



## 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.  
"Homes" and "Lodges" for men on sick-leave, and for those not yet under, or just out of the care of the Government, or who had been left by their Regiments. "Feeding Stations" for the tired and hungry, and even homes for the wives and mothers of soldiers who had come to visit their sick or wounded, were established. On every flag-of-truce boat were placed clothing, medicines, etc., for the prisoners who had been returned. With boundless mercy they cared for all while living, and gave Christian burial, and marked graves of the dead. Overseventeen million dollars in money and supplies were expended by these two Commissions during the war.

We return to our narrative. It was now getting dark, and we received a days ration, consisting of a twenty-two ounce loaf of wheat bread, about a pound and a half of boiled mutton, three big onions and a quart of strong, hot coffee. I ate the loaf of bread, all the meat, two of the onions, and drank the quart of hot coffee. Then I traded the remaining onion for a piece of bread and ate that. I was still hungry. I went to the cook-house, to beg a loaf of bread, but they said I would kill myself eating, and they dared not give me any; but they gave me another quart of coffee, and I drank that. I had eaten a whole days ration and was still hungry; I was making up for lost time. It was now night, and I laid down on a board bunk, with my blanket around me to sleep; but I was so full I could not endure lying down. So I got up and by the light of a sperm candle I wrote a few letters home. Then I walked the frozen ground outside till morning. I had eaten my allowance for twenty-four hours for supper and would get no more till evening. I went over to the Commissary and stole a loaf of bread, and made a breakfast on that and two quarts of coffee; I had nothing for dinner. For supper I had my twenty-four-hour allowance of bread, meat, onions, and coffee, as before. Next morning I had nothing to eat. Something had to be done. I persuaded comrades John Barkdoli and James Fishack, two Maryland soldiers to go with me. We went down to the oyster dock, in the city, (Annapolis) with cups and kettles. Here they were unloading oyster vessels and sorting oysters; we began to crack what they threw back; noticing our eagerness to get oysters, they helped us along and in a short time we had a gallon of solid oysters. Then we begged a loaf of bread, salt and pepper, at a house in the suburbs, and went up a ravine to cook our soup. Here some troops had camped and there were lots of army crackers lying around on the ground; we gathered all we needed, started a fire, and soon had our three gallon kettle full of soup, or rather, oyster mush. By that cheerful fire, we had the biggest and best oyster mess I ever helped to eat, and there was none left over. All the prisoners who were well, and as resourceful, ate just as much as we did.

In a few days many began to sicken, in consequence of this dog-like gorging. We were moved to "Camp Parole," two miles from town, and put on short rations, and strictly guarded; we thought they were starving us.

One day I slipped the guard and walked down through the camp, and in passing the open window of the Head Quarter Cook House, I saw a platter heaped up with nicely "done brown" Codfish balls. I said to the cook: give me a few of those. He set the platter on the window and said, help yourself; I ate them all. They were not very large, but there were about fifty of them. I went to my quarters and lay down on my bed. Dr. Lincoln soon after made his rounds. He hailed me in his usual pleasant way: hello, my boy, how are you today? I feel fairly good, I said; somewhat tight "under the belt." He examined me, and said that he was puzzled in my case; he could not understand why I should be so bloated; I said I had the same trouble down in "College Green Barracks." He said he would call again during the day; toward evening he called again and pronounced me better. I said I did not feel near so much bloated. A little later I was given a furlough home for a few weeks, and on my return I found that the National and Confederate governments had agreed on exchange, which included all the squad paroled with me. This released us of our Parole obligations, and we ceased to be prisoners. Most of my companions had already started for the front. On May 25th the balance of our

## WHAT WAR IS.

Despatches from the scene of conflict tell with the terrible pitilessness of truth what war is. The graphic account printed of the destruction of the Russian warship *Variag* described it as "a living hell." A Russian lieutenant said: "There was blood, blood, blood everywhere, severed limbs and torn bodies."

There is no light and pleasing side to war. It may be a display of patriotic zeal and bravery on behalf of high principles, but war itself is sombre and terrible. The words of Tolstoy nor the brush of Vereschagin never threw too strong a light upon its malign and dreadful front.

War is the spectacle of men striving to slay each other, crushing flesh and bone; trampling underfoot, slashing with blades; burning, starving, freezing, drowning the enemy any method to kill him. Cunning devices have been contrived for the rending of great ships. These ships, freighted with the wounded, go to the bottom. This is the war.

In the conflict of Japan and Russia thousands must die miserably. Already the deep has afforded sepulchre to many. Shot and shell have claimed their quivering title. Hastening to the sacrifice, men have fallen victims in the icy blasts and their corpses lie stark on rigid Baikal. This is the war.

And at The Hague there is a silent court, instituted by the Czar, for the peaceful arbitration of national disputes!

Machen's attorney made a significant statement in a speech he delivered in the court at Washington, in which the alleged chief of the postoffice bootleggers is being tried. He declared that the Government's prosecution of Machen had for its object no other purpose than to shield someone. "There is in this case," he said, "a skeleton in the closet; there is somebody in this whole business that needs protection; there is somebody that is getting it." These statements should not go unchallenged.

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow, who has been given widespread credit for working up the cases against Machen and others, owes to his own good repute a debt as long as these serious suspicions are not disproved. It is not the first time they have been bruited about. If anybody is being shielded the country demands to know who he is and who is shielding him.

## LOCALS.

Frank Boal, of near Centre Hill, recently made a trip to Altoona, and was much pleased with that city.

If your water pipes are not frozen and will not freeze, you are the lucky one.

Ross Bushman, son of G. W. Bushman, has been ill for the past two weeks.

If you are in need of a good, first-class stove, pipe or other fixtures about stoves of any kind, call on J. A. Reesman.

Wanted: Men or women local representatives for a high class magazine. Large commissions. Cash prizes. Write J. N. Trainer, 80 East Washington Square, New York, N. Y.

Nathaniel H. Zeigler, east of Old Fort, had his name placed on the Reporter's subscription list. Mr. Zeigler lives on the Henney farm, and will remain there during the next year.

Mrs. Nancy Benner and son John Benner, who for several months had been in Philadelphia, arrived in Centre Hall last week. In the spring they will move to the Benner farm, east of town.

G. Bruce Goodhart, of White, South Dakota, writes a note to the Orangeville (Illinois) Courier, in which he says up to February 1st they had a mild winter, but after that time that section experienced a regular Dakota blizzard.

Timeliness is only half the problem in good magazine making. The real achievement is to have the subject of the moment treated by the man who knows most about it. In the February number of *Everybody's Magazine* there is a character sketch of the Muscovite autocrat by Arnold White, the well-known English publicist, who is one of the few men outside the Empire familiar with the conditions actually prevailing in Russian court circles.

Continued from first column.

squad, myself included, also started for the front, at Petersburg, Virginia. Now the "Prisoner's Story" is finished. The object throughout this entire narrative, was to accurately and minutely set forth the conditions as they existed, in all the varied phases of prison life on Belle Island; and to locate, in a measure, the responsibility for these long continued miserable conditions.

## DUAL TRAINING.

[By J. M. Stiffler, Freeport, Ill.]

The tendency of modern educational methods is to attach more importance to the practical—to the establishment of a more harmonious relation between mind and body. The capacity to earn and contribute is increased in proportion to the degree that educational training is made practical. The theorist may theorize. It is theory reduced to practical purposes that the busy producers of the world are asking for and must have.

The young aspirant who starts out in life cram full of theory and has given no thought to the practical, is only partially equipped to do battle in the world. We still remain under the ban of "work or starve" and until this is lifted we must by all means maintain our self respect and face the inevitable work! We should strive to gain a position where we may radiate as much, at least, as we absorb and build up as much as we destroy. The human drone contributes nothing and is an object for contempt. The human parasite feeds on the life-blood of another and is loathsome. The American citizen would vote no premium on a leisure class. We inherit no titles of honor, but meritorious conduct, even in the humble and obscure stations in life, is crowned with our highest honors.

Educational methods are changing. They are constantly becoming more effectual; are better fitted to existing conditions than was the case in the past. We have more of the practical and give more thought and attention to the building up of mind and body together. Physical culture and manual training are accompaniments of mental training. They help round out and give poise to the aspiring nature. We are training for service as well as for enjoyment. A massive brain should rest on broad shoulders, supported by a strong frame and sinewy muscles.

There is much included in the school or college course, at present, that might, with safety, be eliminated—as far as it pertains to the majority—as impracticable and of little consequence in the building up and the development of the capacity to earn. The span between six and sixteen is soon crossed. To a few it is but the preparatory period in school life, but to the

many it includes and concludes everything that pertains to the formalities of the school room. These pass from the vestibule and step on to the stage of active practical life where they encounter the stern logic of events; where they are brought face to face with the real and the serious, and where the command is given to act and to contribute something to existing conditions. But these should be properly equipped to battle with the world. It is practical knowledge and practical training they require.

A diploma of merit, from some great institution of learning, stimulates in the breast of its proud possessor a sense of contemplative delight, and well it should, for it stands for large quantities of the "mid-night oil"—for much of life and energy. But how many, never stooping to receive their honors, never make any further effort. They simply recline on their equipment, and are finally lost sight of entirely in the busy world. Many too, of these, find themselves poorly equipped practically to stand up amid the turmoil and struggle of active business life.

To bank entirely on a diploma, or entirely on the lavish dispensations of an indulgent father will often land into bankruptcy. All must learn to stand alone—to be self supporting—to be independent, and may then with safety bank on earning capacity.

Environment very often gives shape and color to character. The intelligent man, who has made himself effectual because of reducing theory to practice, soon sizes up the situation in which he finds himself, and, as a matter of course, readily adapts himself to his environment.

It is sometimes with pride a certain individual is pointed to as a self-made man. He is considered a valuable and a potential factor. All are ever ready to stop and listen to his arguments because they are sound and weighty. His mental vigor, his power of discrimination, his originality of method and his good common sense are all admired. He was born, reared and schooled in the country. He lacks polish and culture (when measured by present standards.) He inspires and is a leader. He is "self made" and his opinions are practical.

## "MOTHER GOOSE."

This Extravaganza will appear at the Grand Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

Klaw & Erlanger transfer their mighty beauty spectacle "Mother Goose" from the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, to the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, Monday, Feb. 29th, where it remains for three weeks only.

"A notable event" has become the stereotyped expression in announcing theatrical attractions, but in this instance it is justified by the fact that "Mother Goose," which is the greatest of the Drury Lane Theatre (London) spectacles, is universally conceded to be the most colossal stage presentation and the greatest spectacular triumph known to the history of the theatrical world. It is awe-inspiring in its grandeur and magnitude, and each one of its three acts contains more gorgeousness in scenic embellishments and superb costumes than any production of its class ever seen in the United States.

One of the greatest effects ever seen in theatrical entertainments is the flight of the premiere of the famous Aerial Ballet, "The Grilolatti's," when at the end of the second act, after the most gorgeous stage spectacle ever conceived, a beautiful young woman makes a flight from the center of the stage over the heads of the audience seventy-five feet, circling like a bird to the gallery rail and back again to the center of the stage, all the while scattering roses and carnations below. The sale of seats began Tuesday.

## World's Fair at St. Louis.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition will open at St. Louis April 30, and will be in perfect condition on that date. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run the first low-rate coach excursion from the East to the World's Fair on May 10, affording residents of the eastern section an opportunity to see the great Exposition in all the glory of its pristine freshness. Tickets will be sold from all principal stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad System. The fare from New York will be \$20; from Philadelphia, \$18.50, with proportionate rates, approximating one cent per mile, from other points. These tickets will be good going only on special coach trains to be run on May 10, and returning in coaches of regular trains leaving St. Louis not later than May 19.

Rev. M. L. Mudge, of Phoenixville, was installed pastor of the first Presbyterian church, Lewistown.

## CATCHING AN EDITION.

A Reporter's Efforts to Get His Story on the Wire.

News of the blowing up and sinking of a steamboat on the Ohio river reached the office of a Pittsburg paper one evening some years ago. The city editor sent a young reporter out on a search for the facts. The search developed into an adventure such as any newspaper man may tumble into at any hour of the day or night. World's Work tells the story:

He hurried to the station and caught the first westward bound express. When the train had started, he learned that it did not stop within sixty miles of his destination.

A cautious hint from a Pullman porter apprised him of the presence of a division superintendent on the train, and in a few minutes he received an order from the conductor to stop the train for him.

Reaching the station late at night, he asked the telegraph operator to remain until he returned. Then he walked several miles, got his "story" and hurried back to the station, only to find that the operator had disregarded his request and closed the office.

Time was creeping into the morning hours and he had the prospect of all his work coming to naught unless he secured an operator to get the story to his newspaper office. He tramped about the dark village and found that the operator lived several miles away. Unsympathizing country folk could not be induced to rouse themselves.

Thinking hard, the young reporter walked back and forth on the platform of the station. Huddled against the station he saw the sleeping form of a tramp. He kicked the hobo and offered him \$5 to make the trip for the operator.

"The man got to his feet."

"Do you want an operator?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm a bum, but I was an operator. If you can get into that station, I'll send your stuff, but I won't touch a door or a window myself."

Knowing that the newspaper would gladly pay damages, the reporter took a cudgel, broke the window and clambered in. The tramp clicked off the story, and it reached the office in time to go to press.

## THE EARS.

Large ears, drooping at the top, belong to persons more animal than human.

In human beings of low or debased mental standard the ears are large and flabby. Note those of idiots, cretins, etc.

Ears in which the "hem" is flat, as if smoothed down with a flatiron, accompany a vacillating mind and cold, unromantic disposition.

When there is no lobe and the ear widens from the bottom upward, the owner is of a selfish, cunning and revengeful disposition.

Large round ears with a neat "hem" around their border, well carved, not flat, indicate a strong will and a bulldog tenacity of purpose.

When the ear is oval in form, with the lobe slightly but distinctly marked, it indicates for its owner a lofty idealism, combined with a morbidly sensitive nature.

The person who has an ear with a rounded, ovate top is almost without exception one with a placid disposition and a nature that plines to love and is loved in return.

## Elie That Subsist on Scorpions.

Among the queer forms of animal life that inhabit Death valley is a mouse that has acquired such a taste for scorpions that they form its entire bill of fare. The scorpion carries its formidable armament in the end of its slender, elongated abdomen in the shape of an exceedingly venomous, hooked sting. When disturbed, it elevates this in the air and goes in search of its disturber. But it is comparatively slow in its motions, while mice are proverbial for their quickness the world over. The mouse learned many generations ago where the scorpion carries its weapon, and when he meets it he leaps at the uplifted abdomen, takes off the sting at a single bite and proceeds to make a meal of his helpless prey. It is supposed to be the only animal that relishes scorpions.

## Carache.

A simple, harmless and infallible cure for carache is effected by making a small funnel of stiff paper and saturating a ball of cotton the size of a hickory nut with chloroform and dropping it into the funnel; place the small end of the funnel in the ear, draw a long breath and then blow the breath into the large end of the funnel. The fumes of the chloroform are thus carried into the ear, and all pain ceases at once.

## Made Him Ashamed.

The Chicago man had been talking boastfully, after the manner of his species, but the New York man took him down several pegs very neatly by observing:

"My dear sir, do you know that Chicago time is actually one hour slower than New York time?"

As for the Chicago man, he was covered with confusion and presently stole away.—*Smart Set.*

## On a Different Footing.

"A man dat's got a fast boss," said Uncle Eph'm. "don' keer how off'n he get to git shoes fur 'im. His diff'runt if he's got a boy."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

### HAPPENINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS.

Grand concert in Grange Arcadia Saturday evening.

There will be a regular meeting of Progress Grange Saturday afternoon.

There was a slight fire in the farm house of D. G. Meek, at Fairbrook, last week.

Mrs. Mary Shoop Thursday of last week went to Scranton, where she will remain for some time.

Miss Virgie Durst came home from Bellefonte Saturday. She had been in that place since last fall.

Hon. L. Rhone, last week, visited his daughter, Miss May, who is ill in Harrisburg with pneumonia.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an announcement of the opening of Spring Mills Academy, by Prof. W. P. Hosterman.

J. W. Musser, of Millheim, bought a tract of timber in Brush Valley from J. H. Reifsnnyder, Esq., and will put a saw mill on it.

The New York Central railroad will erect at Mill Hall, on the Beech Creek division, a fine passenger and freight station, modern in every way.

The dairyman will find it to his interest to consult B. F. Homan, of Oak Hall Station, agent for the National Separator. Write to him for a catalogue.

The Reporter goes into nearly every rural mail box along the route from Centre Hall. By nearly is meant that only two or three boxes are missed by the Reporter.

Edward Stonebraker, of Tyrone, and Miss Minerava Harnish, of Wingate, were married at the home of the bride's brother, Martin Harnish, in Tyrone, by Rev. Isaac Heckman.

Experts in Illinois have decided that hog cholera is spread by crows. In view of reducing the black-feathered tribe, some counties in that state are offering a bounty of ten cents for each crow killed.

Clay Reesman, of Centre Hall, a flagman on an express train between Pittsburg and Altoona, acted in that capacity for the Hanna funeral car, which went over that line Thursday afternoon of last week.

The Orangeville (Illinois) Courier has this to say of a young man formerly a resident of Gregg township: Prof. Ezra F. Smith has resigned as teacher of Thompsonstown school to take charge of a large store in that place.

Messrs. Harvey Reesman, of Farmers Mills, and George Heckman, of Centre Hall, are delighted over their trip to Philadelphia and New York. While in the latter city they spent a day or more with Rev. George W. Kershner.

J. W. Tressler, for the past year a resident of near Old Fort, on the Benner farm, will move to Oak Hall in the spring, at which place he purchased the house and lot formerly owned by his brother, Jonathan L. Tressler.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Taylor, of Athens, were in Bellefonte, last week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Conley and other friends. Mr. Taylor is conducting a jewelry store in Athens, and, apparently, fortune is smiling upon him.

"Wireless Energy, the Wonder of the Twentieth Century," is the title of a fascinating article by Waldemar B. Kaempfert in the March number of the *Woman's Home Companion*. It gives a clear and interesting account of his modern wonder, and everybody should read it.

The State College Times has this to say: Messrs. Wilbur Peters, of Kansas, and John Peters, of Missouri, started for home last week after an extended visit with friends and relatives in these parts. Mr. and Mrs. John From gave a farewell dinner in their honor last Wednesday, at which members of the Peters family from Pleasant Gap and Oak Hall were present.

The Pennsylvania railroad will, in the near future, spend \$3,000,000 on new freight stations in Philadelphia. It is understood that according to present plans, six will be erected, the largest of which will be at Fifty-second street and Belmont avenue. This station will be known as the Park freight classification depot and will be one of the best in its class in the world.

Prof. A. Merrill Allison, of Orange City, Iowa, was a caller recently. Prof. Allison was called home on account of the death of his father, Archibald Allison, of Spring Mills. Prof. Allison is well pleased with his position in Iowa, and states that the school term is nine months; that the wages paid in the country are hardly as high as in Centre county, and the qualifications of teachers not better than here. In the town, he says, the system is very good.