The Grandest Treasure.



One of the fondest, happiest anticipations of a mother's heart is that by her husband's earnest toil, and by careful economy on both their parts they shall be able to lay by a little store which the baby when it is grown to manhood or womanhood shall have as its own private possession.

But every wife who expects to become a mother may provide a far more valuable treasure for her little one's future than can ever be contained in any savings bank if she will take the proper care of her own health and physical condition during the time when the baby is expected. And if every husband would feel it his bounden duty to see that all possible means are adopted to carry his wife safely through this critical time, he will help to bequeath to his offspring that health and natural vigor which is the grandest fortune a father can bestow.

"During the past year I found myself pregnant and in rapidly failing health," writes Mrs. W. J. Kidder, of Hill Dale Farm, (Enosburg Center) Enosburg, Vt., in a grateful letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. "I suffered dreadfully from bloating and urinary difficulty. I was growing perceptibly weaker each day and suffered much sharp pain at times. I felt that something must be done. I sought your advice and received a prompt reply. I followed your directions and took twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also followed your instructions. I began to improve immediately, my health became excellent, and I could do all my own work (we live on a good sized farm). I walked and rode all I could, and enjoyed it. I had a short easy confinement and have a healthy baby boy."

"Favorite Prescription" is the only proprietary medicine in the world invented by an educated physician and scientific specialist for the one specific purpose of restoring health and strength to the distinctly feminine organism. It is a prompt relief and permanent cure for every form of female complaint or weakness.

No remedy relieves constipation so quickly and effectually as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS.

Items of Interest about the Work of Our Churches.

A joint meeting of the Vestries of St. Paul's Church, Trappe, and Holy Trinity Church, Oxford, was held Saturday to discuss the question of dissolving the relations of the two churches. Nothing definite was accomplished, and the matter was deferred until the meeting of the Convention next month, when, if Oxford can secure aid from the Diocesan fund, they will probably call a rector for themselves. In the meantime they have arranged with Rev. E. M. Hardcastle to hold services this month. Rev. C. J. LaRoche has declined the call recently extended him.

Right Rev. J. J. Monaghan, Bishop of Wilmington, will be at the Catholic Church, Easton, next Sunday. There will be low mass at 9.30 a. m., confirmation at 10, and high mass Coram Episcopo at 11, at which the devotion of the Forty Hours will begin. LaHache's mass will be rendered by the choir, with offartory by Mrs. A. V. Cherbonnier. In the evening at 7.30 Bishop Monaghan will preach. O Salutaris by Wiegand and Tantum Ergo by Rossi will be sung at benediction. On Monday high mass will be at 9, and in the evening at 7.30 Rev. J. F. Nolan of Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore, will preach. Tuesday the mass of Reposition will be at 10 a. m., and Rev. T. J. Kenny of St. Mary's Star of the Sea, Baltimore, will deliver the evening sermon at 7.30. There will be special music at all services.

The Board of Trustees of Ebenezer M. E. Church have raised the pastor's salary to $1200 which is now on a par with all other churches in the conference in this respect with but one or two exceptions.

A talk upon "Consecration" followed by the Sacrement of the Lord's supper at Trinity M. E. Church, South, at 11 o'clock. Preaching by pastor at 8 p. m. All cordially invited.

Rev. W. G. Koons, pastor of the M. E. Church at St. Michaels, rejoices in a $100 increase in his salary, which is now $800.

Centreville Academy Case.

Judge James Alfred Pearce has filed a written opinion in the case of the trustees of Centreville Academy against the school commissioners of Queen Anne's county. The suit was to require the school board to dispose of certain securites, the proceeds to be applied to the erection and maintenance of a high school in Centreville. The Judge decides that the school board is not compelled to dispose of the securities, but that it is the duty of the board to ascertain the cost of a high school building and request the county commissioners to levy a sum of money sufficient to cover the cost. The opinion is to the effect that in the event of the refusal of the county commissioners to levy the sum requested, then it is the privilege of the school commissioners to petition for a mandamus against the county commissioners requiring the latter to make the levy. It is hoped that some compromise basis will be reached that will be satisfactory all around.

Bowman's Orchestra in Centreville.

Bowman's Orchestra was in Centreville Thursday evening and gave an entertainment in the town hall there before a large audience. The people were delighted with the programme and encores greeted each number. Cordial invitations were extended to them to come to Centreville again a crowded house being promised them.

Whooping Cough.

I had a little boy who was nearly dead from an attack of whooping cough. My neighbors recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I did not think that any medicine would help him, but after giving him a few doses of that remedy I noticed an improvement, and one bottle cured him entirely. It is the best cough remedy I ever had in the house.—J. L. MOORE, South Burgettstown, Pa. For sale by Harry Roberts

LIFE IN THE CAMPS

Described by Lieutenant C. S. Carrington

AT THE HIGH SCHOOL ON FRIDAY

An Excellent Starter of the Course of Five Lectures for the Benefit of the Mercantile Library—He Tells all about how the Soldiers Lived.



Charles S. Carrington, Esq., who was Second Lieutenant of Co. F, First Maryland Regiment, U. S. V., delivered a very entertaining lecture on "Camp Life" at Easton High School, Friday night. His ability as a speaker is widely known, and everyone was pleased with his address, which was illustrated with a number of military bugle calls, given by bugler Straughan, of Co. F. The lecture was as follows:

Ever since the breaking out of the war a great deal has been written by writers of great ability of the conduct of troops in the field. Something has also been written about the life our soldiers led in camp, but, it has seemed to me, very inadequately. Of course the subject is not as interesting as the accounts of the magnificent bravery of the charges at San Juan Hill or before Calumpit. All honor to the brave men led by Roosevelt and by Funston! Our regiment unfortunately was held in reserve and the end came so quickly that we were never needed. But the 100,000 men who chafed and fretted in camp did their work and did it well. They had to fight, not bullets, but disease. And it was the knowledge of the great army straining at its bonds like a hound in leash that compelled the complete surrender of Spain.

I will try to give some idea of the life led by soldiers in one of the large camps in this country during these ten long, weary months, tho I fear the recital will be monotonous. My friend Mr. Straughan, who was one of the buglers for our company, has kindly consented to sound some of the calls that mark the division of an army day. Not all of them, for there are some 37 of them, and if he gave you all I would have no time to speak myself.

I will try to give an outline of an ordinary day in camp. The army day begins about half an hour before sunrise, when most of the camp lies wrapped in slumber and the pale dawn is just breaking in the east. *Most* of the camp I say, because the whole camp is never asleep: even in the safest situations the sentinels walk their never ending posts about the silent tents and at the guard-house the sergeant and corporal of the guard are keeping their weary vigil. Probably also the company cooks have risen and made the fires and the smell of hash and coffee floats pleasantly on the cool, fresh air. At the guard-house the corporal goes up to one of the sleeping forms that lie about fully dressed and wrapped up in overcoats, and shaking him by the shoulder says: "Wake up, wind-jammer; time to sound first call." The bugler emerges from his blankets and taking his bugle down from the hook on which it hangs steps out on the parade and sends down through the camp a clear, sweet note, enlivening as a cock-crow.

Now in every tent comes the grievous labor of getting out of bed, the agony of washing one's face. The regulations allow plenty of time for this; but I am sorry to say that the majority of soldiers spend much of the half-hour allowed in taking that last nap and only tumble out of their cots at the peremptory call of reveille, which is sounded at sunrise. At sunrise also the flag flutters to the top of its staff and the cannon booms its salute to the opening day. There is no option about getting up now: in five minutes the assembly will sound, when each first sergeant book in hand will call the roll of his company and if any one is absent the chances are that he will have an interview with the major, and the next time the paymaster comes around he will find that Uncle Sam has kept back a dollar or so of his pay.

The boys have put words to most of the calls: the best I have ever heard for revielle is as follows:

"Oh I can't get 'em up,
"I can't get 'em up,
"I can't get 'em up in the morning:
"I can't get 'em up,
"I can't get 'em up,
"I can't get 'em up at all.
"For the Privit's worse than the Corpril,
"The Corpril's worse than the Sergeant,
"The Serveant's worse than the Lieu-ten-ant
"And the Captain's worst of all."

That high and mighty personage, the officer of the day, although for his day he outranks everyone but the commanding officer, even he must turn out at reveille and go to the guard-house and inspect his guard and count his prisoners. It is also quite usual as soon as the roll has been called in the company streets to devote ten or fifteen minutes to gymnastic exercises. These are known as the setting-up exercises and are admirably adopted to their object, which is to give an erect and soldierly carriage. By the time the exercises are over the bugler of the guard has sounded mess, and a welcome voice is heard from the kitchen, "Fall in for breakfast," when each man provided with the knife, fork, spoon, tin cup and tin plate that the government issues to him, falls in in single file and marches up to the cook shed, where each receives his portion and then looks around for a comfortable place to sit down and eat it. We had one man in our company who was always at the head of the line, was helped first and before the last man was served was around at the end of the column prepared for a second course.

Breakfast over, everybody must clean his own things, for which purpose there is a big boiler of hot water on the out-door fire: bones, fat and pieces of bread not eaten are thrown in the fire and burnt up or else put in a barrel to be taken either to the crematory or else sold or given away to the farmers, who carry it away for pig-food.

By the time breakfast is comfortably over "sick call" is sounded—"Quinine, quinine, come and get y'r quinine," the soldiers call it, from the fact that army doctors think quinine a specific not only for malaria but for almost any other disease a soldier can have. Indeed a sick soldier is looked on with suspicion; he is supposed to be well and must prove the contrary before he is excused from any duty. However, this is his opportunity and if anybody feels sick he must go to the first sergeant and ask to have his name put on the sick report, and then the sergeant goes with him to the regimental hospital, where the physician in charge diagnoses his case and sends him to hospital, or lets him stay in his tent, in which case he marks him "quarters" on the report, or, if he thinks that work wont hurt him, marks him "duty."

In the meantime the first sergeant has made out his morning report, in which he accounts for everybody in the company from the captain down, who who present, who absent, who sick, who on special duty or detached duty, and as soon as the sick book comes back the complete report is sent to the sergeant-major of the regiment. About this time also you will probably hear a sergeant or corporal somewhere in the company street call out "Fall in old-guard fatigue," and half a dozen disgusted looking soldiers dressed in their oldest and raggedest uniforms come forward and after their names are called march off to the quarter-master's department. I will tell you more of their duties presently. About this time also it is probable that the lieutenants will have finished their breakfast (for in the army the lateness of your meals indicates your rank). And one or the other of them will be walking up and down the company street. Presently he will stop with glaring eye. Then he will go up to the first sergeant's tent.

"Sergeant, who has charge of the street today"?

"Corpoal Blank, sir."

Out marches the lieutenant and to the first man he sees: "Tell Corporal Blank I wish to see him at once." Presently the corporal comes up and salutes. "Corporal, you have charge of the street today, haven't you?" "Yes sir." "Well, just now I saw HALF A HARDTACK lying between the fourth and fifth tents down the line; who has charge of No. 5 tent"?

"Private So-and-So, sir." "Tell him to have the hardtack removed at once."

"Yes, sir."

So Corporal Blank goes to Private So-and-So and says: "Your part of the street is dirty. Lieutenant Dash complained about it and holds me responsible; get it cleaned up."

Private So-and-So having charge of the tent can't of course do any cleaning himself. He says to one of his tent mates: "Atkins, go out and clean up that place." "I did clean it up early this morning; it's that blanked dirty feller in the next tent threw it out there." "Can't help it; got to keep that side clean; none of your jaw now, jump!" and Private Tommy Atkins with disgust written deep on all his features goes out, picks up the half cracker and walking up the company street deposits it in the fire.

All this may seem somewhat absurd to some of my hearers. Some notable housekeepers might think it were easier and quicker for the officer who saw the broken cracker or piece of paper to pick it up himself. But such is not army discipline. In the army each man has his appointed place and his distinct duties. There is no one in the army from General Miles down to the rawest recruit that does not receive orders, orders which must be unquestionably and unhesitatingly obeyed. And the orders issued to Private Tommy Atkins are no more peremptory and must be obeyed no more implicity than those issued to the general. At the same time everyone in the army has his rights. I have heard of a sergeant fighting a general and coming out victorious.

But in the meantime the rumbling of wheels is heard and down the regimental street approaches a loaded wagon. It is the bread wagon. On board are one or two of the men I have spoken of as being on old guard fatigue. The wavon stops at the cook shed. The quarter-master-sergeant comes up and says, "87 loaves," and 87 loaves of fresh, sweet, good bread are unloaded and carried into the kitchen. Within a few minutes the beef wagon, also manned by the fatigue, comes along. And a quarter of beef is handed out to the cooks, one pound and a quarter for each man in the company. If it is issue day, which comes every ten days, the quartermaster-sergeant also draws the coffee, sugar, beans, rice, potatoes, salt, pepper, vinegar, candles and other groceries which his company is entitled to for the ensuing ten days. A mighty man is the quartermaster-sergeant. It has been written that man cannot live by bread alone, but no one has ventured to say that man can live at all without the staff of life. Beef and bread, beans and bacon, salt and pepper, soap and candles—we must have them, or the whole paraphernalia of generals, colonels, army corps, divisions, brigades, regiments and companies would fall into ruin and become an indistinguishable mob.

But listen! It has been over an hour since that bugler of the guard has been heard. "First call" is sounded again and the hard-worked first sergeant, barely through with his morning reports, must again come to the front with "fall in for guard mount," and again a half dozen of the company, whose turn it is as announced the previous evening, turn out, this time in their best and cleanest uniforms, with their rifles as bright as new pennies, shoes blacked so that they shine like looking-glasses, each man with the very highest and whitest and stiffest collar he can raise appearing above his blouse. Why all this spruceness? a stranger might ask. Because the regulations say that the *orderly* shall be selected from the guard on account of the condition of his uniform and accoutrements, his soldierly bearing and the military manner in which he performs his duties. And as the orderly is usually relieved at sunset and does not have to remain on duty during those grievous, weary hours from midnight till daybreak, it is a post much sought after, and the emulation makes all the men smart and soldierly in their appearance and renders guard mounting at least to a soldier's eye the most interesting of the ceremonies of the military day.

I will not attempt to describe guard mount. The officer of the day with his impassable stare and folded arms, the adjutant with his eye for a speck of rust on a rifle or a missing button on a uniform, the drum major, resplendent, magnificent, gorgeous, with mathematical stride and awe-compelling baton, the band with cornet, trombone, snare drum, cymbals, the field music with the ever glorious bugles—I will not describe it: the recital would be tedious and technical. It looks to an outsider like a mere ceremony, a complimentary parade or the like: a soldier knows that it is the fit and proper dress that is given to the most important duty he can perform in camp. It is the inspection and formation of the new guard which is to succeed the old—the guard which has absolutely under its custody the safety and the lives of the entire camp. For while the regiment sleeps the guard wakes; silently, constantly the faithful sentries walk their posts about the camp, allowing none to pass in or out unless by proper authority—two hours on and four hours off but of the 24 hours of the guard—and for the sergeant and lieutenant of the guard constant vigilance, except perhaps about four or five hours sleep which they divide between them. For the guard is the surety against fire, thieves, robbers, attack by the enemy, riot, mutiny. They are the policemen, firemen, constables, jailers of the camp. They are also the out posts, the sentinels, the men who prevent the enemy or any emissary of the enemy gaining an entrance into the camp. It is fitting and proper that the regulations should say that guard duty is an honorable duty and should never be imposed as a *punishment*, for it is the hardest duty that camp life imposes both on officers and men. It is 24 hours of continuous hard work, for even when a member of the guard is not on post he must remain at the guard-house, and even when he lies down on a bench or on the ground for a nap he is not allowed to remove any part of his clothing or arms.

By the time that guard is mounted it is usually time for morning drill, and after that dinner; after dinner comes afternoon drill. As a rule the morning drill is by companies, the afternoon by battalions or regiments. In the meantime the fatigue party has been all over the camp cleaning up the parade ground and hauling away the chips and refuse from the kitchens. Every well-conducted regiment in camp has a crematory, which is a large brick furnace in which all such refuse is burned up. All the army was constantly improving during my service in these matters of housekeeping, until at Augusta the camp was the pink of perfection. There were some 7,000 men in camp there and I do not believe that there is a town of 7,000 people in the country as clean and neat and spotless.

I have spoken of the old guard fatigue party and its work in policing the camp generally. You must understand that each company is also responsible for the neatness of its own street, as well as each group of soldiers for their own tent. On Saturdays, when there are no drills, the tents are all taken down, the floors removed, the ground limed and exposed to the sun from early morning till just before supper time. Saturday also is general wash day. Nearly all soldiers do the greater part of their washing themselves, Co. F, however, had a washer man in the person of a darky named Byrd, who came on our train somewhere in Carolina and stayed with us all winter and indeed came home with the company. Every well-regulated camp has also a bath-house and of course that means a detail of men to keep the wood cut and the fires burning.

Then, too, talking about wood, there is the bakery. Our men at least are not likely to forget the bakery, for at Camp Meade we and one other company hauled and sawed up and carried all the wood for the corps bakery that baked 28,000 loaves of bread every day. You must understand that the bakers, too, are soldiers, for Uncle Sam supposes that a soldier can do anything; and he is very nearly right. I never ate better bread than we baked. We sawed wood for about six weeks at Camp Meade and got pretty tired of it too. I remember one day a canal-boat load of wood arrived and Major Lowndes sent me down with about twenty men to unload it. The boat was so deep in the water that we could not get nearer than about twelve feet from the bank, and it was no easy job to throw the heavy logs of cordwood clear on the shore, or for that matter to heave them up from the hold of the canal-boat to the deck. It was raining hard, too, and decidedly uncomfortable. One of the men walking along the bank called out to our boys "how they liked their job." One of them heaving a tremendous log ashore answered, "O fine, this is the way to free Cuba."

Grubbing stumps is another piece of soldiering that we had plenty of and that we never expected, not knowing that that was one of the ways in which we were to free Cuba and avenge the Maine. Our camp at Augusta was pitched on a high sandy plateau. When we arrived there it was a thicket of black-jack. Now black-jack is a peculiar product of the South. It is a kind of oak tree about ten feet high but with a root as big as a bushel basket. As the trees grew as close together as they could stand, cleaning ground for camp was no joke. However, we did it. Seven thousand men can do most anything. And when we got through we had cleaned up a parade ground about three fourths of a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad that was as clear as a street and a good deal cleaner than any streets I have seen for a long time. All these things of course need lots of men: indeed, in our company out of over 90 men we could seldom get more than 50 for drill; the other 40 would be on guard, on fatigue, on special detail at the bakery, at the quartermaster's, the hospital or at brigade or division headquarters. For as I said before, a soldier is expected to do anything in the way of work from digging ditches to nursing in a hospital. And an army camp is a complete little world of its own. It has its own grocery store and restaurant in the canteen, its own dry goods and clothing store in the quartermaster's department, its own bakery, kitchens, tailors, shoemakers, barbers, its own chaplains, doctors, hospital nurses, its own court and its own prison. And of course to keep the minute records which the regulations require of all these things requires a big force of clerks. And all of these different vocat ons are all carried on by soldiers.

I am afraid my minute description of the daily labors of a soldier have been more wearisome than entertaining: but so were the duties themselves wearisome and tedious. Our volunteer soldiers enlisted to fight: they did not know how small a part of soldiering fighting really is: they did not know that probably twenty times as many men would die of camp fevers, typhoid, measles and small-box as would die of wounds received in battle. It is to be hoped that the experiences gained in this war will be of permanent effect and that there will never again be the same suffering in camps as occurred during the first few months of the war.

But now the day is drawing to a close, the fatigue and special details have been relieved, the other men have had an hour's rest from drill, and first call is again sounded and the order is given "fall in for dress parade." Dress parade, like guard mounting, is a ceremony. In the morning at guard mounting the new guard is formed and inspected; in the evening at dress parade the whole regiment is formed on the parade ground and reviewed by its commanding officer, who receives the report from each battalion adjutant of the condition of the companies. It is a very pretty sight and probably the most familiar of all military ceremonies. But I used to think at Fort Monroe that it was the most detestable of all the duties we had to perform, for the stand at attention or parade rest without daring hardly to blink, of a hot afternoon, with the thermometer at something over ninety, with the perspiration rolling down one's face and into one's eyes, and 14,000 mosquitoes biting every bit of your face and hands that was visible, to stand thus for some twenty minutes while the adjutant was performing his preliminary duties and the band was trooped, may have looked very pretty to the visitors viewing the ceremony but it was awfully uncomfortable to us. But all things come to an end, and presently we would hear the voice of the adjutant from the extreme right of the line, "Battalions Attention!" and retreat is sounded by the field music. The sunset gun is fired, the flag is hauled down, and the band strikes up the "Star Spangled Banner."

We hear a great deal in different places about national anthems and national airs: in the army and navy only one is recognized and that is the beautiful old air which Francis Scott Key has made immortal by the words he wrote to it, "The Star Spangled Banner." It is always played at sunset at the hauling down of the flag. It is played at all army posts as the last piece performed by the band at evening entertainments and when it is heard, whether in the crowded ball room of a hotel or in the sandy streets of a camp, every soldier halts and stands at attention and, unless he is under arms, removes his hat. It is a beautiful and graceful thing to do and symbolizes the soldier's devotion to his flag as the visible emblem of his country, whose servant he is proud to be, whose uniform he is honored in wearing, to whose defence he has pledged his life and honor. We may think we are merely policemen during our tour of guard duty, merely drudges at fatigue, merely automatons at drill, but at retreat even in the dreary monotony of camp life we realize that we are soldiers.

At dress parade the regiment is usually passed in review before the colonel. It is also the time for the reading of regimental orders and it is also the occasion usually taken by the colonel for saying disagreeable things to his officers.

Supper is the next thing in order, which is a repetition of breakfast, dinner being usually the most substantial meal of the day; and I wish to repeat again how important a good quartermaster-sergeant and good cooks are to the welfare of a company. I doubt if there are very many housekeepers who, if they were delivered a quarter of beef and told that that was to feed 100 men for three meals, would know just how to manage it. I know at first we had too much at some meals and not enough at others, but we soon remedied all that. Experience is the best of teachers.

After supper would come games, songs, music, reading, letter writing: the number of letters a soldier can write astonished the postoffice authorities—I really believe some of our boys must have had three or four sweethearts apiece, judging from the time they consumed in correspondence. Repeating the drill commands with the peculiarities of each officer is also an amusement to which the darkness gives security, and it is a performance which if well done always meets with uproarious appreciation.

But the evening is waning, it is almost bed time, "tattoo" is sounded. This is one of the oldest of the bugle calls, whose history, by the way, is very interesting, some of them, as reveille for instance, being probably of Eastern origin, being brought back to Europe by the Crusaders. Tattoo, however, is supposed to have come from Germany and the name is said to be derived from a German word meaning to close the casks, meaning that no more beer could be sold to soldiers, and it is still the hour at which the canteens close. It is also the signal that bed-time approaches and that in a few minutes the final call will be sounded—taps—the most beautiful of all calls, which the soldiers say says "Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep." All lights must then be extinguished, the army day is over and save for the watchful guard the camp is silent as a desert.

Taps, too, is the call sounded when a comrade is laid in his last resting place. The bugles, ever watchful, sound its sweet, melancholy notes over his open grave. They seem to give him a last farewell: the last farewell that only comrades who have endured together can quite appreciate, "Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep."

To Memphis, Tennessee.

The Southern Railway's new train "The Washington and Chattanooga Limited" leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, at 5.34 P. M. daily, will put you in Memphis at 7.40 the second morning. The route is via Washington, Lynchburg, Bristol and Chattanooga. Write to Chas. L Hopkins, District Passenger Agent, 828 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, for time tables and full information.
apr22—m6,20

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