

**Pioneer Railway Agent  
is Dead**

San Francisco, Nov. 20.—Chauncey L. Canfield, for 20 years the general agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad in this city, died early this morning at the St. Francis hotel, after an illness of but a few days. He succeeded to an acute attack of Bright's disease, after lying in a semi-conscious state for a number of hours.

Mr. Canfield was 67 years old. He had called California his home since his ninth year. He was 21 when he went into Nevada and became the owner and editor of a little newspaper in Eureka in the days when Bret Harte and Mark Twain were in Nevada journalism.

Later he became the railroad editor of the Chicago Times. When the Pacific railroads were in construction he came to San Francisco from Chicago for the railroad company, in the service of which he died.

**Marshfield Bonds are Approved**

C. H. Moore Jr., of the firm of Woodin, McNear & Moore, bond brokers of Chicago, announced last evening that the company's attorneys had approved of the purchase of the \$54,000 issue of Marshfield city bonds and that the bank bonds are now en route here. Just as soon as they reach here and can be signed up, the money for them will be forthcoming. The bonds are to be dated December 1.

This news will be gratifying to the city officials who have been laboring for several months to clean up the city's financial slate. It will also mean the closing of the negotiations for the purchase of the "B" street lot, opening Commercial avenue to the waterfront.

Messrs Moore and Frake, who came here to close the deal for the city bonds and also to bid on the bond issue of the Port of Coos Bay left this morning for their home.

Mr. Moore is delighted over this section. While waiting to see what would develop in the Port Commission case, they spent several days hunting around the Bay and touring this section. Mr. Moore said that next summer he and Mrs. Moore will come here and spend several weeks.

**American Consul Confirms Story**

Washington, Nov. 20.—There is no doubt that Leonard Groce and Leroy Cannon, the two Americans arrested with the revolutionists in Nicaragua, have been executed. The state department today received a cable message from the American consul at Managua confirming the report that the Americans have been executed on the orders of President Zelaya, who is now fighting the revolutionists headed by Provisional President Estrada.

According to the message the Nicaraguan government admits that the executioners took place. The officials justify the act by the declaration that Groce and Cannon confessed they were laying mines in the San Juan river for the purpose of blowing up the steamers carrying government troops.

It appears Zelaya ordered their execution over the protest of his commander-in-chief and the minister general.

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**A Fish Story**

Two Questions the Judge Was Called Upon to Decide.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

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The willow tree leaned so far out over the water that all that happened in it was mirrored in the face of the stream. There was an eddy at the tree foot, with a deepish pool underneath. Trout lurked in the pool, so big and wary they were the despair of all neighborhood fishermen.

The Ennis boy, of course, had told Wilmer all about them. Wilmer, indeed, had found the lad much like a local chronicler. In the week since he had established himself at the Ennis farmhouse he had been possessed of at least half the ins and outs of Brush creek neighborhood.

Ostensibly Wilmer was a vagrant vacationer; really he was looking out for remnant tracts of hardwood timber. A new railway was mooted, not yet even in the air, but in the minds of certain men. Before building it they wanted to make certain of sure and quick returns. Walnut, white oak, cherry and ash in sufficient amount would furnish such returns.

Wilmer had been told to spend a fortnight looking for timber. Now, at the middle of the fortnight, he knew he need look no more, so he was giving his whole mind to the enjoyment of fishing; hence today's excursion begun at sunrise. So far the excursion had been fruitless. The Ennis boy was distressed. He had rather bragg of the sport they were to have. Besides, Wilmer had promised him a silver dollar if they managed to catch even one big trout.

Wilmer had his reasons aside from natural liberality. He was on the edge of falling in love with a girl, dragon guarded. The dragon was a crusty uncle whose sole enthusiasm was for fish and fishing. If Wilmer could send off in the night's mail a snapshot of even a two pounder, along with a chatty account of the place where such fish might be caught, he knew he would come near to establishing himself in the dragon's good graces. He would also do well for his immediate principals since the dragon was among the chiefest of those depended on to finance the new line.

So he came to the willow tree with something beyond sportsman eagerness. Approach to it was not directly along the water side, but across a tiny promontory of gravelly turf. He knelt among the taut upstanding roots stretching back of it, made ready his hook, baiting it with the choicest minnow in the bucket; then, advancing covertly, still in shelter of the trunk, flung it midstream, a little way up current, so the eddy might suck it right over to the depths. Then, watching the ripples spread and turn the water mirror's picturings to grotesque caricature, he became aware that the hole was pre-empted—there was a homemade line of black flax thread, with a cork, likewise homemade, dangling from the tree, the cork bobbing and dipping in exactly the middle of the pool.

He dared not speak. The Ennis lad had warned him a word was death to his chances. The boy also had seen the intruding line. In swift pantomime, by throwing himself prone and lying at ease, he counseled Wilmer to stay. It was good counsel, Wilmer decided. He stood fast, keeping well away from the bank and so maneuvering his rod as to keep his bait properly in motion.

The eddy was big and slow, so slow it made one sleepy to watch it. The mounting May sun was warm and vital, the drone of bees in the basswood tops or over the sparse white clover blooms a lulling chant. There had been a ruffling breeze, but it had died to utter stillness. Wilmer watched his float and the homemade one until he grew drowsy. And then something happened that made him wildly awake.

The bungling cork went under with a rush. The next second there leaped to view, half his silver length above water, a monster trout, the most beautiful Wilmer had ever seen. He was fast, having bolted the hook, but that clumsy line would never hold him. Moreover, it appeared to be but lightly tied to a swaying willow branch. No doubt some rustic had left it there. There could be nobody in the tree.

However the water mirror had been shattered, it had had still moments during which Wilmer had studied it close, yet seen nothing but the gold green leafage, the netted intricacies of slender boughs, the rough and weather-beaten blackness of the trunk.

What wonder that he scrambled up the slope of it, made to fling himself along it and reach for the line! That fish must be landed; it was a prize beyond hope. His fingers were almost upon the cord when he snatched them back as if from fire. Another hand had reached for the line—one small and sunburned, with strawberry stained fingers that yet were beautifully tapered. It was a girl's hand—a very pretty girl's. He saw that at a glance as he said rather breathlessly:

"Don't lose him! Give him line—as little as you can! Heavens, how he fights! You—you had better come down—or let me land him for you."

"You better look at your own hook!" the Ennis boy shouted.

Wilmer half fell from the tree. His

own float was dipping, dancing, disappearing, coming up again, in the most maddening fashion. But no silver fish broke, lance-like, through the shimmering waters. Instead, tug as he might, there was a sense of something heavy, yet alive, at the other end of the line. His own battle absorbed him, yet not to the degree of making him forget the other. The girl from her perch was at an obvious disadvantage. Still she knew the game. Back and forth, up and down, weaving sideways, she let the big fish play. Wilmer watched her almost enviously. He must himself have hooked the grandfather of all trout, but it was nothing like so game.

"Hi, thar, you, up tree! You better come down!" the Ennis boy shouted, but the fisherman remained invisible. "That's nobody but just that little Joe Lane. You know, I've told you she wasn't more'n half a gal," he confided in low aside to Wilmer, who nodded comprehension.

He had been hearing things about Joe, a wild piece, motherless, brought up by a mad old grandfather, for the scandal of all the overgood, for she had never been sent to school and had done exactly as she pleased all through her nineteen years of life. More than that, she had a way—a way that fetched all the fellows in the countryside, only to be sent about their business again, even Steve Batson, who had a store and three farms.

The big trout moved sluggishly. It was simply marvelous how that flax line had held him. Wilmer was wild to ask what bait had lured him even though his own quarry filled his hands. He was reeling in deftly, but slowly, making gains now of a foot, now of an inch. He had not yet got sight of his prize. Suddenly, in spite of reeling in, the line slackened. He saw at the water's surface the snaky head and neck of a big snapping turtle. An instant the creature held fast, permitting itself to be drawn toward the bank; then it severed the line and sank back to its fastness of roots and rocks.

There came a tinkling laugh from the willow tree, followed by a merry voice crying: "Please go away, you two! I want to come down before your big fish comes and eats up mine."

"Let us help you; you'll never land him alone," Wilmer called back.

"Oh, I can't—not until you go," the voice returned.

At just that moment the trout gave a wild, running leap, showing clear in the air, then sounding viciously.

The fisherman held fast, but in stopping his rush lost her balance and went splash into the pool. As she fell Wilmer understood—her feet were absolutely bare. He plunged in. The pool was well over his head, but it was nothing to bring the girl safe to the bank. She still held the line. The Ennis boy snatched it from her and plunged in himself, winding line as he trod water across half a dozen yards; then, with a quick dive, reached the tired trout, held him fast and scrambled in triumph to the bank.

"Confess that you envy him," the girl said, nodding toward the Ennis boy. She stood dripping, but happy, making no effort even to wring the water from her skirts. "I can't understand why you chose to pull me out instead of the fish," she went on. "I fear you are no true brother of the angle."

"Well, you see, it was your fish, and I wanted it badly," Wilmer pleaded in excuse.

The girl shook her head. "That's a question," she said. "True, I hooked the trout, with, oh, such a big worm for bait, but I didn't land him. Granddad will have to decide the point of ownership. He used to be a judge, you know, and is, I'm sure, much wiser than Solomon."

"Take me to him at once," Wilmer commanded. The girl nodded and darted along a footpath, beckoning the others to follow. Soon they came upon a red brick house with wide, hospitable piazzas and open doors.

Judge Lane sat at ease there, smoking and dipping into a big shabby volume of Izaak Walton. He did not seem shocked at Joe's plight.

"You, miss, have no sort of claim to the fish. You lost it disgracefully through Eve's sin of curiosity," he said. "As for those others, I think they can settle it between them. But, hark you, Jacky Ennis, you've made a great catch—one that ought to be worth at least \$2."

Wilmer paid more, but the trout was not sent away. Instead it was cooked for dinner in the Lane kitchen. And some six months later Wilmer came asking the judge for Josephine. The old man listened in silence and at the end said with twinkling eyes:

"Humph! It seems that fish case is mighty hard to settle. What if you did pull Joe out of the water—dye happen to know she can swim like a mermaid?"

"What has that to do with it?" Wilmer demanded. "You admit I did pull her out. It was on that ground you gave Jacky the fish. Surely you don't mean to reverse yourself?"

"No, for if I did I might be re-reversed," the judge said, laughing softly. "Besides, I'm a stickler for precedent, and Josephine always has had her own way."

Possibility.

Angelina Mannyuna.—Don't you think it was dreadful of the photographer to flatter me like that?

Her Dear Friend.—Oh, I don't know. You might want to use the picture to send in reply to a matrimonial advertisement.—Boston Traveler.

Her Tactful Invitation.

Prudent Swain.—If I were to steal a kiss, would it scare you so that you would scream? Timid Maid.—I couldn't; fright always makes me dumb.—Toldeo Blade



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