THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLOW.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY. pus.' See that it is mailed tonight

Mr. Bagley bowed and retired. Mr.

"There, that's settled. We'll see how

it works. And now, sergeant, I have

another job for you, and if you are

faithful to my interests you will not

find me unappreciative. Do you know

a little place on Long Island called

"Yea," grinned the detective, "I know

IL They've got some fine specimens of

Paying no attention to this jocular-

"Judge Rossmore is living there

pending the outcome of his case in the

senate. His daughter has just arrived

"Here is \$500 for you."

from Europe. My son Jefferson came

home on the same ship. They are a

little more friendly than I care to have

them. You understand. I want to

know if my son visits the Rossmores,

and if he does I wish to be kept in-

formed of all that's going on. You

"Perfectly, sir. You shall know ev-

his desk and proceeded to fill it up;

then, handing it to the detective, he

"Here is \$500 for you. Spare neither

"Thank you, sir," said the man as

he pocketed the money. "Leave it to

"That's about all, I think. Regard-

ing the other matter, we'll see how the

He touched a bell and rose, which

was a signal to the visitor that the in-

terview was at an end. Mr. Bagiey

"Sergeant Ellison is going," said Mr.

Ryder. "Have him shown out and

CHAPTER X.

this infamous accusation against fa-

It was the day following her arrival

at Massapequa, and Shirley, the judge

and Stott were all three sitting on the

porch. Until now by common consent

any mention of the impeachment pro-

ceedings had been avoided by every

one. The previous afternoon and even-

ing had been spent listening to an ac-

count of Shirley's experiences in Eu-

rope, and a smile had flitted across

even the judge's careworn face as his

daughter gave a humorous description

of the picturesque Paris students with

their long hair and peg top trousers,

while Stott simply roared with laugh-

ter. Ah, it was good to laugh again

after so much trouble and anxiety?

But, while Shirley avoided the topic

that lay nearest her heart, she was

consumed with a desire to tell her fa-

ther of the hope she had of enlisting

the aid of John Burkett Ryder. The

great financier was certainly able to do

anything he chose, and had not his son

Jefferson promised to win him over to

their cause? So today after Mrs. Ross-

more and her sister had gone down to

the village to make some purchases

Shirley timidly broached the matter.

She asked Stott and her father to tell

Stott, therefore, started to review the

since that time these powerful inter-

were adverse to the corporate interests | that might be lying latent within him.

ests had used at their influence to get | She pondered upon it all day, and at

She wanted to hear the worst.

PHAT!" exclaimed Shirley,

changing color. "You be-

lieve that John Burkett

Ryder is at the bottom of

send the national committee up."

understand?"

letter works."

trouble nor expense."

erything."

'skeeters' there."

ity, Mr. Ryder continued:

Ryder turned to the secret service

away is not to find out this girl and marry her unknown to me. I don't mind your losing your heart, but don't lose your head. Give me your hand

Jefferson reluctantly held out his "If I thought that you would marry

that girl unknown to me I'd have Rossmore sent out of the country, and the woman too. Listen, boy. This man is me enemy, and I show no mercy my enemies. There are more reasons than one why you cannot marry Miss Rossmore. If she knew one of them she would not marry you." "What reasons?" demanded Jeffer-

"The principal one," said Ryder slowly and deliberately, and eying his son keenly as if to judge of the effect of his words, "the principal one is that it was through my agents that the demand was made for her father's impeachment."

"Ah," cried Jefferson, "Then I guessed aright?" "Marry Kate or not, as you please,

but I want you to stay here," the elder man said after a pause, "It's no use. My mind is made up," answered Jefferson decisively.

The telephone rang, and Jefferson got up to go. Mr. Ryder took up the "Hallo! What's that? Sergeant El-

lison? Yes, send him up." Putting the telephone down, Ryder senior rose and, crossing the room, accompanied his son to the door. "Think it well over, Jeff. Don't be

A few minutes later Jefferson left the house.

The door opened and Mr. Bagley entered, followed by a tall, powerfully built man, whose robust physique and looking clothes contrasted strangely with the delicate ultrafashionably attired English secretary.

"Take a seat, sergeant," said Mr. Ryder cordially, motioning his visitor to a chair. The man sat down gingerly on one of the rich leather upholstered chairs. His manner was nervous and awkward, as if intimidated in the presence of the financier.

"Are the national committee still waiting?" demanded Mr. Ryder. "Yes, sir," replied the secretary.

"Til see them in a few minutes. Leave me with Sergeant Ellison." Mr. Bagley bowed and retired. Ryder, with his customary bluntness,

came right down to business. "Well, what have you been doing

about the book?" he demanded. "Have you found the author of 'The American "No. sir: I have not. I confess I'm

haffled. The secret has been well kept. The publishers have shut up like a clam. There's only one thing that I'm pretty well sure of." "What's that?" demanded Ryder, in-

"That no such person as Shirley Green exists.

"Oh." exclaimed the financier, "then you think it is a mere nom de plume?" "Yes, sir."

"And what do you think was the reason for preserving the anonymity?" "Well, you see, sir, the book deals with a big subject. It gives some hard knocks, and the author no doubt felt a little timid about launching it under his or her real name. At least that's my theory, sir."

"And a good one, no doubt," said Mr. Ryder. Then he added: "That makes me all the more anxious to find out who it is. I would willingly give this moment a check for \$5,000 to know who wrote it. Whoever it is, knows me as well as I know myself. We much find the author." The sleuth was silent for a moment

Then he said: "There might be one way to reach the author, but it will be successful only in the event of her being willing to be known and come out into the open. Suppose you write to her in care of the publishers. They would certainly forward the letter to wherever she may be. If she does not want you to know who she is, she will ignore your letter and remain in the background. If, on the contrary. she has no fear of you and is willing to meet you, she will answer the let-

"Ah, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Ryder. "It's a good idea. I'll write such a letter at once. It shall go tonight."

He unhooked the telephone and asked Mr. Bagley to come up. A few seconds later the secretary entered the room.

"Bagley," said Mr. Ryder, "I want you to write a letter for me to Miss Shirley Green, author of that book "The American Octopus.' We will address it care of her publishers, Littleton & Co. Just say that if convenient of a number of rich men, and how No, such a man would not know what Stott. I should like a personal interview with her at my office, 36 Broadway, in relation to her book. The American Octo- him put off the bench. He told her night when she went tired to bed it

how the judge had got mysteriously tangled up in the Great Northern Mining company and of the scandalous newspaper rumers, followed by the news of the congressional inquiry. Then he told her about the panic in Wall street, the sale of the house on Madison avenue and the removal to

"That is the situation," said Stott when he had finished. "We are waiting now to see what the senate will do. We hope for the best. It seems impossible that the senate will condemn a man whose whole life is like an open book, but unfortunately the senate is strongly Republican and the big interests are in complete control. Unless support comes from some unexpected quarter we must be prepared for anything."

Support from some unexpected quarter! Stott's closing words rang in Shirley's head. Was that not just what she had to offer? Unable to restrain herself longer and her heart beating tumultuously from suppressed emotion, she

"We'll have that support! We'll have it! I've got it already! I wanted to surprise you! Father, the most powerful man in the United States will save you from being dishonored!"

The two men leaned forward in eager interest. What could the girl Was she serious or merely jesting? But Shirley was never more serious

thought that she had arrived home in time to invoke the aid of this powerful ally. She repeated enthusiastically: "We need not worry any more. He has but to say a word, and these proceedings will be instantly dropped. They would not dare act against his

is as good as won!" "What do you mean, child? Who this unknown friend?

veto. Did you hear, father, your case

"Surely you can guess when I say the most powerful man in the United States? None other than John Burkett She stopped short to watch the effect

this name would have on her hearers. But to her surprise neither her father nor Stott displayed the slightest emotion or even interest. Puzzled at this cold reception, she repeated: "Did you hear, father-John Burkett

Ryder will come to your assistance. I came home on the same ship as his son, and he promised to secure his father's aid." The judge puffed heavily at his pipe and merely shook his head, making no

reply. Stott explained: "We can't look for help from that quarter, Shirley. You don't expect a man to cut loose his own kite, do you?" "What do you mean?" demanded Shirley, mystified.

"Simply this, that John Burkett Ryder is the very man who is responsible for all your father's misfortunes." The girl sank back in her seat pale and motionless, as if she had received a blow. Was it possible?

"Do you really believe this, that John Ryder deliberately concocted the bribery charge with the sole purpose of ruining my father?" demanded Shirley, when she had somewhat recovered. "There is no other solution of the

mystery possible," answered Stott. der did this?" "I have no longer any doubt of it,

answered the judge. "I think John Ryder would see me dead before he would raise a finger to help me. His answer to my demand for my letters convinced me that he was the arch plotter."

Mr. Ryder took a blank check from

"What letters do you refer to?" demanded Shirley. gard to my making an investment. He advised the purchase of certain stock. I wrote him two letters at the time, which letters if I had them now would this trouble began I wrote to Ryder asking him to return me these letters so I might use them in my defense. The only reply I got was an insolent note from his secretary saying that Mr. Ryder had forgotten all about the transaction, and in any case had not the letters I referred to."

"Couldn't you compel him to return them?" asked Shirley. "We could never get at him," interrupted Stott. "The man is gnarded as

carefully as the czar." "Still," objected Shirley, "it is possible that he may have lost the letters or even never received them."

"Oh, he has them safe enough," re- plan." plied Stott. "A man like Ryder keeps every scrap of paper, with the idea that it may prove useful some day. The letters are lying somewhere in his desk. Besides, after the Transconti- Well, do you know what I am going to nental decision he was heard to say that he'd have Judge Rossmore off the bench inside of a year."

"And it wasn't a vain boast-be's done it," muttered the judge. Shirley relansed into silence. Her brain was in a whirl. It was true, then. This merciless man of money, this ogre of monopolistic corporations, this human juggernaut had crushed her father merely because by his honesty

he interfered with his shady business

deals! Ah, why had she spared him

in her book? She felt now that she

had been too lenient, not bitter enough,

not sufficiently pitiless. Such a man was entitled to no mercy. Long after the judge and Stott had left for the city Shirley sat alone on the porch engrossed in thought, taxing her brain to find some way out of the darkness, and when presently her mother and aunt returned they found her still sitting there, silent and preodcupied. If they only had those two her everything, to hold back nothing. letters, she thought. They alone might save her father, but how could they be got at? Mr. Ryder had put them safewhole affair from the beginning, ex- ly away, no doubt. He would not give plaining how her father in his capac- them up. She wondered how it would ity as judge of the supreme court had be to go boldly to him and appeal to to render decisions, several of which | whatever sense of honor and fairness

was her last thought as she dropped off

The following morning Shirley went out for a walk. She preferred to go alone so she would not have to talk. Hers was one of those lonely, introspective natures that resent the intrusion of aimless chatter when preoccu-

pied with serious thoughts. Every now and then Shirley espied in the distance the figure of a man which she thought she recognized as that of Jefferson. Had he come, after all? The blood went coursing tumultuously through her veins only a moment later to leave her face a shade paler as

the man came nearer, and she saw he

As she neared the cottage on her return home, she caught sight of the letter carrier approaching the gate. Instantly she thought of Jefferson, and she hurried to intercept the man. Perhaps he had written instead of coming "Miss Shirley Rossmore?" said the man eying her interrogatively.

"That's I," said Shirley. The postman handed her a letter and passed on. Shirley glanced quickly at the superscription. No, it was not from Jefferson; she knew his handwriting too well. The envelope, moreover, bore the firm name of her publishers. She tore it open and found that it merely contained another letter which the publishers had forwarded. This was addressed to Miss Shirley Green and ran as follows:

in her life. She was jubilant at the Dear Madam--If convenient, I should like to see you at my office, 36 Broadway. in relation to your book, "The American Octopus." Kindly inform me as to the day and hour at which I may expect you. JOHN BURKETT RYDER

> Shirley almost shouted from sheer excitement. At first she was alarmed -the name John Burkett Ryder was such a bogey to frighten bad children with, she thought he might want to punish her for writing about him as she had. She hurried to the porch and sat there reading the letter over and over, and her brain began to evolve ideas. She had been wondering how she could get at Mr. Ryder, and here he was actually asking her to call on him. Evidently he had not the slightest idea of her identity, for he had been able to reach her only through her publishers, and no doubt he had exhausted every other means of discovering her address. The more she pondered over it the more she began to see in this invitation a way of helping her father. Yes, she would go and beard the lion in his den, but she would not go to his office. She would accept the invitation only on condition that the interview took place in the Ryder mansion, where undoubtedly the

Mr. John Burkett Ryder: Dear Sir-I do not call upon gentlemen at their business office. Yours, etc., SHIRLEY GREEN.

Her letter was abrupt and at first

letters would be found. She decided to

act immediately. No time was to be

lost, so she procured a sheet of paper

and an envelope and wrote as follows:

glance seemed hardly calculated to bring about what she wanted-an invitation to call at the Ryder home, but she was shrewd enough to see that if Ryder wrote to her at all it was because he was most anxious to see her "And you, father, do you believe Ry- and her abruptness would not deter him from trying again. On the contrary, the very unusualness of any one thus dictating to him would make him more than ever desirous of making her acquaintance. So Shirley mailed the letter and awaited with confidence for Ryder's reply. So certain was she that one would come that she at once began to form her plan of action. She would leave Massapequa at once, and "The letters I wrote to him in re- her whereabouts must remain a secret even from her own family. As she intended to go to the Ryder house in the assumed character of Shirley Green, it would never do to run the risk of bego a long way to clearing me of this ing followed home by a Ryder deteccharge of bribery, for they plainly tive to the Rossmore cottage. She showed that I regarded the transac- would confide in one person onlytion as a bona fide investment. Since Judge Stott. He would know where she was and would be in constant communication with her. But, otherwise, she must be alone to conduct the campaign as she judged fit. She would go at once to New York and take rooms in a boarding house where she would be known as Shirley Green. As for funds to meet her expenses, she had her diamonds, and would they not be filling a more useful purpose if sold to defray the cost of saving her father than in mere personal adornment? So that evening while her mother was talking with the judge she beckoned Stott over to the corner where she was sitting.

> "Judge Stott," she began, "I have a He smiled indulgently at her. "You said that no one on earth could resist John Burkett Ryder, that no one could fight against the money power.

"What will you do?" he asked with a slightly ironical inflection in his voica. "I am going to fight John Burkets Ryder!" she cried.

Stott looked at her open mouthed. "You?" he said. "Yes, I," said Shirley. "I'm going to him, and I intend to get those letters if he has them."

Stott shook his head. "My dear child," he said, "what are you talking about? How can you expect to reach Ryder? We couldn't." "I don't know just how yet," replied Shirley, "but I'm going to try. I love my father, and I'm going to leave noth-

ing untried to save him." "But what can you do?" persisted Stott. "The matter has been sifted over and over by some of the greatest minds in the country."

"Has any woman sifted it over?" demanded Shirley. "No, but"- stammered Stott. "Then it's about time one did," said

the girl decisively. "Those letters my father speaks of-they would be useful, would they not?" "They would be invaluable."

"Then I'll get them. If not"-"But I don't understand how you're going to get at Ryder," interrupted

the terms "honor," "fairness" meant. "This is how," replied Shirley, passing over to him the letter she had reseized that afternoon

As Stott recognized the well known signature and read the contents the expression of his face changed. gasped for breath and sank into a

chair from sheer astonishment. "Ah, that's different!" he cried. "That's different!" Briefly Shirley outlined her plan, ex-

plaining that she would go to live in the city immediately and conduct her campaign from there. If she was successful, it might save her father, and if not no harm could become of it. That same evening her mother, the

judge and Stott went for a stroll after dinner and left her to take care of the house. They had wanted Shirley to go, too, but she pleaded fatigue. The truth was that she wanted to be alone, so that she could ponder undisturbed over her plans. It was a clear, starlit night, with no moon, and Shirley sat on the porch listening to the chirping of the crickets and idly watching the flashes of the mysterious fireflies. She was in no mood for reading and sat for a long time rocking herself, engrossed in her thoughts. Suddenly she heard some one unfasten the garden gate. It was too soon for the return of the promenaders. It must be a visitor. Through the uncertain penumbra of the garden she discerned approaching a form which looked familiar. Yes, now there was no doubt possible. It was indeed Jefferson Ryder.

She hurried down the porch to greet him. No matter what the father had done, she could never think any the less of the son. He took her hand, and for several moments neither one spoke. There are times when silence is more eloquent than speech, and this was one of them. The gentle grip of his big, strong hand expressed more tenderly than any words the sympathy that lay in his heart for the woman he loved.

Shirley said quietly: "You have come at last, Jefferson." "I came as soon as I could," he replied gently. "I saw father only yesterday."

"You need not tell me what he said." Shirley hastened to say. Jefferson made no reply. He understood what she meant. He hung his head and hit viciously with his walk-

feet. She went on: "I know everything now. It was foolish of me to think that Mr. Ryder would ever belp us."

"I can't help it in any way," blurted out Jefferson. "I have not the slightest influence over him. His business methods I consider disgraceful. You understand that, don't you, Shirley?" The girl laid her hand on his arm and replied kindly: "Of course, Jeff, we know that

Come up and sit down." He followed her on the porch and drew up a rocker beside her. "They are all out for a walk," she

explained. "I'm giad," he said frankly. wanted a quiet talk with you, I did not care to meet any one. My name must be odious to your people."

Both were silent, feeling a certain awkwardness. They seemed to have drifted apart in some way since those delightful days in Paris and on the ship. Then he said:

"I'm going away, but I couldn't go until I saw you." "You are going away?" exclaimed

Shirley, surprised. "Yes," he said, "I cannot stand it any more at home. I had a hot talk with my father yesterday about one thing and another. He and I don't chin together. Besides this matter of your father's impeachment has compa discouraged me. All the wealth in the world could never reconcile me to such methods! I'm ashamed of the role my own flesh and blood has played in that miserable affair. I can't express what I feel about it. But what are you going to do?" he asked. "These surroundings are not for you"- He looked around at the cheap furnishings which he could see through the open window, and his face showed real con-

"I shall teach or write, or go out as governess," replied Shirley, with tinge of bitterness. Then smiling sadly she added: "Poverty is easy. It is unmerited disgrace which is hard."

The young man drew his chair closer and took hold of the hand that lay in her lap. She made no resistance.

"Shirley," he said, "do you remember that talk we had on the ship? I asked you to be my wife. You led me to believe that you were not indifferent to me. I ask you again to marry me. Give me the right to take care of you and yours. I am the son of the world's richest man, but I don't want his money. I have earned a competence To be continued.

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