



THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

BY PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN.

And why does my sleeve hang empty?
And so you are asking to know
Of the cloud that bent down
With its blackening frown
On our Nation, so little ago.

And why does my sleeve hang empty?
And why, when I fold you so tight
Have I only one arm
That shall shield you from harm?
One was laid on the altar of Right.

You know what "My Country" means,
Lad,
Your grandfather's country and yours.
You will know, as life thickens,
Why all your blood quickens
At sight of the flag that endures.

You will learn what it means to be free,
Lad,
And to honor those sacrificed ones
In a country whose sod
At the altar of God
Was pledged free, in the blood of her sons.

You have learned to be glad in the colors
And swell, with your gay little shout,
The song that dead stones
Would cry out, should our tones
Wake not, when the flag flutters out.

The time is so little ago, Lad,
And the valleys grew sweet with corn,
And the grape and the grain;
Forgot hardship and pain
For joy in God's country, new-born.

But a spirit awoke in the air, Lad,
And shadowed the light of the bars,
And threatened to tear
From their regal place there
On the blue of our banner—the stars.

The story grows old in the telling,
Of the voice that went ringing afar
That the brave, loyal hand
Of each son of the land
Be pledged for the life of a star.

And something, deep down in the breast,
Lad,
Leaped up at the voice of that call,
And the tread of a host
Rose, as marched to their post
Those heroes, to conquer or fall.

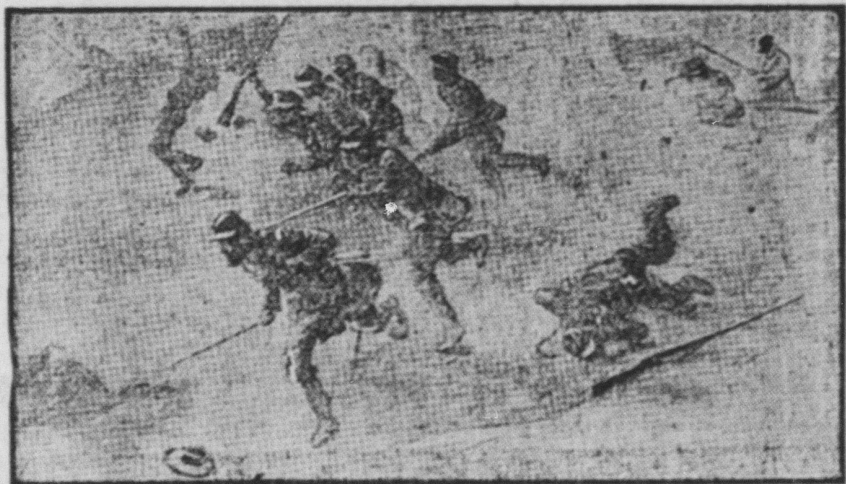
And War rode his terrible charger
Through the valleys that love had made
fair,
But God, in His might
Helped the hand raised for right
Crush the spirit that rose in the air.

The story is sad to tell, dear,
But—the stars are still shining on high.
The myriads of graves
Where the summer grass waves
Are voices to answer us why.

So I know what "the Union" cost, Lad,
And the flag that no spirit can grieve,
And when it shakes out
And I hear your glad shout,
I thank God for the empty sleeve.

CHAMBERLAIN'S ADVENTURE AT LITTLE ROUND TOP

By Carl Hovey.



The war council of Federal generals the night before the second day's battle of Gettysburg became necessarily a frantic pretension of scanning the unknown. Outside, on the lengthening ridges and between the abrupt hillsides of that intricate battle field, lay the encampments of the two hostile armies, ominous and solemn. There were few camp fires. At times could be heard the voice of a sentry challenging, or the drawn out clatter of a horseman on the stone pavement of the cemetery.

The night passed, and daybreak found the cautious General Meade still listening to the reports of his division commanders, to their stories of misfortune, and plans for strengthening the line of battle. The unprotected North lay at his back; in his front a general whose resourcefulness was unfathomable and who ranked as a military genius. To picture in his mind's eye the battle ground that was now obscured and dim, and to foresee what would be the thing wanted there, at the given point, at the given moment, on the morrow, was the well nigh insuperable task of the Northern general.

The unexpected was certain to befall both officers and men, and they must be ready to perform miracles if need be. An instance of this kind was the fight of the Twentieth Maine on Little Round Top, in memory of which the colonel of the regiment, Joshua L. Chamberlain, for his great tenacity and his daring heroism, received the Medal of Honor.

Little Round Top had escaped the vigilance of the Federal commanders. This was the smaller of two rough hills, strewn with boulders and bare, slippery rock, rising sharply from a wooded swamp, behind which stretched the Confederate battle line. At the foot of Little Round Top a body of Union troops had been posted.

Only One Man For Defense.

It was now afternoon. Lee's attack was expected momentarily, and every man was waiting intently, with his eyes fixed upon the open space that separated the two armies. Just at this time, by a fortunate chance, it occurred to General Meade to order General Warren to ride over the field in the direction of the Round Tops. Warren did so, and when he came to the foot of Little Round Top he left his horse and climbed to the summit. What was his surprise to find at this

with a penciled word to "Send General Warren at least a division to hold the position at Little Round Top."

On the summit where the signal officer was the musket balls were beginning to fly. He folded up his flag and was going to leave; but at this moment Warren came back, and induced him to keep the flag waving. "It may puzzle those people," he said, meaning the enemy, "and may keep them back for a few minutes." So the two men waited, watching the puffs of smoke that appeared at different distances. A thick cloud showed where the action was already raging at the Peach Orchard; in hot haste the battle was spreading all along the field; cannonade and musketry crashed and rattled at right, left and centre of the long battle lines. A movement of the mass of infantry which Warren had detected on the wooded ridge was plainly visible. Suppose Meade had delayed in sending him an army corps!

The moments of suspense came suddenly to an end with the arrival of Hazlett's battery of rifled cannon of the Fifth Artillery.

The young lieutenant spoke. "General, what's the matter?"

"The deuce is to pay!" was the re-

WHEN MCKINLEY SERVED COFFEE IN BATTLE.



Bronze Tablet to McKinley Erected at Washington, D. C.

Exploit of Late President, Who as Commissary Sergeant of Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers Gave Steaming Drinks and Hardtack to Soldiers, to Be Perpetuated in Bronze.

ply. "I hope you can hold out until the infantry come up."

Stayed Until He Was Killed.

"I guess I can," answered Lieutenant Hazlett. As a matter of fact, he stayed there until he was killed. The passage of those six guns through roadless woods and up among the jutting boulders of the height was marvelous; nothing but the dash and eagerness of the men to get into action, together with their incredibly skillful driving, could have planted those cannon on the very summit of Little Round Top.

The infantry were not far behind. Among the regiments closing in to seize the hilltop were the Forty-seventh and the Fifteenth Alabama of the Confederate side; and of the Union army, the Twentieth Maine, commanded by Colonel Chamberlain, which was a usually small regiment, numbering only about three hundred men. This little force had no sooner reached the portion of the hillside assigned to them, where they stood panting from their exertions, than they saw a dense mass of Confederates coming toward them; for the two strong Confederate regiments, containing a thousand men, had been ordered to turn the Union flank at exactly that position. Discerning in a flash the grave peril of his command, the Maine colonel quickly ordered five companies to swing back until they formed a line at a right angle to the



Our Patriot Dead.

Bring ye sweet flowers to deck their lowly graves,
The noble ones who shed their life-blood free
And, fighting, fell in freedom's cause,
That we
Should hold it sacred, while the old flag waves!

Bring flowers, the fairest, sweetest, for our graves
Roses and lilies. 'Twas for you and me
They died. Cover each mound that they may see
The living love that still a strong heart craves.

O sainted dead! O husband, brother, friend,
Known or unknown, we hold thy memory green
And scatter o'er thy resting place, the rose,
The lily, pansy, violet, to blend
Their perfume with the tears that, oft unseen,
Bedew the ground 'neath which our loved repose.

—Anna M. S. Rossiter, in Christian Register.



Jno. F. Gray & Son

(Successors to GRANT HOOVER)

Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World. . . .

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

No Mutuals
No Assessments

Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.

Money to Loan on First Mortgage

Office in Crider's Stone Building BELLEFONTE, PA.
Telephone Connection

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office 25 F St. Washington, D. C.

CHANGED THE STYLE.

In recording the daily life of his comrades in Hood's Texas Brigade during the early days of the Civil War, Mr. J. B. Polley, in "A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie," gives some of the amusing incidents which relieved the monotony of camp life.

There is a member of my company, he writes, whom I shall call Jack, lest by revealing his identity the tale I relate should cling to him longer and closer than did his overcoat.

Looking more to his own comfort and sense of the fitness of things than to uniformity of dress and consequently soldierly appearance, Jack disdainfully rejected the munificent offer of the Confederate States government to furnish him a gray and strictly military overcoat for five dollars on credit, and expended twenty-five in the purchase of one of a quality and fashion to commend itself to the most fastidious aristocrat.

The first night out from Dumfries the weather was so intensely cold that he decided not to remove any of his garments, and so, wrapping himself in a pair of blankets, he lay down very close to a huge log fire, where, lulled by the genial warmth, he soon fell sound asleep.

About midnight Bob Murray's acute sense of smell was offended by the scent of burning cloth. He had only to look once to discover that as the fire burned lower and lower Jack had edged his back nearer and nearer to it, and at last a stray coal had lighted a flame that was playing sad havoc with his blanket and coat.

Roused by Bob's shouts, Jack did some rapid hustling round, but alas! too late to preserve the anatomy, the pristine, symmetrical tout ensemble, of the cherished garment, and prevent its transformation from an elegant frock into a nondescript, altogether too open at the back to be comfortable, and with two pointed tails hanging in front instead of in the rear; in short, in two sections, whose only bond of union was the velvet collar.

The next morning the crestfallen owner sought to repair the damage by sewing the burned edges together; but that heroic remedy, although it reduced the tails to one, and that pointing in the right direction, rendered it impossible to button up the front, and kept him so busy during the day answering questions that, he declared, when night came he was too hoarse to talk.

Spelling Out Numerals.

An amusing instance of typographical blundering occurred lately in a well-known newspaper. A paragraph read as follows: "Some time ago a fat in a not unfashionable quarter of the city was let unfurnished to 10 ants, who offered and paid a month's rent in advance." The explanation of this slip is almost as amusing as the misprint itself. It is a rigid rule of some printing offices that, while numbers below ten are spelled in full, all numbers higher must be in figures, to save space. It is, therefore, really very difficult for a compositor to spell "tenants," though "ninepins" is child's play to him.—London (England) People's Friend.

The first operation in this country upon a human being in which the cavity of the thorax was opened while the lungs were inflated from a chamber containing air at a greater pressure than that of the atmosphere was performed recently at the German Hospital by Dr. Willy Meyer. Many operations in the thorax have been difficult to perform, and others impossible because as soon as the cavity of the thorax is opened the lungs collapse because of the atmospheric pressure.

HE FLATTERED.

Mr. Jawback—"The biggest idiots always seem to marry the prettiest women."

Mrs. Jawback—"Now you're trying to flatter me."—Cleveland Leader.

ATTORNEYS.

D. F. FORTNEY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office North of Court House.

W. HARRISON WALKER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
No. 19 W. High Street.
All professional business promptly attended to

S. D. GETTIG JNO. J. BOWER W. D. ZEBBY
G. LETTIG, BOWER & ZEBBY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EAGLE BLOCK
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Successors to OYEA, BOWER & OYEA
Consultation in English and German.

CLEMENT DALE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank.

W. G. BUNKLE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
All kinds of legal business attended to promptly
Special attention given to collections. Office, 34
Soor Crider's Exchange. 1796

H. B. SPANGLER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in
English and German. Office, Crider's Exchange
Building. 1796

Old Fort Hotel

EDWARD ROYER, Proprietor.
Location: One mile South of Centre Hall.
Accommodations first-class. Good bar. Parties
wishing to enjoy an evening given special
attention. Meals for such occasions prepared
on short notice. Always prepared
for the transient trade.
RATES: \$1.00 PER DAY.

The National Hotel

MILLERIM, PA.
S. A. SHAWVER, Prop.
First class accommodations for the traveler.
Good table board and sleeping apartments.
The choicest liquors at the bar. Stable accom-
modations for horses is the best to be
had. Bus to and from all trains on the
Levittsburg and Tyrone Railroad, at Centre

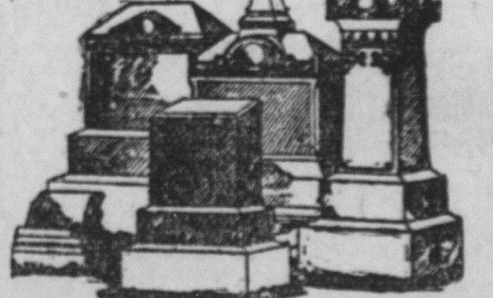
LIVERY

Special Effort made to
Accommodate Com-
mercial Travelers....
D. A. BOOZER
Centre Hall, Pa. Penn'a R. R.

Penn's Valley Banking Company

CENTRE HALL, PA.
W. B. MINGLE, Cashier
Receives Deposits . . .
Discounts Notes . . .

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.



H. G. STROHMEIER.

CENTRE HALL, PENN.
Manufacturer of
and Dealer in
HIGH GRADE . . .
MONUMENTAL WORK
In all kinds of
Marble AND
Granite. Don't fail to get my price.

LARGEST INSURANCE

Agency
IN CENTRE COUNTY

H. E. FENLON
Agent
Bellefonte, Penn'a.

The Largest and Best
Accident Ins. Companies
Bonds of Every Descrip-
tion. Plate Glass In-
surance at low rates.