

## THE PEACE THAT CAME TO HIM.

FROM THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.

A man barely twenty-one sat in the corridor of a western jail and a smooth-faced, keen-eyed reporter was trying to interview him. A week before a small but suspiciously heavy box had come down on the stage from Concomenny marked "Mining Specimens," and shipped to John Crandall. The express agent examined it carefully and then made a wager with the stage driver that it was opium; later he discovered, to his astonishment, that it did contain well-packed cans of that article, unmarked by the government seal.

"And now the reporter was trying to interview John Crandall, who sat with a white drawn face, his chin resting on his breast, his dark eyes on the grimy floor, giving no more attention to the little reporter than to one of the flies that crawled lazily along the grated window near.

The reporter turned away in disgust; he did not like to be beaten, but he could not question the wall. A woman among the prisoners threw down her cards and begged some cigarettes of him as he passed out. Another woman, insane, who was waiting to be taken away to the asylum, got up from a cot and pleaded to be taken home to her children.

"The neighbors put me here," she wailed, "but the children need me."

The opium smuggler shivered slightly at the woman's voice.

"Pretty tough lot," said the reporter, when he was finally out in the jailor's office.

"Yes; pretty bad. Make anything of your man?"

"Not much," the reporter replied, cautiously. "Rather bad man, I should think."

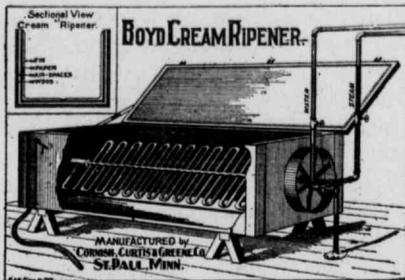
"Well, you can't tell," answered the official in a non-committal way. "He has a peculiar ring; I took it to keep for him." And opening a drawer, the jailor produced a seal ring upon which was the motto—"Proprio Marte."

"Odd," commented the reporter, making a note of the motto.

The next day the paper said there was no doubt that the opium smuggler was a well-known criminal from San Francisco, who had lived under several aliases.

In the meantime the only thought that the man in the jail was able to cling to was to conceal his real name and keep his disgrace from his mother. Scarcely a year before he had come out to Washington while he was in his junior year in a western college. He was a western boy, but with all the traditions of a family that had once possessed wealth and po-

# The Boyd Cream Ripener



The subject of Cream Ripening is receiving greater attention than ever before. Buttermakers and creamery managers are beginning to realize and understand that the process of ripening cream determines what the quality of the butter shall be, and recognize its influence on the prices that are paid patrons for milk.

The system is a common-sense principle applied, and therein lies the secret of its popularity. The buttermaker who uses the Boyd Cream Ripener controls the temperature and acidity of his cream in a way that is gratifying beyond measure.

## Cornish, Curtis & Greene, St. Paul, Minn.

sition in an eastern home. His father had died when he was a child, and his little mother had made heroic efforts to educate her boy.

Poor health, however, had compelled him to leave school, and he had come out to Washington to recuperate and to pre-empt some land. Late in the spring he was taken sick with fever, and an old prospector had found him delirious and had nursed him back to convalescence. Before he could lift his head from the pillow cheering news of the "boom" came to him, and he lay and listened to the sound of hammers in the wooden metropolis that had sprung up adjoining his claim. Then, just as he could creep to the door of the shack, he had an offer for the place, and as soon as it was sold he started for home.

He had gone over to the Sound cities, intending to go up to Victoria and home by the Canadian Pacific. While at Tacoma he had spent more money than he had purposed, part of it for a seal ring, with his family motto on it, which he looked at with a great deal of complacency; and so it happened that when his first check was drawn on the bank at Yakima he was suddenly seized with a panic, the amount of money he had left seemed so insignificant. It would barely take him through the rest of his college course, and then the struggle would commence again.

At that time the country was rife with speculation; people talked incessantly of doubling their money.

If he could only double his money he would be all right.

By and by he heard men talking on the boat of how you could buy opium for a few dollars

a pound in Victoria and by taking it down to San Francisco sell it for twenty dollars a pound. Alas for human frailty! One evening, still weak in mind and body from his long illness, from which he had scarcely recovered, and hardly knowing what he did, he entered an opium factory in Victoria. When he came out he was the owner of one hundred of those little pound cans of opium.

\* \* \* \*

John Curtis never had a very distinct idea of his trip back on the Canadian Pacific to Kamloops.

One day a haggard-faced prospector with two tired cayuses rode into a mining town in one of the northern counties of Washington. Here he had sold his pack pony and sent his box on by express. It had been easy crossing the line. Not so much as a deer had been seen in the pine woods. And this was the end—the dark corridors of a jail!

Curtis had sent for a lawyer, who told him that his case was hopeless; so all his energy was put forth in an attempt to conceal his identity. His fever returned to plague him during his first night in jail, and he was pitifully weak when, a few days later, the trial came off.

He pleaded guilty, and the judge sentenced John Crandall to two years in the penitentiary.

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Twenty-four months later a man was discharged from the prison on McNeil's island. That night a man pawned his watch in Seattle and bought a ticket for as far over the mountains as his money would carry him. It was Jack Curtis trying to get back to Yakima,

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