

Bellefonte, Pa., March 19, 1909.

SANDNAN.

The Sandman's filling his bags with sand, Down by the Slumber Sea: One roguish eye hath he filled on land, Where the playing children be. "Ho! ho!" he laughs—and the waves laugh t The waves of the Slumber Deep so blue— Little Folk, listen! He's warning you!

The Sandman's filling his bags so full On the shore of the Slumber Sea: He has one to carry and one to pull, But he doesn't care-not he "Ho! ho!" he laughs, when the white sands

"Ho, Little Folk, wait for me!"

"Millions of bonny bright eyes to fill" Little Folk, listen! He's laughing still-

Ho, Little Folk, wait for me!" The Sandman's creeping without a sound, And in from the Slumber Sea The Dream Fogs follow and close him round Like a shadow stealeth he!

The Sandman's stealing so near, so near!-They are rubbing their eyes, are the Little Folk dear! "Little Folk, hurry!" he's calling clear:

"To the Land o' Nod with me!" -By Anne E. Barr.

IN MUSICLAND.

Maurice Renaud, first barytone of France, the novelist in building up the characters that he portrays. In common, too, with the novelist, his every figure in opera is a

composite of many.

From the moment he begins to study a role it fills his mind, even in the street; perhaps in conversation some stray remark acts as suggestion.

His Rigoletto takes one of its strongest ef-

fects from a passage that he read in Journal de Goncourt, which tells of an actor whom people had looked on as the incarnation of gaiety, but whose hair, the night that he went insane, turned white, disclosing for the first time the agony that he had suf-

It will be recalled that in Renaud's portraval of Rigoletto, in the first and seco acts he wears a cap as the jester ; in the third act, after learning the tragic fate of his daughter, he appears bareheaded and whitehaired, no longer a buffoon, but a man, broken-hearted. The method is simple, but one compelling of sympathy from the moment of its disclosure.

This gleam of effectiveness came unfor Renaud was reading at random when the suggestion presented itself.

The idea of a physical realization of the

character came about through viewing "The Wedding at Cana," by Paul Veronese, which hange in the Louvre Gallery ; between two pillars is a buffoon. This gave him the idea for the costume.

Don Giovanni Renaud regards as the most difficult role ever written, because of the flagrant contradictions between the man in the opera and the man in the poem. In the latter, Don Giovanni is vulgar, a de bauchee, yet of elegance and refinement. In the opera the role is half-comic.

This came about through the adoption as libretto of the book of Da Ponte, whose habit it was to follow about theatrical companies, and get up a play for them in ten or fifteen days. To accomplish this in such haste, he found it convenient to take from the books of others; in this case from the poem by Moliere, making a caricature of it.

"In order to do this role," said Renaud. in mentioning the subject, "the artist must idealize him, as in the poem, finding the refinement in his own soul, but along with that refinement portray the half-comic spirit of the travesty.

Theophile Gautier wrote of Don Giovanni concerning the many (qualities and contradictions demanded in portraying him in the version chosen by Mozart; then closed with the words: 'Judge for yourself whether one man can play him."

Renaud, whose portrait of Don Giovanni hangs "on the line" with the greatest, after considering the points to be battled with, added modestly : "As it is so diffioult to do, there is some credit in trying to do it.'

Most artists have roles in their repertoire that they prefer to all others, very often the ones for which they are least adapted. Renaud covers the ground in what he says on the subject, and with a stronger spirit of realization than comes to the majority. "I like best," he asserted, "the part] am playing at the time. Like parents who love most those of their children ill-favored by nature, the artist is apt to love most the part for which he is least suited. With age, this feeling diminishes.

"One only becomes a great artist at the stage when one feels one cannot overcome

one's faults. The ability of self-analyzation is strongly developed with Renaud that he es almost a contradiction among singers ; this shows itself, too, in his manner in conversation. Full of animation, with gestures characteristically Gallic, when he reaches a point of close interest he is as absolutely quiet of manner as an Englishman. The alertness of the man's whole

being is concentrated in his brain. He is the strange anomaly, a singing philosopher, one who, with profound temperament has realized the maxim, "Man, know theyself," which the most of us have penned many times on the lines of a copybook in ink smudged youth, and with that considered the incident closed.

"Terror," he went on in introspection. "always seizes me on the stage ; that feeling has never diminished, and yet this is a distinct contradiction to my sang froid in matters aside from my responsibility as an

"The exception to this feeling of terror is when I hear in advance that people dislike a role, then there springs up the desire to struggle to overcome prejudice that makes me forget. In this case I feel that I am struggling against something tangible ; otherwise the struggle is to make myself comprehensible, and against a something that may not be understood.'

Renaud created Telramund in the performance at the Paris Grand Opera with Van Dyck and Madame Caron, when hatred ran high at prospect of the presentation of Wagner's "Lohengrin," and the barytone for two weeks in advance had received threatening letters telling him that the close the theater.' opera-house would be blown up.

The night of the performance a mob stormed the place, and the municipal guard eye," was the answer. was called out to face it. "Yet I never "Frightened?" No, on the contrary. I

during a performance of Ambroise Thomas'
"Hamlet," with Calve as Ophelia. During the trio there was a quickly increasing dis-

in case of fire, being slowly lowered. The manager in the wings motioned "all ight." In that moment Renaud did not know that the assurance came from other than a desire to stop a panic, and that some scene-hand had pressed a wrong button.
Stepping to the front, he told them anxiety must be without foundation, adding quizzioally: "If there were fire the safety curtain couldn't have come down."

It was a mot so applicable to Paris theaters that anxiety turned to laughter. The next day Renaud received indignant letters again, this time from architects and superintendents. "It may be a joke," while Erlanger's 'A they said, "but the kind of a one that reflects on our ability."

Perhaps the aptest characterization of the music of Richard Strauss was made the other afternoon by Cleofonte Campanini:

quiry naturally following.
"Modern Italian music"—the reply was modest, but the tone one of feeling-"is so much liked and loved that I think there must be something in it. It appeals to the | tion

heart, especially Puccini. "But the north pole of music will not be discovered by Strauss or any other; its ocean will never be crossed. Methods of

Perhaps Campanini voiced unconsciously the fact that the more calmly directed intellect of the North will mainly make the discoveries, but that of the South will apply them to the needs of the heart.

But find an Italian with head and heart evenly balanced, and you will find another Campanini; begin your search, though, in

Grieg once spoke to me of Richard Strauss as "the man who conducts with his legs." The irony of his apt allusion lost its sting in the smile that went with it. But we all know how important a part Strauss' legs play aside from their use in his walking.
Campanini shares Grieg's dislike for gymnastics. "I object to an acrobatic conductor," he said that afternoon, bluntly. in trying to hold their forces together. I was present once at a performance of the inhauser' overture when the conductor worked bimself into a frenzy. An encore followed. To show the thorough training of his men he sat down, and let them repeat it without his directing. 'If it goes so well without him, why not rest oftener, asked a naive auditor.

"According to my idea of conducting, the thing is to know the score by heart; with that I have the chorus and orchestra, and can do what I like with them.

"It is a mistake to suppose, as some do, that instrumentalists are more intelligent than singers because of the great amount of labor and thought required by the in-

"Some great singers are not great artists. But a singer like Renaud, for instance, who is both a great singer and a great artist, here you find the profound intelligence. "In the old operas, made up of a duo, trio and a romanza, intelligence playe small part, but with modern opera the question

"All really great musicians, though, no matter in what field, are always simple, always approachable. But there are many ecceptric, and in emulating him, think they also have genius because they have acquir-

ed eccentricity."

Presently there came a rift in the cloud of generalities that let in a light on Campanini's nature, or rather on the natures of

both; it was when he spoke of his wife.
"From the day we were married," he said, "we have made our careers together." And that means that for twenty years these two Italians have led their art-life ogether, he conducting and she singing in

the same companies. Had Daudet known of this his "Les Femmes d'Artistes" might have contained at least one comforting exception to a list

of discomforting verities.

Those knowing the history tell briefly this: In Madrid, Lisbon and elsewhere Madame Campanini, under the stage name of Tetrazzini, received, as is the case with Latin audiences, first honors as prima donna. When, last winter everything made for tremendous successes for Mr. Campanini, although more than once urged to sing, the wife remained in the background, happy at last to leave all family laurels to the husband. It is only recently in "Andrea Chenier," that she was beard for the first time in the history of the pres-

ent engagement. It was Madame Campanini who once displayed the collection of decorations granted by sovereigns. "I never wear them," he said, half-apologetically eying them, and then with a blush: "But I like to have them, it pleases the artist."

The personality of Dubussy is interesting, as that of a new international figure in the musical world, and all the more strongly because distance and retirement have lent to him something of the elusive. He has never attended a single public performance of his master-work, "Pelleas et Melisande," though present at every re-The night of its premiere he smoked a hundred and ten cigarettes in a neighboring cafe, while the audience fought over it at the Opera Comique.

Of that night Dubussy said : "When I gave it to the public it was a love that was dead; it was no longer mine." But the moment of Dubussy's relinquishing of the

opera was exciting.
When Wagner's "Taunhauser" was brought out in that same Paris, which is always pining for novelty, yet never recognizes it when it sees it, a worse scene was enacted, but "Pelleas et Melisande" was a

good second. Dubussy chose well, not only as central artist, but as champion, when he selected Miss Mary Garden to deliver bis musical propaganda. Had Wagner had an Elizabeth of equal courage, the message of "Tann-hauser" might not have been so long de-

ferred in its Parisian delivery.

The first night of "Pelleas et Melisande" Miss Garden describes a scene in which "the people whistled throughout the performance, and fought like wild beasts. management was very nearly obliged to

'What did you do?" "I stood up and looked them in the

There was another time, too, when these same qualities of his were brought out.

There was another time, too, when these same qualities of his were brought out.

Like most people of courage, she is economical with words, but those who have seen a Paris audience in a state of anticloth and ashes. For four years she was something."

get them into my brain. The music of lapses of memory. A great teacher, she Melisande is harder than that of Salome, for owes to Wuliner her first real musical while Salome is of torture-difficulty, Melis-ande is of real difficulty. Yet when one knows it, it seems marvelous in its sim-she did what she needed. Before that she

Wagner than black is like white. The opera, gave a new turn to ber art, a turn days and nights were spent visiting friends showness of its growth in appreciation is that began with the descent of Kreh's and taking advantage of the opportunity tin's Works, and Mount Eagle, where we best reckoued by the fact that in four years baton in the cathedral at Dresden.

phrase; from that point on they would pro-"Strauss has gone in search of the dots of the has not got there yet, but he deserves our praise for the hitherto unknown serves our praise for the hitherto unknown he heard it, though unable himself to sugher the has discovered." oeed, repeating a passage indefinitely notil gagement in London to sing she had gained completely his conception den, she said to him:

gave the accompanying action," was Miss Ainslee's.

"And Dubussy the man ?" was the ques-'sensitive as a baby, but cruel as a child.

Dubussy's opera has not furnished her with her only exciting incident. Another expression will change, but finality will came during the long run of "Louise," at never be reached, for music is part of the forever of the world."

came during the long rate of the third the Opera Comique. It was in the third act, just after the fival note of her big air that some one in the gallery cried "Oh !" Those in the neighborhood mistook it for 'Fire !" and paudemonium started in the house from top to bottom. For five min-utes people battled with each other, and

then the theater was empty.

Herself understanding the exclamation, and knowing that fire had nothing to do with it, Miss Garden was at sea; perhaps it was a demonstration against her? ever it might be, it was distinctly remarkable. Then Miss Garden did something as characteristic as it was humorously lightful. She sat down on a chair ou the

stage to see what they would do next.

Meanwhile, another situation as delight fully humorous, in the sense that is Gallic, took place in the foyer. Monsieur Carre, "Italians generally have a great deal of the manager, seeing his theatre bereft in a temperament, which runs away with them twinkling of its audience, and unable, for the life of him, to ascribe a reason for it, rushed into the foyer, where he found it more or less incomplete in details or personal adornment.

"What are you doing here?" he called "What are you doing here?" echoed the

mass, unruffling its feathers, and wondering what it was all about. After this little improptu, Louise began to sing again. One half of the audience had returned, and was demanding a repetition of the big air, at the end of which, a short time before, a lady in the gallery had

fainted, after thoughtfully crying out "Oh !" At sixteen Madame Schumann-Heink was ready for her debut, singing at Gratz as one of the quartette in a performance of quit it, so he would take a pledge for thir sippi or Oklahoma. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Madame Marie Wilt, the great prima donna, and the soprano of the occasion, delighted with the new contralto, promised to introduce her in Vienna. This was more easily proposed than accepted, the officer's salary of her father, thirty dollars a month, not allow-

ing many tours for his six daughters.
But when Field-Marshal Von Benedick, of "66" in Italy, heard that the child of a comrade was about to lose a fine oppor-tunity, he came to the rescue with a pocketbook less full than the gold braid on his uniform would outwardly warrant. So Ernestina, duly chaperoned, set out for Vienna. There accompanied by Madame Wilt, she sang to the Imperial Royal Court-Opera-Director Januer.

The shoes that the young singer wore that day were a trophy from the barracks at Gratz. Like those of her younger sisters, they were made of the scraps of leather left over from the soldiers' brogans, and cost nothing. Clumping across the parquet floor, in a dress that reached to ankles, she entered her judge's dandified presence. Mutual aversion was immediate. Ernestina could not sing any more than Janner could listen, and she went back to Gratz with no visible result from the spending of the field-marshal's money.

At sixteen one cannot be very long un happy. This time there was ground for light-heartedness, and a month later she was able to make another journey, to Dres-

At that early day she sang all her roles by ear ; they came to her out of the air, as it were, for no great amount of musicial knowledge bothered her, as did a certain old oboe-player in the orchestra, who toiled for every atom of it that he got. Viewing the young contralto, laughing as Azucena in captivity and all the rest of her "Golden Medical Discovery." dismal moments, and learning a new part without a tithe of the labor that he had in learning a cadenza, he promptly announced that she would never amount to anything as a singer. Having a good share of that antipathy which the orchestral player so frequently has for the easier success of the vocalist, he told her so. At the time her heart was too gay to take bim seriously, but in a critical moment of disaster later she remembered it.

Part of her duties was to sing in the cathedral. One great feast-day, Corpus Christi it was, the King and Queen of Saxony and their court marched in procession to mass, for which great musicial preparations had been made. All went well until Ernestina's first solo came. Lost in won-der over the scene, and the sight of "so many beautiful young lieutenants," as she describes it, the new contralto forgot that such things as solos existed. A poke from Court Diretor Krebs' baton brought her back to reality. At the same instant she caught sight of his stately, dignified presence, and the wrath shining out through his spectacles. The old oboe-player, blowing in conscientious horror, sat quite near her An unbeeding past and his dismal prediction swept over her to combine with

Tones came, not written in the music; she made a fresh haphazard start, but even the time she struck on was different from the one in which the orchestra was playing. Down came the court-conductor's baton on her shoulders. "Crazy goose" were the

words that accompanied it.

quiet in the audience. People were rising bere, there, everywhere in the house, and making for the exits. Looking up by chance, he saw the safety curtain, let down rection at vespers on week days, when the congregations, made up chiefly of old ladies, was supposed to afford proof against

> plicity. The opera is trying mentally, but had sung purely by ear, not knowing two-never vocally. never vocally.
>
> "Wherever it is given there will be discussions, quarrels and camps, as with Wagner, though Dubussy is no more like This, with the training she got at the

Meanwhile, the old oboe-player, being of would come three nights in the week to go Meanwhile, the old oboe-player, being of through the music with Miss Garden. She a frank and musical nature, repeated his would begin by singing at random some dire predictions in season and out. When yearly Bellefonte visitor from Marsh enforced. At Mount Eagle was met several she returned from her first successful en- Creek or the other back valleys in the of the well known Leathers family and had gagement in London to sing again in Dres- county. On Sanday moring at the Clark first entertainment among friends, by par-

The Baker Family.

Editor Democratic Watchman.

was well acquainted with his whole family, Army of the Republic, arrived and took us wondering, searching look was directed his father, grandfather, and father's broth- along with its happy crowd of home friends toward the unknown stranger who lingered ers, Joe and Charles. Charles belonged to and neighbors. The trip across Indiana around and returned up town with the company A, 45th regiment, and died from and a portion of Ohio, was perhaps the last of the crowd; and withheld his identity wounds received at South Mountain, Sep- most enjoyable we ever made, and if the until at the ice cream festivities held in tember 14th, 1862. Joe was in one of the editor whom we have known to be al. Kline's vacant store room that evening. departments at Washington and died soon ways just as much of an unconipromising The following ten days were given to reafter or during the war. Mr. Hiram Ba- Democrat as the writer is and has been a rambling over the community where beker, father of Samuel, was the last clerk in Repuplican, will permit we will particular- youd twenty years we had grown up with the store at Curtin's old rolling mill, when ize politically, in a slight friendly manner, and learned to know so well. The old the firm of R. C. and S. Curtin quit the Iowa is a Republican State notwithstand. school yard, the swimming hole, the coaststore business in connection with the works ing the fact that friend Meek's party affil- ing hills, and the "Back alley" wherein and began paying all cash to hands in 1864. liated brethren of the press had the audac- we hid with other "town boys" when Mr. Baker was then taken to the forge and ity to place us in doubtful column in playing Hallowe'en pranks ; down to the kept the books. My uncle Austin, who their last fall ante-election estimates. Our furnace and rolling mill, up to Monthad been book keeper, removed to his farm 50,000 to 80,000 majorities are just as gomery's tan yard, up the mountain side across the creek from the old rolling mill. finely established as the 200,000 to 300,000 where we went in boyhood to trail down by father's family. When at the forge, until as impossible to "root out the gang" in cow, who led the way home, by meanhis family moved there, he lived at the Des Moines, as it is in Harrisburg and the dering paths, rather than driven. house of my uncle, John Curtin. He re only difference worthy of note is that we mained at the forge, in the house now occurred by the state House fully "Divide" was taken and a stop at the old mained at the forge, in the house now oc- know how to build a State House fully cupied by James Barger, until he left for equipped and ready for occupancy, with farm, where we lived for one year, a porthe west in 1869. Samuel and the late every penny of the public found used tion of the "Uncle John Smith place" and Harry Curtin were boys together and were therefor honestly accounted for, yet on the in the neighbor of the Halls, and with a great friends.

ty days and put the tobacco and the pledge he was favorable to it years ago.

Curtin, and I was sworn in as his assistant States who were either asleep or husking the rear premises. On this visit, advanceat the time the offlice was opened. It corn on election day four years previous ment was very apparent. Streets were in could not be called "Curtin," like the sta- and our crowd just had to respond to the use from Montgomery's tan yard to Spring's tion, as there was one Curtin postoffice in yells and waving of, as it appeared, every. Lock, while Tipton's Field and the Baker the State, in Dauphin county, so the office body ; farmers in the fields thrashing or clearing were well covered with residences was called Roland, after my father and plowing, occupants of vehicles on the roads and necessary streets, beyond uncle Johnny grandfather. It was opened in 1866 or '67, families on the porch, crowds in every Longs. Our old home still the same stood but has lately been changed to "Curtin" town at which we stopped, it was Harrison, opposite the Methodist church, and we to make it correspond with the station, as Harrison, and the election later produced were bold enough to ask the stranger cothe Curtin office in Dauphin county has the same sound. been discontinued.

AUSTIN CURTIN.

Remember that your birthright is health. diseased condition is unnatural. Nature hates disease. She is always working her dominion. But Nature cannot work without material. If you do not eat, you will starve in spite of all Nature's effort. den, to enter a competition total will starve in spite of all Nature a post at the Royal Opera there. Fate was kinder than at Vienna. Two other applicable was the one chosen for make bad food into good flesh and good make bad food into good flesh and good food and your a three years' contract.

Her first appearance was as Asuccna, in Verdi's "II Trovatore," and she laughed all the evening, because so many people were there and her salary, sixty dollars a month, was double that of her father for drilling his soldiers. ach and organe of digestion and nutrition, so that good food is not fouled before being made into blood and flesh. It eliminates poisonous and effete material, and so prepares the way of Nature and makes he naths straight. In the whole range of medicine there is nothing which will heal the stomach and cleause the blood like

Working Women

Who are exposed to the strain of daily labor, the changes of weather, and who must work no matter how they feel, are hose most liable to "female troubles." Irregular periods, and suppression, lead to more serious diseases until the wan face, the shadowed eyes, the nervous twitchings rangement of the delicate womanly organs or arrest of their functions. In all such wonderful efficacy. It quickly restores regularity, and gives health to the diseased parts. The nervousness ceases, the cheeks become full and bright. The whole body

reflects the conditions of perfect health. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will work an ab-

A half a hundred vexing ailments can be traced to constipation. Biliousness, headche, vertigo, sallowness, nervousness, sleeplessness, irritability, mental depression, and cold hands and feet are only some of the symptoms of constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and they cure its consequences.

--- The star arose at the school enterainment to declaim his piece.
"Lend me your ears!" he bawled.

Forty Years in Iowa

[Written especially for the WATCHMAN.]

CHAPTER Y.

For the year of 1888 the Iowa state fair closed on Friday, September 7th, and on where he had contracted a complication of that evening at 9.30 o'clock your corres. kidney and lung trouble to which be sucpondent boarded a Rock Island train, with cumbed three months later. We considered a visit to the old home country as the ob- it a duty to take him into our home, cared jection. An all night ride landed us in the for him and gave him a christian burial in inter-ocean city where the two following our beautiful Woodland country. to again see a portion of that great city of took an afternoon train to Howard. In best reckoued by the fact that in four years it has had but fifty presentations in Paris, while Erlanger's 'Aphrodite' received sixty tempered her German earnestness, and it was just the same when she slipped out of was just the same when she slipped out of the sa monthed and opened eyed feeling, as the in a strange land, until our identity was & Washington street M. E. church we taking of a noonday meal with the family she had gained completely his conception in its delivery, which he recognized when he heard it, though unable himself to suggest the exact expression be wished.

"Strange to say, I found it only when I know it?"—By William Armstrong in called. Later he has frequently so officiated tragic death in his own factory.

Washington street M. E. church we listened for the first time to a sermon deplacement of William B. Leathers, whom we were pained to, a few years later, learn of his called. Later he has frequently so officiated tragic death in his own factory. in our own city, the last time just previous At Howard the first friendly encounter to his demise, as a Bishop in his church. On Monday morning, the Iowa Special who performed the tonsorial act and knew loaded with Des Moines and vicinity peo- not his customer until the next day.

election eve, when the returns from the friend John Holter, did not omit a visit Hiram Baker was one of the best men I Keystone State are flashed across the street "down the creek" among the Pletcher's, ever knew, quiet, religious, careful of many a throat is made hoarser than they Shank's and Holter's, old friends and aceverything, a good scholar, a good book- might have been had the WATCHMAN been quaintances were everywhere at band, and keeper, a good clerk. I was in the office privileged to display its array of roosters, only those of like experience can realize with him for several years, as manager of long kept in storage for use alone for its the real enjoyment and pleasure of again the business of the firm. He was a great victories in old Centre which, by the way, mingling with friends and boon comchewer of tobacco and quite anxious to seems to have been turned over to Missis- panions of boyhood days. Howard at the

in a desk opposite one he used, and every politically converting its returned soldiers, from Packer's bridge to Heverly's blackday would go and read the pledge. The our train was loaded with mostly onesided smith shop; another crossed this, extendminute the month was up he would take people. The campaign was on hand and ing from Knoll's tavern to 300 feet beyond the pledge and tear it up and begin obewour crowd seemed to be a united opinion,
ing tobacco again, but some years before that Cleveland (one of the most consistent "Back alley" extended along the rear of the ing tobacco again, but some years before that Cleveland (one of the most consistent his death he wrote me and said he had at Democrate that ever held the job and bet. school play ground perhaps two-thirds the it, and was then as much opposed to it as get and Ben Harrison given the place. Our incorporated town had just passed an orditrain was appropriately decorated which nance permitting "boardwalks;" and the Mr. Baker was the first postmaster at seemed to arouse our brothers of these two many "woodpiles" were thereby forced to

a train, loaded with Republicans entirely, at the walls, that were the first our eyes and all the day long through a country that seemed to be also entirely of that graveyard across the way, (or cemetery of political faith.

were given the impression that the place of very many of the older people of our people, so great was the crush of humanity, of whom were among the first to be placed in that Silent City. The WATCHMAN of place of rest, though we did finally, on a February 26th announces the death of compassed the entertainment for the non- man. As one by one we pass away, we ago, nearly all of the leading commanding soon be of the past. Generals were alive and in active evidence at this encampment and the array of these home having expired, we passed on to great men that led the armies that saved other places in the State and county that our country, in the parade and on the claimed an interest, and as we again find reviewing stand; some as badly maimed encroachment on space getting in it work. and scarred as their brothers of private pass up further reminiscences for a future rank-Sickles who left a leg at Gettysburg writing, but may remain in Howord while and Howard an arm at Seven Pines, and we intervene, with the next article on both yet among the living was a privileged ''knockers' at home. sight not often accorded to we of the com-

mon walks of life. Wednesday night found us on a train bound for Pittsburg where we found our said the magistrate, "Do I understand train ready to give the mountain trip to that you prefer charges against him?" our destination. Deprive the 18 year old school boy of his custom from infancy of of the body all tell the story of serious de- mountain rambling and transplant him to a plain, with the horizon and blue sky cases Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has only in sight above his own level; impristurn him to his native heath, be and only such of like conditions can realize the peculiar sensation that took possession of When constipation clogs the system Dr. this chap when after such a lapse of time he again found hymself among the mountains and hills of his old home. A freight wreck ahead between Tyrone and Miles- itly?" burg, kept our train until after night, so that 11 00 p. m. Friday, September 13th, found us in bed in a botel at the latter place. The following morning in the house known many years ago as the residence and drug store of C. G. Ryman, a lady, sweeping the dooryard, was recognized as the daughter of John Lyman, of Mt. Eagle, and it took some time to con-"Ha!" sneered the mother of the opposi-tion, but defeated, pupil, "that's Sarah Jane Doran's boy. He wouldn't be his mother's son if he hadn't want to borrow party he represented himself to be. George party he represented himself to be. George
H., who lived near Curtin's Forge, was her combs as high as eighteen feet.

brother. Auother brother Thomas, was found by the writer, prior to this time in an emaciated condition scarcely able to walk, on the streets of Des Moines. He had recently come from the south west

was with a former ohum and schoolmate

I have been interested in reading Sam- ple en route to Columbus, Ohio, to attend A Sanday school picuic, in "Butler's W. Baker's "Forty Years in Iowa." I the National Encampment of the Grand Woods" was at its height, and many a When at the store Mr. Baker lived in my of our party in Pennsylvania, and it is just aid of that well known bell, the old spotted

> time we left it, had no thoroughfares As the civil war had the reputation of called streets. One "Big road" extended capants, to permit an inspection of the Never before or since have we ridden on premises and a look through the rooms, and have remembrance of beholding. In the today), familiar names were seen out on Arriving at Columbus at 9.30 p. m. we the headstones marking the resting places was composed of passenger coaches and day and among them many ancestors, some cot in an attic. The following two days another old schoolmate, Miss Sallie Hagermember of the G. A. R. Twenty years beed the notice that our generation will

The allotted time to be spent in the old S W RAKER

Des Moines, Iowa, March 5th, 1909.

-- "You say this man stole your coat," "Well, no, Your Honor," replied the plaintiff. "I prefer the coat, if it's all the same to you. Fig and Nut Jelly .- Make the usual

plain lemon jelly; put some cut up figs and shelled nuts into a ring mold, and fill on him thus for twenty years and then re- with warm jelly; put on ice, and after turning out fill the centre with whipped cream.

--- Cracks in floors may be neatly and permanently filled with a paste made from old newspapers, flour, alum and water, thoroughly boiled together.

-Do you trust your husband implic-"What a question! Why, of course I do -to a certain extent.'

---Jimmie-- "My ma's gone down-town to pay some bills." Tommie-"Pooh! The man comes to the house to collect ours!"

-The cause for scours is overfeeding, filthy quarters, cold milk, sour milk, feeding grain with the milk, dirty pails, exposure to cold rains and such unnatural