

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. L. FRIZZ
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office—Front Room, Over Postoffice,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

J. H. MAIZE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office—Room No. 3, COLUMBIAN
BUILDING,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Jan. 20th 1888, etc.

N. U. FUNK
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Davis Building,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

JOHN M. CLARK
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Office over Meyer Bros. Drug Store,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

C. W. MILLER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Brewer's building, second floor, room No. 1,
Bloombsburg, Pa.

B. FRANK ZARR
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bloombsburg, Pa.
Office corner of Centre and Main streets, Clark's
Building.
Can be consulted in German.

GEO. E. ELWELL
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bloombsburg, Pa.
Office on second floor, third room of Col-
umbian Building, Main street, below Ex-
change Hotel.

PAUL E. WIRT
Attorney-at-Law,
Office in Columbia Building, Third floor,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. V. WHITE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Lower Building, 2nd floor,
May 1st

KNOX & WINTERSTEIN
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Office in National Bank building, second floor,
corner of Main and Market streets,
Bloombsburg, Pa.

F. BILLMEYER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office over Dentist's shoe store,
Bloombsburg, Pa. (Opp-30-36)

W. H. RHAWN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office, corner of Third and Main streets,
Bloombsburg, Pa.

MICHAEL F. EYERLY
CONVEYANCER, Collector of Claims,
LEGAL ADVICE IN THE SETTLEMENT OF
ESTATES, etc.

D. R. HONORA A. ROBINSON
Office and residence, West First street, Bloombs-
burg, Pa. 2023-24 17.

**J. R. McKEELY, M. D., Surgeon and Phy-
sician,** north side Main street, below Market

DR. J. C. RUTTER
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office, North Market street,
Bloombsburg, Pa.

DR. WM. M. REBER Surgeon and
Physician, Office corner of Rock and 2nd
streets.

J. J. BROWN
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office and residence on Third street near Meth-
ist church, diseases of the eye a specialty.

J. C. REIFSNYDER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office with Dr. Williams in Mrs. Est's building

EXCHANGE HOTEL
W. R. TUBBS, PROPRIETOR
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
Large and convenient sample rooms. Bath room,
hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences.

B. F. HARTMAN
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING
AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANIES
North American of Philadelphia,
Franklin, N. Y.,
Genesee, N. Y.,
Phoenix, N. Y.,
Lancashire, N. Y.,
Royal of London,
Lombard of London,
Office on Market street, No. 5, Bloombsburg,
Oct. 24, 1877.

Bloombsburg Fire and Life Ins. Agency.
ESTABLISHED 1865.
M. P. LUTZ
(Successor to Fress Brown)
AGENT AND BROKER
COMPANIES REPRESENTED:
Aetna Fire Ins. Co., of Hartford, Conn., \$2,500,000
Hartford Fire Ins. Co., of Hartford, Conn., 5,000,000
Phoenix of Hartford, Conn., 4,750,000
Springfield of Springfield, Mass., 2,500,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia, 4,000,000
Commercial Union, N. Y., 2,000,000
Phoenix of London, 2,000,000
Lombard of London, 1,000,000
Royal of London, 1,000,000
Lancashire of London, 1,000,000
Lombard of London, 1,000,000
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.

FIRE INSURANCE
CHRISTIAN F. KNAPP, BLOOMSBURG, PA.
HOMER OF N. Y.
MERCHANTS OF NEWARK, N. J.
CANTON, N. Y.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
GERMAN AMERICAN INS. CO. NEW YORK.
GREENWICH INS. CO. NEW YORK.
JERSEY CITY FIRE INS. CO. JERSEY
CITY, N. J.
These old corporations are well secured by
age and their surplus have never yet had
any loss settled by any court of law. Their agents are
all licensed in solid associations are liable to the
amount of their policies.
Losses promptly and promptly adjusted and
paid as soon as ascertained by Christian F.
KNAPP, SPECIAL AGENT AND ADJUSTER BLOOMSBURG,
Pa.
The people of Columbia county should patron-
ize the agency where losses if any are settled and
paid by one of their own citizens.
S. C. PROCTOR, BLOOMSBURG, PA. DEALING.

W. H. HOUSE
—DENTIST—
BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
All kinds of work done in a superior manner, with
materials as represented. Teeth re-
stored with gold or silver, and all
kinds of dental work done in the
most perfect manner.
*Office in Hartley's building, Main street,
below Market, five doors below Kleim's
drug store, first floor.
To be open at all hours during the day,
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Exchange Hotel
BENSON, PA.
The undersigned has leased this well-known
house, and is prepared to accommodate the public
with the same care and attention as in the
past.
LEWELLYN A. E. PROPRIETOR.

**GET YOUR JOB PRINTING
DONE AT THE
COLUMBIAN OFFICE**

Best Pianos! Lowest Prices!!

D S ANDRUS & CO.
HEADQUARTERS FOR
**Steinway,
Sohmer,
Kranich & Bach
Fischer,
Emerson,
Pease
PIANOS,**
AND THE CELEBRATED
Wilcox & White Organs.
Pianos Tuned and Repaired by com-
petent workmen.
Send for Catalogue.
21 WEST THIRD ST.,
Williamsport, Pa.
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M. C. SLOAN & BRO.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Manufacturers of
**CARRIAGES, SODDIES, PHAETONS,
SLEIGHS, PLATFORM WAGONS &
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.**
Prices reduced to suit the times.
BOOK MAKING AND BINDING.
Business men who have tried it find it greatly
to their advantage to have accounts, books made to
order, to suit their special needs. Every kind
of blank book, with or without printed headings,
check books and four blank leaves in the best
material at lowest prices. Unexcelled facilities for
Numbering, Binding, Pressing, Punching and
manipulating. Work for country and borough offices
especially solicited. Estimates and binding of
all kinds of highest class. Minutiae magazines supplied.
Materials and particulars cheerfully furnished.

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**GET YOUR JOB PRINTING
DONE AT THE
COLUMBIAN OFFICE**

The Columbian.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXII, NO. 28
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LII, NO. 16

**NO ONE NEED
Remain
A DYSPEPTIC.**

"I have been suffering for
over two years with Dyspep-
sia. For the last year I
could not take a drink of cold
water nor eat any meat with-
out vomiting it up. My life
was a misery. I had had re-
commended Simmons Liver
Regulator, of which I am
now taking the second bottle,
and the fact is that words
cannot express the relief I
feel. My appetite is very
good, and I digest everything
thoroughly. I sleep well now,
and I used to be very restless.
I am fleshing up fast; good
strong food and Simmons
Liver Regulator have done it
all. I write this in hopes of
benefiting some one who has
suffered as I did, and would
take oath to these statements
if desired."

E. S. BALLOU, Syracuse, Neb.

CROWN ACME
THE BEST BURNING OIL THAT CAN
BE MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

It gives a brilliant light.
It will not smoke the chimney.
It will not splutter.
It will not explode.
It is precisely a family safety oil.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISON
with any other illuminating oil made.

We Stake Our Reputation
As returned, upon the statement that it is
**THE BEST OIL
IN THE WORLD.**

Ask your dealer for
CROWN ACME.
DANVILLE OIL COMPANY.
Trade for Bloombsburg and vicinity supplied by
MOYER BROS.,
Bloombsburg, Pa.

Spring Specialties
**AT
LOWENBERG'S.**
Light Colored
Cheviots
in
**SACK
and 4-Button
CUTAWAY
SUITS,**
WITH LOW CUT VESTS.
Fine Dark Blue and Black
Worsted, Corkscrew, Broad-
way Diagonal and Black Worst-
ed in Sacks and Cutaways, and
**HANDSOME
OVERCOATS,**
a special leader
at \$5.00
Very Pretty Children's
SUITS
Plain or pleated and belted in
dark and light colors.
PRINCE ALBERTS
in all qualities.
**NICE LIGHT SPRING
Sailor Suits**
with Blue and Gray, also,
KILT SUITS
with Pleated Skirt for smaller
Children
**AT
D. LOWENBERG'S**
INSURANCE AGENCY OF
J. H. MAIZE,
Office 2nd floor Columbia Building,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
LIFE.
Northwestern Life Association, mem-
ber \$1,250. Paid to beneficiaries \$4,016,127. In-
crease of \$1,000,000.
Travelers Life and Accident of Hartford.
FIRE.
Continental of New York, \$5,000,000
Aetna of Hartford, Conn., 2,500,000
Phoenix of Hartford, Conn., 4,750,000
Springfield of Springfield, Mass., 2,500,000
Fire Association, Philadelphia, 4,000,000
Commercial Union, N. Y., 2,000,000
Phoenix of London, 2,000,000
Lombard of London, 1,000,000
Royal of London, 1,000,000
Lancashire of London, 1,000,000
A liberal share of the business is regularly
collected and satisfaction guaranteed.
J. H. MAIZE, Agent,
June 1, 1888, etc.

SELECT STORY.
THE YOUNGEST SISTER.
"I don't know it is," groaned
Kate Blessington, "but in our family
things always happen cross-grained."
"What's the matter now?" said
Georgia, the eldest sister, who, with a
blue apron of checked domestic ging-
ham tied around her waist, and her
luxuriant flaxen hair confined in a red
banna pocket handkerchief, was
cooking tomatoes for ketchup.
"Why, here have the Morefields
come to spend the day, and mamma
has just taken to her sofa with an
attack of neuralgia, and there's nobody
on earth to go to the train to meet the
city gentlemen. You couldn't go Geor-
gia, I suppose?" with a faint gleam of
hope.
Georgia glanced up at the clock and
shook her head.
"Couldn't possibly," said she.
"There isn't time to get ready. Why
don't you send Peter?"
"Peter, indeed! He's cleaning the
cistern out. Such a figure as he is!"
"Then I'm sure," observed Georgia,
"I don't see what you are going to do."
"Oh, I see, Kate!" pleaded a
small, sweet voice.
And the second Miss Blessington be-
came conscious of some one pulling
gently at her sleeve. She turned
sharply around. A tall, rosy girl stood
there—a girl just at the age where
"brook and river" meet, a girl of child,
half woman, but infinitely pretty in
both of her personalities. Sunburned,
dark-eyed, clad in an outgrown cotton
frook, and with her hair braided into
one long, gold-gleaming queue behind,
she stood there, with an imploring face.
"A good idea!" said Georgia, a taste
of the bubbling scalded meat in the
kettle, and adding a trifle more red
pepper. "Let Christy go!"
"You'd better let her go," said Geor-
gia, "but I can't!"
"Oh, yes, I can!" urged Christine,
the youngest and least presentable of
all the Blessingtons. "I drove old
Jenks up from the farm yesterday with
a load of cabbage. I've often driven
him when you had to go, Georgia."
"Oh, you horrid tom-boy!" said
Georgia, half laughing.
"But Kate gave little Christy a sound
box on the ear. Her black eyes flash-
ed wrathfully."
"Christine," she said, "I'm ashamed
of you. You'd disgrace to disgrace to
the family. Don't you know Jenks is
rubbing her empurpled ear, broke into
an indignant wail, 'the Morefields
will hear you. Go quick—get on your
hat and mind you don't show your-
self at the station. Your hair isn't
finished, and your old one isn't
half decent; and besides you'll need
it in the kitchen to wash dishes.'"
The tears dried on Christy's eyelashes
at the prospect of driving old Jenks
to the station.
"She made haste to put a white
wad cap over her rebellious hair, and
to scramble into the rather dilapidated
trap that was waiting at the door.
"Gee up, Jenks!" she cried, brandish-
ing the whip with gleeful counten-
ance. "I'm going to drive to the sta-
tion!"
"All right, miss, said Peter, who,
fresh from the depths of the newly
emptied eastern, was holding old Jenks,
as if there was any danger of that an-
cient steed running away with the
load."
"Drive careful now! Bowery lane—
he always wants to turn in there—and
mind you keep a tight grip of the reins
if you meet a load of barrels or one of
them 'jungle' tin-pollars wagons."
Away clattered the antique trap,
old Jenks rattling into a stiff trot like
an automatic horse, and Christy fairly
radiant with delight.
"But Kate ought to have boxed
my ears," she pondered, as the first
elation subsided. "There was nothing
wrong in driving the load of cabbage
home. I came by the back road, and
nobody saw me. I don't love Kate—
nor Georgia, neither. They're always
laughing at me and making fun of me,
just because I grow so fast and my
dress is so short. They won't let
me come into the room when they've
got company, because I'm only a child;
and they scold me for running races
with the dog, because I'm a woman.
I wonder if they call that consistency?
Never mind; I'll pay 'em off yet—see
if I don't!"
By dint of extraordinary efforts on
the part of old Jenks, and a liberal ap-
plication of the whip on that of his
mistress, they contrived to reach one
side of the station building just as the
train started away from the other.
Christine looked up and down the
platform. Most of the passengers had
already started forth in different direc-
tions; but one man stood there, glance-
ing up at the road, with a value in
his hand, a folded newspaper
peeping from the coat-pocket.
Christy hesitated what to do; then she
rose to the emergency.
"Hail!" she cried, in a sweet, high-
pitched soprano voice. "Are you the
gentleman from the city—the new
boarder?"
He advanced with rather a puzzled
countenance.
"Yes," said he. "I—"
"I've come to drive you to the cot-
tage," said Christine Blessington.
"Jump in, please! Where's your box?
There's room for it behind."
"My portmanteau is to be sent by
the carrier. But—"
"Oh, very well," said Christy. "Be
quick, please—the horse won't stand!"
The stranger cast an amazing glance
towards old Jenks, who certainly look-
ed as little like a runaway steed as he
could be imagined, as he stood there,
meekly balanced on three legs, with
his head hanging down.
"And who are you?" said he pleas-
antly. "One of the family?"
"Oh, I'm Christy—the youngest
girl, you know!" exclaimed she.
"The youngest, eh? Are there many
of you?"
Christy eyed him with a sidelong
glance.
"Yes, curious about us," thought
she. "What's that natural?"
And she answered complacently.
"Well, there's Georgia she's twenty-
two. And she's engaged to an officer
in the army, although she thinks I
don't know it. And Kate is twenty,
and she's going to set her cap for the
new principal of the school. At least
she says so. She's tired of making over
old gowns, and dying old ribbon, and
keeping gentle boarders. I don't envy
the principle of the school." Christy
added, giving old Jenks an admonitory
added, giving old Jenks an admonitory

touch with the whip, as he showed an
undue inclination to sidle towards
Bowery lane. "Kate has got an awful
temper. She flew into a passion and
boxed my ears just before I started."
"Boxed your ears?" repeated the
stranger, repressing a strong inclina-
tion to laugh. "Why, how old are
you?"
"I'm fifteen and a half," said Christy,
almost wishing she had not told the
incident, as the crimson flush rose up
to the very roots of her hair. "And
she oughtn't to treat me like a child!
I wish she would get married and go
away. I should be a deal happier
without her. Oh, old Jenks comes a
load of barrels! Old Jenks is awfully
stuffed with a load of barrels. He always
shies when he sees one."
"Let me take the reins," suggested
her passenger.
And presently, under his charge, old
Jenks, who, to do him justice, had
winced no sporting emotion of any
sort, was engineered safely past the
fearful object.
"And then Christy pointed out the
various localities to him, told him
about the ghost that was said to walk
in the Spirit House deserted house,
showed him the place where a fox was
caught in the spring, and confided to
him where to go if he wanted to find
the finest netting copses of the vicini-
ty."
And while she was enlarging on
these subjects, old Jenks stopped sleepily
at the front gate of the pretty
Blessington cottage.
The window—Mrs. Morefield, Jeannette
Morefield, Susanna Morefield, and the
married Miss Morefield, whose present
name was Mrs. Josiah Staff, said
"Bless me!" said Mrs. Stubbs in a
stage whisper, "what a very genteel
young man!"
"Is the city boarder?" explained
Mrs. Morefield, when the twinges of
her neuralgia, "Doctor Buffer re-
commended him here for pure country
air. He's just up from malaria fever,
and needs change, and Doctor Buffer—
dear, good man—knew how we were
straitened, and that we had a nice front
room to spare."
"Humph!" commented Mrs. More-
field. "He don't look much like a sick
man!"
While Kate ran out to open the
door, old Jenks and freshly-tinted pink
reins, "Is it Mr. Dorrance?" she said.
"I am Miss Blessington—with her most
engaging air of welcome. 'Please
walk in. I hope you haven't been very
much tried by the journey.'"
"It's Kate," whispered Christy, sud-
denly overcome by pangs of compunc-
tion. "Don't let her know I told you
about her temper."
"I'm afraid there is some mistake,"
said the gentleman pausing in the very
act of taking his valises out of the
trunk. "My name is not Dorrance."
"I was going to Mr. Falkner's
place, where I have engaged board for
the winter. I am John Wilder, the
principal of the school."
Christy dropped the reins, jumped
out of the wagon and ran off with her
herself in the hay-mow of the barn.
The Morefields stared harder than
ever. Kate Blessington looked infi-
nitely puzzled.
"Dear me," she said, "it's one of
Christy's blunders. We are very
foolish to have trusted her. Do come
in, Mr. Wilder—with a still more
winsome smile—and rest yourself, and
have some tea. We are all anxious to
be acquainted with our new prin-
cipal. Peter! Get don't understand the
horse. Go straight back to the station.
Mr. Dorrance must be waiting there yet!"
But Mr. Wilder, with a peculiar ex-
pression of the mouth and eyes, de-
clined Miss Blessington's invitation.
He went to the station, and to the
place of Mr. Falkner's, where he would
go to tell him in which di-
rection it was.
And so he bowed himself away.
Christy Blessington was very silent
and distracted when she returned to
her place in the graduating class of the
school at the opening of the term, and
she scarcely ventured to look at Mr.
Wilder as he entered her name at the
head of the list.
At recess she lingered a little, as if
in spite of all her self-control.
"My child, do not fret yourself!"
"Well," said the principal kindly.
"I'm so sorry that I said those fool-
ish things!" burst out Christy, with
tears sparkling in her eyes. "That day,
you know, that I took you for the city
gentleman, and drove you to our house—
please, please forget the!"
Kate and Georgia are always telling me
I shall get into mischief with my
tongue—and now I know that they are
right."
A poor Christy broke into a sob,
in spite of all her self-control.
"My child, do not fret yourself!"
said Mr. Wilder. "I will remember
nothing that you would have me for-
get."
At the end of the year, when the
Christy Blessington lay under the hills-
tops, Mr. Dorrance was still boarding
at the Blessington cottage, and torment-
ing everybody on the subject of
his "diet."
Georgia was getting ready for her
marriage with the army officer, Kate
was impatiently waiting for the news,
and Christy—little Christy, who was
not yet sixteen—was actually engaged to
Mr. Wilder, the new principal of the
school.
"Though, of course," said Mrs.
Blessington, she can't be married for
a year yet. "Why, she's nothing but a
child."
"But I don't mind waiting a little,"
said Christy, "for the family all treat
us with respect now. Kate don't dare
to box my ears any more."
"I should think not," said Mr. Wil-
der.
President Garfield's Physician.
Dr. Bliss speaking in the highest
terms of Speer's Port Wine writes the
following from
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25, 1884.
ALBERT SWEET, Esq., Passaic, N. J.
Dear Sir—I have to acknowledge
the superior quality of Wines of your
production, notably your Port Wine,
and to say I have prescribed them for
my patients for the past two years,
with uniform and satisfactory results.
I have full confidence in the purity of
your Wines and that they are of uni-
formly of standard strength, hence
prescribe them almost exclusively in
my practice. Very truly yours,
D. W. BLISS, M. D.

The Bustle is Going Out.
FOR YEARS IT HAS BEEN GETTING SMALL-
ER AND SMALLER.

Have you noticed the peculiar kind
of a one-two-three step of ladies be-
fore they sit down, followed by a
backward motion, a curious jerking of
the skirts and then a graceful sink-
ing down into the seat? If you have,
you have also noticed how the ladies fre-
quently rise suddenly from their seats,
shako themselves with an old kind of
a little movement and then sit down.
Both of these movements are due to
the bustle.

And now the news comes from
Washington that Mrs. Cleveland has
concluded to discard the bustle. Of
course it is of vital interest to every
woman in the land. Everything con-
nected with this important question
has been discussed by the New York
ladies. Fat and lean, old and young,
rich and poor, they all wear bustles,
and they are all anxious to know
whether they will continue to wear
them.

It was with the desire of learning all
that there was on this subject that a
reporter visited the leading fashionable
dressmakers yesterday to find out what
was the tendency and drift in bustles.
"Mrs. Cleveland's departure," said
Redfern, "has attracted profound in-
terest in New York, and may affect
bustles in the fall. You know bustles
are gradually growing smaller and
smaller. This is the tendency abroad,
and we get our fashions from there.
We use a cushion instead of the stork
bustle and it can be made of the same
material as the gown. It is made of
silk, usually, and is stuffed with horse-
hair, and then quilted. It is sewed in
under the bustle, between the bustle
and the skirt. Two steels are sewed in this
foundation. Over these are draped the
dress. The first is sewed in nine inches
below the waist, the second seven
inches. They have strings attached
to the ends which project the bustle
being enlarged or decreased. Now, to
show you how the bustle is decreasing
in size, these steels a year ago were
twenty-three and twenty-seven inches
long respectively. Now they are only
eighteen and twenty-one and they are
constantly getting smaller."
"Is there any difference between
bustles for fat ladies and lean ones?"
"Very much. A very fat lady will
have only a slight hint of a bustle.
You see she does not need much to ac-
commodate her form, while a very lean,
thin lady needs all she can get."
"Mrs. Cleveland is probably assist-
ing to kill what was at an end in a
few more years, if signs mean anything.
Bustles have had a long run. They
came in about seven years ago, and
succeeded the Princess robes. You
remember them, I suppose? They were
skin tight. I have seen them so
tight a lady couldn't step more than
two inches. Bustles were first mere-
ly frilled horse-hair bustles, then they
grew larger until they were as big as
they reached their maximum."
"To sit down with a bustle is an art.
You have noticed ladies sitting down
at the theatre, I suppose? Now I shall
show you how a lady ought to sit
down with a bustle. She sits down
as not to attract attention." A young
lady was called in from an adjoining
room, she was asked to sit down and
she sank into a chair without the
slightest effort.
"How do you manage it so easily?"
asked the reporter, lost in admiration
of the simplicity of the motion so un-
usual.
"It is very simple," answered the
young lady quietly pushing her dress
around with her hand to properly locate
the bustle. "You see, I simply let the
skirt touch the side of the chair as I
sink into it, then I give a sharp push
to one side; the bustle goes over to the
other and I am all right. Ladies don't
sit flat down, because if they did they
would be on a high cushion. Some-
times the bustle gets uncomfortable,
and the bustle gets uncomfortable,
and the bustle gets up to get up
and adjust it."
There was considerable trouble in
getting any direct expression of opi-
nion from the leading lady dressmakers.
During my ten years in the office I
never knew us to be hard up but once.
The proprietor sought a gold mine in
California, a coffee plantation in Brazil
and a railroad in New England at
about the same time, and carelessly
heaped out the money he was hoarding
to raise about \$3,000,000 in one day. We
raised it, but I had to chip in fifteen
cents from my private finances to make
up the sum. It was only a week later
that the wife of the proprietor paid
\$2,000 in cash for a blue-faced pig-
flower for a corner of the back yard,
and the only remark made by her hus-
band as he learned of the purchase
was:
"Why, my dear, you should have
taken a pair of them at \$11,000."
In the seventh year of my stay the
"bustle" changed its name. There was
the usual notion of a sheriff's sale, and
of the plant being bid in by a young
and enterprising man who would seek
to make it a popular local organ, etc.,
but that was all tar. The proprietor
went out to buy a chain of national
banks, extending from Portland to
Galveston, and to put five new lines of
ocean steamers into operation. I can
remember the day he left town. I was
called upon to see his wife's jewelry to
the special car chartered for it. There
were seven large dry goods boxes, all
and a peck or so of diamonds which
could not be crowded in were brought
along in a coffee sack.

Some Lies Nailed at Last.
From the Detroit Free Press.
All this talk about the country editor
being a poor, hard-up, down-trodden
coyote is an absurdity which has out-
lived its day. Orpheus C. Kerr or
Artemus Warr, or some of the other
pioneer funny fellows, started the
stories about editors taking wood and
hay and vegetables on subscription,
and of having to live between bread
and cheese, and the public accepted
them as facts. For years past the
country editor has been fully sup-
ported to be crying for "more copy," and
to be on his last sheet of paper and last
shilling, and I presume my article will
be a great disappointment to the mass-
es.

I began life as a "printer's devil."
It is popularly supposed that "the
devil" sweeps out and does other dirty
work for a year or two before promo-
tion. On the first morning I reached
the office I was told to take things
easy until the "old man" came down
I went over to the bank for one of the
"comps," and deposited \$2,000 for him,
cleaned up the foreman's \$6,000 diamond
and dusted off the plush chair and
opened a box of Henry Clay's for the
president, and by that time the editor
came down in his carriage. He or-
dered his coachman to give me an airing
and when I returned he benevolently
observed:
"Well, Henry, you and I are run-
ning the 'Gazette.' You won't have much
to do. Give me about three columns
of any editorial per week, and if you
want to dash off a poem or a sketch,
go ahead. Your salary will be \$30
a week for the first six months, and
you will occupy one of the spare
chambers in my residence—the blue
and gold one."
His residence was valued at \$125-
000, filled with the richest furniture.
His wife thought nothing of giving a
washwoman a silk dress which cost
\$50 and had a splash of mud on it.
No tramp went away with less than
\$20 in cash. The ice cream for one
season cost \$1,486.78, and for another
season \$1,486.78. They were not as-
tonished at the smallness of the bill.
One of the rooms was known as "the
coupon room." A young man with
very delicate complexion spent eight
hours per day the year round shearing
off coupons from the back yard. On
November 1 to December 31 he had to
have two assistants.
While the bona fide circulation of
the "Gazette" was close on to 200,000,
the editor kept the figures at 1,400 in
order to avoid a risk of patronage.
He paid six of the largest merchants of
the city \$2,000 per year each not to
advertise with us, as their advertising
would make extra work for the com-
positors. What advertising we did do
was very high-toned and was charged
at the rate of \$1 per word. The salar-
ies paid to employees were not as
large as in some offices, because we
could not afford it, but every one who
had been in the "Gazette" two years
had saved sufficient money to buy a
house and lot and horse and carriage.
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the special car chartered for it. There
were seven large dry goods boxes, all
and a peck or so of diamonds which
could not be crowded in were brought
along in a coffee sack.

The Folly of Haste to be Rich.
Chancellor Howard Crosby, one of
the most prominent business thinkers in
New York City, has an article in the
Forum for May, in which he says:
"The greatest need of our land to-
day is an education away from the
fearful danger of haste to be rich, a
cultivation of the quiet and improving
arts, an encouragement of genial and
benevolent lives, a preservation of
home virtues, a teaching of the truth
that moderation best serves the cause
of happiness, and a demonstration that
in helpfulness to others, man best helps
himself."
"While we laws can do much to
suppress the greed of the worst features
of the low limit, it is to the press, the
school and the church that we must
look for the inculcation of the pure
and loftier ideas that will meet and
overcome the materialism which the
peculiar conditions of our country have
bred. We have not ordered, and thought-
less of our youths so readily accept."
Contented minds are more conducive
to happiness than riches, glory, or
fame. In our life work let us remem-
ber that it will profit us but little if
we gain a world of wealth and lose
contentment and happiness.

**FOR PHOKLY HEAT, INSECT
BITES, CHAFING, SUNBURNS,
etc., nothing so beneficial as POND'S
EXTRACT.** When you reach home
worn out with overwork or oppressed
by the heat, bathe the face and hands,
or whole person, with POND'S EX-
TRACT and water. Nothing is so re-
freshing and invigorating. Beware of
imitations.
Whenever the orchard and poultry
yard have been combined the trees
grow fast and the hens lay well. The
trees afford shade to the hens and per-
mit of their scratching during all
hours of the day, while the trees are
not only protected from many kinds
of insects, but the droppings serve to
fertilize them.