

THE PRIVATE.

They call his title private—
He reached no higher grade,
But waited for his orders
And died when he obeyed.
No pen may write his story,
No chisel carve his name,
No monument rise o'er him,
No multitude acclaim.

For he was but a private,
And served another's fame,
And, dying, gave his country
A never-dying name.
He gave to order's progress
The life 'twas his to give,
And in his country's annals,
Though nameless, he shall live.

He fought as but a private—
Without promotion he—
To carry freedom's banner
Beyond the rolling sea;
That purpose might not falter,
That peace might have her reign
And justice work with honor
For man's eternal gain.

He fought and died a private,
And never held the sword;
Renown did not come nigh him,
His hand holds no reward.
He wrought to give the lawless
The hope of righteous laws,
Nor vengeance marred his valor,
Nor malice cursed his cause.

They called his title private—
He sleeps in glory's bed,
And where he fell advancing
Now other private's tread;
Nor eulogy nor marble
Can honor such as they,
Who answers duty's summons
And die when they obey.

—Frederick C. Spalding, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

After Ten Years

ONCE upon a time there was a young man and his front name was Charles.

At about the same time there was a young woman and her front name was Nettie.

Charles was a very nice young man, and Nettie was a very nice young lady. They lived near each other, and naturally were thrown much in each other's company.

The fact is that Charles fell in love with Nettie, and the affection ripened as the days went by. This being a true story, it is necessary to admit that Nettie fell in love with Charles, and that the affection ripened as the days went by.

Charles grew to a man's estate and raised whiskers and began to think of marrying. Nettie grew to a woman's estate and joined a woman's club and began to think of marrying.

By and by there came an evening. The sun had set according to its regular schedule. The soft breezes were kissing the landscape and the moonlight was kissing the wavelets on the lakelet, and Charles was kissing Nettie.

After that evening Charles began to wear a smile and an abstracted look, and Nettie began to wear a little grin.

By and by there came another day. The sun rose according to schedule and poured out its usual flood of mellow radiance upon a happy world.

In a cottage which was properly vine-clad there gathered a little company of relatives and friends, and also Charles and Nettie, and the air was heavy with the odor of roses, and Charles was decked out in a brand new Prince Albert coat, while Nettie was sweetly, simply beautiful in the regulation bride-white gown. The preacher took his place in front of the bay window.

Cousin Jennie pounded out a Mendelssohn wedding march, while Charles and Nettie marched from the side bedroom to the front parlor and took their places as they had rehearsed for weeks. It was all over in a moment and they were one. And they were both very happy, and everybody got a piece of the wedding cake and kissed the bride, and the bride cried a little, and Charles said anyone that wouldn't get married was a chump, and so the whole thing passed off very pleasantly.

All this happened ten years ago. On their wedding journey Charles told Nettie that he was only a poor young man, with a name and fame yet to make, but with the inspiring companionship of the noblest woman on the face of the earth he would win fame and honor and riches. He told her that he could not now deck her in purple and fine linen, or take her to Niagara falls, but to watch him as the years should speed by and see how his tireless efforts should be rewarded, and how they would rejoice in luxuries honestly earned.

"When we have been married ten years," he said, "we will lay aside all our business and household cares and take our yacht and make a trip around the world. We will call our yacht the 'Nettie,' and she shall be as beautiful and fair to look upon as is her charming mistress."

And Nettie snuggled up a little closer and whispered: "That will be so lovely, Charles."

It would have been lovely, too.

There came still another day, and its consequent evening. The clouds were lowering in the western sky and the aspect was as threatening as aspects usually get at the close of a still, hot day in midsummer. The front porch of a semi-suburban flat was occupied by a family consisting of a bewhiskered man, a mother-hubbarded woman and two chubby little girls. Trolley cars were whizzing merrily along the street below and all the other time-honored accompaniments of a quiet evening were present in proper proportions.

Charles, for it was indeed he, was sitting with his feet upon the porch railing and smoking a large, dark-colored pipe. Nettie, for it was indeed she, sat with folded arms, and gazing wistfully into the stilly night. The two little girls were busy on the floor with their box of water-color paints. Presently little Elsie came to her mother and exhibited the picture she had been painting. It was a picture of a ship—a generous-sized blue ship, with a yellow mast and purple sail, the whole floating more or less gracefully upon a

dark green ocean. Her mother looked carefully at the picture, smiled and said: "That's very nice, my dear; bring mamma the pencil." Then taking the pencil she marked slowly upon the side of the ship the word:

NETTIE.

"Now show papa the picture, Elsie," she said.

Little Elsie went over to her father and showed him the work of art. Charles looked at it earnestly a moment, and then a light broke over his countenance. Reminiscences seemed to be chasing each other across his face.

"Nettie!"

"Yes?"

"Do you know what day it is?"

"Indeed I do, dear. It was ten years ago to-day that we were married."

Knocking the ashes from his pipe, Charles rose, stretched his arms and looked first at Nettie and then from one to the other of the little girls, and then back at Nettie. "Ten years is a long time, Nettie," he said.

"Not so very long, either," said Nettie, and she looked at Charles and then from one to the other of the little girls and then back to Charles, and may be there was a bit of a tear in her eye.

"Girls, this is your papa's and mamma's wedding anniversary, and we are going to celebrate. We are going to take a cruise in the little ship you have painted. Come, get your hats on, and we'll all go together to have a regular old-fashioned celebration. Come on, Nettie; climb into a shirt waist and join this hilarious gang."

"But what are you going to do, Charles?" asked Nettie.

"Never you mind, girl; I promised you ten years ago that we would have a glorious old time on our anniversary, and now we are going to have it, and I don't care what it costs. Tin weddings don't come every day, and I guess we can afford to spread a little bit."

Nettie obeyed the summons, and in a few moments the whole party were on the street and headed for the corner. As they walked along the sidewalk Charles took Nettie lovingly by the arm and whispered to her: "When we have been married 20 years we'll take a cruise in our yacht and we'll go round the world, won't we?"

"That will be lovely," said Nettie.

"And it will be lovely, too."

Presently they arrived at the drug store and all trailed in. Throwing a half dollar on the counter Charles swelled himself up to his full height and commanded: "Give us four ice-cream sodas."

And thus, in the gloaming, as it were, passed the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Charles and Nettie. And the moon kept on shining, and back in the solitude of the flat, when the two little curly heads were reposing on their pillows, and Charles and Nettie had gone out again to get the air on the porch, there seemed to be nothing to say. They sat silently for a long time and finally Charles remarked: "I wonder what will happen in the next ten years?"

"I wonder, too," said Nettie.—Chicago Daily Record.

NO MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Lights of Literature to Whom Music Was "Mere Impertinent Noise."

Many distinguished men have been totally deficient in the sense of music. In the world of literature, where it might have been expected that an appreciation of music would coexist with a sense of rhythm in language, this deficiency is especially noticeable. Many literary men have been unmusical.

Swift cared nothing for music. Dr. Johnson was altogether insensible to it. At an evening party, on hearing it said, in praise of a musical performance, that it was in any case difficult, the great man blurted out: "Sir, I wish it had been impossible."

Sir Walter Scott, while he had a marvelous ear for verse and rhythm, had no ear for music. In his autobiography he tells us that it was only after long practice that he acquired the power of even distinguishing melodies. In the "Life of John Sterling," Carlyle says that "all music was mere impertinent noise to him," and the same might probably be said of the sage of Chelsea himself.

Dr. Arnold of Rugby, the greatest schoolmaster of the nineteenth century, is another instance of a man of rare ability in whom the musical faculty did not exist. "I simply cannot conceive," he writes, with reference to music, "what to others is a keen source of pleasure; there is no link by which my mind can attach it to itself; I can no more remedy it than some other men could enter into the deep delight with which I look at wood anemones or wood sorrel." "Wild flowers," he used to say, "are my music."

The writings of Dean Stanley are remarkable for the sustained rhythm of the sentences, yet, in the sense of music, he was as deficient as in the sense of smell. Archbishop Tait, the greatest archbishop of Canterbury, since the latitudinarian Tillotson, was, like his friend Stanley, totally deficient in any knowledge or appreciation of music, whether vocal or instrumental. It was, therefore, a matter of much amusement to himself and his friends when he was invited by the prince of Wales to be a speaker at the great meeting in St. James' palace to inaugurate the Royal College of Music. The speech, however, in which he classed himself with "certain unfortunate people who are deaf to music," is said to have been a marked success, notwithstanding that on entering the hall he whispered to a friend that he never in his life felt so entirely at a loss.—Pittsburgh News.

Popular System of Weights.

"What! 15 ounces make one pound? I always thought it was 16."
"Not in our shop, ma'am, it ain't never!"—The Bits.

METHODS HAVE CHANGED.

Calves Are No Longer Given Fresh Milk, Which Was an Expensive and Ill-Advised Practice.

In earlier days, when farmers knew little concerning what is now the common possession of nearly every farm worker, it was the practice to permit young calves to suck at least two teats and sometimes three of the four, the milkmaid or milkman taking what was left. Calves in those days were no better than they are now, yet they received more milk, or, at all events, richer milk. Practices have changed. Every saving means much in this age. Waste of valuable material of any kind must be checked if any profit is to be realized. Calves are no longer given milk fresh from their dams, drawn by their own mouths. Twentieth century calves are raised on skim milk which contains all the elements of life-sustaining food, only the butter fat having been removed.

Skim milk, judiciously fed, gives as good results fed to calves as are observed in calves sucking their dams. This argues the lack of business tact and good judgment on the part of the farmer who, knowing it, persists in allowing his calves to suck the cow. If, however, the calves are to be raised without the cows how are they to be fed the skim milk? This question arises in the mind of the intelligent dairy farmer at the outset and offers an opportunity to give a few general hints. After the calves are able to stand up and get around fairly well they should be placed in warm, comfortable quarters, fully protected from hogs and cold, and their first ration should consist of some warmed skim milk. Trouble may at first be experienced in inducing them to drink it and it may be necessary to dose them with a spoon. But this will not last long. Soon they will learn to drink the milk from a clean trough. After they have reached this point but little trouble will be had with them. Increase the quantity of milk as their ages advance and their appetites seem to warrant.

To ascertain the value of the hand method as compared with the mother method let a cow or two raise a calf. Compare gains in weight and conformation with that of the cow-raised calves. The results will prove that after the calf has been delivered in good shape there is no further practical use for the cow.—Farmers' Voice.

BARREL FEED RACK.

Very Handy Device for Feeding Hay or Straw to Calves or Sheep in the Farm Yard.

In yard or barn inclosure this is a very handy affair for feeding hay or straw to sheep or calves. All that is needed is a good crockery cask, from which two-thirds of the staves should be cut, as shown in the illustration.



BARREL FEEDING RACK.

thus making holes from which the fodder can be obtained. The animals then feeding from the rack waste no food, and, unlike the ordinary rack or manger, the strong cannot very easily drive the weak away from it. If any of the lambs or calves are disposed to fight over their food, however, a stake driven about a foot from the cask and opposite the whole staves, is pretty sure to result in the weaker ones obtaining their requisite allowance. The barrel is easily filled, and the fodder, hay or straw may be fed from it with practically no waste at all.—Fred O. Sibley, in Ohio Farmer.

THE COW IN WINTER.

Immense Loss Is Caused Every Year by Cold Barns and the Lack of Warm Water.

The investigation made by the Kansas experiment station of the creamery business of the Meridian creamery revealed the fact that there was one man that sheltered his cows in winter by two wire fences, another by a wood lot, and still others by wind breaks. Out of 82 patrons there were 18, or 22 per cent, that compelled their cows to drink ice water from a creek or pond in winter.

When we stop to think that the dairy cow, unlike the steer, has a thin hide, with little or no fat beneath the skin and a poor surface circulation, we can understand one of the reasons why the yield of some herds is so low. The dairy cow is a very sensitive animal, and when she is forced to keep up animal heat and to stand shivering while having her fill of ice water she certainly cannot be expected to make a very good showing at the milk pail.

Very few people realize the loss sustained from cold barns. In an experiment carried on in New England it was found that with a herd of 30 cows the profit was three pounds or about \$15 per week more when the temperature of the barn was kept at 63 degrees than when at 52 degrees. At this rate it would not take long for a herd of good dairy cows to pay for a barn. The barn should be tight enough so that the animal heat of the cows will always keep the manure from freezing.—D. H. Otis, in Rural World.

IS A WOMAN'S CHURCH.

First Baptist Sanctuary at Columbus, O., Is as Comfortable as Any Playhouse.

The people of Columbus cannot complain that they have no church as comfortable as the theater. It has for years been a stock complaint among the males of any family that church seats were uncomfortable, and for that reason they did not care to attend Sunday services. They have also said that the air was bad and they were not allowed the same liberty as in a theater. If they were uncomfortable they could not get up and go out a few minutes, for there was no place to go except into the street.

Women have also complained of this matter and for years the theaters of the different cities have been a standing reproach to the churches. The comfortable lounging rooms, the convenient dressing rooms, the easy chairs, and the resting spots have all been conspicuous by their absence.

But a church has just been finished in Columbus which is a triumph to those who designed it; they are said to be the women of the church. It is the First Baptist church, and it is unique in its arrangements for the comforts of both the men and women of the congregation, though it must be admitted that the plans are more for the women than for the men.

Looking in the church you would be reminded a little of a theater, for there is a lobby and there are "boxes," fire escapes and a check-room for wraps. There is also that which no theater has—a kitchen and a dining-room; besides these there is a bicycle parlor.

The temple stands on Broad street, three-quarters of a mile from the state capitol. It is placed 60 feet back from the street drive and has a 12-foot driveway on the west and 22 feet of lawn on the east.

The temple is built of a light bluish sandstone and has a red tile roof.

All the social rooms are very completely furnished. The halls and cor-



PLANNED BY WOMEN.
(Interior of Sitting-Room in New Columbus Baptist Church.)

ridors also are finished in colored marbles and valuable hard wood.

Looking through the arched openings by which the foyer is connected with the auditorium, one sees first circular rows of quarter-sawn oak pews, divided by aisles, in which a new and striking curve has been introduced, and then the minister's platform, immediately back of which the great organ and the space occupied by the choir of 40 voices, which leads in the singing that is so much a feature in the temple services.

The platform, which is bare of everything resembling the old-fashioned pulpit, its furniture being a comfortable tete-a-tete, a small ebony table and an onyx stand of flowers, is surmounted by an unmistakable proscenium arch and has boxes at the right and left.

These are really retiring rooms, furnished to correspond with the foyer, but the heavy plush curtains that hang in the arched openings permit the spaces to be utilized for seating purposes whenever necessary. The floor of the auditorium has a decided slope to it, as has also the spacious gallery that circles around it, and the further ends of which gracefully swell to correspond with the box effect below.—Chicago Democrat.

The Onion as a Medicine.

Onions are a kind of all-round good medicine. A whole onion eaten at bedtime will, by the next morning, break the severest cold. Onions make a good plaster to remove inflammation and hoarseness. If an onion is mashed so as to secure all the juice in it it will make a most remarkable smelling substance that will quiet the most nervous person. The strength of it inhaled for a few moments will dull the sense of smell and weaken the nerves until sleep is produced from sheer exhaustion. It all comes from one property possessed by the onion, and that is a form of opium.

Excellent Cough Mixture.

Take two ounces of honey, four ounces of treacle, seven ounces of best vinegar, mix them in an enameled saucepan and simmer over the fire for a quarter of an hour. When cool add two drachms of ipecacuanha wine. Take one tablespoonful every four hours. This mixture is particularly good for children.

Chinese Women Are Barred.

Maiwatehin, on the borders of Russia, is the only town in the world exclusively inhabited by men. The Chinese women are not allowed to live in this territory, and are even forbidden to pass the great wall of Kalkan, and to enter Mongolia. All the Chinese of this border town are traders.

Elephants Used as Nurses.

Siamese women entrust their children to the care of elephants, who are careful never to hurt the little creatures; and if danger threatens, the sagacious animal will curl the child gently up in his trunk, and swing it up and out of harm's way upon its own broad back.

Coming to Bellefonte!

A Man Eminent in His Profession, and Known Throughout the State as One of the Most Successful Living Specialists.



Dr. M. Salm, Oculist and Aurist,

Has decided to locate permanently in Bellefonte. Office: Rooms in Miss McGill's Boarding House, 27 Allegheny St.

Office will open Wednesday, March 14, 1900.

DISEASES OF THE Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Lungs

Treated Scientifically by Modern Methods and Late Discoveries Known Only to the Most Advanced Men in Medicine. Startling and Seemingly Impossible Feats are Every Day Occurrences at Dr. Salm's Office.

Also Chronic Nervous and Private Diseases.

NEW TREATMENT FOR CATARRHAL DEAFNESS, a large percentage of which is now curable. It is not the length of time, but the change in the ear, that makes the case curable or incurable. Dr. Salm can tell in five minutes whether you can be cured or not. Noise in the ears stopped. Discharging ears permanently cured.

CATARRH OF THE HEAD AND THROAT relieved by mild and painless treatment. Improvement immediate. Polypus of the Nose and Enlarged Tonsils removed by painless method. Granulated Sore Throat, Loss of Voice, Disease of the Nose and Throat quickly and permanently cured.

LUNG TROUBLES, Chronic Cough, Pains in the Chest, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Asthma. By the new Inhalation Method, the Medicaments are applied directly to the parts affected. Constitutional treatment employed when required. CROSS EYES STRAIGHTENED. Tumors of the Lids removed. Cataracts extracted. Granulated Eyelids, Closure of the Tear Ducts, Wild Hairs, all diseases of the Eyes successfully treated.

Consultation and Preliminary Examination, Free. Hrs. 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. No Incurable Cases Taken.

Dr. Moritz Salm was born raised and educated in Germany. His diploma was issued by the Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York City, by the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, by the State Board of Medical Regents of New York State, and by the Ohio Board of Medical Examiners. Considering that these endorsements can be obtained only by one of the most strict examinations imaginable, in all branches of medicine and surgery, his diploma is one of the very best. The Doctor's diploma and registration papers are open for inspection. He is also an author of repute, having written a great many works, some of which are text books. Among them are "Four Hundred Cataract Operations," "The successful Treatment of Nasal Catarrh," "The Successful Treatment of Severe Cases of Stomach Trouble," "How to Avoid Consumption in Families where it is Thought to be Hereditary," "The Difficulties in the Successful Treatment of Deafness," and others.

ARE WORD OF SUCCESS. For several years the people of the State of Pennsylvania have been experiencing revelation after revelation, caused by the results obtained by an eminent medical scientist in the treatment of eye and ear diseases and chronic ailments. The deaf have been made to hear, the blind have had their sight restored, and the afflicted have been cured of dread disease in all forms. The newspapers have recited romances in the cold facts, narrating the details of these wonderful cures. These innovations are the results of the latest discoveries of a man eminent in the search of knowledge in the field of science. Dr. Salm, possessor of a new method for curing deafness and catarrh, and probably the most successful living specialist in chronic and special diseases of men and women, has decided to locate in Bellefonte, and the people of this city and surrounding country will now be afforded the advantage of all the skill that modern medical skill can offer.

Not Miracles, But Science. Dr. Salm does not pretend to work miracles, though everything, but he does cure every case he undertakes. He makes a thorough examination in every case, and if incurable will say so. This is the reason for his most remarkable success—he knows what he CAN DO. The Doctor finds about 90 per cent. of all cases of deafness amenable to treatment, and many cases of other chronic diseases that have been pronounced incurable yield at the hands of this skilled physician.

LIMITS HIS WORK TO THE EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT AND LUNGS. Dr. Salm belongs to the up-to-date class of medical men, who believe it is impossible for one man to know it all, and he advocates the apportioning of the different branches of medical science amongst those who are willing to devote themselves solely to their respective specialties. This means a thoroughness which, with all that is now known in medicine, would be impossible to the physician who undertakes to master it all. "Better be master of one thing," says Dr. Salm, "than a jack-at-all-trades and master at none."

A MASTER IN HIS LINE.

That Dr. Salm is a master of the branch he has chosen for his life-work, is shown by the results he has attained. He not only performs all operations known to these organs, but he is the inventor of several surgical appliances, now generally adopted, and the originator of methods of treatment before unknown, and which, in some respects, revolutionize the science of medicine in these branches.

WHAT HE DOES.

Dr. Salm makes a specialty of Catarrhal Diseases. In this changeable climate but few people are not afflicted with this disease, and in many it assumes alarming forms. Many cases of long-standing troubles in the head, throat or bronchial tubes, which until now have been simply annoying and not seemingly dangerous, have become more marked, and the result is a stopped-up head, or a constant tickling in the throat, with a cough that gradually works down on the lungs.

IMPORTANCE OF TIMELY TREATMENT.

Fortunately people are realizing the importance of early attention to catarrhal disease, that by proper timely treatment the worst is prevented. But too often still it is neglected, and it is not out of place here to call attention to this matter. If you have any symptoms of catarrh, go at once to a specialist and have it cured. It can be done and save much trouble in the end, for it is a progressive disease, aggravated and made worse each succeeding season.

Office will be open on and after Wednesday, March 14, Hours: 9 A. M. to 12: 1 P. M to 5; 7 to 8 P. M. No Sunday Hours. Consultation, Free. No Incurable Cases taken. Correspondence with out-of-town cases invited.