

A Reversed Judgment.

By ROBERT G. V. MEYERS.

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CHAPTER I.



"They are bound to have you for our next governor," she said.

Although the judge was busy in thought he could not help it that his mind, separate and apart from the work in hand, dwelt upon the likelihood of his succeeding in the ambition of his life. Friends had written him, his thought had told him that he had but to accept and the nomination would be his. The governorship was not that an honor of which any man might be proud?

The light from the argand burner spread a halo around his brow. Rows of book cases hemmed him in; the engraved faces of Channing, Burke and Daniel Webster looked down upon him from the walls.

Apart from the portraiture of such worthies, directly opposite his writing table was a life size crayon of a lady with bare neck, her fine eyes seemingly concentrated upon the banded form of the judge as his pen moved over the paper, several pages of which, covered with his legally bad handwriting, lay scattered before him. The logs glared in the fireplace and cast a glow upon the crayon picture till the eyes seemed almost like those of a living person.

It was a long table at which the judge sat, and one end of it was flanked by a number of newspapers. A lady in a low chair was at this end of the table, her white jeweled fingers turning the huge evening sheet she had been scanning before him. The logs glared in the fireplace and cast a glow upon the crayon picture till the eyes seemed almost like those of a living person.

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son; you never know what a boy may turn out to be. The best care will not always make the best man; look at clergymen's sons. Though as for that, in nine cases out of ten, a clergyman pays little attention to his children, relegating all that to the often incapable wife, who is hampered by church work and trying to escape the scrutiny of the women of the congregation." Again the light laugh came in. "John Elwyn came home from the reception with us. Gen. Wayne was telling me that John's father will make another half million out of those coal fields of his. Has that English syndicate really made overtures toward buying him out?"

The judge laid down his pen; ever since John Elwyn's name had been mentioned the pen had not made a stroke. "I don't altogether like young Elwyn," he said deliberately.

"What is there against him?" asked his wife, as though she had never before heard the objection; was she not a careful mother, determined to have her way against a whim of the father?

"In the first place," said the judge, "he is an idler; he promiscuously frequents the streets, goes to horse races, and so on," the "so on" remaining unexplained.

"There is no necessity for him to work," pursued the wife; "he would be taking the bread from some poorer man if he were to work."

"Every young fellow who is worth his salt will have something useful to occupy his time," argued the judge. "I have too much to do with the results of idleness to admire it."

"And you compare the son of a millionaire to the criminal classes you have to do with professionally—idle pickpockets, drunkards and the like? Possibly your strictures apply to women as well, seeing that you have to do with the results of idleness in women as well as in men."

"Every one should have some employment, some avocation."

"I am glad you say avocation instead of vocation. For what vocation has Estelle? And as to her avocations, what are they but those which you infer lead poorer girls away from the right? She is fond of gayety, dress; she likes admiration; she—"

But the judge frowned. "I wish you would not class our daughter with the women I see in the dock," he said.

"Then why should you class John Elwyn with the men you see in the dock?" demanded his wife. "John has his horses, his coach, his steam yacht—"

"His London tailor, his several clubs, his insufferable valet."

"Exactly. But then all this is in accord with his life, from his cradle down. His father worked hard that this sort of thing might be brought about."

"Did he? His father worked hard, but scarcely that he might have an idle son." "Why do you work?" smilingly asked his wife. "Is it all for yourself alone? Do you not always think of idle Estelle when you have a success? Have you not thought of her when you thought of the governorship, and that even higher honors to you would be pleasant for her? I hope to see you in the cabinet yet."

The judge's countenance cleared, and he said lightly:

"My dear, who can argue with a woman? Don't I know what all this means? Some evening this study door will open and Estelle will come in with half frightened eyes and throw her arms around you. You will say 'Is Mr. Elwyn gone?' and her only answer will be to kiss you—you, mind, or I shall not be thought of just then, or thought of a little shyly; and will I understand? Yes, I think so, and—well! I suppose I may be a little hard on young Elwyn—maybe every father questions the life and proclivities of the young fellows who cut after the daughters. But, going back to first principles, I don't like idleness. The arrogance of idleness is something appalling. Young Elwyn in time will show Estelle how superior he is to her father, because he did not come from the country a poor boy while her father did."

His wife did not like this reverting to the first principles of his own life, though she said that a self made man was an American honor.

"Not in the eyes of young men whose fathers make fortunes for them," retorted the judge.

The lady was still less pleased.

"Judge," she said, "you are evidently ruled by what you have written to-night—your decision in the Dunlap affair—the case of a bookkeeper accused of hypotheating a large sum of his employer's money. That man was not an idler; he is said to have been indefatigable in business, and yet he became a thief. Your experience with the criminal class makes you doubtful of every other class. I call that a perversion of mind. The next thing you will be having grave suspicions of me."

The judge made a smiling rejoinder such as a husband may venture with his wife, and turned again to his writing.

The blazing logs crackled, the wife gazed into the flare, her face lighted with an inward as well as an outward radiance. Had she not for several months been desirous of just such a result as she hoped would soon come about? She would yet, she was convinced, see her only child the wife of the heir to millions, a woman at the height of social matters, an authority and the envy of other women. She could appreciate it to the fullest, for she had long, long ago, against the sage advice and the warning of friends, married a struggling lawyer in whom she saw what he had since with her assistance developed.

She gave herself some of the credit of her husband's success in life. She had made him a study from the beginning, gauging his weak points as she gauged his strong, tutoring those and guarding these, till he understood himself and saw what she had ever tactfully, kindly and appreciatively impressed upon him—his duty to himself, her and their child.

This duty was to make of himself all that it was possible to make, to scale dizzy heights; and one of these heights was about to be attained when his name



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was associated in all honorable men and deserving with the highest office of the state. Lord Charles Bessford, one of the popular heroes of the British navy, is fortunate in his opportunities. A little while ago he was appointed to the command of the ironclad *Dunadred*, and at the end of last month he found himself off Jaffa. A westerly gale sprang up, and the French cruiser *Seignelay*, caught without any steam, dragged her anchors and was driven on to a sandbank, where she was in danger of going to pieces. Although she drew nearly nineteen feet of water, she was driven into shoal water only ten feet deep. Nobody supposed that she could be saved, but Bessford worked his own ship as closely in shore as he dared, got out his steel hawsers and chain cables, set all his men to work, and with the assistance of the French sailors managed to float her without serious damage. One feature of the affair was the gallantry of an Arab boatman named Sultan, who not only swam a long distance through a heavy sea to the stranded vessel with an offer of assistance, but also swam ashore again, according to the published accounts, with the captain's wife on his back. Why the captain thought it necessary to risk his wife's life in this fashion, or how she came to be there, is not explained.—Chicago Tribune.

Fashionable Colors in Horses.
There is a fashion in the color of carriage horses. Once, many seasons ago, there was a rage for gray; now, gray animals are at a discount and are a rule associated with wedding parties, catered for by a lively stable. Light chestnuts had then a turn; but they were found, like certain showy materials, not to wear well. One year roans were in fashion, and they were most satisfactory as to wearing qualities and also as to temper. Even now a well matched pair of red roans are looked upon as quite correct and very handsome, but the color of the season is dark bay, with black points.

Dark browns were in favor last season, and naturally, since horses cannot change the color of their coats so easily as men and women, will be much used this year. Some good has certainly been done by the recent agitation against the bearing rein, headed by the Duke of Portland. We have noticed lately that many coachmen have dispensed with it, and in the case of lady whips we have seldom seen it used. Once we saw the footman loosen the bearing reins while the carriage was waiting and so comparatively freed the horses' heads for a while.—London Cor. Boston Transcript.

Katie Hunters at Plymouth.
It has been found that relic hunters have committed considerable depredations at Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, absolutely skinning the covering from old bedroom trunks and carrying off piece-meal nearly half the leather covering of the seat of the John Hancock sofa. Other articles have been attacked, and it has been found necessary to put up warning cards for this class of thieving visitors that if caught at their nefarious business they will get a taste of the law.—Cor. New Bedford Standard.

A large specimen of the alligator tribe was killed near Sylvan Grove, Kan. It measured nine feet in length and weighed 680 pounds. A farmer named Williams discovered the animal while working on his farm. The huge monster snapped at his leg and bit it off just above the knee joint.—Cor. Salt Lake Times.

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Homestead entry No. 518, for the S. 1/2 of Sec. 14, T. 22 N., R. 10 E., 1st Meridian. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Perry Vorhies, C. H. Thomas, Frank L. and George Kayser, all of Willamette, Oregon. J. T. AFFRON, Register, 10-23-91.

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