

# HER EYES WERE BLUE

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

How 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, stifling aisles. The cry of the salespeople, the chatter of the cash girls, the noise of scuffling, hurrying feet, the hum of conversation, rising to insist upon bargains here and there—all mingle in a confused, subdued roar.

At one of the busiest counters, where are piled high rich and costly lace, 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 edifying, clamorous mass.

Evidently one of the women is the purchaser, the other merely accompanying her. They consult ever 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 C. O. D. tomorrow. It will be abundant time."

The saleswoman is pleased. She bids her agreeable customer 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, purse in hand, at the counter, rather wistfully eyeing their purchases, wondering no doubt if she shall have money enough some day to do as they. Her hair is golden and hangs pendent 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 sharp, keen eyed young man eyeing 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, idly wears a cane and has doubtless been making some purchases himself. Half a block away he taps 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 shrewdest 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 generous 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 it 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 do 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 goods 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 espionage, and the shoplifters never know when these soft, innocent looking paws are to pounce upon them.—New York Herald.

**Discouraging to Burglars.**

There is little encouragement for a man to be a 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 subterranean in San Francisco are fitted with wires laid between every two rows of brick, so that any attempt to interfere with the cement or the bricks will disturb an electric circuit and sound a warning bell.—Boston Courier.

**Painting the Forth Bridge.**

The Forth bridge receives a new coat of paint every three years, and one-third is done each year, so that the painters are continually at work. Besides the painting, every part of the structure is carefully examined and loose or defective rivets removed and new ones put in their place.—Glasgow Herald.

# STELLER'S SEA LION.

In Temper He Is More Lionlike Than the Lion Himself.

Steller's sea lion is the king of the pinnipeds. Unlike nearly all other sea animals that have been gloriously misnamed after familiar land quadrupeds, his appearance is quite lionlike, particularly his massive head and ferocious countenance and his powerful neck, covered with long, coarse hair of a tawny gray color. While he does not roar quite so thunderously as the king of the desert, he roars much oftener and more universally. In temper he is more lionlike than the lion himself, for the old males are continually fighting and cutting each other with their long teeth in a way that real lions never dream of. They are timid and afraid in the presence of their master—man—but so is the lion also, for that matter, though he is not a stupid idiot, like the sea lion.

Steller's sea lion is at home in various places in North America, from the Farallone islands and Point Reyes, near San Francisco, northward along the Pacific coast to the Pribilof islands. He loves the most rugged and rocky shores, where the breakers thunder unceasingly against the foot of tall black cliffs. It is on the Pribilof islands, however, that this animal may be seen in the greatest numbers and at his best. The herds that make that wild spot their home number many thousand individuals. The herd that frequents the northeast point of St. Paul's island is drawn upon by the natives for food and other purposes as regularly as if it were a big herd of cattle. In Mr. Elliott's time that one herd is said to have contained between 18,000 and 20,000 head.—St. Nicholas.

**That Friend of Your Youth.**

Next to the lynx-eyed younger brother with his terrible memory and his great eloquence the friend of her youth is the being whom every woman wishes most to avoid. The friend of one's youth remembers and recalls in public all one's early follies. She asks if you have forgotten the day you ran away from school, the afternoon you were whipped for playing with the boys around the corner, the day you painted your face with the artificial roses on your mother's bonnet and the night you demolished a whole jar of jam at a sitting. She generally does this when the minister is calling or when your prospective mother-in-law is eagerly drinking in the story of your youthful crime.

Then the friend of your youth goes on and enumerates forgotten love affairs, recalls your successive flirtations and conveys to the listeners the impression that you were a very gay person indeed. She feels free because of her position to criticize your clothes, your manner, your fiancé and your looks. For the same reason she considers herself at liberty to borrow any of your possessions, from a handkerchief to the contents of your purse. And when she has done all these things she sits down and sentimentalizes about the past and makes you agree that such halcyon days will never come again.—New York World.

**A Remarkable Dog.**

The following peculiar incident is told by a Baltimore man as occurring to his fox terrier: "One day, while the cellar door was open, the dog descended in search of rats at about 9 o'clock. At 9:30 the dog was searched for and thought lost. No further notice was taken in the matter until the next morning at 11 o'clock, when I was attracted by a dog yelping. After a careful search in the cellar, which revealed only a pile of sand by the wall, I noticed the dog's nose protruding through an inch board at the top window of the cellar looking into the yard. I went immediately up stairs and removed five bricks from the pavement and pulled the dog out. After a careful inspection I discovered he had dug under the foundation of the house in the sand, which had caved in on him. Finding no other means of escape, he dug up to the surface, a distance of six feet, and on arriving at the brick surface, which had been recently paved, dug toward the window, a distance of three feet, and had nearly eaten through the board in his efforts to free himself. He was nearly exhausted when found, having been 26 hours underground. One eye was entirely closed from sand, the other nearly so."—Baltimore Sun.

**A New Umbrella Stand.**

A funny incident of a drawing room meeting was recently noticed. A grave looking gentleman, with an unusually tall hat, entered, and seeing no rack in the hall placed his hat on the floor just behind the door. Pretty soon another grave man entered with a large, dripping umbrella, and peering anxiously for the usual receptacle saw in the gloom the hat resting on the floor. His eyesight was probably poor, for he mistook it for one of the new umbrella holders, and in it he deposited his dripping umbrella. This was an example for those who followed, and in a short time the solemn looking hat was stanchly holding a dozen umbrellas. At the end of the meeting the water in the hat was an inch in depth.—London Tit-Bits.

**An Edison Invention Idle.**

Ten years ago Mr. Edison applied for a patent in his own country for a new method of generating electricity, which is now made public. It consists of a furnace on which is placed an iron pot or crucible, through the closed cover of which a stout rod of carbon passes down to near the bottom of the crucible, where it is surrounded by dry metallic oxides or other compounds capable of attacking carbon under heat and in rarefied air. The closed crucible is connected with an exhaust fan by an exhaust pipe. This invention seems to have been abandoned by Edison. At all events, it has not as yet come into practical use.—London Globe.

M. Meyer of Paris has invented a kind of paper that is indestructible by fire. Specimens after remaining 148 hours in the heat of a potter's furnace still retained the glass.

# YELLOW CUR AND COYOTE.

Each In Turn Assumed the Aggressive in an Amusing Fight.

There were three of us in a wagon driving from Springdale, on the railroad, to Hunter's Hot Springs. We had forded the sloughs that during the season of high water in the Yellowstone cut off the approaches to the bridge, the water filling the wagon box and taking the horses almost off their feet at times in the swirl of the current. One of the dogs from the hotel joined us on terra firma—a mild faced yellow cur, with no fighting qualities. He was trotting along on the road a few rods ahead of the horses when there came leaping across the open country a big coyote, making straight for him.

Away went the dog, and after him the wolf. The dog made a stand and took a nip at the wolf. Then the wolf ran, and the dog pursued, but as soon as the dog had overtaken his enemy he changed his mind about attacking him and turned back. Now the wolf gained courage and took up the chase, running the yellow cur clear up to the porch of the hotel at the springs. The party in the wagon got a good deal of fun out of the novel turn about him.

Mendenhall, the landlord, whipped up the team, and we bounced along at a tremendous pace, shouting, "Go it, wolf!" and "Go it, dog!" The landlord yelled encouragement to Stub, the dog, but Stub had no mind for a tussle with the sharp toothed, long nosed brute and was happy to gain the shelter of the hotel. The coyote trotted off across the hills. "What things a fellow will see when he hasn't his gun with him!" remarked one of the men in the wagon.—Northwest Magazine.

**THE SEA'S INVASION.**

Old Ocean Is Tearing Away the English Coast by the Rod.

The flat marshes of Pevensey have gained half a mile since the days of Edward II, when the sea almost washed the walls of the castle that now stands high and dry inland. The same thing has happened on the Romney flats, where the ancient castle of Lympe has receded a mile or more. Such spots as these look as though the next spring tide would add their grassy meadows to the rock ground of sea bottom. But on the rocky parts of the Antrim coast we have the sea slowly working its way inland, despite the rock fortifications and stony intrusions that look so resistless. Under the waves lie tracts of bogland that once upon a time must have stood well in shore, and Dunluce bears witness to the ravages that have taken place within a few centuries, a few ticks of the clock as geologists count time.

The sea, ever washing and tearing at its foundations, one day broke down a considerable part of the castle, and several persons were killed by the catastrophe. This was in the days when Dunluce was held by other tenants than the birds. Then a home and a stronghold, now but a memento of past joy and glory.

Another marked example of the insecurity of rock defenses where the sea is the invader occurs at Filey, on the Yorkshire coast. Only 20 years ago there was a pathway running around the ancient church of St. Hilda, which is built on the solid rock. Now this is so broken away on the seaward side that it is impassable. Another 20 years may see the church undermined.—Argosy.

**He Met His Match.**

He was all that's brave and manly. He had emulated Stanley and had traversed wilds where white man never had set his foot before. He just gloried in a battle, for he loved to hear the rattle of the bullets and the sounding of the cannon's deadly roar.

He would fight a hundred people. He would climb the highest steeple, though he knew by that rash act he was courting certain death. He would face a raging tiger, he would swim the turbid Niger, and he'd walk up to a cannon's mouth and never bat his breath.

There was nothing that could scare him. He ventured in the harem of the wildest, fiercest pasha that ever lived on Turkey's coast. In a graveyard he had wandered late at night, and there had pondered if it would be his fortune just to see a real ghost.

He was brave beyond all question. There had never been a suggestion that the stories of his boldness were not made up of the truth; but, alas, his courage failed him when a rotten molar ailed him, for he didn't have the nerve to let a dentist pull his tooth!—New York World.

**Algol, the Mystery of the Skies.**

Algol, "the variable star of the constellation of Perseus," is regarded among astronomers as the greatest mystery of the heavens. Its light usually remains constant and uniform for a period of from 48 to 60 hours. It then commences to gradually fade from view, and in less than four hours diminishes to an insignificant point of light. After remaining in a state of semiobscurity for a period of time, varying from 15 to 30 minutes, it again regains its former brilliancy. Astronomers believe that some large dead and dark world revolves between us and Algol, but this is the disputed point, a mystery which will, in all probability, never be satisfactorily explained.—St. Louis Republic.

**Names For Queen Elizabeth.**

Queen Elizabeth was called Good Queen Bess by her friends and Bloody Bess by her enemies. She was also designated the Maiden Queen, the Queen of Virgins, the Untamed Heifer, Fortune's Empress, the Glory of Her Sex, the Miracle of Time, Astrea, Oriana, the True Diana, Gloriana and other names respectful and the contrary.—New York Advertiser.

**Familiar.**

Visitor—Will you tell your master that I called?  
Servant—Yes, sir, if you will please tell me your name.  
Visitor—That is unnecessary. He knows me quite well.—Wanderer.

# Catching Shrimp in the South.

The Charleston gourmet is now joyously feasting daily on our own little dish, the shrimp. There is hardly a family in the city that does not have this dainty little crustacean served for breakfast in some shape or form. When the dark shades of night drop over the harbor, the hardy shrimp men man their little canoes, and with their cast nets neatly arranged and ready to be thrown they make for the long, dark shores of marsh where their prey makes its feeding grounds. They have to wait silently and patiently on the edges of the marsh until a certain time of the tide, when out come the shrimp in millions, and out fly the heavy nets, and the work commences.

The oarsmen pull or punt or paddle along the shore, and the man with the net keeps his eyes and ears open for the ripple and sound of the sportive shrimp. As the shrimp moves through the water he is a beautiful sight. The most beautiful colors shine from his long body, and his fan shaped tail stirs the phosphorescence and leaves behind him a subdued trail of fire.

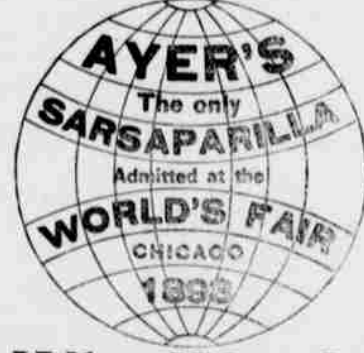
When the usual quantity is caught and the turning of the tide takes the shrimp to other spots, the shrimpers pull for the wharves to sell their spoil. Long before daybreak the vendors, men and women, are on hand with their trays to get their morning's supply for their numerous customers. The number of these vendors can be safely put at 300.—Charleston News and Courier.

**Addison's Characteristics.**

Addison is the very embodiment of that delightful gift of humor on which we pride ourselves so much as a special English quality. That in its way his style is the perfection of English style is less dear and delightful to us than that what it conveys is the perfection of feeling. His art is the antipodes of that satirical art which allows human excellence only to gird at it and insinuate motives which diminish or destroy. Addison, on the other hand, allows imperfections which his interpretation turns into something sweeter than virtue and throws a delightful gleam of love and laughter upon the eccentricities and characteristic follies of individual nature. That he sees everything is one of the conditions of his genial forgiveness of all that is not mean or base or cruel. With these he makes no terms.—Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant in Century.

**Paper Water Pipes.**

The making of water pipes out of paper pulp is receiving much attention and is said to be successful, even in the crude manner in which all first attempts are undertaken. They are said to be as durable as iron, and the process of molding them is about the same in both cases.—Hardware.



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