The Columbian.

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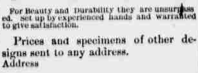

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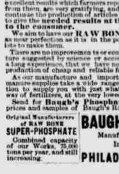

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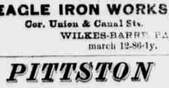

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BURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER

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At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS —THE BEST TONIC

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For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and is the only Iron medicine that is not injurious. It Enriches the Blood, Invigorates the System, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion

It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do*

DR. G. H. BINKLEY, a leading physician of Springfield, Ohio, says:

"Brown's Iron Bitters is a thoroughly good medicine. I use it in my practice, and find its action excels all other forms of iron. In weakness, or a low condition of the system, Brown's Iron Bitters is usually a positive necessity. It is all that is claimed for it."

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Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. **Take no other.** Made only by **BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.**

POSITIVE PROOFS.

In other advertisements we have said that the *Russian Rheumatism Cure* was a specific for Rheumatism, and all its attendant aches and pains. These are simply **Plain Facts.** We now present some **Positive Proofs:**

Could one ask anything more to the point than this from MR. H. EMANUEL, a prominent merchant of Brookfield, Mo., who writes Feb. 25, '86:

"When in Europe, two years ago, I tried hard to buy the receipt of this very remedy. I also told Col. Theobold to get it for me at almost any price; but neither of us succeeded. I, myself, suffered with Rheumatism for years and spent hundreds of dollars, but never got any permanent relief until I tried this. Since then, over two years now, I have not suffered the least. I know it is a good thing. It will take like wildfire. Now I want the agency for five States."

Here is another from nearer home. MR. J. D. WHITE is a leading business man of Bloomsburg, Pa. His grandfather, over 80 years old, has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. Nov. 24, 1885, MR. WHITE writes us:

"Have read your circular. The country is so full of patent humbugs it is hard to make people believe any remedy has merit until it is tried. My grandfather is such a sufferer that he would gladly give for *a single day's relief*, ten times your price for a cure. He will try it anyway, because he don't think your house would keep anything without merit."

Dec. 21, he says: "My grandfather pronounces the Russian Rheumatism Cure a first-class success. He is not relieved one day only, but *altogether*."

If you doubt either of these statements, write the parties: they'll gladly answer any inquiry. Our space does not permit further testimony. We have plenty of it, however. It makes quite a little book. We send it *free* to all who ask.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the price, and addressing the American proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Price $2.50. { If mailed 10c. additional. If registered 10c. more.
ONE BOX DOES THE BUSINESS.

march 9-1y.a

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common **Blotch, or Eruption,** to the worst **Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin,** in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. **Great Eating Ulcers** rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing **Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, White Swellings, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.** Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and **good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution,** will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs,** is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, DR. PIERCE thought seriously of calling it his **"Consumption Cure,"** but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES
OF THE
Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy borebodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from **Indigestion, Dyspepsia,** and **Torpid Liver,** or **"Biliousness."** In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** has no equal.

For **Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Consumption,** and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. **Sold by Druggists.**

PRICE $1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR $5.00.

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
Proprietors, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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ANTI-BILIOUS and CATHARTIC. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure.

If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of smell, taste, or hearing, weak eyes, dull pain or pressure in head, you have Catarrh. Thousands of cases terminate in consumption.

Dr. Sage's CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "Cold in the Head,"** and **Catarrhal Headache.** 50 cents.

NATURE'S CURE FOR CONSTIPATION, Sick-Headache, AND DYSPEPSIA.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

A RELIABLE REMEDY
For Sick Stomach,
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Tarrant's Effervescent **Seltzer Aperient.** It is certain in its effects. It is gentle in its action. It is palatable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by assisting, not by outraging, nature. Do not take violent purgatives yourselves, or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public favorite. Sold by all druggists everywhere. r

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.

The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

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HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will pay you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. [decl

SELECT POETRY.

HARVEST HYMN.

BY JOHN SUTTON.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

God of all favor, now to thee,
 Our hearts in grateful praise arise,
Thy goodness every where we see,
 Thy hand our every want supplies.

The seasons in their annual round,
 As each the other doth succeed,
Are with peculiar blessings crowned,
 Each blessing suited to our need.

We cast the seed into the ground,
 And leave it there at thy command,
We in thy promise surely trust,
 Believing that thy word shall stand.

Though 'neath the winter's snow and frost
 'Tis hid away from human sight,
We know our labor is not lost,
 Thou doest all things, well and right.

The days of spring come hastening on,
 Thou givest the sunshine and the rain,
The snows of winter soon are gone,
 And we behold the living grain.

The heads and blossoms soon appear,
 With lengthning stocks and spreading leaves
We need but pluck the ripened ear,
 And gather in the golden sheaves.

Thy goodness, Lord, again we tell,
 As pouring from thy gracious hand,
A bounteous crop our garners fill,
 And plenty crowns our favored land.

Our hearts to thee once more we lift,
 To thee alone our thanks belong,
For every good and needful gift,
 Accept the tribute of our song.

Stillwater, Aug. 23, 1886.

SELECT STORY.

THE TURRET DOOR.

It was a beautiful and still evening toward the end of summer, when in the course of my wanderings about the ancient city I entered the quiet and solitary close of the gray cathedral. The rooks were gathering in the old elms which stood around. A ruddy light wrapped the great gray towers which rose far up into the evening air. The sounds of the city from without came faintly and at intervals to the ear as I walked slowly across the close toward the low wide steps which ascended and were lost in the shadow of the noble porch.

On reaching the great door of the cathedral I found it closed. But in the center of this there was another smaller door which still stood open—and here a party of visitors, to whom I was a stranger, were endeavoring to persuade the ancient yerger that the hour was not yet too late to permit them to inspect the interior. It so happened that just as I came up they succeeded in overcoming his hesitation, and he turned to lead the way into the building.

The party followed him, and I among them.

The party of visitors to which I had joined myself had completed, under the guidance of the verger, the customary tour of inspection round the ancient fabric, and were now preparing to leave the building. I had fallen for a moment behind the rest, in order to examine a fine and deeply interesting specimen of antique carving which covered the whole of the wall near which I stood. The great door of the cathedral, where the rest of the party were now standing, was not visible from this spot; but I could hear their voices plainly, round the angle of the wall. Aware that I had not much time to linger unless I wished to be locked up all night, I cast a glance at the rich tapestry of the woodwork and prepared reluctantly to turn away.

Suddenly my eye was caught by a portion of the carving which seemed to stand out slightly from the rest. I put my hand upon the carved head of the Apostle Peter and pulled it outward. To my amazement a door opened in the carving, showing beyond it a dark passage. I stooped forward and looked in. As I did so the door, which was thick and massive, and which was hung slantingly upon its hinges in such a manner as to close its own weight, swung heavily back from the position into which I had pushed it and coming unexpectedly upon me as I stooped forward, projected me into the opening and shut behind me.

The suddenness of the incident and the total darkness in which I found myself entombed startled and confused me. But at first I felt no positive alarm. I attempted at once to push open the door, but to my surprise it did not yield. I pushed harder—harder yet—I exerted all my strength, but the door remained immovable.

At last, finding all my efforts useless, I endeavored to attract the attention of those outside. I raised my voice and called loudly for assistance at the same time beating a vigorous tattoo with my stick against the door. I then paused and listened, in the expectation of being speedily released. But to my surprise and alarm the minutes passed and there was no response.

With a vague terror at heart I renewed my endeavors. I raised a clamor that awoke the echoes of the building. But still no voice replied from outside my prison, no hand released the fastening of the door. Gradually the conviction forced itself upon my mind that I had delayed too long. While I had been trying to force open the door by my own efforts, the party of visitors had left the cathedral, either without observing my absence, or perhaps supposing that I had left before them. The verger had locked up the building and departed. There was no one within hearing to assist me.

My consternation at this discovery may be conceived. The idea that I was fated to pass the night in this dark and narrow prison was one which I refused to entertain. Again, again, and yet I hurled myself against the wooden barrier, with rage, with fury, with despair. Not until I had exhausted every effort in my power, not until every gleam of hope had vanished from my mind, did I give up the attempt to force the door as hopeless, and turned away from it to examine more narrowly the place of my imprisonment. Nothing now seemed left to me but to ascertain how I might pass the hours with least discomfort, until I might expect assistance from without.

In my assaults upon the door I had already discovered that the place in which I was inclosed was of small dimensions. It was, in fact, little more than a recess or deep niche in the masonry, not exceeding three feet square, it would neither enable me to lie at full length nor obtain any other relief for my tired limbs than by the change of one cramped and uneasy posture for another. The floor was of solid pavement. The roof, as I stood erect, just touched my head. The walls, like the floor, were of solid stone. Standing close to one of these, and casting my eyes upward, I made a discovery which filled me at first with surprise, and afterward with extreme perplexity

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THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XX, NO 35
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. L, NO 25

Between the roof and the wall there was a space of at least four inches. Through this space I became aware of a faint gleam of light very far above my head. With the object of ascertaining the length of this aperture I moved along the wall, keeping my eye upon the crevice. The light did not vanish. I turned the angle of the wall and still the light remained visible. I traversed in succession the four walls of the cell, no obstacle obscured the feeble dream. The roof did not touch the wall at a single point of the circuit.

Presently a loud and startling sound, seeming to issue from the roof above my head, burst suddenly upon the silence. It was the great clock of the cathedral striking the hour. The notes fell slowly from a deep, solemn and sonorous bell. But instead of reaching my prison, as might have been expected, in dull, far-off and muffled tones, they fell upon my ears with thrilling clearness and distinctness, as if they were close at hand. It was evident, in fact, that my cell must be situated directly under the clock tower. This conclusion, however, led me no further at the moment.

I sat for a long time in reflection upon the number of hours which must elapse before I could expect to be set free. The bell had struck the hour of six. The cathedral would probably not be open in the morning before 9 or 10. I had, therefore, some fifteen hours at least before me to get through as best I might.

How slowly the time waned! At seemingly long intervals the bells struck the quarters; one, two, three, four; and then in deeper tones the hour itself—7. And now, when the ringing sound of the last note had died away, the bells of the carillon began to chime. The notes fell on my ears with the same singular and unaccountable distinctness which I had observed in the striking of the hour. They chimed the evening hymn.

Very suddenly a strange thought struck me, causing me to raise my eyes toward the ceiling of my cell. In my present position I could just perceive the faint gleam of light discernible far up through the interspace between the roof and the wall; but the roof itself was buried in darkness. I arose slowly to my feet, and the scarcely formed conjecture of my mind was instantly confirmed. As I had expected, I could no longer stand erect; my head now struck the roof. The whole truth flashed at once across my mind. I saw why the roof did not touch the walls of the inclosure, why it was formed of massive iron. It was descending.

Yes—descending! During the hour I had remained seated, the roof had sunk through a space of fully four inches. But this discovery, when now I made it, so far from causing me perplexity, at once revealed to me the whole mystery of my prison.

The directness of sound with which the chiming of the bells reached my ears had already told me that the belfry must be situated directly above my head. I now perceived that what I had taken for a solid heavy roof was in fact the massive and enormous weight of the great clock. I was imprisoned in the bottom of the shaft into which the weight descended. The ponderous block of solid metal was falling at the rate of about four inches an hour, or rather more. In less time than it takes to trace these words, the consequence of this flashed through my mind. In fifteen hours the weight would descend through a space of five feet. Long before I could expect release, the enormous mass would be upon me, and would crush me helplessly against the pavement of my prison.

My sensation upon making this discovery I will not attempt to describe. Often—very often—in the course of my life, have I had occasion to remark the truth of the saying: "The avenues that lead to death are numerous and strange. Little did I think how nearly I was myself to afford an example of its truth. Yet surely no mortal was ever before the victim of an accident so wildly singular and so full of horror! There the great weight was above me. Slowly, surely, it was creeping downward in the darkness and silence of the night.

And far up in the soft air of sunset the bells were still ringing the evening hymn.

For many minutes after making this discovery I remained motionless, striving vainly to realize the most singular yet deadly peril which threatened me. I do not know how long it was before I so far recovered my faculties as to become capable of thought. At length, rousing myself by an effort to examine whether any way to escape lay open to me. I turned my attention to the interspace between the weight and the wall; but it was far too narrow to admit the passage of my body. Then—to such extremeties may desperation drive its victims—I thought of attempting to arrest the great weight by supporting it with my stick as it decended. I might as well have attempted to support a falling avalanche.

Then an idea occured to my mind which brought with it a gleam of hope. I thought it possible that by applying my strength to the weight itself, I might be able to impart to it by slow degrees a swinging motion, like that of a pendulum; and this being continued, might at length bring the ponderous mass in contact with the door, and so burst it open. Raising myself from the floor of the cell, upon which I had again sank down, I applied my strength to the weight and by exerting all my energy in a succession of rythmical impulses I gradually succeeded in imparting to it an almost impreceptible movement. Gradually this increased; and but for an unforseen circumstance the scheme might have been successful. But I presently found that the weight did not hang exactly in the centre of the shaft. The consequence of this was that it struck the wall opposite the door before it reached the door itself. The extent of its swing being thus checked, my utmost efforts failed to bring it into contact with the door. The attempt had therefore to be abondoned, and hope again died within me.

Hope died within me. And now my sensations were those of extreme horror and dismay. I for the first time felt the certainty of my fate. A deadly sickness seized me. In a paroxysm of despair I flung myself again upon the floor of my prison, and lay there without motion.

I will not dwell upon the long hours that followed—those hours of more than mortal agony of mind. The sensations of those who have stood face to face with death for hours, watching with starting eyes his slow approach, are to me no mystery. But the mind of a man has mercifully been so ordered that agony prolonged beyond a certain point ends in benumbing the power of feeling. Thus it is that criminals condemned to execution often sleep soundly and eat with appetite; a fact which seems amazing to those who consider how comparatively slight a degree of mental distress has power to rob the night of rest and to turn the daintiest food to poison. They do not reflect that mental agony in its extremity ceases to be felt. But thus it is, and thus it was with me.

I believe also that the air of the shaft must have acted upon me with some stupefying or bewildered influence, like that of the vapor which often gathers at the bottom of old wells. The agitation of my mind gradually gave place to strange feeling of indifference. The peril under which I lay ceased to trouble me, and at last no longer occupied my thoughts.

I began instead to be curiously disturbed by another circumstance, very trivial in itself; by a sound, which reached my senses from somewhere in the stillness; a sound low, muffled, throbbing and mysterious, like the beating of my own blood. Had my mind been clear I could not have failed to recognize it for what it was. The sound seemed in my ears; but this was merely owing to my position in the shaft. In reality, it was the ticking of the great clock, far above my head.

For hours I sat there, listening mechanically, half unconsciously, to this monotonous sound, broken at intervals by the notes of the deep-toned bell. At length, probably owing in great measure to the heavy effect of the air upon me, I must have passed into a sort of stupor, which lasted very long.

When I came to myself I was conscious of a very singular sensation. The pitchy darkness was about me and of course I could see nothing. But, in some unaccountable manner, of which I fear it is impossible for me to convey a notion, I was aware that during my trance the weight had descended a great way, and was now close above my body. I could feel, though nothing touched me, the huge and threatening mass brooding over me in the darkness. With a mighty effort—for like a person in a nightmare I seemed to have lost the power of motion—I raised my hand. My expectation was a correct one. My hand struck against the under surface of the weight, at an elevation of less than three inches from my face! At last—after an eternity of unutterable suspense—at last—it touched me.

It touched me. At first lightly: then with a perceptible pressure; then with a pressure which grew distressing. In vain I sought relief; in vain I strove to writhe my body into narrower compass. Slowly, steadily, the mass descended, crushing me against the floor.

The last minute of my life seemed to come. I breathed a prayer to heaven and resigned myself to die. Still a space the weight descended; my brain swam; my breathing became difficult; I believe that for some brief seconds I bore upon my fainting form the whole burden of the ponderous mass. The blood rushed in torrents to my head, I felt that my senses were leaving me.

Very suddenly the pressure ceased. I was conscious of a welcome relief. I drew in a deep breath, freely. I moved my limbs, and found their liberty no dream. The weight was gone!

I raised my hand and it encountered space. I gasping, staggered, to my feet. The weight was already above my head, and rising rapidly upward into the darkness of the shaft. A sound of moving mechanism reached me from above. I thought I heard the murmur of voices; men were moving in the tower above me.

The purpose which had brought them there was evident; they were winding up the clock.

I remember little more, and that confusedly. I have some dim memory of an interval of silence, broken by voices outside my prison; of the sudden opening of the door, of a blinding light of a group of several forms without. I seem to remember also that there were cries of wonder as I staggered from my narrow lodging and fell fainting into the arms of my deliverers. But these things are to me as the shadows of a dream. The rushing darkness returned upon me, and for many hours I knew no more.

Such is the story of my strange adventure. I greatly doubt whether in all the chapter of accidents in history a stranger can be found. I have already stated that its truth is known to several persons, and that the strict accuracy of my account can be verified by simple inquiry.—*Argosy.*

Bismarck's Public Career.

He began his public career in 1847 as a member of the united diets, at the age of 32 years, in troublous and critical times, as well for the Prussian crown as for all Germany and western Europe. Everywhere the people were fermenting with the doctrines of liberalism and popular rights. In Prussia the monarchy was absolute. The bureaucratic rule was offensive and oppressive. The king's father had allowed a diet to each of the eight provinces of Prussia. Frederick William III. had just yielded again so far as to grant a brief constitution for Prussia, if the royal decrees of February, 1847, deserve so dignified a name. By these ordinances he assembled at Berlin a union of these provincial bodies under the name of the united diets, and promised that no new loan in time of peace should be contracted without their consent, nor new imposts introduced, nor existing taxes increased without their concurrence. Ever since the national uprising of 1813 the desire of the people for constitutional guarantees and for participation in the government had been increasing. At this time every periodical press in Prussia was liberal. The partisans of the royal prerogative had not a single organ in the kingdom. All the popular orators were liberal. Upon the first assemblage of the united diets not only was the conservative party unorganized, but in their ranks appeared not one orator with ability to capture or control an audience. Bismark himself was only a hesitating speaker. The fluent liberal orators called forth

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1 inch	$ 75	1 25	1 50	2 50	3 00	4 50	7 00
2 "	1 50	2 00	2 25	4 00	4 75	7 50	12 00
3 "	2 00	2 75	3 50	5 00	6 50	10 00	16 00
4 "	2 50	3 50	4 50	7 00	8 00	12 00	19 00
¼ col	3 25	4 50	5 50	8 00	9 50	14 50	23 00
½ col	5 50	7 00	8 00	14 00	17 00	20 00	40 00
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storms of applause, while Bismarck's firm opposing but modest speeches for the rights of the crown were met with murmurs and hisses. On the first occasion of a speech from him his conservative declaration, of no great significance in itself, was met with such uproar of disorder that he could not proceed. He cooly pulled from his pocket a newspaper and read it till the president restored order, when he laid it aside and proceeded with his speech. At that time he, like a majority of his countrymen, was partly under the influence of the liberal spirit of the times. But in this assembly he heard only the rounded periods of scholastic and theoretic eloquence. There was little evidence of practical statesmanship. There was hot eagerness leaping toward change, but no patience for experimental developments. He perceived that the late royal decress was not accepted as a finality. They were to be regarded only as the first instalment of a more complete and constitutional liberalism. His opponents were already impatient for much longer strides forward. The king's speech, which reads like a chapter from the records of the ancient Assyrian kings, had denounced all such expectations.

The Hilarity Family.

A VACATION AT A SUMMER RESORT. THE ESTIMATED AND ACTUAL COST OF AN UNSATISFACTORY TRIP.

Mr. E. F. Hilarity, a prominent citizen who increased his cash account considerably during the past year, concluded to take his family to a Summer resort for a brief recreation.

Mrs. Hilarity has a fondness for "sossiety," and her two daughters, Arethusa and Melinda, have reached the age when an advantageous match is not to be frowned at. The fond mamma has been considerably worried by 'Argie's predilection for a baker on Court street, and to remove the sweet girl from such dangerous influences was a powerful argument in the ears of the paternal Hilarity.

The pater familias thought he'd do a little figuring on the probable cost of a two week's trip to a noted watering place. He got out his pencil, and, with his wife and two daughters at his elbow, made up an estimate of expenditures which he thought would prove approximately correct. Here it is:

Railroad fare going and returning, for four, $18 each	$ 72
Hotel bills, $2.20 per day, two weeks	120
Boat riding and other incidentals	25
Total	$217

The old man felt well satisfied with himself, and told the eager women that they could go, and he would spare a few days from his factory to accompany them.

There was bustle and activity in the Hilarity household for a week. Melinda went the rounds of all her friends and informed them of her prospective trip, besides sending a society note to that effect to the Sunday papers. Then the outfit must be bought, and, strangely enough, the doting papa had forgotten the new dresses in his estimate, supposing, the guileless man that he was, that there were clothes enough in the family without any extra supply for a two weeks' journey. Mrs. H. and her two charming hopefuls visited all the dry goods stores and ordered everything which they thought necessary to enable them to cut a big swath at the resort. The old man knew nothing about these elaborate preparations, as his thoughtful spouse advised the store keepers and dress makers not to trouble Mr. Hilarity with their bills until the first of the month.

Half a dozen big trunks were hauled to the family residence. These were almost inadequate to contain the immense quantity of new dresses, bonnets and other paraphernalia of a society woman's attire. The eventful day came. The express-wagon came for the trunks. When Mr. Hilarity saw the pile of trunks he threw up both hands.

"Great Scott, my dear, where did all those trunks come from? What are you going to do with them? One Saratoga ought to be enough for a trip like this."

With her blandest smile the better half spoke:

"Now, dearest, Arethusa and Melinda must be brought out right. Would you want the poor dears to go away without any clothes?"

For lack of any further material for criticism, and still ignorant of the big bills awaiting his return, Hilarity held his peace. It cost $10 to carry the baggage to the train and another $10 for excess of baggage was collected by the railroad company.

"Now my dear," remarked the somewhat irate husband, not entirely subdued, "I'm really ashamed of you. People will think we are moving or that you are a lot of merchant travelers. Besides these things cost money."

Hilarity was still in a bad humor when the resort was reached. It added to his bitterness of spirit when $20 was demanded for carrying five trunks to the hotel. The poor man was imposed upon every way. His beloved family did not enjoy themselves, for the good catches for the girls didn't pan out. The only men at the hotel, aside from some old fellows like Hilarity, were dude dry goods clerks working for $40 a month. Arethusa and Melinda had a wretched time because mamma wouldn't allow them to associate with poor young men without any money or future.

During the two weeks they only opened one trunk, and didn't get to wear their good clothes but once—that was when Mrs. Bellamy Madison Spinatol gave a private hop.

While all this was in progress Hilarity was not in the least hilarious. He had to pay out money at every turn, and was compelled to draw on his banker for $500 extra. To add to his troubles Mrs. H. caught a violent cold while out on the lake, and was cross and disagreeable generally. In ten days from the time of their arrival at the lakes Hilarity said to his flock:

"You women folks can do as you please, but I'm going home to-morrow. If you want to stay here, bankrupt your poor father or by dissipation fall into untimely graves, do so. I figured on $300 as the cost of the trip, but so far I have parted with seven hundred good dollars, and everything isn't settled up yet. Make up your minds."

They did, and decided to accompany the old gentleman home.

(Continued on fourth page.)