

VETERANS DROP IN GETTYSBURG HEAT

Many Prostrated and Four Deaths Result.

GARRISON GREETES HOSTS

Secretary of War and General Wood, Chief of Staff, on Ground—Embracing, Reunioining and Reminiscing Are the Orders of the Day.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 2.—Field hospital ambulances began racing over the battlefield, picking up the veterans who dropped under the fierce sun as they went on their way to the great tent where Secretary of War Garrison formally opened the memorial ceremonies.

The ambulances were arriving at the hospitals every few minutes loaded often with as many as four of the aged warriors. Just how many were knocked out by the heat is not known. It would not be surprising if the number ran into the hundreds.

Secretary Garrison and General Wood, chief of staff, motored here from Baltimore. They were escorted to General Liggett's headquarters by a squadron of cavalry.

The assemblage at the tent was an inspiring sight. It is a great amphitheater, easily accommodating more than 5,000. Every seat was taken, and many of the veterans were standing without the tent walls, which were raised to permit the circulation of air. Perhaps there were 6,000 veterans, rebels and Yankees side by side, presenting the picture of a vast field of white hair. Secretary Garrison delivered a stirring speech of welcome.

The vanguard and the rear guard of veteran hosts have arrived. The defenders and the would have been disrupters of the Union are here in each other's arms. Tears and laughter, shouts of "You d—Yank" and "You Johnny Reb" are seen and heard everywhere. Embracing, reunioining and reminiscing are the orders of the day. There will never be another civil war.

Hobson's Uncle Talks.

The uncle of Richmond Pearson Hobson, who was wounded and captured at Upperville, says that he was of Company H of the Fifth North Carolina, and he ought to know. Following the steps of his nephew, the uncle, while denying that Richmond P. ever kissed anybody on the Chicago platform but his married cousin and her children and somebody else's children, declares that if he and his fellow tar heels had only brought their wives along they would never go back. It's a loving host, as Uncle Hank says, and also as Uncle Hank says: "We came up here expecting you to hold us in your arms. But we like it; oh, we like it!" That's the note today. Get together, boys!

All over the field the drums are rolling. The drummers of the vets brought their drums with them, and for exercise that would kill Muldoon and that beats dumbbell exercises all hollow, just start the drums to rolling. The heads along the company streets come out and peer about, and pretty soon the rhythm of the finest music in the world gets in its intoxicating work and stiffness flies away and the dance of the gray haired boys is on with all the fervor and ginger of the totem pole brigade, than which there is but the veterans' dance more gingery.

Fight It All Over Again.

Across the railroad tracks near where Pickett made his charge and Pettigrew got shot in the hand so he could not write a report and get for North Carolinians due credit for their participation, came the Johnny Rebs on their assault. The long faced North Carolinians were in the lead, followed by Alabama "Yellow Hammers" and the Georgia "Goover Grabbers" and explaining among themselves how it all happened and cautioning each other not to advance any claim to the effect that Pickett's charge wasn't so much as Pettigrew's. There really is a lot in the contention, you know, because the North Carolinians went on through the war after that charge expecting to rest on their laurels when they got back home. But they found that the Richmond reporters had given the credit to the Virginians, and their faces dropped. That's why Richmond P.'s Uncle Henry's claims to having the longest face on the North American continent are pretty good. Uncle Hank was awfully disappointed about that charge, and he'll take you right up to General Carr's tent and show you by figures that more men were killed in Pettigrew's command than were killed in Pickett's whole division. The "assault" was simply an early part of the Johnny Rebs to get in a full day of jaw cracking with their riling foes, the "d—Yanks." The rebels claim that the vital forces of the old men were exhausted in the victory at Gettysburg.

WIFE SLAYER SURRENDERS.

Leaves Himself Up After Eluding Posses All Night.

Leonardtown, Md., July 2.—John Vincent Owens walked into town here early and surrendered after a posse had searched for him throughout the night for the murder of his wife. Mrs. Owens' body was found on a path near her home. She had apparently been killed with an ax or a heavy

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great Civil war, testing whether that nation, or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advocated. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

A Chapter on Cigarettes—Anti-Cigarette Day June 22.

The use of cigarettes is one of the greatest of evils. Cigarette smoking is the most harmful form in which tobacco is used.

This is not due to the presence of more nicotine or other narcotic drugs but they are especially damaging to health because it is the habit of those using them to inhale the smoke. This act carries the nicotine down into the air spaces in the lungs. Here it is much more readily absorbed than in the mouth. The user of cigarettes is also more likely to smoke to excess than one addicted to the cigar or pipe. The use of the cigarette makes one more a slave to the drug, so that when he is deprived of it a longing desire takes possession of him. He is unfitted for work or for enjoyment until another dose of the poison has been administered. As an illustration will give the experience of one held fast by the cigarette habit as told by himself.

"It was at the age of six that I first began to smoke cigarettes. At the age of fifteen they sent me away to school. At eighteen I went to college. Freed of all home ties and restraint, I smoked to my heart's content. At twenty-five I was a nervous wreck. The doctors thumped me over the heart and shook their heads gravely. I had tobacco heart, they told me, and my only hope of evading a premature grave was to stop smoking absolutely. I had figured that I smoked from fifty to sixty a day. I resolved to cut this number down. I did manage to get along with about half that number, but below that I could not go. Then one day I took stock of myself. Life was sweet and I had no desire to die. I resolved to master the cigarette habit or die in the attempt. If I didn't I was going to die anyway. Once more I threw away my tobacco and papers. And this time I did not retrieve them. Time after time I returned to the place where I knew they lay just over a hedge fence, but each time I managed to control myself and walk away from the spot.

"That first night was one crescendo of horror. I tossed restlessly upon my bed. I thought of the pleasure which one puff would give me. Again and again I sat upon the edge of my couch, fighting against the desire to get up and search my pockets for "scraps" enough to roll just one cigarette. How I kept from doing so is more than I know. Morning found me gaunt and hollow-eyed. The craving had me in its grip. Breakfast sickened me because I hadn't braced my stomach to receive it with my morning cigarette. I ate no dinner and no supper. Water alone would stay down. This is only a portion of the torment that I suffered for weeks. They seemed like ages to me. The smell of a cigarette would drive me frantic. Cigars and pipe had never appealed to me before. Now, I would have almost parted with life itself to have dared to smoke one. My nights were one long series of tossings and tumbings upon my bed, dropping off into dozing only to awaken because of the nightmares which pursued me. And in each of them the central figure was a cigarette. By day time I was grouchy and irritable. Harsh words came more readily to my lips than kind. I al-

most hated myself. What my friends and relatives must have endured then only the love for one of your own blood could have borne. And then one day the habit left me not gradually for the night before, I can recall, I had one of my hardest battles against getting up, casting all the ground that I had won behind me, and making and smoking a cigarette, even though my life should pay forfeit. The next morning I was surprised to find that I had slept well and that I was undergoing a craving which I had not experienced in years. I discovered that I wanted breakfast and after the meal I did not crave a cigarette and have never craved one since. I can sit by and watch others smoke them without the least desire to indulge myself. My taste for cigarettes has been broken, but not for worlds would I go again through the purgatory into which my battle with the little thin paper rolls of tobacco cost me."

After reading such a terrible experience we ought to work more earnestly to teach the boys the great danger in their use. The supreme court of Tennessee made the following statement: "We think cigarettes are not legitimate articles of commerce, because they are wholly noxious and deleterious to health. Their use is always harmful, never beneficial. Beyond question their every tendency is toward the impairment of physical health and mental vigor." A police magistrate in New York declares "nine-nine out of every hundred boys between the ages of ten and seventeen years who come before him charged with crime have their fingers stained with nicotine from cigarettes."

Tobacco and liquor seem to go hand in hand. Although there are exceptions the user of one is very apt to use both.

HAS NOSE BUILT FROM A RIB.

Bone Taken From Brakemans' Side Makes New Nasal Organ.

Adam Williams of Pittsburgh, a railroad brakeman, whose nose was broken last winter when he struck an overhead bridge, is convalescing in a Baltimore hospital with a new nose built of bone taken from one of his ribs. After he was hurt the surgeons removed the broken bones from his nose, but he had to breathe through silver tubes until the wound had healed. This, however, left him minus two nasal bones, and the bridge of his nose was flat on his face.

Recently the surgeons decided upon a second operation. They made an incision in his right side, sawed a thin piece of bone from his third rib and cut it into two pieces the shape of the two nasal bones. These were fitted against the cheek bone and the nose fashioned into its proper shape. The nose then was placed in a plaster cast, and the doctors say it is as good as ever.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*

OFF TO ARCTIC TO CATCH BOWHEAD

Roy Andrews, Whale Hunter, to Go in Search of One.

NOT IN ANY COLLECTION.

American Museum of Natural History in New York City Desirous of Obtaining Specimen—Expedition Will Go in Mr. Borden's Schooner Yacht Adventuress, Starting About July 1.

Roy C. Andrews, a noted whale hunter, who has captured many specimens for the whale hall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York city, has been making for several months plans for a cruise in the arctic regions in quest of the rare bowhead whale, which if secured will complete the museum's valuable collection and thereby make it one of the greatest in the world.

Andrews, whose achievements in hunting whales in the orient are recalled by hunters of large game, has been invited to join the hunting expedition organized by John C. Borden of Chicago, who plans to sail from San Francisco in the schooner yacht Adventuress, which is now en route for the Pacific coast by way of Cape Horn. The Adventuress is well equipped for a voyage to arctic seas. She was built in Boothbay Harbor, Me., with auxiliary power and carries bomb guns for killing whales. The cabins are fitted in mahogany. The boat is equipped with electricity and has a cold storage plant.

Whale Hunting Fine Sport.

Although whale hunting affords sport for Mr. Borden, he also understands the scientific value of such an expedition, and for that reason he asked Roy Andrews to join him on his voyage with a view to securing a fine specimen of the bowhead monster for the museum. The bowhead whale is the last of a large series desired by the museum, and according to Mr. Andrews, it is greatly wished to get a specimen now. A bowhead is not easy to secure. Besides making special efforts to get a bowhead whale, the party will spend considerable time in pursuit of brown and polar bears, walrus and caribou in the haunts of big game in the far north.

"For more than 1,000 years the bowhead whale has been hunted," says Roy Andrews, "but thus far no naturalist has succeeded in getting a complete skeleton of one." So the explorer is anticipating with keenest interest his journey into the arctic in quest of the coveted bowhead.

The whale, if secured, will be towed to the nearest harbor, on the shore of which the skeleton will be prepared. It will be forwarded to Seattle by coasting schooner and then shipped to New York.

Expedition Fully Equipped.

The Adventuress carries a fully equipped New Bedford whaleboat and is under command of Captain Sparks, an experienced whaler of Provincetown, Mass.

There are now no bowhead skeletons in this country, and but little is known concerning their anatomy. The members of the museum staff are therefore extremely appreciative of Mr. Borden's offer to co-operate in the expedition.

The Borden expedition will leave San Francisco about July 1. It will carry a wireless telegraph outfit, which will be effective for about 500 miles. If it gets a bowhead a life size reproduction will be a conspicuous feature of the proposed new whale hall of the

—Try those Cent-A-Words. They bring good results.

CLEAR THE COMPLEXION.

Discovery that Removes Pimples, Eczema and All Skin Troubles.

If you are troubled with pimples, blackheads, acne, barber's itch, blotches, freckles or other skin disease or blemish, now is the time to get rid of it with Hokara.

This pure and simple skin healer is being introduced in Honesdale by Pell, the druggist, at the low price of 25c for a liberal sized jar, and they have sold hundreds of treatments. It contains no grease or acid, is

cleanly to use and is a true nourishment for the skin, cleaning and clearing it in every pore, making it soft, white and beautiful.

If Hokara does not do even more than is claimed for it and give perfect satisfaction, return the empty jar to Pell's drug store and they will refund your money. If you have any skin trouble, you cannot spend 25c to better advantage than for a jar of this skin food.

—Vote on Friday next for pave. We have had mud long enough.

Keep Cool Cook with Gas

Honesdale Consolidated Light, H. & P. Co.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Wayne County Savings Bank

HONESDALE, PA.,

1871 42 YEARS OF SUCCESS 1913

THE BANK THE PEOPLE USE

BECAUSE we have been transacting a SUCCESSFUL banking business CONTINUOUSLY since 1871 and are prepared and qualified to render VALUABLE SERVICE to our customers.

BECAUSE of our HONORABLE RECORD for FORTY-ONE years.

BECAUSE of SECURITY guaranteed by our LARGE CAPITAL and SURPLUS of \$550,000.00.

BECAUSE of our TOTAL ASSETS of \$3,600,000.00.

BECAUSE GOOD MANAGEMENT has made us the LEADING FINANCIAL INSTITUTION of Wayne county.

BECAUSE of these reasons we confidently ask you to become a depositor.

COURTEOUS treatment to all CUSTOMERS whether their account is LARGE or SMALL. INTEREST allowed from the FIRST of ANY MONTH on Deposits made on or before the TENTH of the month.

OFFICERS:

W. B. HOLMES, PRESIDENT. H. S. SALMON, Cashier.
A. T. SEARLE, Vice-President. W. J. WARD, Asst. Cashier

DIRECTORS:

T. B. CLARK, J. H. CONGER, J. W. FARLEY,
E. W. GAMMELL, W. B. HOLMES, F. P. KIMBLE,
W. F. SUYDAM, C. J. SMITH, A. T. SEARLE,
H. S. SALMON.

"HERE'S A BRAND NEW BRAND"

UNION SCOUT

Stripped Tobacco

The Mildest Stripped Tobacco on the Market

Made Expressly for Those Who Like an Extra Mild Smoke or Chew.

UNION SCOUT has that rich pleasant flavor which can only be produced by using the highest grades of leaf tobacco.

Try a 5c Package

You Are Sure to Like It

Clark & Snover Company

