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But I mean that it shall be; bending forward in his eagerness.

vaguely.

"Well, I shall go to Springfield,
Tuesday—I hope it will go through."
She looked down and brushed her neatly gloved fingers along the edge of the dock.

the offer."

The shrewd eyes of the elder, lustreless man twinkled a little in his unanswering face. Even then, Emmet was the dearest joke of his humorous heart. But this was husiness.

neatly gloved fingers along the edge of the desk.

As a kind of discovery, Emmet found her in that small, abstracted action, inexpressibly feminine.

"It's pretty hard for you down there," he said—so personally that there was a little commotion in the Secretary's subsection.

It's just getting your bill reported by softly.

my committee. Leave it to me. I When he said "Dan'l," it was al-

ter than Mrs. Randall. If you don't Thereupon a series of deep wrinkles leave it to me, I'll beat your bill! came lengthwise in Gallagher's fore-

Oh if it's a question of life or stood revealed. It seemed to

The specific property of the p

"They'll give \$350,000 for the Metropolitan, John," he said. "I've just She was smiling at him- a little had word from Winthrop. He makes the offer

Secretary's pulse.

"Yes; sometimes it's pretty hard—
and not always quite pleasant with
some of the people. But"—she smiled
—"a good many things are pretty

The settled and out of the way. You know I don't like it. Whatever we may say among ourselves, we're using a public position for our own advantage. Now, good gracious,

John, this is a handsome offer, a generous offer!

The chairman stepped over to her.

"No! Don't go down there again,"
he said abruptly. "There's no need.
their generous offer, Dan't)" he asked

want to do something!"

"But I've engaged to go," she protested, nervously, steadily looking down. "Mrs. Randall thought I can't do that. But I did tell my.

The committee shan't report it at head. His large mouth expanded on all!" lateral lines until a mighty grin



"I LOST YOUR BILL, HE SAID. "I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU HOW."

THE CHARMANS POLITICS - BY WILL PAYEE

The third glain panel of the office of the protection of the pr fice, where she drew the eyes of a endure that I should be the one to dozen lounging men. There was a hurt you. I wasn't ready to let it little smoking and writing room off all go-to see you hurt your career. to the left. She walked coolly and I wasn't ready to sacrifice my career with a negligent ease through the office to the front windows that gave truth, anyway?"

upon the street. looked out a moment, and calmly sauntered back. said Emmet. He "Truth? Why, I guess it's you!"

ment, and calmly sauntered back.
Going and coming, she threw a swift glance over the writing room. But she saw no one she knew.

The elevator boy leaned against the wire lattice by the open door of the care. She stepped in. The boy Down in Parlor C. Johnny Calmert and C the cage. She stepped in. The boy Down in Parlor C Johnny followed and started the machine.

followed and started the machine. In agrier leaned over the back of a "Parlor floor," she said, and they stopped at the first landing. The lock of the wire door did not yield at the first pressure of the boy's

at the first pressure of the boys fingers.

"Is Mr. Emmet on this floor?" she asked. To get the lay of the land would be something.

"Mr. Emmet? No'm; on the fourth door; number four twenty-one." The 'Let's be frank and friendly all a-trident the door of the boy had begun to close the door of round"—it was Johnny's strident the cage when she spoke, and was voice—"and acknowledge that we're turning the lever of the machine. all brother pirates on the make and not try to backcap each other's

held the door open as though he games. I'll admit I'm a pirate. But were uncertain whether she would get who's going to cast the first stone at were uncertain whether she would get in again.

"Oh, I was mistaken," she said without the least hesitation. and stepped into the cage. She did not know why. She did not know why. She did not know whether the boy would take her up to the fourth floor or down again. The cage stareed up. It occurred to her that she had quite lost her head and was doing something dreadful.

"Straight ahead to first corridor on your right; about half way down:

"Johnny stared a moment. "Well.