The Columbian.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, STAR OF THE NORTH, and COLUMBIAN, CONSOLIDATED.)

Issued Weekly, every Friday morning, at BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., AT TWO DOLLARS per year, 50 cents discount allowed when paid in advance. To subscribers out of the county the terms are $2 per year, strictly in advance.

No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, but long continued credits will not be given.

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POSTAGE is no longer exacted from subscribers in the county.

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The Jobbing Department of the COLUMBIAN is very complete, and our Job Printing will compare favorably with that of the large cities. All work done on demand, neatly and at moderate prices.

G. E. ELWELL, J. K. BITTENBENDER, } Proprietors.

The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1881.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XV, NO. 36
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GUY JACOBY, Attorney-at-Law, BLOOMSBURG. Office in H. J. Clark's Building, second floor, over Hoffman's flour and feed store. Oct. 8, '80.

J. H. MAIZE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office in Mrs. Ent's building, third door from Main street. May 20, '81.

A. K. OSWALD, Attorney-at-Law, Jackson Building, Rooms 4 and 5, May 6, '81. BERWICK, PA.

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A. L. FRITZ, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Columbian Building. June 24, '81.

R. BUCKINGHAM, Attorney-at-Law. Office, Brockway's Building, 1st floor, Bloomsburg, Penn'a. may 7, '80-1 f

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Brower's building, 2nd story, Rooms 4 & 5

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law. Office in Hartman's building, Main street.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office Market street. Near depot.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, Office and Residence on Third street

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market.

DR. J. C. RUTTER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office, North Market street, Oct. 1, '79. Bloomsburg, Pa.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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JAMES REILLY, Tonsorial Artist, is again at his old stand under EXCHANGE HOTEL, and has as usual a FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP. He respectfully solicits the patronage of his old customers and of the public generally. July 16, '80-tf

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B. F. SHARPLESS, Cor. Centre and Rail Road Sts., near L. & B. Depot. Lowest Prices—will not be undersold. Manufacturer of MINE CAR WHEELS, Coal Breaker and Bridge Castings, Water Pipes, Stoves, Tinware, Plows, IRON FENCE, and all kinds of Iron and Brass Castings. The original Montrose, iron beam, right hand left hand, and side hill Plows, the best in the market, and all kinds of plow repairs. Cook Stoves, Room Stoves, and Stoves for heating stores, school houses, churches, &c. Also the largest stock of repairs for city stoves, wholesale and retail, such as Fire Brick, Grates, Cross Pieces, Lids &c. &c., Stove Pipe, Cook Boilers, Skillits, Cake-Plates, large Iron Kettles, (20 gallons to 1½ barrels) Farm Bells, Sled Soles, Wagon Boxes, "Allentown Bone Manure" PLASTER, SALT, &c., &c. Jan 9, '80-1y

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All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry neatly repaired and warranted. may 17, '78-tf

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING —:o)o(— A. J. EVANS, The uptown Clothier, has just received a fine line of New Goods, and is prepared to make up SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS For Men and Boys in the neatest manner and Latest Styles. GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, Hats, Caps, &c., Always on hand. Call and Examine. EVANS' BLOCK Corner Main and Iron Streets, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL. —:o.— The undersigned having put his Planing Mill on Railroad Street, in first-class condition, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, FLOORING, Etc. furnished at reasonable prices. All lumber used is well seasoned and none but skilled workmen are employed. ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS furnished on application. Plans and specifications prepared by an experienced draughtsman. CHARLES KRUG, Bloomsburg, Pa.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. A. VOGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. IS A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL Use. A sure and speedy cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Diphtheria, Chills, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, Summer Complaint, Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, etc. Perfectly safe to use internally or externally, and certain to afford relief. No family can afford to be without it. Sold by all druggists at 25c., 50c., and $1 a bottle. PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

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M. C. SLOAN & BRO. BLOOMSBURG, PA. Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Sleighs, PLATFORM WAGONS, &c. First-class work always on hand. REPAIRING NEATLY DONE. Prices reduced to suit the times.

HIDES. The Highest Market Price in Cash PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF HIDES AT A. SOLLEDER'S Leather and Shoe Finding Store MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE STONE CHURCH, BLOOMSBURG, PA. April 8, '80 1y

Poetical.

OFF FOR BOYLAND.

Ho! All aboard! A traveler
Sets sail from Babyland!
Before my eyes there comes a blur;
But still I kiss my hand,
And try to smile as off he goes,
My bonny, winsome boy!
Yes, bon voyage! God only knows
How much I wish thee joy.

Oh! tell me, have you heard of him?
He wore a sailor's hat
All silver-corded round the brim,
And—stranger e'en than that—
A wondrous suit of navy blue,
With pockets deep and wide;
Oh! tell me, sailors, tell me true,
How fares he on the tide?

We've now no baby in the house;
'Twas but this very morn
He doffed his dainty, broidered blouse,
With skirts of snowy lawn;
And shook a mass of silken curls
From off his sunny brow;
They fretted him—"so like a girl's,"
Mamma can have them now.

He owned a brand-new pocket book,
But that he could not find;
A knife and string was all he took,
What did he leave behind?
A heap of books, with letters gay,
And here and there a toy;
I cannot pick them up to day,
My heart 's with my boy.

Ho! Ship ahoy! At boyhood's town
Cast anchor strong and deep.
What! Tears upon this little gown,
Left for mamma to keep?
Weep not, but smile; for through the air
A merry message rings—
"Just sell it to the rag man there;
I've done with baby things!"

THE WINDS OF GOD.

Blow, soft spring wind!
Out of the amber west, when down the sky
The shadows slowly creep, and heaven's lit lamps
Speak evening nigh,
Fan with thy living breath the reusing earth,
And let thy voice tell to all drowsy hearts
The year's new birth.

Blow, summer wind!
When after days of drought and sullen heat,
Out of the heaped-up clouds there comes a sound
Like echoing feet,
While from the distance, borne on breezy wings,
The rain descending on the thirsty plain,
Its beauty flings.

Blow, autumn wind!
Out on the yellow woods and stubble lands,
Stir the brown brake and scatter the thistledown
With myriad hands,
Sleep after labor, after turmoil rest;
By stress, and weakness, yea, by life and death
The world is blest.

Blow, winter wind!
Out o'er the tumbling sea roll cloud and mist;
Roar through bare branches, striking wizard notes
Where'er you list,
Driving the ships; and in and out of all
Working God's will—who, from the frozen seas,
Came at his call.

Blow, breath divine!
Beyond the depths of the uncounted host,
Beyond the infinite circle of the sky,
Come, Holy Ghost!
Lo! hatred, blasphemy, and sin expire
To raise their devil-thrones amid the gloom,
Come, quenchless fire!
Yea! and the world is buried still in night,
And loud and long thy watchmen warn in vain—
Come, living light!

—*Argony.*

Select Story.

BETWEEN THE TIDES.

A flawless day was the twenty-third of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-nine. The regulation morning breezes had been lured into the poppy fields of Angel Island, and put to sleep by the narcotic kisses of Circe. And even the zephyrs—gentle pages to the erst-while brawlers—had been shut up in the weather clerk's signal box until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Then the yachts came out and the zephyrs were released. It was not very good weather for sailing that the zephyrs made, though they blew till their rosy cheeks were like soap bubbles and the white sails were filled with scented breath. The lumbering schooners staggered in zigzag pathways, as if they meant to slice away the island noses with their dull prows; and, indeed, the yachts sailed scarcely any faster, only the little plungers made unchecked headway, running at their own sweet will, it seemed. The north harbor was dotted with sails. Everybody and everybody's wife and children and friends were out. So there was nothing strange about the mere presence of a young man and a young woman in a small rowboat amid the scene of lazy commerce and busy gayety. Certainly it was not strange, for there were a hundred other people out that afternoon in rowboats, to say nothing of the professional boatmen, the men with sculls and the rowing clubs. If the people on the yachts which they met noticed them, they doubtless viewed them with contempt, or else looked at them artistically, and thanked God for poverty and the picturesque.

As for the couple in the boat, they did not notice anything but each other—at least except as the young man found it necessary to change his direction in rowing to avoid being run down. After a while even this became unnecessary. They were rowing with the ebb tide, and after they had passed the newly finished bit of sea wall east of the old Meiggs wharf, the channel was comparatively clear. It was then about 3:30.

"Let us float," said the young man; "pretty soon the tide will turn; then we will turn."

"Very well, Tom," said the young woman.

Really, she was as yet a girl. She could not have been more than nineteen. Her figure was slight, but indicative of rare gracefulness. Her face was not pretty—that is, most would not think it pretty. Both mouth and nose were large. Her eyes were blue and held an odd look—half earnest, half careless—difficult to define, yet impossible to disregard. It was a striking face, almost fascinating, withal a good face—a face in which heart showed first and intellect afterward.

The man was exteriorly commonplace. You might take a description at random from your scrap book of conventional current fiction, and it would be likely to do him more than justice. But what of that. She was "Laura" and he was "Tom."

They had been talking gayly ever since they left the landing at the foot of Washington street. When Tom spoke they had apparently reached some common and very satisfactory conclusion, for she looked very happy, and she said tenderly—for she had a sweet, low voice, tunable as a perfect bell or a wave sob:

"You will ask her to-morrow, Tom?"

"Yes, Laura, or to-night, if you like."

"She will look at you wild-eyed and perhaps scold you a bit."

"Oh, I am not afraid. How could I be with such a prize to gain?"

They had passed the point, the swimming beach, the Presido; they were nearing the fort at the gate. A sudden twirl in the current twisted the bow of the boat sharply around. Tom had been leaning forward, the better to talk to Laura, the more easily to hold her hand, perhaps. As the boat shifted its direction, he instinctively reached for the oars. His hands touched the empty row-locks. The oars were gone. He looked around but they were nowhere to be seen. A cry of horror arose to his lips. Luckily he stilled it there. He looked quickly, furtively at his companion. She had seen and understood. He forced a laugh, and his companion was deceived by it.

"Then it was not so very bad?" she said, and the color came back to her cheeks.

"No, it is a good joke," he replied. "Only we will be out rather late. When the tide turns we will go back booming."

Really he had very little hope. His judgment told him that the tide had not yet turned, and unless it did turn almost instantly, the swift current would carry them out into the offing, and amid the breakers at the bar, where their frail boat would not live an instant. And then——. He could not swim a stroke. If he could, the distance to the shore was too far to make that of any use. If only they had a rudder they might run the boat ashore; but, unfortunately, they had been in time to secure only the very last, rudderless skiff. "Thank the fates it does not leak." "Does not leak?" He looked down, and saw that the regular bottom of the boat was covered with water to the depth of almost half a foot. When they had started away from the pier landing Tom had braced his feet against a broad cross-cleet, and Laura's stout boots rested on the same dry foot hold. Until then neither had noticed the water.

Tom searched in the bottom of the boat for a bailing can. He could not find one. Laura moved so as to look into the little locker under the stern seat. There was no can there.

"What shall we do?" she said.

"I must bail with my hat," he replied slowly, as if thinking it out; "the water must come in very slowly; it is a long time since we left Washington street wharf." He looked at his watch; it was then past 4 and they were nearly opposite Fort Point. So far as they could see there was not a single sail in the offing. They looked back at the city. There were no outcoming tugs or steamers, or schooners even. Then they looked out through the gate and wondered.

There is an untranslatable poetic something about our Golden Gate that the sympathetic beholder, incoming or outgoing, or gazing upon it from any standpoint, never fails to realize—something which, perhaps, he acknowledges, but may never put into fitting phrases. Perhaps it is because it seems so to hold the keys of our California life that we may not dissociate it from either our history or our future. Perhaps it is because in looking at it one can never quite discern its big beyond, of weal or of woe, of sunshine or of tempest.

"We should never have had this sunset anywhere else, Laura," and Tom pointed to the declining sun, hanging without a cloud above the wilderness of waves. They looked back to the city, and all the western windows were aflame.

"I did not think there was so much gold in 'Frisco," said Tom.

"Oh, Tom, I don't want to die and leave it all," said Laura, tremblingly.

The dallying breeze had shaken off the spell. The air had grown suddenly chill. Far ahead they could see the ominous white of the careening swell, and along the shore they heard the dull boom of the surf. Lower and lower sank the white electric dazzle; buff, and pink and orange toning into narrow belts of opal. Right ahead rose the black Farallones, and as the sun still sank lower they stood in unbroken outline against the disk.

With his soft hat Tom made slow progress in bailing. Until then the water oozed in so slowly that danger from leakage had not alarmed him; until then, the current, too, had carried them along so gently that the danger of upsetting had not presented itself. But after they had passed the fort the motion of the waves changed, not suddenly but gradually until at last the boat was rocking like a cedar chip in the eddies of a mill race. And still the tide had not turned.

Ceasing his bailing for an instant, Tom thought he heard the sound of water trickling into the boat. Perhaps it was his instinct of danger and not his ears that warned him, for the waves were splashing against the outside, and the motion caused a constant lapping of the water within the boat. Tom made a careful examination and at last found a little hole through which the water poured in a fitful stream as the boat rocked from side to side.

"I must stop the leak," he said, "can you bail?"

The sun had set, and the flush was fading out of the western sky. Laura took one long look around. In all the waste of waters there was no moving object. If there had been a ship in sight she could have seen it, she thought, almost despairingly.

She began to bail as well as she could, with the felt hat, and in her cramped position. A long line of gray was coming up from the south.

"It is fog," said Tom, in a whisper.

Until he said, "It is fog," she did not realize the almost utter hopelessness of their position. Even if the tide should turn before they reached the bar, it would be impossible to protect themselves in a fog. For a moment she thought she should quite break down, the fate before them seemed so terrible. Tom had succeeded in stopping the leak, and had resumed bailing. To make that task easier, he had cut the brim from his hat. The fog was now all around them, and it was quite dark. They thought they heard the surf more distinctly.

"The tide has turned," said Tom.

And so it had, but just how they would be affected by the change they could not tell. Tom kept on bailing until the amount of water in the boat had materially decreased. They had not spoken to each other for some moments. At last Laura leaned forward. Her hand touched Tom's, and he took it in his own. That hand-clasp meant to them things unspeakable. Her hand was very cold, almost as cold as his own. In his pocket was a silk handkerchief; he handed it to her, and bade her tie it about her neck for he dared not rise to fasten it there himself. Then he took both her hands between his own, striving to keep them warm.

Laura was the first to speak, and her voice was quite firm, scarcely even sorrowful; "Tom, dear, I do not want to die; and yet death cannot take from us the boon of having died together."

"But we shall not die now, Laura; I know we'll not. The—was the ring of conviction in his tones. The profound resignation underlying her words had struck the right key in his own nature, and the thought of his first despairing mood made him almost angry. "But it's awfully hungry we are, my dear," were his next words.

"I'm shamed of you," said Laura, and she actually laughed. Tom laughed also.

When two persons in such a position can laugh, it is either "very brave" or "very shocking," according to the creed we first sucked and the "so forth" of our salad days.

The fog was all around them and neither could see the other's face. The fog was cold and from time to time Laura had shivered once or twice, audibly, though quite involuntarily, for she was a brave little woman. When the ripple of the young girl's laughter rang out amid the fog (above the boom of the surf, the far away barking of the sea lions on seal rocks, and the near, yet distant screams of the fog signal), and when his own laughter was smothered in the fog folds, Tom repeated: "But I am hungry, awfully——"

What he might have gone on to say is forever sealed. The next moment the boat struck something with great momentum, and that is all Laura remembered till she awoke in the queer little cabin of the Sarah Emma, brigantine, inbound from Australia.

A woman's gentle face bent over her own in anxious, motherly regard and dear Tom sat on a locker behind the gangway, with glad tears in his eyes to see the color steal back to her cold cheeks.

"And now you must have a bit to eat," said the captain's wife, in hospitable accents.

But Laura shut her eyes, half maliciously, and murmured: "Give it to him please; he's always hungry."

"That's what you'll not dare to say when you become Mrs. Tom," said the young man, triumphantly; and as the matronly figure of the captain's wife disappeared in the shadow of the gangway, he kissed her shut eyes softly, and turned away.—*Argonaut.*

Thunderbolts.

So many accidents have occurred by lightning this summer, that it might be supposed people generally would now begin to observe those plain and obvious precautions which cannot safely be disregarded in a thunderstorm. Yet we find but little evidence of increased care in this direction. People will persist in seeking shelter under trees when a heavy thunder shower comes, and young women will persist in watching the lightning from the open windows at which they sit, and parents will persist on sending their children out in the heaviest electric storm of the season on errands of the least importance. The fatal results which often ensue, seem to convey no lesson except to the families whom they directly affect.

This ought not to be so. Every man, woman and child in the country ought to know better than to stand under a high tree in a thunder storm. Scores of persons who were alive last spring would probably be alive now if they had possessed this knowledge and acted on it. And why cannot people be made to understand that an open window is not a safe place from which to watch the weather on such occasions. Every season it proves to be a post of danger all over the country, and yet every year it seems to maintain its fascination for new victims. Again, several of the most peculiarly distressing accidents by lightning which have occurred during the present summer have happened to poor children engaged in untimely outdoor errands rands for their elders.

Another important factor in the frequency of lightning accidents is the ignorance or carelessness which prevails in the construction and adjustment of lightning rods. They are insulated when they ought not to be, and the connection with the earth is apt to be defective, if indeed the conductor itself is not broken somewhere alongside of the building. A house or barn thus endangered instead of protected is struck by lightning, and the owner declares that lightning rods do more hurt than good, and so they do if not properly applied.

How Peanuts are Prepared for Market.

Peanuts to be prepared for the market are placed in a large cylinder, from which they enter the brushes, where every nut receives fifteen feet of a brushing before it becomes free. Then they are dropped on an endless belt, passing along at the rate of four miles an hour. On each side of the belt stands girls, and as the nuts fall on the belt the girls with a quick motion of the hand, pick out all the poor looking nuts, allowing only the best to pass the crucible. Those that do pass drop into bags on the floor below. When the bag is filled it is sewed up and branded as "cocks," with the figure of the rooster branded on its sides. The peas caught up by the girls are thrown to one side, again picked over, the best singled out, bagged and branded as "ships." These are as fine a nut as the first for eating, but in shape and color do not compare with the "cocks." The third grade are branded as "eagles." These are picked out of the cullings of the "cocks" and "ships." The cullings that are left from the "eagles" are bagged, sent to the top story, and what little meat is in them is shaken out by a patent sheller. The nuts being shelled by this new process, the meat drops in bags below, free from dust or dirt of any kind, and is then shipped in 200 pound sacks to the North, where it is bought by the confectioners for the purpose of making taffy or peanut candy. It may be here stated that a peculiar kind of oil is extracted from the meat of the nut, and in this specialty a large trade is done among the wholesale druggists. There is nothing wasted, for even the shells are made useful. They are packed in sacks and sold to stable keepers for horse-bedding, and a very healthy bed they make.—*Southern Farmer's Monthly.*

A Rhode Island man called a neighbor a "lantern-jawed cockroach." A suit for slander resulted, and the jury returned as follows: "Not guilty on lantern-jawed, but way off on cockroach, and we find damages in the sum of three cents."

Love-making in Chicago.

"I am very rich my darling," she said softly, punctuating her sentences with soft, warm kisses. "Already I have $100,000 worth of four per cents registered in my name, and when the leaves are turning red in the golden October days, and the fields are laughing in the rich abundance of a bountiful harvest, I shall cut off the coupons. And when papa dies he will leave me nearly $200,000 more. Yes, my sweetheart, I am a very happy girl," and a fair young head nestled confidingly on the shoulder of the strong limbed, hazel-eyed young man to whom this avowal was made. He looked tenderly down on the brown tresses and the invisible net that bound them to the fair forehead. Gently lifting the beautiful face to his, he pressed a passionate kiss on the full red lips that seemed only made for osculation.

Turning his head away, Herbert Ainsleigh appeared a moment to be wrapped in thought. Then kissing Miriam with a rich, warm, two-for-a-quarter kiss, he said: "Do you love me, Birdie?"

She gave answer by placing her white arms around his neck, and throwing herself madly on his shirt front.

"Do not hug so hard, darling, an' you love me, or my collar stud will raise a carbuncle on the back of my neck," he said in mellow tones.

"It is only the deep, passionate longing of my love, Herbert. It recks not of carbuncles. But you are right. Too much pressure on the cervical vertebra will cause an exostosis. My professor of anatomy told me that."

"And we will be married in the fall, my sweet?"

"Yes, Herbert, in the rich, hazy, sensuous days of Indian summer, when the low note of the farmer's boy seeking the lost cow is heard as he sits on the vine-embowered stile and blasphemes until the fire fly leaves for a cooler spot. "You must take all my money, Herbert; it must be yours to do as you will with it; to attain the glorious fame that awaits you; for I know that my love's name will some day be known through the length and breadth of the land. Surely you have an ambition?"

"I have," said Herbert, kissing her while she caught her breath.

"And you will not let any false pride stand in the way of using my money to attain the height you fain would reach?"

"No, darling, I will not. You say you have $100,000 in four per cents. It is enough. To-morrow I will act, and in less than a day my name will be as familiar throughout the world as that of England's proud Queen."

"Oh Herbert what will you do?"

"I shall purchase Maud S."

* * * *

Two minutes later a human form fell with a dull thud on the front porch of the haughty pork-packer's residence. It was Herbert Ainsleigh. The old man had fired him out.—*From "Hints to Parents" by Halstead M.*

Dressy Women in Saratoga.

The lady at Congress hall with the one hundred and thirty nine dresses, is still astonishing the natives and the strangers two or three times a day, and finds her path a pleasant one. There is one prodigy here in the person of a dame who has not repeated her toilet once in three weeks, although arraying herself in two or three different dresses daily, and announces to her admiring satellites that she has no maid; that she would not trust one of them. The tales of her sixteen trunks and one room full of wardrobes and racks of her finery, are not half so astonishing as the fact of her having no neat-handed Phyllis to sort out and care for the innumerable bonnets and boots, gloves, fans, flowers, and furbelows that match with and accompany each toilet. It must be that my lady lies awake nights to plan the spectacle of the coming day and toils when others rest that she may surpass the rivals in her chosen cult. A Mrs. Greenway, of Baltimore, now reigns as the "diamond princess" of the season, setting herself ablaze from crown to girdle with her dazzling jewels, and making all the other diamond-wearers in a ball room pale and green with their lax admiration. Mrs. Astor's regalia is the only famous one that surpasses this Baltimore collection, and it would seem as if the lady had been in Sinbad's cave or in a shower of diamonds, so thickly do they cover her neck, arms and little finger. Besides all this glitter of precious stones the gossips credit her with possessing 365 dresses, a fact that is intensely mournful and truly heart-rending when it is remembered that a watering-place season hardly lasts over sixty days, and that three dresses a day for all that time will leave ninety-five gowns not worn.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Here are a few words which are frequently used without a proper notion of their meaning. "Quite" means wholly or entirely, but it is often employed in the sense of rather or considerably, as in the expressions 'quite a pretty girl' and 'quite a large number.' 'Tenor' is not seldom confounded with purport. The tenor of a document is its text or language, while its purport is the substance of it. 'Audience' is sometimes used instead of spectators. An audience is a body of hearers or listeners, and is not the right name to apply to a collection of people who go to see a horse race, walking match or other spectacle. A man may witness, however, not only what he hears. 'Literal' means word for word or accurate to the letter, and is applicable only to verbal statements. It is sometimes improperly used in the sense of entire or complete, as when it is said that a man is a literal wreck. Literal signifies the opposite of figuratively, but it is often loosely employed as if it were an equivalent expression. Thus it is said of a person who is badly mangled by the bursting of a boiler that he was 'literally blown to atoms,' when the writer in fact introduces the word, literally' to imply that he is overstating the case and resorting to the license of exaggeration.—*Phila. Record.*

One of the stories told about an enterprising citizen of Atlantic City is to the effect that he prpoosed to purchase a couple of birds from an itinerant merchant, inquiring: "I say, mister, how much do you ask for your broad-faced turkeys?"

"They are owls, Pat."

"Be jabers, an' I don't care how owld they are, fur it's a boarding house I kape."

The greatest blower in a country store is generally the mildest zephyr when at home.

Odd Items.

The public has long since awarded to Ayer's Hair Vigor the foremost place among reliable hair restoratives. It is effectual, agreeable and absolutely harmless. It makes the hair fresh and luxuriant, and old age scarce and unfashionable.

When darkness reigns the Boston *Transcript* thinks a light umbrella is the best.

FRESH COMPLEXIONS.

It you have humors and pimples, boils and eruptions on face, hands or skin, it is because the system needs toning and purifying. Nothing will give you such good health, smooth and fresh skin and vigorous feeling as Simmons Liver Regulator, purely vegetable and not unpleasant to the taste. Take the Regulator to stimulate the liver, to cleanse the eyes and skin of yellowness, to improve digestion and to make the breath pure and sweet.

Forty of Barnum's snakes got away in Salem, Mass., the other day, and most of the inhabitants now sleep up stairs.

One of Sitting Bull's wives is called Sophia Ball. The old man sits down on her.

HAY FEVER.

For Hay Fever I recommend Ely's Cream Balm. It entirely relieved me from the first application; have been a sufferer for ten years. Going from home, and neglecting to take the remedy, I had an attack; after returning I immediately resorted to it, and found instant relief. I believe, had I begun its use earlier, I should not have been troubled. Have stood heat, dust and draughts as well as during other months. J. Collyer, Clerk, 118 Broad street, Elizabeth, N. J.

For years I have been afflicted with Hay Fever, from early August until frost. I was induced to give Ely's Cream Balm a trial. The relief was immediate. I regard myself cured. G. Schreiber, Supt. of Cordage Co., Elizabeth, N. J. Sept. 25, 1880. Price 50 cents.

A fisherman's occupation ought to be the most profitable, because the entire gross receipts are net profits.

A new novel is called "The Skeleton in the House." Based on the revival of the hoopskirt, we presume.

LIFE'S A CONUNDRUM.

When judiciously used, Burdock Blood Bitters are in themselves a remedy for all the evils arising from impurities of the blood, which never fails to make the patient long-lived and happy. Price $1, trial size 10 cents.

There is only a slight difference between a hand organ and an accordeon. One is worked with a crank and the other generally by a "crank."

It is just