

OUR WOMAN HEROES.

There are heroes for danger and heroes for war. And heroes there are without chevron or star. Whose monuments rise in no temple of fame, I whose deeds not their herald nor trumpet proclaim.

The mothers who gave their brave sons to the fray. With tears for their slumber and smiles for the day; The wives with their babies asleep in their arms, Their hearts throbbing fast at the battle alarms.

The girl leaning shy on her young lover's breast, One kiss, 'tis the last ere his soul is at rest; The widow who passed from the freshly turned sod To comfort the wounded, or speed them to God.

No soldier e'er answered the call of the drum, But left woman weeping until he should come; No hero e'er died in the heat of the strife, But woman in sorrow lunged over his life.

Oh, brave woman heroes, your faith and your pride Have urged to the conquest, have cheered those who died; Your prayers have lit the rough paths of defeat, Their glory blazed over the lines of retreat.

Where carnage ran reddest and woman was seen, All eyes were uplifted, as 'twere to a queen; Now open ranks, comrades, salute her once more, Untilled, unchevoned, but dear as a flower.

The Wheelbarrow Test. Three or four of us on the car were talking about General Sherman's death, and, as might have been expected, one of the group modestly admitted that he was with the lamented general on his famous march to the sea.

"Were you right in a battle?" "Yes'm." "Dead men all around?" "Yes'm." "Wounded crying for water?" "Yes'm."

"Bombshells and cannon balls falling around you like hail?" "Yes'm." "And you didn't run?" "No'm, I should hope not," he modestly replied.

"Stood right there and never got scairt, eh?" "Yes'm." "Well, now, I don't believe it!" she bluntnly exclaimed. "It ain't human natur'.

A RIDE ON A MULE.

There were two men in Company A, Seventeenth regiment, Connecticut volunteers, that were very intimate chums. They were Jim Hurbit and Ed Maloney. Their intimacy resulted from a fight that they had had while the regiment was stationed in Baltimore in September, 1862.

Shortly after Maloney's release from arrest, on account of his "raid on the commissary" at Brooks' Station, 1863, he was detailed as a teamster on the ammunition train of the Eleventh corps. The train was parked at Stafford Court House, some two miles from our camp.

So Ed dismounted and Jim got in the saddle. All went well enough until the mule got to the intersection of the company with the battalion street, and finding that he had a stranger on his back, he took the bit in his mouth, and, turning his head toward the parade ground and home, he struck a full gallop in that direction.

On came the mule. There was just room enough at the right of the line for him to pass without running into the woods, and among the stumps, but he shot through like an express train and on toward the camp of the train.

He had not gone far when he gave a snort and elevated his heels, laid back his ears and sent Jim flying over his head alongside a big stump, while the mule went on to the train camp. Hurbit picked himself up and struck a bee line for his tent, but he had to pass in full view of the whole regiment on his way, and he got a good salute as he ran.

Every afternoon a throng of people would resort to the large vacant lot whereon this company was receiving instruction, to witness and applaud. Once, when an unusually large crowd was collected, the captain became so enthused that after exhausting every recognized movement he began to extemporize, and shouted out the command, "Company, right and left oblique, march!"

Charles Gates, a minor son, wished to enlist, but his aged parents objected to it. One morning he was sent to drive the cows to pasture on his way to work, taking his dinner with him.

While in Richmond I witnessed a funeral of a prominent citizen who had been an active member in several societies. My attention being attracted by the music I followed. I always follow a band, just as I did when a boy, and on coming up to the procession I observed, with feelings that I may not describe, but which I should like some of our northern G. A. R. men to have witnessed, that the guard of honor on each side of the hearse was composed of the blue and the gray.

Who the Heroes Were. You never was scared in battle? Here, Old comrade, don't make a break like that. The man don't live who was free from fear.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE DELAWARE LACKAWANNA & WESTERN RAILROAD. BLOOMSBURG DIVISION. STATIONS. NORTH.

STATIONS. SOUTH. SCRANTON, P. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. 6:40 9:50 1:40 6:00

Pennsylvania Railroad. P. & E. R. DIV. AND N. C. DIV. In effect Dec. 14, 1890. Trains leave Sunbury EASTWARD.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH. Train 15—Leaves New York, 12:15 night, Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., Baltimore 4:45 a. m., Harrisburg 5:10 a. m., daily arriving at Sunbury 8:05 a. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS. Train 7 leaves Sunbury 10:30 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10:48 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 12:10 p. m.

STATIONS. P. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. 6:55 10:05 1:15 6:15