

Salome

The Tender Hearted

A TRUE STORY OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE FOR MEMORIAL DAY



INCE the Confederate troops had occupied the town of Gettysburg all the residents stayed within doors, the children now and then slipping to windows in their curiosity to see the "rebels," as those monsters of distorted imagination went clattering through on their horses or stopped to rest in the shade of the trees which lined the streets. Salome Myers was working with her mother in the sitting room preparing the midday meal. Mrs. Myers was not one to wail and weep at the approach of armed men. She proceeded calmly about her routine housework without wailing.

For a time Salome wound the strips of linen and cotton as rapidly as did her mother, and gave no more thought to the outside noises than did the older woman; but at length the girl heard a loud noise than usual. It was the tramp of a body of infantrymen coming up the street. She was only human, and ran to the front window and threw it up. A large squad of Confederates were bringing some Federal prisoners into town.

There were signs of increasing excitement among the Confederates. Orderlies went clattering up and down the street, and men were cleaning rifles in anticipation of immediate conflict. Nothing happened that night. Salome slept little. All night long the military shouts were ringing, sharp orders and sudden challenges echoed through the streets.

In the morning she darted to the window. There was not a sign of the Confederates. They had gone. A little after breakfast another rumble and clatter was heard. All dashed to the windows, peered out, then tore into the street yelling like mad. It was the Union men galloping in. They poured past in seemingly inexhaustible numbers. The villagers, free to mingle once more, ran about excitedly. Salome soon found her place among the girls of her own age, who were as thrilled and awed as she.

Suddenly the cry ran around: "Buford's cavalry is coming. They've ridden all the way from Virginia without a stop," and a cheer of welcome followed the news over the town.

When they had passed an orderly dashed through the town calling upon all the villagers to go to their cellars. The battle was about to begin. As they were filing into their houses the first guns roared out, and gradually grew in number and volume until the windows chattered steadily in their casements. All day they crouched in the cellar. Now and then a bullet would strike the buildings, and sometimes the glass from a breaking window would tinkle so that they could hear it from the recesses of their retreats. Troops went rushing by, sometimes silently, sometimes with loud huzzas.

Late in the afternoon Doctor Fulton came to the head of the stairs and called down. He asked if there were any women below who could help care for the wounded. Mrs. Myers replied that of course there were, and started up the stairs. Salome would have followed, but her father halted his wife and tried to persuade her of the danger. But the good woman was determined, and consequently they all went up. The Catholic church close by had been turned into a hospital.

The girl darted out of the house and across the lawn. At the church door she halted. She did not dare look inside. Horrible groans, shrieks and cries were echoing in the interior. A couple of men brushed past her with one of the stretchers between them. She glanced down. A face covered with blood was all she saw. A weakness gripped her heart and she staggered to one side.

Someone inside was cursing with persistent blasphemy. Somehow the vigor and naturalness of the act brought back her self-possession, and she marched inside. The floor was covered with blood. Men with legs or arms gone were rolling and tumbling over still, silent figures. Others were screaming and clutching at their mangled bodies in helpless and maddening suffering. A sickening odor set the girl's head reeling again. At her feet a man lay watching her with dull bearded eyes. She dropped on one knee and tried to speak to him. She had no voice. Her hand trembled and she started violently as she touched him. Finally she stammered, "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing," he murmured slowly. "I'm going to die," and he smiled feebly. It was too much. She fled to the church steps, quivering and sobbing in long gasps.

It was near sundown and the end of a horrible day. The babel grew worse and worse. Doctors as bloody as any of the wounded men hurried here and there. Nurses ran in and out bearing bandages and buckets of water. Slowly Salome rose to her feet. She would go back in, she could bear it now she thought, and acting on the impulse, inspired by she knew not what, she scurried back into the shambles. She avoided glancing at the room, but knelt at the head of the man to whom she had first spoken. He was brighter and smiled when she raised his head for a draft of water. She opened his clothing and found a wound in his breast. She bathed it gently. A doctor passing told her that the man had been shot through the lung and that his spine was shattered. There was no hope. She looked down at the doomed man with great eyes. He was tugging at his belt and pulled out a pocket Bible.

Slowly he told her of the verse his father had read to both him and his brother when they had left for the front. She turned to the place and read it, all the while bathing his flushed forehead. He seemed relieved and talked much of his father and brother. Then he looked up at her and spoke in a strange, strained voice as though something almost too sacred for mention were being talked of. "Girl, you know—I can't—why, I'm married just two days, and she'll never see me. Oh," he groaned and shut his eyes.

She found, from the doctor, that no wounded man could be removed from the hospital. However, she urged so affectingly for the privilege of bearing the young soldier into her father's home that he consented, and sent two attendants to carry him over.

On the spare bed he was placed and his bloody clothing removed. Between the cool, clean sheets he breathed easier and seemed by contrast to be in veritable comfort.

Once as Salome sat by the bedside of her first patient she learned his name was Alexander Stewart. Stewart, while she leaned across fanning steadily, told in long, dragging breaths of his brother, Henry, and he had been inseparable all their lives and had gone off together. Henry was the finest man God had ever made, and he had hoped they might be together when they came to separate for the last time, but his head sank and Salome said nothing. There was nothing for her to say. She ran out, got a pencil and paper and wrote to Henry in Washington, then to the timid bride back at home, and to the father and mother.

When she had finished Stewart was asleep. Salome returned to the hospital and labored on. The second day of Gettysburg was beginning to send in its terrible toll, and there was more and more work to be done.

Her own home was crowded, and her mother, still calm and wonderfully skillful, cooked and prepared necessities and delicacies with magic celerity. She scarcely knew when the three days' fight was over, so intent was she upon caring for her patients, and so steadily did they come in. As many as they could find room for were brought into the Myers home. Fourteen were provided for. For weeks the house was full, and neither woman slept in a bed.

On the sixth of July young Stewart died. Salome was with him to the last, for he had been her first patient, and she had held his head tight against her when he had talked of his young bride. But she had no time to weep. A man in the next room was calling for water, and she had merely time to close the dead man's eyes and fold his hands across his chest. But that night she wrote long letters to the young widow and to the brother in Washington. In a few days the father came to claim the body, and he thanked the girl as well as his grief would per-

mit. Henry, he said, had been wounded in Washington, but was recovering. Letters from the grief-stricken girl and boy came within the following week to Salome, and were so warm and affectionate that she responded immediately, but first to Washington. Return letters from the brother came steadily and were as steadily answered.

Even when Camp Letterman opened and a hospital of sufficient size to care for all of the human debris which Gettysburg left had taken all the invalids from the private homes, Salome did not give up the work. She followed her soldiers over to their new quarters and nursed them there.

With the advent of winter the nursing was completed and Salome at last freed from the exacting duties of her new occupation. Her correspondence was still very large. Many of the men whom she had cared for in the home and who had heard of her wrote often. Henry Stewart from the front maintained a continuous chain of letters. These Salome for some reason answered first and bent over the longest. He was out on furlough in July if all went well, he wrote in the early spring, and his sister-in-law was coming with him to see the woman who had made their loved one happy in his last moments, if they might. Salome answered immediately that they might, and so it happened.

They came early in the morning almost a year to the day from the Gettysburg conflict. They came straight to the house, for Salome had written exact directions. Henry was much like his brother, and for a moment Salome was touched. She spoke not. The hair and forehead of the man before her was the same as that of the dead man; the lips had the same curve as those which had told the pathetic love story that night close to her cheek. All three were too moved to speak, and for a time there was a fearful silence between them. Then the little widow went to the great-hearted embrace of the nurse and Henry came near to following her, but held the firm, warm hand instead.

Salome took them over the battlefield, the church and scenes sacred to Alexander's memory, and swayed them so completely by her brave, womanly sympathy and strength that they clung to her in their grief like children to their mother's skirts.

The widow did not let her sorrow so completely dominate her but that she saw things that led her to find various excuses for staying away, when a walk or expedition was mentioned. She managed to leave the two, Henry and Salome, more and more alone.

When they plighted their troth it is not for the world to know, but the beautiful romance came to fruition in marriage and Rev. Henry Stewart and Mrs. Stewart lived happily in Gettysburg for many years.

THE EUROPEAN WAR A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK

May 22, 1915.
British won north of La Bassee, but were repulsed near Neuve Chapelle.

Russians took offensive on lower San and captured four towns.

Germans defeated Russians at Shavli.

Austrians in Bukovina retreated.

Norwegian steamer sunk by German submarine.

German aviators dropped bombs on Paris.

General mobilization of Italian army ordered and martial law proclaimed in northeast Italy.

May 23, 1915.
British advanced east of Festubert and French near Notre Dame de Lorette and Neuville-St. Vaast.

Russians recrossed the San in effort to outflank the Germans.

Germans defeated Russian right wing.

Italy declared war on Austria-Hungary.

Austrian patrol crossed Italian frontier and was driven back.

Turks repulsed allies at Seddul-Bahr.

Great Britain, France and Russia in joint statement, accused Turkish government of responsibility for massacres of Armenians.

May 24, 1915.
Germans attacked British near Ypres behind six-mile cloud of poison gas.

Russian movement upon Nisko compelled Mackensen to draw in his wings.

Furious German assaults south of Przemysl.

Austrian artillery shelled Italian outposts in front of Rivoli.

Austrian vessels bombarded Italian coast towns.

Turkish gunboat sunk by allied submarine.

Austrian aviators bombarded many Italian towns.

Germans at Monso, Kamerun, surrendered to French.

May 25, 1915.
Von Mackensen took six fortified villages north of Przemysl.

Russians won in Opatow region. Italians crossed Austrian frontier on 67-mile front.

American steamer Nebraska struck by torpedo or mine.

Italy declared blockade of Austrian and Albanian coasts.

Austrians sank Italian destroyer.

Allies bombarded many Asia Minor coast towns.

British battleship Triumph sunk in Dardanelles by German submarine.

British coalition cabinet announced.

May 26, 1915.
British made further gains near La Bassee.

Germans forced passage of the San River.

Italians seized various towns in the Trentino.

British submarine sank Turkish gunboat close to Constantinople.

Zeppelin bombarded Southend, England, and later fell into sea.

May 27, 1915.
Belgians repulsed two German attacks near Dixmude.

Teutons forced another crossing of the San, broke through Russian lines near Stry and forced Russians back.

Russians won fights on Upper Vistula and near Dniester marshes.

Italian invasion of Austria continued; battles west of Prædill pass and at Ploeken.

Allies in Gallipoli carried five lines of Turkish trenches with bayonet.

British auxiliary ship Princess Irene blown up; 321 killed.

British battleship sunk by German submarine at Dardanelles.

Allied aviators bombarded Ludwigshafen and Ostend.

May 28, 1915.
Fierce fighting north of Arras.

Russians drove Germans back across the San, but Austrians advanced farther.

Italians occupied Monte Baldo and crossed Venetian Alps.

Austrians sank Italian destroyer and Italians sank Austrian submarine.

Five allied steamers sunk by German submarines.

HAPPENINGS of the week IN MISSOURI

Louis Yoakum, a well-to-do farmer, residing south of Richmond, was fatally injured when a Santa Fe motor car bound for St. Joseph struck his wagon at a grade crossing. Yoakum was thrown fifty feet, his team of mules killed and his wagon demolished.

J. Kelly Joiner, the first Democratic postmaster in Richmond for twenty years, took office recently. He succeeds Mrs. Mary E. Black, Republican, who has been actively connected with the local office nearly a quarter of a century.

Miss Lena Stratton, 65 years old, was burned to death in her home at Otterville. Neighbors, attracted by the flames, found her on the floor, her clothes in flames and an overturned lamp on the floor.

The town of Rogersville, in Webster county, is no more, as such, for Judge C. H. Skinner of the Webster county circuit court recently sustained quo warranto proceedings ousting the city officials.

The eleventh annual convention of the Missouri Drummers' Association closed in Moberly recently. The following officers were elected: President, Harry Mitchell, Booneville; secretary, A. G. Blakey, Booneville; first vice president, John Bradley, Mexico; second vice president, Art Terry, St. Louis. The third, fourth and fifth vice presidents are to be appointed by the president.

The congregation of the First Baptist church of Springfield has sent a call to the Rev. C. B. Miller, pastor of the Central Baptist church in Kansas City, to become pastor of the church there.

Mrs. Margaret Oliver, near Montgomery, has received word of the death of Rev. A. Allison, her brother, who was formerly one of Billy Sunday's singers and workers. He died at Wawatosa, Wis.

Charles C. Hoover, chief chemist for the American Coal Refining Company, a corporation which is operating a big dye and coal producing plant in Denver, experimented with samples of Cooper county coal and found it to be four times as strong in tar, the product from which dyes and other by-products are made, than the coal the company is now using in Denver. This practically assures the establishment of the new \$300,000 plant there.

St. Louis was chosen as the next meeting place of the grand council of the Knights of Columbus at the close of the state convention at Marysville. Joseph Kane of St. Louis was elected state deputy.

Eugene Driskill, 19 years old, was killed and Charles Robinson and Charles Scott were severely injured recently when a motor car overturned on the county road, south of Trenton, recently.

When her physician a short time ago told Mrs. Anna E. Yeager, 98 years old, of St. Joseph, that she could not live long, she prepared for her funeral. She died the other night and the written directions for her last rites were read. She named her pallbearers, six women, specified that she was to be buried in white silken garments, which she had prepared, asked that if possible a white hearse be used for her funeral, and that only motor cars be used in the procession. She requested that only white flowers be used.

The wages of all section laborers on the Frisco system have been increased 15 cents a day, or to \$1.55, according to an announcement made at the general offices in Springfield.

Col. F. M. Mansfield, 50 years old, is dead at his home in Hartsville. He was one of the most widely known citizens in Southwest Missouri. He founded Mansfield, Mo.

Dean S. J. Vavenport of the school of commerce of the University of Missouri has resigned his position to become director of graduate study in economics at Cornell.

After slaying her husband as he entered their home at Armstrong, Mrs. J. W. Morkland shot and killed herself. The pair had quarreled frequently, it is said. Morkland's father is a banker.

A strike of approximately 2,000 underground ore shovelers with the Federal and Doe Run lead companies threaten to paralyze the lead mining industry of St. Francis county.

Plans for civic betterment, town lot gardening and the improvement of relations between the people of St. Charles and the residents of the rural districts of that county have been prepared by the newly organized chamber of commerce. This work will be in co-operation with the county farm bureau, also recently formed.

Alfred Meier, 68 years old, until several months ago, president of St. Joseph board of public works, is dead, following an operation on his throat. Mr. Meier was a native of Switzerland.

George M. Peacock, 63 years old, who at his retirement two years ago, had been chairman of the Callaway county Republican central committee for twenty-six years, died suddenly the other morning at his country home near Fulton of heart disease.

R. E. L. McManus, 56 years old, a business man of Rich Hill, is dead after a few hours' illness. Mr. McManus was a pioneer citizen of that section. He was a member of the Masonic and Knights of Pythias orders.

YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.

Buffalo, N. Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled with pains in her back and sides every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would seem like acute inflammation of some organ. She read your advertisement in the newspapers and tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all these pains by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy, and all young girls who suffer should try it."—Mrs. MATILDA KURTZWEIG, 523 High St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs help, advise her to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Only women will receive her letters, and it will be held in strictest confidence.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Is a deceptive disease. It and don't know it. If you want good results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. Sample also bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

Understood.

"Strike three," said the umpire. "Batter up!" "Whaddye mean, out?" protested the batter. "Yuh big stiff, that last one was a mile outside." "You're fined ten dollars," said the umpire. "Do you understand that?" "Sure, I get you now. Money talks."

TRY DARKENING YOUR GRAY HAIR WITHOUT DYES

Shampoo your hair and scalp each morning for about a week with Q-Bar Hair Color Restorer. If your hair is gray, streaked with gray, prematurely gray or faded, brittle, thin or falling, all your hair will then be beautifully darkened and to such a natural, even dark shade no one would suspect that you had applied Q-Bar. Q-Bar is no dye, perfectly harmless, but makes all your hair soft, fluffy, thick, with that lustrous dark shimmer which makes your hair so fascinating. Big bottle sent prepaid or sold by druggists for 50c. Address Q-Bar Laboratories, Memphis, Tenn.—Adv.

No Optimist.

"Why did you leave your last place?" "The husband of the lady I worked for made love to me, ma'am." "Well, if you go to work for me I'll see that nothing of that sort happens here." "Yessum, I hope so, but you never can tell."

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Simple Enough.

"When do you think peace will come?" "When some of the belligerents send it an invitation."—Detroit Free Press.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

and use in the Foot-Bath. Gives instant relief to tired, aching, swollen, perspiring, smarting, nervous feet, stops the stinging of corns and bunions.

Read a few extracts from original testimonials on file in our office: "Allen's Foot-Ease works like magic. Have placed some in tight shoes and feet feel fresh and comfortable." "It is one of the greatest remedies ever made." "Allen's Foot-Ease has just prevented me from throwing away a new pair of \$5.00 shoes. It is great."

Nothing so thoroughly restful to tired, aching, swollen, perspiring, smarting, nervous feet, stops the stinging of corns and bunions. Over 100,000 packages are being used by Allen and Green troops at the front. Sold everywhere. Be sure you get the genuine.

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TAKE Tut's Pills

The first dose often astonishes the invalid, giving elasticity of mind, buoyancy of body, regular bowels and solid flesh. Price, 25c.

DAISY FILL KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies, wasps, mosquitoes, gnats, etc. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or direct express paid for \$1.00.

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by the hundreds, that will not die, and the great feed-the-people and disease-control societies of the world. Guaranteed. \$1.00 per dozen. Address: H. B. H. Co., 1000 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

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PATENTS

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TAKEN FROM EXCHANGES

A Pennsylvania inventor's combination billiard and pool table that can be folded compactly is featured by a bed made of heavy rubber instead of slats. Maj. Charles Young of the United States army, to whom the Spigarn medal was recently awarded, is a full-blooded negro.

A large number of wood pulp factories in the north of Sweden have been forced to shut down on account of the exorbitant freight rates prevailing.

Ireland has \$4,869 land holders having plots not exceeding an acre, 61,730 who hold more than one acre and not more than five acres; 153,299 under 15, and 199,058 not exceeding 50.

When Charity is Offensive. Charity is offensive in its publicity and its givings. It destroys the receiver's sensitiveness, then his usefulness, then his manhood. Persistence in receiving charity will create a nation of paupers. If the money now spent in charity could be expended in educating all, rich and poor, in the ethics of justice in the distribution of wealth, the seeming necessity for charity would disappear when these ethics were applied to the conduct of society.—Detroit Journal.

Cultivate Good Manners. From a wide experience, I believe this matter of manners to be one for the most earnest consideration, and a noted writer well expresses it thus: "Good manners in the household are like oil on complicated machinery—like cushions spread over rough and winding ways—but they are more important than anything else in their strong influence on character. The result of a refined early life shows itself in all that a man or woman becomes."—M. A. Moore.