THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

BY PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN.

CHAMBERLAIN, ADVENTURE

AT LITTLE ROUND TOP

By Carl Hovey.

tile armies, ominous and solemn. ment gave place to consternation.

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.

Lead,
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

But God, in His might Helped the hand raised for right

Are voices to answer us why

Crush the spirit that rose in the air.

The story is sad to tell, dear, But—the stars are still shining on high. The' the myriad graves Where the summer grass waves

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

And something, deep down in the breast,

Through the valleys that love had made fair.

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 hand 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 You 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, 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.

ening ridges and between the abrupt

hillsides of that intricate battle field,

lay the encampments of the two hos-

There were few camp fires. At times

could be heard the voice of a sentry

of a horseman on the stone pavement

found the cautious General Meade

still listening to the reports of his di-

vision commanders, to their stories

of misfortune, and plans for strength-

ening the line of battle. The unpro-

tected North lay at his back; in his

front a general whose resourceful-

ness was unfathomable and who

ranked as a military genius. To pic-

ture 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 insuper-

fall 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, re-

body of Union troops had been posted.

Only One Man For Defense.

It was now afternoon. Lee's at-

ceived the Medal of Honor.

The unexpected was certain to be-

able task of the Northern general.

of the cemetery.

the position at Little Round Top."

ginning to fly. He folded up his He was resolved never to yield. flags and was going to leave; but at ing the puffs of smoke that appeared at different distances. A thick cloud alive. showed where the action was already haste the battle was spreading all a lieutenant in a hoarse voice. 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 miration. 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?"

with a penciled word to "Send Gener- he held was of great importance in al Warren at least a division to hold the battle. Retreat might mean the destruction of an entire corps. It On the summit where the signal was almost certain that supports officer was the musket balls were be- would be sent him sooner or later.

Yet half the regiment were gone; this moment Warren came back, and hardly more than skirmish line was induced him to keep the flags wav- left him. The soldiers, having fired ing. "It may puzzle those people," the sixty rounds of cartridges they he said, meaning the enemy, "and had carried into the fight, were empmay keep them back for a few min- tying the cartridge boxes of their utes." So the two men waited, watch- fallen comrades. A few minutes longer and not a man would be left

"Colonel, let us charge them! We raging at the Peach Orchard; in hot will drive them off the hill!" shouted

> Last Hope of the Defenders. Chamberlain glanced at him in ad-

This was the heroic spirit of his men. Yes, why not charge them? he thought. Suddenly, unexpectedly even to himself, he gave the order:

"Fix bayonets!" The command, "Charge!" was lost in the deep, long drawn shout of the desperate men; they leaped forward and rushed down the hill. Striking the enemy among the scattered trees "The deuce is to pay!" was the re- on the outskirt of the wood, they

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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 1 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 twentyfive 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 Penn's Valley Banking Company 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 flat 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 figares, 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 contailing 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 difficalt to perform, and others impossitle because as soon as the cavity of the thorax is opened the lungs collapse because of the atm-spheric pressure.

HE FLATTERED. Mr. Jawback-"The biggest idlots always seem to marry the prettiest women.

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

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WHEN MCKINLEY SERVED COFFEE IN BATTLE.



Bronze Tablet to McKinley E rected at Washington, D. C. Exploit of Late President, Who as Commissary Sergeant of Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers Gave Steaming Drinks and Hardtack

and the butts of their guns.

Of the Confederates some fought

The brave Maine regiment cap-

tured three hundred prisoners, and

returned with them to the old posi-

tion, where they stayed until in the

last hours of that terrible summer's

afternoon the victorious little com-

mand was thrust into the struggle

ploit, it may be added that, besides

receiving the Medal of Honor at Get-

tysburg, he was afterward promoted

in the field by General Grant; and he

so distinguished himself as a briga-

dier that he was brevetted a major

general in 1865, "for conspicuous gal-

lantry in action." After the war he

led, and is still leading, a highly im-

portant public career in his native

Our Patriot Dead.

Bring ye sweet flowers to deck their lowly

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

ory green And scatter o'er thy resting place, the

Bedew the ground 'neath which our

The lily, pansy, violet, to blend
Their perfume with the tears that, oft

State of Maine.

Concerning their leader in this ex-

for the adjoining hill, Round Top.

until they were killed; more, how-

to Soldiers, to Be Perpetuated in Bronze. ply. "I hope you can hold out until | closed in upon them with bayonets

the infantry come up."

Stayed Until He Was Killed, "I guess I can." answered Lieutenever, acted as if thrown into a panic ant Hazlett. As a matter of fact, he by the wild charge, and they ran for stayed there until he was killed. The their lives. Undoubtedly they suppassage of those six guns through posed that a strong re-enforcement roadless woods and up among the had reached the Union line, and that jutting boulders of the height was marvelous; nothing but the dash and eagerness of the men to get into action, together with their incredibly skilful 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 an usually small regiment, The war council of Federal gener- point only one soldier, an officer of numbering only about three hundred als the night before the second day's the signal corps. He no sooner men. This little force had no sooner battle of Gettysburg became necessar- looked about him that it became in- reached the portion of the hillside ily a frantic pretension of scanning stantly clear to him that the top of assigned to them, where they stood the unknown. Outside, on the length- this hill, where there were no troops, panting from their exertions, than and which had been abandoned for a they saw a dense mass of Confedersignal station, was in reality the key ates coming toward them; for the to the whole position. His astonish- two strong Confederate regiments, containing a thousand men, had been With his glass he noted a thickly ordered to turn the Union flank at exwooded ridge beyond the swamp; actly that position. Discerning in a challenging, or the drawn out clatter there, he surmised, the enemy was flash the grave peril of his command, already forming his lines, to burst the Maine colonel quickly ordered five suddenly upon the Union troops at | companies to swing back until they



GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD (BIG AND LITTLE ROUND TOP FROM EMMETSBURG ROAD.)

Little Round Top had escaped the vigilance of the Federal commanders. Confederates were upon them. To opening with a murderous fire. This was the smaller of two rough Warren made his way as rapidly as sword moved up and down his lines. hills, strewn with boulders and bare,

wooded swamp, behind which hill. stretched the Confederate battle line. At the foot of Little Round Top a those woods."

at this time, by a fortunate chance, of a long line of the enemy far out- upon their thin, gaping battle front. it occurred to General Meade to order flanking the position of the Union | However, their Colonel never General Warren to ride over the field troops. The fact thrilled him; it was thought of retreating. In the dense in the direction of the Round Tops. almost appalling. A strong force smoke, the deafening and confusing Warren did so, and when he came to should have been intrenched long ago volleys, in the face of the rapidly apthe foot of Little Round Top he left high up on this hill; perhaps even proaching annihilation of his com-

woods nothing could be known of the rest. At this instant the Alabamians movements of the enemy until the attacked them on front and flank,

his horse and climbed to the summit. now it was not too late. He rushed mand, Colonel Chamberlain thought What was his surprise to find at this off a messenger to General Meade only of one thing, that the position

braves 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 verify this strong suspicion, General | Colonel Chamberlain with drawn O sainted dead! O husband, brother, Known or unknown, we hold thy mem-

slippery rock, rising sharply from a possible to a battery at the foot of the | The Rebel bullets whizzed incessantly past him; his men were constantly "Captain," he said, "fire a shot into groaning and falling on every side. Outnumbered more than three to one, The Captain of the rifle battery their position was terrible, and it was did so, and as the shot, whistling, apparently a hopeless one. Yet with passed over the wood, it must have dripping faces the men loaded and caused everyone of the concealed fired their muskets, displaying the tack was expected momentarily, and Rebels to look in the direction of the cool expertness of true veterans. every man was waiting intently, with sound; for a simultaneous flash of Smoke walled them in and to some his eyes fixed upon the open space musket barrel and bayonet revealed extent concealed from the enemy the that separated the two armies. Just to the Northern general the presence terrible execution they were making

loved repose.

Anna M. S. Rossiter, in Christian Reg-