THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLOW.

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CHAPTER XIV.

It was nearly 7 o'clock when Shirley got back to Seventy-fourth street. No one saw her come in, and she went direct to her room and after a hasty dinner worked until late into the night on her book to make up for lost time. The events of the afternoon caused her considerable uneasiness. She reproached herself for her weakness and for having yielded so readily to the impulse of the moment. She had said only what was the truth when she admitted she loved Jefferson, but what right had she to dispose of her future while her father's fate was still uncertain? Her conscience troubled her, and when she came to reason it out calmly the more impossible seemed their union from every point of view. How could she become the daughter-in-law of the man who had ruined her own father? The idea was preposterous, and hard as the sacrifice would be Jefferson must be made to see it in that light. Their engagement was the greatest folly. It bound each of them when nothing but unhappiness could possibly come of it. She was sure now that she loved Jefferson. It would be hard to give him up, but there are times and circumstances when duty and principle must prevail over all other considerations, and this she felt was one of them.

The following morning she received a letter from Stott. He was delighted to hear the good news regarding her important discovery, and he urged her to lose no time in securing the letters and forwarding them to Massapequa, when he would immediately go to Washington and lay them before the senate. Documentary evidence of that conclusive nature, he went on to say, would prove of the very highest value in clearing her father's name. He added that the judge and her mother were as well as circumstances would permit and that they were not in the least worried about her protracted absence. Her Aunt Milly had already returned to Europe, and Eudoxia was still threatening to leave daily.

Shirley needed no urging. She quite realized the importance of acting quickly, but it was not easy to get at the letters. The library was usually kept locked when the great man was away, and on the few occasions when access to it was possible the lynx eyed Mr. Bagley was always on guard. Short as had been her stay in the Ryder household Shirley already shared Jefferson's antipathy to the English secretary, whose manner grew more supercilious and overbearing as he drew nearer the date when he expected to run off with one of the richest catches of the season. He had not sought the acquaintance of his employer's biographer since her arrival and, with the exception of a rude stare, had not deigned to notice her, which attitude of haughty indifference was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the Hon. Fitzroy usually left nothing unturned to cultivate a flirtatious intimacy with every attractive female he met. The truth was that what with Mr. Ryder's demands upon his services and his own preparations for his coming matrimonial venture, in which he had so much at stake, he had neither time nor inclination to indulge his customary amorous diversions.

Miss Roberts had called at the house several times, ostensibly to see Mrs. Ryder, and when introduced to Shirley she had condescended to give the latter a supercilious nod. Her conversation was generally of the silly, vacuous sort, concerning chiefly new dresses or bonnets, and Shirley at once read her character—frivolous, amusement loving, empty headed, irresponsible—just the kind of girl to do something foolish without weighing the consequences. After chatting a few moments with Mrs. Ryder she would usually vanish, and one day after one of these mysterious disappearances Shirley happened to pass the library and caught sight of her and Mr. Bagley conversing in subdued and eager tones. It was very evident that the elopement scheme was fast maturing. If the scandal was to be prevented, Jefferson ought to see his father and acquaint him with the facts without delay. It was probable that at the same time he would make an effort to secure the letters. Meantime she must be patient. Too much hurry might spoil everything.

So the days passed, Shirley devoting almost all her time to the history she had undertaken. She saw nothing of Ryder senior, but a good deal of his wife, to whom she soon became much attached. She found her an amiable, good natured woman, entirely free from that offensive arrogance and patronizing condescension which usually mark the parvenu as distinct from the thoroughbred. Mrs. Ryder had no claims to distinguished lineage; on the contrary, she was the daughter of a country grocer when the then rising oil man married her, and of educational advantages she had had little or none. It was purely by accident that she was the wife of the richest man in the world, and, while she enjoyed the prestige her husband's prominence gave her, she never allowed it to turn her head. She gave away large sums for charitable purposes and, strange to say, when the gift came direct from her the money was never returned on the plea that it was "tainted." She shared her husband's dislike for entertaining and led practically the life of a recluse. The advent of Shirley, therefore, into her quiet and uneventful existence was as welcome as sunshine when it breaks through the clouds after days of gloom. Quite a friendship sprang up between the two women, and when tired of writing Shirley would go into Mrs. Ryder's room and chat until the financier's wife began to look forward to these little impromptu visits, so much she enjoyed them.

Nothing more had been said concerning Jefferson and Miss Roberts. The young man had not yet seen his father, but his mother knew he was only waiting an opportunity to demand an explanation of the engagement announcements. Her husband, on the other hand, desired the match more than ever, owing to the continued importunities of Senator Roberts. As usual, Mrs. Ryder confided these little domestic troubles to Shirley.

"Jefferson," she said, "is very angry. He is determined not to marry the girl, and when he and his father do meet there'll be another scene."

"What objection has your son to Miss Roberts?" inquired Shirley innocently.

"Oh, the usual reason," sighed the mother, "and I've no doubt he knows best. He's in love with another girl—a Miss Rossmore."

"Oh, yes," answered Shirley simply. "Mr. Ryder spoke of her."

Mrs. Ryder was silent, and presently she left the girl alone with her work.

The next afternoon Shirley was in her room busy writing when there came a tap at her door. Thinking it was another visit from Mrs. Ryder, she did not look up, but cried out pleasantly:

"Come in!"

John Ryder entered. He smiled cordially and, as if apologizing for the intrusion, said amiably:

"I thought I'd run up to see how you were getting along."

His coming was so unexpected that for a moment Shirley was startled, but she quickly regained her composure and asked him to take a seat. He seemed pleased to find her making such good progress, and he stopped to answer a number of questions she put to him. Shirley tried to be cordial, but when she looked well at him and noted the keen, hawk-like eyes, the cruel, vindictive lines about the mouth, the square set, relentless jaw—Wall street had gone wrong with the Colossus that day, and he was still wearing his war paint—she recalled the wrong this man had done her father, and she felt how bitterly she hated him. The more her mind dwelt upon it the more exasperated she was to think she should be there, a guest under his roof, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that she remained civil.

"What is the moral of your life?" she demanded bluntly.

He was quick to note the contemptuous tone in her voice, and he gave her a keen, searching look as if he were trying to read her thoughts and fathom the reason for her very evident hostility toward him.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean what can you show as your life work? Most men whose lives are big enough to call for biographies have done something useful. They have been famous statesmen, eminent scientists, celebrated authors, great inventors. What have you done?"

The question appeared to stagger him. The audacity of any one putting such a question to a man in his own house was incredible. He squared his jaws, and his clinched fist descended heavily on the table.

"What have I done?" he cried. "I have built up the greatest fortune ever accumulated by one man. My fabulous wealth has caused my name to spread to the four corners of the earth. Is that not an achievement to relate to future generations?"

Shirley gave a little shrug of her shoulders.

"Future generations will take no interest in you or your millions," she said calmly. "Our civilization will have made such progress by that time that people will merely wonder why we, in our day, tolerated men of your class so long. Now it is different. The world is money mad. You are a person of importance in the eyes of the unthinking multitude, but it only envies you your fortune; it does not admire you personally. When you die, people will count your millions, not your good deeds."

He laughed cynically and drew up a chair near her desk. As a general thing, John Ryder never wasted words on women. He had but a poor opinion of their mentality and considered it beneath the dignity of any man to enter into serious argument with a woman. In fact, it was seldom he condescended to argue with any one. He gave orders and talked to people; he had no patience to be talked to. Yet he found himself listening with interest to this young woman who expressed herself so frankly. It was a decided novelty for him to hear the truth.

"What do I care what the world says when I'm dead?" he asked with a forced laugh.

"You do care," replied Shirley gravely. "You may school yourself to believe that you are indifferent to the good opinion of your fellow man, but right down in your heart you do care—every man does, whether he be multimillionaire or a sneak thief."

"You class the two together, I notice," he said bitterly.

"It is often a distinction without a difference," she rejoined promptly.

He remained silent for a moment or two toying nervously with a paper knife. Then, arrogantly, and as if anxious to impress her with his importance, he said:

"Most men would be satisfied if they had accomplished what I have. Do you realize that my wealth is so vast that I scarcely know myself what I am worth? What my fortune will be in another fifty years staggers the imagination. Yet I started with nothing. I made it all myself. Surely I should get credit for that."

"How did you make it?" retorted Shirley.

"In America we don't ask how a man makes his money. We ask if he has got any."

"You are mistaken," replied Shirley earnestly. "America is waking up. The conscience of the nation is being aroused. We are coming to realize that the scandals of the last few years were only the fruit of public indifference to sharp business practice. The people will soon ask the dishonest rich man where he got it, and there will have to be an accounting. What account will you be able to give?"

He bit his lip and looked at her for a moment without replying. Then, with a faint suspicion of a sneer, he said:

"You are a socialist—perhaps an anarchist!"

"Only the ignorant commit the blunder of confounding the two," she retorted. "Anarchy is a disease. Socialism is a science."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed mockingly. "I thought the terms were synonymous. The world regards them both as insane."

Herself an enthusiastic convert to the new political faith that was rising like a flood tide all over the world, the contemptuous tone in which this plutocrat spoke of the coming reorganization of society which was destined to destroy him and his kind spurred her on to renewed argument.

"I imagine," she said sarcastically, "that you would hardly approve any social reform which threatened to interfere with your own business methods. But, no matter how you disapprove of socialism on general principles, as a leader of the capitalist class you should understand what socialism is and not confuse one of the most important movements in modern world history with the crazy theories of irresponsible cranks. The anarchists are the natural enemies of the entire human family and would destroy it were their dangerous doctrines permitted to prevail. The socialists, on the contrary, are seeking to save mankind from the degradation, the crime and the folly into which such men as you have driven it."

She spoke impetuously, with the inspired exaltation of a prophet delivering a message to the people. Ryder listened, concealing his impatience with uneasy little coughs.

"Yes," she went on, "I am a socialist, and I am proud of it. The whole world is slowly drifting toward socialism as the only remedy for the actual intolerable conditions. It may not come in our time, but it will come as surely as the sun will rise and set tomorrow. Has not the flag of socialism waved recently from the White House? Has not a president of the United States declared that the state must eventually curb the great fortunes? What is that but socialism?"

"True," retorted Ryder grimly, "and that little speech intended for the benefit of the gallery will cost him the nomination at the next presidential election. We don't want in the White House a president who stirs up class hatred. Our rich men have a right to what is their own. That is guaranteed them by the constitution."

"Is it their own?" interrupted Shirley.

Ryder ignored the insinuation and proceeded:

"What of our boasted free institutions if a man is to be restricted in what he may and may not do? If I am clever enough to accumulate millions, who can stop me?"

"The people will stop you," said Shirley calmly. "It is only a question of time. Their patience is about exhausted. Put your ear to the ground and listen to the distant rumbling of the tempest which, sooner or later, will be unchained in this land, provoked by the iniquitous practices of organized capital. The people have had enough of the extortions of the trusts. One day they will rise in their wrath and seize by the throat this knavish plutocracy which, confident in the power of its wealth to procure legal immunity and reckless of its danger, persists in robbing the public daily. But retribution is at hand. The growing discontent of the proletariat, the ever-increasing strikes and labor disputes of all kinds, the clamor against the railroads and the trusts, the evidence of collusion between both—all this is the writing on the wall. The capitalistic system is doomed; socialism will succeed it."

"What is socialism?" he demanded scornfully. "What will it give the public that it has not got already?"

Shirley, who never neglected an opportunity to make a convert, no matter how hardened he might be, picked up a little pamphlet printed for propaganda purposes which she had that morning received by mail.

"Here," she said, "is one of the best and clearest definitions of socialism I have ever read:

"Socialism is common ownership of natural resources and public utilities and the common operation of all industries for the general good. Socialism is opposed to monopoly, that is, to private ownership of land and the instruments of labor, which is indirect ownership of men; to the wages system, by which labor is legally robbed of a large part of the product of labor; to competition with its enormous waste of effort and its opportunities for the spoliation of the weak by the strong. Socialism is industrial democracy. It is the government of the people, by the people and for the people, not in the present restricted sense, but as regards all the common interests of men. Socialism is opposed to oligarchy and monarchy, and therefore to the tyrannies of business cliques and money kings. Socialism is for freedom, not only from the fear of force, but from the fear of want. Socialism proposes real liberty, not merely the right to vote, but the liberty to live for something more than meat and drink.

"Socialism is righteousness in the relations of men. It is based on the fundamentals of religion, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. It seeks through association and equality to realize fraternity. Socialism will destroy the motives which make for cheap manufacturers, poor workmanship and adulterations; it will secure the real utility of things. Use, not exchange, will be the object of labor. Things will be made to serve, not to sell. Socialism will banish war, for private ownership is back of strife between men. Socialism will purify politics, for private capitalism is the great source of political corruption. Socialism will make for education, invention and discovery; it will stimulate the moral development of men. Crime will have lost most of its motive, and pauperism will have no excuse. That," said Shirley as she concluded, "is socialism!"

Ryder shrugged his shoulders and rose to go.

"Delightful," he said ironically, "but in my judgment wholly utopian and impracticable. It's nothing but a gigantic pipe dream. It won't come in this generation, nor in ten generations, if, indeed, it is ever taken seriously by a majority big enough to put its theories to the test. Socialism does not take into account two great factors that move the world—men's passions and human ambition. If you eliminate ambition you remove the strongest incentive to individual effort. From your own account a socialistic world would be a dreadfully tame place to live in—everybody depressingly good, without any of the feverish turmoil of life as we know it. Such a world would not appeal to me at all. I love the fray, the daily battle of gain and loss, the excitement of making or losing millions. That is my life!"

"Yet what good is your money to you?" insisted Shirley. "You are able to spend only an infinitesimal part of it. You cannot even give it away, for nobody will have any of it."

"Money!" he hissed rather than spoke. "I hate money. It means nothing to me. I have so much that I have lost all idea of its value. I go on accumulating it for only one purpose. It buys power. I love power—that is my passion, my ambition, to rule the world with my gold. Do you know," he went on, leaning over the desk in a dramatic attitude, "that if I chose I could start a panic in Wall street tomorrow that would shake to their foundations every financial institution in the country? Do you know that I practically control the congress of the United States and that no legislative measure becomes law unless it has my approval?"

"The public has long suspected as much," replied Shirley. "That is why you are looked upon as a menace to the stability and honesty of our political and commercial life."

An angry answer rose to his lips, when the door opened and Mrs. Ryder entered.

"I've been looking for you, John," she said peevishly. "Mr. Bagley told me you were somewhere in the house. Senator Roberts is downstairs."

"He's come about Jefferson and his daughter, I suppose," muttered Ryder. "Well, I'll see him. Where is he?"

"In the library. Kate came with him. She's in my room."

They left Shirley to her writing, and when he had closed the door the financier turned to his wife and said impatiently:

"Now, what are we going to do about Jefferson and Kate? The senator insists on the matter of their marriage being settled one way or another. Where is Jefferson?"

"He came in about half an hour ago. He was upstairs to see me, and I thought he was looking for you," answered the wife.

"Well," replied Ryder determinedly, "he and I have got to understand each other. This can't go on. It shan't."

Mrs. Ryder put her hand on his arm and said pleadingly:

"Don't be impatient with the boy, John. Remember he is all we have. He is so unhappy. He wants to please us, but"—

"But he insists on pleasing himself," said Ryder completing the sentence.

"I'm afraid, John, that his liking for that Miss Rossmore is more serious than you realize"—

The financier stamped his foot and replied angrily:

"Rossmore! That name seems to confront me at every turn—for years the father, now the daughter! I'm sorry, my dear," he went on more calmly, "that you seem inclined to listen to Jefferson. It only encourages him in his attitude toward me. Kate would make him an excellent wife, while what do we know about the other woman? Are you willing to sacrifice your son's future to a mere boyish whim?"

Mrs. Ryder sighed.

"It's very hard," she said, "for a mother to know what to advise. Miss Green says"—

"What!" exclaimed her husband, "you have consulted Miss Green on the subject?"

"Yes," answered his wife, "I don't know how I came to tell her, but I did. I seem to tell her everything. I find her such a comfort, John. I haven't had an attack of nerves since that girl has been in the house."

"She is certainly a superior woman," admitted Ryder. "I wish she'd ward that Rossmore girl off. I wish she"—He stopped abruptly as if not venturing to give expression to his thoughts, even to his wife. Then he said: "If she were Kate Roberts she wouldn't let Jeff slip through her fingers."

"I have often wished," went on Mrs. Ryder, "that Kate were more like Shirley Green. I don't think we would have any difficulty with Jeff then."

"Kate is the daughter of Senator Roberts, and if this marriage is broken off in any way without the senator's consent, he is in a position to injure my interests materially. If you see Jefferson, send him to me in the library. I'll go and keep Roberts in good humor until he comes."

He went downstairs, and Mrs. Ryder proceeded to her apartments, where she found Jefferson chatting with Kate. She at once delivered Ryder senior's message.

"Jeff, your father wants to see you in the library."

"Yes; I want to see him," answered the young man grimly, and after a few moments' more badinage with Kate he left the room.

It was not a mere coincidence that had brought Senator Roberts and his daughter and the financier's son all together under the Ryder roof at the same time. It was part of Jefferson's well prepared plan to expose the rascality of his father's secretary and at the same time rid himself of the embarrassing entanglement with Kate Roberts. If the senator were confronted publicly with the fact that his daughter, while keeping up the fiction of being engaged to Ryder junior, was really preparing to run off with the Hon. Fitzroy Bagley, he would have no alternative but to retire gracefully under fire and relinquish all idea of a marriage alliance with the house of Ryder. The critical moment had arrived. Tomorrow, Wednesday, was the day fixed for the elopement. The secretary's little game had gone far enough. The time had come for action. So Jefferson had written to Senator Roberts, who was in Washington, asking him if it would be convenient for him to come at once to New York and meet himself and his father on a matter of importance. The senator naturally jumped to the conclusion that Jefferson and Ryder had reached an amicable understanding, and he immediately hurried to New York and, with his daughter, came round to Seventy-fourth street.

When Ryder senior entered the library, Senator Roberts was striding nervously up and down the room. This, he felt, was an important day. The ambition of his life seemed on the point of being attained.

"Hello, Roberts," was Ryder's cheerful greeting. "What's brought you from Washington at a critical time like this? The Rossmore impeachment needs every friend we have."

"Just as if you didn't know," smiled the senator uneasily, "that I am here by appointment to meet you and your son!"

"To meet me and my son?" echoed Ryder, astonished.

The senator, perplexed and beginning to feel real alarm, showed the financier Jefferson's letter. Ryder read it, and he looked pleased.

"That's all right," he said, "if the lad asked you to meet us here it can mean only one thing—that at last he has made up his mind to this marriage."

"That's what I thought," replied the senator, breathing more freely. "I was sorry to leave Washington at such a time, but I'm a father, and Kate is more to me than the Rossmore impeachment. Besides, to see her married to your son Jefferson is one of the dearest wishes of my life."

"You can rest easy," said Ryder. "That is practically settled. Jefferson's sending for you proves that he is now ready to meet my wishes. He'll be here any minute. How is the Rossmore case progressing?"

"Not so well as it might," growled the senator. "There's a lot of maudlin sympathy for the judge. He's a pretty sick man by all accounts, and the newspapers seem to be taking his part. One or two of the western senators are talking corporate influence and trust legislation, but when it comes to a vote the matter will be settled on party lines."

"That means that Judge Rossmore will be removed?" demanded Ryder sternly.

"Yes, with five votes to spare," answered the senator.

"That's not enough," insisted Ryder. "There must be at least twenty. Let there be no blunders, Roberts. The man is a menace to all the big commercial interests. This thing must go through."

The door opened, and Jefferson appeared. On seeing the senator talking with his father, he hesitated on the threshold.

"Come in, Jeff," said his father pleasantly. "You expected to see Senator Roberts, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir. How do you do, senator?" said the young man, advancing into the room.

"I got your letter, my boy, and here I am," said the senator, smiling affably. "I suppose we can guess what the business is, eh?"

"That he's going to marry Kate, of course," chimed in Ryder senior. "Jeff, my lad, I'm glad you are beginning to see my way of looking at things. You're doing more to please me lately, and I appreciate it. You stayed at home when I asked you to, and now you've made up your mind regarding this marriage."

Jefferson let his father finish his speech, and then he said calmly:

"I think there must be some misapprehension as to the reason for my summoning Senator Roberts to New York. It had nothing to do with my marrying Miss Roberts, but to prevent her marriage with some one else."

"What!" exclaimed Ryder senior.

"Marriage with some one else?" echoed the senator. He thought he had not heard aright, yet at the same time he had grave misgivings. "What do you mean, sir?"

Taking from his pocket a copy of the letter he had picked up on the staircase, Jefferson held it out to the girl's father.

"Your daughter is preparing to run away with my father's secretary. Tomorrow would have been too late. That is why I summoned you. Read this."

The senator took the letter and as he read his face grew ashen and his hand trembled violently. At one blow all his ambitious projects for his daughter had been swept away. The inconsiderate act of a silly, thoughtless girl had spoiled the carefully laid plans of a lifetime. The only consolation which remained was that the calamity might have been still more serious. This timely warning had saved his family from perhaps an even greater scandal. He passed the letter in silence to Ryder senior.

The financier was a man of few words when the situation called for prompt action. After he had read the letter through there was an ominous silence. Then he rang a bell. The butler appeared.

"Tell Mr. Bagley I want him."

The man bowed and disappeared.

"Who the devil is this Bagley?" demanded the senator.

"English—blue blood—no money," was Ryder's laconic answer.

"That's the only kind we seem to get over here," growled the senator. "We furnish the money; they furnish the blood. Hang his blue blood! I don't want any in mine." Turning to Jefferson, he said: "Jefferson, whatever the motives that actuated you, I can only thank you for this warning. I think it would have broken my heart if my girl had gone away with that scoundrel. Of course, under the circumstances I must abandon all idea of your becoming my son-in-law. I release you from all obligations you may have felt yourself bound by."

Jefferson bowed and remained silent.

Ryder senior eyed his son closely, an amused expression hovering on his face. After all, it was not so much he who had desired this match as Roberts, and as long as the senator was willing to withdraw he could make no objection. He wondered what part, if any, his son had played in bringing about this sensational denouement to a match which had been so distasteful to him, and it gratified his paternal vanity to think that Jefferson after all might be smarter than he had given him credit for.

At this juncture Mr. Bagley entered the room. He was a little taken aback on seeing the senator; but, like most men of his class, his self conceit made him confident of his ability to handle any emergency which might arise, and he had no reason to suspect that this hasty summons to the library had anything to do with his matrimonial plans.

"Did you ask for me, sir?" he demanded, addressing his employer.

"Yes, Mr. Bagley," replied Ryder, fixing the secretary with a look that filled the latter with misgivings. "What steamers leave tomorrow for England?"

"Tomorrow?" echoed Mr. Bagley.

"I said tomorrow," repeated Ryder, slightly raising his voice.

"Let me see," stammered the secretary. "There is the White Star, the North German Lloyd, the Atlantic Transport"—

"Have you any preference?" inquired the financier.

"No, sir, none at all."

"Then you'll go on board one of the ships tonight," said Ryder. "Your things will be packed and sent to you before the steamer sails tomorrow."

The Hon. Fitzroy Bagley, third son of a British peer, did not understand even yet that he was discharged as one dismisses a housemaid caught kissing the policeman. He could not think what Mr. Ryder wanted him to go abroad for unless it were on some matter of business, and it was decidedly inconvenient for him to sail at this time.

"But, sir," he stammered, "I'm afraid—I'm afraid"—

"Yes," rejoined Ryder promptly, "I notice that—your hand is shaking."

"I mean that I"—

"You mean that you have other engagements!" said Ryder sternly.

"Oh, no—no, but"—

"No engagement at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning?" insisted Ryder.

"With my daughter?" chimed in the senator.

Mr. Bagley now understood. He broke out in a cold perspiration, and he paled visibly. In the hope that the full extent of his plans were not known, he attempted to brazen it out.

"No, certainly not, under no circumstances," he said.

Ryder senior rang a bell.

"Perhaps she has an engagement with you. We'll ask her." To the butler, who entered, he said, "Tell Miss Roberts that her father would like to see her here."

The man disappeared, and the senator took a hand in cross examining the now thoroughly uncomfortable secretary.

"So you thought my daughter looked pale and that a little excursion to Buffalo would be a good thing for her? Well, it won't be a good thing for you, young man, I can assure you of that!"

The English aristocrat began to wilt. His assurance of manner quite deserted him, and he stammered painfully as he floundered about in excuses.

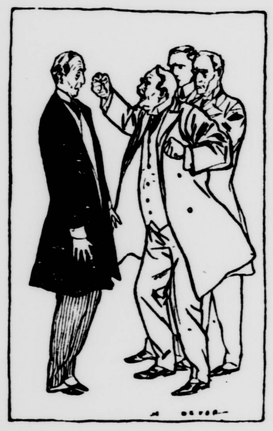
"Not with me—oh, dear, no," he said. "You never proposed to run away with my daughter?" cried the irate father.

"Run away with her?" stammered Bagley.

"And marry her?" shouted the senator, shaking his fist at him.

"Oh, say, this is hardly fair, three against one, really, I'm awfully sorry, eh, what?"

The door opened, and Kate Roberts bounced in. She was smiling and full



"You never proposed to run away with my daughter?"

of animal spirits, but on seeing the stern face of her father and the pitiable picture presented by her faithful Fitz she was intelligent enough to immediately scent danger.

"Did you want to see me, father?" she inquired boldly.

"Yes, Kate," answered the senator gravely, "we have just been having a talk with Mr. Bagley, in which you were one of the subjects of conversation. Can you guess what it was?"

The girl looked from her father to Bagley and from him to the Ryders. Her aristocratic lover made a movement forward as if to exculpate himself, but he caught Ryder's eye and remained where he was.

"Well?" she said, with a nervous laugh.

"Is it true?" asked the senator, "that you were about to marry this man secretly?"

She cast down her eyes and answered:

"I suppose you know everything."

"Have you anything to add?" asked her father sternly.

"No," said Kate, shaking her head. "It's true. We intended to run away, didn't we, Fitz?"

"Never mind about Mr. Bagley," thundered her father. "Haven't you a word of shame for this disgrace you have brought upon me?"

"Oh, papa, don't be so cross. Jefferson did not care for me. I couldn't be an old maid. Mr. Bagley has a lovely castle in England, and one day he'll sit in the house of lords. He'll explain everything to you."

"He'll explain nothing," rejoined the senator grimly. "Mr. Bagley returns to England tonight. He won't have time to explain anything."

"Returns to England?" echoed Kate, dismayed.

"Yes, and you go with me to Washington at once."

The senator turned to Ryder.

"Goodby, Ryder. The little domestic comedy is ended. I'm grateful it didn't turn out a drama. The next time I pick out a son-in-law I hope I'll have better luck."

He shook hands with Jefferson and left the room, followed by his crestfallen daughter.

Ryder, who had gone to write something at his desk, strode over to where Mr. Bagley was standing and handed him a check.

"Here, sir. This settles everything to date. Good day."

"But I—I"—stammered the secretary helplessly.

"Good day, sir."

Ryder turned his back on him and conversed with his son, while Mr. Bagley slowly and as if regretfully made his exit.

To be Continued

Order to Show Cause Why the Real Estate Should Not Be Sold.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, in and for the County of Thurston.

In the matter of the estate of Georgie S. Brown, deceased.

This matter coming on regularly to be heard on the petition of John R. Brown administrator of the above entitled estate, and it appearing to the Court that there is not sufficient personal property in the hands of the administrator to pay the allowance of the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased and the expenses of administration and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate to provide funds for the payment of such debts.

Wherefore it is hereby ordered and adjudged that all persons interested in the above entitled estate appear at the Court House of Thurston county, Washington, located in Olympia, on the 21st day of December, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. and show cause, if any there be, whyan order shall not be granted to the administrator directing him to sell the property described as follows, to-wit:

Blocks 21, 22 and 34, except lots 7 and 8 of block 34, and lot 7 of block 35; all in the Olympia Land Company's Park Addition to Olympia, Washington, to pay such allowances, charges and debts.

Done in open court this 16th day of November, 1908. JOHN B. YAKEY, Judge.

First publication, Nov. 29th, 1909. 5t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In Probate—No. 1283.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, in and for the County of Thurston.

In the matter of the estate of L. A. Bushon, deceased.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of and to all persons having claims against L. A. Bushon, deceased, or his estate, to present the same, with the necessary vouchers, within one year from the date of the first publication of this notice, to wit: within one year from the 27th day of November, 1908, to Ella T. Stork, executrix of the estate of L. A. Bushon, deceased, at the office of P. P. Carroll, No. 508-9 Hinckley Block, corner Second Avenue and Columbia street, in the city of Seattle, King county, State of Washington the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

Dated at Olympia, Thurston county, Washington, this 27th day of November, 1908.

ELLA T. STORK,
Executrix of the estate of L. A. Bushon, deceased.

P. P. CARROLL, attorney for executrix. 508-9 Hinckley Block, Seattle, King county, Wash.

Date of first publication, Nov. 27, 1908. 5t.

Notice of Settlement of Final Account and Distribution.

Probate No. 1251

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston county.

In the matter of the estate of Susan S. Hayes, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that John S. Hayes, administrator of the estate of Susan S. Hayes, deceased, has rendered and presented for settlement to and filed in the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Thurston county, his final account as such administrator, and a petition for the distribution of said estate. Monday, December 21st, 1908, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day, at the court-room of our said Superior Court, in the city of Olympia, county and State aforesaid, has been duly appointed by said Superior Court for the settlement of the final account and hearing the petition for the distribution of said estate, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file exceptions in writing to the said final account and contest the same, and the petition for distribution.

Witness, the Hon. O. V. Linn, Judge of the Superior Court, and the seal of said Court affixed this 18th day of November, 1908.

[SEAL]

W. M. NUNN,
County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court.

Date of first publication, Nov. 20, 1908. 5t.

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