

ENGAGED ON SIGHT.

The Story of a Bright, up to Date Office Boy.

He was a freckled faced, foxy looking boy of 13 or 14 and not more than about half as big as he ought to be, but he was wiry and his eyes were clear. The proprietor of the store was in his office when the boy entered.

"Do you want a boy here?" asked the youngster, with confidence.

"What do I want with a boy?" replied the proprietor, with an intent to have fun with his visitor.

"I don't know," was the unabashed response. "I guess they have boys around stores sometimes, and I thought you might want one."

"Well, since you have mentioned it, I do."

"What kind of a boy do you want?" The proprietor looked him over with a more or less suspicious eye.

"I want a good boy," he said slowly.

"Then I won't do," said the youngster.

"Why won't you? Are you a bad boy?"

"Um—um—er," hesitated the caller, "I'm just a boy, that's all. There's something wrong with 'em when they're good."

He started out, when the proprietor called him back.

"Hold on," he said. "Maybe you are what I want."

"If you want a good thing, I'm it," said the boy, "and you won't have to push me along either."

"How much do you want?"

"I want a million, but I'll take \$3 a week."

"When can you begin?"

"This very minute, if you'll give me my supper. I haven't had anything to eat for three weeks."

"Nothing to eat for three weeks!" exclaimed the proprietor.

"Nothing fit. I've scraped along as I could, but I haven't had a square meal, with pie on the side."

"All right. You shall have your supper. And where will you sleep?"

"Oh, I won't sleep at all. I'm going to stay awake of nights when I ain't busy, so's I can feel how good it is to have a job and got money in my clothes. Hully gee, there's a kid out there trying to get away with a piece of a lead pipe. Let me crack him once and the new employer dashed out after the offender."

The Green Sickness.

Girls who lack sufficient nerve force to develop into healthy womanhood become pale, weak, nervous and irritable. They have chlorosis or "green sickness" and can only be cured when the nerves are restored and revitalized and the blood made rich by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great restorative in pill form. It makes pale, weak women and girls healthy, rosy and plump. Note increase in weight while taking it.

CARE OF THE EARS.

Rules to Observe if You Would Hear Well at 90

Do you want to be able to hear well, even if you live to be ninety or a hundred? Then keep the outside ear clean and let the inside alone. Nature has furnished a cleaning apparatus for the ear passages. Don't tamper with them. The entrance to the auditory canal is guarded by fine hairs that keep out dirt and insects. In the lining membrane of the canal is an oily yellow wax that is bitter to the taste. On account of this bitter wax no insect will of its own accord enter the canal. It is only by accident that an insect ever gets into the ear. The quickest way to get rid of it is to drop in a little sweet oil. This will either drown it or frighten it out.

The wax in the ear is absolutely necessary to keep it in a healthy condition. Never try to get it out. Always remember that nature will not let the inner ear become dirty. Never insert the end of a wet towel or cloth into the ear to try to wash out the wax. Washing the auditory canal with soap and water is also injurious, as in this way the wax is moistened and more easily collects dust and dirt. It is dangerous—and if persisted in surely produces deafness—to scratch the ear canal with pins, toothpicks or hairpins.

Never put cold water or any other cold liquid in the ear. When going in swimming insert cotton, or what is still better, a little wool, in the ear. When out in a cold wind or snow-storm it is best to protect the ears avoid blowing the nose violently in case of cold. This sometimes causes the inflammation to spread into the Eustachian tube and causes deafness.

Children's ears should never be boxed. A blow on the ear often drives the air with such force against the drumhead that it is ruptured—the shock.

Measles and scarlet fever occasionally leave the auditory canal in a diseased condition. The wax then accumulates in dry lumps. It can be removed by dropping a little warm sweet oil into the ear and allowing it to remain until the wax becomes softened. Then wash out the ear with a fountain syringe, using about a pint of warm water.—Dr. Henry B. Malone, in New York World.

"Pa, why do they formally notify a man that he is nominated for president?"

"Well, mainly, I think, so that he can't get up after he fails to be elected in November and vow he wasn't in politics at all."

WOMEN ARE SLAVES TO BRIC-A-BRAC

No Other People Show Such Bad Taste in Furnishing Their Homes as Americans.

"There are no people on the face of the earth who litter up the rooms of their homes with so much useless, and consequently bad furnishing as do the Americans," writes Edward Bok in the November Ladies' Home Journal. "The curse of the American home today is useless bric-a-brac. A room in which we feel that we can freely breathe is so rare that we are instinctively surprised when we see one. It is the exception rather than the rule, that we find a restful room. As a matter of fact, to this common error of over-furnishing so many of our homes, are directly due many of the nervous breakdowns of our women. The Average American woman is a perfect slave to the useless rubbish which she has in her rooms. This rubbish, of a costly nature where plenty exists, and of a cheap and tawdry character in homes of moderate incomes, is making housekeeping a nerve-racking burden. A serious phase of this furnishing is that hundreds of women believe these jimcracks ornament their rooms. They refuse to believe that useless ornamentation always disfigures and never ornaments. It does more: it dignifies. The most artistic rooms are made not by what is in them, but by what has been left out of them. One can never quarrel with simplicity, and nothing goes to make for perfect good taste so surely as a simple effect. A tasteful effect is generally reached by what has been left undone. And that is the lesson most needed in America today: not what we can put into a room, but what we can leave out of it."

Pay of Trained Nurses.

When people inveigh against the high wages paid to nurses they show a great lack of perspective and of sense of proportion. Three years is the accepted time that a girl must give to studying nursing before she is entitled to the little band of black velvet or other badge on her cap that indicates she is a graduated nurse. They are three years of hard, unfamiliar work—from learning to make a bed properly to writing a thesis on appendicitis. The graduated nurse of today has in her possession as much of medical lore as was thought sufficient to equip a physician fifty years and less ago. This knowledge makes her in almost every case where she is employed the attending physician's assistant, and her presence in charge of a case renders the necessary number of his visits fewer than they would be if no experienced person were in charge of the patient. This is often forgotten by the persons who have a nurse's bill to pay. They fail to strike an average in expenses by adding the nurse's bill to the doctor's, and are unhappy or disturbed accordingly.

Her Standard.

"Did he seem pleased to have you ask for his daughter's hand?"

"He's a man who closely conceals his feelings."

"What did he say?"

"He took out a memorandum book and made an entry. 'You're No. 17,' he said, and gave me a little card with the number on it. 'Excuse me,' I said, 'but what does this mean?' 'It means that there are sixteen ahead of you whose claims to my child's hand must be passed upon before yours can be reached,' he answered. 'But,' I said, 'your daughter gave me to understand that I was the only one.' She always does that,' he said with a sigh. 'But,' I persisted, 'she told me I was her ideal standard.' 'Yes, yes,' he said, 'we both know all about the standard.' 'What standard?' I gasped. 'Sixteen to one,' he answered. 'Good morning—I'll let you know when you are next.'"

A Minister's Farewell.

A reader knows of a country minister in a certain locality who took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner:

"Brothers and sisters, I come to say goodbye. I don't think God loves this church very much, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary; your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Brothers, I am going away from you to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Goodby."—Exchange.

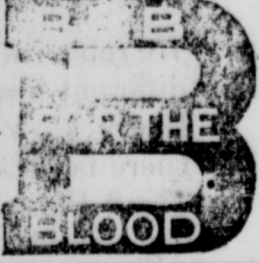
A True Dog Story.

A citizen of the pretty little town of Aarbury, in Switzerland, is the owner of a splendid Newfoundland, which is in the habit of taking its siesta in grandamma's chair, whence it is next to impossible to dislodge it. The old lady, who knows perfectly well that neither blows or coaxings produce any effect, has discovered a dodge to retain her chair. She goes to the window, and calls out, 'cats! cats!' and immediately the dog jumps down, runs to the window and barks furiously, but on returning to his old place, he finds grandma comfortably ensconced in the chair. The other day the

13 Running Sores.

Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, N.S., gives the following experience with Burdock Blood Purifiers.

"I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months; finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning. I had thirteen running sores at one time from my knee to the top of my foot. All the medicine I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.E.B. When one-half the bottle was gone I noticed a change for the better and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."



Newfoundland, on entering the old lady's room, found her there before him. What did he do? He went to the window, and began to bark like mad. Grandma at once got up to see what was the matter, when the sagacious brute spied its opportunity, and squatted down on the chair.—Journal de Geneve.

In furnishing a house, consider where and how you are to live, and the number of pairs of hands there are to do the work, and select your furnishings accordingly. If the articles you are buying are well made and good in shape and color you will make no mistake in selecting them, no matter how simple they are; indeed, the simpler they are the better. Do not be in a hurry to fully furnish your house. When buying a new piece of furniture, a drapery or a rug, keep in mind the fact that it should harmonize with the old furnishings.—November Ladies Home Journal.

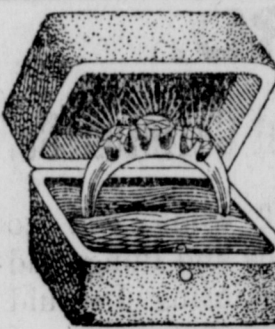
Neither the Hay Fever association nor the Appendicitis society has made presidential nomination, but about every other organization has gone on record.

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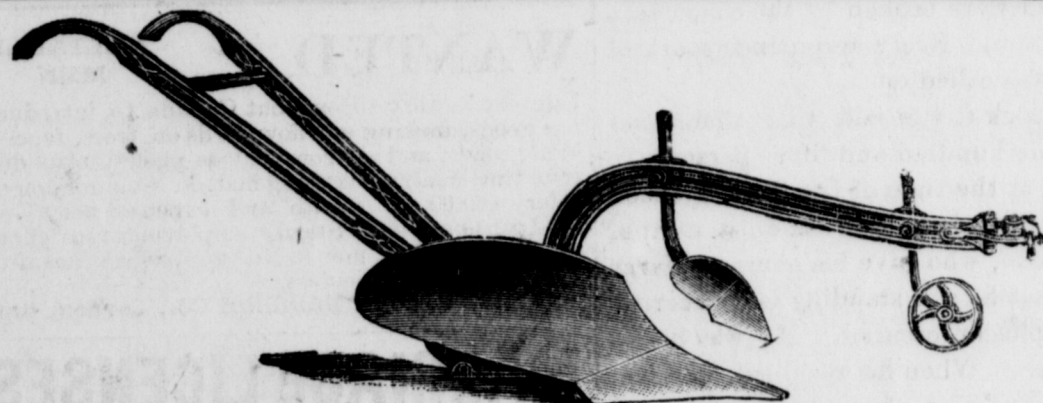
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