

THE SUMMER GIRL.

She Likes Love's Marmar Well Enough but Sometimes Prefers "Business" Talk.

The girl in the fluffy China silk was holding converse with the older girl in a white duck suit with a blue vest and a jaunty little standing collar, on the piazza of the summer hotel.

"Mon in summer time, I think," remarked the white duck sentimentally, "are just horrid."

"Gracious," exclaimed fluffy, "I think they are just too lovely for anything."

"Well, I don't, and they make me tired."

"Oh, I don't see how you can say that."

"It's very easy to say it when you feel it."

"But how very, very funny that you should feel so."

"I don't think it is so very, very funny."

"No, but it is very funny."

"Just the same they weary me to death."

"Why, what do they do?"

"Oh, nothing; they can't talk anything else but love."

"Don't you like them for that?"

"Of course I don't."

"Oh, how you do talk. Why, I think that is perfectly lovely. Why, what do you want them to talk?"

"Business."—Detroit Free Press.

How Peter's Love Was Tested.

She was as fair as the day and as astute as the night, and beautiful beyond the dream of any poet.

He was strong and brave as any knight that ever jousted on the plain, superb and handsome as the sculptured gods of Greece.

It happened by a propitious fate that sometimes brings the brave and beautiful together, that these two mortal paragons each had a fashionable suite of rooms in the most fashionable hotel of the most fashionable city of all the land.

It is really not much use to finish this story. The reader is shrewd, and knows a thing or two, and has read novels before, and knows already how this thing is coming out.

But suffice it to say they met, and they loved with an unutterable and infinite devotion.

"Darling," said he—not at once of course, he was no grump like that—but I like to get at the denouement of a story at the beginning, and get it out of the way. "Darling," said he, when the proper time had arrived, "I love you beyond expression, with a devotion that can never end. Be mine, oh, say that you will be mine!"

A look of ineffable sadness, of infinite grief, came into her azure eyes.

"Peter," she said, "you know not what you ask. There is a dead secret in my life, which, if you know, you would spurn me from thee like a deadly thing."

"Tell me the secret, darling," said he, "and I swear by my honor I will love thee all the more."

"Peter, my own, I will be frank and tell thee. I—I owe a three months' bill for my suite of rooms in this hotel."

He looked into her lustrous eyes with an expression of increased endearment.

"Sibyl, my darling," said he, "so do I. We owe the sordid landlord two large bills. Let us wed, and make the two bills one."

"Oh, my heart's flander!" she cried, "Oh, my hero, my fiancé!" and she threw herself into his arms.

Thus two loving hearts and two growing hotel bills were beautifully united.

"What a Country!"

Comedian William F. Hoy has just encountered a distinctly ingenious Britisher. The comedian formed his acquaintance during the Lucania's last income voyage, and the two breakfasted together.

"I guess I'll run out to see Harry after breakfast," said the guest.

"Harry?" queried the comedian, softly.

"Yes, my brother," explained the Englishman. "I've two here. Harry lives in San Francisco and Charlie in Chicago."

"But you'll be back for dinner?" facetiously quizzed Hoy.

The Britisher took him seriously.

"Sure, for dinner, if not for lunch," he answered. And, accompanied by the actor, now thoroughly alive to the humor of the incident, he found himself a few minutes later in the line of ticket buyers in the Grand Central depot.

"An excursion ticket to San Francisco, stopping at Chicago on return," he ordered.

The ticket agent put about a quarter of a mile of pasteboard under his stamp, pounding it for a minute or more, thrust it before the explorer and expectantly awaited payment.

"When does the train go?" asked the Englishman.

"In ten minutes," was the answer.

"How much is it?"

"One hundred and thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents."

"What?" the Englishman gasped.

"How far is it?"

"Three thousand miles."

"Old Hoss" was right behind to catch the falling form, and, as he guided the half-fainting Englishman back to the cab, where he slung helplessly in a corner, the single exclamation escaped: "What a country!"—New York Times.

The Green-Eyed Monster.

Two servant girls exchange confidence.

"I had to leave because the lady of the house got jealous of the attentions shown me by her husband."

"That wasn't my case," replied the other; "I had to quit because my fellow got jealous of the way I went on over my employer."—Texas Siftings.

In Parrot Land.

First Parrot—Do you hear those people jabber! They just say over the same things again and again.

Second Parrot—Yes; they are probably trying to pass themselves off as parrots.—Boston Transcript.

A Popular Precedent.

"Tell me all," he urged.

"Not now," she answered, shyly.

"You can begin," he suggested, "and claim the floor again to-morrow."

He cited the United States Senate by way of precedent.—Detroit Tribune.

OLD ARMS FOR SALE.

Your Uncle Sam Runs a Bargain Counter of His Own.

Scarcely a week passes that some Grand Army post does not apply through a member of Congress, or direct, to the war department for two or four condemned cannons to be used in decorating the base of a soldiers' monument or adorning some corner in a cemetery. All these requests have to be refused, because there is no authority in law for the disposal of old ordnance, and even when special acts are passed the department is unable to comply with their terms for the reason that there are no old cannons to be donated. The soldiers' monuments in Gettysburg and other military parks and cemeteries exhausted the supply of cannon long ago and the artillery arm of the military service is not active enough now-a-days to increase the supply of condemned ordnance.

But while the war department is "short" on ordnance of the heavy variety it is "long" on stores of the smaller variety. Sometimes a post of the Grand Army of the Republic concludes to decorate their headquarters with bayonets and other reminders of the old days, when applications for such supplies are sent to the department the senders are supplied with a list of "ordnance stores for sale at New York arsenal, Governor's Island."

The list embraces carbines, rifles, muskets, scabbards, pistols, revolvers, bayonet scabbards and numerous other articles of like character. The list gives the condition of the goods of which the government is willing to dispose, together with a list of prices.

If anyone in the United States desires to fit out an army with old-time rifles and sabers he can be supplied at a very low cost. Or if he wants to give his library a military aspect, he can accomplish his desire for a song. The highest price asked for any article in the lot is \$7.75 for a Spencer breech-loading rifle with Stabler attachments. One of several breech-loaders in second-class condition can be had for seventy-five cents. There are about 40,000 rifles, carbines and muskets offered for sale at prices ranging from twenty-five cents to \$7.75, and in all conditions from "first-class" to "unserviceable," and 3,000 sabres are to be had, from twenty-five cents to \$1.

Nine different kinds of pistols and revolvers are to be had at "bargain prices." Two dollars will buy the best in the lot, while a "Star navy, self-cocking" may be secured for fifty cents.

This is the government's bargain sale. Purchasers can have as many or as few as they desire. The prices are strictly cash, no discount for quantities, and no favors shown. If you want an arsenal now is your time.—Rochester Post.

The Unhappy Part of a Jockey's Life.

On the floor of the hottest room in an uptown Russian bath recently a small man lay doubled up bemoaning his fate. Once in a while he would squirm over on his back or turn flat on his face and drum a tattoo on the floor with his fingers, while he went on with his inarticulate protestations. He was a mere bag of skin and bones with a few sharply defined muscles in his arms and upper legs. In one hand he held a small, polished wooden stick about the shape and size of an ordinary foot rule. This he rubbed over his back, shoulders and legs and wherever there was any flesh covering the bones. It was what might be called "the reverse picture of a jockey's life." The man was a famous jockey, and the contrast between his reception at the grand stand when he comes in on the back of a winning horse, cheered by thousands of race-goers, and his position squirming about on the floor of the hot room, trying to reduce his weight another pound or two before his race in the afternoon, was very strong. The natural weight of this particular jockey is about 120 pounds and he was entered to ride at 108 pounds. He'd been in the hot room two hours without taking a drink of any kind. Finally he decided that he could not stand it any longer, and sent out for some sherry and ice. This he took with the air of a man who was consumed by thirst, and then settled back on the floor again, and remarked that that drink would put a quarter of a pound of weight on him within five minutes.—New York Sun.

Japanese Hairdressing.

One of the joys of the Japanese woman's life, which Sir Edwin Arnold has failed to dwell upon, is her hairdressing, although he mentions the result admirably. The ordinary Japanese woman has her hair dressed twice a week. First the assistant hairdresser comes and oils the locks with camellia or saffron oil; then the principal arrives and spends nearly an hour in pulling up her hair so that it will indicate the caste and age of the woman and whether she is "maid, wife or widow." For all that is expressed by the arrangement of the locks in Japan. The women sleep upon neck blocks, carefully hollowed out so that the hair may remain undisturbed all night. For ladies of high degree these blocks are beautifully lacquered and decorated. They generally have a little drawer into which the superfluous ornaments can be put at night.

Sounds Slangy, But Is Not.

School teachers, especially those of the feminine gender, are absolutely averse to anything partaking of the nature of slang. One of these teachers recently took part in a discussion as to whether or not "kid" as applied to a child, could be placed in the slang category. The gentleman using the term stood his ground and held it was not slang and was not so classed by the authorities on philology. The teacher opposed this argument, and sent for a dictionary. Her surprise to find herself in the wrong was rather ludicrous, but she insisted that the term, with this application, showed lack of respect for both the child and its parents.—Philadelphia Call.

A Possible Excuse.

"It's strange," exclaimed the irritable man, "that I can't get what I order to eat."

"What's the matter?" asked his wife.

"I ordered bluefish and the waiter brought me black bass."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't get angry. Perhaps the poor fellow is color blind."

Washington Evening Star.

The Political Aligment for Battle.

The candidates being now about all placed in the field the sovereign power is respectfully, (very respectfully) requested to look them over and size them up phenologically, historically and politically. While with some voters the man himself will win or lose the vote, just as his personal appearance happens to suit with others the principles of the party he represents will determine it. It is of course impossible for the voter to have personal acquaintance or positive knowledge of all the candidates to be voted for; therefore party affiliations carries many a scamp into office who ought never to get their.

It is said that Democrats have been more prompt than the Republicans thus far in attending to the requisite formalities of the law as regards the filing of certificates of nomination, &c., but it will not do to suppose the Republicans will not attend to these little formalities and not get there in time; nor that they will not make a hot and anxious effort to regain their lost prestige with the people. Everything known to politicians, aspiring statesmen and capitalists will be resorted to, of course, and every alluring promise will be held out for votes as usual, and with possibly the same old misrepresentation after they are once elected. Before election they are apt to affect the statesmen proper by uttering sweet words of endearment to and in behalf of the masses, who, after election, are so cunningly flattered by discriminating laws drawn in favor of the highly protected and carefully fostered classes. "Twas ever thus since childhood's hour," or at least since we began to note the drift and trend of the various acts of Congress. The masses of course claim the right to seek good and economical government, while the classes, being more particular, claim the right to seek all they can get from either party. If the masses are sometimes (aye frequently) disappointed after election the classes seldom are; for it is a fact now pretty well established in this country that "money makes the mare go," and that it is still the root of more or less evil in our halls of legislation. This is very true and without regard to which party is in power it is too true. When the voter knows a clean handed public servant he can easily prove his patriotism by voting for him. Though we admit them to be scarce, we are not yet prepared to say that none such can be found in either party today. We shall not say so. With the writer hereof honesty of purpose on the part of a public official is the very first consideration. Mere eloquence of words is secondary.

Skin Grafting May Save Life.

Fred Griffith, 10 years old, of Forest street, Philadelphia, is the subject of a difficult surgical operation in the replacing of between ninety and 100 square inches of cuticle.

Like hundreds of other boys, Fred was igniting fire-crackers last Fourth of July. While taking crackers from his trouser pocket he held a lighted piece of punk in his hand. The bunch in his pocket exploded and he was frightfully burned. For many days he hovered between life and death. About a month ago the burned surface reached a stage of granulation favorable for skin grafting, and last Thursday 100 grafts were taken from the arms of two women friends of Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, by Dr. L. W. Case, assisted by Dr. Halsey, and transplanted to the body of Fred.

The boy's sad plight appealed to the sympathies of a number of Dr. Case's friends, and yesterday, when the putting on of the little patches was resumed, three men went to the boy's home. They were William E. Marcus, of Mountain Avenue; T. G. Sullivan, of Orange Road, and H. H. Drake, of Hillside Avenue, all members of the Mont Clair Club, and well known in society and business circles. Each sacrificed a portion of his skin. The number of grafts made were 130. Between forty and fifty were furnished by each man. Dr. Halsey cut the grafts and Dr. Case transplanted them.

The burned part of the child's leg is a rectangle about 14 inches long and 6 inches wide. Dr. Halsey estimates that more than 5000 grafts will be used for this alone. The burn on the other leg is not so extensive and between 1600 and 2000 grafts may cover it. The process of grafting will be performed about twice a week. It will be more than six months before it will be completed.

The story of the heroism with which the young sufferer undergoes the daily dressing, made known by Dr. Case, has won for the child friends by the score, and volunteers are found in plenty who consent to part with some of their skin and place themselves at Dr. Case's service. Dr. Case and Dr. Halsey are untiring in their attentions to the boy. As the child's parents are not well-to-do, the work of the physicians has been without pecuniary reward.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay City, Mich., accidentally spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, giving instant relief. Its a wonderful good salve for burns, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for Piles.—W. S. Rishton, Druggist.

Fashionable Livery.

The well known horseman has opened a fashionable livery in connection with his boarding stable at the Exchange Hotel Stables, where fine turnouts can be obtained, single or double. He has well broken and safe saddle and driving horses for ladies, all at reasonable rates. Orders left at the Exchange Hotel will receive prompt attention. Drivers furnished when desired.

W. A. HARTZELL, Proprietor

Headache is the direct result of Indigestion and Stomach Disorders. Remedy these by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers and your Headache disappears. The favorite Little Pill everywhere.—W. S. Rishton, Druggist.

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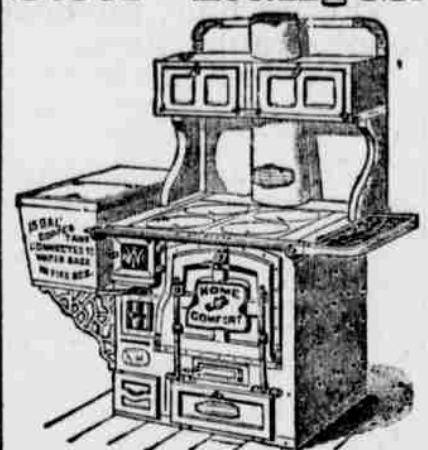
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JUSTICES AND CONSTABLES FREE BILL.—Justices and constables can procure copies of fee bill under the act of 1848, at THE COLUMBIAN OFFICE. It is printed in pamphlet form, and is very convenient for reference. It also contains the act of 1889 concerning the destruction of wolves, wildcats, foxes and minks. They will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 30 cents in stamps.

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Wrought Iron Range Co.—ST. LOUIS MO.

Founded in 1864. Paid up Capital \$1,000,000

PENNSY. COL. CO., PA., AUG. 11, 1894.

GENTLEMEN:—We have purchased one of your Home Comfort steel ranges of your salesman, Mr. Spotts, and are pleased to give our testimonial for the benefit of your company and its employees. Have used it in baking bread, which it did nicely in forty minutes, with four small sticks of wood. The oven was ready for baking in twenty minutes from the time the match was applied to the wood.

We can heartily recommend it to all those who are in need of a good range as being far superior to any we have ever used.

D. A. MUNSON, E. L. MUNSON.

PENNSY. COL. CO., PA., AUG. 11, 1894.

GENTLEMEN:—We take pleasure in stating that we are well pleased with the Home Comfort range purchased of Mr. Spotts. It gives entire satisfaction in all respects; it is a good baker, and for general cooking we can conscientiously recommend it to the public.

PHILLIP MANHART, MRS. PHILLIP MANHART, LIZZIE MANHART.

8-10-11m.

CATAWISSA, PA., AUG. 18, '94.

Wrought Iron Range Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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CATAWISSA, PA., AUG. 18, '94.

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