—I worship my husband!" she cried, her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving. "I love him better than anything else in all the world. How dare you say that to me!"

"Control yourself," he cautioned calmly. "Permit me to say you love the position he has given you. You love the pedestal on which you stand so insecurely. You would rather hear his curse than to see the hand of social ostracism raised against you. Wait! A word from me and not only David Cable, but the whole world would turn against you."

"I have committed no crime," she flared back at him. "I have deceived my husband, but I have not dishonored him. Tell the world everything, if you will."

"It would be a jocular tale," he said, with an evil laugh. "The world, which is wicked, might forget the fact that Jane is not David's daughter, but David would not forget that she is yours."

"What do you mean?" starting from her chair. "She is not my child. You know she isn't. You know the entire story. You!"

"I only know that you brought her

to me and that I did you a service. Don't ask me to be brutal and say more." She sank back and glared at him like a helpless, wounded thing, the full force of his threat rushing in upon her.

"You—you couldn't do that," she whispered tremulously.

"I could, but I don't see why I should," he said, leaning closer to her shuddering figure.

"You know it isn't true," faintly.

"I only know that I am trying to save you from calamity."

"Oh, what a beast you are!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Go! I defy you! Do and say what you will! Only go!"

He rose calmly, a satisfied smile on his face.

"I shall of course first of all forbid my son to marry the young woman. It will be necessary for me to explain the reason to Mr. Cable. I am sorry to have distressed you. Really I had expected quite a different evening after your invitation. You can't blame me for misunderstanding your motive in asking me to come here when you expected to be utterly alone." His laugh was a sneer.

"Poor—poor little Jane!" murmured the harassed woman, clasping her hands over her eyes. Then suddenly she cried out. "What a devil you are to barter with your son's happiness!"

James Bansemmer had been cold with speculation every instant of the time; had felt that Harbert's condemning gaze had never left him. Apparently listening to the others, he found himself wondering what Harbert's trip to Chicago signified. Gradually it dawned upon him that his old time foe was not through with his fighting. The look in Rigby's eyes meant something, after all, and Rigby was Graydon's best friend! Harbert was in Chicago to act—and to act first! This thought shot into the man's brain like burning metal. It set every nerve afire. His Nemesis had already begun his work. Before he left the Cable home that night he would be asking his host and hostess what they knew of one James Bansemmer's past.

As Bansemmer arose to say good night to the others Harbert's eyes met his with deadly directness.

"Where are your offices, Mr. Bansemmer?" asked the New Yorker. There was something significant in the question.

"Mr. Rigby and I have offices in the same building," he replied. "Will you come in and see me?"

"I shall try," said the other.

To have saved his life Bansemmer could not meet David Cable's questioning eyes as he shook hands with him. Cable's hands were like ice.

Outside the house, in the whirling gale, the tall lawyer breathed easier, but not securely. His brain was clogged with doubts, fears, prophecies—all whirling like mad around the ominous figure of Denis Harbert.

(Continued Next Week.)

"I'll not mince matters," he said harshly. "You and I must understand each other. To be perfectly frank, everything rests with you. Call me a beast if you like. As a beast I can destroy you, and I will."

"You forget that I can go to my husband and tell him everything. He will hate me, but he will believe me," she said, facing him once more.

"The world will believe me," he scoffed.

"Not after I tell the world that you tried to blackmail me; that you have demanded \$50,000."

"But I haven't made such a demand."

"I can swear that you have," she cried triumphantly. He glared at her for a moment, his face coming up from behind with a rush that left him nothing to stand on.

"I am willing to run the risk of scandal if you are, my dear," he said after a moment, his hands clinched behind him. "It will be very costly. You have much to lose."

"I think," she said shrewdly, guessing his weakness even as he saw it, "that we can talk sensibly of the situation from now on. I am not afraid of you."

He looked at her steadily for a moment, reading her thoughts, seeing her trembling heart. Then he said dryly: "I'll do nothing for a week, and then you'll send for me."

The door in the vestibule opened suddenly and some one—aye, more than one—came in from the outside. Mrs. Cable started to her feet and turned toward the library door. Bansemmer was standing close by her side. He turned to move away as David Cable stepped to the door to look in. Cable's coat collar was about his ears, and he was removing his gloves. For a moment he stood motionless, gazing upon the occupants of the room.

Then for the first time there flashed before him the sharp point of steel which was to pierce his brain later on with deadly suspicion and doubt. There was an mistaking the confusion of Mrs. Cable and her visitor. It was manifest that they had not expected him to appear so unexpectedly. He remembered now that on two other occasions he had found Bansemmer at his house and alone with Mrs. Cable, but he had not regarded it as extraordinary. But there was a startled look in her eyes tonight, an indecision in her greeting that caused him to knit his brows and lift his hand unconsciously to his temple before speaking. He heard Bansemmer say that he was just going, but that he would stay for a short chat about the banquet. Mrs. Cable turned to stir the fire with the poker, an unusual act on her part he was not slow to observe. The seed was sown.

"I brought Bobby over from the club with me—and a friend, Frances," he said, after asking Bansemmer to sit down for awhile. His keen eyes noted that her hand shook as she put the poker back into its place. As he walked into the hall to throw aside his coat Frances Cable turned to Bansemmer with a significant look, shaking her head in mute appeal for silence.

Bobby Rigby came into the room, followed by a tall stranger, whom he presented to Mrs. Cable. Bansemmer, standing near the library table, caught a glimpse of the stranger's face as he took Mrs. Cable's hand. He started violently, unable at first to believe his eyes. A chill ran through his frame, and his expression changed from wonder to consternation.

"Mr. Bansemmer, my friend, Mr. Harbert."

"I have met Mr. Bansemmer," said Harbert, with a cold stare straight into the other's eyes. They were on opposite sides of the table.

"In New York," said Bansemmer firmly, his eyes unflinching in their return.

He noticed that Harbert's look was uncompromisingly antagonistic, but that was to be expected. It troubled him, however, to see something like unfriendliness in Rigby's greeting.

Harbert was the man who had fought him to rout in New York. This keen, aggressive young barrister had driven him into a corner from which he escaped only by merest chance. He knew James Bansemmer for what he was. It had not been his fault that the man crawled through a small avenue of technicalities and avoided the punishment that had seemed so certain. He had waged war bitterly against the blackmailer, and he missed complete victory by a hair's breadth.

Feeling the strain of the situation, Rigby talked with earnest volubility. He led the conversation into many lines—the war in the Philippines, the banquet, the play which Jane and Graydon were seeing. The thought of the play brought a shade of despair to his brow—pretty Miss Clegg was in the party with that "mucker," Medford.

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"Mr. Bansemmer, my friend, Mr. Harbert."

### FORAKER ADMITS HE WAS ATTORNEY FOR STANDARD OIL.

Cincinnati, Sept. 18.—That he had been for several years ago an attorney for the Standard Oil Co., but that such employment had nothing to do with matters pending in congress, or in which the federal government was interested, is the substance in brief of a statement made by Senator Foraker in answer to charges by Hearst in Columbus last night. Foraker says he does not know whether letters given out by Hearst



SENATOR J. B. FORAKER.

are true copies or not, but assumes they are. He says he never made any effort to conceal the fact of his employment by the Standard Oil and that it had not then become discreditable to be employed by such corporations; that his employment ended before his first term in the senate expired, and that he had not represented the company in any way since.

### Can't Find Record.

Columbus, Sept. 19.—A hasty search of the supreme court books has failed to find any record showing that Senator Foraker appeared for the Standard Oil Co., in any cases brought against that company in 1889 or 1890.

### Archibold Don't Know.

New York, Sept. 12.—John D. Archibold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Co., was not in his office today. Other officials said that they knew nothing of the charges made by Hearst in his address at Columbus last night.

### Hearst Charges.

Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 17.—Thomas L. Higen, independence candidate for president and W. R. Hearst addressed a meeting here tonight. Hearst read letters which he said had been written by John D. Archibold of the Standard Oil company to Senator Foraker referring to legislation pending in congress and mentioning the Standard Oil Co. for \$15,000 and another for \$14,000.

### QUAKER STATE SUFFERING FROM SERIOUS DROUGHT RECORD BROKEN AT STATE FAIR

Salem, Or., Sept. 18.—The great event at the State Fair today was the Rapid Transit 2:05 race in which the northwest pacing record was broken. There were two top starters, Leland Onward and Mona Wilkes the former winning three out of four heats and establishing the new record of 2:05 1/2. In the first heat Mona Wilkes made the mile in 2:05 the previous Northwest record being 2:06 1/2, made by Sherlock Holmes who drove Leland Onward today, drove Sherlock Holmes in making last year's record. The sensational heat of the race was the second, in which Leland Onward forged ahead in the last hundred yards and won by a nose.

The setting of the sun ended the 2:15 trot, 3 in 5, after four heats had been pulled off. The deciding heat will be pulled off at 1 o'clock sharp tomorrow, with three horses possible winners, Henry Gray, Monocrat and Zombroun. Gray already has two heats, and Monocrat and Zombroun one each. The horse with the best record at the end of the fifth mile will be declared winner. Had the final heat been called tonight Henry Gray would almost certainly have been the winner, because of his apparent staying qualities, but tomorrow all the horses will be fresh and the result may be different.

### LETTERS WHICH WERE READ BY MR. HEARST.

Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 18.—Letters from John A. Archibold, of the Standard Oil Company, to Senator Joseph B. Foraker, two of them enclosing drafts for large sums of money, and all urging the senator to oppose certain objectionable legislation, were read by W. R. Hearst at a meeting in support of the candidacy of Thomas L. Higen, Independent party candidate for president, last night. The letters were all dated in 1909, and speak of a certain "bill" as "very objectionable," and of another bill as "so outrageous as to be ridiculous."

### GREEK CONVICTED OF SECOND DEGREE

Aberdeen, Sept. 18.—George Pappas, a Greek charged with the murder of Theos Karonis, a county man, was convicted today at Monticello, of murder in the second degree. The men were rivals for the affections of a woman and the crime occurred April 24 in Aberdeen. Pappas pleaded self defense.

### CHOLERA NOW ON INCREASE IN PHILIPPINES

Manila, Sept. 18.—Since eight o'clock this morning there have been 25 cases of cholera and 17 deaths reported and a material increase during eleven hours over the record for the previous twenty-four, when only six deaths were reported.

## GOVERNOR HASKELL DENIES CONNECTION WITH STANDARD OIL

Chicago, Sept. 19.—Governor Haskell declared false today the statement of W. R. Hearst that he is connected with the Standard Oil Co.

"On the day the affidavits are said to have been signed, Sept. 12, 1908, Mr. Monnett was in Oklahoma City, and on that day he made a speech in which he exonerated me of all connection with Standard Oil. It is unbelievable that any man would make a speech, saying one thing, and on the same day sign an affidavit stating the contrary thing. There is no truth in the charges."

### ANOTHER HASKELL FILES HIS DENIAL.

Washington, Sept. 19.—Governor Haskell last night named W. C. Haskell, formerly United States marshal at Chicago, a now-sealer of weights and measures for the District of Columbia, as the Haskell re-



JOHN D. ARCHIBOLD.

Prominent member of the Standard Oil Trust, who figures in the Hearst-Foraker-Haskell controversy.

acknowledge by the receipt and oblige. Yours Very Truly, JOHN D. ARCHIBOLD.

"26 Broadway, New York, February 16, 1908.—My Dear Senator—Here is another very objectionable bill. It is so outrageous as to be ridiculous, and I hope there will be no difficulty in killing it.

"Am anxious to hear from you as to the situation as a whole. Yours very truly, JOHN D. ARCHIBOLD." "Hon. J. B. Foraker, 1509 S. Eleventh street, Washington, D. C."

"You will see, gentlemen, that these letters are not read at random, but they have a natural sequence. Here is the next:

"26 Broadway, New York, April 17, 1908.—My Dear Senator—I enclose you a certificate of deposit in your favor of \$14,500. We are greatly at a loss in this matter, but I send you this and will be glad to have a very frank talk with you when the opportunity offers, if you so desire.

"I need scarcely again express my great gratification over the favorable outcome of affairs. Very truly yours, JOHN D. ARCHIBOLD."

ferred to by Hearst as having relation with Standard Oil. Mr. Haskell said today the Governor was mistaken; that he never had any relations whatever, business or social, with the officials or members of the Standard Oil Co.

Tried to Purchase Ohio Newspaper. Cincinnati, Sept. 19.—As a part of the purchase money in an unannounced deal for ownership of the Ohio State Journal at Columbus, the draft of \$50,000 mentioned in the John D. Archibold letter, made public last night in St. Louis by Hearst, was received by Senator Foraker, and on the failure of the attempt to buy that paper the draft was returned and the incident forgotten, according to a statement made to the Associated Press by the Senator here today.

### Taft Will Keep Out.

Cincinnati, Sept. 18.—Judge Taft maintains his determination not to be drawn into the Hearst-Foraker controversy.

### Taft To Break With Machine.

W. R. Hearst's exposure of Mr. Foraker's connection with the Standard Oil trust, it is said by those on the inside, will result in Mr. Taft's again breaking with the Hamilton County machine, headed by George B. Cox. Just the other day Mr. Taft agreed to meet Messrs. Cox, Hynleka and Hermann and confer regarding the campaign in Hamilton County. It is now believed that Mr. Taft and his advisers say that the candidate will repudiate Mr. Cox, cutting loose from the machine.

Mr. Foraker sent word to the Taft headquarters tonight that he would willingly stay away from the meeting of the League of Republican Clubs if his presence in any way would embarrass the candidate. Mr. Taft has not replied to this statement but it is expected that a statement will be issued tomorrow declaring that the Republican candidate has repudiated Mr. Foraker, Mr. Cox and the machine that he denounced in his speech at Akron a few years ago.

Mr. Archibold characterizes Mr. Hearst's statements regarding an alleged attempt to bribe ex-Attorney General Monnett of Ohio as pure fiction, and says they were answered and exploded long ago.

As to the statements alleging relations between Governor Haskell of Oklahoma and the Standard Oil Company and contributions through him or anyone else to the Democratic campaign fund, there is a shadow of truth in them.

"Mr. Higen's insinuations about burning his plant were absurd and unworthy of notice."

### Sibley Denies Writing Letter.

Franklin, Pa., Sept. 18.—Ex-Congressman Joseph C. Sibley today denied most emphatically to John D. Archibold a letter which he had written Mr. Archibold that he had warned President Roosevelt not to offend the Standard Oil Company.

FORAKER WILL BE ASKED TO WITHDRAW.

New York, Sept. 19.—It was reported this afternoon on what seemed to be sufficient authority, although the National Headquarters are dumb on the subject, that Senator Foraker will be asked to withdraw as one of the speakers at the meeting of the League of Republican Clubs at Cincinnati tomorrow. Foraker was scheduled to speak on that occasion on the same platform with Taft. It was learned later that John Wayne Hammond would be sent to Ohio to talk the matter over with Foraker.

Cincinnati, Sept. 18.—Senator Foraker declares that he is one at any time over paid a cent, or suggested any such payment in recognition of anything he might do as a public man. He also said he knew nothing of the arrangement between the Republican Clubs meeting on Tuesday at this city.

\$15,000 To Foraker.

"26 Broadway, New York, March 28, 1908.—Hon. Joseph B. Foraker, 1509 S. Eleventh Street, Washington, D. C.—Dear Senator—I enclose you a certificate of deposit in your favor for \$15,000. Kindly

A sure cure, one you can depend upon. Hickory Bark Cough Syrup. A sure cure and its use will bring you all your troubles, cough, hoarseness and sore throat. For sale by Hull's Red Cross Drug Store and first-class dealers everywhere.