

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON



The talk ran on peddlers and beggars. Holly, the little photographer, was responsible. She had a neat pencil which she had "purchased" from that poor old blind man on the corner who sells shoe laces and pencils.

The cyclic had bromidically assured her "He probably had a good deal more money than you have, my child. Lots of those old hypocrites die rich."

The author man had said that it was one of the fulfilled ambitions of his youth always to be able to give to every beggar and boy of every peddler, and the author man's wife had said tartly that she knew that all too well, and wished she had the money he wasted that way. For her part she never gave a penny without investigating, and she thought organized charity much safer.

Then someone remarked that peddlers and beggars usually made pretty long stops at the house of the lady-who-always-knows-somehow, and asked what her policy was.

And this was the contribution of the lady-who-always-knows-somehow.

"Well, you see, sometimes I buy things or give money and sometimes I don't. That depends. But the reason they usually stop so long at my house is because, whether I buy or give or do neither, I always ask them in for a cup of tea."

"Of course, I don't suppose that it is right to give away much money without investigating, but I know a cup of tea won't pamperize anyone. If a person has been walking all day it ought to seem pretty good to sit down for a few minutes and sip a good cup of tea."

The author man's wife had listened with lifted eyebrows thus far. She could contain herself no longer.

"But, my dear," she burst out, "how does your cook like having all these strange people brought into the kitchen? I'm sure mine would never stand it in the world."

If anyone could rattle the lady-who-always-knows-somehow, it would be the author man's wife.

Observe, then, her self-control.

"But you see I don't take them into my kitchen," she explained most placidly. "I serve their tea in my living-room just as I would to any guest. Sometimes when they seem very hungry or come near mealtime, I take them into my dining-room and give them something nice. In the summer I make cold tea or lemonade and of course I always have something in the way of crackers or cake."

"I usually eat with them because that puts them more at ease and do you know, we have the nicest talks. They tell me so many interesting and funny and pathetic things. Did you see that old man with the silver polish who was around this morning? Well, he and I had a very nice chat on the kind of dogs that are most apt to bite and the proper way to treat a dog when he is thinking of biting you. And there is one old beggar who I discovered actually used to be a college professor. We must have some lightful talks on Emerson and Browning and Carlyle every time he comes."

"And then I seldom buy or give until after the cup of tea and by that time I feel I know what is right to do."

"So you see I find my plan works well in several ways," concluded the lady-who-always-knows-somehow.

"It wouldn't be such a bad way to study character," grudgingly admitted the cynic.

"I always said you were a darling, nipped Holly."

"I expect to pass through this life but once, if, therefore, there is an kindness I can show or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again!" quoted the author man softly.

"But don't you all really think the organized charity is safer?" propounded the author man's wife.

Nobody even bothered to answer.

Ruth Cameron

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Fads and Fashions.

Net allovers in patterns of solid dots resembling porcelain beads will enjoy decided vogue.

New mohairs, soft as silk, are extremely attractive, with a wide satin stripe of the same.

Beyond question the most prominent factor in decoration just now is the white porcelain bead.

The new polo coats are made with a shawl collar and a belt which goes only across the back.

The return of the lace hat will be welcomed by many women to whom the airy style is becoming.

Beaded waistlines promise great success for the coming season. They were novelties last summer.

For those who persist in their liking for white lace veils there are now ones heavily woven in bird designs.

Quite new are pins and brooches in which grosgrain ribbon is utilized to bring out settings of brilliants.

Cotton voile and Marquisette in colors and with stripes lead in new fabrics offered for spring wear.

Shantams are quite banished from the fashionable world of dress; foul-

ends have taken their place in popular favor.

Quaint jackets, long revers, sweeping lines and the raised waist line are fairly safe predictions for the coming months.

The small Capuchian hood on coats has almost disappeared, and instead there is seen a deep-pointed shawl-like hood much larger.

Fashion points this season to an era of unprecedented lavishness in the combinations of priceless laces, filmy chiffons and rich satins.

Smart milliners are profuse in their use of fluffy mallines, wonderful plumes and gay flowers, and some contrive to be tremendously chic without

Evening gowns have changed their colors. There has been a decided adoption of the vivid colors. The lovely "dead" shades have had their day.

Women who are wearing black, but not mourning, will find extremely choice and stylish this season the one-piece gowns of the large-meshed Tuxedo nets.

Smart jewelry for daytime wear is of steel. Chains, pins, shoe and belt buckles are all of steel; the belts themselves are formed all of links or shining steel.

There is a decided return to canines in the matter of jewelry. They probably are better fitted to grace the fish effects or the simplicity of the Puritan styles.

For All Ayer's Pills are liver pills. All vegetable, sugar-coated. A gentle laxative for all the family. Consult your doctor freely about these pills and about all medical matters. Follow his advice. He certainly knows best.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Life Policy.

If it should cross the mind of a reader that I ought to have given the self-confessed felon into custody, I beg to remind him that, for the reasons previously stated, such a course on my part was out of the question—impossible; and that, had it not been impossible I should do so. Mr. Jesse Andrews would not have trusted me with his criminal secret. The only question now therefore was, how, without compromising this guilty client, the godfather's legacy could be secured for the innocent son.

A conference the next morning with Mr. Flint resulted in our sending for Mr. Jesse Andrews, and advising him, for fear of accidents or miscarriage in our plans, to betake himself to the kingdom of France for a short time. We had then a treaty of extradition with that country. As soon as I knew he was safely out of the realm, I waited upon the insurance people.

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THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY THERAPION

THERAPION No. 1—A Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and all other cases of acute and chronic inflammation of the joints, muscles, and nerves, and all other cases of acute and chronic inflammation of the joints, muscles, and nerves, and all other cases of acute and chronic inflammation of the joints, muscles, and nerves.

THERAPION No. 2—A Sovereign Remedy for Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and all other cases of chronic inflammation of the joints, muscles, and nerves, and all other cases of chronic inflammation of the joints, muscles, and nerves.

THERAPION No. 3—A Sovereign Remedy for Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and all other cases of chronic inflammation of the joints, muscles, and nerves, and all other cases of chronic inflammation of the joints, muscles, and nerves.

"The money ought not to have been received by Jesse Andrews, you say, Mr. Sharp?" observed the managing-gentleman, looking keenly in my face.

"Precisely. It ought not to have been received by him."

"And why not, Mr. Sharp?"

"That is quite an unnecessary question, and one that, you know, I should not answer, if I could. That which chiefly concerns you is, that I am ready to return the four thousand pounds at once, here on the spot, and that delays are dangerous. If you refuse, why, of course—and I rise from my chair—I must take back the money."

"Stay—stay! I will consult with one or two gentlemen, and be with you again almost immediately."

In about five minutes he returned. Well, Mr. Sharp, he said, "we had, I suppose, better take the money—obtained, as you say, by mistake."

"Not at all; I said nothing about mistake. I told you it ought not to have been received by Andrews."

"Well—well I understand. I must, I suppose, give you a receipt?"

"Undoubtedly; and, if you please, precisely in this form."

I handed him a copy on a slip of paper. He ran it over, smiled, transcribed it onto a stamp, signed it, and, as I handed him a check for the amount, placed it in my hands. We mutually bowed and I went my way.

Jean Eccles.

The criminal business of the office was, during the first three or four years of our partnership, entirely superintended by Mr. Flint; he being more an apt, from early practice, than myself, in the art and mystery of prosecuting and defending felons, and I was thus happily relieved of duties which, in the days when George III. was king, were frequently very oppressive and revolting. The criminal practitioner dwelt in an atmosphere tainted alike with cruelty and crime, and pulsating alternately with merciless decrees of death, and the shrieks and wailings of sentenced guilt. And not always guilt! There exist many records of proofs, incontrovertible, but obtained late, of innocence having been legally strangled on the gallows in other cases than that of Eliza Fennell. How could it be otherwise with a criminal code crowded in every line with penalties of death, nothing but—death? Juster, wiser times, have dawned upon us, in which true notions prevail of what man owes to man, even when sitting in judgment on transgressors, and this we owe, let us

not forget, to the exertions of a band of men who, undeterred by the sneer of the reputedly wise and practical men of the world, and the taunts of 'influential' newspapers, persisted in teaching that the rights of property could be more firmly cemented than by the shedding of blood—law, justice, personal security more effectually vindicated than by the ghows. Let me confess that I also was, for many years, amongst the workers, and sincerely held such 'theorists' and 'dreamers' as Sir Samuel Romilly and his fellow-workers in utter contempt.

Not so my partner, Mr. Flint. Constantly in the presence of criminal judges and juries, he had less confidence in the unerring verity of their decisions than persons less familiar with them, or who see them only through the medium of newspapers. Nothing could exceed his distress of mind if, in cases in which he was prosecuting attorney, a convict died perishing in his innocence, or without a full confession of guilt. A still sorer feeling did this morbidly-sensitive intellect at length arrive, that lie all at once refused to undertake, or in any way meddle with, criminal prosecutions, and they were consequently turned over to our head clerk, with occasional assistance from me if there happened to be a press of business of the sort. Mr. Flint still, however, retained a monopoly of the defences, except when, from some temporary cause or other, he happened to be otherwise engaged, when they fell to me. One of these I am about to relate, the result of which, whatever other impression it produced, thoroughly cured me—as it may the reader—of any propensity to sneer or laugh at criminal-law reformers of the gallows.

THE GREATEST results in cases of weak digestion are obtained from SCOTT'S EMULSION because when ordinary foods do not digest, it provides the needed nourishment in highly concentrated form.

One forenoon, during the absence of Mr. Flint in Wiltshire, a Mrs. Margaret Davies called at the office in apparently great distress of mind. This lady, I must premise, was an old, or at all events an elderly maiden, of some four-and-forty years of age—I have heard a very intimate female friend of hers say she would never see fifty again, but this was spite—and possessed of considerable house property in poor localities. She found abundant employment for energies which might otherwise have turned to cards and

man not of fiction, but of fact—and consequently relate events, not as they precisely ought, but as they do, occasionally occur in lawyers' offices, and other unpoetical nooks and corners of this prosaic, matter-of-fact, working-day world.

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scandal, in collecting her weekly, monthly and quarterly rents, and in promoting, or fancying she did, the religious and moral welfare of her tenants.

Very bare-faced, I well knew, were the impositions practiced upon her credulous good-nature in money matters, and I strongly suspected the spiritual and moral promise and performances of her motley tenantry exhibited as much discrepancy as those pertaining to rent. Still deceived or cheated as she might be, good Mrs. Davies never wearied in what she conceived to be well-doing, and was ever ready to pour balm and oil into the wounds of the sufferer, however self-inflicted or deserved.

"What is the matter now? I asked as soon as the good lady was seated, and had untied and loosened her bonnet, and thrown back her shawl, fast walking having heated her prodigiously. "Nothing worse than transportation is, I hope likely to befall any of those interesting clients of yours!"

"You are a hard-hearted man, Mr. Sharp," replied Mrs. Davies between a smile and a cry; "but being a lawyer, that is of course natural, and, as I am not here to consult you as a Christian, of no consequence."

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