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 78
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 31
Bauer, Geo. H.—W. ½ of NW. ¼, Sec. 30, T. 3 N., R. 2 W., 80 acres.... 6 27
Bernauer, Rudolph—20 acres in L. Hall D. L. C. 56, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., described as follows: Commencing 4.91 chains W. of NE. corner of Sec. 33, T. 1 S., R. 1 W.; thence W. 14.66 chains; thence S. 21.30 chains; thence E. 14.69 chains; thence N. 21.30 chains to beginning 10 65
Bernard, Frank—N. ¼ of lot 2, block 11, Forest Grove.... 1 10
Blumaur, 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, Chauncey 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, S. A., Mrs.—Commencing 42.77 chains N. and 10.84 chains W. of SE. corner of Sec. 36, 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 I. 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. H.—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, Zilla R.—14 acres in Sec. 24, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book 50, page 126; book 55, page 244; book 37, page 114; book 40, pages 24 and 316, 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.... 1 10
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 328, of Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.... 150 43
Dailey, N. A., and George Sumner—lots 15, 16, block 1, Highland Park Addition to Hillsboro.... 3 24
Day, H. F., and Adams, W. H.—SE. ¼ of NE. ¼ Sec. 21, T. 2 N., R. 3 W., 40 acres.... 4 00
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. E.—3 acres in Sec. 1, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 323 of book No. 55, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.... 2 89
Doney, S. R.—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. 1 W., No. 41, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., and in Sec. 1, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., as described on page 286 of book No. 45, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.... 8 47
Dreger, G., and Stranber, F.—S. ½ of NE. ¼, Sec. 19, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., 80 acres.... 10 16
Elmer, John, and Friday, John B.—28⅔ acres in Secs. 10 and 15, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book M, page 532; book 50, page 24, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.... 4 32
Erickson, Maranda—Lots 22, 23, block 12, Hyde Park.... 50
Finney, A.—Commencing 98½ feet W. of NE. corner of block 8, Hillsboro; thence S. 199 feet; thence W. 50 feet; thence N. 198 feet; thence E. 21 feet to beginning, part of lot 3, block 8, Hillsboro.... 15 12
Foster, Thomas J.—Lot 5, 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.—¼ 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
Gretzachel, Ernest—N. ½ of SW. ¼ of NE. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 2 S., R. 2 W., 20 acres.... 4 55
Hanson, C. W.—Lot 27, block 12, West Portland Heights.... 35
Heath, Rechel, heirs of—W. ½ of SE. ¼, Sec. 5, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 80 acres.. 14 55
Hill, Sarah A.—N. ½ of NE. ¼ Sec. 2, T. 2 N., R. 3 W., 44½ acres.... 5 72
Hendershott, William—NE. ¼ of NW. ¼ Sec. 22, T. 1 S., R. 3 W., 40 acres.... 4 85
Huston, S. B.—Lots 10, 11, 12, Millard & Van Schuyver Tract, 30 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 68
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. 3 N., R. 4 W., 80 acres.... 8 41
Kenny, Joseph—W. ½ of NE. ¼, SE. ¼ of NE. ¼, N. ½ of NW. ¼, Sec. 25, T. 3 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. 3 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres.... 11 57
Kilner, George H.—44 acres in I. 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, Lula F.—Commencing at a point 191 feet W. of SE. corner of lot 1, block 2, Walker's Addition, Forest Grove; thence N. 85 feet; thence E. 40 feet; thence N. 30¼ feet; thence W. 105 feet; thence S. 115½ 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 159 feet W. and 115 feet N. of SE. corner of lot 1, block 2, Walker's Addition, Forest Grove; thence N. 86 feet; thence W. 58 feet; thence S. 68¼ feet; thence W. 46¼ feet; thence S. 19¾ feet; thence E. 104¼ feet to beginning, being part of lots 1 and 4, block 2, Walker's Addition to Forest Grove.... 5 11
Krause, Gustave—6 acres in Sec. 8, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 409 of book No. 38, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.... 2 30
Kuehne, Richard—106 acres, W. W. Graham, D. L. C., No. 39, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book 53, page 283, and book 49, page 225, 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. 44, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.... 5 06
Lemon, William—NW. ¼ of NW. ¼ of SW. ¼ Sec. 31, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., 10 acres.... 2 99
Lucas, 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.... 2 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. 10, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., 16 acres.... 2 86
Mayer, Andrew—Lots 14 and 15, block 11, Hyde Park.... 90
McDorman, J. M.—Lot 7, block 4, Thorne's Addition to Hillsboro.... 6 54
Montgomery, J. D.—NW. ¼ Sec. 20, T. 3 N., R. 4 W., 160 acres.... 12 99
Moore, Mary H.—Lots 1, 2, 3, block 3, Simmons' Addition to Hillsboro.... 20 78
Morrison, D. A. and E. M.—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, block 2, Tongue's Addition to Hillsboro.... 9 14
Nelson, Martin—Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, block 22, West Portland Heights.... 84
Newell, R. J. and A.—120 acres in J. B. Robinson D. L. C. No. 56, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., as described in book L, page 224, 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
Patrone, Lorenzo—11 acres in Secs. 21 and 28, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 421 of book No. 36; page 157, book 31, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.... 6 50
Patterson, Sarah E., heirs of—18 acres in Secs. 25, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., and 30, T. 1 N., R. 3 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 320 of book No. 54, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.... 9 42
Pape, Anderson & Co.—89 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 22
Raab, William, Lot 1 and 5 acres off of the E. side lot 4, Sec. 11, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 20 acres.... 4 14
Ranous, Fannie A.—Lots 1, 2, 6, 7, 14, Fruitdale, 34.61 acres.... 8 35
Randall, A. M., Mrs.—Lots 19, 20, 21, 22, block 12, West Portland Heights.... 98
Rasmussen, F. J. and E. R.—N. ½ of block 7, Finney's Addition to Hillsboro.... 3 21
Reghetto, D.—6½ acres in L. Hall D. L. C. No. 43, 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 16, block 2; lots 4, 16, block 5; lots 9, 21, 22, 23, 24, 33, 34, block 8; lots 1, 2, block 10; lots 3, 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 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 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 37, 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 5, Sherwood.... 1 50
Semler, P. J. A., trustee—5 acres in Sec. 35, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described on page 184 of book No. 43, Record of Deeds for Washington County.... 7 77
Sharp, M. C.—Lots 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, block 29, 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. 32, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 80 acres.... 5 48
Soderland, Noach—6½ 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. 28, 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 07
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 53½ 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. 26, T. 1 S., R. 3 W., as described on page 301 of book No. 42, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.... 1 23
Walker, N. J.—8½ acres in Sec. 14, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 223 of book No. 54, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.... 5 20
Watson, Joseph—Lot 21, Garden 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, Sec. 32, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 40 acres.... 2 03
Wilson, Brice—SE. ¼ Sec. 21, T. 3 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. 13, T. 1 N., R. 5 W., 19 acres.... 1 56
Young, L. A.—36 acres in Sec. 34, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., and James McGill D. L. C. No. 55, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described in book 28, page 413; book 39, page 413; book 26, page 87, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon, less the following tract: Commencing at NW. corner Sec. 34, T. 1 N., R. 1 W.; thence W. 4.91 chains; thence S. 15.24 chains; thence E. 27.91 chains; thence N. 60.45 chains; thence W. 6.25 chains; thence N. 6.50 chains; thence W. 16.75 chains; thence N. 2.70 chains to beginning, containing 22 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. 49, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon.... 5 22

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. 109 feet; thence W. 139 feet; thence N. 109 feet; thence E. 139 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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Continued From Last Week.

"Yes, I noticed that. Oh, the old man would give his long white hand to possess real influence. That's his ambition, my boy. All he said about the boulevard and the slum was pure nonsense. He doesn't believe it any more than I do."

"I believe it, though. He spoke the truth whether he meant to or not."

"What difference?" David Barton spoke carelessly. "But this proposition, John," he added, keenly watching Gordon. "How about that, eh? The opening, the leverage, the money. Wait a minute. This confounded cough is going to get me again."

He went into the other room this time, and his coughing spell lasted so long that Gordon was alarmed. He went in where his friend was sitting with his head down between his knees, his whole body racked with the effort, and when it was over he still maintained the same position until Gordon remonstrated with him.

"David, you're in no condition to go on with work.. You're killing yourself on the News. I had no idea you had such a cough. How long have you been this way?"

"The average limit of usefulness on the News," said David Barton as he lifted up his head, "is less than ten years from the time of beginning. I've been with it now going on six. The rule in a daily paper is, no old men in any department. If you see an old man anywhere around the office, he's a visitor or a stranger. Modern journalism is a man killer. I'm just one of the fools caught between the rollers. See? It's like this. Harris prizes me because I know how. But when I once let go he knows he can get another fool to take my place. Food for the lion. Three cheers for the press! It's the great agency of civilization. It's the prize life taker. It's the—look out! Here I go again!"

He put his head down and coughed so long and violently that at the end

"I am prepared to make you a proposition."

of it John Gordon found himself on his knees by the side of his friend holding his head and now thoroughly alarmed.

"Why, this can't go on, David," he expostulated.

"Yes, it can apparently. At least it seems to go on quite easily."

"But you'll simply commit suicide if you don't listen to reason and quit all work for at least six months."

"Can't do it. Got too much at stake," Barton answered. He rose, and, going into an adjoining room, he took some medicine, bathed his face and came out looking so much better that John Gordon was amazed.

"Only a trifling little cough, John. It's not on my lungs. Just a throat trouble. I got caught out in the rain down near Hope House the other night and didn't have a chance to steal an umbrella without getting caught again. Come in and let's have out the reform business. You can't let Harris' offer go by. It's too much of a chance."

"But I'm keeping you up too late," Gordon said doubtfully.

"Why, old man, haven't you sent your things over here to stay until you get married or something? Whose are those duds out in the hall?"

"They're mine, I expect. I sent them over this afternoon. The break had to come at home some time, and I knew you would take me in at any time."

"Sit down, then," said Barton, giving his friend a push into an easy chair. He himself went over to a lounge and lay down on it, turning his pale, thin face, with its great, glowing eyes, toward John Gordon.

The grim death had already laid a long hand on Barton's chest, but with the stubborn cynicism of his character Barton refused to acknowledge any mastery, although, contrary to most victims of consumption, he knew and acknowledged himself that do what he would he could not shake that hand off.

John Gordon mournfully eyed the recumbent figure on the lounge.

"Forgive me, David. I have been so busy over my own plans that I have not thought of you. Why have you not let me know about"—

"Oh, let's talk of your matters. Mine can wait. Besides, don't you know it's not the thing to talk to sick people about their condition? Don't make me believe that I have anything. How about Harris' offer?"

"I have decided not to accept it," replied John Gordon quietly.

"That's plump. Say why."

John Gordon did not answer at once.

"I've already told you partly. Seeing Harris confirms my opinion concerning his insincerity. He simply wants to use the fact of my connection with Hope House to get a feature more or less sensational for the News."

"You didn't take to him very lovingly, did you?" Barton chuckled.

"I found myself in danger of hating him."

"Still, Harris has his good points. He's the most egotistic man I ever knew, but with the exception of that, and perhaps a dozen other remarkable faults, he's interesting. He's interesting," Barton repeated. "You're too particular, John. I don't see why you can't carry on the department and make things around Bowen street just hum for reform if you have the paper to help you. If you expect an angel to come along and give you a page of his daily to boost your reforms, you'll have to wait till angels are thicker in the newspaper business than they are now. I don't know any myself. My acquaintance so far has been in the other direction."

"There's another reason I haven't given for refusing Harris," John Gordon spoke thoughtfully. "I want to know the people before I begin to talk or write about them. And I ought to spend at least ten years of my life in seeing, hearing, thinking, knowing, but not much in writing—not yet. Do you know what the bishop of London said awhile ago?"

"No; I don't know the bishop."

"He said: 'I have found that isolation of one class from another is the root of all social evils. Contact with the neglected people and the lapsed masses was the method of Christ's reclamation of the lost. It is the only method that can succeed now.' Isn't that quite remarkable for a bishop? I met him in London. He is the most all around Christian I ever saw. I wish they had a bishop like that here. Now, you see I don't want to go into the newspaper business in the sensational way that Harris wants. I need to live among the people for a period, at least until I am able to talk and write with some sort of knowledge. Harris' idea is to burst out with a page of denunciation and hysterical pictorial exposure of human conditions, partly for political reasons, but more especially to get the News before the public and do a big advertising business."

"You wrong Harris, even at his worst," said Barton decidedly. "I can't help thinking he's got some human kindness in him. He may be all egotism, but he's not all bad. There's the money offer. You haven't considered that."

John Gordon seemed troubled for a moment.

"Of course we shall need money for all the things we plan. Miss Andrews was wishing she might secure $5,000 for the new dormitory. She goes out and lectures every winter to make expenses."

"Yes. The city will kill her. It will kill her, I tell you!" cried out Barton in a genuine burst of rage.

"The world kills all its prophets and reformers in one way or another," said John Gordon sadly. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. The very people that applaud Miss Andrews and say she is doing a grand work don't come to her rescue in any great numbers. And she is in sore need right now."

"Then why don't you let Harris help?"

"He can help if he wants to. If he's sincere, he will do it without my going on the paper. I've made up my mind." Gordon hastily added as Barton made a gesture. "I think I can secure some money from men in the city."

"Let me know how much, so we can publish the amount, will you?" Barton said dryly.

John Gordon did not answer, and after quite a long silence Barton said suddenly:

"By the way, I suppose Miss Marsh will help you, of course. You'll be married and set up residence together in Hope House? How did you win her over to your extreme views?"

"I didn't. We are not going to be married. She refuses to go with me into Hope House. Oh, David, do you think that was a mistake?"

It all poured out at once, because all the evening John Gordon had been longing to confide in the one man in all the city whom he loved and trusted. Everything they had been talking about so far had seemed in one sense of small importance compared with his heart's hunger for her, which had deepened with every moment's absence from her. His immediate resolve to go to Hope House, his talk with Miss Andrews, his visit with his friend, the incident of Harris and his offer were not evidence of his insensibility to that resolve on her part to refuse his choice of life work. It was only characteristic of him to go straight on with the details of his life no matter what occurred. John Gordon was the last man in the world to withdraw into a sullen or moody isolation on account of great private trouble or sorrow.

But he longed for sympathetic counsel. And his impulsive outcry simply voiced another fact of his nature, the fact of his affectionate trust in friendship, a trust that kept no event secret that a friend might wish to know and share.

David Barton sat up and exclaimed sharply:

"Do you mean to say that Miss Marsh refuses to live with you in Hope House?"

"She does refuse, but I did not give her time, I am afraid, to give her reasons."

"Time for reasons! How much time does she want?" Barton went on savagely. "Hope House is not good enough for her, eh? She is not willing to go with the man who loves her into such a burden bearing life! She loves her nice, clean, soft, easy, social position more than she loves the man! No, I tell you," Barton silenced his friend, who made a gesture of dissent. "The girls of this age are not like those of our fathers. They are not willing to begin in a small, economical way and share their husbands' privations. They want big, expensive establishments right off. They have no idea of any sort of life except one of luxury and social successes. To my mind, you're well rid of her!"

"No, no, David! Not that! I ought not to have made such a test. You do not know her as I do."

"I don't want to either. Isn't it for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer? If I were the woman you loved, wouldn't I go with you anywhere, John? You know I would, mean, selfish animal that I am. If I were a woman and had the love of John Gordon, I wouldn't even ask him where he was going. I would simply go. That's the reason I say you're well rid of her. She's not worthy of you, John."

"But you have never loved any one, David!" cried John Gordon in great distress, for he was nearer saying a sharp word to his friend than at any time since their friendship began.

"I love you, John, more than this selfish woman ever loved. But I'm afraid that's not saying very much. Wouldn't I die for you?"

"I believe you would, David."

"Well, this woman wouldn't even live for you."

"It's harder to live than to die sometimes," John Gordon answered, with a sigh.

"I tell you she's not worthy of you, John. 'Mend your broken heart or get another.'" Barton rang the first line of a popular music hall ballad. "No woman is worthy of a man if she refuses to accept his terms when they are as reasonable and as necessary as yours. But it has hit you hard, hasn't it?"

For answer John Gordon laid his head down on the table. Barton eyed him sympathetically, but offered no word of consolation. After awhile he muttered:

"Confound these women! They make more trouble than all the men put together. The young fellow seems to have sustained a compound fracture. But it'll heal in time. Good thing he's got a steady job. Hope House will give him employment." He lay quiet, and after a little Gordon rose and walked into the other room.

He stayed there until he heard Barton begin to cough again, when he instantly returned to his friend's side to find him sitting up on the couch, his head between his hands.

This time the coughing was of short duration, and Barton exclaimed the instant he was able to speak:

"I can tell time by my cough, it's so regular. I shall miss it when it leaves. The last one tonight. I usually wind it up about half past 10."

"David, have you consulted a doctor?"

"Not today."

"Any time?"

"Certainly."

"What does he say?"

"Just what you and Harris say. Quit work and go to Colorado. I can't. Don't bother about it. I won't go, that's all. I've begun to get attached to the cough, it has shown such an affection for me."

He straightened up and laughed at the look in his friend's face. Gordon was only partly assured.

"It will kill you."

"First time anything ever did."

"You have no right to neglect it."

"Neglect it? Don't I nurse it day and night? No cough ever had better care than mine. I give it the best the patent medicine show affords."

"It will be the death of you."

"All right," Barton said cheerfully. "Rather die from my cough than from a stupid, thoughtless trolley car. By the way, John, did you ever think of the difference between being run over by a horse and wagon and an automobile?"

"I never gave it much thought."

"More people get run over by automobiles than by horses, so the facts show. You see a man can dodge a horse because he—the horse—is alive. But an automobile— Let's change the subject. Give me your programme."

"My programme!"

"Your programme as a reformer. What are you going to do? What lies in your mind? John"— David Barton swiftly changed from the careless, flippant manner he had assumed over his physical condition, and John Gordon instantly knew the friend who loved him was talking now out of his great serious heart. "John, if you are really going to try to make the old world better you've held out your arm to a wrestler who will give you the struggle of your life. I want to help. I don't believe it will amount to anything—the struggle, I mean. And maybe not the help either. But tell me your heart's desire."

"Well, then," John Gordon answered, while his whole expression glowed with his real deep religious enthusiasm and a pride that swept his thought even of Lucila Marsh out of existence, "I have a programme. First, I plan to live at Hope House as long as I can be of use there or as long as I can from that place in the city learn the city. It may be five years, it may be ten. If it is ten, I shall be only forty. A man cannot do much public work worthy of the name until he is forty."

"History and biography say otherwise, but never mind," muttered Barton. "Go on."

"My plans of course do not cover possibilities that may come into my experience at the end of my residence in Hope House. But I have dreamed of many things. I don't mean book knowledge, but live, personal knowledge of people. Not the kind that makes a man a professor of sociology in the university, but the kind that makes a man want to change bad laws or make good ones; the kind of knowledge of people that Paul had when he said, 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel;' the kind of knowledge of people that compels a man to see in every other man a universe of eternal value and eternal happiness."

"There are mighty few people in this city that think of run-down-at-the-heel humanity after that fashion," muttered Barton again. Then after a silence he asked:

"Who's against you in all this?"

"Selfish greed, ecclesiastical pride in the churches, political rottenness in the city management, cynical indifference on the part of cultured men and women, whisky, yellow press, business interests wherever they touch financial loss, if reform calls for sacrifice; foreign born and foreign shaped classes, but most of all the opposition of high bred apathy which grows out of the soil of irreligion."

"And who is on your side?" Barton asked almost mechanically, in a low tone.

"God, all good men and women in the churches, and there are many; a rising sentiment among young men against municipal partisanship, a gradually rising journalism which in time will demand the extinction of yellow journalism, which is an excrescence that carries in large measure its own destruction, and a rising tide of popular passion against the saloon as an institution and for more equal opportunities in the field of struggle for human happiness."

"You left out the largest item in the list of forces against reform."

"What's that?"

"The people themselves."

"Of course I realize that," John Gordon replied slowly. "But it was not the people that crucified Jesus. It was the scribes and Pharisees."

"The people yelled, 'Crucify him!'"

"The rabble, you mean."

"What's the difference?"

"I don't know exactly, but the rabble is not the people."

"Mighty fine distinction," Barton muttered again. "Of course you can't

She put the book in his hands.

deny that the common people are an ungrateful lot. You heal ten lepers, and only one out of the ten will ever thank you for it."

"What difference does that make to me if they're healed?"

"Heap of difference to them, though. I suppose you know that even the politicians don't get in Miss Andrews' way so much as the people themselves. They don't know enough to make the general good of greater concern than their particular good. They're an ungrateful lot, the people are."

"Not all of them. But even if they were, I don't know as that is any reason for letting them alone. Jesus probably knew that only one of the ten lepers would return to give thanks, yet he healed them all."

"They must be mighty ashamed of themselves by this time," said Barton wearily. Gordon instantly noted it.

"You're tired out. Not another word tonight. Can't I do anything for you? No? You will call me if you need me?"

"Yes, of course. You know where your old room is. Just make yourself at home. I gave orders to William when your things came to get your room ready. Sound sleep to you."

In the morning the friends breakfasted at a clubroom near by, where Barton had bachelor quarters at table, and John Gordon noted with concern the face of Barton, which showed marks of wakefulness.

"I coughed once or twice just to keep in practice. And at 6 o'clock I went off again just as a reminder of getting up time. But don't you worry. I'll be all right when I get used to it."

He laughed lightly and accompanied Gordon part way down into the city, leaving him at the point where the Hope House district began, after exacting a promise from him that he would take dinner with him at 7 that evening.

John Gordon went at once to Hope House and had a conference with Miss Andrews.

"There is no reason why I should not begin my work at once," Gordon said.

"The trouble is"—Miss Andrews spoke with a slight smile—"you are not like the average resident. More than half of my people during the last ten years have left me to enter their life work. Now I understand"—

"This is my life work," said Gordon gravely.

"It is a matter of both life and death, Mr. Gordon. But let us arrange a definite programme," she added hastily, as if disturbed by some idea foreign to this conference. "How would you like a tenement house tour to begin with?"

To be Continued.

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