Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 5, 1905.

KEEPERS OF THE GATE.

"You look as if you really meant to shave this time, Martin," said the House Surgeon. "I'll bet you don't finish it. There's many a slip 'twixt the shave and the very young gentleman on ambulance duty."

The House Surgeon sat on the side of one of the little white iron beds of the interns' quarters playing Set-back with a huge, blue-eyed, red-headed fellow who completely filled the great Morris chair opposite. As his companion slowly and laboriously dealt, the House Surgeon's twinkling eye had lighted upon Martin, who, shirtless and belathered, had squared himself before the mirror.

Mart tightened his upper lip over his teeth, and with three deft strokes cut a wide path through the foam beneath his nose.

"What will you bet, Mr. Senior House?" he said, wheeling round.

"Mart, if you do get a call, go just as you are. Don't touch yourself, please. Look at him, Shippen. Don't he look distinguished with those white siders?"

Shippen craned in his seat for a second, taking in the quaint figure behind him, then settling back comfortably and taking the cigarette from his mouth, observed in a drawl, "Wonderful, Holmes! wonderful! I was quite deceived! It's your bid, Buck, what'll you make it?"

"This is my third attempt," said Martin, "and I'm going to finish this time if every citizen of New York is piled in the subway yelling for me."

"It's bad enough to attempt to shave at this hour at all," said the House Surgeon, "but when a fellow piles on such extravagant language as that, he's courting a veritable disaster. I'll bet supper for the crowd—"

B-z-z-zt—bz-z-t-bz-z-z-t! buzzed the 'phone.

"There you go, Martin," said Shippen. "All the citizens of New York piled in the subway yelling for you, old man."

"Well," said Martin, who hurried to the 'phone. 'All right, I'll be down in a minute."

"We lost that supper by half a second, Shippen," said the House Surgeon, and then looking restlessly over at Martin, who had returned to the glass and was making quick angry dashes at his chin, "You had better drop it and hustle, Martin, Curt is in the house."

"I don't give a rap if the whole American Medical Association is in the house. I'm going to finish this shave," retorted Martin.

The quavering clang of the ambulance gong rose up from the great stone arch below, and the restless stamp of the horse's feet could be heard on the stone flagging. Martin dropped his razor, squirmed into his shirt, and was tussling with his collar when again that impatient gong rang through the corridors. "Hustle, Martin," said the House Surgeon.

There was a light knock on the door, and as it opened, Martin dived under the arm of a small clean shaven man who walked into the room.

"Is there no one to receive the patient, doctor?" he said, addressing the House Surgeon who had risen as he entered.

"It's going out on a call," replied the House Surgeon, and as he spoke the ambulance dashed off beneath the window, its clang rising above the clash and clatter of the street.

"I thought I heard it ring twice," said the newcomer. "I must speak to them at the office for not 'phoning you the call when it came."

"They did 'phone it, Dr. Curtis, and—"

"Oh, they did!" interrupted Curtis. "I hope the patient is not bleeding! Meet me in twenty-nine in fifteen minutes. I want to see that wound. And have the things ready to remove the stitches. This is the tenth day."

As the House Surgeon hurried from the room, Dr. Curtis turned to Shippen, who still lolled in the chair, an interested and amused observer of all that had transpired.

"What are you doing now, Doctor?" he asked.

"I am relieving at the Skin and Cancer for the present, until I get my appointment on the Island," replied Shippen. "I think I'll settle down then—that is, unless I can get the Contagious."

"I'm afraid you are a confirmed floater, Dr. Shippen," laughed Curtis, as he left the room.

When the House Surgeon returned he found Shippen sitting just as he had left him, save that he had lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Well, Buck," he remarked, "I'm glad to see your hide is still on. What did Curt have to say to you?"

"Say! Good Lord! didn't he say enough in here? That's what comes of being too lenient with your subs, darn it! but Mart is such a lovable chap that you can't be hard on him, and he wasn't more than three or four minutes late."

"What a confounded cold-blooded fish that fellow is, Buck," drawled Shippen. "He gives me the creeps. He used to quiz me at the Post-Graduate, and while he is brilliant and all that, I never could tolerate the man."

"He has few friends, but a host of enemies and admirers," said the House Surgeon. "I never saw a man accomplish so much in a given time, and as an operator he hasn't a superior in New York. Did you ever watch his hands when he is working? It's beautiful. They never stop, they never fumble, they never do anything unnecessary. It's simply beautiful. Look what he's done for this place. You know what it was before he took hold of it. He started at the bottom, and hammered right ahead till the whole concern runs like clockwork. He never overlooks a detail, and works harder than any two people in the institution. He is a marvel, Shippen, and yet, as you say, there is something almost uncanny about him."

"I don't think I could stand that Kitchener manner of his," said Shippen. "You know, Buck, I never was fond of soldiers, and I'm glad I served my term here before the accession of his Majesty. Do you know, when you were out, he condescended to unbend and actually passed a pleasantry with me? He did me the honor to say I was a hopeless floater, because I said I was going to the Island. Now—Hullo, it's seven o'clock. I'm half an hour late. So long, old man," and Shippen in a halo of smoke sauntered leisurely down the corridor.

Half an hour later Dr. Curtis and his staff were gathered round Martin's patient in the receiving ward.

He was a large, heavy-set man in blue overalls, and still wore the little tight-fitting black cap so common among trainmen. His coat was off, and the left shirt sleeve was split almost to the armpit. The House Surgeon deftly cut away the temporary dressings and revealed the forearm torn and mangled to the wrist. The raw surface was black with grease and coal dust that was ground into the wound.

"There is no radial pulse, and both bones are broken in several places," said the House Surgeon, and as he raised the arm to demonstrate, a low moan escaped the sufferer.

"That will do," said Dr. Curtis, "wrap it up in a bichloride compress. You can't get that surface clean. It will have to come off above the elbow. Have the operating room ready by nine. He doesn't seem much shocked. Make the compress rather tight, Doctor, and have a tourniquet ready in case it bleeds. I'll be back at nine. It's fortunate it's your left arm," he said, turning to the wounded man.

"Fortunate!" cried the sufferer. "My God, man, that's my throttle arm! Which side of a cab do you suppose an engineer sits on? You needn't bother about fixing that operating room, Doctor," he said, addressing the House Surgeon. "We'll wait and see if something can't be done to save it. I've been on the road a good many years, and I've seen some pretty bad breaks get well."

"It's not a question of breaks," said Curtis; "the arm is mashed to a pulp. It can't get well. It is practically dead now. If you put it off, blood poison is sure to set in, and then it may be too late. There is nothing to be gained by delay. It will have to come off in the end, and you might as well make up your mind to it now. Of course, I can't take it off against your will."

"No," interrupted the engineer, "I know you can't. I'm used to running risks, and, besides, I'd just as soon die as lose that arm. It's my living, man!—I believe you are advising what you think best, but I can't make up my mind to let it go, so that ends it."

"Very well," replied Curtis, and he turned on his heel to leave.

"Shall I have the operating room ready at nine, Doctor?" asked the House Surgeon.

"No, not to-night. Put him to bed and have him watched closely for bleeding. I'll leave my orders at the desk."

Three nights later, when Curtis reached home, his sister came to the door to meet him.

"How is the engineer, Henry?" she asked, as she helped him off with his coat.

"Oh, the man with the arm? He's in a pretty bad way, and as pig-headed as ever," he replied, leading the way to the dining room.

Here she was soon busy with the tea things, while he seated himself comfortably before the fire with the evening paper. They lived alone, these two young people, with only the servants, and a strange contrast they made to the old house with its quaint antique furnishings. There was, however, an air of substantial comfort to the surroundings, and above and over all was evidence of the touch of the woman.

The sister was not a beauty, though her features were clear and regular, and while the resemblance to her brother was marked, all the hard lines were softened in the woman.

To-night there was a touch of sadness mingled with the tenderness of her face and voice that a closer observer than her brother must have seen.

At the little polished tea-table she again asked about the engineer.

"Tell me all about it, Henry. I am more interested in this case than any you ever told me of. Do you think he is going to die?"

"It looks very much that way. He still refuses to have anything done."

"Do you think the operation could save him now?"

"It is doubtful. Secondary hemorrhage has set in and he has lost a good deal of blood. The infection has extended so high that an amputation at the shoulder would be necessary, and I doubt if he has the strength to stand that now. The infection seems a most virulent one. His temperature is over a hundred and four and his heart is racing badly."

"Have you tried hard to persuade him, Henry?" she asked almost pleadingly.

"I?—No, I laid the facts before him, and he declined. I've lost patience with the fellow. Now that the pain has gripped him, he is calling for morphine all the time."

"Poor fellow, the suffering must be dreadful!"

'Yes, of course, it's bad, but if a man is bull-headed enough to pit his will against the opinion of people who know, he ought to have the grit to stand it."

The look of sadness on the face of the sister deepened into one of positive pain, but with an effort she conquered it. When she spoke again it was in a voice low and plaintive.

"Has he no wife—or—or a sister, Henry, who might persuade him—who might show him it was for the best?"

"I am told that he has a wife somewhere, but they have not lived together for several years. His brother from the West will reach here to-night, though I do not think he will accomplish anything, for his friends and even high officials of the road have done their best."

"But what does he say, Henry? Why does he refuse this way?"

"Just what he said from the first. It's his throttle hand and he'd be no good in the world without it. That is all the answer you get to argument or persuasion."

"It seems an awful thing to think of—a big strong man having to die when he might be saved. And yet" she continued, "how could he make a living with just one arm?"

"Make a living!" he exclaimed. "The Brotherhood would never let him suffer, and the company for that matter would probably give him employment for life."

"But he could never run his engine again with one arm gone," she said.

"No, of course, he could not do that, but they might make him a messenger at the shops, or manager of a section gang, or maybe they would let him keep a gate."

"Keep a gate?" she repeated slowly, as though she did not quite understand. "Henry," and she lifted her great sad eyes as if to receive a blow, "you don't mean one of those men who live in little boxes on the corner—who let down the long bars to keep back the people when the train goes by! Oh, brother! brother!" she cried, and, burying her face in her arms, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Curtis looked up for a moment in utter astonishment, then, hurrying to her side, put his arm about her and whispered tenderly: "What is it, Floy? Don't cry, little sister. Please don't. I am sorry I ever told you anything about it. I never dreamed you would take it so to heart."

"Henry, you don't understand," she cried. "You don't understand! Go 'phone to the hospital, and tell them you will operate whenever he consents. See if the brother is there. Something tells me he will persuade him. Don't wait—go!"

As her brother hurried from the room, she slipped down to the rug and buried her head in the big cushioned chair.

"My poor, poor Henry," she murmured. "Oh, Mother, help him—help him to understand!"

Though it was quite late when Curtis returned from the hospital, he saw a light burning in his sister's room and knew she was waiting for him.

"How did you get through?" she asked.

"Better than I expected. You are a prophet, Floy. They say he consented in five minutes after his brother came."

"And you think he has a chance?"

"Yes, a fighting chance. You see, I had to take it off at the shoulder."

"Oh, I am so glad it is all over, Henry," putting her arms around his neck. "I am so glad—kiss me."

Several days passed, and the engineer continued to improve. On reaching home each evening Curtis was required to render an official report to his sister. She noticed that he wore a small close-fitting bandage about his index finger, but to all of her inquiries about it he gave some light or evasive reply.

This afternoon when she came in she found him asleep on the sofa in the study, and peeping out from under the heavy overcoat that covered him, she saw his right hand muffled in a bandage. As she entered, he turned restlessly, and seeing her, he started to rise. Hurrying to him she made him lie still, and, fixing the pillow and the covering, took a seat beside him and began stroking his head.

"My boy," she said, "you have been sick for days, and you are hiding something from me. Your poor head is hot, and your temples are throbbing dreadfully. What is wrong, Henry? Tell me, won't you?"

"I think I must have had a chill, but I'm lots better now, only my head aches pretty badly—that's it—press hard—your fingers feel so cool."

"But your hand! It's worse, and you would never even tell me how you hurt it."

"Oh that will be all right now. I opened it this afternoon."

"Opened it yourself? Ah, Henry!"

"It's nothing to worry about, child. It was just a little snip, and it's much easier since I relieved the tension."

"Henry, tell me when you hurt it. I want to know."

"Floy, you are a regular inquistor. I snagged my finger on one of the transfixion pins Thursday night. It was nothing but a scratch. It was very clumsy of me. I'm ashamed of it."

"You mean when you operated on the engineer?"

"Yes," he replied gravely. Got it infected, and I'm afraid it's going to lay me off for a while. Just when I had a pile of work to do. That's the part that worries me. I don't mind the pain."

As he raised the hand to fix it more comfortably upon the pillow, she noticed there were little red streaks on the wrist that seemed to run up the arm.

"Henry, tell me the whole truth. Is it blood poison that you have taken from the engineer?"

"No, no, dear," he said hurriedly, "it's not blood poison. It's just a little local infection. I suppose I did get it from the engineer. At least that's when I scratched it, but it will be lots better by morning, so don't worry. The only thing I mind is the time. I have so many things to do, I just can't afford to lose it now."

His sister rose. "I am going to phone for Dr. Courtnay."

"No—come back. Please don't. He couldn't do an earthly thing. Just put that bottle on the mantel in the saucepan, and get it warm and pour some on these dressings. If it's not a great deal better by morning, we'll call Courtnay and let him have a look at it, if it will be any comfort to you."

—

The light burned dimly in the neat little hospital room that had been Dr. Curtis's home for several days. The door opened softly, and his sister came in and took a seat beside him.

"Would you mind leaving us alone for a while, Miss Carter?" asked the sick man. "My sister will ring if I need anything. That's better, thank you," as the nurse gently shifted the bandaged arm. When the door closed his sister stooped and kissed him.

"You are better now, aren't you, dear?" she asked.

Yes, I am quite easy now. I have taken the morphine at last. I held out as long as I could, but I was whipped by the pain. It was stronger than I—oh, Floy—I have been beaten."

"Hush, Henry," she whispered. "You mustn't talk so. You'll make yourself worse."

"Floy, I must talk—I just must. Courtnay told me all—"

"He promised me—" she interrupted.

"Don't blame him, dear. I made him. I swore I'd rip away the bandages and see for myself unless he told me all he had done to me. It's not his fault—he had to tell me. I just had to know the truth—I could not stand it. My work is done, Floy," he continued. "The thumb and the index finger are gone, and they have slit the tendon sheaths of the other fingers well up above the wrist—I can never do surgery again. If I get well I'll have a hand like a hooked fork with only three prongs—claw hand we call it."

"Oh, Henry, please, please don't. I'm sure it is not as bad as that. You are just making yourself worse. Try not to think of it any more—there—come closer, and let me rub your head. I'll have to leave if you talk like that. You don't want me to leave you, do you?"

He did not answer, but pressed her hand and cuddled closer. "Floy," he said after a pause, "it's the grandest game in the world. There's nothing to compare with it. It beats war. It makes my blood boil to hear them talk about a surgeon loving blood, as if we were a set of ghouls. Our mission is to stop it. It is the joy of the expert who knows his work and loves it. Just to look about you and see your assistants ready, waiting, each in his place, each with his part to play, like regulars at gun drill. Not a word—not a hitch—only the click of the forceps, or the low call, 'Sponge!' Oh, Floy, it's beautiful! to feel the ligature tighten and sink home—to see the tied vessel throb, throb, throb, and to know that it will never slip and bleed—to know that the vessel is closed for all time! And to think I can never operate again—just when I had made a name and won a place in the world! Oh, Floy—it's hard—hard!"

She saw this strong, proud soul like a wounded bird beating at the bars of its cage for the light and air it loved. Though the words were like wounds, she knew that in them was relief, and so did not seek to check them, but gently stroked his forehead and waited—waited for the end that she saw was near. When he spoke again, his voice was low and passionless: "Yes, my work is done. I can never do surgery again. I am ordered to the rear. I must fall back and see the men I have beaten close in and take the place I've won."

"But, Henry, there is your writing and lectures."

"Yes," he said eagerly, I can write. I can still hold a pen—and my lectures!—but, no, Floy," he said excitedly, "I can't do that. I could not stand it—to stand there before them and lecture about the things I can no longer do—to tell them how it should be done—and leave it to others to show them!—I couldn't, Floy—I couldn't—they'd see my hand!—Ah, my beautiful hands!" he cried, "how I have drilled and schooled them—taught them to feel—trained them till they touched and knew like the finger-tips of the blind! And now I am maimed—they have killed my usefulness! What can I do without a hand? Look at that crippled claw!" he cried, springing bolt upright, and holding the bandaged arm high above his head—then turning to his sister with a look of dumb terror: "Look, Floy! My hand!—My God!—my throttle hand! Maybe they will let me keep a gate!" and, burying his face in her lap, he sobbed as though the very fibres of his being were racked and rent.

She spoke no word, but touched him with her hands upon the head and upon the shoulders, crooning softly the while as a mother might to her child.

When Miss Carter came in she found him sleeping sweetly, his head still pillowed in her lap. But she could not understand, for on the sister's face there was a look of joy and exaltation as though she had fought a great battle and had won.

—

The engineer's rolling chair was drawn up close to Curtis's bed.

"I didn't know a word about it till yesterday," he began falteringly. "I asked them why you stopped coming to see me, and they told me you were away. You see, they kept it from me. After I found it out I couldn't eat or sleep till they let me come. It's all my fault, and I can never forgive myself. If I only had listened to you that night!"

"Listen to me now," said Curtis gently, laying his hand upon the other's knee. "I have had a pretty hard lesson since that night, but I believe I have learned it. I have learned that there are other kinds of work in the world besides my own, and that they may be as close to other men as mine is to me. I have found out that a man is a man. If I had known these things then, you would not have refused. I have only myself to blame. I didn't mean to be a brute—and I want to ask you to forgive me!"

—

The long summer day was drawing to a close. A cool shadow filled all the valley, and the sun was fast climbing up the mountain that bordered the eastern side of the river.

Upon a high rock that flanked one of these pools just where the stream rushed in, two men were fishing. One, a tall man reached far out with his rod and dropped his bait into an inviting eddy. His companion was busily engaged in capturing a minnow from a big green bucket that stood between them.

Far off there came a rumbling sound that rose above the rush of water. Nearer and nearer it came, rising to a muffled roar, and with a shriek of the whistle an express train burst into sight. On it rushed, the black smoke trailing out behind, rising and nestling in little clouds upon the sides of the mountain. The train heeled gracefully as she took the curve, straightened, heeled again, and disappeared around a huge stone cliff. The tall man stood motionless, gazing at the high cliff round which the smoke still hung. He had lost an arm, and an empty sleeve dangled limply at his side. "God! ain't she beautiful!" he murmured.

His companion had secured his minnow and was gravely contemplating the gasping mite that lay clutched in a strangely misshapen hand. Suddenly he reached out over the river, let it fall, and watched the frightened creature as it dashed for the protecting shadow of a friendly rock. When he turned he saw that the other had been watching him. For a moment they looked at one another, saw, and understood—these two Keepers of the Gate.

Committee Wants Correct Names of Centre County Soldiers.

In order to secure absolute accuracy in the names and spelling thereof on our soldiers' monument, we will publish from time to time the lists of certain companies so as to enable those who are interested to suggest changes in initials or spelling, and also to suggest the names of any persons who may have been omitted from the rolls. This is the last opportunity which will be given to our people and to the survivors or friends of deceased soldiers who served from Centre county to have these names corrected. The Committee, therefore, appeals very earnestly to all who are interested in the subject to carefully scan all the names to ascertain.

1st, whether any have been omitted; and

2nd, whether the names of those already contained in the rolls are properly spelled.

It is also very important that the names of soldiers who enlisted in organizations outside of the county or State should be secured, in order that they may find their place among the nation's defenders upon the monument. This is perhaps the most important thing which the Committee has in charge, the organizations from our own county being already well known. If, therefore, any person, in or out of the county, has knowledge of a citizen of Centre county who enlisted in organizations outside of the county and State, it is especially important that their names should be ascertained, so that they may find a place among those who enlisted at home.

Any communication in regard to these names addressed to Gen. John I. Curtin or William H. Musser, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention.

OLD COMPANY "A." 49th PENNSYLVANIA
THREE YEAR REGIMENT

Joseph M. Greene, Captain.
James A. Quigley, Captain.
Andrew S. Davidson, 1st. Lieut.
Wm. D Harper, 2nd Lieut.
Frank Smith, " "
John W. Spence, 1st. Sergt.
John W. Stephens, 2nd. "
John M. Stephens, 5th. "
Michael McLaughlin 1st. Corpl.
Lewis T. Wetzler, 2nd. "
Wm. H. Confer, 3rd. "
Alex W. Duke, 4th. "
James Hill, 5th. "
Wm. J. Johnston, 6th. "
James A. Knoll, 7th. "
Daniel Swires, 8th. "
George W. Hutton, Musician.
Alex Draucher "
Clement Murphy, Wagoner.

PRIVATES.

W. H. Ammerman,	Joseph G. McGinley,
Silas Allen,	David McAfee,
Adam Breath,	William H. McFarland
Elias Bowman,	Joseph Mull,
John H. Benner,	Matthew W. Owens,
Isaiah Dale,	Joseph H. Poorman,
Joseph Eckley,	Israel Potts,
James H. Firon,	John Ricker,
Andrew Gregg,	Timothy Ryon,
James Hughey,	Thomas Rose.
W. F, Heaton,	William Rose,
William Hanes,	William Rigg,
John M. Heyler,	Jacob Shiver.
George Harkless,	Lewis Sunday.
Robert Hipple,	Jeremiah Spiece,
Henry P. Jones,	William E. Shope,
W. T. Keaton,	Jones Spangler,
John E. Kunes,	Matthew B. Sneal,
Asbery W. Lucas,	Michael Sennet,
Andrew Lucas	John Setzler.
James S. Lucas,	William T. Stewart,
William Lewis,	William Singer,
John S. Myers,	Charles Wolf,
George W. Miles.	Jacob Workman.
Val. Miller,	William Walker.
Andrew J. Moss,	George Witherite,
Andrew Martin,	Valentine Williams,
George W. Miller.	David Walker,
Edward McGinley.	Wilson Walker,

OLD COMPANY "G." 49th PENNSYLVANIA
THREE YEAR REGIMENT,

John Boal, Captain.
A. Boyd Hutchison, "
James T. Stewart, " to Lieut. Col.
Christian Dale, "
W, M. Irvin 1st. Lieut.
James P. Smith, 1st, Sergt.
George Ketner 5th. "
William P. Shope, 1st. Corp.
Jerry C. Brown, 2nd. "
John F. Woods. 3rd. "
Jacob McCool, 4th. "
W. H. H. Musser, 5th. "
William Youts. 6th. "
Griffith Lytle, 7th. "
John Miller, 8th. "
James F. Henderson, Musician.
James H. Henderson, "
William Shaffer, Wagoner.

PRIVATES.

Joseph Ammerman,	Joseph C. Hess,
William Alters,	Levi F. Knarr,
John Albright,	W. H. Kaup,
Israel Albright.	James Kennelly,
Gotlieb Armbruster,	Edward C. Koonce,
Horatio M. Benner,	Peter Koon,
Luther Benfer	Lot Lowry,
William Breyman,	William Lichty,
John Berkheymer,	Charles Lawver,
William Beozer,	Henry E, Lawver,
James T. Brion	Thomas C. Mayes,
John D Benner,	William McElhatten,
Edward Y. Bock,	John Musser.
David S. Campbell,	Lot Orr.
William F. Campbell,	Daniel S. Parker,
William Colyer,	James A. Patten,
William Corbin	James Richter
Calvin Cain,	David Raymon.
John T. Crosthwait.	Solomon Raymon,
Joseph C. Campbell,	John E. Schriber,
John N. Dunkle.	James Shorthill.
John M. Duey.	Jacob Smith,
James Dougan,	Thomas Toot,
Charles Eekenroth	George W. Thompson,
John Fulton,	W. H. Taylor,
William Freed,	W. N. Toner,
James Gilbert,	James Wilson,
David Gilbert,	Franklin C. Wolf,
Thomas Glenn,	Benjamin F. Wagner,
John H. Hoy,	Samuel K. Working.
William P. Hewes,	Andrew J. Yeager,
John S. Harper,	Israel Young,

MISCELLANEOUS LIST OF NAMES IN OTHER COMPANIES OF SAME REGIMENT.

Company "C."

Oliver C. Coyle,	Private.
William H. Gray, Storms'own,	"
John McQuillen,	"
Joseph McQuillen,	"
Richard McQuillen,	"
William L. Roach,	"
John Whippo, Graysville,	"

Company "E."

Jacob Barto, Halfmoon,	"
Charles Frain, Marion,	"
John Fravel,	"
George W. Hamer, Stormstown,	"
James M. Harbaker, Bellefonte,	"
John Holmes, Marion,	"
William Kaup, Howard,	"
Abram Kline, Jacksonville,	"
Levi Knarr, Boalsburg,	"
John Moyer, Huston,	"
Israel Potter, Liberty.	"
John Richards, Marion,	"
John Rickard, Jacksonville,	"
Samuel Rockey. "	"
John A. Ross, "	"
John Ross, Burnside,	"
Homer S. Smythe, Jacksonville.	"
Stephen Transion, Marion,	"
Wm. H. Wakefield, "	"
Andrew Walizer,	"
William Watkins, "	"
Oliver P. Wilson, Walker.	"
J. Calvin Wing, Marion	"
John C. Wise, Jacksonville,	"
Gideon Wolf, Marion.	"
Jacob Worth, Miles,	"

Company "F."

James I. Coon, Unionville,	"
Harlen Gritler, "	"
Lewis Harry,	"
George M. Knight, "	"
Wm. Masterson, "	"
George Miller, Boggs Twp..	"
John Moyer, Patton Twp.,	"
Joseph Preston, Patton Twp.,	"
George S. Whitecraft, Unionville.	"
Harry M. Worth, "	"
John S. Meyers, Co. "D."	"
Daniel McGrady " " Worth Twp,	"
James W. Sankey, Co. 'H."	"

COMPANY "G." 51st REGIMENT.

Austin B. Snyder, Captain.
William H. Blair, "
John R. Gilliland, "
George B. Campbell. 1st. Lieut.
John Gunsalles, " "
Curtin B. Stoneroad, 2nd. "
George Decker, " "
George Dumont. Serg't.
Edward Shannon, "
David Youts, "
D. C. Ammerman, "
Joseph A. Clark, "
Louis Cartuyvel, "
Joseph J. Peter, "
Adam Grassmire' "
Joseph Ammerman, Corporal.
John F. Bowes, "
Jacob Casher. "
Robert Hinton, "
John E. Wilt, "
James Dowling, "
George Armstrong, "
Hezekiah Dixson, "
James Holmes, "
James Elder, Musician.

PRIVATES.

Thomas Ammerman,	George Larah,
J. E. Ammerman,	James G. Lucas,
John Allard,	Marx A. Loeb,
Levi Bowes,	Jesse G. Lucas,
Reuben Berall,	George G Meisse,
Jacob S. Beightol,	Thomas Moser.
James Bruce,	David Mills,
John Bowes	Robert Montgomery,
William Buoy,	Samuel Moore,
Philip H. Bratton,	William Moore.
James Beightol.	Calvin L. Morrison,
Theophilus Baird,	John Miller,
Rollard Bowers,	William Mackey,
Lewis P. Cayot,	Thomas McCafferty,
George Cox,	Bartty McFlarney,
Israel H. Commer.	John S. Noll,
Frederick Carson,	Patrick Powers,
Henry Cramer.	Wilson Poorman,
Charles Callahan,	James Poorman,
John F. Derstine,	Henry Poff.
Miles Dillen,	Charles Prescott,
Daniel Deckman,	James Powers,
Edward Downing,	August Rolley.
James Dolan,	George Rodgers,
Benjamin J. Etters,	Nicholas Rolley,
John Fie,	Charles Ricker.
Daniel Frieze,	Philip Richards.
Andrew Fetzer,	Jacob Rapp,
David Force.	William Recides,
Archey Frazier	Henry A. Roan,
John J. Fisher,	Henry D. Showers,
James Gummo,	Samuel D. Stidinger,
R. C. Hollabaugh,	Michael Shires,
John Hollabaugh,	Daniel Sheets,
John Heinel,	Christian Sheets,
Michael Henning,	Daniel Showers,
William P. Hall,	William Search.
Andrew Hall.	James A. Scott,
Houston Heichel,	Jeremiah Troy,
John H. Hoovan,	John Troy,
Thomas Irwin,	Aaron Thatcher,
George Johnson,	Samuel Troy,
Barnhart Johnston,	William Wilson,
Abraham B. King,	William Watson,
James K. King	Hiram Woodring,
James F. Katon,	Newton Whippo,
Wesley Katon,	William Wenrick,
John Kearnes,	Lewis A. Wylands.
Martin Kearnes,	Wallace Wiggins,
Samuel Klinger.	Jackson Watson,
William Young.	

MISCELLANEOUS NAMES OF THE 51st REGIMENT

William Allison, (Potter) Co, "H."
Jewett S. Harding, (Miles) " "
Samuel S. McEwen. (Unionville) "
Thomas Weaver, (Miles) Co. "
Samuel Myers, (Ferguson Twp) Co. "I"
Jacob H. Myers, " " "
Jackson Myers. (Benner ") " "
Thomas Troy, (Halfmoon) " "

——Absence from those we love is self from self—a deadly banishment.—*Shakespeare.*

——Get rich quick schemes are usually the shortest cut to poverty.

The Vesuvius of America.

Every traveler through Old Mexico hears of one spot which is more attractive to tourists from abroad than any other. This is the volcano of Popocatepetl. Some have called it the "Vesuvius of America," owing to the frequent eruptions which have marked its history; but unlike Vesuvius, its crater has been entered by man, and, remarkable as it may seem, here has been for centuries the site of a great natural industry. Popocatepetl has been producing sulphur probably for ages, according to the opinion of geologists and other experts who have examined the interior of the crater as far as it has been possible to venture with safety. True, it is by no means an extinct volcano. By day clouds of steam and smoke arise from the summit of the mountain, and at times in the night the sky above is illuminated by the glow from the fiery mass whose existence is revealed through the occasional vent here and there in the temporary bottom of the crater. It is a strange sight to witness human beings toiling in this abyss day after day, extracting the sulphur ore, as it is called, with pick and shovel, and "packing" it on their backs to the edge of the crater where it is hoisted to the top. Some of the peons have labored in these depths 550 feet beneath the earth's surface for the greater part of their lives, since sulphur mining, as it is called, has been carried on in the bowels of Popocatepetl for four centuries; yet no one knows when an eruption may occur which would destroy every living thing for miles around.

From where they toil, the workmen can clearly discern the fissures whence the escaping sulphur fumes and smoke prove that beneath them there is a furnace of nature; but were it not for the crevices the accumulation of the sulphur deposit would cease, for they form a portion of the great natural laboratory in which this material is compounded. The history of Mexico proves the age of this industry, for Cortez obtained sulphur, probably from the summit of the volcano, to use in manufacturing gunpowder for his soldiers. Since that time, the substance has been obtained by the natives when the volcano was not in such a state of activity as to keep them from approaching it. For several years recently a considerable quantity has been secured, although by a very crude method. As already stated, the beds are worked by hand labor, the sulphur being placed in bags containing 25 pounds each. They are placed on the backs of human packers who carry them to the foot of the crater and attach them to a rope suspended from the top. Then each is hoisted singly by means of a windlass. At the top the bags are given to other peons who seat themselves on straw mats and slide over the snow which covers the outer portion of the mountain to the timber line. At this point the sulphur is placed on mules to be transported to the railway station about nine miles distant.

Various estimates have been made of the quantity of sulphur which at present exists in the crater, some figures placing it at fully 100,000,000 tons. Von Humboldt, who made an exhaustive study of the interior of the volcano, gave the opinion that the bed is the largest in the world. A commission of experts appointed by the Mexican government, however, made a careful study of the crater and confirm the statements that the quantity of sulphur is undoubtedly enormous. These reports have led to such an interest being taken in Popocatepetl that it has actually become American property and the flag of the United States is probably ere this floating above its summit, for a company of capitalists from the States have actually purchased this great factory of nature and intend mining the sulphur on an extensive scale.

Consequently the famous mountain has become a subject of more than usual interest. As is known, it is one of the highest peaks on the American continent, reaching to a point 17,520 feet above sea level. The crater itself is somewhat unique, since its present form resembles a bell rather than a cone, to which most craters bear a similarity. The opening is 2,700 feet at its greatest diameter, which is from east to west, while the greatest diameter at right angles to this line is 1,200 feet. The rim of the crater is considerably lower on the side toward the city of Puebla, which is situated within sight of it. At this point the hoisting windlass has been erected. From the hoisting platform to the floor of the interior, as already stated, is no less than 550 feet, of which 225 feet comprises a wall, which is practically vertical. Fortunately the walls are formed of the trachytic and porphyritic rock, covered at the summit by a lava which has been thrown out in past eruptions. The lava rock has assumed such a curious shape that the rim near the hoisting side is popularly known as the "Devil's Spine"—a very popular term. That the sulphur is continually being formed is shown by an examination of the bottom of the crater near the fissures. Here the rocks have been found covered with a layer of powdered sulphur recently deposited. From time to time openings have been made in the mass of debris which has accumulated in the crater as the result of eruptions. These pits have revealed masses of sulphur ranging from 6 to 10 feet in depth. The commission of Mexican experts has traced the deposits, covering spaces which represent nearly half a mile in area, while borings indicate a depth ranging over a thousand feet. The quantity of sulphur secured during the last thirty years, however, gives possibly the best conception of the extent of this curious industry, for it amounts to 10,000 tons, although every pound was taken from the deposits and carried away from the mountain by men and animals.

When the plans of the new owners are carried into execution, the crater will become the site of a most interesting series of operations. Arrangements have been made to install pneumatic machinery which will cut away all of the rock formation which can be reached. It is then believed that the sulphur can be obtained merely by the use of the pick and shovel, since it exists in such a loose formation. A tramway will be built along the floor of the crater with tracks reaching the principal workings. As the sulphur is mined it will be loaded into cars and hauled to the foot of a cableway consisting of a series of huge buckets, traveling along an endless wire rope. As fast as the buckets are filled with sulphur, they will be hoisted to the edge of the crater, thence carried down the mountain to a refinery which is to be built at the foot. Here the impurities will be separated from the sulphur and it will be transported by another cable system to the Interoceanic Railway, whence it will be shipped to the city of Vera Cruz, the nearest seaport.

——A writer in a current medical journal asserts that persons who sleep with their mouths closed enjoy better health than others. But why limit the practice to our sleeping hours?