The Unmasking of Darro

When Buxton, the English correspondent, called that evening on Miss Blanche Kershaw, for the fifth time in four days, he found Darro sitting with her.

The two men were introduced, and almost the first thing Buxton said was, "I suppose you spell your name like the Derreus at home—'the dauntless Derreus,' they're called in my county—D-e-r-r-e-u."

It was dark, and the three were gathered on the porch of the Kershaw residence, where no artificial light served to reveal the breadth of the smile with which Miss Kershaw greeted this remark. Darro was a rather undersized man, with eyeglasses, extensive college antecedents and decided literary tastes, so far as his conversation might indicate.

"I certainly do not," he said in his habitual weary drawl. "Life is too short. I spell my name just as it is pronounced—D-a-r-r-o—and I am far from dauntless."

"By jove, how odd!" said Buxton. "I was rather in hopes you might turn out to be a cousin of the Derreus of Derreuly Manor. I was born in that neighborhood myself; name's pronounced exactly like yours. And there's an old rhyme dating from goodness knows when:

'Brand nor halbert, lance nor arrow,
Checketh charge of dauntless Derreu.'"

"Then I'm quite sure I can't be of kin," Darro persisted. "I'm afraid of everything, from Mausers to mice."

The hostess laughed.

"At least you ought to be ashamed to make such a confession to a Britisher, Mr. Darro. Think of our national reputation."

"I do. I think it brutal. Physical courage, if it ever was a desirable quality, lost all its recommandations centuries ago."

"By jove!" Buxton exclaimed. "You must pardon me if I seem a little unprepared for all this. You know I was a correspondent with your army at Santiago."

"That was where you met our forceful friend Wickley," said Darro.

"To whom I owe the delightful privilege of Miss Kershaw's acquaintance."

"You have every reason to be grateful to Wickley; but, for all that, I consider him an American of an objectional type."

All of this Miss Kershaw seemed to be enjoying in a quiet way. Then they talked of other things till Darro left them.

"That's a most interesting double enigma," said Buxton, "an American and a Darro, you know."

"I hope you'll stay with us until you find a solution of him. Mr. Darro's ambition to be thought timid is notorious here."

"Isn't it a very singular ambition?"

"Very. That may be the solution of the enigma."

A pause, and then Buxton mustered up courage to ask, "Miss Kershaw, you couldn't—ah—feel interested in a man like that?"

"I don't know. Brave men are so common with us, and, you know, I rather like exotics."

Buxton hardly enjoyed the suspicion that this girl found him interesting as a rarity and that she valued the timid Darro proportionately higher as he was the rarer. Then, again, he felt chilled at the thought that she could possibly entertain a degenerate taste for cowards.

Buxton's sojourn in the place was uncertain. A wire from his chief in London might any day send him on to San Francisco or back to New York, so he made up his mind to ask Wickley about it that very night.

This was easy enough, for they occupied rooms in the same hotel, but hard on Wickley, who had just fallen asleep when the Englishman's knock caused him to dream that the place was on fire. The interview was unsatisfactory to both parties, Buxton only obtaining the assurance that Darro was a crank, with a forcible recommendation to go for further information either to the man himself or to the father of all lies, while Wickley fell asleep again with the vague idea that the correspondent was preparing an article on "The American Coward."

So it came about that Darro, on his way to his uncle's law office, was hailed by Wickley.

"Say, Darro, you want to let up on that timidity poppycock of yours. All very well to give home folks that old song, but don't try it on an English newspaper correspondent."

"I suppose you mean Buxton. Has he already told you of our conversation last night?"

"Told me! He may have told it to all the English newspapers by this time. He woke me up at midnight to ask me if it were true."

For a moment Darro looked pale enough for his favorite part.

"Did he tell you where we met?"

"I suppose it was at Blanche Kershaw's. He seems smitten in that quarter, and I know he was going there last night."

Darro managed to recover his meek pose. "You know, Wickley, I don't think much of physical courage—"

"All right, then. I only hope Buxton will mention your name in his story. We don't want the whole city to get that sort of reputation."

Darro was disturbed. His uncle noticed it when he entered the office and demanded the cause.

"There's an Englishman here—"

Before he could finish the door of the outer office opened, and Buxton, fresh and cheerful, entered. Darro was with him in a moment, showing a most abnormal eagerness for the meeting.

"Oh, here you are!" said Buxton. "You'll pardon my coming here during business hours, won't you? I've got to start for California this evening—wire from London just reached me—but before I go I want you to tell me (we English newspaper men like to be accurate and full) where you were during the Spanish war."

"I was in the law school of a western university when the war began," said Darro.

"Michigan, eh? Thanks. Enlisted in the Michigan volunteers under the name of Dobbs. Remember the day you sneaked out from under cover and brought in that wounded boy when the sharpshooters were swarming in the mango trees?"

Judge Mason was by this time an attentive listener to the conversation. The office boy also listened and gaped.

"My name is Darro, Mr. Buxton," said the pattern of peacefulness, struggling with himself.

"But it used to be Dobbs in 1898, just for a few weeks. It will make an awfully pretty story for my paper. Odd I didn't begin to think of the resemblance until—"

"You're not going to put my name in the paper?"

"Story won't be any good without it. 'Brand nor halbert'—"

Before the Englishman could repeat any more of the ancient rhyme Darro had him by the throat. It might have ended in strangulation had not the others interfered.

"Oh, the whole thing is clear now beyond the shadow of a doubt," said Buxton when he was saying goodby to Blanche Kershaw that afternoon. "First I began to think of the likeness last night lying awake. When I saw him this morning, it was palpable. Then when he flew at my throat—doesn't weigh as much as I by thirty pounds—why, that settled it."

"For you, I dare say," said Blanche. "For me there was nothing to settle."

"You never believed all that talk of his?"

"Of course not. Still, all of us, ought to be very grateful for unmasking him."

"And what do I get?" the Englishman asked.

"My sincere thanks. Sorry I have nothing better to offer."

"The exposed impostor gets the higher reward? Is that justice?"

"I don't know. Bon voyage!"

Dick Raymond's Plan.

That was a cold day for Dick Raymond when he was refused a pass on the road over which he had traveled free the greater part of his life, and for some time he could not, would not, believe that the negative was absolute and irrevocable. He argued with himself that there must be some mistake. But when he had appealed from the superintendent to the president of the road and found his appeal in vain; when he had been informed by all the officials in turn that no further privileges in the way of free transportation would be given him he was a sorely disappointed man.

He acquired the pass habit in a severely chronic form. It had become acute. To be compelled to pay for a benefit to which he felt entitled seemed to him a great injustice. The many privileges he had enjoyed in the past did not console him now. Dick was compos mentis, his friends apologetically said that he was not "all there."

It might be well to explain why Dick Raymond considered himself eligible to the privileges of free transportation. It began twenty years ago, when Chicago was more of a village than at present, and railroad passes encouraged travelers to advertise facilities of travel. Dick was a newsgatherer on a country newspaper which had weight in its community. He had a vivid imagination and a facile pen, and pleased the officials of a most important railroad, one of the oldest in the west. He was a young man who had plenty of that commodity known as "cheek" or "brass" in these days now classed as "nerve." The suavity of his manner and his interesting method as a writer up of topics of value in railroad circles saved him from becoming a bore, but he sometimes exceeded his privileges, as when he asked the general superintendent of the railroad for a pass for himself and brother. That official sat back in his desk chair and looked at Dick, who never changed countenance at the sarcastic question:

"I know what you have done for the road, Mr. Raymond, but may I ask what your brother is doing?"

Dick had the saving grace at that moment of absolute silence. The superintendent saw that the young man was conscious of the fact that he had gone too far, but, like all railroad men of that day, who had known hard lines themselves, he was good-natured and kind-hearted, and he made out the pass when at a social gathering of railroad magnates, where stories came in at the wine and walnut course, he told the story as an illustration of colossal cheek, and another official of the same road asked:

"Did he tell you about that brother?"

"Not a word."

"He was a cripple from his birth and Dick has brought him up by hand, the mother dying when the boy was an infant. Dick is very kind to the youngster, and I am told remains single for his sake. He is something of a hero as well as a hustler."

As the years went on Dick found it hard to round that circuit of labor which he described metaphorically as making both ends meet. And he had only one poor talent which he made the most of; on all other lines he was dull and hopeless. Long after the time had passed when he was of use to the railroad he received his passes and then the system changed, new men owned the line, and trains no longer stopped on the crossings to pick up individuals on the signal of a waving hat or handkerchief. Dick was no longer the only scribe in the local ink puddle. There were others who had greater influence. The officials laughed at him when he demanded a pass that he might bring his scraps of news to the city newspapers and collect his small dues without paying toll. They quoted scripture to him, "Though they roar they shall not pass," and he was compelled to use his small stock of money on hand to buy a ticket. Yes, he actually stood at the ticket window, and was snapped at by the ticket agent for standing there asking questions and delaying traffic.

He read the precious bit of paper as he walked out of the depot—he was not returning home until the next day—and as he did so a thought struck him with unusual force. He would get even with the railroad. Honestly, too. He went and hunted up an accident insurance company and had his life insured, paying the first premium and taking out his policy. If injured he was to have a certain sum every week until well, and if he died more money than he had ever dreamed of having, and the beneficiary was his crippled brother.

Dick had grown old and gray, but he kept his good heart and his foolish smile, wore cheap clothes and gave his crippled ward every comfort, but no one knew except one other and himself what a "demnition" struggle life had been. And it looked darker than ever as he started home penniless. Started, but did not get there. It is always the unexpected that happens, yet this was the very thing which Dick was planning for, but not in such a hurry. A rear end collision with a milk train sent him to the best hospital in the city, and his insurance paid all his expenses, including the crippled brother. And the railroad did the rest, the corporation lawyer waiting on the sufferer with a proposition of settlement on the most generous terms. Whereas, if Dick had been riding on a pass the company would have been exonerated from blame or obligation.

His friends visited him at the hospital, finding him in splints and bandages, his head bound up, one eye badly damaged, but a smile six inches across his visage.

"Did you ever hear of such luck?" he asked cheerfully. "It seems too good to be true. All my expenses paid, and damages till I can't rest. Why, if I'd got the pass I wanted I'd have been ruined, but I can tell you I felt mighty bad over it—when I didn't get it. And I wouldn't have had a cent of damages. And now Jimmy and I can live like fighting cocks for the rest of our days. And I tell you I did get even with the road, and there isn't any jury can say I was a contributory cause either. Negligence? Not on my part. It's just the biggest piece of luck I ever had in my life."—M. L. Rayne, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, repaired and made to fit.—R. I. GOLDBERG, at Hershberg's.

Mrs. Lueders received a shipment of [illegible]

SEATTLE BLACK CAPS

Work Havoc on an Unlicensed Joint

Proprietors Will Bring Suit to Recover Damages—Stock Was Destroyed.

Seattle, July 28.—A mob of sixty or more armed men, many of them disguised with paint and burnt cork, raided an alleged blind pig in the Occidental bath house at West Seattle late Saturday night. When the mob had ceased operations the place was a total wreck. Broken furniture and glass was strewn about the place and not a drop of liquor was left.

The resort was operated by J. H. Brown and M. M. Dee, who are said to have been partners of "Soapy" Smith when the latter was in Skagway. West Seattle, it is said, had refused to grant the place a license, and the men were arrested for operating without one. They were released on giving bonds of $100 apiece not to repeat the offense.

About 11 o'clock Saturday night City Marshal Lemonds, of West Seattle, went to the Occidental bath house and arrested Dee on a warrant charging him with conducting a blind pig. On returning again to the place with a similar warrant for J. H. Brown, the other member of the firm, he found it occupied by a mob of about sixty determined men. Many members of the mob were armed with axes. On remonstrating with them Lemonds was told that they intended to destroy nothing but the stock and fixtures of the place, and that interference on his part would be useless.

He then hunted up Brown, who, he says, tried to escape by locking himself in a room. Lemonds followed him there and placed him under arrest. Had he not removed the man immediately from the place it is believed that he would have been roughly handled, as the mob was in an unpleasant humor.

The raiders immediately began their work. Dozens of glasses were smashed. The necks were broken from all the liquor bottles and the contents poured out. All the furniture, including a large sized mirror, was destroyed, and by the time the mob had completed its efforts the place was a complete wreck. The work could hardly have been more thoroughly carried out.

As part of the property is outside the city limits, the proprietors are said to have applied to the county for a license as well as to West Seattle. This, Marshal Lemonds explained, they did not obtain, as the county could not license a saloon within a mile of the city limits.

In speaking of the affair Marshal Lemonds said:

"It is evident from Saturday night's demonstration that the people of West Seattle are determined to do away with the unlicensed sale of liquor. I do not know who was in the mob, as I did not have a chance to recognize any of them, but I believe it was composed chiefly of representative citizens. Until I returned from arresting Dee I did not know that there was any such movement on foot. I suppose that in some way they discovered the arrest of Dee and determined to do away with the place altogether. I recognized that interference on my part would have been useless and believe that the mob kept its word and destroyed nothing but the stock and fixtures of the saloon. Had I not secured Brown when I did I believe there would have been trouble, as the mob was in an ugly humor."

J. H. Brown, of the firm of Brown & Dee, owners of the raided place, declares that the raid was entirely unjustified. He said last night:

"Although we had a stock of liquors on hand at our place and were ready to sell them as soon as we obtained a license, we never sold a drop. We cannot see how anyone would believe that either Mr. Dee or myself would be so foolish as to sell liquor without a license and run the risk of losing all the fixtures and stock we had on hand for the summer trade. It would have been good business.

"At the time we located at West Seattle we had a surveyor mark out the line of the city limits, which cut off a small corner of our place. In this small territory, which was in the city limits, we conducted our bath house and took care that even no soft drinks were sold there, so as to avoid trouble with the city.

"I believe that the main cause of the trouble is partly the desire on the part of the saloon men already located in the town to keep us out and partly some trouble we had with a boy employed in the bath house. Because of a disagreement about wages the lad walked off one day with all our bathing suits, and we had him arrested.

He was taken before justice Morgan, and during the course of the trial his mother practically admitted his guilt. He was held on $300 bonds to appear before Justice Morgan again tomorrow, when he may be bound over for grand larceny. His mother threatened us in court, and I believe that she has been active in bringing about the raid.

"It is the intention of Mr. Dee and myself to employ the best legal talent in the city and bring suit for about $3,000 against the instigators of Saturday night's outrage. We do not intend to be driven from West Seattle on a false charge."

Citizens of West Seattle are very quiet about the affair, but it seems to be the general sentiment that the unlicensed saloon must go. They estimate the damage to the property at a much lower figure than the proprietors of the place.

O'Grady—What's all the noise oi hear in th' pa-arler?"

Bridget—That's th' ping-pong racket.—Detroit Free Press.

Judge Fry Dead.

Nome, July 12.—Judge D. L. Fry, a well known Seattle lawyer, formerly United States commissioner at Bluff City, died in Nome on the 8th inst. He was a passenger on the Nome City and during the trip drank heavily, refusing to partake of food. He was brought ashore in an unconscious condition and taken to the federal jail. Medical aid was summoned, but he never regained consciousness. Judge Fry leaves a wife and two daughters, who reside in Seattle. He was 60 years old and first came to Nome in 1900. The remains will be buried here.

(Judge Fry came to the northland in 1899, and during the winter of 1899-1900 he conducted the Globe, at Atlin, B.C., for Mr. J. T. Bethune, now of this city, and in the spring of the latter year he made the voyage from Caribou Crossing to Nome in a small sailing vessel.)

Life of Goethe

London, July 27. — An announcement of interest to the literary world is that Lord George Goschen, the former chancellor of the exchequer, who heretofore has been chiefly known as an authority on finance, is now working on a life of Goethe, of whose works he is a great admirer. He is said to have gathered together a mass of new material as the result of years of research.

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