

Brooch

By ALD MACKNIGHT
Copyright 1910 by American Press Association

During the war between King Charles I and his parliament two English families, the Vincents and the Traverses, were living on adjacent estates. Young Ebert Travers and An Angela Vincent played together as children and were leaving their homes to support the atmosphere about him, especially the king and Ebert marched to the party made them sensibly sensitive to the fact that they were lovers. Over the hedge that separated the two estates they plighted their troth, and the young lover dashed away thinking of the day when the Puritans having been fully re-established, he would return to take up the pleasant life he had thus led, made far happier by his union with Angela.

But, as under the struggle of 1801 in America there lay, unrecogized at the time the principle of civil liberty, so under that in England there was a principle of constitutional government. Travers was fighting for the king as an uncontrolled power, while his enemies were fighting for the king as he is today—a mere representative head of the government. The latter cause triumphed, the king was beheaded, and those who supported him, many of them deprived of their estates, found themselves without the means of subsistence.

Sir Edward Vincent, who espoused the parliamentary cause, had fallen at the battle of Marston Moor, and his wife had died during the struggle leaving the Lady Angela an orphan. The Travers estate was confiscated and Ebert Travers, instead of returning to his home, as he had anticipated, found he was set out to fight for the king. When himself penniless and without a roof over his head, "Give him a sovereign," he roared his head. "An' suns a funder," he roared his head. "An' suns a funder," he roared his head.

How largely his imagination drew upon his imagination for the story of "Lorna Doone" is made clear by F. H. Blackwood in his book, "The Good Old Times." There were, in fact, no such things as the "Dance," a horseback appeared at the window, thrusting in one of those cumbersome viking invaders barred the land. The implements with a distinct which looted vestige of actually discovered those days they considered a pistol. As a faint tradition that a fugitive from yellow strip of cloud reflecting the light of the setting sun shone on the man's face, while the features of the woman were concealed from him.

"The lady handed him a silk purse well filled." "And now your jewels." "She removed a brooch from her breast and gave him that too. This seemed to satisfy him, and he told the coachman to drive on, but immediately stopped him to ask: "Are you for the king or the parliament?" "My father died for the parliament, my betrothed fought for the king!"

The highwayman straightway thrust his hand into his pocket, took out the purse and tossed it back into the carriage. "It's only the cursed Roundheads," he said, "whom we force to give us money while we wait for the return of King Charles!" He was feeling for the brooch when she stopped him. "Keep it," she said, "for a remembrance upon a brooch or a coat. This of those young men who, having lost their possessions in defense of the king, have taken to the road. The day may come when we shall meet again. If so, the brooch may be a means of recognition."

The highwayman lifted his hat, thanked the lady for her gift, and he drove on. King Charles II. is entering London amid great rejoicings. A carriage was standing by the curb in the street where the royal procession must pass. When the king had gone by a young man in the carriage, seeing a face in the carriage, related in, crying: "Angela!"

"The last time you were at my carriage window it was for a very different purpose," she replied. "What mean you, sweetheart?" "Sweetheart, indeed! You robbed me." "What of your heart?" "Of my heart, forsooth! Of my purse." The young man looked confused. "We must needs do something after Naseby," he said, banging his head, "but I surely never robbed you, Angela."

"You have a brooch a lady gave you?" "A brooch! Yes, I have a brooch." "I gave it to you, saying that some day it might be a means of recognition." His face turned scarlet. The girl clapped her hands in great glee. "Come," she said, "perhaps you have been wearing it next your heart, thinking it to be the gift of some fair dame other than my betrothed."

"Indeed I have kept it near my heart!" he admitted. "Here it is, and he produced it." The estates of these young people came again into their possession. Among the descendants of Ebert and Angela is the brooch of which Angela was robbed.

Jefferson Davis and His Neighbors

Jefferson Davis shrank from the sight of every form of authority, even in imagination. When the "Babes in the Wood" was first read to him, a grown man, in time of illness, he would not endure the horror of it. His sympathy with the oppressed was almost abnormal, "so that," says Mrs. Davis, "it was a difficult matter to keep order with children and servants." All this shows that he was nervous, sensitive, which is a terrible handicap to a leader of men. He suffered always from nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia and "came home from his office fasting, a mere mass of quivering nerves and perfectly exhausted." He was keenly susceptible to the moods of people, "abnormal in the paring made them sensibly sensitive to the fact that they were lovers. Over the hedge that separated the two estates they plighted their troth, and the young lover dashed away thinking of the day when the Puritans having been fully re-established, he would return to take up the pleasant life he had thus led, made far happier by his union with Angela."

But, as under the struggle of 1801 in America there lay, unrecogized at the time the principle of civil liberty, so under that in England there was a principle of constitutional government. Travers was fighting for the king as an uncontrolled power, while his enemies were fighting for the king as he is today—a mere representative head of the government. The latter cause triumphed, the king was beheaded, and those who supported him, many of them deprived of their estates, found themselves without the means of subsistence.

Sir Edward Vincent, who espoused the parliamentary cause, had fallen at the battle of Marston Moor, and his wife had died during the struggle leaving the Lady Angela an orphan. The Travers estate was confiscated and Ebert Travers, instead of returning to his home, as he had anticipated, found he was set out to fight for the king. When himself penniless and without a roof over his head, "Give him a sovereign," he roared his head. "An' suns a funder," he roared his head. "An' suns a funder," he roared his head.

How largely his imagination drew upon his imagination for the story of "Lorna Doone" is made clear by F. H. Blackwood in his book, "The Good Old Times." There were, in fact, no such things as the "Dance," a horseback appeared at the window, thrusting in one of those cumbersome viking invaders barred the land. The implements with a distinct which looted vestige of actually discovered those days they considered a pistol. As a faint tradition that a fugitive from yellow strip of cloud reflecting the light of the setting sun shone on the man's face, while the features of the woman were concealed from him.

"The lady handed him a silk purse well filled." "And now your jewels." "She removed a brooch from her breast and gave him that too. This seemed to satisfy him, and he told the coachman to drive on, but immediately stopped him to ask: "Are you for the king or the parliament?" "My father died for the parliament, my betrothed fought for the king!"

The highwayman straightway thrust his hand into his pocket, took out the purse and tossed it back into the carriage. "It's only the cursed Roundheads," he said, "whom we force to give us money while we wait for the return of King Charles!" He was feeling for the brooch when she stopped him. "Keep it," she said, "for a remembrance upon a brooch or a coat. This of those young men who, having lost their possessions in defense of the king, have taken to the road. The day may come when we shall meet again. If so, the brooch may be a means of recognition."

The highwayman lifted his hat, thanked the lady for her gift, and he drove on. King Charles II. is entering London amid great rejoicings. A carriage was standing by the curb in the street where the royal procession must pass. When the king had gone by a young man in the carriage, seeing a face in the carriage, related in, crying: "Angela!"

"The last time you were at my carriage window it was for a very different purpose," she replied. "What mean you, sweetheart?" "Sweetheart, indeed! You robbed me." "What of your heart?" "Of my heart, forsooth! Of my purse." The young man looked confused. "We must needs do something after Naseby," he said, banging his head, "but I surely never robbed you, Angela."

"You have a brooch a lady gave you?" "A brooch! Yes, I have a brooch." "I gave it to you, saying that some day it might be a means of recognition." His face turned scarlet. The girl clapped her hands in great glee. "Come," she said, "perhaps you have been wearing it next your heart, thinking it to be the gift of some fair dame other than my betrothed."

"Indeed I have kept it near my heart!" he admitted. "Here it is, and he produced it." The estates of these young people came again into their possession. Among the descendants of Ebert and Angela is the brooch of which Angela was robbed.

Too Precious

"Haters to his majesty" and "imported" are words that carry much weight to many minds. It is strange what a glory a foreign label can cast upon a commonplace article. The fact of a commodity having crossed the water, however, is not taken quite so seriously today as it was some fifty or sixty years ago. M. C. D. Silbee gives an instance in her "A Half Century in Salem."

Mrs. Ann H. Rust was one of the two milliners. She had a large collection of finery, shawls of handsome ribbons and glass showcases of rich embroideries, besides the inevitable bonnets. Once she imported a quantity of exquisite French caps. The straps were somewhat crushed in the transit across the ocean. The caps were quickly disposed of. An aunt bought one, and Miss Rust innocently observed that a "warm iron would make the creases all right."

"What!" indignantly exclaimed the aunt. "Smooth a crease made in Paris? No, indeed; never!"

A Famous English Clock

Wells cathedral contains one of the most interesting clocks in the whole world. It was constructed by Peter Lightfoot, a monk, in 1320 and embraces many devices which testify to the ancient horologist's ingenuity. Several celestial and terrestrial bodies are incorporated in the interesting movement and relationship. They indicate the hours of the day, the age of the moon and the position of the planets and the tides. When the clock strikes the hour two companies of horsemen fully armed dash out of gateways in opposite directions and charge vigorously. They strike with their lances as they pass as many times as correspond with the number of the hour. A little distance away, seated on a high perch, is a quaint figure, which kicks the quarters on two bells placed beneath his feet and strikes the hours on a bell. The dial of the clock is divided into twenty-four hours and shows the phases of the moon and a map of the universe.—Hesper's

He Made Them Listen

"X" Beldier, the old vigilante leader of Montana, was elected sheriff of Lewis and Clark county, in which Helena is situated. During Beldier's incumbency the jail was rebuilt and one of the new-fashioned steel cages for the prisoners installed. Beldier invited all the notables down to see the cage when it was completed. The governor and the state and city officials and many prominent citizens accepted the invitation. "X" took them into a cage and exorcised himself for a minute. He went out and locked the door. Then he took a chair and sat down outside.

"Now dern ye," he said to the imprisoned notables, "ye've bin edgery 'ol' lately when I was tellin' my stories of the old days an' not listenin' to 'em. Now I reckon ye'll listen."

He kept them there three hours—until he had told his whole budget of tales. Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Max O'Rell's Reply

Max O'Rell at a dinner in Montreal at which were present English, Scotch, Irish and French was asked to give his opinion of the different races. Here is the answer he gave on the instant.

"The Scotchman," he said, and he clinched his right hand tightly and pretended to try to force it open with his left. "The Englishman" and he went through the same performance, appearing the head at the end after an apparent struggle. "The Irishman"—and he held up his hand wide open, with the palm upward. "The Frenchman"—and he made a motion with both hands as if he were emptying them on the table.

There was not a word of explanation, but all understood thoroughly and had a hearty laugh.

A Long Credit

The motto of the highland host that battled for the Stuart cause, which bonny Prince Charlie headed, apparently was that heaven helps those who help themselves liberally. They levied toll on the henroost, stable and, according to the author of "The Land of Romance," even on the pockets of the Covenanters.

At Swarthholm a party of these marauders overhauled the house of a tailor, and when one of them was about to cut up a web of homespun that had taken his fancy the good wife earnestly remonstrated.

"A day'll come when ye'll ha' the pay for that," she solemnly assured him. Scissors in hand, Donald paused. "An' when will she be haing to do that?" he asked.

"At the last day," said she. "An' that will be a feery long credit," the robber coolly returned. "She was going to be only taking a coat, but now she will be taking a waist-coat as well."

A Mountain in the Sky

Somewhere many miles away from this earth an enormous mountain twenty miles high is flying through space. The mountain is known astronomically as the planet Eros. The ordinary man has long taken it for granted that all the planets are more or less round in shape. The small planet Eros, however, is an exception to this rule. According to the latest astronomical information, it is a mere mountain in space, "without form and void," and as it turns upon its axis first one corner and then another is presented to view. These small worlds (few are over ten or twenty miles across) are not large enough to have sufficient gravity to draw their structure into symmetry and remain as when launched into space—mammot meteorites. A tantalizing fact for astronomers is that Eros passed very close to us about Jan. 24, 1904, before the planet was recognized and that quite so near again is not due again till 1973.

The Mine's Blown Up

I was sitting on the edge of my bed, loosening the heel of one of my rubber boots with the toe of the other, when suddenly through the stillness of the sleeping town, from the power house half a mile away, came a low and ringing note the great siren whistle in the power house. Almost instantly I listened as the great note rose higher and more shrill and died away again. One blast meant a fire in the town two blasts fire in the buildings at the mine and three blasts, the most terrible of all, a disaster or trouble in the mine. Once more, after an interminable pause, the sound came again and once more rose and died away. I did not move, but there was a sudden coldness that came over me as once more for the third time, the deep note broke out on the quiet air. Almost instantly the loud jingle of my telephone brought me to my feet. I took down the receiver. "The mine's blown up," said a woman's voice. Atlantic

Saying No

The author of "Pat McCarty," a book of verse with a setting of prose, shows how naturally some of the Irishmen of Antrim dilute the wine of narrative with the water of verbiage in the excerpt below. "The Way We Tell a Story"—the dilution is used with a particularly free hand.

Says to him, I says, says I. Says to him, I says to him. The thing, says I, I says to him. Is just, says I, I says to him. I hev says I a grev respect For you and for your breedin', And sayin' I cud, I says, I'd do, I wud indeed. I don't know any man, I says, I'd do it for, says I. As fast, I says, as for yourself, That's tellin' ye no lie. There's naught, says I, I wudn't do To please your feyther's son. But this, I says, ye see, says I. I says, I can't be done.

The Spectacled Bear

The spectacled bear of Ecuador is so called because of a patch of white around each eye, which makes the animal look as though he was peering through a pair of great spectacles. In size and general color the spectacled bear looks not unlike the American black bear. But its hair is very shaggy. At each side of the head is a white bar, which gives the animal the appearance of wearing a halter. But the most distinctive feature is the white around the eyes.

Attachment

The schoolteacher was trying to illustrate the difference between plants and animals. "Plants," she explained, "are not susceptible of attachment to man as animals are."

"How about burs, teacher?" piped a small boy who had passed the summer in the country.—Chicago News.

The Change That Was Wrought

The little man was explaining to his audience the benefits of physical culture. "Three years ago," he said, "I was a miserable wreck. Now, what do you suppose brought about this great change in me?" "What change?" said a voice from the audience. There was a succession of loud smiles, and some persons thought to see him collapse.

But the little man was not to be put out. "Will the gentleman who asked 'What change? kindly step up here?' he asked suavely. 'I shall then be better able to explain. That's right! Then, grabbing the first gentleman by the neck 'When I first got into physical culture I could not even lift a little man. Now (suiting action to word) I can throw one about like a bundle of rags.' And finally he flung the interrupter half a dozen yards along the floor. 'I trust, gentlemen that you will see the force of my argument and that I have not hurt a gentleman's feelings by my explanation.' There were no more interruptions.

Two Collars on a Dog

Having bought a dog that he admired, a man undertook to buy a dog collar. The dog had a neck nearly as big as his head, and the dealer advised the man to buy two collars.

"What for?" said the man. "He's only got one neck, so I guess he can't get along with only one collar, can he?" "Maybe so," said the man, so the man went away leading the dog by his neck collar and chain. In less than a week he brought the dog back.

"I'm afraid I can't keep him," he said. "He is too obstreperous. I can't keep him tied up. His neck is the biggest part of him, and he is as strong as an ox, therefore it is a cinch for him to slip his collar off."

"That was why I wanted you to take two collars," said the dealer. "Put both on and fasten the chain to the back collar and he can tug away at night without getting loose. He may commit suicide, but he won't get loose." New York Sun.

Disappointed in Her

"And so your father refuses to consent to our union?" "He does, Rodolphus." "The sad youth swallowed a sob. "Is there nothing left for us, then, but an engagement?" said he. "Nothing."

The girl was fond, but firm. "I do you think, Clementine, that you could abandon this luxurious home, forget all the enjoyments of great wealth, banish yourself forever from your devoted parents' hearts and go west with a poor young man to enter a home of lifelong poverty and self-denial?"

"I could, Rodolphus." "The sad youth rose wearily and reached for his hat. "Then," said he, "you are far from being the practical girl I have all along taken you to be."

And with one last look around on the sumptuousness that some day he had hoped to share he sobbed and said farewell.—Browning's Magdalen.

Had to Take His Own Medicine

George Barr McCutcheon was waiting for a train in Chicago and as he passed through the station he saw one of his latest best sellers displayed on the newsstand counter. He picked it up, wrote his name on the fly leaf and handed it to the boy behind the counter. He was moving away when the boy called excitedly.

"Hey, mister, come back here. You've got to buy this book 'cause you've spotted it by writing your name in it." "Yes, but did you see the name?" the author asked.

Stories of the Paris Courts

Among humorous stories of the Paris law courts it is told how a well-known lawyer, M. Alem Rousseau, was once pleading a rather tiresome case and, noticing that the judges were paying no attention to him, said, "As the president is falling asleep I suspend my speech." But the judge had just woken up and cried, "And I suspend you from practicing for six months." Nothing daunted, the lawyer retorted, "Well, I suspend myself forever and ever," and, gathering up his brief and cap, he left the court and never appeared again.

A Paris barrister, M. Clery, however, was more vigorous. Seeing that the president and the assessors were all asleep, he stopped, and, dealing a tremendous blow on the desk in front of him, he cried, "Yesterday at this hour I was saying"—And the whole bench rubbed their eyes and asked each other if they had really slept through twenty-four hours.

The same counsel was pleading at Versailles on a cold day and remarked that the judges were all turning noses and moving toward a stove that gave out a welcome heat. "The tribunal behind which I have the honor of speaking" brought them all right about face at once.

He Had a Claim. In a certain town was a young lawyer whose father was very rich and who had been sent to an eastern law school. Since his graduation he had done nothing except open an office because he had plenty of money. This young lawyer was proposed for membership in the local fire company.

"We cannot accept him," one of the members protested. "The constitution of our company says that the members of it must sleep and live here in the city, and he lives out of town on a farm and not in the city at all. He would be of no value at all in case of a fire at night. He doesn't sleep here at night."

"No," replied his proposer; "it is true he doesn't sleep here at night, but he sleeps here in his office all day." And they elected him on that ground.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The Offending Black Belle

A church member, a "funky" cleric of Saskatchewan, absented himself from services for some months. On being approached on the subject he said he was sorry, but it was impossible to attend any more. He was pressed to give reasons and at length said it was owing to the bad conduct of the superintending clergyman and catechist.

He and others had witnessed these drinking when driving round on their visits. They had passed a black bottle from hand to hand. It was impossible to attend the ministry of such men. Inquiries proved that the offending "bottle" was a pair of black glasses with which the drivers annoyed the surrounding country and tried to locate the various churches, shacks and trails.—Sunday at Home.

Not Always. "Whenever I hear the suffrage cabaret," said an English lord, "on the score of woman's protected, sheltered, petted life I think of a poor woman I once questioned in England. "This poor creature had been beaten by her husband in a drunken fury. The man had been drunk. It appears for ten days running. "My good friend," I said to her, "does your husband always drink like that?"

"No, my lord," she answered. "Sometimes I gets bout o' work."

A Witty Retort

An Englishman in Dublin was asked by an Irish cab driver if he wished to ride through the city. "No," replied the Englishman. "I am able to walk." "Ah, well," remarked the jehu, "my honor long be able, but seldom willing!"

Forgot the Preverb

"You may not get any more business from me. I've bought a law book." "I won't worry," responded the lawyer. "In that case I shall probably get more business than ever."—Washington Herald.

A Tip For John

Mr. Crimmonbank—Here's an item which says the swan outlives any other bird, in extreme cases reaching 300 years. Mrs. Crimmonbank—And, remember, John, the swans live on water.

An Old English Inn

The Seven Stars is an inn or public house in Manchester, England, which has held a license continuously since 1370. It served as the meeting place for the Gory Fawkes band of conspirators.

Collected Some Alimony Also

She—This is Mand's third husband, and they all bore the name of William He—You don't say so? Why, the woman is a regular Bill collector.—New York Times.

Which Was Far Worse

Williamson—Does your wife always use the last word? Henderson—Well, she doesn't, old fellow, she looks it. Smart Set.

His Reward

Lawyer Brown—So I called the judge a liar. Lawyer Jones—And then what did you do? Lawyer Brown—Thirty days.—Toledo Blade.

And the Grounds

Lady Customer—Do you keep coffee in the hen? New Clerk—Upstairs, madam. This is the ground floor.—Princeton Tiger.

Collected Some Alimony Also

She—This is Mand's third husband, and they all bore the name of William He—You don't say so? Why, the woman is a regular Bill collector.—New York Times.