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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. The new tartan, all black. The colors are all black. The colors are all black.

Cashmere for 50 cents. A Bleached Muslin, full length, for 10c. The best we ever had at this price.

These lots of Shoes that are amazingly desirable for the prices: 250 pairs Women's Straight Goat Button, 186 pairs Women's French Kid Button.

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.

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 thing. We are not permitted to give the makers' names.

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.

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.

There are other lots equally interesting, and new things daily arriving. Samples of Dress Goods sent by mail; a "Postal" will receive immediate attention.

John Wanamaker

Thirteenth Street. Chestnut Street. Market Street and New City Hall.

Advertisement for John Wanamaker's store, listing various goods and services.



The display of Ready-Made Clothing and the Low Prices arrest the attention and wonderment of every passer by...

A. C. YATES & CO. Ledger Building, Chestnut & 6th Sts. PHILADELPHIA.

Advertisement for SAMARITAN NERVE THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

A SPECIFIC FOR EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCOHOLISM, OPIUM EFFLUVIA, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPESIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BRAIN Worry, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.

SEEK health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Brown's Iron Bitters is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic; together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

THINK OF IT NOW! Although much is said about the importance of a blood-purifying medicine, it may be possible that the subject has never seriously claimed your attention.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the system. As well except life without air as health without blood.

Advertisement for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, listing its benefits and where to purchase it.

SELECT STORY.

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

BY G. MOHLER PENN.

"You ought to get married, Layton, and the sooner the better. A young vicar who is a bachelor is almost as awkwardly placed as a young doctor. Marriage, sir, marriage, that's your plan."

"Very good advice, doctor. I have no doubt," answered John Layton, Vicar of Stoke Minin, in the Lincoln Marshes, "but then you know the old saying, 'Marry in haste, repent at leisure.'"

"Then don't marry in haste," returned the doctor, leaning his book with his riding whip as he sat sideways upon his box. "Take your time over it. What made you come here to lodge?"

"They told me that Mrs. Dredge was such a clean woman," said the young vicar, looking back into the garden rather dolefully, as he stood just outside the gate, talking to the doctor, who was going his round.

"And certainly the prospect was not pleasant for Mrs. Dredge. She was a very industrious widow by the way, was having what she called 'a good clean,' and as it was a fine day, the whole of the parlor furniture had been removed out into the garden, where chairs were piled up as if engaged in acrobatic tricks, the table was straddling over the flower bed, the carpet lay on the tiny grass-plot, the shred hearth-rug hung over the fence, and there came from within a lively sound of scrubbing and the washing of water in a pail."

"Why, what are you doing now this is going on?" "Oh, I am obliged to make shift in the bedroom till it is done," remarked the vicar dolefully. "Ah! I shall have to find you a wife."

"Better find me a new vicarage." "Ah! don't see much chance of that," said the doctor. "We are too poor over here. Why don't you come and have a walk? Freshen you up?"

"Well, I think I will," said the vicar. "Wait till I get my hat." "He ran for his hat, and came back to find the doctor dismounted, and tying his coat's reins in a knot, so that they could not trail.

"Tek, Jakob!" he cried, as the vicar joined him, and the cob went steadily on in front, while his master walked with the young clergyman behind. "Ah!" said the doctor, "I must get you a wife. Let me see."

"Don't you think my income ought to preclude all matrimonial ideas?" said John Layton, smiling. "Pooh! nonsense! I think enough for one is enough for two," cried the doctor. "Come, sir, none of your eulabate ideas. How am I to live if people don't marry, and have children to be vaccinated and have the measles and scarlatina and rashes and all that sort of thing? Look here, marry a woman with money for me. Why do you say to Miss Johnson, at Copley Farm? She has been to church regularly ever since you came. There's a strapper. Dark hair, dark eyes, good points—no, no, no plump you can't talk of points. Warranted sound!"

"Are you talking of a lady or a horse, doctor?" "Lady, sir, lady. Then, there's Miss Wardman; slim, genteel, hundred a year in the three per cents. Her nose is rather red, certainly, but matrimony may take that away. What are you shaking your head about? She isn't 50."

"Won't do, doctor, won't do." "Oh, bless us and save us!" said the hearty little doctor, with mock surprise. "He's particular and dainty, is he? Well, what do you say to Dolly Letts, the shopkeeper's daughter? She's a nice pink and white good tooth, wax-nated her myself, had measles, croup, scarlet fever, chicken-pox and thrush. Regularly salved, you see, and the old man will leave her a round sum when he can't stick to it any longer."

self along the grass. But what at once took the vicar's attention was the sight of a young girl in a light grass-cloth dress, in soft gray hat, rising from a camp-stool with a sketch-board in her hand, the spot where she had been sitting beneath some willows at the side of a large pond, and she stood for a moment hesitating before advancing to meet them.

"As she came nearer the vicar could see that she had long, loosely-arranged, fair hair, a very sweet expression of countenance, that she was graceful and ladylike, that she was apparently about two or three and twenty, and perfectly calm and self-possessed."

"How are you, my darling?" said the doctor, kissing her affectionately. "Don't sit out there in the sun. Here, I've brought you a visitor—our parson, for your own good. She's just out of that wicked London, Layton—some down to stay with my sister here. I want her ways mended."

"Why, uncle, what have I been doing?" she said, laughing so merrily that the young vicar gazed in her sweet ingenuous face, with its bright, enquiring eyes and pleasant dimples, he wished she would laugh again.

"What have you been doing, miss? Why, getting along with that wicked artistic lot. Parson, she uses the most terrible slang and talks so mechanically, my wall paper'd be pleased here, and she called it a dado, and actually said my picture that I bought at Manor House sale was hot and foxy."

"Oh, hush, uncle!" "No, miss, I won't hush. Then she says chiroscure, a nasty foreign word, and all sorts of other things. You must lecture her, Layton, you must indeed. There, stop and have a chat with her. I told my sister I'd bring you over, and there'll be a bit of dinner over and see mother Baker and old Tim Rodgers. Back in time."

"Then this was all planned," said the vicar quickly. "To be sure it was my dear boy. I saw you were out of sorts, and you were grumbling last night. I thought about wanting society, so I thought I'd arrange this. There, ta-ta for the present."

"This is like a surprise, Miss Brown," said the vicar. "My name is Anderson—Frances Anderson," he said, with the pleasant little vision that had, as it were, suddenly made its appearance in the vicar's rustic world. "I have not been very well, and uncle said I must come down for a change, so I am staying with Aunt Frances. Will you come in to see me?"

"A pleasant, comely little widow body, wonderfully like the doctor refined down, came toddling slowly out of the cottage just then, and the vicar recognized her as a lady who had once been over to the church."

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Layton," she said warmly. "I don't come over to see very often, for you see I belong to Mr. Morris' parish, though your church is nearer. Will you come in and sit down?"

"If you will sit down," said the vicar, "I should like to stay in the open air. Everything is so beautiful at this time of the year, and perhaps Miss Anderson will go on with her drawing. I take great interest in art."

"Do you? Then I will go at once," said the girl eagerly. "When uncle comes back I will see about a little fruit."

"The vicar had felt angry at first, not liking to be made the victim of a joke; but before he had been ten minutes in Fanny Anderson's company all that was forgotten, and he was delighted with sweetness and the utter absence of modern society young-ladyism. He was, in fact, chatting freely with lovely cultivated girl, ardently in love with the art she practiced."

the little farm, he found her by the gate with a letter in her hand, which had just been left by a man who had been over to the town.

"The grass of the home close was as soft as velvet, and the vicar's footsteps were unheard, so that he was close to Fanny Anderson before she looked up, and he saw that her cheeks were wet with tears."

"A sudden pang, such as he had never before felt, shot through his breast at the sight of her pained face, and he stepped forward and caught her hand in his."

"You are in trouble," he said. "You have heard bad news." "I ought not to call it trouble," she replied, coloring slightly. "I ought not, perhaps, to call it bad news; but I have been so happy down here, as she grazed round the place with its floral arch and hanging willows."

"Everything has been so calm and peaceful, and I have been so well, Mr. Layton, that I quite dread poor old smoky London with its dingy streets."

"Yes," said the vicar, in a low voice, "you are much changed since you came to Do you leave as soon?" "My aunt with whom I live in town says she shall expect me to-morrow night, and I fear I have been very ungrateful to her in staying away so long."

"There was a minute's silence then, during which both seemed to be gazing wistfully at the willows by the little meadow."

"Will you try and finish the sketch?" he said at last. "Yes," she replied, sadly; and, going in, she returned with her portfolio, which she took from her mechanically and placed beneath his arm as they walked slowly and in silence toward the pool, and then round to the farther side beneath the old pollard willow tree."

"He had never spoke words of love to her, serious or light. Her intercourse with him had been that of one of the sweetest and most ingenious of her sex, but now it had come upon them suddenly that this was the last day of the sweet communion they had enjoyed, and all the future seemed to be a blank."

John Layton was very silent as they walked on gazing straight before them, till, looking round, he saw that Fanny was walking with her hands clasped together, and that her tears were falling fast.

"Don't—don't," he cried passionately, for the sight of her grief unmanned him. "I cannot bear to see you like this."

She looked up at him wistfully, and the folk fell to the ground. Not another word was spoken then, but he caught her hands in his and stood gazing almost wildly in her soft, wistful eyes. Then she snatched them away and covered her face, sobbing now aloud.

"Fanny," he said, laying his hand upon her arm, "this has come like a surprise. I ought not, perhaps, to speak, but I am carried out of my ordinary way of thinking by—by this shock. I am so poor—merely a country parson—but I love you better than I can tell."

A Missing Bridgroom.

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF A PHILADELPHIAN AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A large congregation assembled in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Tuesday morning October 31 in pleasant anticipation of witnessing a ceremony which was to unite in marriage Eugene Lynch, of Philadelphia, and Miss Mary Mulcahey, daughter of Jeremiah Mulcahey, of 354 West Portoria Street. The ceremony was appointed for 9 o'clock, and before that time a long line of church-goers, which had brought guests to the expected ceremony, was ranged in front of the church.

The decorations were on an elaborate scale. Flowers and ferns were gracefully arranged about the altar, and at the rear had been erected a beautiful floral arch under which the bridal couple were to stand during the ceremony. The hour arrived and passed and the bride couple did not come. The assembly was astonished, but just what had occurred no one seemed to know, and in little groups the presenters left the church very much disappointed.

It is nearly a year since Eugene Lynch asked Miss Mulcahey to be his wife. She accepted him and from that day to present time the young lady had been making preparations for the event that should have occurred in New Haven. To better his fortunes he went to Philadelphia and reports from him were to the effect that he was prospering. He occasionally visited his sweet-heart and everything ran smoothly.

The day for the marriage was at last set upon and the final preparations had all been completed. Lynch was to reach the home of the bride Monday morning. He did not arrive until nearly 4 o'clock. Of course, the delay caused considerably anxiety for the time, but his explanation was considered satisfactory, and nothing more was thought of the occurrence. A little later he acted in anything but his usual manner. He appeared ill at ease, was cool, distant and apparently troubled about something that he did not care to discuss. Finally he said he would go to the Register's Office and obtain the marriage license.

The minutes became hours, but the bridegroom did not return. He promised to return in a short time. His promise was broken and the anxiety was great. His conduct, and a speech were recalled, and then, for the first time, fears were entertained that something was wrong. A brother of Miss Mulcahey went in search of the absent one and found him at his aunt's residence, Ashman Street. Lynch was in bed when Mr. Mulcahey arrived. He did not show him the same respect to his visitor that he did not feel well, and that he would be at the house early in the morning.

Such conduct struck the brides brother as very peculiar, and thinking something was wrong, he began an investigation. He went first to Ashman Street to the residence of Register Doherty and inquired if a marriage license had been issued to one Eugene Lynch. Dr. Doherty answered in the negative and Mr. Mulcahey returned home and reported the fact. Naturally there was considerable consternation, and some uncomplimentary comments were made about Mr. Lynch. It was deemed best, however, not to prejudice, but to wait and see if he would not appear at the time agreed this morning.

The hour passed, and still no word had been received from the bridegroom. The bride's modest home, but the groom was not there. Young Mr. Mulcahey once more instituted a search. He visited the aunt's house again, and there learned that Lynch had arisen at 6 o'clock, dressed in his usual morning clothes and left the house, as the family supposed to go to the house of his betrothed. Mr. Mulcahey thought that possibly he had missed Lynch on the way, and another call was made on Register Doherty, who was questioned about the license. The same negative answer was given. There had been no license issued to Eugene Lynch and no one had applied for one for him.

Mr. Mulcahey at once hastened to his sister's home to impart the news. It came with crushing force upon the family. Lynch had become an excellent reputation and seemed perfectly happy and contented, and up to the hour of his disappearance had no complaints or objections to make. His strange absence remains a mystery.

In commenting upon the foregoing facts, the Herald says that they were 2, gives some excellent advice as follows: "Miss Mulcahey was a young woman of engaging manner and considerable means. With the latter fact Mr. Lynch was acquainted. Mr. Lynch was a young man of considerable means, and means. With this latter fact Miss Mulcahey was not acquainted."

Her lack of information or rather her misinformation on the subject was attributable to no fault of hers. When a lover represents to his intended wife that certain things in connection with his exchequer are facts, unless there is abundant evidence at hand to prove the falsity of his statements, she is going to believe him in nineteen cases out of twenty. Mr. Lynch informed Miss Mulcahey that his financial circumstances were such as to warrant marrying her. As a matter of fact, they were not, but the untruth he uttered was not discovered until after the hour set for the performance of the marriage ceremony. Then it was discovered that he was so impecunious as to have gone about trying to borrow money to defray the expenses of conducting a marriage and a subsequent bridal trip. He failed in this and indignantly fled.

Young men without money who are thrown much into the society of young women with it make a weak and grievous mistake when they pursue any such method as that of the present lover to conceal the extent of their worldly possessions. It manifests a juvenile spirit and has time and time again still is subjecting them to mortification and contempt. There's no necessity for parading one's impetuosity before the eyes of the present world; but on the other hand there is every reason for being honest about it when occasion demands some statement of its character. The girl who will reject a man's offer of marriage simply because he has still to make his fortune notwithstanding the fact that he is a successful every faculty and diligent to make it may not be such a desirable helpmeet after all. She most certainly isn't worth lying for.