# BILL HOOPER'S LEGAL LORE

... By George F. Canis

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<del>//0/0/0/0/00/0/0/0/0/</del> Lawyers had poor picking in Deadwood in the hurran days of the camp. Somehow the motley crowd there got into the habit of settling disputes out of court-mostly with six shooters and Winchesters. Homicides were of frequent occurrence—in fact, the "man for breakfast" schedule was observed. But vigilantes often interfered and persisted in dropping the killer, even though discussion of the incident was continued. Then, too, when a shot was taken at a claim jumper, that was considered a privileged communication, according to the unwritten law. Except for the fashion and common practice of the camp all the lawyers in it—and there were lots of them-would have had a case apiece and at short intervals. As matters stood, however, it this prisoner he couldn't get justice in car snorted a rude laugh, but the conwasn't often that any one of them was able even to arrange for a fee.

When Bill Hooper took a case for \$25, his law partner seriously objected.



"I'LL BHOW YOU."

courage trade. That was no excuse. for while human anatomy might be carved with impunity or any sharp instrument, prices couldn't be cut. Bill expressed the opinion that his client was a fool for employing a lawyer anyway, for he didn't have a ghost of a show of winning his case, and to take his gold was just like finding it. These were also trivial matters, he was informed. As for finding gold, wasn't that what brought them all to the camp? No one expected to work for it.

Bill wanted to stand well with his partner, who had kith or kin somewhere from whom he thought he could borrow money if it came to the pinch. Bill was lame. As the roads to Chevenne and Sidney were both long and dusty, he preferred to ride on a stage heard consisted of one rabbit (the rather than walk out of camp. From the looks of things, unless business looker (a French cook), a boy and a picked up one means or the other dog. I once shot nine snipe at a shot, long. It was policy for Bill to humor were on the ground, and they were his partner. He went to the saloon shot for the pot. I have read of a keeper who had mashed the head of a sportsman (not Baron Munchausen) hawk and the buff breasted hawk are son river to the Helderbergs in the man with a bottle and told him he who shot a bumblebee and a butterfly would have to charge him \$100 instead right and left, and indeed sometimes a of \$25 to take charge of his case. When large bumblebee does for an instanthe client remarked something about taneous second look uncommonly like it being a holdup game and declined a distant advancing grouse, just as, to be robbed, the lawyer told him there | when on the alert for partridges, the was no defense, for the assault had fieldfares breasting the hedge often been unprovoked and \$100 would be cause a nervous twitch of the gun. was to be made by Bill.,

The trial was held in the office of the justice of the peace, and the room was packed. Preliminaries over, the justice asked who appeared for the dedoorway. He continued smoking, but made no other sign. When questioned. the prisoner said Bill was his counsel. "Do you appear for the defense, Counselor Hooper?" asked the justice.

"Nop." "The prisoner says you agreed to."

"He's mistaken." "Do you intend to take part in this

case?" "Nop." "Do you refuse to appear in this

case?" "Yep."

"Didn't see the color of his money,"

was the only comment of Bill. He and small "triantelope," as they called it.the justice were ancient enemies. The Chambers' Journal. latter thought he saw a chance to put the lawyer in a hole. He conferred with the prisoner and then fairly roared: "Hooper, you ought to be turned who discovers the north pole?" out of court and out of camp. The prisoner says he hired you to defend saver." him and took you for a man of your. word and depended on you and convulted nobody but you when there are then." Chie to News

plies of men in this camp what knows more law than you."

Bill waited till the justice exhausted himself and sank back in his chair. Puffing away at his cigar to be wouldn't have to waste more time and his smoking, he exclaimed:

"You see it was this way: Jim come money for nothing, but just to humor law and don't know a little bit."

"That's what I did," blandly remark-

ed Bill. "So you go 'round telling the boys I don't know nothing 'bout law, do you?" The crowd guffawed in chorus, either back to white. because Bill's estimate was common property or the expression of it by the remonstrated the conductor. justice himself gave them a chance to concur therewith. Here the temper of the money when I got on the car, butthe justice boiled over. He thumped but I swallowed it."

this court?" casm or implied insult, the justice re. St. Paul Giobe. though it was the first either had had peated his question. It called forth in weeks. Bill said he did it to en- this response: "Yes, I said just that, and, what's more, I believe it, too, and so does everybody in this camp. A

man can't get justice while"-Gasping with rage, the justice threw himself on top of the desk, whacking it credited to him on the church books. with his fists till the boards cracked Mr. T. was away for the summer and and delivered this decision: "I'll show on his return inclosed his arrears in you, you clubfoot duffer, that a man the envelope and intrusted it to Harcas get justice in this court; I'll show old to put on the plate. When the litthis camp what a liar you are, Bill tie boy came home from church, he Hooper-the prisoner's discharged."

released from custody paid Bill \$100, as he had promised, and then took the afraid of vigilantes.

Foiling the Common Enemy. The widow of an English army offier was visiting me with her son, a charming little fellow about five years old. The mother told me with pride how honorable he was, how high minded, and that she had never for an instant seen in him indications of any traits that were low or base.

the drawing room one evening before of a medium sized hazelnut, yet its dinner. The room was dark, the doors beauty and brilliancy rendered it a open, and my seat commanded a view marvel among the dilettanti of Rome, of both the stairway and the dining especially when it was known that the room. The table was set, and in the goldsmiths and money changers had center was a dish of tempting peaches. set its value at \$1,000,000.

the dining room, up to the table. Small for fear that it would be taken from more a character as she stands, life fingers selzed the topmost peach from him by sheer force sought safety in size, on canvas, in one of the parlors the dish, and the little fellow turned flight. Here history loses all trace of of the old Houghtaling mansion, just

and trotted away up stairs again. As I sat in the dark in an agony of ord of its transference from Nonius to apprehension there came again the any of his family. patter, patter of little feet, and a white clad figure stole down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining room, up to the table. Small fingers replaced the stolen peach just where it had been, and a stubborn little voice mut-

Freaks In Hunting. The biggest authenticated bag secured at one shot of which I have ever cause of the shot), one beater, one onwould have to be resorted to before but this was in South America. They

dirt cheap to get him off. Bill pointed | Curious circumstances sometimes ocout that the victim was likely to die, cur out shooting. A friend walking in in which event the place to which the line down a turnip field saw a startled ginmill man would go was not noted have running fast and staight toward for laying up treasures. Finally a bar- him up a furrow. He stood still, wait- Parsees, who are followers of Zoroasgain was made, with the understand- ing for her to turn, but the hare with ing that a hundred dollar fee would be her peculiar vision did not see him and paid if the case was dismissed or the ran her head plump against his shin, about 8,000 of them at the present advantage the gold rings on her finaccused went free; otherwise no charge killing herself and very seriously bruising his leg.—Fortnightly.

Poison of the Centined. The centiped is popularly supposed to carry a sting on each foot, but I ness. Catarrh of the stomach loads fense. No one answered. Everybody have several times handled them, after the stomach with tough phlegm and looked at Bill, who was standing in the their heads were removed without the interferes with digestion. Catarrh of their heads were removed, without the interferes with digestion. Catarrh of claws producing any result. It is the the gall bladder obstructs the outflow first pair of claws only that are ven- of the bile, which is absorbed into the omous, being hollow and provided with circulation and thus gives rise to jaunpolson bags like a snake's fang. The largest I ever saw was eleven inches gerous disease, from the difficulty of in length, a grewsome creature. A bite getting rid of the mucus. from one of this size would most likely have been fatal to a man in weak

health. The tarantula, though his powers of offense are nothing like those of the scorpion or centiped, is, however, a more unpopular character than either. The horror of these large spiders enter-"What do you mean, Counselor Hoop- tained by many people is curious and er, by taking a man's money and then unaccountable. I have seen Australian of the minute the old skinflint showed refusing to do your duty to your cli- bushmen, who in everyday life scarce- me the door."-New York Times. ly seemed to understand danger, turn white as a sheet at the sight of a

Favorable Point.

"Will there be any honor for the man "Certainly. He will be a great life

"A life saver?" "Yes. Explorers will cease going; HER CAR FARE.

Could Not Pay It.

the Rad It With Hor, and Yet The

She really intended paying her fare when she boarded the street car, for matches on it when ready to resume she had 10 cents saved from the bargain day scriminage, but the conductor happened to be a gentleman and by to me and wanted me to take this case. paying the fare himself saved her a I told him I didn't want to take his weary walk to the family residence. She had the 10 cents with her when him said he could give me a hundred she boarded the car, and she atill had if I got him off. I knew there was no the money when the conductor came use trying a case before this court and shrough on his trip for fares, but she didn't fool away my time fixing for it. did not pay the conductor. It was all It's just like I told Jim-a man can't the motorman's fault. With her arms get justice in this camp till we're rid full of bundles, she was compelled to of the duffer what thinks he knows hold the ten cent piece between her teeth. The motorman turned on the "You did, did you?" howled the jus- current, the car gave a jerk, and she gave a start.

"Fare, please," said the conductor, and she turned pale.

"I can't pay you," she stammered. going from white to red and from red "But I can't carry you for nothing,"

"I know it, but I can't help it. I had

his desk and yelled out, "Did you tell | A grouch on the other side of the ductor was a gentleman, and without "This is no court," was the comment. another word he pulled the register Without seeming to notice the sar- rope for another fare and passed on .-

### An Open Giver.

Harold's father was in the habit of giving a dollar a Sunday to the church. This was put in a numbered envelope in the collection plate and the amount said proudly: "I put an awful lot of Outside the office the man who was money on the plate this morning. More'n anybody else, I guess."

"You got the envelope there all next stage out of Deadwood, for he was right?" asked his father carelessly, for Harold had been almost afraid to carry so much money.

"Oh, yes," he said; "but I took the envelope off when I got there and just put the money on the plate in my hand. Nobody'd have known how much I gave if I'd left it in the en-

An Opal Worth a Million. The most famous opal in history was that which was worn in a ring by the The child was put to bed every night Roman senator Nonius in the day of at 6. We dined at 7. I was sitting in the triumvirate. Its size equaled that

Presently there came to my ears the | Mark Antony made overtures to Nopatter of little bare feet, and a child- nius for its purchase, intending, it is ish figure clad in a nightgown stole thought to present it to Cleopatra, but sonage, in the annals of the town down the stairs, through the hall, into the senntor refused to part with it and which bears her name, and is even this famous gem, there being no rec-

# Hawks' Eggs.

A peculiar fact in collecting birds' eggs is the wide difference in values of eggs of the same family of birds. For instance, there is the great family tered. "Done again, old devil!"-Har- of hawks. Some hawks' eggs are worth only a few cents each, and other hawks' eggs find a ready sale at \$3, \$5 and \$7 each. It makes a hundred dollar bill look dilapidated to buy a complete set of even western hawks' eggs. while a full set of all known hawks' eggs cost upward of \$600. The eggs of a marsh hawk, a red back hawk and a copper hawk may be bought for 20 cents each, and the broad winged hawk's eggs will bring \$4 each the world over. The eggs of Swainson's Island at the south, and from the Hudworth \$1.50 each.

# The Towers of Silence.

In Persia stand two towers called by the Parsee the Towers of Silence. According to the religion, they never bury their dead, but have the body exposed on the top of one of these towers until the sun and the rain and the fowls of black, with jeweled buckles. A jewelthe air have cleaned the bones of all flesh. The bones are then collected ter and very devout, have almost disap-

# Results of Catarrh.

Catarrh of the ears and catarrh of the Eustachian tubes often cause deafdice. Catarrh of the bladder is a dan-

### Time That Wasn't Money. The Grafter-Hustle Gage, the millionaire, is not a man of his word.

His Friend-How do you know? "Well, I asked him if he'd give me a minute of his time and he said he would. I'd figured it out that his income was \$40 a minute, but at the end

Overdoing It, Borus (who has just submitted manuscript)-You don't like it because it's somewhat facetious. You forget that 'a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." Naggus-Yes: but, blame it, Borus, this is all nonsense!--k-x-change.

True it is, and always has been, that cheerfulness is riches that cannot be taxed.-Ladies' Home Journal.

THE PURCTUATION POINTS.

Mr. Httle marks from school are vis. \* ry important, all agree, led to the brim wites mystery, ix little marks from school,

One little mark is recent and small. But where it stands the roles must fall. At the close of a melenies all Floor this little mark from school;

One little mark, with gown a trailing, Hokus up the voice, and, sever falling. Tells you not long to pause when salling This little mark from school;

If out of breath you change to meet. Two little dots, both round and meet. Pause and these tiny grandsman great. These little marks from school; :

When shorter planess are your pleasure. One trails his word—takes half the measure Thus speeds you on to neek his a transure! This little mark (new school: 1 One little mark car shaped, implies, "Keep up the voice,—await replies;" To salker information tries This sittle mark from someof; ?

One little mark, with an explanation, Presents itself to your observation, And leaves the voice at an elevation, This little mark from school: 1

Six little marks ? Passure to beed us: Carofully study, write, and read us; For you can never come to need us, ESIX little nurras from school! —Julia M. Coltan, in St. Nicholse,

## MOTHER COEYMANS.

With the glant Palisades, the roman tic Highlands, and still magical and mysterious Catakills left far behind the spirit of the fable and legend, the very soul of the Hudson river, would seem to have been lost sight of, and the valley further up would seem to be sleeping the eternal sleep, forgetful of the past.

Yet is there one anot about which clusters all of legend and romance which remains to this part of the valley of the Hudson. It seems to stretch out invisible, clutching fingers, striv-ing to catch and cling to the very porders of that enchanted country farther south which the memoirs of Diedrich Knickerbocker gave to history and to literature.

To the north, flowing down to foin the Hudson, is the veritable stream "where dwelt the singer who sang the song of Hiawathe." It is one of those watercourses of which Longfellow so charmingly writes:

You could trace them through the valley, By the rushing in the spring-time, By the alders in the aumuier, By the white fog in the autumn, By the black line in the winter.

To the east is the Hudson, choken with many islands, its narrow channel confined by disfiguring dykes. To the west, the Coeymans Palisudes rise abruptly 500 feet or more, claiming far off kinship with their counterparts so many miles away. To the south, on clear days, the faint, cloud-like outlines of the Catskill mountains appear, grow clearer perhaps as one gazes, begin to waver, to diminish, to rise and float in air, and finally to disappearmagic mountains as they are. And in the midst of this would be part of mystery land the animating spirit is that of Mother Coeymans.

Though born over 200 years ago, she

outside the village. The cauvas, which is very large, so much so as to necessitate a seam in the fabric, is framed in narrow black and is much battered and disfigured by the wear and tear of two centuries. Both knife and bullet have marred what little beauty the picture might once have had, and their ravages are only partly concealed by the skilful artist, who renovated the canvas sometime during the last quarter of a century, since it descended to its present

The picture, which aside from rents and jabs is well preserved, represents Mother Coeymans, a lean, hard-featured, Holland Dutch woman of perhaps fifty years, standing decked in all the finery of the daughter of Barent Pleterse Coeymans, owner under letterspatent from Queen Anne of that vast tract of fertile land extending from Beverywyck, or New Orange to Baeren west. So it is in magnificent array that the daughter of so important personage as the old Patentee hands herself down to posterity; magnificent in a gown of gray and black whose flowing sleeves are lace-trimmed, and whose skirt, bordered with gold lace, is quite short enough to show high heeled, pointed-toed shoes of shining ed girdle clasps her gaunt figure, and wide chain of curious gold links encircles her bare, thin neck. One hand. stiffly extended at the side, holds a full-blown rose, after the fashion of portraits of the time, while the other gers. From her smooth, lustreless hair, one coal black lock escapes and arranges itself fancifully over her

shoulder. All this, however, in merest detail; for any interest the portrait inspires must centre on the grim, hard face that surmounts so much magnificence. Those keen, piercing little black eyes and that narrow forehead, above a prominent nose, high cheek bones, and thin, wide, set lips, tell the story of her character better than any tradi-

tion or history could do. Hard fisted as well as hard featured haughty, vain, unloving, unlovely, unloved, poor old Arriantle Cocymansi It seems almost cowardly to fling these epithets back at her across the centuries, when she cannot answer contempt with pride, and criticism with scorn, as she most assuredly would

have done in life. For these many years, the beady black eyes have gazed, unwinking, not only at, but th ough and beyond the beholder. Wherever one moves, those steady eyes follow, not with any interest but with a monotonous, unsesing stare that ignores one's personality and takes in unheeding, the wall at one's back; and traveling through that also, passes on and still on. Yet that steady gaze is directed straight toward. an old stone house, down by the river side; and if from that spot the eyes in the picture could be seen, there, I bethey would seem to rest, and the unseeing gase to go no farther.

For the old house on the river bank was the home of Mother Congress 

children. Tradition at it that an im-perintended the building at the bound doing rough mason; wort with her own hands, until the figure were work to the scoot. One can easily believe it

in looking at her portrait.

As a matter of sober fact, however, so thing is known about the countries tion of the house except that the bricks and illes and some other of the materials were brought in her father's ship from Holland

ship from Holland.

The house itself is large, built of a cough brownish atone, quarried near the spot, and generously variegated with the addinantime coment or plaster of that sime which so successfully defies the years and the elements. It would be a three-storied house if the irregular height and arrangement of the windows would negate to a plantage. the windows would permit of any such inodern classification. The windows are disposed according to a most capricious farrey, which might well have been a woman's, and the rooms lasked necessarily accommodate themselves to

The front doorway opens into a spa-clous hall, leading to the broad and solid stair case which money have well stan accorded with the substantial burgers who traversed it in the old days. The great rooms, neither low or yet low 7750 attacked, all have the old time half ac. doors, swinging open at top or bottom. "9.50 and on the appear floor the messive oak beaus are risible overhead. Here, A.M.—1936 in the great house chimney, is the little as 1930 9:15.7 room where the atores of smoked and F.M.—1936 as dried meats were kept. Here are quar-ters of the slaves who once tilled the fertile acres, worked the valuable a quarries, and salled the sloops up and down the great river. Here is the room where the portrait

originally hung, and where tradition falls 17:45 would have us believe it siways re CHARLOTTE AND turned if removed to the attle er to another room. Here is the attle itself, and here the stairway down watch the 15.00 pleture was said to thump, thump, on its way back to that room, on the wall Arrive 14.00 pleture the next morning's light 14.00 16.00

would see it hanging, From this, the house came to be re-puted as haunted, tenants were hard to find and to keep, and the sincepay portrait, in four rather than in love, was allowed to hang through the years in its original place. When finally, riddled and torn, it was removed to its present abliting place by its owner, a descendant of Peter Cocymans, a brother of Arrientje, it was a matter of some curiosity on the part of the floughtaling family to see if any nocturnal disturbance would distinguish the entrance of the portrait on a new stage of its existence. No disturbance occurred, and apparently well actioned with her present surroundings and her skillfully-mended garments, Mother Coeymans stands untiring with her gase directed toward the old mottled stone house, so long her home.

There, where the roaring torrest of spring, or the trickling streamlet of summer, came down beside her very doorway, the years of her life peaced by and went out. Stormy years, we may believe, if human nature were then what it is now, and the tale told by her eyes and brow be true.

ried David Ver Planck, a man twenty years her junior, who could never have loved her, for during her lifetime he chose the woman who afterward became his second wife, and could only have married old, ugly Miss Coeymans for her wast possessions which he could reasonably be sure would one day be

Conging as she must have done to outlive her unfaithful husband, and knowing that her cherished belongings would otherwise one day become the property of her hated rival, it is easy to imagine the grim old woman defying age and death, just as her pictured form and her house have successfully deded the centuries.

But after holding her recreant has band in unwilling bondage for over twenty years, she finally succumbed to the grim Destroyer at the age of seventy-one; and, oh! bitterest sting of Death, her jewels and line clothing became the property of her supplenter, whose grandchildren many times removed now boast of their descent from "Mother: Conymens"—Adelaide Yor-

Frutarians are the latest noverry in the world of cranks. They are ascetic beings who consider modern civilization far too luxurous, and therefore agree to live upon nothing but fruit and water to live in here huts without any comforts and wear as little clothing as possible. The so-clety is headed by a retired German lieutenant, who has gone to the Band. wich Islands to found a colony in some out-of-the-way spot, where his dis-ciples can follow out their doctrines andisturbed.

Origin of "Strike." An early use of the word "strike occurs in the London Chronicle for 1765. In the September of that year are numerous references to a great Si suspension of labor in the northern coalfield, and the coillers are stated to have "struck out" for a higher bounty before entering into their manal yearly and "bond." In confirmation of Mr. Les. 4: ton Blenkinsopp's statement at the last reference, it may be added that the strike is twice called a "stlok." (London Chronicle, October 8, 10)

"Mme: Blench her lovented a con plexion that is going to bring an im mense fortune to her "Does it make one fair as a lily in one application Pooh, no; it makes you look as sun burned and freckled as if you'd been away for the whole summer."—Chicago Inter Ocean

Country man (to dential) - 7 won pay nothin extra for gas. Just yank her out if it does hurt Dentist "You are plucky air. me see the tooth." Countrypan-"Oh tale's me the got the toothache, it's my wife. be here in a minute."-The Waterway

74:15. 3.34.7:40

R. W. & C. DIVISO