

The Entertaining

BY
Chas. B. Lewis.

Miss Judson.

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Just before the big steamer, bound from London to Bombay, was ready to begin her voyage, three detectives and an inspector came aboard and created no little excitement among the passengers in their search for a slick criminal named George Lacy. Lacy was a forger, counterfeiter and all around swindler, and was wanted on a dozen different charges. The officers were sure he had booked under another name, and the steamer was held for an hour while they examined the large number of passengers and searched about. They even had the firemen up one by one, and not until they were cock-sure that their man had put them on a false scent would they allow the lines to be cast off and the steamer to proceed on her way. There was a good deal of talk, of course, and 19 out of 20 of the passengers, first and second-class, were secretly glad that the criminal had not been overhauled. So long as he had swindled none of us we could forgive him for swindling others. That's human nature afloat and ashore. For three or four days after sailing we were inclined to believe that the man was with us after all, in the person of a young and smooth-faced fellow who kept to himself and who looked to be sharp and slick and sleek. There was general disappointment when he turned out to be a young naturalist going out to India to gather specimens for some college. A few of the more enthusiastic were so piqued that they cut him cold and argued that he had wronged them by not proving to be the much-wanted criminal.

The first three or four days out on a steamer making a long voyage passengers fight shy of each other. Then there is a general sizing up, as it were, and all fall into their places and become more or less acquainted. There is always a married lady who is determined to stand at the head of one set, a young woman who aims to be the belle of another, and a third female, single, widowed or divorced, who coolly and calmly plans to flirt with every man who will look at her, and who shortly acquires the reputation of being witty, jolly and interesting. As soon as we set eyes on Miss Judson, who was seaisick and kept to her stateroom for the first three or four days, we instinctively felt that she would take this latter position. She was fairly good-looking, of excellent figure, knew how to dress, and was witty and magnetic. Before breakfast was over all the single men and half the married ones were determined to get an introduction as soon as possible. As an offset none of the women liked her. Many had more beauty and style, but all felt that her drawing power was beyond them. If she had appealed to the women the men would not have cared for her, but as she appealed to the men, the women were bound to snub her. They began it almost at once, and that evidently pleased her, for it gave her an excuse for avoiding their society. When Miss Judson got fairly started on her course she lost no time. In a couple of days she had been introduced to every first-class passenger of the sterner sex, and during the next two or three she picked and culled until what was known as the "Judson Crowd" numbered about 15 men. Twelve of these were young men or widowers, while the remainder were married men whose better halves were in England or India. While this crowd was not composed of the highest mental talent in the ship, it was the money crowd, though no one figured on this until later. When the officers of the ship were consulted about Miss Judson they could give very little information. She was the only child of a widower out in India who belonged to the civil service, and she was going out to visit him. Her passage had been taken by an aunt, who was to have gone with her, but was detained by some property matters and would follow on the next steamer. Miss Judson was supposed to be fairly well off, though not rich, and it was called plucky in her to make the long voyage without a companion and to act as her own maid. What information the officers could not supply came by rumor from passengers who claimed to have at least heard of the young woman before sailing. It was said she had refused several good offers of marriage because the men did not come up to her mental standard, and that she was looking for brains instead of money in a life partnership. This was simply rumor, but the Judson crowd immediately brushed up their hair and sought to look and talk like brainy men.

When the ship had been out about a week Miss Judson inaugurated cards to while away the spare hours. There are games and games with cards, but she always played a two-handed game, and she gave out at the start that she never played unless there were cash stakes to make the game interesting. As the playing had to be done in the cabin, and as there were people aboard who might be shocked at the sight of money on the board, slips of paper were used as a substitute, and few outside of the players knew what was up. It was a matter of surprise to everyone who

knew Miss Judson that she was so adept with the pasteboards and was attended by such good fortune. There was, as you may suppose, considerable jealousy among her coterie, and I think she planned that there should be, and took advantage of every occasion to fan the flame. This prevented anything like confidence between the men, and no one mourned his losses to another. I say losses, for each and every player was a steady loser. I don't mind revealing the fact that I was her first opponent, and though we played a game at which I was considered wonderfully fortunate, Miss Judson taught me many costly pointers in the course of the day. She handled the cards like the slickest gambler, and her run of luck was phenomenal. On two or three occasions she manipulated the cards in such a manner that had she been a man I should have called her down, but as it was I had to give her the benefit of the doubt and kept silence. She didn't want to win, she explained—she would rather lose than win in playing with a dear friend—but if luck insisted that she win she must pocket the stakes, you know. When she had won \$350 from me I cashed the slips and went out of the game, pretty well satisfied in my own mind that I hadn't been given a square deal, and from that day on Miss Judson had no further use for me. When I tried to bask in her smiles, as usual, the smiles were not at home to me. She had confided to me that she found me congenial, but there seemed to be some mistake about that after I had decided not to lose any more money.

The next victim was the son of an English manufacturer, who was going out to India to invent new ways of spending his father's surplus cash. It was said that he had £5,000 in the purser's safe. That was when he began playing cards with Miss Judson. How much he had left after he got through no one could say, but that she got at least half of it was common talk, and he himself went so far as to declare that he had been sharpened. In the course of three weeks the "Judson Crowd" was dissolved. One after another was cleaned out of his spare cash and withdrew, and Miss Judson was certainly several thousand dollars to the good. Nobody was willing to admit his exact loss. Indeed, nearly every man lied about it and denied any loss at all, but at the same time each loser knew that the other loser lied. There was no card playing for fun, and soon after it had ceased we were treated to several sensations in succession. The first was the disappearance of several diamond rings and a bracelet, which had been left on the piano by a player. They had disappeared in broad daylight, with people sitting or moving about, and as the value was considerable the sensation was equal. After a little it was found that the jewelry had been taken while only six people were in the cabin. Four of these were married ladies, the fifth Miss Judson, and the sixth the young naturalist who had been taken for Lacy. The cabin was turned upside down in the search, but the missing valuables could not be found. Then everyone of the six persons demanded that his or her stateroom and luggage be searched, but the captain hushed matters up by suggesting that one of the servants was the thief and that the plunder would soon be discovered. Three days later a married woman had a sensational complaint to make. During her temporary absence from her stateroom some one had entered it and stole \$100 in cash, a gold watch and a costly breastpin. Her stateroom was only two doors below mine, and in leaving my room at three o'clock in the afternoon I had caught a glimpse of some one entering her's. I just got sight of a skirt, but I was sure in my own mind that it was one I had seen Miss Judson wear. The bold robbery was a shock to everyone. We surely had a thief aboard the ship, passenger or servant, and no one's belongings would be safe until that thief was discovered. It was natural to at first suspect the servants, and the captain had them before him in succession and tried his best to fix the guilt. While this was going on the mate and stewardess were searching quarters and baggage, but no admission was made by any of the questioned, nor could any trace of the plunder be found. Some thought the thief had flung the stuff overboard to escape detection, but the majority settled down to the belief that one of the passengers was the guilty party. Many who had jewelry and small sums of money hastened to the purser, and people began looking at each other in an unpleasant way. One-half probably suspected the other half, but that wasn't discovering the criminal. I felt sure I could give a good guess as to who it was, but guessing and declaring are two different things. Miss Judson was loud in her indignation and feverish in her anxiety to have the mystery solved, and the average detective would have reasoned that she rather overdid it.

Four days later another stateroom was entered and more jewelry taken,

and right in the midst of the sensation a lady missed a pair of diamond earrings which she had put out to clean. There was an indignation meeting in the cabin, and several persons made speeches and introduced resolutions and the captain found his position a most embarrassing one. It was finally decided to hold all the passengers and servants together on deck while a search was made of every stateroom. This search was most thorough and exhaustive, but not one of the missing valuables was discovered. It was, however, the last theft committed, perhaps because every lady turned over her last ring to the purser for safe keeping. The remainder of the voyage was anything but comfortable, as everyone felt that he might be under suspicion, and there were very few farewells exchanged at the parting. I went up the country to Allahabad, and had been there six months when an Englishman was arrested for trying to defraud a bank of a large amount of money. It was my province, as a newspaper man, to write up the affair, and later on to come in contact with the accused. The instant I saw him I asked if his name was Judson, and if his sister hadn't come out to India on the Malabar. He laughed heartily at the question, but did not answer it until he found that there was evidence enough to send him to prison for a long term. Then he explained that he was Miss Judson herself. Not only that, but he was Lacy. He had often escaped the police in the disguise of a female, being small of stature and beardless, and had started for India under their noses. A confederate had secured a berth for him and helped him to get a proper outfit, and he had assumed the character so naturally and easily that all of us were deceived. As to the robberies aboard, I laid them at his door, and he smiled in reply. He was the thief without doubt. No wonder he had plucked us of our cash at cards, for he was a notorious sharp. That he did not rope in others and also steal more was more the fault of circumstances than his own. He went to prison for 15 years and died there after half his sentence had expired. A year before his death he escaped, donned female attire again, and was finally found serving in an aristocratic family as lady's maid.

It Was Settled at Last.

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BY M. QUAD.

AS we were waiting in the depot at Selma an old man who had to use a cane to help him along came in and jumped over to the ticket-seller and inquired:

"Wall, hev they done anything about my claim yet?"

"No, sir—nothing done!" was the reply.

"Are they goin' to?"

"Can't say."

The old man turned away and was limping out when a passenger halted him and inquired if he had a claim against the railroad.

"Yes, sah, I have," was the reply.

"A train on this road killed one of my hawgs."

"How long ago was that?"

"Jest 22 y'ars ago last week."

"How often have you dropped in here to see about it?"

"Once a day, sah."

"And you have never been able to get a settlement?"

"Never, sah. This road has had five different presidents since that hawg was killed, and the agent here has been changed seven times, but I never could git no settlement. Jest 'pears like they wanted to cheat me outer that hawg."

"Have you filed your claim?"

"Deed I have, sah."

"And have you threatened them with a suit for damages?"

"Heaps o' times, sah. Yes, bin 22 y'ars tryin' to git a settlement, but they dun hang off on me."

"Look here, colonel," said the passenger, after a moment's thought, "was that a hog or a pig?"

"Wall, sah, yo' might call it a pig, I reckon," replied the old man.

"Fat or lean?"

"Rather lean, sah."

"Was pork cheap that year?"

"Powerful cheap, sah. Didn't pay to raise nawgs."

"And what was the amount of your claim?"

"One dollar, sah."

"And what is it now?"

"Jest the same, sah— one dollar. Don't want no mo' than a hawg is worth, yo' know; and can't take no less."

"Well," said the passenger, as he pulled out a dollar and handed it over, "here's your money. This settles the claim at last, and don't you bother this railroad any more."

"Thanks, sah," replied the old man, as he pocketed the bill. "This makes us squar' for the hawg, sah, and I shan't bother you no mo'—no mo'. It's bin a mighty long time, sah—mighty long time—but I knowed I'd git it if I stuck out long 'nuff, and the case is settled. Mawnin', ladies—mawnin', gents—mawnin' to all. I shall be powerful lonesome 'bout this time o' day, but I shan't bother this railroad no mo'—no mo'!"

MORNING.

He—Ethel, can't you read my mind? She—How can I when the type is so small?—Brooklyn Life.

NOBLE QUEEN LOUISE.

Her Memory Revered Unto This Day by All Prussians.

She Was One of the Grandest Women and Also One of the Best, and Is Cherished by Her People as a Saint.

[Special Berlin (Germany) Letter.]

When the list—oh! how small a one it is—of the greatest and best women the world knows, is told off, no matter in which country, the name of Queen Louise of Prussia unfailingly appears. Here in this land she loved, loved best in its deepest debasement, Queen Louise is cherished as a saint. The Berliner is not a sentimental sort of person, rather the reverse, in fact, and few things and men there are his caustic wit, his irony and puns are not practiced upon. But Queen Louise is an exception. Don't you dare to say anything against Queen Louise when you come to Berlin—life would be made a burden to you. The people here, everybody, high and low, are so proud of this lovely queen of theirs, that they would not allow anybody to say a word against her. And it is said that one of the chief reasons why the Prussians in 1813-15 were so fiercely "down" on Napoleon I. was because the great Corsican had hounded her to death. That famous statue of Queen Louise in the Thiergarten, made of Carrara marble by the sculptor, Rauch, is never barren

her coronation day she wrote to the landgravine of Hesse, her grandmother: "I am now queen, and what rejoices me most about that is that I need, in future, not stint myself in doing good." And to a delegation of Berlin citizens she said: "The softest pillow of rulers is the affection of their subjects." Her mode of expressing her sentiments was so felicitous—simple and yet touching in its kindness—and her whole personality was so gracious, so replete with youthful charm, that she could not fail to capture all hearts, and when the royal couple made their tour of the country, soon after ascending the throne, the king himself, whom nature had denied the gift of sympathetic magnetism, said to her: "Louise, I thank thee, thou understandest things better than I do." Not only in conversation, but in her correspondence, too, Queen Louise possessed a singular charm of expression. Her letters are, in their way, as interesting and entertaining as the famous ones of Mme. de Sevigne, and she exchanged letters with the greatest men of her time, with Goethe and Schiller among others, and also with Napoleon I. With all that, however, she was as unaffectedly wifely and modest, as solicitous and affectionate a mother as any of her humbler subjects, and her son, William I., all through his long and glorious life, carried the loving remembrance of his mother.

When an old man of 90, after he had become emperor of reunited Germany and humbled to the dust on the battlefield of Sedan the nephew of the very



THE PRUSSIAN ROYAL FAMILY IN 1808.

of wreaths of flowers, while flowers are to be had, the year round. I have just returned from a walk in the Thiergarten, and I saw a great throng of people around that monument, reverentially beautifying it with Flora's late autumnal blossoms.

November 16, 1897, it was just a century since Queen Louise with her spouse, Frederick William III., ascended the throne, and the whole city keeps the day as a sacred memorial. The emperor early this morning rode to the mausoleum in Charlottesburg and personally decorated the handsome tomb of his great-grandmother—a tomb where her charmingly life-like effigy reclines as if in peaceful slumber. Then he sank down on his knees and delivered a prayer for the repose of her soul. But not only the emperor, the whole nation celebrates the day, for in the hearts of the people this beautiful and gentle queen has erected an imperishable

man before whom Queen Louise with her two boys in 1807 fled into the wilds of Memel, William I. still delighted to honor his mother and to recall charming personal traits of her engraven on his childish memory.

For after nine years of happy reign, in 1806, Prussia's armies were nearly destroyed on the battlefields of Jena and Auerstedt, and the whole country came into the grasp of the great French conqueror. And the queen, with her two little sons, had to take to precipitate flight in order to escape being taken prisoner. Only a small slice of his territory was left the king of Prussia by Napoleon, and Berlin itself remained in his hands for two years. During the negotiations for the peace treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, Napoleon repeatedly expressed a desire to make the acquaintance of Queen Louise, and full of admiration he afterward said to Talleyrand: "Truly, I knew that the queen whom I was to see was beautiful, but I saw not only the most beautiful queen, but also the most attractive of all women."

Nevertheless, he would not abate one iota of the hard conditions he imposed on the conquered. During the next three years Queen Louise, owing to the horribly impoverished condition of the country, lived in deep retirement and almost in poverty. In May, 1808, the royal couple moved into a plain farm house near Koenigsberg, their own capital being still held by the French who dictated as unquestioned masters. It was during this period of great mental depression, and immediately due to the inclement weather in that northernmost district of Prussia, that Queen Louise's health succumbed. Her lungs were affected, and on July 19, 1810, she died, three years before that Prussia she loved so well was able to throw off the yoke of Napoleon. But she left a legacy of loyal patriotism which has since borne fruit.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

Appeal to Family Pride.

"We will now take up our annual collection for the benefit of the heathens," announced Rev. Dr. Fourthly at the close of his sermon, "and I hope those young men in the back seats who have been making so much noise all through this service will be especially liberal in their contributions. They are in duty and honor bound to help their brother heathens."—Chicago Tribune.

All on the Surface.

Mr. Todgers—Why do you think the Monsons are trying to make a bigger show than their circumstances warrant?

Mrs. Todgers—Mrs. Monson wears a sealskin sacque, but I've never heard her petticoats rustle yet. — Chicago News.



QUEEN LOUISE IN 1797.

shrine. Let me give you an idea why this is so.

Louise was a daughter of the grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who ruled, a hundred years ago, over a small and obscure territory by the borders of the Baltic. While on his way to join the army fighting the revolutionary hosts of France, in 1792, the young Prussian crown prince met the princess in Frankfort-on-Main, where she had gone on a visit. It was love at first sight, as the crown prince subsequently styled it himself. On April 24, 1793, the betrothal of the two was celebrated in grand style, and on December 22 of the same year the young princess, amid the booming of cannon and the joyful shouts of the multitude, made her triumphal entry into Berlin as a lovely bride. Her husband's uncle, the then reigning king, Frederick William II., died a few years later, and she became queen.

From the first she endeared herself to the hearts of the Prussian people. Ou