THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG.



"I am getting frightfully cynical!" Elberta said dolefully, arranging the cushions on the box coach so that the becoming red one would be nearest her face, "and I don't like it, My dislike is not founded so much upon moral grounds as from a regard for my complexion."

"Eh?" remarked Mr. Terhune, belplessly. "Your conversation, my dear Elberta, often seems involved. Your remarks are sometimes not as fucid-that is-as intelligible-as one might desire."

"Perhaps I am forsetting that the young or very feeble are fed on prepared food, John-and the rule probably applies as much to the mental as to the physical," she said with much oetulance.

"Now, my dear girl, do not fly off into a psychological discussionfor either nature defrauded me or they left out something in my coltege course-I don't know which. The only thing I want to know iswhy being cynical should affect your complexion."

"That's easily explained-it takes the sparkle out of my eyes, it draws my mouth down at the corners and cestroys my dimple-and, to cap the elimax it makes me wonder if there is a living, breathing man worth marcelling my bair for. So, when I get in a cynical mood I go round straight haired, thin lipped, with a listles expression that makes me posi tively homely."

"But my dear child," protested Mr. Terhune. "I could run in almost any time to admire the marcelled sair-and if I didn't happen to come at the psychological moment you could 'phone me at any minute and t would be delighted-dee-lightedo rush to admire-just count on me for any old time," he added gracious. 13.

"John-you are at intervalspositively foolish," she said severely, rying to select from the box in her ap a chocolate that contained a nut. "I am tired of being admired by

plata, everyday men." "Like me?" he suggested amiably. "I didn't say I was rude or impothe enough to call you names-I serely said I was cynical," she de-

aurred. "Oh-call me a plain, everyday sap, if you like," he conceded gracously-"if it makes you feel one iny bit better, to work on your cynrism on me, Lady Fair. "Is sweet o die for-er-I'm not strong in voetry, Elberta, but I'r willing to wip you out all I can. So you want he marcel to be admired by some renderful bein---Elberta, my child. ton't you think a perfect man would at his thoughts run upon-er-sciatific lines-and not undulations in -hair lines?"

"He wouldn't, I'm sure, labor unar the impression that he could take puns," she sniffed disdainfully. "Even if he didn't make puns-he ight be disagreeable in other reI can't help the size of my nose." "Of course you can't," consolingly-"nobody can blame you for it," he declared piously. "We should not blame people for-their misfortunes-we should sympathize." She looked at him for a second.

never thought I was a beauty-put

tears of mortification in her eyes. 'You are cruel," she said in muffled tones from the depth of the red pillow where she buried her face.

Mr. Terhune without her eyes upon him, permitted a look of satisfaction to creep over his face.

"Wouldn't it be awful to live in the same house with a man so perfect himself that he never noticed your eyes or hair-who perhaps has so perfect a nose that he would make disagreeable comparison of your own-er-features?" he suggested wickedly.

A slight sob from the red cushion. and an unhappy tapping on the floor by the small slippered foot nearest him, was the only response.

"Wouldn't you rather have awell, just a plain, everyday man, who thought you altogether charming ?" He dared to put his hand on the mass of fluffy hair that showed off well on the red cushion. He had never been so daring before and the sobs stopped in amazement.

"He-he might like Miss Deland's type, too. I haven't a profile like hers," came the muffled tones,

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Terhune, with a fine show of scorn: "she is always so exactly the same that she would soon grow monotonous," and he deftly lifted the bowed head to his shoulder.

"You dear," said the plain, everyday man, enthusiastically, "there's not in the whole world, a more charming feature."-Troy Allison, in Philadelphia Bulletin.

Never Mind the "But-."

Two girls had paused for a moment at a street corner and were talking of a friend.

"Lizzie is kind and generous," said one, "and so energetic, too, if only she were a little more careful-"

"But she isn't," interposed the other cheerily. "So we must take her as we find her and piece out the shortcomings, whatever they are, with out long goings. I suppose none of us quite fill the measure of what other people consider desirable, and probably Lizzie says of me, 'Elenor is warm-hearted and well-meaning, and so careful, if only she was a little more'- something that I am not! I used to worry a good deal because I could not make my friends over into what I though they ought to be, but I am learning to take them as they are and fill up their deficiencies with all love's might."

A laugh rippled through the words and still showed in her eyes as she turned down the street. But the hearer felt somehow her words were true, and the world was brighter and sweeter for the presence of a girl like this.

Drawing Strings for Corsets.

To vary the monotony a bit there are women's clubs whose object is not that of social entertaining, music or bridge. Neither are they educational or charitable of turn, and no philanthropic questions are ever discussed or prayed for. A corset club is one of these, says the New York Press. It appears that many poor young women in London pay sixpence a week each into a club, and when five shillings has been subscribed a pair of corsets is purchased and lots are drawn to decide who shall possess them. The existence of this club came to light a short time ago when one of its members took a dispute concerning her ownership of a particular pair of corsets to court.



More Numerous There Than in Any Other Part of the World. BATHING IS DANGEROUS

Difficulty of Taking Soundings According to the Old Tar-Experience of an Officer Who Indulged in a Swim in the Protected Bathing Pen-Steam Whistle Tackle.

Havana is wont to boast proudly that her Nez de Tiburones-the big peol in the rocks under Morro Castle where they used to drop the bodies of the executed prisoners through a chute-is the sharklest spot in the world, and there are numerous other points in the tropics which lay claim to the same distinction; but Magdalena Bay is the only true and original fount of sharkdom.

I heard an old tar on one of the armored cruisers, says a correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, telling some visitors that the man eaters were so thick around the bow of his ship when she steamed into the bay that they couldn't heave the lead through them to take soundings.

The morning plunge overside regularly enjoyed by the officers and men in many of the tropical ports is quite out of the question in the pay. There is, to be sure, no record of any one in the bay having been attacked by a shark in these waters, a fact not so remarkable when it is also learned that there is no record of anyone having exposed himself. The closest call perhaps was that of a well known Lieutenant Commander who took a dive into the bathing pen at the same time that this small enclosure was occupied by a 14 foot man eater.

The bathing pen is a 30 by 30 railed in space on the shore of the bay that was built with the octensible purpose not of keeping sharks in but of keeping them out. An unusually high spring tide, however, flooded the top rail to a depth of a couple of feet or more, and during the period of submergence the big shark in some manner nosed his way in and was left captive when the water subsided.

The commander in question sprang from the rocks and disappeared under the cool water in a long, deep, comfortable looking dive. An instant later the pen was a vortex of white foam, in the midst of which whirled the white shoulders of the commander, and through which cut with lightning slashes the black dorsal and tail fins of the big shark. The frightened swimmer reached the outer palings at the end of a half dozen overhand strokes, clambered over the barrier, tumbled into the water beyond, and wide eved with terror, started lunging right off toward the open sea.

When he was finally recalled to the bank it was to declare that the pen was literally lined with sharks, and not even after the ubiquitous man eater was hauled out on the beach could he be made to believe that the score or more of its fellows which he imagined he had long plunged had not escaped. The sharks of the bay take almost any kind of bait, and it is rarely that a warship is at anchor without from one to half a dozen lines dungling over its stern. Watching a shark line is a tedious business, but is strictly necessary in order for the fisherman to know when the wonster is hooked, as his frantic rushes if allowed to go unchecked are pretty sure to cause some part of the line leader or even some of his own anatomy, to give way and result in his escape. To this end the officers and sailors have hit on an ingenious plan. instead of taking in their lines when the dinner gong sounds or when for any other reason they are on duty elsewhere they run a stout pece of marlin twine from the shark line up to the steam whistle leaving it for the man cater himself to announce the event of his being hooked by sounding a toot. It is regrettable to state that the inventor of the clever expedient a surgeon on a torpedo boat, came near to losing his position as a result of his first experimental trial of this time saving contrivance. This came about as a result of his lack of judgment in running the main line, instead of the comparatively light twine now employed for that connection, up to the whistle. The latter gave forth a brave toot in response to the jerk of the husky man eater at the other end of the line, but the blast was in the naelectric power station using producer | ture of a swan song. An instant later, with a parting shriek of agony, the whole of the whistle mechanism was wrenched fror: the after funnel and, carrying a string of hammocks and the binnacle stand along with it vanished overboard, spinning like a taffrail log in the wake of the flying shark.

THE CAPTAIN'S EMANCIPATION.

Old Sea Dog's Quaint Way of Getting Freedom Again.

Old Captain Thurston, a retired sailing-master, made his home with two nieces. Sarah, the older one, devoted herself to her Uncle John, and it was a source of sorrow to her that he did not seem to care as much for her as he did for her gay and carcless sister. Sarah felt that Lois did not watch her uncle as faithfully as she should, when on rare occasions she left them together.

"You let him do anything he wishes," she complained one day, when she came home and found the old man working in the garden. "You ought to know that Uncle John should not be outdoors this raw weather. I suppose you let him eat everything he wished, too. 1 am very particular about his diet."

I thought while you were away I'd let him manage his own affairs for once. I think it's better for him occasionally to risk eating something. that disagrees with him, or to catch cold now and then, than to be under continual supervision. It wears on him, I am sure."

Lois, and I wouldn't wonder a bit if he's down sick after to-day's indiscretions," sighed Sarah; and in her fear that he might be, she kept a sharper eye than usual upon the captain that evening.

What, another cup of tea at supper-time! No, indeed, Uncle John, it would keep you awake," she said. when he sent back his cup, and she insisted upon his eating a bowl of gruel, although it was well known that he detested what he termed the

"Don't sit in that straight chair, uncle." she objected, as they gathered round the fire in the evening. "We bought that deep rocker purposely for you. I dislike to see you read by lamplight, for your eyes are not strong and you must favor

obediently changed his chair and removed his glasses with a sigh. Just then a messenger at the outer door called first to return, held up a warning zine on his knee, slowly wiping his spectacles in a meditative manner.

Lois smiled at Sarah, but Sarah was too much overcome to respond.

The following strange announcement apeared in the New York Times the other day:

stration purposes on old English k, star chamber pattern. Wou

A LITTLE STUDY IN TIPS.

Young Men Going Courting the Barber's Best Customer.

"More from young men before they are married than after," said the communicative barber, talking about tips, "and most from young men who are going courting. This doesn't mean, you understand, that slugle young men are more generous with tips than married men are, but simply that they come in oftener when single, and so leave more money.

"A young unmarried man who is going courting, goes to see his best girl two or three times a week, or very likely oftener, and of course he must always go spick and span and clean shaven. Now very probably this young man shaves himself and does this commonly after he gets home at the end of the day before he goes out in the evening.

"But now suppose he should be detained at the store or the office so that he wouldn't have time to shave at home before going out for it wouldn't do for him to be late where he is going. He knows how the work is running and whether he is going to be detained at that or not, and if he finds that he is going to be, why then he snabs out in the course of the day when things let up a little. time enough to run into the barber's and get shaved before he goes home. Or for that matter it may be that he is going out with his girl that evening and so wouldn't have tried to shave after he got home even if he got there at his regular time.

"So the young man who commonly would have shaved himself may. when he is going courting, run in to the barber's to get shaved two or three times a week, and of course he leaves a tip every time, but after he's married he doesn't come in so often. Not that he takes any less care of himself then, is less careful about his appearance, but then he is going to his hown home, where it is permitted to him to shave at such hour as may be most convenlent to him.

"Of course, whether single or married a man can't cut his own hair, and so the man married, still comes in regularly to get his hair cut, but not nearly so often as before to get shaved, and so it is from the young unmarried man, and this when he is going courting, that we get the most tips."

The Airship of 1709.

In the days of dirigible balloons, airships and aeroplanes, the following account of an airship taken from an Evening Post for Dec. 22, 1709, is of interest:

'Father Bartholomew Laurent says that he has found out an invention by the help of which one may more speedily travel through the air than any other way, either by land or sea, so that one may go 200 miles in twenty-four hours."

The airship which was to accomplish this astonishing feat had at the top "sails wherewith the air is to be divided, which turn as they are directed." There was a rudder to direct the vessel's course, and the body was "formed at both ends scallop-wise. In the cavity of each is a pair of bellows, which must be blown when there is no wind."

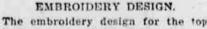
FOR THE TRINKETS

PRETTY BOX ORNAMENTED WITH EMBROIDERY.

Linen with Wadded Silk or Sateen, Receptacle Has Proper Place on the Dressing Table in the Boudoir.

Any light wooden or very firm card-board box may be used for the foundation; it should be carefully lined with wadded silk or sateen, the edges of which may be drawn on to the outside and fixed by mucilage. then cover the sides with silk, or if preferred, art linen might be used.





is shown, the little spray being repeated at each corner. Cut the lik for covering the top to fit it, allowing half an inch to turn over to the inside; work the design shown with ribbon and sequins, the stalks being in cording stitch with embroidery silk. When the work is finished. fron it on the wrong side over a thick froning blanket. Put a thin layer of wadding over the lid, then stretch



TRINKET BOX ORNAMENTED WITH EMBROIDERY.

the embroidered silk over it, fixing the edges on inside of lid with mucilage, a pretty silk or tinsel galloon or gimp finishes the edge. To line the lid, cut stiff paper on thin card a trifle smaller than lid, cover with a thin layer of wadding, then with silk or linen, fix this lining inside the lid by mucilage.

When Entertaining.

In giving a series of luncheons or dinners there is always a temptation to have the same dishes and to pick out those which the cook can prepare particularly well. I think this is the universal experience of the givers of small dinners. Now it happened to me to be invited several times to the same courses, and I was reminded of the children's verse, "Same old soup, same old fish; same old sauce in the same old dish." In order to avoid this with my own guests, I have a little book in which I write down the names of the persons entertained, with the dates and the menus in full. Whenever anyone is to be invited, I look this over carefully to see that I am not culinarily repeating myself for the benefit of the same persons. It serves another purpose as well for a comparison of the lists of dishes which have been possible of accomplishment in my household is useful in suggesting new arrangements of the same old

"Yes, I know you are, Sarah, and

"I know he is grateful for my care,

"sticky mess."

them.' Captain Thurston the sisters from the room. Lois, the finger for silence when Sarah came. The captain was sitting in the straight chair with an open maga-

'Hang it," he was saying, "I don't ike to be bossed fore and aft! I'm thankful to steer my own course for

a minute.' and with scarlet face she left the room. Lois stepped forward behind the captain, and putting her arms round his neck, said, as he started guiltily:

"Don't move, you dear rebel. You sit just where you are and do just what you wish. I don't believe you're going to be bossed any more."

This is the Strangest Want Ad.

WANTED .- MAN FOR DEMON-

rects." suggested Mr. Terhune, opefully. "His very perfections. y dear girl, would make him clear shted enough to see the imperfecons of others. Now I think you re perfect,-but he would probably ot take you at all on account of our imperfections."

"Indeed? Would you enumerate em?" The tone struck Mr. Terine as being slightly icy, but-hower foolish-he evidently was not scking in bravery.

"If you will, for once let me asme that I, even I, am a perfect an, perhaps I can give you a few the ideas he might entertain." "Pray do-it cannot fail to be in-

resting." freezingly.

"That reminds me. I met Miss Dend on the street this afternoon. id I never in my life saw so perfect profile. She is the exact type that ould make a suitable mate for your rfect man. And I think she has e daintiest little none I ever saw." miniscently.

Elberta reddened slightly. She d always wondered if her nose re not a triffe large, and her finrs unconsciously flew to her face be passed furtively over the suseted member

"And she always makes herself so tirely charming-she doesn't seen be moody-one could not imagine r ever being-er-rude. She is ideal feminine character, a pertly womanly woman-she would e her husband fust the proper ount of adoration to stimulate 1 to success-she wouldnt expect · perfect man to waste time in adring a mere woman-a frail, imsive, whimsical woman. The pert man, my dear, would probablyleast, possibly-be the centre of raction himself. I can imagine t his wife would occupy the suporate position of second fiiddle." ilberta sat quietly stroking her e with her finger, evidently deepabsorbed in thought.

'John-do you think my nose is y large?" she asked timidly, alst humbly.

'Oh, I have seen a few larger.' lared Mr. Terhune airly. t is hard to have one's sensitive at so negligently handled-and girl looked at him in grieved prise. "I had no idea you were a, disagreeably critical-of course)

What is Kaolin?

The name kaolin is said to be derived from a hill near King-tih-Chin. in China called Kaoling, where the clay was first found in considerable quantity. The kaolin earth was first sent to Europe by a Jesuit missionary of King-tih-Chin about 1795. A similar clay was soon afterward found near Schneeberg, Germany, and used in the manufacture of porcelain, thus laying the foundation of the famous Dresden ware. Kaolin is found in Nebraska and some of the Eastern States.

Sulphate of Ammonia.

The consumption of sulphate of ammonia is estimated at 40,000 metric tons per annum, of which about 5,000 tons are produced in Spain. this production onanates chiefly from the gas works in various parts of the country, and in Madrid there is also the production of the Sociedad de Gasificacion Industrial-an gas engines-the maximum capacity of which is calculated at 1,500 tons.

Greatness.

There is a kind of elevation which does not depend on fortune. It is a certain air which distinguishes us, and seems to destine us for great things; it is a price which we imperceptibly set on ourselves. By this quality we usurp the deferrence of other men; and it puts us in general, more above them than birth, dignity, or even merit itself .- La Rochefoucauld.

Another Hero.

A suicide left a letter stating that his wife had talked him to death. Here was a hero who did not believe in divorce .--- New York Herald.

Doughnuts are Different.

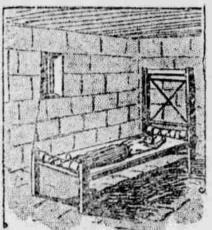
In the genuine old-fashioned doughnut the grandmothers used to make there was no hole. It was as solid as a baseball. Many moderns. however, call "fried cakes' or crullers doughnuts, and evidently don't know the difference.

What Will He Do?

A hobo has fallen heir to \$50,000. Which form of "vapid idleness" will he choose-that of his own class or of the "gilded youth?"

have to be slightly stretched to show how rack works. Man should be short, to start with.

The announcement has to date gone without answer, because apparently, the Englishman is sufficiently conversant with the history of inquisition tortures to prefer to allow the demonstration of old English racks to be made entirely by legend. The rack was an implement of torture in the days of star chamber inquisitions. From the term it-



An Old English Rack.

self comes the modern phrase, "star chamber session." referred to a closely secretive meeting. The rack was an implement something in the shape of a bed. The victim's feet were securely strapped to one end, and his arms attached to a revolving roll at the nead. Slowly the crank was then operated, stretching the victim bit by bit, until the desired confession or admission was wrung from the bed of torture.

Trades of an India Town. "When I was last in India," said a traveler, "they were taking the census. The returns were most remarkable.

"In the Alahabad census thirtyfive citizens described themselves as 'men who rob by threats of violence.' There were 226 'flatterers for gain.' There were twenty-five 'hereditary thieves.' There were twenty-nine 'howlers at funerals.' There ware 145 'car cleaners.' There were soventy-six makers of crowns for idols. There were twenty-five 'hereditary painters of horses with spots.' There were nine 'professional false witnesses.' "

Two lodestones, some large amber beads, and various other items, all had some mysterious part to play in this attempt to traverse the air. This is perhaps the most extraor-

dinary of all flying machines on record .--- London answers.

Facing the Enemy.

Two veterans of the civil war were in the habit of "jollying" each other in regard to a lack of valor on the field of battle.

"Why," said the one, at the very first engagement, when the order was given to retreat, you were so scared that you threw down your arms and ran for dear life."

"Nonsense," replied the other. That was the time I got the three flesh wounds in the chest. If I'd been running away as you claim. I would have been shot in the back." 'Oh, no, you wouldn't" retarned his friend. "The reason you got shot in the chest was because you took to the river and were trying to

Mourning Cane.

get away in a rowboat."

"When I was in Rome recently," says a New Yorker, "I saw an accessory of dress that I never saw anywhere else. It was a walking stick. an ebony stick, simply and beautifully fashioned and with a plain gun metal band near the handle.

"It was intended to go with mourning wear. There was a dull finish to the ebony that made the stick a fitting accompaniment to other trappings of woe, but the cane itself could be carried without any suggestion of being in mourning,

"In fact I never have seen anybody carry his mourning to the extent of a cane, and I imagine that most men would not care for it for that purpose."

Why?

Is one always chilled to the marrow?

- is an explorer always intrepid? Is a swoop always a fell swoop?
- Is a statesman always eminent? Is a bargain always extra special?
- Is drapery always clinging?
- Is a ruffian always burly?
- Is sweetness always cloying?
- Is one always within an inch of
- death? Why not two inches?

And why, why, why, is a conclusion always foregone .--- Chicago Journal

No More Rice at Weddings,

things.

them.

Paper slippers and rose petals ard taking the place of rice at fashionable weldings in Europe. The silver slippers-to replace the old shoes -are about half an inch long, and are made of silver paper cut in the shape of dainty slippers. The rose petals-to replace the rice-are the real thing-thousands of petals stripped by hand from pink roses. The slippers and rose petals are heaped is great bowls in the hall. When the bride and bride-groom emerge, instead of being cannonaded with course rice and old shoes, a pink and silver cloud of rose petals and little shining slippers enveloped

To Save Stooping.

A pair of diminutive sawhorses on which to elevate a trunk whea packing, is of the greatest help in relieving the strain on one's back, and makes a very acceptable part of the guest-room's appointments.

To Sprinkle Clothes.

By turning the garden hose to a fine spray, and using it to dampen clothes while they are yet on the line, saves once handling them, as they can be taken down and rolled or folded up, ready for the iron.

To Repair a Torn Page.

Quite the neatest way to repair a torn page in a book is to paste over the leaf a piece of waxed paper found in , candy boxes. The print shows through perfectly and the page is nearly as strong as new.