

The New Mayor
Based on G. J. Broadhurst's Successful Play
**THE MAN
OF
THE HOUR**

BY
**ALBERT
PAYSON
TERHUNE**
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GEORGE H. BROADHURST

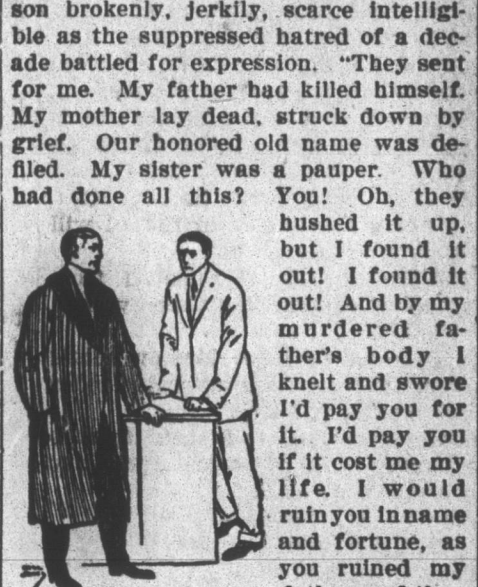
CHAPTER XVII.
"H'E'S in there!" observed Phelan in high excitement, jerking his thumb toward a door leading off the committee room. "An' I've sent for Wainwright an' Horrigan to meet your honor here. An' I've fixed it so the Borough bill won't come up for ten minutes. Now, all that's left is to touch the punk to the fuse an' set off the whole giddy bunch of fireworks under 'em. Gee, but it's good to 'a' stuck to this old world just for the sake of bein' here today an' seein' what I'm due to see!"
The alderman chuckled, but his joyous anticipation found no reflection in Bennett's white set face. The two were in the committee room, whither Phelan had repaired after depositing Dallas in a chair beside her brother at the meeting and attending to one or two details of greater import.
"Yes," went on Phelan, again nodding mysteriously toward the farther door, "he's in there, trained to the minute for the blowout. There's some one else wants to see you, too—some one who'll make more of a hit with you if I'm not overplayin' my hand. But good news can wait. There's so little of it in this measly life that it generally has to. I—"
From the corridor Horrigan stamped into the committee room, Wainwright at his heels.
"Well!" cried the boss defiantly, glaring at Bennett and ignoring Phelan. "You sent for us. What do you want?"
"One moment!" intervened Wainwright. "We are beaten. We admit that without argument. So we need waste no time going over details."
"Have you sent for us to say what you'll sell out for?" queried Horrigan coarsely. "because if you have you've only to name your price. You've got us where you want us. We've got to pay."
"I should have thought," replied Bennett, with no shade of offense, "you would know by this time that I have no price."
"Then what do you want?"
"Nothing—from you."
"Why did you send word you wanted to see us?" growled Horrigan impatiently as he and Wainwright, unwitting, seated themselves at the table.
"To tell you," answered Alwyn, glancing from one to the other, "that every step you two have taken in this whole infamous transaction from the very first has been carefully followed, and, to use your own phrase, we've got you with the goods!"
"Same old bluff!" commented Horrigan contemptuously, with a reassuring wink at the somewhat less confident Wainwright.
"By tomorrow noon," resumed Bennett, "you will both be indicted on a charge of bribery. Even now there are detectives on the watch for you. Escape is impossible."
"Rot!" sneered Horrigan. "You've no evidence that will indict, and you know it. Even if you had, don't I control most of the judges and the district attorney's office besides? Swell chance you'll have of getting a conviction past that bunch! Bah! You talk like a man made of mud. I s'pose it's the affair of those Roberts notes you're counting on. That don't feaze me any. My lawyer can twist that around so it'll look like a charity gift. No, no, youngster. You'll have to think of something better if!"
"And, anyhow," put in Wainwright nervously, "you can't prove any connection on my part. There's nothing against me or—"
"I think there is," retorted Bennett, wheeling about on the financier. "And even if I can't nail the Roberts bribery to you I've plenty more counts to hold you on."
"All these generalities and vague accusations prove nothing, Bennett," answered Wainwright, drawing courage from Horrigan's colossal calm and speaking with more assurance. "Mr. Horrigan and I are not schoolboys to be scared by baseless threats. This is all guesswork on your part. Come, now, name one specific charge you can prove."
"One will be enough to convince you?" asked Alwyn. "Well, then, how about this as a first guess? Mr. Horrigan's bribe of \$2,000,000 in money and 25,000 shares of Borough stock for agreeing to put through the Borough franchise? For 'guesswork' that doesn't seem to me very bad."
Wainwright's hard mask of a face twitched convulsively, but the steady brain that had carried him unshaken

through a thousand risky financial deals came at once to his rescue.
"An excellent guess," he agreed in splendidly feigned amusement, "but unfortunately the courts demand proof before convicting a man, and there is no proof whatever of—"
"Are you sure?" queried Bennett. Turning to Phelan, he added: "Please ask Mr. Thompson to come in."
The alderman, with an expansive grin, swung open the door of the farther room.
At sound of his secretary's name Wainwright had sprung to his feet and, dumfounded, was leaning heavily on the table, staring across the threshold of the suddenly opened door.
There, framed in the dark doorway, his face deathly pale, his eyes glowing with a strange light as of murder, stood Cynthia's brother.
His presence in the city hall was no mere chance, but the climax of a series of conferences between Bennett, Phelan and himself, dating from the night of the administration ball, when, determined to resolve the secretary's dilemma and had been forced by the inquisitive alderman and his identity revealed.
Bennett had been let into the secret next day, and the trio had had a three hour talk from which Phelan had emerged with the gleeful air of one who had unexpectedly found a \$1,000 bill. Thompson, too, had left that conference with a look of calm, intense satisfaction that transfigured him.
Other conversations had followed, one of them in the presence of notary, stenographer and lawyers. The trap at last was ready to be sprung.
The financier for the first time in his nine year close association with the secretary met the younger man's gaze without seeing the latter droop in deferential submission. Now he received back look for look from his former abject slave, and it was his own glance that wavered before that concentrated glare of hate.
"Thompson!" he cried, and his voice bore a world of incredulous reproach.
Before him stood the one man on earth in whom Wainwright had ever placed implicit trust; to whom he had confided his gravest business secrets; the man whom he had so shrewdly tested in countless ways and who had proved staunchly incorruptible and loyal.



Harry Garrison.
al, and now Thompson apparently confronted him in the role of traitor—of exultant spy.
"Thompson!" he exclaimed once more, almost with a groan, as the secretary advanced into the room until only the width of the table separated employer and employee.
Then the newcomer spoke for the first time, in an oddly muffled voice, as though fighting desperately for self restraint.
"No!" he contradicted. "Thompson no longer. Henceforth I am Garrison." Wainwright's face grew gray. Breathless, unbelieving, he peered across at the pallid features of his new foe, tracing in them the likeness to the old friend whose ruin and death he had caused. The haunting resemblance that had often vaguely occurred to him when watching Thompson at work now returned in double force. But now, as in a flash, it was explained, and he knew that his secretary spoke the truth.
"Yes," went on Thompson in that same choked, struggling intonation, "I am Harry Garrison. You wrecked my father's life. You drove him to suicide. You blasted his memory. You beggared his children. I am his son—Harry Garrison. Now do you begin to understand?"
"You see, Mr. Wainwright," intervened Bennett as the secretary's pent-up rage strangled the words in his throat, "my guesswork has a fairly reliable backing."
But Wainwright did not hear. He still stared, as one hypnotized, into the blazing eyes of the man he had trusted.
"You've—you've played me false!" he managed to gasp at length. "You have!"
"Sure he has!" cut in Horrigan. "What'd I tell you last summer, Wainwright? I said then you were foolish to trust him so. I said he'd stand watching. The minute I set eyes on that lantern jawed, glum face of his—"
"Played me false!" muttered Wainwright again, dazed and doubting the evidence of his own senses.
"Played you false?" jeered Thompson. "Played you false? Why else did I become your servant? What else have I been waiting all these horrible years for? I've sat at your desk and listened to your orders, never venturing to say my soul was my own. Now you'll listen to me."
"Why do you bother with the little traitor, Wainwright?" scoffed Horrigan. But the financier was standing motionless, leaning on the table, his fingers spasmodically gripping its edge till the knuckles grew white. Ridiculously like a cowed prisoner before the bar of justice, he faced his fiery eyed young judge.
"They sent for me," went on Thompson brokenly, jerkily, scarce intelligible as the suppressed hatred of a decade battled for expression. "They sent for me. My father had killed himself. My mother lay dead, struck down by grief. Our honored old name was defiled. My sister was a pauper. Who had done all this? You! Oh, they hushed it up, but I found it out! I found it out! And by my murdered father's body I kneel and swore I'd pay you for it. I'd pay you if it cost me my life. I would ruin you in name and fortune, as you ruined my father, and then I'd kill you, as you killed him!"
"And then I'd kill you, as you killed my father."
With an effort that left him haggard and trembling, Thompson forced himself to calmer speech and continued:
"I answered your advertisement for a secretary. I had no experience, yet out of ninety applicants you chose me. That was fate. I knew then that one day I should have you at my feet, as now I have. Fate fought for me. I made myself necessary for you. I obeyed your hardest orders. I found out ways to please you. I fetched and carried for you. I ran to anticipate your slightest wish, as though I was your adoring son. It was I hope you're satisfied, sir, and 'Let me do that for you, sir, and I am glad to work overtime for you, sir, any time you wish,' while every minute I had to fight hard to keep from striking you dead!"
"I must go!" groaned Wainwright, shuddering. "I can't stand this. I!"
"Oh, I made you think me a paragon!" resumed the youth. "You took to testing my honesty and loyalty in clever ways that you thought I'd never discover. I stood the tests. Then you trusted me. You fool! As if the fact that I wasn't a crook proved I wasn't your enemy! You could see no farther than dollars and cents. When I didn't steal those or sell the market tips you gave me you thought I was incorruptible and devoted to your interests. And all the time I!"
"You were listening at the keyhole that day last summer," broke in Horrigan, "the time I pulled the office door open, and—"
"Then and always," answered Thompson, "and," he added, his eyes returning to Wainwright's, "I copied every confidential telegram or letter you sent. I took down in shorthand every private interview of yours. I tracked the checks that completed your deals, and when they came back from the vaults as vouchers I stole them. I've got proofs, I tell you—proofs—of every crooked transaction you have dabbled in for nine years. I've secured proofs of every step in this borough franchise bribery, and I've turned them all over to the mayor here. That evidence will send you to state prison! To state prison, I tell you! To a cell, with cropped hair and striped suit! I'll send you to prison, where you'll break your heart and be branded forever, as a convict! And when your term is up I'll be waiting for you, and I'll kill you! Do you hear me, you foul criminal?" he shouted, screaming hysterically and foaming at the mouth in his abandonment of insane fury. "I'm going to kill you! To kill you!"
(To be Concluded.)

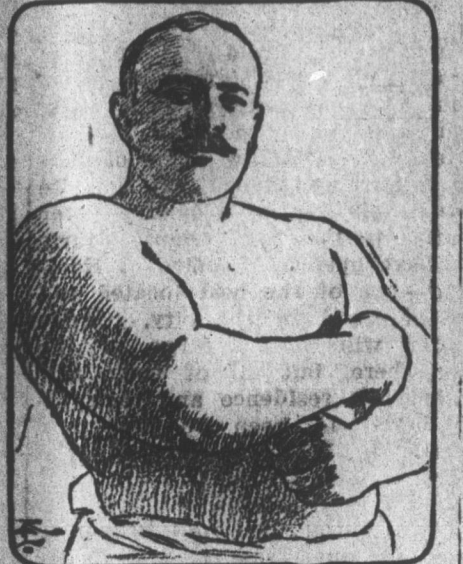
The Greening Nursery Co., Monroe, Mich., known to be the largest growers of Trees in the World, writes us that they want a good live agent in this section to solicit orders for their trees, shrubbery, etc. Experience not necessary. They offer good pay weekly, and furnish canvassing outfit free. We advise any man or woman in our community, who has some spare time to take orders to write them for particulars immediately. Mention this paper when writing.



The Democrat for job work.

The SPORTING WORLD

Zybso May Visit United States.
The Gotch-Hackenschmidt wrestling match at Chicago last spring has kind of stirred up the sporting members of the Missouri Athletic club at Kansas City, for they are endeavoring to bring Zybso, the big Galician wrestler, who has been making quite a hit in London the last year, to this country.
The Kansas City club has offered Zybso \$3,000 and \$1,000 for expenses to come over and wrestle six matches with opponents they may select, the



ZYBSCO, THE GALICIAN WRESTLER.

name to be held during the winter months. If Zybso accepts he will probably be matched against Charles Olson and five of the best heavy-weights in the west.
The plan then is to have Zybso, should he win all the matches, meet Frank Gotch in a big international match about March, when Frank gets through with his theatrical tour. Gotch has stated that he would not wrestle again, but it is thought that in a case of this kind he will again take to the mat and defend his title.

Remarkable Tennis Record.
A. W. Gore, who at the age of forty made history recently by winning the Olympic lawn tennis medal (covered court) and the All-England championship, possesses a record which is declared to be unparalleled in the sport.
For one thing, he is the oldest player ever to win the blue ribbon; for another, no man has ever won the title of champion of England twice with an interval of seven years between his two victories, and, for a third, no player has ever appeared in the final of all comers' singles on six occasions.

Mr. Gore was born on Jan. 2, 1868, and as far back as 1880, when he was only twelve, was winning prizes. It was at the Dinard club that he learned lawn tennis. In 1880 he won his first handicap, mixed doubles, and in 1886 captured the silver cup given as a championship of the Dinard club.
Mr. Gore's 1906 record is one of which any man should be justly proud. He has won the open championship of England, the covered court championship and the Olympic gold medals, doubles and singles, covered court.

Shrubs on Cross Country Running.
The Harvard Cross Country association has shown a desire to make the crimson better fortified in cross country running by engaging Alfred Shrubb, the famous English professional.
Shrubb has his own ideas about the development of cross country runners, and this is his first opportunity to put them in practice. In expressing his views recently Shrubb said:
"You Americans don't know how to run cross country. If I had charge of one of your college teams for a season and could run with the men I know I could improve them 50 per cent. There is nothing which helps young runners so much as to have an experienced man to set pace for them and to point out their defects."
The experiment which Harvard is making will be watched with great interest throughout the college world.

Naps' New Training System.
Manager Lajole of the Cleveland Americans has sprung the latest spring training innovation. "No exhibition games for the Naps during the training season," says Lajole. The Naps will spend the early part of the spring in Mobile and will then jump to New Orleans after the Philadelphia Ameri-

cans have finished their stay at that point.
From New Orleans the Naps will go directly to the city their season is scheduled to open in without any games played on the road.
Lajole believes that the benefit of a straight six weeks' series of work to gether will do his players far more good than jumping around the country and playing exhibition games with a lot of weak and inferior teams. The experiment will be watched with interest by all the other managers and magnates.

Grant, Minnesota's New Track Coach.
Dick Grant, one of the best known long distance runners ever turned out from Harvard university, has been elected track team coach at the University of Minnesota and will develop the team. Minnesota will enter in the western conference meet in the spring.

New York's Long Bowling Tourney.
Eighteen bowlers will compete in the Greater New York tournament, which starts in December and ends in May.

Fish May Lead Harvard in 1909.
Ham Fish, Harvard's right tackle, is the logical man for captain of the Harvard team next year.

To Train General Watts, 2:06 3/4.
General Watts (3), 2:06 3/4, is to be trained next season, so it is said.

Conundrums.
Why is a healthy boy like the United States? Because he has a good constitution.
When is a fish above its station? When it rises and takes a fly.
When is a tourist in Ireland like a donkey? When he is going to Bray.
What is the keynote to good manners? B natural.
Why is a short negro like a white man? Because he is not at all black (a tall black).
Why is a hen walking like a conspiracy? It is a fowl (foul) proceeding.
What makes a pair of boots? Two boots.
What is the easiest thing in the world to break? Silence.

Poetical Butterfly.
This is a game played by any number of persons, one of whom, called the "butterfly," names the others after trees, flowers, birds or insects.
The butterfly pretends to fly from one to another, asking each for his story and then commenting on it as he pleases. Each of the players when thus addressed must give some quotation or mention some tale or legend about the tree, flower, bird or insect which he represents. Thus the apple tree may allude to the story of William Tell and the robin to the cock robin, while the blackbird may quote:
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

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For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and slow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend

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If it does, you should try Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. Why not do so. They will relieve the pain in just a few minutes. Ask your druggist. There are 45,000 druggists in the U. S. Ask any of them. A package of 25 doses costs 25 cents. One tablet usually stops a headache. They relieve pain without leaving any disagreeable after-effects—isn't that what you want?
"My son Fran Snyder has used Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for a long time. He never had anything to help him so much for headache. A year ago he came home, and I was down sick with such a dreadful nervous headache. He gave me one of the Anti-Pain Pills, and after while I took another and was entirely relieved. I always keep them in the house now, and gave many away to others suffering with headache."
MRS. LOUISE LEWELLYN, Powell, South Dakota.
Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and we authorize him to return the price of first package (only) if it fails to benefit you.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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