THE WOES OF YOUTH.

193 I've just got rid of cleanin' Off the sidewalk every day: But a boy seems jist for workin" Without no time to play. And I wisht I was my father, To set around and say:-Now, then, git out your show And clean the snow away ?

1

Pinought when winter ended There'd be a chance for play. But I've got to keep on workin' In the same old-fashioned way! First thing I heard this mornin Was Paw git up and say:--You cut the grass to-day!" -Cleveland Leader.

MY LITTLE NELLIE.

I always knew, from the time when we were children together, that Nellie Herbert was a roguish, tantalizing little witch, but I never guessed onehalf her wickedness until, lying one blessed summer afternoon in the summer house, dozing with my eyes open, I overheard her, in company with a chatty girl friend of her's (Sue Deane her name was), indulging in rather a confidential conversation.

'How long is it since Charley Hammond proposed?"

An indistinct murmur and a little laugh was all that I caught of the reply.

'Henry (that was my name) hasn't offered himself as yet, has he?'

"Henry!" What a pretty womanly affectation that soft, surprised excla-mation was! "Why no, goosle; I hope you don't think Henry Burnett has any serious intentions. La, he's my cousin -didn't you know it?-and it isn't pretty or proper for cousins to marry." Now that was a fib and the flirt knew it. If to be the adopted son of her stepmother's cousin's widow's brother was to bear any blood relationship to her why then we were cousins,

not otherwise. And as for serious intentions, had not I kissed her every time I caught her in the hall after dark for the previous six weeks? And had not I squeezed her hand till I dared not squeeze any harder for fear of crushing the white, beringed, tremulous bit of a thing?

And hadn't I shaved off my beard to please her, and played the unconquerable hero to every other young lady in the neighborhood, that she might have no cause for jealousy?

Serious intentions, indeed! In my mortification at being so poorly appreciated I came near groaning aloud, prudently restrained the impulse, however.

"What a pity! But, O, Nellie!" I heard a distinct clasping of hands. "I can have him, now, can 1? Strange I never thought of it before! Say Nellfe, May 1?

You are welcome to him for aught I care. I am very sure of that." I wasn't so sure of it if she was. She

liked me, Nellie did, and I liked heraye, loved her to distraction-the red-lipped, blue-eyed, brown-curled little

"Now, ain't that delightful. dear? The most relentless coquette in all Christendom yielding up the hand-somest, wittlest and best-natured of her admirers voluntarily!"

If anything will make a bashful man feel peculiar, it is to hear himself praised. I modestly shut one eye and looked up at the clouds. Somehow they made me think of Nellie's hair, they were so soft, so lustrous, so tenderly, goldenly brown!

turned to leave the room, a little disappointed at not finding Nellie there. the sound of a stifled sob smote my ear. I was back again in an instant, push ing the muslin drapery from one of the low windows, only to find Nellie crouching down, with her face hidden in her folded arms, and to hear the audible weeping that even my coming could not check or soothe.

'Why, what ails my little cousin?" (I had never acknowledged the title as tegitimate before.) "Charley hasn't proved faithless, has he? I should be tempted to cowhide him if I thought he had anything to do with those tears." "Char-ley!

If a rosebud could snarl, I should say that Nelke's mouth snarled then.

Why, I thought him one of the best of fellows, and he is certainly very fond of you," I answered gravely. "By the way, what a sweet girl that little friend of yours is, Susie. I never realized it, completely until to-day. I have nearly lost my heart to her. What a soft voice she has-and what glorious eyes! Don't you think so?" She nodded a silent affirmative to

my remark.

"If I am any judge of character, she is more than commonly amiable in disposition, too. I can hardly imagine such a thing as a frown on her forehead, or an angry word slipping from such a mouth."

"There you are mightly mistaken, at any rate! You ought to see her in a passion once, as I have done. You might change your views."

"But don't you like her? I am surprised-and sorry, too, for I was about to ask you how she would please you as a cousin, supposing I could have the good fortune to make an impression." 'Well, then, I don't like her!" she

exclaimed, with a suddenly darkening face: "the artful-" She checked herself, 'as though sud-

denly struck dumb with repentance. "But I thought her your dearest

friend and a perfect little jewel of a woman?

"And so she is, and I ought to be ashamed to have spoken so of her!" she said eagerly, as if to atone for her former words, and bursting into a paroxysm of passionate tears, as she spoke.

"Then you would like her for a cousin, wouldn't you, after all?" She looked at me quickly, and I hated myself for the moment for the look of pitiful anguish that dilated her eyes and whitened her compressed lips.

Yes-no-O, please don't talk about It any more to-night. I am ill and tired. Sometime-to-morrow, maybe, I shall be glad and happy to hear you."

She rose and tried to pass me. Did I let her? Instead, I drew her down into my arms and whispered softly: "But I must talk of something, Nellie, and if you won't hear that, why-' Pahaw! what's the use of finishing

that sentence on paper? It must be enough for you to know that in her surprise and delight she put her white arms around my neck, and- Well, did she? Or didn't she? Yes, she kissed me. But that wasn't all she did, either. Six months after she married me .--New York News.

Republicanism in Italy.

The Roman correspondent of the Times, who is entirely favorable to the dynasty of Savoy, reports a great in-crease in Republican feeling throughout the peninsula. Rome itself has returned a Republican Deputy, while different districts have sent up twentyseven others. Most of those who call homselves Radicals, and, of course, all Socialists, are also Republicans, Italy is, we think, too sensible to change her form of government, but it seems certain that discontent is deep seated and growing. The alliance with Germany has brought nothing except excessive taxation, made more bitter by suspicions of corruption in the collections; the military prestige of the monarchy has been impaired by the defeat in Abyssinia; there have been no adequate reforms in Sicily, where the situation is deplorable; and we believe the policy of the government in adhering to the concert, and agreeing to occupy Crete while still under an oppressor's flag, is most unpopular. For many of the evils of Italy the Chamber and not the monarchy is responsible; but throughout southern Europe. in France, in Spain, in Italy and in Greece, the permanent tendency of the people when discontented is to believe that the only sufficient remedy is a change in the form of government,-Spectator.

THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

WOULD HAVE BEEN TERRIBLE

The Bookkeeper's Escape Saved Him From Worse Than a Beating.

The bookeeper came into the office the other morning, his usually placid face pale and worn. As he took off his coat he remarked, with a sidelong glance at the pretty stenographer: "I had a close shave last night."

"Oh, you do shave, do you?" asked the cashier.

"Oh, you think yourself smart, don't you?" retorted the bookcoper, flushing angrily, for his extreme youth is very tender point with him. "What I meant was that I came near passing in my checks."

"Where?" queried the shipping clerk malicionsly.

"Well, where you'll never have a chance to. St. Peter knows you too well." snapped the bookkeeper, as he thrust his arm into his office coat. "That's so; he knows my health

would not stand too warm a climate." murmured the shipping clerk, but the bookkeeper did not notice him and continued:

"No, on the square now. I did come near being tapped on my brain. Sever-al fellows chased me for more than a block.

'You don't say?" cried the pretty stenographer, leting her hands fall in-to her hap and gazing at the bookkeeper with sympathy and perhaps something a little warmer shining out of her bright eyes.

"Sure. It was a close squeeze, Once I thought I'd have to squeak, but a copper came along and they turned their trilbies."

"Oh, how dreadful," sighed the pretty stenographer, a tear shining on her long lashes,

The shipping clerk saw those tears and he breathed hard. It was against his principles to allow any one to distance him, and he resolved to take the bookkeeper down a peg or two. Looking about to make sure that "the old man" was not lurking about the door, he strolled over to the pretty stenographer's desk and leaning upon it re-

marked carelessly: "It was dreadful."

"Indeed it was," the pretty stenographer answered, turning the battery of her eyes upon him.

"Yes, horrible; but it might have been worse," continued the shipping clerk, studying the points of his shoes. "How's that?" asked the cashier, who was hovering in the background, hoping for an opportunity to put in his oar.

"Suppose they had succeeded in holding him up." "Yes," the pretty stenographer re-

plied breathlessly. "That would have been very morti-

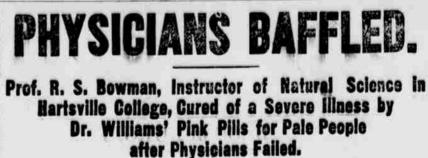
fying to the poor fellow."

"Den't you get too smart," came in chest tones from the bookkeeper, who smelled a rat.

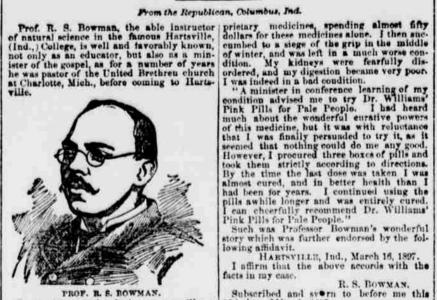
"Weil, it would have been a little awkward to have even a slugger discover that your pockets were empty, wouldn't it now?" the shipping clerk asked innocently, dodging the ink well the bookkeeper sont at his head .-Chicago News.

The Dog Understood.

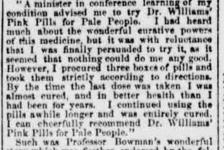
Allen H. Norton of this town is the owner of a farm over the state line, in Massachusetts. For many years Mr. Norten has had on the farm a dog of cocker spanicl and hound breed, which has been of considerable use about the place and also a good hunter of coons and other game; but the dog is now 12 years old, minus some of his teeth,



From the Republican, Columbus, Ind.



FROF. R. S. BOWMAN.
Some time ago he had a severe illness which was cured almost miraculously. A reporter hearing of this, interviewed him regarding his experience. Prof. Bowman was in the midst of his work when the reporter called, but he cheerfully gave him a hearing.
A year ago last fall," said the professor, "I broke down with nervous exhaustion and was unable to properly attend to my duties. I tried different physicians but with no relief, and also used many different proSubscribed and svern to before me this 16th day of March, 1897.
State of March, 1897.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Scheneotady, N. Y.



I affirm that the above accords with the facts in my case. R. S. BOWMAN.

Subscribed and svorn to before me this



STOVE NAPTHA, the Cheapest and

Butter per 1b \$ Eggs per dozen14 Lard per lb08 Ham per pound...... Pork, whole, per pound..... .12 .06 Beef, quarter, per pound07 Wheat per bushel..... 1 00 Oats ** **30 .50 4.80 Hay per ton 12 to \$14 Potatoes per bushel, new70 Turnips " .25 Onions " " 1.00 Sweet potatoes per peck20 Tallow per 1b05 Shoulder " "c8 Side meat " "c8 Vinegar, per qt..... .07 Dried apples per lb..... .05 Dried chernes, pitted12 Raspberries12 .31 .05 .75

| | Cow macs per 10 | -31 |
|-----|----------------------|------|
| | Steer " " " | .05 |
| | Calf Skin | .80 |
| 1 | Sheep pelts | -75 |
| 1 | Shelled corn per bus | -45 |
| 1 | Corn meal, cwt | 1.50 |
| | Bran, " | .85 |
| ě. | Chop " | .85 |
| 1 | Middlings " | .85 |
| Ŧ | Chickens per lb new | .12 |
| | " " " old | .10 |
| 31 | Turkeys " " | .124 |
| -41 | Geese " " | .10 |
| m-+ | Ducks " " | .08 |
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COAL.



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Fine PHOTO. **GRAPHS** and CRAYONS at McKillip Bros. Bloomsburg. The best are the cheapest.

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BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

CORRECTED WERELT. BETAIL PRICES.

'I shall set my cap immediately. And, O, shan't I be proud of my handsome beau, when I've caught him? Mind you don't come poking that saucy little nose of your's in the way, to spoil my fun. But what's your motive in giving him up so readily? He's a deal more agreeable than Charley, and, beside, you've rejected him already."

"You speak as if there were only those two men in the world-the conceited creature! I'd die an old maid for all of either of them.

I came near swearing that she should die an old maid in good earnest, before any interference of mine should prevent her. There had been considerable uncalled for pique and irritation in Nellie's voice, which betrayed-What? Well, as I said before, I hope I am not a vain man.

I rose up, threw away my cigar, whistled a bar of "Hail Columbia," by way of rousing my courage, and then followed them into the house. Going directly to my room, I made myself generally fascinating (I am not a vain man, remember), and then marched straight down to the parlor, and seat-ad myself on the sofa beside Sue Deane.

When I took a flower from the buttonhole of my vest (it was a beautiful wild flower that Nellie had gathered the day before and placed on the table), and begged leave to arrange it in her hair, telling her with my most winning smile how beautiful the white, waxen blossoms contrasted with the purplish blackness of her magnificent braids, she looked absolutely bewildered, and glanced toward Nellie in the most puzzled air imaginable.

As for Nellie herself, the only reward got from her for my premeditated hatefulness was one surprised, indignant, wide open flash of her superb

All that afternoon I was devoted to Sue. I threw admiration into my eyes. passion into my gestures, tenderness and devotion into the tones of my voice. If I played a deceptive and consequently wicked part, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I played it gloriously and with complete success.

Through my lashes I watched her 'ace (Nellie's) as: duously-detecting every change that passed over it. It was rare sport to see the angry crimson rise and waver and die away, only to rise again in her cheek; to watch the toss of the small, proud head, the convulsive locking together of the dainty hands, the quivering of the grieved mouth, like a rose-leaf stirred by the wind. Rare sport, I say! It might have been had I not loved her!

That night, after I had escorted Sue nome, I walked back and forth in the street for an hour to make little Miss indifference think something that wasn't exactly true—i, e., that I had been spending my time in said Sue's company.

When I re-entered the parlor it was lark and apparently deserted; but as I

mild. Strawberries All the Year.

At Iraputo on the Mexican Central rallroad strawberries and choice ones, too, are picked every day in the open air. The season is continuous, the crop perpetual. In recognition of this the through express over the Mexican Cen-tral is called the "Strawberry Limited," the train, not the fruit, being limited. These Mexican strawberries are light colored, sweet and delicate. They are sold at the station by the natives, who peddle large baskets of them, for 25 cents, Mexicain money, equivalent to 12½ cents. The Mexican berry has the same buoyancy as the American. The larger and riper the fruit, the lighter it is; and, as a consequence, the top of the basket has all the choicest specimens. This sort of thing, thousands of miles from home, impresses upon the weary traveler a new sense of the likeness and brotherhood of man .- Hartford Courant.

Took the Wrong One.

The head teacher in a Sunday School was much worried by the noise of the scholars in the next class to his, Standing on a chair, he looked over the partition dividing the two rooms who the offenders were. Seeing to see one boy-a little tailer than the resttalking a good deal, he leaned over, seized him by the collar, lifted him over the partition, and banged him on to a chair in his own room, saying: "Now be quiet!" He resumed his lesson for about a quarter of an hour, when a small head appeared, and a meek little voice said: "Please, sir, vou've got our teacher!"

Following the Advice. Mother-You must never put off till to-morrow wh t you can just as well do to-day. Freddie-Then let me finish that pie now .- Fliegende Blaetter.

Consequently, about two weeks ago,

the man in charge of the farm took the dog out in the lots to dispose of it. He laid his gun on the ground and proceeded to dig a grave for the dog, while the faithful animal lay beside the implement intended soon to end its life, and watched the hole in the ground gradually grow deeper. The man had nearly finished his excavation when the dog suddenly sprang to its feet and rushed from the place. For the first time on record it refused to respond to the man's call, but hurried to the river bank, swam to the opposite shore, disappeared in the woods, and is still absent.-Winsted (Conn.) Correspondence of Hartford Courant.

Up to His Looks.

One of the many private secretaries at the national capital is still new to his honors. One day a newspaper wo-man, full of business, burst into the office of this secretary's chief. The great man was out. "Can you tell me when he will be in?" she asked. "Really." drawled the clerk, "I haven't an idea." "Well," said the newspaper woman, as she turned to go, "I must "ay you look it."-Washington Post

Not an Inappropriate Name.

"I presume," said the talkative man to his seat-mate in the railway train, "from your manner and conversation,

that you have family ties." "Yes," replied Mr. Meekton, "I s'pose you might as well call 'em that. I buy em for myself, but my wife and the girls all wear 'em whenever they feel like it."-Washington Evening Star.

He Made No Test.

"I believe you said that you'd never marry a woman who didn't love you well enough to black your shoes. How did the test turn out?" "Well, you see, I took to wearing

patent leathers just after I was mar-ried."--Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Not Flattering.

"I think Nell's new photographs must look exactly like her." "Why?"

"She hasn't shown them to a living soul."-Ex.

Estimating its Value.

"I told him I would stake my reputa tion upon it." "What did he say?"

"That he wasn't offering odds."-Puck.

Why He Stopped.

Dyer-Have you given up going to church? Duell-Yes. The doctor says I sleep

too much .- Town Toples.

she Hit It. Mr. Glibleigh-"What is the cause of so many divorces?" Miss Sourleigh--"So . many marri-Gaus."-Tit-Bits,

and getting feeble. So it was thought Best Fuel on the market. With it you can run a Vapor Stove for one-half cent per hour. Give us a call and be convinced.

> Bloomsburg, Pa. W. O. Holmes, Eshleman & Wolf, L. E. Wharey,

The Rise in Steam Pressures.

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The most prominent condition af-Shade the eyes from the full glare fecting all engines, whether marine, locomotive or stationary, is a more general employment of higher steam pressure. This increase of pressure has been marked within the last 15 or Keep soap and all patent eye wash-20 years. In marine practice it has risen in that time from 60 to 150 As you value your sight, avoid all pounds, and in exceptional cases re-Never read or use the eyes for fine cently it has reached 270 pounds. In locomotive practice it has increased Whenever an eye is injured, call in from 125 to nearly 200 pounds. In stationary practice 150 pounds is not uncommon, and 200 pounds is occasionally employed, although in that field 100 pounds is a ruling average. light for any work you may have on In the future this average will increase, hand, as the more general introduction of water tube boilers makes it practicfrom one side or from above, and not able, and because it is a necessity if electrical apparatus is to be operated economically. - J. L. Starwood in Cassier's Magazine.

> BLEEDING PILES, ITCHING PILES .-Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Piles in all its forms-Itching, Bleeding and Blind. One application gives quick relief; three nights will cure most cases ; six nights will cure most stubborn cases. The best and surest cure for any and all skin eruptions. 35 cents.

Sold by C. A. Kleim.

What do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee Have you tried the new food drink cailed Grain O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The -Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, more Grain O you give the children Brooklyn, N. Y. their systems. Grain-O is made of

Just try a roc, box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made. 4 1-1y grocers sell it. 15c and 25c. action to the entire system. I EDEDITED Curs DYSPEPSIA, NEADACHE, CONSTIPATION and PIMPLES. 5-27.6m.

DINING ROOMS.

A LARGE and well furnished dining room has been opened by HARRY AURAND, on the second floor of his HARRY AURAND, res. taurant. Meals will be served at the regular dining hours for 25c. and they can also be obtained at any time. The table will be sup-plied with the delicacies of the season and the service will be first-class,

Entrance by door between Restaurant an Malfaiera's grocery store.



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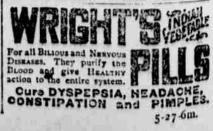
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an experienced oculist at once. Never expose the eyes needlessly to dust or flying particles of any kind. Have an abundance of good, steady

hand. Let the light come to your eyes from in front.

W. F. Hartman,

Avoid "squinting."

sunlight.

that is possible.

es out of the eyes.

quack eye doctors.

work during twilight.

Care of the Eyes.

When the eyes are weak, sleep all

Do not work in a poor light, and avoid a glaring light, as it may be as bad as too little light.

Do not use a flickering light for reading or sewing. Use a lamp with a large burner, and use good oil.

Thousands suffer from Catarrh or cold in head and have never tried the popular remedy. There is no longer any excuse, as a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm can be had of your

druggist or we mail it for 10 cents. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

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.