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Or any other garment that you may require.

It will be satisfaction to you to have your CLOTHES CORRECTLY FITTED. right here at home. Call and look over the Line and get my prices for an up-to-date suit or overcoat. Repairing And Cleaning of Ladies' And Gents Garments A Specialty.

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The Purest and Best Whiskey Made. WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS. HAMM'S BEER.

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Fine Wines and Choice Liquors always in stock. We carry the celebrated McBRAYER and NONPAREIL Brands of Whiskies. Imported and Domestic Cigars.

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HANS WOLSTAD, Prop.

GLENDIVE, MONT.



The New Mayor
Based on G.H. Broadhurst's Successful Play

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

BY
**ALBERT
PAYSON
TERHUNE**

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GEORGE H. BROADHURST

"And ain't you?" cried Phelan. "Sure you are. When the people get wise to what they're up against and commence to do their screaming will they remember that So-and-so framed the bill and that such and such aldermen voted for it? Not them. What the public will remember is that you signed it. It'll go screechin' down the corridors of time as 'the Iniquitous Borough franchise bill that Bennett signed.' Catch the idea?"

"Yes," said Bennett grimly; "I understand. But what I don't see is why you should have taken the trouble to come here and warn me of this. You've never shown any special fondness for me hitherto."

"That's right. But I've shown bunches of unfondness for Chesty Dick Horrigan. And Horrigan's the man who's rushing the Borough bill through. Lord, what a bill! It's so crooked that if it was laid out like a street the man who tried to walk along it would meet himself coming back. Why, your honor, I!"

"Mr. Wainwright, your honor," said Ingram at the door; "says he won't detain you long."

"Let him in if you like," suggested Phelan. "I can wait. Shall I go into the other?"

"No. Wait here if you choose. His business isn't likely to be private."

"I'm sorry to break in on your rush hours," said Wainwright as he advanced to greet the mayor. "I won't keep you long. Good afternoon, alderman."

"Howdy," returned Phelan, walking over to the far end of the office, where, by falling into deep and admiring study of a particularly atrocious portrait of some earlier mayor, he denoted that he was temporarily out of the conversation.

"I'll come to the point at once, Mr. Bennett," began Wainwright. "I called to see you about the Borough Street railway bill."

"That's an odd coincidence," answered Bennett. "I was going to call you up this afternoon and ask your opinion of it. What do you think of the measure?"

"What does he think of it?" muttered Phelan, addressing the portrait in an aside that was perfectly audible.

"What does he think of it? And him ownin' the rival road! Oh, easy! Ask him a real hard one!"

"You're mistaken, alderman," returned Wainwright blandly. "I am inclined to favor the passage of the Borough bill."

Phelan shot one keen glance of incredulity at the financier, then wheeled about and resumed his rapt study of the portrait.

"Yes," continued Wainwright, "I admit that my City Surface line is in a way the rival of the Borough Street railway, but in a big city like this there's surely room for both lines to carry on a prosperous business, so why should they try to injure each other?"

"Why, oh, why?" echoed Phelan, again addressing the portrait. "Can I be gettin' so old that I've begun hearin' queer things that's never said?"

Wainwright paid no heed to the interpolation, but went on:

"Of course the franchise will be a good thing for the Borough road, but it needn't hurt the City Surface line. Besides, the passing of the bill made Borough stock rise from 63 to 81. Then when that unauthorized announcement was made today that your honor would veto it the stock tumbled from 81 to 73. Just see what power rests with you, Mr. Bennett! If you should veto the bill, the Borough stock will slump to almost nothing. Think what that will mean to widows and orphans and all sorts of poor people who have invested all their savings in that stock!"

"I'll be hearin' in harps twangin' next," groaned Phelan in wonder. "Has the poor, dear man got swellin' of the heart, or is he maybe the advance agent of the millennium? To think of old Tightwad Wainwright!"

Ingram forestalled any reply from the financier by entering with the tidings that Thompson was in the ante-room with an important message for Wainwright.

"Mr. Horrigan called you up, sir," said he, "just a minute or so after you left the office. He wishes you to come and see him immediately if possible."

"All right," answered the financier. "I'll come at once. I'm sorry, your honor, that I am called away just now, for I'd like to discuss this Borough bill further with you. But what I wished to express can be said in a nutshell. If I, who own the rival road, am in favor of granting the Borough franchise, I can't see why any one else should object to it. Come on, Thompson. Good day, your honor. Good day, alderman."

The financier passed out. Thompson was following when Phelan, who had never once removed his eyes from the secretary, stepped in front of him.

"Well, young man!" said he. "Well, sir!" said Thompson in mild surprise.

"You remember me?"

"I don't think so, sir."

"Huh! That's queer! I'm Alderman Phelan of the Eighth."

"I've read about you, of course, sir, but I!"

"But you don't know me? Never met me before?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't recall it if I did. Good day, sir."

The secretary hurried out after his employer. Phelan, with a puzzled shake of the head, seemed trying to solve some elusive problem. But Bennett, who had not noted the brief scene between Thompson and the alderman, broke in on the latter's musings with the remark:

"You appeared to be amazed at Mr. Wainwright's attitude toward the Borough Street railway franchise."

"Amazed" is a mild, gentle word for my feeling," declared the alderman. "To hear that old flint heart prattlin' about widows and orphans and fair play—why, say, your honor, I know Charles Wainwright from way back, and I tell you he has the same affection for the money of widows and orphans that a tomcat has for a canary. As for fair play, he wouldn't recognize it if he was to hear it through a megaphone. He's up to something! I don't know just what. But I'll!"

"Come, come!" remonstrated Bennett good humoredly. "I'm sure you do Wainwright an injustice. He—"

"He's a fine old bird! Do you chance to remember the Garrison case nine years back? President Garrison of the Israel Putnam Trust company?"

"Who shot himself after being ruined by a financier who was his dearest friend? Yes. What has that to do with—"

"With Wainwright? Oh, nothin' much. Only Wainwright happened to be the financier."

"No! You must be mistaken."

"Am I? I ought to know something about it. I was the chief of police at the time and handled the case. It was I who suppressed Wainwright's name. For a small consideration I!"

"Wainwright!" gasped Bennett. "Of all men! But—"

"So you see why I coppered the 'mercy' and 'fair play' cards when he dealt 'em just now," purred Phelan. "There's something big behind this talk of his in favor of the Borough bill. Wasn't it at his house last summer that Horrigan offered you the nomination? That's the story, and—"

"Yes. On the 25th of July. He—"

"The 25th of July, hey? That was the day he had me out there. The day I met that fellow Gibbs. By the way, your honor, the papers say it's Gibbs' firm that's buyin' all that Borough stock. They've been buyin' it up on the quiet for months. I begin to see a lot of funny little lights that make this thing clearer. Gibbs is buyin' Borough stock. He's Wainwright's chum. Horrigan and Wainwright frame up your nomination; then the minute you come into power this Borough franchise bill is flashed on you by Horrigan, and Wainwright begs you to sign it. Take my tip—Wainwright owns the Borough road as well the City Surface, and Horrigan's gettin' a fat wad of stock for arrangin' the franchise. Oh, they've got your honor all tied up in ribbons, like you was a measly bookyay. You and me ought to get together and fight this thing out side by side, and when once I get the Indian sign on Dick Horrigan—"

"But I've no personal quarrel with Horrigan. He—"

"You've got the same quarrel with him that the pigeon has with the muskrat. If you don't use your wings you'll be swallowed. Let me put you on to a few of the little jokers in that bill of his. You see!"

"May I see him in here?" asked the visitor. "It is my private secretary, and—"

"Certainly," asserted Bennett. "Show him in, Ingram."

"I'd like to see a private secretary of mine come buttin' in like this," confided Phelan to the picture. "I'd chase him so far he'd discover a new street. I'd—"

The alderman broke off short. His eye had fallen on Thompson as the latter entered. Phelan stood rigid, with mouth open and eyes bulging, taking in every detail of the quiet, pallid young man's appearance. The secretary meanwhile had gone up to Wainwright and begun to deliver his message.

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"I see more about that bill than you think," interposed Bennett. "I've worked over it night after night, with my lawyer. Don't you get the idea I've been asleep just because I haven't been making any premature disturbance?"

"I think," observed Phelan slowly, "I think I'm beginnin' to get a new line on you and understand you better. If it's any joy to you to know it, Jimmy Phelan says, 'You're all right!'"

He held out his hand, and Bennett gripped it cordially.

"I'm glad we had this talk, alderman," said he. "We are fighting from different points of view, but our main object is the same. I think we can pull together on this matter."

"We sure can!" agreed Phelan. "An' as for Horrigan, when I'm done with him he'll be rolled up in a nice bundle, an' I'll print on it in big letters, 'Use all the hooks you like.'"

"Mrs. Bennett, sir," said Ingram. "I thought you was single!" exclaimed Phelan.

"It's my mother. Show her in."

From the musty antechamber came the rustle of feminine attire, and Mrs. Bennett came in. Devoted as he was to his mother, Alwyn now had no eyes for her, for over her shoulder he had caught a glimpse of another face.

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TO BE CONTINUED

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C. R. Kruger, The Jeweler, 1060 Virginia Ave. Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I was so weak from kidney trouble that I could hardly walk a hundred feet. Four bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy cleared my complexion, cured my back ache and the irregularities disappeared, and I can now attend to business every day, and recommend Foley's Kidney Remedy to all sufferers, as it cured me after the doctors and other remedies had failed. Glendive Drug Co.

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