

tically ends the work for the day. To those who are unfortunate enough to be detailed for guard there is guard mounting and the weary round after.

As the intense heat of the day gives place to the cooler atmosphere of evening, discipline is somewhat relaxed. The Colonel condescends to smoke a cigar with the Adjutant and down in the hollow the men of the Pennsylvania and Missouri regiments are having a ball game. Darkness comes on apace, lights twinkle here and there and the hum of voices comes out of the darkness. Suddenly from away off somewhere the cry is raised: "We're going to Cuba, We're going to Cuba." Instantly the hum of conversation and laughter gives way to a wild shout. Men spring to their feet, and throw their hats in the air. Regiment after regiment and camp after camp takes it up and twenty thousand throats cheer exultingly at the thought of having a crack at the hated Spaniard. As the sound begins to subside and the exultation gives way to disgust at the realization that it is only another fake, away over at regimental headquarters a man hastily glances at his watch and springs into the starlight. Down over the white city comes the sweetly beautiful notes of taps—the soldier's good night. The regiment on the right takes it up and passes it on. One by one the lights go out and the soldier's day is done.

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In many respects Meade was a model camp. The location was high and healthy, access was easy and fine weather put the soldiers in good spirits. The general appearance characterized the immediate neighborhood as in the Virginia country. Dusty roads, loaded trolley cars, lumbering army wagons with their cursing drivers, booths of all kinds to catch the soldier eye, pretty girls with fluttering ribbands, young fellows in golf suits, wandering Willies with one shirt, and elderly, well to do gentlemen with dignity and silk hats made up the kaleidoscopic, ever changing stream that rolled through Oak Lane and up past the camp of the Second Tennessee.

From the hill top the scene was inspiring. At your feet lay the Susquehanna river stretching to the York and Cumberland shores a mile away. To the right, left and behind you were rows and rows of tents while here and there a fluttering standard proclaimed a regimental headquarters. No scrubby undergrowth