

OLD ADAGE VERIFIED

WRIGHT WARS HAVE MARKED EVERY CENTURY'S CLOSE.

The Lesson of Universal History is That the End of Each Century Has Seen Some Phenomenal Disturbances Among the Nations.

The adage of history repeating itself is likely to be verified by the present war with Spain. The lesson of universal history is that the end of each century has seen some phenomenal civil disturbance either in the shape of a great war between existing nations or the struggle of a people against domestic tyranny. Without going further back it may be noted that it was toward the end of the seventh century that the Saracens invaded Armenia and Asia Minor, and at the close of the eighth Charlemagne began his wars against the Huns and defeated the Lombards, thus establishing the temporal power of the Popes. The close of the tenth century saw the conquest of King Alfred of England by the Danes; that of the eleventh the defeat of the Moors by Spain and of the Greeks by Otho II at Bareatello. Towards the end of the same century the Anglo Saxons were the slaves of the Normans in their own land after Hastings, and later there were the frightful wars of the Crusades promoted by the Church for the maintenance of the power conferred upon it by Charlemagne. The end of the thirteenth century saw the gallant Scots defeated at Dunbar and at Falkirk under Wallace. While the final years of the fourteenth century are lighted up by the story of William Tell and the defeat of the Austrians by the Swiss and of the Spaniards by the Portuguese. The evening of the fifteenth was remarkable for the battles of Bosworth in 1485, and of Bannockburn, while the closing decade of the sixteenth century saw the wreck of the Spanish Armada and the Elizabethan wars of the English in Ireland under Bagnal and Mountjoy; while those of the succeeding century, 1690, had those at the Boyne and Glencoe between William III and James II for the British. Even ancient battles like those at Marathon and Troy selected similar epochs.

But all these wars which appear to be controlled by law based on the principle that every century dies in some phenomenal social convulsion, were eclipsed by the magnitude of the events that terminated the eighteenth century. And a strange presentiment has seized the ruling classes in Europe that the present century is following in the wake of its immediate predecessor. They believe that the attitude of the United States forbodes a danger to those family groups that have survived the Renaissance and the Reformation, not because of any merit that would justify survival or preserve them from extinction, but because their chiefs have been so far fortunate in throttling the cause of liberty or balancing one rickety throne against another. These thrones are now like a lot of old houses in a street in such a position that if one falls the whole row is likely to come down with a terrific crash of dust and smoke and cinders.

The end of the eighteenth century witnessed such a change in men's minds as the world had not seen since the birth of Christ. The regime of one of the proudest European monarchs had been swept away by a fierce uprising of the French masses, and throne and altar, prelates and potentates, alike fell before the stupendous popular upheaval which sent the cold shiver of impending fear through every state of Europe. The French Revolution of 1789 was but the rumbling echo upon a distant shore of the principles of the American Declaration of Independence. "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," was really the European interpretation of the doctrine of 1776, that all men are born free and equal and entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Apart from the similarity of both sets of principles to the sentiments enumerated by Thomas Paine, the chronological order of the two revolutions and the circumstance of French soldiers under Lafayette, partaking in the American struggle, show that both revolutions followed each other as immediately as cause and effect. The French revolution was a decided stride towards the emancipation of man from the treachery of theologians and from the treason of thrones. And had its operations been controlled by wise and prudent men all Europe would have today a series of republican self-governing states in the closest sympathy and appreciation with one form of government instead of being a hornet's nest of sceptered schemers stalking upon liberties and sneering whenever they dare at the spirit of our institutions.

Napoleon who had more of the elements of true greatness in his composition than any other human being that ever lived, held European monarchs in wholesome contempt. He disposed of their trumpey dynasties with that ease and grace and freedom with which our American grocery man changes clerks in his tea store. If a King answered Napoleon's purposes he left him his old throne; if not the God-like Corsican peremptorily dismissed the reigning monarch, put another in his seat or converted his palace into a temporary barracks for his victorious troops. When the last century closed Desmouline and Robespierre and Marat were reincarnated and re-embodied in still more awful form in the person of Napoleon, and whom the Kings of Europe all combined to denounce and overthrow. Confronted by this great man they closed up their historic feuds against

one another and with one accord wheeled into line to face the common danger that threatened them for nearly twenty years from the Bridge of Lodi to the field of Waterloo.

It is because the close of the nineteenth century sees the American idea again active and promising again to work out its predestined mission in a mysterious way that there is so unusual a stir in Europe and rumors of concerts and joint notes and interventions. There is everywhere an uneasy feeling in the European air and the occupant of each throne keeps his ear close to the ground or the royal binocular trained upon the drama now being enacted in the New World, which stands to him very much in the same disquieting relation as did the affairs of France and of Napoleon at the termination of the eighteenth century. Hence the mingled feelings of fear and anxiety with which this petty Spanish-American war is regarded, and which, says one of the best informed of the London correspondents, "is a matter of greater concern to the European nations than to America herself."

Why should it be a matter of "greater concern to European nations" than to the country upon whose borders it takes place and which is one of the actual participants in the contest? It is because Europe is reposing above a sort of submarine mine that may at any moment explode. Because at the end of this as at that of the eighteenth century, their subjects are restless and unhappy, and those European powers jealous of and well acquainted with each others relative strength seen in America a new and unknown quantity suddenly precipitated into the situation and whose latent powers they are all unable to gauge accurately. It is as if the spectre of the French Revolution or Napoleon had again arisen to fire the hostile and armed camps and was hasting this time in the mantle of Monroe. The Kings of Europe are not more intelligent or less superstitious than are other people. And the time and circumstance of the pervading danger is not calculated to allay the royal fears. First the storm centre is once more of New World origin. And America like a young Colossus stands high and seems in their frightful imaginations to be preparing to stalk around the Universe. Second the trouble comes about Spain and Europe remembering how she was rifted at the close of the seventeenth century by the twelve years war of the Spanish Succession, wonders whether now a similar fate again awaits her. "There is a strange lull," observed the correspondents, "both in the domestic and international concerns of each country, and governments and people alike have put aside their own affairs in order to watch the tragedy toward which European disputes often tend but which Europe has managed to avoid for nearly a generation." Quite so. The American idea that leavened Europe before, not as Europe understands it, manifested itself for nearly a generation. What shape it will take now, or to what extent it will sway Europe is the chief cause of the present strange lull in Europe whose domestic and international affairs have actually stopped still pending the present trouble. It has hardly affected us at all. On learning the intense commotion abroad, however, the stride of every patriotic American should be at least cheerful. Let the Yankee breast then heave with the swell of true patriotic emotion, because it seems this country at this moment is actually discharging functions towards the States of Europe analogous to that of the Sun, which besides being the source of light and life and heat acts as the great ring master of the universe by keeping the planets and the whole solar system in their regular order. That is the mission of America while it is the destiny of European thrones to be paralyzed with the fear of coming disaster at least every century or so.

Wanted No Cinematograph.
At a rural dinner it was usual for the eldest farmer present to propose the principal toast, and last year the duty devolved upon a rustic who was by no means confident of his ability to make a good show.

He therefore requested the learned squire, who sat opposite him, to hold up his hand whenever he strayed off the proper track. The squire good-humouredly consented, and the farmer commenced his toast.

Perhaps the good man had already had too much drink, or perhaps he had lost sight of his previous qualms; at any rate, he made a host of trips, and kept on his feet in spite of the warning hand, which shot up again and again.

At length the squire leaned carelessly over the table, and moved his hand to and fro within two feet of the farmer's nose.

The old man stopped, glared balefully at the extended hand, and then slowly and with sarcastic emphasis said—

"Yes, I see it, squire, an' so does everybody else. It's a white hand, an' a purty hand, an' a clean hand, but there's no occasion to make a bloom-in' cinematograph of it!"

No Answer Received.

"And was your prayer answered?" asked a visitor of a North Carolina darky who had told of praying for rain.

"No, sah," said the African, "I 'specs de cable was cut, sah."—New York Journal.

Makes the Most Noise.

Commercial Traveler—Who's that talking so loud and kicking up such a fuss back there in the private office?

Clerk (nonchalantly)—Oh, that's the silent partner.—Somerville Journal.

A HERALD OF MERCY.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND HER WONDERFUL WORK.

A Story of the Most Remarkable Woman of the Nineteenth Century—The Hell She Found Became a Heaven of Cleanliness and Comfort.

War is not all blood and glory. It has its gentler side, represented by noble women, whose work requires a more indomitable spirit and a nobler courage than to go "down into the jaws of death" during the heat and excitement of battle. The army nurse must sacrifice ease, health, and all the home comforts so dear to woman's heart; and face death in the pestilential atmosphere of the fetid and overcrowded corridors of the hospital. She must become a constant attendant on the most loathsome diseases and frightful wounds; and shrink from no peril nor horror of blood nor death. History affords no nobler examples of heroic womanhood than are furnished by these ministering angels of the battlefield. The truth of this is best exemplified in the life and work of Florence



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, IN 1864.

Nightingale, the soldier's friend. Miss Nightingale was born in Florence, the "City of Flowers," during the month of May, 1820, while her parents were sight-seeing in Italy. She was the youngest daughter of Mr. William Stowe Nightingale of Embly Park, Hampshire, and of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, England. Her father was wealthy; and the home of her youth was a comfortable old Elizabethan manor-house situated in one of the most lovely parts of Derbyshire. She was educated at home by private governesses. Mr. Nightingale, a highly-cultured, scholarly man, evidently favored the advanced education of girls, for before his famous daughter had reached her seventeenth birthday she was skilled in science, classics, and mathematics, and was well-read in standard literature, a fair artist, a good musician, and could speak and read French, German and Italian fluently. In addition to this she did fancy needlework; and on the walls of her old home at Lea Hurst still may be seen samples of her skill with the needle. She lived the freest of outdoor lives, walking through the lovely country surrounding her home, and riding over the hills on a her pony. It was during one of these rides, with her friend, the vicar, that the "queen of nurses" found her first patient, a dog. The incident shows a tenderness of heart and thoughtfulness rare in young girlhood.

On the ride in question they met Roger, an old Scotch shepherd, who was attempting to collect his sheep without a dog. "What has become of your dog?" inquired the vicar as he rode up to the old man.

"The dog has been throwing stones at him, sir," replied the old shepherd, "and I am thinking of putting him out of his misery to-night; for his leg is broken, and he will never be any good any more."

"Poor Cap's leg broken!" and the tears came into the girl's eyes. "Oh, Roger, how could you leave poor old Cap alone in his pain? Do tell me where he is."



AS SHE IS TO-DAY.

"You can't do any good, missy," was the sorrowful reply. "I'll just bring a cord to him to-night, and that will be the best way to ease his pain. He's lying in the shed over yonder."

"Do take me to him!" and Florence lifted her tearful face to the vicar, who seeing her distress turned his horse in the direction of the shed. In a moment Florence was by the side of the suffering dog, kneeling on the muddy floor, so intent on doing something to ease the pain of the animal that she thought not of the dress she was wearing. Fortunately Cap's leg was not broken, only bruised and hurt; and under the ministrations of his loving nurse he soon recovered.

This action is typical of the whole life of Florence Nightingale. She could never see suffering without striving her utmost to relieve it. It soon became the custom of the neighborhood, when anyone had a cut or a bruise or there was a sick animal, to send for "Miss Florence." It was as natural for her to help the needy as for the sun to shine. Her favorite

books were those which told how to alleviate suffering and misery. Instinctively she was fitting herself for her great life work.

Her parents belonged to an old and wealthy family, and in due time Florence was presented at Court and took her place in society; but, even during her first season, she took a much greater interest in the hospitals and charitable institutions of London, than she did in the gay social life of the metropolis; and shortly after withdrew from it altogether. She now began a systematic study of the hospitals of London, Dublin and Edinburgh; and compared them with those in leading Continental cities. She found their greatest need to be trained women nurses. Miss Nightingale determined to fit herself to become a skilled nurse; but to secure the needed training she was obliged to go to Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, where there was an unique Protestant institution for the training of nursing sisters. Thither she went, in 1851, and enrolled herself as a voluntary nurse in order to secure the prized knowledge. Afterward she continued her studies at the hospital in Paris. Her health failed and she was obliged to return to England.

Then came the war of Crimea. The reports which reached England daily, of brave men literally dying by hundreds in the hospitals for want of ordinary human attention, stirred the motherhood of England until it arose and demanded that, regardless of custom, precedent, and red tape, women should go to care for the sick and the dying. The demand was granted; and Mr. Sidney Herbert, the head of the War Department, wrote to Miss Nightingale offering her the command of this novel expedition of nurses. The same day that Mr. Herbert penned his letter, a pale, fragile, thoughtful woman at Lea Hurst sat down and wrote to the War Minister offering her services. It was not until the next day that Miss Nightingale received Mr. Herbert's letter. She was to leave for the East in eight days.

On October 21, 1854, all was ready and Miss Nightingale, accompanied by thirty-eight nurses, started on her noble mission. It was not until November 5 that this little band of "angel women" reached Constantinople. They at once took up their quarters in the great Barrack Hospital at Scutari, and began their work. The Lady-in-Chief, as Miss Nightingale officially was called, found the condition of the hospital indescribably horrible. There was no sanitary arrangements. It was frightfully overcrowded. The men were covered with vermin, and rats bit the limbs of the helpless



LEA HURST.

wounded. The beds were reeking with filth. There was no laundry, no kitchen and the meals were served in the roughest manner. Added to this there was a scarcity of food, coverings and the commonest necessities of life. This was the Augean stable the frail English woman had to clean; but she cleaned it. The day after her arrival she received the wounded from the glorious charge of Balacra, and in a few months she had ten thousand sick and wounded under her care. Nothing daunted her. Her endurance was phenomenal. Wherever the danger was the greatest and the need cried loudest there her slight form was to be seen. The suffering soldiers almost worshipped her. Dying men turned to kiss her shadow as it fell.

All yielded to the indomitable will of Miss Nightingale. She re-organized the entire military hospital system. Order sprang out of chaos at her bidding. The hell she found became a heaven of cleanliness and comfort. At her call all England arose to help the work. Contributions of money poured in. At the end of six months the hospital arrangements were such as to satisfy even Miss Nightingale. She remained here for two years, never faltering in her work.

In 1856, when peace was declared, all England sought to honor her homecoming. But the brave little woman embarked under an assumed name, and reached her beloved Lea Hurst even before her family knew she had left Scutari. She refused all public ovations; and devoted the \$250,000, which the gratitude of a nation presented to her, to the building of a training school for nurses, which is fittingly called the Nightingale Home. The brave and noble are modest.

A Humiliating Thought.

The young colored man was very fortunate in that the cable-car was just about to stop at a crossing when the fender struck him. He disentangled himself from the network, and, straightening himself up, inquired of the policeman:

"What is de recruiting office?"

The policeman gave him the proper direction and then asked:

"Were you on your way to enlist?"

"No, sah; but I done change mer min'. I ain' gwinter run no risks of habbin' it said dat I done kep' out'n de ahmy only ter meet mer death at de han's ob er streetcayah!"—Washington Star.

"He is flippant. He can't be serious if he tries."

"Yes he can. He is very serious when he tries to be funny."

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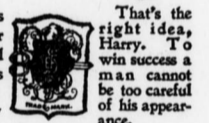
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Further Information Wanted.
Danforth—An organist says that a cow moos in a perfect fifth octave and that a horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale.
Williston—I wonder what his technical terms are for the yowling of a tomcat on a back fence?

Taking Long Chances.
"You wouldn't think to look at that little man across the street that he was especially brave, would you?"
"No. What has he ever done that was so brave?"
"Married a widow whose first husband committed suicide."

Dover, N. H. Oct. 31, 1896.
MESSRS. ELY BROS.:—The Balm reached me safely and in so short a time the effect is surprising. My son says the first application gave decided relief. I have a snelf filled with "Catarrh Cures." To-morrow the stove shall receive them and Ely's Cream Balm will reign supreme. Respectfully, MRS. FRANKLIN FREEMAN.
Cream E. is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10 cents. We mail it. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

More Profit.
"My brother," asked the gentleman with the seedy clothes, "are you a worker in the vineyard?"
"Nit," answered the gentleman who looked like ready money. "I find there is more money in handling the finished product."

Yabsley—You look as if you must have had a good time last night.
Mudge—I hope not.
"You hope not? Why?"
"Because, if I did, it was wasted. I don't recollect a thing about it."

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Chautauqua.
Low-Rate Excursion via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On July 8 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a special excursion from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Reading, Altoona, Bellefonte, Lock Haven, Shamokin, Wilkes Barre, Sunbury, and Williamsport, and principal intermediate stations, and stations on the Delaware Division, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and the Cumberland Valley Railroad, to Chautauqua, N. Y. Special train will start from Harrisburg at 11:35 A. M. Connecting trains will leave Philadelphia 8:30 A. M., Washington 7:50 A. M., Baltimore 8:50 A. M. Round-trip tickets, good to return on regular trains not earlier than July 18 nor later than August 6, will be sold at rate of \$10.00 from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and at proportionate rates from other stations.

For specific rates and time of connecting trains apply to nearest ticket agent.

Reduced Rates to Nashville via Pennsylvania Railroad, account Christian Endeavor Convention.

On account of the Christian Endeavor International Convention, to be held at Nashville, Tenn., July 5 to 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets of the continuous-passages, ironclad signature form, from stations on its line to Nashville, at rate of single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold, and good going, July 2 to 5; returning, tickets will be good to leave Nashville to July 15, inclusive, except that by depositing ticket with agent of terminal line at Nashville on or before July 15, return limit may be extended to leave Nashville to August 1, 1898, inclusive. 6-23-24.