THE GIRL OF THIRTEEN.

Uniess She Itas Good Care She Will Make a

Forlora Woman. The girl of thirteen is the future woman and a very important parcel of humanity. She is a child and just growing into womanhood, and this transition which, to grown-ups, means only a sudden shooting up beyond all bounds and a tendency to stoop shoulder, is much more to the girl who leaves childhord behind and is not yet a young Fast growing is a very great drain on the child's strength, and as at thirteen she usually has considerable work at school, both mind and body are called upon to do double work. That

is why she needs care. Good food, rest, and congenial company are some of the things necessary for the girl of thirteen. She should not have too much excitement, or books to read which tax her thoughts too much, as her mind developes only too quickly at this age, and everyday life and lessons are enough to occupy her. She should go to bed early and sleep ten hours. For breakfast she should eat strengthening, bone-making food, oat-meal, oranges, brown bread, eggs and milk. For her midday meal she should have something more sustaining than a bread and butter lunch, if she is to grow up into a strong woman. Hot soup and a chop and a baked potato every day for three months will make her stand up straighter than braces

She should have a walk in the open air every day; if she does not get this she will grow nervous and sleepless, have fastastic notions about an early grave and running away from home, or, worse still, grow sentimental and write morbid little verses and weep over the poor. These are all true symp-toms of the girl of thirteen. She be-gins to think she is very old as soon as she gets into her teens, and the respongibilities affect her sensative mind to an appailing degree-if she is given the time to think of them.-Philadelphia

The Best Stotch Songs.

Sir Walter Scott remarks somewhere on the large number of our best songs that have been written by Scottish women of "rank and condition." He names Lady Grisell Buillie's "Werena My Heart Licht I Wad Dee," Lady Wardlaw's "glorious old ballad" of "Hardyknute." Lady Annie Barnard's "Anid Robin Gray," and Lady Nairne's "The Land o' the Leal." Place Miss Elliott's and Mrs. Cockburn's versions of the "Flowers of the Forest" at the head of the list, and one may join Sir Walter Scott in doubting whether " we masculine wretches can claim five or six songs equal in elegance and pathon out of the long list of Scottish minstrel-We can at least claim no song that has been more of a popular favor-ite than the "Flowers o' the Forest," which comes down to us in two versions of almost equal success, from a foundation of nearly 400 years old.

The genius of Miss Elliott and Mrs. Cockburn was essentially different, and the circumstances of their having both adopted the old refrain of the lament for the fall of the flower of Selkirk on the field of Flodden is somewhat pecullar. Miss Elliott's version, beginning, "I've heard them liltin' at the ewe milkin'," shows us a dirge "expressed in a strain of elegiac simplicity and tenderness" which has seldom been sur-passed. It is true that Mrs. Cockburn's version, with the opening line, "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling." is the most popular of the two, but this has probably arisen from the fact of Miss Elliott's verses being cast in a somewhat antiquated mold. With Mrs. Cockburn it is allegory throughout; with Miss Elliott the story is stated in plain terms. Both versions-the authorship being at first unreaveled-were indeed thought at one time to be the production of antiquity. Miss Elliott's was described as an effort of "some old and long-forgotten minstrel." It did not, however, escape the eagle eye of Burns, "This fine ballad," he remark-ed, "Is even a more palpable imitation than 'Hardyknute." — The Scottish Review.

Influence of Trades on Faces.

A curious paper is contributed by Dr Louis Robinson to a recent number of Blackwood's on influence of trades on faces. It is pretty generally agreed that association with horses gives a person a horsey look; but it appears the circus riders and ring-masters are exempt from the general rule, because with them the horses are regarded as mere "proporties," and their minds are occupied solely with the achievement of certain feats to the satisfaction of the public. Dr. Robinson takes as types professional musicians, priests, actors, astresses, and blacksmiths, and shows how their pursuits induce strongly pursuits induce marked facial expression. Even the style of hair which has become associated with musicians, is not altogether dependent on fashion, but is evidence of trophic changes resulting from mental habits. The growth and vitality of the hair are profoundly influenced by emotions. Priests cannot change their priestly countenance if they wished. For some mysterious reason the subteraneous tissue over the cheek-bones and under the jaws of the clerie's face gets an undue supply of nourishment, which leaves distinctive marks, while the consciousness of a share in the apostolic legacy gives a muscular set to the lips. Dr. Rebinson goes on to discuss the other classes mentioned in the same strain, and he ends by saying that the aim of the paper is to all those who are endeavoring to place physiognomy on a sound basis. The task is a difficult one, because in the course of the article he admits that not only may the organic part of a man show every sign of guilt when there is no guilt, but only tempation; but it may even go further, in attaching slanderous libel to the countenance, owing to the interlocking mechanism of emotion, passion, and

Missonry Bridges.

Two masonry bridges have re-cently been constructed in Austria, which are said to be the largest of their kind in the world. One of them, situated at Jaremeze, has a main span of 206.5 feet. The other, situated at Jaruna, has a span of 157.5 feet. About thirty-five thousand cubic feet of cut stone were used for the first of these bridges. About fifty-five tons of Portland cement and some four thousand cubic feet of ordinary mortar were used in the work. In beginning the work, the centering was loaded simultaneous By at eight different points. The weight over the haunches is relieved by spandrel arches. The other bridge is similar In design. The total cost of the Jarsmezo bridge was \$35,000.

Beyond Forbearance.

Gentle breezes swept languidly in from the neighboring ocean and lounged dream-

ily among the palm leaves.
"Ever have I been a dutiful daughter," she continued, "and ever have I looked with a commendatory eye upon your court innovations, but'-

She glanced reproachfully at the aged man who sat with sullen mien and bowed

head on the ground before her.
"I must enter a vigorous protest against your using my new red shirt waist as a hot wave signal.

Remembering how useless it is to argue with a woman, Ujiji, the king, gazed sea-ward, but spoke no word.—Truth.

A Reasonable Request.



"Say, mister, won't yer git off yer by-sickle that way agin? My sister didn't see yer do it just now."—Wheel.

She Was Homesick.

New Jersey is proud of a poet who has a house in that state and publishes in New York, and the poet himself is proud of a gem of a servant. He came near losing her last week. This particular girl came from an old whaling town in Maine three years ago, and she has been in the poet's household ever since. She made no acquaint-ances among the neighbors' girls, and she had no steady company. In other respects she was worthy of the poet's commenda-tions. During the three years that she has orked for Mrs. Poet she has never asked for a vacation to visit her old home.
"I never think of the place," said Mary,
"for if I did I am afraid that I would get

homesick.

It was through the poet's own carelessness last week that he nearly lost Mary. There is a thifty bed of roses in front of the poet's house that is his fad and pride. Destructive bugs or worms, whichever they might have been, swooped down on that bed a week ago and threatened to destroy it. The poet took advice, and, as a consequence, invested in whale oil that was warranted to kill bugs at long range. As he sprinkled the bushes with the whale oil a light breeze carried the odor of it back to the kitchen, where Mary was working. Both Mr. and Mrs. Poet noticed that Mary's mind seemed to be wool gathering while she was serving them at luncheon. She mixed the orders that were given to r, and she made Mrs. Poet unhappy. Before dinner was served Mary rapped at Mrs. Poet's door.

"Come in, Mary," said her mistress
"Are you ill?"

"No, marm," said Mary, ill at ease, "and I don't know why it is, but-but-

"Well, but what?" "Why, marm, I—I'm homesick. I've been thinking of Maine all day. There seemed to be something in the air that suggested home. If I don't get over it to-morrow, I shall have to go home. It's in

the air today." Mrs. Poet summoned her husband from his study and told him of the calamity

that threatened the household. "Dear, dear; that's too bad! How can we spare Mary? Homesick, ch, poor girl? Strange, too, for she has been here contentedly for three years. Said it was in the air? Wait a minute. By Jove! I have it. She was right. It was in the

air. It's that whale oil on the rosebushes.' Mr. Poet played the garden hose on the rosebushes for an hour after dinner, and Mrs. Poet scattered lime near the kitchen. Mary's homesickness was gone the next

day.
"It was just something in the air," she and I'm sorry, marm, that I trou bled you."

Half of the poet's rosebushes are stripped of leaves, but Mary remains,-New York Sun.

A Mistake of One Letter.

An excited individual climbed three flights of stairs in great leaps and yelled: "Where's the editor?"

Nobody owned to the distinction. 'Show me the editor," he demanded, shaking a paper in his hand at arm's

"He's in there!" piped an indiscreet of-fice boy, who had been hired to answer the

The man with a grievance bolted into the room desi, ated without knocking. He shoved the paper under the editor's nose, and, pointing to a marked portion, exclaimed:

The editor read, "Mrs. R."—
"That's my wife," interrupted the an-

"Read that!"

gry visitor. "Mrs. R.," continued the editor, "gave a violet luncheon to her friends yesterday." "What's the matter with that?" asked the editor.

"What's the matter? Look at that!" And he indicated the word. The editor, with sinking heart, read 'violent luncheon."—Indianapolis News.

Not Plain.

"Mabel," said the summer girl's mother, "that young man writes very nice let-ters. But I wish that his chirography were a little less obscure."
"Why, mamma?"

"I can't quite make out whether he says he looks forward to the time when he will be 'oscillating in a hammock' or 'osculating in a hammock.' "-Washington Star.

Following a Precedent.

Bobbie-Give me half a dollar, pop; I want to go to the circus. Bingo-Didn't your mother tell you you

couldn't go?
Bobbie—She won't know. I'm going to tell her I have an important business engagement.—Brooklyn Life.

Itching For the Chance. "I dreamed last night that I met that

scoundrel Riggs. "What did you do?"

"Nothing; that's the worst of it."
"Well. If I ever catch him out in a dream I'll knock him down."—Chicago

Too Quiet. Miss Flyrte-How do you like your new

bleycle costume, Daisy?
Miss Dashleigh—I don't like it a bit. Why, there isn't a single thing about it to make a man turn and look a second time. -Somerville Journal.

Nothing In It.

'Ab, hollow hearted woman," said he. "Certainly," said she. "And all this time I thought I had it solid." His error pained him more than his loss.—Indianapolis Journal.

TO A LOUSE.

(From the brogue of Burns. Translated for the Columbian by I. J. Jamison, an admirer of the peasant poet, and friend of the editor. If he has necessarily destroyed the inimitable versification, he has endeavored to retain the sentiment of the original, namely, that vanity is not always accompanied by cleanliness.)

Ah! where ye going, in sight so fairly? Your impudence protects you sorely.
I can but think you strut but rarely
O'er gauze and lace,
And, faith, I fear you dine but sparely

On such a place.

Ye ugly, creeping, rapid hatcher, O could I of your presence teach her, And, two to one, no more you'd itch her, So fine a lady; But so to do would sorely twitch her, Both soul and body.

If on some knotty head you'd got, Of beggar, tramp, or drunken sot, Your gnawing soon would be forgot, Nor hot the chase; But on a bonnet newly bought— Disgrace! disgrace!

Now, hold you there; you're out of sight, Below the trimmings, sing and tight; No, faith, not yet; you'll not be right Till you've got on it, The very topmost, towering height Of Miss's bonnet.

O for some rank mercurial poison! How quick I'd terminate your joys in Thus promenading out of season, In time of church; But, faith, just how I'd get the grease on

O, Jenny, do not toss your head, To set your beauty all abroad, You little know what cursed speed The beast is making Those winks and finger-ends, I dread,

I'm in the lurch.

Are notice taking, O would some power the gift but gie us To see ourselves as others see us! It would from many a blunder free us

And foolish notion. What airs in dress and gait would flee us In our devotion,

In Your Blood

Is the cause of that tired, languid feeling which afflicts you at this season. The blood is impure and has become thin and poor. That is why you have no strength, no appetite, cannot sleep. Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach, and invigorate your nerves.

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'Tis But a Little Thing.

Tis but a little thing to smile Approvingly once in a while; To speak a word of praise, of cheer, When things seem rather chill and drear; To sometimes fondly hold and press,-Some hand caress.

'Tis but a little thing to go
And strive to soothe another's woe,
To gently stoop and whisper low
You understand, you feel and know—
That you will help him all you can To be a man.

Tis but a little thing to bear The daily trivial wear and care Without complaint or needless fret-Tis but a little thing, dear—yet Tis just such simple, loving deeds The Father heeds.

-Kathleen Kavanagh, in Picayune

Drunk and Indifferent as to Duty.

The Gumry Hotel, in Denver, Colorado, a five story building valued at \$30,000, was badly wrecked on the 19th instant through the carelessness of a drunken engineer, who is reported to have turned a large quantity of cold water into the hot boilers and then left the building ten minutes before the explosion occurred.

The terrible concussion split the the rotunda into a shapeless mass in the alley, into which were intermixed many terrified guests of the hotel.

Out of the death-containing ruins came feeble moans and cries for help, when but little could be rendered because of the scorching flames about the firemen. It is said at least twenty guests were either crushed or burned to death. Many of the guests, imprisoned in the ruins, and observing the impossibility of their rescue, begged pitiously to be killed by shooting rather than be allowed to suffer the terrible tortures of fire. Only two men were rescued alive from the burning mass.

The Signal Corps Flag Makes a Bull Mad.

The Signal Corps sustained a signal defeat recently at Dufry Hill, New London. They had just established a heliograph when a bull came charging upon the group. The men did not wait for orders, but fled in all directions, and the way they climbed the walls was a revelation in military tactics. The men think the new hats caused the bull's anger.

A Laughable Mistake.

Two ladies entered a book-store recently and the younger asked the clerk for a book called "Favorite Prescription," The puzzled attendant was unable to comply with her request and she left the store disappointed. Inquiry elicited the fact that she had overheard a conversation between two literary ladies in which "Favorite Prescription was mentioned with extravagant praise, and had jumped to the conclusion that it was a book. She now knows that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sovereign cure for the ills and "weaknesses" peculiar to women, for she has been cured by its use. Send for a free pamphlet, or remit to cents in stamps for Book (168 pages) on "Woman and Her Diseases." Address World's Dis-pensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. V.

Dr Pierce's Pellets cure permanently constipation, sickheadache, biliousness, indiges tion and kindred ailments.

Children Or for Pitcher's Castoria.

Threatened to Kill Her.

As Policeman Stickler, of the Sev enth district, was passing 420 North Sixth street, while making an early morning round recently, in Philadel-phia, he heard cries of "murder" coming from the house and promptly began an investigation as to the cause of the disturbance. He sprang up the steps and after repeated knocks it was suddenly opened and a woman appeared whose appearance seemed to indicate that there might have been some reason for the cries that he had just heard.

She proved to be Mrs. James Car lin, who with her husband occupied she told the policeman of a violent quarrel that they had just had. She declared that her husband, after announcing his intention of breaking up all their belongings and every bone in her body in consequence of a heated argument over a comparatively unimportant subject, had at once started to carry out his threat. After smashing the pitcher, demolishing the cage of a canary bird and knocking over a table filled with various breakable odds and ends, she said he grabbed her by the hair and proceeded to drag her around the room.

She was at first almost too frightened to speak, but finally succeeded in yelling murder, which caused her husband to redouble his efforts, after tying a pillow case around her head to stifle her cries and almost smothering her. Then he opened the door and started to drag her down stairs, but met with the resistance of several other boarders.

The policeman arrested Carlin, and the same patrol wagon that carried press work. him to the station-house took his wife to the Hahnemann Hospital. She was injured internally and has a severe gash on her head. Carlin was held in \$1,500 bail.—Phila. Times.

The Shakers have made a discovery which is destined to accomplish much good. Realizing that three-fourths of all our sufferings arise from stomach troubles, that the country is literally filled with people who cannot eat and digest food, without subsequently suffering pain and distress, and that many are starving, wasting to mere skeletons, because their food does them no good, they have devoted much study and thought to the subject, and the result is this discovery of their Digestive Cordial.

A little book can be obtained from your druggist that will point out the way of relief at once. An investigation will cost nothing and will result in much good.

Children all hate to take Castor Oil, but not Laxol, which is palatable.

JUSTICE JACKSON DEAD.

THE DISTINGUISHED JURIST EXPIRES AFTER AN ILLNESS OF SOME MONTHS.

NASHVILLE, Tenn , Aug. 9 .- Howell Edmund Jackson, associate of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at 2 p. m., at his residence at West Mead, six miles from this city, aged sixty-three. Judge Jackson had been in failing health for several years, building, throwing five stories back of but it has been only in the last nine months that the progress of the disease began to cause his family and friends uneasiness. Nevertheless Judge Jackson did not take to his bed until eight days ago. Since that time his family and friends realized that the end was near, and his death yesterday was not unexpected. Judge Jackson was twice married and his wife and seven children survive him.

Howell E. Jackson was the son of an eniment physician of Nashville, Tenn. He was born in Paris, Tenn., April 3, 1832. He graduated from the University of Virginia with the highest honors. Judge Jackson served one term on the supreme bench of Tennessee in 1881. He was elected senator from the state at the time when the fight concerning the state's debt was on. Elected senator in 1881, his term did not expire until March 4. 1887, but he was appointed to the United States district court bench by President Cleveland, April 12, 1886.

He was appointed to the supreme bench in January by President Harrison, and the nomination was confirmed by a Republican senate notwithstanding that he was a staunch Democrat.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy. -Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

My son was afflicted with catarrh, I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrhal smell left him. He appears as well as any one.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill. Price of Cream Balm is fifty cents.

"Do you laugh when you write a joke?" inquired his friend. "No," replied the humorist; "but I smile when I sell one."-Puck.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Coal Scheme of the Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Singerly, the philanthropic proprietor of the Philadelphia Record, knowing something about the coal combines, and also the terrors of a severe winter to those who must have McKillip Bros., coal at reasonable rates, or else not have it at all, has thus far disposed of 257,767 tons of coal to the poor of Bloomsburg. was about to break in the door, when Philadelphia. This represents a cash value of something over a million dollars, even at his low rate of charges for the delivery of coal of all the cheapest. kinds. But it represents more than this. It represents in spite of ridicule, a philanthropic spirit on the part of man whom it would pay much better rooms on the second floor and with in many ways to stand by the coal the assistance of several other boarders combines and let the poor pay the prices they fix or else bear the cold as best they can. That's what his ridiculed coal scheme represents, and that's why we mention the landable and commendatory fact. But, I tell you, it is hard to elect such a man to any important office these days. It is far easier and far more temporally profitable to drift with the tide than to pull against the current, no matter what the incentive for pulling may be.

Printing in Colors.

The prices of colored printing inks have gone down with everything else, and it costs no more to do printing in colors than it does in black. THE COLUMBIAN office is prepared to print in any of the following colors: Black, orange, deep cherry, brown lake, light blue, ultra marine blue, bronze red, violet, dark red, green, jacqueminot, purple, garnet, peacock blue. Printing in more than one color is done at a slight advance for the additional

The Wife-"It must be bedtime." The husband-"Hardly. The baby hasn't waked up yet."-Life.

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