

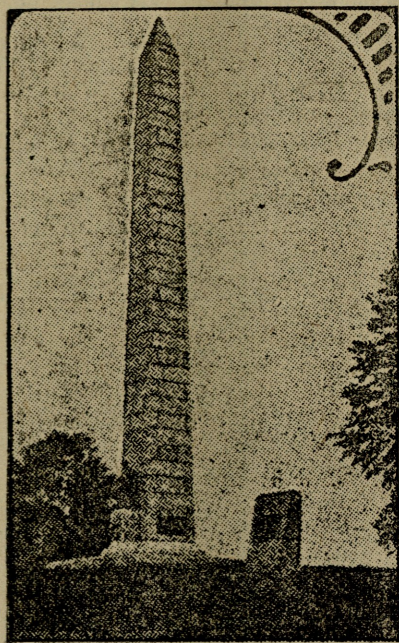


—Home Herald.

Battle of Gettysburg

THIS, the decisive battle of the American Civil War, was a struggle between veteran troops; the Army of Northern Virginia, enthused by recent victories, deeming themselves invincible, and commanded by their popular hero, General Robert E. Lee, against the grand Army of the Potomac. It

MINNESOTA SOLDIERS' MONUMENT,



In Honor of Fallen Heroes of the Civil War, Recently Dedicated on the Vicksburg Battlefield. —Leslie's Weekly.

was fought under the most favorable weather conditions. During the three days of battle, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, the warmest portion of the year, the usual heat was much mitigated by light breezes, the sun being frequently veiled by clouds, yet no rain fell until the afternoon of the 4th. Seventy-six degrees marked the extreme heat the first day, eighty-one degrees the second, eighty-seven degrees the third; the average for the entire three days was seventy-seven degrees. The first day's fight was a triumph for the Confederates; the second ended without securing to them any decided advantage, al-

though the fighting of that day was a series of bravely desperate assaults, which have written the names of the Peach Orchard and the Wheatfield upon one of the bloodiest pages of American history; the third day closed leaving the Confederates repulsed at every point, after which they withdrew from the field and retired the following day in good order.

The Federal loss during the three days' fight was 17,684 killed and wounded and 5365 missing (made prisoners). Total, 23,049. The Confederate loss was 15,564 killed and wounded and 7465 missing. Total, 23,029. Twenty-nine States had troops in the two contending armies at Gettysburg, Maryland having commands in both.

Encouraged by their success at Chancellorsville in May, 1863, in accord with matured plans, the Confederate army drew out of Fredericksburg, Va., 158 miles south of the Gettysburg field, on the second day of June, 1863, and began its northward march through the valleys of the Shenandoah and the Cumberland, bent upon an invasion of the loyal States. Six and one-half miles south of Gettysburg, Pa., they crossed Mason and Dixon's line and stood on Northern soil. The Union forces started in pursuit on the 13th and followed with energy on the Confederate right flank, keeping well between Lee's command and Washington. A mountain range interspersed a screen between the two grand armies.

Much misunderstanding exists among the uninitiated visitors to the battlefield as to why Lee advanced from the north on Gettysburg, while the Northern troops held a position to the south of the invading army. This is readily explained by the fact that the Southerners had penetrated some thirty-seven miles beyond Gettysburg, had occupied Carlisle and York, Pa., with Harrisburg, the capital of the State, as their objective point. Alarmed for the safety of the Confederate capital in Virginia, and apprehensive that Hooker might intervene between himself and Richmond, Lee had turned backward with orders to his corps commanders to concentrate their forces at Gettysburg, then a peaceful farming village of 2100 souls, but thereafter to be celebrated so long as history lasts as "The Waterloo of America." Here the flood tide of the Rebellion reached high-water mark. The decisive victory of Meade cheered the Northern hearts and nerved their arms for the arduous campaign which culminated in the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

The importance of Gettysburg as the decisive battle of the war has been recognized by the United States Government, and with unstinted hand has the field been preserved and embellished. The States, too in honor of their soldier dead, have raised beautiful monuments in their honorable memory, while the veteran

organizations themselves have taken pride in marking their individual positions on the battle lines.

Decoration Day.

Little children, gravely marching
With your garlands gay,
Something bring beside the flowers
To these graves to-day.

Bring a love of truth and valor
And of brave deeds done,
Bring a tribute to all heroes
Underneath the sun.

Not alone to those who perished
In the eager fight,
But to all who've lived and labored
Ever for the right.

Old Soldiers' Day.

Forget? No, never, marches long;
The hospital and camp;
The stirring thrill of file and drum;
The hurried onward tramp;
The silent bivouac 'neath the stars;
The night before the fight;
Forget the lonely picket line?
The bullet's whistling flight?

Slow, shuffling are the halting steps
That strive along the route;
And dim the eyes that answer back
To comrades mustering out.
The roll is called. Who answers now?
On sick leave, or away?
On furloughs to the Better Land?
Promoted, did you say?

O sentinels on lofty heights,
Beyond the tides that swell,
Our dull ears seem to hear you call
To us that all is well.
"Attention, company! Fall in!"
Passing the Ides of May,
"Brothers of Gray and Blue, mark time!"
'Tis Decoration Day.

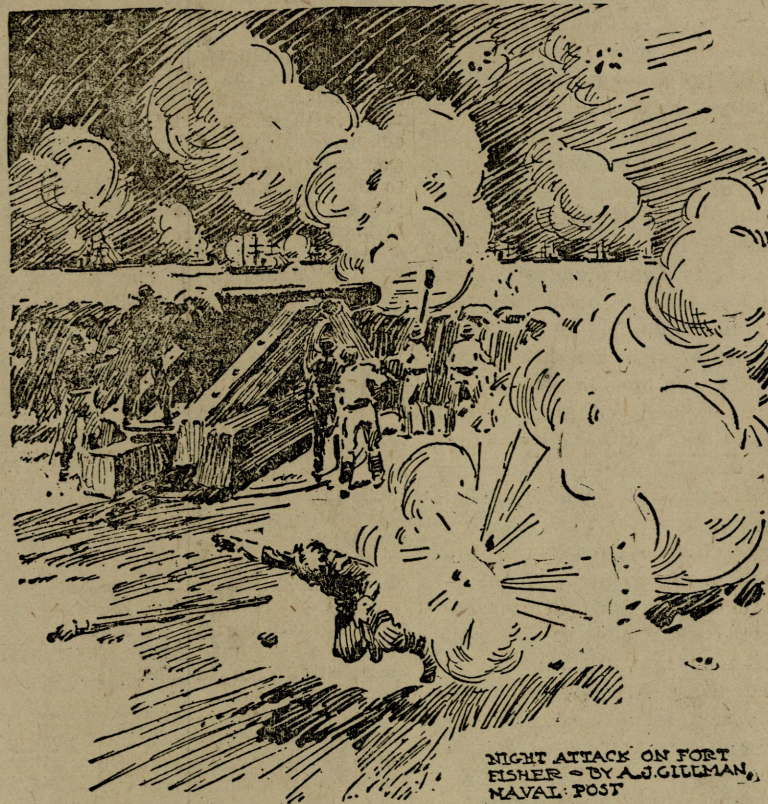
Then gently let the blossoms fall.
"Lights out!" At last "Retreat!"
"The countersign!" A little sleep.
At Reveille we'll meet.
—Arthur Ward, Seaford, N. Y.

Memorial Day.

In the dream of northern poets,
The brave who in battle die
Fight on in the shadowy phalanx
In the fields of the upper sky;
And, as we read the sounding rhyme,
The reverent fancy hears
The ghostly ring of the viewless swords
And the clash of the spectral spears.

We think with imperious questionings
Of the brothers whom we have lost,
And we try to track in death's mystery,
The flight of each valiant ghost.
The northern myth comes back to us,
And we feel through our sorrow's night
That those young souls are striving still
Somewhere for truth and right.

A chosen corps, they are marching on
In a wider field than ours;
Those bright battalions still fulfil
The schemes of the heavenly powers;



NIGHT ATTACK ON FORT FISHER - BY A. J. GILLMAN, NAVAL POST

To the patient, brave endurance
Of an unearned pain;
To the strife for truth and honor,
Earnest, though in vain.

Thus, with noble emulation,
High resolve and pure,
Shall you, hope of all our Nation,
Make her future sure.
—Evelyn Fletcher.

Diamonds are almost perfectly transparent to X-rays.

And high, brave thoughts float down to us,
The echoes of that far fight,
Like the gleam of a distant picket's gun
Through the shades of the severing night.

No fear for them! In our lower field
Let us keep our arms unstained,
That at last we be worthy to stand with them.

On the shining heights they've gained,
We shall meet and greet in closing ranks,
In Time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
And the Battle of Life be won!
—John Hay.



FIXING UP SPRUCE GUM.

Not All the Product is Sold as It Comes From the Tree.

"This has been a great gum year in the Maine woods, so everybody says up there," said a Bangor man. "There are two or three Bangor mercantile houses which make a specialty of spruce gum in the rough, and buy large quantities of it from the lumber men and those who make a regular business of gathering gum in the forests. These buyers are supposed to give the gum a process of refining to make it fit for the chewing gum trade, but it seems to be an open secret that the refining is merely a process of adulteration. The gum, unseparated from the bark and wood of the tree from which it was hacked, is thrown into a kettle, where it is boiled until it has been resolved into a savory but by no means pleasing looking mass of the consistency of molasses. The separated bark, wood and often other foreign substances that rise to the surface are skimmed off. With the gum finally freed from its natural objectionable ingredients to the mass are added paraffine and rosin, with sometimes sugar.

"The admixture thickens the boiling mass and after all is well assimilated by vigorous stirring, the gum is pounded on a smooth marble slab where, while it is yet hot, it is rolled out in a thin sheet a quarter of an inch thick, which is separated into inch cubes by a steel die. These are wrapped in paraffin paper, packed 200 in a box and the famous Maine spruce gum of commerce is ready. "Not all the spruce gum is treated in this way, though. Some is put up unadulterated and with the natural flavor of the spruce intact. In this way, though, the gum soon becomes sticky in the chewer's mouth and so while absolutely pure, isn't as desirable in an economic sense as the spruce gum with its reinforcement.

"The impression that some gum gatherers seem to want to establish that gum from certain localities, is of better quality and flavor than that from certain other localities is only sentimental. The quality of the gum depends on the sap of the trees—the bigger the tree the better the gum. There is sentiment as well as commercialism manifest among the lumber-packs in the gathering of spruce gum during their long winter in the wilderness, as is well known in Maine. In their idle hours or by the campfire they whittle out of fragrant cedar blocks miniature barrels, boxes, caskets and the like, hollowing them out and filling them with the choicest of the gum from which they have expelled and expressed every mite of impurity. These they bring into the settlements when they return in the spring as gifts for sweethearts, wives, children or friends.

"Doctors up our way say that the pure spruce gum is an excellent tooth preserver and aid to digestion. The adulterated article is known locally as 'patent gum' and there is always a ready and profitable market for it." —Sun.

Why She Couldn't.

An asylum for the deaf and dumb being sadly in need of funds gave a dance. Among the many outsiders present were two good looking men. As they were talking together, one of them exclaimed: "By Jove! there is a pretty girl; I would like to dance with her."

"Why don't you ask her?" responded his companion, according to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

"How?"
"Why, by signs, of course."
So he crossed the hall and placing himself in front of the girl pointed with his index finger to her, then to himself and then whirled his finger round and round to indicate dancing. The girl smilingly nodded an assent.

Finding that her dancing was as perfect as her figure he went through the same operation a little later in the evening. Again she nodded assent. As they were waiting for the music to start another gentleman approached the girl and asked for the next dance.

"I am sorry," she replied in the sweetest of tones, nodding toward her silent partner, "but I have this dance with the dummy."

A Love Story.

Bishop Mounsey relates the love story of a Tamil "who came to Archdeacon Sharp a few days ago and asked him to help him find a suitable helpmeet. A Tamil is very dark, so there was likely to be some difficulty in persuading one of our Dyak or Chinese girls to accept him." The archdeacon did his best, and found what he considered to be a suitable bride for the young man, but before speaking to the young woman sounded the father. The reply was: "I have the honor to inform you that I have told — the thing in secret, but she have answered me with her tears, she is very much refusing and unwilling to marry that chap, if the others—Chinese or Dyak boy—she is much willing." The conclusion of the letter is: "If should any of us wish her to marriage that chap, she might responsible kill herself and dy before marriage."—*London Globe*.

