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IMPORTATORE D'OLIO D'OLIVA

1030 So. 9th Street - - Philadelphia, Pa.

WITH THE "BOYS" IN SOLDIERS' HOME

Veterans' Reminiscent of the Glories and Hardships That Were Theirs During the Great Civil Conflict.

SEATED on the benches in the sun were a bunch of "the boys"—a part of the 5,000 living at the National Old Soldiers' home at Dayton, O.; comrades of the 11,000 sleeping beneath the row upon row of marble slabs, all precisely alike, just beyond the barracks.

"The boys"—yes. The fifty years or more between "be hanged!" James D. Newberry, being wheeled about in a chair, was "Jim" again back in Kentucky, just "goin' on twenty," and letting his folks, who were "rebs," get mad at him if they wanted to; Peter Buolt, his eighty-three-year-old shrunken body wrapped tight in an army overcoat, was a dashing young Frenchman enlisting at Toledo; and Israel Wirts, with a crippled right ankle from a wound at Peach Tree creek, and hobbling on crutches, was once more seventeen and the best foot racer around Palestine, O.

"There were fine girls in those days," mused John Lynch, pulling at his gray goatee, "and I'll never forget the one that I took buggy riding the moonlight night before us boys left New York state. I was living in a little town on the Hudson river and was captain of a boat, the Bella, if I wasn't but nineteen years old. I had come down the river with a load of lumber, and on getting back in town I got hold of a New York newspaper. In it I read of the battle of Bull Run. Coming up on Main street I found all the boys were talking about it. There were 13 of us in the gang and they said they would go if I would. That night we all took our sweethearts for a buggy ride and then had refreshments at Miss Duffy's ice cream parlor. We boys—merchants' and farmers' sons, not a one of us over twenty—were all combing our hair like General McClellan. Gad, those girls! I can see them now in their crinolines, and they all backed us to the limit about leaving.

Captured in "Wilderness."

"Well, it was along about this time of the year—early in May—that we boys who had chummed together up in

New York state were pressing through the woods in the battle of the Wilderness. The trees were so thick that we couldn't see into them 30 feet. The commander of our division was to blame. He let himself be outflanked. All at once I heard firing behind us and I knew we had gone too far. I hadn't any more than looked around than I heard a 'Johnny' say: "Put that gun up, Yank. Put it up or I'll blow h—l out of you!"

"The fellows who had cornered us were boys just like ourselves except

that they had on butternut uniforms. Why, when we rode with them on top of box cars, on the way to Andersonville, I had a knife they wanted. They could have taken it away from me, but they insisted on giving me \$800 in confederate greenbacks for it. Afterward I gave the \$800 for a watermelon, and we ate it—red, white, green, and all.

Took His Sombrero.

"Course we didn't know we were going to a place like Andersonville when those 'Johnnies' told us to hold up our hands, but there were a dozen of them to our one and we didn't argue. They took us back of their lines that night and corralled us on a beautiful meadow and we slept fine. I was wearing a sombrero that my brother had sent me from a Fifth avenue shop, and one of the guards came up and grabbed it. It made me so mad that I told him I could lick him, but he just laughed. I had to go bareheaded until the next day, when I picked an old cavalry cap out of the ditch. Wore that cap all through Andersonville with the sun beating down. You know what Andersonville was.

"I'll never forget that little curly-headed Ninlan Fox. Saw him lying in the bushes there in the wilderness.

Looked as if he'd just laid down to go to sleep until I turned him over and saw the place in his forehead where the bullet had gone through. All I could do for him was to take his trinkets—a picture, a testament, and a few other little things—and see that they were sent back home. Want many of my chums left to get to Andersonville, and three of them that did get there never came out."

At the end of the row of benches a robin hopped from a bush where purple lilacs nodded, and it chirped as if the first spring the world had ever known was the one at hand. William Scott, his beard gray and his eyes dim, cleared his throat and pointed with his cane in the moist earth.

Made Mary Anxious.

"We was about here when Pickett's division came out of the woods here

MEMORIAL DAY

Hats off! 'Tis here they make
Their last, unbroken camp,
No bugles shall them wake.
For them no war-steeds champ,
The captain and his troop,
The corporal and his squad
Form one all-equal group
Beneath the peaceful sod.

Hats off! For here they come—
Those others, still on guard,
Who follow to the drum,
By time and tempest scared.
The private and his chief,
The blouse and chevroned sleeve—
Together ranked in grief,
As comrades joined, to grieve.

Hats off! Unto the van!
Hats off! Unto the rear!
They mingle, man and man,
In memory, and 'midst tear.
Now sadly sounds the "taps!"
Slow moves the guard away,
Again are drawn the flaps
Until another May.

and charged up to within 1,000 yards of where the batteries was," he explained, tracing a map on the ground.

"They came onto a rail fence and tried to pull it down. When they found they couldn't tear the fence down they started to climb over it. Then we poured canister into 'em. We mowed 'em down like grass. But I tell you at first there at Gettysburg I thought they was goin' to get us. They hadn't stopped for anything, and their yell was enough to make your heart freeze. Did you ever hear the rebel yell? It sounded just like a lot of women yellin', but when we saw 'em waver and fall back—then we yelled.

"It was the liveliest Fourth of July I ever saw. It was 'load and fire' as quick as we could. I was a corporal in charge of a gun and there were twenty men lost in our battery. Goin' down the Baltimore pike after the fight and after the rain the gutters was runnin' with blood. When Mary heard about Gettysburg and knew I was in it she was pretty anxious, I guess.

Continued on Page 3

Ringling Brothers
Coming This Way

World's Biggest Circus and Spectacle "Cinderella" Announced For Early Date.

Announcement is made that on Saturday, June 10, Ringling

Bros. circus will give afternoon and night performances at Greensburg.

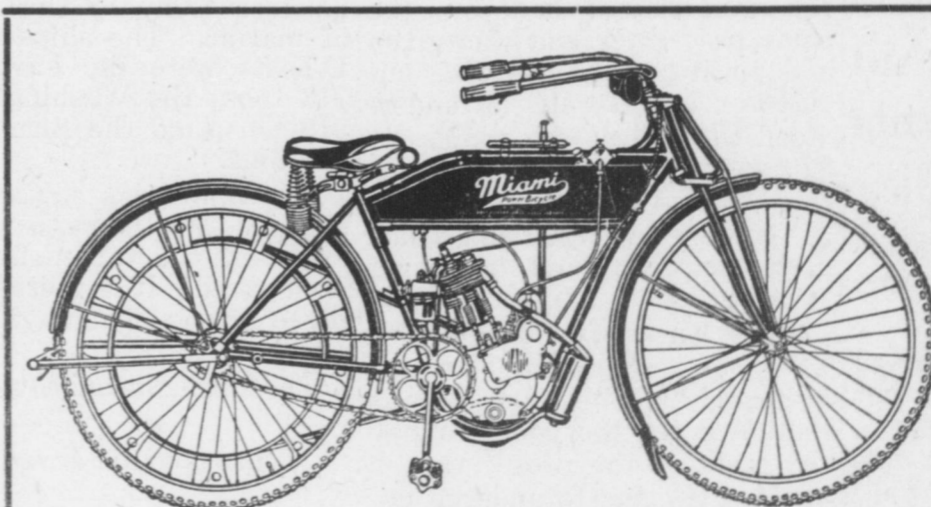
The famous showmen are this season presenting an all new and wonderful program. The tremendous fairyland spectacle, "Cinderella," will appeal to both young and old. More than 1,000 persons take part in it. It is easy the biggest spectacle Ringling Bros. have ever staged and its glorious "Ballet of the Fairies," with 300 dancing girls, is in itself worth going many miles to see. Following "Cinderella" 400 arenic artists

appear in the main tent program. Because of the great European war the Ringlings have secured scores of circus performers never before seen in America. An entire trained animal show how been made a part of the main tent program this season. The menagerie now numbers 1,009 wild animals. The elephants, including "Big Bingo," the earth's largest pachyderm, have been increased to 41 and almost 800 horses are carried. There will be 60 clowns and a big free three-mile parade show day morning.

A CARD FROM CONGRESSMAN NORTH

I desire to express my thanks to my many friends my appreciation of the liberal support I received at the recent primary without being able to make a personal canvass of the district. My duties at Washington will possibly keep me there continuously until the expiration of my term, March 4, 1917, and any matters entrusted to me from my constituents will receive my prompt attention.

Respectfully,
S. TAYLOR NORTH.



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