

ECONOMY THAT PROVED COSTLY.

How Mr. Brown Saved Half a Dollar and Ruined His Trousers.

In a moment of economy Mr. Brown went out in the kitchen to press his trousers, and Mrs. Brown followed to witness the performance and to laugh at the figure he cut prancing around in his pajamas.

"It makes me think, to watch you," chirped Mrs. Brown, sitting on the table and swinging her heels, "of something that happened one day last summer when I was typewriting."

"Before you met me?"

"Just so. Well, Arthur Jones came down to the office, in a cool suit of duck, but somehow he looked awfully funny. One of the men said, 'Hullo Jones; what have you been doing to your trousers?' and Arthur replied that he didn't want any chaffing that he had had trouble enough all day, running sideways because some Chinese galeot had wheels. Arthur was awfully slangy."

"He had the crumpled running up the sides, didn't he?" said Mr. Brown. "That makes me think of once when we fellows on the old Post had a flat. There was a coon used to take care of the joint for us. Joint? That's a name for any old place you like pretty well. Well, the coon hadn't much to do but smoke our tobacco and drink our beer when we weren't about, so I thought I'd utilize him for a valet and give him two pairs of pants to press."

"Why, Charlie," interpolated Mrs. Brown, "did you wear pants in those days?"

"Excuse me, my dear, trousers, but they were pants when he got through with them," said Mr. Brown solemnly, wetting his finger and sizzling the iron. "He'd thought he'd be very careful, you know, and when a coon does such a rash thing as to think it's all up with you, Billy didn't want to spoil the cloth by putting the iron on it, so he turned the garments inside out. You may imagine the result. I put them on without noticing them, being in a hurry, and I had to go about all day with a Watteau painted down the front of each leg and likewise down the back."

"For goodness, gracious sake," gurgled Mrs. Brown, "did folks think you wore a tea gown?"

"I didn't go around taking an inventory of opinion."

Mr. Brown set the iron down and burst into a roar, while he leaned up against the sink and mopped the perspiration from his brow. Mrs. Brown laughed, and swung her heels. Just then a smell of burning cloth pervaded the kitchen, and Mr. Brown snatched up the iron and the cloth and gazed ruefully at a big round spot on the leg of his trousers.

"Say Madge, what do you think of that? I've saved a half dollar and ruined my best business suit listening to your gabble."

Ghosts at Sea.

Said the old sea captain: "I never believed much in ghosts, although I knew many a sailor to swear to a good ghost story; but on one occasion I did see a real ghost myself, and a good stout wooden one he was. I lived at Newcastle-on-Tyne then, and the ship I was master of sailed from there. On one voyage, when we were only a few days out, the ship's cook died. We had no man on board who was much of a cook, and perhaps it was the bad messes we had to eat that gave some of the men the dyspepsia, and made 'em see crooked. However, that may be, it was the night after we buried poor Dick that the mate came running to me in a great fright, with the news that the ship's cook was walking on the water astern of the ship, and that all the crew were on deck looking at him. I was mad enough to hear such nonsense, and I told him, sharp, that we had better put the ship about and race the ghost back to Newcastle."

"But when I went on deck—bless me, I thought for several minutes it really was the old man, just as we knew him. The clothes, cap, figure, were so like, even the way it had of bobbing up and down was Dick to a T. The men were all scared to death, and stood stiff. But I had just sense enough left to have the ship put about, and when we came near the ghost of poor Dick, it turned out to be a broken mast of some wreck, which was floating along, straight end up!"

"But if I hadn't chased and caught up with that ghost," said the captain, "every man of 'em would believe to-day that Dick was after us to take his old place in the galley again!"

Heard With His Elbows.

The following accounts of an actual occurrence illustrate how a simple statement may be distorted by a youthful messenger. Mrs. Warren, who boarded at Mrs. Smith's, started out to spend the day with a friend living at the end of the village. Before going half the distance she remembered that she had left a window open in her room, and seeing a small boy, she called to him:

"Ned, will you please go to Mrs. Smith's and tell her that I left my window up and would like to have it closed?"

The boy went off whistling, and soon another boy caught up with him. This boy was going directly to Mrs. Smith's house. So boy number one gave the message about the window to boy number two to deliver. Arrived at Mrs. Smith's, boy number two delivered his errand thus: "Mrs. Warren wants her window closed."

In the Park.

Miss Bloomerite—What kind of a tree is that?

Her companion—Why, that is a dog-wood. Can't you tell it by its bark?—Judge.

AN INTERNATIONAL ROMANCE.

Began in the Old Country and Ended Happily in America.

Many years ago in the market village of Birkenham, in Hesse-Darmstadt, Nathan Gutman was a schoolmaster. He was a stern taskmaster, but a kindly, sympathetic man, for whom his pupils formed a sincere and lasting affection.

Eliza Goldman, then a dainty miss of sixteen and the favorite daughter of a prosperous burglar, thought much of the handsome young school master, much more than her parents thought proper. Her liking soon developed into love, and, as the young schoolmaster was not proof against her charms, they became engaged.

Her parents' opposition separated them. Gutman, despondent and broken-hearted, came to the New World to forget his unfortunate attachment and to win fame and fortune for himself. Time healed his wound, and he married Miss Helena Wolf, and by frugality and hard work saved money and established himself as a Tammany liquor dealer in New York city. For fifteen years he devoted himself to obstinacy, and accumulated a fortune. Two years ago his wife died.

The dainty Eliza Goldman, in the meantime, at her parents' command, married a Samuel Fass, and with her husband came to America and made Brooklyn their home. After ten years of married life Fass died, and his widow remained at No. 71 Amberg street.

One of Goldman's friends, who knew the story of his early disappointment in love, told him four months ago that the one-time Miss Goldman, now the widow of Fass, lived in Brooklyn, and Gutman began to act as if he were young again. He bought a gay necktie, a fancy vest and lovely crash clothes. Then, after visiting the barber, he went to Brooklyn with electricity in his step and an old time longing in his heart.

Eliza Fass received him in her best widow's gown, and her blushes were as noticeable as in the olden days. A little bit of color and bright ribbons here and there had brightened up her attire when he called again, and after a third visit Gutman told his friends he was a happy man, and the engagement was announced.

Two Frightened Boys.

Seventy-five years ago W. C. Howells was an Ohio boy a dozen years old, and had often to go on horseback to a distant grist mill to get the family wheat ground. The weather was fine, he says, the roads good, and along the way were plenty of apples and nuts, so that such expeditions were almost in the nature of picnics. By and by the cold weather came on.

I was often benighted in getting home, when I had to run the gauntlet of various terrors—a graveyard or two, with stories of ghosts and goblins fresh in my memory, besides a story, vouched for by several big boys, that a panther had been heard screaming in the woods and laurel thickets.

One night my brother Tom and I had been to town together, riding double on Paddy. When we reached the top of Sugar Hill we had to get off and walk down, as it was too steep for both to ride down in the dark, and we were in danger of slipping over the horse's head.

It was a frosty autumn night, and the saddle had got very cold while we were off, so that neither of us wanted to sit on it, preferring the horse's warm back. We drew Paddy up by a big log that we could just find in the starlight, and instead of getting upon him—while standing on the log—we opened an argument as to which should ride behind.

The panther story was usually present with us, but we had forgotten it just then, and we grew pretty loud in our dispute, when, as Burns says, something "gat up and gie us a croon," or, more properly, a yell, not very far from us.

It was an owl, as I now suppose, but then it was a panther. The argument dropped in a second. Tom vaulted into the saddle as the place of safety, and I took the warm seat behind, with all the danger of an additional passenger uninvited.

No Chance for the Presidency.

"Mamma," said a little Fifth ward boy, lugubriously, the other day as he laid down a volume of biographical sketches of the Presidents, "I don't believe I'll ever be a president. I ain't got the chance, I wasn't brung up right."

"Why, child, you have the same chance that other little boys have."

"No, I ain't. I wasn't born in a log cabin, nor I ain't drove a team on the canal, nor had to read the spellin' book by the light of a pine knot, nor had to split rails nor nothin' like the rest of the boys you got there. I tell you, mother, I'm handicapped on this Presidential business."

From the stress laid on the hardships encountered by some of the presidents when boys it is not strange that the juvenile mind should draw a deduction.—Elmira Gazette.

Well Directed Sympathy.

The German sexton of a suburban church, listening a moment to an amateur piano performance in behalf of some guild, was heard to remark: "Dot makes me sorry for dot bianco."

"Why not for the people?" a bystander asked.

"Der peeples can git away," was the answer. "Der bianco musht shiday."—Boston Courier.

"Paw" asked Tommy, "what is a bicycle meet?"

"Most any old pedestrian is likely to be a bicycle meet if he can't look two ways at once," said Mr. Figg.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Days of Pony Express.

People who receive letters from the Pacific coast in six or seven days admire the speed with which the mail travels across the continent, but forget that the present rate is not so much greater than that of the "pony express" as might be supposed. The pony express was the first through route from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast. It was established in 1859 or 1860 by a firm of government contractors, and the termini was San Francisco and St. Joseph. The distance traversed by the pony express was about 1,900 miles and relays of Indian ponies were provided at station houses every few miles.

A courier rode from one station to another, taking a fresh horse at each and leaving his tired animal, and when himself too tired to go farther gave the mail to another rider and stopped to rest. The distance was traversed by the ponies in about seven and one-half days, or at a uniform rate of about twelve miles an hour. It was the first through mail between the Missouri and San Francisco, and although the riders were often chased by the Indians, comparatively few fatalities occurred among the messengers.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Manners of To-day.

The manners of this world, like the fashions of it, are constantly passing away. One hundred years ago men had not to compete with steam and electricity. They had time to bow, they could afford to frame elaborate compliments, they could easily interrupt the even tenor of their occupations to discuss the health and domestic movements of a friend's family. Now we are all in a hurry, and we must be in a hurry or fall behind the marching order of the day. A very courteous man is a bore. Men rushing to the Stock Exchange or the office cannot stop to bandy bows and polite family inquiries.

Women desperately in earnest with their lives cannot be troubled with civil platitudes which are common property, though each would stop to listen to a few words meant for her alone. Words which mean nothing but politeness are now inexpressibly tiresome, and only maiden ladies with settled incomes have time for them the busy world is content with a few sentences of good natured chaff, and passes on without reflecting that chaff easily falls into familiarity and imperitence.—Amelia E. Barr in Lippincott's.

William McKinley will be the 25th President of the United States. February 26th, six days before the inauguration, he will be 52 years of age, the age that Abraham Lincoln was when inaugurated in 1861. Mr. Lincoln like Mr. McKinley was born in February. Like Lincoln, McKinley served in Congress before his election to the Presidency. He will be the fourth President furnished by Ohio, the others being Wm. Henry Harrison, Rutherford B. Hayes and James A. Garfield, Virginia, "the mother of Presidents," has furnished five. As Benjamin Harrison and U. S. Grant were born in Ohio, it is about a standoff between the Buckeye State and the Old Dominion.

We all know that any tired muscle can be restored by rest. Your stomach is a muscle. Dyspepsia is its manner of saying "I am tired. Give me rest." To rest the stomach you must do its work outside of the body.

This is the Shaker's method of curing indigestion, and its success is best attested by the fact that these people are practically free from what is without doubt the most prevalent of all diseases. The Shaker Digestive Cordial not only contains digested food which is promptly absorbed without taxing the tired digestive organs, but it is likewise an aid to the digestion of other foods in the stomach. A 10 cent trial bottle will convince you of its merit, and these you can obtain through all druggists.

Laxol is the best medicine for children. Doctors recommend it in place of Castor Oil.

FREE BRIAR PIPE FOR 25 Cents Gail & Aris NAVY LONG CUT COUPONS OR GUMMED STICKERS

What brings relief from dirt and grease? Why don't you know? SAPOLIO

TRIAL LIST. Court beginning December 14, 1886, and continuing for two weeks. The first twenty cases to be tried the week beginning December 14, 1886, and those not tried that week to go over the term.

SECOND WEEK. Benton Twp.—Wm. H. Appteman, farmer; J. R. Keeler, farmer; James B. Laubach, farmer.

THIRD WEEK. Benton Twp.—Cyrus B. Hess, farmer; Chas. Gibson, Justice of the peace.

JURORS FOR DECEMBER COURT. GRAND JURORS. Beaver—Samuel Bredbenner, farmer; Boyd Longenecker, farmer; John Hides, farmer.

Patents. Caveats and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

Pennyroyal Pills. Obsolete. It is the Diamond Brand.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE

Fine PHOTOGRAPHS and CRAYONS at McKillip Bros., Bloomsburg. The best are the cheapest.

THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES. Butter per lb. \$ .20 Eggs per dozen .24 Lard per lb. .08 Ham per pound .13 Pork, whole, per pound .06 Beef, quarter, per pound .07 Wheat per bushel .05 Oats " " .30 Rye " " .50 Wheat flour per bbl. 5.00 Hay per ton 12 to 14 Potatoes per bushel .30 Turnips " " .25 Onions " " .50 Sweet potatoes per peck .20 Tallow per lb. .40 Shoulder " " .10 Side meat " " .10 Vinegar, per qt. .07 Dried apples per lb. .05 Dried cherries, pitted .10 Raspberries .12 Cow Hides per lb. .34 Steer " " .05 Calf Skin .80 Sheep pelts .75 Shelled corn per bus. .50 Corn meal, cwt. 1.50 Bran, " .90 Chop " 1.00 Middlings " 1.00 Chickens per lb new .08 " " old .08 Turkeys " " .12 Geese " " .10 Ducks " " .08 COAL. No. 6, delivered 2.60 " 4 and 5 " 3.85 " 6 at yard 2.35 " 4 and 5 at yard 3.60

Bring the Babies. INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS USED. Strictly first-class guaranteed photographs, crayons and copies at reasonable prices.

MARKET SQUARE GALLERY. 11-22-17. Over Hartman's Store.

Peirce School. 32nd Year. A representative American Business School for both sexes, founded by Thomas May Peirce, A. M., Ph. D.

NEW DINING ROOMS. A LARGE and well furnished dining room has been opened by HARRY AURAND, restaurant. Meals will be served at the regular dining hours for 25c.

CHARLES NASH PURVIS, WILLIAMSPORT, PA., Collections, Loans, Investments, Sales Agent and Real Estate Private Banker.

Wanted—An Idea. Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their 50 page catalogue and list of two hundred inventions wanted.