

A Judge's Romance

I am a man of dignity. It has been asserted that I have a certain pomposity about me. While I am a bachelor of forty-five no man has ever charged me with any softness toward the other sex.

My position was thus when the courts were closed for the summer season of a certain year and I retired to my usual resort on the seashore.

It may not strike you as quite consistent when I say that a few days after my arrival a woman appeared who caught my attention. She was registered as "Mrs.," and it was understood that her husband would appear later. She was handsome, well formed, refined—in all outward respects a lady. I did not have speech with her, but I admitted to myself that but for my dignity and position I might have attempted what is legally known as a mild flirtation.

People seemed to understand intuitively that a judge of special sessions did not care to hear about trifles, and so no gossip was poured into my ears. However, I learned later on seven or eight rooms were robbed inside of a week. The robberies occurred by day, and generally at meal times, and the plunder was money and jewelry. In one case the loss amounted to \$500, in another to \$800, in a third to over \$1,000.

After the first complaint had been made the landlord set a watch, but in the face of that three more rooms were plundered and a confiding guest who kept several hundred dollars in his trunk instead of the hotel safe found it missing one day after luncheon. Then two detectives were employed, and all the 250 guests felt themselves under espionage, if not suspicion—all but I. How could landlord, detective or any one else suspect the integrity of Judge Coke?

The robberies ceased as suddenly as they had begun, but for reasons known to themselves the detectives decided to search the baggage of certain guests, one of whom was the handsome Mrs. Blank. I heard nothing of this at the time, but as I left my room on the day of the search I encountered the lady with a small package in her hand and she frankly said to me:

"Judge Coke, I have not had the honor of an introduction, but I wish to beg a favor of you. As the clerks are busy this morning, and as the porter does not look like a man to be trusted, you would put me under many obligations by taking this package to the express office. It is directed to my husband, as you see, and contains papers that he must have soon. I am sorry to thus impose upon your good nature, but—"

"Say no more, madam," I interrupted, as I took the package from her; "I shall be only too happy to be of service to you."

I may have smiled as I lifted my hat and bowed, but I contend that I lost none of my dignity, and of course I did not make it an excuse for any extended conversation.

I met her on the street, a full block from the hotel, upon my return, but as I handed her over the receipt I merely raised my hat again and spoke of the weather.

The search was made quietly and with the consent of the guests, but it revealed little.

The next three days passed without excitement, and I took it into my head to order a carriage and be driven out. It has always been my opinion that a judge looks well as he rides out in a landau with head erect and arms folded.

I was being bowled along the boulevard connecting my resort with one five miles away, with my driver fully conscious of my dignity and importance, when a parousl was waved at me from the sidewalk, and I made out a lady at the end of it. More than that, I made out Mrs. Blank, who said to me as my carriage halted at the curb:

"Judge Coke, were you going to drive over to Surf City?"

"I am on my way there, madam," I replied as my hat came off at the proper angle.

"Then—then—"

"What is it, madam?"

"I have a friend over there who is ill, and there is no train for two hours. I know it is presumption on my part, but—"

"Not at all, madam. Let me assist you in. I will have you there in three-quarters of an hour, and the obligation will be mine."

There were no languishing smiles, no goopoo eyes on my part. Indeed, I think that most of our conversation during the drive referred to the law directly or indirectly. I was a bit surprised that she should ask to be set down on the public square instead of at her friend's house, but dignity forbade me even to raise my eyebrows. She bowed and returned thanks; I raised my hat and murmured, "Don't mention it," and we parted.

My position demanded that I should forget her as soon as possible or until I met her at breakfast next morning, and I had fairly succeeded when I returned to the hotel two hours later. Then she rushed back into my memory at a bound. The landlord and the detectives were looking for her. It had become known that she was an adventuress whose photograph adorned more than one rogues' gallery and who had even "done time" for theft. It was she who had cleaned out the rooms and given me the plunder to express away, and it was she who had robbed the hotel safe of about \$2,000 at the noon hour as the clerk left for a moment. I had driven her over to Surf City that she might take the train and thus elude the detectives.

M. QUAD.

A BIRTHDAY GIFT

[Original.]

The Count de Bonneville was sitting one morning at the breakfast table in his chateau near Paris. The count was a widower, and the opposite end of the table was occupied by his daughter Lizette, fifteen years old. There was a commotion without, and the butler announced that a poacher had been caught the night before and had been brought to the chateau. The count gave an order that the offender should be brought to him, and a young man of perhaps twenty was led in by the gamekeeper, backed by a gardener and a stable boy. The count questioned both the poacher and his accusers, and since he had been caught redhanded directed that he be taken to jail.

"Papa," said Lizette, "I have a favor to ask. Tomorrow is my birthday and you gave me the selection of my gift. I ask the forgiveness of this man."

The count, who had no wish to punish the poacher, except as a matter of duty, complied.

"Why did you kill papa's pheasants?" asked Lizette of the man.

"Because, mademoiselle, my mother is ill and needs dainty food. I have nothing else to give her."

"Take the birds you have shot," said the count, "and call on my butler for what else you need."

Ten years passed. France was in the throes of revolution. Each day the Paris prisons gave up a number of the crowds of aristocrats who filled them to be led out to the guillotine located in the Place de la Concorde. Paris was literally drunken with blood.

As each boy was driven from the prison to the guillotine crowds of revolutionists followed, hooting and jeering the victims it contained.

One morning a cart was driven from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Concorde containing but two people, a white haired old man and his daughter, the Count de Bonneville and Lizette, the latter now a woman. As the cart was driven up to the guillotine a party near it were pouring a red liquid from a bucket into cups, drinking and singing a song in which the words wine and blood frequently occurred. Lizette held out her hands imploringly and begged them to spare her father and be content with her own life. They only hooted, and the two were taken from the cart and led up to the guillotine. Then a man in the crowd suddenly called out:

"What say you citizens? Shall the citizeness save the old man by drinking with us a cup of blood?"

"No, no!" cried some of the crowd. "Spare no aristocrats." "Yes, yes," cried others. "Let her drink what we drink."

Meanwhile the man who had proposed the draft filled one of the cups with the liquid from the bucket and, handing it to Lizette, said:

"Drink with us, citizeness. Waaah! Put the blood of an aristocrat, become a commoner, and you and your father shall go from this wearing your heads on your shoulders."

The crowd laughed and jeered and howled as if each individual were a fiend and had been dispatched by Satan to represent him at this his carnival. Several of the most violent pushed forward to stop this stay of death, but the man who held the cup waved them back with an air of authority.

"This girl is to become one of us," he said. "She will give us the hiding places of her fellow aristocrats and furnish a dozen heads for two. That's a good bargain! Six for one!"

"Drink!" he said, forcing the cup to Lizette's lips.

Lizette, with a shudder, seized it and, shutting her eyes, forced herself to drink every drop. Then she and her father were thrust into the cart and driven away, the man who had been the chief actor in the strange scene mounting the cart and taking the reins from the driver. For awhile it was doubtful whether the crowd would permit their departure, but a cartful of new victims driving up, the first were forgotten for the last. Ten minutes later the man who had saved Lizette and her father ordered the driver to get down. He did so, and the man drove on till they passed the barrier, where they all descended and stood a moment in the road.

"Now, M. le Comte et Mlle. de Bonneville, fly for your lives. This is the road to Boulogne. Travel by night and hide by day till you reach the coast. Then take boat for England."

"Who am I to thank for our lives?" asked the count, "and why have you done this?"

"Do you remember years ago a poacher being brought before you when you sat at one end of the breakfast table and your daughter at the other?"

"No," replied the count; "I don't remember."

"It was the morning, mademoiselle, before your birthday. You chose for your gift my pardon."

"Now I remember," said Lizette. "In return I give you for your next birthday your life and the life of your father."

Lizette, her eyes swimming with grateful tears, put out her hand.

"Was it only for this that you have returned so much?"

"The count gave me the birds for my dear mother."

"All this is very little for two lives. I wonder that you remembered us."

"That morning I took an image into my heart that I shall never forget." Lifting her hand to his lips he kissed it fervently, and, turning, jumped up on the cart and drove back to Paris. The count and Lizette escaped to England. When they returned to France their preserver had been executed for the part he had taken in saving them.

WILLARD CLIFFORD IRVING.

Padding at Beginning of Dinner.

The custom of serving pudding as the first course at dinner seems to have interested a good many people of our day. A gentleman from Maine informs the writer that it is still the custom in certain sections of his state. In the autobiography of the Adams family it is mentioned that at a dinner given by the venerable ex-president of the United States, at which his grandchildren were present, the first course was Indian pudding, and the little folks were told that the more pudding they ate the more beef they could have. So of course they gorged themselves on the pudding, and as a consequence they had no appetite for beef when it was served. Thus were maintained the simple and economical methods of the forefathers. The boys who came to the city from the country and later became the successful and wealthy merchants of Boston were raised in a most frugal manner. Their breakfast the year round was of brown bread and milk and the same for their supper. The dinner was of baked beans and pie, rarely any meat.—Boston Transcript.

Luck and Labor.

If the boy who exclaims "Just my luck!" were truthful he would say "Just my laziness!" or "Just my inattention!"

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at 6 o'clock and with a busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines; labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances, labor on character.

Luck slips down to indigence; labor strides upward to independence.—Christian Advocate.

Zoo Society Note.

Inquisitive Visitor—Do these animals ever seem to engage in anything that might be called a form of amusement? Park Attendant (with great solemnity)—Yes, ma'am. The kangaroo frequently gives a hop.—Chicago Tribune.

When a horse stumbles most drivers hit him with the whip. Any sense in it?—Atchison Globe.

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SIRENS AND SONS.
Bourke Cockran may become a permanent resident of London.
Former Governor Horace Boies of Iowa is living in strict retirement.
Ira D. Sankey, the blind evangelist, has sold his country house at Eastport, N. Y.

One of the newly chosen sachems of Tammany Hall is John Jerome Kelly, son of Croker's predecessor. Mr. Kelly is a broker.
Thomas Trahey, a civil war veteran of St. Louis, has placed a monument over the grave of the sister of charity who nursed him through an illness during the war.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1879. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon. May 4, 1903.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1879, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

WILLIAM STINNER, of Roseburg, county of Douglas, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 5127, for the purchase of the Northeast quarter of Section No. 30, Township 26 South, Range No. 10 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Saturday, the 12th day of September, 1903.

He names as witnesses: Charles Thom and John Thom, of Roseburg, Oregon; William Long and Frank Long, of Cleveland, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 12th day of September, 1903.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

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ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administratrix of the estate of Charles W. Paterson, deceased, by the County Court of Coos County, Oregon. And all persons having claims against said estate, are hereby required to present them with the proper vouchers, to me, at the office of Hall & Hall, at Marshfield, Coos County, Oregon, within six months from this date.
Dated this 1st day of August 1903.
IDA P. PATERSON,
Administratrix of the estate of Charles W. Paterson, deceased. 8-1-03.

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