



CENTRE COUNTY IN THE CIVIL WAR.

148th Regiment, Pennsylvania
Volunteers.

By T. P. Meyer, Sergeant Co. A., 148th
Regiment, P. V.

(To be Continued.)

CHAPTER VI. THE PRISONER'S STORY.

The second was the fact of the condition of filth and misery in Belle Island prison camp, now threatened to become a pest-camp, which, with its eight thousand inmates packed on about seven acres of ground, might easily and quickly get beyond the control of the health authorities of the Confederacy. Then we to Richmond and Manchester, as well as to our camp. In Jan. 1864, smallpox broke out in camp, and many were carried out and sent to a pest camp, away from the city. The number of cases daily increased, and the prospect under this additional visitation of affliction, made our situation doubly horrible, inasmuch as there was no escape, and we asked how long, and what more shall yet be added to the misery already endured. Our quarantine was already established, in the vigilant guards around us. During the month the cases became so numerous that Richmond and Manchester became alarmed and demanded action.

A notice was posted at the Hospital gate, requesting all who desired to be vaccinated, to report at the hospital every afternoon; the boys went out by hundreds every day to be vaccinated. In our mess we questioned the quality of the virus used, and which would be the greatest risk. For a month we escaped; when it seemed that our time had at last come. It was stated before that Skinner, Adams and I, "wintered" under the same blankets. One night Skinner took sick; he had chills and a bad night generally. He was "spooned" up with Adams and me, head and ears under the blankets, with us; he shivered, complained of pain, was feverish and red in the face. In the morning we concluded to take him down to "sick call"; we led him down and stood him up before the surgeon, who looked at him and gruffly said—"Smallpox; away with him!" We let go as if he were hot iron; he was sent to the pest camp; he did not die but was cured and returned to the "Island Camp" the same day I came away, the following spring. Our mess was all anxiety for several weeks, fearing that infection was in our tent; yet we all escaped. But scurvy, which had been a scourge in camp for some time, now attacked three in our mess in virulent form; swollen, bleeding gums; dreadfully offensive breath; teeth becoming loose; bleeding ulcers on the legs; they were sent to the hospital and we never saw or heard of them afterwards. Letters from their homes since the war stated that they never came back.

For months there had been no men paroled from the Island and more prisoners were almost daily coming in, till, notwithstanding the losses by reason of sickness and death, over eight thousand prisoners were in the camp, which was necessarily twice enlarged, and the greater number here, the greater the amount of misery to be endured by all. Every man on the Island was determined to do his best to get away by the first opportunity, they cared not where, for any possible change must be for the better.

On Dec. 27th squads No. 1 to V—five hundred men, were called to "fall in." Instantly, the idea went forth that the Commissioners of Exchange had agreed, and the long talk of parole was to begin. The joyful prospects of release greatly excited the camp.

The commotion was indescribable; yelling, shouting and running through the streets, and packing against the gate, a dense, uncontrollable mass of more than three thousand men, every one of them determined to be one of the five hundred. I was a member of squad No. 68 at that time, but I worked hard to "flank in," and made good headway; I began to be very hopeful; they were still going out and not a dozen ahead of me. I got into the gate with several others when the Confederate Sergeant shouted, "That is all!" Still we were being crowded forward by the multitude back of us, still pressing to get out. "Get back!" the guards shouted; we could not get back; the guards were armed with guns and bayonets fixed. Many were more or less severely bayoneted; quite a number of Confederates had clubs only, and the clubbing of prisoners also commenced. Many fell under the clubs; my time had come; they were up to me. I turned and tried to get out of reach, but the pack was too dense. One of the "clubbing rebels" now took me over the head with his club, and I, too, "went down in a heap." I wore my blanket like a shawl, and became entangled in it,

Continued at foot of next column.

TOOK HER OWN LIFE.

Mrs. Joseph Spangler Found Hanging in
Coal Shed, at Her Home in Freeport,
Illinois.

Mrs. Anna Spangler, wife of Joseph Spangler, a farmer living just east of Freeport, Illinois, committed suicide Saturday afternoon, the 2nd inst., by hanging herself with a clothesline in the coal shed. It appeared like a determined effort of Mrs. Spangler to meet death in this manner, for when the body was found her feet were so close to the floor that by stretching herself she could have touched the floor. The body was cut down by Mr. Spangler, who had just returned from a trip to town.

Mrs. Spangler was the mother of eight children, one of whom died a year ago. She had been in poor health for some time and submitted to an operation at Globe hospital in Freeport December 8 last, returning to her home December 31. While her physical condition seemed to be improved, she was subject to hallucinations and worried over affairs that no doubt affected her mind. The deceased was thirty-nine years old. Her death is a sad one and much sympathy is expressed for the husband and motherless children.

Mr. and Mrs. Spangler went west from the Wilson farm, east of Centre Hall, about four years ago. Mrs. Spangler was the oldest daughter of ex-County Treasurer James J. Gramley, of Rebersburg.

An Old Bible.

An old German family Bible, purchased in 1802, costing \$16.50, was received by Mrs. David Keller, of Boalsburg, several days ago, from the west. The Bible is a Sheneberger heirloom, and was presented to Mrs. Keller's mother, Mrs. George Sheneberger, and contains the records of that family for three generations. Some years ago, the members of the family having the Bible moved to Illinois, and it was from there the book was sent to Mrs. Keller, who is the only survivor of George Sheneberger.

The book was shipped by freight, the packing and all weighing ninety pounds. It is in good condition and contains some well preserved book marks. Mrs. Keller, although well advanced in years, is able to read well, and takes pleasure in reading from the book to her husband, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, making six generations who have seen and heard readings from the Sheneberger German family Bible.

Centre Countians Will Banquet.

The male members of the Centre County Association of Philadelphia will hold a banquet, February 9th, at D'Onner Hotel. Notice to that effect was received from Dr. S. Gray Matern, the secretary of the association. The price per plate is \$2.00.

Continued from first column.

but I picked myself up as quickly as possible; just then one of the guards came rushing at me with a bayonet, and the situation was critical. Instantly I turned, and giving out the worst yell of my life, I dashed against the pack of prisoners just inside the gate, to save myself. I pushed several head over heels, and fell headlong over them, and felt greatly relieved when I felt others falling on top of me. I escaped, but how badly those on top of me were bayoneted, I never learned. This mix-up soon dissolved, and we were all on our feet again; the pack had greatly thinned out, and matters looked more orderly.

I must not omit saying that my head was well protected by the thick, tough, yellow rebel hat that I wore, and under the excitement of the occasion I never felt the blow that knocked me down, although for several days I wore a lump on my head the size of a walnut.

There was no further need of violence, if excuse for it could be given in the first place. But the Rebel Sergeant, Haight by name, a deserter from the Union Regular Army, and the greatest tyrant of all, in charge of the guard, was not satisfied; he snatched a musket from one of the guards, and most brutally bayoneted several of the prisoners. A poor emaciated, cadaverous looking prisoner, scarcely able to keep his feet, tottered by him; on seeing him at his right, he brought the butt of the musket to the right, and with great force butted the half dead prisoner on the temple, and he fell in a heap; he gave him a thrust with the bayonet, which latter, however, could give him no pain, as the blow on the temple had killed him. "Get up!" the Reb. yelled, as he once more drew the bayonet for another thrust; "Don't you have already killed him?" we shouted; "take him away," he commanded; he was carried out, and we yelled, "Murderer! murderer!" The five hundred prisoners taken out were sent south.

Centre Reporter \$1.00 a year.

LETTER FROM MISS McMINN.

REDLAND, CALIFORNIA.
EDITOR CENTRE REPORTER.

SIR:—Some of my friends east have written me for an eight or ten page description of my trip west. It has occurred to me that some of my quondam friends in dear old Centre might be expecting something of the same. Now instead of writing to each individually, will you give space to the enclosed letter? And later on to another giving my impression of Redlands?

Yours Truly,
KATE B. McMINN.

January 5, 1904.
141 Eureka Street.

Leaving my good friends in Beaver county, I boarded a train on the R & L. E. R. R. on the evening of the 28th of October, meeting my traveling companion, Mrs. Smith, an hour later in Youngstown, Ohio. Next morning found us in Chicago, the metropolis of the Middle West. Taking breakfast in the depot, we then started out to secure our sleeper tickets at the general office of the Santa Fe, after which we proceeded to the great dry goods store of Marshall Fields, where we had arranged to meet a friend.

Ten years ago this store was acknowledged the store of Chicago. Then it was but a faint promise of what it is now. With a pay roll of seven thousand clerks and employees, twenty-three acres of floor space, filled with the finest fabrics from the looms of the Orient, together with the product of skilled hands in our own manufacturing, its departments of cut glass, imported pottery and china, its cold storage room containing three million dollars worth of furs, its rest room, with its warning card—'Profound Silence—where the weary or children can lie down and rest in perfect quiet; its gymnasium for his employees; educational room for the poor cash boys, where a number in turn receive an hour's instruction each day; its row of automobiles standing in front waiting to carry its customers to their own door in any part of the city for a nickel; this, and much more than I dare take either time or space to write, mark it not only as the store of Chicago, but of the continent. Our guide told us she had taken John Wanamaker through the week before. After he had gone the rounds, he said: "Well I must go home and hustle up." After a lunch and a look at several other places of interest our friend took us home with her to tea. Here we met a friend of our school days, Miss Sallie T. Barr, formerly of Centre county. We spent a pleasant evening together till near eight o'clock, when, accompanied by our friends we took an electric car for the Santa Fe depot. Two other friends met us here.

Bidding good bye to dear ones at 10:30 p. m. we took our places in a tourist's sleeper, and after an uneventful but comfortable ride, we reached Kansas City next day near noon. Here we expected to change for train No. 1 to train No. 7, but for good reasons we decided not to make any change till we reached Trinidad next day, where we stopped for the Sabbath. Here we enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taylor, formerly of Homer City. Our stay was indeed a pleasant one, they seemed to consider us a link between them and their Pennsylvania home. Their kindness is a pleasant memory.

At noon on Monday we boarded train No. 7, and found the conductor equally as jolly and good natured as the one on train No. 1. We have never traveled over any of the other through lines to the Pacific Coast. But doubt if the conductors and train men of any other road surpass if equal those of the Santa Fe in intelligence, courtesy and good nature.

Our route now lay over what was truly the "Great West." We had been rising as we passed through western Kansas and Colorado, from an altitude of four thousand feet above the sea, till as we reached the Raton Range of the Rockies, we were told the altitude was six thousand feet. Here began the final ascent to the first of many "lofty mountain gateways"—The Raton Pass. The grade is so steep that two powerful mountain engines are required to haul the train at a rate hardly faster than a walk. The curves are so sharp the wheels shriek at the strain.

Here we had time to view the ever changing scenery. Here a beautiful canon shaded with aspen and pine, then, huge bare cliffs, and mountain ranges with breaks through which we could see far out across to other ranges.

The Winning Estimates.

J. E. Elwell, of Ottawa, Kansas, guessed within sixty-three of the correct number of cigars upon which tax at the rate of \$3 a thousand was paid in the month of November. The correct number was 578,157,470. Mr. Elwell got \$5,000, for his good estimate. Twenty thousand dollars will be distributed in prizes on account of this contest.

es—all at a distance incredible to us. But the hills begin to crowd upon us. Here we pass a post marked on one side "Colorado," on the other "New Mexico."

In a twinkling we plunge into a half-mile tunnel dark as Egypt and at an elevation of seven thousand six hundred feet. Emerging from it, the train having dropped one of its engines seemed to rush down the steep incline till we reached the plains of New Mexico—"A Territory in the Sky." It is said "Its upland plains lie at an altitude that in the Eastern states must be sought among the clouds." Now and then we cross, or pass in sight of, the Old Santa Fe trail, over which journeyed every emigrant bound for this South Western country in early days.

Here our route lay past dead volcanoes and lava beds, of which tons of the latter, the conductor informed us, had been used in making the bed of the Santa Fe railroad. Here we pass a group of little adobe Indian huts—on, over boundless plains covered with sage brush and grease wood. Here and there an enterprising ranchman has broken the sod—rather stirred the sand—and lo! "the desert blossoms as the rose."

On past Las-Vegas, with its health-giving hot springs, and Santa Fe where Gen. Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur." On, on, until 10:30 p. m. brought us to Albuquerque. We were disappointed not to see the place by day light. We wanted to look at the magnificent hotel Alvarado, built in the old Spanish Mission style, a wide spreading, low building, built of stone, covered with cement, a red tiled roof, with many towers, and surrounded by a procession of arches. The hotel itself is three hundred feet long, one hundred and eighty feet wide. The museum which fills one wing of the hotel contains a fine collection of Indian relics, and products too, of many Indian tribes, who live in their little adobe huts near the town. Navajo and Moki Indians are engaged in the museum during the day at their various crafts, weavers, potters, silversmiths, and basket makers. Though closed for the night, the conductor told us the building alone was well worth seeing, and we could walk around, and see a great deal through the windows. We took his counsel and were glad we did so. Our look at the Alvarado by moonlight, will not soon be forgotten.

Next day we crossed the Arizona line. The scenery here is largely of the heroic east. Its huge barren cliff-rising in places like great spires, mountains circled round by tiers of stone, set on end as if by the hand of man. One of these especially reminded us of pictures of the "Giants Causeway," which we used to study with interest when children. Here we crossed and recrossed what seemed the dry bed of a great river. On inquiry, the answer came "This is the Big Wash, that washes all this big country. In the rainy season you ought to see it. It is not a dry river then." But the natural wonders of Arizona must be seen to be appreciated.

Next day at noon we reached Ash Fork and here we bade good bye to some of our passengers, who left us taking a branch road to Phoenix, in search of that greatest of all boone-health. Tuesday night shortly after dark, we passed "The Needles" a town so called from two lofty peaks just on the line between Arizona and California. "Now all get off if you want to see Indians." I think very few remained on the train. Sure enough, Indians to the right of us, Indians to the left of us, Indians all around us—miserable, homely, tattooed creatures, with their arms outstretched—hung with beautiful strings of beads, anxiously begging, "Havey some? Two bits, four bits, dolla." A good many invested. Returning to the car, our berths were made up, and we were soon fast asleep, forgetful alike of beads, Indians, or anything else tangible. Soon after midnight the porter roused us to say that we were nearing Barstow. Here we left the San Francisco train and our jolly traveling companion, who pursued her way to Stockton, while we, after a half hour's wait, took our seat in a chair car for San Bernardino, reaching it by 4:20 p. m.

After a wait of several hours we got a car for Redlands and were soon at our destination, thankful that God had so kindly watched over us all the way.

Church Conference for York.

The Central Pennsylvania Conference of the United Evangelical church will hold its annual conference in York opening March 1, next. The sessions will be held in Trinity church, Rev. H. A. Benfer, pastor, Bishop W. F. Hell, of Chicago, will preside, and Bishops Hartzler, Dubs and Stanford are to be present.

AGAINST SPROUL ROAD LAW.

Farmers' Organization Wants Act that
Will Benefit All Counties.

Through its legislative and executive committees the Pennsylvania State Grange has taken a stand against the Sproul road bill passed by the last Legislature.

A joint meeting of these committees was held in Harrisburg at which a resolution was adopted declaring that all classes of property should bear an equitable share in building and maintaining public roads; that a tax of at least one mill should be placed on all personal and corporate property for road purposes, and that this money so raised should be applied to reduce local taxation.

Representative William T. Creasy, of Columbia county, a member of the legislative committee, said that the present law was of benefit only to about one-half the counties of Pennsylvania while the proposition advocated by the Grange would benefit all the counties.

The purpose of the meeting was to outline a policy on national and State questions for the present year, and to make an effort to enlist Congressmen and legislative candidates in a parcel post system, a postal savings bank law and an act compelling the American manufacturer to offer his products as cheap in this country as abroad.

The Grangers will make an effort to secure the passage by the next Legislature of bills permitting trolley companies to carry freight and for the relief of local taxation by allowing counties and municipalities to retain the balance of the personal property tax and all of the license tax now paid to the State.

Notice to Settle.

All persons having accounts against the undersigned are requested to present the same for settlement before February 1st, 1904. This request is made owing to the fact that there will be a change in the firm.

A. P. LUSE & SON,
Centre Hall, Pa.

Assessment Illegal.

An important decision was filed by Judge Biddle, of Carlisle, in the case of the Iron City Insurance Company, of Pittsburg, which went into the hands of receivers in 1896. In 1897 Elmer W. Moore, the receiver, laid an assessment to pay a deficit. The policy holders resisted payment and suit was brought in Cumberland county. The case was tried some months ago and Judge Biddle then directed the jury to find a verdict for the plaintiff subject to certain points of law reserved. Now the Judge sets aside the verdict and enters judgment against the receiver for costs.

In the policy was a guarantee that the assessments should not exceed an aggregate of \$25.87 and in the case tried the policy holder had notice of five assessments of \$5.40 each.

Canning Factory at Howard.

According to the Howard Hustler that town is to have a canning factory, sure thing. The plant is to be constructed by the same firm that is soliciting subscribers in this locality. The Hustler says:

As we have stated before, a project was on foot to establish a Canning Factory in Howard, and now, we are glad to announce, that enough stock has been sold and the contract to erect the plant closed, the amount, sixteen thousand dollars, being raised. At the last meeting a committee was elected to secure the ground to erect it on, and they have been busy hunting a good location. The factory will employ 150 persons, and every person should do all in their power to help it along. Inside of 30 days the work of erecting the building will commence.

ITS UP TO YOU.

If you are not a subscriber to the Centre Reporter you should be. Here is an offer made to induce you to become a subscriber:

For One Dollar in advance the Centre Reporter and the Tri-Weekly New York World will be sent you one year.

Think of that.

The Tri-Weekly New York World answers all the purposes of a daily paper. It gives you the news of the whole world.

The price of the Tri-Weekly New York World is One Dollar a year, in advance. The price of the Reporter is One Dollar, in advance.

The Two Papers will be sent to any New Subscribers of the Centre Reporter for One Dollar, in advance.

Subscribers now on the Reporter's list can have the Tri-Weekly New York World sent to them for sixty-five cents, always in advance.

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

HAPPENINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS.

The fourth month of the public school term has been closed.

C. W. Slack, the assistant postmaster, is lighting the street lamps.

Mrs. Myra Kerr, of Centre Hall, will make sale of her household goods March 25.

Several sledding parties, all shades of complexion, visited the Centre Hall hotel Monday night.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works closed the year 1903 with a record of 2022 completed locomotives turned out. Rev. David W. Miller, a well known minister of the Evangelical association, died at Williamsport after a five weeks' illness.

Lock Haven is to have a new industry under the title of the Pennsylvania Woven Wire Company, capitalized at \$125,000.

Millinburg Times: Ed. Nearhood, wife and son, of Bellefonte, were guests at the J. W. Ruhl home in the East Ward for several days.

Ira Gunsallus, of near Eagleville, had the bone in one of his legs broken in two places by a stone striking it. Both breaks were below the knee.

Samuel Ripka, of Millheim, last week, went to Middleburg to visit his brother, W. H. Ripka, a millwright. From there he will go to Harrisburg to visit friends.

Col. W. F. Reeder, chairman of the Republican County Committee, has set Friday, Jan. 22, as the time for holding the primaries for the spring election.

W. S. Musser, who recently went from Spring Mills to Lykens, Pa., is well pleased with his new location. He writes: "Like my new home very much and struck a very sociable community."

Grant Hoover, the insurance man, was in town Monday in the interest of the many fire insurance companies he represents. He reports that the rates of insurance for Centre Hall have been lowered.

The February Delineator is a magazine of uncommon interest and value. Its stories, articles and pictures are excellent, and the review of the fashions, including a letter from Mrs. Osborn, thorough and enlightening.

A number of young people from Centre Hall, last week one evening, enjoyed a sled ride to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rossman, of Tusseyville, and while at this hospitable home they had a most delightful time.

County Auditors Beck, Pontius and Musser are at work on the books of the county officials. Robert D. Musser is a new member on the board. He was appointed from Gregg township to take the place of Arcubald Allison, resigned.

The editor had a very pleasant trip, last week through portions of Chester, Lancaster and Berks counties, and found in the rural districts a clever, industrious and prosperous class of people. In most of these sections, the dairy interests are paramount.

David Young, of Colyer, had an experience with a horse belonging to M-rebant Meiss, that he does not care to repeat. He was taking a load of groceries from the Centre Hall station to Mr. Meiss' store; and on reaching Tusseyville his horse took fright and spilled Dave and the whole load on the ground. The animal ran home.

Ex-Sheriff and Mrs. C. C. Brungart, of Bellefonte, were guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. James Alexander, in this place, Tuesday. The Sheriff is quite popular in Penns Valley. This is due to the fact that Sheriff Brungart was honorable while in office, and remained just the same Cyrus Brungart he was before being elected to the county's chief office.

Levi Stump, of Tusseyville, was a caller last week. He will have sale March 15th, and will quit the farm to move to Spring Bank, between Millheim and Rebersburg at which place he purchased the Foust property. James Moyer, of Tusseyville, will be his nearest neighbor having purchased the property across the pike from the one which will be occupied by Mr. Stump.

"Miss Bob White" is to appear in Garman's Opera House, Bellefonte, Tuesday, January 19. Those who want to see a clean comedy opera can have an opportunity to do so when Miss Bob comes to Bellefonte. The Reporter predicts that Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman who will present this opera, will be able to please every person in the audience. It is complete, delightful and picturesque, but not over-dressed or overdone and the lavish expenditures have been for talent and not for tinsel, which together with the meritorious book and melodious music, are a triumvirate hard to beat.