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HATS OFF! Along the way they come, Their colonel marching on before, Their steps attuned to fife and drum As in the valiant days of yore. Note not what change Time's finger brings; Note not if ranks are incomplete. The present fades, the past up-springs— The "boys" are marching down the street!

Hats off, hats off, on either side! And form a living lane of love Through which they tread, all glorified, Their banner streaming brave above. Who reckes how cautious is the pace?



Who reckes how lagging are the feet? Bright deeds illumine each wrinkled face— The "boys" are marching down the street!

Hats off! That tattered flag you see With rents in every treasured fold Wakes oft to mem'ry's reveille And never, ay, is never old. The stars that stud its field of blue A thousand stories can repeat, Which, told again, are ever new— The "boys" are marching down the street!

Hats off, hats off! The gray and lame Are now no longer lame and gray, But feel once more youth's sturdy frame And breathe the fires of yesterday. In bays reclad, to pride reborn, Defying dust and miles and heat, Mid cheers and tears this splendid morn The "boys" are marching down the street!

EDWIN L. SABIN.

A THEME FOR A POET.

Charge of the Light Brigade Outdone by Minnesotans.

The story of the disaster to Sickles' corps at Gettysburg is well known to all who are familiar with that battle. General Hancock spared what troops he could from Cemetery Ridge to support Sickles. While he was out strengthening the line on the flank and rear of Sickles he saw a brigade of Wilcox's Confederates dashing forward upon a Federal battery. The First Minnesota stood behind the guns, the only troops in sight. Pointing to the charging column, he said to the leader of the Minnesotans, "Colonel Colville, advance and take those colors!" The red battleflags of the enemy were more clearly distinguished through the smoke than the ranks of the men who bore them.

A thousand muskets on the Confederate reserve swept the field to clear the way for Wilcox's advance. The Minnesotans held their fire as they marched forward, losing men at every step. Finally the charge opened. Forty-seven killed on the return. Not a man was missing, for none surrendered or left ranks under fire. Forty-seven marched back to the ridge, seventy-five dead or dying where they fell, and 10 were wounded.

Comfire Tales

[Copyright, 1902, by W. L. Vall.]

SOME Confederates insist that pictures of hard times in the south in the sixties are overdrawn, and this story may be taken for what it is worth as coming from the lips of one of Lee's military family. At the siege of Petersburg, in midwinter, even the headquarters cow had been consumed for beef, and the hens carried along to supply eggs were starved into barrenness. One morning as the chief and his staff sat down to their usual coibmeal mush and molasses, with rye coffee, a guest from the firing line began to bewail the terrible situation of the army. Everything was black. "Why," said he, "General Lee's spies are all around us. He even knows what you have every morning for breakfast." "That can't be or he'd send us something better," said the grim soldier with a mischievous smile.

When Captain Semmes found himself loose on the wave with his brand new English built cruiser Alabama, he laid his course for Galveston. One day just at nightfall he fell in with the United States ironclad gunboat Hatteras, and they exchanged the usual greetings, Semmes claiming that his ship was the British steamer Petrel. Captain Blake of the Hatteras announced that he would send off a boat, and suddenly a trumpet spoke from the deck of the stranger, saying, "This is the Confederate steamer Alabama." A broadside from the batteries of the cruiser came as a punctuation of the startling avowal. The ports of the Hatteras were open and the men were at their guns. The vessels were half a mile apart, sailing the same course, and they poured volleys into each other, gradually lessening the distance to thirty yards. The sailors in the tops fought with pistols and muskets. At last the Alabama planted two shells in the Hatteras which set her on fire and smashed her steam cylinder, steering gear and pumps. Captain Blake took his men off in boats after flooding the magazine to prevent explosion, and in two minutes the ship went down.

The hyperbole in which war correspondents and other literary "fellows" indulge when they write up battles sounds very ludicrous to the reader who facts put imagination to blush. This was the case at Stone River when Breckinridge's Kentuckians, headed by the famous fighting brigade known as "the Orphans," charged upon a brace of Federal batteries on the south bank of the river. The Kentuckians rushed through the batteries bayonet in hand and chased the artillerymen with their infantry supports down the slope to the ford which served to connect the captured batteries with the main position of their army on the north bank. Opposite the scene of the charge, on the north bank, lay a reserve artillery brigade of fifty-eight guns. The instant the retreating soldiers got inside the range of those ready cannons the entire brigade opened upon the pursuing "Orphans," firing 100 shots a minute. Forests which stood in the pathway of the shells were swept away and the Kentuckians nearly annihilated. Fully one-half of the officers and men were cut down by the awful fire almost at one blast.

Colonel S. S. Fry of the Fourth Kentucky Federals, riding across the field at Mill Springs, was accosted by a stranger whose uniform, whatever the color, was veiled under a gum coat. It was misty and rainy, and the coat was quite the thing for the occasion. Behind the cloaked figure Fry saw some troops advancing, and the stranger said, pointing at the line, "We must not fire on our own men." "Of course not," Fry responded and rode back toward his regiment. In a few seconds another stranger joined the one in the cloak and fired a shot at Fry. Thinking himself betrayed, Fry turned and fired a pistol at the man in the cloak. His offhand shot killed the commander of the opposing army, General Felix K. Zollicoffer. The troops on both sides were green soldiers, and there were no skirmishes in front. It was believed that Zollicoffer knew that Fry was an enemy and spoke as he did on the spur of the moment in order to gain time and save his men.

Four bells sounded on the United States gunboat Underwriter, lying at anchor, with fires banked, in the blockading fleet off Newbern. The night was dark, and it was raining in torrents. The lookout heard the noise of approaching vessels and called out rapidly the challenge: "Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!" Getting no answer, the watch sprang the ship's rattle. The crew of the gunboat rushed on deck just as a party of boarders dressed in Confederate gray clambered from the launches over the ship's sides, armed to the teeth with pistols and cutlasses. It took but ten minutes to decide the battle on deck. The gunboat lost its captain and eight sailors killed, besides twenty helplessly wounded. In the boarding party six were killed and twenty-two wounded, but there were fifty sound men left against twenty gunboat jacksies. The little handul surrendered. Finding the boilers of their prize cold, the boarders applied the torch and speedily got out from under the rain of fire poured on them from the Federal forts on shore, which had been alarmed by the bold attack.

Four Federal ironclads and three gunboats of Commodore Foote's Federal fleet rained shells into Fort Henry for two hours. The Confederates began the fight with fifty-four men and nine guns, and in the brief bombardment five guns had been disabled, with sixteen men cut down beside them. The commandant of Fort Henry humanely ordered the colors down in token of surrender, but the flagstaff had been shot through and the halyards fouled at the crosscross. The flag could not be lowered. The staff and its defiant ensign were targets for a steady fire from the fleet. It happened that Captain Taylor, commander of the gunners who had fought so well to hold the fort, was an old man-o-war's man. He climbed the staff, heedless of danger, hauled down the colors and saved his helpless men from further slaughter. Taylor and his men were amateurs in war. After the surrender the captain and his men were entertained at the mess of General Grant and received a special mark of distinction for his gallant conduct during the battle and at the time of the surrender.

Commodore Rowan's fleet at the attack on Elizabeth City consisted of old ferryboats, tugs and river steamers rigged for war. The Confederate squadron lined up before a fort which mounted four 32 pounders. Rowan hoisted the signal, "Dash into the enemy!" and splinters as well as lead and iron began to fly. On board the Federal ship Valley City Gunner's Mate John Davis served powder in the heat of the fight from an open barrel. Suddenly one of the enemy's shells crashed through the gunroom, setting the woodwork on fire. Sprung through the flames on his trip back from the gun last served, Davis threw himself across the opening of the barrel, covering the powder from falling sparks until the fire was extinguished. The affair at Elizabeth City was not important, only a helter skelter sea fight of the liveliest kind, all over in half an hour. Davis was not glorified for his coolness and bravery, but Rowan praised the deed in his official report, although the hero was only an enlisted man in the navy.



THE HATTERAS SET ON FIRE BY THE ALABAMA'S SHELLS.



MOWING DOWN "THE KENTUCKY ORPHANS."



BIG GAME FOR A LITTLE GUN.



A PARTY OF BOARDERS CLIMBED OVER THE SHIP'S RAIL.



HAULING DOWN THE FLAG UNDER FIRE.



DAVIS COVERING THE OPEN POWDER BARREL FROM FIRE.

COMRADES IN THE WHITE HOUSE

By M. K. Rutledge

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FIVE veterans of the civil war were honored with the highest gift in the hands of the people, election to the White House. McKinley, the last of the five, was nearer to the mass of his former comrades in arms because he came from the ranks. William McKinley's army career was that of a typical American volunteer.

While serving as a private in the ranks McKinley formed the army friendships which bound him to the old soldiers throughout all his distinguished career. When he lay wounded to the death in Buffalo, his old regiment, the Twenty-third Ohio, held its annual reunion at Cleveland, and the chairs which had been prepared for him on the platform and at the banquet board were left vacant except for the drappings of the stars and stripes. These mute memorials were more impressive than the real presence of the president would have been, for in the gatherings of old comrades all ranks are leveled. President McKinley at the Cleveland festivities would have been one of the boys. Every private soldier who shared his dog tent or divided rations with Private William McKinley in 1861 would have been the equal for a day of the president of the United States by the mystic bond of comradeship.

Grant was the first president enrolled in the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic. The year of his first inauguration, 1868, the Grand Army was in the second year of its existence and numbered but a few thousand veterans. In that year the custom of decorating the graves of the fallen comrades was first officially observed by the order. During the eight years of Grant's occupancy of the White House the society gained in influence and membership. After he laid down the cares of office and was on the eve of departure on his trip around the world Grant was mustered in under a special dispensation suspending the rules for initiating new members. The ceremony took place in Philadelphia in the presence of a delegation of comrades of Post 1, Department of Pennsylvania. Immediately after the muster the party repaired to Independence hall, where the ex-president and former general of the army shook the fraternal hand of several hundred Grand Army men. On his return to the United States in 1879 Commodore Grant was given an enthusiastic welcome at a mammoth Grand Army campfire held in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. In the course of a speech, accounted bitter, but long for the "silent man" who uttered it, he used three times the word so dear to the old soldier—that is, "comrades."

General Hayes, General Garfield, General Harrison and Major McKinley were veterans of the Grand Army when they were called to the presidential chair. Hayes, Garfield and McKinley came from the state noted for veteran enthusiasm in all things, Indiana, the home of Harrison, had a proud record in the war, and the activity of her veterans since the founding of the Grand Army has kept her in line as a soldier state.

Grant alone among the veteran presidents was a professional soldier. Yet even he, West Pointer though he was, entered the war as an Illinois volun-



COMRADE MCKINLEY IN 1861.

teer, the colonel of a regiment. Hayes also began his military career as a regimental officer. While holding the rank of major he commanded his regiment, the Twenty-third Ohio, at the battle of South Mountain in 1862. After his promotion to the rank of colonel he led a brigade and before the war ended won the star of a brigadier general.

Garfield's earliest rank was that of a lieutenant colonel, but he was quickly promoted to colonel of the Forty-second Ohio volunteers. In his first battle he commanded a brigade and won a victory at Middle Creek, Ky., on the 10th of January, 1862. For his achievement at Middle Creek Garfield was made a brigadier general, and while serving on the staff of General Rosecrans as major general for gallantry at Chickamauga.

Harrison's first commission was that of a second lieutenant, the lowest grade, but when the company he helped recruit was incorporated into a regiment he became colonel. This regiment, the Seventieth Indiana, he led in battle and came out of the war a brigadier general. Grant was a full general, Garfield major general, Hayes and Harrison brigadier generals and McKinley major, and all volunteers of 1861.

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