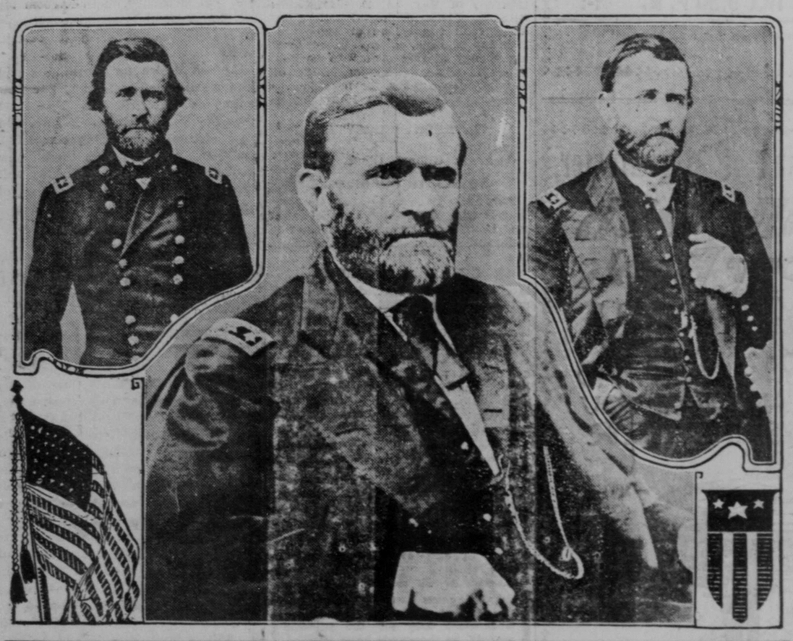
"On Fame's Eternal Camping Ground their Silent Tents are Spread, And Glory Guards, with Solemn Round, the Bivouac of the Dead."

Fifty Years Ago---Wartime Photos of Grant



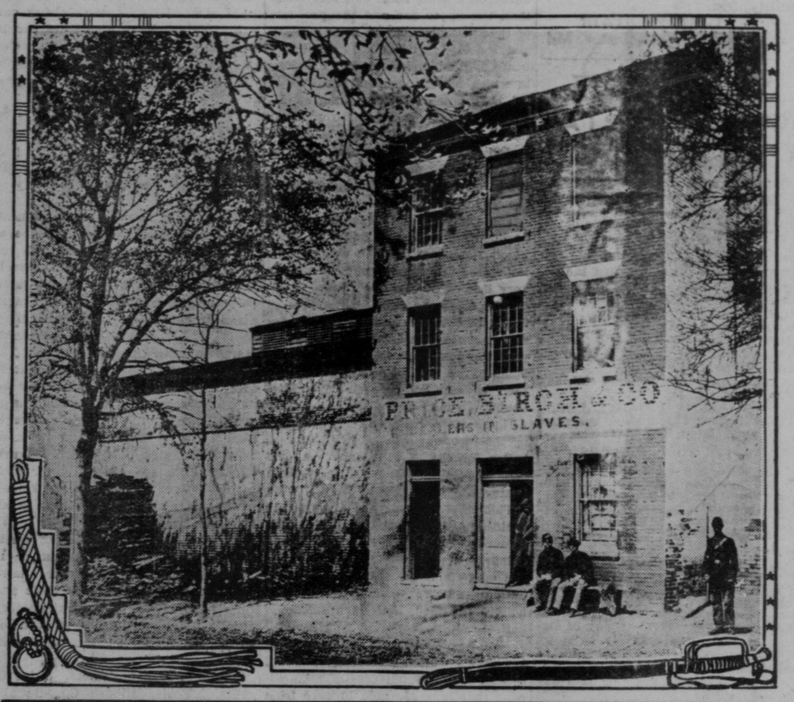
THESE three pictures, each showing a different view of General Ulysses S. Grant in uniform, are highly valuable pictorial records. They show the commanding general of the northern armies as he looked when in the midst of his herculean activities in the field. In each photograph, particularly the one in the center, the firm set lips almost speak the determination. "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Fifty Years Ago---Stone Bridge at Bull Run



THIS bridge figured very importantly in both battles of Bull Run. At the first battle, Sunday, July 21, 1861, the Federal forces under General Irvin McDowell crossed this bridge to attack the enemy and then recrossed it in full retreat and rout after a disastrous defeat. The Federal army under General John Pope, defeated by the Confederates on practically the same ground Aug. 30, 1862, also retreated across the stone bridge, but in good order, a detachment from the rear guard destroying the famous bridge.

Fifty Years Ago---Slave Dealers' Headquarters



READ the sign painted on the front of the building in the illustration, which is from a wartime photograph: "Price, Birch & Co., Dealers in Slaves." The building stood in Alexandria, Va., only a few miles from the national capital. The buying and selling of negro slaves was carried on there by Price, Birch & Co. through the years 1861 and 1862 to the end of slavery, which institution was blotted out on New Year's day of 1863 through the emancipation proclamation issued by Abraham Lincoln as a war measure.

Fifty Years Ago---Defenses of Washington



THIS wartime photograph, taken in 1861, shows vividly the nation's preparation for defense. The scene is a portion of Fort Corcoran, near Washington, one of those hastily constructed defenses which served to check the advance of the encroaching Confederates whose objective point was the national capital. The men in the picture are Colonel Michael Corcoran and his officers. Observe the man immediately back of the stack of ammunition near the left end of the picture. His right arm is missing. Already he had suffered for his country.

Fifty Years Ago---Where Ellsworth Perished



FIFTY years ago the north was shocked by the killing of Colonel E. E. Ellsworth of the New York zouaves. Ellsworth, only twenty-four years of age, a noted drillmaster and a protege of President Lincoln, occupied Alexandria, Va., with his regiment. He saw a Confederate flag flying from the roof of the Marshall House, a local hotel. Accompanied by one of his zouaves he made his way to the roof, seized the flag and was carrying it down the stairway when James T. Jackson, the landlord, shot him dead. The zouave killed Jackson immediately.

Fifty Years Ago---Soldiers Buried In Swamp



IN this picture, made from a wartime photograph, the pathos of war is told more plainly than words could express it. A terrible battle had been fought here. Both armies moved away, leaving details of men to bury their dead. The burial was devoid of pomp and ceremony. The brave men who had fallen in the fight were laid in the trenches, and the muddy earth was shoveled upon them. But before the burying squad departed some of the men set up rude headboards, marked with the names of the dead when known.

THE PENALTY OF PILLAGING

By THOMAS R. DEAN

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The army was in an exposed position. The enemy had every advantage. The general commanding had given orders to maintain the strictest discipline. Any man caught plundering must be shot without mercy. In the midst of this tension a private of the Seventeenth regiment was marched under guard to the colonel's headquarters. He was a black eyed young fellow, scarcely above the limit of height at which recruits are accepted and not a sign of a beard on his rosy cheeks.

"What is it, sergeant?" asked the colonel of the noncommissioned officer who had the young recruit in charge.

"The captain ordered me," replied the sergeant, saluting, "to bring him here to you, sir, and say that he's been pillaging."

"What's your name?" asked the colonel of the prisoner.

"Perkins, sir."

"Did you break into a house?"

"No, sir. After the firing yesterday and our advance we came upon a dwelling that had been deserted during the scrimmage. I went in and saw a bracelet. I took it."

"Took a bracelet! What did you, a soldier, want with a bracelet?"

There was no response to this. Private Perkins looked everywhere except at his commanding officer.

"Well, Perkins, do you think if I let you off this time you can leave pillaging alone?"

"I'll try, sir."

"Well, you can go back to duty; but, mind, if you're caught another time I'll have to shoot you. That's the orders, and I must obey orders as well as you. Nothing demoralizes an army so much as pillaging. We need all our discipline to stand against the enemy. Now go, and don't let me hear of your disobeying the order again."

The next day there was more fighting, more shifting of position, more houses deserted. The scrimmage had barely ceased when the colonel, standing under a tree talking with an officer, saw a man marched toward him between two of his comrades. The colonel's brow darkened, for when the three came near enough for him to see their faces he recognized the center man as Private Perkins. What troubled the officer was that if Perkins had again been caught pillaging he didn't see how he was to avoid shooting the boy.

"I'm ordered by the captain to bring this man to you, sir, and say that he's been pillaging again."

"You're the man," said the colonel to the prisoner, "I told yesterday that if you were caught pillaging again I would have to shoot you."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what did you pillage for?"

"Couldn't help it, sir; things came too handy."

"What do you mean?"

"After the fight several of us went into a deserted house, and things were lying all about."

"What did you take?"

"A necklace."

"A necklace! What in thunder could you do with a necklace?"

No answer.

"You know what I told you."

"Yes, sir."

"And despite that and your promise not to offend again you entered houses and took gewgaws. There's no use letting you off again. You'd be cabbaging a pair of jeweled garters next time. Sergeant, go to your captain and tell him to send me a firing squad."

The sergeant saluted and was about to leave when the colonel called him and whispered to him:

"Tell the captain to have the guns loaded with blank cartridges. I don't wish to shoot this little fool. I'm only going to scare him."

"Aye, aye, sir."

When the firing squad arrived the colonel said to Private Perkins:

"By order of the general commanding I'm going to shoot you for pillaging. I let you off once. This time I deem it my duty to carry out the general's order. Where are the articles you have taken?"

The recruit put his hand in his pocket and pulled out, in addition to what he had confessed to appropriating, a turquoise finger ring, a lady's lace handkerchief, a pair of silver slipper buckles, a hatpin and three bangles and a—

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed the colonel, "have I a soldier in my command so utterly lost to all sense of manliness as to get himself shot for these feminine baubles?"

Private Perkins looked on the ground. His lip quivered.

"Stand up there," said the colonel, placing the culprit with his back against a tree. The firing squad were aligned to face him. He was a pitiable object, evidently without enough sense to make a plea or a protest for his life. The words "Ready" and "Aim" were given, but before the order to fire came Perkins dropped.

"Sergeant," said the colonel, "sprinkle him and set him up again."

The sergeant went to the collapsed boy and loosened his uniform jacket at the throat. Then he returned to his commander and stood as though he had something of importance to communicate.

"Well, sergeant?"

"He's a girl, sir."

A Great Library For the Blind.

The library for the blind in London contains 800 volumes. An average volume in ordinary type makes ten or fifteen volumes when prepared according to the Braille system for the use of blind readers. Thus the Bible makes thirty-five bulky volumes. Among the books in this library are all the best English novels as well as many histories and biographies.

Bees and Wasps.

About 4,500 species of wild bees are known and about 1,100 species of wasps.

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