

# SUPPLEMENT TO THE COLUMBIAN.

BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, '81.

A little girl who was much petted said: "I like sitting on gentlemen's knees better than on ladies'; don't you, ma?"

"Brown do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed Brown opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't." "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better half is stubbornness itself." "That's not bad. Ha, ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "Mrs. Brown," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered, "I suppose because you were born one."

500 overcoats to select from at Lowenberg's.

"Sweet sixteen" must take a back seat, as the Americans say. The aesthetes declare that the quite too-too age of quivering sensibility and sudden sympathy is two-and-twenty. It is impossible, they say, to be "utterly-utter," before that age.

For a nobby suit go to Lowenberg's.

"Yes, gentlemen, certainly, of course," said a polite clothier, "if you want a pair of pants, step right up to my pantry, if a vest, walk right into my vestry; and if a coat—here, Jacob, show this gentleman into the coterie. This way gentlemen, this way."

For a new style hat go to Lowenberg's.

One of the young men belonging to a choir had his hair cut by a generous barber, Saturday. Sunday he sang for a solo, "Cover my defenceless head," and blushed like a lobster while doing it.

Seal skin caps at Lowenberg's.

"Jane," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire, we might have some heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years either.

Fur collars at Lowenberg's.

The minister was telling the story of Mary Magdalene to the children, and when he had finished, he wished to ascertain if they had been listening attentively, so he asked: "Now, children, what did Mary have?" Billy Green yelled out, "Mary had a little lamb," and the minister told old Green, and when Billy got home he had one, too.

Pretty suits for boys at Lowenberg's.

They had been engaged for a long time, and one evening were reading the paper together. "Look! love," he exclaimed, "only thirty dollars for a splendid suit of clothes!" "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he answered; "it's a business suit!" "Well, I meant business," she replied.

And he bought a new suit at Lowenberg's.

A sentimental editor says: "It is comforting to know that one eye watches fondly for our coming, and looks brighter when we come." A contemporary is grieved to learn that his "brother of the quill has a wife with one eye."

Suits made up in city style at Lowenberg's.

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**THE OLD RELIABLE CLOTHING STORE**  
OF  
**DAVID LOWENBERG.**

## A HOT RIDE.

A Schenectady man's experience while coasting in a scoop shovel, making the fastest time on record, is thus related:

Not many evenings ago, a well known resident of this city, accompanied by his wife and a steel scoop shovel, was journeying down town from Page Hill, when, upon arriving at the summit of the Hamilton street hill—which was a glare of ice from summit to foot—the man jokingly remarked to the lady that "it wouldn't be a bad idea to ride in the shovel."

"You couldn't," said the woman. "Pshaw!" Yes I could, I could go," and to illustrate he straddled the handle, which he grasped with both hands, and carefully seated himself in the shovel. Then raising his feet he showed how he could "steer" himself, and said "I could go just as easy as anything."

"Why, so you could," acquiesced his wife, and then giving him a sudden shove, she added: "and there you go."

Hamilton street hill is the steepest, the ice and "slipperiest" of all Schenectady hills, and the way the scoop shovel took that man down was a sight to behold.

The famous lightning express trains were slow pokes in comparison to that scoop shovel.

So fast did it travel that in less than two seconds time both shovel and man had disappeared from view of the wife. But a second later she was startled by seeing what appeared to be a ball of fire rushing at a lightning speed toward the foot of the hill, and although considerably frightened, the woman managed to descend the hill and instituted a search for her husband.

She found the shovel, which lay apparently exhausted in a small puddle of melted snow.

A short distance further she discovered her poor husband seated in a snow-bank, and groaning terribly. Even in the darkness she noted the expression of agony upon his face.

"Maria," he murmured, "my Sunday pants are ruined."

Not another word was spoken, but when the shovel had become sufficiently cool, they started for home carefully selecting the darker sides of the least frequented streets.

The man went directly to bed and his toes were turned toward the springs.

The shovel has recovered, but the man still stands up during meal time.

The latest style of neck-wear always on hand at Lowenberg's.

A doctor recently restored the speech of a woman who had been dumb for seven years, and the last seen of him he was sitting on a rail fence picking the buckshot out of his head, while the infuriated husband was hustling toward home to reload his gun.

Pretty overcoats  
for children  
at Lowenberg's.

He had given his daughter a new opera hat, and she called him par-excellence.

A young mother in Cincinnati was giving to her son, aged 5 years, a touching description of the misery into which the prodigal son had fallen. "Far away from home and his kind father, obliged to take care of swine with nothing to eat but the husks of corn left by them." "Then why didn't he eat the pigs?" was the practical reply of the young Porkopolitan.

Fine Underwear at Lowenberg's.