THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN. & Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by

ARTHUR HORNBLOW. 1 COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY.

words when the situation called for

prompt action. After he had read the

letter through there was an ominous

stience. Then he rang a bell. The

"Tell Mr. Bagley I want him."

was Ryder's laconic answer.

The man bowed and disappeared.

"Who the devil is this Bagley?" de-

"English-blue blood-no money,

"That's the only kind we seem to get

only thank you for this warning. I

think it would have broken my heart

if my girl had gone away with that

scoundrel. Of course, under the cir-

cumstances I must abandon all idea

lease you from all obligations you may

Jefferson bowed and remained silent.

Ryder senior eyed his son closely, an

amused expression hovering on his

face. After all, it was not so much he

who had desired this match as Roberts,

and as long as the senator was willing

to withdraw he could make no objec-

tion. He wondered what part, if any,

his son had played in bringing about

this sensational denouement to a match

which had been so distasteful to him,

and it gratified his paternal vanity to

think that Jefferson after all might be

smarter than he had given him credit

At this juncture Mr. Bagley entered

the room. He was a little taken aback

on seeing the senator; but, like most

men of his class, his self conceit made

him confident of his ability to handle

any emergency which might arise, and

he had no reason to suspect that this

hasty summons to the library had any-

thing to do with his matrimonial plans.

manded, addressing his employer.

"Did you ask for me, sir?" he de-

"Yes, Mr. Bagley," replied Ryder,

fixing the secretary with a look that

filled the latter with misgivings. "What

steamers leave tomorrow for Eng-

"Tomorrow?" echoed Mr. Bagley.

slightly raising his voice.

"No, sir, none at all."

Transport"-

the financier.

-I'm afraid"-

"I mean that I"-

"Oh, no-no, but"-

cumstances," he said.

see her here."

Ryder senior rang a bell.

"I said tomorrow," repeated Ryder,

"Let me see," stammered the secre-

tary. "There is the White Star, the

North German Lloyd, the Atlantic

"Have you any preference?" inquired

"Then you'll go on board one of the

ships tonight," said Ryder. "Your

things will be packed and sent to you

The Hon. Fitzroy Bagley, third son

of a British peer, did not understand

even yet that he was discharged as

one dismisses a housemaid caught kiss-

ing the policeman. He could not think

what Mr. Ryder wanted him to go

abroad for unless it were on some mat-

ter of business, and it was decidedly

inconvenient for him to sail at this

"But, sir," he stammered, "I'm afraid

"Yes," rejoined Ryder promptly, "

"You mean that you have other en-

"No engagement at 11 o'clock tomor-

"With my daughter?" chimed in the

Mr. Bagley now understood. He

broke out in a cold perspiration, and

he paled visibly. In the hope that the

full extent of his plans were not

known, he attempted to brazen it out.

"No, certainly not, under no cir-

"Perhaps she has an engagement

with you. We'll ask her." To the but-

ler, who entered, he said, "Tell Miss

Roberts that her father would like to

The man disappeared, and the sena-

tor took a hand in cross examining the

now thoroughly uncomfortable secre-

"So you thought my daughter looked

pale and that a little excursion to Buf-

falo would be a good thing for her?

Wel, it won't be a good thing for you,

young man, I can assure you of that!"

The English aristocrat began to wilt.

His assurance of manner quite desert-

ed him, and he stammered painfully

"Not with me-oh, dear, no," he said.

"You never proposed to run away

"Run away with her?" stammered

"And marry ber?" shouted the sena-

"Oh, say, this is hardly fair, three | put Shirley completely hors de combat,

tor, shaking his fist at him.

with my daughter?" cried the irate fa-

as he floundered about in excuses.

notice that-your hand is shaking."

gagements!" said Ryder sternly.

row morning?" insisted Ryder.

before the steamer sails tomorrow."

of your becoming my son-in-law. I re-

have felt yourself bound by."

butler appeared.

him to come at once to New York and meet himself and his father on a matter of importance. The senator naturally jumped to the conclusion that Jefferson and Ryder had reached an amicable understanding, and he imme-

diately hurried to New York and, with his daughter, came round to Seventymanded the senator. fourth street. When Ryder senior entered the 11brary, Senator Roberts was striding nervously up and down the room. This,

over here," growled the senator. he felt, was an important day. The furnish the money; they furnish the ambition of his life seemed on the blood. Hang his blue blood! I don't point of being attained. want any in mine." Turning to Jef-"Hello, Roberts," was Ryder's cheerferson, he said: "Jefferson, whatever ful greeting. "What's brought you the motives that actuated you, I can from Washington at a critical time like

this? The Rossmore impeachment needs every friend we have." "Just as if you didn't know," smiled the senator uneasily, "that I am here by appointment to meet you and your

"To meet me and my son?" echoed Ryder, astonished. The senator, perplexed and begin-

ming to feel real alarm, showed the financier Jefferson's letter. Ryder read it, and he looked pleased. "That's all right," he said, "If the lad

asked you to meet us here it can mean only one thing-that at last he has made up his mind to this marriage." "That's what I thought," replied the senator, breathing more freely. "I was sorry to leave Washington at such time, but I'm a father, and Kate is more to me than the Rossmore im-

peachment. Besides, to see her mar-

ried to your son Jefferson is one of the dearest wishes of my life." "You can rest easy," said Ryder. "That is practically settled. Jefferson's sending for you proves that he is now ready to meet my wishes. He'll be here any minute. How is the Ross-

more case progressing?" "Not so well as it might," growled the senator. "There's a lot of maudlin sympathy for the judge. He's a pretty sick man by all accounts, and the newspapers seem to be taking his part. One or two of the western senators are talking corporate influence and trust legislation, but when it comes to a vote the matter will be settled on party lines."

"That means that Judge Rossmore will be removed?" demanded Ryder "Yes, with five votes to spare," an-

swered the senator. "That's not enough," insisted Ryder, "There must be at least twenty. Let there be no blunders, Roberts. The

man is a menace to all the big commercial interests. This thing must go through." The door opened, and Jefferson ap-

peared. On seeing the senator talking with his father, he hesitated on the threshold. said his father "Come in, Jeff,"

pleasantly. "You expected to see Senator Roberts, didn't you?" "Yes, sir. How do you do, senator?"

said the young man, advancing into the room. "I got your letter, my boy, and here

I am," said the senator, smiling affably. "I suppose we can guess what the business is, eh?" "That he's going to marry Kate, of

course," chimed in Ryder senior. "Jeff, my lad, I'm glad you are beginning to see my way of looking at things. You're doing more to please me lately, and I appreciate it. You stayed at home when I asked you to, and now you've made up your mind regarding this marriage." Jefferson let his father finish his

speech, and then he said calmly: "I think there must be some misapprehension as to the reason for my summoning Senator Roberts to New York. It had nothing to do with my marrying Miss Roberts, but to prevent her marriage with some one else." "What!" exclaimed Ryder senior.

"Marriage with some one else?" echoed the senator. He thought he had not heard aright, yet at the same time he had grave misgivings. "What do you mean, sir?"

Taking from his pocket a copy of the letter he had picked up on the staircase, Jefferson held it out to the girl's father.

"Your daughter is preparing to run away with my father's secretary. Tomorrow would have been too fate. That is why I summoned you. Read

this." The senator took the letter and as he read his face grew ashen and his hand trembled violently. At one blow all his ambitious projects for his daughter had been swept away. The inconsiderate act of a silly, thoughtless girl had spoiled the carefully laid plans of a lifetime. The only consolation which remained was that the calamity might ther. have been still more serious. This timely warning had saved his family from perhaps an even greater scandal. He passed the letter in silence to Ry-

against one, really, I'm awrully sorry, eh, what?" The door opened, and Kate Roberts



'You never proposed to run away with my daughter?"

of animal spirits, but on seeing the stern face of her father and the pitiable picture presented by her faithful Fitz she was intelligent enough to immediately scent danger.

"Did you want to see me, she inquired boldly. "Yes, Kate," answered the senator

gravely, "we have just been having a talk with Mr. Bagley, in which you were one of the subjects of conversation. Can you guess what it was?" The girl looked from her father to

Bagley and from him to the Ryders. Her aristocratic lover made a movement forward as if to exculpate himself, but he caught Ryder's eye and remained where he was. "Well?" she said, with a nervous

"Is it true?" asked the senator, "that you were about to marry this man She cast down her eyes and an-

"I suppose you know everything." "Have you anything to add?" asked her father sternly.

"No," said Kate, shaking her head. "It's true. We intended to run away, didn't we, Fitz?" "Never mind about Mr. Bagley,

thundered her father. "Haven't you a word of shame for this disgrace you have brought upon me?" "Oh, papa, don't be so cross. Jef ferson did not care for me. I couldn't be an old maid. Mr. Bagley has a lovely castle in England, and one day

he'll sit in the house of lords. He'll explain everything to you." "He'll explain nothing," rejoined the senator grimly. "Mr. Bagley returns to England tonight. He won't have time to explain anything."

"Returns to England?" echoed Kate, "Yes, and you go with me to Wash-

ington at once."

The senator turned to Ryder. "Goodby, Ryder. The little domestic comedy is ended. I'm grateful it didn't turn out a drama. The next time I pick out a son-in-law I hope I'll have better luck."

He shook hands with Jefferson and left the room, followed by his crestfallen daughter.

Ryder, who had gone to write something at his desk, strode over to where Mr. Bagley was standing and handed

"Here, sir. This settles everything to date. Good day." "But I-I"- stammered the secretary

helplessly. "Good day, sir." Ryder turned his back on him and conversed with his son, while Mr. Bag-

ley slowly and as if regretfully made

CHAPTER XV.

T was now December, and the senate had been in session for over a week. Jefferson had not forgotten his promise, and one day, about two weeks after Mr. Bagley's spectacular dismissal from the Ryder residence, he had brought Shirley the two letters. She did not ask him how he got them, if he forced the drawer or procured the key. It sufficed for her that the precious letters, the absolute proof of her father's innocence, were at last in her possession. She at once sent them off by registered mail to Stott, who immediately acknowledged receipt and at the same time announced his departure for Washington that night. He promised to keep her constantly informed of what he was doing and how her father's case was going. It could, he thought, be only a matter of a few days now before the known.

result of the proceedings would be The approach of the crisis made Shirley exceedingly nervous, and it was only by the exercise of the greatest self control that she did not betray the terrible anxiety she felt. The Ryder biography was nearly finished, and her stay in Seventy-fourth street would soon come to an end. She had a serious talk with Jefferson, who contrived to see a good deal of her, entirely unsuspected by his parents, for Mr. and Mrs. Ryder had no reason to believe that their son had any more than a mere bowing acquaintance with the clever young authoress. Now that Mr. Bagley was no longer there to spy upon their actions these clandestine interviews had been comparatively easy. Shirley brought to bear all the arguments she could think of to convince Jefferson of the hopelessness of their engagement. She insisted that she could never be his wife; circumstances over which they had no control made that dream impossible. It were better, she said, to part now rather than incur the risk of being unhappy later. But Jefferson refused to be convinced. He argued and pleaded, and he even swore -strange, desperate words that Shirley had never heard before and which alarmed her not a little and the discussion ended usually by a kiss which

Meantime, John Ryder had ceased worrying about his son. The removal of Kate Roberts as a factor in his future had not eliminated the danger of Jefferson taking the bit between his teeth one day and contracting a secret marriage with the daughter of his enemy, and when he thought of the mere possibility of such a thing happening he stormed and raved until his wife, accustomed as she was to his choleric outbursts, was thoroughly frightened. For some time after Bag. ley's departure, father and son got along together fairly amicably, but Ryder senior was quick to see that Jefferson had something on his mind which was worrying him, and he rightly attributed it to his infatuation for Miss Rossmore. He was convinced that his son knew where the judge's daughter was, although his own efforts to discover her whereabouts had been unsuccessful.

Sergeant Ellison had confessed absolute failure. Miss Rossmore, he reported, had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed her, and further search was futile. Knowing well his son's impulsive, headstrong disposition, Ryder senior believed him quite capable of marrying the girl secretly any time. The only thing that John Ryder did not know was that Shirley Rossmore was not the kind of a girl to allow any man to inveigle her into a secret marriage. The Colossus, who judged the world's morals by his own, was not, of course, aware of this, and he worried night and day thinking what he could do to prevent his son from marrying the daughter of the man he had wronged.

The more he pondered over it the more he regretted that there was not some other girl with whom Jefferson could fall in love and marry. He need not seek a rich girl-there was certainly enough money in the Ryder family to provide for both. He wished they knew a girl, for example, as attractive and clever as Miss Green. Ah, he thought, there was a girl who would make a man of Jefferson-brainy, ambitious, active! And the more he thought of it the more the idea grew on him that Miss Green would be an ideal daughter-in-law and at the same time snatch his son from the clutches of the Rossmore woman.

Jefferson during all these weeks was growing more and more impatient. He knew that any day now Shirley might take her departure from their house and return to Massapequa. If the impeachment proceedings went against her father it was more than likely that he would lose her forever, and if, on the contrary, the judge were acquitted Shirley never would be willing to mar-Dr him without his fathard sanna



"How dare you presume to judge my ac-

and this, he felt, he would never obtain. He resolved therefore to have a final interview with his father and declare boldly his intention of making Miss Rossmore his wife regardless of the consequences.

The opportunity came one evening after dinner. Ryder senior was sitting gione in the library reading; Mrs. Ryder had gone to the theater with a friend; Shirley, as usual, was writing in her room, giving the final touches to her now completed "History of the Empire Trading Company." Jefferson took the bull by the horns and boldly accosted his redoubtable parent. "May I have a few minutes of your

time, father?" Ryder senior laid aside the paper he was reading and looked up. It was unusual for his son to come to him on any errand, and he liked to encourage it.

"Certainly, Jefferson. What is it?" "I want to appeal to you, sir. I want you to use your influence before it is too late to save Judge Rossmore. A word from you at this time would do wonders in Washington." The financier swung half round in his

chair, the smile of greeting faded out of his face, and his voice was hard as he replied coldly: "Again? I thought we had agreed not to discuss Judge Rossmore any fur-

"I can't help it, sir," rejoined Jefferson, undeterred by his sire's hostile attitude. "That poor old man is practically on trial for his life. He is as innocent of wrongdoing as a child unborn, and you know it. You could save him if you would."

"Jefferson," answered Ryder senior, biting his lip to restrain his impatience, "I told you before that I could not interfere even if I would, and I won't, because that man is my enemy. Important business interests which you cannot possibly know anything about, demand his dismissal from the bench." "Surely your business interests don't demand the sacrifice of a man's life!" retorted Jefferson. "I know modern, business methods are none too squeamish, but I should think you'd draw the

line at deliberate murder!" Ryder sprang to his feet and for a moments stood glaring at the young man. His lips moved, but no sound came from them. Suppressed wrath rendered him speechless. What was the world coming to when a son could talk to his father in this manner? "How dare you presume to judge my

actions or to criticise my methods?" be burst out finally.

"You force me to do so," answered that I am heartily ashamed of this whole affair and your connection with it, and since you refuse to make reparation in the only way possible for the wrong you and your associates have done Judge Rossmore-that is, by saving him in the senate-I think it only fair to warn you that I take back my word in regard to not marrying without your consent. I want you to know that I intend to marry Miss Rossmore as soon as she will consent to become my wife-that is," he added, with bitterness, "if I can succeed in overcoming her prejudices against my fam-Ryder senior laughed contemptu-

Prejudices against a thousand million dollars?" he excisimed skeptically. "Yes," replied Jefferson decisively, "prejudices against our family, against you and your business practices. Money is not everything. One day you will find that out. I tell you definitely that I intend to make Miss Rossmore

my wife."

Ryder semor made no reply, and as Jefferson had expected an explosion, unnatural calm rather startled He was sorry he had spoken so harshly. It was his father, after all. "You've forced me to defy you, father," he added. "I'm sorry"-

Ryder senior shrugged his shoulders and resumed his seat. He lit another cigar and with affected carelessness

"All right, Jeff, my boy, we'll let go at that. You're sorry-so am You've shown me your cards-I'll show you mine."

His composed, unruffled manner vanished. He suddenly threw off the mask and revealed the tempest that was raging within. He leaned across the desk, his face convulsed with uncontrollable passion, a terrifying picture of human wrath. Shaking his fist at his son he shouted: "When I get through with Judge

Rossmore at Washington, I'll start after his daughter. This time tomorrow he'll be a disgraced man. A week later she will be a notorious woman. Then we'll see if you'll be so eager to marry ber!" "Father!" cried Jefferson.

"There is sure to be something in her tife that won't bear inspection," specred Ryder. "There is in everybody's life. I'll find out what it is. Where is she today? She can't be found. No one knows where she is-·not even her own mother. Something is wrong-the girl's no good!"

Jefferson started forward as if to resent these insults to the woman he loved, but, realizing that it was his own father, he stopped short and his hands fell powerless at his side. "Well, is that all?" inquired Ryder

senior, with a sneer. "That's all," replied Jefferson, "I'm going. Goodby." "Goodby," answered his father in differently. Leave your address with

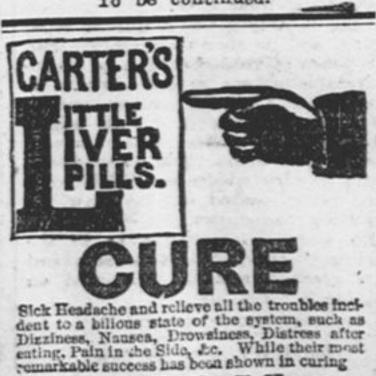
your mother." Jefferson left the room and Ryder senior, as if exhausted by the violence of his own outburst, sank back limp in his chair. The crisis he dreaded had come at last. His son had openly defied his authority and was going to marry the daughter of his enemy. He must do something to prevent it; the marriage must not take place, but what could be do? The boy was of age and legally his own master. He could do | Enter any time. New Catalogue nothing to restrain his actions unless | free. Write for it to date. they put him in an insane asylum. He | + would rather see his son there, he | + mused, than married to the Rossmore | 4

Presently there was a timid knock at the library door. Ryder rose from his seat and went to see who was there. To his surprise it was Miss

"May I come in?" asked Shirley. "Certainly, by all means. Sit down." He drew up a chair for her, and his manner was so cordial that it was easy to see she was a welcome visitor.

"Mr. Ryder," she began in a low, tremulous voice, "I have come to see you on a very important matter. I've been waiting to see you all evening. and as I shall be here only a short time longer I want to ask you a great favor, perhaps the greatest you were ever asked. I want to ask you for mercy-for mercy to"-

She stopped and glanced nervously at him, but she saw he was paying no attention to what she was saying. He was puffing beavily at his cigar, entirely preoccupied with his own



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