

EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS

A Story Giving Some Excellent Views on Flirting.

"Why shouldn't I flirt if I want to?" demanded Allison, with a superior air. "It is good for one. It sharpens one's intellect. It makes for the equality of the sexes. It—"

me in with a remark so obviously untrue. Her face stiffened slightly. "Why not call a spade a spade?" she said. "I am a liar—that is what you mean?"

"Something of the kind," I said, for I was deeply hurt. "One who says things which she doesn't mean is, I take it, a— You will excuse me if I leave the word unsaid."

"Oh, yes; but you are quite wrong, you know. All flirts are not liars." "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."

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 Glittering Catch From Under the Rapids.

"The first time I fished in the Sault Ste. Marie rapids," said a well known Lake Kenka 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 seemed to be."

"Particularly will they marvel, as I did, at the Indian whitefish fisherman's magic 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 occupies 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 seize 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 paddle, he draws the net up, never without from three to half a dozen glittering 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 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 eye twinkled."

"Ah," he chuckled. "Zat magick eye. He von g-r-r-r-and homboing!" "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 it 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."

"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 undertook to mirror it was rather a piece of emotional fiction, infused with the spirit of an able and sincere but only partially informed partisan, than a correct reflection. It served a purpose far beyond 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, much—as, 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 eaten an early rose." But when one remembers that Early Rose is the name of a popular variety of potato the aestheticism vanishes. Potatoes seem to be especially liable to have names bestowed on them which have a most "inedible" sound."

Two women out on a bicycle tour became hungry, and there was no inn in sight, but there was a farmhouse nearby, 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 potatoes.

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 spraying half a crown with the dear creature, that we may look at her conveniently and have a bit of chat wid her."

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 Chagoggamanehagoggagunungamaug, but the residents have contracted it to Chabunagunungamaug.—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 hour 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 2s 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. Husband—I'm surprised to hear you say so. Wife—Oh, there's nothing remarkable about it! The mere fact that you married me and I married you proves it.—Answers.

Probably.

Willie—Pa, what are false eyes made of? Pa—Glass. Willie—But what kind of glass? Pa—Oh—er—looking glass, I suppose. Now, run off to bed.—Philadelphia Press.

An Anecdote of Genins.

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 his piano on to the hearth, close to a large fire, leaving only room for himself and his chair, and was playing with the greatest enjoyment. "My dear fellow," cried Horne, "are you aware that you are ruining your piano forever and ever in that heat?" "I know—I know," murmured Hunt, "but it is delicious."



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HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS. On November 5th, and 19th, and December 3rd, and 17th, the Missouri Pacific Railway will sell tickets to certain points in the South, Southeast, and Southwest.