THE REASON.

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing,
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
That's the very thing I heard her say,
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way,
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
Now I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

So if the boys can whistle and do it well,
Why can't girls—will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father, and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I;
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,
"They will make you whistle enough some day."

CONTAINED IN HORACE.

One evening, not many years ago, George Wilson made his way through one of the streets of New Haven.

His full name, as it appeared in the catalogue of the university, was George Ellis Wilson, of Smithville, Pa. He had just eaten supper, and hurried across the busy streets and down this little lane till he came to a dimly lighted, second-hand bookstore. After pausing at the threshold long enough to shake the snow from his coat, he entered.

The air of the room had the musty odor peculiar to old books, and the little old man who kept the store seemed to have absorbed some of the musty learning of his shop, such a scholarly stoop did he have and so dusty were his clothes.

An effort had been made to sort some of the books, and over several shelves was hung the label "Religious," and over some others "Greek and Latin," while in the extreme corner were "Translations."

Wilson eyed these last suspiciously, for he had "boned" his way through preparatory school, and he had made up his mind not to "horse" through college.

Turning to the Latin books, he looked them through till he came to a copy of Horace, somewhat the worse for wear, but still serviceable. Wilson glanced over the pages of the Horace and decided that it would answer his purpose, paid the old man thirty-five cents, put the book in his pocket, and went out into the street.

The next morning he got up late, and in his hurry to get to breakfast put on the coat just as he had left it the night before. At chapel, however, during the long prayer, while the president was imploring "blessings for the heathen in all lands," under which head Wilson would have little thought himself included, he pulled out the Horace and looked at the fly-leaf.

There were two of the initials of the former owner, W. B., and his class, '55. The last name had been carefully scratched out. Up in the corner there was a note, evidently written during some recitation thirty years before. "Can you tutor me an hour in trig. tomorrow?"

By the time that Wilson had observed this much the prayer was ended, and the president was walking down the middle aisle while the seniors, in accordance with a custom handed down from long ago, were making prodigious bows as he passed, and falling in unceremoniously behind him.

Pocketing the book, Wilson returned to his room, and after a few preliminaries began to get ready to study.

No one can study a book until he has thumbed it over and over and made himself familiar with it. The first thing Wilson did, therefore, was to glance over the pages of his "Horace," and see what sort of fellow its former owner was.

On the fifth page he saw something that attracted his attention. Written in a man's hand, in rather small characters, as though the writer would not have it too public, and on the inner edge of the leaf was the name "Mary."

Smiling to himself, Wilson turned on. Nothing else noteworthy appeared till he came to what was evidently a very difficult passage on the fifty-first page, for the leaf was badly worn and soiled, and written in the same hand as before were the names "Mollie" and "Mame."

Wilson turned to the first ode, and worked steadily over the dictionary for two hours. Then he started for the recitation room.

The professor was William B. Henderson, but the boys always called him Billie behind his back, and occasionally some one made a slip and called him Billie to his face.

He was very serious, seldom known to smile, and a regular "grinder." Stories were abundant about some love affair that he had while a student at Yale, and of a girl whom he had been engaged to, who left him for a wealthier man and a trip to Europe.

But stories about college professors are common, and no one pays much attention to them. No one supposed that Billie Henderson could ever have thought much of anything except Latin.

Every time that Wilson took up his Horace to study, his eye caught sight of "Mary" or "Molly" or "Mame."

One day, in looking over the notes in the back of the book, Wilson made a discovery. Down in the corner of a page in the same handwriting was "My Mary."

"I'd like to know who that fellow was, and what became of Mary," thought Wilson. "What a nice little plot for a true story! I could make out a whole love affair from these names in the book. Let's see. Something like this:

"Chapter I. Student comes to New Haven from Western home, is hazed, meets a pretty girl, name Mary something or other; tries to study Horace, ands finds himself writing 'Mary' in his book.

"Chapter II. Takes her to glee club concert, borrows money for the tickets and gets uncomfortably in debt, becomes absent minded, and begins to write 'Mollie' and 'Mame.'

"Chapter III. Scene—A beautiful parlor: Mary, beautiful and collected, seated on a sofa. Student, with one hand in coat pocket, standing by grate fire, with one hand in coat pocket, fire, with one elbow on mantel. He complains of his hard luck in Horace; is sure to flunk on exam. Mary consoles him tenderly. Student goes over to sofa, looks into Mary's dark eyes, tells her the trouble is that his Horace sings of no one but Mary, and that the rest of his fellows and the professor don't translate that way. Mary blushes beautifully. He takes her hand, and they are very happy.

"Chapter IV. The fellow goes to his room and writes 'My Mary' in his Horace, and flunks on the exam.

Suddenly another idea struck him. He turned around and started for his room. On reaching it he took a triennial catalogue and looked through to see what names in the class of '55 had the initials W. B. To his perplexity, he found several names with these initials.

"Well, if there isn't Billie Henderson's name! I never thought of it, but I suppose his name is really William," said Wilson to himself. "He could never have owned this book, though, for he must have been a regular grind."

The term was drawing to a close, when one day Professor Henderson announced to his class that they could bring their own copies of "Horace" to the class-room on the next day. They would do some reading at sight, he explained, and the class would be allowed to use what notes were to be found in their books. The next day, therefore, Wilson took his "Horace" to class.

The passage which was assigned to him was the one which the former owner had found so difficult and had sought relief for his feelings by writing "Mame" and "Mollie" on the margin of the page. Wilson, however, buckeled in manfully, and when called on translated with some fluency and sat down.

The professor looked over the top of his glasses and said, rather sternly:

"I do not understand, Mr. Wilson, how you obtain the meanings that you give to some of the words."

Wilson hesitated a moment, and then a happy thought struck him. Something that he had seen in the notes came to his mind.

"I think, professor," he said, "that my text must differ from yours."

"Ah!" said the professor. "Let me see your text."

The professor took the book and glanced over the page. His expression changed in a moment. Old memories seemed to come up, and he leaned his head on his hand and looked steadily at the book.

Finally he raised his eyes, and, handing the book to Wilson, said:

"You are quite right, Mr. Wilson."

After the recitation was over, Professor Henderson called Wilson to his desk.

"I should like, Mr. Wilson," he said, "to obtain that copy of Horace from you when you are through with it, if you have no objection to parting with it. It's an odd edition, you know," he added, in explanation, "and I—I should like to have it to compare with other texts."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Wilson, as soon as he was well away from the recitation-room. "Who would have thought it!"

And he buttoned up his coat and hurried to his room to tell the story to Johnson.

City Noises.

It's pretty hard to write in the city these wide-open-window days.

The dust you can screen off, but the sounds from the street venders strike your ear with a sickening thud.

"Strorberries!"

"Here's your fine sparrowgrass, o. ten a bunch!"

"Grass cut, lady?"

"Scissors to grind?"

"Any ol' clothes?"

Then the old man with the cart full of crockery appears, rattling two plates together like tambourines, until I am ready to shriek.

He finds mine an attractive block, for he stays around for an hour or more.

Then the hand organ appears. It is on wheels, is propelled by a man and woman, and shoots off melody like a park of musical artillery.

When they have gone, two ruffians with fog-horn voices terrify us with fierce assertions regarding an "extror!"

Some of my neighbors buy it, but I have been caught by such before.

They fade away at last, and then the man next door starts in on his flute practice.

There is an altercation in the basement between the butcher's boy and the servant, and a man begins to beat a carpet two houses away.

Then a chap with a homicidal face ushers along a bony horse and a cart full of potted plants and flowers.

"Flowers, lady? Dese are fine, dese are!"

I am wondering what chance a full hatrack would have if he were alone with it, when my servant emerges and noses the posies with an anxious look.

She buys three, and comes upstairs with her arms full and a face filled with delight.

She wants them for her room, she says, and she is so happy at having them that I share in the general joy.

But they are measly, wretched looking things! Forced for sale, and will be dead in a couple of days.

He has given her a bad ten cent piece too, but as he is out of sight and her time is valuable, I take the dime off her hands, and she goes off with her floral prizes.

It's all very trying when one is striving to write, but I have got an item out of it, anyway.—New York Recorder.

Some Interesting Figures.

Mr. Henry Gannett, an able and painstaking statistician, calculates that in 1880 the wealth of the United States was $43,642,000,000, or an average of $579 to each inhabitant; that it was about $62,600,000,000 in 1890, or about $1,000 to each inhabitant, and that at both dates it was greater than the wealth of any other nation. Mr. Gannett finds that 5 per cent. of the total wealth of the country is owned by millionaires, 27 per cent. by people worth from $100,000 to $1,000,000 each, 25 per cent. by those worth from 10,000 to $100,000 27 per cent., the largest per centage by those worth from $1,000 to $10,000 each, and 6 per cent. by those owning less than $1,000 each.—Boston Herald.

"MAN OVERBOARD."

A Lively Little Joke, but It Cost Him His Baggage.

"Steamship passengers frequently resort to practical jokes to relieve the monotony of voyages," said a retired sea captain, "and while the pranks, as a rule, are perfectly harmless they sometimes have a boomerang effect. Three years ago we were crossing the Atlantic and both the owners and myself were exceedingly anxious to make a speedy trip, as a rival liner had the week before lowered the record held by our company. On the third day out, just about dusk, the cry of 'Man overboard' rang through the ship, and a hurried investigation elicited the information that several of the passengers had heard a splash, followed by piteous appeals of 'Help, help—save me!' The engines were stopped, and the steamer put about, a close watch being kept meanwhile for the drowning man. A half hour was spent in cruising about without results and we started on our journey under the belief that the poor fellow had gone to the bottom. The inquiry that followed proved puzzling. No one was missing, and we came to the conclusion that a stowaway had committed suicide.

"The next day, however, an explanation came. We had a ventriloquist aboard, in the person of a very smart young man, who was too tickeled over the success of his joke to keep the secret.

"Then the laugh was on him. As he had caused a serious delay and much annoyance I notified him that I had made an official entry of the circumstance on my log and the loss of time, and that on approaching shore I would detain him until a sufficient guarantee had been put up that he would answer in court to reply to a demand for financial restitution. I talked of $50,000 being about the penalty under the government mail contract, and it is needless to say he spent the balance of the voyage on tenter hooks. He disappeared before we docked, leaving his baggage behind."—San Francisco Post.

Sent as Written.

Several years ago a young man, whom we will call H, was employed as night operator at a small town in Illinois.

The second night of his service a circus arrived in town and with it a great many farmers from the surrounding country. H went on duty at 7 o'clock in the evening. About an hour later a stranger came in to send a telegram. As soon as he had written and paid for the message the operator sat down to the instrument and proceeded to tick off the telegram, which was brief, and read, not including address and signature:

"Have sean the party send mee the muney."

When the operator had nearly finished sending the message the receiving operator telegraphed back, "What you givin us?" referring to the spelling of the message.

The rules of the Western Union Company prohibit any conversation on the wire between operators, but nevertheless this rule is frequently broken. It is also a strict rule that messages shall always be sent and words spelled as they are written, even if, as is often the case, the words are spelled wrongly.

But at the time H took this job he was as ignorant of these rules as an Indian, so to the operator's query as to what he was "givin' him" he replied thusly: Make it read: "Have seen the party, send me the money."

"That's more like it," said the receiving operator.

"I guess the bloke that wrote it never saw the inside of a school," said the sending operator.

The next moment he was chilled to the marrow by the soft words that wafted o'er his shoulder.

"Young fellow, that was a cipher message. I am a detective and also an operator. I heard your remarks on the wire, and if you don't send that message the way I wrote it I shall sue your company for $50,000. And, furthermore, if you don't take back and apologize for the remarks you made about my schooling I will pound your head off." These words came from the "bloke" that wrote the message.

It is superfluous to add that the apology was forthcoming and the telegram sent again according to the "bloke's" rules for spelling.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Learn to be Handy.

The lack of manual training has been felt by many who, in the ordinary interpretation of the word, are considered educated.

This failing is noticed most frequently in the trivial repairs the hardware man is called upon to make. A left-hand rim lock has been carried three miles to have the latch bolt reversed. A customer repudiated his bill, cursed the outfit and the outfitters, because the water had evaporated from his electric battery. Another customer was charged $5 by a hard-hearted dealer merely for putting a simple leather valve in his pump.

The impression appears to be firmly installed that if a plumber is paid for doing certain work, that work can be done by none but a plumber, whereas if men retained even a little of the inquisitiveness of their youth, they might yet "see the wheels go round."

In dealing with mechanics the ability to illustrate some technical feature by free-hand drawing is of great advantage to the merchant. A salesman for electric chandeliers said that his talent for drawing had enabled him to close many a contract by clearing up all doubts and showing just how such and such a combination would look.

In trimming his window many a hardware clerk has marred an otherwise good display by the appearance of his price-tickets, and has longed for something that would enable him to become a creditable sign-writer, or at least for a substitute for the labored and crude effects of his drop-block and brush.—Hardware.

Do Not Work Before Breakfast.

It is not a good plan to do much of anything in the morning before eating breakfast, or at any rate drinking a cup of coffee. One is not in condition to work without detriment to the general health, and not long ago a doctor advised a friend not even to read before eating her first meal; he said that it was bad for the eyes.

THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Butter per lb	$ .20
Eggs per dozen	.14
Lard per lb	.12½
Ham per pound	.12½
Pork, whole, per pound	.06
Beef, quarter, per pound	.07 to .10
Wheat per bushel	.80
Oats " "	.45
Rye " "	.65
Wheat flour per bbl	3.60
Hay per ton	12.00 to 14.00
Potatoes per bushel	.75
Turnips " "	.25
Onions " "	1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck	.25 to .30
Tallow per lb	.4½
Shoulder " "	.11
Side meat " "	.10
Vinegar, per qt	.07
Dried apples per lb	.05
Dried cherries, pitted	.12
Raspberries	.14
Cow Hides per lb	.3½
Steer " " "	.05
Calf Skin	.80
Sheep pelts	.75
Shelled corn per bus	.75
Corn meal, cwt	2.00
Bran, "	1.20
Chop "	1.25
Middlings "	1.20
Chickens per lb new	.12
" " " old	.22
Turkeys " "	.15
Geese " "	.10
Ducks " "	.10

COAL.

No. 6, delivered	2.40
" 4 and 5 "	3.50
" 6 at yard	2.25
" 4 and 5 at yard	3.25

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE COLUMBIAN