THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

EBEN BREWER.

"Eben Brewer, the first United States ostmaster in Cuba, was a hero and a martyr.") Hear the story of Eben Brewer.

Never a braver soul and truer In the plunge of the shot and shell! Never a nobler mercy-doer When Santiago felli

Not against the proud Castilian Went this citizen-civilian With the dreams of a conqueror; le was simply a man of the million Caught in the net of war.

To and fro from grim Balquiri, Over the treacherous tran and dreary, Bearing news from the motherland, Tolled he, gallant and stanch and cheery, Lending a lifting hand.

Holding the tropic heat a trifle Where the troopers strain and stifle, In the rush of the forward track, Out of the range of the deadly rifle Bore he the wounded back.

Then, while the weary soldiers slumbered, He, where the crowding cots were cum-bered, Ceaseless, followed his high behest;

And through the days and nights he numbered Never an hour of rest.

Is it strange that the mortal reaver Swiftly swept him-the fatal fever-Out of his self-forgetful part? To the breast of the Great Receiver Hastened his hero heart.

such as he, with no thought of booty. Draining the stirrup-cup of duty. Though the dregs be as bitter gall, Halo their lives with a veil of beauty; Let us honor them all! -Clinton Scollard, in Youth's Companion.

Miss Thorne's Will

AWYER NORTHBROOKE had just driven away from Glenthorne, and aboth Everill stood still a moment n the broad terrace, and then, with a igh, turned and entered the house. ly that day her aunt, Miss Matilda horne, had been buried, and Mr. orthbrooke had come down from Lonon to read the dead woman's will. It ras simple enough, and those who had known Miss Thorne intimately hardly wondered at its wording:

"To my niece, Elizabeth Everill, proided she marry a man of title, I will and bequeath all my worldly, posses-

"And if I do not marry ?" Miss Everill had asked.

"You retain your inheritance," the awyer answered, with a smile. "Miss Thorne drew up the will herself, and it a deficient on that point."

Elizabeth's mother, Miss Thorne's ister, had run off with Paul Everill, the organist of the church, before she was 18. Her father had forbidden her name to be mentioned in his hearing, and at his death Glenthorne had passed to Matilda unconditionally. She had held no communication with the married sister till she read in a newspaper of the death of Paul Everill, and then she had paid one visit to the dismal London lodging where Mrs. Everill lay dying. There had never been much love between the sisters, but Miss Thorne was willing to take her sister's daughter under her care. So, when the organist's wife was laid beside him, their only daughter had been brought to her mother's home. Masters and governesses had been employed to perfect her education, and her aunt had never wearied of instill-

Under her rule Glenthorne became a very pleasant place indeed; and before the year was ended it was whispered that Lord Arthur Kendal was very much in love with her.

Elizabeth heard Ralph Crosby's name mentioned several times later, when she went to London. He was occupied upon a work that was to. exchange. make a name for him, some said. Others hinted that he was ill; and Miss Everill wondered that her heart

should beat so quickly at the sound of Lord Arthur. He was rich-much richer than she-and quite at the top man whom any woman could respect. Anyhow, she did not respect him, and yet she would marry him. They were uncongenial spirits, she knew, but

what of that? In such a mood she was going one night to a great ball given by one of don. Lord Arthur would be there, and probably she would say "Yes" to his pleadings that night. She rather ter, I should say 20 feet away. thought she would as she stood before a mirror when her maid had given the finishing touches to her toilet. She had on a white dress, and pearls were on her neck and amid her dusky hair;

she was radiantly beautiful. "Six years ago!" she muttered. "Six years and more since the day Ralph Crosby said-"

She turned away. Now and again a feeling came over her that she could not understand - a feeling that herwealth and her beauty were not to bring her happiness; and she had grown impatient with herself for feeling so. Generally at such times she was even gayer than usual, and when some hours later, Lord Arthur sat by her side in a convenient recess in Lady Javenell's conservatory, he felt that he could almost die for her. There was something in her beauty that night-a sadness in the dark eyes behind their mirth-that he could not understand. "Elizabeth," he whispered, "say 'Yes!'" and just then the sound of voices reached them. "And Crosby, the artist, you know, is

blind."

"Blind!"

"Quite. He consulted Reynolds yesterday, his case is hopeless." "Poor begggar! What will he do?"

"I don't know. He hasn't a penny He has never steadled himself to work for years. Somebody told me of a girl who jilted him, or something." Miss Everill rose.

"Lord Arthur, I hope you will never speak to me like this again!" Lord Arthur bowed. He knew that

further pleading would be useless. Very early on the following morning Miss Everill's carriage stopped at Ralph Crosby's chambers, and Elizabeth was informed that he was at home. She gave no name, but entered the room where he was.

"Ralph!"

It was a voice that he had not heard for six long years, but he recognized it at once, and turned his sightless eyes toward her.

"Elizabeth!" he cried, rapturously, opening his arms, and in an instant she was folded in them.

"But you must not, Elizabeth," he said later, "you must not sacrifice all for me."

'It is no sacrifice," she replied, con

CATS CAN SWIM.

An Old Fisherman Relates a Reliable Story in Illustration of That Fact. "Can cats swim?" was asked of an old

fisherman, according to a New York "Why, certainly," was the reply,"and not with a woman. that reminds me of a cat that 1 once tried to drown that swam ashore.

Surely there must have been hundreds his name. She had resolved to accept or thousands of people who have drowned cats in the same way, but nevertheless this was an experience of my of the social ladder. Certainly she own. We had a cat that we wanted to did not love him; he was hardly a get rid of, and as humane a way as any to kill it was by drowning. So I put a couple of bricks in the bottom of an old grain sack, and put in the cat, and tied the bag up carefully and securely and walked down to the end of a big wharf

and stood there and swung the bag with the cat and the bricks in it round the most fashionable women in Lon- like a sling until I could give it a good momentum and then let it go, and slung it out to fall and sink in the wa-"I supposed, of course, that that was

the last of the cat, but the next morning the first thing I saw when I went out of the house was the cat sitting on the veranda.

"I suppose the bag had a weak spot in it somewhere, the bricks were heavy and sharp-cornered and swinging the bag round that way started it more, and the cat was desperate; and with the bag that way it scratched and tore its way out and got to the wharf and clawed its way up and came ashore. "Can a cat swim? Why, sure!"

YOUR PROPER WEIGHT.

Prof. Huxley Tells How the Normal Man's Avoirdupois Should

Prof. Huxley gave the following

Be Distributed.

table of what a full-grown man should weigh, and how his weight should be divided: Weight, 154 pounds, made up thus: Muscles and their appurtenances, 68 pounds; skeleton, 24 pounds; skin, 101/2 pounds; fat, 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; thoracic viscera, 314 pounds;

blood which would drain from body, 7 pounds. This man ought to consume per diem: Lean beefsteak, 5,000 grains; bread, 6,000 grains; milk 7,000 grains; potatoes, 3,000 grains; butter, 600 grains; water, 22,900 grains.

His heart should beat 75 times a minute, and he should breathe 15 times a minute. In 24 hours he would vitiate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent.; a man, therefore, of the weight mentioned ought to have 800 feet of well ventilated space.

He would throw off by the skin 18 ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter, and 400 grains of carbonic acid every 24 hours, and his total loss during the 24 hours would be six pounds of water, and a little over two pounds of other matter.

THE BIBLE FOR STYLE.

Author of "Cruise of the Cachelot" Tells Where He Learned

to Write. Frank T. Bullen, whose stories of the

we won him great

He Caught On.

He-Do you believe in hypnotism? She-I heard the other day of a man who was hypnotized by being made to look for some time at a diamond ring

He-I wonder if any bright piece of glass would have done it as well. She-Perhaps so, with a man, but

He (at a jeweler's the next day)-I want a diamond ring, lady's size, brightest you have.-N. Y. World.

Changeable.

Larry-Norah hung her jersey jacket over th' sthove an' it wuz scorched. Did ye hear about it, Dinny?

Denny-Oi did; an' Oi also hur-rud thot it changed th' jacket complately. Larry-How phwas thot?

Denny-Well, ye sae, it phwas a jer-sey jacket whin shae hung it thor, but, faith, after it wuz scorehed it phwas a smoking jacket .-- Chicago Daily News

With a Photograph.

Lok on this portrait with a genial eye; If faults you chance to note, please pass them by

And, as you show it, do not say with glee "This picture flatters Susan awfully." -Indianapolis Journal.

NOT VERY PARTICULAR.



"I guess it was an old maid!"-Da.

Kleine Witzblatt. About the Size of It.

The giddy young man very early in life Falls in love with each girl he sees; He no sooner gets down on his lip Than he also gets down on his knees. -Chicago Dally News.

Beyond Control. Gadsby-My wife will raise Cain with me if she discovers that I've been drink

Jagsby-All you've got to do is to hold your breath when you go near her "That's all right; but I'm afraid it's too strong to be held." --- Brooklyn

Life. Where It Was Needed. McSwitters-No, I don't want the

encyclopaedia. Agent-Do you know anyone around

here who might? McSwitters-The man next door

He's one of those fellows who know it all .- Syracuse Herald. Strict Truth.

She-She says she can trace her an



What is Celery King? It is a scientific combination of rare roots, herbs, barks and seeds from Nature's laboratory. It cures constipation, nervous dis-orders, headache, indigestion and liver and

kidney diseases. It is a most wonderful medicine, and is recommended by physicians generally. Remember it cures constipation. Celery King is sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists.

Some people talk about everybody else in order that nobody may have time to talk about them.

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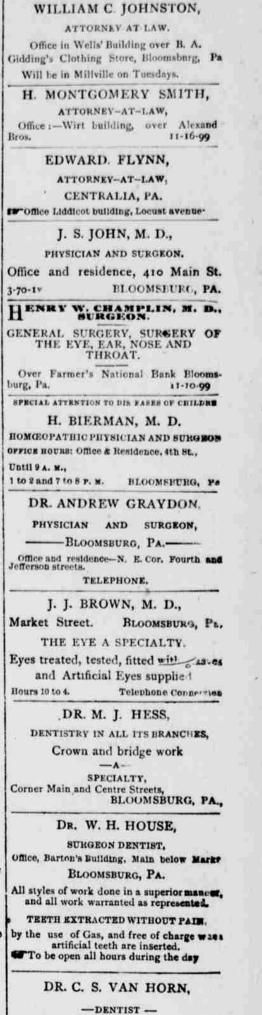
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ng a love of wealth and power and a corror of poverty into the girl's mind. That her words had not fallen on barren ground she would have understood could she have known her niece's thoughts that evening.

She was thinking of a scene that had taken place there just five years

Some old paintings had been sadly a read of the attention that only a kiliful hand could give, and Miss Forue had heard Ralph Crosby favorably spoken of, and had asked him to to the work. Elizabeth had been much in the long portrait gallery while Ralph Crosby talked and paint-id, and at length he had forgotten that he was only a struggling artist and she the niece of the wealthiest woman in the county and had spoken his love. Miss Everill could still reember the haughty stare and mockng smile of her aunt when she spoke of her love for Ralph.

he

0

eb

"Love! Your mother loved Paul Everill, I suppose, and you know some-bing of ker life. But make your own boice. Marry this young man if you will, but not one farthing of mine will e yours."

And the girl had lain awake till daybreak thinking of the sordid surroundings amid which her childhood ad been passed, and of the poverty for which she had such a horror, till last she was resolved to answer "No" to her lover's pleading.

She wineed even now as she recalled the grief that struggled with contemptuous pity for her reasoning when she told him the next day that e could not be a poor man's wife, nd remembered the few bitter words that fell from his lips as he turned way without seeming to see her outstretched hand. In the last few days abe had thought once or twice, in a vague way, that if Glenthorne should chance to be hers she would find a way of letting him know that she oved him still, that she had loved him always.

"And now-and now," she said to herself, while the shadows grew deeper in the corners of the wide library. an insurmountable barrier divides She clasped her hands tightly. and, with eyes that were dimmed by tears, gazed into the glowing embers. "Oh, Aunt Matilda, your very kindness is but cruelty. I wonder where Ralph is now? Oh, I almost wish I were a poor girl to-day. And yet, no-I couldn't bear that!"

And the latter reflection was con stantly passing through the girl's mind as time wore on. It was very bouse and to have money at comm leasant to be mistress of the great

say when he hears of this?" and she er of writing, he answered: laughed.

"What fools women are!" was what the old lawyer said on being apprised of it, and he drew a large envelope from among a number of papers that were in a large box before him.

very masculine caligraphy, to himself, and written in one corner were the words:

"To be opened in the event of my nicce's marriage."

Inside was a will, properly signed and witnessed, and the old lawyer's face cleared as he glanced at it. There was also an open letter addressed to Miss Everill.

"If you have sold yourself, my niece, take the price of your slavery. If you have been honest enough to marry for love, take your reward. In either case Glenthorne is yours."

"Heaven bless me!" the lawyer exclaimed, "Heaven bless me! There's no understanding a woman! I'm heartily glad, anyhow; and now I must go and tell these two that they won't be beggars after all."-Chicago Herald.

Lucid!

A famous verdict rendered many years ago by a coroner's jury in a case of mysterious death ran thus: "We, the jury of 12 good men and true, duly impaneled and responsible on our consciences, do hereby return the following verdict on the demise of the deceased, namely: That said corpse came to its death through the abrupt ceasing of his heart to perform its natural office, for no reason whatever discernable by man, but solely an act of Providence." If this was not altogether explicit, at least the public knew that there had been no foul play; but what meaning could possibly be attached to the verdict which a legal magazine assures us was rendered, much more recently, by a Missouri court? "We, the jury impan-eled, sworn and charged to inquire into the insanguinity of Hezekiah Jones, do occur in the affirmative." This leaves the matter still shrouded in mystery. Was Hezekiah, dead, an ensanguined corpse? Was he, living, accused of homicide, or merely of insanity? Insanguinity is a resonant and mysterious multisyllable that must leave the every-day juryman in a very uncertain frame of mind. -Youth's Companion.

Missouri Frogs' Legs. One town in Missouri furnishes 60, 000 nounds of froms' less a venn

posedly; "but I am dreadfully afraid had proper education. He was a poor that I had to ask you to marry me! I boy, and his youth was spent in toil. wonder what Mr. Northbrooke will Asked to what source he owed his powsource of my 'style,' as you are pleased to term it, is the Dible. I began reading that earlier than I can remember; 1 am 43 years of age, 15 years of which I spent at sea, climbing up from cabin boy to chief mate, and I have read the It was addressed in Miss Thorne's Bible through from cover to cover 25 times. You cannot quote me the first half of any verse but what I will be able to give you the second half. Nothing has taken hold of my heart and soul like the Bible. I used to preach in the open air, and sometimes, when I felt I had no words of my own, I would recite a whole chapter by memory from Isniah or Job or one of the Gospels. The Bible and John Bunyon have really formed my style. But then there's the inspiration of the sea! What colors in sky and water! Dip your pen in those, and you can't fall to be picturesque and interesting."

A Typical Australian Tribe.

Prof. Hadden read a paper on the customs and characteristics of a fairly typical tribe of Australia, the Yari-kanna, of Cape York, North Queensland. Among the peculiar customs noted was that children must take the "land" or "country" of their mother, that a wife must be taken from another gate. country, and that all who belong to the same place are regarded as brothers and sisters. Six Yarikanna men were measured, with average height five feet four inches. A lad was initiated by the men of the clan into which he must subsequently marry. He was anointed with "bush medicine" in the groin, chest and temples to make him grow.

Drying Linen in Ballooms.

A Paris laundry has started a novelty 1891. in the drying and purifying of linen, and has succeeded in convincing most of its customers that the notion is a good one. The air about 100 feet above the house tops is particularly good for linen, say the proprietors, and they accordingly send for shirts and collars for a balloon trip. Bamboo frames are attached to a captive balloon, and the linen, "rough dry," is fixed to the frames and sails away in the air. The balloon makes six ascents daily, and an extra charge is made for each article that undergoes the treatment.

Largest Army Ever Used. The total force sent out to South Africa is the largest number of British troops ever put into the field at one time. At Waterloo Wellington was in command of 67,000 soldiers, while in the Crimean war only 25,000 were en-

cestry on her mother's side back to the conquest of England.

Fay-That's correct. Her maternal grandmother was married in leap year to a man named England .-- Catholic Standard and Times.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathar-ie clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all imjurities from the body. Begin to day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilous complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All drug-gists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

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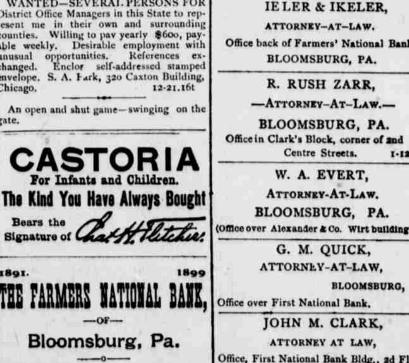
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