

CHAPTER IX.

HE moment of strained silence that ensued upon Horrigan's entrance was broken by the irrepressible Perry, who, having rescued Cynthia from Gibbs at the close of their dance, was escorting her triumphantly from the ballroom.

"This is my dance," he remarked happily to Alwyn as he came up. "and we're going to sit it out. If Mrs. Bennett in her capacity of chaperon should ask for Cynthia; you can tell her we're going into the glass house to stroll among the romantic vegetables."

And he departed with his prize in the direction of the conservatory. The moment's interruption had sufficed for Wainwright to whisper an admonitory word in Horrigan's ear. Dallas, too. fearing a clash, took Bennett's arm.

"It's so warm in here!" she murmured. "Perhaps we can find better air in one of the other rooms. Shall we try?"
"Wainwright," exclaimed Horrigan, as the portieres closed behind the mayor and girl, "I don't like that! Is your

niece on his side or with us?" "I don't know," answered Watnwright discontentedly, "and I don't like to force an issue by asking her. It doesn't especially matter, I suppose. In any case, I can trust her.'

"You're in luck!" sneered Horrigan "That makes two people you say you can trust-first your secretary, Thompson, and then- Hellol" he broke off as a swarthy middle aged man hurrled in. "Looking for me, Williams? What's up?"

The newcomer was visibly excited, and at first giance Horrigan had seen that something was amiss

"What's up?" repeated the boss. "Ellis has gone-deserted!" cried Wil-

liams. "Ellis!" echoed Wainwright in dismay, for the man of whom Williams spoke was one of the aldermanic "solid thirteen" on whom Horrigan counted. The boss made no comment, but waited impatiently for his henchman to

continue "Ellis has gone," repeated Williams. "He left a note for me saying his wife is very ill and the doctor's ordered him to take her south. So he can't attend

Friday's meeting." "Can't attend the meeting?" gasped Wainwright. "But everything depends

"Oh, he'll be on hand, the cur!" growled Horrigan. "The rest are standing solid of course?"

"I think so," hazarded Williams, "but some of 'em are pretty scared. We've never had such a fight before as Bennett's putting up against us now.

"I'll strengthen 'em up so as to knock out any weakening!" declared Horrigan confidently. "It's Ellis we've got to look after now. Go after him, Williams, on the first train south and haul him back. Have him here by Friday if you have to kidnap him. I'll stand for any damage or expense. Only see he's here for that meeting. It's up to you. Now jump!"

As Williams hastened toward the Horrigan called after him:

"On your way out send word to Roberts that I want to see him here. Well, Wainwright," he resumed, turning back into the room, "it looks bad." "Do you think"-

"I think we're in a tight place. If our aldermen found out about Ellis' quitting, there's no knowing how many of 'em would bolt. If we could only work Bennett!"

"Out of the question. He can't be turned."

"There's no man who can't be turned. I've one card up my sleeve yet that ought to land him. But I'd rather try something else first. I wish we could get a line on his price "He can't be bought! He"-

"Rot! Everybody can be bought. Only there's some that can't be bought with cash. I'm wondering what there is that'll buy him if money won't."

Gibbs, in search of an elusive partner, crossed the foyer and paused to greet them.

"What news?" he asked. Wainwright surveyed the broker's well groomed figure with less approval than usual.

"You seem to be industrious enough tonight," said he. "It's a pity some of tonight's dancing energy couldn't have been devoted to your work this morning.

Gibbs flushed at the reproof in words and tone.

"I don't understand," he replied stiffiy. "Why didn't you notify me of the

big block of Borough stock that was bought up just before noon?" "I hadn't heard about it," answered

Gibbs, with not quite all his customary assurance.

"Everybody else heard of it. You'll have to keep better tabs on the market | alarm, "I really don't think I could prethan that if you're to be any use to us. Do you know who bought it?"

mneasiness. "Of course I don't. How should I know? What are you driving at?"

"This is what I'm driving at: Several big blocks of the stock have been unfew days and have been quietly snap- you don't understand how"ped up. Somebody's evidently tailing

on to our game. You don't know Are you going to be a white man or who?"

"I've told you twice that I didn't know," blustered Gibbs, masking his concern under a show of virtuous indignation.

The effort called forth all the astute falling through. By his original ar- can get him-well, there's a vacancy rangement with Wainwright he was to have manipulated all the Borough stock purchases on the exchange floor on the condition that he invest not one

Having strong faith in the deal's succentive to keep faith with his partners, to the Borough bill. Thank you, Mr. profits by secretly buying up quantities | Newman"of the stock for himself until every penny of his capital was involved. His troubled mind could not now determine whether or not Wainwright suspected him. Gibbs, while possessing all the ambition, selfishness and lack of conscience that go toward the making of a great financier, lacked the one chief essentials for the part-namely,

a cold and unshaken nerve. It was this defect that now threatened to expose him.

"Well," resumed Wainwright, though dismissing the top-"you should have made it your business to

Fall through!" cried ing this private Gibbs, dismayed. buying. That's what we brought you into the deal for.

Anyhow, the mysterious purchaser is liable to find himself in hot water before long." "Why?" queried Gibbs in a voice he

tried to make indifferent. "Only because the deal will probably

fall through."

"Fall through!" cried Gibbs, dismayed. "What do you- Why, you told me Mr. Horrigan could win over a fourteenth alderman, and that with his solid thirteen"-

"Yes," drawled Horrigan, who had been unobtrusively eying Gibbs from the moment of his entrance, "we had some such notion, as you say. But my 'solid thirteen' didn't happen to be as solid as he looked. He's bolted."

"Bolted! Then we-we will lose

"Say, Mr. Gibbs," observed Horrigan, "you seem to take this thing pretty hard for a man with only 20 per cent at stake. Mr. Wainwright stands to lose some millions. I'm interested to the extent of almost a million. Yet you don't see us getting pale and shaky, do you? If a man can't pay for the chips he has no right in a poker game. Brace up and act like a man, can't you? We haven't lost yet. I've sent after the fellow that bolted, and I think I can land the fourteenth alderman too."

pull the deal through, won't you?"

"No!" snarled Horrigan in elephantine sarcasm. "I'm going to spend the time playing pingpong and diabolo and"with the kids or taking a course of lessons in fancy knitting. Oh, buck up, can't you, and quit acting like a baby! Judge Newman's out there on the other side of the ballroom. Chase over and tell him to come here."

Too confused to resent the boss' words, Gibbs meekly set out on his er-

"That chap's got a streak of yellow a yard wide," commented Horrigan, gazing after him.

"Not as bad as that," replied Wainwright. "He's young and not used to reverses. You'll find he is game, all right, when it comes to a pinch. What did you want of Newman?"

"You'll see. Here he comes." "You wished to speak to me, Mr. Horrigan?" piped the little judge, hurrying into the foyer. "Good evening, Mr. Wainwright. What a success the ball is! My daughters have been dancing all evening. And Mrs. Newman is so"-

"Never mind Mrs. Newman just now," broke in Horrigan. "There's something important I want you to do

He spoke, as he always did to Newman, in the manner of one addressing an incompetent servant. The judge, for all his pomposity, deemed it wise to ignore the politician's mode of address.

"I want you to hunt up Bennett," went on the boss, "and persuade him to stop fighting the Borough franchise bill. Tell him"-

"Oh." gasped the judge in genuine sume to"-

"Yes, you can," contradicted Horri-"No," returned Gibbs, with growing gan. "You can do it, and, what's more, you will. You don't feel shy about asking favors of me, and when it's the the case. So I just"other way around you've got to come

"I know! I know!" protested the loaded on the market during the past frightened little judge soothingly. "But

"I got you the nomination last fall.

welcher?

"But I'm sure that Mrs. Newman"-"To blazes with Mrs. Newman! Now listen to me. Go to Bennett and do what you can to make him keep his hands off our Borough bill. If he's difyoung broker's nerve, for a certain ficult offer him, in my name, the nomshrewd scheme of his showed signs of ination for governor next year. If you next year in the supreme court and"-

"I'll do what I can," assented the judge. "I'm sure you are right, Mr. and to receive 20 per cent of the profits | Horrigan, even if your way of putting matters is just a little ragged. I'll see dollar in the stock on his private ac- Mr. Bennett tonight and use all the persuasion in my power. I'm quite sure civic welfare will be best served cess and having no equally strong in- if he will cease his unseemly opposition Gibbs had sought to swell his own-Horrigan. I'm very sure that Mrs.

"I'm sure, too," cut in Horrigan, "Now run on. We're busy. Remember, now -the very next supreme court vacancy"

"Do you really think he has any influence with Bennett?" asked Wainwright as the judge vanished.

"Can't do any harm to try. They're neighbors in the country and in the same crowd in society and all that. If it fails, I've another card that's even stronger. Roberts ought to be here by now. You found out about those notes of his?"

"Yes; both of them. One for \$7,000, one for \$15,000. Both secured by mortgaging his factory. Roberts can't meet them. They've been extended twice, though the security must have been fairly good or the Sturtevant Trust company wouldn't have lent"-

'Williams said you wanted to speak to me, Mr. Horrigan," said a nervous voice from the door, and a pale, middle aged man came forward. He wore worry's stamp between his perplexed eyes, and care had bent his narrow shoulders.

"Yes. Good evening, Roberts," repiled Horrigan cordially, "See you later, Wainwright.'

The financier took the hint and walked toward the ballroom, on his way out nearly colliding with Phelan, who was entering the foyer. At sight of Horrigan and Roberts together Phelan's eyebrows went upward, with a jerk, and he tiptoed out in the opposite direction as fast as his stout legs could carry him in search of Bennett. Meantime Horrigan had come directly to the point, as usual, in his appeal to Roberts.

"Look here, alderman," said he, "you've been trying for years to get through a park bill for your ward. Still want it?"

"Yes," returned Roberts. "My constituents are at me all the time about that park. They"-

"It would make your ward's property values go up 50 per cent, and it would make you solid there forever, hey?"

"Yes, but"-"Introduce that bill again, and I'll guarantee it will go through."

"Are you in earnest?"

course, it's understood that your park "Good!" exclaimed Gibbs in wild re. bill won't come up until after the Borllef. "And you'll do your very best to ough Street railway franchise is passed Understand?"

"I'm afraid I do," said Roberts after a pause, "but I voted against that bill,

"You voted against the bill in its original form," Horrigan interrupted reassuringly, "and you were right, too. weren't square. But all those have been cut out." "But I still"-

"But you'll be doing what's best for your own constituents by looking after their interests in the matter of the park. You'll be their hero for that. Of course if I wanted to put it another



Judge Newman.

business is in a bad way and that a friend of mine has bought up your notes at the Sturtevant Trust company and means to send them to you tomorrow. But that has nothing to do with

"I'm honest, Mr. Horrigan," faltered

Roberts, "I"-"Sure you're honest! That's why you'll have the courage to vote for the so as to be a good thing for the city.

That's being honest, isn't it?"

"I-I suppose so. And the notesthe"-

"They'll be sent you by registered mall tomorrow if you want them. Do

"Y-yes. That is, I"-"That's settled, then You've got a level head. Good night."

The boss strode out, a grim smile of victory on his big face, leaving Roberts standing confused, doubtful, his brain awhirl. How long the tempted alderman stood thus-oblivious to the music, his surroundings and all elsehe could never remember, but a voice at his elbow brought him to his sensewith a start that was followed by a thrill of fear as he wheeled and recognized the speaker.

CHAPTER X.

OBERTS' eyes rested on the grinning, complacent features

of Alderman Phelan. At the latter's side was Bennett. "I was saying," remarked Phelan blandly, "that it's a fine ball, isn't it, now. Roberts?"

"Yes," said Roberts hastfly, preparing to move away. But Phelan buttonsoled him. "Stay an' swap talk awhile with his

ionor and me, Roberts," he begged. "I'm in a hurry," began Roberts. "Alderman Phelan has been trying to cheer me up a bit," said Bennett. "He knows I'm worried about the Borough

bill's outcome. I wish Friday was past." "Same here," chimed in Phelan. "An' you. Roberts?

"I?" muttered the uncomfortable man. "It's Friday that the Borough bill omes up again," explained Bennett, as though imparting new information.

You will vote against it, of course, Mr. Roberts?" "I'm not sure. You see, it's been altered so as to"-

"The alterations don't affect the main issue, and they can't change any honest man's views. So I can count on you to continue opposing it, can't I?" "I object to this catechizing!" flared up poor Roberts. "I won't stand for it.

> Time I'm my own master and"-"Are you sure you're your own master?" de manded Bennett. "If so why should you be afraid to say how you are going to vote?" "Do you accuse me of"-

"I accuse you of having changed your mind about the consciously bringing his profile into "Somebody's going to prison before this bill for some matter's ended." reason that von't bear the light. And I warn you to go carefully. Somebody's going to prison before this matter's ended."

"I'm not answerable to any one but my constituents," said Roberts, with a pitiful attempt at cold dignity, "and

"And they shall demand an answer from you," warned Bennett. "I'll see to it that they do. Now, you can go if you want to," turning his back on the confused Roberts, who eagerly took the opportunity to escape

'I'm afraid friend Roberts ain't havin' the happiest time of his life tonight," remarked Phelan, going to the doorway and looking after the departing alderman. "There's not much of what the poet geezer calls 'whoop up the dance, fer joy be unrefined' about "There's my hand on it. Only, of him. Poor fool! He never was cut out to be a crook. He makes a punk job of it in spite of the trimmin's Hor rigan's dec'rated him with. If I hadn't the sense to be crooked without makin' a monkey of myself, I'm blest if I don't believe I'd turn honest. Hev! Here's a couple of folks, though, that's ever I had at a dog fight!"

> young myself once, so I've been told, though I don't clearly remember it myself. Can I butt in with a line of congratulations?"

He extended his big hand with an honest cordiality that quite won Cyn-

"Thanks, alderman," grinned Perry effusively. "Now, Alwyn, we've got to go and break it to your mother if we can find her. Come along and back us

Dragging Bennett between them, the two youngsters started off on their quest. Phelan was about to return to his beloved bar when he was checked by seeing in the opposite doorway a man who stood as though petrified watching Cynthia Garrison's departing bill when you see it's been amended form. The intruder was about to withdraw when Phelan hailed him.

"Good evening," called the Alderman, "Good evening, sir," said the newomer respectfully, pausing on the point of leaving the foyer.

"I've met you before, I think," went on Phelan

"Some days ago in the mayor's office," assented the other. "I am Thompson, Mr. Wainwright's private secretary.

"I'm Alderman Phelan of the Eighth, and I've seen you before we met at his

honor's.' So you said then, sir. But you were

mistaken. Good evening." He turned again toward the door, but Phelan resumed, without seeking to stop him:

"A mistake, was it? I'm not a man who makes many mistakes, Mr. Garrison.

The retreating secretary halted as hough struck.

"That is another mistake, sir," he said in a muffled voice. "My name is

"Is it, though?" inquired Phelan in nocently. "It's queer how I could get mixed up so. When I was chief of police there was a bank president named Garrison who shot himself after bein' swindled an' whipsawed by a financier who was his dearest friend. He left a little daughter, Miss Cynthia, who you was lookin' at so keen just now, an' a son, who disappeared. That was nine years ago, an' I only saw the boy once, so maybe I've overplayed my hand in pipin' you off for him. But," added Phelan, laying a strong, detaining hand on Thompson's shoulder, "here comes some one who can clear it up easy enough."

The secretary twisted in the Iron grasp and sought vainly to break away as Cynthia and Perry entered.

"Cynthia's lost her fan," explained Perry at sight of the alderman. "She's had me looking all over for the measly thing. Wait here a minute," he added to her, "and I'll chase into the conservatory and see if we left it there." And, depositing the girl in a chair, he bolted away in search of the miss-

ing article. "Now then, young man," said Phelan, "if your name's Thompson, as you say, there's no reason why you should object to my introducin' you to this

young lady. Step up, son." Still holding the reluctant struggling secretary by the shoulder. Phelan turned to Cynthia.

"Miss Garrison," said he, "here's a gentleman I think you know. Would you mind lookin' him over?"

Wondering at the odd request, Cynthin raised her eyes to the stranger. But the latter persistently kept his face averted. "I don't think I know him." she an-

thing familiar about"-The secretary shifted restlessly, un-



her range of vision. With a gasp, Cynthia sprang to her feet, her face white, her eyes wide and incredulous.

"It's not-it's-oh, Harry!" she cried in an ecstasy of recognition, flinging her arms about the secretary's neck. "Harry! Brother! Back from the dead! Don't you know me? It's Cynthia!

"I am afraid you've made a very strange blunder, Miss Garrison," returned the secretary, his voice hoarse

and tremulous. "My name is"-"Your name's Harry Garrison!" Phelan shouted. "What's the use of lyin' to your own sister? I give you credit for havin' good reasons for callin' yourself Thompson, an' I think I begin to see what them reasons are, but when it comes to denyin' your own sister you're playin' it down low, whatever your game may be, and I've a good

mind to"-"Harry," the girl was pleading, "you do know me! After all these nine lonely years have you no greeting for

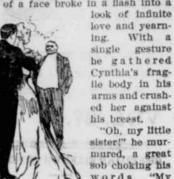
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me? Every night I've prayed that God would bring you back to me, and

The secretary's pallid, expressionless mask of a face broke in a flash into a



words. "My little, little sister!" Phelan cleared his throat and He gathered Cynthia's coughed savagefragile body in his ly to express

his contempt for the mist that sprang into his own hard old eyes. The sound recalled the secretary to himself.

"You've trapped me into this," he ex-

claimed, with a laugh that was half a groan, "and you must both promise not to betray my secret. It won't be much longer now, thank God! But you'll both promise, won't you?"

"Sure!" assented Phelan

"And you, too, Cynthia?" pleaded her brother. "You can trust me, can't you?

"Of course I can. If you insist, I won't tell any one. I"-"I'm happier this minute than I've ever been in all my whole life!" smiled

the secretary, again clasping his sister in his arms. "If you only knew, little girl, how I've longed for this!" "Here's the fan!" announced Perry, hurrying around the corner of the door-

way. "Found it under a"-He stopped short, open mouthed, dumb and motionless. Thompson and his sister stood in close embrace before him, with Phelan looking on like some obese caricature of a benevolent

fairy. The fan slipped from young Wainwright's nerveless grip and fell with a clatter to the polished floor, its ivory sticks snapping like icicles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

O. G. Richards, Pension Agent.

It may surprise some of our readers to know that simple case of stomach trouble, if neglected, Can get so bad that it will result in cancer of the stomach. For fifteen years O . G. Rich. swered doubtfully. "There is someards, an attorney and pension agent at Eudora, Kan., suffered from stomach trouble, indigestion, etc., until it was feared he had cancer of the stomach. Finally he took Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and was cured This remedy is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you wan to try it before buying, send your addres for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, III. It is sold by Hood Bros. at 50c. and \$1 a bottle.

> NOTICE. North Carolina, Johnston County, Smithfield Township. E. L. Cole Notice of Summons.

> E. P. Baker The defendant above named will take notice that a summons in the above-entitled action was issued against said defendant on the 11th day of July 1908, by Z. L. LeMay, a justice of the peace of Johnston County, North Carolina, the sum of \$16.82, due said plaintiff by account, which summons is returnable before said justice, at his office at the Court House, in said county, and in Smithfield Township on the 15th day of August, 1908, when and where the defendant is required to appear and answer or demur to the complaint, or the relief demanded will be granted. This 18th day of July, 1908.

Justice Of The Peace.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Executor on the estate of John Λ Creech deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on er before the 24th day of July, 1909, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 18th day of July, 1908.
D. T. Creech, Exr. FOR SALE-Large lot of flooring, ceiling etc. for sale cheap. Anything you want dressed and matched. We will give satisfaction. Johnston County Lumber Co., Four Oaks, N. C.

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