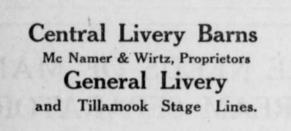


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SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is dis-owned by his father. He tries to get work and fails. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which Robert Underwood, who had been re-pulsed by Howard's wife, Annie, in his college days, and had once been enzaged to Alicia, Howard's stepmother, has apartments at the Astruria, and is ap-parently in prosperous circumstances. Howard recalls a \$250 loan to Underwood, that remains unpaid, and decides to ask him for the \$2,000 he needs. Underwood, taking advantage of his intimacy with Mrs. Jeffries, Sr. becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true char-acter she denies him the house. Under-wood's absence from a function causes comment among Mrs. Jeffries' guests. Corner Fifth Avenue and Second Street

CHAPTER IV .-- Continued.

"In a word," laughed the judge, you mean that any one trained to erche restaurant, its picturesque read my mind can tell just what's passing in my brain?'

"Precisely," replied the doctor with a smile "the psychologist can tell with almost mathematical accuracy just Architects declared that it was as far how your mental mechanism is working. I admit it sounds uncanny, but gance could go. Its interior arrangeit can be proved. In fact, it has been proved, time and time again."

Alicia came up and took the doctor's arm.

want to introduce you to a most charming woman who is dying to meet you. She is perfectly crazy on psychology."

"Don't introduce me to her,' laughed the judge. "I see enough crazy people in the law courts."

Dr. Bernstein smiled and followed his hostess. Judge Brewster turned to chat with the banker. From the distant music room came the sound of a piano and a beautiful soprano voice. The rooms were now crowded and newcomers were arriving each minute. Servants passed in and out serving iced delicacies and champagne. Suddenly the butler entered the

salon and, quietly approaching Alicia, handed her a letter. In a low tone he said: "This letter has just come, m'm.

The messenger said it was very im portant and I should deliver it at once.

Alicia turned pale. She instantly recognized the handwriting. It was from Robert Underwood. Was not her last message enough? How dare he

address her again and at such a time?

Retiring to an inner room, she tore



esidential district, it took precedence to the class which paid social visits over all the other apartment hotels of to tenants in the Astruria. He was the metropolis as the biggest and rather seedy looking, his collar was most splendidly appointed hostelry of not immaculate, his boots were thick its kind in the world. It was, indeed, and clumsy, his clothes cheap and illa small city in itself. It was not nec- fitting. Mr. Underwood in?" he de-

frown.

The caller looked annoyed.

This was not strictly true, but the

Reaching lazily over the telephone

"A party called to see Mr. Under-

'What's the name?"

"Mr. Bennington."

spoke into it:

wood.

essary for its fortunate tenants to "Is leave it unless they were so minded. manded. "Not home," replied the attendant Everything for their comfort and insolently, after a pause. Like most pleasure was to be had without taking hall boys, he took a savage pleasure the trouble to go out of doors. On

the ground floor were shops of all in saying that the tenants were out. kinds, which catered only to the Astruria's patrons. There were also on the premises a bank, a broker's office, a hairdresser, and a postal tele- him."

graph office. A special feature was the garden court, containing over 30,- bluff had the desired effect. 000 square feet of open space, and tastefully laid out with palms and you say so at once?" flowers. Here fountains splashed and an orchestra played while the patrons switchboard, and without rising from lounged on comfortable rattan chairs his seat, he asked surlily: or gossiped with their friends. Up on the sixteenth floor was the cool roof

garden, an exquisite bower of palms and roses artificially painted by a famous French artist, with its rech-

tziganes, and its superb view of all Manhattan island.

The Astruria was the last word in looked up. as modern lavishness and extravament 165. Take the elevator." ments were in keeping with its ex-



ne wondered if Alicia would ignore his letter or if she would come to him. Surely she could not be so heartless as to throw him over at such a moment. Crushed in his left hand was a copy of the New York Herald containing an elaborate account of the brilliant reception and musicale given the previous evening at her home. With an exclamation of impatience he rose from his seat, threw the paper from him, and began to pace the floor. Was this the end of everything? Had he reached the end of his rope? He must pay the reckoning, if not today, to-morrow. As his eyes wandered around the room and he took mental inventory of each costly object, he experienced a sudden shock as he recalled the things that were missing. How could he explain their absence? The art dealers were already suspicious. They were not to be put off any longer with excuses. Any moment they might insist either on the immediate return of their property or on payment in full. He was in the position to do neither. The articles had been sold and the money lost gambling. Curse the luck! Everything had gone against him of late. The dealers would begin criminal pro-"He must be in," he said with a ceedings, disgrace and prison stripes "I have an appointment with would follow. There was no way out of it. He had no one to whom he could turn in this crisis.

And now even Alicia had deserted "Got an appointment! Why didn't him. This was the last straw. While he was still able to boast of the friendship and patronage of the aristocratic Mrs. Howard Jeffries he could still hold his head high in the world. No one would dare question his integrity, but now she had aban-The boy took the transmitter and doned him to his fate, people would begin to talk. There was no use keeping up a hopeless fight-suicide was There was a brief pause, as if the the only way out!

He stopped in front of a mirror, person upstairs was in doubt whether startled at what he saw there. It to admit that he was home or not. expensive apartment hotel building. Then came the answer. The boy was the face of a man not yet 30, but apparently much older. The features were drawn and haggard, and his dark "He says you should go up. Aparthair was plentifully streaked with gray. He looked like a man who had lived two lives in one. To-night his face frightened him. His eyes had a fixed stare like those of a man he wondered if men looked like that when they were about to be executed. Was not his own hour close at hand? He wondered why the clock was so noisy: it seemed to him that the ticks were louder than usual. He started suddenly and looked around fearfully. He thought he had heard a sound outside, He shuddered as he glared toward the little drawer on the right-hand side of his desk, in which he knew there was a loaded revolver.

If Alicia would only relent escape might yet be possible. If he did not hear from her it must be for to-night. One slight little pressure on the trigger and all would be over.

Suddenly the bell of the telephone connecting the apartment with the main hall downstairs rang violently. Interrupted thus abruptly in the midst of his reflections, Underwood jumped forward, startled. His nerves were so unstrung that he was ever apprehensive of danger. With a tremulous hand, he took hold of the receiver and placed it to his ear. As he listened, his already pallid face turned whiter and the lines about his mouth tightened He hesitated a r fore replying. Then, with an effort, he said: "Send him up." Dropping the receiver, he began to walk nervously up and down the room. The crisis had come sooner than he expected-exposure was at hand. This man Bennington was the manager of the firm of dealers whose goods he disposed of. He could not make restitution. Prosecution was inevitable. Disgrace and prison would follow. He could not stand it; he would rather kill himself. Trouble was very close at hand, that was certain. How could he get out of it? Pacing the floor, he bit his lips till the blood came. There was a sharp ring at the front door. Underwood opened it. As he recognized his visitor on the threshold, he exclaimed: 'Why, Bennington, this is a sur-"You didn't expect me, did you?" he



Ed Williams

C.

Be

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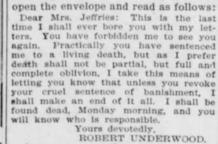
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An angry exclamation escaped Alicia's lips, and crushing the note up in her hand, she bit her lips till the blood came. It was just as she feared. The man was desperate. He was not to be got rid of so easily. How dare he-how dare he? The coward-to think that she could be frightened by such a threat. What did she care if he killed himself? It would be good grandeur of the establishment goes connoisseur with joy. Oil paintings prise!"

vented at all costs.

on and off the stage.

Distracted, not knowing what course to pursue, she paced the floor of the Through the closed door she room. could hear the music and the chatter of her guests. She must go to see Underwood at once, that was certain, and her visit must be a secret one. There was already enough talk.

If her enemies could hear of her visiting him alone in his apartments that would be the end.

"Yes-I must see him at once. Tomorrow is Sunday. He's sure to be ome in the evening. He mentions ionday morning. There will still be time. I'll go and see him to-morrow." "Alicia! Alicia!"

The door opened and Mr. Jeffries put his head in.

'What are you doing here, my dear?" he asked. "I was looking everywhere for you. Judge Brewster wishes to say good-night." "I was fixing my hair, that's all," replied Alicia with perfect compos-

CHAPTER V.

riddance. Yet suppose he was in without saying. Only long purses in heavy gilt frames, of every period The manager entered awkwardly, earnest, suppose he did carry out his could stand the strain. It was a fa- and school, Rembrandts, Cuyps, Ruys- He had the constrained air of a man threat? There would be a terrible vorite headquarters for Westerners daels, Reynoldses, Corots, Henners, who has come on an unpleasant eran investigation, people who had "struck it rich," wealthy some on easels, some resting on the rand, but wants to be as amiable as would talk, her name would be men- bachelors, and successful actors and floor; handsome French bronzes, the circumstances will permit. tioned. No-no-that must be pre- opera singers who loved the limelight dainty china on Japanese teakwood tables, antique furniture, gold em- began. Sunday evening was usually exceed. broidered clerical vestments, hand- Shutting the front door, Underwood

> jumbled together. On a grand plano nerves, said: week-end, and as the restaurant and roof garden were only slimly patron. in a corner of the room stood two tall cloisonne vases of almost inestimable ized, the elevators ran less frequently, making less chatter and bustle in coreverywhere as if the sobering influ- walls were covered with tapestries, cial visit,

armor, and trophies of arms. More ence of the Sabbath had invaded even this exclusive domain of the unholy rich. The uniformed attendants, having nothing to do, yawned lazily in business of art or made of art a busithe deserted halls. Some even in- ness.

dulged in surreptitious naps in cor-Underwood stared moodily at the ners, confident that they would not glowing logs in the open chimneybe disturbed. Callers were so rare place. His face was pale and dethat when some one did enter from termined. After coming in from the

the day following Mrs. Jeffries' re- particular Sunday evening, and no hearly all assentees, and their tenants hold the land on a perpetual lease in ception when a man came in by the one was likely to disturb him. Ferris, return for a rent payable in kind and main entrance from Broadway, and his man servant, had taken his usual fixed at a certain proportion of the approaching one of the hall boys, in- Sunday off and would not return until produce. midnight. The apartment was still as The boy gave his interlocutor an the grave. It was so high above the owner of the soil, and he cannot be

Among the many huge caravansaries which told him instinctively that he derwood liked the quiet so that he lease without the landlord's permisin New York to provide luxurious was not dealing with a visitor whom could think, and he was thinking hard. sion. in New York to provide inxurious the must treat respectfully. No one On the flat desk at his elbow stood a Attempts have been made to alter quarters regardless of cost for those de man's or woman's social dainty demi-tasse of black coffee-un the law, but both landlord and tenwho can afford to pay for the best, attaus quicker or more unerringly tasted. There were glasses and de-none could rival the Astruria in size that a correct. The attendant saw canters of whisky and cordial but he law, but both landlord and ten-

ingly quiet at the Astruria. Most of painted screens, costly oriental rugs, led the way back into the sitting room, the tenants were out of town over the trare ceramics-all were confusedly and making an effort to control his

"Sit down, won't you?"

But Mr. Bennington merely bowed ridors and stairways. Stillness reigned miniatures and rare ivories. The wish his call to be mistaken for a so-

"I haven't time, thank you. To be like a museum than a sitting room, it frank, my mission is rather a delicate

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Corfu's Queer Laws.

Corfu, where a magnificent marble palace belonging to the German emperor, is said to have just been purthe street, he was looked upon with restaurant he had changed his tuxedo for the more comfortable house laws in the world. The landlords are It was shortly after seven o'clock coat. Nothing called him away that nearly all absentees, and their tenants

impudent stare. There was something street that not a sound reached up expelled but for non-payment of rent, Among the many huge caravansaries about the caller's dress and manner from the noisy Broadway below. Un-bad culture, or the transfer of his

and magnificence. Occupying an en-than a servant. The attendant saw canters of whisky and cordial, but tire block in the very heart of the at once that the man did not belong the stimulants did not tempt him.