

# THE JUDGE'S LOVE



"May I read your palm, sir?"

The scene was a large brilliantly lighted hall in the city of Minneapolis. Judge Robert Underwood paused in his walk through the crowded bazaar and, glancing in the direction of the voice, saw just before him a prettily dressed tent with a trio of palmists busily engaged in plying their art. The speaker, of whom nothing was visible save a pair of large brown eyes, the rest of her figure being carefully shrouded in lace, so arranged as to conceal all identity, gave him an earnest look in which he fancied for a moment a gleam of recognition dawned. But the eyelids drooped as he drew near and seating himself at the little table he extended his shapely hand.

"Your life," began the palmist, "is a long and successful one; you have overcome difficulties by a strong will and indomitable energy, and are now wealthy, prominent and beloved. Ambition prompted you to marry a lady of wealth and station, but death claimed her after a few years; you have never filed her place, but often you are lonely and the memory of a boyish first love comes back to you, and the brown-haired girl you are sobbing in the distant Eastern State, as the train bore you away to seek your fortune, brings a pang of regret. She waited long for him who never came, but mark ye, sir, you will meet again. Within a twelve-month she will become your bride, and the best years of your life are yet to come.

In the library of his beautiful home that night he gave himself up to the memory of his first love, sweet Alice Holden. How dear she had been until ambition had driven her image from his mind. Twenty years ago, and now he was a man of forty, a well preserved man, with only a touch of gray showing at the temples, and Alice was five years younger. Only a slip of a girl when he had left her, a woman of 35 now.

"I will find her," he said, "and if she is free she shall be mine."

Two days later saw the Judge speeding back to his native town, where he found only a few of his childhood friends remaining. From these he learned that Alice, upon the death of her parents, had left the country village to earn her living as a teacher in a Western seminary, no one could tell him where.

The week that followed was a busy one. Returning one night from a day spent at court, as he stepped from an uptown car, a pocketbook slipped apparently unnoticed from its owner and fell at his feet. The car sped on, and stooping he tucked it in an inner pocket, mentally resolving to advertise it on the morrow. He dismissed it from his mind until later in the evening, in dressing gown and slippers, a fragrant Havana between his lips, he opened the pretty trifling slip of Russian leather, and a bill of small dimension, some silver coin and an old-fashioned photograph met his gaze. Idly he glanced at the pictured face, then with an exclamation of amazement he sprang to his feet, switched on more light and looked again. It was his own smooth, boyish face. Unable to believe his eyes, he turned the card over, and there, in his own handwriting were the words, "Robert to Alice—Mizpah." "Alice, sweet Alice; my first love," whispered the Judge; "I have found you. Fate has been kind to me."

On the lining of the pocketbook was printed in small gilt letters Alice Holden, the Thorndike, Radcliffe terrace. The next morning the Judge boarded a car and sped on through the great city out beyond where comparative quiet reigned. He found the Thorndyke to be a modest apartment house. His heart stood still; his quest was ended, but how would he be received after all these years? He would soon know, for he but advanced and knocked boldly. A sweet feminine voice bade him enter, and the Judge never forgot the picture that met his gaze. A simple room in its appointments, but how homelike! Plants blooming in the windows, a bird singing in its cage, bright colored mats, a writing desk, a bookcase, and there sitting before an open fire, was the love of his youth, brown-eyed, brown-haired, the same fair cheeks and red lips, only more lovely. The girl had matured into a most beautiful woman.

"Alice," he cried, "I have come back to you."

The woman, who had risen and stood flushing and paling by turns, stretched out both hands in greeting. The hour that followed was a happy one; each had much to relate, and at its close the man pleaded humbly for the love that now meant so much to him.

"Let the future years prove my devotion," he said, and she whispered with trembling lips:

"I have loved but you."

"Fate has been very kind to me," he said later; "fate in the form of a palmist and a pocketbook."

She smiled and her eyes hid themselves behind long lashes. The smile lingered long after his retreating foot had been stepped away. "I was not Fate," she said, "but she shall be. I dropped the purse at his feet, and it was justice the woman."

## AMERICAN DISASTERS.

### Chronology of Calamities Our Country Has Suffered.

1835, Dec. 18—Great fire at New York, in which 674 houses and many public edifices were burned; loss estimated at \$20,000,000.

1870, Sept. 10—Many lives lost and a vast amount of property destroyed by floods in Virginia and Maryland.

1871, Oct. 7-11—Chicago nearly destroyed by fire, about 250 persons burned, 98,500 rendered homeless, property loss, \$290,000,000, flames consumed 25,000 buildings.

1876, Dec. 5—Brooklyn theatre burned and 295 lives lost.

1881, Sept. 5—Forest fires in Michigan destroy 500 persons and render 10,000 homeless.

1884, Feb. 18—Tornadoes in Southern States kill 600.

1885, Nov. 13—Fire at Galveston, Tex., 70 houses burned.

1886, Aug. 31—Earthquake wrecks Charleston, S. C. and kills 90 persons.

1888, Jan. and March—Snow storm and blizzard throughout country and 500 persons.

1889, May 31—Johnstown (Pa.) flood, nearly 6000 lives lost by the bursting of a dam.

1894, Forest fires in the Northwest kill 400.

1899, Sept. 12—Flood at Galveston, Tex., 3000 lives and causes \$20,000,000 damage to property.

1903, Feb. 29—Theaters in Chicago burned and 700 lives lost.

1904, Feb. 7—Conflagration at Chicago destroyed 2500 buildings causing a loss of \$50,000,000.

1904, June 15—Steamer *Queen Elizabeth* sunk in East River and 938 lives.

1906, April 18—Earthquake in San Francisco causing considerable loss of life and property.

### Inaccessible Forests.

Nearly all of the northern and eastern part of Guatemala is covered with a dense tropical forest, consisting of mahogany, different kinds of cedar, pine and other hard woods. Along streams down which logs can be floated much of the mahogany has been cut, but as yet very little of the other woods have been marketed. This is especially true of the departments of Peten, Alta Verapaz and Izabal.

Most of the forests still belong to the government and the usual method of securing the timber is by concession, by which a certain number of trees are cut at a given price per tree, or a stipulated sum is paid for the timber or given tract. It is not an easy matter to get titles to large tracts of land in Guatemala, as it is discouraged by the government. These concessions are not usually granted for a longer period than five years. Sometimes it is stipulated that if a certain number of trees are cut during that time they must be renewed.

The pine forests are limited, being in the mountainous country principally and inaccessible. Most of the lumber used comes from the United States, principally from California. The forests of this country are generally so inaccessible that the railroad companies import coal, because it is difficult for them to get enough firewood.

### Railways in Algerian Desert.

The opening of the railroad from South Oraso to Bechar, a distance of 445 miles into the interior, was the most interesting event of the year 1905. Considering the great difficulties encountered, not the least of which was the scarcity of water, the line being entirely through a desert, the construction was rapid. The last section, from Ben Zireg to Bechar, was built in ten months, and the roadbed is solid enough to permit of a speed of fifty miles an hour. This section is thirty-two miles long. The most remarkable result of the building of this line has been the rapid pacification of the country traversed. At Ben Zireg, a station for the oasis of Fling, near which the Governor-General and his escort were attacked by brigands less than two years ago, a market has been established which did a business of over \$2,000,000 in 1904 and 1905. All the stations along the line have been fortified, so that any attempt at organized robbery can be immediately suppressed.—United States Consular Reports.

### House of Ghosts.

There is an old manor house at Knarsborough, England, parts of which were built 700 years ago. It is a fine place, with magnificent paneling in the rooms, a beaustead in which Cromwell once slept, a priests' hiding place and a ghost. The priests' hiding place is concealed by a spring door. The present occupant of the house says that during the night sounds of footsteps are heard on the landing and it is impossible to keep the door of this room closed. On one occasion the footsteps were accompanied by a loud bump at the door of another room. During some recent restorations the skeleton of a woman was found buried at the foot of a staircase.

Mr. Balfour once spoke of "an empty theatre of unsympathetic auditors." and Lord Curzon congratulated his party on the circumstance that, though not out of the woods, we have good news.

A new magazine is to tell you just what is in all the other magazines. The new editor will not have to work very hard.—Denver Republican.

## Training the Badger

"I have often wondered," said the man who was fond of animals, "why the 'nature fakirs' don't give more attention to the badger. He is a most interesting animal, full of character and temperament. Once when I was younger, I was book-keeper at a grading camp a few miles south of Pueblo, Col. One day the contractor appeared in camp, bringing a badger which he had caught."

Jack Goring was the commissary man. He had followed camp life for twenty years and had developed into one of the worst cranks I ever saw. But for some reason he was greatly tickled with this badger. Just before I dropped off to sleep that night he informed me in an off-hand way that he would teach the badger to shake hands before 10 o'clock the next morning. But when morning came the badger was missing. Goring felt bad. "It's a confounded shame," he said. "I took a liking to that cuss and was going to give him a nice easy time. Let's look for him, perhaps he's around the camp yet."

He spent two or three hours hunting for the badger and when he finally gave it up said mournfully: "It's a shame, the poor little thing may starve. When he returned in the night he left a piece of fresh beef beside the commissary door. In the morning he said that the hungry little beast might find it."

The next morning I was awakened before the proper time by Goring's voice raised in loud and picturesque words. "Look at that," said he, and he pointed to a hole in the ground just outside the tent. Then he took me into the tent and showed me another hole just under his desk. The nerve of him roared. Jack, then I put meat out for him and done everything I could for him. He is in that hole and there's a five pound piece of bacon in there with him. I come in just in time to see him go away with it."

The cold ingratitude of the badger seemed to strike Goring to the heart and turn all his kindness to gall. He hunted up two palls and spent most of the forenoon jugging water from the ditch and pouring it into holes. Every time he emptied a pail he would pick up a club and watch the hole, ready for the badger to dash out. But the badger didn't dash and finally Goring threw the palls at the hole and went off angry.

After dinner I started across the commissary tent to the sleeping tent, and my foot went through to me. Goring started toward me and he went through with both feet to his great and blasphemous surprise. Then we noticed little round holes at different parts of the dirt floor. The badger was busily at work undermining us.

Next morning a big piece of beef had disappeared. We gravely asked Goring to please put out a nice lunch for the poor beast that night. Jack did nothing then or all day. He appeared to be thinking. When night came he opened his mouth long enough to tell me that he would show me the badger's skin next morning.

Some time in the middle of the night I was awakened by an unearthly racket. I leaped out and found Jack and the badger enjoying a tete-a-tete in the commissary tent. The badger was in his hole, all except his head. Jack was on his knees, and between the two was a full side of salt pork that must have weighed twenty pounds. Both Jack and the badger had firm hold of opposite sides, and they were talking to each other. Their remarks were so loud that they aroused the whole camp. How long the show would have continued I can't say if Jack hadn't forgotten that he was barefoot and aimed a heavy kick straight at the badger's flat head. He remembered just too late, tried to kick both ways at the same time, and the badger snapped at that bare foot. Jack yelled and jerked. The pork came easy and Jack turned a new kind of somersault. We were holding ourselves in all kinds of positions, some of us rolling on the floor too weak to make a single sound, gasping for breath. It was then that Jack perceived, as he felt the first time. He said not one word, just hiked back to bed. The next morning he moved all the meat down to the cook's shack.

"I know when I'm licked," said he; "I'll let the cook have part of the fun."

Toothless Saws.

An explanation of the manner in which a soft steel disk revolving at a high velocity cuts hard steel has recently been sought with the aid of microscopic inspection. The result corroborates the view hitherto held, that the material acted upon is heated at the place of contact to the fusing-point and then brushed away. The high temperature appears to be confined very narrowly to the point of contact, so that a thin gash is cut. The temperature of the revolving disk does not rise so high, because of the large surface area of the disk. The part of the disk in contact is continually changing, while the frictional energy is concentrated on a very small area of the material subjected to its action.—Yorke's Companion.

## SNAKES AT \$20 A FOOT.

### Big Ones Consequently Come High—Some Snakes Sold by the Pound.

"Snakes," said a dealer in wild animals and reptiles, "increase in value out of all proportion to their size. So while you could buy a seven-foot python for \$12 you couldn't begin to buy one of twice that length for twice that price. A fourteen-foot python would be worth \$150, and a python twenty-five feet in length would cost \$500."

"Some sorts of smaller snakes are regularly sold by the pound, and we sometimes buy big snakes in that way for sailors that bring them in on ships coming from snake countries. We weigh the big snake in a bag and pay so much a pound for it."

"But big snakes are not sold in that way by dealers, nor are they sold by the foot, though, of course, the length governs the snake's value. Of two snakes of the same length one might be worth more money than the other, for snakes vary in their physical characteristics just as human beings do and their prices vary accordingly. "Of two big snakes of the same length and the same thickness one might weigh fifty pounds more than the other, and then of two big snakes of the same length, the other was thicker and bulkier and as between these two, other things being equal, the bulkier snake would be worth more, because it would make the more striking and imposing show."

"Thus, while the length does govern, it is not the only thing to be taken into account and so big snakes are sold neither by the pound nor by the foot, but at prices fixed on each individual snake."

"We import annually hundreds of big snakes, the great majority of them ranging in length between seven and twenty feet. The very biggest snakes are becoming scarcer and more difficult to obtain. Our collector in India, while in the course of that time he has gathered many big snakes has in the last six months obtained but one, snake measuring twenty-five feet in length."

Big snakes and little ones are sold in zoological parks and to show people all over the country. For the very largest snakes the demand is greater than the supply."

### Carpet-Makers in Society

Year by year English society seems to be getting more businesslike, and how it is interesting to note that several well-known people have gone in for the carpet industry, says the London Tatler. An American contemporary has just described a number of people who have taken up carpet making as a hobby. The Duchess of Sutherland has started carpet making at Halmadale in Sutherlandshire and this enterprise has found work for many women whose source of income has been diminished by the failure of the fishing on the Highland coasts. Then the Earl of Pembroke has started a carpet factory at Wilton on strictly business lines. The Earl of Randon and Sir John Poynder have joined in the scheme, and a small private company has been formed with a capital of £250,000. Axminster carpets of fine quality are produced which cost about six guineas to every square yard, and each of these yards contains about 186,000 knots of wool. Viscount De Vesci of the Irish Juards has founded a carpet factory at Abbey Leix, his place in Queen's county, Ireland.

### Early and Late Cities.

There are early cities and late cities. Vienna is in bed by 11—though, oddly, a Wiener cafe in Germany is a cafe that is open all night long. Madrid never goes to bed at all. To this writer in New York a waiter averred, at the breakfast table, that the latest supper he had served was at 8 a. m. But what will happen if the closing hour in London is placed at 11? It is a sum that may be worked out on your fingers. The play that ends at 10 must begin soon after 5. And there comes the backward shove of meals. We must eat our dinner at 5 (if theatre and supper are still to be taken), and thus return to the fashion that was out of date when Tom Brown was at Oxford—the fashion that the late King of Denmark loved. Supper will be over and almost forgotten by 11. Then nothing will be left but bed. And the shift of hours may bring us back to the early rising of our forefathers, when Papsy thought nothing of being afoot by 4 in the morning.

### Church Curtained Steeple.

The historic St. Bride's Church, the aged vicar of which recently died, had the novel experience of having its steeple shortened on two occasions. The steeple, which is considered to be one of Wren's masterpieces, was originally 234 feet high, and, with the exception of St. Paul's Cathedral, was the highest spire in London. It was struck by lightning in 1754—not the first time in its history—and as a result of the damage was reduced to 228 feet. A few years ago it became expedient, owing to the action of the weather to slice off several feet more and to strengthen the structure generally. The steeple of the original church, destroyed by the great fire, had never claimed to be a tower; one of the spires had a bell-chamber fitted up in it, in order that he might depend on the poor the money it would cost to live in a rectory.—London Mail.

## Looking for Trouble

Doris pushed up the dark pompadour that seemed so strange to her every time she looked in the glass, for the hundredth time that long, hot afternoon. Trade was at standstill and she had plenty of time to think things over.

What was she there for? Why hadn't she been satisfied with things that appeared all right? Gossip always said horrid things of even the best people, and a maid's story? Truly she was a fit subject for the fool-killer! If he ever caught her here! No man could be blamed for hating a woman who did not trust him and took such an underhand way of proving it! Most girls would be glad of such an attractive and desirable lover without investigating too closely, anyway. Men were all ways—

The rapid chug of a motor interrupted her musings, and her listless glance from the window straightened her at once. No good to call herself a fool and vow that she would not come back tomorrow. Harry Lawrence, her all-but affianced husband, was coming down the aisle of the off-named Bohemian restaurant, where she was masquerading at the cashier's desk in apprehension herself. Hands went up to her head again. She wondered frantically if different hair and different clothes did change one so much. But he passed her with only a glance and went down to where the proprietor stood. Report had it that he owned this restaurant and—

But he was coming back. He sat down at a nearby table and ordered a fancy drink and an ice-cream. Then he glanced up. He met her blue eyes with that same smile that he gave Doris Miles, the "hell-s" that frank, boyish smile that had always argued his case better than his words. Then he said "Bring the bill, the cashier the same. She looks roasted." Poor Doris felt that she probably did and kept still. All her courage was coming back. She had come here to find out things and she would.

When it came he motioned her to join him at the table. She hesitated for a moment, but the proprietor smilingly nodded. "It's all right, we are not busy," he said affably. "Mr. Lawrence is a very old customer."

Doris sat down at the table, growling hot and cold by turns. Harry Lawrence smiled that delightful smile again. "It must be fierce sitting up there in that hot little box!"

"There are things worse and of course, things better," she replied. "Better! I should say yes! I always pity a woman that works like that. There are so much easier ways of living. Women were not meant to work—pretty ones, anyway."

"No?" Her blood was boiling, but she was enjoying the game now. "Indeed no. Didn't you know that that was nature's fixed law of reciprocity—that men should provide the wherewithal and women the pleasures of life?"

"I don't know much philosophy, she answered slowly. "But I do know that I must work to live."

"You?" He laughed, little contemptuously. "Why, my dear, with your face and those little white hands, why, child, it's a crime!"

"What do you say?" he said, leaning forward confidentially. "Come out for a run in the motor tonight. Ever been in one? No? Well, you'll like it. It will be a change for you. Your mother? Oh, that will be all right. I'll take you home early, of course. Don't thank me. I like to help a pretty girl. You can thank me tonight."

Doris glanced at the clock. It was 6 and her relief was already taking her hat off. She pinned on her own and went swiftly out her head held very high and her lips compressed.

The little cashier failed to materialize at the tray, and Mr. Lawrence found a message from Miss Milan at the club. When he presented himself an hour later he found her sitting alone in the dark in her little private salon.

"I have sent for you," she began gently, "to answer a question that you have often asked me."

"Doris!" He tried to take her hand.

"I had been hearing things about you, Harry, that I could not believe until I investigated myself, and I found—"

"Found that I was innocent, didn't you, sweetheart?" His voice was light and gay, and she could almost see that boyish smile.

"I found—" She moved away from him and switched on the light. —the figure before him wore the robes and had the bearing of Doris Milan, but the golden hair was dark and pompadoured, and—he knew the little cashier.

"Doris!" he cried. "You? Such chicanery! You believe—"

"Believe, I know. This is your answer and more. I will marry a laborer in the streets before I will marry a man in your class. Good-night."

He stared after her for a moment, then went rapidly and angrily through the hall. He met Doris maid face to face and she smiled. Of course that respectable French woman knew that had helped her. He stood a moment on the steps. "Hang a woman," he muttered, "always looking for trouble." Then he turned his motor toward a certain restaurant.

## LARGEST GREEN DIAMOND.

### Prince of Wales' Apple Green Gem Found in South Africa.

One of the unique stones is an apple green diamond owned by the present Prince of Wales. It was discovered in South Africa, and is the largest stone of the shade in the world. Apple green is a very rare and precious species. It was found two and a half years ago and weighs three and a half carats. The value placed upon it by connoisseurs is \$8,000, but it is practically a priceless jewel, as the Prince of Wales would not part with it for anything. The ordinary price of a diamond is \$150 a carat weight, and on that basis of valuation the Prince's stone would be worth only about \$500; but its rare shade is its charm.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Teachers in Philippines.

Salaries paid school teachers in the Philippines range from \$900 to \$2,000, and from \$1,500 to \$2,500 for division superintendents. A candidate must pass examination in a thesis, penmanship, arithmetic, English, geography, history and civil government of the United States, physiology and hygiene, nature study and drawing, science of teaching, and experience, training and general fitness. There is quite a severe medical test as to physical fitness to stand the climate.

### An Ancient Bell.

The bell which Gov. Migueal A. Otero found at the old mission fort of Alagadones, N. M., was made, presumably in Spain, in 1355, and was taken to Alagadones, N. M., by a Catholic priest who accompanied the invading army of Coronado in 1527. It has been at Alagadones ever since. What is more remarkable, no one outside the little village, where it has been ringing nearly 400 years, knew of its existence until Gov. Otero found it.

### Public Lavatories in England.

The public works committee of Birmingham, England, in submitting to the city council a proposition for the reconstruction of an additional underground lavatory, etc., announces that where small charges are made there are profit possibilities in conveniences of this kind. The committee said that the four underground lavatories, etc., were paying the city a net profit of \$2,433 a year.

### Queer Siamese Justice.

In Siam, when there is a question at law between two parties and a scarcity of witnesses to establish the truth in the case, it is customary to resort to the water test. Both parties are required to dive simultaneously into deep water, and the one that stays the longest under is adjudged the truth teller and gets the verdict.—Exchange.

### Good Selling Points.

An exchange says the Japanese soldier has muscles like whipcords, is a sure shot, has a good eye for landmarks, sleeps only three hours out of the twenty-four, is cleanly and patriotic, and costs the nation only nine cents a day. Sounds as if some big department store had just received a whole lot of Japanese soldiers and was bound to have a run on them.—Buffalo Express.

### Railroad Up Gray's Peak.

A new railroad, planned to scale Gray's Peak, near Dillon, Col., will attain a height of at least 300 feet greater than the road which climbs Pikes Peak. The new road will tap an important mining area, the Georgetown district, and will be a feeder for both the Colorado and Southern and the Denver and Rio Grande railroads.

### A Remarkable Career.

A remarkable veteran soldier in England is Lord Chelmsford, now 77 years old, but appearing like a man in the 50s. It is 60 years since he entered the army, and he is among the now thinned ranks of those who served before Sebastopol. He was in the Mutiny, and later experiences were his in the Abyssinian, in the Kaffir and then in the Zulu wars.

### Lily of the Valley Poisonous.

In spite of its beauty, the lily of the valley is denounced by scientists on the ground that both the stalks and the flowers contain a poison. It is risky to put the stalks into one's mouth, as if the sap happens to get into even the tiniest crack in the lips it may produce swelling, often accompanied by pain.

### Bank for Workingmen.

To encourage working people to establish homes of their own, Norway has founded a bank for working men. It lends money at 3% and 4 per cent, and gives the borrower 42 years in which to pay the loan. The total cost of the house must not exceed \$160, and the area of land must not be more than five acres.

### The Kaiser an Early Riser.

The Emperor of Germany usually rises about 5 o'clock and generally to be found in his workroom at 6 o'clock. First there is served to him a cup of tea or bouillon and a sandwich. Then, lighting a cigar, he reads over such clippings from newspapers and magazines published all over the world as are deemed worthy of his attention.

### Impressions About Rubber.

The general impression prevails that rubber is a product like wheat or corn to be obtained from a given tree. The idea is quite erroneous. It has been estimated that 1,000 different species contain rubber, though commercial quantities have been obtained from only 40 or 50.

### Sir Thomas Linton has an Italian

friendhood as well as his English baronetcy.