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"FIVE FLIGHTS UP."

Rickety stairs and rickety chairs, And rickety tables, too; (The kind gods answer my daily prayers With beautiful dreams of you) A broken bust of the wise and just (Ah, life and fame are fleet!) All save my heart I dim with dust, And that's where your face is sweet!

If you were here—but the future knows Alone when your face I'll see— You'd lure the red of the latest rose To that ruined vase for me. If you were here! . . . How the wild wish thrills

My heart as the words I write! If you were here with your kind eyes, dear— If you only were here to-night!

The wind's abroad and the stars are dead— The world and the storm's at strife; But still the singer must write for bread— For the bitterest bread of life. I had rather sleep as the dim skies weep— The skies that have lost their blue; To drift to the garden of dreams and reap Beautiful dreams of you!

But here is a song for you—soft and sweet: As ever a song may be— For it bears your name, and what is fame To the music it makes for me? A song, my dear, that has not a tear— No sigh from the lips that pray For only the touch that I loved so much To lighten the lonely way.

A song—it is folded away in this, A song of the Maytime sky, With a rose whose crimson has known your kiss.

In the beautiful days gone by, Rickety stairs and rickety chairs, And rickety tables, too; But night and light and the whole world bright With beautiful dreams of you! —F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Judge's Eavesdropping

By George Lincoln.

THE JUDGE fell into the way of watching them naturally enough. After the court adjourned in the early afternoon, he always took a ride on his bicycle and never failed to visit the beautiful stretch of boulevard recently opened along the string of lakes.

They both came of well-to-do families, and their manner led him to think there was breeding behind them. How then did he come to know that they loved each other? you ask. How was it possible not to know it? He was not always past 50 and he had a good memory.

So when the judge noticed the way "he" looked at "her" and the way "she" looked at "him" and the tenderness of the young man's courtesy, the judge knew well enough how matters were.

She was a beautiful woman, not over 20, and gave one an impression of trig-ness and neatness.

He was a manly chap of 22, athletic, bronzed and thoroughly "fit," as my nephew says. My nephew plays on the "varsity" football team and is authority in our family on such matters.

And they noticed the judge. After a while he got into the way of bowing to them, although they didn't know he was Judge Storror, and he didn't know them.

One dreamy, Indian summer afternoon the judge went up among the trees on the side of the lake to a sheltered nook he knew, and lay down to rest. There had been a puzzling case before him that morning, and while thinking it over he must have fallen asleep.

He was suddenly aware that just outside his shelter a man and woman were talking. He soon discovered that they were "his lovers," as he called them, and they were discussing some unhappy circumstance regarding their affection.

What should he do? There was no way out except past them. Would it not be more delicate to remain till they had gone, not listening, and they would never know anyone had ever heard them.

But try as he would, it was impossible not to hear their whole conversation.

"But what difference does that make?" asked the young man. "You know perfectly well, Alice, that if it were you yourself, I would marry you."

"O, but think of it, Ned! Think what your friends would say! 'Ned Grant married the daughter of an embezzler serving his time in jail!'"

The judge couldn't help wondering if this were the son of Grant on the supreme bench, whom he had never met, although he knew his father intimately. The girl's gentle voice broke as she said this and Ned cried:

"O, Alice, I wish you wouldn't think of that. It just breaks me up to see you cry, you know."

Then followed a silence during which Alice must have been in some way comforted, for she said in a steady voice:

"No, my dear boy, I have been very weak to see you so often, and have these rides. I should have refused and tried to forget you. But, Ned, I couldn't. I can't think of anything but you—and—I do love you so!"

More silence. Then:

"And Ned, this really must be the last. I can't marry you. No, dear, please don't go all over it again. I know that it would be a great wrong to you to say yes. It would always be a hindrance to you. We would have no friends, and a young lawyer must have friends. Who would come to your house if they knew your wife was the daughter of Rand, the embezzler?"

That was where the judge almost discovered himself. He sentenced Rand to 20 years hard labor and he had still 15 years to serve. It was a queer case and not quite clear. So this was the motherless girl he had heard so much about.

"Now, see here, Alice," the young man said, "you know it takes two to make a quarrel, and it takes two to make a separation. So while you may think it best not to see me again, I shall not give you up and I shall see you every opportunity I can, so long as it doesn't bother you. Dad knows all about it and he's with me."

The judge wanted to choose "Ned for Ned," but he didn't.

Then after another longer silence they left him alone. As he rode slowly home he turned the little tragedy over and over in his mind and the more he thought about it the more he felt that he had made a mistake by staying and listening. At last he evolved a plan calculated to ease his own conscience and give the young man some courage. So the judge sent him this letter:

"Mr. Edwin Grant: "I had the misfortune to overhear part of your conversation with Miss Rand today, although in quite an accidental manner. If, as I surmise, you are the son of Grant, of the supreme, you are made of the right sort of stuff to regard Miss Rand's views as only a temporary obstacle to your happiness. I sentenced Rand, and if you care to call on me I should be glad to see you. Perhaps we may think of some arguments to make Miss Rand look at the case differently. At any rate I agree with his honor, your father, and am also with you." Yours, "ROBERT STORROW."

The next day the judge was obliged to go to a distant city to act as referee in a case.

The judge's eavesdropping was a circumstantial one and being on the handwriting in which the false entries had been made in the books. The handwriting experts all agreed that the entries had been made by Rand; indeed, the prisoner admitted as much.

He had pleaded "not guilty," and when he admitted the identity of the handwriting there was little left to do for him. His counsel was completely baffled by the admission and Rand refused to explain it in any way.

It could never be found how Rand had disposed of the sum he embezzled. In fact, not a penny of the missing money was ever found, and the bank charged it to profit and loss.

Hooper, the president of the bank, was in constant attendance at the trial, and expressed great sorrow for Rand. Shortly after the sentence Hooper left the bank and went to another city, where he engaged in a private banking and brokerage business. It was in this city that Judge Storror was now sitting.

One night at his club the conversation drifted round to money and banking. The judge made the remark that he wished to procure a letter of credit for his niece, who was going abroad, and some one suggested Hooper's house as the best place to get it.

"By the way," said his adviser, "you sentenced the cashier of the bank of which Hooper used to be president, didn't you?" The judge said he did.

"Well," continued the man, "that's the way some men treat those who have been kind to them. My wife grew up in the village where Hooper and Rand were boys together. Rand was not in very good circumstances, while Hooper had plenty of money. At that time Hooper was quietly buying up a great deal of land through which he knew a railroad was projected. He let Rand in on the ground floor, lent him money, and then, when they realized, collected Rand's notes, and in this way they both made money, and Rand's share was a moderate fortune to a man in his circumstances. It wasn't many years before Rand had lost his money in foolish investments. Then Hooper got him the position of cashier in the bank where he was president. It seems pretty tough for Rand to have stolen all that money. The directors asked Hooper for his resignation, of course, and he was obliged to come here and start fresh."

Now, this was a part of the story that the judge had never heard before. It little agreed with his personal impressions, which of course has nothing to do with the "law and evidence." He had an idea that Rand was not that sort of a man, and, curiously enough, he had acquired an antipathy for Hooper.

Gradually he found himself forced to a conclusion for which there was little reason. He somehow thought that Hooper was the guilty man and Rand the innocent. He had known a few similar cases of quixotic gratitude.

The next day he called at the banking house of Hooper & Co. As he was leaving he met Hooper face to face. The man went white, and staggered against the door jamb as if he had been struck.

"Why—how d'ye do? Why—I didn't expect to see you," he stammered. "Anything you can do for you?"

The judge looked him square in the eye and said: "No, Mr. Hooper, nothing you can do, unless—but never mind now," and he gave him a peculiar look under which Hooper quailed.

The judge had not gone two blocks before one of the clerks came rushing after him and said Mr. Hooper wanted him to come back. He found Hooper striding the floor and mumbling to himself.

"My God, judge, do you know?" he cried.

"I know you are a scoundrel," the judge replied, surprised out of his self-control.

"I did it, judge. I did it."

"I knew it," calmly replied the judge.

"I came to this city because I couldn't stand meeting you, and I have never had a happy or an easy moment since. I've lived in constant fear of apprehension."

The judge, stepping back, turned the key in the lock and put it into his pocket. Then he went to the telephone, told police headquarters who he was, and asked them to send him an inspector at the banking office.

"Now," he said, "before either of us leave this room you are going to write the whole story. You will sign it in the presence of witnesses, and inside of two weeks Rand will be a free man. You will be arrested at once; but for two weeks, for my own reasons, you will continue to conduct your business, and a headquarters man will be always with you. You can explain his presence in any way that you like. Now sit down and write."

Hooper shrunk from the task, but the judge insisted. When he had finished and was ready to sign, there came a tap at the door and a stranger was ushered in. He locked the door after him, and the judge had a low conversation with him. The confession was duly signed and witnessed.

It set Hooper's necessity to obtain funds further than those available, and how he had taken from time to time, showing Rand fictitious notes, so that Rand had every reason to suppose the bank was making loans.

In short, he had made the entries in perfect good faith, and then when the stealing was made known he had kept silence, remembering all the benefits received. It was, of course, a questionable thing for him to do, but there was no doubting the nobility of the man's character.

That night the judge started for home. There the next day he laid the confession before the governor and his council, who took the preliminary steps to release Rand.

That evening Ned Grant called, saying he had failed to find the judge at home, on previous evenings. He knew enough of law to appreciate some things the judge told him.

"Now," said the judge, "this tangle can be straightened out. You bring Alice here two weeks from to-night, and I'll try to change her views."

At last the night came. The judge was decidedly nervous. The bell rang, and in came Ned and Alice. He had told her about the judge, and she blushed prettily when he was introduced.

After he had explained at some length that his eavesdropping was quite accidental, he began to argue with her on the matter. She took the same high ground as before—that it was doing Ned a wrong. And she had a pretty good case, too. At last he said:

"So there is no way of turning you? You would marry if your father were not in prison for embezzlement?"

She nodded and the judge silently handed her a long typewritten confession. Rand had been living quietly with the judge for the last few days and knew the whole story.

Ned stood near carefully watching her, and as the door opened noiselessly he saw John Rand waiting for his daughter to look up and see him. Hooper is still serving his time.—Boston Globe.

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A MISSIONARY HEN.

She Was Brought from Koo-Koo, China, and She Laid Eggs for the Heathen.

Some ten years ago Capt. J. Clifford Entwisle, now city clerk of Salem, then master of a New York vessel sailing to China and Japan, brought home from China a little hen. He named the bird Koo-Koo, for the town whence she came. He presented the hen to his wife, and the bird gradually became a pet of the house. She would lay her eggs in the house.

Capt. and Mrs. Entwisle were interested in church and missionary work. So Mrs. Entwisle conceived the idea of devoting the proceeds of the eggs and chickens of Koo-Koo to the missionary cause, and for the seven years little Koo-Koo lived all her earnings went to convert Chinese heathens, and a good many dollars went that way. The hen became as much of a pet as a cat or dog. She would lay her egg and then go into the kitchen and cluck until someone went and found the egg; then she would fly up on the window sill and peck at the window as a sign that she wished to go outdoors.

Finally little Koo-Koo died, and was stuffed and used as an ornament. Mrs. Entwisle wrote a very pretty little story, founded on the history of Koo-Koo, and sent it to be read to the children in the far-away land whence came the hen. There it took so well that it was translated into Chinese and read to the little Chinese children in their own language. It was the story of a little hen called Koo-Koo, which undertook to support one little Chinese girl that she might be educated. It contained an account of a meeting of the children of Koo-Koo, quite a numerous tribe of various ages.

After hearing that story read, a Chinese boy gave me a picture or was meeting of Koo-Koo and her descendants to represent a scene described by Mrs. Entwisle. It represents the old hen and three younger ones, with eight or ten very small chicks. The picture is made on a sheet of brown paper, and the hens are almost life-size for Chinese hens. It was sent to the missionary headquarters in Boston first, and yesterday was sent down to Mrs. Entwisle, by whom it is highly prized.—Boston Herald.

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