

HARPER'S
CAPITOL
Bindery
BOOK MANUFACTORY
1000 Pennsylvania Ave., Wash., D. C.
...
HOLIDAYSBURG MARBLE WORKS
...
AND BAKERY!
...
ETTINGER'S
News Agency
...
COYD & CO.
...
ON, JACK & CO.
...
ANKERS,
...
ON THE PRINCIPAL
...
SSLER - PRACTICAL
...
POLICE GAZETTE
...
BASE - Having pur-
...
FRIENDS WOULD DO
...
LARD OILS, CAN-
...
AT McGOVERN'S Store
...
ES - A LARGE AND
...
TOOTH BRUSHING
...
OF PRINTING
...

McCRUM & DERN,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
H. C. DERN, Editor.
F. L. HURTZBAUGH, Business Manager.
...
THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.
...
ILLUSTRATED
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.
...
TO THE MECHANIC AND MANUFACTURER.
...
TO THE INVENTOR.
...
BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL
...
DR. JOHNSON has discovered the
...
AND BAKERY!
...
ETTINGER'S
...
COYD & CO.
...
ON, JACK & CO.
...
ANKERS,
...
ON THE PRINCIPAL
...
SSLER - PRACTICAL
...
POLICE GAZETTE
...
BASE - Having pur-
...
FRIENDS WOULD DO
...
LARD OILS, CAN-
...
AT McGOVERN'S Store
...
ES - A LARGE AND
...
TOOTH BRUSHING
...
OF PRINTING
...

Choice Poetry.
THE SOLDIER'S RALLY.
BY ELMERIE J. CUTLER.
Oh, rally round the banner, boys, now Freedom's chosen sign!
See where amid the clouds of war its new-born glories shine!
The depot's down, the slave's dear hope, we bear it on the pole!
God's voice rings down the brightening path!
Say, brothers will ye go?
"My father fought at Doreen; he halted at dawn of day."
That flag fell down upon the walls and proudly passed away!
My brother fell on Newber's shore; he bared his breast and died!
And shouted, "The day is won!" leaped forward and
"My chosen friend of all the world bears not the burden."
A bullet pierced his loyal heart by Richmond's fatal wall.
But seize the fallen words they dropped, with blood
yet moist and red!
Fill up the thimble, immortal Gods, and build where
they left.
For right is might, and truth is God, and He upholds our cause.
The good old cause our fathers loved—Freedom and Equal
Laws!
My mother's hair is thin and white; she looked me in the
face.
She chafed me to her heart's content, to take my brother's
place.
My sister kissed her sweet farewell; her maiden cheeks
were pale.
Around my neck her arms she threw; I feel the pressure
yet.
My wife sits by the cradle's side and kisses out little
ones.
Oh, woman, faith and man's stout arm shall right the
wrong!
So farewell, mother, sister, wife! God keep you brave and
true!
The whizzing shell may burst in fire, the shrieking bullet
fly,
The hoarse and earth may mingle grief; the gallant soldier
die!
But while a haughty rebel stands no peace for peace is
lost.
The land that is not worth our death is not worth living
for!
Then rally round the banner, boys! Its triumph draweth
nigh!
See where above the clouds of war its scarlet glories fly!
Peace have we, and the bristling war, we swim and struggle
free!
And Victory binds the rescued stars in Freedom's golden
hair!

Choice Poetry.
THE SOLDIER'S RALLY.
BY ELMERIE J. CUTLER.
Oh, rally round the banner, boys, now Freedom's chosen sign!
See where amid the clouds of war its new-born glories shine!
The depot's down, the slave's dear hope, we bear it on the pole!
God's voice rings down the brightening path!
Say, brothers will ye go?
"My father fought at Doreen; he halted at dawn of day."
That flag fell down upon the walls and proudly passed away!
My brother fell on Newber's shore; he bared his breast and died!
And shouted, "The day is won!" leaped forward and
"My chosen friend of all the world bears not the burden."
A bullet pierced his loyal heart by Richmond's fatal wall.
But seize the fallen words they dropped, with blood
yet moist and red!
Fill up the thimble, immortal Gods, and build where
they left.
For right is might, and truth is God, and He upholds our cause.
The good old cause our fathers loved—Freedom and Equal
Laws!
My mother's hair is thin and white; she looked me in the
face.
She chafed me to her heart's content, to take my brother's
place.
My sister kissed her sweet farewell; her maiden cheeks
were pale.
Around my neck her arms she threw; I feel the pressure
yet.
My wife sits by the cradle's side and kisses out little
ones.
Oh, woman, faith and man's stout arm shall right the
wrong!
So farewell, mother, sister, wife! God keep you brave and
true!
The whizzing shell may burst in fire, the shrieking bullet
fly,
The hoarse and earth may mingle grief; the gallant soldier
die!
But while a haughty rebel stands no peace for peace is
lost.
The land that is not worth our death is not worth living
for!
Then rally round the banner, boys! Its triumph draweth
nigh!
See where above the clouds of war its scarlet glories fly!
Peace have we, and the bristling war, we swim and struggle
free!
And Victory binds the rescued stars in Freedom's golden
hair!

Choice Poetry.
THE SOLDIER'S RALLY.
BY ELMERIE J. CUTLER.
Oh, rally round the banner, boys, now Freedom's chosen sign!
See where amid the clouds of war its new-born glories shine!
The depot's down, the slave's dear hope, we bear it on the pole!
God's voice rings down the brightening path!
Say, brothers will ye go?
"My father fought at Doreen; he halted at dawn of day."
That flag fell down upon the walls and proudly passed away!
My brother fell on Newber's shore; he bared his breast and died!
And shouted, "The day is won!" leaped forward and
"My chosen friend of all the world bears not the burden."
A bullet pierced his loyal heart by Richmond's fatal wall.
But seize the fallen words they dropped, with blood
yet moist and red!
Fill up the thimble, immortal Gods, and build where
they left.
For right is might, and truth is God, and He upholds our cause.
The good old cause our fathers loved—Freedom and Equal
Laws!
My mother's hair is thin and white; she looked me in the
face.
She chafed me to her heart's content, to take my brother's
place.
My sister kissed her sweet farewell; her maiden cheeks
were pale.
Around my neck her arms she threw; I feel the pressure
yet.
My wife sits by the cradle's side and kisses out little
ones.
Oh, woman, faith and man's stout arm shall right the
wrong!
So farewell, mother, sister, wife! God keep you brave and
true!
The whizzing shell may burst in fire, the shrieking bullet
fly,
The hoarse and earth may mingle grief; the gallant soldier
die!
But while a haughty rebel stands no peace for peace is
lost.
The land that is not worth our death is not worth living
for!
Then rally round the banner, boys! Its triumph draweth
nigh!
See where above the clouds of war its scarlet glories fly!
Peace have we, and the bristling war, we swim and struggle
free!
And Victory binds the rescued stars in Freedom's golden
hair!

Choice Poetry.
THE SOLDIER'S RALLY.
BY ELMERIE J. CUTLER.
Oh, rally round the banner, boys, now Freedom's chosen sign!
See where amid the clouds of war its new-born glories shine!
The depot's down, the slave's dear hope, we bear it on the pole!
God's voice rings down the brightening path!
Say, brothers will ye go?
"My father fought at Doreen; he halted at dawn of day."
That flag fell down upon the walls and proudly passed away!
My brother fell on Newber's shore; he bared his breast and died!
And shouted, "The day is won!" leaped forward and
"My chosen friend of all the world bears not the burden."
A bullet pierced his loyal heart by Richmond's fatal wall.
But seize the fallen words they dropped, with blood
yet moist and red!
Fill up the thimble, immortal Gods, and build where
they left.
For right is might, and truth is God, and He upholds our cause.
The good old cause our fathers loved—Freedom and Equal
Laws!
My mother's hair is thin and white; she looked me in the
face.
She chafed me to her heart's content, to take my brother's
place.
My sister kissed her sweet farewell; her maiden cheeks
were pale.
Around my neck her arms she threw; I feel the pressure
yet.
My wife sits by the cradle's side and kisses out little
ones.
Oh, woman, faith and man's stout arm shall right the
wrong!
So farewell, mother, sister, wife! God keep you brave and
true!
The whizzing shell may burst in fire, the shrieking bullet
fly,
The hoarse and earth may mingle grief; the gallant soldier
die!
But while a haughty rebel stands no peace for peace is
lost.
The land that is not worth our death is not worth living
for!
Then rally round the banner, boys! Its triumph draweth
nigh!
See where above the clouds of war its scarlet glories fly!
Peace have we, and the bristling war, we swim and struggle
free!
And Victory binds the rescued stars in Freedom's golden
hair!

Choice Poetry.
THE SOLDIER'S RALLY.
BY ELMERIE J. CUTLER.
Oh, rally round the banner, boys, now Freedom's chosen sign!
See where amid the clouds of war its new-born glories shine!
The depot's down, the slave's dear hope, we bear it on the pole!
God's voice rings down the brightening path!
Say, brothers will ye go?
"My father fought at Doreen; he halted at dawn of day."
That flag fell down upon the walls and proudly passed away!
My brother fell on Newber's shore; he bared his breast and died!
And shouted, "The day is won!" leaped forward and
"My chosen friend of all the world bears not the burden."
A bullet pierced his loyal heart by Richmond's fatal wall.
But seize the fallen words they dropped, with blood
yet moist and red!
Fill up the thimble, immortal Gods, and build where
they left.
For right is might, and truth is God, and He upholds our cause.
The good old cause our fathers loved—Freedom and Equal
Laws!
My mother's hair is thin and white; she looked me in the
face.
She chafed me to her heart's content, to take my brother's
place.
My sister kissed her sweet farewell; her maiden cheeks
were pale.
Around my neck her arms she threw; I feel the pressure
yet.
My wife sits by the cradle's side and kisses out little
ones.
Oh, woman, faith and man's stout arm shall right the
wrong!
So farewell, mother, sister, wife! God keep you brave and
true!
The whizzing shell may burst in fire, the shrieking bullet
fly,
The hoarse and earth may mingle grief; the gallant soldier
die!
But while a haughty rebel stands no peace for peace is
lost.
The land that is not worth our death is not worth living
for!
Then rally round the banner, boys! Its triumph draweth
nigh!
See where above the clouds of war its scarlet glories fly!
Peace have we, and the bristling war, we swim and struggle
free!
And Victory binds the rescued stars in Freedom's golden
hair!

Choice Poetry.
THE SOLDIER'S RALLY.
BY ELMERIE J. CUTLER.
Oh, rally round the banner, boys, now Freedom's chosen sign!
See where amid the clouds of war its new-born glories shine!
The depot's down, the slave's dear hope, we bear it on the pole!
God's voice rings down the brightening path!
Say, brothers will ye go?
"My father fought at Doreen; he halted at dawn of day."
That flag fell down upon the walls and proudly passed away!
My brother fell on Newber's shore; he bared his breast and died!
And shouted, "The day is won!" leaped forward and
"My chosen friend of all the world bears not the burden."
A bullet pierced his loyal heart by Richmond's fatal wall.
But seize the fallen words they dropped, with blood
yet moist and red!
Fill up the thimble, immortal Gods, and build where
they left.
For right is might, and truth is God, and He upholds our cause.
The good old cause our fathers loved—Freedom and Equal
Laws!
My mother's hair is thin and white; she looked me in the
face.
She chafed me to her heart's content, to take my brother's
place.
My sister kissed her sweet farewell; her maiden cheeks
were pale.
Around my neck her arms she threw; I feel the pressure
yet.
My wife sits by the cradle's side and kisses out little
ones.
Oh, woman, faith and man's stout arm shall right the
wrong!
So farewell, mother, sister, wife! God keep you brave and
true!
The whizzing shell may burst in fire, the shrieking bullet
fly,
The hoarse and earth may mingle grief; the gallant soldier
die!
But while a haughty rebel stands no peace for peace is
lost.
The land that is not worth our death is not worth living
for!
Then rally round the banner, boys! Its triumph draweth
nigh!
See where above the clouds of war its scarlet glories fly!
Peace have we, and the bristling war, we swim and struggle
free!
And Victory binds the rescued stars in Freedom's golden
hair!