

A GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTER.

Squalid street after squalid street.
 Endless rows of them, each the same.
 Black dust under your weary feet.
 Dust upon every face you meet.
 Dust in their hearts too—or so it seems;
 Dust in the places of dreams.
 The beautiful springtime thrills and thrives;
 But here men hardly have heard her name.
 Work is the end and aim of their lives—
 Work, work, work, for children and wives.
 Work for a life which, when it is won,
 Is the saddest thing 'neath the sun.
 Work—one dark incessant round
 In black, dull workshops—out of the light;
 Work, that others' ease may abound;
 Work, that delight for them may be found.
 Work without hope, without pause, without
 cease.
 That only in death can cease.
 Brothers who live glad lives in the sun,
 What of these men, at work in the night?
 God will ask you, What have ye done?
 Their lives be required of you—every one.
 Ye who were glad, and who liked life well,
 While they did your work—in hell.
 —[London Weekly Dispatch.]

KING GIACOMO'S BRIDE.

On the steps of a palace quite near the famous Rialto, or Grand Canal, now one of the most notable palaces in all Venice, listlessly stood a sad faced, shabby young man, while just overhead a little girl of some dozen years leaned across the gayly trimmed balcony, both watching the gondolas as they plied up and down the beautiful streets of the city.

It was the day of Saint Mark's, one of the gayest holidays in Venice. The girl had but just emerged from the convent walls at Padua, and, like a bird let loose, was in her merriest mood. Amused at the unusual solemnity of the brown faced youth, who seemed to be solitary and alone in the midst of such festive cheer, and seeing him the butt of some disagreeable, teasing boys, she threw him a shower of bombons, asking her brother, who stood by, how he thought the lads could so torment a stranger.

"Boys were very ill mannered," he said; "but see, sister, he is able to defend himself, for he gives taunt for taunt; so don't distress yourself. He is of age, and is fully capable of parrying attacks."

They little thought, as they talked, that this stranger youth was the representative of a lordly house, a young prince, and no beggar, who had been banished from his father's court at Cyprus—not only that, but persecuted by a cruel mother, and without money or friends, and in deep despondency had wandered to Venice, a very poor place for one who knew nothing of work even in prosperous days, and especially so for a royal prince who would not work!

Goaded to vengeance, after standing at bay for awhile, and maddened by the restless throng of boys, the young man flourished a stiletto over his head, and at length it became fighting in earnest. In the very heat of the strife the door of the palace opened, and a sweet faced girl peered out defiantly, much surprising her tormentors.

"Boys of Venice, shame on you to treat a stranger so! The very fisher lads could show you better manners!"

Taken aback by these sharp words from the daughter of one so august and of such wealth as Marco Conaro, they quickly scattered, perhaps more quickly as they saw coming up the Grand Canal a gorgeous gondola filled with young men who had charge of all this brilliant display.

Prince Giacomo—for this was the name of the young man—as the piazza was speedily cleared, raised his hat to the girl, as if to offer his thanks, seeing for the first time the interest in her face, as well as the sweetness of it, and followed the multitude.

Time went on. It was but two years before the mother and the old king were gathered to their fathers, and the beggarly prince became king of Cyprus, then a most desirable possession, and one that Venice courted. Many Venetians owned land there, among them Marco Conaro, the father of the young girl, Catarina.

Her uncle, Andrea, went to inspect her father's land often in his stead, his possessions being so large, and became in his frequent visits very friendly with the new king. Glorifying in Venice and her charms, he talked much about them and of Catarina, his pet.

"You should see her. She's the loveliest girl in all Venice," he said. "I can show you her picture, but it doesn't do her justice. Can you realize that she is but 14?"

As the king took it in hand he started back in surprise.

"Why is the face so familiar?" he asked. "Ah, I have it! I know her—I know that young girl!"

He had fallen desperately in love with the picture even before that discovery was made.

"You know her, sire? I think not," answered Andrea, astonished.

"I do—by my honor, I do," said the king. "She is the brave maiden who, in my poverty and loneliness, when, like an imbecile, I was crushed by disaster, defended me on the Grand Canal at Venice, for which I owe her lasting gratitude," bowing and smiling at the picture as he spoke, as if he were really addressing the living Catarina.

Pleased with the recital, Andrea assured Giacomo of her great worth and cleverness.

"But there are many fair daughters in Venice, and Catarina is very young—only a child. You must seek other maidens, sire," he said, seeing the interest the king evinced.

But he did not hear the inward resolve which was something like this: "I am my own master. I must see Catarina and perchance I shall make her queen."

Full of this matrimonial project, an ambassador was dispatched to Venice, soliciting an alliance with the great republic, and asking the hand of some high born maiden for King Giacomo. But secret instructions, you may be sure, were given him whom to choose.

So the courier came to Venice, and it was decided that on a certain day one of the fairest daughters from each of the patrician families of the city should meet in the ducal palace, in order that the ambassador might select a wife fitting for his royal master.

The day came, and the great council

hall was one mass of color. The splendid dresses of the ladies, the scarlet robes of the high officials of the republic, the vestments of the grand old doge as he sat in state upon his massive throne, and the gorgeous array of the 72 candidates for the king's choice, all puffed and powdered, and standing upon their high heeled shoes, tall and stately, made a grand picture.

There was but one in that gay assembly who was simply dressed, and completely oblivious to all around her. Very young she was, and very beautiful as well, with her golden hair and queenly bearing. While all the others were anxious and expectant she was calm and unconcerned, as she remembered the poor young man of Saint Mark's Day, contrasting him with the present king hunting for a bride. And she smiled as she thought.

Well, the time had arrived for the ambassador to enter the hall. Grim and stately he came in with his attendant retinue. Kneeling before the doge, he presented the petition of his master, and asked friendship with Venice.

Waving his hand with the grave air of authority, the old man said: "Here are the very fairest and noblest of our maidens. Make your choice, and it will be our pleasure to bestow the one you may select upon our good King Cyprus as befits his station and the dignity of Venice."

So passing from one to another, with here a word and there a compliment for beauty of form or face, for elegance in dress, the ambassador suddenly stopped before the childlike figure, dressed in simplest white, perhaps the least attractive in all that youthful bevy, as far as elegance of attire went.

"Are you the daughter of Marco Conaro, the princely merchant of Merceria?" he asked.

"I am, my lord," the girl replied.

"My master, the king, greets you through me. He bids you know that he has never forgotten the day you defended so bravely his rights, and he invites you to share with him the throne of Cyprus. Do you approve his wish?"

Bowing low, and blushing deeply, she replied: "It will be as my father says; his will is mine."

Taking her hand he led her through that vast assembly and proudly presented her to the doge.

"If it please you and her father, Catarina, the daughter of Marco Conaro, is our future queen!"

The 72 defeated maidens stood abashed. "What a ridiculous choice for a king to make!" thought they. But they said not a word.

What a ceremonial it was when the gray haired old doge formally adopted her as a daughter of the republic, her marriage portion alone being 100,000 ducats!

Giacomo's representative stood before the altar as his personal friend, and he was married by proxy to the young Venetian girl, the doge giving her away. And amid shouts and music and flying banners Catarina was solemnly declared queen.

Grand were the pageants that followed. Everything was ablaze with color and decoration. Softest carpets covered the water steps, at the foot of which waited one of the most beautiful boats for their reception—the state gondola of Venice, a mass of golden decoration. Velvet hangings of crimson and purple hung from its sides, and banners gleamed everywhere. The oars were made of silver and gold, and the rowers were dressed in silver and blue. Upon the upper deck was arranged a velvet covered throne in blue, and a chair of state by its side in gold.

The doge himself led Catarina, in her bridal dress covered with choicest pearls, to the boat, where they were seated amid music and banners. Thus the bridal train floated down the Grand Canal, to the quaint old town where King Giacomo met his bride.

For five happy years all went well, then the king, never strong, sickened and died. After her husband's death Catarina abdicated in favor of the republic, and went back to Venice, always retaining her title of Queen of Cyprus.

Her home was a noble domain, the home of poetry and of the art, perhaps more refined and cultured than any in Venice.

The old palace where Catarina spent her childhood days and where Giacomo first met her, is now only a pawnbroker's shop.

So bright hearted a girl, you may be sure, died a strong, self-reliant woman, and the story of her life has given to us a lesson of loyalty and charity which outlives all other tribute.

Never Again.

Miss Vixen—I am almost positive Fred Hathway intends proposing to me to-night, mamma.

Mrs. Vixen—What makes you think so, my dear.

Miss Vixen—He acted so mysterious when I met him on the street this morning.

Mrs. Vixen—Mysterious? How?

Miss Vixen—Why, when I met him he blushed and stammered like a silly schoolgirl, and finally blurted out that he would like to see me alone this evening. He makes me very ennu.

Mrs. Vixen—Well, do you intend to see him.

Miss Vixen—Oh, yes; I'll see him. But you mark my words, if he proposes to me to-night he'll never propose to another girl if he lives to be 100.

Mrs. Vixen—I hope you won't decline his offer insultingly.

Miss Vixen—No; I'll accept him.—[Epoch.]

Mrs. Blifkins (time, midnight)—or-Hi-rors! Husband! Husband! I hear someone burrowing through the wall. Mr. Blifkins—Well, well! It must be that book agent. I knew we'd all be in bed by 11 o'clock and I told him to call at half-past.—[Good News.]

Paper covers will keep plants warm at night, and, if made of strong paper, will last until the nights become warm. They are cheap and easily made.

Catarrah.
 Catarrah is an inflammation of the mucous membrane. As the membrane lines every cavity of the body that has an outlet, there may be as many different forms of catarrah as there are such cavities.

The closed cavities are lined, not with mucous membrane, but with one that secretes a thinner fluid—serum—for lubricating purposes, which is readily absorbed after doing its normal work. Still, the serous membrane also may be inflamed, and its secretion abnormally increased.

Thus we may have pericarditis, with its "water" around the heart, from inflammation of the membrane that lines the heart bag, or pericardium; pleurisy, with its fluid crowding against the lungs, and sometimes causing their complete collapse, from inflammation of the membrane that lines the chest; peritonitis, so painful and dangerous, from inflammation of the membrane that lines the cavity of the abdomen; synovitis, with its painful and puffed out joints, from inflammation of their similar lining membrane.

A common "cold" is an inflammation of the air passages. When it is confined mainly to the nostrils, it is popularly known as a cold in the head, but medically as coryza.

When it is confined mainly to the bronchial tubes, it is called bronchitis, which, when it has gained a permanent hold, greatly resembles "consumption," and is often mistaken for it by the people.

Catarrah of the ears and catarrah of the Eustachian tubes often cause deafness. Catarrah of the stomach loads the stomach with tough phlegm and interferes with digestion. Catarrah of the gall bladder obstructs the outflow of the bile, which is absorbed into the circulation, and thus gives rise to jaundice. Catarrah of the bladder is a dangerous disease, from the difficulty of getting rid of the mucus.

Two forms of catarrah are due to pollen: one, in summer, known as "rose cold" or "hay fever"; the other, in autumn, known as "autumnal catarrah."

The word catarrah, as popularly used, means either nasal catarrah or bronchitis. Nasal catarrah is often helped by snuffing up, so as to carry it into the mouth, a weak solution of salt and water, repeating the operation several times a day. Where the disease is very persistent, it is well, when possible, to try a change of climate. In bronchitis the case should be attended by a physician.

The Women of India.

The age at which marriage may be legally consummated in India is 10 years. The physical, mental, and moral objections to marriage at such an early age require no explanation; they are patent to all. That a child is in no sense fit to become a wife and mother, that her own health often pays the penalty, and that the race that springs from her is likely to lose in physical and mental vigor, are facts which do not admit of contradiction. Marriage, however, will always take place in India much earlier than in European countries, and that it should be postponed for two or three years is all that the most ardent reformer can hope or expect at present. It is calculated that in India one woman in five is a widow; of these a very large proportion must be women who, having been betrothed at any time between the cradle and 10 years of age, have become widows without ever having been wives. To understand the full misery of their condition one must realize that marriage is the very Alpha and Omega of an Indian woman's existence, and that the whole bent and training of her mind points to a husband as the end and object of life. He is, in fact, her only raison d'être; and when, therefore, she either altogether misses the fulfillment of her destiny, or loses her husband early, she is, both in her own and in public estimation, a most unhappy being. The shorn head, the plain clothes, the absence of ornament, the abandonment of all luxury, are not gratuitous cruelties; they are but the symbols of an overwhelming misfortune, and seem to be accepted as the natural expression of a hopeless grief. It is not plain to see how this sentiment with regard to widowhood is to be modified by any reforms that we can suggest. It is only by the education and elevation of women that any change can come over the feeling of the people with regard to marriage, and it is only when public opinion ceases to regard her as a chattel, and begins to recognize her as a helpmate, that a woman's condition, whether as wife or widow, can become more honorable and more worthy of respect.

Steaming the Complexion.

Frequenters of the popular afternoon tea are remarking the extraordinary pains pretty girls who pour the amber beverage are at to direct the tapering spout of the kettle in the direction of their rosy cheeks or white brow and chin. It appears that some one has assured them that the warm, fragrant steam arising from the steeping leaves is most beneficial for softening and purifying the complexion. True, the heated vapor does bring a deep pink flush and causes dampened locks to curl tendrils about fair foreheads, but these amateur waitresses are laboring under a grievous error when they imagine that this treatment beautifies the skin. It is harmful in the extreme, and unless the suffusion is immediately followed by a brisk towelling a chapped and roughened complexion will be the result. All through the orange growing country, where that exquisite fruit is eaten from the time its rind shows the faintest gilding, girls always peel the oranges at arm's length, being fully convinced, because some negro mammy has told them so, that the pungent oil springing from the skin will leave a freckle wherever it touches.

Twenty-three Revolutionary widows are on the pension rolls of our Government, though we are in the second century since the close of the war. They must have been youthful brides of veterans, like the Scotch lass of 17 who married John Knox when he was in his 60th year.

Although the carpet purchaser is looking for good quality, he wants one that can be beaten.—[Binghamton Republican.]

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