

HOME MADE DESOLATE.

Husband Hides His Faithful Wife's Longings for the Beautiful. They sat side by side and neither had said anything for two stations. Finally the little man broke out: "Beats all what blame crazy things a woman will do when she gets an idea into her head."

AN IMAGINARY ILLNESS.

The Needle Cure Proved the Physician's Diagnosis Correct. Physicians often meet with people who are carrying around imaginary ailments and who really believe themselves as badly afflicted as they assert. Some curious cases have been noted.

Bird Preferences in Food.

Experiments have shown that birds avoid the bright colored caterpillars, as a rule. And this seems almost to have become a second nature, for a jacked-up which had been raised in captivity, and had had no experience in judging the edible qualities of caterpillars, was observed to regard the brilliant caterpillar of the figure-of-eight-moth with suspicion and aversion, although it eagerly devoured dull plain caterpillars placed within its reach.

What Came of Her Charity.

My next door neighbor is as charitable a woman as ever lived, and among her pensioners is a colored family, beside whom Job's turkey is a bloated fatcat. She gave the mother of the family a two-dollar bill one day to pay the rent. Judge, then, of Lady Bountiful's surprise when that evening a little pickaninny presented itself at the kitchen door.

Helpless.

In reply to the request for assistance, the professor said: "If I could help you, I couldn't help helping you. It is because I cannot help you that I cannot help refusing to help you."

Pleasant to the Visitor.

"Is Mrs. Harkins at home?" asked the caller. "Physically, Madame," returned the educated butler, "she is. As an abstract question the fact cannot be denied; but in your relation to your desire to see her, I cannot say definitely until I have ascertained Mrs. Harkins's wishes in the matter. Pray be seated, until I have received advices from above."

Prevarication.

Mother—You've been into that jam again? Truthful Son—No'm, I haven't. I'll declare I haven't! And he chuckled at the thought that his mother had not accused him of putting the jam into him.

A Matter of Accents.

Sapsmith—The first thing the phrenologist said when he began to examine my cranium was: "What a head?" Galsinshaw—Are you sure he did not say: "What a head?"—Truth.

NERVOUSNESS Is the Wail of the Nerves for Food.

People with Weak, Flabby Nerves are the Ones who Suffer. They may be Relieved by Building up their Nerves with a Nourishing Nerve Food.

An Interesting Interview with a Prominent Physician and a Case in Point Cited.

From the Journal, Kirksville, Mo. "What a weak-kneed individual." The person referred to did, indeed, look broken-down, dispirited, and listless. "What is the matter with him?" "I scarcely know. During the cool weather he seems to be all right and to have some life and a little ambition; but the moment the hot weather comes he simply melts down and seems to have neither strength nor vitality."

WEATHERLY EXCITED. A Beautiful Buck Deer Chased Through The Streets By a pack of Dogs.

It is not often that the town of Weatherly furnishes a sensation or seen an event out of the ordinary. The good people of that well governed borough are content to plod along in an even tenor, and care naught for their wicked neighbors, their emotions and their sensations.

It seems that a few stray dogs started the deer on Broad Mountain and the latter took a course toward the valley. On the way up the ravine, several mountain settlements were passed and the number of dogs multiplied as the chase progressed. Along the ridge he led the hounds, leaping leisurely over stream and ledge, disappearing for a moment, then into view, until the junction at Lizard creek was reached.

The Time for Building

Up the system is at this season. The cold weather has made unusual drains upon the vital forces. The blood has become impoverished and impure, and all the functions of the body suffer in consequence.

A Babe on the Waters.

The Shamokin Herald says: With its little face all aglow with pleasure, a babe floated down the creek in a raisin box at Mt. Carmel Friday morning coming no one knows where, and landed into the arms of a kind-hearted farmer who refused to give his name, but took the little one to his home, which he said is near Elysburg.

PROTECT THE TREES.

The Arbor Days Designated. Governor Hastings Issues the Annual Proclamation.

Friday, April 10th, and Friday, 24th have been designated in a proclamation issued by Governor Hastings as Arbor Days. The selection of either of these days is left to the choice of the people in the various sections of the Commonwealth, to the end that that day may be selected which is deemed most favorable on account of climatic conditions.

The proclamation states that although Pennsylvania was once wholly covered with a dense growth of valuable timber, to-day scarcely one-fourth of the area remains; that the timber supply has fallen off to such an extent that the Commonwealth is unable to produce the timber required for its own inhabitants.

Governor Hastings says it is not only possible, but also practicable, to restore the forests upon this desert waste, which would be producing a crop of great value to the State, and would restore the fertility of the soil, would save our rivers and streams to the beneficial influences of the forests, and aid in furnishing homes and support to the doubling population in the Commonwealth in the generations to come.

"As it was once a necessity to remove trees in order to obtain ground to plant grain," adds Governor Hastings, and for other purposes of civil-

ization, it appears that this necessity produced a tree destroying instinct which should be counteracted as speedily as possible. This is the first generation in the Commonwealth ever brought face to face with the dangers and disasters of a timberless country.

"I have never had a day's sickness in my life," said a middle-aged man the other day. "What a comfort it would be," sighs some poor invalid, "to be in his place for a year or two." Yet half of the invalids we see might be just as healthy as he, if they would only take proper care of themselves, eat proper food—and digest it.

It's so strange that such simple things are overlooked by those who want health. Food makes health. It makes strength—and strength wards off sickness. The man who had never been sick was strong because he always digested his food, and you could become the same by helping your stomach to work as well as his.

It will make you strong and healthy by making the food you eat make you fat. Druggists sell it. Trial bottle 10 cents.

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Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. Edward B. Harper, Founder. Frederick A. Burnham, President. FIFTEEN YEARS COMPLETED—ANNUAL MEETING AND REPORT.

1895 SHOWS—AN INCREASE IN GROSS ASSETS, AN INCREASE IN NET SURPLUS, AN INCREASE IN INCOME, AN INCREASE IN BUSINESS IN FORCE, OVER 105,800 MEMBERS INTERESTED.

The Annual Meeting of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association was held in the Association's Building, corner Broadway & Duane St., New York City, on Wednesday, January 22nd, and was attended by a large and representative gathering of policy holders who listened with keen interest to the masterly Annual Report of President Burnham.

The record of the year 1895 speaks for itself, and shows the following gratifying results. The GROSS ASSETS have increased during the year from \$5,536,115.99 to \$5,861,707.82. The NET SURPLUS over liabilities shows a NET GAIN for the year of \$306,329.43, and now amounts to \$3,582,509.32.

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