

## "THANK YOU, SIR!"

**A Real Lady Appears in New York and Astonishes a Car-load of Gothamites.**  
It was 6:30 in the evening. All the seats on the up-town train on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road were occupied, most of them by spruce-looking clerks, who hid their faces behind the evening papers and tried to "make believe" they didn't know that any women were standing up. A young lady got in at Fourteenth street. She was pretty, but it could be seen at a glance that she was not of the sort susceptible of being "smashed." The young clerks shifted their papers to get a glance at her, and finally had to leave them again. She grasped a strap upon a slouch-headed, weather-beaten Irishman, whose lousy hands and soiled clothes showed that he was one of the hard-working sons of toil.

"Take this seat, m'm," he said, rising and walking toward the end of the car, intending to have himself against the door. "Thank you, sir, and the young lady taking the seat. I am not a perfumier, thank you, nor a dem-octrat, thank you, but it was given with a genuine cordiality and the innocence of good breeding, and was acknowledged by a pleasant smile. The young clerks popped out their heads from under their papers, and each one told that he would have willingly resigned his seat and stood up for an hour to have such a "lady" sit across from him. The Irishman turned with head, and his eyes expanded wide and his jaws dropped in astonishment. Then a broad grin of satisfaction lit up his face, and he bowed his head to the young lady, taking the seat. I am not a perfumier, thank you, nor a dem-octrat, thank you, but it was given with a genuine cordiality and the innocence of good breeding, and was acknowledged by a pleasant smile.

The following thrilling sentence is taken from a recently-published society novel: "For a while a quarter of an hour the young man gazed thoughtfully in the flame of the extinguished candle."

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Mr. John W. Mackay is accustomed to receiving bizarre letters of various descriptions, but the funniest one is a request for any diamonds or robes for which she has no use, the beggar desiring them for her daughter's trousseau.

Captain J. P. Hyatt, who died in Dennis a few weeks ago, became well known to the American public through his confinement in a Massachusetts insane asylum at the request of his wife and son. In his will the captain ignored his family and left \$100,000 for a library in Malden, Mass.

Excuse me, m'm, for making so bold as to speak to you," he said, touching his hat respectfully, "but you're the first lady that ever said thanks to me before that you give me a smile. He paused a moment and then continued not at all abashed by the attention he was attracting. "You're a rare lady, m'm, and it does the tickles of me go to say ye can have so spoke. An' I ax you pardon agin, but wudver be so kind as to give me wan o' them looks to show the old woman wid them'lls or about you, and as a sort o' token remembrance?"

A titter went through the car, and the young lady did not shirk and gave him a rose without any hesitation. The Irishman again touched his hat and went to the end of the car. Presently his voice was heard addressing a man: "She's a rare lady, I tell ye. Whoa, I just giv' her my smile, and she up and said 'thanky' just as she met aif o' them 'e's the right sort, she is. To strangers who entered the car he recited her praises in the same enthusiastic fashion. The young lady must have been very relieved when he left the car, but his admiration was too genuine and respectful to be resentful.

—*—R. E. T.*

## CAPE COATS AGAIN.

**The Disappearance of Capes After a Month Years Ago.**

"Men are wearing capes on their overcoats again," said a Broadway man yesterday, as he leaned against his counter and delved into the inner recesses of his mouth with a toothpick, and they recall to old New Yorkers the popularity of the cape, and its sudden disappearance after the murder of a young woman up town by a young man named Robinson.

"Many years ago every man with any pretensions to style wore a cape. The garments were of various colors, often coming to bright plaid, and they were worn quite long. A tall man was peddled in one of these capes, and walking along in the dark, looked like a bandit. Then, very conveniently, came along a man who went to the theater in dress clothes. He had only to slip his cloak over his shoulder when running out between the acts, which was vastly easier than struggling into an overcoat, and save a man from catching many a cold. When the great Robinson murderer came on, however, the fashion played largely on a cape which was worn by a mysterious man who was subsequently identified as Robinson. They then became known as 'Robinson capes,' and it bingo, sir, they were driven out of the roads before the season was over. Until now they have never reappeared."

"What is the fashionable cape today?"

"It's a part of the tea-coat, and hangs very close to the shoulders. It is never worn separate from the coat, and it will not do on a new-market. A sack coat is the only proper form of coat, and when a tea-market is topped with a cape the effect is anything but fashion-able." —*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

## SOME SMOKE.

**A Cigarette Which Smokes Starting Conclusions.**

Few people ever stop to count the cost of luxuries. If they should they might sometimes hesitate in their expenditures. A wealthy octogenarian of Hartford, who has indulged in smoking during all his life, or a least during all his manhood years, has made an estimate, based upon data kept as to the cost of his cigars for sixty-seven years. He knows the amount he has expended, and calculating the sum invested in cigars every six months, and paying it at compound interest at eight per cent, on the basis of the savings bank calculations, he finds that the total sum now amounts to \$800,000.

If all smokers of the world would keep an account of the cost of this luxury, and calculate their investments in cigars and tobacco, the imperial interests, if they would be interested at the sums wasted by them in smoking. The large sum found by the gentleman who had smoked for sixty-seven years was, of course, greatly increased in the last twenty, and especially in the last ten years, as money continues to grow six months in the rate of six per cent.

We frequently hear of intercessions persons drinking up the value of a farm or other property. But it is not often that such a fortune as \$800,000 is consumed by one person. If this Hartford gentleman is not an exception, smoking is simply enormous." —*Binghamton Herald.*

George W. Steinbich, a leading merchant of Nashville, Tenn., was married recently, and the Cumberland and of which he was a member, proposed to give him a grand reception. The reception was an elegant affair, arranged by the élite of the city, bride and groom to whom it was absent. The executive had gotten to invite them.

—*—Very Best Operas.*

—*—A Boston lady paid a*

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—*—There are 628 newspapers and periodicals published in foreign languages in this country. Of these 483 are in German.*

—*—The newspaper business in Texas must be good. The editor of the *Living Lamp* offers to pay \$20,000 for the arrest of the person who stole his hand bag.*

—*—Washington E. Gregg, the clerk of the Boston Common Council, has resigned. Mr. Gregg is eighty-two years of age and he has held his position for forty-two years. —*Boston Journal.**

—*—The following thrilling sentence is taken from a recently-published society novel: "For a while a quarter of an hour the young man gazed thoughtfully in the flame of the extinguished candle."*

—*—A Washington correspondent has made careful investigation of the wealth of Senators, and has come to the conclusion that there are not a dozen men in the Senate who are in any way dependent upon their salaries.*

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—*—Captain J. P. Hyatt, who died in Dennis a few weeks ago, became well known to the American public through his confinement in a Massachusetts insane asylum at the request of his wife and son. In his will the captain ignored his family and left \$100,000 for a library in Malden, Mass.*

—*—Thomas Van Valin, a pensioner of the war of 1812, died at Syracuse, N. Y., December 2. January 12 he celebrated his 100th birthday, and was consequently within a few days of becoming 101 years old. Mr. Van Valin was born in Oneida County, and was the son of Abel Van Valin, who was accidentally killed at the age of 100 years. The grandfather lived to be 101, and a brother of his grandfather lived to the age of 112 years. The latter left three sons, each of whom was also a centenarian. John Van Valin lived to be 100 years old; Isaac, 101, and Joseph, 108. —*—Albany Journal.**

—*—A pretty woodcock for a sitting room may be made of an old market basket, with the top removed, the old pieces cut out, the remainder covered with gold varnish, the edges bound with crimson velvet, and a golden bow ornaments the handle.*

—*—Turners who like cabbage greens in the springing up, though they have ready to use them, will set the stalks close together in a trench with the roots deep. In the spring these will turn out sprouts that furnish nice greens. —*Penns. Farmer.**

—*—A pretty wooden basket for a sitting room may be made of an old market basket, with the top removed, the old pieces cut out, the remainder covered with gold varnish, the edges bound with crimson velvet, and a golden bow ornaments the handle.*

—*—Here's the great man beats in with a sigh, yes, yes, I know all about that I have signed the thing. It is here somewhere, managing in a leather portfolio bag. I can't find it, but I know I've signed it. Look here, have you got a cab signature?"*

—*—Carpets should not be shaken often. The dirt that collects underneath grinds on the threads. But do not sweep them off either than is absolutely necessary. Take a brush and dustpan and remove the dirt in this way, and your carpets will wear enough longer to pay for your labor. —*British Grocer.**

—*—An authority on poultry says that I have not done this with a view of amassing a colossal fortune, for having been engaged in teaching school for the last sixteen years, I have saved a sum, part of which I have invested in personal property in the shape of a one hundred and forty pound fowls.*

—*—A new man has taken editorial charge of the Lockhart (Tex.) *Register*, and makes the following unique announcement: "I wish to state that I have not done this with a view of amassing a colossal fortune, for having been engaged in teaching school for the last sixteen years, I have saved a sum, part of which I have invested in personal property in the shape of a one hundred and forty pound fowls.*

—*—And let me assure you, my lord, I am not a raffle lady, I tell ye. Whoa, I just giv' her my smile, and she up and said 'thanky' just as she met aif o' them 'e's the right sort, she is. To strangers who entered the car he recited her praises in the same enthusiastic fashion. The young lady must have been very relieved when he left the car, but his admiration was too genuine and respectful to be resentful.*

—*—Lord Stanley has written a letter to the Postmaster General, asking him to see to it that the young man to whom he was addressed is not harassed.*

—*—"What is your name, sir?" asked Lord Stanley.*

—*—"My name is Yates, my lord."*

—*—"I don't like your manner, sir."*

—*—"And I don't like yours, my lord." I came into a property intrusted to the Postmaster General, and I made a salutation which you hat not the politeness to return. You have never asked me to take a seat."*

—*—"Wasn't I standing myself?"*

—*—That is no affair of mine. Your business as a gentleman was to sit down and be seated. And now you think I am going to do your servant's work."*

—*—Here the servant entered, and his master told him to carry the bags to the car. The clerk was following him, when Lord Stanley said: "You shall hear more of this, sir."*

—*—Whenever you please, my lord, I shall be quite ready.*

—*—Yates returned to the post-office, still trembling with the excitement of the scene. Sir R. E. Woodhill was very sympathetic and reassuring. When he had heard the story, he laid his hand on the clerk's shoulder in a fatherly way, and said:*

—*—"I'm very sorry you've been exposed to this, Yates; but you mustn't mind. He's a rascally fellow. Don't be afraid of his threats. I will take care of you, and we will be safe. And now you think I am going to do your servant's work."*

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