

CHILDREN OF OLD MEN.

Seventy Years No Bar to the Acquisition of Interesting Families.

Cases of children being born to men verging on the three score years and ten, which are declared by the Psalmist to constitute the span of human life, are by no means so rare as might be imagined, says the New York World.

The present earl of Leicester, one of the only peers of the realm who witnessed Queen Victoria's coronation, was 71 years of age at the time of the birth of his youngest daughter, whose eldest sister, aged 49, is already a grandmother. The famous French Field Marshal Pelissier, duke of Malakoff, was 68 when he married, and his only daughter, recently divorced from the Polish Count Zambiska, was born a year later. His fellow field marshals, Canrobert and Bazaine, likewise married when they were in the neighborhood of 70, and each left several children.

The father of Queen Isabella of Spain, old King Ferdinand, was 68 at the time of her birth, and 69 when her sister, the late Duchess of Montpensier, made her appearance in the world. Ancient history furnishes many more such instances, among the most notable being, perhaps, those of Cato, King David, and last, but not least, Father Abraham.

CHARACTER IN HATS.

Amateur Divinations by Very Strange Means Now the Fad in Chicago.

Character reading is the very latest fashionable diversion of social Chicago. Not professional character reading, but amateur divination by society people themselves. The old style palmistry is now supplemented by character reading by means of a study of a person's handwriting, of his facial lines and expressions, of his walk, of even the clothes he wears, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"I can tell more about a woman's personality by examining her shoes and hat than by watching her face," remarked a clever man the other day. "I always look first at her shoes, then at her skirt and finally at her hat. The waist or coat I never remark at all. Sometimes I am mistaken in the shoes, because the pair may be new and stiff and have not had a chance to become part of the individual.

"But the hat is never debatable territory. Its shape, its trimming, its size and the way it is placed on the head all tell something of the owner's personality. A hat is to me the typical straw that denotes the outlines of the wearer's character."

GOLF AND SCOTCH WHISKY.

The Growing Favor of the Game Over Here Increases the Sales of the Liqueur.

"The game of golf is responsible for an increase of almost 200 per cent. in the sale of Scotch whisky in this country," said a liquor dealer. "Scotch whisky is as essential to a golf player as beer to a man at a clam bake, and the growing interest in golf is increasing the sale of this commodity every year.

"In Scotland, where the game of golf is said to have first been played, the standard drink is Scotch whisky. Of course, the American golfers have to follow the Scotch fashions, and Scotch whisky and soda—a really delicious and refreshing beverage—is the favorite drink in the golf clubs in this country.

"In a liquor trade paper, I saw, some time ago, some figures on this subject. Before the game of golf became so popular in this country, the annual sale of Scotch whisky here was less than 30,000 gallons. It is now said to be something like 90,000 gallons a year. There is a well-grounded suspicion that a good deal of this whisky is distilled right in this country and put into bottles bearing the labels of a Scotch firm, but I think it would be impossible to prove this."

FRENCHMEN DON'T TRAVEL.

Because They Have an Innate Horror of Anything Like "Roughing It."

M. Bonvalto, the distinguished explorer, is constantly exhorting his fellow-countrymen to travel, and his appeals are once more leading to a review of the reasons which render the average Gaul so averse to adventure beyond his own frontier, says the London Telegraph. How does it happen, it is asked, that so few, even of the younger generation of Frenchmen, display any inclination to see the world, although at their age, many Anglo-Saxons have already been round it?

Two main explanations for these stay-at-home propensities are volunteered. One is that people in France rarely trouble themselves to learn foreign languages, so that they are like fish out of water when they go abroad. Another is that they are absolutely ignorant of the practical side of travel and have little idea of the articles that they require or of the best mode of fitting themselves out for a long journey. In short, they are not handy or enterprising and have a horror of anything in the shape of "roughing it," as the saying goes.

Do Song-Birds Predict Storms?

A writer in the Monthly Weather Review avers that for a considerable time in advance of a great storm song birds cease their music, and that this may be taken as an indication of the storm's approach. For 48 hours before the beginning of a series of severe storms in northern Illinois last summer not a sound was heard from the throats of the thousands of birds which inhabit that part of the country, and whose music, in fair weather, is one of the charms of the district.

Soldiers of France and Germany.

Twenty-five years ago France was able to put as many soldiers in the field as Germany. To-day it falls short by about 1,000,000 men.

Postal Cards.

More than 2,000 different kinds of postal cards have been issued during the last 25 years.

ADDS PI TO HIS LUNCH.

The Tardy Suburbanite's Mortifying Struggle with the Restless Paper Parcel.

The man in the suburbs had his lunch neatly tied in a square paper parcel which did not look its function. He started for the house in orderly precision, says the Chicago Chronicle, but had barely turned the corner when he stubbed his toe and dropped the unsuspecting bundle to the sidewalk, splitting the yellow paper and depositing sandwiches and cake on the ground. Then the train whistle sounded its warning note, and in despair the tortured suburbanite crammed cake and bread promiscuously into his pockets and started on a run for the station. He caught the last platform of the last car and hurriedly sank into a seat. When the conductor asked for his ticket he managed to extract the small paste-board without showing the contents of one pocket, but tugging deep into the other for his handkerchief to wipe his heated brow, out flew crumby bread and stringy ham and cake that looked as if the frosting had been nibbled by mice. The passengers smiled. They could not have been human and done otherwise. But the man made no allowances for uncontrollable risibilities. He glared at the offending men and women, savagely thrust back the bread and battered cake into his pocket and enveloped his burning countenance in the cooling pages of the morning paper. But there was a look of flint in his eye that spoke the finish of the home-cooked luncheon.

THE SWEEPER TEAM.

A Picturesque Spectacle That is Still to Be Seen on City Horse Car Lines.

The sweeper team, always the pride of the car stable, is disappearing rapidly now before the power sweeper of the electric and cable roads; but when, on occasion, it does appear on the few remaining horse-equipped lines of the city, it is made up in the same fine style as ever. When the sweeper team finally goes for good it will rot away in good form and flying colors, says the New York Sun.

Thus there was seen the other day on a city street car track over which horse cars are still running a sweeper team of eight white horses in perfectly matched pairs and all good-sized, the wheel pair big horses and the other pairs tapering uniformly to the leaders, but not running down very much, just enough to give the big team form and style. The harness of every set of harness were painted red, not a glaring red nor a muddy dark red—it was more pinkish and transparent—and this narrow band of bright color running around the black collar of each white horse looked neither gaudy nor out of place; it gave the outfit just the proper touch of jauntness.

The horses were all good steppers and they moved with a proper pride; the big team was of course well driven. It was not perhaps the greatest team ever was, but it was something uncommon sleek.

SIGNAL SERVICE.

As Operated by the Captain and His Bride When They Were Separated.

The captain had not been long married when he was ordered into camp. The long-expected call had come at last. To be sure, the camp was in plain sight of the captain's residence, which was some mitigation of the hardship, but then it was still a separation, and to lighten their terrible condition it was arranged that the bereaved husband and wife should signal to each other often with handkerchiefs, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

It was on the second day that the young wife was seated on the porch reading.

"Tell me, Jane," she said, "is Arthur still signaling?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the maid. "Then keep waving your handkerchief. I want to finish this novel!"

"At the same moment, in camp, an officer from an adjoining company stepped up to the captain.

"I say, old man," he asked, "why do you keep that man out there all day waving a handkerchief?"

"Oh, it's merely a bit of signal code practice for him," he answered. "Say, I've got some good stuff inside."

The Length of Human Life.

According to M. L. Holl Schooling, of Brussels, says Cosmos, there is an old rule for finding the length of a man's life if the present age lies between 12 and 86 years. This is the rule: Subtract the present age from 86 and divide the remainder by 2; the result will give the number of years you have yet to live. This old rule was discovered by the mathematician De Moivre, who emigrated to England from France in 1865 and became a member of the Royal Society. The curves given by Mr. Schooling are interesting to examine. A first diagram shows the chance that every man has of living one year longer than his present age. At birth this chance is 5 to 1; at 5 years, 119 to 1; at 10, 512 to 1; at 15, 347; at 20, 207; at 25, 156; at 30, 120; at 35, 97; at 40, 78, etc. Mr. Schooling affirms from his calculations that of 1,000 individuals of 60 years, 599 will live to be 70, 120 to 80 years and 17 to 90; while of 1,000 nonagenarians, 4 will reach their hundredth year. We may add that for men of 65, the average expectation of life is 10-1-3 years.

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THE ODDDEST JOB YET.

Hiring a Woman to Personate a Collection Agent in Need of a Beating.

"I used to work for a collection agency in one of the northern cities," said a lady perfumery drummer to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "and my experience was tolerably exciting. My duty was to sit at a roll-top desk in the office and impersonate the proprietor. Light work, did you say? Just you wait. All day long men would come in red-eyed to lick the boss. 'Where's the fellow that sends out these blackmailing letters?' was the usual salutation. Then I would smile sweetly and say: 'I'm the proprietress; what can I do for you?' At that the visitor would look dazed, mutter things under his breath and walk off. Occasionally the real proprietor would peep through an inside window to see whether I was still alive, for I must admit our letters were calculated to give a man the homicidal mania.

"Well, things went on all right for nearly a month. Then one day a little wiry chap walked in carrying a thick cane. 'Where's the boss?' he said. I gave the usual fairy story. 'Don't believe a word of it,' he replied, 'still I can't beat a woman.' He thought awhile, and something in his eye made me feel creepy. 'I'll have to take it out of the fixtures,' he said, finally, and, upon my word, he broke up every blessed thing in the shop. He did it quickly and systematically, and you never saw such an awful ruin! I yelled murder, but it did no good, and he went right ahead. As a wind-up he smashed the chandelier and bade me a polite good-day. When the proprietor came in he had a fit. It was after that I went into the perfumery business. The work is harder, but it is much less trying on one's nerves."

We Abuse the Foreigner.

From Plymouth to Calais there is a chain of decayed seaports and idle shipyards—a chain of rotten wharves, tumble-down piers, shipless harbors and old sailors, says H. Phelps Whitmarsh, in Atlantic. All speak eloquently of a great carrying trade, of a great foreign shipping interest, of a great marine power—that was. The foreigner, when he looks at all this for the first time, and realizes what has been lost, stands aghast, and finds himself wondering whether the high estimate set upon the American people as an energetic business nation is not, after all, an unmerited one.

Aids the Circulation.

Nine tons of pennies are taken from the London slot machines each week, the firm which runs the "motoscope" weighing \$2,500 alone.

BARRELS OF SAMPLES.

Over Two Hundred Thousand Sample Bottles Sent Free by Mail.

By special arrangement with the manufacturers of that justly famous Kidney medicine, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, the readers of the COLUMBIAN are enabled to obtain a trial bottle and pamphlet of valuable medical advice absolutely free, by simply sending their full name and postoffice address to the DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y., and mentioning this paper.

Of course this involves enormous expense to the manufacturers, but they have received so many grateful letters from those who have been benefited and cured of the various diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and chronic constipation, and all weaknesses peculiar to women, that they willingly send trial bottles to all sufferers.

Upon investigation it was found that 91 per cent. of those who had used the trial bottle had received such benefit from it that they purchased large sized bottles of their drugs.

It matters not how sick you are or how many physicians have failed to help you, send for a trial bottle of this great medicine, it costs you but a postal card, and benefit and cure will most certainly be the result.

Put some urine in a glass tumbler and let it stand 24 hours; if it has a sediment or if it is pale or discolored, milky or cloudy, stringy orropy, your kidneys or bladder are in a bad condition. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy speedily cures such dangerous symptoms as pain in the back, inability to hold urine, a burning scalding pain in passing it, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, the staining of linen by your urine and all the unpleasant and dangerous effects on the system produced by the use of whiskey, wine or beer. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is sold at all drug stores at \$1.00 for a large bottle; six bottles for \$5.00.

Lippincott's Magazine for June, 1899.

The complete novel in the June issue of "Lippincott's" is entitled "Green Withes," by Jeanette H. Walworth. This is a tale of strong human interest, touching, as it does, on one of the vital questions of to-day. The snapping of the green withes of convention and the inevitable awakening are told in a forceful and interesting way, which is calculated to arouse the reader's deepest sympathy.

A truly delightful article on "The Summer Birds," by Dr. Charles C. Abbott, will be found entertaining, as well as useful in country walks this summer. "Chemistry in the Kitchen," by Albert G. Evans; "The Samoan Feast of Pilau," by Owen Hall; and "Fires in Metalliferous Mines," by John E. Bennett, are all excellent and timely papers.

Shorter fiction is well represented by Dora Read Goodale in "The Opera Glass," and by Rolfe Ogden in "A Scientific Reader." Theodore Gallagher contributes a story of life in a miner's camp, called "Father McGrath," and Alice Miriam Roundly writes of "King McDougall's Kitten."

The verse of the month is from the pen of Margaret Gilman George, Geraldine Meyrick, and Eliza Calvert Hall.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be sure notice, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All drug stores, 50c or 1c. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

100 DROPS CASTORIA Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS - CHILDREN Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. The Kind You Have Always Bought. 35 Doses - 35 CENTS. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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PIMPLES "My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascares I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascares." FRED WATMAN, 8708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Table with market prices for various goods: Butter per lb., Eggs per dozen, Lard per lb., Ham per pound, Pork, whole, per pound, Beef, quarter, per pound, Wheat per bushel, Oats, Rye, Wheat flour per bbl., Hay per ton, Potatoes per bushel, Turnips, Onions, Sweet potatoes per peck, Tallow per lb., Shoulder, Side meat, Vinegar, per qt., Dried apples per lb., Dried cherries, pitted, Raspberries, Cow Hides per lb., Steer, Sheep pelts, Shelled corn per bus., Corn meal, cwt., Bran, Chop, Middlings, Chickens per lb new, Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, COAL. No. 6, delivered, 4 and 5, 6 at yard, 4 and 5 at yard.

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Jury List—For June Term, 1899.

- SPECIAL COURT, MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1899, 2 P. M. Bentonboro.—Clark Filler, Berwick.—Henry T. Traugh, Louis J. Townsend, W. H. Martz, Chas. Brader, John I. Jones, Chas. Hippensteel, Bloomsburg.—Charles Ferwigger, Ale Derr, Wm. E. Moyer, John Mourey, Eli Jones. Briarcreek.—Wm. S. Ash. Catawissa boro.—E. B. Guie, D. E. Fegley, Chas. E. Smith. Catawissa twp.—Wm. Witmer. Centralia.—John Hinckle, M. J. McDonnell. Centre.—John Coleman, Charles Creasy. Franklin.—Frank Kern. Fishingcreek.—Alfred A. Eveland. Jackson.—Charles Coleman. Madison.—Erastus Hendershott. Main.—Clark Beagle. Mifflin.—Rider W. Smith, Daniel A. Hess, Mt. Pleasant.—Geo. Whitenight, Henry Crawford. Pine.—Robert Hileman. Roaringcreek.—Wm. Beaver. Scott.—J. T. Grimes. Sugarloaf.—James Pennington, Edward J. Albertson, Geo. W. Roberts.

TRIAL LIST FOR JUNE TERM.

- Susan Cooper vs. Margaret Averal et al. Susan Cooper vs. Daniel Miller. William Hoffman, Adm'r. vs. William Hopper and Mary Hopper. Howard Snyder vs. James Magee 2nd. Charles D. Hamlin vs. Norman E. Hamlin. David Shuman vs. Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Co. David Shuman vs. Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Co. David Shuman vs. The Cross Creek Coal Co. David Shuman vs. Charles M. Dodson & Co. David Shuman vs. Geo. H. Meyers & Co. William C. Spangler vs. William Walp, Adm'r. et al. J. B. Robinson vs. Benjamin Karns et al. Frank P. Pursel vs. John K. Grotz. Anglo American S & L Association vs. James Magee 2nd.

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