

Pocketbooks and Penitence

By MARY BOWMAN

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"It ain't any part of my duty to search people," defended the conductor, "and the officer says he won't."
"Then I shall search these people myself," snapped the old lady. "Not ten minutes ago I paid my fare out of that purse and no one has left the car since. It must be here, I tell you. I insist that you find it."
The policeman looked about the car hopelessly. Douglas spoke up.
"I think," he said quietly, "that the quickest way to get rid of this nonsense will be for the rest of us to permit ourselves to be searched. I am sure none of us will object. There is merely a mistake somewhere. Here, officer, do your duty."

"I've a good mind to let you see now it feels to be pinched for disorderly conduct," began the policeman, but there was a quick, unseen transfer of something from Douglas' pocket to the officer's palm, and the threat died away in a benign smile.

There were many curious glances directed toward Douglas, but he met them calmly and stared politely but placidly at the girl in the far corner.

He rose when she did and left the car at the far crossing, but he lingered at a drug store window, and it was not until the girl was halfway down the block that he caught up with her.

"Bessie," he cried, "won't you speak to me? I only got in last night and was on my way up here when you got on the car. Is there still no hope for me?"

"Do you think you deserve forgiveness," she asked, "when you make yourself so conspicuous on the car?"

"It was for your sake," he said softly. "The idea of telling people," she went on, ignoring his last remark, "that you were an author looking for experiences?"

"I had to have some sort of excuse," he defended, "and that was the best I could do on the spur of the moment."

"What did you want to do it for, anyhow?" she demanded.

"To prevent you from being searched," he explained. "I was afraid that some one in the crowd might have slipped the purse to you in the excitement. They do that sometimes."

"Dan Douglas," she demanded, coming to a stop and facing him, "do you mean to tell me that was why you took the blame?"

"Yes," he said quietly.

"After the horrid way I treated you?"

"That made no difference."

"But I told you I would never speak to you again."

"I know it. I was afraid you meant it too."

"Do you know," she said, fumbling with the catch of her shopping bag, "I think I will show you why I did not want to be searched."

The bag was open now, and she drew from it a leather case. He caught it from her hands.

"My picture!" he cried. "You have carried it right along? Even after you said you no longer loved me?"

"That was because I was jealous," she explained. "But I would have gone to jail then rather than have let you see that I still cared. I knew you would see it if she searched me."

"I am glad I didn't," he smiled. "I should have been tempted to kiss you right then and there."

"We are almost home," she said ambiguously.

The Tiger and the Goat.

A tiger once invited a goat to dinner. The goat was tickled to death at the notice of the noble beast and wore his spike tailed coat and link sleeve buttons in token of his appreciation.

"Can I help you to some of this venison steak?" the tiger asked the goat very cordially. The goat did not eat venison, but he dissembled very cleverly and preserved a smiling exterior.

"My physician," he protested, "positively forbids venison steak." There was nothing else on the table, and the poor goat was compelled to sit idly by while the tiger devoured a hearty repast.

But the goat was not disposed to deprive himself of the sweets of revenge. He accordingly pressed the tiger to dine with him the following evening.

"Can I help you," sweetly inquired the host, "to some of this steved tomato cans, with brown paper sauce?"

"No, thank you," rejoined the tiger, "my doctor forbids."

"So sorry," murmured the goat in secret glee. "I fear you will have only an unsatisfactory meal."

"Oh, I shall do very well," protested the tiger. Whereat he fell upon and devoured the goat himself.

"Alas," explained the latter with his dying breath, "I was too funny!" This fable teaches that it is perfectly proper to take an insult from some people without resenting it. It is all a matter of judgment.

Fully Armed.

A good story is told of a young recruit who enlisted in a regiment stationed at Aldershot. One day he was on guard duty and was slowly stepping up and down when an officer approached. After the usual salute the officer said:

"Let me see your rifle."

The raw recruit handed over his rifle, and a pleased expression stole over his face. As the officer received the weapon he said in a tone of deepest disgust:

"You're a fine soldier! You've given your rifle, and now what are you going to do?"

The young fellow turned pale and putting his hand in his pocket drew out a big knife and, preparing for business, said in a voice that could not be misunderstood:

"G'f me that rifle or I'll bore a hole through you in a minute."

The officer instantly decided not to play any further with the raw recruit, and the rifle was promptly surrendered.—Pearson's Weekly.

M. P.'s at Sixteen.

It does not seem very clear at what period the legal age for members of parliament was fixed at twenty-one. It is, however, certain that in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. boys of sixteen and seventeen occupied seats in the house of commons. The poet Waller took his seat as an M. P. before he was seventeen. Charles James Fox took his seat at eighteen and Chesterfield before he came of age. This, however, was clearly irregular, because it is recorded that Chesterfield was threatened with a penalty of £500 for sitting and voting in parliament while under the legal age if he did not cease his attacks upon the government. Lord John Russell also sat before he was twenty-one, and he seems to have been

the last of the parsons. An act of William III., passed in 1696, made the election of a person under twenty-one void, but the act was not very stringently enforced.—London Standard.

A GLIMPSE OF HAVANA.

There Are Many Objects of Interest in Cuba's Capital.

While the ears and the eyes of the tourist in Havana are filled with the din from day to day and far into the night of the major notes of the city's strenuous life, the strident gongs on thousands of carriages, the equally noisy gongs of the trolley cars, the masses of color and the strange scenes all about him, the minor notes of the teeming life begin after a few days to make themselves heard, and these have an equal attraction and charm. The street vendors of Havana and their often melodious cries and occasionally the reverse, as, for instance, the rasping cry of the peanut vender when a concert is on at Central park or the Malecon, are as interesting to the average globe trotter, to whom Havana is but a brief stopping place on his rounds, as to the more serious observer, to whom everything in a new land appears as worthy of attention.

The street sellers have their hours and their ways, and each appears at his appointed time. A seller of sweets at dawn and a seller of mangoes after sunset are alike inconceivable. The seller of balloons sounds a small metal pitch pipe, such as musicians use, while the scissors grinder trundles his wheel and gives out a small plaintive air from a set of reeds. Frequently the performer embellishes the scale with fugitive grace notes, according to his talents and taste, and the plain scale becomes quite a musical composition.

These two do not intrude upon one another's methods. The balloon seller and other balloon sellers will use a pitch pipe, while the scissors grinder will use the reeds, and so with the others. The sellers of fruits, of shoes, of bread, of flowers, of notions and countless other small needs of the people have their individual mannerisms and cries, and very quaint they are too. The tourist will naturally search out specimens for himself, and as there is no dearth of good material he will make discoveries at any hour of the day in frequented as well as most unfrequented streets.

Some of the more prosperous of this street tribe own carts, hauled by diminutive donkeys or own ponies, on which they pack their wares. You will even come across even more diminutive outfits, in which a goat is the motive power, and very often the goat will be caparisoned with bells and plumes, in imitation of the American horses attached to the merchandise drays, which are ornamented with great colored plumes and bells and brass studded harness. For the tourists' needs and desires the great stores on Obispo, O'Reilly, San Rafael and other thoroughfares in Havana will be found sufficient for all demands. Obispo is an ideal street—paved with asphalt, wide concrete sidewalk, overhead awnings that stretch from housetop to housetop, which make a delicious shade and coolness in the heat of the day, and stores where the finest of French and Spanish and American products are on exhibition; fans, jewelry, bric-a-brac, silks, laces, are here in the greatest abundance of the richest and most ornate workmanship and at moderate prices. The visitor will not soon weary of these most attractive thoroughfares.—Cuba Review.

Irving's Wonderful Self Denial.

There was one special act in Irving's young life on the stage that has a lesson for all young artists. When, in 1850, having then had three full years of experience as a player, he got a three years' engagement in London and made his appearance at the Princess, he came to the conclusion that his work was not yet good enough for metropolitan favor. So he resolutely bent himself to the task before him and, with the reluctant consent of his manager, canceled his engagement. He went back to the weary routine and labor and hardship of the provinces till the time should come for a more worthy effort. When we remember that a London engagement was, and is, the goal of an ambitious actor's hopes and that it means regular work and regular pay and an ever increasing opportunity for distinguishing oneself, we can understand that his self denying resolution was little less than heroic. When, however, he did come again, seven years later, he had his reward. He came to stay. He knew his work then and knew that he knew it. His record from that on was an unbroken one of success and honor. His fight was won.—Success Magazine.

Hunting Birds With Greyhounds.

The great bustard is the rarest bird that comes under the category of "game." This bird formerly haunted all the level counties of England and was particularly common on Salisbury Plain. From the reign of Henry VIII. repeated measures were passed in order to protect it; and it is expressly included under the head of game in the statute of the first year of the reign of William IV., which codified and reformed the laws relating to game. The close season for bustard shooting was, and is, from the 1st of March to the 1st of September. But the native bustard is now extinct in England. The last was killed at Swaffham, in Norfolk, in 1838. Any that have been shot since have been merely casual visitors, probably coming from the plains of Saxony. The causes of the disappearance of the bustard are, firstly, the sport they afforded, for they were hunted with greyhounds as well as shot; secondly, the increase in the amount of cultivated land.

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This largest of European birds, weighing as much as thirty pounds, could no longer find any sufficient support on the closely cropped plains of England.—London Queen. Laying an Early Foundation. "Was it necessary for you to kiss my daughter the very first time you met her?" "No, madam, not absolutely necessary, but I wanted to get on a friendly basis with her as soon as possible."—Woman's Home Companion. Corrected. "You must have money to be able to offer me so beautiful an engagement ring." "Must have had money, you mean."—Houston Post. The surest pleasures lie within the circle of useful occupation. Mere pleasure, sought outside of usefulness, is fraught with poison.—Becher.

Heart and Lungs. The action of the heart, lungs and digestive system is involuntary, for the reason that it is indispensable to life and must be carried on under all circumstances. If a man had to think of his heart or had to remember that he must breathe or that his food must digest he would have no time to do anything else, and if by chance he should forget to keep his heart going or his lungs in operation he would fall dead on the spot. The Clock. The clock has a strange way of telling different tales with the same face. If it is telling one man to hurry up, it tells the next man who looks that there is plenty of time.—Aitchison Globe. Realism. Why is the cow purple in the picture? Because the girl's parasol is red. The cow, in fact, is purple with rage. This is precisely what is meant by realism in art.—Puck.

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