

The Sheriff and the Chauffeur.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The farm gate creaked loudly, and Annie Jane hopped out of bed and ran to the window. Two triangular patches of light on the driveway, followed by a dark bulk, betrayed the arrival of an automobile. The voice of a man raised in angry altercation greeted through the open window.

"Oh dear! He's caught another one," called Annie Jane sleepily as she lighted a candle and proceeded to brush her pretty brown hair.

The mirror reflected a lovely face, full of sweetness and modesty, with soft curves and enchanting dimples. It was in this way only at home to take turns with her.

"Annie Jane!" belated a voice up the hallway. "You all dressed and come down. I got another one of these chauffeurs down here!"

"Coming, father!" purred Annie Jane, building herself into a little pink frock she had worn that afternoon.

When she entered the kitchen her father was sitting on a corner of the table fussing with an old-fashioned revolver. Beside him was a slatgun.

Every separate snowy whisker of the sheriff bristled with hostility when he glanced toward the lawbreaker whom he had captured.

The unhappy prisoner was frowning his chin tilted back against the wall. He was also smoking a cigarette and eyeing his warlike captor with good natured tolerance. He jumped to his feet when he saw Annie Jane, and the cigarette performed a paralytic on the coal scuttle.

"Sit down!" roared Peter Lamson. "I reckon you don't realize you're a prisoner, young man! Now, Annie Jane," he added, turning to the girl. "I'm going over to get the justice and buy him."

"You better let me take you over in my car," interrupted the prisoner eagerly.

The sheriff glared at him wrathfully. "Yes, and when you get me out in the road you'll run away with me just as a chauffeur did with a short-down Senogee way! As I said, Annie Jane," he continued, turning his broad back on the prisoner and addressing his daughter, "I'm going to ride over to Justice Wainwright's and get him to come over. If he ain't to home I'll get Smith. But I wanted Wainwright to know I'm looking after things on the Willow road."

"Oh, I say, sheriff," said the prisoner, withdrawing his glance from Annie Jane's downcast face. "You keep still, young fellow!" thundered Peter Lamson, unbending his figure to its full height. "Now, you understand that whatever you say will be used against you! Do you mean to get into that pantry, double quick?"

The chauffeur measured the sheriff with a calculating eye. At the end of a minute his gaze encountered Annie Jane's appealing glance. Then he bowed his head and disappeared with him in the dark pantry.

The sheriff unlocked the door, locked it and hung the key on a convenient nail. Then he opened a sliding door in the wall of the pantry.

"Now, Annie Jane, you set here in front of the little door, and if that chauffeur tries to get out do you use this weepen on him! Better aim for his feet. That'll stop him quicker'n anything else." He thrust the revolver into his daughter's reluctant grasp.

"You know I'm afraid of firearms, father!" cried Annie Jane timidly. "I couldn't shoot it off."

Peter Lamson bent his head until his white whiskers brushed Annie Jane's pink ear. "It ain't loaded," he whispered hoarsely. Then, with an elaborate wink at the girl, he left the room.

Five minutes later Annie Jane crouched in the Boston rocker, facing the pantry, heard the rattle of wheels as her father rode out of the gate. Just then a tall clock in the corner chimed 12.

"Put the revolver on the table if you are afraid of it; I won't try to escape," said a reassuring voice from the pantry. Framed in the opening was the good looking face of the prisoner.

"If you'll promise," said Annie Jane relievedly. She placed the weapon on the table and resumed her seat.

"Father is very—very conscientious," she murmured absently.

There was a distinct chuckle from the pantry. "I have noticed that," remarked the chauffeur dryly.

"Father has only been a sheriff since the first of the month," she further explained. "You know there is a sign board down the road which says that motorists must slow down to ten miles an hour."

"I'm aware of it. That's what happened to me."

"It happens to so many of them," sighed Annie Jane. "And then father catches them and they are so rude. Some of them offer money to let them go again. They offer bribes."

The prisoner blushed hotly under the scorn in Annie Jane's voice.

"What did father say when you tried to bribe him?" she asked demurely.

"He said—he said he was the only sheriff in the county that couldn't be bought," said the prisoner soberly.

Annie Jane nodded. "Father is like that," she said simply. "He sought the appointment because he believed that he had the moral courage to refuse a bribe. Our new justice, Mr. Wainwright, says the lives of the people in this community shall not be endangered by the reckless driving of motorists. He says they shall observe the law! We have never seen Mr. Wainwright, but father says he's the right man in the right place."

The prisoner smiled somewhat grimly.

"Of course you look at it from another point of view," said Annie Jane courteously. "I hope your employer will pay you well."

"Thank you," said the prisoner gently.

There was a long pause after that broken now and then by the dropping

of a coin into the grate of the cooking stove. Annie Jane was observing the cap and goggles and huge fur hanging across a chair. Somehow the prisoner in the pantry did not seem to be like the majority of motorists whom the conscientious sheriff captured in the night watches.

As a rule, the prisoners were dusty and grimy, with oily hands blackened and discolored. They were of every nationality and temperament, but one and all concurred in that they were unjustly detained.

This young man, however, had a clean cut, clever face, with a determined jaw and keen blue eyes. He was an American; his hands were brown and strong and well kept. Annie Jane liked good hands.

Suddenly she uttered a little shriek and tucked her feet under her ruffled skirts.

The prisoner shifted his gaze from her charming face to the bright rag carpet. "What is the matter?" he queried.

"Such a horrid rat!" quavered Annie Jane, pointing to where a small, gray body slid along the floor.

"Give me the revolver and I'll pot him," he suggested eagerly.

"No, oh, no; I can't let you out," sobbed Annie Jane hysterically.

"Nonsense! I'm not going to have you frightened to death," retorted the prisoner authoritatively.

"I am afraid of it—but I promised to keep you locked up. I cannot break my word," murmured Annie Jane, with an attempt at valor.

Once when she was a little child a rat had bitten her hand, and since then the mere sight of one would send her into hysterics.

The chauffeur looked at her face, from which every trace of color had fled, and with a muttered exclamation, he turned away from the little opening.

A minute later came the sound of a window being raised, and presently the prisoner walked into the room through the back door. Without a word he seized a poker. There was a rush of steps, a sharp squeak and then silence. The door opened and closed.

The chauffeur washed his hands at the sink. "I shall return to the pantry now," he began, when the outer door opened again and the harsh voice of the sheriff boomed through the house.

Annie Jane sprang to her feet, white, if possible, than before.

"He's locked in the pantry, justice, and Annie Jane's been a-watching him!" said Peter Lamson triumphantly.

Mr. Justice Smith, stout, rosy and jovial, withal he had been aroused from his bed, entered the room in advance of the sheriff, and his genial glance alighted on the prisoner, who was calmly drying his hands on the roller towel.

"Hello, Wainwright!" he cried. "So you got here after all. Lamson says he went over to your place, but your servants said you were out in the machine—chasing scorchers, I suppose! Now, Miss Annie Jane, have out the prisoner, and we'll each land him a heavy fine, eh, Wainwright?"

Justice Wainwright swept the room in a keen glance that noted Peter Lamson's chagrined face and the pitiful entreaty in Annie Jane's eyes.

"Sorry, sheriff. It's all my fault, but your prisoner has escaped," he said carelessly.

"Thanks," exploded Peter Lamson, with sincere relief.

"You're treat, sheriff," laughed Smith comfortably. "Let it be some of that old rascal's. I'll go down with you and hold the trap."

When the ill-fated sheriff had preceded Smith down the cellar stairs, the late prisoner approached Annie Jane, who stood disconsolately before the stove.

"You were very kind, indeed, Mr. Wainwright," she murmured with embarrassment. "I know father will be hurt and mortified to realize he made such a blunder—that he treated you so unkindly."

"You were very kind to the prisoner, Miss Annie Jane," said the justice with a tender note in his pleasant voice. "Under these circumstances it was very strange that he should try to escape, wasn't it?"

Annie Jane's eyes dropped but with warmth in her gaze she made no reply.

"I don't believe he escaped after all," mused Wainwright then. "But he did not."

conducting the business aforesaid under license from the city, shall, on or before said date, pay to the city treasurer a sum equal to the difference between the license paid by such person and the license exacted hereby proportionate to the length of time remaining of the time for which their respective licenses were issued, and upon the failure of any such person so to do within said time, his license shall by such failure be deemed canceled and revoked without further proceeding by the council, and he shall be punished as by ordinance elsewhere provided.

Section 3. All ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict herewith are hereby repealed, in so far as they so conflict.

The foregoing ordinance was passed by the city council January 5, 1909, Trowbridge voting aye, Merrick no, Eifert aye, Wortman no, Hafer aye, Otwell absent.

Approved January 5, 1909.
J. F. REDDY, Mayor

Attest:
BENJ. M. COLLINS,
Recorder.

DEMOCRATIC GOVERNOR
AT LAST FOR NEBRASKA

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 8.—For the first time in a score of years Nebraska has a democratic governor, Ashton G. Shallenberger was yesterday inaugurated as chief executive and the event was made the occasion of a widespread jubilation on the part of the democrats of Bryan's state.

The legislature which convened this week is also democratic in complexion for the first time in many years. Many radical measures will be taken up, among them a law to guarantee bank deposits, such as was advocated in the national platform of the party. The bill will be similar to that which is now in successful operation in Oklahoma.

Another important plank in the democratic platform is the pledge to enact a law providing for the physical valuation of public serving corporations. This pledge will have considerable opposition.

County option was an issue in many of the counties at the election and it is claimed that the legislature is opposed to any change in the present liquor laws, although the county option advocates will make a fight just the same. They claim to have a petition asking for the enactment of a county option law or the submission of a prohibition amendment, signed by more than 150,000 persons. This petition will be presented to the legislature.

Medford Theater
SATURDAY, JAN. 9

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Strictly moral and free from sensationalism.
Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

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City Business Directory

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When others fail, call on DR. E. J. BONNER Eye Specialist Office in Eagle Pharmacy Main 233. Seventh and Main	For good bargains in Watches and Jewelry, Pistols, Musical Instruments, go to THE MEDFORD LOAN OFFICE C Street.	S. R. SEELY, M. D. Physician and Surgeon Modern equipped operating rooms X-Ray. Office hours: 10-12, 2-4 p. m. Office in Jackson Co. Bk. bldg.
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VALLEY AUTO CO. have opened their new garage and repair shop back of the Moore hotel. Motor cars stored and taken care of. All work guaranteed. Phone No. 3163	DR. R. J. CONROY Successor to Dr. Jones. Office in the Stewart Building.	J. M. KEENE, D. D. S. Dentist Specialist in operative dentistry Painless extraction of teeth.

RIVERSIDE SUBDIVISION

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LARGE SIZED LOTS

Good garden soil, natural oak trees, wide streets, four blocks to North school, sewerage already in.

LOW PRICES AND REASONABLE TERMS.

J. C. BROWN

Exclusive Agent Palm Block

MAN GETS \$600 FOR THE LOSE OF AN EYE

RED BLUFF, Cal., Jan. 8.—A judgment has been filed in the superior court in the case of Jacob V. Belleville vs. John Coffey. Plaintiff is given \$600 damages and costs of the suit.

In the complaint Belleville alleges that Coffey put something in one of his eyes for treatment of a catarrh and the treatment injured the eye, causing blindness, instead of helping it.

Coffey is a negro who professes to be able to cure many of the ills to which mankind is heir.

NOTICE

The Hotel formerly known as the Taylor House in Jacksonville, Or., has changed management and will henceforth be known as the **ABBOTT HOUSE** under the management of C. D. & M. E. ABBOTT. The house has been remodeled and made modern and up-to-date in every respect and rates are as reasonable as consistent with first-class service.