



The New Mayor Based on G.H. Broadhurst's Successful Play THE MAN OF THE HOUR

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued)

The antechamber door opened, and Williams hurried in. "I got killed," he reported. "He's here, and—"

you a 60 per cent better chance with him. Now, then, pulling a paper from his pocket. "I told you about the report I had Morris & Cherrington dig out showing up Bennett's old man. Here it is. Like to look it over while we're waiting?"

"Little enough good it seems to have done," returned Wainwright as the three heads bent over the documents. "He's still fighting us, tooth and nail."

"Yes," agreed Horriggan grimly. "but it's a satisfaction to know it isn't only us he's fighting. He's cutting his own throat too."

CHAPTER XIV. THE first committee room that lay to the right of Horriggan's office—in the same relation to it as the antechamber to the left—was usually given over to dry official business, and its musty walls must almost have experienced a distinct shock about this time as Dallas Wainwright entered from the corridor behind.

"Never you mind the gallery, miss," interrupted Phelan. "It isn't meant for the likes of you anyway. You just sit here a few minutes, and I'll catch an attendant somewhere and make him hustle up a couple of good chairs for you on the main floor, where you can pipe everything just like you were in your own op'ra box copping off a swad of big C's."

"Thank you so much, alderman," replied Dallas. "I hope we're not putting you to too much trouble."

"No trouble at all. An' even if it was I'd come a-runnin' to meet it. I'm the original trouble enter. Besides, the best in the house is none too good for the lady who was so interested in my outtings. So long! I'll be right back."

"What a queer chap he is!" mused Perry, as Phelan hastened away on his mission. "If I could take a six weeks' course in slang and hot air from that man I'd be able to sew buttons on the whole English language."

clear a couple of people out and make place for— "But we have seats," protested Dallas as Williams sped on his errand. "Alderman Phelan will have trouble finding a seat in this city when I'm done with him," snarled Horriggan. "Better take the seats I offer, Miss Wainwright. They're safer."

"Thank you very much," faltered Dallas. There was an awkward pause; then she said: "You came in here to write something. I'm afraid we are detaining you. You must be busy with your fight against the Borough bill. You are quite determined to continue it to the end?"

"To the bitter end," he answered soberly. "Even though that end can hold nothing but bitterness for me."

"The set anguish in his face moved Dallas more than she dared confess even to herself. "I am sorry," she said softly. "It is the course I have chosen," he answered, with a shrug. "and if it leads to eternal darkness instead of the sunlight I expected I must follow it none the less."

"That is sheer obstinacy," she cried, battling against her own heart's passionate plea. "You have laid out a plan to ruin Mr. Gibbs, to deprive Perry and me of my own fortune."

"Because it won't take her a year to find out that he's a yellow cur. And when she does she'll either kick him out or lead him around on a chain. Now, the fellow a girl of that sort ought to have married is Bennett. He's an obstinate fool, but he's a man. I thought you said once he was stuck on her."

"He was. He still is." "And she took Gibbs instead?" cried Horriggan, a world of incredulity in his rough voice. "Women are a queer lot! Why'd she shake Bennett, if it is a fair question?"

"I let her see Gibbs was a heroic martyr," said Wainwright, with quiet significance, "and that Bennett was—"

"All right," agreed Perry, a little rueful at the prospect of missing a free fight. "Let's go in there now. I've never been to an aldermen's meeting before, but I ran up against a car strike riot once, so I guess I'm on to most of the subtle rules of elegance that govern such shows. Come on, people, if you're coming."

"Your niece is a thoroughbred," repeated Horriggan, with rare approbation, as the anteroom door closed behind Dallas and her two escorts. "So she's to marry Gibbs, is she? I'm sorry for them both."

"Why?" asked Wainwright sharply. "Because it won't take her a year to find out that he's a yellow cur. And when she does she'll either kick him out or lead him around on a chain. Now, the fellow a girl of that sort ought to have married is Bennett. He's an obstinate fool, but he's a man. I thought you said once he was stuck on her."

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CHAPTER XV. WILLIAMS entered with Robert in tow. The latter wore a haggard, troubled look, and his natural nervousness had visibly deepened, so much so that he had not even noted Phelan's appearance in the corridor as he passed into Horriggan's private room.

"Good evening, alderman," said Horriggan civilly. "Good evening, sir," answered Robert palpably ill at ease. "I understand there's a full meeting today. Even Ellis came back from the south to be here. You're the only man missing."

"I couldn't get here sooner. I—"

"I see. That's all, Williams. You needn't wait. Robert and I want a little talk before he goes in. Now, then, went on the boss, with a complete change of manner as Williams left the room, "what's the matter with you?"

"I—I can't—" "Can't what? Speak out, man! Don't stand there and mumble at me!" "I can't vote for the Borough franchise bill."

"Can't, hey?" roared Horriggan. "Why not?" "Because—because—" faltered Robert; then, with a rush of hysterical emotion that blotted out his fear, he cried:

"Have you heard what that man Bennett has done? He organized a voters' committee in my ward and sent them to ask me at my own house what I was going to do about that bill. They had been stirred up by Bennett till they looked on me as a crook and on the bill as a personal robbery. They told me if I voted for it they'd know I was a dirty thief and graffer, and that they'd kick me out of the ward."

"Well, well!" rumbled Horriggan soothingly, as though trying to calm a feebly drunkard. "What do you care? When they've forgotten all about the bill you'll still have the dough, won't you? Folks won't ask 'How'd he get it? All they'll care to know is 'Has he got it?'"

"That isn't all! Robert blundered on, scarcely heeding the interruption. "Bennett's next step was to organize a committee of voters' wives, and they came to see my wife this morning when I was out and told her they'd heard I was going to sell myself and vote for a dishonest bill. My wife—my wife thinks I'm the squarrest, noblest man on earth. Oh, you wouldn't"

eyes dropped. He moved awkwardly to one side from his position in front of the door and Bennett, without so much as a backward look, passed on. The boss, like a man in a daze, sank heavily into a chair and gazed straight ahead of him, his usually red face gray and pasty.

"But he was not to enjoy even the scant boon of solitude. From the anteroom Gibbs stroled in. "They're going over some unimportant preliminary business," remarked the croaker, "so I came out for a breath of fresh air. How are things going?" "We're beat," grunted Horriggan, not looking up. "Beat?" screamed Gibbs, ashen and inert at the news. "You don't mean it! You can't mean it! Great heaven!"

"The sight of the other's cowardly emotion seemed to rouse Horriggan from his apathy. "If I can stand it, you can," he snarled. "You only lose your percentage on the deal, while I—"

"A percentage?" echoed Gibbs, too panic stricken to heed his own indiscretion. "Every cent I had in the world! I—"

"So?" drawled Horriggan, his keen little eyes searing the other with boundless contempt. "So it was you who were secretly buying up the stock and talking in on to our game, hey?" "I'm ruined! Broke! And—"

"And you've got it coming to you, you whining traitor! The man who goes back on his partners deserves all the kicking he gets."

"I—I didn't mean any harm!" mumbled the crushed Gibbs. "It couldn't hurt you people to have me buy Borough stock for myself, and I'd have cleared up a million and more. Oh, don't glower like that, Horriggan, but try to think out some way of—"

"Of what, you cur?" "Isn't there any way even now to make Bennett let up on his fight?" "If there was you couldn't be of use to us, so why should I talk about it to you?"

"But I'd do anything in the world—anything!" "You would?" cut in Horriggan sharply. "Yes, yes! Only give me a chance! I'd—"

Horriggan considered, then said reflectively: "No chance is too slight to take at a time like this, and nobody's too rotten to be of use. I've found there are three things, one of which will always buy any man—a woman, ambition or cash. We've tried Bennett on ambition; he doesn't need money, so only the first of the three remains."

CARTER SAYS TO GROW CLIMATE CALIFORNIA MAXIMUM ON A WONDERS WOULD LIKE TO GOOD COUNTRY MELONS

"The Willamette grow more peaches, Carter, of Berger & Carter, elms fruit machinery, climate is ideal for fruit here have not yet peaches are really the California they are thing of them for able Mr. Carter is in Egan interests of his firm, and impressed with the wants to live here. This is a coming fruit the growers have more 'Watermelons grow Lane county should plant for them,' he said fornia they pick the the fuley meat into Loses, as black as any blackjack in the country. He thinks that Ford will be two leading the industries with the millar, Medford is in typical fruit country, and appears being the big county has the rest of town in varied resources. Mr. Carter there will be many peaches grown in So-

INTAKE OF MILL HAS BEEN

Improvements have been made in the last month in the mill race to enlarge the water from the river by means of the brush and rock remedying a break in the bank. The river through its channel in the last through the gravel bed further from the main. The increase in flow that may be gained necessitates a greater than has come down in the past. However, as work is done upon the levees to keep the river which opens into the

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CASTOR Signature of

Notice of Final Settlement Notice is hereby given fersigned has filed his as administrator of the ter L. Hollis, deceased, in ty court for Lane county by an order duly made fixed Monday, the 21st gust, at the hour of the as the time and at the room in Eugene, Lane gon, as the place to be tions to the said acco- sons interested in the are required to file and the said account with said court on or before

Executors Notice is hereby given fersigned, M. S. Warren, and L. W. Bro... have appointed executors of the testament and of the W. White, deceased, in Court of Lane county, all persons having any estate are hereby required to present the verified and with prop- and executors at the L. Bilyeu, in Eugene, six months from the date

NOTICE TO CREDITORS IN the matter of the estate of Stalaker, deceased. Notice is hereby given sons concerned that has been duly appointed rix of the estate of Stalaker, deceased, by the State of Oregon and All persons having any said estate of said Stalaker, deceased, are hereby sent the same, with duly verified as to be in six months from date to the undersigned, of M. M. Davis, in the Oregon. Dated this June 15, 1908. ALICE R. STALAKER, Adm'r. Six of the use 224

(Continued Next Friday.) SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GUARD.