

STIMSON-CONOVER

By MARTHA V. MONROE

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One night a man was brought before the sergeant at the desk in a police court charged with burglary.

"Hello, Stimson," said the sergeant. "You turned up again? I haven't seen you for so long that I thought you'd reformed."

"I'm not Stimson," replied the man, who was dressed in working costume, "and I've never been here before."

"Take him in."

The next morning the case came up before the court. There had been a burglary in Ben Warfield's store. Warfield had entered his place of business with a light and cornered a man robbing his cash drawer. The robber knocked him down and ran. The storekeeper got up, followed, called a policeman, and together they made chase. Warfield in court testified that while in pursuit of the fugitive he had turned and walked toward them. Undoubtedly knowing he would be captured, he hoped to go by them unrecognized. But Warfield had got a good look at him in his store by the light he carried and knew him at once. The rest of the evidence against the prisoner was furnished by a picture in the rogues' gallery which, though it was not a flattering likeness, was near enough like him, taken with Warfield's evidence, to convict him.

The prisoner claimed that he was John Conover, a workman in a foundry. His employer's superintendent was called to the stand and testified that the man, under the name of Conover, had gone to work for the concern a week before, claiming that he had not been employed for some months. That was all the witness knew about him.

Being an old offender, Stimson was sent to the penitentiary for seven years. Before he started his wife came to see him, acting hysterically and declaring that she and her children were starving. This only confirmed the verdict, though it excited sympathy. No one ever heard of Stimson having had a wife and family. But the case was decided, and there is too much work before the courts except in the cases of those who have money to pay lawyers and costs for a little matter like that to attract even attention.

One night three years later a man was brought into the same sergeant as had received Stimson, whereupon the sergeant, who was a facetious man, said:

"Hello, Stimson! You here again? I haven't seen you for so long that I thought you'd reformed."

"I'm not Stimson. My name's Conover."

"Well, I like that. I'd know that mug of yours among a thousand. We've got you in the gallery. But what did you say about being—"

"Conover?"

"Yes—Conover. It seems to me the name's familiar. Now I remember all about it. The last time you came in here you tried the racket of mistaken identity; said your name was Conover. But hold on. You were sent up for seven years. You couldn't get out this early on good behavior. When did you break jail?"

"Sergeant," said the prisoner, changing his tone, "I was clinging to a straw, and that remarkable memory of yours has broke it. Three years ago you sent up an innocent man who looked like me, and this time I was thinking I might possibly get off by claiming to be him. But it won't work."

The sergeant looked at the man, greatly puzzled.

"Did you do the burglary Conover was sent up for?" he asked.

"Yes, I done it. They chased me, and all of a sudden I heered 'em stop. The next day I sor in the crim news in the paper that a bloke as looked like me was took. He's doin' my time now. If you wasn't on to it I'd 'a' tried to prove I was him. No credit to the way you cops work things that I didn't. Your memory floored me."

The real Stimson went up, and in time the real Conover came down. One night he walked into the station and stood before the sergeant. He was not recognized. Maddened by his imprisonment for an offense he had not committed, deprived of the power to work for his wife and children, he had attempted to escape, was caught and had been treated with unusual severity. No wonder the sergeant didn't know him. He had aged in appearance twenty years.

"Who are you?" asked the sergeant.

"John Conover!"

Used as he was to the hard side of life, the sergeant started.

"Are you sure I'm not Stimson?"

"I had nothing to do with your case; the court did it. You were unfortunate in looking like a jailbird."

"I came to say that while I've been in jail my two little ones have died for want of proper attention. My wife still lives. If this were not so you would go after my children."

The man walked out, and the sergeant wiped the sweat from his brow with his coat cuff. He knew by Conover's look that only a life stood between him and death.

The next day Conover walked into Warfield's store. Warfield, hearing a footstep behind him, turned. He had heard of his mistake and was brooding upon it at the time; otherwise he would not have known the ghost of Conover.

A few minutes later a clerk found Warfield on the floor in a fit. No one was with him, and he never told who had been with him.

With a \$10 Bill

Kansas City Journal.
He lit his pipe with a ten-dollar bill.
Was his pocket depleted?
Not through losing this bill, for its value was still
It was still unaccepted.

A Model City.

Mrs. Russell Sage announces her intention to devote some of the millions left by her husband to the establishment of a model city. The newest of the many Utopias is, of course, to be far superior to all its predecessors. It will rise amid the beautiful Forest Hill gardens of Long Island, its cottage will be as beautiful as dream, and, so far as surroundings are concerned, its fifteen hundred carefully selected inhabitants will be "dwellers in Eden" and Eden with all modern improvements.

Yet Sageville, or whatever it will be called, will fail of its object. Like Pullman and other modern villages built by millionaires, it will suffer most of the ills of the average small municipality, and be little, if any, better off than its neighbors. A privately financed village may have prettier houses and better plumbing than the ordinary American village, but it will stifle the spirit of its democracy.

Other ominous shadows foretell the failure of the city which is to be builded on the millions of Russell Sage. For instance, this: "For the present laboring men, whose wages are small, will not benefit directly from Mrs. Sage's enterprise. The cost of land, it is explained, precludes provision for the working class.

Wheezing in the lungs indicates that phlegm is obstructing the air passages. BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP loosens the phlegm so that it can be coughed up and ejected. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by C. Y. Lowe.

Looking Backward.

BLACK ROCK DESERT.

When I awoke the next morning a rather lonely feeling crept over me, sore, full of pain, it made me think of my former companions on this trip. Where were they now? A stretch of five hundred miles lay before me between my present location and my destination, the Coquille river.

There was no use to philosophize—this meant action without fear of what might follow. I was firm in my resolution to face the circumstances and do the best I could.

Once more I went to the ruins in which I had lost all, searching in the ashes. By good luck I found a part of the gold dust melted into lumps, the rest was lost.

Purchasing an old pack mule and saddle, a necessary rifle and revolver and provisions and blankets for the trip, loading the animal, I shook the dust off and out I ventured.

The Humboldt river is about the size of the south fork of the Coquille and as many of the readers may know, it has a peculiarity worthy of mention. At Humboldt sinks, the river ends mysteriously by sinking into the ground, never to rise again. No doubt during some former earthquake, large fissures were created in the lower stratification, into and through which the river sinks into the bowels of the earth.

Mill City lay behind me when my trail turned northward into the desert.

Late in the evening of the second day I came to Antelope Springs. It was a dreary camp, but little water and no feed whatever for the mule. Before me lay a stretch of twenty eight miles of sandy plains, cut out by ravines, but nowhere a drop of water, near sunset a great mirage formed, changing every moment,

first luminous, by side down, then revert with glimmer bushes appeared and were gone silently as they came. It was night when I reached Red Springs darkness prevented me from finding the water for which we were both in great need. Fortunately a small quantity of straw lay there on which the hungry beast could still the pang of a forty eight hours' fast. During the night, the moon arose, this and thirst awoke me and by moon-light I found the spring.

Again more than twenty miles of desert lay before me, covered with miles of alkali crystals, so purely white that the reflection of the sun, striking the eyes, was extremely painful, the heat, too, was nearly unbearable. At three p. m. I reached the Black Rock, a formation of basalt, nearly black in color, beyond it stretched the desert, not a spur of vegetation, not a drop of water on this desert can be found. Its length north and south is one hundred and fifty miles the width from ten to fifteen miles. Before entering this sand basin, a hot spring of nearly boiling water leaves the basalt rock it is so warm that meat can be boiled in it. By following the small stream half of a mile, the water had cooled enough to be used for drinking purposes. The sun nearly roasting us caused me to stop and rest. With the blankets I formed a tent and under it, myself and animal found some shade and relief. Next to the water was some grass, which, after the sun was sinking in the western horizon, furnished the mule with feed for the coming march. For myself, I had the good luck to see a sand heron, which was shot and made me a good supper.

Although it was sunset, it was still scorching hot, the whole atmosphere was in flickering motion, the night approached, one star after the other bedecked the clear blue sky, and now the north star made its appearance; this my guiding star for the coming journey, this the only stationary star in the northern hemisphere, the direction I had to follow.

In a line with the north star are two others, known as the pointers, a part of the seven stars called the "Great Bear." All the stars rotate around the north star, and by observing the positions in which these constellations are at a certain hour, it becomes an easy matter to calculate correctly the time of night. When I left the resting place, the pointers and north star formed a horizontal line; it was then about 8 o'clock p. m. The distance across the desert was fifteen miles; the pointers now stood within a few degrees of perpendicular with the north star, consequently I had traveled five hours. It was near 1:00 o'clock a. m. POHL.

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Notice of Administration.

Notice is hereby given, that by order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Coos, Jeanie R. Timmons was duly appointed executrix of the estate of Crossman Timmons, deceased, and that letters testamentary were duly issued, and to the said Jeanie R. Timmons on the 18th day of November, 1910; and that she is now qualified and acting, therefore all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same with proper vouchers to the said executrix at Bandon, Oregon, within six months from the 20th day of December, 1910, the date of the final publication of this notice.

JEANIE R. TIMMONS,
Executrix of the Estate of Crossman Timmons, deceased.
GEO. P. TOPPING, Atty for the Estate.

Notice of Administration.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Coos, Lettie J. Jenkins was duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Anna M. Bigne, deceased, and that letters testamentary were duly issued to the said Lettie J. Jenkins on the 18th day of November, 1910, and that she is now qualified and acting, therefore all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same with proper vouchers to the said administratrix, at Bandon, Oregon, within six months from the 20th day of December, 1910, the date of the final publication of this notice. LETTIE J. JENKINS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Anna M. Bigne, deceased.
GEO. P. TOPPING, Atty for the Estate.

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