

KAY & TODD

KAY & TODD, THIRD STREET, McMINNVILLE.

Are now receiving their New Stock of Spring Goods, and have reduced the price on all goods on hand, so will sell good, stylish

CLOTHING AT HARD TIMES PRICES!

Look at those

FIVE, LIFE-SIZE CRAYON PICTURES

In their show window, which are given away

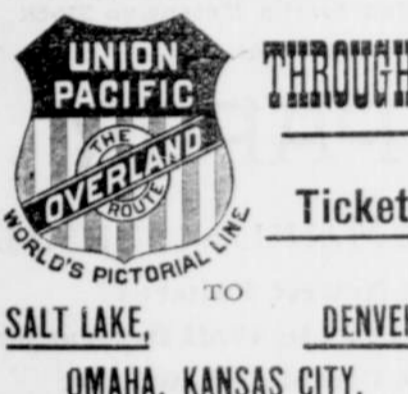
With Every \$25 Worth of Goods Bought at Their Store.

Call and get particulars. Don't fail to see our NEW SPRING STOCK, and Get Prices Before Buying.

Those Pimples

Are tell-tale symptoms that your blood is not right—full of impurities, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter, cleanse the blood thoroughly, and give a clear, and entirely harmless.

Chas. Heaton, 71 Laurel Street, Philadelphia, says: "I have had for years a humor in my blood which made me dread to show my face, as small boils and pimples would be sure to appear, causing aching and a great annoyance. After taking three bottles of S. S. S. I was free from all such troubles and my face is now as clear as a bell."



UNION PACIFIC THROUGH TICKETS
SALT LAKE, DENVER, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, AND ALL EASTERN CITIES.

31 Days to Chicago

The Quickest to Chicago and the East. Quicker to Omaha and Kansas City.

Pullman and Tourist Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Dining Cars.

EAST AND SOUTH VIA SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

The Shasta Route OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily

Through Tickets to all points in Eastern States, Canada and Mexico.

LOCAL DIRECTORY

CHURCHES
Baptist—Services Sunday 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 9:50 a. m.; the young people's society 6:15 p. m.; Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m.; Covenant meeting first Sat. each month 2:00 p. m.
Chas. L. BOWMAN, Pastor.

METHODIST—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 9:30 a. m.; Prayer meeting 7:00 p. m.; Thursday, S. E. MEMPHIS, Pastor.

CORVALLIS—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 9:30 a. m.; Y. P. C. E., Sunday 6:30 p. m.; Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p. m.
W. H. JOSE, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 9:30 a. m.; Young people's meeting 8:30 p. m.; H. A. DESTON, Pastor.

S. JAMES CATHOLIC—First St., between 61 and 62nd Sunday school 2:30 p. m.; Vespers 7:30. Services once a month.
W. R. HOGAN, Pastor.

SECRET ORDERS
KNIGHTS CHAPTER No. 12, O. E. S.—Meets at Masonic hall the first and third Monday evening in each month. Visiting members cordially invited. All members of the order are urged to attend.
MRS. H. L. HEATH, W. M.

CERES Post No. 9—Meets the second and fourth Sunday of each month in Union hall 7:30 p. m. on second Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on 4th Saturday. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend our meetings.
J. A. PECKHAM, A. G. L.

W. C. T. U.—Meets on every Friday, in Wright's hall at 3 o'clock p. m.
L. T. LATHROP, Sec'y.

CLARA G. ESSON, Sec'y.

A FIGHT FOR MILLIONS

By JOAN J. McMINN

Inez loved Dr. Leland. There was a tenderness in his words and actions that her that evidenced reciprocity of feeling. There was much in common between them in their tastes, outside of the peculiarities of his professional researches, that brought them together in conversation and exalted each in the other's view. There was a mutual love for certain pursuits, and just as men or women, separate or jointly, begot from enthusiasm in one work—work agreeable and commanding united allegiance and regard for one another, so did these young people draw closer and grow more dear to each other. Beyond that, they had a special cause for mutual esteem—building from an insight into each other's character an ideal that had a vivid personality typified in the pictures each saw while looking at the other.

"I have brought you news of your friend, Miss Le Clair," said Dr. Leland to Inez as he entered.
"Have you?" she exclaimed delightedly. "Oh, I'm so glad. How is she? Was it Mr. Mangan who brought it? Oh, I wish I could see her! Tell me how she is."
"You will not let me," said Dr. Leland. "I'll be so quiet. Go on."
"She is well. But he didn't see her when he left. Do you know they have quarreled?"
"Oh, no; they couldn't. She thought so much of him."
"You cannot account for it?"
"No; but why did he tell you this? Is he his sister?"
"I'll answer later. Do you know who Isabel Le Clair is?"
"I fancy she is some relation to the mother superior of the convent of Mercy, but I never inquired."

"She is my sister."
"What! Your sister?"
"Yes. It is a long story. We were parted when young, and circumstances kept me ignorant of the other's existence. Mr. Mangan will bring us together."
"And he and Isabel part?"
"I hope not. We shall see, but I judge it will be hard to induce him to return. I can see that he is not willing to make advances since her position is to cease to be dependent."
"I can tell him something. I know how much she cares for him. And just think we shall all go home together!"
Dr. Leland said nothing. He had, in many little ways, tried to suggest to her the impossibility of her brother's return. Mortimer had contracted influenza pneumonia on the journey—making pneumonia, some physicians term it. From the fact that its germs imperceptibly develop and give no outward sign of their annihilating influence until they have entrenched themselves in the system and combined to leave the victim almost at the first onslaught.

Inez attributed his silence to the respect suggested in the strange revelation he had received from Mangan. In reality, however, she was concealing her expectations and hesitated to make known the truth—that her brother would soon be summoned to appear before the tribunal of the Most High.
"How is your brother today?" he asked, turning from the subject of the homeward journey.
"He seems to me to be better, but the nurse shakes her head when I say so."
"I'm afraid, if the nurse doesn't agree with you, that you are wrong. I hope not, though. I'll go in and see him."

In a few minutes Dr. Leland and Philip Mortimer were alone. The physician saw that the sick man's vitality was rapidly ebbing and that his hours were numbered. The breathing was more laborious, and each word of the greeting to the doctor was punctuated by asthmatical interruptions.
"Philip," said the physician, who had become friendly with his patient, "did you see the clergyman I sent here today? He came as the pastor of this parish, and Inez has not suspected, he tells me, that what I have told you cannot be concealed from her. You will soon leave us all. Have you been prepared?"
"I am ready; but, oh, what would I not give to be able to go back with you!"
"The words came slowly. The doctor took Mortimer's right hand and held it. "Everything will be all right, Philip."

"And you'll care for Inez?"
"I'll care for her. It is best."
"I will. Mangan has arrived. He knows all. He has found my sister. She is known to you as Isabel Le Clair."
Dr. Leland volunteered all this to spare the energy of the dying man, who would be sure to ask questions on all these points.
"That's good. I would like to see him."
"He will be here later. I'll call Inez."
Dr. Leland left the sickroom and sent the nurse to notify the clerk that Lawrence Mangan, when called, should be sent up to the Mortimer apartments. Then, turning to Inez, he said:
"I must ask you to be brave. A change for the worse has taken place. The long neglect of myself has sapped your brother's energy, and he cannot combat the disease. For his sake bear up. He wants to see you."
"It is not worth, then?"
"It will be prolonged. His suffering will not be worst."
"The curtains of night were drawing

closer, and the rooms were growing darker. The doctor reached up to the electric chandelier in passing, and the light soon streamed down through the tinted globe—a mellowed, subdued and harmonious radiance.
Dr. Leland and Inez entered together. She went to Philip's bedside, fell down on her knees, put her arms around his neck and kissed him. He felt the warm tears on his cheek.
"Don't cry, Inez," he said. "It is all for the best."
"Oh, Philip, don't talk that way! God will spare you."
"No, Inez, Dr. Leland will tell you."
"Oh, doctor, is it true?" she implored.
"Too true," he answered as he also knelt down, appearing to feel the pulse of the dying man, but really to be near him in consolation.

Mortimer moved the other hand until he had brought it to his sister's. He placed hers in the doctor's, and instinctively they looked at each other, then came down their glances on the hands on which Mortimer's rested.
"Doctor, will you protect her if she will have it so? I know she loves you," said Mortimer. "Am I right, Inez?"
The head was still bowed, and no response came. While her brother asked the question, the doctor's hand pressed hers. For answer, she returned the pressure, and the quick, impressive sense of the dying man noticed the contact and understood the meaning so delicately conveyed.
"Let not my death deter the realization of your happiness," said Mortimer.

Talking was becoming painful to him. The thirst that comes upon one dying from pneumonia, Mortimer was afflicted with annoyed him. The nurse was near, wetting his parched lips with champagne or helping him to small drafts.
A tap on the door started them. In the stillness of this scene the sound came like the rapping of the messenger of death.
"It is Mangan," said Dr. Leland. "Nurse, admit him. Inez and I were unprepared for the scene before him. Inez buried her face in the pillow and sobbed aloud. Mortimer's hand raised perceptibly. He was no longer able to hold up his head. He lay back in his bed, and the nurse advanced to the bedside, took the hand and said:
"Philip, I'm sorry."

"Forgive me," begged the dying man.
"I've nothing to forgive," said Mangan. "Don't give way. You may pull through yet."
Mortimer shook his head. His voice was growing fainter. He motioned to Mangan to bend lower, and the newspaper man complied.
"In my old diary at home is a diary kept by my friend with whom Raymond and I studied. On his deathbed

"It is all the evidence required. But how do you account for the failure to carry out my father's wishes?"
"Raymond was about 23 years old then," said Mangan. "He transacted business under this old man's direction. He saw that his father was failing, and he put the matter off. He knows of you, you may rest assured. He also knows of your sister Is. He has kept track of you both, and he had this delinquent tax law passed to get control of your sister's property as well as the property of others, no doubt."
"What do you suggest?"
"Tomorrow we will visit the office of the registrar of arrears, see what taxes are due and propose to redeem it from Raymond. Take my word, with the knowledge we possess, he will sign it over and not even ask the bonus and interest he is entitled to by law. The will be destroyed, no doubt, and much trouble can be avoided by taking possession under the delinquent tax law, without entering the surrogate's court. Get a quit claim from Raymond. But, after all, he may fight."

Next day, early in the afternoon, Dr. Leland and Mangan went to the office of the registrar of arrears. When they entered, Registrar Black and his clerks looked at Mangan in surprise. The registrar said:
"Gracious, Mr. Mangan, is that you?"
"Of course it is I. You didn't think

it was my astral body, did you?"
"No, but I thought it was your ghost."
"My ghost?"
"Yes. Didn't you read the account of your suicide?"
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He brought over a file of The Trumpet kept in the office for reference to the advertisements of the departments, and Mangan read the story. It contained eulogistic references to his ability and speculations as to the probable cause of his alleged self destruction.
"I'm one of the few men who have had the distinction of reading his own obituary. I suppose people who know nothing of him say from the way they see me on the streets."
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"Mr. Mangan, that brought me trouble before. Please don't ask me. Raymond was very angry."
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"He is getting married today," replied the registrar. "Quietly, of course. I happened to know it as I made some purchases and arrangements. This is confidential, of course, and I know you will not use it. You have the reputation of preserving confidences."
"Yes, that obituary says," laughed Mangan. "Doctor, I guess I'll live up to the reputation," he added, turning to the physician.
"But," he continued, looking up at Black, "he's not marrying for love, unless it is love for money. The idea of Raymond entering the matrimonial list! Ha! Ha! What a joke!"
"It is no joke," said Registrar Black. "It is a fact. He is being married. He is not marrying for money. Why, it is a poor girl from the convent of Mercy. Isabel Le Clair, her name is."

"What is the meaning of all this?" Mangan asked.
"It means first that I am still alive. Again, that this man is a scoundrel trying to insure an innocent girl. The rest you will learn if you listen."
"I ought to kill you," said Dr. Leland, advancing toward the politician, but Mangan again motioned him to silence, and he obeyed.
"And who are you, pray?" asked Raymond of the doctor, his boldness re-asserting itself.
"His name is George Leland," said Mangan. "He is the brother of her whom you schemed to make your bride."
Raymond fairly jumped from his seat. The priest, who stood near him, placed his hands on his shoulder and pressed him back to the chair, foreseeing that more startling revelations were to follow.
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"We have here the beneficiary evidence of your perjury, taken from the private diary of your benefactor, whose trust you have betrayed. This property should have paid these taxes. Its owners must not suffer for your misdoings."
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"Then I'll leave at once," said Mangan. "If you do."
"Do as you please, then," was the doctor's remark. "I would not lose you for the whole estate."
Raymond looked at the three men. He reached for a pen, and the priest interposed:
"I cannot allow this," said he. "Why should he do it?"
"The estate belongs to the woman he married. It is his duty to pay it." "It covers the ground of the park estate. He has secured it by improper means, and fearing he might lose it sought to gain control of its owner. You will know the details later."
"Is this honest and just?" asked the priest. "I'll believe you. Tell me."
"It is."
"All right, then."
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"I will go over to the convent," said the chaplain, "and prepare them to receive you. But, Mangan, we all thought you were dead."
"I have been in Denver. Mother St. Gertrude will understand. We will follow you over in a little while. This is one of Raymond's moves we arrived in time to checkmate."
Shortly after he had left the two proceeded to the convent. The priest had explained all to Mother St. Gertrude, and she was awaiting them. But for the habit she wore, she would have been Mangan. Her joy was unmistakable, and Dr. Leland, as he received her welcome, read her kindly nature, at once concluded that his sister had not been reared or taught by an un-

religiously carried out.
Mangan, on the way up, had thought it most likely that the marriage would be performed in the rectory. The car ran past the door on its way to an adjoining country town. Dr. Leland and he alighted, ran up the steps, rushed in, and Raymond and the priest came out, expecting the bride's arrival. Both started back. It was Mangan's presence that surprised them. The priest believed him to be dead; Raymond deemed he had been frightened away. His appearance upset both.
"Has he been married?" asked Mangan breathlessly, pointing to Raymond.
"No," answered the priest. "Where have you come from, in God's name?"
"There was no reply. Mangan defined by him like an electric flash, his right hand struck out, and Raymond lay prostrate on the floor.
"It is my turn now, Raymond," said Mangan.
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"You'll soon know," was the reply as Mangan placed his hand on Dr. Leland to restrain him from following the example set by himself.
Raymond arose and covered beneath the glances of the two visitors. The

minutes passed that dragged like hours. Mother St. Gertrude appeared at last, preceding Isabel, whom she introduced to Dr. Leland without much form.
"Your sister, doctor," she said. They embraced each other, shedding tears of joy, but no word was spoken. Mangan was pleased at the reunion his work had brought about, sharing no loss in this bliss than the sister and brother. Leland, feeling that her coty- was to be inconsiderate of others, and losing his affectionate hold led his sister to Mangan, saying:
"I am selfish."
Mangan looked at Isabel. She held her hand still, forcing that her coty- ment to marry Raymond had been in- construed and that forgiveness would not be extended. Mangan surmised the cause of her diffidence, outstretched his hand and said, "I would not let go of his love simply said."
"What a charm there is to woman in her own name when uttered passionately by the man she loves! The one she loves! The hand of the fair girl raised, and her eyes met his. There was the old glad light in the orbs of each, and the two lovers, united again in spite of the machinelike schemes that had temporarily separated them, quickly bridged the intervening space, and locked in each other's arms forgot every one else, and the world to them was simply the zone of their memory and their thought.

"I will never forget you or your convent. Now that we are alone, however, I want to settle one matter. Can we have a double wedding tomorrow?"
"A double wedding?" repeated the priest and nun almost simultaneously.
"Yes."
"Who are the couples?" asked the priest.
"Well, Isabel and Mangan, and a Miss Mortimer and myself."
"Knowing the circumstances so well, I think it can be done."

"I would have it so. It will end all misgivings, restore peace and that sense of security essential to Isabel—to us all, let us say, at this time. The vitality of the man Raymond surpasses everything I have ever heard of."
"And he appeared to be so generous and so friendly," remarked the nun.
"Leave him to God," said the priest. Let the past remain buried."

CHAPTER XIX.
OLD LOVE GETS A NEW LIFE.
When the priest, nun and physician returned, announced the programme to the lovers and their wishes, Mangan turned inquiringly to Isabel, whose eyes expressed her happiness at the suggestion of the ceremony that would end all doubt and unite her for her lover and her friend in the same holy sacrament. The brother stepped forward and kissed her, then to the priest said:
"You can proceed."
"Oh, there is Inez Mortimer," exclaimed Isabel as she saw through the doorway her old classmate and friend coming up the courtyard. "I'm so glad to see her," she said as she ran out to open the door and bid her welcome.

"We expected her to come here and prepare you for us," said Lawrence, addressing Mother St. Gertrude. "It seems we have prepared the way for her."
Inez seemed surprised when Dr. Leland appeared, and that quickly dawned upon her that the services she had come to perform were unnecessary. Mangan advanced until he stood at Isabel's side, and Inez looked at both and kissed her old schoolmate, saying:
"I'm so glad."

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.
Raymond was seated in the rectory of the little parish church just across from the convent. There the marriage ceremony was to be performed. Isabel was to come from the convent, attended by the sister of the priest, who was pastor of the little parish and chaplain to the sisters. Raymond had requested the privileges of escorting her from the convent, but Mother St. Gertrude, who had her own ideas of the proprieties, would not tolerate the slightest infringement of the rule that no bride should be escorted by a man but she who had taken vows to the Saviour.
There was a delay. Isabel had been overcome by the sensations of the situation and had fainted. Word had been sent to Raymond that she had recovered and would soon join him. The door of the rectory was ajar, and Raymond was nervously pacing the priest's study, where he had been brought by the clergyman, who wished to inspect the disarrangement that attended the publication of the bans and other formalities incidental to the marriage contract when

before we can reach them! Oh, God, Mangan, can this be true?"
"Here's our car! Hope for the best."
Sentiment had temporarily died in Mangan. The old newspaper instinct to keep cool and rush was his still, just without entering the surrogate's court. Get a quit claim from Raymond. But, after all, he may fight."
When they returned, they said nothing to Inez about their mission. They talked of the prospects that sprang up before all. It was taken as a matter of course that Inez—alone and dependent—would consent to an early marriage, but when they talked of Mangan's love of Isabel he shook his head sadly to imply that it was unrequited.
"Now, I have an idea," suggested Inez. "I will pay a visit to Isabel tomorrow afternoon and find out all about it. But maybe you are going up earlier."
"No," said Dr. Leland. "There are a few matters to be settled first. You go up in the afternoon, tell her of your brother and don't forget to say it was Mangan to whom credit is due for the reunion."
"Never mind that," said Mangan.
"But I will mind it," said Inez. "And so you chatted until the hour came for parting.
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"I am selfish."
Mangan looked at Isabel. She held her hand still, forcing that her coty- ment to marry Raymond had been in- construed and that forgiveness would not be extended. Mangan surmised the cause of her diffidence, outstretched his hand and said, "I would not let go of his love simply said."
"What a charm there is to woman in her own name when uttered passionately by the man she loves! The one she loves! The hand of the fair girl raised, and her eyes met his. There was the old glad light in the orbs of each, and the two lovers, united again in spite of the machinelike schemes that had temporarily separated them, quickly bridged the intervening space, and locked in each other's arms forgot every one else, and the world to them was simply the zone of their memory and their thought.

"I will never forget you or your convent. Now that we are alone, however, I want to settle one matter. Can we have a double wedding tomorrow?"
"A double wedding?" repeated the priest and nun almost simultaneously.
"Yes."
"Who are the couples?" asked the priest.
"Well, Isabel and Mangan, and a Miss Mortimer and myself."
"Knowing the circumstances so well, I think it can be done."

"I would have it so. It will end all misgivings, restore peace and that sense of security essential to Isabel—to us all, let us say, at this time. The vitality of the man Raymond surpasses everything I have ever heard of."
"And he appeared to be so generous and so friendly," remarked the nun.
"Leave him to God," said the priest. Let the past remain buried."

CHAPTER XIX.
OLD LOVE GETS A NEW LIFE.
When the priest, nun and physician returned, announced the programme to the lovers and their wishes, Mangan turned inquiringly to Isabel, whose eyes expressed her happiness at the suggestion of the ceremony that would end all doubt and unite her for her lover and her friend in the same holy sacrament. The brother stepped forward and kissed her, then to the priest said:
"You can proceed."
"Oh, there is Inez Mortimer," exclaimed Isabel as she saw through the doorway her old classmate and friend coming up the courtyard. "I'm so glad to see her," she said as she ran out to open the door and bid her welcome.

"We expected her to come here and prepare you for us," said Lawrence, addressing Mother St. Gertrude. "It seems we have prepared the way for her."
Inez seemed surprised when Dr. Leland appeared, and that quickly dawned upon her that the services she had come to perform were unnecessary. Mangan advanced until he stood at Isabel's side, and Inez looked at both and kissed her old schoolmate, saying:
"I'm so glad."

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.
Raymond was seated in the rectory of the little parish church just across from the convent. There the marriage ceremony was to be performed. Isabel was to come from the convent, attended by the sister of the priest, who was pastor of the little parish and chaplain to the sisters. Raymond had requested the privileges of escorting her from the convent, but Mother St. Gertrude, who had her own ideas of the proprieties, would not tolerate the slightest infringement of the rule that no bride should be escorted by a man but she who had taken vows to the Saviour.
There was a delay. Isabel had been overcome by the sensations of the situation and had fainted. Word had been sent to Raymond that she had recovered and would soon join him. The door of the rectory was ajar, and Raymond was nervously pacing the priest's study, where he had been brought by the clergyman, who wished to inspect the disarrangement that attended the publication of the bans and other formalities incidental to the marriage contract when

before we can reach them! Oh, God, Mangan, can this be true?"
"Here's our car! Hope for the best."
Sentiment had temporarily died in Mangan. The old newspaper instinct to keep cool and rush was his still, just without entering the surrogate's court. Get a quit claim from Raymond. But, after all, he may fight."
When they returned, they said nothing to Inez about their mission. They talked of the prospects that sprang up before all. It was taken as a matter of course that Inez—alone and dependent—would consent to an early marriage, but when they talked of Mangan's love of Isabel he shook his head sadly to imply that it was unrequited.
"Now, I have an idea," suggested Inez. "I will pay a visit to Isabel tomorrow afternoon and find out all about it. But maybe you are going up earlier."
"No," said Dr. Leland. "There are a few matters to be settled first. You go up in the afternoon, tell her of your brother and don't forget to say it was Mangan to whom credit is due for the reunion."
"Never mind that," said Mangan.
"But I will mind it," said Inez. "And so you chatted until the hour came for parting.
Next day, early in the afternoon, Dr. Leland and Mangan went to the office of the registrar of arrears. When they entered, Registrar Black and his clerks looked at Mangan in surprise. The registrar said:
"Gracious, Mr. Mangan, is that you?"
"Of course it is I. You didn't think

it was my astral body, did you?"
"No, but I thought it was your ghost."
"My ghost?"
"Yes. Didn't you read the account of your suicide?"
"My suicide?"
"Here it is."
He brought over a file of The Trumpet kept in the office for reference to the advertisements of the departments, and Mangan read the story. It contained eulogistic references to his ability and speculations as to the probable cause of his alleged self destruction.
"I'm one of the few men who have had the distinction of reading his own obituary. I suppose people who know nothing of him say from the way they see me on the streets."
"I was going to run, I tell you," said Black.
"Well, never mind that. It's ancient history now. We want to see the record of the Leland estate. That's what we came here for."
"Mr. Mangan, that brought me trouble before. Please don't ask me. Raymond was very angry."
"Well, give us the tax debt, and we'll let you off at that."
"I'll do that gladly."

He went over to the redemption clerk secured the figures charged up against the estate from the beginning, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, and handed it to Mangan.
"Let us have one of your redemption forms," said Mangan.
"I am a notary public by favor of a senatorial friend," explained Mangan to Dr. Leland in the registrar's absence. "We'll fill the paper of transfer to Miss Leland; you'll serve as witness, and I'll be notary."
Registrar Black returned with the form and ere he parted with it said:
"Don't mention my name, will you? It's a private matter."
"Don't worry," said Mangan. "Just tell me where I can find Raymond now."

"He is getting married today," replied the registrar. "Quietly, of course. I happened to know it as I made some purchases and arrangements. This is confidential, of course, and I know you will not use it. You have the reputation of preserving confidences."
"Yes, that obituary says," laughed Mangan. "Doctor, I guess I'll live up to the reputation," he added, turning to the physician.
"But," he continued, looking up at Black, "he's not marrying for love, unless it is love for money. The idea of Raymond entering the matrimonial list! Ha! Ha! What a joke!"
"It is no joke," said Registrar Black. "It is a fact. He is being married. He is not marrying for money. Why, it is a poor girl from the convent of Mercy. Isabel Le Clair, her name is."

"What is the meaning of all this?" Mangan asked.
"It means first that I am still alive. Again, that this man is a scoundrel trying to insure an innocent girl. The rest you will learn if you listen."
"I ought to kill you," said Dr. Leland, advancing toward the politician, but Mangan again motioned him to silence, and he obeyed.
"And who are you, pray?" asked Raymond of the doctor, his boldness re-asserting itself.
"His name is George Leland," said Mangan. "He is the brother of her whom you schemed to make your bride."
Raymond fairly jumped from his seat. The priest, who stood near him, placed his hands on his shoulder and pressed him back to the chair, foreseeing that more startling revelations were to follow.
"Here," said Mangan, passing over the redemption form, "is a paper you must sign. You have mismanaged the Leland estate, and you must forfeit the taxes."
"We have here the beneficiary evidence of your perjury, taken from the private diary of your benefactor, whose trust you have betrayed. This property should have paid these taxes. Its owners must not suffer for your misdoings."
"I'll pay them," said Dr. Leland. "I'll give him a check now."
"Then I'll leave at once," said Mangan. "If you do."
"Do as you please, then," was the doctor's remark. "I would not lose you for the whole estate."
Raymond looked at the three men. He reached for a pen, and the priest interposed:
"I cannot allow this," said he. "Why should he do it?"
"The estate belongs to the woman he married. It is his duty to pay it." "It covers the ground of the park estate. He has secured it by improper means, and fearing he might lose it sought to gain control of its owner. You will know the details later."
"Is this honest and just?" asked the priest. "I'll believe you. Tell me."
"It is."
"All right, then."
Raymond took the pen again. He dipped it in the ink, and while carrying it to the paper questioned:
"May I ask where you