

A MALE FLIRT

Oscar Edson was a male flirt. There wasn't a girl in Dayton who hadn't received attention from him, and just those attentions which, when a young lady receives them from a gentleman, are generally considered to 'mean something.' But the Dayton girls—or all of them but one, at least—found out that such attentions, when they came from Oscar Edson, instead of 'meaning something,' meant precisely nothing at all.

Lucy Brown couldn't believe that all Oscar's pretty speeches and fine compliments meant nothing. He had walked with her more than with any other girl in Dayton, and she had begun to think a good deal of him. He was so devoted and kind, and all that sort of thing, that she had faith in him.

'Better be careful,' said Marie Spooner, warningly. 'He's the biggest flirt in Christendom. He don't mean half what he says.'

'I don't believe all I hear about him,' said Lucy, stoutly. 'He's not a flirt.'

'Yes, he is,' said Maria, in a tone that indicated that no arguments would change her opinion on the subject. 'Isn't he always paying attention to every girl that comes along, Lucy? Isn't he always ready to make love to a new face? You know he is.'

'No; I don't know any such thing,' asserted Lucy. 'He's genteel and polite, and if the girls will insist on taking the attentions which are prompted by politeness for attentions of another nature, he isn't to blame, is he?'

'Fiddlesticks!' exclaimed Maria, in disgust. 'Talk to me about it all being prompted by Oscar Edson's politeness! Humph!' and Miss Spooner gave her nose an upward turn, thereby expressing her opinion of Lucy's argument, if not adding very much to her beauty.

When Oscar came to London to live he kissed Lucy after a very lover-like fashion and made her promise to write often which Lucy, putting implicit faith in him, was quite ready to do.

She couldn't help feeling a little disappointed to think he hadn't 'spoken out.' He had known her a year, but never had said a word about marriage in all that time and if he hadn't had the idea of marriage in his head, what had he been so devoted and so lover-like for?

'Perhaps he wants to get started in business before he settles down,' thought Lucy, and that thought comforted her.

Oscar hadn't been in London a week before he struck up an acquaintance with Miss Grant.

Miss Grant was tolerably good looking and had a rich father.

Oscar began to be serious in his attentions at once. Those attentions Miss Grant received cordially.

'Business is business,' thought Oscar. 'A few thousands won't come amiss to me, and if I can get a good wife and a snug banking account at the same time, I ought to think myself lucky. I say, Oscar Edson, old fellow, go in and win!'

And Oscar Edson did 'go in' accordingly, and for a month devoted himself wholly and unreservedly to Miss Grant.

Then fate, or accident, or some other means, threw him into a dilemma by getting him acquainted with Belle Graham.

Miss Belle Graham was a very pretty young lady, with bold black eyes and a mischief-making disposition, and as Oscar had not flirted for some time, he proceeded after his old fashion, to lay his heart at Miss Graham's feet, metaphorically speaking, and for a month was her most devoted cavalier.

Miss Graham liked a flirtation as well as Oscar did, and was in no wise backward in playing her part.

Oscar was always looking for and expecting sincerity in others, and concluded at once that Miss Graham had found his fascination irresistible, and was ready to capitulate and surrender whenever he chose to speak the word.

By and by Miss Graham went out of town to visit, and then he packed up his devotion and necessities of love-making and returned, like a prodigal son to Miss Grant.

He had been so busy! Work had been unusually driving for the last month. He couldn't get away from the office. Oscar invented a score of excuses to account for his absence, and Miss Grant graciously accepted them all, and reinstated Oscar in her good graces, and 'Richard was himself again.'

In August Miss Grant went out of town and Oscar had a sorry time of it for want of some one to pay attention to. While she was gone he thought over the matter seriously.

Here he was, young, good-looking, and making a nice sum of money, and in need of a home. The first step toward securing a home was to secure a wife. Why didn't he get married? Sure enough why didn't he?

The more he thought of it the more firmly he made up his mind to take the decisive step, and, accordingly he cast about in his mind as to whom he should honor by giving the privilege of becoming Mrs. Oscar Edson.

Oscar knew of three who would be glad to have him—Miss Grant, Miss Graham, and Lucy Brown. All he had to do to get one of them to be his 'for better, for worse,' was to give her half a chance to say yes.

'I like Lucy,' he soliloquized; 'but she's a plain little country girl, and her father isn't worth much, and I don't think I'll throw myself away on her. There's Miss Graham; she's smart and handsome, and her father's worth a good deal; but she's got too much temper for me. I'm afraid I don't want any of these high fliers! Miss Grant's the most desirable person after all. Old Grant's bank account is one very satisfactory feature about the transaction. When she gets back I'll speak to her about it and have the thing off my mind.'

Miss Grant came back the next week

and Oscar wended his way to her home shortly after her return to inform her of the decision he had arrived at during her absence.

Miss Grant was rather cool. 'She's miffed to think I haven't spoken on the important subject before,' thought Oscar.

A good chance presenting itself, Oscar proceeded to offer his heart and hand to Miss Grant after the most genteel manner possible.

He expected her to burst into a flood of thankful tears or perform some other equally original feat to demonstrate the gladness of her emotions, but she did not do anything of the kind.

'You do me a great deal of honor, I suppose,' said she, in a tone which seemed to imply that she hardly considered that she was speaking truthfully, 'but I don't feel like accepting it. I would refer you to Miss Graham.'

Oscar was thunderstruck. He had never dreamed of anything like this. It flustered his wits up terribly for a minute or two. Then he rallied them and tried to explain matters, but Miss Grant was obstinate as a woman ever was, and would not listen to a word from him.

'Go to Miss Graham,' was all she said, and Oscar at last withdrew from the field, discomfited.

'It's plain as the nose on my face that she's heard something about my flirting with Miss Graham, and she's mad about it. Confound Miss Graham!'

But after sober second thought on the matter he concluded to accept Miss Grant's advice and go to Miss Graham.

Accordingly he set off to inform Miss Graham that he had concluded to marry her.

Miss Graham was all smiles and pretty words, and Oscar felt that he had, but to say the word and the thing was settled.

And by and by he proceeded to inform her of the honor he had decided to confer upon her.

'Marry you?' exclaimed Miss Graham, 'why, I couldn't think of such a thing! and she laughed as if it was the best joke of the season.'

Oscar began to feel scared.

'Why not?' he demanded.

'Because I'm engaged to a man already and the law objects to our marrying two, you know!' And thereupon Miss Graham laughed again as if it were immensely funny.

For the life of him Oscar could not see the point.

'How long have you been engaged?' stammered Oscar, feeling cold and hot, and to use a handy old phrase which is very expressive if not strictly elegant, 'decidedly streak-d.''

'For as much as—let me see—ooh! 'as much as a year, I fancy. Yes. It was in October that it happened. Just about a year ago.'

'And you never told me!' groaned Oscar.

'You never asked me,' said Miss Graham.

Poor Oscar! He gathered up his lacinated heart and with raw from his second battlefield completely routed.

'I won't give it up!' he decided. 'There's Lucy Brown. She'll have me and jump at the chance, and she's worth forty Miss Grants and a trainload of Miss Gabriels! I'll write to her and ask her this very afternoon.'

And write to her he did.

He had not answered her last letter, received three months before, but he put in a page of excuses for his negligence and smoothed the matter over to his satisfaction if not Lucy's.

The letter was sent, and he awaited a reply with considerable anxiety.

At last it came.

'It's favorable, of course!' he said, as he tore open the letter. 'Lucy's always thought her eyes of me.'

But his opinion as to it's being favorable changed somewhat as he read it.

'Mr. Oscar Edson: I am very thankful for the honor, etc., but I don't take up with second hand articles when I can get them first-hand. John Smith says: 'Tell him I have something to say about it now, and I'm not going to forego my claim on Lucy Brown for all the Oscar Edsons in the world, and it isn't quite the thing down in Dayton to propose to other men's wives. 'Love to Miss Grant; also Miss Graham. Yours.'

'LUCY BROWN SMITH.'

'Good gracious! Lucy married!' Oscar's eyes were like saucers when he read that name.

Then he suddenly dropped into the nearest chair.

'Well, I've gone and done it this time!' he groaned. 'Oscar Edson, you're a fool! Poor Oscar! He is in the market yet! Who bids!—Spare Moments.'

At His Word.

Many post-office names are queer enough to make one desire an explanation of them. Sometimes the explanation is queer than the name itself.

A minister in Cass county wrote to Washington in behalf of the residents of a growing hamlet, asking that a post office be added to its institutions. The request was favorably received, and he was asked to suggest a name that would be acceptable to his neighbors.

He replied that they were not hard to please, so long as the name was peculiar. The post-office department took him at his word, and 'Peculiar' is the name of the office to this day.—Kansas City Journal.

A School-Girl's Note.

A schoolgirl, who had accidentally exchanged umbrellas with another, sent her this note: 'Miss A, presents her compliments to Miss B., and begs to say that she has an umbrella which isn't mine; so if you have one that isn't hers, no doubt they are the ones.'

THE CARELESS AND INDIFFERENT

Suffer Intense Agonies This Month.

Many Men and Women In Great Danger.

TO SUCH MORTALS PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND GUARANTEES A NEW LIFE.

The Great Medicine a Sure Cure for Rheumatism and Sciatica.

Thousands of people die annually of rheumatism, yet every case could have been cured if Paine's Celery Compound had been used in time.

Too many men and women show a marked indifference when, in some form, the dread disease commences its agonizing work. Some foolishly imagine that bright, warm and dry weather will banish the intruder, and they determine to trust themselves to time and circumstances. Others place their hope in warmer clothing and the frequent use of liniments, while some experiment with electricity and baths.

As the days pass, the careless and indifferent find themselves deeper in the mire of suffering, and they experience all the countless twinges and agonies of the disease. They have chills, pain in the back, quickened pulse, constipation, loss of appetite, coated tongue, and the joints swell—usually the knees, elbows and wrists.

Now is the time of extreme danger. Now the sufferers realize that they are paying the penalty of their carelessness. Many will soon be helpless and useless; we shall see them with stiffened muscles and joints, and limbs twisted and drawn up.

Some will ask the question, 'Is there truly a cure for such helpless rheumatism?' We say unhesitatingly there is. The agent that cures effectually and scientifically is Paine's Celery Compound. It has cured thousands in the past—men and women of the highest standing in every community—and these have given the strongest testimony for the encouragement of others. Besides removing the cause of rheumatism Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine in the world that guarantees a permanent cure.

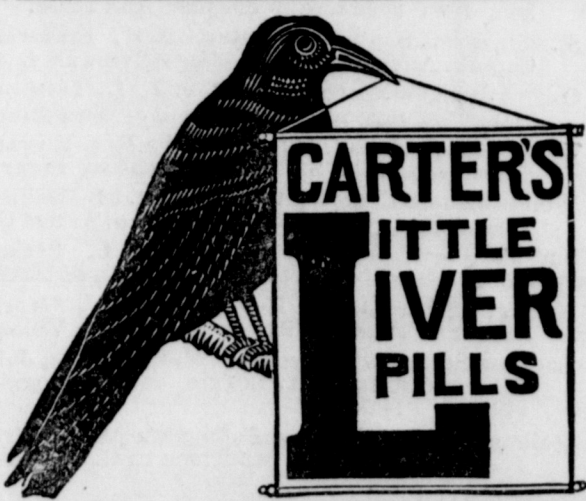
Will you, sufferer, continue in agony and danger of death when such a mighty remedy as Paine's Celery Compound is offered to you?

Let us assure you, poor rheumatic sufferer, that the use of one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound will quickly dispel any doubts that you may have. The effects will be so encouraging that you will be forced to continue with the life-giving medicine till you are sound, well and happy.

EDWARD IRVING.

How the Great London Preacher Won the Regard of a Cobbler.

Edward Irving, the great London preacher, did not reach eminence at a bound. His earlier career, indeed, threatened failure. His first sermon was preached in Annan, and the whole town turned out to hear him. By an incautious movement he tilted aside the Bible, and with it the manuscript of his sermon. That direful paper, which Scotch congregations then held in despite, flutter-



SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

ed down upon the desk beneath. Irving bent over the pulpit, put the paper into his pocket, and continued his discourse as fluently as before. Threatened failure was turned into success.

Later Irving was associated with Doctor Chalmers in Glasgow, but the eloquence of the older man was so overshadowing that on the occasions when Irving was to preach people turned from the kirk with the words, 'It's no minstrel!' But in friendly ministrations amongst the poor, Irving wrought more successfully.

His custom, when he entered those sombre apartments in the Gallowgate, was to utter the salutation with which he would have entered a Persian palace or a desert tent: 'Peace be to this house!' On one occasion a canny Scot, who had not come under the influence of the kirk, replied, 'Oh, aye, if plenty gang wi' it!'

A certain shoemaker was known to be an infidel, and when Irving called upon him he kept sullenly at work, till the young man, without mentioning the real object of his visit, asked the cobbler if he had heard of a recent invention for making double soles by machinery. The two men conversed for some time on this subject. Finally the cobbler threw down his last, and said: 'Ah, you're a decent kind o' fellow. Do you preach?'

The victory was won! Soon the cobbler's wife went to the kirk, while he himself acquired that suit of Sunday 'blacks' so dear to the heart of the poor Scotchman, and was accustomed to avow his allegiance in the words, 'He's a sensible mon, yon; he kens about leather!'

WOMEN'S HATPINS.

A Crusade Against Them has Been Started by London Papers.

A crusade against ladies' hatpins has been started in London. Two recent cases of loss of sight occasioned by the enormous pins now worn by the fair sex have excited the active antagonism of that order of brutes who are known as the sterner half of humanity. One case says the New York Herald, has mitigating circumstances. Poetical justice ordained it should be a girl that was the sufferer. She was blinded by a pin in the hat of a companion with whom she was playing. But in the other case the fact that the victim was a man has sent a thrill of horror through all male England.

During the night the gentleman awoke in the most intense agony. He sent for a certain Dr. Edgar Stevenson, who tells the pitiful tale to the London Times. The doctor arrived some twelve hours after the accident. Here are his very words: 'I found that the pin had penetrated the eye at the margin of the cornea, and passed obliquely through the iris and lens, a portion of the iris protruding from the wound. Through an immediate operation saved the eye itself, for all practical purposes the sight is lost, and one is only surprised that the worst results did not follow the entrance into the eye of an instrument which could not by any means be considered as surgically clean.'

It is pitifully urged that the sufferer had reached the innocuous age of forty. A mild mannered, kindly looking bachelor, he was sitting in an omnibus beside a young lady, whose appearance, it must be confessed, was in her favor. A sudden stoppage of the vehicle jolted these two into what might have been a juxtaposition delightful to the bachelor. Unfortunately the maid had a hat pin in her hat, which landed in the right eye of Benedict. 'He suffered momentarily but not severe pain'—such are the touching words of the chronicler—and shortly afterward left the 'bus' thinking he was suffering from a mere scratch. See how kindly and considerate were his thoughts. As to the lady with the natural brutality of her sex she 'proceeded to her destination, never suspecting the injury she had caused.'

Dr Stevenson offers many wise thoughts suggested by this sad circumstance. 'I am informed, sir,' he says, 'that the hatpin is an absolute necessity, and that it is quite useless to press for its abolition. Nor, so long as it is not used as a weapon of attack and defence, as in some parts of the Continent, is such an extreme step called for. But I think it may well be pointed out to ladies that they have in their hands, or rather in their hair a dangerous instrument which might easily be made less formidable to others, by being worn of a moderate length. To use a ten inch pin to attach a hat to a four inch bush of hair seems to me not only full of risk to the public but an ungainly and hideous device that can scarcely be considered to add to the personal attraction of the wearer.'

Mixed Printing.

In small country newspaper offices, where the copy goes from the editor to the compositor, then, after printing, directly to the subscribers, the need of a proof-reader is often felt. For example, in a Missouri office, a short time ago, the boy in 'making up' the forms got the galley mixed.

The first part of obituary of an impecunious citizen had been dumped in the forms, and the next handful of type came from a galley in which was a description of a fire. The country folk were much

startled when they came to the paragraph, which read thus:

'The pall-bearers lowered the body to grave. It was consigned to the flames. There were few if any regrets, for the old wreck had been an eyesore to the town for years. Of course there was individual loss but that was fully covered by insurance.'

Thirteen Terrible Nights.

After being once snugly ensconced in bed I am not a man to be got out again before morning by anything short of a fire or an earthquake. Of course this is only a manner of putting in. You catch the idea readily enough, and feel the same way yourself, no doubt. For sleep and rest—how much are they worth? They are worth in the long run exactly what human life is worth, calculated down to a ha'penny. Therefore let sleeping men sleep, and sleeping women, and sleeping children, yes, and sleeping dogs. Don't make a row or a racket near where people are sleeping. Humanity forbids it—the law forbids it; so sacred and priceless is sleep.

In the face and eyes of this fact what a worrying thing it is to think how sleep is smashed into bits, like a China vase let fall on the pavement. Here is Mr. John Ross who says, 'I could get no sleep, and for thirteen consecutive nights I got out of bed and walked the floor.'

'Why, it was a wonder it didn't kill him, or drive him sheer out of his head. No noise or disturbance raised by others did it, however. It was something much worse.'

'In the spring of 1889,' says Mr. Ross, 'I began to feel that matters were wrong with me. At first I felt heavy and tired, and so sleepy that I could not rouse myself. I had a foul taste in the mouth, and was constantly belching up a sour, nasty, fluid. I had no proper relish for my meals, and what food I ate did me no good. I mean it failed to digest and strengthen me, as in health it naturally would.'

'Just after eating I felt full, swelled and blown out; and although I ate sparingly, I had much pain at the chest and around my sides. Worst of all, however, was the gnawing, grinding pain at the pit of the stomach. The torture that this gave me I am utterly at a loss to describe. It never ceased day or night. It was as if screws were being driven into the inside of my body. It allowed me no sleep, and for thirteen consecutive nights I got out of bed and walked the floor.'

'Then my breathing became very bad, and as I walked about, only a short distance at a time, I was obliged to stop and rest. In a few weeks I grew so feeble that all my friends thought I was in a decline. I myself concluded I was done for when I marked how rapidly I was wasting away.'

'Not to neglect any means of recovery I consulted a clever physician, but it is simply the truth to say that I derived no benefit from his treatment. He said my complaint was wholly from the liver, but at last he intimated that he could do no more for me.'

'In this condition I continued until December (1889) when I read in some publication what Mother Seigel's Syrup had done for a man at Warboys, in this district. In hope that I might not yet be beyond the reach of this medicine I procured a bottle from Mr. P. Langman, the chemist at Chatteris, and began taking it. The first bottle seemed to have very little effect, and I should probably have discontinued taking it, when happily I met with a lady who asked me how I was getting along.'

'I told her what medicine I was using, and how discouraged I was, and she said: 'I advise you to follow on with Mother Seigel's Syrup, for it cured my nephew of a similar complaint, after everything else had failed.' Being reassured by her words I kept on taking the Syrup, and soon began to gain ground. From that time I never looked back, and in a brief period I was well and strong as ever. Since then I have enjoyed the best of health. I tell everybody what Mother Seigel's Syrup did for me, and freely permit you to publish my letter if you think it may be of use to others. (Signed) John Ross, London Road, Chatteris near March, Cambridgeshire, November 20th, 1894.'

Mr. Ross has lived in Chatteris all his life, and is universally known and respected in that district. He is a greengrocer, and his illness was known to all his patrons and friends. The accuracy of Mr. Ross's statement is also vouched for by Mr. Langman the chemist above named. The disease from which Mr. Ross suffered so long and so intensely was chronic dyspepsia, which aggravated inflammation of the stomach. The time which has elapsed since his recovery proves the thoroughness of the cure. We may safely predict that he will never again have a like experience.

B B B
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Strong Points
ABOUT B. B. B.

1. Its Purity.
2. Its Thousands of Cures.
3. Its Economy. 1c. a dose.

B. B. B.
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all the impurities from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore, and

CURES
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

B B B