SHERIFF'S SALE

Delinquent Tax 1901

By virtue of a warrant issued by the County Clerk and ex-officio Clerk of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, commanding me to sell the several tracts or parcels of real property embraced in the delinquent tax list for the year 1901, in the manner and form as upon sale of real property on execution;

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said warrant, I will, on Saturday, the 28th day of February, 1903, A. D., commencing at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Sheriff's office in the Courthouse at Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the person who will pay the taxes, costs and accruing penalties thereon and take a certificate at the lowest rate of interest therefor, the following described real property, as appearing on the said delinquent tax roll for the said year of 1901, to-wit:

Bailey, P. P.—SW. ¼ of SW. ¼ of Sec. 28, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 40 acres ..... $ 9 75
Bailey, Ann—W. ½ of lot 3, block 12, City of Forest Grove 2 61
Barrett, Mary—SE. ¼ of NE. ¼, E. ½ of SW. ¼ of NE. ¼, Sec. 2, T. 2 S., R. 2 W., 60 acres 13 93
Bateman, Charles—W. ½ of SW. ¼, SE. ¼ of SW. ¼ of SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 26, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres 18 21
Bauer, Geo. H.—W. ½ of NW. ¼, Sec. 30, T. 3 N., R. 2 W., 80 acres 6 37
Bernauer, Rudolph—50 acres in J. McGill D. L. C. 56, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., described as follows: Commencing 4.91 chains W. of NE. corner of Sec. 32, T. 1 S., R. 1 W.; thence W. 14.60 chains; thence S. 21.30 chains; thence E. 14.60 chains; thence N. 21.30 chains to beginning 10 65
Bernard, Frank—N. ¼ of lot 2, block 11, Forest Grove 1 10
Blumauer, S.—NW. ¼ SE. ¼ Sec. 16, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., and SW. ¼ Sec. 18, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 480 acres 10 70
Bowen, Chancey W.—4½ acres in Sec. 15, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 183 of book No. 55, Records of Deeds for Washington County 2 60
Brown, M. P., and Beach, E. L.—E. ½ of SE. ¼ Sec. 1, T. 2 S., R. 3 W., 80 acres 15 52
Burris, R. A., Mrs.—Commencing 42.71 chains N. and 10.84 chains W. of SE. corner of Sec. 26, T. 1 N., R. 3 W.; thence N. 4 deg. 50 min. E. 4.16 chains; thence S. 89 deg. 8 min. E. 2.50 chains; thence S. 52 deg. W. 4.15 chains; thence N. 89 deg. 8 min. W. 2.74 chains to beginning, containing 1.87 acres, in L. Kelsey D. L. C. No. 41, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., and No. 57, T. 1 N., R. 3 W., less 103 feet off the north end of the above described tract, conveyed to C. T. Crow 3 95
Campbell, C. B.—Commencing at the NW. corner of lot 3, block 9, Forest Grove; thence S. 138 feet; thence E. 50 feet; thence N. 138 feet; thence W. 50 feet to beginning, part of lot 3, block 9, Forest Grove 4 59
Campbell, R. S.—Lots 25, 26, block 12, West Portland Heights 53
Cheney, Elia R.—14 acres in Sec. 24, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book 59, page 126; book 38, page 219; book 37, page 114; book 40, pages 24 and 216, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Or. 13 83
Cochran, T. R., and Carr R.—Lot 5, block 2, North Side Addition to Hillsboro 1 74
Connelly, Mary A.—5 acres in Sec. 24, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 412 of book No. 42, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon ..... [illegible]
Cadwell, L. M., and Irene—Lot 4 and part of lots 1, 2, 3, block 2, Forest Grove, described as follows: Commencing at the SW. corner of block 2, Forest Grove; thence N. 302 feet; thence E. 302 feet; thence S. 302 feet; thence W. 302 feet to beginning, less tracts described in book 57, page 485; book 59, pages 159 and 200; book 58, page 115; book 62, page 526, of Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 150 43
Dailey, N. A., and George Summer—lots 15, 16, block 1, Highland Park Addition to Hillsboro 2 24
Day, H. F., and Adams, W. H.—SE. ¼ of NE. ¼ Sec. 21, T. 2 N., R. 3 W., 40 acres 4 09
Dean, Thomas, Sr.—1 acre in Sec. 1, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 121 of book P, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 2 06
Dean, Thos., and Smith, C. F.—3 acres in Sec. 1, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 223 of book No. 55, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 2 89
Doney, S. H.—S. ½ of NE. ¼, N. ½ of SE. ¼, Sec. 34, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 160 acres 4 66
Doughty, Franklin—25 acres in A. Harper's D. L. C. No. 51, T. 1 S., R. 3 W.; No. 41, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., and in Sec. 1, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., as described on page 236 of book No. 45, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 8 47
Dreger, G., and Strauber, F.—S. ½ of NE. ¼, Sec. 19, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., 80 acres 10 16
Elmer, John, and Friday, John R.—286¾ acres in Secs. 10 and 15, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book M., page 532; book 59, page 24, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 4 22
Erickson, Maranda—Lots 22, 23, block 12, Hyde Park 90
Finney, A.—Commencing 99½ feet W. of NE. corner of block 8, Hillsboro; thence S. 199 feet; thence W. 31 feet; thence N. 198 feet; thence E. 31 feet to beginning, part of lot 3, block 8, Hillsboro 19 12
Foster, Thomas J.—Lot 6, Yerex Subdivision of Sec. 21, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., 20 acres 15 04
Freir, Anna—NW. ¼ of SE. ¼ Sec. 9, T. 3 N., R. 5 W., 40 acres 2 78
Fuqua, J. W.—¾ acre in E. Walker D. L. C. No. 60, T. 1 N., R. 3 W., and No. 42, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 94 of book No. 42, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 2 33
Gretzschel, Ernest—N. ½ of SW. ¼ of NE. ¼, Sec. 32, T. 2 S., R. 2 W., 20 acres 4 35
Hanson, C. W.—Lot 27, block 12, West Portland Heights 85
Heath, Rachel, heirs of—W. ½ of SE. ¼, Sec. 6, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 80 acres 14 85
Hill, Sarah A.—W. ½ of NE. ¼ Sec. 3, T. 2 N., R. 3 W., 81½ acres 5 72
Hendershott, William—NE. ¼ of NW. ¼ Sec. 22, T. 1 S., R. 3 W., 40 acres 4 55
Huston, S. R.—Lots 10, 11, 12, Millard & Van Schuyver Tract 20 acres 8 14
Jackson, Mary A.—N. ½ of NW. ¼, SE. ¼ of NW. ¼, Sec. 14, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 120 acres 8 08
Kenny, Joseph and Edw.—NE. ¼ of NW. ¼ Sec. 6, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., 40 acres 2 66
Kenny, Joseph and Edw.—SE. ¼ of SW. ¼, SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 31, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., 80 acres 8 41
Kenny, Joseph—W. ½ of NE. ¼, SE. ¼ of NE. ¼, NE. ¼ of NW. ¼, Sec. 25, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres 11 96
Kenny, Edw. P.—S. ½ of SW. ¼, NE. ¼ of SW. ¼, SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 30, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres 11 57
Kliner, George H.—44 acres in L. Butler D. L. C. No. 48, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., as described on page 375 of book No. 44, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 14 71
Kinder, Maggie—NE. ¼ Sec. 8, T. 3 N., R. 4 W., 160 acres 10 62
Knox, Lois F.—Commencing at a point 181 feet W. of SE. corner of lot 1, block 2, Walker's Addition, Forest Grove; thence N. 85 feet; thence E. 49 feet; thence N. 209½ feet; thence W. 165 feet; thence S. 165½ feet; thence E. 65 feet to beginning, being parts of lots 1, 4, block 2, Walker's Addition to Forest Grove 11 91
Knox, A. T.—Commencing at a point 150 feet W. and 115 feet N. of SE. corner of lot 1, block 2, Walker's Addition, Forest Grove; thence N. 18 feet; thence W. 53 feet; thence S. 68½ feet; thence W. 62½ feet; thence S. 18½ feet; thence E. 109½ feet to beginning, being part of lots 1 and 4, block 2, Walker's Addition to Forest Grove 5 11
Krause, Gustave—4 acres in Sec. 8, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 500 of book No. 38, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 2 30
Kuchne, Richard—106 acres, W. W. Graham D. L. C. No. 39, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book 53, page 382, and book 49, page 222, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 51 48
Lamkin, Mary A.—E. ½ of SE. ¼ Sec. 20, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 80 acres 7 19
Leahy, John—25 acres, in Sec. 35, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described on page 45 of book No. 41, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 5 98
Lemon, William—NW. ¼ of NW. ¼ of SW. ¼ Sec. 4, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 30 acres 2 89
Lowe, A. G.—N. ½ of NE. ¼, Sec. 25, T. 1 S., R. 2 W., 80 acres 11 60
Lyon, M. C.—E. ½ of NE. ¼, E. ½ of SE. ¼, Sec. 27, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 160 acres 18 78
Lyon, M. C.—NE. ¼ of NE. ¼, Sec. 34, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 40 acres 3 84
Lyon, M. C.—NW. ¼ of NE. ¼, N. ½ of NW. ¼, Sec. 35, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 120 acres 12 13
Malotte, C. T.—Lot 19, block 13, Hyde Park 53
Martins, John B.—Lots 1 and 2, Sec. 30, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., 78 acres 3 36
Mayer, Andrew—Lots 14 and 15, block 11, Hyde Park 90
McDorman, J. M.—Lot 2, block 4, Thorne's Addition to Hillsboro 6 24
Montgomery, J. D.—NW. ¼ Sec. 20, T. 3 N., R. 4 W., 160 acres 12 95
Moore, Mary A.—Lots 1, 2, 3, block 3, Simmons' Addition to Hillsboro 29 73
Morrison, D. A. and E. M.—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, block 3, Tongue's Addition to Hillsboro 9 14
Nelson, Martin—Lots 5, 7, 8, block 22, West Portland Heights 84
Newell, R. J. and A.—120 acres in J. B. Robinson D. L. C. No. 50, T. 1 N., R. 3 W., as described in book L, page 324, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 44 37
Parker, Rebecca—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, block D, Steel's Addition to Beaverton 7 54
Patrons, Lorenzo—11 acres in Secs. 21 and 28, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 421 of book No. 39, page 157, book 21, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 6 93
Patterson, Sarah E., heirs of—16 acres in Secs. 2, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., and 30, T. 1 N., R. 2 W. 8 19
Pike, A. W.—½ acre in William F. Hall D. L. C. No. 44, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 339 of book No. 54, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 9 42
Pape, Anderson & Co.—59 acres in Sec. 6, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., as described on page 410 of book No. 34, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 6 82
Raab, William, Lot 1 and 2 acres off of the E. side lot 4, Sec. 11, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 20 acres 4 14
Ramous, Fannie A.—Lots 1, 2, 6, 7, 14, Fruitdale, 21.61 acres 8 25
Randall, A. M., Mrs.—Lots 19, 20, 21, 22, block 12, West Portland Heights 95
Rasmussen, P. J. and E. R.—N. ½ of block 7, Finney's Addition to Hillsboro 3 21
Reghetto, D.—6¼ acres in L. Hall D. L. C. No. 42, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 81 of book No. 52, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 17 93
Reidt, William—Lot 15, block 2; lots 4, 15, block 5; lots 9, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 24, block 8; lots 1, 2, block 10; lots 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 24, block 11; lots 10, 11, 17, 18, 28, 29, block 12; lot 26, block 16; lots 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, block 19; lots 4, 5, block 20, West Portland Heights 4 60
Reidt, William—Lots 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, block 14, West Portland Heights 90
Reidt, William—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36 and B, block 30, West Portland Heights 4 54
Rottger, Christian—Lots 7, 8, Sec. 29, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., 80 acres 5 40
Rottger, Christian—NE. ¼ of SE. ¼, and lot 8, Sec. 30, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., 78 acres 5 40
Seely, S. W., and wife—Lot 5, block 3, Sherwood 1 80
Semler, P. J. A., trustee—2 acres in Sec. 25, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described on page 154 of book No. 43, Record of Deeds for Washington County 7 77
Sharp, M. C.—Lots 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, block 20, West Portland Heights 1 16
Shindler, G.—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, block 7, West Portland Place 1 56
Shryock, C. W.—An undivided ½ interest in NE. ¼ Sec. 22, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 80 acres 5 45
Soderland, Noach—6¼ acres in B. H. Catching D. L. C. No. 59, T. 1 N., R. 3 W.; No. 41, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 27 of book No. 28, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 1 42
Soderland, Noach—10 acres in Sec. 26, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 76 of book No. 26, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 3 06
Soderland, N.—NW. ¼ of NW. ¼, lot 1, Sec. 3, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., 54 acres 6 92
Tate, E. E.—Lot 11, block 9, Simmons Addition, Hillsboro 3 21
Taylor, W. M.—Lots 13, 14, block 10, South Park Addition, Forest Grove 4 67
Thorpe, H. C., ½ acre, Sec. 24, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 474 of book No. 53, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 2 47
Timms, H. M.—39 acres, Sec. 21, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., and 53¾ acres, Sec. 16, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 492 of book No. 46, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 57 13
Ulenske, Louis—6 acres in Sec. 25, T. 1 S., R. 2 W., as described on page 201 of book No. 42, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 1 22
Walker, N. J.—8½ acres in Sec. 14, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on pages 223 of book No. 54, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 5 10
Watson, Joseph—Lot 21, Gardens Home, 10 acres 10 13
Wehrung, Henry—Lots 1 and 2, block 1, Fairview Addition, Hillsboro 7 36
White, Samuel, SE. ¼ of SW. ¼, Section 32, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 40 acres 2 03
Wilson, Brice—SE. ¼ Sec. 24, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres 10 72
Wilson, John, heirs of—W. ½ of SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 30, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., and 153 acres in Sec. 31, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 251 of book No. 40, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 19 40
Witham, Albert A.—N. ½ of NE. ¼ of NW. ¼, Sec. 12, T. 1 N., R. 5 W., 19 acres 1 56
Young, L. A.—36 acres in Sec. 24, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., and James McGill D. L. C. No. 56, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described in book 28, page 413; book 28, page 418; book 28, page 87, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon, less the following tract: Commencing at NW. corner Sec. 24, T. 1 N., R. 1 W.; thence W. 4.91 chains; thence S. 15.24 chains; thence E. 27.31 chains; thence N. 60.45 chains; thence W. 6.25 chains; thence N. 6.50 chains; thence W. 16.75 chains; thence N. 2.50 chains to beginning, containing 32 acres; tract remaining containing 4 acres 2 44
Young, Lincoln A.—8 acres, James McGill D. L. C. No. 56, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described on page 149 of book No. 40, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 5 23

Sheriff's Assessment.

Beavert, Jane—Commencing 80 rods E. ¼ Sec. corner on W. side Sec. 32, T. 2 S., R. 1 W.; thence S. 190 feet; thence W. 130 feet; thence N. 190 feet; thence E. 130 feet to beginning, ¼ acre 2 31

Said sale will be made subject to redemption, as per statute of Oregon.

J. W. SEWELL,
Sheriff and ex-Officio Tax Collector for Washington County, Oregon.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 29th day of January, 1903.

The Reformer

By CHARLES M. SHELDON,

Author of "In His Steps," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

"You have something more to say?"

THE great city rose about him like a mountain with a multitude of ambiguous canyons leading off into unexplored distances. The roar of its traffic was persistent and spoke in various voices the language of bitter toil, of physical energy and of careless pleasure seeking. At no time in all his life had he seemed to feel the burden of his responsibility for others as at this moment. He had come to the place where he could no longer endure the strife between duty and inclination, between personal ease and personal ministry to a world that offered him little expectation of reward as he ministered to it. The struggle which had led up to his final precipitation of the crisis had been a struggle almost empty of bitterness, but overflowing with pain. He was conscious as he stood on the steps of his father's house, about to turn his back on all the traditions of his father's name and business, that there was no hatred in his soul and no resentment in his heart. What he was about to leave did not find as much place in his mind as what he was about to seek. He was not troubled over any loss to himself, but he faced with a deep seriousness worthy of the event certain well defined questions relative to his future. As he finally went down the steps and became a part of the human current that flowed down the street the city seemed to absorb him into its turbulent mysteriousness and to bear him along, a part of its restlessness, a portion of its eternal destiny.

* * * * * * *

Rufus Gordon looked over at his son. "I don't see that the trip has hurt you any. You look heartier, John, than I ever saw you before."

"It has been a great trip for me, father," replied John Gordon, returning his father's look earnestly, "and I am very grateful to you for it. The ocean voyage toned me up wonderfully."

"Just what you needed." The older man spoke with a heartiness that seemed to cause the younger to shrink back a little in his chair as if in anticipation of something different. "I remember the first time I went across. I was just about as much run down as you were when you finished at the university. Six months in Germany and Switzerland made a new man of me. But we've missed you, John—Mary and I."

John Gordon looked out of the window before he answered.

"You've been very kind to me. You have always been kind to me. All that makes it hard for me to say something I ought to say."

The father looked sharply at the son, and there was a moment's pause.

"Well, go on," Rufus Gordon said as his son seemed to wait for him to speak.

"In the first place," John Gordon began slowly. "I must refuse your offer of a position in the bank. I cannot by any possibility accept it."

There was another expressive silence between the two men, and Rufus Gordon shut his eyes firmly together, while his face hardened gradually.

"I received your letter just before sailing from Liverpool, father," John Gordon continued, "and I believe I appreciate your plan for my future. But it is all impossible. I am going to disappoint you in every particular, but that is because you cannot understand"—

Rufus Gordon made no movement of any kind, not even when his son stopped abruptly and looked over at him as if expecting a reply. To one who knew him as his son did the utter absence of any sign of emotion in the face of what was in reality a tremendous blow at his family pride indicated simply the hard, unyielding nature of the man.

"Of course I don't expect you to understand—I anticipate nothing. But you have brought me up to tell the truth, and I am simply telling it now as it must be told, when I say that I cannot and will not accept the life you mapped out for me in your letter." Looking at him coldly, but curiously, as if studying some peculiar characteristic that for the first time had begun to affect him.

"Father," John Gordon finally exclaimed, "you will never understand my choice. I wondered all the way home whether it was worth while to try to explain myself. But you have a right to know why I refuse your offer and why I make choice of the career I must follow."

Rufus Gordon gave no sign of assent, but his son went on speaking with growing feeling that at times rose into genuine passion; yet at no point did he lose control of himself either in voice or in manner.

"I am not judging you, father, when I say that a life that is content to expend its greatest energies in money making is a life that has not only no attractions for me, but it has a positive repulsion. To spend the day in a competitive strife that seeks to get more and more, largely at the expense of the weak and helpless; to spend night after night in dressing up in fine clothing and being amused, to live only with those select companions who are able to dress and eat as well as we are, to be practically ignorant of and absolutely indifferent to the conditions of thousands of human beings in this great city, to have no ideals higher than a commercial standard and no passions beyond the physical appetites—all this is a growing horror to me. We live in a beautiful house," John Gordon glanced around the room, which was furnished with elegance and great good taste, with only here and there a suggestion of a barbaric lapse into the vulgarity of over display. "We have servants, carriages, yachts, summer residences—luxuries of all descriptions. Out of all the wealth of our lives we give a fraction of income to so called charity. We are all three of us church members. We pay a large sum nominally to church expenses. We do not give anything of our personal lives or personal enthusiasm to church or Christian work. The whole of our family life has revolved about ourselves—our eating, dressing, entertaining and money making. What have we ever done for this city where we live? How much of service presenting real sacrifice have we ever given to help solve any of its real human problems? We live from day to day as if there were no such thing in America as poverty or intemperance or injustice or inequality or greed or child murder. The wealth that buys things seems to be our daily god. The prayers we say in church have no meaning because we do not mean them. The very charity we dispense is an act of proxy which represents no thought, no sacrifice and no human affection. We give because it is customary or as a means of silencing (God pity us!) our waking consciences that in spite of us sometimes remind us that there is a human brotherhood.

"Day after day, with monotonous treadmill regularity, follows one function after another—receptions, teas, theaters, concerts, gayeties, self, self, self—while the city grows up in its political life, rotten, vile, uncared for by the money grubbers so long as too much blackmail is not levied on the business in which we are engaged. Practically we have said all these years to this city, where our money has been made: 'We care nothing for your real life. All that we want out of you is a living for ourselves, a luxurious living. Let the preachers and the philanthropists and the professional reformers see to all the painful and disagreeable details of human misery and social wrong. We are too busy with our money making to be disturbed by cries for justice or righteousness.' Father, you know this is the sort of life you plan for me to perpetuate. Your ambition for me is to have me enter the bank, to become an expert in finance, to marry and manage a luxurious, proud, exclusive establishment and train my children to follow on in the same path, keeping the name of the Gordons as a social and financial word to speak in the city and in select circles as a synonym for distinguished wealth and high breeding, unmixed with any vulgar association with common humanity. I say such a career fills me with horror. I feel as if all these years I had been living under the condemnation of an angry God, and I cannot and I will not any longer live such a life. You have no right to ask me to do it. I have no right to attempt it."

"Is that your answer to my question? I asked you what you were going to do."

Rufus Gordon had not moved a muscle during his son's talk, and he spoke now in an easy, contemptuous manner.

John Gordon came up to the side of the table opposite his father and looked keenly across at him. Then he turned away and went over to one of the great windows and looked out on the fashionable avenue. When he finally turned around and faced his father again, he was astonished to see him rising from his chair and coming over toward him. In all his knowledge of his father, John Gordon had never known him before to exhibit so much feeling. Probably neither man fully understood the event. Afterward, in going over the scene, John Gordon could not avoid a feeling of suspicion as to its genuineness, but he had never known his father to play a part, and, in fact, considered him quite incapable of it.

However that may be, Rufus Gordon now began an appeal to his son that for the time being had considerable influence over him.

"John," he began, holding out his hands, although when the son stepped forward as if to meet him affectionately he dropped his arms quickly to his sides, "you are my only son, and I—depend on you. It has been the ambition of my life to see you succeeding to the place which I now occupy. I do not understand what you have just been saying. It has no meaning to me. In that sense, what you say is very true—we can never understand each other. But you would have independence in the position I offer you and for which you have been trained. If you wanted to experiment in these matters of social problems, as you call them, you would have the money and your place in society to help you. But if you step outside the circle in which we belong you will have no standing and no influence. But it is not clear to me yet what your plans are, in case you finally decide to reject my plans for you."

He stopped suddenly, and John Gordon, looking eagerly and with growing astonishment into his father's face, noted for the first time signs of growing age in the deep wrinkles about the eyes, the bent shoulders and a slight but noticeable shaking of one hand as the long white fingers fumbled at the watch chain. He had never before entertained the idea that his father was an old man. Rufus Gordon had always been so upright of carriage, so firm and steady on his feet, so decided in his movements, that none of his acquaintances had yet thought of age in their thought of him. What he now saw had something to do with the manner in which John Gordon answered his father's question.

"My plans, father? I have none—that is, none that you would call by that name. Perhaps as far as I have gone my plans are summed up in my love for the people."

"Love for the people?" Rufus Gordon repeated the words and took a step toward his son. "You love the people, then, more than your old father! For the people you would do what you would not do for me! And who are the people? Masses of the envious, the desperate, the thriftless, the irresponsible. Are we to blame for their condition? You talk of social wrongs. But who makes them possible but the people themselves?"

John listened in astonishment. In all their conversation his father had never before spoken so. There was a strain almost of mildness in his manner.

"John," he continued with a softening of accent and manner that deepened the son's astonishment, "you cannot do anything. I said I did not understand you or your motives. I know enough, however, to know that if you go out into the world to do the things of which you dream, you will miserably fail, and the result will be pain and disgrace for me, for us all. I love you, John. Perhaps you have not known this. But"—

Rufus Gordon turned and walked back to the place where he had been sitting by the table. When he lifted his face again toward John Gordon, it was the same cold, proud, hard face with which he had listened to his son's indictment of his own and his father's social selfishness.

John Gordon was so confused by this scene and his father's manner that he stood irresolutely silent by the window. The whole incident seemed fantastically unreal, it was so unlike anything his father had ever done before. He had just turned from the window to speak when a voice in the next room began to sing:

"The sadness that grows with the years
Is a sadness that will not depart;
It is close to the fountain of tears,
For it lies at the depth of the heart."

The singer appeared at the doorway and called out in a clear but somewhat hard tone:

"John, will you go with me this evening? Mr. Penwell sends word that he cannot go owing to a sudden summons out of town."

"What is it, Mary?" John Gordon spoke affectionately.

"Ravoli in 'The Edge of the Sword.'" John Gordon looked grave, and his sister swiftly noted his hesitation.

"What's the matter with you, John? Since you returned from abroad you act so queer. Don't you want to go with me? Ravoli is perfectly splendid in the part."

"The play is"— John Gordon hesitated to characterize it. In reality it was rotten in its whole ethical purpose and teaching.

"Everybody goes," Mary exclaimed petulantly. "Of course, if you won't go with me, it will spoil my evening. I had been expecting it so."

Rufus Gordon spoke.

"I'll go with you, Mary, if you want me to."

"Oh, will you? That's a good father. She turned toward him, but looked over her shoulder at her brother with a gesture of rejection.

John Gordon looked at the two in silence that registered in his mind what had practically become the most painful experience of his whole life, the growing knowledge of his estrangement from all his home loves. "But I have chosen," he kept saying to himself. "I have chosen. I cannot go back now." The trifling incident of the theater and his sister's misunderstanding of his attitude toward it was only a single illustration out of a hundred other things that made the whole social career unbearable to him. The fact that this particular play was distinguished by the acting of the most brilliant actor of the age did not relieve the play itself of the condemnation that rested upon it for being too impure and suggestive for any self respecting man or woman to behold its movement on the stage. Yet the wealth and fashion and culture of the city applauded the acting and praised the actor. The press contained columns of commendation for the scenery, the costumes, the spirited presentation from an artistic and dramatic point of view and a mild sentence or two of rebuke for the character of the play itself. What more could one ask by way of allurement to go and see and hear something which was a little doubtful in its moral setting, but splendid in its physical and intellectual sweep of power?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A TERRIBLE STRANGE BED

"I swear to you, M. le Garcon, he is. He slept here. He didn't find your bed comfortable. He came to us to complain of it. Here he is among my men, and here am I ready to look for a flea or two in his bedstead. Renaudin (calling to one of the subordinates and pointing to the waiter, collar that man and tie his hands behind him. Now, then, gentlemen, let us walk upstairs."

Every man and woman in the house was secured, the "old soldier" the first. Then I identified the bed in which I had slept, and then we went into the room above.

No object that was at all extraordinary appeared in any part of it. The subprefect looked round the place, commanded everybody to be silent, stamped twice on the floor, called for a candle, looked attentively at the spot he had stamped on and ordered the flooring there to be carefully taken up. This was done in no time. Lights were produced, and we saw a deep raftered cavity between the floor of this room and the ceiling of the room beneath. Through this cavity there ran perpendicularly a sort of case of iron thickly greased, and inside the case appeared the screw which communicated with the bed top below. Extra lengths of screw, freshly oiled; levers covered with felt, all the complete upper works of a heavy press, constructed with infernal ingenuity so as to join the fixtures below and when taken to pieces again to go into the smallest possible compass, were next discovered and pulled out on the floor. After some little difficulty the subprefect succeeded in putting the machinery together and, leaving his men to work it, descended with me to the bedroom. The smothering canopy was then lowered, but not so noiselessly as I had seen it lowered. When I mentioned this to the subprefect, his answer, simple as it was, had a terrible significance. "My men," said he, "are working down the bed top for the first time; the men whose money you won were in better practice."

We left the house in the sole possession of two police agents, every one of the inmates being removed to prison on the spot. The subprefect, after taking down my "proces verbal" in his office, returned with me to my hotel to get my passport. "Do you think," I asked as I gave it to him, "that any men have really been smothered in that bed as they tried to smother me?"

"I have seen dozens of drowned men laid out at the morgue," answered the subprefect, "from whose pocketbooks were found [illegible] that they had committed suicide in the Seine because they had lost everything at the gaming table. Do I know how many of those men entered the same gambling house that you entered, won as you won, took that bed as you took it, slept in it, were smothered in it and were privately thrown into the river, with a letter of explanation written by the murderers and placed in their pocketbooks? No man can say how many or how few have suffered the fate from which you have escaped. The people of the gambling house kept their bedstead machinery a secret from us, even from the police! The dead kept the rest of the secret for them. Good night, or, rather, good morning, M. Faulkner. Be at my office again at 9 o'clock. In the meantime au revoir."

The rest of my story is soon told. I was examined and re-examined. The gambling house was strictly searched all through from top to bottom. The prisoners were separately interrogated, and two of the less guilty among them made a confession. I discovered that the "old soldier" was the master of the gambling house. Justice discovered that he had been drummed out of the army as a vagabond years ago; that he had been guilty of all sorts of villainies since; that he was in possession of stolen property, which the owners identified, and that he, the croupier, another accomplice, and the woman who had made my cup of coffee were all in the secret of the bedstead. There appeared some reason to doubt whether the inferior persons attached to the house knew anything of the suffocating machinery, and they received the benefit of that doubt by being treated simply as thieves and vagabonds. As for the "old soldier" and his two head myrmidons, they went to the galleys. The woman who had drugged my coffee was imprisoned for I forget how many years. The regular attendants at the gambling house were considered "suspicious" and placed under surveillance, and I became for one whole week, which is a long time, the head "lion" in Parisian society. My adventure was dramatized by three illustrious playmakers, but never saw the atrical daylight, for the censorship forbade the introduction on the stage of a correct copy of the gambling house bedstead.

One good result was produced by my adventure, which any censorship must have approved—it cured me of ever again trying rouge et noir as an amusement. The sight of a green cloth with packs of cards and heaps of money on it will henceforth be forever associated in my mind with the sight of a bed canopy descending to suffocate me in the silence and darkness of the night.

* * * * * * *

Just as Mr. Faulkner pronounced these words he started in his chair and resumed his stiff, dignified position in a great hurry. "Bless my soul!" cried he, with a comic look of astonishment and vexation. "While I was been telling you what is the real secret of my interest in the sketch you have so kindly given to me I have altogether forgotten that I came here to sit for my portrait. For the last hour or more I must have been the worst model you ever had to draw from."

"On the contrary, you have been the best," said I. "I have been trying to catch your likeness, and while telling your story you have unconsciously shown me the natural expression I wanted to insure my success."

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