THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Detetetetetetetetetetete DOBLEY'S KILLING PACE Revealed When His Wife Used Cook-*************

DON'T know why it is, said Mr. Dobley, as he pushed away his untasted breakfast, "but I feel a presentiment that I am going to be ill."

"You never looked better in your life," said Mrs. Dobley. "Don't give in to any such idea. It's simply nervous-DC65.

"That's it," said Dobley. "My nerves are running away with me. They are it a tension which threatens a sudden collapse. I start at the least sound, I wake with the bells ringing in my ears and feel as though a vise were gripping my head. It's been that way now for three days."

"It's those late suppers of yours." said Mrs. Dobley. "You would require the digestion of an ostrich to consume such combinations as you have been addicted to of late."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Dobley; my symptoms have nothing about them which indicates that the trouble is a simple one, which might be removed by bicarbonate of soda and seltzer. It's located here, Mrs Dobley." Dobley tapped his brow mysteriously.

"Perhaps a headache?" suggested Mrs. Dobley.

'No; it's the rush of modern life.' said Dobley. "It's the pace at which people must live nowadays. We're all in a race-trying to see which of us can push on fastest to the grave!"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Dobley. ") felt sure that the fricasseed crab meat in a chafing dish and the Welsh rabbit you had last night would affect your liver, and now I'm sure of it. Either one alone is bad enough, but when you combine the two-it is simply dreadful!"

"It is not the liver, Mrs. Dobley, it is the brain. I have a confused sensation as though the optic nerve had gotter. tangled with the spinal cord. Then there is a singing in the cars with a tingling feeling in the temples, and shooting pains in the back of the neck."

"They have an excellent Household Medical Guide in the back of this," she said, as she skimmed over the leaves.

"Have you had dizzy spells and hal lucinations, with loss of appetite and a distaste for exertion?" she asked, reading from one of the pages. "Exactly," said Dobley. "I feel as

though my head weighed a ton, and when I attempt to walk the effort of placing one foot before the other seems to completely exhaust my vitality. The very thought of taking another step is weakening."

"How about chills with sudden flush es of heat, sallow complexion and a yellowish tinge to the whites of the eyes?" asked Mrs. Dobley, anxiously.

"All of those." said Dobley. "I tell you, Mrs. Dobley, I am threatened with a serious collapse. I have been work ing too hard."

"You have the grip." said Mrs. Dob ley, firmly, closing the book, "and you must not think of going downtown today. Simply telephone to the office that you are ill, and take a day of quiet rest at home. I will fix up some remedies that will break up your cold. for really grip is only an exaggerated cold. And the rest will do you good."

morning? How is the singing in your cars?"

"Never a song," said Dobley. "Nothing disturbs the quiet but the dull drip of the ice upon my collar. How long do have to balance this berg on my head? By the way, Mrs. Dobley, I feel sufficiently frapped now, for my own part. But I don't want to interfere with the original recipe. You are sure you have not gotten me mixed up with

a dessert?" "The ice must be renewed at fre-ment intervals," said Mrs. Dobley. it's the greatest thing in the world for the nerves. I have sent out to get an extra supply."

"And the embaining process that is at present going on over my wishbone?" asked Dobley. "Is there any special time at which it may be removed, or is it one of those perpetual blooms that become part of one's very existence? The freezing of the head and the boiling of the chest simultaneously is a great idea for taking the mind off business troubles. It is impossible for one to worry about the price of gas stock with these two restoratives in operation."

"That's it," said Mrs. Dobley. "It's the counter-irritant that cures. I'll venture to say that you have no symptoms of tired feeling at present. You said this morning that you couldn't put one foot before the other."

"I feel now," said Dobley, "that if I could shed these various glaciers and volcanoes that you have surrounded me with I could sprint around a cinder path in time to music. About this time, as a rule, I am going out to luncheon when I am downtown. What a terrible thing it would be to be condemned to stay at home doing noth-ing every day! It would drive me trazy in about 48 hours."

"But, like all New Yorkers, you are fond of talking about the nervous strain caused by the rush we live in. the noise, the elevated cars and all that, when in reality you couldn't live in any other atmosphere or environment!"

"They say," said Dobley, shifting the ice so that it would melt equally over both sides of his neck, "they say there are microbes in the New York air that are different from the germs that exist in the atmosphere of other cities. I suppose we get accustomed to absorbing these particular ones, and we get to like them. If a New Yorker found himself in a quiet country place with no prospect of getting back to Broadway and the Bowery he would think the roar of the elevated the sweetest music in the world!"

"But he would begin talking about the terrible strain he lived under just as soon as he got back to town."

"It's artificial, but then we are fond of gilding and show in every department. Take our restaurants-and. talking about restaurants, Mrs. Dobley, I am of the opinion that I should feel much better if I were allowed the excitement of a few lamb chops just at this moment. I feel a peculiar gnawing-"

"I think you'd better have a fresh poultice," said Mrs. Dobley. "Youslose the effects of those poultices unless they are changed quite often."

"I won't worry if I lose the effect." said Mr. Dobley. "There is something about a poultice that seems somehow humiliating to me. Modern medical authorities laugh at poultices. They say never put a poultice on anything but a barn door-but your little book, 'Helpful Hints for the Kitchen,' advocates them strongly, I see." "There is nothing like a poultice," said Mrs. Dobley. "No," replied her husband, sadly, "it occupies a niche all by itself; it's a solitaire in the scheme of life. It's a clammy, elinging amalgamation of exclusiveness."

It Wasn't Safe.

Hennypeck (to the going in the store)-Gentlemen, I have been married 14 years last grass, and during that time have not spoken a single cross word to my wife. 1-

Mrs. Hennypeek (poking her head in at the door)-Henry, why in the name of kings don't you bring that molasses home? I've been needing it these two hours. Just wait till I get you home, and-

Hennypeck (flying out)-Yes, my dear, I'm coming!-Harlem Life.

Sympathy.

"How long, my young friend," in-quired the venerable judge, "have you been trying to make a living by practicing law in this city?" "Six years," said the young attor-

"How unfortunate."

"I don't know, your honor. I have managed to pick up a pretty good living."

"I was thinking of the community," mused the judge, shaking his head .-Chicago Tribue.

Glad to Go.

Minister (to young widow)-Death came very suddenly to your husband. I trust he was prepared to die?

Young Widow-Yes, I am sure he was. 1 had just told him that mamma was coming to-morrow to stay a month, and he said "Good-bye," calmly, and turned his face to the wall and died .- Harlem Life.

Fatally Overdid It.

Desponding Youth-Lucy, your father has turned against me, for some reason, all at once. What is the matter?

Lovely Maid-O, George, you made such a mistake when he was telling you that funny story the other evening! You laughed before he got to the point of the joke!-Chicago Tribune.

Ungrateful Woman.

Mrs. Noozy-What has turned all you women against Mrs. Weeds? You were very sorry for her when her husband died

Mrs. Noozy-Yes, and how did she repay our interest in her? Why, she fixed things so that the papera shouldn't publish the amount of money her husband left .- Philadelphia Press.

Disproved.

"Rafferty," said Mr. Dolan, "did yez ever hear th' old sayin', 'Beauty is only skin deep?" "

"I did. An' a foine, true sayin' it is." "It's nothin' av the koind. O'im thinkin' iv it's foolishness ivery toime Oi take the cover off a baked pitaty."-Washington Star.

Boudoir Generalship.

Jane-That Mr. Shallowpate is at the door. Shall I tell him you are engaged? Miss Pinkle-Show him into the parlor, Jane. "Yes'm."

"And, Jane, after he lays his box of candy on the mantelpiece, tell him I am out."-N. Y. Weekly.

Inspirational Oratory.

I talked and talked while topics new Came crowding through my head. And then I thought a week or two And wondered what I'd said. -Washington Star.

VERY NEAR IT.

No Chance for Rim.

"Your success," said the practical politician to the man who wanted to run for office, "will depend a great deal on the ward in which you acquire a residence. With which nationality are you the stronger-the Irish or the Germans ?"

"Why," replied the candidate for office, "I think I stand best with the Americans."

"No chance for you, then," replied the practical politician. "They seldom vote."-Chicago Post.

"The Strength of Twenty Men." -- When Shakespeare employed this phrase he re-ferred, of course, to healthy, able-bodied men. If he had lived in these days he would have known that men and women who are not healthy may become so by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine, by making the blood rich and pure and giving good appetite and perfect digestion, imparts vitality and strength to the system,

The non-irritating cathartic-Hood's Pills.

This would be a hard world if we were obliged to do all the things we tell other people we would do if we were in their places.

GRIF-INFLUENZA -The use of "Seventy-Seven," and a little common sense, will carry you through the Spring without illness. Be-fore laying aside "77" for the season, investigate the other specifics, made by Dr. Humphreys, by asking your druggist, or sending for a free copy of the Specific Manual, a chapter on diseases of children, Humphreys' Homeo, Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York,

When the ice man dies and goes to his last reward it is scarcely likely that he will get a cool reception.

DOES YOUR FRET ACHE AND BURN ?-

Use Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures corns, bunons, swollen, hot, sweating feet. At all druggisis and shoe stores, 25c. Sample free, Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York. 5 Iod4t The man who runs for office doesn't get

out of breath. On the contrary, he usually equires one.

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When a man who lives in a boarding iouse has gout the landlady assumes an air of great importance.

TRY GRAIN-O! TRY GRAIN-O!-Ask your grocer to day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink t without injury as well as the adult. who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made of pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 4 the price coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold 4 26 4td

by all grocers. 4 26 4td The very people who talk about "vulgar trade" are usually the ones who hever pay their bills.

Westfield, Mass., Nov. 27, 1899 The Genessee Pare Food Co., LeRoy, N.Y. Gentlemen—Having used your Grain-O for the past three months I thought I would write and let you know how much good it has don-me. When I was away on my vacatior, last summer the people I visited asked me to try some Grain-O, and I drank some,



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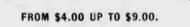
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rh. PHILA. PA

"I haven't taken a day's holiday in years," said Dobley. "I don't think it would agree with me to stay home. I'd fancy I heard the ticker calling me or imagine the office was on fire, or something."

"Now, you go upstairs and get into a smoking jacket and slippers, and, first of all, I will fix up something that you can eat. I will prepare it myself!" said Mrs. Dobley, who had little or no opportunity to put her nursing abilities in evidence owing to her husband's continual good health. She acted as though it were going to be a genuine pleasure to have an invalid on her hands for a day.

An hour later Dobley was wrapped in an eiderdown quilt, with a flaxseed poultice on his chest and a wet towel about his head. Mrs. Dobley said she had taken his temperature and declared that it was more than a hundred, so she decided that it was better for the invalid not to eat anything.

So a very tempting broiled chicken with currant jelly, buttered toast and tea was taken downstairs before Dobley's eyes, although he explained that he had had the first symptoms of real appetite that he had experienced for three days. Then Mrs. Dobley made him take a dose of some disagreeable mixture and put a piece of ice on his head. Dobley had just become eagerly interested in a new novel when she took it away and said that it would only upset his nerves to read it, and she even removed the newspapers and read him one of Mrs. Heman's poems.

"I am bound that you'll have one day of perfect rest, John," she said. "You have positively alarmed me as to the condition of your health."

"Already I feel much better," said Dobley. "I suppose my state of nervousness made me exaggerate the symptoms. Do you know, my dear, I think I should enjoy some toast and teaand chicken. And perhaps a small piece of steak, also. I don't know whether it is the poultice or the ice on my head. but my appetite has returned."

"But the book says: 'On no account allow the patient to eat while the fever rages.' I might fetch you some milk and lime water if you think you could stand it."

"I have no yearning for it," said Dobley, "and my fever has subsided. I have an idea that I shall bring all my strength of will to my aid and go down to the office after all. It makes me feel foolish to sit here done up in this way."

"But your nerves have quieted down -don't you see what a different person

"I can see that you feel better al-ready," said Mrs. Dobley. "I can always tell when you begin joking that you are really happy."

"Happiness is a big word," said Dobley, adjusting the drip to a point just above his left ear. "I've been happier than I am at this moment, and yet I have been more unhappy! There is a certain repose about the feeling that a piece of ice on the head gives one. Then, the mere fact of having had nothing to eat for a number of hours has a chastening influence that cannot be denied."

"Do you really think you could stand some breakfast?" asked Mrs. Dobley. "I am a little bit afraid to go contrary to the directions."

"Mrs. Dobley," said that lady's husband, with dignity, "I absolutely refuse to be confused with the methods for cooking which are contained in that useful volume you hold. It may be all right regarding things that are to be set in a cool place and fanned until frozen, and it also gives you thorough and efficient modes for driving out red ants, but I am prepared to have some breakfast, and I would Judy. like the customary meal of steak. chops and soft-bolled eggs that are served previous to executions of death sentences."

"I don't believe that you are ill at all." snid Mrs. Dobley.

"I merely complained of nervousness," said Dobley, "and I must admit that this quiet, restful morning. in conjunction with the somewhat rigid rules prescribed in the 'Kitchen Hints' has completely restored me to my normal state of health. I am now prepared to shed my various wraps, pillows, poultices and glaciers, to have breakfast and to proceed to

my daily toil." "Oh, you can't go now!" said Mrs. Dobley. "I telephoned them that you were very ill. Suppose we go to a matinee?

"Which is a thought born of an in telligence of marked superiority," said Dobley. "Let us get back to our usual he will turn into a sot! gait-the pace may be killing-but we plained at the breakfast table this crobes."--N. Y. Sun.



Governess-What were the names of Noah's sons?

Kitty (after a pause) - Shem-(pause)-Ham, and-(long pause)-Bacon.-Ally Sloper.

The Gold-Brick Tale. Same old story, same old finis-Bought mining stock-mine, miner, minus.

-Elilott's Magazine.

Modern Journalism.

Reporter-Mr. Greatman refuses to give his views.

Editor-Then write a two-column article attributing your own views to him. We will then get his views when he repudiates your article. - Town Topics.

In the Paddock.

She-You betting men always remind me of a lambkin.

The Innocent-Dowe, Milly? She-Yes: because you gambol on the turf and eventually get fleeced .--

His Request.

Mamma (sternly)-Now, Rodney, have you anything to say before I whip you?

Little Rodney-Yes'm; I wish you'd gimme laughing gas before you lay on the gad .- Puck.

It Reminded Him.

"He says he is wedded to his art." "That reminds me of an old novel." "What's the title?"

" 'Married, But Not Mated.' "-Chicago Post,

Overhurdening the Faithful. Sentimental Old Maid-"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight; make me a girl again-' The Clock-That's asking too much. I'll strike .- Jeweler's Weekly.

Had Begun to Turn. The Good One-If he drinks so much

The Other One-Shouldn't wonder. The last time I saw him he was turning Into a saloon!-N. Y. Press.

out I didn't like it at all, but the more drank it the better I liked it, and now I wouldn't drink anything else. I never weighed over to5 pounds and last winter l was down to 103 pounds, and now I weigh just 120, and I never felt better in my life It gives me an awful appetite, and makes me strong. It is doing me more good than any-thing I ever took, and I would recommend it to everybody. Yours truly, Mrs. George R. Brown.

The breath of suspicion is usually aromat-

c of cloves.

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