

HIGHLAND PARK NEWS-LETTER

in a sweet voice, answered: "No motion, your Honor."

A few unimportant cases were taken up and set aside, and then work on the criminal docket was begun. The first case was that of a young man named Elliott. He had been indicted on a charge of stealing \$20. He was tall, pale, nervous, with an intellectual expression of countenance. He was a stranger, had not been able to give bond, and for more than two months he had lain in jail; and now, as he had not the money wherewith to employ counsel, it was the judge's duty to appoint a lawyer to defend him. He was guilty, of course, and such an appointment was a genial farce, but it was the law. The judge looked about until his stern eye rested upon Attorney Jonnett. His look was interpreted, and a titter went about the room. The young woman blushed slightly, and the old justice, nudging the mayor, whispered:

"This here is the beginnin' of her embarrassment in this town. I like the ladies' society, understand—"

"We must have silence!" the judge demanded; then he appointed Agnes C. Jonnett to defend the prisoner.

Now there was no red of confusion on her face. She was pale and courageous. She went over to the prisoner and sat down beside him; she went to the hotel-keeper, and shortly afterward had the defendant's bond fixed. She announced that the defense was not ready for trial, and was given three days for preparation. During that time she worked day and night; and when the case was called she was ready. Her examination of the witnesses was sharp, and the prosecuting attorney, with many a look of antagonistic admiration. Finally, the argument was begun, and then she surprised the court. Her command of language was exquisite; she was impassioned, and upon a backwoods jury passion falls with the grace of a gospel. She wrung tears from the eyes of those rough but soft-hearted men; she threw upon them a hypnotic spell of pathos; she convinced them that the young man was innocent, and a verdict of not guilty was brought in. The tavern bell was ringing as she left the courtroom. Some one spoke to her. She looked up and recognized the old justice.

"Miss, I reckon I am about as good a critic as you'd find in a day's ride—mout ride a pert hoss from sun to sun and not find a keener one—and I want to say that you made as good a speech as I ever heard."

"I thank you, sir."

"Oh, not at all. You proved that young fellow's innocence beyond a doubt; and he can settle right down and live here if he wants to."

"I am glad to hear you say that," she replied, walking along with him. "At first I thought him guilty, but now I know he is not. And, by the way, he is going to settle down here. He is a doctor."

"You don't say so? He didn't look it. But when a man gets down in the world, and lays in jail a while, he don't look much of anything. Fust thing we knowed of him he was pokin' round here like he was sorter daft. By the way," he added, halting at the corner of the street, "I want to tell you not to give yourself no uneasiness about that brick office. You may stay there as long as you want to. I've done my duty by the old judge, and that's all anybody can do."

Elliott began the practice of medicine. He had been graduated from a well-known institution, and was really a skillful physician. But concerning himself he was strangely silent. One day he successfully performed a startling surgical operation and the countryside rang with his name. Every day his buggy was stopped in front of the little brick office, and a smile always welcomed him. He called one night when Agnes was late at work. That day his buggy had not stopped, and, laughingly, he said he had called to explain.

"Look here," he broke out, taking a seat near

her desk, "do you know that this is our anniversary?"

"Our anniversary? What do you mean?"

"One year ago to-day you saved me from prison."

"Oh!" was all she said, looking down.

"And now, looking back, it seems that I never lived until then—I was born that day, for with your smile came the sweet breath of life."

"Flatterer!" she said.

"No a rare example—gratitude." She looked at him, and in her glance was a thrilling question. "More than gratitude," he hastened to say.

"What can be more than gratitude?"

"Love," he answered.

* * * * *

A soft wind came out of the woods, and the tin sign swung on the old arm of the post. They stood by the desk, and his arm was about her. Suddenly he took it away, stepped back, and folded his arms.

"Agnes, I have made a sweet confession, and now I must make a bitter one. I was guilty."

"What?" she cried, drawing back.

"Listen to me. I stole the \$20. I came here a vagabond, not knowing whither I went—a victim of morphine. I was moneyless. All night I raved. I thought I should go mad; I was mad, and at morning I stole the money and ran away to get the drug. I got it and then the awful sense of my crime came upon me, and when they found me I was in a fence-corner praying, with my mother's voice throbbing in my ears. They took me to jail, and there, with the determination of one inspired, I lessened my allowance of morphine until I cured myself. Yes, I cured my body, and in the sight of God you cured my soul. Long ago I refunded three times the amount of the theft—sent it anonymously. And now, Agnes—"

She held out her hands to him.

Highland Park Musical Club

The Highland Park Musical Club will meet in Mrs. Jones' studio, Monday evening, June 5th.

PROGRAMME

1. Sonata for piano and violin, No. 1 Mozart
Mr. and Mrs. George Colburn
2. a. Ecstasy Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
b. Just a Wearyin' for You... Carrie Jacob Bond
c. In Maytime Oley Speaks
Miss Joy Miller
3. Gypsy Rondo, Trio No 1 piano, violin and
and cello Haydn
4. Berceuse from "Jocelyn" Godard
Mrs. F. P. Luther
Violin obligato Mr. George Colburn
5. When Thou Art Near Me Hermann Lohr
b. The Shoogy Show Grace Mayhew
c. Rosenzweige from Eiland Von Fielitz
Mr. A. T. Stewart
6. Last Movement-Concerto Mohr
Miss Helen Roberts
2nd Piano, Mrs. A. R. Jones

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Provident Bld. & Loan Association, to E. S. Gail, east part lot 32, Highwood, w. d.	2,000.00
Sarah A. Higgins & husband to Emma J. Fuessle, lot 4, blk. 9, Exmoor Add., Highland Park, w. d.	800.00
Estate of Geo. Rudolph, (dec'd) to Margaret T. Bradwell, n. 1/2 (ex. part e. of road), s. 1/2 s. w. 1/4, sec. 36, Deerfield Twp., w. d.	7,800.00
F. C. Clark & wife, to Sarah L. Shultis, lot 5, Clark's sub. of part lot 8, blk. 40, Highland Park, w. d.	450.00
North Chicago State Bank, authority to commence business	
E. S. Gail & wife, to C. E. Preston, e. 78 ft. w. 278 ft. n., 150 ft. lot 32, Highwood, w. d.	700.00
Mary J. Count & husband, to E. D. Besley, lots 10 and 15, blk. 3, Port Clinton in Highland Park, w. d.	700.00

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