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THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, 1 COPYRIGHT, 1906, SY C. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY.

"Have you absolute proof in that

"I repeat that even if I had I could

not expose the men who have been my

friends. It's noblesse oblige in politics

He smiled again at her, as if he has

"Oh, it's politics! That's what the

papers said. And you believe him in-

"You said that even if you had the

proofs you could not produce them

without sacrificing your friends, show-

"just to see how far you can lead me.

I daresay Judge Rossmore deserves all

he gets. Oh, yes, I'm sure he deserves

it." She rose and walked to the other

side of the room to cenceal her emo-

"My dear young lady, how you take

"Please forgive me," laughed Shir-

ley and averting her face to conceal

the fact that her eyes were filled with

tears. "It's my artistic temperament,

I suppose. It's always getting me into

trouble. It appealed so strongly to my

sympathies, this story of hopeless love

between two young people, with the

father of the girl hounded by corrupt

politicians and unscrupulous financiers.

It was too much for me. Ah, ah, I

faint from nervousness, her whole body

trembling. At that moment there was

a knock at the library door, and Jef-

Shirley, whose back was toward him,

he advanced to greet his father.

ferson Ryder appeared. Not seeing

"You told me to come up in five min-

utes." he said. "I just wanted to

"Miss Green," said Ryder senior, ad-

dressing Shirley and ignoring whatever

it was that the young man wanted to

say, "this is my son Jefferson. Jeff,

Jefferson looked in the direction indi-

cated and stood as if rooted to the

floor. He was so surprised that he was

struck dumb. Finally, recovering him-

"Yes, Shirley Green, the author," ex-

plained Ryder senior, not noticing the

note of familiar recognition in his ex-

Shirley advanced and, holding out

"I am very pleased to meet you, Mr.

Jefferson was so astounded that he

did not see the outstretched hand. All

he could do was to stand and stare

"Why don't you shake hands with

her?' said Ryder senior. "She won't

bite you." Then he added: "Miss Green

me, so we shall see a great deal of her.

It's too bad you're going away." He

"Father," blurted out Jefferson, "I

came to say that I've changed my

mind. You did not want me to go, and

go along, so I think it would be better

for you to come and stay here while

the work is progressing. Mrs. Ryder

can give you a suit of rooms to your-

self, where you will be undisturbed,

and you will have all your material

Shirley was silent for a moment,

She looked first at Ryder and then at

his son, and from them her glance

went to the little drawer on the left

hand side of the desk. Then she said

"As you think best, Mr. Ryder. I am

Ryder senior escorted her to the top

of the landing and watched her as she

passed down the grand staircase, ush-

CHAPTER XIII.

in a state bordering upon hysteria. The

day's events had been so extraordinary

duties in the Ryder household

two days later. She had re-

turned to her rooms the even-

quite willing to do the work here."

close at hand. What do you say?"

chuckled at his own pleasantry.

first at her and then at his father.

Ryder." Then quickly in an undertone

she added: "Be careful Don't betray

her hand to Jefferson, said demurely:

She leaned against a chair, sick and

Ryder watched her curiously.

this matter to heart?"

forgot where I was!"

this is Miss Green."

self, he exclaimed:

"Shirley!"

clamation.

drawer?" she demanded.

"Not necessarily."

the issue now, she thought. Another opportunity would present itself. Ryder locked the letters up very carefully in the drawer on the lefthand side of his desk, muttering to himself rather

as well as in society, you know." than speaking to Shirley: "How on earth did they get among recovered his good humor after their my other papers?"

sharp passages at arms. "From Judge Rossmore, were they not?" said Shirley boldly. "How did you know it was Judge nocent. Well, you must have some Rossmore?" demanded Ryder suspigrounds for your belief." clously. "I didn't know that his name

had been mentioned." "I saw his signature," she said simply. Then she added, "He's the father of the girl you don't like, isn't he?" "Yes, he's the"-

ing that your friends are interested in having this man put off the bench"-'A cloud came over the financier's She stopped and burst into hysterical face. His eyes darkened, his jaws snapped, and he clinched his fist. laughter. "Oh, I think you're having "How you must hate him!" said Shira joke at my expense," she went on, lev. who observed the change.

"Not at all." replied Rudes tried?" The girl laughed bitterly. "Yes," she went on, "some of the newspapers are beginning to think he is innocent of the things of which he is aceused."

"Do they?" said Ryder indifferently. "Yes," she persisted, "most people are on his side." She planted her elbows on the desk

in front of her, and looking him squarely in the face she asked him point blank: "Whose side are you on-really and truly?"

Ryder winced. What right had this woman, a stranger both to Judge Rossmore and himself, to come here and catechise him? He restrained his impatience with difficulty as he replied: "Whose side am I on? Oh, I don't know that I am on any side. I don't know that I give it much thought, I"-"Do you think this man deserves to

be punished?" she demanded. She had resumed her seat at the desk and partly regained her self possession. "Why do you ask? What is your interest in this matter?"

"I don't know," she replied evasively. "His case interests me, that's all. It's rather romantic. Your son loves this man's daughter. He is in disgrace -many seem to think unjustly." Her



"What have you got there?" voice trembled with emotion as she continued: "I have heard from one source or another-you know I am acquainted with a number of newspaper

I feel I ought to do something to please men-I have heard that life no longer has any interest for him, that he is not "Good boy," said Ryder, pleased. only disgraced but beggared, that he is "Now you're talking common sense." He turned to Shirley, who was getting pining away slowly, dying of a broken ready to make her departure: "Well, heart, that his wife and daughter are in despair. Tell me, do you think he Miss Green, we may consider the matdeserves such a fate?" ter settled. You undertake the work Ryder remained thoughtful a moat the price I named and finish it as ment, and then he replied: soon as you can. Of course you will have to consult me a good deal as you

"No. I do not-no"-

Thinking that she had touched his sympathies, Shirley followed up her advantage: "Oh, then, why not come to his rescue

-you, who are so rich, so powerful; you, who can move the scales of justice at your will-save this man from humiliation and disgrace!" Ryder shrugged his shoulders, and

his face expressed weariness, as if the subject had begun to bore him. "My dear girl, you don't understand. His removal is necessary."

Shirley's face became set and hard. There was a contemptuous ring to her words as she retorted:

"Yet you admit that he may be inno-

"Even if I knew it as a fact, I could

ered by the gorgeously uniformed flunkies, to the front door and the street. "Do you mean to say that if you had positive proof?" She pointed to the drawer in the desk where he had HIRLEY entered upon her new placed the letters. "If you had absolute proof in that drawer, for instance, wouldn't you help him then?" Ryder's face grew cold and inscruing of her meeting with the financier

table; he now wore his fighting mask. "Not even if I had the absolute proof in that drawer?" he snapped viciously.

"eteleguag lua"

to write the biography and, what to her was still more important, the invitation to go and live in the Ryder home -all these incidents were so remarkable and unusual that it was only with difficulty that the girl persuaded herself that they were not figments of a disordered brain. But it was all true enough. The next

that it seemed to her they could not be

the interview in the library, the dis-

covery of her father's letters, the offer

morning's mail brought a letter from Mrs. Ryder, who wrote to the effect that Mr. Ryder would like the work to begin at once and adding that a suit of rooms would be ready for her the following afternoon. Shirley did not hesitate. Everything was to be gained by making the Ryder residence her headquarters, her father's very life depending upon the successful outcome of her present mission, and this unhaped for opportunity practically insured success. She immediately wrote to Massapequa. One letter was to her mother, saying that she was extending her visit beyond the time originally planned. The other letter was to Stott. She told him all about the interview with Ryder, informed him of the discovery of the letters and after explaining the nature of the work offered to her said that her address for the next few weeks would be in care of John Burkett Ryder. All was going better than step, of course, while in the Ryder ing the foundations for the important home would be to secure possession of | book she was to write. She wondered her father's letters, and these she what they would call it, and she smiled "Shirley," said Jefferson suddenly, so they could be laid before the senate | ed through her mind-"The History of | story about my alleged engagement to without delay.

landlady and packing up her few belongings, Shirley lost no time in transferring herself to the more luxurious quarters provided for her in the \$10,-000,000 mansion uptown.

At the Ryder house she was received cordially and with every mark of consideration. The housekeeper came down to the main hall to greet her when she arrived and escorted her to the suit of rooms, comprising a small working library, a bedroom simply but daintily furnished in pink and white and a private bathroom which had been specially prepared for her convenience and comfort, and here presently she was joined by Mrs. Ry-

"Dear me," exciaimed the financier's wife, staring curiously at Shirley, "what a young girl you are to have made such a stir with a book! How did you do it? I'm sure I couldn't It's as much as I can do to write a letter, and half the time that's not

"Oh, it wasn't so hard!" laughed Shirley. "It was the subject that appealed rather than any special skill of mine. The trusts and their misdeeds are the favorite topics of the hour The whole country is talking about nothing else. My book came at the right time, that's all." Although "The American Octopus

was a direct attack on her own hus band, Mrs. Ryder secretly admired this young woman who had dared to speak a few blunt truths. It was a courage which, alas, she had always lacked herself, but there was a certain satisfaction in knowing there were women in the world not entirely cowed by the

"I have always wanted a daughter. went on Mrs. Ryder, becoming confidential, while Shirley removed her things and made herself at home. "Girls of your age are so companionable." Then abruptly she asked, "Do

your parents live in New York?" Shirley's face flushed, and she stoop ed over her trunk to hide her embar-

"No-not at present," she answered evastvely. "My mother and father are in the country.'

She was afraid that more question of a personal nature would follow, but

is going to do some literary work for

What a young girt you are to have made such a stir!"

apparently Mrs. Ryder was not in an inquisitive mood, for she asked noth ing further. She only said: "I have a son, but I don't see much

of him. You must meet my Jefferson He is such a nice boy." Shirley tried to look unconcerned as

she replied: "I met him yesterday. Mr. Ryder

introduced him to me." "Poor lad! He has his troubles, too," went on Mrs. Ryder. "He's in love with a girl, but his father wants him to marry some one else. They're quarreling over it all the time."

"Parents shouldn't interfere in mat ters of the heart," said Shirley decisively. "What is more serious than the choosing of a life companion, and who are better entitled to make a free selection than they who are going to spend the rest of their days together? Of course it is a father's duty to give his son the benefit of his riper experi- | wanted. He understood. ence, but to insist on a marriage based only on business interests is little less | ed. than a crime. There are considerations more important if the union is to | ther's desk." she answered. institute septimi but with the fire

the market of trailing last the half

thing is that the man should feel real real and that she must be in a dream. | attachment for the woman he marries. The car ride to Seventy-fourth street, Two people who are to live together as tastes and temper. You cannot mix | mit they had a splendid view of the busy. Money alone won't buy happi-

"No," sighed Mrs. Ryder. "No one

knows that better than I." The financier's wife was already the cab at Claremont and drive back most favorably impressed with her to the city later. Shirley was too guest, and she chatted on as if she had known Sairley for years. It was rarely that she had heard so young a womand the more she talked with her the less surprised she was that she was the author of a much discussed book. Finally, thinking that Shirley might | holiday. The place they had reached prefer to be alone, she rose to go, bid- was just outside the northern boundding her make herself thoroughly at aries of Hariem, a sylvan spot still unhome and to ring for anything she spoiled by the rude invasion of the fiatmight wish. A maid had been assign- house builder. The land, thickly wooded to look exclusively after her wants, ed, sloped down sharply to the waand she could have her meals served in | ter, and the perfect quiet was broken her room or else have them with the only by the washing of the tiny surf family, as she liked. But Shirley, not caring to encounter Mr. Ryder's cold, searching stare more often than necessary, said she would prefer to take her Left to berself, Shirley settled down to work in earnest. Mr. Ryder had

sent to her room all the material for the biography, and soon she was completely absorbed in the task of serting and arranging letters, making extracts seemed to favor their plan. Her first from records, compiling data, etc., lay- the broad Hudson, spangled with as a peculiarly appropriate title flash- "I suppose you saw that ridiculous a Crime." Yet she thought they could Miss Roberts. I hope you understood So, after settling accounts with her hardly infringe on Victor Hugo. Perhaps the best title was the simplest-"The History of the Empire Trading Company." Every one would understand that it told the story of John Burkett Ryder's remarkable career from his earliest beginnings to the present time. She worked feverishly all that evening getting the material my father hardly anticipates. I'm just into shape, and the following day found her early at her desk. No one disturbed her, and she wrote steadily en until noon, Mrs. Ryder only once putting her head in the door to wish

her good morning. After luncheon Shirley decided that the weather was too glorious to remain indoors. Her health must not be jeopardized even to advance the interests. of the Colossus, so she put on her hat and left the house to go for a walk. Tise air smelled sweet to her after being confined so long indoors, and she walked with a more elastic and buoyant step than she had since her return home. Turning down Fifth avenue, she entered the park at Seventy-second street, following the pathway until she came to the bend in the driveway opposite the Casino. The park was almost deserted at that hour, and there was a delightful sense of solitude and a sweet scent of new mown hay from the freshly cut lawns. She found an empty bench, well shaded by an overspreading tree, and sat down, grate-

ful for the rest and quiet. She wondered what Jefferson thought of her action in coming to his father's house practically in disguise and under an assumed name. She must see him at once, for in him lay her hope of obtaining possession of the letters. Certainly she felt no delicacy or compunction in asking Jefferson to do her this service. The letters belonged to her father, and they were being wrongfully withheld with the deliberate purpose of doing him an injury. She had a moral if not a legal right to recover the letters in any way that she could. She was so deeply engrossed in her thoughts that she had not noticed hansom cab which suddenly drew up with a jerk at the curb opposite her bench. A man jumped out. It was Jef-

ferson. "Hello, Shirley," he cried gayly. "Who would have expected to find you rusticating on a bench here? I pictured you grinding away at home doing literary stunts for the governor." He grinned and then added: "Come for a

drive. I want to talk to you." Shirley demurred. No; she could not spare the time. Yet, she thought to herself, why was not this a good opportunity to explain to Jefferson how he came to find her in his father's library masquerading under another name and also to ask him to secure the letters for her? While she pondered Jefferson insisted, and a few minutes later she found herself sitting beside him in the cab. They started off at a brisk pace, Shirley sitting with her head back, enjoying the strong breeze caused by the rapid motion.

"Now tell me," he said, "what does it all mean? I was so startled at seeing you in the library the other day that I almost betrayed you. How did you come to call on father?"

Briefly Shirley explained everything. She told him how Mr. Ryder had written to her asking her to call and see him and how she had eagerly seized at this last straw in the hope of helping her father. She told him about the letters, explaining how necessary they were for her father's defense and how she had discovered them. Mr. Ryder, she said, had seemed to take a fancy to her and had asked her to remain in the house as his guest while she was compiling his biography, and she had accepted the offer not so much for the amount of money involved as for the splendid opportunity it afforded her to gain possession of the letters.

"So that is the mysterious work you spoke of, to get those letters?" said "Yes; that is my mission. It was a secret. I couldn't tell you. I couldn't tell any one. Only Judge Stott knows. He is aware I have found them and is

hourly expecting to receive them from

me. And now," she said, "I want your His only answer was to grasp tighter the hand she had laid in his. She knew that she would not have to explain the nature of the service she "Where are the letters?" he demand-

"In the left hand drawer of your fabe a happy or a lasting one. The chief He was allent for a few moments,

and then he said simply: "I will get them."

The cab by this time had got as far as Claremont, and from the hill sumbroad sweep of the majestic Hudson and the towering walls of the blue palisades. The day was so beautiful and the air so invigorating that Jefferson suggested a ramble along the banks of the river. They could leave grateful to him for his promise of cooperation to make any further opposition, and soon they were far away from beaten highways, down on the banks of the historic stream, picking flowers and laughing merrily like two truant children bent on a self made against the river bank and the shrill notes of the birds in the trees.

Although it was late in October, the day was warm, and Shirley soon tired of climbing over bramble entangled verdure. The rich grass underfoot looked cool and inviting, and the natural slope of the ground affording an ideal resting place she sat there, with Jefferson stretched out at her feet, both watching klly the dancing waters of by on their journey to the sea.

that it was done without my consent." "If I did not guess it, Jeff," she answered, "your assurance would be sufficient. Besides," she added, "what right have I to object?"

"But I want you to have the right," he replied earnestly. "I'm going to stop this Roberts nonsense in a way waiting a chance to talk to him. I'll show him the absurdity of announcing me engaged to a girl who is about to elope with his private secretary!" "Elope with the secretary!" exclaim-

Jefferson told all about the letter he had found on the steircase and the Hon. Fitzroy Bagiey's plans for a runaway marriage with the senator's wealthy danghter.

"It's a godsend to me," he said giee fully. "Their plan is to get married next Wednesday. I'll see my father on Tuesday. I'll put the evidence in his hands, and I don't think," he added grimly, "he'll bother me any more about Miss Roberts."

"So you'se not going away now! said Shirley, smiling down at him. He sat up and leaned over toward

"I can't Shirley, I simply can't," he replied, his voice trembling. "You are more to me than I dreamed a woman could ever be. I realize it more forcibly every day. There is no use fighting against it. Without you my work, my life, means nothing." Shirley shook her head and averted

"Don't let us speak of that, Jeff," she pleaded gently. "I told you I did not belong to myself while my father was in peril."

"But I must speak of it," he interrupted. "Shirley, you do yourself an injustice as well as me. You are not indifferent to me-I feel that. Then why raise this barrier between us?" A soft light stole into the girl's eyes. Ah, it was good to feel there was some one to whom she was everything in the

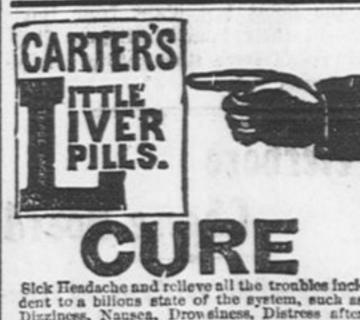
"Don't ask me to betray my trust, Jeff," she faltered. "You know I am not indifferent to you-far from it | +++++++++++++

He came closer until his face nearly touched hers. "I love you-I want you," he mur-

mured feverishly. "Give me the right to claim you before all the world as my future wife!" Every note of his rich, manly voice,

vibrating with impetuous passion, sounded in Shirley's ear like a soft caress. She closed her eyes. A strange feeling of languor was stealing over her; a mysterious thrill passed through her whole body. The eternal, inevitable sex instinct was disturbing for the first time a woman whose life had been singularly free from such influs putting to flight all the calcum-

tions and resolves her cooler judgment had made. The sensuous charm of the place-the distant splash of the water. To be continued.



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