

### WOMAN SURVIVOR OF BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG



That woman played a prominent part in the greatest battle of the Civil War that was fought fifty years ago, is apt to be forgotten until a mute reminder such as is seen in the photograph is brought to our attention. Fifty years back is a long time to remember, yet here one of those who fought under the stars and bars, five decades ago, is greeting one of the women nurses and one of the few remaining ones whose husband was the comrade in arms of the grizzled old veteran.

### SIDELIGHTS OF GETTYSBURG REUNION

The great reunion of the blue and the gray on one battlefield of Gettysburg has passed into history. It was in all respects the most unique gathering of the soldiers of the 60's ever held. Men who fought each other fifty years ago this year fraternized as long-separated brothers. Naturally such a gathering would be productive of many incidents, both pathetic and humorous. As many stories were floating about as there were veterans at the reunion.

The camp is full of unexpected meetings. Every day brings forth numerous meetings between men who have not seen one another for many years. Many are commonplace, but some are extraordinary. For instance, here is one:

I. D. Munsee of Erie county, Pennsylvania, a soldier in the 11th Pennsylvania, was captured by the confederates at Peachtree Creek, Ga., when he was one of Sherman's army on the celebrated march to the sea. He was being conveyed to the rear by a confederate soldier when the union batteries opened fire upon the party among whom he was a prisoner. The man who was guarding Munsee was hit and fell, knocking Munsee down and lying on top of him.

Seeing his chance of escape, Munsee lay very still under the unconscious confederate while the battle raged around them. That night he slipped from under the body and escaped to the union lines.

"I thought that fellow was dead," said Munsee, "but I saw him today. Poor fellow, his mind's bad, and he didn't recognize me, but I was sure of him. I couldn't even get his name, but I'm going over later to the Georgia camp and try to find out who he is."

Here is a story which was told by A. T. Dice, vice-president of the Reading railway:

Once upon a time there were a veteran in gray and a veteran in blue. They came to Gettysburg and in the course of events and visits to hotels they happened to meet. They looked over the sights of Gettysburg and the monuments of the field. But they found they must part.

The one in blue lived in Oregon; the one in gray in New Orleans. They went weeping together to their station and passed by train after train, deferring the parting that must come. Just what they said, just how they reached the final grand idea of the meeting, Mr. Dice did not know.

But, however, yesterday they finally decided that the time for parting had come. The one from Oregon could not figure how to reach home via New Orleans and his gray comrade, while willing to see the west, didn't have the money for a ticket.

They lined upon on the platform as their trains stood waiting and then before the crowd, they slowly stripped off their uniforms and exchanged them there while the curious flocked to see them.

The Oregonian who came proudly to town with a coat of blue, went as proudly away with one of gray, and the veteran from Louisiana who boasted the gray of the south sat with swelling chest in his new uniform of blue.

Wearing a tattered uniform of gray, Alexander Hunt of Virginia was the central point of interest on the streets of the town. Mr. Hunter was wearing the identical suit and hat which he wore at Gettysburg fifty years ago.

The suit was in rags and has a bullet hole through one of the sleeves. He carried all his accoutrements used at Gettysburg and wore a union belt taken from a foe here. Mr. Hunter was a member of the Black Horse cavalry.

A striking contrast is seen in the menu provided for the soldiers fifty years ago and what they enjoyed this year:

1863—Breakfast—Hardtack, bacon, beans and coffee.

Dinner—Bacon, beans, hardtack and coffee.

Supper—Beans, hardtack, bacon and coffee.

1913—Breakfast—Puffed rice, fried eggs, fried bacon, cream potatoes, fresh bread, hard bread, butter and coffee.

Dinner—Fricassee chicken, peas, corn, ice cream, cake, cigars, fresh bread, hard bread, butter, coffee, fresh tea.

Supper—Salmon salad, macaroni and cheese, fresh bread, butter and coffee.

Chief Clerk George G. Thorne of the state department at Harrisburg told of the call made by a Union veteran early on the morning of the fiftieth anniversary of the start of the battle, who related that his conscience troubled him because of the fact that on that fateful morning many years ago he had succumbed to temptation and stolen a quantity of onions from the Thorne garden, which was located near the historic Seminary ridge. He told Thorne that he desired, at this late date to pay for the onions and had begged that he tell of the battle. He remained to tell the story, with the result that he had to spend several days in following the Confederate army as a prisoner. After tramping 50 miles over rough country without shoes he succeeded in escaping and finally made his way back to Gettysburg, where he remained till August in assisting in the care of the wounded, which were housed in the seminary, churches, barns and public buildings.

One of the unadvertised reunions of the celebration occurred in the confederate section of the camp. A file and drum corps of men in blue tramped up and down the streets of the confederate part of the city of tents.

They stopped before the tents, played such a fanfare as only drums and files can make, summoned forth the occupants and shook hands, threw their arms about the gray shoulders and in a dozen other ways showed their feelings of friendship.

They kept it up for hours and visited practically every "reb" tent. Their reception was as warm as their greeting.

One of the most interesting places in camp was the lost and found bureau, located under the benches in the big tent. Everything found on the grounds was brought there and thousands applied every day for missing articles.

There were at least 100 crutches piled up in the bureau, dozen or so applicants having called for them. Those who come to redeem their lost crutches seldom can recognize them and most of them go away with somebody else's.

There was one wooden leg also lying unclaimed. It was brought in by a Boy Scout, who had found it under a tree.

Several sets of false teeth were found.

One of the big events was the "charge" of the survivors of Pickett's division on the "bloody angle."

Under the hot sun the men in gray marched across the field that had not seen anything more warlike than a blacksmith in 50 years, up to the walls that form the angle. The "enemy" in blue was waiting with weapons ready, and when they met across the wall they shook hands. Afterward they looked over the ground for the site of a \$250,000 monument they hope to have congress erect there.

Fifty years to the hour from the time when the first shot preceding the battle was fired a reunion meeting of the blue and the gray was held in the big tent. The gray cavalry men who fought the skirmishes that led up to the three days' fight pledged themselves in the shadows of the stars and stripes to "forget" and their brother, in blue swore by the stars and bars that the fight was over for all time.

There were several women from the village in the tent and six one-time schoolgirls, gray-haired and aged now, sang "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," while the veterans wept like boys, but with pride. The six women who sang the battle song were among those who thronged the streets of Gettysburg after the advance guard of the southern army left it 50 years ago. On the night when Buford's men came riding into the village on the heels of Wheeler's men in gray, maidens strewed flowers along the streets and bells in the churches pealed out the news of the coming of the blue and the town went wild.

Of all the scores of girls who welcomed the vanguard of Meade, only a half dozen could be found, and they stood, white-haired with tears in their eyes on a platform in the big tent and sang to the weeping soldiers in the seats below.

"I'm afraid we can't sing like we sang 50 years ago," said the matronly woman who acted as leader as she led the way up the steps to the platform.

"We don't care; just sing again," shouted the veterans. As the first notes of the war-time melody came from them in quivering tones, the veterans both of the north and of the south sat quiet with eyes fixed upon the singers. The hum of the chorus came from every side, and the old men wept openly.

Aside from the old soldiers themselves, an interesting figure is Mrs. Longstreet, widow of the commander in the front of the Confederate lines in the third day's battle. Mrs. Longstreet walked a mile through the broiling sun out to the old Rogers house to interview General Sickles.

Some time ago Mrs. Longstreet sent a long telegram as representing the southern veterans in protest against the old Union veteran being thrown in jail in New York because of some financial affairs. It was said that Sickles misunderstood the spirit and his pride was so hurt that their meeting today would not be cordial.

"General, I have written an article about you for publication," said Mrs. Longstreet at the meeting, and she read several pages of the highest tribute to the old corps leader, whom she characterized as having come back and being once again in the saddle. Half a hundred old Sickles' men gathered on the lawn and the reading became dramatic. General Sickles leaned back in his big chair, closed his eyes, and looked back to meeting with Longstreet.

Here his widow was praising to the world the valor which she claimed had gone unrecognized by the government. Tears flowed down the Sickles' cheeks, now tanned by his ninety-third summer, and his old followers doffed their hats and mingled their tears with those of their old leader, wetting the ground upon which long ago had been soaked by their blood.

James H. Lansberry of St. Louis, Mo., who enlisted in the Third Indiana cavalry from Madison, Ind., recited to his comrades the details of his capture in the town of Gettysburg by Confederates 50 years ago. Following the skirmish just outside of town which marked the opening of what was to be a world-famed engagement he had been detailed to assist in carrying a wounded officer to the old seminary in Gettysburg. While in town frantic women flocked about him and begged that he tell of the battle. He remained to tell the story, with the result that he had to spend several days in following the Confederate army as a prisoner. After tramping 50 miles over rough country without shoes he succeeded in escaping and finally made his way back to Gettysburg, where he remained till August in assisting in the care of the wounded, which were housed in the seminary, churches, barns and public buildings.

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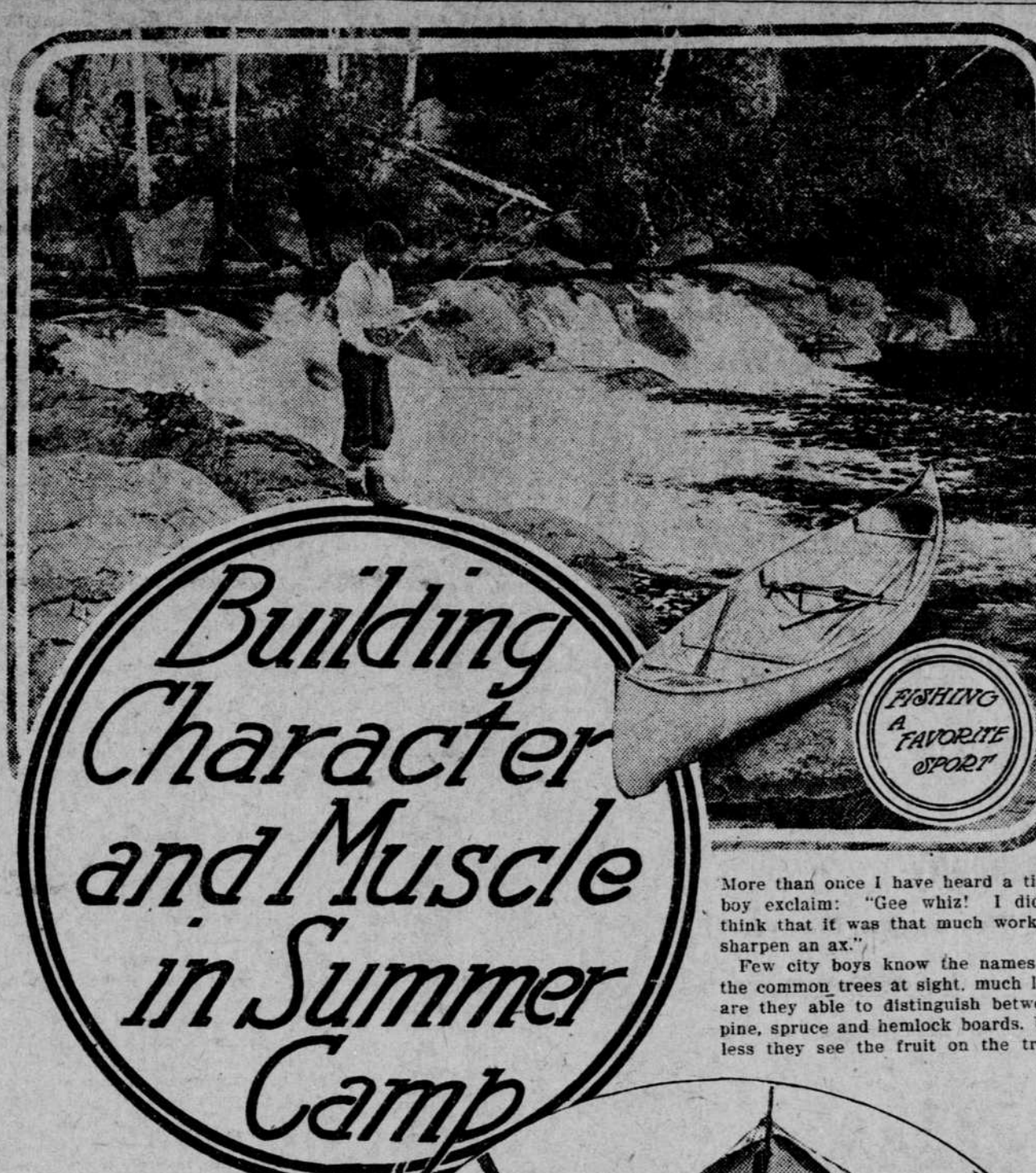
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### Building Character and Muscle in Summer Camp

WHEN a boy has spent a season at a good summer camp, it leaves an impression on his mind that time will not eradicate. At the close of the season he has had the fun that he wanted to have, he has taken his part in the games and contests, he has climbed mountains and sailed on lakes and streams, he has cruised with the fellows and shared their pleasures and hardships, and he has returned home filled with the memories of gorgeous feasts, of midnight pranks, of adventures on sea and on land, of encounters with friend and with foe, and of moments when the success or failure of a battle depended solely on his strength, his skill and his valor.

The influence left on a child's character by a summer spent cannot be too important. In the first place the child is away from his parents, away from those to whom he is accustomed to go for sympathy and advice. He is placed on his own resources in a manner quite new and strange.

A camp is not at all like a boarding school, where there are regular duties and a fixed routine for each activity of the day. The summer camp means fun, freedom, frolic and a chance to do nothing if one wishes. The boarding school means order, discipline, restraint and hard work at all times. Therefore, when a boy finds himself at a camp for the first time in his life he is often at a loss to know what to do, because he is often left to his own choice.

He has many new problems which must be thought out alone. He has come to camp to have a barrel of fun, and he means to have it. His first impulse is to make friends with everybody, and especially with the counselors. It is quite right that he should do this. And it is the special duty of the counselors to have a watchful eye out for the new boys, to see that they do not get homesick or tired of the camp because of inactivity.

Ten weeks of camp life cannot but have its effect on the character of boys who are just beginning to feel their impulses to do things that they have read about in books. There are no boys so bad that there is not some good in them, and there are no boys in camp so good that there is no bad in them, and some of it is pretty sure to crop out before summer is over. In many boys this adness has been lurking for years. It has not shown itself because of lack of opportunity. The boys' camp is one of the places where the inherent badness in a lad has an opportunity to unbottle itself without serious injury to the boy.

But camp life is of such a nature that these unbottlings are not of frequent occurrence. Before a bad habit has been fixed on the boy he is brought to a halt and having been shown that he has been doing wrong he learns a valuable lesson.

The average summer camp is not a Sunday school. It is not intended for such. On the other hand the directors of these camps are for the most part Christian gentlemen, having high ideals. A proper respect for the Sabbath day is required not only for the

powerful screw-like movement of his tail. According to this view, the fish has no power of directing his flight after he has left the water.

However, Mr. Allingham, who is a nautical expert attached to the British meteorological office, and is in constant intercourse with seamen, reports many observations that tend to controvert this opinion. Certain observations claim that the wing-fins are in constant rapid vibration, and seem actually to serve the purpose of flight.

One vessel master watched a fish when it was kept on two floors of the fortress and is packed in 1,200 oaken chests. Each chest contains \$25,000 in gold. The inviolability of these chambers is secured in the following manner: They have triple doors with various locks whose keys are held by certain officials of the ministry of war, and these keys each open only one door, so that no one official is ever able to enter alone.

The stamps of the chests are sealed and stamped in such a way that it is not possible for them to be tampered



BOYS IN CAMP

good of the boys, but also out of respect for the feelings of the people who live in the neighborhood. Where possible the children are invited to go to church, after which they take walks, go in bathing, read, tell stories, etc. Usually a song service of a more or less religious nature is held in the evening. Often one of the directors delivers an address in the main hall of the camp.

Some of the influences that are brought forcibly to bear upon the youths are those which put a premium on honor, truth, patience, generosity, forgiveness, usefulness, politeness, sturdiness, pluck and the like. A camper who is lacking in any of these qualities is soon made to feel the need of them, greatly to his benefit. It does a boy a world of good to mix with a lot of other boys of his own age, observing, as he usually will, their good traits and bad traits.

The educational advantages of camp life are only less important than are the moral advantages. For the most part the school books are closed, but nature is wide open. Book knowledge is of great value, but practical knowledge is often of more value.

In camp boys often get their first practical knowledge of money values. Here first they manage their own allowances and learn what it is to go broke till the next allowance is distributed. They then compete with the native boys of the village in their efforts to earn small sums of money to tide them over or to enable them to buy coveted treasures. This is a very good experience for any boy.

I have noticed that during the second year at camp a boy takes better care of his things than he does during the first year. This may be due to the fact that near the end of the first season his clothes, especially his trousers, were in bad condition, due to carelessness, and as no new ones were forthcoming, the lad became more or less self-conscious about his appearance, greatly to the delight of his companions. Sometimes a boy's shoes go wrong, and the parent, knowing where the fault is, makes him get on the best he can till he reaches home.

At camp children learn from necessity to mend, sew on buttons, sharpen tools, and best of all they learn how important it is to keep tools sharp by practice in turning the grindstone.

There are many other educational advantages which are incidental to camp life, such as practice in singing, speech making, editorial work on the camp paper, literary entertainments, etc. The camp paper, though seldom more than a simple manuscript, is often a very ingenious production, in which the editor, together with the camp artist, succeeds in bringing home to the lads some wonderful bits of news as well as some healthful truths.

The social advantages of camp life are many and varied. The close relation in which boys live at camp invariably results in the formation of permanent friendships.

Minnesota's new prison at Stillwater will cost \$2,000,000. It is a "daylight" prison.

without danger of almost instant discovery. Moreover, the weight of each sack and chest is registered.—Harper's Weekly.

Search That Never Ends. Ignorance may find a truth on its doorstep that erudition vainly seeks in the stars.

Never Even Tepid. "Have you hot water in your house?" "Have I? My dear boy, I am never out of it."

More than once I have heard a tired boy exclaim: "Gee whiz! I didn't think that it was that much work to sharpen an ax."

Few city boys know the names of the common trees at sight, much less are they able to distinguish between pine, spruce and hemlock boards. Unless they see the fruit on the trees

they do not know the difference between a pear and an apple tree. In most camps boys learn to make these distinctions.

In camp boys and girls learn to wash dishes, to be economical with food and to like food that they would not previously eat at home. I have known camp life to change a boy's appetite completely, so that on going home he was glad to eat such wholesome foods as boiled rice and Indian meal mush, which he would not touch before.

Camping life will not make a child expert at any particular trade or occupation, but it serves to show him how much skill is required in doing much of the work usually performed by the laboring classes. Whenever a boy tries to perform any manual labor his respect for it increases. He has a try at rowing, swimming, sailing, fishing, running an engine, repairing a boat and sometimes in building small boats. He learns the use of tools common to country people, who are more independent of plumbers, carpenters, masons, etc., than city people are.

Perhaps one of the most important lessons for a child to learn is respect for labor. When a boy has hoed a few hills of horn he instinctively remarks that he would hate to keep that up all day. If he follows the hay cart for an hour he realizes that "raking after" is not all sport. When he takes a shovel and attempts to assist in digging a trench or drain he suddenly realizes why those laborers whom he has seen in the city at the same kind of work seemed to take their time about it. After five minutes of that work he learns just where his backbone is located.

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Baltimore, Md. — "My troubles began with the loss of a child, and I had hemorrhages for four months. The doctors said an operation was necessary, but I decided it and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The medicine has made me a well woman and I feel strong and do my own work." — Mrs. J. R. PICKING, 1260 Sargent St., Baltimore, Md.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

The Wretchedness of Constipation. Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable — act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bileousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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### CROP CONDITIONS IN WESTERN CANADA

ARE THE MOST PROMISING FOR MANY YEARS.

The deepest interest is attached to the condition of the grain crops in Western Canada, especially among the thousands in the United States who are financially interested in lands in that country. This interest is fully as great among those who have friends there following farming and the growing of grain.

The reports from Canadian government officials convey the information that the area under crop this year in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta will probably be no greater than that of last year. Last fall the weather was such that there was not as much fall plowing as had been hoped for. The getting ready of land this spring made a considerable portion of the grain late in seeding. Notwithstanding this, wheat, oats, barley and flax were got in in good shape, although from a week to ten days later than last year. On the 27th of June the reports regarding crop conditions generally in Western Canada were: "Abundant sunshine with timely and copious rain throughout Western Canada gives every assurance of generous harvest. Climatic conditions in recent weeks have been absolutely ideal. Western correspondents agree in predicting every indication of a bumper crop under favorable conditions. Wheat should be headed out in Manitoba between July 10th and 12th, and in Saskatchewan and Alberta from 15th to 17th. The oat crop is looking well, although late and rather short in straw."

This is followed by a report July 5th: "Crop conditions continue in same satisfactory condition as last week. Pleasant rains have fallen all over prairie provinces, followed by general warm and splendid growing weather. Experts agree sufficient moisture for many weeks, while crop is ten to fifteen days late, prospects are extremely favorable and conditional upon reasonable weather for next four weeks. Splendid western crop is assured."

There is, therefore, the best reason to anticipate most magnificent crops throughout Western Canada in 1913.—Advertisement.

Where the Calculator Scores. The best tradition requires that whenever a lightning calculator tells how many seconds there were in the life of Methuselah some one must shout: "Wrong! You've muffed it this time. I've figured the whole thing out, and here are the figures." Whereupon the lightning calculator receives an armful of papers, glances at the first few sheets, looks up, grinning and chuckles: "Just as I thought. You've forgotten the leap years."

Not Always. "There's always room at the top," said the Sphinx. "Take a look at us and guess again," replied the Pyramids.

Red Cross Ball Blue gives double value for your money, goes twice as far as any other. Ask your grocer. Adv.

There are only two kinds of women I am afraid of—the married one and the single one.

### SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

Two Women Tell How They Escaped the Surgeon's Knife by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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