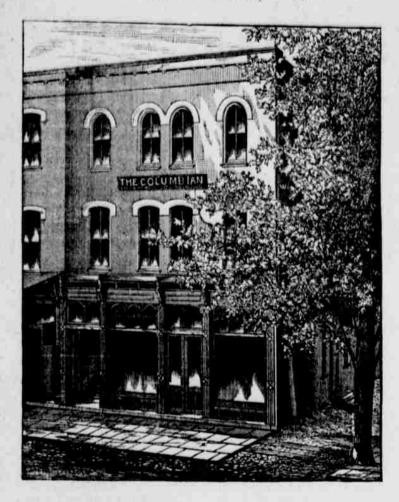
THE COLUMBIAN BUILDING.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.



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Entrance through J. G. Wells' Jewelry Store.

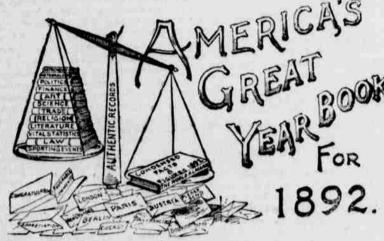
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ELI PERKINS'S NEW BOOK

IT IS A LIVELY ONE AND IS NAMED "THIRTY YEARS OF WIT."

A Few Quotations From It-The Popular Humorist Says That He Has Been Telling Good and Bad Stories for 30 Years and More.

The ever young Eli Perkins informs the public that he has been for 30 years telling and hearing good stories, and in his new volume, "Thirty Years of Wit" he gives the best of those that he has heard and of those that he has told.

"When I asked Bill Arp one day if he really killed many Yankees," says Mr. Perkins, he said: "'Well, I don't want to boast about my-

self, but I killed as many of them as they did of me."

"Mr. David Welcher tells me," says Eli Perkins, "that Mark Twain, when in a good humor, told him the story of his courtship, and how he won his beautiful and wealthy wife. She was a Miss Lang-don, of Elmira. When Mark first met her he was not so distinguished as now; his origin was humble, and for some years of his life he had been a pilot on the Mississippi River. The future Mrs. Clemens was a woman of position and fortune; her father a judge, and doubtless expected 'family' and social importance in his son in law. Clemens, how-ever, became interested in his daughter, and after a while proposed but was re-

"'Well,' he said to the lady, 'I didn't much believe you'd have me, but I thought I'd try.'

"After a while he 'tried' again, with the same result, and then remarked, with his celebrated drawl, 'I think a great deal more of you than if you'd said "Yes," but it's hard to bear.' A third time he met with better fortune, and then came to the most difficult part of his task-to address the old gentleman.

"'Judge,' he said to the dignified mil lionaire, 'have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?

"'What? what?' exclaimed the judge, rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtless getging a glimpee of it from the inquiry.

"'Have you seen anything going on be-tween Miss Lizzie and me?"

"'No, indeed,' replied the magnate sternly. 'No, sir, I have not.'
"'Well, look sharp and you will,' said the author of 'Innocents Abroad,' and that's the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand."

Eli Perkins asked the Rev. "Sam" "'Do they ever answer back to you

from the audience when you talk so savagely?'
"'Yes, often. Every now and then a

burnt sinner will squeal. Sometimes they get a good joke on me too. One day, in St. Louis,' continued the preacher, laughing, 'an awful funny thing hap-pened. I had been attacking the gamblers and drunkards for an hour, and 1

said a drunkard was lower than a dog. "'Just then a shabby, blear eyed man arose tremblingly and started to leave

""Stop! young man," I said. "Stop!" "The young man stood still, with a thousand eyes on him.

""If you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach just go on!"
""Well," replied the man, after a

use, "I believe I'd rather." And out "I was talking one day," says Eli Per-

kins, "with Mr. Depew about demand and supply. I said the price of any commodity is always controlled by the demand and supply. "'Not always, Eli,' said Mr. Depew;

'demand and supply don't always govern prices. Business tact sometimes governs

"'When,' I asked, 'did an instance ever occur when the price did not depend on demand and supply?

"'Well.' said Mr. Depew, 'the other day I stepped up to a German butcher, and out of curiosity asked: "" What's the price of sausages?"

""Dwenty cents a bound," he said. "" You asked 25 this morning," I re-

plied.
""Ya, dot vas ven I had some. Now I ain't got none I sells him for dwenty cends. Dot makes me a repudation for selling cheab und I don'd lose noddings.

"'You see,' said Depew, laughing, "I didn't want any sausage, and the man didn't have any; no demand or supply, and still the price of sausage went down.

After telling us no end of funny stories Eli Perkins says: "Any one can write humor who will sit down and write the honest truth. There is no imagination in humor, while wit is all imagination."

"I have known a kind of half sad humor, " said Eli Perkins, " where two earnest people misconstrue each other's thoughts. I once heard of a dialogue between a sweet, dear old clergyman in Arkansas and an illiterate parishioner,

which illustrates this idea. Your children have all turned out well, I reckon,' said the clergy man, as he sat down to dinner with the parishioner he had not seen in church for several

"Well, yes, all but Bill, poor feller. "'Drunk licker, I reckon, said the cler-

gyman sorrowfully. "Oh, no; never drunk no licker, but hain't amounted to nothin'. Bill was de-

ceived, an' it raint him.' "Love affair? Married out of the church, maybe?

"'Yes, an' a mighty bad love affair.'

"She deceived him, ch?"

"Terribly! Terribly!" "Rained his spiritual life and he mar-

ried a scoffer? "Oh, no, she married him; married him? I guess she did."

"'But, confidentially, what was the cause of your son's grief and ruin? "Well, you see, Brother Munson, she was a widder, and let on she was well off, but she wa'n't. W'y, she wa'n't able to get Bill a decent suit o' clothes the week airter they wuz married. Poor Bill has gone ragged ever since the weddin'. Poor boy, he's lost all confidence in wim-men, Bill has."

GAMBLING IN LIVES.

PECULIAR METHODS OF INSURANCE IN ENGLAND.

Miserable Wrecks of Humanity Whose Death Is Made a Source of Profit. Tricks of a Knavish Trade Some

times the Camblers Get Disappointed. The Pall Mail Budget, of London, statthat the revelations made in the course of an action against an insuranse com pany at the present Manchester assizehave forced into the public notice as hideons a traffic in human life as ever disgraced a civilized country. Gambling in lives has in many Lancashire towns, but chiefly in Blackburn, long been a lucra-

tive occupation.

The insurance companies are hoodwinked and defrauded, and the miserable victims of conspiracy are, by means not actually criminal, shuffled out of life, Husbands insure their wives, wives their husbands, children their parents. Any one who is believed to be "within measurable distance" of the grave is fair game for the speculator. He scans his neighbor as a valuer scans a

houseful of furniture. Let but the symptoms of consumption or any other fatal disease appear, and he makes instructing advances to secure a policy on the doomed one's life. Of course his victims are as a rule selected from the very dregs of humanity-the drunken, diseased, and feeble-who for the sake of prospective drinks readily sign the "bit o' paper," and thenceforward have the path to the grave smoothed and facilitated by the creatures who fat-

The case heard at the Manchester assizes differs in no essential respect from a hundred others. The victim in that case was a wretched old hostler, or hanger on, of a public house. He had not a copper in the world to call his own; but he had something much more valuable to others; he had unequivocal symptoms of speedy decease. Forthwith he was honored with the anxious attentions of the harpies. Glowing reports were made to the insurance companies of his prospects of reaching a patriarchal age; and in the end the poor old fellow, trembling on the brink of eternity, bore the burden of 20 policies with a total value of £1,700. Happily, one of the insurance companies had the courage to fight the conspiracy by disputing the claim, and were victorious. Indeed, the barrister engaged for the plaintiff, when he saw the sort of case he was put up to champion, honor-

ably threw up his brief.

This case is but a type of hundreds of others which have made life assurance a term of evil import in the north of England. In Blackburn a common loiterer about the market place is insured in various companies for £9,000. He is aware of the fact that death will materially increase his commercial value, but so long as his income of a few shillings is supplemented by fees for signing insurance papers "he does not care how long the thing goes on." This poor wretch is respectably connected, and once held a decent position in society, but a life of dissipation has brought him into the web of the insurance speculator, whence he will never escape, save in a coffin. In another case a man who spends a large portion of his time in the workhouse is insured for £3,880, and in a third a hawker of bags of coal, who, living, is worth hardly the clothes upon his back, will as a corpse be valued at £1,900.

Many of the mirerable beings thus traded upon are totally unconscious of the enormous sums which are involved when they "sign a bit o' paper" for a "friend" and a drink. In one instance, a poor sickly weaver, who is insured in one office alone for £1,000, when asked whether he knew the amount of his insurance replied. "Well, nobbut a few pounds. 20 or 30, happen." He admitted that he had never paid the premiums, and that he did not know the person who had acted as referee. Further investigation showed that the policy had been effected by an intermediary, who, in consideration of a portion of the commission, had served to conceal the identity of the insurer.

Gambling in lives, like gambling in stocks or on the turf, not infrequently involves loss to the gambler. Some of the wrecks of humanity who are the special objects of the solicitude of the speculator display a most unexpected tenacity to their thread of life. With one foot in the grave, they yet manage to keep the other out for an unconscionable time. Even the constant supply of neat brandy with which their patrons indulge them with the view of assisting them speedily to a better world is often ineffectual. Nay, it seems only to increase the vitality of the remaining leg. One typical case will

suffice as an instance. A certain feeble and apparently moribund old fellow has been the subject of very particular attention from the speculating fraternity, who have insured him wholesale. His signature to policies has been eagerly sought after, and he has revelled in unlimited supplies of spirits for years. He has, however, proved himself an uncommonly tough morsel for his patrons. Racked by cough, afflicted with rheumatism, he yet "lags superfluous on the stage," and not a few policies on his life have been allowed to lapse. One speculator alone has paid more than £10 above what he will recerve when the hardy old fellow's final ad-um is ut, red.

Doubtless the wonder will be that these consideres against the insurance compaties are possible. The system, however, is very simple. The speculators are in league with the more nescrapaious insurance agents, from whom they receive a portion of the commission the companies allow on new policies. They not as the areat's touts, and after taking an inventory of the victim's prospens of a reasonably early death, induce him or her so be insured. This done, the rest is easy, for with the agent cooperating with him the speculator has little difficulty in hoodwinking the company and palming upon it a life which, were the true facts made known, would be accepted on no conditions whatever.

It's a mistake to suppose that the social lion is the king of beasts.



my friend?

Whoop La (the Pawnee)-Not much! Last tract said "and Lo, he was cast out "-Judge.

Here's the Chance.

If Europe is in danger Of starving since her rye And other grains are failing. To save her we will try. Let her seek Uncle Samuel and find his Sunday vest, resemoney in his pocket And we will do the rest. -Philadelphia Press

An Old Bachelor's Excuse.

"You were never married, I believe?" "No, I was never married." "That's a little singular, isn't it?"

"No, not at all. You see, the first time I fell in love I said to myself, 'I'll marry her or none."

"Why didn't you marry her, then?" "Well, you see, after I had become better acquainted with her I said to myself, 'I'll marry none rather than her.' Since that I've got along very well with none. "-Texas Siftings.

Oh, when will my heart find a cure for the

That Cupid has left with his mischievous dart?
For my pretty typewritter has said she will be
A simple amanueusister to me.

Tempus Pugit. Marvin (somewhat absentminded)-Why, Spatts, you don't seem a day older than when I saw you last. Spatts-Perhaps not. You saw me this

morning. Marvin-Did I? How time flies, to be sure.-Puck.

Rather Careless. Polly-So you are really and truly engaged-how did it come about? Patsy-Well, papa said he didn't care, mamma said she didn't care, Jack said he

didn't care, and I'm sure I didn't care, so we became engaged.-



"What are you crying about, my little

"Jimmy O'Brien licked me first, an' then father licked me for letting Jimmy lick me, an' then Jimmy licked me again for telling father, an' now I suppose I shall catch it again from father. "-Life.

He owned a gun—in it he blew—
The gun went off, and he did, too.
—Judge. Brief but Expressive.

Joy Among the Germs. First Tubercular Bacillus-I see by the

papers that a new germicide has been discovered. Second Tubercular Bacillus-Good

enough! I hope it will be as nutritious as Dr. Koch's.-Epoch.

Why Not? Elderly but Well Preserved Widow (in

business)-This is an employment agency, Manager-It is, ma'am. What can I do for you?

I want a bright, active, capable young man for a typewriter.—Chicago Tribune.

Beyond His Power.

A man may delve with muscle or brain; May struggle for power or strive for gain; May climb to the pinnacled heights of renown; Or, by trouble o'erwhelmed, he forever cast

May dress himself the lord of creation, Society's belowed, the strength of the nation; But there's one thing for certain a weman can That's beyond his skill-bite a thread in two!

A New Industry. "Jones put his parrot in the cage with his owl the other day." "What was the re-ult?"

"He got enough feathers for a new featherbed."-Judge,

"Let's go into this restaurant and get something to eat." "But I'm not hangry." "That's no matter; you will be before you get anything,"-

Time to Grow an Appetite.

They All Do It. She painted thin a mounted case, Said be, "how very nice!" And stored it in the attic, where It makes a home for mice.

-Cloak Review. No Turning Back. Teacher-For what was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of sait? Dicky Boy-For keeps,-Puck.

A PRIZE ESSAY.

A Small Boy Discusses a Great Sub-

The Deckertown (N. J.) Independent, in awarding prizes for the best essay on "The Local Newspaper," gives the fol-lowing, whose author is a young school boy of Newton, Addison P. Rosenkrans. It is certainly a meritorious production, and would do credit to a college man:

The first English newspaper was published in London, in 1922, and the first one in this country was issued at Boston, in 1600.

Now their number is antold, and their power is as great as the territories in which they cir-

culate.
Wherever civilization exists their influence But we are to write particularly of the local

iowspaper. It educates society. Man is a social being. o one lives alone. All are bound together by ties of interest and

A knowledge of the actions of a community makes each citizen a vital force of society. This can only be supplied by the local news-paper, which not only gives events occurring that affect the interest and character of the community, but it receives and gives informa-tion from all portions of the world, relating what others are thinking and doing in social, business, educational, political and religious

It molds public opinion, which sweeps like a flood everything that obstructs its pathway, and is found in the feelings and reason of men who are guisted and governed by a true knowl-

edge of public issues. It secures good government by publishing and criticising the official acts of those holding positions of public trust.

It gives warning by exposing the follies, vices and wrongdoing of persons as so many beacon lights to turn others from the rocks on which

they have been shipwrecked.

It makes history by recording the achievements of the past and local current events of

ments of the past and local current events of every kind, and preserving them in durable form for the benefit of posterity.

It is useful to business. It studies the condi-tion of all classes, and states accurately every occurrence and every sign which affects trade. Producers and dealers through its advertis-ing columns find purchasers for their goods, and consumers learn where to get what they wish.

wish.

It aids and elevates the poor. Its trifling cost puts it within reach of all, and it brings to those who cannot get daily papers and periodicals, on account of their expense, a knowledge of public affairs and provides them with reading matter both interesting and instructive. It teaches moral principles.

By its constant warfare against crime, ignorance and oppression, and its advocacy of truth, virtue and intelligence, it is the chief agent is the improvement of public mosals and in the advancement of the people in virtuous knowledge.

It Is Indispensable.

In olden times newspapers were considered valuable to readers only for their uews, and advertisements were mere incidental surplusage, inserted by mer-chants as a sort of charity to help fill up the paper, and rarely attracted attention. Today the newspaper is indispensable, not only to the merchant but to the shoppers of the family as the universally

accepted medium of attracting business. Advertisements are no longer the reg-ulation musty affairs they used to be. They are among the most artistic and attractive features of the popular news-paper, and the frugal housewife scans the fresh business announcements of each day or week as carefully as the dealer or speculator scans the produce or money market. Those business houses who patronize the newspapers are the ones who secure the bulk of trade. The carefully edited, compact, fresh, complete, cheap and neatly printed newspa per is the popular favorite, and the only channel through which the public can be reached, either for business or senti-

The Local Newspaper.

The public have little appreciation of the value of well conducted local newspapers. Their offices of beneficence to the community are so common that they are unnoted, but none the less no town or city can advance without its newspapers are in the forefront of advancement. They are the life of the community. They must lead in every effort to invite capital, enlarge industries and enthuse the people in the use of

their advantages. The local newspaper is the one newspaper that should command the patronage of the community. If only one journal can be taken in a family it should be the one published at home. There is now little excuse for any person of ordinary intelligence not taking a city daily with the local newspapers, since the best can be had for a nominal cost: but there should ever be the heartiest accord and sympathy between the local newspaper and the community.—Philadelphia

Readers Should Discriminate. And so Mr. - doesn't like some of the things he reads in this newspaper? Neither do we. But he is at liberty to pick out what he doesn't like and leave the rest for some one who is less fastidious. Does he know what they call the man who sat down at a first class hotel dinner, and beginning at the first item on the bill of fare tried to eat every dish mentioned thereon? This newspaper presents a varied bill of fare every week, but there is no law compelling you to devour every portion of it. Just put side what you don't relish and say nothng about it. And don't swear at the slitor. It's both wicked and foolish .-

Buy a Hen.

Too poor to take a home paper. Well, hat is a distressful condition. Buy a ben, feed her on crumbs and was a from the kitchen and the will lay east enough to pay for a year's subscription: then work her up in a pot pie and she will pay first cost, so the paper will be clear profit. Repeat this process year after year and you will see how easy it is to pay for your home paper, -Ligonier Lenler.

The sovice of The Leader would be excellent if it was not for the fact that nine out of ten who don't take a paper don't know how to set the hen. - Walkerton Independent.

He Found Their Consciences.

"Our next issue," wrote the cliter of a contemporary, "will be exceedingly interesting, as it will contain the names of all our delinquent subscribers," But when the time came to send out the next issue it was discovered that there were no delinquent subscribers. They had all paid up! Such is the power of the