

FIELD AND FANNING'S JUNIOR.

BY JOHN PAUL BOOCOCK.

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PART I.

I was asked one morning by my legal preceptors, Potter & Patterson, to help prepare for trial a case which they had brought against the Children's Industrial Home. I did not yet have enough to be admitted to the bar, having barely passed my twentieth birthday, but I had assisted Mr. Patterson in the trial of a number of important cases and was thoroughly competent to look up and digest authorities as well as to seek out and examine witnesses before trial. I knew how to collect salient facts and brief leading authorities, and I looked forward eagerly to the day when I could open a case, as making the first argument is called, with my preceptor and friend sitting by, making ready for the closing speech. Lawyer Patterson had already warned me with a laugh against "opening" a case "so wide" that he "could not close it." But I fairly ached for the chance. I didn't see much of interest ahead, however, in this suit of "Wilson H. Peckham and Wife against the Children's Industrial Home." It was a fine May morning and I could not help thinking that Isaac Walton's gentle lore was more to my taste just then than Sir William Blackstone's.

Of course, Mr. Patterson had a general idea of the facts on which our bill in equity, the first paper in such a proceeding, was based, for Mr. Potter had talked them over with him before drawing the pleadings. Mr. Potter always drew our pleadings; Mr. Patterson was an advocate who was sure of his pleadings and his client won. But he thought it just as well that I should call on Mr. and Mrs. Peckham that morning and make careful notes of the facts an dates which he would have to depend on them to prove under oath.

I found them on the porch of the handsome villa Mr. Peckham had taken the spring before. I was struck by the mournful beauty of Mrs. Peckham's face and the graceful melancholy of her voice and gestures. I suppose the near approach of the date when the sad story of her life would have to be told, in public, at the county seat, fifteen miles away, had opened the old wounds. And when I remembered that the object of this very suit, in whose preparation I was now assisting, was to compel the managers of the Children's Industrial home to reveal to Mrs. Peckham the fate of her baby boy, committed to their charge by a false friend nearly twenty years before, I realized suddenly how gentle I ought to be in my treatment of so painful a subject.

Mr. Peckham was a handsome man of military bearing and dignified manners. He came to meet me as I walked up the lawn and shook his head when I explained my employer's instructions. "I suppose it can't be helped," he said, "but I am exceedingly sorry that Mrs. Peckham must be harassed in this way. She has seemed to me unusually depressed in spirits of late." The lady herself showed no hesitation when her husband, leaning over the back of her long porch chair, explained what I had come for.

"I will tell you, as best I can," she said, slowly, "of this great grief of my life." Her eyes sought those of her husband, who sat by her side, holding her hand with that delicate tenderness which is a husband's highest compliment to his wife. She read encouragement in them and went on:

"I had been living happily, in the town of P— for nearly two years, when my first husband, Captain Este, received a cablegram, one Friday night, announcing the dangerous illness of his mother, in Milan. He was her only son and the thought came into the minds of us both, by a lightning flash of sympathy, that he ought to go to her. A steamer sailed from New York the next day at noon, and although the last train to the city had gone down that night, it would be easy for him to catch the boat Saturday morning. We kissed our baby boy, just a year old, as he lay asleep in his cradle and set about packing my husband's trunk. He thought he would be back again in a month, surely, and somehow the dreadful shock of the parting had not yet come over me.

"Weeks passed and I heard no more from him. I tried to imagine him overcome by the death of his mother, but I could not understand how he could be forgetful of his wife. A month passed, and I wrote to the American consul at Milan, asking him to cable me as soon as he had anything definite to communicate. No cable message came, and one day in my desperation turned to my neighbor, Mrs. Bartlett,

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PAIN CURED IN AN INSTANT.

Let Radway's Ready Relief be used on the first indication of Pain or Unconsciousness; it will be used before the family doctor would ordinarily reach you.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lameness, pain and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pain around the liver, pleuritis, all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL

Summer Complaints,
Dysentery, Diarrhea,
Cholera Morbus.

A half to a teaspooonful of Ready Relief in the discharge containing flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Internally if you will take in a half tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, nausea, vomiting, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, flatulence and internal pains.

Malaria in its various forms cured and prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, except RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will quickly stop the change of water. It is much better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

Miners and lumbermen should always be provided with it.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all drug-gists.

"OH, GOD, MY BABY BOY!"

less, a widow in a strange land! You thought to find him here, your protector, your husband, and you found him dead! Your only welcome was the grave.

"Now, as I sat so, commiserating myself, I could see in the mirror a frightened look steal into my own eyes and I grew cold and trembled. What else was there? What other, fiercer, sharper grief was this, that had been gnawing at my heart-strings these long weeks of oblivion? What was that? What thrilled me now with terrible anguish?

"All of a sudden the hand glass dropped to the tiled floor and broke into a dozen pieces, and I shrieked with almighty strength: "My baby! Oh, God! my baby boy! and I fell back once more into merciful oblivion."

PART II.

"All through the racking pangs and frenzies of the yet more dreadful fever which now preyed upon me," continued Mrs. Peckham, "I talked and sobbed and prayed and shrieked of just my baby boy. Yet I knew old Lawyer Car-

ter had been a widower for many years. The dignity of the law soon reassured him in the court room, however, and the case proceeded. When it came to his closing speech in behalf of the home and the benevolent statutes which had created and sustained it, and the benevolent men who directed it, young Carter's tact was masterly. Mr. Patterson on our side had appealed for the broken-hearted mother, her lifetime of anguish, her heart hunger still unsatisfied, her affections still clinging to the babe she had prayed and wept for.

Here she patted her husband's shoulder as he leaned over her chair and held her hand in his, looking down all the while in her beautiful, melancholy eyes of gray. So you were the consul, my fellow! I thought.

"The doctors quite gave me up this time, and when I did regain consciousness, they say I had forgotten all about baby and home and husband. I could only sit on the long portico and look out through the stone pilasters to the smiling bay.

"It was October before I was strong enough to be moved, and when I started for Hayre, the consul and his good patient sister, whom I had learned to love, went with me. It was they, too, who brought me back here to P— safe home again. But not to baby—I have never seen my boy since the Saturday morning when Fanny Bartlett held him up, in her arms, laughing and crying, twenty years ago.

Mrs. Peckham's voice broke into a sob, and, indeed, I too was much affected. Her husband, who I now understand, had resigned the consulship at Milan to accompany her back to the United States, took up the story here for her.

"We found, sir," said he, slowly and distinctly, "that the Bartletts had gone to San Francisco to live. Not hearing from the child's mother, they had at first marveled and fretted, and finally made what may have seemed to them proper disposition of the child. My wife had no near relatives living and no other close friend here, for now, you see, we have chosen our home not far away from where she and the Bartletts then lived. They had not written to her about the boy because they had never heard from her. They could not know that she was ill among strangers, unable to write, broken down mentally and physically under intense sufferings. So they placed the child in the Children's Industrial home, a highly respectable private institution, as far as I can see, and my wife who bore him has fallen. I am assured by the president of the institution, the venerable man you see here before you, that the babe has fulfilled the fondest wishes of his adopted parents and that he is ignorant that she ever had a claim on him. God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove him from that of his fond mother who bore him. We may wonder, but we may not reprehend.

"For eighteen years we have sought him in vain. We followed the Bartletts to California and thence to the Sandwich Islands, and would have followed them to the bottom of the sea if the gale which wrecked their steamer had not spared ours. We advertised and we hired detectives and employed lawyers. I had no children, and I longed to welcome the lost darling of my dear wife. It was not until last year that we found that he had been placed by the Bartletts in the Children's Industrial

"Saturday morning, the 14th, I kissed my brave little laddie, my blue-eyed baby, good-bye and hurried to the train, in an agony of tears. Fanny patted me and cheered me all she could, and held him up so that I could see him almost all the way to the station. He smiled and cooed."

Mrs. Peckham's voice choked and, on looking up, I perceived that her head was resting on her husband's shoulder and that tears were streaming down his cheeks. There, thought I, is a second marriage whose happiness may yet make up for the misery of the first.

"I made a quiet voyage." Mrs. Peckham went on, by and by, "and reached Milan without misadventure. I drove straight to the American consul's and was most kindly received. After watching for many hours at the bedside of his dying mother, my husband had himself expired suddenly on the day of the funeral. They had been buried in one tomb. The mother, having been a resident of Milan for so many years, friends, in the confusion attendant on the double fatality, lost sight entirely of the home and the loved ones the son had left in a foreign land. Nobody knew, so nobody thought anything about me and little Henry. When I learned that my husband was dead, I fainted. The consul had not seen or heard of me.

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"HE SMILED AND COOED."



"NO, NO, NOT THAT!"

trial home just before they started for San Francisco. It nearly broke my wife's heart when the president of the home informed us that by the advice of counsel he must decline to tell us what had become of the boy. He acknowledged, however, that soon after the Bartletts had entered him, under an assumed name, the lad had been removed from the home. By whom he refused to say. And that is the history of the law suit which is to be tried next month."

I went back to the office of Potter & Patterson wondering at the existence of statutes which allowed such cruelties to be perpetrated in the name of the law. Field & Fanning, the attorneys for the home, took the position that he should not now be unsettled in his present family relations, having grown up in absolute ignorance even of his baptismal name. This was the only hint we had had that the babe had lived.

At the opening of the term the calendar, or list of cases to be heard, was formally called. Peckham versus The Children's Home—possibly he reached the third day. Field & Fanning protested through a junior partner whom I had not seen before, that they could not be ready at that time, but the judge declared that the case must be tried when reached. I took this as an injury in our favor. Field & Fanning's junior left the courtroom when I did, and I was filled with envy when I heard that he was going to try the case himself for his firm. It seemed he had just been admitted to partnership and was very anxious to succeed in his first serious undertaking. I was equally determined to relax no effort in behalf of Mr. Peckham. Of course, Mr. Patterson was to bear the brunt of our side of the case.

When court opened on the day of trial neither old Mr. Field nor Mr. Fanning was present; they had left everything to their junior. President Carter, of the Children's Home, a venerable-looking man of great wealth and many charities, sat by his young counsel with several of the board of directors. Mr. Carter was a retired lawyer himself, and I was rather surprised to learn that Field & Fanning's junior was his son, and that President Carter had been young Lawyer Carter's first client. The old man had asked Field & Fanning if they were willing to trust him with the conduct of the case and they, without some misgiving, it turned out, agreed to let young Carter manage it.

We put in our evidence, and Mrs. Peckham's story, told in court much as she had told it to me, brought tears to many eyes. Young Carter, as handsome a youth as I ever saw, cross-examined her with dignity and intelligence. His sympathetic yet searching questions moved her greatly; when he asked her if she did not think that Mrs. Bartlett was warranted by her long and unexplained absence in believing she had abandoned her child, Mrs. Peckham's emotion became uncontrollable. She stretched her soft white hands appealingly out to him from the witness box with such a look in her eyes of agony as no beholder could forget. "No, no, not that!" she moaned. I thought she saw her cross-examiner turn pale. As his lip quivered for a moment I imagined he must have thought of his own mother.

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