

## An Important Law Case

By CARL SARGENT CHASE

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Driving lazily along a country road, I saw ahead of me an old man and a girl running as fast as their legs would carry them. I came up with them. They turned, with despair in their faces. The girl clasped her hands, as if in prayer, and the old man, looking at me with a pleading expression, begged me not to take him back. He said really good if you shut him up in that terrible place. Let us go and say you couldn't find us."

"The girl begging for the old man's liberty was so beautifully feminine that I had not the heart to move my sympathies. I might have let her go on begging for some time longer. As it was, I stopped her."

"You are losing valuable time. I am not your pursuer, and if any one is after you you'd better tell me about it in plain words. If you need help I will be a man."

"The change on her countenance from despair to hope was even more winning than her expression of supplication. She told me that her grandfather—the man who was with her—was very rich; that his nephew in order to secure possession of his property had secured his incarceration in a lunatic asylum; that she had been ordered to see him and had surreptitiously taken him away. They were there when they heard the wheels of my limousine that I was coming to take the old man back to the asylum."

"I had no doubt from the girl's story that the old man was a lunatic who had persuaded his granddaughter that he was of sound mind and was being persecuted for his estate. There was certainly nothing of the millionaire in his appearance, and he had probably imagined the story of her wealth—or, rather, it was a part of his lunacy. Nevertheless, I was so attracted to the girl that I resolved to get the couple away from the asylum authorities long enough to look into the case."

"An explanation of terror from the girl attracted my attention, and, looking behind me, I saw a horse and buggy coming at a brisk trot. I took the couple into my wagon, but did not make an attempt at flight, jogging along at a quiet pace."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the girl. "You will be taken. Do go faster!"

"Not without my knowing just why," I replied. "I promise you to interest myself in your case and if your grandfather is improperly confined to move heaven and earth to accomplish his release."

"The pursuer, an official of the lunatic asylum, soon overhauled us. He told me that the old man was a patient at the asylum and he wanted him. I begged him to continue with us until the city toward which we were going, promising to hold the patient for him in order that the asylum authorities might substantiate their legal claim to him. He could only accept the terms, and I drove on, he following."

"On reaching the city I pulled up at the office of my attorney, and we all went in together. By my action I had won the confidence of not only the runaway, but the asylum official, and a compromise was effected by which the former should remain in my keeping while the lawyer investigated the case. Since I lived with my mother in a house plenty large enough for all of us, this was a very satisfactory arrangement, enabling me to be constantly with the girl, whose sweetness and devotion to her grandfather was not completely."

"At the end of a week my lawyer told me that he had unearthed what he believed to be one of the most nefarious plots he had ever encountered. The old man, Jonathan Gooding, possessed an immense fortune. Being without wife or children, he had taken his granddaughter Grace to live with him when she was a little girl and had made a will bequeathing her his fortune. His nephew, a man of forty-five and a lawyer, had known what legal steps to take to secure the old man's removal to the asylum and had managed the matter very adroitly, his plan being at his uncle's demise to secure distribution of his estate among his heirs, which would give the nephew the lion's share."

"Fortunately I was possessed of sufficient property to advance what money was necessary to a thorough legal investigation of the case. A long suit followed, during which Mr. Gooding was committed to a private sanitarium. That his granddaughter was devoted to him on account of her affection for him became apparent from a test I made. I told her that the case could be settled and her grandfather set free if she would relinquish all claim to his estate. The lighting of her face as she replied that she would gladly do so was delightful to look upon."

"I confessed that I had only been testing the disinterestedness of her affection for her grandfather and assured her that we would be able to keep him out of a madhouse without her surrendering any of her rights."

"My whole being becoming absorbed in Grace Gooding, I made her cause my chief business. Notwithstanding my efforts I came very near being beaten, but by dint of perseverance and using the best legal talent I finally established not only Mr. Gooding's sanity, but his perfect fitness to make a will. I married his granddaughter, but arranged with Mr. Gooding that he should leave the bulk of his property to charity."

### Current Comment.

We entertain a good deal of doubt whether New England invented pumpkin pie. It is too good—Baltimore Sun.

Next to "When will the Panama canal be ready?" probably the most unanswerable question is, "What is bed-time?" Come, come now! What is bed-time?—Buffalo News.

Now they are photographing the voice. Only one step more and they will be photographing one's thoughts.

and then there will be the dickens to pay.—Hinghamton Republican.

The St. Louis woman who shot her husband "just for fun" probably would have laughed herself to death if she had been in a theater when some clever joker yelled "Bitch!"—Springfield Union.

### Some Signs.

In Matteson: "Meals, 35 Cents; Lunches, 20 Cents."

On a Chicago optical shop: "Broken Lenses Duplicated."

Near Clybourn Junction: "Schmeltz & Oeder, General Market."

In Philadelphia: "We Are the Largest Slightly Used Dealers of Automobiles in the City."

In Platte Canyon, Colo.: "Private Grounds. You Must Not Shoot or Pick the Flowers Without Permission."

In St. Louis: "W. T. McCullough, Dealer in Artificial Limbs. McCullough Has Good Legs. Step in and See Them."—Chicago Tribune.

## The Santa Ysobel Mine

By ANDREW C. EWING

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Adrian Burge, a young New Yorker, not satisfied with the prospect held by him and craving a more independent life than could be achieved in the east, determined to go to the southwest and grow up with the country. But Burge soon found that while the country was growing he was standing still. He tried clerking for awhile; but, though he found it easier to obtain a position there than in the east, the salary was not much better than that paid at home, and he could not save any money. He concluded that if he couldn't get a better living than in New York he could at least get a more independent one, so he turned himself into a cowboy."

His employer recognizing his superior ability over the common run of cowboys, made quite a pet of him till he found that Adrian was making up to his daughter Gertrude, then turned against him. Adrian was discharged. He did not complain, indeed, he thought his discharge the best thing that could happen to him. What business had he to be in love? It was all he could do to put himself and better into his own mouth without trying to feed others."

Adrian said good-bye to Gertrude McGregory, who nearly broke both their hearts to part, and, mounting his horse, rode away to find some other rancher who would employ him. The country he was passing through was old Spanish territory, where original occupants were Aztecs, they giving place to Spaniards or a mingling of Aztecs and Spaniards. The Spaniards had come to America thirsting for the precious metals and had opened up a great many gold and silver mines, some of which had paid largely, but all had eventually been abandoned, and the site of many of them had been lost."

Adrian had heard of one of these mines, the Santa Ysobel, the tradition said had been worked successfully till the early part of the nineteenth century, when the Indians in the neighborhood determined to drive out the whites and commenced a course of pillage and murder. The mouth of the Santa Ysobel was closed and concealed so that neither the Indians nor any one else except the owners could find it again. When the Indian troubles were over, whether those who had worked the Santa Ysobel mine were dead, whether they had failed to mark the entrance so that the subsequent owners could find it, certain it is that for three-quarters of a century it had been lost."

Adrian was riding alone, dreaming of some day securing the papers describing these lost mines and making a search for some of them. He was a visionary fellow, much more attracted by will-o'-the-wisp schemes than solid reality. Like Johnny Lusk in the air in the nursery tales, he was building castles when suddenly his horse went down into a hole. Adrian succeeding in extricating himself and by pulling hard on the bridle rein induced his horse to make an effort to clear the hole. It was successful, and Adrian was about to mount and ride on when he became interested to know what kind of a hole he had fallen into. It looked to him as if the earth over a subsurface cavity had fallen away and thus formed the hole. But what kind of a cavity? The idea of a lost mine occurred to him. The only mine of which he had ever seen a description was the Santa Ysobel, and he remembered that this description located it under an orchard of quince trees. There were a few old trees near by, and upon examination they proved to be quince."

Adrian resolved to investigate the hole. Riding to a ranch, he borrowed pick and shovel and, returning to the hole, dug deeper. It was not long before he found himself, sure enough, in the tunnel of a mine. At one end of the tunnel was a pile of silver ore. A number of tools lay about, and Adrian saw at once from their make that they were very old."

One day a wagon drawn by four mules drove up to the McGregory ranch and a young man well dressed and with a prosperous air alighted and went to the house. Gertrude saw him coming, and, although at first she doubted her perceptive faculties, she soon saw that the comers was Burge. She opened the door for him. They stood looking for a moment at each other, then flew into each other's arms."

That evening Adrian made a formal application for Gertrude's hand from her father. He told him how he had stumbled on, or, rather, into, the Santa Ysobel silver mine; how he had taken a capitalist into his secret, bought the property and upon investigation had found that when it was closed up the owner had just struck a rich vein of ore. Adrian's partner had furnished him with means to go east and organize the Santa Ysobel Mining company. He had returned, and the

mine was now in good working order, turning out tons of silver."

"There being no longer reason to suppose the miners, McGregory gave his consent, and the three celebrated the betrothal by a visit to the mine. Gertrude looked down into the hole into which her lover had sunk and shuddered. Then she said:

"Had you passed a few feet on that side?"

"You would have never been my wife," replied Adrian.

### Short Stories.

When a Chinese is puzzled he scratches his foot instead of his head. Sunday newspapers are prohibited by law in Melbourne, Australia.

As a result of the government irrigation work land values have been increased by \$100,000,000.

In Yemen, Arabia, the knife is still used to cut standing grain. Hands do the work of shovels and baskets the work of burrows.

There are only two coal mines actively operated in the Philippines, one owned by the government and one by a private corporation.

## YANKEE Versus SOUTHERNER

By HARRY VAN AMBURG

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A steamer on the Mississippi river half a century and more ago would be a curious sight to a traveler today. One-third, the latter cabin, was used exclusively by women and children; the other two-thirds constituted a gambling establishment—not an establishment run by a bank, but by gamblers and sharpers, the former for amusement, the latter for swindling. At mealtimes one long table extended through the men's cabin, and when dinner was served the captain of the boat would enter the ladies' cabin, after his arm to one of the ladies and escort her to the table, the rest following. As soon as they were seated the bell was rung and a waiting crowd dropped into their seats."

Southern gentlemen traveled on these steamers, men of the olden time, whose word was as good as their bond. One day Colonel St. Leger of Canton, Miss., and Major Carter of Baton Rouge were enjoying a social glass before the little punch and Judy affair in the bow of the boat that served for a bar when the colonel said:

"Major, do you see those sharpers' ovals that fleecing that Yankee? He will go back to Connecticut or wherever he comes from and report that we are all swindlers down here. Now, if I were to tell him that these men are cheating him he wouldn't believe me."

"There must be some way of saving him from these men, colonel, if we could only let on to it."

"Now, every gentleman in the south at that period played poker, and these two were both experts at the game. They finally agreed that the best way to save the Yankee would be to get him into a statement by himself, win his money and at the end of his journey hand it back to him with a lecture on the folly of playing cards for money on a Mississippi river steamer. As soon as the small tables were pulled in a long one for dinner Colonel St. Leger approached the Yankee, entered into conversation with him and after the meal invited him into his stateroom to sample some fine old Kentucky bourbon he had there. The Yankee accepted, and Major Carter joined the party. After sampling the whiskey the three sat down to a friendly game of poker."

Since the Yankee played very poorly and the two southern gentlemen were among the best poker players in the south it was not long before the Yankee's money was transferred to their ownership. But just as they thought they had him "broke" he pulled out a fat roll of new twenty dollar bills, with which he began to play recklessly. The colonel looked at the major and the major at the colonel. The colonel's look said, "By Jove, what a haul this would have been for the sharpers!" and the major's look replied, "Yes, and we must take it out of him for his own good."

One by one the twenty dollar bills passed into the hands of the Yankee's benefactors till at last all but one had been taken from him. With a gasp he opened a jack pot with it, raised and kept on raising the confederates until there was something like a thousand dollars in the pot. In the showdown he exhibited four aces against the colonel's four queens and the major's full of tens."

Again the colonel and the major exchanged glances, this time of astonishment. But they kept on their benevolent effort. Presently the Yankee said: "Guess we'd better raise the limit. You fellows have taken \$5,000 out of me, and I want to get it back."

The southern gentlemen would have considered it a reproach to them to refuse under the circumstances and agreed. From that time forward the hands the Yankee held were phenomenal. It seemed that all the court cards in the pack fell into his hands, and, singularly enough, the confederates held large hands, too, but always a trifle smaller than his. Then when the former had recovered his losses he pushed back his chair and said:

"Gentlemen, you thought you had in me a greenhorn whose money you could easily win. I'm regarded the best poker player in Hartford, I don't wish to punish you for trying to swindle me, so I decline to play any longer."

Again the confederates looked at each other, this time in dismay. Then Colonel St. Leger, stammering and red as a boiled lobster, told his story. The Yankee put out a hand to each of his intended benefactors, saying:

"Is there anything more honorable as well as guileless than the true southern gentleman?"

When they settled up the Yankee generously turned over to his friends the new bills he had brought out, taking the worn ones himself. At New Orleans the three parted with expressions of mutual regard, the southern-

ers going to the same hotel. An hour after they met in the barroom, each with a new twenty dollar bill in his hand.

"Major," said the colonel, "this bill is a counterfeit."

"So it is."

"We've been done by that rascally Yankee."

"So we have."

"I've got fifteen hundred of it."

"I have the same amount."

There was a pause, at the end of which the colonel said:

"Major, what will you have, huh?"

And the two commiserated with each other at the bar.

Just One Exception.

First Clerk—[HIT] If fine the way the shoppers are coming in! I never knew them to do so much buying so early.

Second Clerk—It's fine, all right, with one exception.

"Who is that?"

"It's Mrs. Simpson. She did her buying so awfully early that she's already commenced exchanging things."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Wise Man.

That he that dies Pays all debts: The man who lost Much regrets.

Therefore that man Is surely wise Who pays all debts Before he dies.

—Judge.

Seems About Right.

Patience—I see in parts of Germany that it is illegal to play the piano after 9 o'clock p. m. under penalty of about 25 cents for each offense.

Patrice—To have a photograph going after that hour, I suppose, then, the penalty would be about \$25 for each offense.—Yonkers Statesman.

Whirl!

Look a-here, Mr. Partridge. Settle on de ground. When yo' flies away again Don' make such a sound.

Et hit wasn't for dat boss When yo' starts her scot. Ah could save yo' ca'tridges An' learn how ter shoot.

—Washington Post.

A Matter of Pronunciation.

The lesson on "gender" contained a list of words including masculine, beau, feminine and belle.

"Masculine, beau," prompted the teacher.

"Feminine, stomach," finished the boy at the handkerchief end of the class.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Political.

Ma is an insurgent. Pa is standing pat. Sister's a progressive. I'm a Democrat. Bandy is a Socialist. Janey wants to vote. Buster lost anything. Buster's just a goat.

—Pratt Union.

There Was a Limit.

Mother—After you get through washing your bull terrier, Imogene, I wish you would help me wash the dinner dishes.

High Strung Daughter—Why, mum? How can you ask me to do anything so ignominious?—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Lesson.

Here's a lesson you should heed: Fly, fly again. If at first you don't succeed, Try, try again. Provided you have been fortunate enough To land on something soft.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wireless Whispers.

The number of wireless stations on the coasts of the maritime nations of the world is placed at 410.

Wireless communication between the Eiffel tower station and the new world was recently established via Rangoon, a coast town of Sengambia, whence a message was transmitted to Brazil. The answer was received in two hours.

It has been decided to establish wireless telegraph apparatus at Mokpo, Hangmu and So-hongto, Korea, as well as on board the customs cruiser Kwanghe, to report all accidents happening in the waters, besides carrying on the business of the custom house.

Aerial Flights.

With aeroplane makers organized the pickets could have lots of fun making faces at nonunion craft.—Chicago News.

A gun has been invented to bring down airships. That's all right, but what is most needed is something that will keep airships up.—Aurora (Mo.) Advertiser.

An air line connecting Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington would on a clear day permit 15,000,000 people to see its shuttling dirigibles.—New York World.

Automobiles.

In 1890 there were only fifty motor cars in America.

A recent investigation revealed the fact that there are about 3,000 storage battery automobiles in Chicago.

A plant for manufacturing commercial motorcars which will employ 4,000 men is contemplated in Michigan.

The general use of the automobile in a South African town has caused the abandonment of a short railroad, and one of its stations has been turned into a garage.

German Gleanings.

A German artist carries a portable house about with him on his automobile on painting tours.

Six aerial guns are being made at the Krupp works for the special purpose of destroying flying machines.

The German navy department has bought up all available ground in Heligoland to extend its naval base on the island. The consequence will be that Heligoland will cease to exist as a seaside resort and will become a strongly fortified naval station.

Among them was her husband! What to do she did not know. To claim immunity for the man she loved would be to destroy her influence with her troops. They were all very bitter against the Americans for the execution of their comrades and were rejoiced that an officer was to be shot in retaliation. The only thing that occurred to her was delay. By staving off the execution she might find some means of saving her husband.

"Take them back to the guard tent," she said. "I am too busy now to attend to the matter."

"But, senora," protested the officer

in charge, "all we wish is the order!"

"Take them away," interrupted the senora impatiently. "I am not accustomed to receive suggestions from my inferiors."

The prisoners were marched off without Captain Watriss knowing that his wife had for the time being saved his life. Senora Watriss shut herself up in her tent, endeavoring to think out some plan to prevent the execution. No one suspected the relationship between her and Captain Watriss, and she did not wish it to be known. It might throw distrust upon her without saving her husband.

During the evening she gave an order—she dared not refuse one—that the prisoners should be shot at 8 o'clock the next morning. At 10 o'clock that night she went the rounds to see that the guards were on post and the others asleep. Then, instead of returning to her tent, she mounted her horse, that she had picked without the line of sentries, and unseen rode away. An hour later she was taken in by an officer of an American picket post to the tent of the commanding general. After an interview of half an hour she departed, returned to her camp and stole into her tent without any one of her command knowing that she had been away.

Between dawn and sunrise an orderly came to her to say that an officer commanding a flag of truce from the American camp desired to see her. She directed that he be admitted, and he said:

"Senora, our general, understanding that a captain and four privates belonging to his army are to be shot this morning, has sent me to say that if this is done he would make it his business to capture this command and hang every member of it, including yourself. If, however, these prisoners are surrendered to him a ransom of \$1,000 for each private and \$5,000 for the officer will be distributed to your command."

Senora Watriss called her men together and stated the proposition. The threat at first produced a contrary effect from what was intended, but when the ransom was considered with it a change of opinion was effected. Senora Watriss watched for an opportunity when to put the question to vote. It was almost unanimously decided to accept the ransom.

A Mexican officer and ten men were sent back with the flag of truce and all the prisoners, but it required several days to secure the ransom, during which all overt acts were suspended. Finally it arrived and was paid over, the prisoners were delivered to their commander, and the Mexicans returned to camp.

Not a man in the command knew that the senora had ransomed the prisoners.

A few days later the woman commander gave up the command of the troops and went to the City of Mexico, where after the capture of the capital she met her husband.

Sporting Notes.

Milwaukee wants the 1912 American bowling congress.

There are 22,052 registered athletes in the Amateur Athletic union.

Jockey Danny Maher is twenty-nine and has been riding since his fourteenth year.

The New York Public School Athletic league basketball tourney drew a total of ninety-seven teams.

Jockey Joe Nutter, America's leading horse pilot for the past few seasons, will ride on the English tracks next season.

In Germany nearly all the athletic sports are run from scratch, as no satisfactory system of handicapping has been evolved.

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To one and all we wish a prosperous and happy New Year.

E. T. TURNER, Laurel, Oregon.

### SIRES AND SONS.

Al Re of Everett, Mass., claims to have the shortest name of any man in the country.

Rostand, the famous French poet, has let it be known that he would enjoy a trip in a flying machine if it were not that his wife objects.

Dr. Franklin H. Martin of the Postgraduate hospital, Chicago, admitting that corsets are a necessary evil nowadays, holds that they ought to be fitted on all women by physicians.

Edmund Halley, after whom Halley's comet was named, was