

## AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Betty's Idea and the Result of the Experiment.

By SUSIE B. WIGHT.

"Now, Tom, dear," said little Mrs. Ellis, handing him a cup of coffee, "I have something serious to say to you."

"Yes?" Mr. Ellis' tone was notably absentminded. He was looking at the alluring curve of her soft white arm. She had the cunningest way of giving her big sleeves a twitch to keep them out of the way as she passed anything at table, and this morning the sleeve was a great silken one embroidered with Japanese iris. However, for her own good her husband had not told her all her attractions for him. Not knowing his train of thought, she observed only the preoccupation in his tone. This confirmed her in the wisdom of her determination, but it also gave her a queer little disposition to let down the corners of her mouth.

"Well, it is only this, Tom," she proceeded, her eyes studiously avoiding his. Preoccupation in his tone was bad enough; to recognize it in his eyes would be intolerable. "You see, we have been staying so closely together since the wedding, now three whole months. Aren't you just a little afraid we are overdoing the devoted? When I see so many married couples who are just as happy away from each other, or more so, I dread the time"—Her lip quivered, but this time Mr. Ellis was giving his attention to the smooth whiteness of her neck. He did not answer, and in a moment she went on in a steeper voice, "You remember the 'ounce of prevention,' dear?"

"Worth a pound of medicine, isn't it?" he replied frantically, and when she proceeded gravely her voice had shaded down to actual wistfulness.

"For fear, Tom, that our happiness should lose some of its tone in such constant association as ours I have been thinking that maybe it would be better not to see each other quite so often. I couldn't bear to see that you were growing tired of me."

"Her infinite variety," he began to quote, but she interrupted him with a lift of the kimono-clad arm that set his thoughts adrift again. "We must consider the subject seriously, dear," she said softly and plaintively. "Suppose we plan deliberately to keep new to each other by taking some of our pleasures away from each other."

"Goodness, Betty!" he exclaimed. "I thought we married in order to enjoy ourselves together."

"We did, but see how people get after a few years! The Thomases, now, for instance—how different they are! And yet I am old enough to remember that they were perfectly self-ish together at first. There are the Ripleys too. They are congenial and apparently the best of friends, but Mrs. Ripley doesn't seem to mind at all that her husband spends the greater part of his time away from her. It is only that I dread such a phase in our life."

He looked at her in surprise. Who would have thought her capable of such serious consideration of a life problem, this pretty creature of sunshine and smiles? Just then a thought popped into his mind. Suppose she were already getting tired—just a little bored with him. It would be like her to contrive some tactful way of telling him. And then Betty had been a belle; there had been a score of fellows dancing attendance upon her, even up to the very day of the wedding. Perhaps she was feeling dull, and no wonder, with such a poor stick as he as her only companion, even if she did love him as she professed. He pondered a few moments, making a great sacrifice, while trivially engaged in sipping his fragrant breakfast coffee. When he spoke his tone was cheerful.

"Well, Betty, darling," he remarked, "that had not occurred to me until you spoke, but you are right. There is danger of overdoing the devoted, and we mustn't get tired of each other—we just must not! I have not been to the club—not since the wedding. I will go there to dinner this evening, and you must accept one of your numerous invitations. You have Dolly to go with you, and I will send a carriage to be at your disposal for the evening."

"Yes," acquiesced Betty in a small voice, keeping her eyes upon her plate. She had not expected her ideas to be adopted with so little protest, and it was not cheering to find herself so correct in her forethought.

He looked at her sharply for a moment, then came over to her side of the table and kissed her goodby most affectionately. She longed to tell him that it would seem like a month for him to be gone until late that evening before she should see him again, but no—if he was already feeling the pull of the silken chain that bound them together she must not let him know that she was aware of it. She sprang merrily up, went with him to the door, chattering about this and that, as though her every thought was not of the evening that was going to be so lonely without him. When he turned back at the corner for a last look the wave of her small hand was positively hilarious.

The day crept by. At first her impulse was to remain quietly at home for the evening, but he was going to the club, and she must not be behind him in carrying out the plan.

She accepted Mrs. Ripley's invita-

tion to hear Nordica with her. In the afternoon she dressed and went to a tea, wasted some hours over a visit to her dressmaker, and when evening finally came she arrayed herself for the sacrifice. It was no fun at all to fluff out her golden hair when there was no one there but Dolly to remark upon the effect, and then Dolly was painfully matter of fact. She would wear the violet silk with the yellow lace cascades, even if there was nobody there to tell her it was the prettiest dress that ever a pretty woman wore. It was a sort of solemn satisfaction to be making herself lovely without the encouragement of an admirer sitting over in that big chair, his knee over the arm and a cigar in his mouth, but at the mental picture she smothered an irrelevant sob. Dolly looked at her acutely.

"I—believe I am about to take cold," faltered the little mistress mendaciously. "My throat feels so queer."

When she entered the box and threw her great white cloak in a luxurious heap in the chair behind her Mrs. Ripley glanced over her with a look of decided approval.

"You were never prettier, Betty," she whispered, "and then it is so sensible of you not to be foolish about having Tom Ellis dangling after you everywhere you go."

"That is what we agreed only this morning," said Betty in a burst of confidence, and then she grew suddenly silent.

Her eyes, sweeping the crowded house, had fallen upon Tom Ellis in a group of men down near the footlights. As the moments went on she began to feel aggrieved that he did not even glance toward the Ripley box, although she surely had known of the invitation. She was glad when the music began, because her throat still had that queer feeling, and her lips wanted to tremble. Nordica's superb presence and her singing failed for the first time to absorb Betty's attention. She would not look again at that group down near the stage, but she could not keep from seeing them in her mind's eye. She was glad there were others in the box who felt like talking. She did not want Mrs. Ripley to regard her too closely after the drop of the curtain. The hum of conversation began in a moment, and she half turned toward those near her, seeming to listen, although she heard not a word. Still she would not look below her.

"Boo!" came a frivolous exclamation at her shoulder, and she started violently. The rich blood surged into her face. She did not need to see whose hand was resting on her arm.

"Why, Betty Ellis," cried one gay voice, "you don't mean to tell me you are actually blushing over Tom, you ancient married woman, you! The blushes are for the buds."

"Then they are for Betty," said Tom gallantly. "What rosebud ever looked sweeter than she does this minute?"

"Tom!" she remonstrated, and he laughed and sat down beside her.

When the others were absorbed in themselves again he whispered to her: "Forgive me, Betty, if I bored you by coming. I just couldn't help it. I had forgotten all about the Ripley invitation until I saw you in the box. I came along just to be doing something."

"Don't," she begged, and the eyes that were lifted to his were full of tears. He covered her hand a moment with his and waited; then, when she had slyly wiped the moisture from her lids and had swallowed that troublesome lump, she whispered: "I was just mistaken after all. I don't believe in preventive measures like this. We are not tired yet. Let's just wait until we are."

"Done, Betty!" he agreed rapturously. "You are so sensible."

"Sensible!" interrupted Mrs. Ripley, turning quickly at the word, which had drifted to her ears. "Isn't she so."

## Bronze Bust Shows Carnegie In Rector of University Robes



Copyright by J. Massey Rhind.

ANDREW CARNEGIE in bronze—that is, J. Massey Rhind, the well known New York sculptor, has modeled the ironmaster in clay and replicas have been cast in bronze. Mr. Rhind had a number of sittings before the bust was completed, and when it was finished the result was highly pleasing to Mr. Carnegie and his friends. They called it a perfect likeness, and the cut printed above shows that it possesses much character. Mr. Carnegie is shown in the robes of the lord rector of St. Andrews university, Scotland, he being the first American who ever held that honored office. Admirers of Mr. Carnegie have bought copies of the bust and have presented them to libraries which have been given to schools and municipalities by the philanthropist. The bust is preferred by many to a painting as being at the same time more lifelike and more enduring.

Tom, while ago to... ably so."

The two accepted the unmerited praise unblushingly and looked at each other with a happy laugh.

### Charms of a Soldier's Life.

The inducements England once held out to suitable men to join the ranks of the light dragoons, as given in the following passage taken from the London Times of Sept. 25, 1861, were certainly strong. Those willing to join are informed that they "will be mounted on the finest horses in the world, with superb clothing and the richest accoutrements. Your pay and privileges are equal to 2 guineas a week. You are everywhere respected. Your society is courted. You are admired by the fair, which, together with the chance of getting switched to a buxom widow or brushing with a rich heiress, renders the situation truly enviable and desirable. Young men out of employment or otherwise uncomfortable, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' Nick it and instantly apply to the above."

### Long Lived Dancers.

Louis XIV., who granted L'Academie de Danse de Paris its charter, strongly advocated dancing, for he considered it an aid to develop dexterity and deportment and adapt men for a warlike career. It would be somewhat exacting today to require recruits to take dancing lessons, but dancing seems to produce longevity, judging from the long life enjoyed by many of the aristocracy of the profession.

Vestris lived to be eighty, his son reached the age of 102, and one of his cousins attained ninety years. Pettipa, who died in 1898, reached eighty years, and a brother passed away at St. Petersburg wanting five years of his century, while the brother of Louis Merante, who was well known at the opera, died in 1902 at Rouen, having reached the age of 102.

### Sweetness That Never Palls.

During a sleepless night the vizier Mujjeduddin Kumija dispatched his slave, Bedruddin Ejas, to bring him sweets. The slave procured a copper kettle heaped with many kinds of fruits and sweets, and Mujjeduddin began to eat.

"You relish them, my master?" asked the slave.

The vizier shrugged his shoulders. "These fruits are sweet—for the moment," he said, "but show me a fruit the sweetness of which will endure even unto the judgment day."

"Such fruits there are, my master," cried the slave and hastened toward the Mesched Husa, where he awoke the starving orphans in the house of Allwin and led them forth into the room of his master. Overjoyed, the famished children devoured the fruits.

"Look, oh, my master," said the slave, "Here you see fruits the sweetness of which endures unto the judgment day."

### Utter Waste.

"We all sigh for something unattainable."

"That's right. My wife has never been able to find any good use for the burned matches."—Washington Herald.

### The Way of the World.

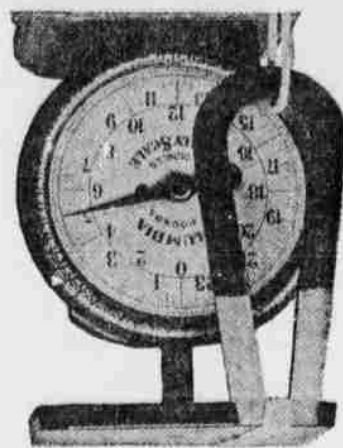
"Isn't it awful? According to the papers, there just seems to be one revolution after another."

"Yes. That's the way the world goes round."—Judge.

It is the peculiarity of a fool to be quick in seeing the faults of others while he is blind to his own.

## For the Children

Demonstration of the Pulling Power of a Small Magnet.



Replying to the question from one of its readers, "Why does a magnet pull?" the editor of St. Nicholas says:

No one knows just why or how a magnet pulls. As with electricity, we know only the result of the power and some methods of its use.

However, your inquiry suggested the question of how much a small magnet can pull. To test this I tied the armature to the "platform" of an ordinary weighing scale for family use. Then I tied a strong cord to the loop of the magnet, put the cord through a hook screwed to the table and pulled. When I was not trying to take a photograph I could pull it down to five and three-quarter pounds, and there it broke away. For an exposure of ten seconds I could not hold it steadily enough at a point much beyond that shown in the accompanying illustration.

Try it. You will be surprised to see how many pounds merely a little toy magnet can pull.

If one had a series of weights each not much over five pounds, what a grand total the little "horseshoe" could lift in a series of repeated efforts, each effort being at its limit of power!

### A Pueblo Dance.

The fleeka or arrow dance is picturesque as practiced by the Pueblo Indians in Arizona. One of the braves is led before his friends, who are drawn up in two ranks. Here he is placed on one knee, bow and arrow in his hand, when the Mallinchi, a handsomely attired young girl, commences the dance. From her right wrist hangs the skin of a silver gray fox, and bells that jangle with every motion are fastened to the end of her embroidered scarf.

At first the maiden dances along the line in front, by her movements describing the warpath. Slowly, steadily, she pursues; then suddenly her step quickens as she comes in sight of her enemy. The brave follows her with his eye and by the motion of his head implies that she is right. She dances faster and faster, then suddenly seizes the arrow from him and by frantic gestures makes it plain that the fight has begun in earnest. She points with the arrow, shows how it wings its course, how the scap was taken and her tribe victorious. As she concludes her dance she returns the arrow to the brave. Firearms are discharged, and the whole party wends its way to the public square to make room for other parties, who keep up the dance until dark.—Chicago News.

### Riddlemeere.

Why is a coward like a leaky barrel? They both run.

What is that which never asks questions, yet requires many answers? The doorbell.

What is that which goes up the hill and down the hill and yet stands still? The road.

What ship is it that no woman objects to embark in? Courtship.

What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water? A sponge.

### A Piece of Candy.

Who says candy is not good to eat? Mrs. Sarah Bush, who lives in Kirkwood, Pa., likes candy, and she often gets some to eat. She bought some a week or so ago and ate part of it. She began on another piece, and her teeth crunched on something hard. A piece of nutshell? Oh, no; it was not a piece of nutshell. It was a diamond, that's all, and it looked as if it might have come from a ring worn by the person that made the candy.

### The Cattail.

The cattail of the American swamp is almost exactly the same plant as the Egyptian papyrus. It is no longer used for making paper as it once was, but from its root is prepared an astringent medicine, and its stems are used for the manufacture of mats, chair bottoms and the like.

### The Toy Soldier.

I've heard of many soldiers Who after they had fought In two or three hard battles Have won renown. There ought to be some decoration Or medal, I should think, For one who's fought so often. The field was black with ink One day—I was disgraced For life! 'Twas Marathon That time. I've been at Sumter. I fought there, on and on! At Fort Ticonderoga I lost a leg—An arm At Bunker Hill was taken. In Lexington's alarm My gun was smashed to pieces, And yet I fought next day At Gettysburg, Gibraltar, Bull Run and Monterey. I'd like a little medal—I think it should be gold—For in the ranks of soldiers Was never one more bold —Youth's Companion.

Mixed Emotions. A Bostonian tells of a clean, well set up young Irishman who formerly saw service in the British navy, but who is now engaged in business at the Hub. "When are you going to get freedom in Ireland, John?" the Bostonian once idly asked.

"The only way that we'll get freedom in our Ireland," said the Celt, "will be if France an' Russia an' Germany an' Austria an' Italy—if they would all join together to give those blackguards of English a rare old batin'. That's the only way, sir, we'll get home rule."

Then as he looked cautiously about a twinkle of cunning was added to his expression. "An' the whole lot of 'em together couldn't do it, sir. Oh, it's the grand way we've got!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

### The Talmud.

The Talmud is the compendium of ancient Jewish oral, or unwritten, law, as distinguished from the Pentateuch, or written, law. Its origin is coeval with the return of the Jewish people from the Babylonian captivity, 536 B. C. Its compilation in Hebrew was begun by the scribes, and by their successors the work was carried on till 220 B. C. The Talmud is a combination of prose and poetry and contains two elements, legal and legendary. Its morality resembles that of the New Testament, and its philosophy reminds us very forcibly of that of the great Plato.—New York American.

Wild Hog Invades Missouri. For seven months a wild hog has destroyed much corn on a farm two miles south of Caruthersville. This wily beast eluded the pursuit of many hunters, hiding in inaccessible thickets. Sheriff Franklin and F. F. Cunningham routed him out with a pack of hounds, and the former brought him down with a steel bullet from his automatic rifle. The hog weighed 565 pounds, and is estimated to have been eight years old.—Caruthersville correspondence St. Louis Republic.

### Qualifying As a Juror.

"Are you here to qualify as a juror in this case?" inquired the judge. "I be."

"Are you a citizen of the state and county?" "I be."

"Are you competent to weigh carefully and judicially the arguments, deductions and evidence that may be presented?" "I be."

"Don't keep saying you 'be!' Say you 'are!'" "I are."

### Blown By Proxy.

"Does he blow his own horn?" "No, he has a chauffeur."

### Dead and Buried.

The man who is dead in love is usually buried in thought.

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