# The .... Rogue's March.

By **E. W. HORNUNG,**

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I—Thomas Erickson, a young Englishman, has lost the money with which he was to pay his passage out to India. He lends Captain Blaydes £5, the amount of his passage money, and in return gets a worthless check which leaves him penniless. He confesses his error to Claire Harding, his boyhood sweetheart. II—James Edward William Daintree is in love with Claire. III—Tom finds out that captain Blaydes is paying attention to Claire and is to be at her house that night. He vows to have satisfaction from Blaydes, but promises Claire that he will not seek Blaydes for two weeks. Tom meets Blaydes a few moments later and demands his £5. IV—Blaydes draws a sword cane on Tom, who smashes it with a heavy stick which he carries. Blaydes has not the money, but gives Tom his gold watch, and Tom signs an agreement to pawn the watch and give the ticket to Blaydes. Tom leaves and is accosted by a deformed man, who asks the time. The next morning Blaydes is found brutally murdered beside the stile where he had been talking to Tom. V—Blaydes has been robbed of everything, among which the newspapers mention the gold watch which was really given to Tom. Tom had stopped for the night at the house of the man who was driving the coach at the time Tom met Blaydes. He is accused by the coachman of being the murderer. He escapes and disguises himself, but is afraid of pawn the watch. VI—Tom spends the night in a boathouse and next day is invited into the house of a small, fat gentleman, the owner, who does his best to make him feel at home. He is betrayed by this man into the hands of the police for the murder of Blaydes. VII—Claire believes him guilty. Mr. Harding hires a lawyer to see Tom. The lawyer thinks Tom is guilty and insults him in his cell. Tom throws him out. VIII—Claire gets Daintree to retain Bassett, one of the best criminal lawyers in England, to plead Tom's cause. IX—Tom is held for the next criminal sessions court. X—Claire's maid has overheard the conversation between Claire and Tom on the night of the murder, when Tom swore he would get even with Blaydes if he had to kill him to do it. The maid compels Claire to give her some of her jewels as hush money. XI—Tom is convicted of murder in the first degree. XII—Tom is placed in the condemned cell. XIII—Tom's sentence is commuted to transportation for life. XIV—Claire's engagement to Daintree is announced. The latter's father warns Claire's father against Daintree. XV—Tom, as a convict in Australia, is bound out to the Sullivans, a peculiar and harsh family, who live far in the interior at a place dubbed Castle Sullivan. XVI—Tom meets the cook, Peggy O'Brien. Nat Sullivan, who is in love with her, becomes insanely jealous. Tom finds a man giving stolen goods in exchange for some liquor. Later the man is caught and given fifty lashes. He believes that Tom "peached." XVII—Nat Sullivan is foiled by Tom in a scheme by which the latter would have been flogged. Later in the night he meets Peggy with Nat and accuses him indirectly of the trick. Peggy sides with Tom, and Nat attempts to strike her. Tom knocks him down. XVIII—Tom is sentenced to fifty lashes. He breaks away and knocks old man Sullivan down, but is caught and gets a hundred. XIX—Peggy visits Tom in his cell and brings food and assists him to escape to the sea. XX—Tom joins a band of bushrangers and agrees to take part in a raid on the Sullivan place in the clothes of the former chief of the band. XXI—The raid is nipped in the bud by a troop of soldiers. Tom is pursued, but escapes. He is afterward caught and admits himself an escaped convict. XXII—Tom is put to work on an iron gang. XXIII—Tom is taken as a butler by Daintree, the man who paid for his defense during the trial. XXIV—Tom finds out that Daintree has a wild, ungovernable temper. XXV—Daintree tells Tom that he is engaged and that his fiancee is on her way over then. XXVI—Daintree forces Tom to take a wife from the convict marriage market. He finds Peggy O'Brien and takes her, but tells her that he is not going to make her his wife, as his master only wants a servant. —The ship bearing the bride comes in.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

TOM had done well to stay behind. There was so much to make ready that none of the others knew where to begin until he showed them. At his best in most emergencies, he was resolved to strain every nerve in this one and so perhaps show some little gratitude at last. The opportunity was unique. Tom seized it with characteristic ardor.

He began by putting Mrs. Fawcett on her mettle, invented the dinner for her and got old Fawcett out of his wife's way by sending him to a neighboring nursery for the asparagus and the green peas. Peggy he set to work to make the beds, while he himself gathered flowers for the table, flowers for the ladies' rooms, flowers for the veranda upon which the bride must tread. The new flag, bought for this day, had never been unpacked. It was soon flying bravely from the flagstaff on the lawn. And by 5 o'clock Tom had his table exquisitely laid, but it was nearly 7 before the curricle lamps shone through the open gate and the horses swept up to the veranda, where Tom stood in ardent readiness.

He had spent the interim in arraying himself most carefully in all his menial finery, in shaving for the second time that day, in laying out his master's evening clothes, in gathering the books which had been left upon the shore, in reading and re-reading the poem that expressed his case, in talking to Peggy and in thinking of Claire.

The whole situation put him sadly in mind of Claire, but he was not thinking of her as the horses trotted up. He had forgotten all about her when he heard her voice. Next moment the curricle bridged the stream of lamplight issuing from the hall. And Tom stood among the roses he had strewn, silhouetted against the doorway, without moving hand or foot or once lifting his unseen gaze from Claire Harding's face.

What followed seemed to be happening to another man. Daintree cried to him, and he helped the ladies to get down. He touched her hand. Their eyes never met. Daintree jumped down and led Claire on his arm through the roses. Fawcett came up, the curricle was gone, and Tom stood alone in the drive, watching the ladies go upstairs within, followed by their maid and Daintree, and after that he stood watching the staircase until Daintree ran down it and had him by both hands.

"You dear, good fellow, you have thought of everything!" he cried. "You couldn't have done more if you'd been the happy man yourself, and I shall never forget it—especially the flowers."

"Nor I," cried Tom bitterly.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You might have told me who it was, sir. I recognized Miss Harding at once. Her family used to come to our village for the shooting, and her father was my father's enemy. It's hard for me to meet her like this after that. I'd have run away if I'd known."

"Precisely why I didn't tell you," rejoined Daintree triumphantly. "Come, come, my good fellow, I know all about the relations between the two families, and you mustn't flatter yourself that Miss Harding will remember you. You've altered considerably, for one thing, and I dropped your surname on purpose to spare you any such recognition. Miss Harding won't know you from Adam."

"I would rather not wait upon her all the same."

Daintree showed his teeth.

"Not wait upon the lady who is to be my wife and your mistress? You dare to say that to my face? Let me find you at your post when I come downstairs—or take care!"

And he stood a moment at the door, with the most significant and malignant expression, after which he went upstairs to dress, leaving Tom to regret for the first time his impulsive confession of complicity in the Castle Sullivan outrage and to reflect upon the many sides of the man whom Claire Harding had come out from England to marry. Memories lashed him by the score. He had seen how the tyrant could treat his servants and his dog. He had pitied the bride in the abstract, and was it to be Claire Harding, and was he to stand there and see them married?

His head was in a whirl of conflicting emotions and anxieties. Still stunned by the mere shock of seeing her whom he had never thought to see again in that outlandish place and all but another man's bride, he was faced by an immediate dilemma which called for instantaneous decision. If Claire were to recognize him at dinner, then she was pretty certain to betray a secret which Daintree, on the other hand, was almost as certain to guess if his servant absented himself after what had just passed. Well, Claire knew best why she had made a secret where none was necessary. But if more trouble was to come of it, let him be there to take her part. Let him be there forever to watch over her in those passionate hands! And Tom found himself mechanically lighting the candles on the dinner table and lowering the shades to lessen the chance of his face being seen.

While he was so engaged the inner door opened, and Tom and Claire stood face to face.

Her eyes were great with horror. She shut the door behind her and then stood close against it, shrinking from him to whom she once had clung.

"I can't bear it!" she gasped. "I must either speak to you or go mad! Yes, yes, I know we may be caught! I can't help that! Tell me quickly, did you know who I was before I came?"

"No, indeed!"

"Is it by accident that you are his servant?"

"No; he sought me out. So you knew me again, Claire?"

"What did you say? Never call me that again. Of course I knew you! How could I forget you after all you have made me suffer? If I only could!"

The cruelty of this speech struck him dumb. He drew himself up and grimly challenged her with his eye. Her sufferings, indeed! What had she suffered? She was on the point of marrying a rich man. No doubt it was distressing to her to encounter him again at that juncture. His lip curled at such distress.

She read his thoughts to the letter. "You think I have not suffered!" she cried in a low voice. "You little know, but this is the last straw—the punishment I so richly deserve! Mr. Daintree saved your life. You knew that, of course? But I don't think you know why he did it. It was because I asked him. It was for my sake!"

"You?" he said hoarsely. "I see now—I see! I might have guessed it long ago!"

"He wanted to do something for me," she continued in a choking voice. "I let him do that. I deceived him to save your life. I am here because I deceived him!"

He thought he had seen everything. He had not, but he was beginning to now. Good heavens! Why was his heart beating so fast? It ought to bleed instead. Here was the girl he loved, and upstairs was the man he had reason to love better still, and they were going to marry like that. He tried to forget, to think only of what Claire had done for him.

"God bless you!" he murmured. "He has saved my life twice over and much more than my life, and I owe it all to one brave girl who believed in me and made him believe in me when all the world"—

"Stop!" she cried. "I never believed in you at all."

"What?"

"I was sorry for you."

"You believed me guilty, even when you tried to save my life?"

"Of manslaughter—yes!"

"Let us split no hairs! You think—I did it—still?"

"I can think nothing else."

In the dead silence following these words the servant heard his master stamping into evening dress overhead; he felt his own crested buttons glittering in the candlelight that shone upon the table he had set so beautifully for the bride, and as she tossed back the ringlets that he knew so well and repeated with unflinching eyes what she had told him in so many candid words all that had distracted him up to this moment ceased to do so any more. Her coming was nothing to him now. Her errand was nothing; she was well-

*"I must either speak to you or go mad!"*

come to marry the next day. But believe in his innocence she must and should. Injustice from her was the last bitterness, the crowning wrong, the one intolerable misery which absorbed all that had gone before.

Something of this he showed her in his bitter, proud, inexorable look; then suddenly he retreated to the open French windows.

"You are going?" she cried. "I might have known. You were always—generous!"

"I am not going to leave my master on the stairs."

"You are not going altogether?"

"Certainly not at present."

"When, when?" she cried below her breath.

"When you do me common justice."

Daintree had gone into the wrong room. The girl ran recklessly to the window.

"Tom!"

"Miss Harding?"

"Will you swear—to me—that you are innocent?"

But Tom was gone. She heard him treading viciously on the dark veranda. A moment later Daintree found her deeply engrossed before the chart. She wanted to know what the ship meant. He told her in a tender whisper.

"What a beautiful idea!"

"Well, it wasn't mine."

"Whose was it?"

"My servant's; he made her, and he moved her on each day. You would have said he was the lucky fellow himself!"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE breeze had freshened; there were white wisps in the blue above and tiny crests upon the blue below. It was early morning, and Tom, having waited admirably overnight, was setting the breakfast table when his master came in glowing from the morning dip. As a rule they bathed together; this exception was their first. They had not spoken since the previous evening, but here was Daintree in a glow for more causes than salt water and fresh air, and a glance told the other that he was forgiven.

"Well, Thomas, will you listen to me another time? Neither lady has the slightest idea who you are."

"I am thankful to hear you say so," said Tom, laying the knives.

"Lady Starkie never set eyes on you before. I feel certain that Miss Harding doesn't know you from Adam. Don't you think it was rather vain of you to imagine that she would?"

"I was afraid of it, sir," said Tom; "that was all."

"And very natural, too," said his master kindly. "I quite enter into your embarrassment and only fear I said more than I meant in the heat of the moment last night. You must forgive me, Thomas. It was unpleasant for you, I admit, but you won't mind another day of it, will you? One more day will end it—for the present."

The swarthy countenance was more radiant than ever. Tom was nonplused.

"Only one more day?"

"For the present," repeated Daintree. "The ladies return to Sydney this afternoon. They go to the Pulteney. Shall I tell you why—shall I tell you why?"

And now one man was on fire, but the other felt a chill run down him as he nodded his head. He could not speak.

"Because it's to be at once!" cried Daintree, beside himself with joy. "Because a special license is to be had by paying for it, so why on earth should we wait for banns? My boy, we shall be married by the end of the week. Only think of it! I can't believe it myself. It's weeks sooner than I dared to hope. But women are all alike. The very best of 'em, Thomas, will take you by surprise if they can. What do you think? I'd tell this to no other living man. When I met her on board no day was too distant, and before we said good night it couldn't be too soon!"

The fine eyes glistened; the deep voice shook. There was no doubt about this man's love. But Tom was thinking of his darker side, and it had never seemed so dark before, for never before had he allowed himself to dwell upon it without shame. Now this was a duty. The point of view was changed, and the regrettable in Tom's benefactor became the intolerable in Claire's husband. Could she be happy with so dangerous a combination of the spoilt child and the unscrupulous tyrant? Would she be safe? Tom sweated with the thought. It was horribly entangled with that of his debt to Daintree. Yet for all that was in his heart the fitting and conventional speech passed his lips, and he found himself shaking the other by the hand.

"Congratulate me?" cried Daintree. "I should think you did! You have only to see her to know how happy she will make me. She is a sweet, true, unselfish girl. She has beauty and goodness and strong common sense. She can appreciate and admire and understand. She is the poet's ideal. I have been longing for her all my life. And then her manner! She will be a leader of society when I come to my own. Yes, Thomas, you may well congratulate me. She is going to make me the very happiest of men. I can see her now—friend of the wits, patroness of all the arts, gracious queen of an ideal salon—when the exile returns to his own."

And doubtless he could also see himself—as Tom could see him—swelling with happiness and pride and satisfaction. Her happiness he appeared to take for granted. It might be unfair to say that he never thought of it at all, but he very seldom spoke of it even to Claire.

Tom was in and out at breakfast. He contrived to be out as much as possible. Her face tortured him. He saw marks like bruises beneath the lustrous eyes that never looked his way. He noted the nervous effort of her conversation while he was present. But after breakfast, when he must have met her face to face on the veranda, she turned her back upon him in a manner not only pointed, but barbed. And for awhile his compassion deserted him altogether.

Claire was indeed not herself. Her indisposition became more and more transparent, and when she ultimately confessed to a perfectly sleepless night Daintree put it down to her great happiness and was the first to insist that she should "run away and rest" till luncheon. Lady Starkie, on the other hand, made herself extremely comfortable, quite doting on the harbor and Rose bay, while she declared that she had seldom felt better in her life. Nevertheless when her host began reading her his poems a faintness overcame the lady before he had got very far. It was quite inexplicable and most disappointing, but she feared that both Claire and herself were still suffering from the effects of the atrocious table on board that horrible ship. So Lady Starkie followed Claire upstairs, with the poems, which she took care to leave there when she came down again.

It was a little hard on Daintree, but he was now much too happy to be readily depressed or vexed. His rampant spirits sought relief in activity, and he galloped off to Sydney to secure rooms at the Pulteney hotel.

Tom was meantime behind the scenes. So was Peggy O'Brien, and already those keen Irish eyes had seen more than he thought, for hopeless love had fitted them with strong lenses, even as his triumphant suit had blinded her master to every passion but his own. The girl had long divined that some other woman stood between herself and Tom, and there were more reasons than might appear for her instantly pouncing upon Miss Harding as the one.

Peggy was sure that Tom and Daintree must have known each other in England, or why were they more like brothers than master and man? Tom would not tell her, and the Fawcetts could not. So Peggy set them down as two old friends, and what if the friends had loved the same woman? The idea occurred to her when she saw Tom manipulating the cork ship and so zealously preparing for the bride. It was then an idea only. It became a suspicion on the evening of the bride's arrival, and Claire was not the only young woman who lay awake all that night.

The other had been transported for a comparatively venial offense and had come through the thick of her ordeal a better woman than most. She is not put forward as an average specimen of her sex and kind in that colony and at that time. The Irishwomen were almost invariably the best of a deplorable lot, and Peggy was certainly not the worst of the Irishwomen. But there was evil in her, and passion was to bring it out, as it had already brought out the good. A callous man she could bear with and wait for so long as he was callous and cold to all. But to see and hear him sighing for another woman—and that other woman there on the spot—was to lash a patient and single hearted devotion into tumults of jealousy and bitter rage.

The thing galled her while it was still a suspicion. It maddened her when she knew it for a fact. And that was when, in the same half minute, she met Claire on the stairs in tears and saw Tom in his pantry with his head clasped tight between his hands. Peggy stole away without a word, and there was mischief in every noiseless step she took.

Her first thought was to tell Daintree. It she dismissed on consideration and tried making friends with the ladies' maid in order to acquire information. This young woman, however, could only talk of the fourth officer aboard the Rosamund, and it took Peggy half an hour to discover that she had never even seen Miss Harding before the voyage. So she knew nothing, and half the morning was gone, but Peggy was all the more determined to learn everything before the visitors left.

The master's departure on horseback at last inspired the way. Tom in the pantry was still listening to the clattering hoofs when Peggy opened the door.

"Oh, Tom, the masther would like ye to clane out the boat for 'm when ye can find the time."

"Did he say so, Peggy?"

"Sure, he tould me not to tell ye, wid all the extra work ye've got, but he only wished it could be done."

"Then I'll set to work this minute."

"An' ye won't be tellin' 'm I tould ye?"

"No, I'll take all the credit if you like," said Tom in a voice and with a face which he took no pains to discipline for Peggy's benefit. Both supported her theory and hardened her in her plot. And as he reached the boat shed she was knocking at Miss Harding's door.

"Askin' yer pardon, miss, I think I know what would be better for you than lyin' down up here."

"What is that?"

"Lyin' in a hammock by the say."

"It sounds pleasant. Thank you very much, but I think I'll stay where I am."

"Sure, ye'd find one in the boat shed, an' it's all the good the air would do ye!"

"You are very kind," said Claire wearily. "But who would put the hammock up?"

"Masther's gone to Sydney," said Peggy reflectively, "an' he won't have me meddlin' wid such things. Wait till I tell ye, miss. Go this minute, an' you'll find Thomas in the boat shed cl'anin' the boat. He'll have 't up in a twinkle."

"Well, I'll see."

Claire had colored.

"Will I tell 'm, miss?"

"No. I'll see. I think I would rather be where I am."

Peggy withdrew. In three minutes she heard the young lady coming downstairs. In two more she was herself outside the shed, crouching between timber and shrubs and sand and sky

[To be Continued.]

### The Dread of Death.

Granted that it is the will of God that we shall remain on earth and live our appointed lives there, it is essential that mankind should feel the dread of death. Without that dread the world could hardly remain peopled. The dread of death is to the soul what the law of gravity is to the body. It anchors us to the earth. Without that dread to weigh us down and keep us to the globe half mankind would be driven by curiosity, by the love of change, by the dread of ennui, by what Bacon calls "niceness and satiety," to push open the closed door and see what is beyond. Children and a few very happy and easily pleased people might perhaps say they would not explore farther and that they were perfectly content with things as they are.—St. James' Gazette.

### His Business.

A passing stranger was attracted by frightful screams coming from a little house not far from the road. Hurriedly tying his horse, he ran to the house and found that a little boy had swallowed a quarter, and his mother, not knowing what to do, had become frantic. The stranger caught the little fellow by his heels and, holding him up, gave a few shakes, whereupon the quarter soon dropped to the floor.

"Well, mister," said the grateful mother, "you cert'n'y knowed how to get it out. Air you a doctor?"

"No, madam," replied the stranger, "I'm a collector of internal revenue."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### How to Remember History.

Teacher—With whom did Achilles fight at the battle of Troy?

Pupil—Pluto.

"Wrong. Try again."

"Nero."

"Nero? How do you"—

"Then it must have been Hector. I knew it was one of our three dogs."—London Mail.

### The Ones That Sold.

Father—Well, how does your husband succeed with his art? Does he sell any pictures? Daughter—I should think so! Why, there is not a single one left of those you gave us for a wedding present!—Fliegende Blatter.

If you can't be careful of what you say, be careful to whom you say it.—Rolla New Era.

# TAFT ON THE FUTURE

## The Secretary of War Considers the Trusts.

### Regulation Is Necessary, but There Is Danger That In the Current Zeal For Reform the Demagogues and the Socialists May Get the Upper Hand and Carry Legislation Too Far—Faith In the American People.

In a recent issue the Citizens' Bulletin of Cincinnati gives a series of extracts from the most recent addresses of Secretary Taft. After taking up in some detail the evils that have resulted from the rapid development of corporations during the past few years Mr. Taft says:

"Without defending, mitigating or in any way justifying the evils I have described, it certainly can be said that they were the outgrowth of the enormous expansion of business and of capital involved in the spreading business of the country and that, while they are to be deplored and to be stamped out, it would be the utmost folly to initiate and carry through legislation which instead of remedying the evil shall kill the enterprise and investments which have gone on apace to make this nation the great center of industry and production of the world. And the danger now is that in the zeal for reform demagogues, Socialists and enemies of society may be given an opportunity to carry on legislation to such an extreme as permanently to hamper the business growth of the country.

"No injustice reacts so quickly as injustice to capital, for capital can protect itself, can stand a loss and withdraw and leave the community from which it flees in a condition of helplessness that it will take years to overcome. While this is the danger from the awakened public conscience on the subject of business integrity, let us not fail to rejoice in the enormous benefit to the country which is involved in the existence of this public conscience, for it was quickened into expression at a time when the greatest prosperity prevailed throughout the country, when lavished wealth made comfort for more people than ever before and when that luxury and hunt for pleasure which led the Roman empire and other dynasties of old to destruction it was prophesied would bring about the same fate for this republic. But it has not done so, and in the face of comfort, luxury and pleasure there has arisen this protest from the many enjoying all the prosperity possible against the abuses and violations of the trust, and there has arisen a cry for a higher business morality and a more sacred care and scruple in the conduct of agents and trustees.

### The Public's Demands.

"It is becoming more and more certain that the public will insist on greater publicity in the management of these great financial trusts, and a closer scrutiny into the methods by which the great combinations shall continue and maintain their business, and a greater and greater care and regard for the public with which the railroad and other transportation companies shall discharge the duties which, in accepting valuable franchises, they assume to discharge toward the communities in which they carry on their business.

"The various provisions of law, the tribunals and executive machinery by which these results are to be accomplished, will be the duty of the coming generation to work out and develop. The irresponsibility of the wielder of millions of capital which has heretofore accompanied his exercise of power in the business communities, it is now settled, must have an end, and the limitation which shall effectually end it will be dictated by experience and the statesmanlike acumen of the coming generation.

"Such changes cannot be effected in a short time. Such changes cannot be brought about by a mere denunciation and indiscriminate condemnation, whether delivered from a stump or contained in the provisions of law. They must and will be fashioned ultimately by the hands of one or many who shall realize the necessity for maintaining the institutions of private property and the freedom of individual initiative, on the one hand, and of restraining the well recognized abuses and illegalities of the exercise of the power of concentrated wealth to achieve monopoly by duress.

"Such regulation is possible, and it needs only experience and earnest effort, honest and courageous and expeditious courts, intelligent and fearless juries, to enforce the regulations which shall teach those who would otherwise offend and misuse the power of concentrated wealth that it is not only moral and conducive to their happiness, but also profitable to observe the regulations that the quickened conscience of the people has insisted upon introducing into the statute book."

### A Sensible Ohio Council.

In contrast to the city councils that are going in search of trouble by acquiring municipal plants, the action of the village council of Cridersville, O., is interesting. So far from seeking municipal ownership, they refused to have it thrust upon them, for when the village was forced to foreclose the mortgage it held on the local lighting plant it promptly turned around and sold the plant to private parties.

### Municipal Monopoly Overbearing.

Municipal monopoly is more autocratic and overbearing than any private corporation would dare to be.—Richmond Dispatch.

### Immune.

"You'd better get out. Here comes that idiot Boreham, and he's got a story he thinks is new that he'll insist on handing you."

"No, he won't. I'm immune."

"How's that?"

"I told him the story."—Cleveland Leader.

### Worse Than He Felt.

Cutting—I suppose it did make you feel mean. Dubbs—Well, I should say! Why, I felt like a plugged nickel! Cutting—Ah! But what a blessing it is that we never feel quite as bad as we look.—Philadelphia Press.

### Meeting Trouble.

Most people would snap their fingers in the face of trouble if trouble didn't have such a sudden way of swooping down on us.—Chicago Record-Herald.

When a man seeks your advice he generally wants your praise.—Chesterfield.

You must hear that which hurts that you may gain that which profits.—Selected.

## ANCIENT TRADES UNION.

### The Company of Pewterers, Which Was Composed of Masters Only.

Unlike the trades unions of today, the Company of Pewterers of olden times was composed of the masters only, and disobedience of the rules was punished with a vigor far exceeding anything of the kind at the present day. The laws were made for the protection of the general public and not for the workingman alone; consequently the articles turned out by a master pewterer and bearing his "touch" had to be up to a given standard of excellence. Before a man could set up as a master pewterer he was obliged to serve an apprenticeship of about six years, after which he had to produce his "essay" pieces under certain test conditions, and only after these pieces had been approved by the authorities of the craft was he allowed his freedom and permitted to register his private "touch" at the company's hall and set up as a master pewterer.

The company was not content merely to pass upon the work of a craftsman, but came very near regulating the minor details of his life. The penalty was very heavy for employing a helper who had not served a regular apprenticeship, and any master so daring as to employ a foreigner was fined £10, and all articles made by him were confiscated, the object being to keep the trade secrets from spreading.—Circle Magazine.

## CONFECTIONERY.

### The Sugar Plum Is the Most Ancient Kind of Sweetmeat.

The most ancient kind of sweetmeat is the sugar plum. It was the invention of Julius Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, who belonged to the family of Fabius. According to an authority on ancient history, it was in 177 B. C. that he made the great discovery which for twenty centuries has done so much damage to teeth.

These bonbons, called dragati, after their inventor (dragees in French), remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius. But at the birth or marriage of one of that family a great distribution of dragati took place as a sign of rejoicing. The custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

Burned almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralla, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, to concoct a new bonbon for him. Lassagne searched, reflected, combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptised gloriously after the name of his master, praline, the French for burned almonds.—Pearson's Weekly.


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| Ar. Tacoma | 9.45 a. m | Ar. Tacoma | 3.45 p. m |
| Lv. Tacoma | 10:00 a. m. | Lv. Tacoma | 4:00 p. m |
| Ar. Olympia | 12.45 p. m. | Ar. Olympia | 6.45 p. m |

MULTNOMAH.

| (Daily except Sun.) | | Returning— | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lv. Olympia | 4:00 p. m. | Lv. Seattle | 2.45 a. m |
| Ar. Tacoma | 7.15 p. m. | Ar. Tacoma | 5.00 a. m |
| Lv. Tacoma | 8.30 p. m. | Lv. Tacoma | 7.30 a. m |
| Ar. Seattle | 10.45 p. m. | Ar. Olympia | 10.45 a. m |

The Greyhound makes direct connections at Tacoma with the steamer Flyer at 3.55 p. m. and Interurban limited at 4.15 for Seattle.

Passengers leaving Seattle on 8 a. m. and 2 p. m. Interurban trains, or on the 2.05 p. m. steamer Flyer will make direct connection with the Greyhound at Tacoma for Olympia.

The Greyhound connects with the Shelton boat on the 7 a. m. and 1 p m trip from Olympia, and on the 4 p. m. trip from Tacoma.

Through tickets sold over the Interurban, including street car rides for $1.25 or $2.25 round trip. Over the steamer Flyer for $1.10 or $1.75 round trip. Meals served on board for 50 cents.

Tacoma and Olympia passengers from Seattle may come aboard the Multnomah at 11 p. m. and take berths.

Fare between Olympia and Tacoma, 75 cents round trip, $1.25. Between Olympia and Seattle on Multnomah, $3, or $1.75 round trip; via steamer Flyer from Tacoma, $1.10, or $1.75 round trip; via Interurban from Tacoma, including street car rides, $1.25, or $2.25 round trip. Berths, 50c. Meals, 50c.

Multnomah leaving Olympia at 4 p. m. makes connections at the N. P. dock Tacoma, with the 8.30 p. m. steamer Flyer for Seattle.

H. MARVIN, General Manager. J. C. PERCIVAL, Secretary.

—PHONE MAIN 33—


IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Thurston county.

E. E. Taylor, Plaintiff, vs. Silas R. Moore and —— Moore, his wife, and all persons unknown, if any, having or claiming to have any interest in the hereinafter described real estate, Defendants.

Summons foreclosure of tax lien.

The State of Washington to Silas R. Moore and —— Moore his wife, and all persons unknown, if any, having or claiming to have any interest in the hereinafter described real estate, Defendants

You are hereby notified that E. E. Taylor is the owner and holder of certificate of delinquency numbered 2005, issued by the Treasurer of Thurston county, Washington, on the 23d day of April, 1907, for the sum of Twenty and 70-100 dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for the taxes for the years 19-3, 1904 and 1905, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon, upon real property assessed to Silas R. Moore, and of which you are the owner or reputed owner, or in which you have or claim to have some interest or est te, and which said real estate is situated in Thurston County, Washington, and more particularly bounded and described to-wit:

The southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, section 21, township 19, north range 1 west, W. M.

That plaintiff has paid taxes, other than those included in said certificate of delinquency, in the sum of Five and 80-100 dollars, and which bear interest at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum. You are further notified that plaintiff will apply to the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston County, for a judgment for the amount of said delinquent certificate, taxes, interest, penalty and costs, and foreclosing his lien against said property hereinbefore described.

You are hereby notified and summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of this notice, to-wit: after Nov. 29, 1907, and defend this action in the court aforesaid, or pay the amount due; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered for the amount of said certificate of delinquency, taxes, interest, penalty and costs, and foreclosing plaintiff's lien against the lands and premises hereinbefore described and the same will be ordered sold to satisfy said judgment.

Any pleading or process may be served upon the undersigned at the postoffice address below given. P. M. TROY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Postoffice address: Olympia, Washington.

Date of first publication, Nov. 29, 1907.


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**BYRON MILLETT**

Lawyer

Notary Public Office: Chilberg Block. Olympia, Wash

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reports as follows:

"The examination of the sample of malt extract gave the following results:

| | |
|---|---|
| Alcohol | 0.15 per cent. |
| Malt Extract | 11.49 per cent. |
| Malt Sugar | 6.31 per cent. |
| Malt Albumen | 0.99 per cent. |

"The extract is characteristic in having a high content of albumen. The amount of alcohol is exceedingly low. THE EXTRACT CAN BE CONSIDERED AS BEING PRACTICALLY FREE FROM ALCOHOL. It has a pure aromatic taste. The extract can be considered a good wholesome product of HIGH NUTRITIVE VALUE."

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