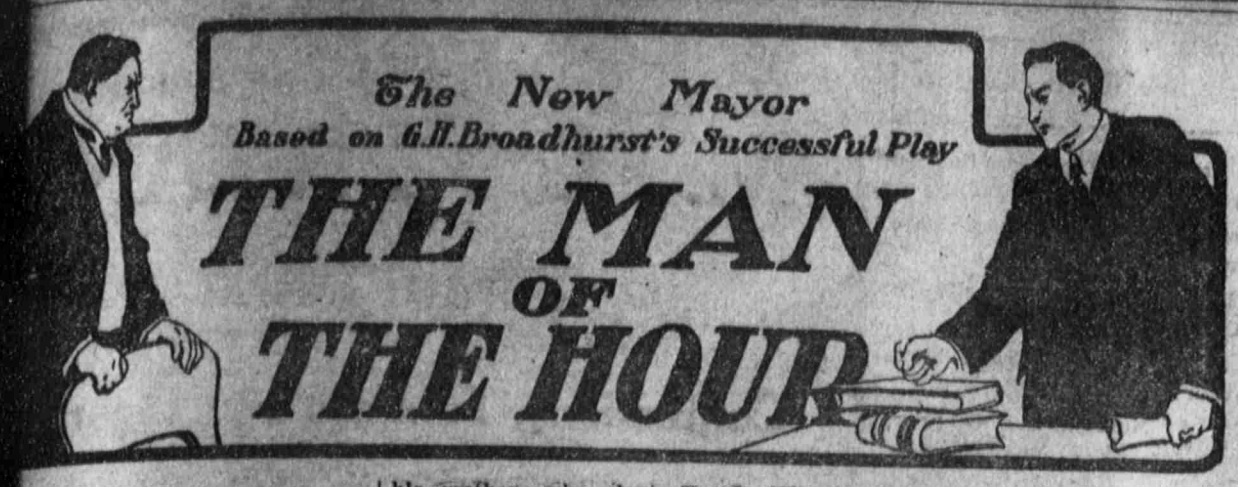

BY
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TERHUNE

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OPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

TER I—At the suburban home of Charles ght, "high financier," he and his broker, Gibbs, hatch up a scheme to corner h Street railway stock. They rely upon pport of Dick Horrigan, boss of the oring city, who is coming to discuss s. Alderman Phelan, the thorn in an's side, whom Wainright is anxious to ate, is also coming. Among the members inright's household are his niece and w, Dallas and Perry Wainright, and his ry, Thompson, a secretive young man in the financier has implicit confidence. Newman, a neighbor of Wainright, continuance in office depends upon an's favor, requests Wainright's inter- with the boss. Another visitor to the ght's is Alwyn Bennett, in love with who is calling to ask her about her ed engagement to Gibbs. Perry is in love Cynthia Garrison, also a neighbor. II—a is the daughter of a bank president who ears before the opening of the story was by the dealings of an unnamed dishonest er and shot himself. His son thereupon eared. Mrs. Bennett congratulates her- on the immaculate record of her son's ed father. Dallas refuses to marry Alwyn he does something worthy of his family ucation. Phelan and Horrigan face each III—Phelan defies Horrigan. Judge an is turned down by the boss, but at right's request Horrigan agrees to recon- his case. Horrigan becomes suspicious of son, but Wainright scoffs at the idea. gan and Wainright make a corrupt deal by the former, for a big consideration, is to e from the board of aldermen a per franchise for the Borough Street railway. ss is worried by the reform movement ing his power at the coming election and ng about for a candidate for mayor with a ecord. He hits upon Bennett, who has me slight political experience. The latter s, but warns Horrigan that, if elected, he absolutely honest and independent.

CHAPTER XII.

ALWYN BENNETT sat in his own study at home in the big Bennett house that remained as almost the last landmark of solid middle nineteenth century th and fashion which had once nated a neighborhood now given to office buildings and apartment es.

e hour was late. An hour and had passed since the young may- nd his mother had returned from administration ball. The house silent, and even the usually busy nds outside were wrapped in the that never falls until after mid- t and is dispersed by the gray of n. Late as it was Alwyn had made ove to discard his evening clothes. e he sat, his head resting between crossed arms on the desk before

otionless, inert, hopeless, he had re- ed there ever since his arrival the ball. But if his body was eless, his brain was awhirl. Try e would he could see no light in tangle of events into which his sense of right had plunged him. aw the future stretching out be- him dreary and barren as a rainy

rough all of his months of battling ad ever struggled forward through easing difficulties toward one bright —Dallas' love. And now that love snatched from his grasp, through ault of his own, and bestowed on a unworthy to kiss the hem of her ent.

each step in the long climb Alwyn asked himself, "Would she ap- e?" And now through trying to worthy that approval he had for- lost it, for Dallas, he knew, had only rejected him and engaged her- to Gibbs, but had done so with the that Bennett was a heartless, un- pulous intriguer, undeserving of a woman's regard.

rap at the door aroused Bennett his bitter thoughts. He lifted his wearily and gave word to enter. rowsy servant came in with a card. e says it's important business, sir," the footman. "And he wishes to you at once, if possible."

ow him up," answered Bennett, ing his voice as low as he could

his mother, who slept on the same floor. "I will see him here."

A minute later Horrigan's bulky form blocked the threshold.

"Queer time of night for a call," he observed casually, as he entered uninvited, closed the door behind him and took a chair, "but my business wouldn't wait."

"Then state it as briefly as you can," directed Bennett, making no move to rise or welcome his unbidden guest. "It is very late, and I am tired."

"I've come to see you about our Borough bill."

"So I supposed."

"You won't call off your fight against us?"

"That question is hardly worth answering. No."

"I thought not. Well, Mr. Alwyn Bennett, I've got you! I've got you! Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly. Is that all?"

"No, it ain't all," mimicked the boss. "And I'm in earnest. I've got you where I want you."

"That doesn't interest me. If you've nothing else to say"—

"But I have," chuckled Horrigan. "When it came to a showdown between us two I put a staff of men to looking up your record."

"You found nothing you could use. Is that"—

"No; it isn't even the beginning. Then I remembered about your father."

"About my father?"

It grated on Bennett that his dead father's honored name should be spoken by this low politician, but before he could protest more forcibly Horrigan went on:

"What d'you think if I said your father was a grafter—one of the worst of his time?"

"I'd say you lied," answered Bennett calmly, "and I'd drive the foul lie down your throat with my fist. You'll have to think of some better scheme than that."

"Do you think I'd be idiot enough to come here with the story if I didn't have full proof of it?" asked Horrigan in contempt.

And, despite himself, Alwyn saw the man was speaking what he believed to be the truth. He paused in his impulsive forward move, reseated himself and asked coldly:

"What so called 'proofs' have you been fooled by your heelers into thinking"—

"Don't believe me, hey? Well, you will fast enough before I'm done. Unless you're afraid of what I've got to say."

"I'm not afraid of anything you can say. The highest tribute to my father's memory is the fact that a cur like you cannot defile it. Go on. I'll listen to you."

"Very good," said Horrigan, quite unmoved. "I'll make it as short as I can. I remembered your father got rich pretty quick. He was a member of the organization, and his firm got the jobs of building the aqueduct and the new library. That gave me my clew. I looked up the specifications for both jobs, and I turned them over to the old engineering firm of Morris & Cherrington. You know the firm, perhaps. If you don't, you can look them up. They don't belong to the organization; they're the best experts in their line, and they can't be juggled with."

"I know them. Go on."

"I paid them a fancy sum to go over those specifications and then examine the library and the aqueduct and see if they were up to the mark or if the city 'd been cheated by the Bennett Contracting company. I had a strong idea I was right, but I wouldn't speak till I had the proof. When I got home after the ball tonight I found the Morris & Cherrington report waiting for me. I brought a copy of it along with me."

"Well," asked Bennett indifferently, "what then?"

"Here's the copy of the report. Look it over for yourself. The crookedest job ever pulled off in this city! Third rate material, when the material called for in the specifications was used at all. Granite shell filled with mortar instead of solid granite; foundations barely half the depth called for; inferior tiles in place of fireproof ones; cheap, crumbly iron and steel instead of first quality—oh, there's fifty such substitutions and frauds. It's the rawest, bummest job I ever heard of. If any of the organization tried it nowadays the men who did it would be wearing stripes in a week. Graft, hey? Why, your father was the boss grafter of the century, the star graft getter of the bunch! He"—

"Hush! For God's sake, hush!" pout- Alwyn. "My mother sleeps only a few rooms beyond. I"—

"What do I care?" roared Horrigan in triumph. "Let everybody hear! The whole world is going to hear it unless that Borough franchise bill goes through. Beat that bill and every paper in the country will have that report to publish. Stop your fight against us and the report is buried. That goes! See? Now, do as you please about the bill. You're a fine man to preach about graft, you are! The very roof over your head, the clothes on your back, were bought with graft money!"

"The clothes on your back were bought with graft money!"

Bennett scarcely heeded the coarse insult, nor did he note Horrigan's grunt of good-by and the clump of his departing feet on the stairs. The young man sat, lost, hopeless, horror gripped, his eyes running mechanically over the closely typewritten pages of the engineer's report. Outsider as he was in matters of practical business, Alwyn could see that Horrigan had in no way exaggerated the document's contents. He knew, too, that the firm of engineers who had drawn up the report were the foremost of their sort and above all shadow of suspicion.

Little by little the numbness lifted from his brain, and in its place crept a horrible conviction of the truth. His father—the gallant young soldier who had won a nation's applause in the civil war—the man who, poor and unaided, had built up a fortune against keenest competition and had earned a repute for sterling probity which had ever been the delight and model of his son—this was the man whom a low blackguard like Horrigan now had the right to revile—a man apparently no better than the boss himself—than any dishonest heeler in the organization!

And, as if it were not enough that the idol of a lifetime were hurled, crushed and defiled, from its bright pedestal, the family name must next be dragged through the mire of political filth and ill repute and the dead man's memory forever blasted. Either that or his son must withdraw from the gallant fight he was waging against civic corruption, for that Horrigan would carry out his threat and blazon forth to the world the story and proofs of the elder Bennett's shame Alwyn had no doubt. With all his faults the boss was a man of his word.

"Stop your fight against us," Horrigan had said, "and the report is burned."

Yes, the boss was a man of his word. Even Bennett admitted that. He would fulfill his promise in either event.

Listlessly Alwyn began to review the case. On the one side a perhaps Quixotic fight for an abstract principle—a fight whose reward was political death, loss of the woman he adored, family shame that might crush his fragile old mother to the very grave. On the other wealth, honor, love, the governorship, a future happy and glorious.

Was he not a fool to hesitate? Had he not salved his conscience sufficiently by vetoing the Borough franchise bill? Had he the right to bring this new shame upon his mother's gray head? Where lay his highest duty?

The soft rustling of silk and a hand laid in light caress upon his head aroused the miserable man from his reflections.

Bennett looked up to see his mother standing beside him. She had thrown on a wrapper and in slippered feet had stolen noiselessly into the study.

"I was awakened by voices," she explained. "I thought I heard some one talking excitedly in here. Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing dear," he answered gently, drawing the little old lady affectionately down to a seat on his knee and smiling manfully into her sleep flushed face; "nothing is the matter. Only a business call."

"A business call at 2 o'clock in the morning!" she exclaimed. "Dear boy, you are working too hard. Your father never brought his business worries and work home. He always left them at the office. Can't you do the same? You'll wear yourself out."

"My father"— began Bennett, but the name choked him.

"You are growing to be so much like him," went on Mrs. Bennett fondly. "And it makes me so happy that you are. Your splendid fight against that infamous Borough bill, for instance. How proud he would have been of that! It is just the sort of thing he himself would have done in your place. He was surrounded with wicked and dishonest men just as you are. But through it all he remained true, honorable, incorruptible. What a grand heritage for my son! He— Alwyn!" she broke off, alarmed, "why do you look at me that way? I never saw such a look in your eyes before. Are you ill? Has something happened that you are keeping from me?"

"No, no," evaded Bennett. "I only"—

"You had a caller here before I came in," pursued the mother, refusing to abandon the clew to which her womanly intuition had led her. "He brought you bad news? Tell me, dear! I'm your mother, and I love you."

"You are making my course more difficult for me by asking such questions, mother," he answered wretchedly, "and I"—

Cynthia Garrison.

"I only want to help you, Alwyn. I can't bear to see you miserable. A woman's wit and a mother's love are often a combination that can solve problems beyond even the wisest man's powers of logic. Let me help you."

"I was trying to make up my mind," vaguely replied Bennett, sorely distressed by her pleading, "whether a man ought to follow his conscience, even if it leads to heartbreak for those he loves, or whether he ought to let conscience go by the board for once and protect the happiness of his loved ones."

"Alwyn! How can you hesitate a second over such a question. One must do right, no matter what the consequence."

"I don't know about that," he said moodily.

"You know it perfectly well. It is what your father would have advised and— But, Alwyn, you surely are not making yourself unhappy over a mere supposititious case?"

"Well," he continued, "let us take a 'mere supposititious case' if you like. Suppose, for instance, that a man holding a position of trust had had a father whose memory he honored and revered as I do my own father's"—

"Yes?" prompted Mrs. Bennett as he paused.

"Suppose some one tempts him to betray his position of trust, even as I have lately been tempted, and threatens in case of his refusal to make public certain facts which would prove his dead father to have been a scoundrel. Now, what should the man do? Should he let his father's sacred memory be trampled in the mud, let his duty go by default and save"—

"It would be an awful responsibility to decide such a question," said Mrs. Bennett, with a little shudder, "but there could be only one reply."

"And that is?"

"He must do his duty, be the results what they may."

"You really think so?"

"There can be no doubt. Right is right and"—

"It shall be as you say," groaned Alwyn.

"What?" queried Mrs. Bennett, startled at the despair in his voice. "Do you mean it is an actual case? Some friend of yours, perhaps?"

Bennett nodded.

"Oh, the poor, poor fellow!" she sympathized. "What a terrible position for him! It was he, perhaps, that I heard talking to you in here just now. No wonder he seemed excited! The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even unto the"—

"It is something less hard on the children than on the wives," mused Bennett, half to himself.

(Continued Next Week)

Bunion—Try a bottle of this preparation. Customer—Don't doubt it, but I've got all the boldness I want, thank you.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Better Than Three Doctors.

"Three years ago we had three doctors with our little boy and everything that they could do seemed in vain. At last when all hope seemed to be gone we began using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in a few hours he began to improve Today he is as healthy a child as parents could wish for."—Mr. B. J. Johnston Linton, Miss. For sale by Harry Cross

A Chicago woman shot at a burglar and hit her baby. The youngster is starting rather early on its career as an innccent bystander.

She Likes Good Things

Mrs. Chas. E. Smith, of West Franklin, Maine, says: "I like good things and have adopted Dr. King's New Life Pills as our family laxative medicine, because they are good and do their work without making a fuss about it." These painless purifiers sold at Ed Greene's drug store. 25c.

Last week, according to the Nashville American, a Philadelphian sold his watch for a Confederate $100 bill. Possibly the deal was pulled off before the Philadelphian had his morning eye-opener.

For Sore Feet

"I have found Bucklen's Arnica Salve to be the proper thing to use for sore feet, as well as for healing burns, sores, cuts, and all manner of abrasions," writes Mr. W. Stone, of East Poland, Maine. It is the proper thing too for piles. Try it! Sold under guarantee at Ed Greene's drug store. 25c

Strange how lightening manages to strike so often in Pennsylvania without hitting a grafter.

Disagreeable at Home

Lots of men and women who are agreeable with others, get "cranky" at home. Its not disposition, its the liver. If you find in yourself that you feel cross around the house, little things worry you, just buy a bottle of Ballard's Herbine and put your liver in shape. You and everybody around you will feel better soon. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Ed Greene

"What Mr. Taft thinks," is the headline on a Western newspaper editorial. Of course it meant "What Mr. Taft says," which is quite a different proposition from what he thinks when it comes to "my policies."

A Weakling

Is the only way to describe the poor child that is afflicted with worms. No matter how much or how often it eats, the worms get all the nourishment from the food, the child gets practically none. White's Cream Vermifuge gets rid of the worms quickly easily and with no bad afier effects. Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold by Ed Greene

The Springfield Republican is not risking much when it predicts that Foraker, La Follette and Bradley will be found on the stump speaking for Mr. Taft this fall. If they can't praise "my policies" they can point out how benevolent the party has been in providing big crops for the farmer.

Sick Headache

This disease is caused by a derange ment of the stomach. Take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets to correct this disorder and the sick headache will disappear. For sale by Harry Cross

Active at 87

This would be unusual news if men and women would keep themselves free from rheumatism and all aches and pains as well as keeping their muscles and joints limber with Ballard's Snow Liniment. Sold by Ed Greene

Had Tetter for Thirty Years

I have suffered with tetter for thirty years and have tried almost countless remedies with little, if any, relief. Three boxes of Chamberlain's Salve cured me. It was a torture. It breaks out a little sometimes, but nothing to what it used to do.—D. H. Beach, Midland City, Ala. Chamberlain's Salve is for sale by Harry Cross

Baby Morphine Fiends

Are made by all soothing syrups and baby medicines that contain opium and narcotics. McGee's Baby Elixir contains no injurious or narcotic drugs of any kind. A sure and safe cure for disordered stomachs, bowels and fretfulness—splendid for teething infants. Sold by Ed Greene