

The Herald and News

How Men Die in Battle.

The following is an extract from Edward Marshall's recollections written after the battle of Lexington, 1776, which was wounded.

"I saw many men shot. Every one went down in a lump, without cries, without falling in the air, without revealing wounds. They just went down, as if they were in the grass. It seemed as if the terrible third which which they struck the earth was more penetrating than the sound of guns. Some were only wounded, some dead.

"There is much that is awe inspiring about the death of soldiers on the battlefield. Almost all of us have seen men and women die, but they have died in their carefully arranged beds, with doctors daintily hoarding the flickering sparks with loved ones clustered about. But death from disease is less awful than death from bullets. On the battlefield there are no delicate scientific problems of strange microbes to be solved. There is no petting, no cooing—nothing, nothing, nothing but death. The man lives, he is strong, he is vital, every muscle in him is at its fullest tension when, suddenly, "chug!" he is dead. That "chug" of the bullets striking flesh is nearly always plainly audible. But bullets which were billeted, so far as I know, do not sing on their way. They go silently, grimly to their mark, and the man is lacerated and torn or dead. I did not hear the bullet shriek that killed Hamilton Fish; I did not hear the bullets shriek which struck many others who were wounded while I was near them; I did not hear the bullet shriek which struck me.

"There is one incident of the day which shines out in my memory above all others because I lie in a New York hospital writing. It occurred at the field hospital. About a dozen of us were lying there. A continual chorus of moans rose through the tree branches overhead. The surgeons, with hands and bandages dripping and clothes literally saturated with blood were straining every nerve to prepare the wounded for the journey down to Siboney. Behind me lay Captain McClintock with his lower leg bones literally ground to powder. He bore his pain as gallantly as he had his men, and that is saying much. I think Major Brodie was also there. It was a doleful group. Amputation and death stared its members in their gloomy faces.

"Suddenly a voice started softly: 'My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing.

"Other voices took it up: 'Land where my fathers died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride.

"The quivering, quivering choruses, punctuated by groans, and made spasmodic by pain, trembled up from that little group of wounded Americans in the midst of the Cuban solitude—the pluckiest, most heartfelt song that human being ever sang.

"There was one voice that did not quite keep up with the others. It was so weak that I did not hear it until all the rest had finished the line:

"Let freedom ring.

Then halting, struggling, faint, it repeated slowly:

"Land of the Pilgrims' pride, Let freedom ring—"

"The last word was a woful cry. One more son had died as did the fathers."

A Pure Home.

There is nothing on earth for which one ought to be more thankful than for having been brought up in a pure home. Such a home may be deficient in mere material comforts, but it has in it the forces on which great characters are nurtured. One of our noblest friends once said: "I was the son of poor parents, and from my youth up was insured to self-denial and hardship; but I do not remember ever to have heard a word from the lips of either my father or my mother that was not as chaste as snow." Better such a recollection as that than an inheritance of untold wealth.—Lutheran World.

About Birds.

Nearly all boys and girls are interested in birds. They like to hear them sing and see them build their nests and do a great many other things. Some one whom we all know has written something about birds that we think a little children who read this paper will be pleased to read. It is a story written for the following story:

Do birds think? Let me tell you about the bird I once saw. The little bird was a female mockingbird, which had a nest of young ones about a week old. The baby birds were very unhealthy, inheriting weakness from their father, that had asthma.

Early one morning I was awakened on my pillow, pouring into my ear the most mournful notes I ever heard. I knew something was wrong, and arose at once. The mother flew to her nest, then looked to see if I was following, which I was. As soon as I reached the nest, she took hold of one of the baby bird's wings, pinched it gently with her beak, and watched it eagerly, I think, to see if it moved. Then she took hold of one of the little feet, and pinched it in the same manner, and finding it did not move, she looked up at me in a pleading way, as if she wanted me to waken them. I reached my hand out toward the nest. She stood aside and looked on with as much interest and feeling as any young human mother.

I examined the lifeless little bodies, and when I withdrew my hand the mother hastened to hover over the little ones, seeming to think that if she could warm them they would awaken. In a few moments she hopped off the nest, looked at her babies, held food close to their mouths, and coaxed and called them, but in vain. She flew all around the room, as if in search of some untried remedy. Several times she perched on my shoulder, and then looked so distressed and pitiful that I could scarcely keep from crying. I put her in a cage and hung her in the sunshine, to see if she would become quiet. She took a bath, but still remained nervous, excited and anxious, and by and by grew so restless that I had to take her out of the cage and let her go to the nest again.

She stood awhile looking at her dead children. Then she went over all the little bodies—pinching them gently, and watching them closely to see if they moved. When she saw no signs of life she seemed puzzled. She seemed at last to make up her mind that the little ones were dead. Then, one by one, she lifted them tenderly in her beak, and laid them side by side in the middle of the room. She looked at them lovingly for a moment, then flew to her empty nest and gazed wonderingly into that. Finally, she perched on my shoulder, and looked into my eyes, as if to ask, "What does all this mean?"

What a lesson of love and devotion that little bird taught! She always fed the little ones before taking a mouthful herself, and sometimes she would stand coaxing them to take one more mouthful, and finding that they had enough would swallow it herself.

From the "Ram's Horn."

Nobody looks for good fruit on a bad tree.

Nothing can make our joy full but the joy of Christ.

Christ is always on trial in a Christian mother's life.

The only way we can move without help from God is downward.

God's power is all against the man who is not willing to do right.

Christ was crucified by men who considered themselves holier than he.

If anybody has reason to be happy all the year round it is the Christian.

The day is surely coming when they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

God will not accept anything from us, the giving of which will not be for our good.

As long as the devil remains unchained the true soldier of the cross will have to fight.

There are many people who think that the way to serve the Lord is to do it with the mouth,

A Real Hero

Constance was a little girl whose father was dead, and whose mother was quite poor. She went to a school which was also attended by the children of several rich families in the neighborhood. The children used to make good fun about poor Constance, because she was not so nicely dressed as they were. One day they were going home from school. Constance was walking a little way before them. One of the girls pointed at her and said:

"See how many patches she has on her dress! One, two, three, four."

Then the boys all laughed at her. Poor little Constance! She burst into tears and tried to run home.

"Cry baby, cry baby!" shouted the boys.

"I don't want her to sit by me," cried Ella Gray.

"What right has she to come to our school?" asked proud Lily Gross.

There was only one boy in that school who was brave enough to do what was right under the circumstances. His name was Douglas Stewart. He felt sorry for poor Constance, and, breaking away from the rude boys and girls, he ran up to her to try to comfort her.

"Never mind what they say," said Douglas. "Let me carry your books. Cheer up! It's only a little way to your house, isn't it?"

"I live in the house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

"No matter for that," replied Douglas, smiling. "It has pretty vines and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in. I dare say you are very happy there."

"Yes; but I don't want to come to the school any more," said Constance, softly.

"Oh! things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy, kindly. "Never mind them just now."

"And it turned out as Douglas said.

Faithful Bruno.

BY FRANCES H. PECK.

Yes, Edith was missing, and great was the consternation in the Lane family. Brother George averred solemnly that Edie had been in the back-yard playing with Bruno, the St. Bernard dog, only a half-hour ago. Little Emma was crying for her twin sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Lane wore troubled faces; for Edie had never been away alone before.

Mr. Lane hurriedly left the house, and a half-hour afterwards detectives and spies were all over the city. About midnight that evening, a loud peal came at the door-bell, and, on its being answered, a policeman stepped into the hall, bearing in his arms the lost Edie.

The policeman's whole form was trembling, and something like water stood in his honest blue eyes. He stepped back, and pointed to the lifeless form of Bruno. The noble dog had died in saving his little mistress' life, as they afterwards found out. Edith had wandered away, and had been caught by a rough man, who, not noticing the dog, had rushed away. Bruno seized Edie's skirt, and pulled her from the man's arms. He only stopped to plunge his foot at the dog's head. It took effect, and the brave dog fell dead by the side of the sobbing child. She was then discovered by a detective, who managed to get both her and the dog home. Mr. and Mrs. Lane were deeply moved, and I think, if you visited them now, they would show you the skin of the faithful Bruno.

"A Bad Policy."

A deputation representing the native races, together with a committee from the liquor men, recently waited upon Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the representative of the English government in South Africa, to learn his position upon the subject of the liquor traffic. He stated that "even from a commercial point of view he was against the licensing of any sale of liquors among the Africans. To a very large extent the government is dependent on the native labor for the carrying out of its public works, such as the construction of railways, and it would be bad policy, resulting in pecuniary loss, to demoralize and degrade the workers by drink."—Ex.

Beer Among Emigrants.

The report of the government committee appointed to consider the advisability of doing away with the sale of beer at immigration stations, is emphatically in favor of abolition. Testimony is quoted to the effect that it is a common sight for young immigrants to be very much the worse for liquor on the afternoon of the morning on which they landed, though they had not been out of the immigrant station.

The parties having the monopoly of the sale of provisions at the Barge Office, it is said, in spite of the promises which they have made again and again, are selling no tea, coffee or milk, though women and children are kept there for hours.

The sale of beer is the profitable traffic, and nothing but beer is to be had. Every prominent official at the New York Barge Office agrees that "it would be far better if this sale were stopped. Dr. Sennner, the chief commissioner, a German and not a total abstainer, declares that all the trouble he has with his employees there arises from liquor. Mr. McSweeney, the assistant commissioner, says that if he had his way, not a drop more would be sold. The testimony of the missionaries at work there is of course strongly for its abolition.

The Iron Cross.

More than seventy years ago the King of Prussia, Frederick William III, was carrying on expensive wars. He was trying to strengthen his country and make a great nation of the Prussian people, and he had no money enough to accomplish his plans. What should he do? He stopped where he was, the country would be overrun by the enemy and that would mean terrible distress for everybody. He therefore asked the women of Prussia, as many of them as wanted to help the king, to bring their jewelry of gold and silver to be melted down into money for the use of their country.

Many women brought all the jewelry they had, and for such ornaments of gold or silver they received, in exchange, an ornament of bronze or iron, precisely like the gold or silver ones, as a token of the king's gratitude. These iron and bronze ornaments all bore the inscription: "I gave gold for iron, 1813." These ornaments became more highly prized than the gold or silver ones had been, for they were a proof that the women had given up something for their king. It became very unfashionable to wear any jewelry. So the order of the Iron Cross grew up, whose members wear no ornament except a cross of iron on the breast, and give all their superfluous money to the service of their fellowmen.

Here's A Song, Comrades All.

BY MARGARET EYINGE.

Here's a song, comrades all, for the flag of our nation, That undimmed by old time, still resplendently shows The colors that met at its grand consecration, The gifts of the bluebell, the lilly and rose; And whose stars have grown greater in number and luster Since first they were lighted by Liberty's hand, And now clinging closely in beautiful cluster. Shed their light far and wide over ocean and land.

Here's a song, comrades all, for the flag ever ready To shelter the wanderer who shelter no more Can find in the Old World—the flag always steady In welcome to those who are seeking our shore; The flag that rejoices when Peace lingers near us, But never in war shrinks from night-lit foe; The flag that is waiting to bless and to cheer us

With thoughts of our sunny home where'er we go.

Here's a song, comrades all, for the flag, that floats o'er us, The sign of a country prosperity blest; Come join with a will in a fine, rousing chorus, From the North and the South, from the East and the West. Hurrah! for the staff that so firmly upholds it Through fiercest of tempests with strength ever new; Hurrah! once again for the breeze that unfolds it, And hup! hup! hurrah! for the red, white and blue.

—St. Nicholas.

The Faithful Shepherd

A German shepherd boy named Gerhalt was watching his flock feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked: "How many sheep are there in the flock?" "Sixty," said the boy, "but it may be a sheep or two and is easily missed." The hunter looked at the track and said: "My boy, I am hungry and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road, and I will pay you well for your trouble."

"I cannot leave my sheep, they would stray into the forest and be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that; they are not your sheep. The loss of one or two would not be much to your master, and I will pay you more money than you could earn in a year."

"I cannot go, sir. My master trusts me and pays me for my time. If I were to sell you my time and the sheep should get lost it would be the same as if I had stolen them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food and drink and a guide? I will take good care of them for you."

"The sheep," said the boy, "do not know your voice, and—" here Gerhalt paused.

"And what," said the hunter, "can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?"

"Sir," said the boy, slowly, "you tried to make me false to my trust and wanted me to break my word with my master. How do I know that you will keep your word with me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that he was fairly beaten. "I see, my lad," he said, "that you are a good, faithful boy." I will not forget you. Show me the road and I will do the best I can."

Just then a number of persons came out of the wood, and the shepherd found that the hunter was the grand Duke who owned all the country round and that these were his attendants, who had been looking for him. The Duke was so pleased with the boy that he had him educated and he became wealthy and prosperous.—Dr. Richard Newton.

For the Boys.

Never treat another boy's sister better than your own boy.

Never lay aside your manners when you take off your fine clothes.

Never make fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged.

Never quarrel. When your tongue gets unruly lock it in; if need be, bite it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad temper.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never make comrades of boys who are continually doing and saying evil things. A boy, as a man, is known by the company he keeps.

Never cheat or be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen not weaken your character.

Never lie. Even white lies leave black spots on the character. What is your opinion of a liar? Do you wish other people to have a like opinion of yourself?

Never hesitate to say no when asked to do a wrong, but say no so distinctly that no one can misunderstand you to mean yes.

Never make sport of those miserable creatures—a drunken man or woman. They are wrecks; but God alone knows the stress of the storm which drove them upon the breakers. Weep rather than laugh.

Never be unkind to your father and mother. When they are old and you have children of your own you will discover that even when you did your best you were never able to make only a part pay for your life, debt you owed them.

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WINE OF CARDUI
The entry into your household is a critical time for a girl. Little menaced disorders started at that time can pass into fatal complications. That little trouble is a filling graveyard for the young. Wine of Cardui is a delicate and natural menstrual flow. When on this important function is started right, a happy life will usually follow. Many women, young and old, owe their lives to Wine of Cardui. There is nothing like it to give women freedom from pain and to let young women live every day of life. \$1.00 bottles at druggists.

MISS DELIA M. STRAYER, Tully, N. Y.
"I have suffered untold pain at menstrual periods for a long time, was nervous, had no appetite, and lost interest in everything. In fact was miserable. I have taken four bottles of Wine of Cardui, with Theodor's Black-Drageat, when needed, and to-day I am entirely cured. I cannot express the thanks I feel for what you have done for me."

WINE OF CARDUI
For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, give symptoms, the Ladies' Advisory Bureau, The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.
Condensed Schedule in Effect
June 20th, 1901.

STATIONS.	No. 19.	Daily	No. 12.
Lv. Charleston	11:00 p.m.	7:45 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
Summersville	7:45 p.m.	10:25 a.m.	10:25 a.m.
Wilmington	7:12 p.m.	10:25 a.m.	10:25 a.m.
AT Anderson	8:15 p.m.	11:14 a.m.	11:14 a.m.
Lv. Boston	7:25 p.m.	10:25 a.m.	10:25 a.m.
AT Columbia	7:20 p.m.	10:25 a.m.	10:25 a.m.
AT Asheville	6:05 a.m.	12:41 p.m.	12:41 p.m.
Lv. Hedges	8:50 p.m.	11:25 a.m.	11:25 a.m.
AT Greenville	8:50 p.m.	11:25 a.m.	11:25 a.m.
Ninety	7:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.
AT Newberry	7:30 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.
AT Greenwood	8:30 a.m.	2:05 p.m.	2:05 p.m.
Ninety	7:15 a.m.	12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.
Lv. Asheville	8:25 a.m.	1:15 p.m.	1:15 p.m.
AT Bolton	10:10 a.m.	3:25 p.m.	3:25 p.m.
Lv. Anderson	9:40 a.m.	2:45 p.m.	2:45 p.m.
Lv. Greenville	11:35 a.m.	4:35 p.m.	4:35 p.m.
AT Columbia	3:55 p.m.	7:45 p.m.	7:45 p.m.

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RY. CO.
Augusta and Asheville Short Line.
Schedules in Effect July 21st, 1901.

STATIONS.	Southbound.	Northbound.
AT Asheville	7:50 a.m.	7:50 a.m.
Greenville	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
AT Spartanburg	9:10 a.m.	9:10 a.m.
AT Columbia	10:00 a.m.	10:00 a.m.
AT Charleston	11:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE BETWEEN CHARLESTON AND GREENVILLE.
Pullman palace sleeping cars on Trains 25 and 26, and Pullman dining cars on Trains 25 and 26, serve all meals en route. On these trains serve all meals en route.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE FAST LINE
Between Charleston and Columbia, Upper South Carolina and North Carolina.
CONDENSED SCHEDULE.
Wilmington, N. C., June 20th, 1901.

GOING WEST: In Effect May 26.	GOING EAST: In Effect May 26.
7:00 am Lv. Charleston, S. C.	8:00 pm Ar. Wilmington, N. C.
8:37 pm Lv. Columbia, S. C.	8:00 pm Ar. Wilmington, N. C.
11:00 am Lv. Columbia, S. C.	8:30 pm Ar. Wilmington, N. C.
11:00 am Lv. Columbia, S. C.	8:30 pm Ar. Wilmington, N. C.
12:42 pm Ar. Columbia, S. C.	10:25 pm Ar. Wilmington, N. C.
12:42 pm Ar. Columbia, S. C.	10:25 pm Ar. Wilmington, N. C.
3:25 pm Ar. Columbia, S. C.	11:10 pm Ar. Wilmington, N. C.
3:30 pm Ar. Charleston, S. C.	11:10 pm Ar. Wilmington, N. C.
7:15 pm Ar. Charleston, S. C.	11:10 pm Ar. Wilmington, N. C.
7:15 pm Ar. Charleston, S. C.	11:10 pm Ar. Wilmington, N. C.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY.
RESERVED PASSENGER LIMITED TRAINS
DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE
"Capital City Route."

Source of the between all principal cities North, East, South and West.
Through schedule to New American Express in effect May 26, 1901.

STATIONS.	Central Time.	Local Time.
Southbound	Daily	Daily
Lv. Wilmington	2:45 pm	3:00 pm
Wilmington	3:15 pm	3:30 pm
Wilmington	3:45 pm	4:00 pm

No. 66 connects at Washington with the Pennsylvania Railroad, Buffalo Express, arriving Buffalo 7:35 am.
Columbia, Newberry and Laurens Railway, Train No. 25, leaving Columbia, U. S. station, at 11:25 am daily, connects at Columbia with the Southern Railway, No. 35, according to schedule and quickest route by several hours. Close connection at Petersburg, Richmond, Washington, Portsmouth, Norfolk, Columbia, Charleston, Jacksonville and Atlanta, with diverging lines.
Magnificent vestibule trains carrying through Pullman, Palace and Tourist cars, arrive at points.
S. E. Railway 1,000 mile books are good over N. and W. Railway; also to Washington, Va.
For reduced rates, Pullman reservations, etc., apply to
Wm. Hunter, D. P. A.,
10 South Third St.,
K. E. L. Bunch, G. P. A.,
Portsmouth, Va.

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RY. CO.
Augusta and Asheville Short Line.
Schedules in Effect July 21st, 1901.

STATIONS.	Southbound.	Northbound.
AT Asheville	7:50 a.m.	7:50 a.m.
Greenville	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
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AT Columbia	10:00 a.m.	10:00 a.m.
AT Charleston	11:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.

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