"I don't know," and Mr. Plunket sat back thoughtfully crossing his legs, "but it seems to me that strong speech of Lemaire's coming so closely upon Miriam's denunciation takes the ginger out of Miss Stone's lines. Tone that down. Murray, or hold it back a bit."

The rehearsal of "The World's Way" was on. Raw gaslight flooded the stage and showed the auditorium beyond, a shadowy pit that echoed every word. Tom stood near the manager, the prompt book in his hand, interlining it with new suggestions for stage business and sometimes altering a line to be more effective

He was accustomed to the theatre by this time. For two weeks he had been coming and going, spending much of his time among scene painters and holding long interviews with the manager. He no longer felt resentful at hearing the text slurred at rehearsals and only the cues given with distinctness. He was accustomed to seeing the players go through the "business" like automatons, and climaxes his heart had stood still in creating arranged with mechanical ex-

actness.

The skeleton of the players' craft mor-the hardship and disillusion, were all familiar now

The days were too short for all he midnight before he thought of returning to Chelsea square.

a vague, happy way she understood that expressi even that must remain abeyant to the

success of his play.

Offtimes the thought that it might fail gave him a soul sickness that imbittered his food and kept sleep away. It was not enough to hear it praised and | lenge?" feel its reality himself. The final verupon its mood. What this would be hand of plays teeming with promise that board, of others of only doubtful value

Doubt left him no peace, and the first with every sense quivering and alert. Behind the scenes the air was freighted gleams of excitement flickered in his fair play." eyes, nervous tremors ran through his blood, and behind an easy smile his teeth carnestness, suggesting a deeply rooted, freely until the first act was over.

up he peeped over the gasman's shoulder ribs. and looked eagerly at the upper right hand box. He saw Mr. Kent first, stand- and found Delatole critically examining ing well in front leisurely surveying the him. house through an opera glass as famil-

a burning pink.

A tenderness swept over his heart, and triumphant above every other feeling. 'Tom," whose every hope was at stake?

Perhaps as they went home he might whisper those three words that hold imprisoned in their small circle the harmony of the world. He might tell her in the crowded car, or for a moment before parting in the hall. It mattered not how or where if only he received in a word the assurance of the belief that she loved him.

The first few moments following the tinkle of the bell he never remembered clearly. Save for the rustle of the prompter's book there was absolute silence behind the scenes. The house was as still. On the hush voices swept to him speaking the words he knew by heart. The music commenced faintly like the distant sob of waves-a swaying melody painful and sweet. Tom dared to lift his eyes and watch the scene; then by degrees the painful sense of trepidation left him, for this was the pregnant action he had dreamed of. These were the words fire laden, scorch ing, living-the passion that had put on the garb of reality-the humor, sweet, surprising and irresistible. Sometimes a gust of laughter swept over the house. intermittent applause that showed crit ical appreciation, or dead, absorbed si-

But when the curtain fell a sound like a thunderbolt leaped across the footlights and made the scenery quake. It sank only to revive again, its clamor swelling like a storm at its culmina tion. Ah, then he seemed lifted up. The sound made him sick with delight. His hour had struck

The players stood around him, a flushed, triumphant group.

Went swimmingly. Every line told.

I never played to a warmer house."

Words like these and the persistent applause followed him down the nar row passage to the street. He wanted to feel alone for a little while the rapture of triumph. They lied who said that hope was a fallacy, life a failure. The world had widened and grown so fair. The years teemed with rosy pos sibilities, mystic, beckoning. His heart was full with a rush of joy.

It seemed to him there never was a fairer night than this, which marked the first important ascent in his life. Frost glittered on the pavements like pale dust. The rays of the moon blanched window panes into squares of pearl and sketched the outlines of chimneys and doorposts in fanciful black angles.

As he strode along his blood tingled in the seductive confusion of a dream where passion and triumph walked hand in hand. Virginia—he loved her so! She was so necessary to him. He would make up for all she suffered now. Ah, would he not? It would be sweet to lavish upon her the dainties and elegancies that all women love. She should have done all women love. She should have done with pinching and worry in that happy ed the leading actors, the manager and

having walked.

At the box office the manager stood chatting with some friends. A low, thick laugh gurgled from his lips; his face was radiant. Everything about him told of a crowded house and big box office receipts. He saw Tom and beck-

wave of his white hands. He was a large man, red faced, pale haired, one who had always a genuine welcome for himself, and whose every action was climatic. If he were only offering a cigarette, he plunged into his pocket with an air of mystery and

brought forth a triumphant surprise. "You stole away from us all after the depressing chill. making the biggest hit I've seen in 15 years. Come, come, that will never do. said, with a heavy sigh, as she fell asleen You want to pull yourself together, youngster, and get cheeky, for you'll have to face the crowd by and by.'

"Face the crowd? You don't mean"-"Yes. I do. They'll call for you. Then you'll go out with a pretty speech, and all the girls will fall in love with you. The last is most important, by the way. friends of mine. It will be well for you without the simulated passion and hu- It will bring crowded matinees. The to know them." 'em, my boy; you'll please 'em."

o Chelsea square.

The interrupted avowal of his love to joining. Then his face grew suddenly tremors of ecstacy passed over him as if he had drunk the distilled witchcraft of Virginia had not been finished. But in | chasing the lazy good humor from his | the moonlight. The artistic world was

dict must come from the crowd, the tle flattery goes a long way with him. he had looked at then? vague mass called the public, depending If he likes you personally, the dictionary who could foretell? He heard on every his praise. If he doesn't, he can do the understood all that the joyous inflection wet blanket business in the most exhad gone down like ships at sea with quisite diction you ever read. Ask him flags flying and cargoes of gems on to supper. Cultivate him. He's a bit of a schemer, two faced as they make "What do you think of the play? Some ned against one of the wings wait- | you'll do us justice. As I was just saying. He could do no more. Opallike ing to Murray, he can rely on you for

were clinched. He could not breathe long tried considence, but was accompanied by a thumb thrust that left an Five minutes before the curtain went aching memory in the region of Tom's

He moved from the thumb's vicinity

So this was Delatole, the feared, the iarly as if boxes on first nights were brilliant, the applauded. The very chilquite everyday matters.

A little more in shadow sat Virginia. dren were familiar with his name. Essays, poems, reviews, had trickled from Tom scarcely knew her in the new gray his untiring pen in crystalline phrases, gown and the feathered hat with bent | the pattering music of a mandolin in their rim. How pretty she was! Happiness light swing. He had been pioneer in rewas a tonic that had softened every forms in the political, social and ethical pain in the place where my heart used curve of her face. Her eyes, dilated to centers of the country. But he was best a starry radiance, rested dreamily on the known as a dramatic critic, a mechanic | The Challenge tomorrow. I went out still undrawn curtain. Her cheeks were of verbal eccentricities that surprised during the act and dashed off a criticism the memory and could not be forgotten. the thought of all she was to him rose With his pen he let out the blood in the Was it not good to know that one in those that won him wove in one magical that crowded house was thinking with sentence a verbal crown of flowers lantenderness of him, not as the new dram-stist making a bid for fame, but just as guidly sweet and penetrating as a fall of happy tears. This was Delatole, the author, the poet realist of theater lobbies.



The man at first glance was disaphim only a little older than himself, resists light. A sardonic flippancy had Virginia." curled his upper lip to one side.

veloping him like a blanket, Tom no-ticed it was pale and forceless as the hand of a delicate woman, the tips of me," said Tom. And then, morbidly the fingers senna brown from the use of fearful of appearing sentimental, he re

"I've been looking for you. I wanted a word with you," he said, tone and no need of one. glance connoisseurlike. "Is it true 'The World's Way' is your first play?"

As Tom spoke he felt the sensitive pleasure all who first came in contact with Delatole experienced in some degree. The restful assurance of his manner, the flashes of his shrewd eyes, the musical, drawling voice, were all insinu-atingly attractive to Tom and filled him then I knew the difference. Poverty with admiration. By comparison he felt himself too brusque, too impetuous, almost an artless savage.

"You interest me," said Delatole. "I must have you tell me more of yourself. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, New York won't be averse to hearing a little about you tomorrow. After the play, if you've better on hand, suppose you

ly paused to hear Tom's murmured acceptance. It was a foregone conclusion that a new author would not dream of refusing Anthony Delatole.

lastly the author. Virginia gave a little alert attention. He thought of his ex-

voice across the footlights, a tear did fall on the new pearl colored gloves.

him. It was worth having lived for that

He was waiting outside the theater. but only to say he could not return with He's quite capable of making a fool her, and he introduced Delatole, who stood by, his chin luxuriously buried in

Before turning away he managed to say in a low voice: 'Have I justified your belief in me, Virginia? Tell me that."
"You need not ask. The public has

answered, but in case you doubt let me tell you I wanted to hug the audience en masse, and-just look at my He left her laughing and half looking

brilliant man on this happy night. But something cold fell upon her heart as in "Shy, are you?" he asked, with a rolcrossing the street she turned her head licking wag of his head, an expanding and saw Tom striding away in the shower of moonlight by his new friend's side. It was a foolish, womanly apprehension without root or reason, such as, born in the darkness, die in the morning. Fight it as she would, however, it came back and clung to her as the dampness clings to the walls of a sunless room until every semblance of cheer died under

"It will be different tomorrow," she

CHAPTER VI. "We won't dine tete-a-tete," said Delatole, with a dry smile, as he led Tom across Madison square. "I'm going to have you meet some other fellows,

women keep the theaters going, just as And he ran over a list of names, all they elect the presidents. They're the familiar to Tom and young, like himself ones you want to please. You'll please -artists, writers, painters and wealthy dilettanti. His heart grew large with He laughed knowingly, his friends pride. He tingled with anticipation, and his to enter, and Delatole, a leader, was 'Here's Delatole. Be nice to him, holding the door open for him. Like a and he'll make your fortune doubly companion picture in shadow rose the sure. I heard him asking for you amin- memory of the night when he walked alone in the rain in the sore travail of "Delatole? The critic on The Chal- spirit out of which this first success was Was he that man? Was the illu-"The same. See here, Murray. Alit- minated blue above him the same sky

"It's so awfully good of you to give me doesn't hold words strong enough for this opportunity," he said, and Delatole

in his voice expressed. There was not much about the ingennous young fellow beside him that Delatole did not shrewdly understand. It was that had made fortunes and established em, and I wouldn't trust him around the corner—no, not around the corner.

his custom to study the people he met the corner.

and adapt them if possible to his requirements of the moment. He used his night of "The World's Way" found him | very man we want to see," he cried as | friends. When they tired of serving him, the newcomer strolled up to them. he turned his secret enmity to account whenever opportunity offered by makpeeping, speculating except Tom, and he leaned against one of the wings wait. to his fame. How Murray could serve him he had not yet determined, but his gratitude was what he wanted. Such fresh and promising material, which would easily receive whatever impress he might place upon it, was not met with

"Oh, you needn't thank me, Murray," he said, with his acid smile and shivering even in the depths of his cumbersome coat as an icy wind swept across the square: I'm a little bit proud of this chance to take you up. You mustn't be too modest. You are a success. You've written a play that's caught the town-a play that will live. How you did it is a mystery to me. You haven't lived long enough to know the awful truth of all you've said. Once or twice there was a to be. Read what I've said of you in and dazzled. His paragraphs lingered in in a beer saloon. In a few days I'll go into the subject at some length, andwell, you'll see! But tell me now how veins of the plays he condemned, and for those that won him wove in one magical thing of a problem to me."

"I haven't known much life," said stand this game in which as yet I've scarcely taken a hand. Somehow I seem to know how I would suffer under the stress of the temptation I described. Some of the words burned me as I wrote them. I lived in the scene. Within my own consciousness I loved, struggled, fell and repented with my hero."

"Go on. Ilike to hear you. You sounded the depths of your emotional possibilities before the water was troubled. I understand. The plummet went to a lark depth to have given you even a shadowy insight into such intensely human mistakes and pain. Think of it, by Jove! You who've hardly known a sorrow made the women weep! And that small, pale ray of promise at the end was

masterly."

Tom felt a nearness to this stranger, almost an affection, as he listened. By degrees his uneventful history was won from him. He felt a little abashed at its nothingness, the narrative of days flow ing quietly in an unfashionable neighporhood and his almost friendless condi-

pointing. Tom had fancied him gray and dignified, his eyes heavy with the disillusion of life, but instead he found know few people in New York. I didn't care for the fellows in college. My fasmall and pompous in bearing. His ther died four months ago. That was spare face was sallow and ended in a my first grief, as I don't remember my pointed black beard. His eyes were mother at all. I would often have felt hollow and of that dense blackness that desperately lonely if it had not been for

'The girl I met tonight? Ah, yes. As he languidly drew one hand from the pocket of the great, shaggy coat enforced friend, I should think, for a fellow like

you."
"You don't know what she's been to lapsed into silence. Delatole asked no question. There was

"Isn't it strange," said Tom after a orld's Way' is your first play?"
"The first that has not died almost at tht."
pause filled only with the crunch of their footsteps on the frost hardened snow, "I used to think myself awfully wretched and forsaken sometimes? I had an arrogant idea that I was the most abused fellow in New York. But after I had grouped my characters and grew to know their imagined faces, after I had and the small perplexities of my life lost their sting when I faced the picture of a stricken soul of my own creating. No.

I can never be bitter or discontented

again. I have learned a new and sweet philosophy—to accept the littlenesses of life gladly, if only peace go with them."

Delatole's eyes were fixed upon him now. The burning end of the cigar become and sup with me."

The act had commenced, and he scarcely paused to hear Tom's murmured action. The dreaminess softening it, the lingering tenderness with which he spoke the last slow words, told his companion that what he had half divined before was true-if Murray had not lived, at least

A species of envy mixed with Delatole's Wonderful visions these, which Tom excited sob in her must as she listened to the hoarse, irregular cry. They wanted less, they broyed his spirit and beckoned him on.

lastly the author. Virginia gaves little excited sob in her must as she listened to the hoarse, irregular cry. They wanted Tom. Oh, to think of it! They were calling for him as for a victor. Her What would he not give to have been to have the work of the paded commonplace which even the best and brightest in life had become to him. What would he not give to have been the paded commonplace which even the best and brightest in life had become to him. When he reached the theater, the second act was over. He felt a little tired, and his breath came fast, yet in his example an expectant hush awaiting his words:

heart throbbed exultantly under a presched the youth of heart he saw in Tom's eyes?

"Fresh for the feast with spurs valuable and expectant hush awaiting his words:

haps the first. And he is so untried he doesn't know he has cause to cry aloud As he retreated amid more "bravos" and beat his hands for joy. It won't and hand clapping he sent her a glowing glance, and she waved her hand to life has left a bitter taste in his mouth. he will remember with wonder and longing that he once thought one particula woman worth this impulsive worship himself. I know the tone. I know the look. So her name's Virginia, and she's been much to him? But I needn't laugh. Was I not just such a deliriously happy

They had reached a broad, windswept street that crossed Madison avenue not far above the square, and Delatole turned

"You have heard of Max Glendenning of course. He leaves for Japan tomor row and gives a farewell hurran tomorrow and gives a farewell hurran tonight.

Quite informal, you know. Meats on
the sideboard, help vorceals sideboard, help yourself, come and go as you please, plenty to drink, some good stories, some pretty women. Any friend of mine is his. We were chums, had chambers together and lived a free ideal existence until"-and a savage snee twisted Delatole's lip still farther side—"he went down before Madeline Sorel, the burlesque woman. I never saw a man so madly in love. She kep running after him, too, making herself confoundedly at home in our quarters with her rouge, her songs and her ciga-rettes. I wouldn't stand it. We split and parted irrevocably, but with no hard words. He'll marry her yet-the fellows are making bets on it-and when he does-bah!" Delatole stood still in the street. "Have you ever thought, my young friend, to what lengths a man's nfatuation for a woman may lead him? Raising his elbow he lowered his extend ed index finger with a jerk, "Straight down. There's no help for him." "A woman like that!" exclaimed Tom.

with sweeping disgust. "Any woman, if she becomes neces sary to him, can kill ambition in an artist. Perhaps she does it with sugared poison, but the dose is sure. Oh, don't suppose I haven't loved romantically wildly, and not a woman of the Sorel type either. The girl who fired my heart it seems a century ago—was a lovely little thing with heavenly eyes, and I used to sing hymns with her. When she sent me a little note as sweet as her-



Delatole paused and abruptly laid his hand on Tom's shoulder. self telling me she had flung me over for a rich fellow, I almost lost my mind Ah, but that blo saved me. If I met her today, I'd that her for it. Look at Glendenning. Nature intended him for a painter. Riches at first stood in his way. Necessity did not drive him, whip in hand. Pleasure in art was his only incentive. Even so, he did good work Some day he would have done great work. That's all over now. He is under a spell. What does it matter if the woman who weaves it is unfit to tie his shoes? It's the absorption of love I'm speaking of-good, bad or indifferent. Once you surrender to an influence stronger than the charm of creation the weaken, the artist be lost.

Tom blew a cloud of smoke into the air and remained silent. The words had startled and shocked him a little. They set a new circle of impressions moving in his brain. Could love wield a weakening influence? Was it not love-passionate love-which had taught him to

"Here we are." And Delatole stopped at a house.

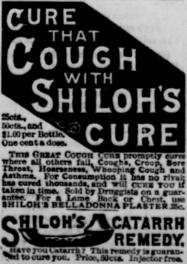
It was square, solid, chocolate colored. capped by the sky's frosty blue. Half a dozen cabs stood at the door. A great jutting window on the second story was flooded with rose colored light. Half way up the high flight of steps Delatole paused and abruptly laid his hand on Tom's shoulder: "Look here. Now you mustn't think

me officious, you know. You mustn't, for you know I like you, Murray, and I always speak my mind. I'm frank some times to rudeness. You won't be angry?"
"I'm sure I won't. But if I can't accept your biting skepticism you mustn' blame me. Are you going to tell me not to fall in love?" And throwing away his cigar Tom feigned a careless laugh and met his companion's alert, seriou

"You regard me as a cynic who reviles romance because he has lost the power of feeling it, but you're wrong. I reason looking backward with a horribly clear vision, and I see how love becom weariness, a curse or a farce. You hope dream and revel in a glorified haze. Now I have the most profound respect for youthful enthusiasm. I hate to try to brush it away; it is a beautiful thing! But it has caused more irretrievable mistakes than any other species of delusion I know of. Be careful; oh, be careful. You have made a brilliant start. If you don't wan't to plunge like a meteor into darkness and be remembered only as one who perished gloriously, keep yourself unshackled. I've done now.

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NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned as sheriff of Yamhill county, State of Oregon, will, by virtue of a writ of execution duly issued out of the Circuit court of said county and state, bearing date of October 23, 1898, and to me directed, upon and to enforce that certain decree of foreclosure and sale made on the 26th day of September, 1813, by said court in that certain suit wherein Andrew Full and George Trunk were plaintifts and William Bond, Hannah Bond, W. T. Shurtleff, Alice O. Shurtleff, Milton Haupton, Mrs., Milton Hampton, J. D. Nash, F. B. V. Nash, J. A. Arment, Mrs. J. A. Armeet, Henry L. Clark, Geo. L. Simonds, Elmer P. Dixon, Wilee B. Hastings, J. C. Morris, F. R. McDonald and Yamhill county, Oregon, were defendants, whereby it was decreed by said court that said plaintiffs recover, from the defendants, William Bond and Hannah Bond, in United States gold coin, the sum of four thousand and forty-nine dollars and 25 cents. (34 00.25). J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St. Sharps-burg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, cough and colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, Cookspert, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for lung trouble- Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at Rogers Bros. drug store. Large bottles at Rogers Bros. drug store. Large bottles to the sum of the property hereinafter described, be sold, according to law, to obtain funds with which to satisfy said decree, costs' and accruing costs, at the courthouse door in McMinnville. In said county and state, on the 25th day of November, A. D. 1833, at the hour of eleven decree, costs' and accruing costs, at the courthouse door in McMinnville, in said county and state, on the 25th day of November, A. D. 1833, at the hour of eleven o'clock a, m, of said day, sell at public anction for eash in United States gold coin, the following described real premises, towit: The donation land claim of Edward R. Geary and Nancy M. Geary his wife, claim Nos. 62 and 65, notification No. 1176 in townships 3 and 4 south of range 3 W. of the Willamette meridian, in Yamhill county, and state of Oregon, containing 320-92 acres of land (saving and excepting from said premises 80 acres thereof heretofore conveyed to Herman and Annie Kramer by deed recorded on pages 88 and 89 of book. "S" of the records of deeds of said county, and excepting, also, from said premises to be sold, as aforesaid, lots 19, 20, 21 and 25 of what is known as Fruitvale Subdivision of land as described on the recorded plat of said subdivision in the public records of said Yamhill county, said lots having been released from the fleen of the mortgage deed foreclosed in said suit, and that said real premises will be sold by me at said time and place and upon the terms stated to satisfy said execution and said decree. Dated October 25, 1898. W. L. WARREN.

Sheriff of said County.



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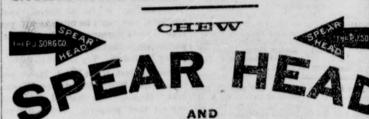
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