

AFTER THE BALL.

She counts her conquests all as naught
Before this crowning one—
The love that seemed to come unsought,
Like splendors of the sun;
And every word he spoke to-night
Is graven on her brain
In letters of auroral light,
Forever to remain.

She lays her lips upon the hands
His fervent lips have kissed;
And o'er her clear eyes she stands
There comes a happy mist.
What was her charm in form or face
O'er others at the ball
That he should do her such a grace
As choose her mid them all?

She casts her shining silks aside,
And robes her for her rest;
Her only dream till morning tide,
"He loves me—loves me best."
O virgin faith! O face so sweet!
O heart that pulses true!
Will any man's heart ever beat
As loyally for you?

He leaves the hall, but not for rest,
And not for faithful dream;
Life needs, it seems, another zest
Where Lais reigns supreme.
Fill higher the beaker with champagne,
And crown the board with flowers;
A husband may not know again
Such gay bohemian hours.

Not his the love that lives for aye,
Not his the loyal troth;
His passion lasts a summer day,
He swears a traitor's oath.
So take the mortal life the strife
Of hymeneal plans,
That love is all a woman's life,
And only half a man's.

—H. Saville Clarke.

CONISTON'S COURTSHIP.

A Brief in Three Sheets.

BY FANNIE AYMAR MATTHEWS.

John Gordon Annesley, Earl of Coniston, sat in the cabin of the Brighton boat, reading his evening paper. He had just folded and put in his pocket a long letter from his friend and partner, Sir Campbell Frazier, in which that gentleman announced that affairs at the Ranch of San Rosalie were going on perfectly, but that he must beg his "dear old Jack" to put off his sailing date a fortnight, as he now found that he could not be in New York possibly before the close of the month (October) or later.

Coniston was in the midst of a frown over the piece of intelligence as he glanced over the paper. He hated America and the Americans; he longed to put the sea between himself and this displeasing nation; he yearned for "shooting" and the Highlands; he scorned the gayeties of all the American watering places, and stopped at the Pavilion—solely, as he openly avowed, because Brighton was an English name for a place, and for the other reason that here he was within an hour of Pier 38, North River, and could step on board a Guion boat at almost a moment's warning.

Coniston, therefore, chafed under the infliction of an additional fortnight in the land of his loathing. Albeit the Ranch of San Rosalie was adding a considerable number of thousands to his income, he still—just at this particular moment—wished it at the bottom of the Red Sea.

Perhaps, too, he mingled with the afflictions of the exile some memories of Lady Cicely Howard, and the strange penchant he had had for her during the last London season.

However this may be, Coniston's vacant eyes at this juncture took in a very neat little figure as it advanced in the cabin; it was followed by another—a plump middle-aged lady's figure, much burdened with shawls and wraps, and evidently in deadly peril of a draught, for before seating itself, both the neat little figure and the plump duenna examined carefully the fastenings of all adjacent windows.

"This one seems tightly closed, Aunt Dorinda," the girl said, in her clear, light voice.

"Horrible American tone, calculated to lacerate a fog!" mentally commented his lordship.

"No, Polly, no; I am sure—"

"Polly! ye gods!" soliloquized the earl. "Suggestive solely of comic opera, milkmaids and parrots. And she has short hair!—he never could abide a short haired woman. And she was small. Small women had always, from youth up, constituted his pet aversion! Dressed in brown; brown as a color was distressing, in fact it was no color at all!" Coniston had all his nation's prejudice in favor of brilliant hues.

She is alert, bright, vivacious; all that a woman should not be; what a contrast to Cicely, who was the perfection of languor, dreaminess and repose!—and yet Cicely was sometimes rather of a bore.

He wondered if this young person was a bore? Now that he inspected her, he observed, that she had a certain reticence of face and manner that was wholly un-American. She had seen him looking at her, of course. By Jove! where was his paper? on the floor! and yet for some inscrutable reason she did not return his gaze squarely out of those large eyes of hers. It was strange! It struck Coniston as a remarkable fact, worth recording, that he had encountered one American girl who declined to reciprocate the delicate attentions of his eyes.

Why! there came Bradford! such a capital fellow for an American. Bradford knew her.

She smiled at Bradford and allowed him to sit beside her, and gave him her wrap to hold.

To be sure, Coniston remembered that he had always thought Bradford very much of a cad, and not a nice fellow by any means.

And Bradford held her wrap, and they all went off the boat together in the friendliest sort of fashion, with the maid trotting after them with the satchels and dogs.

No, he had always had a special aversion for that Bradford! And as for small women, with short hair, dressed in brown—well, his disgust for them was not to be measured by any language.

Nevertheless, as Coniston willy argued with himself, "a man must fill up his time;" so, in an off-hand way he just intimated to Bradford that he

didn't care—if the opportunity offered—if he did introduce him to Mrs. Waddle and her niece Miss Grey.

Bradford was apparently magnanimous; besides, he had never presented an Earl to Miss Grey before—and he did the deed with satisfaction to himself at least.

Miss Grey bowed slowly to Coniston, and then she turned her attention to a group of lady friends sitting near, leaving Coniston to the agreeable knowledge that he was at liberty to salute her the next time he met her on the piazza or the corridor.

It didn't satisfy him. He went off and smoked a cigar, and conjured up Cicely in the fragrance of the Havana.

Even Cicely did not seem to be as complete a boon as he had fancied she ought to be.

For five days he wandered up and down, and round and round the hotel, "lounging," he called it; but the more correct term to describe these peregrinations would be—politely chasing Polly Grey.

Finally he beheld her alone. Neither aunt nor Bradford nor friends—Heaven be praised!—were anywhere about.

He drew near the big rocker, where she sat with a book in her lap; and suddenly Coniston remembered that he should have to say something beyond "good-morning," and for the first time in forty-one years he actually wondered what it should be.

She spared him the attempt, however, and glancing up, said:

"Ah! good morning; you have been up in town, I suppose, ever since the day Mr. Bradford presented you?"

"Up in town!" This was too much, when he had followed her like a detective the entire time.

Coniston looked feebly at her, and then he laughed, and his fair face flushed as he ventured to sit down on the piazza step at her feet. Polly glanced down inquiringly with steady, demure eyes.

"No," he cried. "Miss Grey, I've been most of the time about a yard and a quarter away from you; but you never seemed to see me?"

"How strange!" Polly says, wondering. "Most people would have seen you, now, wouldn't they?"

"Women always have before," he assents, with a sigh.

"Then you must have rejoiced in a change, didn't you? Variety is so pleasant to an appetite jaded by sameness!"

"No," he answers; I didn't enjoy it at all. I'll tell you, he says, looking up at her with wide, clear eyes: "to be frank, I hate American women, and you're the only one who ever inspired me with the slightest—"

Coniston stops short; there is something in his listeners face that marks an unerring period in his reckless speech.

"Well?" she asks, sweetly and clearly. "—the slightest?"

The English language is Coniston's native tongue, but it fails him now; he feels the warm blood suffusing his face and his mind runs after an elusive woman.

"Ah, I see; there are some things so much better implied than expressed. But I am so matter-of-fact that I must translate your mute eloquence, Lord Coniston—" At this instant Coniston is lost in calculating how many minutes he can stand this present temperature of his head and face—"into words, or a word—curiosity, eh? Come, be twice frank—is it not so?"

"You may christen it curiosity, and call it so, pro tem., if you choose, Miss Grey, but not so?"

The earl again falters.

"Oh!" cries the girl, with a little impatient wave of her hand, and throwing back her pretty blonde head; "how I abhor Englishmen! They are so in terror of even their minor emotions. A Frenchman, a German, an Italian, any other nationality in the world is ready, eager to put his flirtatious propensities into the most delicious language; but an Englishman!"—she shudders—"he stops to wonder what he is about to feel, and lo! the emotion vanishes! ha! ha! ha!"

Miss Grey laughs a long, musical, ringing laugh.

Coniston looks at her, and he wonders if he has ever really seen her until this morning? She looks like the brightest part of the sunshine as she sits there in it, mocking him.

"Perhaps we do avoid putting what you call our 'flirtatious propensities' into words; but if you will permit me to say so, an Englishman is only too ready to speak out that which he really feels!"

"Do they ever 'feel' anything outside the hunting field and the House of Commons?" she asks, provokingly.

He smiles as he looks at her.

"I will tell you some day."

Not long after Coniston rides with Miss Grey—a long afternoon ride on the road by the bay, and through the woods and past the farms busy with their autumn fruit gathering.

Their chat of commonplace things—the flowers, the birds, the clouds, the blue of sea and sky, and they come home soberly enough, too soberly, he thinks.

There is a ball that night, "the last of the season." Coniston is not a dancing man, so he has the satisfaction of watching Miss Grey floating about the ball room in the arms of other men—principally Bradford. He smokes cigars; he even goes so far as to drink brandy, and invoke the image of the reposed Cicely—all have little effect. He stalks out on the piazza, brilliant with lanterns, and then saunters to the other end where it is comparatively dark.

Polly sits there, and Bradford—Bradford!—is bending over her; he even has her hand; and now he goes in and leaves her.

Coniston is a madman as he rushes into the other man's place and leans tremblingly over her chair. She is quiet, silent.

"It is I!" he whispers, breathlessly.

"I know," she replies, softly.

"Oh, child!" cries he, "you must listen to me; I am a good-for-nothing sort of a fellow; I have had no religion, no anything, until I have known you, and now you are my shrine. It seems to me at your feet I should lay rare spices, perfumes, flowers, jewels—and all I dare lay there to-night is a human heart—a human life, Polly," he says,

lowly, stooping his blonde head to hers. "Will you love me?"

He sees her face as she utters it in the flare of the last lantern; it is as he has never seen it—pale, stricken, awful, calm.

"Well!" she says at last, with that clear, bright voice of hers, a trifle hard, a trifle matter-of-fact.

"Oh, I love you, my soul! my queen! I love you and need you," cries he, overcome by the sight of her pallor.

"I know," she answers, quietly. "I appreciate, value your love; I would not have it otherwise; I should have been disappointed always if you had not loved me. Ah! burying her white face in her hands, "I revel in it!"

And he had once thought this woman cold, superficial, unlikable.

"My darling!" Coniston says, reaching out his hands for hers.

"But," whispers the girl, drawing away into her silken wrap, "I—I am engaged to be married to Eugene Bradford. I have been for two years!"

Sir Campbell Frazier had arrived from the West. The Arizona sailed on Tuesday, and both he and the Earl of Coniston were booked on her passenger list.

It was Monday night—"midsummer come again," people said, lounging about the piazzas of the big hotel—warm, sultry, with great banks of blue-black clouds hovering above the golden rim of the west.

Bradford was up in town, detained by business, as Coniston had discovered. Miss Grey was sitting at the corner of the piazza. He went up to her for the first time since the night of the ball.

"May I sit down?"

"She looks up assentingly.

"I am going to-morrow in the Arizona."

"I know," she answers, whitening.

He wonders why, and Heaven help him! he gets up and goes away, when he would rather far have taken the frail, vivacious, alert little woman to his heart.

Presently he saunters back.

"Would you take a ride with me to-night? You know we shall never on earth see each other again. Would you?"

Here eyes flash, her lips quiver; she turns the ring on her finger back and forth.

"Yes," she says, quietly. "I will. I will get on my habit and be down presently."

They ride off—off into the green and silent country lanes where the dew damps the air, and where the scent of the homestead flower gardens mingles with the breath of the sea as it comes to them.

They do not talk very much, nor yet ride very fast. The twilight is gathering and the horses have their way.

Suddenly it grows dark—the blue-black clouds have swept over all the brightness of the heavens and hidden the harvest moon from sight.

A flash—an instantaneous report, and Polly sees her lover stagger in his seat; his left arm falls powerless, struck for ever useless at his side.

She has her horse beside him in an instant; she comes close to his side, while the great rain drops fall plashing down upon them. She takes up the stricken arm in her soft hands, and presses her young lips upon it.

"Polly!" cries Coniston, wildly. "Do you love Bradford?"

"Oh, no!" she says.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she whispered.

Now—to-night—this very hour?"

"Yes, this very hour if you wish it. Oh!" cries the girl, wildly. "Jack, I'll be so good to you. I must be, don't you see? This—this!" She touches his arm as he tries to guide his horse and hold her to him, both.

"He doesn't need me like that! and you do; and it is my fault—I ought not to have come out to-night with you!"

"Thank God you did!"

"And," she says, slowly, as they turn their horses' heads "besides, I—I love you; is it not strange?"

"Very. And you will not regret owning a fellow as—as helpless as I am, Polly?"

"No," she answers, thoughtfully, and looking at her by the lightning's frequent flash, he sees the strength, and warmth, and tenderness, and love, that he has need of.

"Polly," Coniston says, through the pelting rain, as they ride back to Brighton, "it seems to me as if my whole life had been an interrogation point, and as if you were the blessed answer to it."

And so it fell out that the reverend pastor of St. Mary's was called upon to marry two drenched people that November night, and that the Earl of Coniston put off his sailing date another month.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

His Reasons.

"That is a good cigar you are smoking," said a lady to a gentleman.

"It is, indeed," replied the gentleman as he puffed huge volumes of it in the lady's face.

"Foreign or domestic?" asked the lady.

"A domestic cigar, madam. I never smoke anything but 'domestics.'"

"And why not?" quizzically replied the lady.

"Oh, I am a married man."—*National Weekly.*

Certainly Not.

Uncle Jake: Peter, I hear you pays your 'spees to my darter. Now ef you means bizness, wot is your bizness?

Peter: I's keepin' books for Dobson & Co.

Uncle Jake: Um! Ah! Does you keep 'em in single or double entry, Peter?

Peter: Ain't no sich fool chile as dat. I puts 'em in de safe down celloh ebery night. Tink I'd keep walybes in de entry?—*Tud-Bits.*

Reached His Destination.

"Well, how you arrived at a conclusion yet," said an irritated creditor to a man on whom he called to collect a bill.

"I have," replied the debtor.

"Well, what is it?"

"Having arrived at a conclusion, I intend to just stop there."—*National Weekly.*

PRIVATE RETREATS IN DEMAND.

Places Where the Victims of Opium and Alcohol Are Cured.

The alarming increase in nervous and mental disorders, consequent upon the habitual use of stimulants and narcotics has resulted in a corresponding increase of private "retreats" within the last year, says *The New York Mail and Express*. Though given the less offensive title of "retreats" and "homes," these places are really nothing more nor less than madhouses, where patients are placed under medical surveillance. They flourish in the rural districts, but pay better when near to some metropolis. New Jersey has many of these homes, where the unfortunates from New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland find refuge. Connecticut and Rhode Island offer like accommodations to New England patrons, while Nebraska is the favored state for victims of diseased minds in the west. The south is as yet comparatively unprovided in this particular, though it is a noticeable fact that this section of the country sends as many patients to the New Jersey institutions as any other. Although all classes of patients are admitted to these "reformatories," the majority of them are treated for chronic alcoholism. Opium and morphine eaters come next on the list, while the "hopelessly insane" receive no treatment at all. The young man about town, who has indulged his appetite to excess, "goes to Europe for his health."

Europe in his case, however, is often times a retreat, where he remains with his tongue hanging out of his mouth in anxiety for one drop of whisky until it is time for him to return from his trip abroad. This usually takes about six weeks.

"There are as many ways of treating confirmed drunkards and opium-eaters as there are physicians to treat them," said a physician to a reporter.

"If a little judgment is used they can be cured, and that, too, quite thoroughly. They imagine that they must have their favorite stimulant, and if possible they will get it. Some physicians use the padded cell. The poor inebriate is brought in suffering with the delirium tremens. After large doses of bromide of potassium have been forced down the poor fellow's throat he is thrown into the padded cell, where he moans and groans, for days sometimes, in despair. Oftentimes the poor wretch beats his head against his cell walls in his frenzy. Such treatment is positively cruel, and the patients many times are seriously injured. The theory of 'stop a man's whisky and he won't get drunk' may be very good as a theory, but it does not stand a practical test. To suddenly stop anything to which the system has been long accustomed is a serious thing. The most judicious and humane plan is to gradually decrease the amount of a patient's stimulant until he can do without it altogether. This accomplished, the treatment proper begins. The drunkard is not cured when he finds he can exist comfortably without his glass. Neither is he ready to be discharged. Unless his impoverished system be built up, six months after he leaves the institution he will be as bad as before he entered. He requires tonics until his system rallies from the shock caused by the poison of the alcohol. Morphine patients should be fed on the drug regularly. The doses should be decreased daily. This can be done by substituting some innocuous white substance, so as to keep up the size of the dose in appearance, until finally the patient, instead of taking morphine, is taking regular doses of some effective tonic, and he is soon in a condition to leave the institution.

"Women addicted to the opium habit are the hardest class of patients to treat. They are naturally more delicately organized than men, and it requires a much longer time to cure them. Unlike the men, however, a woman once cured seldom has a relapse."

A Gallic Genius.

The laws regulating the transmission of mail between countries embraced in the postal union have heretofore excluded packages exceeding eighteen inches, or forty-five centimeters, in length, but will hereafter admit packages of about twenty-seven inches, or seventy centimeters, in length. The way the change came about is explained in a circular just received at the post-office from the superintendent of foreign mails. A French publisher, wishing to send to his subscribers fashion plates, about seventy centimeters in length, was told that they could not be received in the foreign mail. Seeking to keep his engagements with his patrons, however, he cast about for some way to relieve his difficulty, and knowing that packages not exceeding forty-five centimeters, or eighteen inches, in length would be received, hit upon the following expedient: By making a paper box in the shape of a cube, having each of the lines of its squares just forty-five centimeters in length he could place his fashion plate roll within the box, the roll being placed diagonally touching the bottom and top of the box. A great number of paper boxes eighteen inches square threatening to burst, the government determined to take the seventy-centimeter-long rolls instead of the boxes, asking the other countries in the union to receive these rolls, until an international congress can change the laws relating to the length of parcels. The change contemplated, and which the United States foreign mail office has now sanctioned, permits the mailing of rolls that can be contained in cubes, the sides of which do not exceed forty-five centimeters or eighteen inches in length.—*St. Louis Republican.*

"It looks like wain, old fellow. I guess we'd better have a hansom for?"

"What do you want a hansom for? It's only half a dozen blocks, and you've got your umbrella."

"Yaas, deah boy. But it's my walking umbrella. I can't use it faw a wain upbellow. I could nevaw wap it up again, don't you know."—*Town Topics.*

A FEATURE OF WASHINGTON.

The Big Business Done by the Second-Hand Book Stores of the Capital.

The second-hand book stores of Washington are a curious feature of the city, writes Carp in the *Cleveland Leader*.

There are a number of them, some of which do a business of tens of thousands of dollars yearly. Smaller ones you will find in out-of-the-way places scattered here and there, and in any one of these you may buy many valuable and rare books. One near the treasury has the rooms of a four-story brick building lined with books. Entering its ground floor is like going into a large public library, where the books are classified by subjects, and where you can find almost anything you want. You may ask for a set of the congressional debates; from the beginning of the government until to-day, and it will be furnished you. It will comprise several hundred volumes, and its price will be \$300. You take your purchase to your home and look over it, and your mind goes back to the times of the past as you read the curious marginal notes which you may find in some of the volumes, and look at the various autographs inscribed on the fly-leaves of others. These books have been gathered from all quarters of the country. One volume may have belonged to Andrew Jackson, and you see his dashing autograph on the title-page. Another may have come from Stephen A. Douglas' library, and in many cases you will find books from the collections of Carroll, of Carrollton, and other men whose autographs have now a mercantile value.

The state department paid \$22.50 at a book auction, not long ago, for an almanac, and it would have readily given \$100 for it. It was one that Jefferson had used, and it contained many notes in Jefferson's handwriting upon its pages. This almanac was a part of a Virginia collection made by Mr. Shouey, one of the stenographers of the senate, and the second-hand book man of whom Shouey bought the almanac said he sold it to him for \$1. This man has a shop near the postoffice department, and while I was buying a book of him yesterday I talked with him about his trade. Said he: "Second-hand book-selling is a curious business, and to the careful dealer there is money in it. Books fluctuate in value according to the demands of the times, and one to-day which will not bring 10 cents may to-morrow be worth as many dollars. Anything rare comes high, and the springing up of interest in the old congressional questions brings the literature of the times when they were formerly discussed into the market. Just before the Garfield campaign began a book collector named Parish, had a room full of Credit Mobilier reports which he was thinking of selling to the waste-paper man. Garfield was nominated. The question was brought into the canvass, and he sold them for several dollars apiece. Just now all reports and speeches relating to the silver question are of value, and some old reports which we invoiced at nothing bring several dollars a copy.

"Here, for instance, is a valuable book," continued the antiquarian as he picked up a volume of about one hundred pages bound in leather. "It is worth \$50 at auction, and it is a government document too. It is a report on the Alaskan islands, by Henry W. Elliott, and it contains many fine sketches. Only seventy-five of these books were printed, and it is almost impossible to procure them."

"What class of people collect books?" I asked, "and what are their hobbies?"

"They are mostly scholars and readers, though, indeed now and then you will find some ignorant fellow who cares for the binding more than the contents, and not a few people buy books for the pictures that are in them rather than the reading. There are many picture collectors in Washington, and in some cases I find that they buy better to tear a book to pieces and sell its engravings by the piece. People who would not give me 50 cents for the volume will pay 5 cents apiece for the twenty or more engravings which it contains. A great many men buy old magazines for the pictures, and I have a large sale of *Harper's* and *Scribner's* on this account. They take the full-page pictures from these magazines and cut off the white margin to where the engraving begins. They then mount this engraving upon cardboard as carefully as the mounting of a photograph, and at a very small expense procure choice collections of engravings. The world has never surpassed the magazine illustration of to-day, and you may find genius lurking in many of the pictures of an out-of-the-way peddler.

"Many men collect books on special subjects. There are a number of epicures in Washington, who want everything we can find on wines and gastronomy. The man to whom I sold Jefferson's almanac took, for one year, everything on Virginia, and at another time he made a specialty of whist collections, and bought every book relating to whist or whist players. Old county histories sell well here at Washington, and state historical collections bring more than when they were first printed. All branches of Americana sell well, and, indeed, if you keep any kind of book for a number of years you are sure to find a buyer in the end."

Speaking of second-hand book stores, Washington has many book auctions every winter, and a very valuable collection is to be sold during the present season, in the shape of the books of the late ex-Gov. Thomas Bartley of Ohio. Bartley was a great collector, and had a library of choice volumes running into the thousands. Such book auctions are always held in the evening, and you may find supreme court judges, senators, congressmen, and litterateurs mixed up in the crowds which attend them. The books are sold by catalogue, and each man has a catalogue in his hand as the sale goes on. The bidding is always spirited, and standard works bring their full value. There are a number of collectors who send to such auctions orders for books, giving the limit of their bids, and in certain cases the auctioneer is authorized to bid certain books off to them at any

price. Justice Bradley buys books at these auctions. Justice Woods is often attendant upon them, and the auctioneer has sometimes orders from the historian Bancroft.

TWO WICKED GIRLS.

They Came Near Cheating a Conductor Out of Half a Week's Salary.

A reporter was walking up Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, the other afternoon, says *The New York Sun*, when he noticed near Adams street two good looking and stylishly dressed young women tripping along toward him.

One of the girls had something in her hand, which they both looked at with undisguised joyfulness while they chattered animatedly over it. As the reporter and the girls passed each other one of the girls exclaimed:

"Ain't it just too lovely for anything! We can go to a matinee and have money left."

The speaker's companion uttered a joyful little squeak and was about to reply when the reporter saw a man in street-car conductor's garb dashing wildly up the street. His car stood a quarter of a block away, on one side of Myrtle avenue. He was panting asthmatically and his arms sawed the terrible bounds placed himself in front of the chattering young ladies. He stuck out one of his horny hands of toil and mopped his forehead with the other.

"Gimme four dollars and ninety cents!" he exclaimed, as loudly as his waning breath would let him.

The chattering of the two girls ceased. The girl that had in her hand the something which seemed to have caused all their animation emptied the contents of that hand into the conductor's without a word. The conductor shot back toward his car like a stone out of a catapult. The attitudes of the retreating young ladies, who never turned to look after the flying conductor plainly indicated that gloom and disappointment had taken the place of cheerfulness and joy in their hearts.

The sudden and singular proceeding puzzled the reporter and he dashed after the conductor. The latter had reached his car. As the reporter boarded it two young ladies left it and went up Myrtle avenue, discussing something with as much animation as the other couple had had before the conductor swooped down on them in that unceremonious way. The other passengers in the car were giving audible signs of amusement. The conductor's face was red and he was panting from the chase.

"What's up, anyhow?" asked the reporter of the conductor.

The conductor didn't look pleased. "It's a dead sure fact," said he, finally, "that there ain't nobody a living that can ride two blocks in a street car in this town without losin' all the honesty they ever had. Now just look at them two girls you seen me tackle up the street yonder. Nice families, they are, and I'll bet their families are way up. Well, them two girls and them two young men got off just now all got on this car together up Adams street four or five blocks. Two of 'em got down in that seat yonder, and t'other two dropped into the seat over toward the end there. When I went for my fares one of the girls give me a fiver, and says for me to take out for two. I told her I'd give her change in a minute, and went in. My car got pretty near down to the av'noo 'fore I got the \$4.90 counted out, and then I skims my eye over the car, picks out the girl that give me the fiver, and went and tumbled the change into her hand. I remember the change into her hand. I remember, now, that she looked up kind o' skeert, but as quick as a flash she shut her fingers on the boodle and said 'Thank you,' just as sweet and innocent as a 2-year-old. Then she says 'Stop here, please,' and I yanked the car to a stand-still. The girl that I changed the bill for got out with her friend, and they went off up the street. I started the car, and the other two girls motioned for me to stop on the far side of the av'noo. 'We want to get out here,' says they. 'Won't you please give the change for the \$5?' I had to grab the brake to keep from fallin' off backward, for it struck me all of a sudden that I had dumped that \$4.90 into the wrong girl's hand. I slung my eye off to the left and saw the two innocent creatures trottin' 'long like a couple o' peacocks. 'Here's a half a week's salary out o' my pocket,' says I, 'unless I can overhaul them deah girls and recover them skids.' So I took the rope, springs for terry firmer, and puts on a full head o' steam arter the charmers. If they'd a had half a block more of a