TWO IN THE CAR

By Henry Berlinghoff

"If only we could win that reward," said Jessie wistfully, "we would not have to wait until you got your raise."

"I'm more likely to meet the robbers than the reward," laughed Halliday. The girl's face went white.

"Joe," she cried, grasping his arm, "do you mean to say that they are likely to hold up your car?"

"I was only fooling," he laughed. "I didn't mean to scare you, de—."

She turned from the poster announcing $5,000 reward for the arrest of each of the three men who had been holding up the trains on the R. and G., and they went across the street from the station to where the polished marble of the soda fountain gleamed attractively in the light.

Halliday did not commence his run until nearly midnight, and there was still an hour before the train should roll in from the east.

They said nothing more about the circular, but Jessie's face was clouded, and, try as he would, Joe could not coax a smile from her.

The Denver Red gang was operating along a line some 300 miles to the south, and Halliday had given no particular thought to the poster. Even now he did not realize that Jessie was conjuring in her brain visions of an express car shattered by dynamite and an express messenger, with a face very like his own, bleeding from a dozen wounds.

When the whistle of the limited sounded far down the valley they arose and retraced their way to the station, and in the rush of checking his lists Halliday lost sight of Jessie. When at last he stood in the doorway of the car watching the loading of the baggage car behind he did not see the eager face upturned toward his. It was too late to jump down and go in search of her, and as he stood in the door of the car while the train rattled through the yards he wondered what had become of her. Usually hers was the last face he saw as they pulled out on their long run over the divide.

Then he turned to his invoices again and soon was so busily occupied that he never heard a footstep until a pair of hands were clasped over his eyes.

With a cry he sprang to his feet and reached for the shotgun in the rack by the door. He was in the very act of taking it down when a cry caused him to turn again and he confronted Jessie.

"I know it's wrong and it's against orders and all that sort of thing," she announced defiantly, "but I just know that there is trouble ahead for you tonight, and I wanted to be with you."

"There'll be trouble enough ahead if the super finds out," he agreed. "It's dead against the rules for any one to be permitted to ride in the express cars."

"You didn't permit me," she argued with feminine logic. "I stole a ride, and you can't very well put me off. That's all."

"I wish it were," he said quietly as he turned to his seat again.

"Joe," she cried penitently, "I'll be very good and won't bother you at all." She crept back to the end of the car, where, aided by the dim light, she had concealed herself and smuggled down. It was a long run, and there was much work to be done. Suddenly Halliday gave a low whistle, and she sprang to his side.

"What is it, dear?" she asked anxiously. He pointed to an entry in the invoice.

"If Denver Red and his gang knew of that they'd be up here in a hurry," he declared. "There should be $80,000 worth of diamonds in that safe."

"You don't suppose they can find out, do you?" she asked anxiously.

Joe shook his head. "I don't suppose so," he said; "but, all the same, they have been lucky in picking up only the cars with rich loads. That's probably why the shipment was made over this line."

For twenty minutes they talked of the possibility of a holdup. Then Jessie crept off to her nook again, and Halliday went on with his work. Suddenly, with a screech and a jar, the engine came to a stop. Joe sprang to the partly opened door to close it, but he was half a minute too late, for two burly forms sprang through the opening, and while one covered him with a pistol the other floored him, securely binding him with the bell rope.

Before he had concluded the engine had started again, and Joe knew that they were taking the car down the road to where they could work with greater freedom. They were climbing a grade, and while they were headed for the top the other cars were probably slipping back.

Presently there was another jerk as the engine slowed down, and the two robbers turned to Joe. "Where's the key to the safe?" they demanded.

"I haven't any," was the cool response. "That's the through safe. I'm not supposed to unlock it."

"He must have the key somewhere," suggested the second man. "Lend a hand."

They knelt beside him on the floor and unceremoniously rolled him over as they searched his pockets. So occupied were they that they gave heed to nothing else until a stern command of "Drop that!" rang through the car, and they sprang to their feet to confront a short barreled shotgun in Jessie's hands.

Instinctively they threw up their hands while they commented upon the situation with a vigor of language that led Jessie to remark that she would shoot anyway unless they kept silent.

Still covering them with a gun, she moved forward to where Halliday lay and with one hand cut the cords which bound him. It was an easy task after that to bind and gag the two men, and together she and Joe, who had armed himself from the outlaws' belts, dropped from the car and got to the aid of the fireman and engineer, who were under the guard of the third member of the party.

Here they were four against one, and ten minutes later the engine and car were backing down the grade to pick up the train, while Jessie, now that the danger had passed, sat in Joe's chair, her girlish frame alternately shaken with laughter and tears.

"It was easy," she explained. "I was asleep until the train stopped. That woke me up, and I was just going to ask what was the matter when I heard the two men.

"I thought it would be best to wait a moment and see what was happening, then I remembered how you jumped for that shotgun in the rack.

"It was right over my head, and they were so busy with you that they never thought that there might be a second person in the car."

"Weren't you afraid?" he asked curiously.

"Awfully," she confessed frankly. "You see, I was afraid I might have to shoot them, and I never shot any one, and I knew it would be horrid."

"It's a wonder they didn't take chances of you missing and make a try anyhow," suggested Halliday.

"Huh," came a voice from out of the darkness, "her hand shook so that Bill and I couldn't tell what she was going to shoot at. She was waving that gun round so she'd have blown the whole side of the car off if she had fired. If it had been a man we'd plugged him, but we haven't been used to feminine society lately, and we were kinder taken aback."

Sage, the superintendent, took much the same view of it the next morning when he had Halliday in the office.

"Of course," he said, "it was a distinct violation of the rules to have the girl aboard, and yet it was the fact that a woman was holding them up that did the trick."

"I didn't let her come on the car," protested Halliday, to whom a violation of the rules seemed more important than the capture of the outlaws.

"Well," said the superintendent, with just the suggestion of a smile, "the best way to stop that is to get you a place as express agent and keep you in the station. That ought to keep your wife from breaking the rules about strangers in the cars. With the larger salary and the $15,000 reward you ought to make a pretty fair start."

"Can't start any too quick for me," muttered Halliday, and he proved it the next morning by getting married.

A Tithe Collector.

When any one, even the minister, attempted an argument with Miss Maria Higgins, he was pretty sure to find himself worsted in the end.

The minister objected at times to the firm manner in which Miss Higgins placed his duty before him at every opportunity, although he had a great respect for her character.

"I can't see my way to preaching a sermon on tithes just yet," he said meekly, one day, when Miss Higgins had been making him a long call. "The people haven't much money, you know, Miss Higgins, and they can't divide up other things very well. Even you couldn't, always. Suppose, for instance, you should go home and find your hens had laid fifteen eggs, how would you manage to give a tenth of them to the Lord?"

"I should come back and take you and your wife home to tea with me," said Miss Higgins, with a grim smile, "and I guess when I'd made a scramble of six of those eggs and set you two down to it the Lord would get his tithe fast enough."

John Wesley.

John Wesley, founder of the Methodist church, was born at Epworth, England, on June 17, 1703, and died in London on March 2, 1791, aged eighty-eight years. He was educated at Oxford university and entered the ministry of the Church of England, which corresponds to the Episcopal church in this country. Three years after General James Oglethorpe had founded the colony of Georgia he came over at Oglethorpe's request mainly to convert the Indians. This was in 1735. On the voyage he met and conversed with some Moravians, and on his return to England he studied that religion and was converted to it. After further study of the Moravian doctrines he was moved by unconquerable zeal to declare free salvation to all men through simple faith in Jesus Christ. On May 12, 1739, he laid at Bristol, England, the cornerstone of the first Methodist church building.

Borrowed Justice.

A country justice of the peace called upon a retired attorney and, after presenting a statement of facts, asked as a matter of friendship for a legal opinion upon them. This the attorney gave. When the attorney had finished the squire rose and said:

"Well, those are just the facts in a case I am a-going to try next Saturday in my court, and I knowed you would give me the right kind of an opinion, so I come to you. The costs in that case will be just $7.50, and I am willing to divide with you. When I was a candidate some of the folks in my county 'lowed I didn't know enough to run this office, and I intend to show them that I do. The next case I have I will come to you again, and we will run that court right or bust a hamstring a-trying."

With that the justice of the peace dropped $3.75 on his astonished friend's desk and took his departure.

HIS MAIDEN CASE

"The first year after my admission," said the judge, "I was elected state attorney. My maiden case was one of petit larceny. Bill Dawkes, one of those trifling, good sort of fellows—so called because good for nothing—had been found in possession of a carcass of mutton which the owner had left hanging out overnight and which was non est—that is to say, 'turned up missing'—in the morning.

"I drafted the indictment with great care, charging William Dawkes, yeoman, with stealing one carcass of mutton, the personal property of one Pelatiah Potts, out of the possession and against the will of the said Pelatiah, feloniously and with force of arms, did steal, take and carry away.

"'What's the matter?' I asked sharply when my friend Bob C. burst out laughing on hearing me read over this, my first professional production.

"'It's the best joke of the season,' said Bob.

"'What is?'

"'Why, that pun—calling a sheep thief a yeoman.'

"My office was a scene of confusion at the end of five minutes. Bob's head had gone through the glass door of my bookcase, two of my three chairs lay with broken legs and Bob and I had a pair of black eyes between us. It was more than a month before either spoke to the other.

"But I'm wandering from the point. In due time the prisoner was brought up for trial. Old Polifox appeared for the defense.

"Old P. was a character. The only law book he had ever read was 'Swann's Treatise For Justices of the Peace,' but in that and the Scriptures he was powerful. He had a way of quoting and applying the latter, which in a religious community made it difficult to oppose him without incurring a suspicion of orthodoxy. His forte lay in carrying the jury, whom he generally succeeded in convincing that he and they were on one side and his adversary on the other. His style of grammar was original.

"I had carefully written out my opening, and when I read it over to Nellie Wynne, to whom I was paying attention at that time, she said it was real nice, which I knew was feminine for bully, an encomium I felt not a little proud of.

"When the case came on I spoke my piece without a blunder. I cited my authority to prove that he in whose possession stolen property is found soon after the theft is in law presumed to be the thief. I was prepared to prove, I said, that the property in question had disappeared at the dead hour of night, when all honest people were in their beds, and had been found at early dawn in the smokehouse of Dawkes, the defendant.

"I put my witness on the stand and proved the ownership, value and identity of the property, its mysterious disappearance and subsequent reappearance in the constructive possession of the prisoner and rested.

"Old Polifox sat in solemn silence, his eyes closed and his red bandanna over his head. He asked no questions and called no witnesses. I was disappointed at the old fellow's giving in so easily. It would take away half the glory of the triumph.

"But I was reckoning without my host.

"Old Polifox slowly got up on his legs and removed his bandanna and, taking up the Bible on which the clerk had sworn the witnesses, began:

"'I am grieved, my brethering'—he always called the jury his 'brethering'—'I am grieved and sore amazed to hear such heathenish doctrines in a Christian courthouse as we've jest been listenin' to. What sez the sacred volume I hold in my hand? Why, it sez, "At the mouth of two witnesses let every matter be established." Now, my brethering, let me ask what two witnesses—what one witness—seed my client hook this sheep? Echo answers, Nary one! My delooded young brother has read profane authors to show that findin' of goods on the wrong man's premises is proof of his stealin' 'em. It's a "presumption of law," he says, and a great piece of presumption it is, my brethering. Now, in this same sacred volume we have narrated a case in p'int—that of one Benjamin, which you all hearn about. A silver cup, wuth a hundred times as much as this trumpery sheep, was diskivered not way off in Benjamin's smokehouse, whar Benjamin moughtn't 'a' been for a week, but chucked into the mouth of the very sack he was ridin' onto. Benjamin was innocent. But, my brethering, if it w: Benjamin's luck instead of my poor, unfortunate client's to be this day on trial before you you would be obliged, accordin' to my unexperienced brother, to bring him in guilty, in spite of Scripter, and consign him to a place whar he would have to wear a coat of many colors of a different stripe from his brother Joseph's.'

"I not only lost the case," said the judge, "but my office at the next election, my attempt to confute old Polifox's Scripture argument creating a doubt in the mind of the community as to the soundness of my religious views.

"In all soberness," the judge continued, "if you want to be a successful lawyer, search the Scriptures. In them you will find the basis of all that is best and noblest in human laws. Besides, the words and the phrases of the Bible are the language of the popular heart. Its parables are household words. Its illustrations never miss the mark. I have given you a ludicrous instance of their effect, but it is in the field of pathos and real feeling that their power is irresistible."

Literal.

"Time is money, young man."

"That so? Well, I've a bunch of time on hand I'd like you to break into small bills."—Philadelphia Ledger.