

HER EYES WERE BLUE

THE PRETTY MISS WHO WAS NOT SO SIMPLE AS SHE LOOKED.

Now Nellie Scott, the Notorious shoplifter, was detected and sent to Sing Sing—A Quiet Way of Taking Thieves into Camp Employed in a Big Store.

The scene is laid in one of New York's huge up town dry goods stores. It is the hour of the crush. Crowds of bargain-hunting women surge up and down the long, studded aisles. The cry of the salespeople, the chatter of the cash girls, the noise of scuffling, hurrying feet, the hum of conversation, rising and subsiding on bangles' hum and there—all mingle in a confused, subdued roar.

At one of the busiest counters, where are piled high rich and costly laces, holding their own against the elbowing, irritated, feverish, ceaselessly moving throng, are a pair of fashionably dressed women. Both perhaps wear diamonds, but they are not conspicuously displayed. They are quiet of demeanor. Nothing by look or action would separate them, so far as the superficial view would reveal, from hundreds of others in that eddying, clamorous mass.

Evidently one of the women is the purchaser; the other merely accompanying her. They consult over possible purchases. These completed, they give the direction to the saleslady. The price is high. They consult their pocketbooks and discover they have not sufficient change about them.

"Please to send the goods O. O. D. tomorrow. It will be abundant time."

The saleswoman is pleased. She bids her agreeable customers to come again. They reply with a charming smile and are lost in the crowd. Unnoticed after them wanders a pretty, blue-eyed girl. She has been standing near them, poised in hand, at the counter, rather wistfully eying their purchases, wondering no doubt if she shall have money enough some day to do as they. Her hair is golden and hangs pendulous in a plait down her neck. Her eyes are big and blue, with all the innocence of a schoolgirl. A jaunty sailor hat caps a trim and attractive figure.

The women from the counter move toward the door. The little girl is not far behind. If you had looked closely—something you would have never thought of doing—you might have seen a shorn, leathery young man tiring the girl closely. If you had been an attentive observer, you might have seen this innocent, blue-eyed little girl nod sharply at the two women as they pass out, then turn on her heel and go back among the crowd. Then you would have noticed that the sharp-eyed young man quietly left the store with the two women. He is fashionably dressed, fully wears a cane and has doubtless been making some purchases himself. Half a block away he tips one of the women on the shoulder.

"Madam," he says half roughly, but politely, "the woman at the lace counter would like to see you."

The women look up with astonishment. They are quite sure they have left nothing, but the young man is urgent. He suggests that they had better not make a scene. He blandly suggests that it is doubtless all a mistake, but return they must. Otherwise—an officer stands at the corner.

Seeing that there is no escape, the women return. One of them is searched in the superintendent's office. A roll of rich lace, worth probably hundreds of dollars, is found, ingeniously stowed away in a rear pocket. Evidently she is an expert. She is a queen of the shoplifters, and she has run against one of the sharpest private detectives in the city. He knowing her, she not being aware of him, he has the advantage. This particular woman, Nellie Scott, of very wide and notorious notoriety, is now doing time in Sing Sing. For years she had been operating against the stores, living like a woman of wealth and fashion. It is a gay life while it lasts, the work is easy, but always is the day bound to come when she will feel that tap upon her shoulder, and know that she is caught.

Just how she was discovered she probably never knew. Neither does a long line of other shoplifters that have been sent over the road from a mistaken attempt to work this store. Neither Nellie Scott nor any of the rest was ever for a moment conscious of the innocent looking but watchful eyes intently laid upon them by that pretty little girl, with the sailor hat and the golden hair, bound in a schoolgirl's plait.

This is one of the many means adopted by the great dry good stores of the city to protect themselves from the plundering shoplifters which prey upon them. It is a very popular means, because it is one of the surest and most effective, and at the same time the patrons of the store are not annoyed by the palpable presence of a detective. They do not feel under any irritating suspicion, and the shoplifters never know when these soft, innocent-looking paws are to pounce upon them.—New York Herald.

Desecrating to Burglars.

There is little encouragement for a burglar to burglar nowadays. When he has an earnest aspiration to rise to eminence in the profession, inventive genius always does all it can to bother him. For instance, the vaults of the subtreasury in San Francisco are fitted with wire laid between every two rows of brick, so that any attempt to interfere with the contents of the tricks will short out an electric circuit and sound a warning bell.—Boston Courier.

Passing the Ruth Bridge.

The Ruth bridge receives a new coat of paint every three years, and one is done each year, so that the painting is continually at work. Before the painting, every part of the bridge is carefully examined, and the worst parts are removed and

NEW YORK'S STATUES.

The City Erected the Worth Monument and Private U.S. Soldier.

It is a popularity of the public statues in New York City that they have had to be provided by popular subscription with little or no aid from the city. An exception to the rule is the monument in Madison square erected in 1865 in honor of Major General Worth. The city paid for that. Most of the other statues have been erected by private enterprise.

Individuals paid for the bronze statue of Franklin at Printing House square; that of Alexander Hamilton in Central park; the statue of Daniel Webster in the same place and the Irving statue in Bryant square. The Scotch residents of New York contributed to the erection of the Scott statue in Central park in 1871 and of the Robert Burns statue in 1880. The German citizens of New York presented the bronze bust of Humboldt on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, in 1869, and ten years before that they had provided for the expense of the Schiller statue in Central park. The French citizens of New York raised the money for the Lafayette statue erected in Union square in 1870. Irish citizens for the bust of Thomas Moore, erected in Central park in 1880. The Venezuelan residents of New York for the equestrian statue of Bolivar in 1881, and the Italian residents of New York for two statues—that of Mazzini, erected in Central park in 1878, and the Garibaldi statue, erected in Washington square four years later.

The statue of Holley, the civil engineer, was unveiled in 1870 by the engineers and the telegraphers gave the statue of Professor Morse in Central park, which was erected in 1871. The German singing societies contributed the statue of Beethoven erected in Central park in 1884, and the postmen for that of S. C. Cox, erected in Astor place. The Lincoln statue in Union square was erected by popular subscription in 1866. The equestrian statue of George Washington on the same square is many years older. The latest statue of Washington was erected on the sub-treasury steps facing Broad street in 1890. There are three statues of illustrious Americans on Madison square proper, exclusive of the Worth monument. They perpetuate the memories of Admiral Farragut, William H. Seward and Roger Conkling.—New York Sun

FORCE OF HABIT.

Evangeline's Calm Response to the Pleading Voice of Her Mother.

CHAPTER I.

Evangeline O'Gerry came home from the ball wearied and distract. Prior to the ball she had been working all day in the telephone office. Despite the fatigue and weariness which crushed her, however, she felt it would be impossible to sleep with the memory of Archibald Moore's plainly veiling ring in her ears. She had been beautiful that night, she knew, but Archibald had been cold and distant, save for one word of formal greeting in his resonant, baritone tones. Restlessly she thought over while tossing sadly upon her couch and gazing through the damask curtains put upon the pallid, gibbonish hour.

"He loves another!" she murmured in an ecstasy of pain. "Even though I have ever discriminated in his favor when any one calls up central for his number."

CHAPTER II.

Worn out with fatigue and sorrow and heedless of the fact that she must be at the down town telephone exchange at 8 in the morning, Evangeline did not fall asleep until the guys and ovoid ornitho clock on the mantel told the hour of U.

Then she slept.

CHAPTER III.

"Evangeline! Evangeline!" It was her mother's voice calling her in the morning.

"Evangeline! Get up! You told me to call you up at 7, and it's 7:30!"

Evangeline turned uneasily in her slumber. The spoken number had dimly reached the innermost recesses of her brain.

Her ripe lips moved.

"Busy now," the murmured mechanically. "Call 'em up again"—Chicago Record.

THE LARGEST WINDOW.

The largest opalescent glass window in the world is in the new St. Paul's church at Milwaukee. It is what is known as a nave window, the lower half being composed of three immense panels and the upper half of a splendid rose and tracery in a semicircle of brilliancy. This monster window in its extreme measurement is 30 feet and 1 inch in width and exactly 24 feet in height.

It is beautifully executed, the subject being the crucifixion—in fact, it is an exact copy of Dore's masterpiece, "Christ Leaving the Praetorium." There are over 200 life size figures represented on this wonderful window.—St. Louis Republic.

ROMANCE AT ADVANCED PRICES.

Marie and George have separated, you know. He told her one night that when he was out of town he always felt as though he would give \$10 for just a word with her."

"Well?"

"And so the next time he went to New York she put him to the test by calling him up on a long distance telephone and making him pay the bill."—Chicago Record.

The Medical News says that even sewage water can be converted into pure drinking water by sand filtration in filter basins at the rate of 8,000,000 gallons per acre per day.

Sir John Lubbock is authority for the statement that a single bee, with all its industry, energy and innumerable journeys, will not collect more than a single dropful of honey during its一生.

WEAR A SMILE.

It is cooler in summer and warmer in winter than a frown.

PLAYING THE BUNKO.

AN EXAMPLE SHOWING HOW EASILY THE GAME CAN BE WORKED.

4. Sparks of Chicago introduces himself to Mr. Walker of Birmingham, and they have a friendly chat—Persons and Matters of Mutual Interest.

It isn't a difficult thing to be a bunco stooge," said the man in the hotel lobby to a reporter. "Do you see the game looking old men over there? Well, that's Mr. Walker from Birmingham. I heard a man call him by name and I say, about all the folks down at Birmingham, I don't know whether Birmingham is in this state or Kentucky or Texas. Don't believe I ever heard of it before, but I can go over there and make him think I know the town like a book. That doesn't signify that he's green or that I'm particularly clever, but it's a fact nevertheless."

What if he begins to ask you questions?"

"I'll get out the best way I can. Now, you go and sit in that chair just beyond the big settee, and you can hear the conversation."

"All right, I'll do it, but you'll get yourself into trouble."

"Do you think so? I'll simply sit down beside him, and we'll have a nice chat about old times."

"I beg your pardon, but isn't this Mr. Walker?"

"That's my name, but you've got the best of me."

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken. My name is Sparks. I live here in Chicago. It's been a good many years since I was at Birmingham."

"I expect you would hardly know the place. We've made great many changes in the last two years. We've just built a new schoolhouse."

"You needed one, surely enough. What did they do with the old one?"

"Tore it down. It wasn't any use to you. You resented the boy that stood a little ways east from the old schoolhouse? Well, that burned this summer."

"You don't say so! Let's see who owned that?"

"Old man Martin. He baked a lot of bread at that place."

"That's so. I remember now. The last time I was in Birmingham I stopped over a couple of days with the Smiths."

Sylvester Smith, that owned the general store?"

"Yes. He was a nice man."

"He's all right if you know him. Kind of queer at times."

"I noticed that. However, I always got along well enough with him."

"He had a nice family."

"Indeed he had. What are the children doing?"

"You know, the oldest girl was married."

"Yes, I received an invitation to her wedding. How about the others?"

"I guess they're all at home but Jim. He's away to school most of the time."

"By the way, I became acquainted with a mighty nice fellow. He runs a drug store. I guess you know who I mean."

"Homer Temple?"

"That's the man. He liked to hear a good story as well as any man I ever met."

"Yes, Homer will have his fun. I suppose you heard of the scrape he got in?"

"I heard something about it, but never got the particulars."

"He got chasing around after a widow over in Brampton, and his wife left him for awhile, but she's back now."

"That's good. Are you going to have a pretty good fair down there this year?"

"The fair's over at Millcreek."

"Yes, I know. I'll never forget the time I drove over there with Charlie. We started early."

"You mean Charlie Henderson?"

"Yes."

"Oh, he was a great hand to go to the fairs. He stays at home more since he's got married. You know he married one of the Jenkins girls."

"I guess she's a pretty nice girl."

"She is that. You remember the old place on the Brampton pike?"

"Been past it many a time. He owns considerable land out there, doesn't he?"

"About 800 acres. He traded some of it for town property."

"Humph! He's foolish to do that. From what I know of that country I'd hold all the good farm land I could get."

"That's where you're level headed, too," said Mr. Walker, placing his hand confidentially on the other's. "That land all through there is bound to increase in value, and we can get a crop there when they can't get it anywhere else."

"I told Sylvester Smith the same thing. A man that's got a good farm down in that country is fixed."

"You're right. You're right. I wish you could get down in that country and see it this year."

"I would like to drop down that way, but I'm kept pretty busy up here. However, I want you to give my regards to all my friends down there and tell them I'm behaving myself."

"That's saying a good deal for a man that lives in Chicago."

"That's a fact. Well, I will bid you goodbye, Mr. Walker. Glad to have seen you again."

"Thank you. Same to you. Drop in and see me whenever you get to Birmingham."

"Same old place."

"Same old place."

"Good day."

Mr. Sparks rejoined his friend at the cigar counter. "Don't you see?" said he. "I didn't take any risks, and yet he made an affidavit that I knew all about the town. I think I could go over and borrow money of him."—Chicago Record.

There is only one thing to do, and that is to cultivate a charming disposition that never feels any particular emotion. The woman who never gets angry and consequently never has either to repress her feelings or to indulge it, is the one who will reach a wrinkled old age, who will win golden opinions concerning her amiability and who will never have to seek a sanitarium or try the rest cure.—New York World.

That men are appreciating the value of the rest cure is shown in an assertion recently made by J. M. Barrie, the novelist, that a day in bed refreshed him as much as a few days spent at the seaside.

Wear a smile! It is cooler in summer and warmer in winter than a frown.

THE BUSINESS GIRL.

She Expresses Her Opinions of Men, Money and Morals.

The social philosopher had been putting her chin in an absurdly high, disdainful manner, and as the thoughtful panorama was omnimously regarded as a reminder of some or less prolonged lecture she didn't dare disappoint her admiring petrified audience. So she said:

"It seems to me that the very moment that a young woman shows ability in any chosen profession about 600 ordinarily charming and lovely individuals rise up like solicitous hens over a weak-legged chicken and implore her to spot her good work by tumbling into the matrimonial tank."

"Huh!" puffed the girl who always interrupts, "the 'motherly' hens had better wait until she gets a good chance. Then they'd see how quickly 'Yes, sir, I'm yours' could be said."

"What nonsense!" the social philosopher retorted to answer. "Every girl has opportunities to marry, but no girl in her right mind is going to bind herself to the dozens of things to be considered. There's the money question, for instance. That always comes first, for if you are a business woman, earning a fairly decent salary, it is absurd to marry a man who receives but little more. Diamond tastes and window glass purses make a mighty unsatisfactory combination, my dear. Besides perhaps you are fond of your work and dislike household managing, but if you go down to business every day people will look wise and say mean things, and you'll wish yourself unhooked from your matrimonial venture."

"Perfect men are so hard to find! Now, what girl could endure a bald head or a red nose, even if it went with loads of wealth and bushels of looks? Why, in less than six weeks she'd be making the poor man wear a trifled cap and a prepared chills nose." A man's good looks go a long way with a girl. Why did they do with the old one?"

"I expect you would hardly know