



BY  
ALBERT  
PAYSON  
TERHUNE  
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GEORGE H. BROADHURST

CHAPTER XVI.

DALLAS, left alone in Horrigan's private room, sat at the big table, making no effort to follow her brother and Phelan. A messenger, searching for Horrigan, burst in, looked inquiringly at the motionless, white-faced girl, then passed on to the committee room beyond and on again in his search until the sound of his footsteps died. And still Dallas sat, inert, dumb.

Little by little she was piecing together the facts of the long, miserable complication in the light of what Perry had just told her. It was absurdly easy now that she held the key of the situation. She could understand everything—how Wainwright had put her fortune into Borough stock to influence Bennett; how, failing to move the latter, he had used Alwyn's knowledge of the fact as a weapon against the young man; how Bennett had sought to save her fortune and why he had forbidden Perry to blasphe her feelings by telling of the generous act.

"From first to last," she murmured in unhappy contrition, "he has acted honorably and as he thought I would have wanted him to and for my happiness. And I, like the wretched little fool I was, couldn't understand and publicly humiliated him. Oh, if only it weren't too late!"

A vision of Gibbs flashed before her mind, and she shuddered, realizing all that her rash step had entailed.

"It is too late," she confessed to herself, fighting back the hot tears that seared her eyes. "But at least I can tell him I know and beg his forgiveness and thank him."

The sound of voices in the corridor roused her from her bitter reverie. She sprang up hastily, unwilling that any should see her tear-stained face, but the speakers, though they drew near, did not enter Horrigan's office. Instead, they stepped into the adjoining committee room. The messenger had left ajar the door between the two rooms. Realizing this and not wishing to be seen, Dallas shrank back toward the wall, fearful of detection. Then the voice of one of the speakers suddenly arrested her notice.

"Well," Bennett was saying in no especially civil tones, "you said you wished to speak to me in private. What have you to say? Be brief, for I am busy."

Finding herself the unwilling witness to what promised to be a confidential talk, Dallas stole toward the door leading to the corridor, but Horrigan, as was his custom, had locked it going out. She dared not enter alone the crowded anteroom in her present state, so hesitatingly she paused, forced to remain where she was. The sound of another voice chained her to the spot, and, unconscious of eavesdropping, she stood spellbound, hearing every word distinctly through the half open doorway.

"I—I hardly know how to begin," Gibbs was replying to Bennett's curt demand. "It is a delicate subject and—"

"Then the sooner it is treated to open air the better. Is—"

"You've won the Borough bill fight," began Gibbs.

"Is that all you have to say to me?"

"No. You've won, but you've lost far more. You've lost Dallas Wainwright."

"I hardly need to be reminded of that," retorted Bennett, "and it is a subject I don't care to discuss."

"But listen," pleaded Gibbs as the mayor made a move as though to leave the room. "One minute! I say you've won the Borough fight. I've won Dallas. Can't we—"

"Well, what?" asked Bennett, with ominous quiet as he paused in his departure.

"Can't we—strike some sort of bargain?" said Gibbs tentatively.

"Explain, please," ordered Bennett, with that same deceptive calm.

"Why," went on Gibbs, emboldened at the other's seeming complaisance, "suppose you give up this Borough fight and I give up Dallas? I won her by a trick. She doesn't really love me. It is her pride, not her heart, that made her throw you over and accept me. It is you she loves, and I've known it all along, and you are in love with her."

"What then?"

"Just this," returned Gibbs, wondering at Bennett's quiet reception of the strange offer. "She will marry me because she isn't the sort of girl to go back on her promise, especially since she looks on me as a sort of high-minded martyr to your oppression, so if I

told her to her word she will not back down. Now, if you, even now, withdraw your opposition the Borough bill will go through. Let it go through and I will break my engagement to Dallas Wainwright and leave her free to marry you."

"You promise that?"

"Yes!" cried Gibbs, elated. "I promise on my word of honor! Is it a bargain?"

"Gibbs," replied Alwyn slowly, "I didn't think there was so foul a cur as you in all the world. I thought I understood how utterly rotten you were, but I didn't believe there was a man living who could debase himself as you're just done."

"But—" began Gibbs, in bewilderment.

"Now you'll listen to me for a moment," cut in Bennett, silencing the interruption. "You say I'm in love with Miss Wainwright. It is true. I love her in a way a dog like you could never understand if he tried for a lifetime. I'd give my life for one word of love from her, but I'd sooner go forever without that word than win it by a dishonest deed that would prove me unworthy of her. I asked her love as a free gift and tried to deserve it. She refused, and I won't try to buy what she won't give me, especially since the price would make me as unworthy of her as you yourself are."

"But you take the wrong view of it. You see, if—"

"I see this much: I'll have to speak plainer to get my view of the case into your vile mind. If ever again you meet me, stand out of my way. Don't speak to me or come where I am, for

"Is it important? He's pretty busy."

"Very important!" she pleaded. "I must see him at once."

"I'll look him up," agreed Phelan, "but I warn you he's too busy to see you just yet. S'pose you let me take you back to the meetin'? Our bill's comin' up in a few minutes now, an' you don't want to miss it. Then I'll scare up his honor for you as soon as he's got a spare minute an' bring you back here to him. Sorry to keep you waitin'!" he went on as they started toward the council chamber, "but before this session's over all sorts of things is due to explode, an' we ain't hardly at the beginnin' of the excitement yet. We're goin' to make a Fourth of July celebration in a giant powder fact'ry look like a deaf mute fun'ral by the time we're done."

"(To be Continued.)

"Now leave me, please. Your presence tempts me."

"Without a word he slunk out of the room and out of her life."

Phelan, agog with eagerness for the coming struggle in the aldermanic chamber, burst past through the corridor. The alderman had many duties today, and as the performance of each brought him nearer to his longed-for revenge on Horrigan he was positively beaming with righteous bliss. Dallas caught sight of him.

"Alderman!" she called faintly.

Phelan halted, still in haste to fulfill his mission.

"Could—could I see Mr. Bennett?" she asked, new timidity transforming her rich voice. "Do you know where I can find him?"

"Is it important? He's pretty busy."

"Very important!" she pleaded. "I must see him at once."

"I'll look him up," agreed Phelan, "but I warn you he's too busy to see you just yet. S'pose you let me take you back to the meetin'? Our bill's comin' up in a few minutes now, an' you don't want to miss it. Then I'll scare up his honor for you as soon as he's got a spare minute an' bring you back here to him. Sorry to keep you waitin'!" he went on as they started toward the council chamber, "but before this session's over all sorts of things is due to explode, an' we ain't hardly at the beginnin' of the excitement yet. We're goin' to make a Fourth of July celebration in a giant powder fact'ry look like a deaf mute fun'ral by the time we're done."

"(To be Continued.)

**Abruzzi Refuses to See Any One.**  
Turin, Nov. 17.—The Duke of the Abruzzi has received several cablegrams from the United States concerning the truth of the statement made by Senator Elkins that there is no engagement between the duke and his daughter. The duke has made no answer to any of these communications and will see no one.

**Miss Bryan a Bridesmaid.**  
Roanoke, Va., Nov. 17.—Miss Grace Bryan, who is attending school here, was a bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Belle Norwood Tyler, daughter of Ex-Governor Hoge Tyler, and Frank P. McConnell, of Fort Smith, Ark.

**Tom Taggart Not a Candidate.**  
Indianapolis, Nov. 17.—Thomas Taggart, ex-national Democratic chairman, has announced that he is not a candidate for United States senator. He also expresses deep gratitude to friends who offered him support.

**Wound in the Leg is Fatal.**  
Evansville, Ind., Nov. 17.—While hunting near this city Walter Richardson accidentally shot himself in the leg and died while physicians were amputating the leg.

**Griffith May Handle Reds.**  
It has been learned on good authority that Clarke Griffith will manage the Cincinnati Nationals next season. The story comes from very reliable sources. Color is lent to the matter by the fact that Griffith followed the reds all over the circuit on the last trip of the season.

**Dr. Osler's "useless after forty" and Roosevelt's "de-lighted" on shaking hands with fifty show that it must all depend upon the man.**

**The Kaiser's bad "break" about the English put a brake upon the European war scare, temporarily at least.**

**Many a failure comes from taking a freak notion when in cups and back ing it to the limit when sober.**

**The place to put the blame for that election jar is on the forecaster.**

## BUSTER AND THE BEAR

A THANKSGIVING  
EPISODE IN VERSE

By Earle Hooker Eaton

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SISTER wanted chickens Thanksgiving day to eat, Brother said a gander was mighty hard to beat, Ma she wanted turkey, an' pa he wanted duck, Men I went out huntin' an' had the bestest luck. Heard a norful growlin'; but, say, I didn't care. I des aimed my rifle an' shot this grea' big bear!



HEARD A NORFUL GROWLIN'; BUT, SAY, I DIDN'T CARE.

**SISTER** wants the gizzard, the neck or anything; Brother wants a drumstick, an' mother'll take a wing. Father'll take the wishbone, with dea' slice of breast, An' as I'm quite hungry I think I'll eat the rest. Don't I wish that Roosevelt, the president, was my pa; Men I'd shoot some elefants 'way down in Africkah!

### Language Studies at School.

That a great many men "have acquired a violent hatred for English literature, owing to the preparation required in it" at school, is the opinion of Professor Lounsbury of Yale. The preparation referred to is, of course, training in grammar, spelling and rhetoric as preliminary to exercises in literature. In this connection a colleague of Professor Lounsbury at Yale, Professor Phelps, thinks that "training at home is what really counts."

Too often in American homes there is no systematic training. Spoken language is used carelessly, and books are seldom selected with regard to style in language. It is said that foreign boys outstrip our natives in acquiring good English where the home training of the latter has been careless. In schools abroad much attention is given to the principles underlying all language, and a pupil thus prepared is half a linguist for any language he may attempt. It may be that our elementary training is at fault and that too great a burden is placed upon memory during childhood. Language is of slow growth and is probably "picked up" more often than it is mastered by hard study. Doubtless much depends on a right

start whether the pupil ends with "a violent hatred for English literature" or learns to love literature and to use good English with ease.

### Schoolma'am and the Home.

Educators and school boards may lament the vacant places at the teachers' desks on the opening of fall terms, but the rest of the community should perhaps be congratulated. Every schoolma'am that marries means one more good home. From a narrow point of view it may seem an economic waste to have a teacher drop school work when she is at her best. But all education is an economic waste unless there are to be good homes built up on it and from it.

A schoolma'am turned wife is a great deal more than half trained for the duties of the mistress of a home. She has acquired patience and system and a knowledge of the ways of children. She knows the value of a dollar and how hard it is to earn one. Marriage may be getting unpopular, but these annual raids on the ranks of the schoolma'ams do not show it. Men have been schoolboys, and they know that there's a good wife in the making to be found in every schoolhouse.

DR. J. H. HANSSON  
VETERINARY SURGEON—Now at Rensselaer. Calls promptly answered. Office in Harris Bank Building. Phone 448.

## Rheumatism

Do you want to get rid of it? If so, take Dr. Miles' Nervine modified as directed in pamphlet around bottle. In addition to the direct curative properties it has a soothing effect upon the nervous system by which the rheumatic pains are controlled, and rest and sleep assured. It has made many cures of this painful disease, some of them after years of suffering. If it will cure others why not you. If your case is complicated, write us for advice, it costs you nothing and may save you prolonged suffering.

"I was so crippled that I could scarcely walk. After having my shoes on and hair cut, I could manage to walk by suffering the pain, when I began to have pains all through my system. My doctor told me I had an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and read about Dr. Miles' Nervine, bought a bottle and commenced to get better from the start and for the past six months have scarcely any pain, and am able to walk as well as ever."

JAS. H. SANDERS,  
P. O. Box 10, Rockway, N. J.  
Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Nervine, and we authorize him to return price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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