

CAMPFIRE STORIES

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

'Tis a far, far cry from the minute man
And times of the buff and blue,
To the days of the withering Jorgensen,
The hands that hold it true.
'Tis a far, far cry from Lexington
To the lares of the China sea,
But ever the same the man and the gun—
Ever the same are we.

For the blood of the sire at Bunker Hill,
Through countless fierce campaigns,
Is as red and eager in peril still
In the depths of the children's veins,
And the heart and the eye support the hand
No matter what odds there be—
Ever the same thy sons, O land,
Ever the same are we.

Not a Valley Forge, nor a Wilderness,
Nor hall of a Cuban step,
Can take one jot of our fearlessness,
Who daily thy honor keep.
We carry the flag through varying scenes—
From the sign of the old pine tree
To the Stars and Stripes in the Philippines—
Ever the same are we.

And the lad with the fresh, unshaded
mouth
Fights as his fathers fought,
And the man from the north and the man
from the south
Do as their fathers wrought.
And whether from city or farm we come
We answer the call with glee—
We heroes upping at the beat of the
drum—
Ever the same are we.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Munsey's Magazine.

IN A REAL WAR.

A Veteran of '61 Steams Up on the
Subject of Celebrating His-
toric Battles.

It was at the breakfast table that Mr. Scott Lindsay, a veteran of the real war, read something about the anniversary of the battle of San Juan and began to breathe heavily through his nose.

"Great grief, mother!" he exclaimed, looking across the table at his wife. "Here's somethin' that'd make old Gen. Sherman turn over in his grave. They're goin' to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of San Juan! Battled! Gosh, all fishhooks! Battled! Say, if the old boys that 'us with the Army of the Tennessee ever started in to celebrate the anniversary of every durned little popgun skirmish like that battle of San Juan we wouldn't do nothin' but celebrate, day in and day out, from one year's end to another. We'd have to get up in the night and annyverserate. Battled! Battle nothin'! Wy, around Vicksburg there we used to roll out in the mornin' an' fight three or four of 'em battles just to whet our appetites. We didn't call 'em battles, though. We knew the difference between a battle and a strawbery festival. I went out rabbit shootin' several times last winter, you may rickollect. Well, I didn't never come back and say 'I'd been in any battle, did I?'"

"Oh, well, father, you must make some allowances," said Mrs. Lindsay.



THEY MADE THE OLD SOLDIER MAD.

"These boys don't remember the other war."

"I guess they don't—I just good an' guess they don't. If they did they wouldn't be spoutin' so much about bein' heroes an' all that. There's a blamed sight o' difference between chasin' some runt of a dago with a white feather in each hand and chasin' a six-foot Johnny Reb that jest raises up on his everlastin' hind legs an' come at you like a runaway horse, breathin' smoke out of his nose an' ears, 'y Gory, an' yellin' like an Injun. It's easy enough to chase anything that runs the other way, but this hero job's got its drawbacks when the other feller gets it into his head that he wants to do the chasin' an' swoops out o' the woods like an' loway cyclone, by gosh, pumpin' lead into you till you git too heavy to run. Battled! When we had 'em stacked up till we couldn't see over 'em an' every regiment 'us whittled down to a company an' our flags blown into carpet rags an' the blood got so deep it wet the ammunition in the wagons we used to begin to suspect that we'd had a battle. Somethin' a little less argymentative than that we called a skirmish. Anythin' the size o' this (San Juan basket-meetin' we didn't keep no tally of at all. That kind o' come under the head o' target practice."

"I wouldn't be too hard on 'em, father. They say these boys fought real well down there in Cuba."

"Well, to see 'em struttin' around town here in their cowboy hats and 'gasin' in front of every store, you'd think, by cracky, that every one o' them had chawed up a thousand o' them Spanish generals, whiskers an' all. You take some old codger that crawled through them swamps for four years, dodgin' minie balls and nothin' to keep him alive but hardtack an' hot slough water, an' he ain't in it no more with one of these cussed little whippersnappers, by ginger, that—well, you ought to hear old Cap Nesbit the other

night after post meetin'. He made a few remarks about these kid soldiers that wouldn't pass muster in a crowd o' women, but they wuz satisfyin' to me."

"I don't see why Cap Nesbit wants to pick onto these boys. I think they deserve a lot o' credit for enlistin' an' goin' down there in that hot country to fight."

"Enlistin' all right an' fightin' all right, if you do it. I don't begrudge no man the credit of goin' out an' fightin' for his country. These boys done well, as far as they went, but I don't want no kid to tell me what war is until he's been through one. These young fellers got a sniff o' blood, and now they think they've been through the slaughter-house. There's old Dan Bailey that got shot so often he didn't mind it at all toward the last, laid in Andersonville till he was a rack o' bones, came home here lookin' like a corpse, and ain't seen a well day since, and he ain't as big a man in this town to-day as that grandson o' his that went down there to Porty Rico last winter an' laid in a hammock for six months smokin' cigarettes. He's what they call a hero now—had an ice-cream reception for him when he come home, didn't they? I don't recollect that anybody had an ice-cream reception for old Dan when he come home. Heroes wasn't quite so gosh-danged scarce about that time. Nobody paid any attention to 'em. They used to ship 'em in here by the carload, an' most o' 'em went right on through town an' out to the graveyard. Wuzn't it you, mother, that wuz readin' the other day about some regiment that wouldn't git on a train becuz they wuzn't no sleepers? Great Jehoshaphat! I'd like to see somebody ask old Col. Griggs for a sleepin' car. I'd like to hear what he'd say. Sleepin' cars! We wuz tickled to death to git box cars, cattle cars—anythin' on wheels. We didn't need no porter to brush our cloze, for the darned good reason that we didn't have no cloze to brush. Then there's all this talk about emmanned beef. We'd 'a' been mighty glad to git it—emmanned, petrified, moldy or any other way. We thought we wuz lucky if we could git a little hunk o' salt pork to drop in with the beans now an' then. We wuzn't out on no moonlight excursion, by gosh, playin' tag with a lot o' tambourine players. We wuz out in the underbrush, dad ding my buttons, havin' it out with the toughest lot o' human panthers that ever wore uniforms. An' yit, like as not, if we go to breakin' in on this San Juan celebration, we'll git a back seat in the gallery. We ain't heroes, I guess. Wy, on Decoration day these kids marched in front, everyone o' 'em puffed up like a toad in a thunderstorm—bigger man than old Grant, as the feller says. Now, they're goin' to celebrate the anniversary of San Juan. There was another likely skirmish about the same date. Gettysburg, I think they call it. Wonder why somebody don't celebrate that. Hah!"

—George Ade, in Chicago Record.

DAHLGREN'S COURAGE.

Illustration and interesting incidents related by a Veteran of His Staff.

After the launching of the Dahlgren at Bath on Monday afternoon, May 29, Mr. and Mrs. John V. Dahlgren, of New York, gave a reception and banquet at the Hotel Phoenix to the members of the Kennebec Naval Veterans' association, the Bath Iron works officials, and others. Judge Charles Cowley, of Lowell, Mass., who had served as judge advocate on Admiral Dahlgren's staff during the blockade of the southern ports, paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the admiral.

"The incident of Perry shifting his flag from one ship to another in the battle of Lake Erie has often been quoted as a cool piece of daring, and so it was," said Mr. Cowley. "But it was a thing that Admiral Dahlgren did repeatedly and thought nothing of. The man for whom we have named this warship was one of the most intrepid men who ever lived. I was with him when the Harvest Moon was blown up. She was a Maine-built vessel, designed for duty in shoal water. When she struck the torpedo an immense hole was blown through her bottom, and she sank in about two minutes after the contact. Never shall I forget the perfect coolness of the admiral upon that occasion. I was standing aft on deck and immediately after the explosion I heard Lieut. G. H. Rexford excitedly exclaim: 'Admiral, we have struck a torpedo.' 'I think it very likely, Mr. Rexford,' said the admiral, coolly. We got out of the situation with our lives, but that we did was due to the perfect discipline that the admiral enforced and to his marvelous ability to keep his head under the most trying experiences."

The speaker referred to the fact that Admiral Dahlgren was not only a sailor, but a man of science as well. "Some of his inventions," said Mr. Cowley, "have been superseded by the modern disappearing guns, but many of his creations in the department of naval science still remain of practical utility. During the civil war many heavy guns burst, killing and maiming hundreds, but I think there has never been recorded the bursting of a Dahlgren gun. The Monitor that fought the Merrimac was armed with Dahlgren guns, and had the executive officer of the ship earlier in the fight made up his mind to double charge his guns, the southern boat would never have withdrawn. She would have been sunk then and there. Lemar, the chronicler of the south, was generous enough to say that it was the Dahlgren gun that put down the rebellion."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

About Even.

Customer—Say, do you know you gave me a bad quarter of an hour with that imitation mineral water I drank here yesterday?

Druggist—Did I? Well, you gave me a bad quarter of a dollar. I guess we'll call it square.—Chicago Tribune.

No Hope



for you, said four different physicians, but I still had sufficient left to try Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, as it was highly recommended to me. I had suffered for years with heart trouble; so bad was my case I was given up to die several times. Had severe palpitation, short breath and much pain about the heart, fluttering and smothering spells, but Dr. Miles' Heart Cure gave me prompt relief and finally a permanent cure.

Mrs. J. L. Taylor, Owensboro, Ky.

DR. MILES' Heart Cure

is sold by all druggists on guarantee first bottle benefits or money back. Book on heart and nerves sent free. Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

A Utilitarian.

"Ah," said the man who is sometimes morose and visionary, "if I only had the wings of an eagle and the heart of a lion!"

"Another touch of dyspepsia!" murmured the family physician, in tones of sympathy. "My dear fellow, what you ought to wish for is the stomach of a goat."—Washington Star.

Enough to Extinguish Heroism.

Franklin Woman—Oh, sir! My husband returned to our room after we had fled.

Fireman—Do you think he's in danger?

Woman—He may be. Please go to him and tell him not to forget my diamonds!—Jeweler's Weekly.

Information Wanted.

Her father—if you are already engaged and matters have been settled between you, what do you want to see me about?

The Budding Financier—I would like to know from you whether it's advisable to marry her.—Tit-Bits.

The Same Process.

Briggs—I see by the paper that the school-teachers have been instructed to examine their scholars' heads.

Baggs—Oh, indeed! For phrenological purposes?

Briggs—No; verminological.—Ally Sloper.

Nature's Music.

The woods strike up a melody;
Their tones are clear and rich.
The maple gives the sweetness
And the pine-tree gives the pitch.
—Judge.

ENCOURAGING THE FARMER.



"Bill, don't ye like ter see th' farmer workin' and layin' off th' medder so nice and even? Let's go over an' help him. He oughter be encouraged."

"Well, let's go over. I tell ye; you encourage him wid conversation while I swipe his kettle o' grub."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

An Extra Ingredient.

"No," he said, reflectively, "this isn't like mother's pie."

"And why not?" she waspishly asked.

"Because," he mildly explained, "mother's pie always had ants in it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Had a Better Job.

Employer (impulsively)—Miss De Pinkie, Clara, will you marry me?

Pretty Typewrist—What! And give up my \$20 a week salary? Not much!—N. Y. Weekly.

Not That Kind.

Biggs—I never hear Scrapleigh bragging about what he did during the war.

Boggs—Of course not. He really did things worth talking about, you know.—N. Y. Journal.

Preferable.

"Which is the best—to be lucky or rich?"

"To be rich. Then you don't have to be lucky."—Chicago Daily Record.

A Friendly Suggestion.

Chollie—Mollie said I was good enough to eat.

Dollie—She probably thinks you are a lobster.—Yonkers Statesman.

Of Course He Thinks So.

"He thinks he understands women."

"How do you know?"

"He's a bachelor."—Chicago Post.

Horrible Suspense.

Ardent Lover (wildly)—What does this mean? I've called a dozen times a day for a week, and each time you tell me Miss Beaul is engaged. What does it mean? Tell me. Has she fallen in love with some one else and—

Kind-Hearted Maid—No, indeed, Miss Goodheart, it's little ye made fear.

"But why is she always engaged when I call?"

"Sure it would cost me my place to tell. Don't be worritin' me about it. Sure it'll be all right."

"But I must know. If you lose your place I will continue your wages until you get another. Tell me! For mercy's sake, tell me!"

"O'll tell yez. She do be engaged thryin' t' cure a pimple on her swate nose."—N. Y. Weekly.

Temporarily Patched Up.

"I hope," said the pastor and confidential friend of the family, "you and Mrs. Meeker have adjusted your difficulties and are living in peace and concord with each other again."

"Well," answered Mr. Meeker, hesitatingly, "we are not exactly on the old footing as yet, but we have established a modus vivendi."—Chicago Tribune.

No Idle Boast.

Bilkins—Smythe tries to make people believe that he belongs to the "upper crust."

Wilkins—Well, I should think he did belong to the "upper crust."

Bilkins—In what way does he show it?

Wilkins—Always short and easily broke.—Brooklyn Life.

Unmilitated Gail.

First Passenger—Would you be good enough to lend me your spectacles a moment?

Second Passenger—Certainly, sir, with pleasure.

First Passenger—Oh, thanks. Now, as you can no longer read your newspaper, will you please have the kindness to pass it over to me?—Tit-Bits.

They Have Their Limitations.

"Some of these post office people are very clever. They can read illegible writing and deliver letters when the address is worse than a Chinese puzzle."

"Yes; but they can't help out the man who forgets to mail his wife's letters."—Brooklyn Life.

A Wasted Period.

"Yes, sir, I have always felt that my legislative career was a dead failure."

"Why so?"

"Just because the party I represented was so overwhelmingly strong in the legislature that a single vote was worth little or nothing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Before and After.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hunewell, as she poured the coffee at breakfast the other morning, "do you believe in the eternal fitness of things?"

"I used to," replied Hunewell, "but that was before you began to make my shirts."—Chicago Daily News.

Getting to the Bottom.

Grandma—What time did Mr. Lipplott leave last night, Gracie?

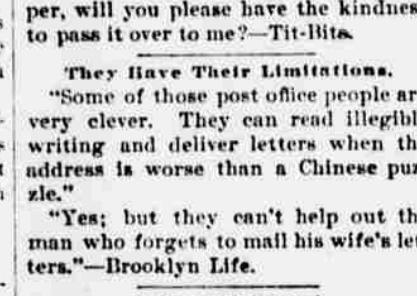
Gracie—Why, grandma, he started home at—

Grandma (mildly)—Never mind when he started; I asked you when he left.—Brooklyn Life.

A Sance of Regret.

She used to be a peach, 'tis said,
Her figure plump with charming curves;
But, now that she is growing old,
She's been consigned to the preserves.
—Puck.

JUST LIKE A DOUGHNUT.



Mr. O'Toole—Beezy, we've ben swindled! Oi bought a dozen av these flower pots, an' ivery dom one o' 'em has a hole in it!—N. Y. Evening Journal.

'Tis Better So.

Harry—Why did you postpone your marriage?

Jack—My fiancée has just graduated from a cooking school, and I want to give her time to forget what she has learned.—N. Y. Journal.

Hard Man to Manage.

Jorkins—Mrs. Jasper bosses her husband in everything, and yet they say she is not satisfied.

Perkins—No; she complains that she is overworked.—Town Topics.

A Pertinent Query.

Mr. Jackson—I told de boss dat I was contemplating matrimony.

Miss Johnson—An' whad did he say?

Mr. Jackson—Why, he asked me was I tired ob work or tired ob life.—Judge.

No Room for Moths.

"How do you keep moths off your clothes?"

"By always wearin' 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Out of the Ordinary.

"I thought you were going to break up housekeeping?"

"We did intend to, but the cook refused to leave."—Town Topics.

Had One Talking Machine.

Agent—Can I sell you a phonograph?

Mr. Henpeck—Not on your life! I'm married.—N. Y. Journal.

POINTS ON MARKETING.

Some Hints Which Will Aid the Housekeeper When Laying in Supplies.

Fish, to be good, must be fresh. In buying see that the flesh is hard, the scales shiny and the eyes bright—otherwise Mr. Fish has been on earth too long to be reliable. Fish should be kept cool until cooked; it should be rinsed carefully, using as little water as possible, as much of it destroys its delicate flavor.

Beware of canned fruit if the ends of the cans are bulged out; it means that the fruit has fermented.

Always buy a small, hard cabbage in preference to a large, loose-leaved one—it will taste better and there will be more of it.

In buying beef or mutton, always choose the piece that looks bright red when freshly cut. Fresh pork and veal are a nice pink, and good salt pork is firm and white.

In buying asparagus, pick out the bunches with long, thin stalks that are green almost up to the butt of the stalk—they are younger, more tender and better flavored.

If the skin of fowls peels easily it is a sign of youth. If the spurs of chickens are over one-quarter of an inch long don't buy them—it indicates old age.

Avoid dark-skinned potatoes with thickly-set eyes. The smaller the eye the better the potato.

To test eggs, place them in strong salt water. If fresh, they will sink. Good flour will lump when pressed in the hands.

The best lemons are full and hard, and have thin skins.—Detroit Free Press.

Double Regret.

Casey—I called one av thim Johnnies a liar and he says to me, says he: "Tu quoque." Now, what might that mean?

Dooley—it means "You are another."

Casey—Ewat! An' I let um get away widout hittin' um! Ah, that is what a man gits for havin' no education!—Vanity Fair.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Sunbury & Lewistown Division.

In effect May 22, 1899.

WESTWARD. STATIONS. EASTWARD.

P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M.

2:08 9:57 Sunbury 9:33 5:30

2:19 10:07 Selingsgrove Junction 9:23 5:20

2:28 10:16 Selingsgrove 9:13 5:15

2:38 10:21 P. M. 9:09 5:05

2:51 10:34 Kreamer 9:06 5:01

3:04 10:47 Meigs 9:04 4:58

3:13 10:56 Middleburg 8:59 4:52

3:25 11:08 Heifer 8:52 4:46

3:38 11:21 Beaverstown 8:44 4:37

3:47 11:30 Adamsburg 8:39 4:32

3:55 11:38 Bathas Mills 8:33 4:25

4:03 11:46 Meigs 8:28 4:19

4:11 11:54 Wagner 8:18 4:09

4:26 12:08 Shindle 8:15 4:00

4:30 12:11 Paintersville 8:09 3:56

4:45 12:26 Nalband 8:08 3:40

4:55 12:35 Lewistown 7:55 3:35

5:07 12:47 Lewistown (Main Street) 7:50 3:30

5:50 1:40 Lewistown Junction 7:35 3:45

Train leaves Sunbury 5:25 p. m., arrives at Selingsgrove 5:45 p. m.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction:

4:52 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 1:10 p. m., 5:25 p. m., 7:07 p. m., for Altoona, Pittsburgh and the West.

For Baltimore and Washington 7:45 a. m. 1:02 p. m. 4:33 p. m. 10:21 p. m.

For Philadelphia and New York 6:58 a. m. 1:02 p. m. 4:35 p. m. 11:16 p. m.

Harrisburg 6:45 a. m. and 8:06 p. m.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division.

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY

Trains leave Sunbury daily except Sunday:

1:25 a. m. for Erie and Canadaport

9:45 a. m. for Bellefonte, Erie and Canadaport

9:45 a. m. for Lock Haven, Tyrone and the West.

1:16 p. m. for Bellefonte, Kane, Tyrone and Canadaport.

5:25 p. m. for Canadaport and Elmira

9:25 p. m. for Williamsport

Sunday 5:10 a. m. for Erie and Canadaport

9:45 a. m. for Lock Haven and 9:25 p. m. for Williamsport

6:55 a. m., 9:55 a. m. and 5:48 p. m. for Williamsport and Hazleton

7:00 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 2:05 p. m., 5:45 p. m. for Shamokin and Mifflinburg

Sunday 9:55 a. m. for Williamsport

Trains leave Selingsgrove Junction

10:00 a. m., week days arriving at Philadelphia 9:00 p. m.

New York 5:53 p. m. Baltimore 3:11 p. m.

Washington 4:16 p. m.

5:54 p. m. daily arriving at Philadelphia

10:20 p. m. New York 2:53 a. m., Baltimore 9:45 p. m.

Washington 10:56 p. m.

8:42 p. m., week days arriving at Philadelphia

6:50 a. m., New York 7:23 a. m., Baltimore 2:50 a. m.

Washington 4:05 a. m.

Trains also leave Sunbury:

3:25 a. m. daily arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m.

Baltimore 6:53 a. m. Washington 7:45 a. m.

New York 9:53 a. m. Week days, 10:38 a. m. Sundays.

7:50 a. m. week days arriving at Philadelphia

11:48 a. m., New York 2:08 p. m., Baltimore 11:53 a. m., Washington 1:00 p. m.

1:55 p. m., week days arriving at Philadelphia

6:28 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:04 p. m.

Washington 7:15 p. m.

Trains also leave Sunbury at 9:50 a. m. and 5:25 p. m. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Baltimore

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