Purhaps you never knew her. She
Was only known to those who love her
And still revere her memory—
Pure as the stars that shine above her. By God's strange providence bereft

Of father, mother, sisters, brothers, and homeless, friendless, joyless left, She freely gave her life for others.

If grief she had we could not tell—
We dared not ask, we never knew it;
Her heart was like a hidden well—
Deep, scaled, and only God saw through it.

On excands sweet with mercy swift She moved, her face of joy the token; Her willing hands the weight would lift From many a heart despairing, broken. In weal and woe, in calm and storm, Smiling she trod the path of duty; Not beautiful in face or form, For in her life was all the beauty.

Did any weep? She wept with them; Did any fall? She comfort gave them; And when the whole world would condemn She stretched a woman's hand to save them.

And many a sweet "God bless her!" came
From the tender touch made human,
And lips all trembling, breathed her name,
And said: "God bless that little woman."

—[E. L. Stanton.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

The war which I refer to was not one of those which we have lately had upon our hands, but that which a few years ego raged so long, so fiercely, between the Northern and Southern States of America. It was my fortune to serve on the medical staff with a portion of the Northern army during most of that terrible struggle; and it is needless to say that many personal incidents came under my notice, which will never leave my memory. Not one of them, however, made so painful an impression upon me as that which I am about to describe.

Towards noon on the day after one of the fiercest battles of the war, a young soldier was brought in from the battle field. where by some mischance he had been overlooked and abandoned, while comrades of his far less grievously wounded than he, had been sheltered and tended before nightfall. The poor fellow had hin all night and during the long scorching hours of the morning, amid heaps of dead, both men and horses, suffering from the loss of an arm, and other wounds. An army surgeon is not as a rule a man prone to undue sentiment or to feminine softness at the sight of physical suffering; I am not conscious of any weakness that makes me an exception in this particular. There was, however, in this youth's expression of countenance comething which struck me irresistibly, and with the strong glance of his large bright eye, fixed my attention and awakened my eager interest. He was a slender youth, tall, yet gracefully made, with a head which, as the novelist phrases it, would bring ecstasy to the soul of a sculptor; and every feature molded to the true type of manly beauty. A single plance gave me this summary outline of my patient before I had time to ascertain the nature or extent of his injuries. A very brief examination soon told me that the life which for hours had been ebbing no painfully away, was well nigh spent; and he must have read the awful truth in my face, for he whispered to me faintly and said as I rose: "Is there, then, no

hope?"
Alas! there was no hope; but I had not speech to tell him so; for something was rising into my throat and choking me, and a moisture in my eyes was blinding me; and the only reply I could give him was a shake of my head. The brave spirit which had nerved him through the fight had kept him up till now; but now, when the dismal truth had broken upon him, there passed over his pallid face a look of mingled disappointment and resignation which it was painful beyond expression to witness, I lost no time in giving him such surgical aid as his desperate condition called for and his waning strength could bear. I had hardly done so when an unexpected voice addressed him: "My own dear boy! my brave heroic boy!" The tone was of cheery encouragement, yet feebly disguising the woe of a breaking heart; for it was his mother's voice that spoke, and her lips that kissed his fevered brow. Gently she turned back his disordered and blood stained locks, dissembling with evident effort the mother's anguish lest she should add another sorrow to the pangs of his dying hour.

"My mother!" he cried with almost frantic delight. "Is it you, my mother? How came you here? Is it you, or am I dreaming?"-and as he spoke he threw his only remaining arm around her neck, and kissed her with all the rapture of a child. "Thank God!" he continued in snatches, as his failing strength allowed him-"thank God for this blessed joy, that I see your face once more, my mother. All last night, as I lay amid the dreadful sights around me, I prayed that I might look once more upon your face, my sweetest mother, once more hear your voice. I seemed to pray in vain, yet still I prayed."

"My poor, poor boy," she said; "a curse upon the hand that has brought you to this!" and her tears at length broke from

To the amazement of all, there appeared to be something in this exclamation of his mother that stimulated the dying youth to a final effort of speech and motion. He half raised himself from his bed, and with that unaccountable energy which sometimes marks the closing moments of life, he said: "No, no! don't say that. Don't say accurst. You know not the words you are speaking. Oh!" he cried after a moment's pause, "how shall I tell her the horrible tale? How can I smite her down with such a blow, at such an hour?" and he fell back exhausted upon his pillow. The effort had been too much for him. and for some moments we doubted if the spirit had not fied. It was only a passing weakness, however, and before long ae rallied again. Again he spoke, but with a kind of dreamy half consciousaess, at one moment gazing into his mother's eyes, at another seemingly for-

getful of her presence. "Truly it was a bloody field," he said.

I had been in several hard fought fights, before, but they were all children's pastime compared with that of yesterday. No sooner had we come in sight of the enemy, than the ringing voice of the general was heard: 'At them, my boys, and do your duty!' What happened after that I know not. Know not, do I say? Oh, would it were true that I knew not! Begrimed with dust, each man was confronted with his own individual foe; and if there be fighting among flends, then surely did our fighting resemble theirs. I was myself wounded, when a fair haired man bore down upon me from the opposing line, if line it could then be called, and I received his headlong onset with a terrific bayonet thrust, and as he fell I thought of Cain, and of that deed which has made the name of Cain a name of malediction for ever. I know not why, but I felt myself to halt in the midst of the melee, to kneel beside that fair haired man and look at him. I turned him over, and looked upon his face-his dear, dead face. Ah! mother, it was-it was my brother's face, and my own arm had slain him!"

The scene at that moment it would not be easy to describe. In an instant the weeping mother's tears were dry and her face became passionless as marble. My own emotion, which I have already acknowledged, I took no pains to conceal. Rough, hard favored soldiers standing by listened with bated breath to this more than tragic narrative, while big tear drops welled from their eyes unchecked and undisguised.

"Yes," he continued, soliloquising, "my own arm had slain him. Dear, darling brother Fred! I laid my face upon his, and it was cold-that face which in our boyhood seemed but the mirror of my own: ever near me-at home, at school, at meat, and at play-which laughed when I was glad, and wept when I was sorrowful. Oh, would we both had died in those fresh bright days of innocence. I kissed his pallid lips; I looked into his eyes, but in them was no responsive glance. He was dead. I had slain him! The very thought was a burning madness in my brain. I heeded not the carnage around me. I thought not of my own wounds. I even knew not when my arm was gone. Oh, the arm that had done such a deed deserved to perish. Forgive me. Oh! my brother! How gladly would I give my life to bring back thine again! Stay, friends; do not shut out the blessed light. Let in the light. I can not see my dear mother — Fred, sweet brother, put up your sword, and let us play with flowers once more upon this pleasant grass."

And so he passed away-to join his brother, let us hope, in a land where bloom the flowers that never fade, where strifes and wars are unknown, and where the mysteries and misunderstandings of our present state are dispelled by the light that never dies.

Reverence for the childless mother's grief, as well as the many voiced call of duty, prevented my making at the moment the inquiries which thronged my mind both as to the history of this strangely sorrow smitten family, and the means by which the poor mother had come to know of her son's condition and whereabouts. I have often since tried to trace her; but the search has always been fruitless. They certainly belonged to the better class of society; and I think it likewise certain that they were Southerners. The younger brother— which I took him to be—whose sad narrative is here given, had probably resided for some time in the North, and becoming imbued with the sentiments and opinions which charged the atmosphere around him, found himself eventually in the ranks. In a word, I look upon the whole episode as one of those awful coincidences of fate which are generally thought to take place only in the pages of romance, but which a pretty wide experience has taught me to believe are by no means infrequent among the unrecorded realities of life.

An Abused Language.

It is curious to note what vulgarisms creep into the American language, even the language spoken by well educated, not to say cultured people. Just at present the ear is harrowed by a phrase, or rather a word, much used by our belles who assist afternoon hostesses at that function called a "tea." "My dear," says one girl to another, "I'm invited to pour for Mrs. Commonwealth next Wednesday." "Oh, are you? Well, she asked me to turn, but I had another engagement." Heavens and earth, I thought, what is the meaning of "pour" and "turn?" It was some time before the verbs and their implied noun made a connection in my brain, and then the de-sire to stand these young women in a corner was so intense I retired to avoid a demonstration. The century has indeed grown old and lazy where the tongue finds so small a word as "tea" difficult of utterance. To pour tea is about as simple a phrase as can be spoken, and to drop the final word tea is to render it intolerably vulgar. The custom at large afternoon receptions here of having two good looking girls perform this service, generally imposed on servants in well appointed houses in London, is thoroughly American, and so, too, is the abominable fault which has grown out of it.-[Boston Herald.

Kerosene Emulsion. There is a difference between kerosene and kerosene emulsion in their effects on plants. The emulsion is an excellent insecticide, and also harmless to animals and plants. To make the emulsion cut up half a pound of hard soap and let it boil in one gallon of water. When boiling add two gallons of kerosene, but first remove the vessel from the fire to guard against danger. Churn the mixture, and a jelly will result, which will dissolve in water without the kerosene rising to the top of the water. The emulsion as recommended will answer for 25 gallons

Hostess (to visitor, a Frenchman)-M. Dubois, do you like animals? M. Dubois Yes, yes, madame! I like all ze animals, ze dog, ze cat, ze horse—en fin, anysing zat is beastly.—[Chicago News. The Iron Port of the World.

Escanaba is the county seat of Delta county, Mich. It lies at the foot of the great pine forests and overlooks Little Bay de Noquet, the head waters of Green bay. Five years since it was practically a village in the wilderness.

According to Mr. Nursey's carefully written report, capable of the fullest verification. Escanaba is the greatest iron port of the world. He tells us that during the navigation season of 1890 it shipped 3,700,000 tons of iron ore, or nearly double that of all the ore ports of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota combined. Its lumber output amounted to about 120,000,000 feet, while the freight capacity of the vessels entering and clearing from its port exceeded 8,000,000 tons. This compares with the tonnages of the greatest seaports of the world, which are: (1) London, 19,000,000; (2) Liverpool, 14,000,000; (3) New York, 11,000,000, and next comes Escanaba with 8,000,000 tons.-Iron.

Round the World in Eighty Days.

The first of the new vessels of the Canadian Pacific line, built to establish communication between Vancouver and Japan, has left Liverpool for Vancouver, and she takes with her a number of passengers at an inclusive charge of £120 for an all-round-the-globe trip. The vessel is a magnifient specimen of the skill of the English shipbuilder. Her complement of passengers is full, and these glorified trippers are timed to be back in England within eighty days after their departure from Liverpool. They will go by way of the Suez canal and the Indian and Pacific oceans, and will cross Canada on the Canadian Pacific line.-London Tit-Bits

The Duty on Imported Gas. The treasury department has approved the action of the collector of customs at Buffalo exacting duty on natural gas imported into that district in pipes under the Niagara river from the interior of Canada. Assistant Secretary Spaulding has informed the collector that no objection is perceived to the course suggested by him of requiring daily entries of estimated quantities and the liquida-

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

tion at the end of the months according

to the quantities shown by the returns

of the meter.-Washington Star.

FOR THE BLOOD.



Constipation, Lame Back and Headache it proves its worth in one dose as it will cure the worst cases of Billious troubles. Manners' Double Extract Sarsaparilla can be given to children as well as to adults. Mrs. Thos. Morton, of Avoca, Pa., says that it is the best for constipated children. For Pimples, Boils, Rash and Eczema it cannot be beat. For Erysipelas, Scrofula and Salt Rheum it has no equal. Once tried and it proves the home friend. If your druggist does not keep it, have him get it for you, and you will never regret it. For sale by all druggists, also at Moyer Bros., Wholesale & Retail, Druggists. Price 50c a bottle.

CARTER'S CURE

Heafache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and pre-venting this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, estimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

THE RELIABLE CLOTHING AND HAT HOUSE

Comes to the Front with the

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

MAKING AND FITTING

: OF THE :

Best, the Newest and Most Stylish, Lowest in Price; and to prove Satisfaction is our Endeavor.

The best value for Money is to buy your

CLOTHING, HATS, SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, TRUNKS AND VALISES

OF I. MAIER.

Corner of Main and Centre Streets, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

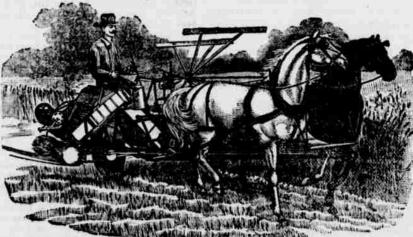
UNEXCELLED: CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

Largest Clothing and Hat House in Montour and Columbia counties.



THAN ANY OTHER TWINE MADE.

****DEERING JUNIOR STEEL BINDER+***



THE BEST ON EARTH!

"DEERING" MOWERS and REAPERS,

"BUCKEYE" DRILLS and CULTIVATORS, "TIGER" HAY RAKES.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS and PRICES.

D. W. KITCHEN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Spring Stock now ready-Fine side hangings and ceiling Kemp's Photo Gallery decorations.

Window Shades

Spring Stop Fixtures; with or without fringe, or made to order to fit your windows. Work-men sent anywhere.

W. H. BROOKE & CO.

BIG BREAK

DURING DULL SEASON,

Main Street, Over Schuyler's Hard-

Cabinets 99c Per Doz. and Upwards.

ware store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

One Doz. Cabinets and Life Size Crayon, all For \$4.00.

Taking pictures of houses and cattle a specialty.

Leases for sale at this office. each, 30 cents a dozen.

THOMAS GORREY. CONTRACTOR and BUILDER

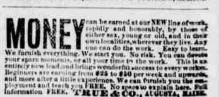
Plans and Estimates on all kinds of buildings. Repairing and carpenter work promptly attended to.

Dealer in Builder's Supplies.

Inside Hardwood, finishes a

Persons of limited means who desire to build can pay part and secure balance by mortgages.







FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY. 19F



GOOD SALARY

AND EXPENSES PAID. We want a few more good men to sell our nur-sery products. To energetic and reliable men we will guarantee Liberal Wages and Perma-nent Employment. Previous experience not re-quired. Terms and outfit free. Address stating age and enclosing stamp.

SEARS, HENRY & OO., SENECA NURSERIES. GENEVA, N.IV