

DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd! This world is large enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide,
The paths of thought are free;
All earth's places, you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

Don't crowd, proud miss your dainty silk
Will gladden none the less
Because it comes in contact with
A beggar's tattered dress;
This lovely world was never made
For you and me alone;
A pauper has a right to tread
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart
By fostering all that's bad,
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had;
Be each day's record such a one
That you may well be proud;
Give each his right, give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

—Alice Cary.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"I have brought your tea." It was the voice of the dragoon that roused me from my slumber, as he stood by my deck chair, tea-cup in hand, as wholesome a specimen of young England (five feet eleven in height) as you would meet any day between Port Said and the Gulf of Aden. His face showed that he was brimming over with a matter of weighty importance, so I gathered my self together and prepared to listen and advise thereon, for, being an old stager, I was used to the confidence of subalterns.

"Fact is, I've been hard hit," began the dragoon, sitting down on the deck. "Miss Stanton?" I inquired, sympathetically, for that young woman on her way to marry a planter, had worked havoc among the unappropriated masculine hearts.

"Miss Stanton! No, I mean the woman who sits next you at table, the one with the beautiful eyes."

"My cabin companion, Mrs. Trinder! She is probably going out to join her husband," I added warningly.

"Oh, no. She's a widow. Hunt of the Fourth told me all about it; he has an uncle who has a place close to old Trinder's, and he, Hunt, I mean, knew them well by sight. Old Trinder was old enough to be her father. He made a pile in cotton or something of the sort, and died last year."

"Well, you know more about her than I do. Though she is my cabin companion, I have not found her particularly sociable."

"That is just it, one does not get any 'fourdard' with her; she won't talk to anybody."

"Well, I don't see how I can make her—"

"But if you were to ask her to tea or something of the sort—"

"And ask you to meet her, of course, I don't mind; so be here at four tomorrow," and I proceeded to scribble a note to Hunt of the Fourth, in consideration of his uncle having known old Trinder.

Somewhat, that tea was not a success, although the cook surpassed himself in tea-cakes, and that subtle flavor of stewed cockroaches that pervades the ship tea was reduced to a minimum.

Hunt contributed many anecdotes of his uncle (who knew old Trinder), but Mrs. Trinder would not be drawn into conversation.

The sound of the dressing-bell broke up the party, leaving the dragoon baffled in his object, but more in love than ever. He was one of those men who take the complaint seldom, but badly; and Mrs. Trinder, with her slim figure, big eyes, sweet smile and monosyllables, was in his eyes the perfection of womanhood.

"You'll come ashore?" said the dragoon, four hours later, as we steamed slowly into harbor at Aden.

I consented, for a cooling ship is not a delectable place; but, in spite of all-pervading dust, Mrs. Trinder could not be persuaded to accompany us, and we left her surrounded by a swarm of native merchants, who, with unerring instinct, marked her as an easy prey.

The journey to the empty tanks was as jolly and dusty as ever. Having inspected the few trees, we commenced our descent, and in so doing came across the Worst-tempered Man. In the course of an eventful life it has been my misfortune to foregather with many bad-tempered mortals, but this one could give points to any two other men of my acquaintance.

He was an ill-favored, unwholesome looking individual, with puffy cheeks and watery eyes, betokening a too great affinity for the insinuating peg. His carriage had come to grief on the road, and he was standing among the debris apostrophizing. From one or two expressions borne after us on the breeze, we learned with sorrow that he was to be a fellow passenger to Bombay.

"On our return to the ship a couple of hours later, I found Mrs. Trinder sitting in her cabin among her purchases, wearing a very frightened expression; she was a timid little thing, and about as fit to knock about the world alone as an unfledged canary, having evidently been kept in a hand-box all her life.

"They've put a madman next door," she began in a low voice. "He's dreadfully violent. Listen."

A string of Hindustani invectives, mingled with blows falling on some dull substance, and exclamations of "Sahib! Sahib!" reached our ears through the open grating that headed the partition walls of the two cabins, and I recognized the accents of the Worst-tempered Man.

"It's only temper," I said, reassuringly; "you will get used to that sort of thing. He's beating his servant, and you may be sure the boy is well paid, or he wouldn't stand it. If the man swears too loudly, I'll speak to the captain."

"Beating his servant! How dreadful. Let us go up on deck."

Outside we came upon the white-robed "boy" rubbing his shoulders, with a smile of satisfaction upon his face.

"Sticks?" I inquired, sympathetically. The "boy" grinned.

"Sahib make plenty bobby," he replied. That night, leaning over the prow of the vessel, watching the glimmering, fantastic lights in the phosphorescent waters, Mrs. Trinder waxed confidential, and I learned the reason of her journey.

She was unused to traveling, having never been fifty miles away from home before. Ten years ago she had loved and been beloved; but the loved one was ineligible, and her parents, fully alive to the advantage of wool, had persuaded her to marry old Trinder; but now that she was on her way to India to seek out her early love. They had always been faithful, though they had not corresponded (that would have been wrong) but she had frequent news of him from a mutual friend. That he still cared for her seemed certain, for he had never married, although he had attained a good position.

There was something touching in her simplicity, and I felt a greater interest than hitherto in the little woman, and a degree of respect for her child-like fidelity.

"You have written to say you are coming?" I inquired.

"Oh, no! I could not do that; it would seem like asking him to marry me. But I know he is in Bombay; I shall see him, and then—"

She broke off with a happy smile; then, after a pause, continued: "You must have thought me stupid and unsociable; but every moment of the day I am thinking of our meeting and looking forward to it. If the days would only pass quicker. They are so terribly long."

Later in the evening I reported our conversation to the dragoon, and he took it distinctly bad, for the little woman exercised a strange fascination over him.

The Worst-tempered Man was a source of much annoyance to the passengers generally, and especially to my cabin passenger, who fled from his presence. His language, too, was not always confined to Hindustani, and although one could not help admiring the breadth of his vocabulary, I felt it my bounden duty to report him to the captain, who moved him to the port side of the ship, which caused further deterioration in his temper.

One morning we were awakened with the glad tidings that Bombay was in sight. It took Mrs. Trinder little time to dress and collect her impedimenta; before I was up she was on the deck, where I joined her later. The passengers' luggage was being drawn up from the hold, and near the saloon companion way sat the Worst-tempered Man's servant upon two portmanteaux, bruised but cheerful, counting rupees into a small canvas bag. There were a goodly number, the price of many beatings.

"So we are really there at last," began Mrs. Trinder. Then she suddenly stopped and stared at something in front of her. Following the direction of her eyes, I encountered a portmanteau, and read the inscription in white letters, "Fenthan B. Davenant." Then I understood.

At that instant the Worst-tempered Man appeared. He looked at Mrs. Trinder, and for the first time their eyes met; a dawn of recognition broke over him.

"Is it possible?" he began.

Mrs. Trinder bowed.

"You have a time-table," I interrupted, quickly; "kindly tell me what time the evening train starts for Poonah."

Before he had answered my question Mrs. Trinder was half way down the companion, and when I went into the cabin a few minutes later she was sitting forlorn on her cabin box, the picture of disappointed hopes.

The blow had been a hard one. "Everything seems to have come to an end," she said mournfully. "I don't know what to do or where to go."

"But I do. You will come with me to Poonah, and stay there until you have decided on your future."

Then I returned to the deck, where I found the dragoon standing by his gunnise, his face gloomy and clouded.

"My leave isn't up for a week yet," he remarked, "so I'm going up country for a big shoot."

"You won't do anything of the sort. Mrs. Trinder is coming to stay with me."

"And her friend too?"

I pointed to the deckhouse, where stood the Worst-tempered Man, pegglass in hand and profanity on his lips.

"That is he," I said.

The clouds cleared from the dragoon's face instantaneously.

"Mahshallah!" he exclaimed.

Financial Strery in Kentucky.

A newly ordained minister of Carter County, who was recently called upon to marry a certain couple, after managing to wobble through with most of the ceremony, wound up as follows: "I charge you in the name of the laws of the State of Kentucky, and the laws are laid down by Moses and G. Washington, \$5 for this ceremony. I am a free-silver man, but I'll be durned if I will take any more conskins on marriage fees."—Ashland, Ky., News.

Educational Problem.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "kin trlu er dog ter do anyting dey tells 'im an' at de same time raise de mos' disobejntest chillun in de neighborhood."—Washington Star.

Irishman's definition of the grip.

"It's a disease that keeps you sick a long time after you are well."

HE GOT HIS DOSE.

The llama Gave the Young Man a Well Deserved Lesson.

The llama of South America is an expert marksman, though it never uses its craft in the procurement of its food. Only when annoyed and angry does it give an exhibition of its wonderful skill in hitting the object aimed at. The llama's weapon is its mouth; its bullet is composed of saliva and shewed hay.

Several years ago, at the fair grounds in St. Louis, I witnessed an exhibition of this creature's powers of expectation, in which the victim was a country beau, who came very near losing his sweetheart thereby. This young man was one of those self-sufficient individuals who imagine that knowledge sits enthroned in the temples of their own personal intellects; that what they do not know is not worth knowing. He was annoying the llama (the animal stood in the center of its pen, probably fifteen feet or more from its tormentor) by throwing clods of dirt at it and by beating on the rails of the pen with his cane.

I saw by the creature's actions that it was angry; the rapid movements of its jaws indicated that it was preparing to attack its persecutor. I warned the young man, telling him what to expect; his sweetheart begged him to desist and to come away. But he treated my warning with derision, and told the girl that "he knew his business." Suddenly there was a whizzing noise, followed by a sharp spat; the young wiserace lay supine upon his back, with his eyes and forehead plastered with a disgusting mixture of saliva, hay and mucus.

"I hate a fool!" said the girl, as she shouldered her parasol and walked away.

I saw them again in the monkey-house some time afterward, but the man was a changed being; he had learned his lesson in decorum; he had been taught modesty by the good marksmanship of a llama.—James Weir, Jr., in Lippincott's.

Married After All.

Alexander Bolles, one of the early itinerant preachers, who preached in three states among the Alleghany mountains, was much tormented by the influence of one John Rogers, a Jerseymen, who openly taught atheism and the abolishment of marriage. On one occasion, while holding a meeting in the woods in Virginia, a young man and a woman pushed their way up to the stump which served as a pulpit. The man, interrupting the sermon, said defiantly:

"I'd like you to know that we are Rogertes." The old man looked at him over his spectacles and waited. "We don't believe in no God. Nor in marriage. This is my wife, because I choose her to be; but I'll have no preacher nor 'quire meddin' with us."

"Do you mean to tell me," thundered Father Bolles, "that you have taken this girl home as your wife?"

"Yes, I do," said the fellow, doggedly.

"And you have gone willingly to live with him as your husband?"

"Yes," said the frightened girl. "Then I pronounce you man and wife, and whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. Be off with you! You are married now according to the law and the Gospel."

"Tippecanoe" and Madison.

Among all the stories on his grandfather, William Henry Harrison, the one that ex-President Harrison enjoys the most is that which relates to an incident at a drawing room held by Mrs. Madison at the White House in 1813. It was shortly after the battle of the Thames, and General Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, was the most talked of man in Washington. A lady of great beauty and high connections said to the President:

"General Harrison has received my commands to meet me here this evening."

"But that he cannot do," said the President, "because he left Washington this morning, starting from this very house with his horse and attendants, and must now be some forty miles on his way to the West."

"Still, I laid my commands upon him," said the lady, "and he is too gallant a man to disobey me."

Somewhat nettled, Madison replied: "We shall see, madame, whose commands he obeys."

The words had scarcely left his lips when the door opened and in walked General Harrison and his staff. Madison frowned and turned away, while her ladyship laughed in triumph.—New York Press.

Farmers in Japan.

Japan is one vast garden, and as you look over the fields you can imagine that they are covered with toy farms where the children are playing with the laws of nature and raising samples of different kinds of vegetables and grains. Everything is on a diminutive scale, and the work is as fine and accurate as that applied to a Cloisome vase. What would an Illinois or an Iowa farmer think of planting his corn, wheat, oats and barley in bunches and then, when it is three or four inches high, transplanting every spear of it in rows about as far apart as you can stretch your fingers? A Japanese farmer weeds his wheat fields just as a Connecticut farmer weeds his onion bed, and cultivates his potatoes and barley with as much care as a Long Island farmer bestows upon his asparagus and mushrooms or his flowers.—Washington Star.

Too Harsh to be Aristic.

"When an actor gets to making real love on the stage he loses his job."

"What's that for?"

"He makes such an unnatural mess of it."—Chicago Record.

A Builder's Experience.

A USEFUL LIFE RENEWED IN A REMARKABLE MANNER.

Udney Y. Wilson Was Near Death's Door. Doctors Failed to Help Him—A Home Remedy Succeeded in Saving His Life.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Udney Y. Wilson, contractor and builder, living in Detroit, Mich., at 87 High Street, West, said regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People: "For years I have been out of doors in all kinds of bad weather, looking after my building contracts. I have worked many days in the rain and cold to complete some building. About two years ago I noticed I could not get around as I should, and commenced to have a severe pain in my back. I tried the usual remedies without getting any relief, and for nearly a year I suffered intensely. I kept up as long as I could, as I had several contracts for buildings that had to be completed.

"At night I could not sleep. My physician said I was my kidneys, and every day I went out doors they would keep me awake nearly all the following night. Instead of getting better I became worse, and worried a great deal about my work. The doctor said I must quit work and go to bed, or he would not be responsible for my life."

"All the medicines I took only helped me temporarily. Some days I would feel better and go out a day only to be again confined to my bed for weeks at a time. One day my wife suggested that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I laughed at the idea."

"Finally when I got into such a condition that I would take almost anything in the hope of relief, I tried the pills. They helped me from the start, but I would not acknowledge it and said it was the other medicines that had just commenced to work. I disliked

to own up that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills helped me, as I had no confidence in them. When I could not carry on the imposition any farther, I told my wife that the pills were helping me. I took three boxes before I was entirely cured, and we now keep them in the house all the time.

"I am not prepared to say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will cure everything, but I know they will cure kidney troubles and general muscular weakness, as they cured me."

"I now recommend them to everyone in my neighborhood, where I formerly made sport of all proprietary remedies."

U. Y. WILSON, Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, this fourth day of March, 1897.

ROBERT E. HILL, Jr., Notary Public, Wayne County, Michigan.

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People shows that they contain, in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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The Dying Queen.

On a silken pillow, propped up by cushions all around, lay an old woman dying. Her life had been counted wonderful. Her riches were immense. Five thousand robes, embroidered with jewels, were said to hang in her wardrobe. Her soldiers guarded many a land. Her navy ruled the world. On that gray head England's crown had been worn for forty-five years. Queen Elizabeth, or, "Good Queen Bess," as the people called her, lay dying. Her life of pleasure and ambition was fast drawing to its close; her earthly race was nearly run. Waving off her courtiers with one dying hand, she covered her eyes with the other, and mournfully cried, "I will give millions of money for an inch of time." She had lived for over seventy years for the world; now facing eternity, she sees how valueless are all her riches, in view of the great hereafter. She had gained the world, but neglected her soul. The great concerns of how she was to meet God, and where she was to meet eternity, were put off to a dying hour, and now she offers millions of money, if her life can be prolonged. Unhappy queen! alas! how many are like thee, losing their souls for present ambition, and enjoyment of the world! But death will not be bribed with gold; he claims his victims whether prepared or not. Reader, how will it be with you, when you come to death's dark flow? Will you be able to meet death, and enter the eternal world joyfully? Have you settled with God the great question, of where you are to be, after death closes your eyes to earth and all its attractions? Have you a title to a home beyond the skies? Is

Christ your Saviour? Above the hum of earth's business: louder than the sounds of mirth, comes the great question—"Are you ready to meet God?"

Food, undigested, is poison. Digested, it is life and strength. Millions of us suffer from indigestion, but we often don't know it. We think it is something else. Even doctors often mistake the symptoms.

Pale, thin people, who are overworked, who need strength, who seem in want of proper food, should take Shaker Digestive Cordial. It is astonishing what food will do, when properly digested.

It will make you strong, revive you, refresh you, sustain you, make you fat, restore your color, make muscle, brain fibre, courage, endurance, energy; increase your power to throw off disease and keep you healthy and happy. Indigestion does just the opposite, but indigestion can be cured and prevented with Shaker Digestive Cordial. Sold by Druggists. Trial bottle 10 cents.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1896.

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THE MARKET'S.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Butter per lb.	14
Eggs per dozen	14
Lard per lb.	07
Ham per pound	12
Pork, whole, per pound	06
Beef, quarter, per pound	07
Wheat per bushel	100
Oats " "	30
Rye " "	40
Wheat flour per bbl.	4.80
Hay per ton	12 to \$14
Potatoes per bushel	10
Turnips " "	25
Onions " "	1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck	10
Tallow per lb.	05
Shoulder " "	08
Side meat " "	08
Vinegar, per qt.	07
Dried apples per lb.	05
Dried cherries, pitted	12
Raspberries	12
Cow Hides per lb.	31
Steer " "	05
Calf Skin	80
Sheep pelts	75
Shelled corn per bus.	45
Corn meal, cwt.	1.50
Bran, " "	35
Chop " "	35
Middlings " "	35
Chickens per lb new	12
" " old	10
Turkeys " "	12 1/2
Geese " "	10
Ducks " "	08

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