

## IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

### WOMEN IN FRANCE.

#### They Are Much More Conservative Than The Men.

In one of the recent congresses Mrs. Henriot, of this city, discussed the question of women in finance, says the editor of the Chicago Tribune, and in the course of her remarks aptly and truthfully said:

Many of the great financial difficulties of the country come from the fact that the women realize in no manner its financial condition. It is imperative that women now take a new stand in the financial world, and should be informed as to the financial condition of the country, and not only that, but she should have a sense of responsibility which would make her attend the meetings of the institutions in which she holds stock. There is a large number of intelligent women in this country owning great financial interests. These women would make excellent directors; with a little exertion they could acquire the requisite knowledge of finance, and then relieve the men of some of the tremendous burdens from which they now suffer. If once the feeling of moral responsibility toward the financial interests of the country could be aroused in women it would be greatly to the advantage of the country. She hates to be in debt and extended lines of credit present no charms for her. She would be a tremendous conservative factor could she once undertake the management of financial affairs.

Mrs. Henriot substantially has thrown out a new suggestion and one worthy of consideration. If woman should acquire a knowledge of finance and take a prominent position in its administration, and if her present feelings should continue and be permanent, she undoubtedly would prevent much of the existing gambling, plunging and embezzlement. If, with adequate knowledge, she had a larger voice in bank management, for instance, she would be conservative and look to the securities, and cautious instead of recklessness would characterize the conduct of bank business. Undoubtedly Mrs. Henriot is correct when she says women hate to be in debt. Those who are careless about debts are the exception. Men seem to be natural born plungers and enjoy risking their accumulations on the turn of a card. Women, on the other hand, are cautious, suspicious, and debt-fearing. If this quality were combined with the requisite technical knowledge of finance and its methods there does not seem to be any reason why women should not make successful bankers and financiers.

It is certain that under these circumstances if women had control of the National bank of Indianapolis, the Marine bank of Milwaukee, the Pacific bank of San Francisco, the Chemical bank of Chicago, and Silverman's and Schaffner's banks in this city, they still would have been going along, paying one hundred cents on the dollar, and making fair dividends. The high rollers would have no chance to roll, or the plungers to plunge with a cautious woman, hating debts, in charge of finances. Mrs. Henriot's suggestions therefore as to the moral responsibility of women towards financial institutions, particularly those in which they are interested, are sound. It goes without saying that if women were educated in the mysteries of the finance they would not so often be at the mercy of unscrupulous agents and financiers who easily take advantage of their ignorance.

### A WOMAN OF NERVE.

#### Desperate Battle Between a Woodman's Wife and a Hungry Bear.

A desperate battle took place a few days ago between a famished bear and the wife of Amos Corey, a woodsman on the Upper Beaverkill, near Turnwood, N. Y., says the New York Times. For several days bear tracks had been seen in the neighborhood, and once a good-sized bear had been seen crossing the road near Corey's cabin. The other morning Corey started with rifle and dogs to hunt down the animal, and had been gone about an hour when his wife heard a great commotion in the dooryard. Just then a little dog ran into the house yelping with error and covered with blood. Mrs. Corey, thinking of the bear, seized a keen bladed ax from the rack and shutting her baby and little boy in a bedroom ran into the yard. There she saw a huge bear rolling and tumbling among the sawdust and chips of the woodpile, while over it hovered a swarm of honey bees. The bear had upset half a dozen hives of bees, and the little creatures were having their revenge. Mrs. Corey watched the battle for awhile and then she made a stroke at bruin with the ax, inflicting a severe wound in the animal's side. With a howl the bear rushed upon her, unmindful of the bees. Rising upon its hind legs it advanced upon the woman and tried to hug her. Mrs. Corey plied the ax with energy, and after several blows struck the animal in the head, killing it instantly. She received during the battle a blow from one of the bear's paws which badly lacerated one of her arms. After the bear had been killed the bees swarmed about Mrs. Corey, stinging her severely. They finally rested on the bushes near by, where she succeeded in driving them. Afterward she was surprised to find that two little cubs had come out of the brush and were smelling about their dead mother. She captured them and after feeding them with warm milk they became quite tame. She will keep the cubs and raise them.

### WOMEN AS FRIENDS.

#### Men Don't Know Them as They Really Are.

A correspondence of the Woman's Journal, in writing of women as friends, says:

A man simply will not believe that a girl does not want him to make love to her; that she likes ideas in conversation better than sentiment; and that, often, the more capable she is of deep and true affection the more she buries that capacity out of sight of the world, and tries, while waiting for the one man who can touch her heart, to keep up merely friendly, impersonal relations with all others.

There is a great untiled field, rich in experience, for men here. If they would understand a woman's nature, let them approach her from the calm, assured standpoint of fellowship, talking into consideration the fact of their common humanity rather

than their chance social relations. Women are broader than men believe. They can love not only in one way, but in twenty different ways. Because they must feel a thing before knowing it well, they easily become attached to an opinion, a plan, or an ambition. But they are staunch adherents, and worth having as allies. If a man can once enlist the sympathy of a good woman in his work, he is sure of an anchor after that.

Women are always ambitious for their friends; they delight in a purpose, and will not let it be forgotten. Even the silly and selfish woman can be in a measure lifted out of her narrowness by being made a partner in some worthy aim. Not that it is advisable to seek partners among the silly and selfish; there are numbers of others, intelligent, conscientious and earnest if men really care for them. What stands in the way of an understanding by men of the character of a modern woman is their distrust of her. When they learn to put that aside they will know her as she really is.

### GIRL BACHELORS.

#### A Cynical Man Who Thinks They are Simply Awful.

Dr. George H. Hepworth contributes to the very amusing article on "Girl Bachelors." He tells of a cynical friend, whom nothing in the solar system from the sun to Neptune pleases, who on this particular occasion is growling over the new subdivision in society called girl bachelors. "Do you know anything," he says, "so mortifying as a controversy with a woman who knows more about your specialty than you do yourself? I tell you, my optimistic dreamer, when women begin to hear men say their lessons, to pat them on the head when they say them correctly, and to keep them after school when they say them badly, it is about time to put up the shutters and advertise the business for sale at public auction. You may like that sort of thing, but I prefer a dose of strychnine. I think I've lived quite long enough if women couldn't tell us our faces that they couldn't run the world as badly as we do if they tried, and that we had better step to the rear for a while and let them straighten things out and make life worth living. I feel positively benumbed when I hear that sort of talk. I can't get my opinion without exhorting my throat."

After some controversy between the author and his friend, one of the veritable girl bachelors enters the room and the growler finds that she can hurl as sharp a spear as he. The article closes thus:

My friend was glum. He rose slowly, got into his fur-lined overcoat, and as he bade me good night, muttered, "It was awful!"

"But isn't it true?" I asked.

"Hm!" he replied. "That's why it is so awful."

### WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

#### Now They Venture Into Fields Hitherto Untraded Save by Men.

Queen Victoria is never seen to lose her temper with her inferiors, but her servants know that household arrangements must go as by clockwork, or the royal lady speedily knows the reason why. As a rule she calls them by their christian names and encourages them to speak freely to her and not to stand in too much awe of her. She always inquires their names when they first come to the palace, and, despite the immense size of her household, she never forgets any of these names. She is a kind mistress and much beloved by the domestic staff.

There are three famous American women of letters at present in London. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin and Mrs. Pratt. Mrs. Moulton is a welcome annual in the English metropolis, but this is Mrs. Wiggins' first visit.

The only sister of Rudyard Kipling is one of the foremost of Shakespearean scholars. She is said to know the great poet better than anyone in England, always excepting, of course, Halliwell-Phillips. Miss Kipling's power of memorizing is truly phenomenal. Anywhere one starts a passage she can readily match the line, following straight along chapter and verse, whether it be play or sonnet. Her Shakespeareana is exceedingly fine and though not an author like her famous brother, is yet a student and woman of the finest literary perception.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger is seldom seen away from her famous country seat, Idlesea Farm, on Long Island. There she lives in semi-royal state, entertaining brilliant house parties occasionally, but most frequently dividing her time between her writing table and beloved field and gardens. It is said that Mrs. Cruger does not mean to publish again for a year or more, but she is at present engaged on the masterpiece of her successful literary career.

With the exception of Levi P. Morton, Francis Shaw and N. K. Fairbank, the finest herd of Guernsey cattle in this country is owned by Mrs. S. P. Tabor Willets, of Roslyn, L. I. Mrs. Willets farms extensively and with remarkable financial results. Her truck is an important item every morning in the Washington market receipts, and some of the best Hamiltonian blood is found in her stables, where numerous and costly trotters are bred every season.—Chicago Post.

### Duelling Unavoidable Sometimes.

Baron von Bauer, Austrian minister of war, said at a sitting of the budget committee of the Austrian delegation the other day that the present condition of society did not permit of the abolition of dueling. He did not approve of duels in principle, but many classes of the population would not, in the event of abolition of dueling, adopt any less forcible method of settling their differences, but would have recourse to "rougher means," the fist, the stick or the revolver. In his opinion there was nothing to be said against an officer who might decline to fight a duel, but he recommended those opposed to dueling to avoid the society of those by whom they might be insulted and to take care not to offend others.—N. Y. Sun.

### Origin of the Arab Steed.

The origin of the best strain of Arabian blood has been related by some romancer. While Mohammed was fighting his way to greatness he was once compelled to lead his corps of 20,000 cavalry for three days without a drop of water. At last, from a hill-top, they descried the silver streak of a distant river. Mohammed ordered his trumpeter to blow the call to dismount and loose the horses. The poor brutes, starving for water, at once sprang into a mad gallop towards the longed-for goal. No sooner loosened than came the alarm—false, as it happened—of a sudden ambush. "To horse!" was blown, and repeated by a hundred bugles. But the demand was too great; the parched throats were not to be refused; the stampede grew wilder and wilder as 20,000 steeds pushed desperately for the river banks. Of all the frantic crowd but five mares responded to the call. To these duty was higher than suffering. They turned in their tracks, came bravely back, pleading in their eyes and anguish in their sunken flanks, and stood before the Prophet. Love for their master and a sense of obedience had conquered their distress, but their bloodshot eyes told of a fearful torment—the more pathetic for their dumbness. The danger was over; the faithful mares were at once released; but Mohammed selected these five for his own use; and they were the dams of one of the great races of the desert. From them have sprung the best of Arabian steeds. It can, however, scarcely be claimed that the average horse of the Orient comes up to this ideal. He must have been bred from the 19,995.—From "Riders of Turkey," by Col. T. A. Dodge, U.S.A., in *Harper's Magazine* for November.

### Cream—not Skim Milk.

Every farmer and villager, their wives and boys and girls, will be interested in the big-little, cream-not-skim-milk paper, the *FARM JOURNAL*, of Philadelphia. Its 200,000 subscribers are scattered from Maine to Washington, and from Michigan to Texas. It's breezy, crisp, boiled-down pages contain as much information in the course of the year as many of the high-priced weeklies; while its earnest, manly tone and its bright and common sense way of treating farm matters leaves a good and lasting taste in one's mouth. The subscription price is 50 cents a year. We have made arrangements with the publisher by which he will send it one full year free, to all who promptly pay up for our paper. Sample copies will be sent free by addressing a postal request to *FARM JOURNAL*, Philadelphia, Pa. 10-6-2 m.

### How Do You Treat Your Sister?

It is the easiest thing in the world for a boy to be polite to some other fellow's sister; then, why is it some of them find it so hard to remember to be equally courteous to their own sisters? Many a boy is rude to his sister without realizing it; in other words, he forgets to be polite. Then again, he is afraid of being dubbed "sissy" if he should be caught paying some attention to his sister. It is a bad habit for anybody to get into, that of saving one's polite ways for outsiders. If you meet your sister in the street take your hat off when you speak to her. You would do it for some other boy's sister.

If she asks you a question don't answer it in a rude or careless manner, as if you thought she didn't know what she was talking about, and wasn't worth listening to.

Don't guy her or make fun of her in any way to hurt her feelings. You wouldn't do that to some other girl.

You can just bank all you've got on the boy who is kind and thoughtful to his own, for you may be sure he will develop into the right sort of a man that is bound to win the respect and affection of everyone.

### The Change of Life.

Women nearing this critical period require strength, health, and cheerful spirits.

The sole aim of this time should be to keep well.

The invaluable aid always is *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*.

The girl about to enter womanhood can find the same assistance from the same source.

Mrs. W. W. Culner, Palatka, Fla., writes:—

"I was in ill health from change of life. I took your compound and am now well. I recommend it as the best remedy for all weakness through the many changes which all women have to pass from early life to the grave."

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, *LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.* *Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.*



### Street Fakes and Fakirs.

The old truism that "you can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time" has long been respected as one of the most epigrammatic expressions of which Lincoln ever delivered himself. But to the surprise of those theorists who have claimed that with each succeeding year the percentage of intelligence of people has increased, they are forced to acknowledge that more people are annually being "roped in" by various "fake" schemes and schemers than ever before.

Of course this is due in part to the increased number of such methods of making money by gulling the people. Every day we hear of some new scheme by which the credulous have been taken in and not only the ignorant are duped, but men and women of all classes have found themselves the loser by some venture with an unknown though oily tongued stranger. Perhaps many of these losses can be credited to a blind avarice that leads men into "get rich quick" and "soap bubble" speculations and there are thousands of such which are never heard of, simply because the people who have lost in them keep quiet to conceal their plight.

Shamokin is infested with fire bugs, and several buildings have been destroyed during the past six weeks by these evil disposed pests. The councils are offering a reward of \$500.00 for their conviction.

In ancient days nearly all Grecian maidens dressed in white. Any other color was considered immodest.

### Danger in School Pencils.

#### THE MINNESOTA DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH SOUNDS A NOTE OF WARNING.

There is poison in lead and slate pencils—at least so the department of health of Minnesota decides. Indeed, so serious is the situation that Health Commissioner Hoyt has issued the following communication to the boards of education:

In the majority of our public schools all pencils used by the pupils are collected daily at the close of the school, taken care of by the janitor during the night and indiscriminately distributed among the scholars in the morning. This practice is a very dangerous one and must be stopped at once. Children engaged in the use of pencils will invariably hold the same in their mouth. Very often a pupil will attend school, sometimes several days, suffering from a mild case of diphtheria before the same has been discovered by its parents or physicians. The scholar will use the pencil as aforesaid. The next day it will fall into the hands (or mouth) of some pupil, and in this very simple manner cause numerous cases of diphtheria, the origin of which has heretofore been unaccountable. As a remedy, I would suggest, first, that each pupil be allowed to retain his or her own pencil, and be strictly forbidden to lend or exchange it. If this cannot be done, the janitors must then disinfect the pencils daily.

No fictitious certificates, but solid facts, testify the marvelous cures by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

### Put to Flight

—all the peculiar troubles that beset a woman. The only guaranteed remedy for them is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For women suffering from any chronic "female complaint" or weakness; for women who are run-down and overworked; for women expecting to become mothers who are nursing and exhausted; at the change from girlhood to womanhood, and later, at the critical "change of life" it is a medicine that safely and certainly builds up, strengthens, regulates and cures.

If it doesn't, if it even fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

What you are sure of, if you use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, is either a perfect and permanent cure for your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case may be, or \$500 in cash. The proprietors of the medicine promise to pay you the money, if they can't cure you.

The greatest bridge builder in the world is the spider, says the *New York Sun*. "There is a point on the Merrimac River, not far from the Missouri Pacific bridge, where a large spider made a bridge clear across, a distance of over 200 feet. He first sent out a flyer, a sort of kite string, which was carried across the stream by the breeze and lodged in a tree opposite. It was then braced by guy ropes to other branches, and thus fifty feet above the water was a perfect suspension bridge. In comparison with this insect work the Niagara and Brooklyn bridges are trifling."

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