

**SHE SPOKE AT LAST.**

**A Schoolteacher Who Was Deceived by a "Stasher" Turned on Him.**

It was one of those frosty, shivery mornings when the pavements were icy and winds piercing. A small, plump dame (by profession a schoolteacher), with rosy cheeks, might have been seen tripping along the slippery sidewalks of Kenwood. It was very early, not yet 9 o'clock, and the little schoolmarm hurried, followed by a middle-aged man who had got off the car obviously to follow her.

"It's very slippery, isn't it?" he puffed as he overtook her.

The young woman's eyes flashed, but she only gave a little tug at her scrap of dotted face veil, thrust her hands determinedly into her muff and sped on.

A calling card, one of her own, was sticking out of her little jacket pocket, with only the first two words, "Miss Elizabeth," just visible and the last name obscured.

The stout man saw it.

"Your name's Elizabeth, isn't it?" he said cheerfully. "Do you know you remind me so much of Lena Morris? She was an old sweetheart of mine, and I was awfully fond of her."

No answer from the young woman except a quickening of her already Nancy Hanks gait.

"Don't go so fast," said her tormenter. "You might slip and fall. I really wonder that you are not afraid to venture out such a bad day."

Miss Blackeyes said nothing. She had about reached the drug store where she was to wait for her car.

As she went into the store with glowing cheeks, the dapper young clerk said, "Don't you want to come over by the stove and get warm?"

"I want to know why I am a target for every insolent man in town this morning," she snapped as she glanced through the door and saw the short, stout man patrolling the sidewalk and evidently still intent on pursuit. The drug clerk subsided, the car came, and on she got, with the man at her heels. He sat down beside her. When she arrived at her street corner, he arose and followed her out of the car. She had almost reached her school and was getting brave. Again he walked beside her and asked her if she wouldn't "say something to him."

Her voice had not a tremor, but was deliciously clear and steady as she spoke for the first time.

"Certainly," she said. "Do you know, I was just wondering if a man ever lived to be your age before—let me see, you must be 50 at least—who was capable of acting so perfectly idiotic. Now, for my part, I can tolerate a young, empty-headed masquerade, but as for an old fool like you—but the middle-aged, short stout man had fled.—Chicago News.

**Letters to Dead People.**

Enterprising tradesmen in this city, in the distribution of their circulars, are not backward in utilizing the lists of distinguished persons which are printed in the newspapers from time to time. Not infrequently do they get hold of the names of men who long since passed over to that "undiscovered country," and circulars and prospectuses are mailed to the dead as well as to the living. It would seem that a name once enrolled on a tradesman's mailing list is never erased. Circular letters addressed to "Samuel J. Tilden" are still occasionally left at the Gramercy park mansion, and mail matter addressed to W. H. Vanderbilt reaches the Grand Central station every now and then. Many clubmen have recently received from a shirtmaker what purports to be an autograph letter saying: "I am anxious to have you for a customer, and I want to make you a sample shirt free of charge. Of course I cannot do this for every one, but for you it will afford me great pleasure to do so."—New York Times.

**Old Rules For Night Policemen.**

Old Boston is vividly brought to mind by the following excerpt from the "Selectmen's Minutes," dated Nov. 1, 1769, containing instructions to watchmen: "In going the Rounds Care must be taken that the Watchmen are not noisy, but behave themselves with strict decorum, that they frequently give the Time of the Night and what the Weather is with a distinct but moderate voice, excepting at Times when it is necessary to pass in Silence in order to detect and secure persons that are out on unlawful Actions.

"You and your Division must endeavor to suppress all Riots, Riots and other Disorders that may be committed in the Night and secure such Persons as may be guilty; that proper steps may be taken next Morning for a prosecution as the Law directs. We absolutely forbid your taking private satisfaction or any bribe that may be offered you to let such go or to conceal their offense from the Selectmen."—Boston Transcript.

**Beware of "Cheap" Canned Stuff.**

There is one great danger connected with preserved goods, and that is that the insane mania for cheapness at all risks which some women have has induced dishonest people to put inferior goods upon the market, but if a housekeeper is careful to buy none but the best and sees that they are properly prepared by her cook she need have no fear but that her tinned vegetables are as harmless as the same substances in their raw and natural state, and she will have the advantage of procuring an infinite variety for her table at a very small outlay both of time and money.—New York Tribune.

**Singing Songs in the Oil Well.**

A well known member of the Petroleum Exchange is wondering why coal oil and religion do not mix well. He is the superintendent of an up town Sunday school, which fact is known to his brother bulls and bears. When he ventures to do business and make a good trade or sale, his associates form a line, block his way and sing in chorus, "Teacher, teacher, how I love my Sunday school." This, he says, he finds has a depressing effect on business.—Philadelphia Press.

**A Tempest Over Rocking Chairs.**

Boston is much stirred over the refusal of the commissioners of public institutions to accept a present of rocking chairs for the aged and infirm pauper women at Rainsford island. A fund of \$700 had been subscribed by private benevolence, and the chairs had been bought and shipped to the island, but the commissioners would not let the old women have them, and they remain on the wharf. The mayor of Boston, who appoints the commissioners, wrote a note requesting them to accept the chairs. The commissioners still refused, and referred the matter to the common council. The common council voted unanimously in favor of accepting the chairs, and the aldermen concurred with only one dissenting voter.

Strong pressure was, however, brought to bear upon the council and aldermen by the commissioners. Some of the aldermen were taken down the harbor to Rainsford island and came back reporting that there was already one rocking chair for every three women, and more chairs would be a needless luxury. The result was that the council and aldermen were induced to reconsider their vote and refer the whole matter to the committee on public institutions, which means shelving it indefinitely.

The insolent and unreasonable behavior of the commissioners is understood to be due to a grudge against Mrs. Alice N. Lincoln, who was active in raising the money for the rocking chairs, and who has aroused the ire of the commissioners by previous efforts to better the condition of the paupers and to reform certain abuses which have caused the loss of more than one life.—Boston Woman's Journal.

**His Pronunciation Fatal.**

One of the cormorants who, with broad wings alant, are sweeping the political sea just now in quest of food walked into the office of a western correspondent last night and said, "I am from California, and I am after an office."

"Sit down," said the newspaper man; "glad to do anything for a Californian. What part of the state are you from?"

"I," he said, "am from San Joes."

"What?"

"San Joes."

"My friend," said the entertainer, "I pity you. The name of that town is San Hoasy. Take a couple of nights off, come around both nights, and I will endeavor to coach you a little on Bret Harte nomenclature. You might get tangled up with San Joaquin, Cohahuila, Cajon, Calabasas, Escondido, Gualala, Manzanita, Nijoqui, San Mateo, San Miguel, San Luis Obispo, San Pablo, Santa Margarita, Santa Maria, Santa Monica, Santa Paula, Santa Ynez—all the male and female saints in the calendar. You might go to the White House and attempt to tell Private Secretary Thurber that you are from San Aguardientevinodulcedelsud. He is dead on to all of those names. Come and see me again before you tackle him."—Washington Post.

**Reform in Liquor Traffic.**

On and after May 15 next licenses issued to storekeepers in this city to sell liquor not to be drunk on the premises will cost \$200 a year instead of \$50 as heretofore. The new rate, which applies to those whose sales aggregate less than \$2,500 a year, was agreed upon by the excise board on Tuesday. Its adoption is a salutary, practicable and proper measure of excise reform.

It is salutary because it will tend to restrict the evil of surreptitious drinking in grocery, provision and drug stores which are patronized by women, and in which the charge for liquor is added to the cost of household commodities.

It is practicable, because it will augment the city's excise revenues without a corresponding increase in the number of saloons or in the amount of liquor sold.

It is proper, because it will do away with the unfair distinction which has heretofore existed between ordinary saloons where liquor is sold openly and stores where the same article is sold privately.—New York Sun.

**Colonel Shepard's Kindness.**

The late Colonel Elliott F. Shepard of New York is gratefully remembered by the congregation of the First Presbyterian church of Lafayette, Ind. He was trainbound in that city one day, and on inquiring his way to church a boy pointed out the First Presbyterian and incidentally remarked that it was to be sold for debt. This influenced Colonel Shepard to attend services there, and he dropped a \$20 bill on the contribution plate. After the services he made the acquaintance of the pastor, and before leaving the city he deposited with him a letter which he enjoined should not be opened until the next Thursday evening prayer meeting. This letter contained a check for \$500. With this as a nucleus the congregation lifted a debt of something over \$6,000.—Indianapolis News.

**Lime Juice and the Pole.**

We are glad to be able to state that, warned by the fate of the Nares expedition, Dr. Nansen has determined to carry with him an ample supply of concentrated lime juice in his arctic expedition. Notwithstanding the angry feelings which were aroused some years ago by our demonstration that the failure of the Nares expedition was largely due to the neglect of the lime juice ration and the consequent outbreak of scurvy in the exploring party which was aiming at the north pole, it is now an accepted axiom that the "north pole will never be reached without lime juice," so that the concentration of that requisite to economize space and carriage will be a matter of great importance.—British Medical Journal.

**"The Line of White."**

Trousers are very wide. Morning coats are single or double breasted sacks or 3-button cutaways. Vests are cut very high, and with black clothes many gentlemen fill in the space above with a square folded scarf, which is apt to be black also, and separate the scarf and vest with a line of white—I forgot what the men call this band—placed inside the vest.—London Letter.

**For Scrofula**

"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health."—Bonifacio Lopez, 227 E. Commerce St., San Antonio, Texas.

**Catarrh**

"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Biele, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

**Rheumatism**

"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hansbrough, Elk Run, Va.

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