

## A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my Fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy Future give  
Color and form to mine,  
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
A shadow of regret:  
Is there one link within the Past  
That holds thy spirit yet?  
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,  
Untouch'd, unshar'd by mine?  
If so, at any pain or cost, oh tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel  
Within thy inmost soul,  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole—  
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine can not fulfill?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still?  
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid  
The demon-spirit Change,  
Shedding a passing glory still  
On all things new and strange?  
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day  
And answer to my claim,  
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—  
Not thou—had been to blame?  
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer not. I dare not hear,  
The words would come too late;  
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,  
So comfort thee, my Fate—  
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I would risk it all!  
—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

## The Drowned Bedroom.

By RENE BACHE.

The feelings with which I accepted Worthington's invitation were strangely mingled. He had declared himself unalterably my enemy, for no other reason than that I had won the woman he wanted to marry. She was absent from my side, at the sick bed of her father, and, being made aware of the situation, he asked me to come and spend a week at his house. He suggested that the visit might make the enforced absence of my wife more endurable, and the tone of his letter in a general way seemed to indicate that he desired to renew the friendship which had formerly existed between us.

Considering the fact that not more than six months had elapsed since he vowed toward me such bitter enmity, I was surprised at the cordiality of the communication. My intimacy with Worthington before my marriage had been close and I had formed the notion that he was a person singularly tenacious of an idea once formed—in a word, that he would cling like death to a decision, whether wrong or right. That he would ever forgive me for the "injury" I had done him in marrying the girl he wanted—used that term at the time, I remember—I did not imagine. But I had always liked him exceedingly, up to the period of our rivalry, and it was a matter of course that I should be glad to "make it up" with him. Indeed, it was owing chiefly to this desire on my part that I decided to visit him at his country house, which he called in humor the Moated Grange, perhaps because there was neither farm nor ditch connected with the estate.

The absurdity of the name was accentuated by the extremely modern aspect of the dwelling, which was constructed in accordance with Worthington's own peculiar notions. It was of very moderate size, but provided with every possible end-of-the-century improvement. Domestic architecture, indeed, was always a fad of his, and I well remember that as a schoolboy he used to make plans on his slate for the house he was going to build when he grew to be a man. Another notion of his was that he would have two small silver bars of appropriate shape and size to cool his tea—a beverage of which he was inordinately fond. That metal having a property of absorbing heat, he would use the bars alternately in his cup at meals. I may mention that the first thing I noticed on sitting down at table with him, immediately after my arrival at the Moated Grange, was two such silver bars which he used for his tea. He was a man who seldom, if ever, relinquished an idea.

There was something about his manner that struck me as odd. While cordial, it seemed to me a bit forced, though maybe the notion was imaginary on my part, inasmuch as I was feeling out of sorts myself. He was decidedly gay at dinner, talked more than was his wont, while I contented myself with listening, and he drank a little more than was good for him. When he showed me to my bedroom—I chose to retire early, being wearied by my railway journey—he had some joking remarks to make about the peculiarities of the apartment, which was entered oddly enough by a flight of six steps leading down from the landing. That is to say, on crossing the threshold, one descended these six steps to the floor of the chamber. I thought it a strange mode of architectural construction, but having had long experience of Worthington's eccentricities, it did not occur to me to wonder, knowing that he had built the house on his own plans. He had only finished it within a couple of months, by the way, and he told me that I was the first person to occupy it.

"You will find it very comfortable," he said, chuckling to himself as if over some jocular idea of his own which he did not see fit to com-

me that there was nothing to be accomplished.

It was now, for the first time, that a suggestion of foul play came into my mind. The idea struck me like a thunderbolt; it was indeed the only conceivable explanation of the situation. Worthington, who had sworn eternal enmity toward me, had not forgotten his vow. I was at the mercy of a madman. Pretending to repent his hostility he had invited me to his house for the purpose of destroying me by a method frightful in its originality. He might easily have murdered me in some other way, but, having resolved upon the deed, it was characteristic of him to select a method wholly novel and hitherto unthought of. I was to die by drowning, and as slowly as possible. How well I understood now the significance of that chuckle of his as he had left me a few hours earlier. "Built after a whim of my own," he had said, speaking of the bedroom assigned to my occupancy. Why, it was into a trap, constructed expressly to capture myself, that I had fallen. Half mad with fear and rage, I made my way to the steps again, the water up to my waist, and, trembling with cold, climbed out upon the top step. Then beating the panels with my fists, I yelled and screamed in my despair, alternately cursing my treacherous host and calling upon him to have mercy and spare my life.

I suppose this must have continued for five minutes or so, though it seemed hours to me, when I thought I heard a noise outside the door and listened. It was a man's footstep, and as it approached I recognized it as Worthington's.

"What's the matter, old man?" he said. "Got a nightmare?"

"Have mercy, Worthington," I cried. "For God's sake, have mercy!"

"It's a nightmare, sure enough, I heard him mutter. "He's walking in his sleep."

"Open the door!" I wailed.

"How can I open it?" he replied. "The catch is on the inside, just above the knob. Press it back with your thumb."

With trembling fingers I obeyed him; the door, released by the spring catch—one of Worthington's freaks of ingenuity—flew open, and I fell outward, half fainting. He caught me in his arms.

"Why, what's the matter?" he began, when, as he gazed down into the brilliantly lighted room, an expression of the utmost astonishment came over his face. Then he began to swear with much elaborateness and emphasis.

The situation began in some measure to dawn upon me, as he ran back to his own room and, returning with a pocket flask, poured half of its contents down my throat. The fiery stuff nearly choked me.

"You didn't mean to murder me, then?" I said, as soon as I could regain my breath.

"Murder you!" he echoed. "Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" I thought he would have a fit with laughing. Then he began to apologize with the utmost humbleness, saying that he could never make adequate amends for the unfortunate accident that had occurred. He still feared that I might have pneumonia in consequence of the exposure to which I had been subjected. After wrapping me in warm blankets, putting my feet in a tub of hot water, and making me swallow the rest of the flask, he explained in a few words what had happened.

"In putting up this house," he said, "my notion was to build it around a bathroom. That was my bathroom which you occupied to-night. I have two or three other tubs for winter use, but for summer I wanted a tank that my guests and I could swim in. In winter, according to my idea, it was to be converted into a bedroom, thus providing an extra chamber for guests. To shut off the water, carpet the floor and put in the necessary furniture was simple enough. I confess that I thought it rather a clever notion. You will have noticed the walls are tiled, and you will now understand the peculiar construction of the apartment, the steps leading down into it, and the height of the windows. The arrangements are such that the water cannot rise higher than five feet, so that you could not have been drowned, though you would certainly have been frozen to death had your cries for help not awakened me. I can never forgive myself for the misfortune that has occurred. In some way, which I will find out about in the morning, the valve shutting off the water must have opened, flooding the room. There is only one thing I cannot understand, and that is why you should have jumped to the conclusion that I had designs upon your life."

"You swore everlasting enmity, you know, Dick," I said, weakly.

He laughed long and loud like his old self. "I meant it, too," he replied. "But changed circumstances have caused me to forgive the outrage you committed in cutting me out with a certain young lady. I am now engaged to be married to Miss Evelyn Goldthwaite, whom I believe you know."

"I do, indeed, Dick," I said. "She is a charming girl, and I wish you all the happiness you deserve."

That is all of the story. I suffered nothing from my extraordinary adventure beyond a bed cold in the head. It is hardly worth mentioning, but I may as well explain that the curious flickering light which I saw on the ceiling on that memorable night was merely a moonbeam that entered through the upper part of one of the window shutters and was reflected by the water.—Good Literature.



## GOOD ROADS

**Basis For Comparison.**

In its efforts to form a sound basis for comparison of the condition of public roads, and for calculating progress made in improvement of these means of communication, the Office of Public Roads, at Washington, has been collecting data to show what was, in the year 1904, the exact extent and condition, the character and the cost of the highways of the several States. In its issue for January the Good Roads Magazine gave a summary of the results of this inquiry, so far as they had been learned at that time. Additional reports on the subject have since been issued, including the following:

In 1904, California had 46,653 miles of public roads, of which 5843.5 miles were surfaced with gravel, 418.5 miles with stone, and 2541.5 had been oiled, making in all 8803.5 miles of improved roads, or 18.8 per cent., of all her roads. It appears that there was 0.29 mile of road per square mile of area, 1 mile of such road for every 31 inhabitants, and 1 mile of improved road for every 168 inhabitants in that State.

Appropriations are made from time to time by the Legislature to build State roads in mountain regions, all the cost thereof being paid by the State. Convicts in the prison at Folsom are employed in breaking stone. The crushed rock is sold for use in concrete work and on the public roads. The price f. o. b. at Folsom is thirty to forty cents per ton. The cost of operating the crushing plant for the year 1904 and preparing 54,552 tons of the material was \$15,654.95.

New Jersey had 14,842 miles of public roads in the year 1904. Of these roads 481 miles were surfaced with gravel, 1901 miles were macadam, and 40 miles were covered with shells, making a total of 2422 miles of improved road, or sixteen per cent. of all the roads in the State. There were in New Jersey 1.97 mile of road per square mile of territory, 1 mile of road for every 127 inhabitants, and for every 777 inhabitants there was 1 mile of improved road.

On these roads the State spent \$250,000 in the year named, the total expended on them that year having been \$3,024,811.25. This includes \$891,831.48 for repairing, maintenance and construction of bridges.

In the year 1904 Oklahoma had 43,554 miles of public roads, or 1.1 mile of such road per square mile of territory, which equaled 1 mile for every 9 inhabitants. No improved road was reported, but 298 miles were described as impassable.

The territory seems to have spent \$774,775.59 on her roads in the year mentioned, or \$17.79 per mile of road, which outlay was equal to \$1.94 per inhabitant.

Utah had 7090 miles of public roads in 1904. Of these 597 miles were surfaced with gravel and 11 miles with stone, making a total of 608 miles of improved roads. This was 8.5 per cent. of her road mileage, 0.086 mile per square mile of area, 1 mile of such road for every 39 inhabitants, or 1 mile of improved road to every 455 inhabitants.—Good Roads Magazine.

## KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

**FIGHT IN CHURCH**

Clergyman Takes Hand in Fray Following Communion in Philadelphia Church.

A genuine and general free-for-all rough and tumble fight, participated in by the rector, the Rev. E. G. Knight, vestrymen and members of the congregation, was the unusual climax of morning services at Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal church, Marlborough street and Girard avenue, Philadelphia. The rector was much shaken up as the result of a personal mixup with George Shegog, the leader of the faction actively opposed to him. No one was seriously injured, but several of the participants counted bruised heads, numerous lacerations and badly torn clothing as souvenirs. The congregation had participated in communion only a few minutes before the fight.

The Emmanuel church has been faction-torn for some time and the rector is under \$1,000 bail upon the technical charge of having embezzled last year's Easter collection. Last Monday two sets of vestrymen were chosen at the election, one favorable to the rector and the other to his opponents.

**AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS**

Pennsylvania University Leads in Increase of Students.

The board of trustees of the University of Pennsylvania held its annual meeting on the 11th at the office of Gov. Stuart, ex-officio president of the board. Provost Harrison reported that there were nearly 4,000 students of whom 3,000 come from Pennsylvania, and nearly 400 members of the teaching body. The growth of the university the past five years has exceeded in percentage of increase and in absolute numbers that of any other university in the United States. It is estimated that \$2,500,000 will be required to meet the necessary expenses the next two fiscal years. The tuition fees received amount to little more than one-third of the expense account of the institution. The university has only a small amount of income from invested funds.

**Legislative Notes.**

The following bills passed finally:

Authorizing the appointment by County Commissioners of three assessors in each legislative district in counties having a population of not less than one hundred and ninety thousand nor more than five hundred thousand.

Providing for the abolishing of railroad crossings at grade over streets, roads and highways within cities, boroughs and townships of the first class and for the payment of the costs and expenses incurred in making the changes.

Regulating rates and charges for carrying freight and passengers by narrow gauge railroads.

Regulating the public service of stallions and to require their registration.

Authorizing County Commissioners to rebuild bridges on sites owned by corporations or by private persons or built by public subscriptions over a stream or river forming a boundary line between two counties where the bridges have been destroyed, and to direct and approve such sales.

Providing for the appointment of a guardian for insane persons, feeble-minded persons and epileptics unable to care for their own property; authorizing the guardian to support the wife and children of such persons bearing the duties of the guardian and authorizing the sale of real estate of the ward.

Making the fraudulent procuring of a party's own signature forgery.

Regulating the sale of wheat, rye, corn, buckwheat, bran and middling.

Appropriating \$180,000 to State College to complete the agricultural building and to pay deficiencies in maintenance.

**Little Girl Bleeds to Death.**

After her right ear and part of her right cheek had been cut off by a scythe, Mary, the 9-year-old daughter of J. N. Williams, a farmer living near Addison, died to death before medical aid could reach her. The girl attempted to remove the scythe from the bough of a tree, and it fell, striking her in the face.

**Civil Service Examinations.**

Civil Service examinations for clerks and carriers will be held at Vandergrift, Punxsutawney and Johnstown on April 20 to 21 vacancies in the postoffices at these places.

The nominations of J. M. Swearingen, Thomas D. Carnahan and Joseph Cohen to be judges of the newly created Common Pleas Court of Allegheny County, were reported from committee and confirmed by the Senate.

Camden Foreman, 30 years old, was arraigned at East Brady, charged with attempting to wreck a fast passenger train running from Buffalo to Pittsburgh on the Buffalo & Allegheny. He denies his guilt.

As the result of slippery rails, a collision occurred on the Sharon & West Middlesex street railroad line at South Sharon. Motorman William Fouts had both legs broken and several passengers were cut by glass.

**Guard's Rifle Practice Season.**

General orders were issued from the headquarters of the National Guard of Pennsylvania today announcing that the current season for rifle practice will open May 1 and close October 31, next.

Norristown—The eleventh section of the State Hospital for the Insane was completely destroyed tonight, entailing a loss estimated at \$50,000. The building was occupied by 230 feeble-minded persons. The attendants succeeded in getting all of the occupants out safely.

## A SOCIAL LEADER OF KANSAS CITY

Attributes Her Excellent Health to Peruna.

**MRS. W. H. SIMMONS.**

MRS. W. H. SIMMONS, 1119 E. 8th St., Kansas City, Mo., member of the National Annuity Association, writes:

"My health was excellent, until about a year ago, when I had a complete collapse from overdoing socially, not getting the proper rest, and too many late suppers. My stomach was in a dreadful condition, and my nerves all unstrung."

"I was advised by a friend to try Peruna, and eventually I bought a bottle. I took it and then another, and kept using it for three months."

"At the end of that time my health was restored, my nerves no longer troubled me, and I felt myself once more able to assume my social position. I certainly feel that Peruna is deserving of praise."

There are many reasons why society women break down, why their nervous systems fail, why they have systemic or pelvic catarrh. Indeed, they are especially liable to these ailments. No wonder they require the protection of Peruna. It is their shield and safeguard.

**An Indian Race Legend.**

A new-State paper says that the Seminole Indians believed that when the Great Spirit created this world He made three men, all fair of skin. He led them to a lake and bade them jump in. The first obeyed and came out whiter than when he entered the waters; the second hesitated, going into the lake when the water was a trifle muddy, hence came out copper colored; the third leaped in last and came out black. According to the legend, the Great Spirit then led them to three bundles, asking each to choose one. The black man chose the heaviest, which was found to contain spades, hoes and other implements used in the performance of manual labor; the second found in his sack a fishing rod, a gun and warlike weapons; the white man chose the sack which contained pen, ink and paper, and this, so the story goes, laid the foundation for his superiority over other races.—Kansas City Journal.

**How Lion Is Henpecked.**

"Should some of the strenuous ladies of the United States happen to visit the New York Zoo," said the animal painter, "they would be encouraged in their contempt of man. The lion is often lauded as the creature of pre-eminent courage. But in domestic life he isn't a circumstance compared with the lioness. When she smiles, he humbly approaches and fawns upon her. When she frowns, he lingers trembling in the corner. And if perchance she emits a growl he crouches close to the floor until her majesty may feel in better humor. No, indeed. Many human husbands may feel that their wives are inclined to domineer. But of complete subservience of male to female the king of beasts is the most striking example."—New York Press.

**ROMANTIC DEVONSHIRE**

The Land Made Famous by Philpotts' Novels.

Philpotts has made us familiar with romantic Devonshire, in his fascinating novels, "The River," "Children of the Mist," etc. The characters are very human; the people there drink coffee with the same results as elsewhere. A writer at Rock House, Orchard Hill, Bideford, North Devon, states:

"For 30 years I drank coffee for breakfast and dinner but some 5 years ago I found that it was producing indigestion and heart-burn, and was making me restless at night. These symptoms were followed by brain fog and a sluggish mental condition."

"When I realized this, I made up my mind that to quit drinking coffee and having rec'd of Postum, I concluded to try it. I had it carefully made, according to directions, and found to my agreeable surprise at the end of a week, that I no longer suffered from either indigestion, heart-burn, or brain fog, and that I could drink it at night and secure restful and refreshing sleep."

"Since that time we have entirely discontinued the use of the old kind of coffee, growing fonder and fonder of Postum as time goes on. My digestive organs certainly do their work much better now than before, a result due to Postum Food Coffee, I am satisfied."

"As a table beverage we find (for all the members of my family use it) that when properly made it is most refreshing and agreeable, of delicious flavour and aroma. Vigilance is, however, necessary to secure this, for unless the servants are watched they are likely to neglect the thorough boiling which it must have in order to extract the goodness from the cereal." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."