

# NEWS FROM NEARBY TOWNS

## DAVENPORT

**Licensed to Marry.**—Charles W. Campbell and Nellie Morgan, Davenport; Fred W. Ford and Florence Lampher, Davenport; Oscar A. Simgber, Moline, and Helen Shems, St. Paul, Minn.; Charles Beckmann and Mary Beckmann, Davenport; Ray G. Downs, New York, and Amelia Eissel, Berlin, N. H.

**Two Wills Filed.**—The last wills of the late Samuel J. Stuckey and Lee B. Grabbe have been placed on file in the district court. In the will of Samuel Stuckey the testator provides that the property shall be given to the wife, Hattie, who is named executrix without the necessity of giving bonds. The will was drawn July 19, 1901, and was filed by Attorney J. A. Hanley. The will of Lee B. Grabbe was also filed and provides that all the property left by deceased shall be given to Albertina Honrath, who is executrix without bonds. The will was made in Pasadena, Cal., and was executed Feb. 14, 1911.

**Ottumwa Police Let Man Escape.**—When Detective Sanford arrived in Ottumwa for the purpose of bringing Peto Reynolds back to Davenport to answer trial for larceny by baillee, he found the man had escaped from prison. Reynolds had been placed on the rock pile, and while no one was watching him, had climbed over the wall and escaped.

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**CHAPTER V.**  
AT WATRACE HALL.

## The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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goes around playing the holdup one minute and the good angel the next?"  
"He is a sort of general utility man for Hathaway, the head pusher of the Twin Buttes Lumber company. He is supposed to be a timber cruiser and log scaler, but I guess he doesn't work much at his trade. Down in the lower wards of New York they'd call him a heeler maybe. But you don't mean to tell me that Jack Barto robbed you, son?"

"No, he was merely discussing with his two fellow holdups the advisability of knocking me on the head and dropping me into Lost River canyon; that was all. Of course I knew they had fallen upon the wrong man, and after while I succeeded in making Barto accept that hypothesis. At least he accepted it sufficiently to bring me here for identification. Since he wouldn't talk and I didn't recognize the trail or the place I hadn't the slightest notion of my whereabouts—not the least in the world."  
The big man was leaning against the foot rail of the bed and frowning thoughtfully. "Talked about dropping you into Lost river, did they? H'm! Well, have to look into that a little, I guess. Who set them on, son? Got any idea of that?"  
"I have a very good idea—a man who came across in the Pullman with me from Omaha; tall and rather slim and with a batched face and owl-like eyes. I didn't learn his name, but he said he was interested in mines and timber."  
"That was Hathaway himself," was the instant decision. "His company has been cutting timber in the Lost river reserve, and he probably thought you were chasing him. You didn't know Honoria?"  
"No; I wasn't expecting—I—my mother remember that I had never met her," stammered the young man, who had risen to his elbow among the pillows.  
The father walked away to the window and stood looking out upon the distant mountains for a full minute before he turned to say gently: "We may as well run the boundary lines on this one time as another, son. You don't like Honoria. You've made up your mind not to like her. I'm not going to make it hard for either of you if I can help it. This is her home, but it is also yours, my boy. Do you reckon you could?"  
Evan Blount made haste to stop the half pathetic appeal.  
"Don't let that trouble you," he interposed. "I—Mrs. Blount is a very different person from the woman I have been imagining, and if she were not I think we are both sufficiently civilized not to quarrel." Then: "Have you breakfasted yet—you and Mrs. Blount? But of course you have long ago."  
"Breakfasted? Without you? Not much, son. And that reminds me I was to come up and see if you were

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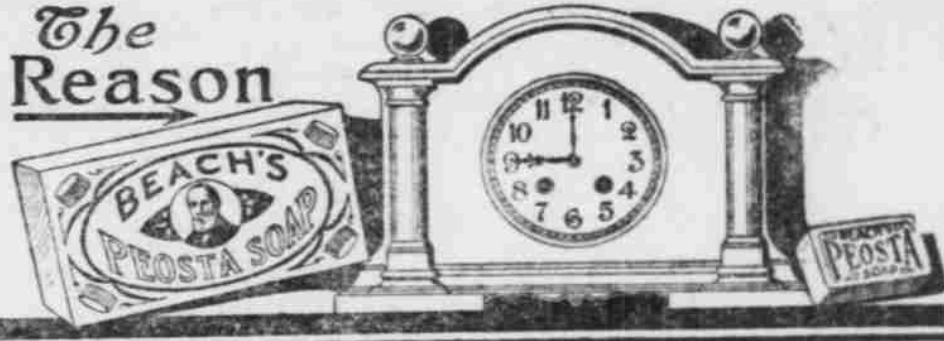
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know the law and are trained particularly in its application to the great business undertakings. That used to be my ambition—to be a business adviser and perhaps after awhile to climb to the top of the ladder and be somebody's corporation counsel."

"But now you have changed?"  
"I don't know that I have. But there are other fields that are also attractive. No man can study the politics of America today without seeing the need for good men—men who will administer the affairs of the state or the nation without fear or favor; men who will bow to the line under any and all conditions."

A quaint smile was playing under the drooping mustache of the Hon. Senator Sagebrush.  
"I reckon we do need a few men like that, Evan—need 'em mighty bad. Think you could fill the bill if you had a right good chance?"

The potential brewer of political chips smiled.  
"I'm not likely to get the chance very soon," he returned. "Just at present I am still a legal resident of the good old commonwealth of Massachusetts and a member of its bar, eligible to office there and nowhere else."

"You'd be a citizen of this state by the time you could get elected to an office in it," suggested the senator.  
"I know—the required term of residence here is ridiculously short. But you forget that I am as unknown in the sagebrush hills as you are well known. I couldn't get a nomination for the office of poundkeeper."

David Blount was chuckling softly. "Sounds right funny to hear you talk that way, son," he commented. "Mighty near everybody will tell you that the state hangs up behind the door at Watraces, and I don't know but some people would say that old Sagebrush Dave himself does most of the writing on it. Anyhow, there's one place on it that is still needing a name, and I guess yours would fit it as well as anybody's."

The young man, who was so lately out of the well considering east, gasped.  
"Heavens!" he ejaculated. "You're not considering me as a possibility on the state ticket before I've been twenty-four hours on the ground, are you?"

"No, not exactly as a possibility, son. Well, call it a sure thing if you want to. It's this way: We're needing a political housecleaning pretty hard this year. We have good enough laws, I guess, but they're winked at any day in the week when somebody comes along with a barrel. The fight is up between the people of this state and the corporations. It was up two years ago, and the people got the laws all right, but forgot to elect men who would carry them out. This time I think the voters have got their knives sharpened. We've been a little slow catching step, but the marching orders have gone out. We're going to clean house this fall."

"Not if the state hangs behind your door or any man's door, father," was the theorist's grave reminder. "Reform doesn't come in by that road."  
"Hold on, son; steady go easy," the word. Reform comes in by any old trail it can find mostly and thanks its lucky stars if it doesn't run up against any bridges gone or any mudholes too deep to ford. We've got a good man for governor—not any too broad, maybe, but good—church good, he's a manager of the gospel and the president of a church university. No man has ever said he'd take a bribe, but he isn't heavy enough to sit on the lid and hold it down. Alec Gordon, the man who is going to succeed him next fall, is all the things that the present governor isn't, so that is fixed."

"How fixed?" queried the young man, who, though he was not from Missouri, was beginning to fear that he would constantly have to be "blown."

"In the same way that everything has to be fixed, if we're going to get results," was the calm reply. "After the governor the man upon whom the most depends is the attorney general. The present incumbent, Dortscher, is one of the candidates, but we've crossed his name off. The next man we considered was Jim Rankin. In some ways he's fit; he's a hard fighter, and the man doesn't live who can bluff him. But he's poor, and he wants to be rich, and I guess that lets him out."

All this was directly subordinate of Evan Blount's ideas of the conduct of affairs political in a free country, but he was willing to hear more. "Well?" he said.

"What we want this time is one of

your 'new to the line' men, son. Reckon you'd like to try it?"  
The young man who was less than a week away from the atmosphere of the law school and its theories was fairly agog. That his father should be coolly proposing him for a high office in the state to which he was as new as the newest emigrant seemed blankly incredible. But when the incredibility began to subside the despotism of a machine which could propose and carry out such unheard of things loomed maleficent.

"I'm afraid we are a good many miles apart, father," he said, unconsciously using one of his father's favorite speech forms, when the proposal had been given time to sink in. "America is supposed to be a free country with a representative government. Do you mean to say that you and a few of your friends can set aside the will of the people so far that you can nominate and elect anybody you please to any office in the state?"

The farseeing eyes were twinkling again. "Oh, I don't know about our being so far apart," was the deprecatory protest. "You're just a little bit long on theory, that's all, son. When it comes down to the real thing somebody has to head the stampede and turn it, and if we don't do it the other bunch will."  
"What other bunch?"  
"In this case it's the corporations—the timber people, the irrigation companies and, most of all, the railroads." "Gantry seems to think that the railroads are persecuted, or his railroad at least."  
The senator pulled his horse down to a still slower walk. "Where did you see Dick Gantry?" he demanded.  
Evan told of the meeting on the veranda of the club, adding the further fact of the college friendship.  
"Just happened so, did it," queried the senator, "that sitting together last Saturday night?"  
"Why, yes; I suppose so. Dick knew I was in Boston, and he said he had meant to look me up."  
"I reckon he did," was the quiet comment; "yes, I reckon he did. And he filled you up chock full of Hardwick McVickar's notions, of course. I guess that's about what he was told to do. But we won't fall apart on that, son. Tomorrow we'll go down to the city, and you can look the ground over for yourself. I want you to draw your own conclusions and then come and tell me what you'd like to do. Shall we leave it that way?"  
Blount acquiesced, quite without prejudice to a firm conviction that his opinion when formed was going to be based on the merits of the case, upon a fair and judicial summing up of the pros and cons.  
He felt that it would be striking at the very root of the tree of good government to allow himself to be the candidate of the machine. But, on the other hand, he saw instantly what a power a fearless public prosecutor could be in a misguided commonwealth where the lack was not of good laws, but of men strong enough and courageous enough to administer them.  
He would see. If the good to be accomplished was great enough to overbalance the evil—it was a temptation to compromise, a sharp temptation, and he found himself longing for Patricia, for her clear sighted comment, which, he felt sure, would go straight to the heart of the tangle.  
It was that thought of Patricia and his need for her that made him distrust and absentminded at the Watraces Hall dinner table that evening, and the father, looking on and suspecting that Evan's taciturnity was an expression of his prejudice against the woman who had taken his mother's place, and when the son, pleading weariness, retreated early to his room the suspicion was confirmed.  
"You'll have to be patient with the boy, little woman," said the master of Watraces when Evan had disappeared. "I shouldn't wonder if Boston had put some right queer notions into his head."  
The little lady looked up from her embroidery frame with a whimsical smile wrinkling itself at the corners of the sensitive mouth. "He is a dear boy," she said, "and he is trying awfully hard to late me. But I shan't let him, David."  
(to be continued)

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