

An Order of the Court

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1904, by Charles W. Hoole

A DOT of red which seemed to be pasted like a wafer on the black darkness at the southern end of the veranda bore witness that my landlord was enjoying his single hour of leisure in all the twenty-four—between 11 o'clock and midnight. The sight was gratifying. I had feared that the chill of the evening might have driven him to some inaccessible warm corner of the house and that I should miss the pleasure of taking a yarn of his to bed with me.

Prudently pausing at the foot of the steps, I lighted a cigar of my own in order to escape smoking one of his, and then I took a seat beside him and tilted my chair against the clapboards.

"When you were marshal of Circle City," said I and left the rest to him. He chuckled softly, and then there was a silence while he pretended to be waiting for an inspiration. In reality he had prepared his story, as I knew as soon as he began to speak. Even a genius like Peter Conley will trip over his introduction unless he has thought it out in advance.

"When I was marshal of Circle City," said he, "there was a real estate gang that ran the whole town, and a crooked old billygoat named George Warren ran the gang. One day Sam Cleve, who was Warren's most confidential agent, came to me and said that he wanted me to look up a young fellow that had dropped into town a couple of days before and was stopping at the Gladstone hotel.

"We suspect that he's a lawyer from Topeka," said Cleve, "and that he's got legal papers to serve on Mr. Warren in the Creamer case."

"I put a couple of my men on the hunt, and they reported in the course of the afternoon that the tip was straight. The man at the Gladstone was Byron Willett of Topeka, and he had brought an order of court that was intended to stop Warren in a mighty important matter.

"When I had heard the facts I strolled around to Warren's house and found one of the old man's most trusted servants sitting under a tree in the front yard with a Winchester across his knees. He wasn't very cordial even to me, and you can bet that no stranger could have so much as leaned against the gatepost without getting perforated. "Warren himself was stowed away in the room where he usually lay low when a process server was on his trail, and he seemed to be particularly sore about this present affair.

"Jim Creamer is trying to stop me from putting up a gas house opposite his property," said he. "The yellow dog is bound to hold on to it, and he's got an injunction from some fool judge in Topeka. Now, we've got to have that piece of real estate, and we've got to have it on our own terms. It ought to be understood in this town that I fix the value of property, and I've let Jim Creamer know what his figure is. It's \$3,500, and that settles the matter."

"At a fair valuation Creamer's property was worth about \$20,000, but Warren had him surrounded and could put up all kinds of objectionable buildings on the adjacent lots.

"Pretty tough, you'll say; but that was no business of mine. Warren had



HE WAS SITTING WITH A WINCHESTER ACROSS HIS KNEES.

put me and the party into office, and another election was coming along.

"Well, Mr. Warren," says I, "what do you want me to do about it?"

"You get that document away from Willett," says he, "and you do it without violence. I don't want this man laid up. I've got a notion that I'd like to have a talk with him before he goes back to Topeka. They say he's the slickest young lawyer in the state, and it's likely we may want him. Our operations are spreading out, and we can use good men in various parts of the state. Now, it's up to you, Conley," says he in conclusion. "I want to see this cuss personally, and you've got to make him safe."

"I says, 'All right, Mr. Warren,' and then I went back to the central police station to think it over.

"Within a few minutes I got a note

from Warren in which he said that he'd made up his mind to have a talk with Willett the next afternoon at 4 o'clock. I've sent him word to that effect," runs the note, "and you must get his papers away from him before that time."

"Later I got another note which said that Willett had refused to go to Warren's house for fear he'd be handled rough and that Warren was going to call at the hotel. This gave me a good idea of Willett as a prudent and far-seeing man, and it also showed me how set Warren was on having the interview.

"You'll say right away that this complicated the job because Warren might be served with the papers while on the way to the hotel by some pal of Willett's. But that was easily enough managed. Between 12 and 1 o'clock that night Warren went down to the Gladstone, going in by the way of the kitchen and up the back stairs to the room that had been engaged for him.

"Between that time and daybreak I had one of my men crawl into Willett's



THE DOOR OPENED, AND IN WALKED WILLETT.

room from the fire escape and mouse around a bit, but he didn't find anything and mighty near got shot. So the matter stood square the next morning, with no advantage on either side.

"About 9 o'clock Willett started out for a walk, as he always did, and I and three of my men immediately began a hunt. We had been in the room next to his and had bored some holes through the partition so that we could see if he hid the document anywhere or went to look at it in its hiding place. Nothing of that kind had happened, but I had formed a few dim suspicions. While the man was dressing I made up my mind that the document was in his coat pocket, and when he was eating breakfast—which he ordered up—I noticed that he was busy sealing up a lot of letters which he had written the night before. Now about that time he made some rather slick motions, and it was a question whether he hadn't taken the document out of his pocket and put it into one of the letters, which were all in big envelopes. I didn't see him do it, but I had a feeling about it. If those were straight letters and not fakes, why didn't he take them out to the mail instead of leaving them in the basket on the table?

"When we got into his room, I went for those letters the first thing, while my men divided the place into sections and began the most almighty particular hunt that anybody ever saw. I opened the letters, one by one, very carefully, because if the document was there I wanted to get it in such a way that he wouldn't know it was gone. The job of opening and closing the letters took me nearly an hour, and the document wasn't there after all. My men hadn't found any signs of it, but they hadn't half finished, for you must understand that it was a big room with a lot of stuff in it, and we were dealing with it a piece at a time, as a man handles a pack of cards when he suspects that they're marked.

"In the midst of it the door opened, and in walked Willett, which was a great surprise to us, for we had set a lookout and had arranged a plan to stop him, though, as a matter of fact, we didn't expect him back, and so I suppose our sentinel went and took a drink and the gentleman from Topeka slipped by.

"Well, upon my soul!" says he, reaching for his gun. "What are you all doing here?"

"Mr. Willett," says I, tapping my badge, "this is our lawful duty, and, though painful, we must do it. I'm the city marshal, so there's no occasion for you to draw iron. Ten silver spoons have been missed in this house, and one of the dining room help is suspected. For the sake of that poor girl's good name," says I, "we've got to make a search."

"Ten silver grandmothers!" yells Willett. "We'll see about this!" And he began to give me quite some language of one kind and another, especially after he noticed that I'd been fooling with his letters. "The proprietor," says he, "won't stand for this."

"You go ask him," I suggested.

"John Fynes, who ran the Gladstone, knew that Warren and his gang were back of the game, though he didn't know just what the game was. However, as Warren owned the hotel property and held a mortgage on the body and soul of Fynes, the exact nature of the business didn't cut much of a figure.

"Willett stalked away to see Fynes, and he didn't come back. What story the landlord threw into him I don't know, but it was good. Willett left the

house in a tearing rage, and a couple of my men shadowed him. By and by one of them came back and reported to me that the gentleman from Topeka had called on a girl—a right nice girl he said she was—who was visiting some relatives in our city.

"It seems he's engaged to her," says my man.

"Meanwhile we'd taken that room all to pieces and put it together again, but it hadn't done us any good. It seemed likely to me that Willett had the paper on him. Of course we'd thought that probable from the start and had made our arrangements accordingly. As he was on his way back to the hotel about half past 2 my men arrested him on suspicion of being implicated in the matter of the spoons, and they took him to the station house, where he was searched from crown to heel. But he didn't have the paper.

"Well, of course that made the game clear. Willett had given the court order to somebody else, perhaps to the girl or one of her relatives, who was to call at the room after Warren got in there and serve the document on him. So I said to Warren: 'It's all right. My men will arrest anybody that comes on to this floor during your interview, and I'll be right outside the door as a last line of defense.'

"This was after we'd released Willett with our apologies for suspecting him in the affair of the spoons. One of my men walked on each side of him all the way from the station to the hotel.

"It was just 4 o'clock when he arrived, so mad that his face was a picture of premeditated murder. In fact, he tried to hit me as he went by me into his room, but I was under orders and avoided violence.

"Warren was on hand promptly, and, after a word of praise and another of caution addressed to me at the door, he went along in.

"I was feeling pretty chipper. It was a moral sure thing that Willett didn't have a harmful document on his clothes and a double sure thing that it wasn't in the room. Moreover, I had arranged so that it couldn't get in by any possible way.

"In about a minute Warren came to the door and called me in. 'You've got him crazy?' he whispers. 'It's all right.'

"So it was. And I meant that it should stay that way. Calling me into the room looked like a trick of Willett's, and therefore I set my back against the door and had a gun very handy.

"'Marshal,' says Willett, 'you've been making some serious accusations against me, and now it's my turn. I charge you with stealing a letter from my table.'

"'Not guilty,' says I. And then, 'Do you happen to know how many there were?'

"'Ten,' says he.

"I had thought he'd add one and try to stick me for the eleventh which had never existed.

"'There's but nine now,' says he and began to count 'em.

"By jimminy, there were eleven, and before we could stir he'd ripped



SERVING WARREN WITH THE INJUNCTION, the last one open and had served Warren with the injunction that was inside it.

"You think you're pretty smart," said he to me, "but you're a back number. What you don't know would be a liberal education. I fixed those letters up for you. I knew you'd get into my room and hunt high and low. I knew you'd open the letters first. So I gave you time to do it and seal 'em all up, and then I came back here with another just like 'em in my sleeve. While I was chinning with you I dropped the letter into the basket where you'd already searched. Savvy? Now you can go back to your cage."

"Mr. Willett," says Warren, "I'm surprised that a lawyer of the bar of our state should descend to such disgraceful trickery, and in order that you may not be tempted again I'm going to hire you to work for an honest man."

"You can't bribe me to be false to my client, Mr. Creamer," says Willett firmly. "But in any other little matter of business," says he, "I'm a practicing attorney and the man for your money."

A Nice Way.

He—I wish I had the key to your heart. She—Indeed! What would you do with it? He—Insert it in a wadlock, give one turn and throw it away forever.

Opposite Effects.

"Doesn't that new brass band make your blood curdle?" "No. It makes it boil."—Detroit Free Press.

FRANK BUSCH

The House Furnisher

AFTER THE FIRE

We have to perform the unpleasant duty of selling our damaged stock of goods-- damaged by water and rough handling during the excitement.

700 Cedar Doors, edges slightly sprinkled with water,
85c and 95c each

150 Woven Wire Springs, best quality,
\$1.95 each

Fifty Iron Beds, great bargains for
\$1.95

Writing Desks, regular \$9.00 value for
Half Price

Fine Decorated Dishes, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 dinner plates, all
for \$1.50

Come early if you wish to avail yourself of these Bargains

OREGON CITY TRANSPORTATION CO. STR. LEONA

Will make Four Round Trips daily bet. Oregon City and Portland

| Leaves Portland | Leaves Ore. City |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 8.30 A. M. | 7.00 A. M. |
| 11.30 | 10.00 |
| 3.00 P. M. | 1.30 P. M. |
| 6.15 | 4.30 |

The Most Picturesque River Ride in Oregon
Special Attention given to the Handling of Freight.

Landings on week days at Oswego and Magoan's only. All Landings made Sundays.

PORTLAND DOCK TAYLOR ST. OREGON CITY DOCK EIGHT ST.

CASH MEAT MARKET

Richard Petzold, Prop.
Highest Cash Price Paid for Live Stock.
Phone 1C 33.
Main Street Oregon City

Saw Mill For Sale

J. A. Moebnke
Caulfield Bldg. Main St.

Beatie & Beatie, dentists, Weinhard building, rooms 16, 17 and 18.

O. R. & N. OREGON SHORT LINE

AND UNION PACIFIC
3-TRAINS TO THE EAST DAILY-3
Through Pullman standard and tourist sleeping cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane, tourist sleeping cars (personally conducted), weekly to Chicago and Kansas City. Reclining chair cars (seats free) to the East daily.

70 HOURS PORTLAND TO CHICAGO 70
No change of cars

| DEPART FOR | TIME SCHEDULES from Portland, Ore. | ARRIVE FROM |
|------------------|---|-------------|
| Chicago | Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and the East. | 5:25 p. m. |
| Portland Special | Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, Salt Lake, Chicago and the East. | 7:15 a. m. |
| Spokane Flyer | Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Wallace, Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East. | 8:00 a. m. |

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE

For San Francisco—Every five days at 8:00 p. m. For Astoria, way points and North Beach—Daily (except Sunday) at 8 P. m.; Saturday at 10:00 p. m. Daily service (water permitting) on Willamette and Yamhill Rivers.

For full information ask or Write your nearest ticket agent.

A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, The Oregon Railroad and Navigation Co. Portland, Ore.

TREN & SCHUEBEL ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Will practice in all courts, make collections and settlements of estates, furnish abstracts of title, lend you money and lend your money on first mortgage. Office in Enterprise building, Oregon City, Oregon.

C. N. Greenman The Pioneer Expressman

Established 1865. Prompt delivery to all parts of the city. Oregon City, Oregon

C. D. & D. C. Latourette ATTY'S AT LAW

Commercial, Real Estate and Probate our Specialties. Office in Commercial Bank Building, Oregon City, Oregon.

Grant B. Dimick Att'y and Counselor at Law

Will practice in all courts in the states circuit and district courts of the United States. Insolvent debtors taken through bankruptcy. Office in Garde Building Oregon City, Oregon.

Eby & Eby ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

General Practice, Deeds, Mortgages and Abstracts carefully made. Money to loan on good security. Charges reasonable.

Commercial Bank of Oregon City. Capital \$100,000

Transacts a general banking business. Makes loans and collections, discounts bills, buys and sells domestic and foreign exchange and receives deposits subject to check. Open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. D. C. Latourette, Pres; F. J. Meyer, cashier.