Winter are now completed.

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The only known specific for Epileptic Fits \[Tag{2}\]
Also for Spasms and Failing Stekness. Nervous Weakness it instantly relieves said cares. Cleanses blood and quickens slourch in terediation. Neutralizes germs of disease and saves stekness. Cures

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Droit Building, Washing-

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will stimulate the Liver to proper action, and correct all these troubles. One or more of these Pills should be taken daily, anti-health is fully established. Thousands tes-tify to their great merit. No family can afford to be without AVER'S PLIAS.

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Sept 7 PHILADELPHIA.

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OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE. Large and convenient sample rooms. Buth room not and old water, and all modern convenience

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John Wanamaker's Store, Philadelphia.

These are the First Days of the

Fall Business,

already the hum of activity begins. We launch the busy season with

Some Special Things

that prove to be strangely low. A few of these have been in store some days, but, to give everybody a fair chance, we held the announcements until the return of people from their holidays.

A good lot of first-rate Jerseys at \$2.25. These are all black. The colors are \$2.50.

A Black Dress Silk at 75 cents, that until recently was always \$1.00.

A fine Black Rhadama, 22 inches wide, at \$1.50.

A fine Black Camel's Haif-wool Black Dress Goods at 12½ cents, which is just half-price.

All-wool stylish Plaid Suiting, 42 inches, at 50 cents. We sold the same at \$1.00.

A quality of Lupin's Cashmere for 50 cents (all wool). The new tarbity from ever again selling at this price.

A Black Albatross at 25 cents, exactly half-price.

A Black Albatross at 25 cents, exactly half-price.

A fine Black Camel's cents, exactly half-price.

A good 36-inch all-wool at 2½ cents, exactly half-price.

An excellent Black Canel's country for method get so good a quality at the price before.

An excellent Black Canel's cents, exactly half-price.

A good 36-inch all-wool at 2½ cents, exactly half-price.

An excellent Black Canel's cents, exactly half-price.

A good 36-inch all-wool at 32 cents, exactly half-price.

A good 36-inch all-wool at 32 cents, exactly half-price.

A good 36-inch all-wool at 32 cents, exactly half-price.

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These lots of Shoes that are amazingly desirable for the prices:

250 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, French Kid Button, Front Lace Boots, \$3.25.

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245 pairs Women's Kid Slippers, \$1.25.

245 pairs Women's Kid Ties, \$2.00.

110 pairs Women's Women's French Kid Button, St.25.

150 pairs Women's French Kid Oxford Ties, Boots, \$5.25.

China and Glassware we hardly dare to risk saying anything about, as the lots announced are nearly always sold out in a few hours of the day they are presented. Watch the city daily papers for the announcements, and if these lots are sold when you come do not be disappointed, as we have new lots in every day or two.

In Furniture. Young couples should see The new Ash Suite of Bed Room Furniture for \$25. The same goods in Cherry for \$28.

Our Works at present turn us out only four suites per day of these goods, so that first come, first served. Nothing like this has ever been done in Philadelphia before.

A fine frame Body Brussels Carpet at \$1.25 that we are willing to endorse as a good

We are not permitted to give the makers' names. The goods are new this season, and fifty patterns at least to choose

The first Fall Offering of Ladies' Robes are all-wool, of ample material, in nine varieties, dark, rich hues, and the new patterns are on the palm-leaf order. The effect is much the same, if not a full equivalent, as though an expensive Cashmere Shawl were dissected and made into a robe, as is often

Also a few Wrapper Patterns, Persian, and with a decided Oriental effect. The olive, old gold and rich, dark hues are subdued in a broad border of consistent but curious formation, 10 to 11 yards each. \$2.00 per yard.

done. The expense being infinitely less-\$25.

There are other lots equally interesting, and new things daily arriving.

Samples of Dress Goods sent by mail; a "Postal" will receive immediate attention.

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The people of Columbia county should patronise the agency where losses if any are settled and paid by one of their own citizens.

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IN THE MARKET AT REASONABLE RATES -ALSO TO FURNISH-

Ready-Made SUITS MADE TO MEASURE, AND As Good & Cheap AS CAN BE HAD AT ANY

Ready-Made Establishment. Orders taken for shirts, made from measurement.

SELECT STORY.

ELIGIBLE BOARDING PLACE. "No hotel?" said Mr. Percival

"Nothing in the shape of one." swered his friend Lucius Warden, with the subdued triumph of one who unnounces a startling fact.
"I never heard of such a thing in

my life," said Payne. "Nor I, neither, ' serenely remarked "But how do you account for it?" demanded the would-be tourist, smit-

ing his forehead in despair. 'I don't account for it at all," said Mr. Warden, surveying the nails which he had just been carefully trimning with his penkuife, "except time nebody knows anything about the place as yet. There's a factory-wall proaching seasons of Fall and paper, I believe, or something of that sort—and a cigar shop and a beer We carry a large stock of fine Rendy-made Clothing, samples shop, and two thread and needle stores, of which, with self-measureand a post-office where the mails comtwice a week; and there's the Mag-alloway river all carpeted over with water-lillies, and half a dozen glorious little trout streams running into it, ment blanks, will be furnished and the finest bit of scenery you ever saw. But—there's no hotel!"

"But where's a fellow to stay nelplessly demanded Payne. "Get an outfit and camp out, did, said Warden, cheerfully. blanket; a canvas tent, with pegs and

loops; a little smudge of bran, or pine needles to keep the mosquitoes off at night, and-"But I don't enjoy camping out, chemently remonstrated Payne. "It s all very well for those who like it

but I'm not one of that sort. I like

four good walls, a feather pillow and egular meals served three times a "Well, then, look here," said Warden, "go to the Widow Buck's. She takes boarders now and ther." "Who is the Widow Buck ?"

"That I don't know," replied his

"And where does she live?" "There you have me again." "Man alive! are you crazy?" spairingly questioned Payne. am I to find her!"

"Inquire," responded Mr. Warden, as he shut up his knife and replaced it n his vest pocket. "Go to Maize Ford-11 a, m., stage coach-through in one day. Ask for the widow Buck's! Bless my heart! Nothing in the wide world could be easier. have always heard that people got good food there and comfortable beds. And Maizle Ford is a perfect little paradise when once you get there."
"Well," said Payne, dejectedly.

ick again. It was rather early in the season for he conventional operation known to

the American public as "summering," but Percival Payne, being a bachelor of independent fortune and cultivated tastes, felt that he could do as he pleased. And it was rather a luxury to anticipate the first mad rush of travel, when all the seats are engaged, the cosy corner taken and the most desirable points of observation usurped. So he packed his valise, laid up his crayons and sketching paper, and started for the far Northern wilderness

of Maizle Ford. box wagon alongside of two trunks; a package of salt codfish, a mail bag and a pretty girl, with eyes as soft as black pools of water, and one of those old, fringy hats of black straw all cov-ored with loops and ribbons that makes people look so picturesque.
"Where do we meet the stage

said Mr. Payne, as he settled himself so as to inconvenience his pretty little neighbor as little as possible The driver stared at him. "This 'ere's the stage," Git up, Sorrel!"

Mr. Payne started. "But stages have tops," said he.
"This 'ere stage don't," says the It was a trying situation-steep up

nill part of the way and steep down hill the rest, with the codfish and mail bag alternating tumbling into Mr. Payne's lap and the pretty girl laughng in her sleeve at his embarrassment "I'm very rude, I know," said she, "but if you'd tie that codfish to the back of the wagon with your fishingline it wouldn't trouble you so much." "A good idea," said Payne briskly Thanks, very much, for suggesting

"I've traveled over this road before, said the pretty girl, laughing.
"Are you going to Maizle Ford?"
said Mr. Payne, with a sudden gleam "No;" said the pretty girl, "to Cat

"Perhaps you know something about Maizle Ford?" hazarded our "Oh, yes," said the nymph with the

And they began to talk about the tall, blue crested mountains, which

were beginning to close in around

The dewy eyed damsel had read Longfellow; she knew all about Thoreau; she was even "up" in Rus-kin, and she expressed herself with grace and spirit, which set Mr. Payne o wondering if all the Maine girls were equally cultivated and beauti-

And then the codfish tumbled down again and had to be tightened anew, and by that time they had come to a house in the midst of a lonely belt of woods, which the driver said was "Catley's Dam" upon which the pretty girl disappeared into the purple twi plu and Mr. Payne and the codfish went on, sorrowful much joited and

A glampse of the beautiful Magalloway river by moonlight; the cry of He agreed with his friend.

windows, which the driver said was didn't know, when you wrote me that the factory; down a blind lane and checking the tired horses at a one-storied stone house behind a wall of cedar trees, and then the Jehu cried interrupted Payne.

"Now, then! Here we be! Widow Mr. Payne got stifly out, and helped to unload the various paraphernalia of travel which belonged to him—all of them by this time considerably flavor-

ed with salt codfish. "Perhaps you had better wait," said he as the driver turned round and chirruped to his horse.
"What for?" demanded the man. "In case Mrs. Buck should not b

"Oh, it's all right," said the driver. She'll take you in. Naomi would have told you else." And away he drove, leaving hero alone in the spectral moonlight, with a pile of luggage at his feet and a gaunt dog smelling at the skirts of

"Who's Naomi?" said Mr. Payne,

ble to accommodate me or-'

He raised au old-fashioned knocker that hung at the door and rattled it briskly. 'The gaunt dog, aroused to a sense of his duty, left off snulling and began to bark. Presently a tall, thin woman, with a red pocket-handkerchief tied over her head, with a kerosene lamp in her hand, opened

the door.

"Oh," said she, peering sharply at him, "you're the young man from the city, are you?"
With the initiative thus taken out of his hands Mr. Payne could only in-

"Humph!" said the widow: " Pears to me it's purty tol'ble cheeky of you, mister, to take it for granted you'd be

asked to stay." "I thought, madam-"I'm a talkin' now," said the widow, sharply. "To begin right straight at the beginning, we don't know nothing about you. You may be a bank bur-"How glar or a counterfeiter, for all we

"My references, madam—"
"Yes, I know," said the widow.
"And them very references is most likely forged. But I'm willin' to be reasonable. How old be you?"

And Mr. Payne, secretly wondering that was the way they managed things in Maine, answered meekly: "Two and thirty." "Ever been married before?" sharp-

in his manuer. "Any business?" went on his cate-

"None, madam. 'Well, I like that," said the widow. with a scornful sniff. "Like your impudence to come here and own to such a disgrace as that! Expect to live on me, hey ?" "Madam!" gasped poor Mr. Payne.

"How d'ye suppose you're ever going to keep my Naomi, even if I allowed you to marry her?" sharply went on fishing tackle, laid in a great store of the woman, "what I shan't do, and don't you think it! She don't care for you anyway! When she heard you was oming she made up her mind to stop Of course the train was late—trains off at Catley's Dam, just to get rid of are always late—and it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Mr. Payne the afternoon when Mr. Payne to go back again in found himself perched up in an open-

be a son-in-law of mine." But while widow Buck was volubly faint light began to dawn on Mr. Payne's semi-obscured brain.
"I think, Mrs. Buck," said he, "that

you must be laboring under a little misapprehension. My name is Per-cival Payne. I am from Boston. I was recommended here, as eligible bearding place, by Mr. Warden, of 15 Peppermint place."
Mrs. Buck nearly dropped her lamp

in consternation. "Well, I never!" said she, instantly flinging the door wide open. to walk in, sir. I'll send the boy out after the trunks and things in half a minute. I beg your pardon, I'm sure, or mistaking you for Peleg Driggs, from Lowell, as was comin' here after Naomi! She works in the Lowell mills, Naomi does, To think how I ever could make such a blunder! Do walk

n, sir. And Mr. Payne was promptly in-troduced to a delightful little "interior" of red carpet, round table spread for tea, shaded lamplight, and a fire of logs on an open hearth, to keep out the damp of the summer evening. After 10 o'clock, when the wearied

raveler was in bed, in a pretty little oom, where there was an eight day clock in a cherry wood case, and a carpet made of woven rags, he heard he opening and shutting of doors pelow, the clear sound of a familiar

And when Peleg himself, the next day put in an appearance, he was sum-marily dismissed, while Mr. Percival Payno and the fair Naomi were sitting by a trout pool in the cool wood-below; for Naomi knew all about the

haunts and nooks of the neighborhood, and handled a fishing-pole most skillfully.
Mr. Payne liked Maizle Ford, and as there stayed there all summer, and as there were several boarders in the stone house, Miss Naomi concluded not to return to factory life in the Lowell nills, but to stay and help her mother with the housework; and when au tumn came she was engaged-to Mr

Percival Payne. "The sweetest wild flower in all the forthern woods," he wrote enthusias tiently to his friend Warden. Warden went up to Maizie Ford. He was introduced to Miss Naomi

of the second state of the second sec

Transient or Local notices, ten cents a line, regul r advertisements haif rates,

"That I was suiting myself for life," atterrupted Payne. "But you see that

Italian Doctors

The Octobor Century contains some amusing experience of "A Foreigner in Florence," who says of Italian doctors: "Physicians have, like judges of the criminal courts, no social position and no knowledge of medicine, according to our ideas. They are, as a rule, far behind the age. They still cling blindly to bleeding,—unless they have changed during the last few years,—and reaches their pariety states. and weaken their patients by the old system of dieting. I have seen cases onducted with such ignorance of the commonest laws of nature as would make any of our physicians faint with horror. Heat, starvation and dirt are their general remedies for almost every thing. In cases of scarlet fever,-which are not common, however,-they order addressing the moon. "And what the doors and windows to be carefully would she have told me?" shut, that no breath of air may get to the patient—absolutely drawing the bed curtains around them; forbid washing of any description, even to the bands and face, and no change of bed or body linen during the entire illness.

"There is one malady prevalent in Italy which I sincerely believe to be produced, nine times out of ten, by these doctors, and that is miliary fever. Unpetter dan to crowd in whar ye ain t

less a patient's symptoms in the beginning of an illness indicates the disease very clearly, the doctor, on the principle of 'when in no doubt play trumps, "All them traps your'n?" demanded the Widow Buck, abruptly.

"Yes, madam," Mr. Payne admitted. pronounces it 'miliare'; but there bepressed, and so, very dangerous. Then they proceed to produce a rash by cov-ering the poor sufferer with as many blankets as he can bear, excluding every breath of air from the room (canning him, so to speak), and then forbidding any nourishment saving the tinued weakest of weak broths. Now, as this special fever is usually brought on by overheating, and consequently be treat

ed by a cooling system, they succeed in producing the disease in its full glory rash and all, and they then set about "And I solemnly declare, Mr. Thomas, that I'll leave off chewing and smoking." curing it, which of course, becomes a doubtful undertaking, so weak is the patient from heat and fasting. "A friend of mine, spending a few "What's that?" weeks in Florence, was taken ill with what proved afterward to be an inter-

nal cancer. She sent for Doctor Z --be hanged if I do! There's blue sky over there and we've seen the worst of one of the most noted of the Florentine doctors. It was August and very hot. and his orders were not only to shut it! Git those men on deck ready to the air and cover herself with blankets, put her about, and if you ever tell anyparadise when once you get there."

"Well," said Payne, dejectedly. "it seems a wild goose chase, but I ve a single man!" answered Mr. Payne, mind to try it. A man can but come with a justifiable spark of indignation of the comparation of th

she sent for an English physician. It you had seen his look of horror when he came into the room! "Open the window,' he almost shouted; take off those coverings; get right up, and lie on the sofa.

week you will be able to go on to Par-"And in a week she did Paris. "The Italians love medicine, and have the greatest faith in it. They

but after a fit of anger or grief."

An Indian's Ultimatum Senator Vest and Delegate Maginnis f the Indian commission, returned ately from St. Mary's mission, Bitte Root Valley, at the Flathead agency Missoula, Montana. The Indians refused to sell any portion of their reserve or to ittering these last glib sentences a move to another reservation. They said they had no grievances and were highly pleased with their agent, Ronan. All they desired was to keep whisky away from their young men. Ignatius mission schools, also on the reservation, were visited by the commission. The schools are well conducted by Sisters of Charity and priests About fifty Indian girls and the same number of boys are being educated, and they show remarkable proficiency in the different classes. Senator Vest speaks highly of teachers and pupils. The council at St. Mary's mission was rather dramatic. Charles, a Flat-

head chief, with a few hundred Indians, has stea lily refused to go upon a reservation. The Indians cultivate a ew ranches, but are steadily growing by whites. The reservation Indians and the whites want these Indians renoved to a reservation, to avoid anticpated trouble. In the council Senator est and Delegate Maginnis sat opposite the chief. Through an interpreter enator Vest explained his mission. Charlos, who is a noted brave, gazed lefiantly at the senator for a moment and then began his reply: He said:

We are poor and weak. You want to place your foot upon our neck and grind our face in the dust. But I will not go. I will go to the plains." "Nez Perces Joseph tried to go to

apon a reservation. "My hands and those of my people are free from the white man's blood, said Charles. "When the Nez Perces came here we protected the whites. Why does the white man take his heart from us now ?" Then he took off his hat, threw it upon the floor, stamped upon it and, with blazing eyes gazing upon Senator Vest, shouted You may take Charlos to a reservation out there will be no breath in his nos trils ! Charles will be dead. He will never go there alive.

his own, that he must obey the white world. - Buffalo Express. man's law as implicitly as did the white man : if he did not he must go where the government chooses to send him. Before the council broke up Charlos agreed to go to Washington with Agent Ronan, and talk the matter with e Great Father.

A sceptic who was badgering a sime minded old man about miracles and Balaum's ass, finally said : it possible for an ass to talk like t man?" "Well," replied the honest old believer, with meaning emphasis, "I don't see why it ain't as easy for an a wild bird in the woods; the noise of "She's a little jewel," said he. "You ass to talk like a man as it is for a man hidden casesdes; a blur of lighted are a lucky fellow, Payne. But 1

BLIGHTED ANTICIPATIONS.—A color-ed man o'er whose head about seventy summers had passed, was quietly but carnestly wrestling with a watermelon near the market, when he was disturbed by the appearance of a small boy of his color. The boy sat down on a box and looked grudginly at the melon, and the old man looked up at

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

him and queried:
"Young man, I reckons I could give
you half dis mellyon an hab plenty

"Thanks, uncle." "But I shan't do it, kase it might be de spilin' of ye. In de fust place, de what I leave behind goes to my nateral heirs. In de second place, a usson without anticipashun mus' be dreffully onhappy. As de case now stands you anticipate. You anticipate dat half dis yere mellyon will stuff me full an Fil have to leave all de rest. You anticipate dat I'll git choked on de seeds, or git sun-struck, or be tacked by de colic. As de mellyon gradually disappears you'll anticipate dat I won't gnaw de rinds werry clus. As de rinds disappear you'll console yerself wid de tack dat de seeds am left. As I wrap de seeds up in my handkerchief you'll reckon on lickin' de bo'd whar' de mellyon was cut an' cateu, but if I lif up dat bo'd an' gin ye a whack on de back ye'll anticipate

wanted. Now you skip!"-M Quad. JUST IN TIME.-Any day in Summer one may meet around the ferry dock an old lake Captain who was once crossing Saginaw Bay in his schooner with such a gale howling after him that no one expected the craft to reach harbor. As the gale reached its climax, the Captain anounced to the mate beside him:

"Mr. Thomas, if we come safe out this I am done with whiskey." The mate said it was the same with im, and the Captain presently con-

The mate agreed to also stop swearing, and this warmed the old man up

"There's another thing, Captain," shouted the mate after awhile.

"You might promise to leave off ly-Yes, I-hold on-hold on! No, I'll

One time there was an old tramp gong around perusing the country ooling the people out of a living, and one day he got the odor of a good dinner as he neared the farm house, and so he pretended he was a clock-tinker, and the unsuspecting old farmer got him to work on his clock for his dinner. Well, he got his dinner first, and then told the old man to stand up in front of the clock and watch the swing of take it not only for every little ailment the pendulum, and every time it went backwards and forwards to keep time with his hand and say: "Here she goes and there she goes," while he (the tramp) would stand back at the door and get the beat of it by his ear, and to tell whether it was going too fast or too slow. So the old man stood up and began his little song; "Here she goes and there she goes; here she goes and there she goes, and he kept it up about ten minutes, and on looking around, he found the tramp was gone. These office seekers scheme and the plot and toot first one horn and then another and then another and bob up serenely like a kildee on a clod of dirt until they get an office, and about the time they get fixed in it good, and have their feet on the banisters, and a pipe in their mouth, a change has to be made and over they go. "Here she made and over they go. goes and there she goes."

It really begins to look as though the

trembling and quaking old earth is not a very safe place to live in. To most people, however, emigration out of it attended with such certain uncertainty, as it were, that few care to has poorer, and the valley is thickly settled ten their departure. But look back through the year and see what a record of disaster it has made. Here at home we may start with the burning of the Newhall House, in January. ty seven were killed in the Braidwood mine disaster in February. Despatches reported "fifty or more" drowned in winter floods at one time. Tornadoes in April and May killed nearly three hundred. Decoration day brought the Brooklyn Bridge disaster. Recently we have the Carlyon disaster, the Minnesota tornado, and many minor casualities; including the Riverdale, explosion on the Hudson. Look, too, at the great calamities abroad. By the sinking of the Cimbria four hundred and thirty-four lives were lost; floods in Germany and Hungary caused the death of two hundred ; the burning of the circus in Poland killed two dred and sixty-night; the Mt. Ararat Avalanche killed one hundred and fifty : Luglish fishing-fleet disasters three nundred and seventy-three: explosions at Bessieres, France, and Scutari, three hundred : the launce disaster at Glasgow one hundred and fifty; in the Ischia earthquakh perished, according to estimates, from two thousand to eight thousand ; cholera has carried off 12,000 in Egypt : and now as a crownng horror, is the great eruption of Java, whereby to 50,000 75,000-no one can tell how many thousands-are swallow-Senator Vest answered the tawny ed up. It's a record that almost stag-chieftain, in language as emphatic as gers faith in the benificence of the

THE SHERIFF.-A man who was much harassed by his creditors related a very strange dream that he had had. 'I dreamed that I was dead,' he said. I thought that I passed away peacefully and calmly, and when the nist cleared away from before my eyes I was in that better land where he weary are supposed to be at rest. was speechless with joy and for a noment stood enraptured with the beautiful scene that met my eyes and he angel music that came to my ears. Then I started down the golden

street and the first man I met was the sheriff .- Middletown Transcript.

by the Brown Chemical Co. the plains," broke in Senator Vest. voice the voice of his black-eyed raveling companion. There are no plains now. The white Well mother, did he come?" men are as thick as leaves from ocean dark eyes. "It's a lovely place. I used to live there before I went into the factory at Catley's. "Buck to live there before I went into the factory at Catley's. "Buck to live there before I went into the factory at Catley's. "Buck to live came. And don't you bleve Naomi, I took him for Peleg." o ocean. If you do not get a title to your lands here, like white men, soldiers will come some day and place you CRYING FOR AID. Loss of Appetite, Headache, Depression, Indigestion and Constipation, Biliousness, a Sallow Face, Duli Eyes, and a Hiotched Skin, are among the symptoms which indicate that the Liver is crying for aid. "Very well," nodded the pretty girl "O, mother, what will he think? 'I am going there to look for board," said Mr. Payne. eried the softer young voice. "I asked his pardon, of course, "I hope you'll be suited," said the said the old lady. "And he took it all as a joke." Ayer's Pills