

# Jane Cable

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

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CHAPTER XI—(Continued.)

James Bansemmer 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, Groat & 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 soothfully polite to her delinquent admirer. Eddie's visits of 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 won't," she objected. "Besides, it doesn't look well. What if some one should come in suddenly?"

"Well, it wouldn't 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 sulky. 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 rewound 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 violently 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 job. 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 Bansemmer at once. It did not occur to him until later that the easiest and most effective way to drive Bansemmer 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. Bansemmer would not be long in resping 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 to the Clark street cable. Slowest old thing ever. All right. Goodbye." Then she hung up the receiver and turned upon Eddie, who stood aghast 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. Kempsball. Why?"

"Why? Why, you know I asked you?"

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 Bansemmer 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



He was without a coat, and his shirt sleeves were rolled far above the elbows.

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 Bansemmer is to marry—Miss Cable."

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

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

"Gee!" was all Eddie could say.

"They were crossing Wells street down below here on the way home from a nickel plater's in 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 looked at the voluminous on Napoleon. Eddie laughed politely, but uncomfortably.

"How old are you, Mr. Droom?"

"I'm as old as Methuselah."

"A.W. 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. Bansemmer interested?" asked Eddie, holding tight to his chair.

"Oh, no. We don't go in for that sort of thing."

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

said 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. Bansemmer. Seems that some lawyer is likely to be charged with blackmail, and they got Mr. Bansemmer's name mixed up in it some way. Of course nothing came of it, but I 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. Bansemmer," 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."

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

"I suspect it was young Bansemmer's future mother-in-law," he said. "Mrs. David Cable was there this afternoon about 3."

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

"Mr. Bansemmer 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 changed 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 those 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, snow 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 Bansemmer'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. Bansemmer's letter had asked him to come to Rosie's restaurant and not to the U— building. The command was imperative.

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

(Continued Next Friday.)

## MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN BEGINNING IN CANADA

Toronto, Sept. 11.—Beginning next week and continuing well into the winter the extension of the Laymen's Missionary Movement throughout Canada is to be pushed forward vigorously by the holding of a series of meetings in a number of cities. The campaign will extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

On Sunday the meetings will be inaugurated in the Maritime Provinces. The holding of institutes in Halifax and St. John will be followed by similar gatherings in Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Calgary, Regina, Toronto and Kingston. The general character of the meetings will be the same in each centre. They will include a laymen's dinner, a series of meetings or conferences, at which the conditions and needs of mission work at home and abroad will be fully presented and practically discussed, and suggestions will be given as to organization and methods for introducing and spreading the work and inspiration of the Laymen's Missionary Movement throughout the entire country.

## BRANDYWINE ANNIVERSARY IS CELEBRATED TODAY

West Chester, Pa., Sept. 11.—Today was the 131st anniversary of the battle of Brandywine, where on September 11, 1777, for the first time the Continental army carried the Stars and Stripes into battle. The customary celebration of the anniversary has been deferred until tomorrow, when there will be a military display on the battlefield and memorial exercises in which representatives of the various patriotic and historical societies will have a part.

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Spores & Hawkins announce their millinery opening Saturday September 12, at 45 West Eighth street, in the Schnelder block. s11

## Notice of Final Settlement

Estate of John Stewart, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of John Stewart, deceased, has filed her final account in the matter of said estate in the county court for Lane county, Oregon, and Monday, the 5th day of October, 1908, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day has been fixed by said court for the hearing of objections to said account, and for the final settlement of said estate and any and all objections thereto to be made and filed with the clerk of said court on or before said date so fixed by said court. Dated August 29, 1908.

LOUISA M. STEWART,  
Administratrix of Said Estate.  
L. BLYEY, Atty.

## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS AND PROPERTY OWNERS

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the terms of Ordinance No. 785, passed by the common council of the city of Eugene August 31st, 1908, bids will be received by the street committee of the common council in the office of the city recorder of the city of Eugene until 7:30 p. m. on Monday, September 14, 1908, for the improvement of the alley between Sixth and Seventh streets from Willamette street to the alley east 150 feet, in the city of Eugene, by paving the same between said points with bitulithic, asphalt or other hard surface pavement in accordance with plans and specifications therefor now on file in the office of the city recorder.

Bidders are required to state the price in detail in accordance with the specifications, and on the form prepared by the city engineer.

Separate contracts will be awarded to the lowest bidder for the construction, paving and for the drainage, the said improvement shall be completed within ninety days from the date of letting the contract therefor.

The work to be done under the supervision of the street committee and to be approved by them. An approved bond will be required of each contractor for the faithful performance of the contract. A certified check in a sum equal to five per cent of the amount bid, payable to J. D. Matlock, Mayor, is required to accompany each bid. The street committee reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the common council,  
R. S. BRYSON,  
Acting Recorder.

Dated at Eugene, Oregon, September 24, 1908.

## Notice to Contractors and Property Owners

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the terms of Ordinance No. 784, passed by the common council of the city of Eugene, August 31st, 1908, bids will be received by the Street Committee of the Council in the office of the City Recorder of the City of Eugene until 7:30 o'clock p. m. on Monday, September 14th, 1908, for the improvement of Twelfth street between Lawrence and Jefferson streets, in the City of Eugene, by grading and graveling the same in accordance with the plans and specifications therefor now on file in the office of the City Recorder.

Bidders are required to state the price in detail in accordance with the specifications. Separate contracts will be awarded to the lowest bidder for the grading and for the graveling of said street. The earthwork to be completed within thirty days and the graveling within forty-five days from the date of letting the contracts therefor.

The work to be done under the supervision of the Street Committee and to be approved by them. An

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approved bond will be required for the faithful performance of the contract. A certified check in a sum equal to five per cent of the amount bid, payable to J. D. Matlock, Mayor, is required to accompany each bid. The Street Committee reserves the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the Common Council, R. S. BRYSON, City Recorder, Dated at Eugene, Oregon, Sept. 3rd, 1908.

## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS AND PROPERTY OWNERS

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the terms of Ordinance No. 786, passed by the common council of the city of Eugene, August 31st, 1908, bids will be received by the street committee of the council in the office of the city recorder of the city of Eugene, until 7:30 o'clock p. m. on Monday, September 14th, 1908, for the improvement of Seventh street from Oak street to High street in the city of Eugene, by the construction of cement curbing along both sides of said street and by paving the same between said points with bitulithic, asphalt or other hard surface pavement in accordance with plans and specifications therefor now on file in the office of the city recorder.

Bidders are required to state the price in detail in accordance with the specifications, and on the form prepared by the city engineer.

Separate contracts will be awarded to the lowest bidder for the construction of said curbing for the paving and for the drainage, the said improvement shall be completed within ninety days from the date of letting the contract therefor.

The work to be done under the supervision of the street committee and to be approved by them. An approved bond will be required of each contractor for the faithful performance of the contract. A certified check in a sum equal to five per cent of the amount bid, payable to J. D. Matlock, Mayor, is required to accompany each bid. The street committee reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the common council,  
R. S. BRYSON,  
Acting Recorder.

Dated at Eugene, Oregon, September 24, 1908.

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