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A Story Giving Some Excellent Views on Flirting.

"Why shouldn't I flirt if I want to?" demanded Alison, with a superior air. "It is good for one. It sharpens one's you know. All flirts are not liars." intellect. It makes for the equality of the sexes. It"-

"It breaks numerous hearts," I murmured.

"Hearts!" Alison brought her hands together with a movement of contempt, as though she were crushing a heart between them. "What about

"Oh, nothing," I replied quietly. She seemed to be annoyed because

I was not annoyed. "Why shouldn't I ffirt if I want to?"

she inquired again. 'Oh, why not, indeed, my dear lady." I returned, and then, bowing low, I added, "I am everlastingly at your

"Y-you? Ob, I couldn't flirt with

"Why not? If I am deficient in Intellectual capacity-1 accept your dictum that the pursuit sharpens the intellee-you see, it might benefit me if you were to make use of me."

She looked at me with a frank smile so charming that-well, it made me asked. angry to think that she should flirt with any one else.

"It isn't that," she remarked brightly. "The fact is I don't like the heart Joy flirting thoroughly the person one play with men's hearts." flirts with must be devoid of heart." "Well?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

you." "Because I have a heart?"

"That, I should imagine, is the inference," she remarked superciliously. I nodded.

"And is there the further inference that you have-er-no heart?" I asked. "Oh, not necesarily; because"- She paused and then went on: "It's like this, you see: In a flirtation the woman, as a rule, is the initiator, and that being so she is prepared to place exactly the correct amount of importance on anything that is said."

"In other words, she says things which she doesn't mean and listens to things which are also not meant, eh?" "That, I fancy, is flirting." she said.

I shook my head in disapproval. "It's a bad thing morally," I remarked. "It tends to pervert one's sense of"-

"Sense of fiddlesticks!" she cried. "Really, Hector, I am surprised to

hear you. A good flirtation is"-"Like imitation diamonds," I interrupted. -she fixed her eyes on

"but if one doesn't want to run the risk of losing the real"-"Oh, now you are carrying the simile too far," I said. "In lovemaking"-

Her face assumed an expression of utter disinterestedness. "You are beyond me now, Hector." "In the interests of the public, flirt-

ing ought to be sternly suppressed," I said.

She laughed airily. "That's because you love one woman, my dear boy." She waited to see whether I would contradict her and then went on, "One cannot expect a man who is in love to tolerate the flirting propensity in the woman he loves."

I stared hard at her. Her words just allowed of an interpretation other than the one that I loved her; but I was not at all certain that a dual interpretation was in her mind. "You mean?" I asked.

"Oh, Hector, how blind you are! I mean that you never did see any one you cared for so much as you care for -me. And I"-

\$he paused, and a flood of tenderness swept over her face.

"Yes-and you?" I asked eagerly. "Surely you know," she murmured.

"Surely you have seen"-"I haven't seen anything," I interrupted botly, "except that you have kept me hanging around you for menths, and-and-you know so well that I love you more dearly than life." A smile flashed across her face and

the tenderness vanished. "There now!" she cried. "What did I say? There isn't any fun in flirting | pipes, old penknives, old walking sticks with a man of keart. You say what you mean and you mean what you say. You can't call that fun. Besides,

it's very embarrassing." I controlled myself with an effort. "I beg you pardon, Alison," I said. with dignity. "I quite agree with you -there's no fun in it, and it's very embarrassing-for me."

We stood staring at each other for her face and I with a scowl on mine. I had been fooled once more.

to turn my brain. "If you were a man, I would demand an apology," I said stiffly.

flirt with each other, do they?" I ignored the question.

"But seeing that you are a woman"-"Only a woman," she murmured.

"I shall accept my dismissal andand go away." I could have kicked myself for hav-

ing said that. "But, Hector"- she began; but I would not allow her to go on.

"Oh, no doubt you would like me to remain to be made a fool of again," I said sarcastically: "but unfortunately I can't. As you say, I have a heart,

"We all have," she murmured, and their odor from a yellowish, volatile, her tone was the same as the one she had before deceived me with.

"You needn't begin with that again," I said coldly; "not that you could take

true.

> Her face stiffened slightly. "Why not call a spade a spade?" she

gaid. "I am a liar-that is what you mean? "Something of the kind," I said, for was deeply hurt. "One who says things which she doesn't mean is, I

leave the word unsaid." "Oh, yes; but you are quite wrong,

"They say things which they don't"-"You don't understand," she interrupted. "They say things which they don't mean perhaps, but they may mean them all the same."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Please excuse me for being so dense, Alison; but really I don't quite follow you."

"No? Well, let us be more personal, Supposing I were to say, 'Dear Hector, I love you.""

"I should immediately tell you that you were saying what was not true." "But, don't you see, you might be

Wrong?" "Possibly, but"- And then I looked straight at her, and her eyes told me that I was making a bigger fool of myself that she had made of me. "Alison!" I cried, and before I knew what I was doing my arms were round

She freed herself after a time and surveyed me thoughtfully. "Will you really marry a flirt?" she

I laughed joyously, for my views regarding some things had changed.

"Of course, I must, in the interests or the public. It isn't safe to leave any breaking part of the business. To en- one so bewitching as you are free to

"So you will sacrifice yourself? How noble of you! But"- She paused. "What difference will marriage make? "I'm afraid I shouldn't enjoy it with Once a filrt always a flirt, you know." "I shall take jolly good care that you don't flirt," I said.

> "And I defy you to prevent me. Why should a woman not flirt?" "Because the habit is degrading to

her sex." I said. "It is very unlike a gentleman to interrupt, Hector. I was going to saywhy should a woman not flirt with the man she loves-the only man she has ever flirted with?"

"Oh, if I am to have the exclusive rights," I said. "You have had them all along," she

returned. It was, of course, necessary that I should climb down, but I saw no reason why I should not do so in a dignified manner.

"But flirting consists in saving things which one doesn't mean, Ali-

"But one may mean them all the same," she said softly. "Dear Hector, I love you."

And, after all, dignity in my descent was out of the question.-King.

Whitefield's Purified Heart,

There were some interesting love, or, rather, matrimonial, episodes in the life of George Whitefield, the celebrated preacher, who died in 1770.

It is not easy to sympathize with him when we read how, when he was in America, he applied to two of his friends, a Mr. and Mrs. D., to give him their daughter as his wife, at the same time telling them that they need not be afraid of sending him a refusal. "For I bless God," said he, "if I know anything of my own heart. I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love. I write only because I believe it is the will of God that I should alter my state, but your denial will fully convince me that your by God for me. But I have sometimes thought Miss E. would be my helpmate, for she has often been impressed upon my heart."

He afterward married a Mrs. James, a widow, who is described as once having been fashionable and gay, but now a "despised follower of the Lamb." One is, perhaps, not surprised that they did not live happily together, and to find Whitefield smugly writing that her death in 1768 set his mind greatly at rest.-Household Words.

Characteristic Differences.

One of the striking differences in the characteristics of men and women is that women like new things, while men are loath to part with old things to which they have grown attached. Old -these are the pets of most men, while some even carry their affection for old things to articles of wearing apparel.

In the matter of penknives nearly all men are alike. A sign in front of an Arch street cutlery establishment reads, "Old Pocketknives Repaired," and a clerk in the store explained that that branch of the business was quite equal to the sale of new knives. "About the some moments, she with a smile on only people who buy new knives," he said, "are women, who give them to men as presents. A man seldom buys I bore the silence until it threatened a new knife. He brings his old one to be fixed. As an illustration of this, I know of one man who has been carrying the same knife for over twenty "If I were a man-but men don't years. At various times he has had various things done to it, until now I doubt if any portion of the original knife remains,"-Philadelphia Record.

Flavor of Roots.

The carrot owes its fattening powers to the sugar and its flaver to a peculiar fatty oil; the horseradish derives its flavor and blistering power from a volatile acrid oil. The Jerusalem artichoke contains 141/2 per cent of sugar and 3 per cent of inulin (a variety of starch), his piano on to the hearth, close to a besides gum and a peculiar substance to which its flavor is owing. Garlie self and his chair, and was playing and the rest of the onion family derive acrid oil, but they are nutritious from containing nearly half their weight of glutinous substances not yet clearly de-

fined.

#### A FISHING FICTION.

THE "MAGIC EYE" OF THE SAULT STE. MARIE INDIANS.

An Old Guide's Explanation of the Indian Whitefish Hunter's Method of Getting His Glistening Catch take it, a- You will excuse me if I From Under the Rapids.

> "The first time I fished in the Sault Ste. Marie rapids," said a well known Lake Keuka sportsman, "I landed in an hour twenty-one brook trout that weighed forty-five pounds; so I was ready and willing to believe anything I heard or read about the possibilities of those waters or the astounding things that men who fished in them were able to do.

"Consequently I believed what they told me about the marvelous feats the Indian fishermen of the Sault Ste. Marie could perform in the way of netting whitefish. Few who have toured the great lakes have not heard of those same feats, witnessed them and, of course, could do nothing but go away believing that they were all they

"Particularly will they marvel, as I did, at the Indian whitefish fisherman's magle eye with which he seems to look down through ten feet or more of foaming, rushing water and see whitefish that to the white man's eye would be invisible five inches beneath the surface. It would have been strange if I had not marveled at it, having witnessed more than once manifestations of its alleged power. That was before I talked with old Guide Garron. 'The astounding feats of the Indian

whitefish netters of the Sault Ste. Marie that the guidebooks and the hotel keepers and steamboatmen insist on telling tourists about are performed by two Indians in a canoe. One occuples the stern and manipulates the paddle to keep the canoe's head pointed up stream. The Indian in the bow, standing upright, uses a pole to aid in propelling the canoe or in keeping it steady.

"Lying ready to his hand is a dip net four feet in diameter, fastened to the end of a pole perhaps fifteen feet long. The fishing is done at the foot of the rapids, where the water boils and tumbles furiously. With his pole the Indian in the bow keeps the boat moving about in the rapids and gazes constantly into the water, which is often ten feet or more deep.

"Suddenly the Indian in the bow will selze the net handle with one hand, never ceasing to manipulate the canoe with his pole in the other nor for an instant removing his staring gaze from the water. The net is not more than in his hand before he has plunged it perhaps ten feet distant from the boat. thrusting it at the same instant to the bottom. Then he gives it a peculiar twist, draws it up and, surrendering the care of the canoe for the moment to the Indian with the raddle, he draws the net up, never without from three to half a dozen glistening whitefish in it, frequently weighing five

pounds each. "The wondering spectator, seeing nothing but the boiling water, the sudden start of the Indian and his quick and dexterous plunging and drawing up of the net with its invariable load of whitefish, can do nothing but acknowledge to himself the necromancy of the Indian's piscatorial art. I know that I did, and for two seasons gave myself away to the fascination of that mysterious fishing. Then one day I marveled at it greatly to Guide Garron, the shrewd and cunning old Frenchman who knows every rock and eddy daughter is not the person appointed and whirlpool of the rapids and all the wiles and tricks that any other guide knows and a whole lot that no other one does know, and Garron's little black eyes twinkled.

"'Ah!' he chuckled. 'Zat mageeck hye. He von gr-r-rand hombong!'

"Then he explained in his voluble and picturesque patois the apparent mystery of the Indian whitefish fisherman's magic eye. Whitefish are natural denizens of the still, silent waters of the great lakes. To get from Lake Huron to Lake Superior these fish must fight their way up the fierce and stubborn Sault Ste. Marie rapids. In doing this they travel by easy stages. They can brave the rapids but a short distance at a time, when, almost exhausted, they drop into the shelter of the friendly rocks that pile the bottom

of the rapids. "Huddled sometimes by the score behind these rocks, getting wind, as w were, to overcome another stage of their journey, the whitefish, if the water is not too deep, can be lifted out by the hand of the fisherman, they are so nearly exhausted. The Indians as well as the white fishermen know this and, knowing well the location of these sheltering rocks, have only to thrust their nets down behind them and draw

them up filled with fish. "The cunning of the Indian led him long ago to give visitors the impression that he could penetrate the troubled depths of the rapids with his gaze and discover the whitefish on the bottom. The wonder of it spread, and it has been one of the fondest and best paying fictions of 'Susan Mary,' as the natives give you the pronunciation of the Sault Ste. Marie."-New York Times.

An Anecdote of Genius. The following anecdote of Leigh Hunt was once related by "Orion"

Horne. Horne on a bitterly cold day in winter went to see Hunt, and found him in a large room with a wide, old fashioned fireplace. He had dragged large fire, leaving only room for himwith the greatest enjoyment.

"My dear fellow," cried Horne, "are you aware that you are ruining your plano forever and ever in that heat?" "I know-I know," murmured Hunt, "but it is delicious."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the South. Possibly the most general conception of the old life at the south held by the rest of the country is that drawn from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin," a work which, whatever its truth in detail and there was doubtless much truth-yet by reason of its omissions and its grouping contained even more untruth as a correct picture of a civilization, says Thomas Nelson Page in The Atlantic. As an argument against the evils inherent in slavery it was unanswerable; as a presentation of the life it under took to mirror it was rather a piece of emotional fiction, infused with the spir it of an able and sincere but only partially informed partisan, than a correct reflection. It served a purpose far beyoud the dream and possibly even the intention of its author. It did much to hasten the overthrow of slavery. It did no less to stain the reputation of the south and obscure what was worthy and fine in its life. From that time the people of the south were regarded, outside Its own border, muchas, shall we say, China is regarded today- as one of the effete peoples, as an obstacle in the path of advance and possibly among many as an object of righteous spoil.

A Formidable Meal.

Sometimes the names given to different varieties of plants and vegetables are confusing, not to say startling. It sounds as if one had indulged in a most aesthetic meal to say, "I have just caten an early rose." But when one remembers that Early Rose is the name of a popular variety of potato the astheticism vanishes. Potatoes seem to be especially liable to have names bestowed on them which have a most "unedible" sound

Two women out on a bieyele tour be came hungry, and there was no inn in sight, but there was a farmhouse near by, and an old man was pottering about in the adjacent potato patch. To him they appealed for food. He promised to do what he could, saying that, at any rate, he could assure them of good potatoes, as he had every variety in his garden. The women enjoyed the meal and especially commended the pota-

"Yes," said the farmer, "you have not done so badly. Non have eaten two Schoolmasters, two Blacksmiths, four Kidneys and a couple of White Elephants.'

Three Ways.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman, making a tour around the city a short time since, were observed looking through a confectioner's window at a beautiful young woman serving in the shop.

"Oh," exclaimed Mr. Patrick, "do let us be after spending half a crown with the dear craytur, that we may look at her convaniently and have a bit of chat wid her."

"You extravagant dog," said Mr. Bull. I'm sure one-half of the money will be sufficient. But let us go in, by all means. She's a charming girl."

"Ah, wait a wee," interposed Mr. McAndrew, "Dinna ye ken it'll serve our purpose equally weel just to ask the bonnie lassie to gie us twa sixpences for a shilling and inquire where's Mr. Toompson's house and sic like. We're no hungry and may as weel save the siller." - Birmingham

A Lake's Jawbreaking Name,

The town of Webster, Mass., has always been proud of the beautiful little lake within its limits, but never boasted of the jawbreaking name by which It is known. The lake has the longest and most unpronounceable name of any in the world, and residents and visitors who pass the summer on its shores and islands are quietly suggesting a substitute for the unwieldy Indian term which for many years has been applied to this body of water. The full name of the lake is Chargoggagoggmanchogagoggagungamaug, but the residents have contracted it to Chaubunagungamaug.-Engineer.

Origin of Ice Cream Soda.

According to a Wisconsin legend, ice cream soda had its origin in Milwaukee, the town that made lager beer famous. A confectioner whose trade was among the wealthy used to make a good, rich soda water by adding to it, when drawn, pure cream. His trade rapidly increased, and one night when he had a crowd to serve he ran out of cream. In desperation he used a small quantity of ice cream to give the drink the proper rich consistency, and what resulted is history.-Beverages.

The Eight Hour Day.

The eight flour day is not such a new thing. On April 2, 1792, the town of Partridgefield, Mass., now Peru, voted "to grant £150 for repairing highways in said town, to be worked out 2 thirds in June next, at 3s 6d per Day, and the other third in September at 3s per day. Eight hours in a day to be Deemed a Day's Work."

She Agreed With Him. Husband-But you must admit that my taste is better than yours. Wife-Yes, of course it is.

SRY SO. Wife-Oh, there's nothing remarkable about it! The mere fact that you married me and I married you proves it.

Husband-I'm surprised to hear you

Probably. Willie-Pa, what are false eyes made

Now, run off to bed. - Philadelphia

Pa-Glass. Willie-But what kind of glass? Pa-Oh-er-looking glass, I suppose

Press. I have come to the conclusion that it is good to work hard. It makes one enjoy food and play and sleep so keenly. Geo. B. Christoph, druggist. George Du Maurier.



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