

Jane Cable

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

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CHAPTER XII.

FOLLOWING 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 felled 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 cab 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. I was 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?"

Flinging 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 for 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 tonight. 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 intentness.

"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 war 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 ears 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 bear 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 luscious tale," he said, with an evil laugh. "The world, what a wicked, might forget the fact that Jane is not David's daughter, but his rival 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 shrinking 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!"

He 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 Friday.)

COTTAGE GROVE NEWS.

An important real estate deal was consummated last week through the Howard agency, which insures another handsome brick or stone building not later than next spring.

The property in question is the McQueen & Ostrander property, better known to old timers as the O. F. Knox corner, Main and Third streets. The frontage on Main street is fifty feet by 100 feet deep to the alley, upon which is now standing two frame buildings, one occupied by Thompson's cigar and billiard parlors, the other by the New Era drug store. The purchase price was \$6,000. C. C. Woodward of Beavridge, Minn., is the purchaser.

Alva Wise, who has conducted the Commercial stables since last spring, sold his interests last Saturday to the Churchill Brothers, F. H. and C. L. Churchill, who will continue to turn out only the best teams and vehicles at reasonable rates.

Chas. S. Cochran, the earnestist is playing a week's engagement with McElroy's fido band at the state fair. Mr. Cochran is in demand on such occasions in this state.—Lead-er.

They Take the Kinks Out
"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for many years, with increasing satisfaction. They take the kinks out of stomach, liver and bowels, without fuss or friction," says N. H. Brown, of Pittsfield, Vt. Guaranteed satisfactory at W. A. Kuykendall's drug store. 25¢

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How to Get Strong
P. J. Daly, of 1247 West Congress street, Chicago, tells of a way to become strong. He says: "My mother, who is old and was very feeble, is deriving so much benefit from Electric Bitters that I feel it is my duty to tell those who need a tonic and strengthening medicine about it. In my mother's case a marked gain in flesh has resulted, insomnia has been overcome, and she is actually growing stronger." Electric Bitters quickly remedy stomach, liver and kidney complaints. Sold under guarantee at W. A. Kuykendall's drug store, 30¢.

"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 had 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.

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.

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DEADWOOD ITEMS.

(Special Correspondence.)
Deadwood, Sept. 15.—The Harvest Home picnic given at the hatchery on the 12th was largely attended, people coming from far and near. Mr. Judd one of Hazelwood's leading men was present and spoke to the people about dairying, a very interesting talk, full of sound facts.

The misses Ruth and Florence Hayes of Goldson are visiting their grandparents, O. Wilcutt of Greenleaf.

Miss Carrie Pope of this place has returned home from Washington where she went on a visit. She reports a very pleasant trip.

Miss Beatrice Wilcutt has returned home from Goldson where she was visiting her sister and was at the picnic the 12th inst.

Mike Almazi and family of Greenleaf are back again shaking hands with old friends. Mike expects to run his own farm this coming year instead of renting.

Wm. Wheeler of Greenleaf sold two very nice Jersey cows to Mrs. Hayes of Goldson. The owner can no doubt be proud.

Harvey Peck is working for Herman Steinhauer.

C. Burnett is on Lake Creek shaking hands with old friends.

There is going to be a dance at Mr. Powers' Friday night. Come one and all and have a good time.

Joe Burnett is working in the salmon hatchery in Andrew Achesson's place.

How to Get Strong
P. J. Daly, of 1247 West Congress street, Chicago, tells of a way to become strong. He says: "My mother, who is old and was very feeble, is deriving so much benefit from Electric Bitters that I feel it is my duty to tell those who need a tonic and strengthening medicine about it. In my mother's case a marked gain in flesh has resulted, insomnia has been overcome, and she is actually growing stronger." Electric Bitters quickly remedy stomach, liver and kidney complaints. Sold under guarantee at W. A. Kuykendall's drug store, 30¢.

PHEASANT SEASON OPENS OCT. 1

The hunting season for many kinds of game birds opens October 1. We wonder how many Lane county farmers' stock will receive a stray shot that, if not resulting fatally will render the animal less valuable? If the hunters would be more careful what they shoot the farmers would not be so "cranky" about people hunting on their farms. Many is the farmer who forbids hunting on his place that does not really care for the game, but takes this measure to protect his stock from careless hunters. Last year many farmers lost stock from careless hunters. It is said that already there are numerous violations of the game law in Lane county by those killing pheasants out of season.

DISTRICT NOT LIABLE FOR BEBT

School districts cannot be held liable for damages for the negligence of their directors. This is the substance of a decision given by Judge Gantenbein in the circuit court this morning in sustaining a demurrer to the complaint in the case of the Inman-Poulsen Lumber company against school district No. 1.

The case arose out of the construction of a building by District No. 12 near Lents, which has since been absorbed by No. 1. The school directors failed to exact a bond from the contractors, Clark & Simpson, as they were supposed to do, and Inman-Poulsen brought suit to collect on material worth \$335, it being impossible to place a lien on a public building. Judge Gantenbein holds that such a suit cannot be maintained against the school district, notwithstanding the negligence of the directors.—Portland Journal.

Notice to Delinquent Taxpayers

Delinquent taxpayers will take notice that delinquent taxes will not be advertised as heretofore; under a law passed by the last legislature of this state taxes that are delinquent after the expiration of six months from the first date of such delinquency may be paid by any one demanding to pay same and a certificate of delinquency will be issued to such party.

Section 37 of said law, in part, reads:

"Any day after the expiration of six months after taxes charged against real property are delinquent the tax collector shall have the right, and it shall be his duty, upon demand and payment of the taxes, penalty and interest, to make out and issue a certificate or certificates of delinquency against such property," and section 38 in part reads:

"Certificates of delinquency shall bear interest from the date of issuance until redeemed at the rate of 15 per cent per annum."

Delinquent taxpayers are therefore advised that if they have not paid at least one-half of their taxes on or before the first Monday in April that the same are delinquent and have been delinquent since said first Monday in April, and those who have paid one-half of their taxes as above the remaining one-half will become delinquent after the first Monday in October, and six months from such dates a certificate of delinquency bearing fifteen per cent interest per annum may be issued against your property.

To save further costs, penalties and interest you are earnestly requested to settle the same at once.

H. L. BOWN,
Sheriff and Tax Collector.

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