

TOLL-VER'S NELL.

She's a little mite of a creature,
Harly knee high to a duck,
But her slight a cuter, sweeter
Face has never been my luck,
Ha'r a muddin' sorrel color,
Eyes that make the sky look duller;
Thee's her style and quite me well
Ez the rest o' Toll-ver's Nell.

Laws! she wouldn't r'ach my shoulder,
Booted up on tippy-toes,
Yet I feel er right smart bolder
W'en she ain't so ve'y close,
Cur'us that a gal sh'd daze me,
W'en no man er beast kin faze me!
Peers like its a kind o' spell
No one hes 'cep' Toll-ver's Nell.

I am not much use 'ter takin'
Any word of any man;
But I set plus 'er scart an' shakin'
W'en she c'as'ionly sez, "Dan!
How long 'fore ye'll 'low it's true
Thee I hev no use for you!"
She's a masser hand to tell
Cuttin' things, is Toll-ver's Nell.

Thar be men 'ud get offended
By such plain-out talk, ye say?
Well, it 'rears ez of 'em send
Stren'th ter stan' it this-a-way;
Fer I'm bonn' ter stick till she
Takes me ter get shet o' me;
Ye kin wear out any gal,
Tho she's sot as Toll-ver's Nell!
—Eva Wilder McMillan, in *Toll-Ver's*.

MR. CLOVER'S GIFT.

The Thanksgiving It Made in the Deacon's House.

Two smiling middle-aged faces looked at one another across the library table. Mr. Clover was recounting to his wife the prospects of success that had opened in his business this fall. "Yes, my dear," he said, "we must do something unusual by way of a Thanksgiving offering this year. What shall it be?"

"It w' much shall it be? first," said Mrs. Clover.

"Well, say a thousand; we can spare it as well as not."

"I know what I'd like to do—have the church re-frescoed and some new carpets put in. That stained ceiling and that worn path up the center aisle do distress me."

Every thing in Mrs. Clover's house was fresh and shining. Her eyes were spoiled at home for shabby things abroad.

"Well, I'd like to beautify the church," said Mr. Clover. "I'll speak to some of the committee after prayer-meeting and tell them what we propose."

"Will they let us?"

"Let us? Well, I guess so."

"And let us have some choice about colors and carpets, I hope?"

"O, you'll see; you'll have it all your own way."

Mrs. Clover looked beaming. In fact, two very happy people went to prayer-meeting that night.

"Nice folks," said Ebenezer Grist, the sexton, as he saw them pass up the aisle; "but sometimes there's a leetle of the 'strut and crow' about 'em, too!"

Indeed, good Mr. Clover was that minute meditating a little Thanksgiving speech in the meeting, which perhaps might have had the echo of the "crow" only too audible in it for captious ears.

But the speech never was made; for he had not been five minutes in meeting before there came some words out of the New Testament which seemed to pull his heart right down from its place of jubilation and stick it full of thorns. A shadow fell over his ruddy face, and his wife, who did not in the least understand it, immediately reflected it in her own.

The words which had this unhappy effect were these:

"Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

And there sat, across the aisle, nearer the door, but still within reach of every uneasy side glance, a brother who had something against Mr. Clover. It was only poor old Deacon Simon. His face was thin and severe; his hands shook; his hair was white; his clothes were shabby. It had been made deacon because of his burning zeal; but the severity of his spirit had not made him popular in the church. He was often at odds with his brethren. He scented heresy in every breeze. He mourned over a church whose members sometimes allowed dancing and card-playing in their homes, and even took drives on the Sabbath. Poor Deacon Simon, who often stood alone testifying for old ways of righteousness, and whose sensitive spirit was so roused by the indifference with which his testimony was received!

Only last month he had objected to a children's October Sunday where there should be autumn leaves and kindred frivolities brought into church. Then Brother Clover, who looked so good-natured, but had a choleric temper of his own upon occasions, had fired up and spoken nasty words to the good deacon, words as rude as a blow. They had been received in silence; they had never been apologized for; there had been little intercourse between the two members.

"I won't apologize," said Mr. Clover now to himself. "I told him the truth, and nothing else would have stopped his talk, and served our turn."

"If thy brother hath ought against thee"—hummed the unwelcome words in his mind.

He was going to spoil a good thing. We couldn't stir hand or foot in this church if somebody didn't put down his domineering spirit. I'm glad I did it."

"If thy brother hath ought against thee"—repeated the echo.

"He'd no business to lay it up

against me! He ought to thank me for telling him the downright truth."

"Leave there thy gift before the altar"—repeated memory again.

"Stop a good thing because I don't please an old curmudgeon like that!"

"First be reconciled with thy brother"—sang the inexorable verse.

"There's no such thing! Might as well try to be reconciled with an old bear. There's no use wasting words with him."

"Then—then come and offer thy gift."

"Pshaw!—psaw!—What a fool I am! I haven't heard a word Dr. Parsons has been saying. Now who's going to offer prayer? Dear!—if it isn't Simon!"

There were few of the customary greetings between the Clovers and their neighbors when the meeting was over. Without waiting to see any member of the business committee, Mr. Clover hurried heaving out of the church. His wife lost no time in asking for an explanation.

"Oh, I'm all upset; I'm such a fool!"

"What is it?"

He knew he would have to tell her in the end, and beside it was really a relief to him to do so. She asked some close questions. "Tell me just what you said," she demanded.

"Well, he said we were just teaching the children to make play out of worship. That made me mad, and says I: 'Deacon Simon, if you'd been there when they brought the children for Christ to bless you'd have been one to rebuke them as sure as fate.' That's just your spirit right through!"

"What did he say?"

"Not a word; though he kinder flashed up. Guess he was mad. You see, I was. The way I spoke was as bad as the words."

"You've got to ask his pardon."

"Yes," groaned her husband.

"You might as well do it now. I'll go the rest of the way alone; you go right back and find him."

"It won't be a night of use, Ellen. The minute he hears of the church being redecorated, he'll be mad again. He can't abide any thing new."

"But you'll have done your duty. I'd go right off."

Mr. Clover turned, slowly but obediently. There was nothing of the "strut" or "crow" in his manner now. He looked quite cowed and humbled.

Deacon Simon lived quite out on the edge of the town. There he had inherited a farm and homestead. He had toiled hard over his stony acres, and they had yielded him but a scanty living, yet he was deeply attached to the old place, as everybody knew.

Mr. Clover was surprised as he entered the old-fashioned hall to find the carpet taken up, and only a big packing box ready to be nailed up standing there in place of furniture. The parlor, too, was bare, except for some chairs piled up, two-and-two, as if for removal. One of these was given him, and he was asked to wait for a few moments. Presently, he heard the deacon's well-known voice at evening devotions in the next room. And these were the words that trembling old voice was speaking:

"O Lord, we thank Thee that Thou hast blessed to us the shelter of this home so long. Now, go with us, as we go from hence. Thy will be done. O Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all—in all!—and here there was a break, and, in the silence, the sound of a woman sobbing was audible.

A new idea broke upon Mr. Clover's mind and greatly agitated him. "Can it be that Martin has foreclosed that mortgage?" he thought. "Yes, it must be; I heard the deacon was hard pressed to raise his interest. Nothing else would have moved him out of his old place. I declare it's too bad! It's awful!"

His errand was forgotten; he was in a fever of desire to do something helpful. When Deacon Simon came in, he went toward him with extended hand and such earnest sympathy in his face as no troubled heart could have refused. "Brother Simon," he said, "I hadn't heard when I came, but it's just come to me that you're going to give up your home."

"Yes; I'm obliged to. It's the Lord's will."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Clover; "I can't believe it yet. Wait—wait; I want to talk to you."

Deacon Simon drew another chair from the corner, and seated himself.

"I came," said his visitor, "to ask your forgiveness for the rude way I spoke at the meeting last month. I'm ashamed that I spoke so ashamed that I showed such a temper. Do forgive me!"

The deacon looked bewildered for a moment, then he seemed to recollect. "Oh, that," he said; "I didn't lay it up against you. I might, perhaps, if I hadn't had so much trouble since; but other things put it out of my mind. I haven't any thing against you, brother; I'm used to finding the church folks differ from me."

He looked so meek, worn and patient—the old man who had been sometimes stern and severe—that Mr. Clover's heart was broken.

"The Lord forgive me!" he said.

"And me, too," said old Simon. "I know I've been too dogmatical with my judgments, and tried the brethren. I can see it all, now I'm going to leave."

"To leave! You don't mean you're going to leave the church?"

"Why, yes; we're going up country to my wife's folks, for awhile, at least. We've lost our home here, you know, and I don't see just how to begin again, yet. I'm an old man to begin again."

"But we can't spare! We can't spare you out of the church, we

can't spare you out of the prayer-meeting."

Deacon Simon looked searchingly at Mr. Clover's honest, earnest face, and presently tears dimmed his eyes.

"You really mean it; you're saying it in earnest!" he said. "Well, thank the Lord! Seems to me now I can go in peace. I made sure everybody would be glad, and it hurt me most of all just now. I—I have loved the church. Nobody prayed deeper out of his heart for it than I."

"No; and I tell you we can't spare such praying; we won't, either, if I can help it. Come, I want to talk this all over. I've got some money to invest. This is the very place I've been looking for to put it in; near to the town; rising in the value every day. Martin's going to put it in the market; I'll buy it from him, if you'll stay here and keep it for me."

The deacon could not keep the light from rising in his face, but he said steadily: "The farm won't bring you the interest of your money. I've done my best on it and I know."

"Never mind, it'll be trebled in value in ten years for building lots, and besides wouldn't it pay if there were some capital put in, you know—fertilizers, and new machines? Wouldn't I like to try the experiment! But I couldn't do it alone. Won't you say and help me out in it?"

Deacon Simon had been a proud man. He had never asked sympathy or help in his life. To have them poured upon him unasked in this hour of his desolation was very sweet to him; sweeter than he had words to express. His heart clung to the old place. He could not refuse the friendly offer thus made to him.

"What a Thanksgiving this will be for us!" he said, as he bade his visitor good night.

"You won't mind, Ellen," said Mr. Clover to his wife that night, "if the church is not re-decorated this year, will you?"

"No," she replied—"it can spare the paint better than it can Deacon Simon's prayers."

"You don't think I've fetched the gift off the altar changing my plan with it?"

"No," and presently she repeated: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*M. E. Bonnell.*

—*M. E. Bonnell.*

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

A Story That Double Discounts Rider Hazard's Productions.

The great demand at present for improbable stories leads to the belief that the following yarn will be very popular.

It was night.

A horseman slowly wound his way at a mad gallop up the hill road which led to Cookport.

A ride of three or four miles brings him to his destination in two minutes and a half.

He stops before a humble vine-clad cottage, the palatial marble residence of Miss Agatha Hungerford Snipps.

Agatha is the only daughter of her parents, who manage to live sumptuously in hard-working retirement on an income of fifty dollars per year.

Mr. and Mrs. Snipps are both dead. Although Agatha is an orphan, she has been reared to know no want. Her education was a finished one—finished this very year, in fact; and, incredible as it may seem, she not only knew as much when she left college as when she entered it, but she had actually learned something.

She had learned that it is not proper to ask for a second plate of soup unless she is very, very hungry.

"Agatha," said Mrs. Snipps, "who is that woman alighting at the gate?"

"That woman," observed Mr. Snipps, without giving Agatha time to reply, "is Mr. Montgomery Digby Jones, and he has come to see our Agatha. He loves her, but he does not like to propose, knowing she is the heiress of all these vast estates. He hesitates of lumbering himself with so much property, as well as with a wife. But, Agatha," turning to the girl, "treat him well. He will make a good son-in-law."

"The old folks withdrew as Mr. Jones rang the bell. He was soon ushered into the parlor where sat the blooming Agatha, a tall, willowy girl of four feet high and weighing two hundred and seventy-two pounds ten ounces.

Agatha and Digby were engaged, although the girl's parents knew it not.

They had been betrothed for two days.

"Erenin!" said Digby, as he stepped within the doorway.

"Howdy," replied Agatha. She kept her seat by the window while Digby seated himself across the room by the door.

After some desultory conversation Digby remarked:

"Agatha, I hear that they have some excellent ice cream at Brown's confectionery. Let us go and get some."

"No," replied Agatha, "I never eat ice cream."—*Toll-Ver's.*

Far Too Mistrustful.

"What luck did you have at the farm-house?" asked one tramp of another.

"None at all. The woman was too blamed mistrustful."

"How was that?"

"When I asked her for something to eat she asked me if I could saw wood. I told her I could."

"Yes, what then?"

"Why, I'll be dog-goned if she didn't want me to prove it."—*Merchant Traveler.*

HIS FIRST WALTZ.

The Maiden Effort of a Young Man on the Light Fantastic.

A popular young business man confided the details of an amusing though somewhat delicate situation to a reporter the other day, and the latter is making a base betrayal of that confidence in giving the story to the public, but "murder will out." "It all came of my not having learned to dance," he began. "You see, when I was a kid, and the girls (my sisters) went to dancing-school and were brought up in the way they should go, I did not care for such things, and hooted at the confounded bobbing and twisting and turning, which even now seems rather absurd to me. I voluntarily left school rather young and went into business life, and have since had neither time nor inclination for dancing. As the girls grew older, we had a number of little social hops at the house, but I always managed to get away. I never had any desire to dance until the other evening. A certain young lady, whose black eyes I had admired from a distance for some time, was present at one of our little gatherings. I usually managed to get out of the way when the dancing began, but I was so engaged in conversation with her that the music had struck up before I was aware of it. I let the first dance pass without saying any thing, but I knew my companion was a fine dancer and very fond of the amusement. I think that the first dance was an 'octogetto,' or some thing of that kind, for there were eight people in it. When that was over the musicians struck a lively jingle which I imagined I recognized. That is a polka, sure, thought I—now is my chance. 'Miss Blank,' I said, growing as red as a tulip, 'my sisters have often tried to teach me to dance, but have given it up as a hopeless case. Is—is the thing they are playing a waltz or a polka, or a highland fling, or what is it?' She laughed, but did not answer. After this confession I resumed: 'Will you dare venture a turn?' She was only too ready; she evidently did not know what was before her. I placed my hand timidly on her side and grasped her waist in a vice-like grip. Then I began the polka to the best of my ability, and, to my horror, she began to waltz. I tried to waltz, too, but made a dismal failure of it. The room was small and overcrowded with dancers, and though our career was short-lived we managed to come into collision with almost every couple on the floor. My sister rescued her friend, who took the matter as good-naturedly as could be expected with her torn dress and bumped and entangled condition generally. I sneaked away into outer darkness, and hereafter will never attempt to imitate the 'Heathen Chinee' by playing a game that I do not understand. I am a fool and I know it, but to have the fact intimated one, two and three times a day for a week by the members of one's own family is not at all consoling."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

A POWERFUL REMEDY.

Why Uncle John Refused to Swallow His Own Medicine.

In the village of O—, in Central New York, lives a sharp-tongued old bachelor whom I have known for twenty-five years as "Uncle John."

Uncle John is something of a character about town, and not destitute of Yankee wit and shrewdness. He used to make and vend in an amateurish way a certain cough mixture, the merits of which he preached to his friends with great enthusiasm, warranting the remedy to cure any cold in twenty-four hours "or no pay." One of his old friends, whom we will call Ike, being afflicted with a severe coughing cold, Uncle John used his best efforts in argument, persuasion, and finally vehement and profane scolding, to get him to try the remedy. But Ike could not be induced to "chance it." Not long after this Uncle John caught a hard cold himself, which was accompanied by a most distressing cough that shook his poor old frame unmercifully. It did not, however, prevent his coming down town and "settlin'" as he called it, in Ike's market. The cold hung on for a week or more, and the cough had grown no better. Finally, one day Ike resolved to brave Uncle John's sharp tongue, and tease him a little about his failure to rid himself of the cold, and the following dialogue ensued. You are to understand that Uncle John's replies were interrupted with violent coughing.

"John?"

"What yer want?"

"Got a bad cold, ain't ye?"

"Yes; got the wust ever had'n my life."

"Hangs on pretty bad, don't it?"

"Yes; beats all."

Hesitatingly: "why don't you try some o' y'r cough medicine you wanted ter sell me?"

"I thought maybe y' was fool 'nough ter ask that question; y'er s'pose I want ter live forever?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Regular Thing.

An old gentleman of Detroit was passing through the ceremony of taking his fourth wife the other day. At the impressive climax of the good preacher's part in the performance somebody was heard sobbing in an adjoining room.

"My goodness!" exclaimed one of the guests in a dramatic whisper, "who on earth is that crying on this festive occasion?"

"That?" replied a mischievous member of the experienced bridegroom's family; "that's no body but Em. She always boohos when pa's getting married."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PATAGONIA'S FATE.

How a South American Country Was Absorbed by Its Neighbors.

There used to be a place called Patagonia. It appears on our geographical map as a drear and uninhabitable waste, upon which herds of wild horses and cattle graze, and are hunted for their flesh by a few bands of savage Indians of immense stature." I am quoting from a school-book published in 1886, and in common use in this country. The same geography gives similar information about "the Argentine Confederation." It makes the Argentines roar with rage to call their country "the Argentine Confederation." It would be just as polite and proper to call this the "Confederate States of America." A bitter, bloody war was fought to wipe that name off the map, but our publishers still insist upon keeping it there. It is not a confederation; it is a Nation, with a big "N," like ours—one and inseparable, united we stand, divided we fall, and all that sort of thing—the Argentine Republic.

To call it any thing else is an insult to the patriots who fought to make it so, and a reflection upon our own intelligence.

Several years ago Patagonia was divided between Chili and the Argentine Republic, the Ministers from the United States to those two countries doing the carving. The summits of the Cordilleras were fixed as the boundary lines. Chili took the Strait of Magellan and the strip along the Pacific coast, between the mountains and the sea, and the Argentine Republic the pampas, the archipelago of Tierra del Fuego being divided between them. Since the partition ranchmen have been pushing southward with great rapidity, and now the vast territory is practically occupied. There are no more wild cattle or horses there than in Kansas, and the dreary, uninhabited wastes of Patagonia have gone into oblivion with the "Great American Desert." The remnant of a vast tribe of aborigines still occupies the interior, but the Indian problem of the Argentine Republic was solved in a summary way. There was considerable annoyance on the frontier from bands of roving savages, who used to come north in the winter time, steal cattle, rob and ravish, and the outposts of civilization were not safe. General Roca, the Sheridan of the River Plate, was sent with a brigade of cavalry to the frontier to prevent this sort of thing. East and west across the territory runs the Rio Negro, a swift, turbid stream like the Missouri, with high banks. Fifty miles or so from the mountains the river takes a turn in its course, and leaves a narrow pathway through which every thing that enters or leaves Patagonia by land must go. Across this pass of fifty miles General Roca dug a ditch twelve feet deep and fifteen feet wide. The Indians, to the number of several thousand, were north when the work was done, raiding the settlements. As spring came they turned to go southward as usual, in a long caravan, with their stolen horses and cattle. Roca galloped around their rear, and drove them night and day before him. When they reached the ditch they became bewildered, for they could not cross it, and after a few days of slaughter the remnant that survived surrendered and were distributed through the army as soldiers, while the women were sent into a semi-slavery among the ranchmen they had robbed. The dead animals and men were buried together in the ditch, and there has been no further annoyance from Indians on the frontier.

The few that remain seldom come northward, but remain around Punta Arenas, the only settlement in the Strait, hunting the ostrich and other wild game, trading the skins for whiskey, and making themselves as wretched as possible. The robes they wear are made of the skins of the guanaco, a species of the llama, and the breasts of young ostriches. There is nothing prettier than an ostrich robe, but one represents the slaughter of from sixteen to twenty young birds, and they are getting rare and expensive as the birds are being exterminated, as our buffaloes have been.—*William E. Curtis, in Harper's Magazine.*

A Spider's Fatal Mistake.

A small garden spider had spun his web in a corner where a perpendicular column and a horizontal rail met, and from the ambush of a hidden crack awaited his dipterous prey. A handsome yellow wasp passing that way espied the graceful trap and made for it. Setting his feet lightly on two of three of the meshes he started up a great buzzing, which shook the web from end to end. The watchful spider ran out a little way, stretched forth a delicate foot to make sure of the location of the supposed fly, and then rushed for it, alighting on the wasp with a gleeful jump, and no doubt a grin of hideous triumph. But Mr. Spider had reckoned without his host. Like a flash of lightning the wasp's six minute legs closed upon him, the graceful body bent nearly double, and once, twice, thrice, again and again, the sharp sting pierced the luckless spider. As his struggles grew fainter, and finally ceased, the wasp, with a spring, disengaged himself from the silken net and bore away his spidery victim in triumph.—*Albany Journal.*

"Wife—What absurd nonsense, that to raise an umbrella in the house is an omen of ill luck!" Husband—

"Not at all. Didn't Mrs. Hobson, to whom you lent your umbrella a couple of weeks ago, open it in the hallway?" Wife—"I believe she did." Husband—

"Well, have you seen the umbrella since?"—*N. F. Sun.*

TWO LITTLE MINERS.

How They Kept Their Parents Supplied With Plenty of Fuel.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago a man who lived in an Eastern State, overtaken by the American passion for the hardships of pioneer life, moved with his family to the then unsettled West. The family consisted, besides the husband, of a wife and two little daughters, and the journey westward of many hundreds of miles was made in a covered wagon. After numerous hardships the little household at length reached what is now the great State of Illinois, but what was then an almost unbroken expanse of wild forest and prairie land. The country pleased the adventurer, and he built a rude log-house upon the edge of a prairie bounded on one side by a wooded bluff, and watered by a small stream. It was a promising site for one of the great farms of the future, and even the first year of the settler's occupation saw an abundant crop of corn and the family safe from privation, so far as food was concerned.

Winter came, one of the severest ever known in the Northwest, and the only want felt in the household was for fuel. The settler discovered, too late, that he should have built his hut close to the wood, or have provided plenty of fuel before winter arrived. He had reasoned that it would be the easiest way to haul wood to the house upon the snow, and his plan would have been all right had he been able to do the work. Unfortunately, just as the bitter cold weather set in, the father broke his leg. He could do nothing, and upon the mother, who was herself ill, and upon the two little girls, devolved the hard task of supplying wood for the fire.

Many trips were made to the bluff, and many an apron full of dead twigs and bark was brought to the cabin, but the little girls, who had to do the work, nearly perished on their journeys. Finally came a great snow four or five feet in depth, and further trips were impossible. It seemed certain that the family, far removed from all help, must die of cold.

There was a rude cellar to the cabin and into this, for greater warmth, the family moved. A few twigs and pieces of bark remained at this time, as the result of the children's last trip to the bluff, and with these a fire was built upon the cellar floor. It burned well enough, but as the wood was consumed there was noticed a great deal of crackling and spitting, and the ground beneath and around the fire turned red. It attracted the curious attention of the family, and it finally dawned upon them that the fire had been built upon a bed of coal. In digging for the cellar the pioneer had stumbled upon an outcropping coal seam, but he knew very little about coal and had not deemed the circumstance of any consequence. Now he changed his mind. There was no longer any danger of freezing to death.

The family moved up-stairs again and the two little girls became coal miners. They had only an old ax and a shovel, and they were small personages and not very strong, but they did not have a great deal of difficulty in getting out a sufficient number of pallets of coal a day to keep the fire going. Before spring came they had a big hole dug into the bottom and into the sides of the cellar. They made it quite a roomy place, probably the largest cellar in Illinois at that time.

The family prospered, and these two little girls are now middle-aged women and mothers of families who often laugh over the hard winter's experience of many years ago. And you can not tell either one of those two middle-aged, comfortable-looking women any thing about coal mining. They will tell you that they know all about it; that they, in fact, started the industry in this part of the country.—*National Labor Tribune.*

THE MALE FLIRT.

What He Is, Who He Is, and How He Makes His Conquests.

The male flirt is an individual not confined to our own days, nor yet even to our own country. From time immemorial this terrible yet fascinating person has scourged society just as the pirates and buccaners of old are said to have scourged the seas with their powerful and irresistible charm. There is a weird attraction about him, a fearful joy at his approach, a horrible and unnatural delight at the bare mention of his name. Like the vampire of German fairy lore, he subjugates the senses and curdles the blood at one and the same time; he is delighted and yet alarming, enticing and yet appalling, all at once. The male flirt is the terror of mothers and the de-stestation of the whole race of elderly aunts and chaperones of all kinds. We have all in turn been warned against him, all cautioned to steel our hearts to his advances and to barricade the portals of our souls against his serpent-like deprecations. Yet so contradictory and so foolish is the nature of woman that there is not one of us, young or old, who has not at some time or another of our lives fallen a willing victim to this seductively dangerous individual. The male flirt is made so neither by practice nor yet by education—he is born so, just as genius, or cooking, or mathematics is born with a man, so is flirting in its higher degrees, implanted within him by nature. He is not often a handsome man, although he is invariably a pleasant one, and he is not, as a rule, popular among his fellow men. Fathers and brothers eye him with suspicion as something which they do not wholly comprehend, while husbands turn cold shoulders upon his blandishments, or at best treat him with freezing politeness. Men, in short, look upon him askance, and one and all unite in running him down—but, perhaps, that is only because they are jealous of him.—*London Societe.*