

Jane Cable

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

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CHAPTER XII—(Continued.)

Suddenly he stopped stockstill, the bitter scowl deepening in his eyes. With an oath he turned abruptly and hurried in the opposite direction. The time had come to make ready for battle. A few minutes later, he was writing the note which created so much commotion in the home of Elias Droom.



CHAPTER XIII.

It was not until the hurrying Bansemmer entered the door of Rector's that the apprehension of having committed a senseless blunder came to him.

"Good heavens!" he muttered, stopping short. "What a fool I'm getting to be—meeting old Elias, in a place like this! The theater crowds—everybody in town will be here by 11! Curse me, for a hopeless ass! I must get him away at once!"

Grumbling at himself, he passed into the restaurant. Gabe offered him the choice of various tables. He selected one which commanded a view of the entrances and ordered a perfunctory "Scotch." Nervous and anxious, he was more troubled than he cared to admit even to himself. Fortunately there were not many people in the cafe, and his gaze wandering about the place soon halted before the small alcove in the east end containing a table with wine glasses, in waiting, set for a large party. The clock, back of the cigar stand, said it was five minutes after 11.

Bansemmer impatiently watched the two doors leading to the street and was beginning to wonder whether the message had reached the old clerk when presently the uncouth shape of Droom appeared sinking through the so-called ladies' entrance with the shrinking attitude of one unaccustomed to fashionable restaurants and doubtful of his reception. Bansemmer motioned to him.

"Just as soon as I can get my check," he was saying, at the same time beckoning to a waiter, "we'll move out of this. It will be crowded in—I never thought, a stall at Chapin & Gore's will be better. Here, waiter, my check! I'm in a hurry! The devil!"

As the exclamation burst from his lips there came down the narrow steps and through a door quickly thrown open by a waiter a number of gay, fashionably dressed people, all smiling and trembling with the cold. Immediately this party attracted the attention of the room. Waiters rushed hither and thither relieving the ladies of their costly lace and fur wraps and the men of their heavy overcoats. Of the expected theater comers these were the first to arrive, but presently others followed, and soon the quiet cafe of the early evening became transformed into one of bustle and excitement by the eager, animated throng. With dawning Bansemmer noticed that those to whom his attention had been attracted were blocking his way to the door. He escape was out of the question. Reluctantly he returned to his seat and ordered the clock to take the case opposite him. Then scanning the party making its passage to the alcove he perceived three or four men whose he knew and presently, to his surprise and consternation, his son. The recognition was mutual, Graydon making his way around a small table in order to affectionately greet him. As he approached his eyes fastened themselves on his father's companion. With amazement he recognized the queer figure of the lanky, gangling Droom; but, too kind hearted and well bred to allow his features in the slightest degree to express the astonishment which he felt at sight of such a comic incongruity, the young man voiced a few kindly words to the old man, while from the table in the alcove where the smart little supper party were seated themselves Miss Cable was smiling her cheery recognition to her prospective father-in-law; then Graydon made his way back to his seat by her side.

"Why did you come here?" asked Droom, feeling somewhat akin to the proverbial fish out of water.

"Because I thought—I thought you couldn't find any other place," replied Bansemmer confusedly.

The unexpected arrival of his son and party had disturbed his usual coolness, but with his order for supper his equilibrium returned, and he went on to explain.

"I supposed you knew only two



"Humph! I know every street in town."

streets in town—Wells and South Water."

"Humph! I know every street in town." Droom resented, drawing himself up in his chair, and then bluntly, "What's happened?"

"Not so loud! Harbert's here, but—"

"Oh! Here?"

"In Chicago, yes—we'll talk about it later."

"The present genial atmosphere and convivial atmosphere were producing a most inspiring effect on the lawyer. The delightful consciousness that the people with whom his son was supping were of the smartest set in town for the moment had banished all fears of exposure. From time to time he glanced proudly across to the alcove table where the men were engaged in unfolding their napkins and toying with their glasses, in lively anticipation of the enjoyment to come; while the women, with the hope of eliciting admiration for their hands and the sparkle of their rings, were taking off their gloves and spreading out their fingers on the tablecloth.

"Graydon seems to be right in the swim, eh, Droom?" he said. "The irony of it all appealed strongly to his sense of humor. 'I don't suppose you know those fellows?' he added patronizingly. Droom was listening intently to the bursts of merriment which were enlivening the restaurant. Like a small boy at a circus who fears that something will happen that he will not see, he was continually turning his head and letting his eyes travel critically over the company at the neighboring table.

At this speech of Bansemmer's the eyes of the old clerk returned. They expressed no little resentment at the inference.

"Certainly I do," and, leaning over the table and covertly indicating with his long, bony finger the man at the head of the table, he answered succinctly, "That's Fernmore; he's—"

A particularly loud burst of laughter cut him short. At the adjoining tables conversation had abruptly ceased; heads were turned and inquisitive eyes were fastened on the brilliant coterie at the alcove table.

Few men in Chicago were better known or better liked than the stout, florid complexioned, jovial looking Billy Fernmore, the host of this entertainment. His social adventures and the headlong follies in which his fun loving proclivities invariably enmeshed him were only surpassed by his fondness for riding himself of his unlimited wealth.

To his inherited five millions marriage had added the colossal fortune of a beautiful heiress, whose extravagance aggregated less than his own solely through the limitations of her sex. Yet, were it not for the self imposed handicap of adhering strictly to the somewhat old fashioned precept that jewels should be acquired only through affectionate beneficence, Mrs. Fernmore might have succeeded in surpassing the petacely prodigalities of her lord and master.

"It was this way," Billy was saying in his own blundering manner and awake to the realization of having a "good one" to tell. "A few days ago the lady of my house took wings for New York—a little spree of her own, you understand. And, for Billy Fernmore, I kept out of mischief for a time fairly well. After waiting days, lamblike, for her return, restlessness—and here Fernmore's shameless affectation of the neglected husband became so irresistibly funny that it provoked prolonged laughter from his listeners, even Droom showing his yellow snags and stretching his mouth to the fullest extent of the law as he joined in the general chorus—'restlessness gave way to recklessness, and in desperation I invited a half dozen of the oldest and most distinguished widowers in town to dine with me at the hotel, where they were informed they were to be honored by the presence of a bevy of the season's prettiest debutantes. My stars, but they were a fine collection of old innocents!" Fernmore threw himself back in his chair and roared at the recollection.

"Billy's a wonder when he's wound up!" Medford's whispered aside to the lady as his right seat with a simple nod of the head, for, despite Miss Clegg's well feigned interest in Mr. Medford when they were present, on other occasions there was no pretense of enjoyment of his society.

"As you know only two

correct phrase," said Billy, after having refreshed himself with sufficient champagne to proceed. "were two retired merchants, a venerable legislator, a doddering banker and a half-breed college professor. Of course I had to make some excuse for Mrs. Fernmore's absence. For the life of me I cannot now remember what yarn I told them, but they were too anxious to be presented to the gay young women not to swallow it—whole. The old boys fairly swamped the girls with their party attentions. It was a lively supper party—my word! And they went home unanimously declaring that the debutantes of the present day discounted, at least in dash and go, the charmers of fifty years ago."

Amidst the confusion of peals of merriment which greeted the genial raconteur, Miss Cable, to whom the story did not especially appeal, whispered in awed tones:

"Graydon, who on earth is that queer, spectacular looking man with your father?"

"Oh, that's Droom—isn't he a character? He's been with the governor since I was a child. In those days his looks used to frighten me almost to death. I fancy he's had a sad life, don't you know?"

"There is something positively awful in his face," returned the girl, as her eyes faltered and dropped to her plate on unexpectedly meeting those of the subject of her remark.

"Sh-h!" came from Medford, and then, "Come, Billy—what's the point or the moral, as they say in novels?"

"Fernmore is a rattling good chap at heart," Graydon was saying to Jane, "but I can't stand that Med—"

"Yes, yes; go on, Mr. Fernmore," broke in several voices in eager expectancy.

"The moral?" Billy's eyes were twinkling. "The joke, rather, is on me. When Mrs. Fernmore reached home I thought it wise to say nothing about the affair, but I had completely underestimated the persistency of these rejuvenated venerables. They were not satisfied—wanted to know more about the girls, and the next day in deep but joyous simplicity half a dozen old men asked their married daughters and close friends at the clubs what family of Brown a certain debutante belonged to, who was the father of Miss Jones and how long had the family of Miss Robinson lived in the city, together with a lot of amazing questions. And falling to derive even the remotest satisfaction from the social register, the woman members of their families besieged my innocent wife with more or less shocked inquiries as to an entertainment of mine at which their aged relations were present. Well, the game was up! I owned up—confessed to the girls being actresses and begged for mercy."

"And I forgave him," supplemented Mrs. Fernmore smilingly. "Boys will be boys."

"Whew!" whistled Billy, in conclusion. "It was no end of a lark! I would not have missed it for the world; but the old chaps will never, never forgive me."

As the gentleman finished, Bansemmer was looking at Droom with amusement. The old clerk was shaking his head in a manner that signified disapproval.

"How's that for doings in swagger society, eh, Droom? If any one but Billy Fernmore had done that he would have been ostracized forever. Nothing like millions!"

"I don't believe true aristocrats would do that," interrupted Droom half angrily.

"These are the aristocrats—money aristocrats; the others have lost the name—forgotten. Come, let's go over yonder. We can talk there."

Bansemmer called for the bill and settled it; then, slowly rising, ostentatiously waved his adieu to the alcove and deserted the scene for Chapin & Gore's. Droom meekly followed his employer.

For some time neither spoke. In their still each was busy with his own thoughts and speculations.

"I think I've made a mess of it with Mrs. Cable," began Bansemmer. "She—"

"I wouldn't mention names," cautioned Droom, with a look at the top of the partition.

"She's very likely to fight back, after all."

"What was your demand?"

"Money," said Bansemmer quietly.

"Humph!" was Droom's way of saying he had.

"Harbert has a purpose in coming here, Elias. We must prepare for him."

"We are as well prepared as we can expect to be. I guess it means that we'll have to get out of Chicago."

"Curse him!" snarled Bansemmer. "I don't care a rap about myself, but it will be all up with Graydon if anything—unpleasant should happen to me," said Bansemmer, with a wistful glance at his glass. Then in subdued tones he told of the meeting with Harbert. Droom agreed that the situation looked unpleasant, and all the more so in view of what Eddie Deever had mentioned in connection with the marshal's office. He repeated the story as it had come from the babbling youngster's lips, utterly deceived by the guileless emissary from the office downstairs.

"What do you expect to do?" he asked, studying the tense face of his employer.

(Continued Next Week.)

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

GARFIELD OUT IN DEFENSE OF MR. HITCHCOCK

Washington, Sept. 26.—Secretary of the Interior Garfield today made a statement as to the relations of former Secretary Hitchcock with the issue of leases authorizing the Prairie Oil and Gas Company to lay pipe lines through Indian lands in Oklahoma.



JAMES R. GARFIELD.

The records of his department, he declared, show clearly that Hitchcock simply complied with the act of congress authorizing the construction of the lines and that nowhere, he declared, is there any record or other evidence that the president at any time either overruled Hitchcock or was at variance with him in the course he pursued in the issuance of permits.

MANY ARE KILLED IN MONTANA WRECK

Helena, Sept. 25.—A special dispatch to the Record from Livingston says that passenger train No. 16, eastbound, which left Helena at midnight, collided with a freight train at Young's Point and that 25 persons were killed and a large number injured.

Snow was falling so that the freight train flagman could not signal the passenger engineer successfully. The express car telescoped the smoker and practically all the casualties were in this car, with the exception of the engineers. Engineer Bessinger was slightly injured and Fireman Ora Babcock killed.

An Awful Scene

Spokane, Sept. 25.—A special to the Chronicle from Park City, Mont., says that thirty to forty were killed and injured when the Burlington train No. 16, which left Spokane on Thursday morning, was wrecked on a head-on collision with a freight four miles west of Park City at 8 o'clock this morning.

The wreck occurred at Young's Point switch, where the trains were to pass. Snow was falling and the freight passenger failed to give the passenger in time to prevent the smashup. The express car was raised over the platform of the smoker and swept the superstructure, seats and passengers, off. Not a passenger in this car escaped death of injury. Other passengers escaped with cuts and bruises. On the train was the Spokane delegation to the National Irrigation congress at Albuquerque, but none was injured.

Express Messenger Ledue, of Spokane, escaped with but a few bruises. Other passengers of the great man, who was uninjured. He resides at Billings. Engineer Joe Bessinger, of Billings, after setting the brakes, jumped and was not seriously injured. Fireman Ora Babcock jumped and was killed. Milo Parlow, head brakeman of the Billings train, was killed. It is believed the rest of the passengers and crew are safe. None of the freight crew were hurt.

The scene is beyond description, heads, bodies, legs and arms are interwoven with broken seats and equipment. It is almost impossible to succeed the injured without trampling on the dead.

A partial list of the dead and wounded is as follows: Sam Solomonite, Billings, both legs broken. John Wagner, of Coleman, Alberta, engineer of the train, leg broken, possibly hurt internally. Anton Rughich, going from Helena to Newark, N. J., arm broken and internal injuries. Benjamin Sidney, whose mother resides at Pasco, Wash., legs broken. B. R. Vickers, of Helena, both legs broken badly; internally injured. S. T. Marchington, of Frigley, Mont., internally injured; cannot live. Ora Babcock, fireman, of Billings, killed.

It is impossible to give a list of the dead, as only a few unrecognizable bodies have been taken out. At 9 o'clock the train was on fire, and the relief train reached the scene from Billings at 11 o'clock.

FRANKLIN UNION IS DEDICATED IN BOSTON

Boston, Mass., Sept. 25.—One hundred and eighteen years after the death of Benjamin Franklin, the city of Boston today came into possession of a handsome bequest left by that far-sighted statesman-philosopher in loving remembrance of the city of his birth. After the lapse of more than a century, during which time the modest bequest of Franklin had grown to large proportions the Franklin Union has

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In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1

is the cause of all humors, eruptions, boils, pimples, scrofulous sores, eczema or salt rheum, as well as of rheumatism, catarrh and other troubles. The greatest blood remedy for all these troubles, proved by its unequalled record of cures, is

become an accomplished fact. The handsome building erected at the corner of Berkeley and Appleton streets, and which will stand for years to come as a permanent memorial to the practical wisdom of the donor, was dedicated this afternoon with interesting exercises.

The clause in Benjamin Franklin's will which resulted in the erection of the Franklin Union was as follows:

"I was born in Boston, New England, and owe my first instructions in literature to the Free Grammar Schools established there. I have therefore already considered these schools in my will. But I am also under obligations to the state of Massachusetts for having unasked appointed me formerly their Agent in England with a handsome salary, which continued some years. I have considered that among Artisans good Apprentices are most likely to make good Citizens, and having myself been bred to a manual Art Printing, in my native Town, and afterward assisted to set up my business in Philadelphia by kind loan of money from two Friends there, which was the foundation of my Fortune, and of all the utility in life that may be ascribed to me, I wish to be useful even after my Death. If possible, in forming and advancing other young men that may be serviceable to their Country in both those Towns. To this End I devote Two Thousand Pounds Sterling, which I give, one thousand thereof to the inhabitants of the Town of Boston, in Massachusetts, and the other thousand to the Inhab—of the City of Philadelphia, in Trust to and for the Uses, Interest and Purposes hereinafter mentioned and declared."

The one thousand pounds left to the city of Boston was to be let out in small sums to apprentices in the trades during the period of one hundred years, and at the end of that time 100-131 of it was to be used for public improvement of the city and state. The first hundred years passed, and the sum was to be let out in small sums to apprentices in the trades during the period of one hundred years, and at the end of that time 100-131, amounting to about \$400,000, was used to build the handsome structure dedicated today, and to the amount has been added by Andrew Carnegie an equal sum as an endowment.

The building is a handsome fire-proof structure of five stories. Class rooms are distributed throughout the building on every floor, and there are large draughting rooms, studies, laboratories and special lecture rooms for chemistry and physics. On the first floor are grouped the lobby, or exhibition room—the latter for the display of industrial material of various kinds—the offices of administration, the library and the large lecture hall, seating nearly 1,000 persons, and designed carefully and scientifically to meet every requirement of proportion, ventilation, acoustics, light and convenience.

The lobby, or exhibition hall, is about fifty feet square and is treated in wrought iron and rare marbles. The frieze consists of a series of panels, each containing a painting to illustrate a trait of Franklin's many-sided character. Each group is flanked by smaller panels bearing inscriptions from "Poor Richard's Almanac." The paintings are arranged chronologically, and thus afford a graphic biography of the great man by whose philanthropy the building was established.

The Franklin Union will be opened to students next Monday. Classes will be offered especially for foremen, mechanics, and others engaged in manufacturing or building industries. There will also be courses in shop formulae, steam, industrial chemistry, mathematics for builders, mechanics, machine drawing and industrial electricity.

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Waterloo, Iowa, Sept. 26.—Mr. Taft indicated today that he would comment on the statement issued yesterday by Senator Foraker as soon as he was able to obtain a full copy of the same, when he reaches St. Paul late today. He will deliver five addresses in Minnesota before he reaches St. Paul.

TAFT TO COMMENT ON FORAKER'S LETTER

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SENATOR GORB STANDS BY HASKELL

Seattle, Sept. 25.—I think Governor Haskell is amply able to take care of himself. My opinion is the president takes the wrong man and will get the worst of it before the controversy is ended," said United States Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, today.

The senator said that everybody in Oklahoma knew the Prairie Oil & Gas Company was a branch of the Standard Oil Company, and that the governor's action to have the injunction dismissed was sustained by the state supreme court; that the attorney general exceeded his authority in the absence of the governor and had no right to have brought the injunction proceedings.

Governor Haskell vetoed the child labor bill because it went to extremes, and his action was endorsed by all the labor unions of the state.

HASKELL QUILTS AND HURRIES BACK TO OKLAHOMA

Chicago, Sept. 26.—Governor Haskell, to all intents and purposes no longer treasurer of the Democratic campaign fund, today is on his way to Guthrie, Oklahoma, after a 45-minute conference with W. J. Bryan. Haskell is still treasurer in name until his successor is appointed, but J. B. Doolin, assistant treasurer, will act temporarily. The hurried departure of Haskell, he said, was due to a meeting of the state tax board of Oklahoma on Monday. Asked if he would prosecute those who made the charges against him he wrote in answer:

"Read the law. You will then know the limit."

He asked that his resignation take effect immediately, having resigned last night after a conference with the officials at Democratic headquarters.

Asked whether Haskell's resignation was accepted so far as he was concerned, Mr. Bryan declined to answer. That it had been, however, was inferred from Bryan's answer to the next question:

"Has a successor to Treasurer Haskell been selected?"

"That is up to Mr. Mack and the executive committee," was the answer.

Bryan left this morning for Madison, Mis.

FORAKER GIVES HIS SIDE OF CONTROVERSY

Cincinnati, Sept. 25.—Senator Foraker, in a carefully prepared statement made public tonight, replying to the recent charges made by Hearst and Roosevelt, bitterly assailed Hearst, Taft and the president, charging that Taft has been consorting with Standard Oil magnates himself and declared that Roosevelt's actions indicate a guilty conscience.

In his opening paragraph Foraker declared the president showed bias in accepting as true all the charges. He denied that he had acted improperly in accepting employment from the Standard Oil; he says there was no secret about it and produced letters to prove that after the government began its attack upon the Standard Oil he declined to accept further retainers from them. He charged that Hearst had other letters in addition to those which he gave over, and that those letters, if made public at the same time, would have shown how harmless his connection with the Standard Oil was.

Foraker declared that three years ago when the president had occasion to appoint a United States district judge for the northern division of Ohio, Taft, knowing the abilities and high character of John H. Doyle, of the Standard Oil law firm of Doyle and Lewis, did not hesitate to recommend him to the president in strong language for the appointment to the judgeship, and said Doyle was not appointed for reasons that did not reflect on Judge Doyle.

"But if Standard Oil was in good enough repute only three years ago to warrant Judge Taft in recommending Doyle, and President Roosevelt in appointing him to a judgeship, much more was it in sufficiently good repute six or seven years earlier, before any of the recent virulent attacks were made upon it, to warrant me in accepting employment of the character mentioned."

Foraker relates in detail some of Taft's friendly relations with various officers of the Standard Oil Company and other alleged trusts and of their hospitality and entertainment on various occasions.

ST. PETERSBURG'S CHOLERA EPIDEMIC REACHES MAXIMUM

St. Petersburg, Sept. 26.—The cholera epidemic in St. Petersburg, in the opinion of experts, has reached its maximum. Little progress has been made in the cleaning up process and conditions indicate a renewal of the epidemic in the spring. The burial squad in the cemetery where most of the victims are being interred is unable to keep pace with the number of dead, funeral services being conducted over one hundred dead at a time.

NO JURY TRIAL FOR HARRY THAW

White Plains, Sept. 26.—Justice Mills today denied the application of Harry Thaw for a jury trial to determine whether or not Thaw is sane, but promised to give Thaw a hearing before himself. The date is to be fixed by counsel.

Later Justice White set the hearing for October 5, but Justice Mills refused to transfer the case to New York county, whereupon District Attorney Jerome announced that he would appeal from the case, as the financial condition of his office would not justify him in incurring the expense of continuing the case in any other county than his own.

LOST VALLEY NOTES.

(Special Guard Correspondent.) Lost Valley, Sept. 24.—H. M. Parvin is fitting up a wood saw attachment to his engine, and in a few days will be ready to saw wood. R. L. Edwards preached here last Sunday.

It has been announced that Sunday School will be organized at Trent next Sunday. T. H. Hunsaker and wife have just returned from a four months' trip through Southern and Eastern Oregon. They returned to find themselves "grandpa" and "granda."

Road Supervisor Tremplena is working the roads in Trent now. He has just returned from a trip to the mountains. More hunters than deer, is his report. Wm. Williams made a two or three days' trip to Eugene last week. B. E. Williams and wife spent a few days last week visiting in Clatsop.

Mrs. Essex Bowen is quite ill with la grippe. We notice John Clark is erecting a new manse in Trent. W. H. Fenton is building an addition to the house for Wm. Williams. Heavy frosts have prevailed throughout this vicinity. All the late corn is greatly damaged.

REPUBLICANS HAVE RESIGNATIONS ALSO

New York, Sept. 26.—Chairman Hitchcock, of the Republican National Committee, today deprecated the rumors that other resignations—in particular that of National Treasurer George E. Sheldon, might follow that of the speakers' bureau, whose resignation was handed in last night.

"I know of no other resignations nor of any contemplated," said Hitchcock.

GRANGE FAIR AT HALSEY OCTOBER 9

Brownsville, Sept. 25.—The Grange Agricultural and Stock Fair will hold its third annual exhibition at Halsey, Lin county, on Friday, October 9.

In the two years of its life the fair has assumed proportions far beyond the expectations of its promoters. Large crowds usually attend and the displays of agricultural products, stock, etc., are of the best and quite extensive for a foothill region. To favor this season promises to give anything heretofore attempted, some good prizes being offered.