# HELD BY THE GOVERNMENT

*By Otto B. Senga*

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John Pearson was distinctly annoyed. He would not have believed Eugenia could be so unreasonable. It was bad enough to lose Harvens, who was the best stenographer he ever had, but when he finally secured another who could do satisfactory work, she leaves. Eugenia object because the girl was young and pretty was enough to make a man lose all patience.

He strove to appease his fiancee's wrath by pointing out how inferior in beauty and grace the new stenographer appeared to him in comparison with herself. He tried to appeal to her reason, her pride, for faith in him, but to little purpose.

"You need not trouble to call again or to communicate with me until you have discharged that girl," was the ultimatum, and Pearson went away, angry and indignant, mathematizing all women and their silly, unreasonable jealousy.

Miss Anthony was not often unreasonable and had had little occasion for jealousy. She hardly could have explained it herself, but her annoyance about the girl and her resentment toward her love had begun when she had asked the name of the new employee and John had replied, "Anna Darling."

The tiny flames had been fanned and increased by every word of praise for Miss Darling that the unconscious Pearson had stupidly uttered until she could bear it no longer. She magified Her satisfaction with the girl's work into love for the girl herself, and she felt for the moment quite justified in demanding her discharge.

But with the next day's light Miss Anthony's good sense and love of fair play reasserted itself. "How silly I was," she thought.

She resolved to send him a little note or a telephone message, but decided to wait until evening. He was to take her to the opera, and on the way she would confess her unreasonableness.

The evening passed, and no John and no message to explain his absence. Ten o'clock, 10:30! "I won't be foolish," she thought firmly. "I'll call him up by phone and tell him I want to say good night."

She had often done this when it had not been possible for John to come to her. She called happily as she rang the bell and called for the Pearson residence. John lived with his brother, and she knew the family had gone away. She recognized the housekeeper's voice in reply to her call, but her face fell at the message. Mr. John had not been home, and Mrs. Barnes could get no reply to frequent calls over the phone to the office.

The next morning Miss Anthony called Mrs. Barnes again, with similar results. Mr. John did not come home, and there was evidently no one at his office.

Miss Anthony was essentially a woman of action. She dressed herself in a most becoming street costume and a half hour later was entering the great office building on Congress street. Pearson's office was closed, the door locked.

"He wasn't there all day yesterday," volunteered the elevator boy.

"But surely some one was," insisted Miss Anthony. "The young lady?—"

"She came in the morning, but went away again immediately," he answered.

Miss Anthony was quick to resolve and equally quick to execute. She consulted the directory and took a car for Arlington. At the door of a neat little cottage she paused. Yes, there was the name, Darling, on the doorplate. What could she say to the girl even if she found her? Did she really expect to be there that she and John, then, had met and had proudly. Was she going to be silly again? Something had happened to John, and Miss Darling might be able to aid her in learning what it was.

When Miss Darling entered the room Anna Anthony hardly could restrain the impulse to take her in her arms, such a pretty, timid looking little thing—hardly more than a child. Her eyes were visibly red with weeping, and when Miss Anthony asked her if she had been in the city the day before her face colored painfully.

Miss Anthony explained enough of the situation for Miss Darling to understand the reason for her visit, and then Miss Darling told her own story hurriedly.

"I have been with Mr. Pearson nearly a month and supposed my work was entirely satisfactory. I went to work yesterday morning as usual, but I had hardly entered the office when the telephone bell rang. On answering it I found it was Mr. Pearson speaking. He said that he should require my services no longer and would mail me a check for two months' salary."

She paused, choking back a sob. Miss Anthony blushed. "With shame and regret.

"I left the office immediately, of course. I cannot understand it, for I was at work on some papers that Mr. Pearson was very anxious to have finished this week—work that another stenographer could not well take up. And"—she hesitated—"as yet I have not received the check."

Miss Anthony spoke rapidly and with decision. "Miss Darling, I am convinced that there is some mistake. I know Mr. Pearson was satisfied with your work."

"Do you think," asked Miss Darling eagerly, "that it was not Mr. Pearson—that it was a hoax?"

"I hardly know what to think," returned Miss Anthony evasively, "but I am so sure that Mr. Pearson is pleased with your work and wishes to retain you in his employ that I am going to ask you to return to the office now with me. Perhaps in some way we may learn something of him."

The two girls were standing before Pearson's door, and Miss Darling was searching in her handbag for her duplicate key when a young man approached, saying courteously, "Were you looking for Mr. Pearson?"

"Yes," answered Miss Anthony quietly. "Can you tell me if he will be in today?"

"I think not. There are several important cases before the grand jury this terms, and its sitting may last three or four days more."

Miss Anthony recognized her information as a young architect who had an office in the same building.

"I do not understand," she said, "What has Mr. Pearson got to do with the grand jury?"

"Mr. Pearson was seized yesterday by United States Marshal Brown to serve." As Miss Anthony's face betokened no enlightenment, he went on: "When the grand jury was polled yesterday there were three absentees, and in order to carry on the business it was necessary to fill these vacancies. The absent men are sick, and it would greatly retard the work of the government if the jury had to be adjourned until they recovered."

Miss Anthony regained her poise. "Would Mr. Pearson have to go if he did not wish?" in stately surprise.

"Yes. Any citizen is liable to such duty."

"But—but his own business?" interposed Miss Darling.

"Quite a secondary matter in the eyes of the law," replied the young man.

"And in such a case is no message sent to the citizen's friends?" questioned Miss Anthony.

"Certainly. If Mr. Pearson had any clerk or secretary in his office the deputy marshal would likely notify the person, and Mr. Pearson could send a message to his family if he has one."

Miss Anthony and Miss Darling exchanged glances. They knew that Mr. Pearson had no family and at the time of his unwelcome seizure he had no clerk, and Miss Anthony knew why no message had been sent to her.

"And Mr. Pearson cannot come away. He is—he is held there?"

"Held by the government," he replied smilingly.

Miss Anthony thanked him courteously, and he passed on.

Miss Darling unlocked the door, and the two girls entered the office.

"Is the work Mr. Pearson wanted done all stenographic work?" Miss Anthony asked.

"Not all. There are some abstracts to be copied and"—

"I shall help you," with gentle decision.

When the grand jury adjourned United States Marshal Brown handed a note to Jacqueline Pearson.

"Miss Darling and I have your work nearly done," read the astonished Pearson. "Please come to me as soon as you are released. I think we had better arrange matters so that if you are held by the government again you will have some one to whom a message must be sent."

**Theater Diagram Book.**

Issued by the Chicago & North-Western Railway, showing correct seating arrangements of Chicago theaters, is a valuable book of reference for all theater goers. Sent on receipt of two cents postage. Address W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., 215 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

**The Old Man's Burden.**

The Anti-age Limit league recently started in Chicago has more than a local significance, for it will serve to keep attention riveted upon the injustice which comes of setting up an imaginary dead line for usefulness. That the dead line is not wholly imaginary nor exceptional is shown by the increasing application of relief by pensions. In certain occupations, as, for instance, operating railway trains, age is a matter of vital importance, but in many callings advanced age means simply a reduction of working capacity, not an end of it.

Any arbitrary age limit is manifestly an injustice. A man of sixty to sixty-five or even seventy will acknowledge that he is not as good as at thirty nor worth as much to his employer, but he do better work of less amount. A field of effort open for associations formed to take up the old man's burden is to hunt out positions which may be waiting for veterans who will work at reduced pay. Many employers will be glad for that class of help if the applicants can come with certificates of competence and good character. Willingness to work and experience are good assets. Want of one or both turns out many a youth. Possession of them should keep the door open for father and grandfather.

It will be St. Nicholas to the boys and girls of Russia this year and no mistake.

**A Modern Miracle.**

"Truly miraculous seemed the recovery of Mrs. Mollie Holt of this place," writes R. L. D. Hooper, Woodford, Tenn.; "she was so wasted by coughing up pus from her lungs. Doctors declared her end so near that her family had watched by her bedside forty-eight hours; when, at my urgent request Dr. King's New Discovery was given her, with the astonishing result that improvement began, and continued until she finally completely recovered, and is a healthy woman to-day." Guaranteed cure for coughs and colds. 50c and $1.00 at Barrington Pharmacy. Trial bottle free.

TAMMANY SOCIETY.

**The Origin of the Organization in the Time of Jefferson.**

Tammany was the hair of the spirit of the Sons of Liberty of the Revolutionary war. It was kin in some of its purposes at least to those who were then beginning the revolution in France. It was enthusiastic in its support and approval of that revolution. Indeed a misty legend has been handed down from generation to generation in the hall that the suggestion came from Jefferson himself, who, called from France to Washington's cabinet, was pained to see that aristocracy, English in its impulse and fostered by the Society of the Cincinnati, was rooting itself so early in our national life. To crush that impulse, at least to fetter it, Jefferson gave the hint, and Tammany, with its tomahawk, stood facing the Cincinnati and its sword.

William Mooney, an upholsterer, but, like many of the mechanics of that day, keenly interested in politics, suggested that there be brought together an association those who dreaded the aristocracy and who suspected that the purpose of Hamilton was to force the government into something like a limited monarchy. Mooney found a good many mechanics and merchants who thought as he did, and so a common purpose, the grouping impulse rather than any cunning planning of one man for personal advancement, brought some of the ablest political and personal foes of Hamilton and Jay together, and with some mystery of oath and initiation, the pipe of peace, the feathered headdress, even the painted face and leathern costume, with wampum for its ornament, these men were bound in one association as the Tammany society, or Columbian order.

**BURIED LIVING PERSONS.**

**Horrible Custom of Japanese Prior to Year 646 A. D.**

Prior to the year 646 A. D. the Japanese had one of the most horrible burial customs that can be imagined, that of burying all the immediate friends and retainers of a prince or other person of note in a situation position around the potentate's grave and leaving them in the open to rot, their necks to perish of thirst and hunger.

The custom cannot be said to have been general in late as the dark ages, for the Japanese records prove that in the time of the Emperor Suinin 29-70 B. C. the barbarous rites of royal sepulchres were so modified as to partially abolish former cruelties. Speaking of a young nobleman of Suinin, who died and had his retinue buried standing around his grave, the old record says: "For many days they fed and wept and cried aloud. At last they died. Dogs and crows assembled and fed on their bodies. The emperor's compassion was aroused, and he desired to change the manner of burial. Accordingly he called some aged hokaido inquired of his officers if something in the way of a change could not be suggested, and one proposed to make clay figures of men and bury them as substitutes."

That this did not entirely do away with the former custom is proved by an edict issued in the year 646 A. D. the date given first above, which forbid the burial of living persons and provided a penalty for further adherence to the awful rite.—St. Louis Republic.

**Carlyle's Bluntness.**

Thomas Carlyle once took Lord Houghton (Richard Milnes) to task in regard to the proposed pension for Lord Tennyson. "Richard Milnes," said Carlyle, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "when are ye gaun to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson? Milnes tried to explain that there were difficulties in the way and that possibly, if anybody else knew anything about Tennyson, would accuse him of being concerned in a job were he to succeed in getting the desired pension for the poet. "Richard Milnes," replied the sage, "on the day of judgment, when the Lord asks ye why ye didna get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, ye no do to lay the blame on your constituents. Ye you that'll be damned."

**A Careful Patient.**

A woman whose throat had troubled her for a long time, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger, grew impatient at the slow progress she was making and made complaint to her doctor, who said:

"Madam, I can never cure you of this throat trouble unless you stop talking and give your throat a complete rest."

"But, doctor," objected his patient, "I'm very careful what I say. I never use harsh language or anything of that kind."

**What Noah Did.**

The story is told of a congressman that he once declared in an address to the house, "As Daniel Webster says in his dictionary."

"It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague who sat at the next desk.

"Noah nothing," replied the speaker. "Noah built the ark."

**Double.**

"Apparently you don't admire Miss Stecle?"

"No. I don't like her nirs."

"What nirs?"

"Those she sings and those she wears."—Exchange.

**Cutting.**

Gaggs—I don't see why everybody calls Miss Keen clever. I think she is very dull. Maggs—That is very strange, for I heard she cut you yesterday in the street.

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**An Explanation.**

"Why is it," said the young man with long hair, "that the average woman would rather marry money than brains?"

"She takes less chance," answered Miss Cayenne. "The average woman is a better judge of money than she is of brains."—Washington Star.

**His Luck.**

Friend of the Family—You are very lucky, my boy, to be the seventh son. It will bring you everlasting fortune.

Son No. 7—It hasn't so far. All it's brought yet is the old clothes of my six brothers.—Illustrated Bits.

**Nothing but Praise.**

"I have nothing but praise for our new minister."

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If we neglect to exercise any talent, power or quality it soon falls from us. —Wood.

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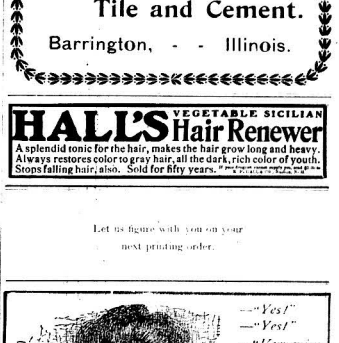

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