

## COMPLIMENTS AND COUNTERFEITS.

Tricks of Customers to Cheat Lady Cashiers in City Restaurants.

"I don't mind the smirks, and quips, and quiddities, and attempts at familiarity of the customers who come in here," the lady cashier of a down-town restaurant said. "It is part of the business of a woman who accepts such a position to endure very many things that would shock many sensitive persons. In a short time one can get used to such things and simply not notice them. But it is a constant trial and a perpetual annoyance to be compelled to be on the lookout for all sorts of tricks and devices by which many persons seek to cheat the proprietor. It is difficult enough to look after those who try to slip out without paying, those who are in collusion with the waiter, those who eat a dollar's worth at one table and ten cents' worth at another and try to get out by paying the ten-cent check. That sort of cheating is easily detected.

"But the most difficult thing to do is to escape taking bad money. It seems as if all the men who have bad money to pass try to pass it on lady cashiers. They seem to think we don't know bad money when we see it. They will hand out a regular old-time counterfeit note and try to distract our attention with a joke or a compliment. The game of deceiving lady cashiers with that sort of thing is very transparent. I have got so used to it that when a man pays me a compliment now I always take a second look to see whether he is not giving me bad money. The other day a dude came in here with one of the new counterfeit silver certificates. I had read about it in a newspaper, and a policeman had just called at the door to warn us not to take them. The dude ate a hearty meal. His check was 80 cents and he wanted a quarter's worth of cigars. He threw out one of the counterfeit silver certificates, saying as he stepped to the cigar case:

"Two for a quarter, please."

"I saw at a glance that the note was bad. I did not like to offend him by refusing it at once, so I took it up to inspect it.

"Eighty cents and twenty-five, he said, carelessly.

"Excuse me," I remarked, "but this note has a strange look to me."

"Oh, that's all right," he said; "it's one of the new issue. Your hair looks very neat this morning."

"Yes," I said. "Could you not give me another note?"

"Really," he said, "I would not have troubled you, but I wanted the change for car fare. You may give me all silver if you have no small bills. Your eyes are very bright."

"I am sorry I have not change enough in the drawer," I said. "I will send out one of the waiters to get change."

"This staggered him, and he took the note back and handed out 80 cents change, and I was so well pleased at detecting him that I did not discover until after he had left that he had given me a lead 50-cent piece. I know several lady cashiers who lost from 20 to 50 per cent. of their salaries for months before they learned to detect bad money. Once learned, it is surprising how quick you can tell it. You cannot tell how you tell it, but you do, as the saying is, "feel it in your bones." At first it made me nervous and apprehensive, and almost sick, to keep up the constant strain of being on my guard. Even now I wonder how the cashiers in the big banks do it so quickly. They have so much to do that they can hardly give a glance at each note. But, of course, they do not labor under the disadvantage of having soft nonsense talked to them to distract their attention.

"It seems as if counterfeit money is growing much more plentiful all the time, and the variety of notes is now considerable when the different issues are considered. It is really no easy task to learn the appearance of all genuine notes.

"Then we must look out for pasted notes, and mutilated notes, and all sorts of light and bogus coins. I assure you that with all this responsibility a lady cashier has not much time for silly talk with customers." —New York Sun.

### A Social Insect.

*Corruptio optimi pessima.* Even teetotalism in the wrong place may do evil. There are certain teetotal insects in Assam who get themselves greatly disliked. The "tea-mite" has a reprehensible habit of making his nest on the tea leaves, of boring holes in the skin of the leaf, and then pumping out the liquor. The tea-mite, as would perhaps be expected, is a social insect. His tea-parties are family parties; and there are sometimes a good many families at tea on an Assam plantation.

The result is wholly discouraging to the Assam planter, who has been known—strange irony of fate!—to take to drink owing to the excessive fondness of the tea-mite for the leaf which inebriates not. The "tea-bug" is a beast of the same character; but he is described as even more destructive. He is, however, a tea-drinker of discriminating taste. He likes his tea weak, and will not touch the trees which afford a strong and rasping liquor.

But as there are many valuable trees which yield a mild juice suited to the taste of nervous persons and tea-bugs, the judicious insect is not regarded with respect in the tea plantations of Assam.—*St. James' Gazette.*

### A Confirmed Blood-Drinker.

"Yes, I'm a confirmed blood-drinker now," remarked a ruddy, merry engineer, "and it is quite a funny story how I happened to start at it, too. About three years ago my health was pretty bad, and my folks were very much worried about me. I got thin and hollow-eyed, and had a few night sweats. The fact is, I had consumption, and I knew it. I hadn't any other expectation than that in a year or so I'd have to give up my engine, and soon after that part with my wife and little ones."

"I don't know that I ought to say it, but the thought of leaving my engine gave me about as much trouble as the idea of parting from my family. People kept advising me to drink blood, and cited alleged cures to me by the dozen. But there was something abhorrent to

me about that kind of beverage, and I could not go it. Two or three times I made an effort to down some of it, but 'twas no go. Well, one day I was running along with No. 7 as usual, and feeling pretty well down in the mouth, too. I had begun to feel weak, and I had heard the boss was making inquiries about my condition, with a view to laying me off. It made me as blue as my boiler jacket.

"Suddenly, at a country road crossing, a fool heifer jumped right in front of us. We were going lively, and as the pilot struck her it cut her up fearfully, and landed her right up on the stack. I hope I may never touch my throttle again if a stream of warm blood from that heifer didn't take me right in the mouth. My mouth was open, too, and in two seconds I had unwillingly become a blood-drinker. There wasn't anything disagreeable about it, either, and I've been drinking blood ever since. That heifer saved my life." —*Chicago Herald.*

### Seaweed and Its Uses.

In tropical climates the little air bladders which support the seaweeds are of great service; for the masses of seaweed are several hundred feet long and of considerable height, having stems the thickness of a man's thigh, and branches and drooping stems which support innumerable forms of animal life, such as corals, crabs, worms of different kinds, together with mosses and weeds of the sea, and being besides a place of deposit for innumerable eggs of various creatures. In Scotland the tender parts of the seaweeds, known as tangles, are used as food, and when cooked are considered choice diet for cattle. The stems of a very hard, horny variety of the seaweeds are used as knife handles. They are cut in short pieces, and while still moist or green, the blade is forced in at one end. When the stem dries it clings firmly to the knife-blade. Being gnarled and horny it resembles buck's horn, and when tipped with metal and fully finished, forms a neat, inexpensive knife-handle.

The rose-tangles are higher up in the scale of vegetable life, and their delicate tints render them very beautiful.

Of these, pulse is an important variety to the Scotch and Irish, who, besides using it as food, both in its raw state and cooked in milk, find in it a substitute for tobacco. Carrageen moss is another kind of rose-tangle, from which a nourishing jelly is made. The Chinese use one variety of rose-tangle as a chief ingredient in other glossing preparations; twenty-seven thousand pounds are brought annually to Canton and sold at from 6 to 18 pence per pound.

### The Pitahaya.

This queerly shaped plant, found in our Southwestern territory, where arid desert wastes, it bears its tall, pillar-like stalks, is the very king of the cactus family. It is found especially in the rocky valleys and slopes of New Mexico, Arizona, and California. It was first mentioned by those early missionaries who, reaching the Gila, described so many strange things that they lost all credit. But it is, as they related, a useful plant, bearing a nutritious fruit, as the hunters of a later day found.

Its name in various Indian dialects differs, pitahaya, sahuaro, being the more widespread. For its first few years it is globular, and is found under the shelter of the green-barked acacia. Then it shoots up, and at the height of ten or twelve feet blossoms, but its stalk sometimes rises to five times that height. It has few branches, and few of these have any blossoms. The oval or pear-shaped fruit are clustered together, and, when ripe, fall to the ground. They are green, reddish above, and the pulp is crimson, and not unlike a fresh fig in taste. It ripens in July and August.

### The Loquat.

The loquat is a fruit about the color of an apricot, one and a half inches in length and one inch in diameter. The seeds are small and the flavor like the cherry, delicate, sub-acid, and good.

A gentleman near New Orleans, who has trees twenty feet in height on his farm, declares that for eating fresh, for sauce, and for pies the loquat has no superior. The fruit does not easily pull from the stem, and, in order to ship a long distance, the stem must be cut so as to avoid breaking the pulp. The loquat is grown from seeds with the greatest ease, also from cuttings and layers. In form it is globular and one and one-fourth inches in diameter. It begins to ripen in April and continues until the first week in July.

### His Condition.

"So, Charley, you've got a sweet heart, I hear," said one young man to another.

"I've heard something of the sort, too," answered Charley.

"Is she pretty?"

"Rather."

"Father living?"

"I should smile. Livest man you ever saw."

"Well heeled?"

"I don't know whether he is heeled at all or not, but I have cause to believe he is very heavily toed," and he limped away with a hurt look and a crumpled coat-tail.—*Merchant Traveler.*

### Erin's Symbol of the Shamrock.

It is an old tradition that St. Patrick, preaching one day on a grassy mound, and explaining the doctrine of the Trinity, one of the bystanders asked: "How could there be three in one?" St. Patrick, stooping down, plucked a Shamrock from the turf, and, pointing to the three leaves united in one stem, told them it was an illustration of what he was endeavoring to explain. From that day the Shamrock became the emblem of Ireland.

### Throat and Lung Diseases

A specialty. Send two letter stamps for a large treatise giving self-treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The cactus plant will take root on a stone window-sill, and be nourished with the promise of rain. Men who make a living by writing consequently have a sympathetic interest in the cactus.

## CONQUERED BY LOVE;

—OR—

### A WOMAN'S PRIDE.

By Fannie Deeping.

#### CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTION.

Nestled among the Berkshire hills, near Atlantic's stormy main, not many years ago, was a tiny but flourishing village. Its inhabitants were of the *genus homo* sort of people who delighted in cleanliness and exhibited a marked preference for white paint, and in consequence from a distance the village resembled a huge snowdrift surrounded by rifts of green. On the outskirts of this village, in an isolated nook, gloomy and desolate, stood a dilapidated inn of ancient build and architecture, its tall chimneys towering above the hill tops, as though striving to draw attention from the many American travelers passing that way. It had the reputation of being a very satisfactory hospital, clean and comfortable, and there was a porch surrounded by a square window, a square-shouldered, corpulent, broad-faced man, with red whiskers, sat in a great armchair, with a pipe in his mouth, looking out over the green fields and the hills. He was in beauty, as any man living. But plain folks oftentimes are beautified by a brilliantly cultivated mind and an unshilled character. But Herr Minkler was an exception, beingavaricious, cunning, and a willing partner in any party. He was the only man in the village who had a wife, and his wife and himself were not mated, for she was greedy to a fault, and although anxious to appear perfect in the eyes of the public, was very careful, if possible, to assist all in her power in any money-making escapade. Dame Minkler was a stout, sturdy woman, with a round, plump face, and a very pleasant smile. Her nose was flattened against one of the panes, to appear perfect in the eyes of the public, was very careful, if possible, to assist all in her power in any money-making escapade. Dame Minkler was a stout, sturdy woman, with a round, plump face, and a very pleasant smile. 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