

THE POWER OF WOMAN.

By Una Hudson.

I stirred my tea thoughtfully and looked at Patricia over my teacup. She is very good to look at. Is Patricia, and is a charming widow in the first stages of consoling affliction.

I have known Patricia for a very long time. In saying this I do not, however, wish to insinuate that Patricia is burdened with years. On the contrary, she is well under thirty and looks even younger than she really is. But I have watched her development from a lanky girl into a graceful young woman; so, surely, I am well within the truth when I lay claim to having known her for a long time.

"The power of woman," I said, apropos of nothing at all, "is very greatly overrated."

"I confess that I said this not without malice prepense. It is by means of just such remarks that I have perfected in Patricia that spiciness of temper so charming in a woman."

I was pleased to observe that she at once followed my lead.

"You are entirely mistaken," she said, perhaps a trifle more aggressively than the occasion seemed to warrant. "Any woman can get anything she wants from any man if she only goes about it in the right way."

"This sounded interesting. 'Prove it,' I said judicially."

Patricia was all animation. Her cheeks were pink, her eyes bright, and she was very, very pretty. I confess I am rather susceptible to beauty in women.

"I will," she said determinedly. "I will decide upon something that I want you to do, and then I will make you do it."

"Of course," I suggested persuasively, "you will tell me what the 'something' is."

"Certainly not," Patricia said flatly.

"But," I said, bewildered, "if I don't know what it is you want me to do on earth am I to do it?" "You will do it," Patricia told me, "because you don't know what it is I want. If you knew, you very probably wouldn't do it."

"I suppose," I said, discontentedly, "I shall have to see you a great deal?"

"It's not at all necessary," Patricia assured me cheerfully.

Whereupon I immediately decided that I would call upon her quite often. It seemed only fair to give her every chance in the world, the more so that it was my private opinion that she had undertaken a large contract.

It did not appear to me that Patricia was making any special effort to induce me to do "something." I intimated as much to her. She smiled wisely, and asked if I had made all my appointments.

I have neglected to state that I had managed to secure a rather responsible political position, attached to which there was considerable patronage.

I thought that remark of Patricia's very tactless and unmistakably obvious.

"My dear girl," I said stiffly, "who is your protegee? And which particular post do you wish him to have? You should have told me at once, without beating about the bush, that an appointment was the 'something' you wanted."

Patricia lay back in her chair and laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"You precious old goose," she said, when she was able to express herself coherently. "I don't want a post for any one. The thing I want is exclusively for my own use and pleasure. But I think," she went on, with sudden gravity, "that it is very horrid of you to assume that my ultimate purpose was to work you for a favor for some friend of mine."

I apologized, and I told her how all my pride and pleasure in my recently acquired position had turned to bitterness because of the attitude of my so-called friends in respect to those same appointments. The number of applicants for each place was positively appalling. And whenever I was made the recipient of any little friendly courtesy, I had come to believe that somewhere hanging to it I would find that odious and everlasting request for a "job."

I told her, too, what a joy it was to know that there was one person whose friendship for me was entirely disinterested. That seemed to please Patricia. She let me hold her hand for quite a long time when I bade her good-by. She has a very charming hand, has Patricia. I think it is what a palmist would call a "psychic hand." When you hold it it sends little warm thrills all over your body. I think I shall try holding it again. That is, of course, if Patricia will permit me.

I think, too, that I will cultivate the habit of sending her an occasional bunch of flowers or a box of confections. While I was calling on her this evening a box came from the florist's. It contained carnations. Patricia said they were a new variety, and very beautiful. I confess I did not greatly admire them; pale yellow they were, with pink edges.

Somehow they quite set my teeth on edge. I suppose it was the inartistic combination of yellow and pink. And there were so many of them! They were from a man I particularly detest, too; and Patricia wrote him a note of thanks then and there, and actually made me telephone for a messenger boy. She seemed to think it of vital importance that that note should be delivered immediately. For my part, I think it could very well have waited for the regular post.

Decidedly, as Patricia seems to be fond of flowers, I shall myself supply her with them in the future. And I'll send plenty of them, too! A regular sheaf of them—roses, carnations, lilies—every weed that grows. I'll outdo that odious Col. Webster if I have to buy up a greenhouse to do it.

Tonight as I was leaving my office the telephone bell rang. There was nothing surprising in that, for it had



"PROVE IT," I SAID JUDICIALLY.

been ringing all day, but somehow it set my nerves on edge.

I took down the receiver and inquired in no pleasant tone of voice what was wanted. It seemed that I was wanted—to dine with Patricia.

All my ill-rumor vanished instantly. The prospect of spending the whole evening in peace and quiet where I shouldn't be tackled for a favor at every turn was like a small piece of Paradise, and not such a small piece either. I told Patricia so while we waited for the fish to be brought in. Her answer was characteristic.

"I hate to eat alone," she said. "A dinner without a man at the head of the table is very much like a potato without salt."

I couldn't think of anything suitable to say in return, but I admitted to myself that a dinner table without a pretty woman at one end of it was nothing less than a hideous mistake. And it occurred to me that it would be very pleasant to have Patricia at one end of my dinner table.

So well, indeed, did I like the idea, that in the library after dinner I asked her to marry me. One must, to a certain extent, consider the conveniences and there really seemed no other way in which I could induce her to preside over my dinner table. But I may as well confess that I had suddenly found myself very much in love with Patricia.

Her answer was more than a little disconcerting. She began to sob violently, and I came to the conclusion that I had been too abrupt. By way of atoning for the abruptness I took her in my arms and kissed her, and told her how much I loved her. All of which had the effect of making her, if possible, cry more than ever.

I was at my wits end. "My dear girl," I cried distractedly, "what is the matter?"

To which Patricia replied, in a choked voice: "Nothing."

Now, I have observed that when a woman tells you that "nothing" is the matter you may safely make up your mind that a very great deal is the matter.

I kissed Patricia again, and I thought that she did not particularly object to my caresses. On the contrary, she seemed rather to invite them.

"Dear," I said very gently, "is it that you don't love me?"

She shook her head.

"Then," I said, "won't you marry me, dear?"

"I—I c—cant," Patricia wailed, "he—because that was the 'something' I wanted you to do. And now I'll always think that you proposed to me because I made you, and not because you really loved me."

"My dear child," I said, "that is utterly absurd. You did not influence me in the very least. I have acted entirely of my own free will."

And before I left Patricia accepted this view of the matter. At any rate, she permitted me to take the measure of her engagement ring finger.

But between us the "power of woman" is still a much mooted question.

When Dancing is Fashionable.

In New York City during the spring couples in middle life, say between 35 and 45, kept the dancing masters working overtime giving them private lessons at home. These lessons were not given to the fashionable set, but to folks who in early life had neither the time, money nor opportunity to learn to dance.

SAYS HE'S WORLD'S CHAMPION.

Missouri School Teacher Claims No One Can Beat Him Spelling.

For 22 years Prof. David Jones, a district school teacher, living a few miles from here, has been going around with a spelling chip on his shoulder, begging anything that takes English and walks on two legs to come along and knock it off.

In that period five or six spellers have invaded Lancaster with blood in their eyes and dictionaries under their arms. They left town with the explanation that they were out of practice, or growling at the pronouncer.

In consequence of which Prof. Jones closes his letters with the inscription: "The greatest English speller the world has produced."

Prof. Jones argues that printers, stenographers and all those having to do with words, owe it to their employers to perfect themselves in spelling, and, as the art is rarely acquired in school, he thinks an association for the object of acquiring proficiency in orthography by the workers with pen and paper should be encouraged.

A Road Mirror. At Woodbridge, Suffolk, England, where three roads meet at dangerous



angles, the Urban Council has erected a mirror at such an angle that drivers of motor cars and other vehicles can see whether the road is clear.

Apples at \$100 Each. In some of the very expensive London restaurants you can order a special dessert that will cost you anywhere from \$25 to \$250.

These desserts will consist of dainties in the way of fruit, which the greater part of the world has been ransacked to provide.

Of all fruits, Zanzibar apples are perhaps the rarest. Dozens of trees together will only bear a few of these apples, and the time for picking them has to be carefully selected; they must be gathered just a month before they would ripen, otherwise they will very quickly go bad.

These apples have been sold in England at \$100 apiece, and, of course, have to be specially ordered, for no fruiterer would ever dream of keeping them in stock.

Custard apples are another expensive luxury. They can be purchased at prices ranging from 75 cents to \$25 each, according to quality, and, according to those whose judgment in such matters is considered to be absolutely correct, must be eaten with pepper and salt.

A gentleman not long since went into a well-known fruiterer's in Regent street and offered \$250 to the manager if he could provide enough strawberries for five people that evening.

Seventeen gardens provided the required amount of strawberries, and by 6:30 that evening the fruit was delivered at a cost of nearly \$2.50 for each strawberry.

The manager of a well-known fruiterer's establishment in the West End informed the writer that lots of people who see high-priced fruit in the window will buy it just to see "what it tastes like," and in this way these "samplers," as they are called by the trade, are a considerable source of profit to many of the high-class fruiterers.—Stray Stories.

Watch an Inch Thick.

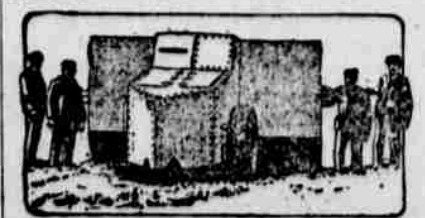
In these days of watches no thicker than a silver dollar, which jewelers show with pride to their fastidious customers, a timepiece of two centuries ago is a rare curiosity.

Such a one is shown in the collection of the Bostonian society at the old state house, Boston. It represented in its day, probably, the height of fashion in watches. Its case of silver is heavy, and its thick crystal much crowned, with a flat disc at the top, the size of a dime. The dial is silver, as well as the fob chain and seal. The entire thickness of the watch is more than an inch.

This ancient timepiece was made in 1676, in London, by Thomas Planner. So well did the maker do his work that after 228 years the watch probably could be relied on to tell the time if properly cleaned and repaired.

A First-Aid Motor.

It is a three-wheeled car, clad in bullet-proof steel. Closed it can travel



at the rate of six miles an hour. When its wings are opened, as shown in the picture, it is a miniature steel foot.

Isn't it queer that only sensible people agree with you?

THE MASTER KEY.

Ingenious Device by Which All Locks Are Rendered Helpless.

An ingenious device typifying the locksmith's skill is known as the master key. This key resembles, as nearly as the eye can determine, an ordinary key, and does not by any outward appearance seem to possess any special attribute.

Nevertheless it will lock and unlock all the locks in any building for which it is especially designed. In such buildings the locks are, of course, all of a uniform and predetermined type, yet any one of the ordinary keys of the building in question will not lock or unlock any lock but the individual one for which it is made.

Occasionally a tenant forgets his key or may have some other reason for being without his own when he makes a formal demand on the Superintendent of the building for the master key. There is only one rule relating to it, and it is that it shall be returned in five minutes time. Failure to comply means simply that a messenger will be sent posthaste after it, or, if the tenant inadvertently slips the key into his pocket and carries it away a still hunt is at once instituted and kept up until the precious key is found. It is evident that an unscrupulous person might easily have a duplicate key made and so be able to enter any one of the hundred offices at will.

Recently one of these master keys disappeared, and the management of the building rather than take any chances had every lock removed and an entire new series made to take their places. It requires a highly skilled locksmith to make a satisfactory master key. When a key is inserted in a lock the tapering tip simply serves to guide the toothed portion into the slot. When in and the key is turned one or more of the projections comes in contact with corresponding movable portions of the interior of the lock and a combination is effected which turns the bar.

An exceedingly large number of combinations may be thus wrought, yet a single key may be made by obtaining wax impressions of a number of different keys.

Relic of a Sea Fight.

Capt. G. A. Dean of 45 Howard avenue, Dorchester, has an interesting relic of a civil war sea fight which revives in memory the sudden and disastrous assault of the old-time federal frigate Merrimac on the U. S. ships Congress and Cumberland at Newport News. It is a Bible, very old, and, by the dog ears on its margins, much read.

The Merrimac was a 40-gun screw frigate, built for the government in 1855. On April 19, 1861, when the Norfolk navy yard was abandoned by the federals, the Merrimac and other vessels lying there were sunk. She was raised by the confederates, who cut her down to the berth deck, and on the midship section built a casement of timber 170 long, protected by a double iron plating four inches thick. The prow was of cast iron. She was named the Virginia and was commanded by Commodore Franklin Buchanan, who on March 8, 1862, sent her against the Congress, a sailing ship of 50 guns, and the Cumberland, a sailing ship of 30 guns, both of which she quickly destroyed.

Some time after the fight a seaman's chest from the fo'c's'le of the Cumberland floated ashore at Newport News, and inside was the Bible now owned by Capt. Dean. Originally it was the property of a sailor named Thomas Graham of Albany, N. Y.

Graham got possession of the Bible and kept it until Oct. 15, 1887, when he presented it to a shipmate named William B. Daley, who gave it to his friend, the late Capt. H. C. Hemmenway of police station 2, this city, in 1892. Capt. Hemmenway gave it to its present owner.

Pushball Played With Horses. A game which is popular in Berlin and is being introduced into military



circles in England. It is said to be almost as rapid as polo. The ball used is about 18 feet in circumference.

Egyptian Equestriennes.

Of all the queer and amusing sights in Egypt there is none funnier than the Mohammedan veiled woman riding a donkey. First of all she is enveloped in a habara, made of cotton or silk, according to her husband's wealth, that covers her from head to heels. This is nowhere bound or fastened except at the back of the waistline, with a tape or ribbon. A yasmak covers her face from the eyes downward. Her feet are encased in any sort of coarse cotton stockings, colored or white, of European make, and a pair of Turkish slippers that consist of toes and enormously high heels.

Over Cab With His Feet Tied. One of the hobbies of "The Human Kangaroo," England's champion jumper, is leaping over a hansom cab with his ankles fastened together.

Many a person prepares for a rainy day by appropriating his neighbor's umbrella.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since his infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Charles H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 79 N. MURRAY ST., N. Y. CITY.

QUEER FADS OF SMOKERS.

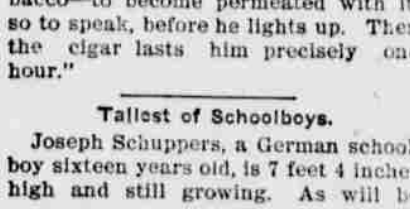
Some Men Throw a Cigar Away When Ashes Fall Off.

Men who can afford to smoke really good cigars have more fads than other men you meet in a day's walk," said a Broadway manufacturer who makes a good many cigars to order for his customers. "I know men who throw a cigar away the moment the ashes fall off. They believe the taste of it is ruined then. For such customers I make very close-rolled cigars. It disgusts these men to give one of their cigars to a friend who does not believe in retaining the ashes too long, and sees him flick it off every few seconds. "Other customers like a cigar rolled so light that the ashes float off of their own accord. They like the red fire. Many men will never relight a cigar after it has gone out. Nothing could induce them to.

"Others relight a cigar five or six times before they discard it. Needless to say they do not get the best of a good cigar. "I have one customer who has a special brand of after-dinner cigar made for him. They cost him \$1 each, net, and are of medium size. It is his invariable habit to keep the cigar between his teeth half an hour before lighting it. His guests may light up with the coffee, but he never does. He likes to inhale the fragrance of the tobacco—to become permeated with it, so to speak, before he lights up. Then the cigar lasts him precisely one hour."

Tallest of Schoolboys.

Joseph Schuppers, a German schoolboy sixteen years old, is 7 feet 4 inches high and still growing. As will be



seen from the photograph, he is nearly as tall when sitting down on a low chair as the ordinary man is standing.



The fool and his money are generally divorced without alimony.

MAGAZINE READERS

- SUNSET MAGAZINE \$1.50 a year
CAMERA CRAFT \$1.00 a year
ROAD OF A THOUSAND WONDERS \$0.75
Total . . . \$3.25
All for . . . \$1.50

The following letters remain at the Bloomsburg, Pa. postoffice: Mr. H. E. Fenlon, Harry Fox, Helen Foust, Miss Lula Hooper, Mr. Ralph Reber, To The Supt. of the Ruber Mills, Miss May Springer; Cards: Miss Edna Purcell, Mrs. Catharine Stevens.

F. E. B.

We heard a man say the other morning that the abbreviation for February—Feb.—means Freeze every body, and that man looked frozen in his ulster. It was apparent that he needed the kind of warmth that stays, the warmth that reaches from head to foot, all over the body. We could have told him from personal knowledge that Hood's Sarsaparilla gives permanent warmth, it invigorates the blood and speeds it along through artery and vein, and really fits men and women, boys and girls, to enjoy cold weather and resist the attacks of disease. It gives the right kind of warmth, stimulates and strengthens at the same time, and all its benefits are lasting. There may be a suggestion in this for you.

There is nothing more annoying to a loafer than a busy man.

The great and growing popularity of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is due both to its scientific compounding and to the actual medicinal value of its ingredients. The publication of the names of the ingredients on the wrapper of every bottle sold, gives full assurance of its non-alcoholic character and removes all objection to the use of an unknown or secret remedy. It is not a patent medicine nor a secret one either. This fact puts it in a class all by itself, bearing as it does upon every bottle wrapper the badge of Honesty, in the full list of its ingredients. Many years of active practice convinced Dr. Pierce of the value of many native roots as medicinal agents and he went to great expense, both in time and in money, to perfect his own peculiar processes for rendering them both efficient and safe for tonic, alternative and rebuilding agents.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures weak stomach, indigestion or dyspepsia, torpid liver and biliousness, ulcerations of the stomach and bowels and all catarrhal affections no matter what parts or organs may be affected with it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills, first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Much imitated but never equaled. Sugar-coated and easy to take as candy. One to three a dose.

The fool and his money are generally divorced without alimony.

MANY REQUESTS from Catarrh sufferers who use atomizers have caused us to put up Liquid Cream Balm, a new and convenient form of Ely's Cream Balm, the only remedy for Catarrh which can always be depended on. In power to allay inflammation, to cleanse the clogged air-passages, to promote free, natural breathing, the two forms of Cream Balm are alike. Liquid Cream Balm is sold by all druggists for 75 cents, including spraying tube. Mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

A Reliable Remedy Ely's Cream Balm. It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Druggists or by mail. In liquid form, 75 cents. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.