

"Oh, thank you, sir," she replied; "I'm doing my best, God knows sir."

"Join us in finishing this bottle, and tell my friend about yourself," said McCartney.

"The young woman sat down, and between her sips of champagne she told the story of her life. When she hesitated McCartney would prompt her. He evidently knew as much about her as she did herself, and her dread of her old foe was openly displayed. She closed her narrative with.

"But I have reformed, Mr. McCartney. You know I have, sir."

"Of course," replied McCartney, with a wink at Jones. "We know that. That is what makes your history so interesting now."

"The restaurant was crowding up and the girl excused herself.

"While the Chicago man was advising Jones to arrest the girl, as she was the one he wanted, a man came to the table where they were sitting and whispered to McCartney, who immediately begged Jones' pardon for leaving him so abruptly, but he was urgently needed by a friend. He stepped to the desk, paid the bill for the party and left with the messenger. Jones finished the bottle, and strolled back to the grounds with that glow of satisfaction which is always the result of a good digestion and a stomachful of palatable eatables and drinkables.

"It was not long until Jones had occasion to consult his time piece. It was gone, and it was a valuable one. He went through his clothes. His rather well filled wallet was gone. He returned to the restaurant. The reformed pickpocket was gone. He visited his friend McCartney's lodgings. He was gone. Search was instituted for the messenger. Here was success. He was arrested that evening at the Thirty-first and Market street depot. He confessed.

"He was a member of the gang of which DuBarry, alias McCartney, was the chief, and the young woman Belle Richards alias Hattie Lyons, was the most expert of pickpockets. They had worked the Centennial for a week, and were between \$8,000 and \$9,000 ahead. He had been paid his one-sixth by DuBarry before they had gone thirty yards from the restaurant where Jones was left sipping his champagne. He said:

"They knew when they had enough, but I, like a consummate fool, didn't."

"DuBarry and his accomplice were not found, and they have never turned up in Philadelphia since," concluded Mr. Sharkey. — *Exchange*.

### HUMORS OF MAIDEN LANE.

Occasionally there wanders into Maiden Lane one of those individuals carrying a small tray, upon which are usually displayed wonderful bargains. For hours he whines forth his tale of "Here you are now, fine rolled gold buttons! Three cents apiece; two for five. Only a few more left. Here you go!" Right in the centre of the jewelry district—in the shadow of some of the largest jewelry houses in the country, he calmly which she gazed steadily for a moment, and then entered the establishment of a well known jeweler. A polite clerk came forward and wanted to know what he could do for her. She placed her bundle carefully upon the counter, adjusted her takes his stand, and, as he looks upon passers-by, wonders why

they cast such looks of scorn upon him. His winsome call attracts no buyers, and after a time he moves on, apparently convinced that Maiden Lane is no place in which to sell jewelry.

\* \* \*

An old lady from the backwoods of Jersey came struggling down the "Lane" a few days ago, with a large package under her arm. Her eye was presently arrested by a placard, at glasses, seated herself deliberately, and wanted to know how much it would cost to send her package to Philadelphia. The astonished clerk informed her that it was not in their line of business to forward packages.

"Be'ant this the express office?" queried the old lady sharply. "Guess not," answered the indignant clerk.

"Wall, wat you put them signs out fur?" and the old lady gathered herself and her bundle together, and walked out in high dudgeon.

\* \* \*

On turning the corner from Broadway into Maiden Lane a few days ago, we met an excited individual, watch in hand, hurrying up the street. Thinking that some sudden failure must have taken place, we grasped our note book in haste, expecting to jot down all the details of the news.

"Is this what you call the great watch and clock street?" demanded the excited gentleman.

"Yes," we answered proudly, "in this short thoroughfare there are over three hundred jewelers and watch dealers. It is world renowned; within its narrow limits——"

"Well, what in thunder," interrupted the perspiring individual, "is the matter with all their clocks?"

"What happened?" we demanded eagerly.

"Happened? I came down here to set my watch. I found a chronometer on this side of the street and set it to the second, then I looked across and there was a big clock in a window, and that was a minute and a half fast, then I saw another further down the block and that was three minutes behind, and there's one down at the corner—I walked down to look at that, and when I reached there I found it had no hands at all. How is a man ever going to set his watch here, I'd like to know?"

We promised to investigate the matter, and have a committee on clocks appointed to secure harmony among the time-pieces. — *Jewelers' Weekly*.

### WANT OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Some people never seem to believe themselves capable of anything; they see others press forward to attempt and achieve, and sink back into a desponding inactivity. Having no faith in themselves, they undertake nothing and effect nothing. If they are convicted of some fault or bad habit, they have so little hope of being able to cure it that they scarcely make an effort. If some avenue of usefulness and honor opens up before them, they draw back, almost sure they will not succeed, and decline to enter. If some duty presses upon their conscience, they try to quiet its promptings by pleading inability. Thus their lives pass away in uselessness, their faculties do not develop or their characters improve, their abilities are wasted, they dwindle into insignificance, not for lack of power, but for the want of a confidence and courage that would set that power into good, practical working order.