

die shrugged her Ene shoulders. "Let's not waste any more time talking about him." she said. "I was going to tell you how happy you made them all. When I read mother's description of their return home that night-how she went round looking at each object and touching it that she might realize it was bers again, and how father sat up till past midnight talking incessantly about it, and all the droll things Uncie Abner said-I cried and laughed by turns. I longed to see you, to tell you how I felt about what you did, and yet, now that I'm with you, all I say seems uttoris weak and inadequate."

"It seems wonderfully nice to me." Miller declared. "I don't deserve anything, and yet-well, I like to hear you talk." He laughed. "Whether I deserve it or not, I could listen to you for a week on a stretch."

in truth Rayburn Miller had never in all his varied social career become so suddenly and startlingly interested. in any woman. It all seemed like a dream, and a most delicious one-the gay assemblage, the intermittent strains of the music, the touch of the stately creature on his arm, the perfume of her flowers, her hair, her eves, He suddenly felt fearful of the passage of time, the leaving of his train, the approach of some one to claim her attention. He could not explain the spell she had thrown on him. Was it because she was his friend's sister and so astoundingly pretty, frank and sensible, or could it be that"-

His train of thought was broken by the approach of Miss Ida Bishop, Adele's consin, a rather plain girl, who with her scrawny neck and scant hair. which rehelled against being made much of, would have appeared to better advantage in a street costume.

"Oh, Adele," she cried reproachfully, what do you mean? Do you know you have mortally offended Mr. Tedcustle? He had the march with you." "And I asked him as a favor to exruse me from it," said Adele simply. "I had just met Mr. Miller, who is to leave on an early train, and I wanted to talk to him about home. Have you been introduced? My cousin, Miss Bishop, Mr. Rayburn Miller."

Miss Bishop bowed indifferently and looked as if she still saw no justification in the slight under question;

"I'm awfully sorry," she said reprovingly. "Mr. Tedenstle has been as nice to you us he could be, and this is the way you show appreciation for it. I don't blame him for being mad, de You, Mr. Miller ?"

"I'm afraid I'd be a prejudiced witness," he smiled. "benefiting as I am by the gentleman's discomfiture; but really I can't think that any circumstance could justify a man in pressing a lady to fill an engagement when she chooses not to do so for any reason of hers." "I knew you'd say that" said Adete "If anybody has a right to be offended

It is I, for the way he has acted without waiting for my full explanation." "Oh, that is a high and mighty course

that will do better for novels than real life," disagreed Miss Ida Bishop. "The If we want attention we've got to humor them. "They shall not be spolled by me." declared Adele. "Why," shrugging her shoulders contemptuously, "if I had to run after them and bind up their bruises every time they fell down I'd not appreciate their attentions. Re sides. Mr. Tedenstle and his whole fik actually put me to sleep. What do they talk about? Driving, pet dogs, nowers, candles, theater parties and silly bosh generally. Last Sunday Senator Hare dined at uncle's, and aft er dinner he and I were having really a wholesome sort of talk, and I was respecting myself-well, a little like I am now-when in traped Teddy, with his hangers on. Of course I had to introduce them to the senator, and I felt like a fool, for he knew they were my 'company,' and it was impossible to keep them quiet. They went on with their baby talk just as if Senator Hare were being given an intellectual treat. Of course there are some grown up men in Atlanta, but they are driven to the clubs by the swarms of little fellows. There comes Major Middleton, one of the old regime. He may ask to dance with him. Now watch. If he does, I'll answer him just as 1 did Mr. Tedcastle, and you shall see how differently he will treat it." The major, a handsome man of powerful physique and a great shock of curly iron gray hair, approached Adele and with a low how held out his hand. "I'm after the next dance, my dear," he said. "You are one of the very few who ever dance with me, and I don't want to go home without it."

"I presume you really could not miss it?" Her long lashed eyes were down. He hesitated. The simple thought suggested by her thrilled him as he had never been thrilled before.

"Because," she added, "it would be so nice to have you come out tomorrow afternoon to ten, about 4." He drew out his watch and looked at it waveringly.

"I could send a night message," he said finally. "I really don't want to go. Miss Adele, I don't want to go at all."

"I don't want you to either." said softly. "It seems almost as if we are quite old friends. Isn't that strange?"

He restored his watch to his pocket. "I shall stay," he said, "and I shall cali tomorrow afternoon."

Some one came for her a few min utes inter, and he went down to the office and out into the street. He wanted to walk, to feel his body in action, keeping pace with his throbbing bounding brain. His whole being was affame with a fire which had never burned in him before.

"Alan's little sister!" he kept repeat-ing to himself, "Little Adele-she's wonderful! Perhaps she wonderful, may be the woman. By George, she is -she is! A creature like that, with that soul full of appreciation for a man's best efforts, would lift a fellow to the highest rung on the ladder of human effort. Alan's little sister! And the idlot never told me, never inti

mated that she was-a goddess." In his room at the hotel that night he slept little, his brain being so active with his new experience. He saw her the next afternoon alone over a daluty tea service of fragile china in a Turkish corner in William Bishop's great, quiet

house, and then proposed driving her the next day to the Driving club. He renmined a week, seeing her under some pretext or other every day during that time. Sometimes it was to call with her on friends of hers. Once di was to attend a harbecue given by Captain Burton at a clubhouse in the country, and once he gave her and her consin a luncheon at the Capitol City club, with a box at the matinee afterward. He told himself that he had never lived before and that somehow

he was just beginning. "No," he mused as he sat in his train

homeward bound, "I can't tell Alan. I simply couldn't do it after all the rubbish I have crammed into him. Then she's his sister. I couldn't talk to him about her-not now, anyway."

CHAPTER XVIII.

W HEN Miller reached his office about 10 o'clock the next said, with a tentative inflection. "He's morning and opened the door. he noticed that Craig's bank I think of it, it does seem to me I heard still closed. It was an unusual occurrence at that hour, and it riveted Miller's attention. Few people were on the street, and none of them seemed to have noticed if. A bell was ringing for the prayer meeting which was be

ing conducted by a traveling evangelist in the church in the next block, and abruptly, and he hurried across in the Miller saw the merchants and inwyers

yer. "He's been taking part in the in my small safe. He has been gone, very red in the face and out of breath i neeting. He may have overslept." There was a grocery store near Mil ler's office, and the proprietor came out up the sidewalk and joined the two men. His name was Barnett. He was a powerful man, who stood six feet man.' five in his boots. He were no cont, and his suspenders were solled and knotted. you una is watchin' Craig's his hand and he stepped down into the door," he said. "I've had my eye on it ever since breakfast. I hardly know what to make of it. I went that to buy some New York exchange to pay for a bill o' flour, but he wouldn't let mo in. I know he's thar, for I seed

im go in about an hour ago. I mighty nigh shook the door off'n the hinges His clerk, that western fellow, Winship, has gone off to visit his folks, an' reckon maybe Craig's got all the bookkeepin' to do." Well, he oughtn't to keep his doors

closed at this time of day," remarked Miller. "A man who has other people's money in his charge can't be too care ful

"He's got some o' mine," said the grocer, "and Mary Ann Tarpley, my wife's sister, put \$200 thar day before yesterday. Oh, I reckon nothin's wrong, though I do remember I heerd some-body say Craig bought cotton futures she an' sometimes got skeerd up a little

about meetin' his obligations. "I have never heard that," said Ray-

burn Miller, raising his brows. "Well, I have, an' I've heerd the

ame o' Winship," said the grocer, "but I never let it go no furder. "I nin't po hand to circulate ill reports agin a good nember of the church. Miller bit his lip, and an unpleasan thrill passed over him as Trabue walked ou. "Twenty-five thousand,"

he thought, is no small amount. would tempt five men out of ten if they were inclined to go wrong and were in a tight." The grocer was looking at him stead

"You bank thar, don't you?" be asked

Miller nodded, "But I happen to have no money there right now. I made a deposit at the other bank yes terday." "Suspicious, heigh? Now, jest a lit-

tle. wasn't you?" The grocer now spoke with undisguised uneasiness, "Not at all," replied the lawyer. " was doing some business for the other bank and felt that I ought to favor

them by my cash deposits." "You don't think that's anything the matter, do you?" asked the grocer, his face still hardening.

"I think Graig is acting queerlyvery queerly for a banker," was-Miller's slow reply. "He has always been most particular to open up early and"-"Helio!" cried out a cheery voice. that of the middle aged proprietor of the Darley Flouring mills, emerging

from Barnett's store. "I see you fel-lows have your eye on Craig's front. If he was a drinking man, we might suspicion he'd been on a tear last night, wouldn't we?"

"It looks shaky to me," retorted the grocer, growing more excited. "I'm goin' over there an' try that door again. A man 'at has my money can't attract the attention Craig has an' me say nothin'."

The miller pulled his little turf of gray beard and winked at Reyburn. "You've been scarin' Barnett," he easily rattled. By the way now that

on the corner across the street was some of the Methodists talkin' about reproving Craig an' Winship for speculatin' in grain an' cotton. I know they've been dabblin' in it, for Craig always got my market reports. He's been dealin' with a bucket shop in Atlanta."

> "I'm going over there," said Miller wake of the big grocer. The miller

two days, I thought on a visit to his kinfolks. I have just discovered to loss. I'm completely ruined and am now trying to make out a report of my condition. Have mercy on an old

Rayburn's face was as white as that of a corpse. The paper dropped from Ioser?



They gained on the fleeing banker crowd. He was himself no loser, bu the Bishops had lost their all, How could be break the news to them? Presently he began to hope faintly that old \$25,000 in a lump." Bishop might within the last week have drawn out at least part of the money but that hope was soon discarded, for he remembered that the old man was walting to invest the greater part of the deposit in some Shoal Creek cotion | through!"

mill stock which had been promised him in a few weeks. No; the hope was groundless, Alan, his father, Mrs. Bishop and-Adele. Miller's heart sank down into the very coze of despair. All that he had

done for Adele's people and which had roused her deepest, tenderest grafitude was swept away. What would she think now 7

His train of thought was rudely broken by an oath from Barnett, who with the rage of a madman suddenly threw his shoulder against the door There was a crash, a groan of bursting imber and breaking bolts, and the door flew open. For one instant Millier saw the ghastly face and cowering form of the old banker behind the wire grating, and then, with a scream of terror, Craig ran into a room in the cenr and thence made his escape at a door opening on the side street. The

mob filled the bank and did not dis cover Craig's escape for a minute then, with a howl of rage, it surged back into the street. Craig was ahead of them, running toward the church where prayer meeting was being held.

the tails of his long frock cont flying behind him, his worn slik hat in his convulsive grasp. "Thar he goes!" yelled Barnett. And

he led the mob after him, all runnin at the top of their speed without real izing why they were doing so. They gained on the fleeing banker, and Bar nett could almost touch him when they reached the church. With a cry of fear, like that of a wild animal brought to bay, Cralg sprang up the steps and ran into the church, crying and groau-

ing for help.

Miller wore an inexpressible look of "Is that mob in thar?" he asked

"Yes, and quiet now," said Miller. Let them alone. The important thing s to put the police on Winship's track. ome back downtown."

"I'll have to git the particulars from Crult fust," said Dukes, "Are you "No, but some of my clients are, and

I'm ready to stand any expense to catch the thief."

"Well, I'll see you in a minute, and o'll heat all the wires out of town, "Il see you in a minute."

Farther down the street Miller met Dolly Barclay. She had come straight from her home, in an opposite direction from the bank, and had evidently not heard the news.

"I'm on my way to prayer meeting." she smiled. "I'm getting good to please the old folks, but"- She noticed his pale face. "What is the matter? Has anything"-

"Craig's bank has falled," Rayburg told her briefly. "He says Winship has abscouded with all the cash in the

vanits." Dolly stared aghast. "And youeng"

"I had no money there." broke in Miller. "I was fortunate enough to escape."

"But Alan-Mr. Bishop?" She was studying his face and pondering his unwonted excitement. "Had they oney there?"

Mitter did not answer, but she would not be put aside.

Tell me," she urged; "tell me that." "If I do, it's in absolute confidence, said, with professional firmness

No one must know-not a soul-that they were depositors, for much de nends on it. If Wilson knew they were hard up, he might drive them to the wall. They were not only depositors, but they lose every cent they have-

He saw her eatch her breath, and her lips moved mutely, as if repeating the words he had just spoken. "Poor Alan!" he heard her say. "This is too. too much after nil he has gone

Miller touched his hat and started on, but she joined him, keeping by his alde like a patient, pleading child. He marveled over her strength and won

derful polse. "I am taking you out of your way, Miss Dolly," he said gently, more gently than he had ever spoken to her before. "I only want to know if Alan has

heard. Do do tell me that." "No; he's at home. I shall ride ou as soon as I get the matter in the hands of the police.

She put out her slender, shapely hand and touched his arm. "Tell him," she said in a low, uncer-

tain voice, "that it has broken my Tell him I love him more than heart. I ever did and that I shall stick to him always."

Miller turned and took off his hat. failed." giving her his hand. "And I believe you will do it." he from Rishop, and for a moment no one

said. "He's a lucky dog, even if he has just struck the ceiling. I know ilm, and your message will soften the blow. But it's awful-simply awfull I can't now see how they can possibly get from under is."

"Well, tell him," said Dolly, with "I'm sorry to say it is." little, soundless sob in her throat, "tell him what I told you." "Can anything at all be done?" "I've done everything possible al-ready. We have been tolegraphing the

THAT afteruoon the breeze south bringing vague threats of rain. About 3 o'clock Alan. his uncle and his mother and fathe were out in the front yard looking at the house with a view to making some

night." "It simply spells ruin, old man," said alterations that had been talked of for

POLITICAL DIRECTORY.

Prosidency upon the death of Wm. McKinley, President.

cretary of State-John Hay, Hilnois. Term expires with that of the Presi-dent or by death or resignation. ecretary of Treasury-Leslie M. Shaw, Iowa. Term expires with that of Pres-

Iowa. Term expires with that of ident or by resignation or death. scretary of War-Ellhu Root, New

President or by resignation or death. Attorney General-P. C. Knox. New

York. Term expires with that of President or by resignation or death, Postmaster General-H. C. Payne. Wis-

Term expires with that of Pres-

consin Term expires with that of Fre-ident or by resignation or death. Secretary of Navy-Win, H. Moody, Massachusetts. Term expires with that of President or by re-ignation or

Supreme Court U. S.

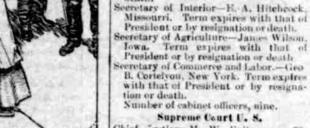
Cabinet.

the

mbarrassment, which he tried to lose in the act of shaking hands all round President-Theodore Roorevelt > New York. Term expires March 4, 1905. Vice-President-Office left vacant on and the group, but his platitudes fell to the ground. Abner, the closest observer after September 14, 1901, when President Roosevelt succeded to

death.





Chief Justice-M. W. Fuller, age 70, Tenure of office, life. John M. Harlan, age 70. David J. Brewer, age 66.

"You must stay to early supper any-way, Mr. Miller." "You must stay to early supper any way, Mr. Miller." among them, already had his brows E3. D. White, age 58. drawn together as he pondered Miller's unwonted lack of case. "Bring any fishing tackle?" asked Oliver W. Holmes, age 62.

Term of office, life

Number of judges composing the "No. I didn't," said the inwyer, jerk Court, nine. ing himself to that subject nwkwardly. Judge of Ninth Judicial Circuit embrac-"The truth is, I only ran out for a little ing California, Oregon, Nevada, Moa-tana, Washington, Idaho, Ahaka, Ariz-ona and Hawaii, Jastice McKenna.

ride. I've got to get back." "Then it is business, as brother Ab said," put in Mrs. Bishon tentatively. Circuit Judge for Oregon-Win, B. Gill bert, for life. Judge U. S. District Court C. B. Bel-Miller lowered his eyes to the ground and then raised them to Alan's face.

uger, for lin "Yes, it's railroad business," said Abner, his voice vibrant with suspense. Governor, Geo. E. Chamberlain. Secretary of State-F 1, Dunbar.

"And it's not favorable," said Alan bravely. "I can see that by your siloolts." Miller ginneed at his mare and lashed the leg of his top boots with his riding white. "No; I have bad news, but It's not about the railroad. 1 could

Alan.

have wriften, but I thought I'd better come myself." "Adele?" gasped Mrs. Bishop, "You have heard'

"No: she's well," said Miller, "It's about the money you put in Craig's bank."

"What about that?" burst from old Bishop's startled lips. "Craig claims Winship has abscond-

Term expires, 1904. District Attorney-Harrison Allen. Ter "Craig claims Winship has alsoond expires, 1904. ed with all the cash. The bank has Deputy Attorney-E. E. Tongue Term

time was using a

star -, and the

luctly.

Atlanta police all morning about trac-ing Winship, but they don't seem much interested. They think he's had too

netro

tell

spoke. A negro wothan at the wash

"Is that so, Ray?" asked Alan, calm

Atlanta police all morning about trac-

sig a start on us. You see, he's been

gone two days and nights. Crafg savs

ae thought he was on a visit to rela-

tiyes till he discovered the loss last

place behind f

batting stick on

but pale to the lips.

full blows came to them .

expires, 1934. State Senator-W. H. Wehrung Term "Failed!" The word was a moan

expires, 1904. Joint Senator-Alex. Sweek Term ex-

State Officials, Oregon.

Superintendent of Public Instruction-J. H. Ackerman. Attorney General-A. M. Crawford.

Supreme Court, Oregon.

Chief Justice-R. S. Beam Term expires,

Associate Justices-F. A. Moore Term

Chas. E. Wolverton Term expires, 1906, Judge Fifth District-Thos. A. McBride

Treasurer-Chas. S. Moore.

State Printer-Jos. Whitney. Termsexpire January, 1907.

Sept. 1968.

expires, 1964.

pires, 1604. Representatives-Dr. Chas. Hines, B. F.

Purdy and D.M. C. Gault Terms ex-pire, 1904. COUNTY OFFICERS

Judge-L. A. Rood Term expires, 1906. Clerk-George A. Morgan, 1904. Recorder-E. I. Kuratli, 1904.

Adele smiled. "I'm very sorry, mafor," she said, "but I hope you'll excuse me this evening.

"Oh, that's all right, my dear child," he sold. "No: don't explain. I know your reasons are all right. Go ahead and enjoy yourself in your own way. "I won my bet," Adele langhed. "Ma-

jor. I know so well what you would say that I bet on it." And then she explained the situation.

"Tedeastie ought to be spanked, said the major in his high keyed voice. 'A girl who had not rather hear from home than spin around with him ought net to have a home. I'm going to mine rather early tonight. I came only to show the boys how to make my famous Kentucky punch."

When the nuclor and Miss Ida Bishop had gone and left them together, Adele looked over the railing at the hig clock in the office. "We have only

BUL!

few minutes longer, if you are to take that train," she said regretfully. "I never had as little interest in "You'd better look out-he's got an eye trains in my life," he said, and he meant R.

Not in the trains on our new road?" you." she inughed.

with my comfort," he reforted. "This one is a steam nightmare."

hurrying by on their way to worship. Miller stood in his front door and bowed to them as they passed. Trabue hustled out of his office, pulling the door to with a jerk. "Prayer meeting?" he asked, glane-

ing at Miller. "No, not today," answered Miller

"got some writing to do." "That preacher's a hummer."

the old lawyer. "I've never seen his" equal. He'd 'a' made a bang up crim-



"I see you sins is mothin' Cruig's door, he wild.

Inal lawyer. Why, they say old Joe Murphy's converted - got out of his bed at midnight and went to Tim Siccum's house to get 'im to pray for 'im He's denied thar was a God all his life side. "Let me speak to him," he said till now. I say a preacher's worth two pacifically. Harnett yielded doggedly, bundred to a town if it can do that sort of work." "He's certainly worth it to Slocus

said Miller, with a smile. "If I'd been denying there was a God as long an he has, I'd pay more than that to get rid of the habit. Slocum's able, and I think he ought to foot that preacher's

"You are a tough customer, Miller," Lir rief a on you. He'll call out yore name a o' these days an' ask us to pray fer

"They are too far ahead to interfere thing wrong with Craig." said Miller. "I was just wondering if there's any-"I see his door's not open." "Oh, I reckon not." said the old law-

owed him. On the other side of the street several people were curiously watching the bank door, and when Barnett went to it and grasped the handle and began to shake it vigorwet faces,

ously they crossed over to him. "What's wrong?" said a dealer in fruits, a short, thickset man with a florid face, but Barnett's only reply was another furious shaking of the

"Why, man, what's got into you?" protested the fruit dealer in a rising tone of astonishment. "Do you intend to break that door down?" "I will if that skunk don't open it an' give me my money," said Barnett, who was now red in the face and almost foaming at the mouth. "He's back in thar, an' he knows it's past openin'

time. By gum, I know more's I'm goin' to tell right now!" This was followed by another rattling of the door, and the grocer's enarmous weight, like a battering ram, was thrown against the heavy walnut shut-

"Open up, I say open up in thar!" yelled the grocer in a volce hourse with passion and suspense.

A dozen men were now grouned around the doorway. Barnett released the handle and stood facing them. "Somethin's rotten in Denmark," he nanted. "Believe me or not, fellows, ! know a thing or two. This bank's m a ad fix."

A thrill of horror shot through Miller the words had the ring of conviction. Ainn Bishop's money was in bad handif it was there at all. Suddenly he saw a white, trembling hand fumbling with the lower part of the close drawn window shade as if some one were about to raise it, but the shade remained down, the interior still obscured. struck Miller as being a sudden impulse, defeated by fear of violence.

There was a pause. Then the storm broke again. About fifty men had assembled, all wild to know what was Frong. Midler cloowed his way to the door and stood on the step, slightly raised above the others, Barnett by his and Raylourn put his lips to the crack

between the two folding doors, "Mr. Craig!" he called out, "Mr. Craig".

There was no reply, but Rayburn heard the rustling of paper on the inside near the crack against which his eur was pressed, and then the edge of a sheet of writing paper was slowly shoved through. Rayburn grasped it, lifting it above a desen outstretched

"Rold on" he cried authoritatively. "Til read it." The silence of the grave fell on the at once." crowd as the young man began to

"Friends and citizens," the note ran,

dozen men and won ien and chil dren were kneeling at the altar to get the benefit of the prayers of the min isters and the congregation, but they stood up in nlarm, some of them with The moh checked itself at the door

but the greater part of it crowded into the two aisles, a motley human muss, many of them without conts or hata The traveling evangelist seemed shock out of expression, but the pastor,

Mr. Lapsley, who was an old Confederate soldier and used to scenes of vio lence, stood calmly facing them,

> "What's all this mean?" he asked. "I came here for protection," whine, Crnig, "to my own church and pupple This mob wants to kill me-tear me limb from limb."

"But what's wrong?" asked the preacher.

"Winship," panted Craig, his white head hanging down as he stood touching the altar railing-"Winship 's ab sconded with all the money in my vault. These people want me to give

up what I haven't got. Ob. God knows would refund every cent if I had HI "You shall have our protection." the minister calmiy. "They won't vie late the sacredness of the house of God by raising a row. You are safe here, Brother Craig. I'm sare all reasonable people will not blame you for the fault

of another." "I believe he's got my money," cried out Barnett in a coarse, sullen voice, "and the money of some o' my women folks that's helpless, and he's got to turn it over! Oh, he's got money hid some'r's, I'll bet on that!"

"The law is your only recourse, Mr. Barnett," sdid the prencher calmly. "Even now you are laying yourself linble to serious prosecution for threatening a man with bodily injury when you can't prove he's wilfully harmed ". no?

The words told on the mob, many of them being only small depositors, and Barnett found himself without open support. He was silent, Rayburn Miler, who had come up behind the moh and was now in the church, went to Craig's side. Many thought he was proffering his legal services.

"One word, Mr. Craig." he said, touching the quivering arm of the banker.

"Oh, you're no loser," said Craig, turning on him. "There was nothing to our credit.'

"I know that," whispered Miller, "but right to ask if their money is safe." The eyes of the banker went to the

from to the "It's gone-every cent of it," he said.

'it was their money that icupted Winship. He'd never seen such a large pile Mr. Miller," said Mrs. Bishop, with all

"You don't mean"- But Miller felt

Winship has absconded with every met Jeff Dukes, one of the town mar- bear me out when I say we speak of i dother in the vaults except about \$200 shals, who had been running and was it mighty nigh ever day.

"I never had my way in anything be fore." Mrs. Bishop was running on in pleased voice of a happy child "an' I'm glad you are goin' to let me this once. I want the new room to jut out on this side from the parlor an have a bay window, an' we must cut een speculating heavily, but he has a wide foldin' door between the two thrown himself on the protection of rooms. Then the old veranda comes down, an' the new one must have a

his church, and even some of his fel low members, who lose considerably. double floor, like Colonel Sprague's on are standing by him." the river, except ours will have round, Here old Bishop, with compress white columns instead o' square, ff lips, turned and walked unsteadily in they do cost a trifle more." to the house. With head hanging low

"She knows what she wants," said and eyes flashing strangely, his wife Bishop, with one of his infrequent followed him. At the steps she paused, smiles, "an' I reckon we'd save a little her sense of hospitality transcending to let her boss the job of she don't her despair. "You must stay to early hender the carpenters by too much supper anyway. Mr. Miller," she said talk. I don't want 'em to put in a stick 'You could ride back in the cool o' the o' lumber that ain't the best." evening."

"I'm glad she's going to have her wuy," said Alan. "She's wanted a betback, Mrs. Bishop," Miller sald, ter house for twenty years, and she deserves it.' Alan, when his mother had disap-

"I don't believe in sech fine feath rs," said Bishop argumentatively, "I'd a leetle ruther wait till we see whether Wilson's a-goln' to put that road through. Then we could afford to put on a dab or two o' style. I don't know but I'd move down to Atlanta an' live alongside o' Bill, an' wear a clowham mer coat an' a dickey cravat fer a change."

"Then there is another?" asked Alan "Then you mought run fer the legis almost cheerfully, as an effect of the latur'," spoke up Abner Daniel, who good news that had accompanied the had been an amused listener, "an' git up a law to pen up mad dogs at the "Yes, I see things somewhat differ dangerous part of the yeer. Alf, I've

ontly of inte," admitted Miller in an always thought you'd be a' ornament evasive, poncommittal tone, "Dolly to the glddy which down thar. William Barciay opened my eyes, and when was ever bit as green as you are when they were open I saw-well, the good he fust struck the town. But he had qualities of some one else. I may the advantage o' growin' up an' sorter you about her some day, but I shall ipenia' with the place. It ud be hard not now. Get your horse and come to m you at yore time o' life."

At this juncture Alan called their atfiny emergency." ntion to a horseman far down the ord, "it looks like Ray Miller's mare."

he remarked. "This is one of his busy days. He can't be coming to fish." "Railrond news," suggested Abner. "It's a pity you hain't connected by elegraph.

They were all now sure that it was Miller, and with no little curiosity they moved nearer the gate.

"By"gum, he's been givin' his mare the lash," said Abner. "She's fairty kivered with froth."

"Hello, young man?" Alan called out as Millier dismonnted at a hitching post

just outside the fence and fastened his is attorney for the Bishops I have a bridle rein. "Gind to see you. Come from him?"

"I'd find a way," retorted Daniel Miller bowed and smiled as he oper hotly, "so I would." the gate and came forward to shake "We'll do ail we can," said Miller lin rafe.

Daniel strode into the house, and "We are certainly glad you came, Alan wont after his horse. Miller stood at the gate, idly tapping his boot with her quaint cordiality. "Ever since that his whip.

day in the office I've wanted a chance the ulter fertility of the question on his to show you how much we appreciate tongue and turned away. Outside he what you done for us. Brother Ab will

To be Continued.

he won't da."

Can see Miller said nothing for a moment, then: "it's just as had as it could be, my

"And Dolly-does she know?"

peared and Abnor had walked to the

told him of their conversation that

morning, and Alan's face grew tender

"She's a brick," said Miller, "She's

woman I now believe in thoroughly-

and more resigned.

she and one other."

itching post and stood as if thought-

S. Hillshoro, S. T. Bowser, 1964 City of Hillshoro. boy," he said. "I see no reason to Mayor-W. N. Larrett, 19,04. raise false hopes. There is a strong Conneilmen feeling against Craig and no little sus-Max Crandull, 1903. picion owing to the report that he has

Comissioners

E. J. Ward, 1904.

Assessor-G. H. Wilcox, 1906

Surveyor-A. A. Morrill, 1904. Supt. Schools-H. A. Bail, 1904.

roner-Dr. C. L. Large, 1904.

N. Hilldoro, H. T. Bagley, 1901. S. Hilldoro, Benton Bowman, 1904.

Hillsboro, E. B. Sappington, special.

E. C. Brown, 1963. E.I. Schulmerich, 1903, J. W. Morgan, 1901. C. E. Beckwith, 1904. L. A. Royd, 1904 Marshal-Wm Atkinson 1903.

Attorney-Benton Bowman, 1903.

PERILAND MARKETS.

Wheat-Walla Walla, 78c; bluestena

82c; valley, 80c. Flour-best grades, \$3.60 @3.85 per-barrel; graham, \$3.35 @\$3.75. Oats-No.1 white, \$1.07@\$1.10; gray

\$1 05 per cental?

Barley-Feed, \$20 per ton ; brewing\$21 died, \$21, 21 50 per ton. "Thank you, but I must hurry right

Millstuffs-Bran, \$23 a ten; middling; \$27; shorts, \$23; chop, \$18. Hay-Timothy, old \$20; new \$14 6:15;

clover, nominal; grain, \$12; cheat, non

Butter-Fancy crannery, 20(+22)c per fully inspecting Miller's mare. Miller da. y, nominal ; store, 16eel17 perpound Egga-Oregon ranch, 19 a god, Cheese-Full cream twine, 14 a Her:

Young American, Use per posind ; factory 16814c lees.

Poultry-Chickens, mixed, Horitke per lb, hense 114 (* 12c, broilers 2 a dozen ; fryers, 14 (* 15c, ducks, 4* 4 50 per doz ; ese 56r6 50, turkeys, live 106612c per ound.

Hoge-Gross, heavy \$5.20005-75; ressed, 75ge per pound. Vent-Small, Sc per pound; large, 600 lige per pound.

Beel-Gross to: steers, \$3.75664.25; Hops-176618c per pound. Wool-Valley176618c;Eastorn Oregon,

2@15: mohair, 35@37]e per pound. Potatoes-Oregon 75@80c per ack

Onions-Silverskins 1 15621 25 ; er sack

