

WHICH ONE?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with a marvelous face,
And clasp a hand,
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land—
Darling, which one?

A STORY OF NEW YORK.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN HESTER STREET.

I stood under a lamp post on Hester street, watching the overtired children as they fell asleep while sitting on the steps, the men as they smoked and rested, the women as they dragged themselves wearily along and purchased a bit here and a bit there to stock the family cupboard for Sunday.

"If you won't help me we shall have to go hungry to-morrow!"
It was a little old woman who had approached so softly that I did not hear her—a little old woman with hair almost white, with face wrinkled and pinched, with such an anxious look on her countenance as one might wear in asking a judge to spare the life of her child.

"Where do you live?" I asked.
She pointed to a fat story tenement almost opposite.
"Top floor?"
She nodded her head.

"Any family?"
"A sick husband and four children, sir."

"Very well; lead on and I will follow."
"You'll—you'll come up with me?" she queried, in surprise.

"I will—lead on."
She kept looking back, and there was a puzzled expression on her face. In the dark lower hall we stepped over two sleeping men and a child. At the head of the stairs a man sat, brooding and sulking, and grudgingly gave us room to pass. There was a dim light in the second hall, where a half drunken woman was seeking her room. The two above were dark, and the little old woman went ahead and kept saying:

"This way—that's a child—keep to the rail—don't fear the dog—we're almost up."

And as we reached the upper hall we turned to the right, passed down a blind hall running the other way, and presently she pushed open a door and we entered a room lighted by a smoking lamp.
"John, children, it's a stranger come to see us, said the woman as I stood and looked about.

Here were two small rooms, three chairs, a cupboard, an old table, a wretched bedstead, and more wretched bedding, on which lay a man. Across the room was a mattress on which the children were lying as I entered. In the other room I saw a stove, a washtub, and a bucket of coal.

"Sit down, sir," said the woman as she placed a chair.

The husband looked to be 50 years old. He had the bright eyes and hollow cheeks of a consumptive and his hands were white and thin.

"Are you a doctor?" he asked as I sat down.

"No."

"The rent is overdue, but we haven't oven bread to eat," he said.

"I am not your landlord nor his agent. I simply came up to see you—to see if you were sick—to see what you needed."

He looked at his wife in a wondering way, and the four children drew softly away into the other room as if fearful that something was about to happen. The wife eyed me in a strange way, too, but replied to him with:

"John, you know how it is with us. I asked him on the street for money to buy bread, and he's come up to—"

"To see if you were really in need of help," I said as she paused. "Have any of you had supper?"

"Just a crust for him, sir, but nothing for the rest, and but for you the children would be crying with hunger."

"Very well. I'll mind the house while you go out. Get bread, butter, tea, milk, sugar, potatoes, and meat."

"You—you don't mean it!" she gasped.

The man in bed rose up on his elbow to get a better look at me, and I saw something like alarm in his face. To quiet him I said:

"The case is clear enough. You used to get along all right, but sickness came—you could no longer work; you have reached your last penny. Why shouldn't I help you a bit?"

"It's sadly enough we need it, God knows, but—but—"

"But you can't make out why I came up here?"

"No, sir."

"Well, don't worry about it. Queer things are always happening to all of us. How long have you been ill?"

"Over a year, sir."

"And how have you lived?"

"By using the few dollars I had put by and by selling whatever we could spare, until we are as you see us. I once earned my \$3 a day, sir, and no poor man's family was better cared for."

"And to-day you were penniless and hungry?"

"Aye, sir, and as I laid here I'd have

cut my throat if I had a knife. When I thought of the thousands buying what they pleased, of the riches in great New York and us waiting for dry bread, I had some bad thoughts in my mind, sir. I felt that I could rob and murder if I could only leave my bed. I wondered if there was a God and a hereafter. I wanted poison for all of us, that we might die together, and as the wife went out to beg for us and I lay here I was planning on how to kill myself before she came back."

By and by, as we talked, the mother and children returned. I heard the latter shouting, even on the lower stairs. Each had a load, and the wife returned after a lamp, a bottle of wine, and some other things. Poor soul! She was laughing and crying by turns, and to have seen those forlorn children sit down on the floor and eat the dry bread as famishing wolves devour their prey was something to pain your heart.

"It's real meat, John," said the woman, as she came to his bedside—"real meat, and real potatoes, and real sugar and tea, and there is a God, after all!"

"Yes, there is a God, Mary," he whispered, as he wept.

And while I sat there the wife cooked supper and the hunger of all was satisfied, and the two smaller children afterward knelt at the bedside and repeated the Lord's Prayer and were asleep three minutes later.

I never meet vice and wickedness in the slums without feeling to pity instead of to condemn. They who dwell up there in those dark and cheerless rooms, who feel the pangs of hunger, who find despair crowding every other feeling out of the heart—who sometimes raise the sash and leap out and gladly go to death on the flagstones, they can be forgiven for much. The wheel of Time has ever kept turning the wrong way for them.

It was only a drop, only a little ray of hope shining through the darkness and gloom of their poverty and despair, but with new strength to battle in the future, and I had touched elbows with still another phase of humanity.—M. Quad.

Drying Bananas for Shipment.

Drying bananas for shipment has been tested in Trinidad, West Indies, with marked success. A report received by the bureau of American republics at Washington sets forth that the cost of producing a bunch of bananas weighing 52 pounds, including the purchase of land, clearing, draining, planting, weeding, cutting, drying, fuel, boxes, and packing for market would average only 53 cents. The fruit in drying loses one-third of its weight. When dried it sells readily at 16 cents a pound. Allowing for the loss of weight this would yield \$2.76 a bunch—a clear profit for the grower of \$2.19. An order for several hundredweight of the dried fruit at 6d. (12 cents) a pound for the London market has been received at Trinidad. Even at this price a handsome profit would be realized. An actual sale of nearly a hundred boxes of the dried fruit has recently been made in Canada at 30 cents a pound, and the Canadians are asking for more at the same price. Deducting freight charges the net price was 16 cents. The variety of banana which yields the best result is said to be the "Gross Michael." Over 100,000 plants have been distributed in Trinidad and Tobago within the last two years. The purchasers were principally large planters, and there is every indication that the industry will be pursued on an extensive scale, and that dried bananas will soon be an important item in the commerce of the West Indies.

The Marble Map of Rome.

It was known several centuries ago that on the facade of one of the municipal buildings erected by the Emperor Augustus, of Rome, was affixed a great marble slab, on which the map of Rome, with all its streets, temples, public buildings, and gardens were traced in deeply indented lines. A large part of this map was dug up during excavations made on the site of the forum of Augustus many years ago, and 25 more fragments of this marble plan of Rome have just been found in the excavations for the works of the Tiber embankment on the other side of Rome and across the river. The story of how these fragments got so far away from the ruins to which they originally belonged is a curious one.

In the sixteenth century, during the reign of Pope Paul III, excavations were commenced near the site of the wall on which the plan was known to have been affixed, and a good many fragments of the marble plaque were found, of which those considered the most important were given to the municipal authorities, and the smaller bits (then deemed worthless, but beyond price to the skilled and patient archaeologists of to-day) were cast into a heap of building materials, comprising, doubtless, many other precious fragments of marble, and were eventually built into the walls of the old Altieri Palace, part of which has been uncovered in making the foundation for the Tiber embankment. These fragments were found seven meters below the actual level of the Roman streets, or rather more than 23 feet.

The first printing press in this country was set up in Harvard in 1839, and W. Lewis Fraser, the artist lecturer, finds that the first American made illustration appeared in Tully's Almanac of Boston in 1698. Increase Mather's "Ichabod," published in 1703, contained an American copper plate portrait, and from 1730 books were regularly illustrated in this country by American workmen. Mr. Fraser says he has every reason to believe that Benjamin Franklin was an engraver either on wood or type metal. If that is so, then three men who figured conspicuously in our revolutionary war were illustrators. Paul Revere was a copper-plate engraver; Isaiah Thomas, the printer who distinguished himself at Lexington, was another, and Franklin was the third.

"Corporations have no souls." What a disappointment that must be to the devil.—Life.

GENERAL WAYNE'S TWO GRAVES.

The Dust of Dashing "Mad Anthony" Divided and Reinterred.

There is no doubt that one portion of the body of General Wayne, the hero of Stony Point—"Mad Anthony," as he was popularly termed—was interred at the place where he died and the other in his native county. His original burial place was Fort Presque Isle, upon the site of which the city of Erie, Pa., now stands; the other locality honored as his last resting place is Rednor Cemetery, in Chester county, Pa. According to the Detroit Free Press, this curious circumstance was brought about in the following manner:

In the year 1815 the family of this famous man was given permission to remove his dust to Rednor, but upon opening the grave it was found that the body was partly petrified, and, consequently, very heavy. A medical friend of the family, recognizing the fact that it would be a very difficult and costly task to transport the remains in that condition, determined as far as possible to remove the petrified flesh from the bones, and this was accordingly done. The bones were then carefully packed up and delivered to the son, who was kept in ignorance of the operation, and he conveyed the box containing the precious remains of his father's body to his native county, where they were interred with appropriate ceremonies.

A monument was erected in 1809 over the grave by the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati. What remained of the warrior was reinterred at Fort Presque Isle, and some years ago was discovered in the same state of preservation as when first exhumed, in a box bearing his name. Another memorial stone was raised in that place, and thus was commemorated the fact that all that was mortal of "Mad Anthony" Wayne found a final resting place in two localities far apart from each other.

American Workmen.

Every one agreed that the American skilled artisan puts forth more physical effort and produces more work in a given time than the English workman or the workman of any other manufacturing community. This fact struck me and many experienced directors of work most forcibly. Before concluding our tour I had the opportunity of verifying it, and strengthening this first impression. After watching the American workmen at Pittsburg and elsewhere I arrived at the same conclusion as to their efficiency. Their productive power is greater than that of the English workers in the same time, and their working hours are longer and their remuneration is greater. I met one of my old workmen at Mr. Carnegie's works in Pittsburg, and he endorsed my opinion. Speaking from his own practical experience:

"I am quite a different man here," he said, "from what I was in the old country; I don't know why it is so; whether it is that I live in a stimulating atmosphere or whether it is the example set me; but I know that I have got the go in me. I can do more work; I feel that I have it in me; but I also feel and I know that it won't last. I shall be done in 10 years."

No, it won't last. The extreme physical effort put forth results in greater production, but it saps the vital energies and cuts short the career. This continual work at high pressure does not pay in the end. "It won't last," and the remark applies with equal force to the employers as well as to the workers. Competition between manufacturers is keener than in this country. They work their business at high pressure. There is a terrific struggle between them for possession of the markets. They put forth their utmost energies; and when they succeed their reward is great; but all can not be the leaders in industry. This fierce competition reacts on them. We were surprised to find in a democratic country like America that the workmen had so little power and were to such a large extent the docile instruments of energetic employers.

The "bosses," as the foremen and managers of factories are called, drive the men to an extent that employers would never dream of attempting in this country. There are trades unions, but they do not seem able to protect the men in this respect. The "bosses" have the faculty of "driving" the men and getting the maximum amount of work out of them, and the men do not seem to have the inclination or power to resist the pressure. American manufacturers thus get the greatest possible service out of their plant.—Sir James Kitson, in the Contemporary Review.

The Electrical Era in Silver Mining.

R. S. Hunton, one of the leading mine owners of Colorado, says that electricity opens up a new era in the production of silver. The reason of this statement is that many of the high mountain mines have been valueless because of the expense of transporting fuel to them. Now through the utilization of water power with the electric motor these mines can be operated cheaply, and a notable increase of output may be looked for. So evident is this fact that there has already sprung up a demand for electrical mining machinery in Mexico, and our American electrical manufacturing companies are now sending large quantities of apparatus thither.

The Latest Census.

A Swiss scholar has been taking a census of the inhabitants of a cheese. The microscopic examination of one "gramme" of a fresh Emmenthaler contained no fewer than 90,000 so called microbes. This prodigious encampment, after 70 days, proved to have increased to a tribe of 800,000. Another sort of cheese contained within a single "gramme" board and lodging for about 2,000,000 microbes, while in a "gramme" cut from the rind of the same cheese were found about 5,000,000 of these inhabitants! A piece of cheese upon our tables, of a few pounds weight, may consequently contain more microbe inhabitants than there are human beings in the whole world.

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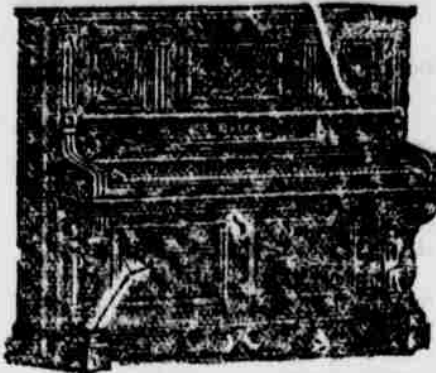
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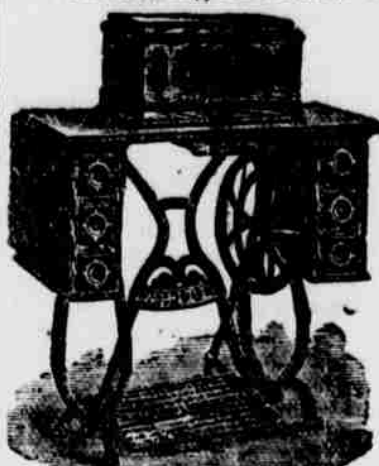
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