

A Child at Gettysburg

The Little Ten-Year-Old Nurse Who Worked in the Field Hospital.

San Francisco Bulletin: Benjamin F. Lyford, who was a surgeon in the union army in the civil war, has found the young nurse who assisted him on the battle field at Gettysburg.

Dr. Lyford dragged a little girl, not then 10 years of age, from the range of fire of the hostile armies and saved her from death and she became his assistant in the awful scenes of the hospital tent, during the days of carnage that the battle waged. Then they separated and after years they met on the shores of the Pacific and the old friend was renewed. Dr. Lyford had acquired wealth, but his sight has gone. The girl, who then gained the distinction of being the youngest nurse in the army hospitals of the civil war, had married and settled only a few miles from where the surgeon was practicing his healing art, and probably both would have died almost within the range of each other's arms had not the fact had been printed in the Bulletin, telling of the deeds of the youthful nurse in the battle field, attracted the attention of the aged surgeon, and he soon found his child companion of the war.

Dr. Lyford resides near Reed's Station, a short distance from Tiburoa, and around his home are many hand-drawn acres of land that he calls his own. The girl who was then the nurse is now Mrs. Sadie M. Jungeman. She is still a nurse and her love for the soldier and her desire to comfort him in his adversity is yet strong with her, for she volunteered to go to the Philippines and do her share of work in the army hospitals there, but her offer was rejected because of her age.

"The whole story is so strange that it seems such things cannot enter into one's life in these modern days," said Mrs. Jungeman. "I lived with my parents in Gettysburg when the war commenced. My name was Sadie Bushman, and I remember well the stories of the battles that were told me.

"Then the town filled up with soldiers and reports came of the near approach of the two armies. Later one night I was awakened by my parents and told to dress as hurriedly as I could and go to the home of my grandfather, about two miles out of town. I was told to go alone and my parents said they would follow as soon as they could with my brothers and sisters. It was about 3 o'clock in the morning of July 1 when I started out. I was going across the fields and had got about half way to my grandfather's place when the first gray streaks of dawn appeared. Then came the roar of cannon, and away off in the distance the rattle of musketry. The battle had opened. I hurried on, but had not gone much further when there came a screech and a shell brushed my skirt as it went by. I staggered from the concussion of it and almost fell, when I was grasped by the arm and man said pleasantly: 'That was a close call.'

"Come with me, and hurry, he added in a tone so commanding that I meekly followed. That man was Dr. Benjamin F. Lyford, a surgeon in the union army.

"He led me to a place in a little valley, where he had established an army corps hospital and then he put me to work. Wounded and dying men were then being carried to the place by the score. I was then one month of being 10 years of age and I was ready to faint at the sight, but the doctor, in his commanding way, gave me more fear of him than I had for the sight of the wounded and dying men about me, and I tremblingly obeyed him.

"As I reached the hospital tent, a man with a leg shattered was carried in. 'Give him a drink of water while I cut off his leg,' was the command I got, but I stood there and assisted the surgeon all through the operation. I was in that field hospital all through the three days of the battle, climbing

over heaps of bodies six and eight deep and always with the doctor, helping him in his work. Then my father found me and took me home. The old house had been riddled with bullets and is left today with all its battle scars.

"My mother had started to follow me on that morning when I left, but she had not gone far when she was forced to return. She and my father sought shelter in the cellar of the house. A battery of forty-two cannon had taken up a position in front of it, and the battle was in its height on the first day and the cannon were pouring out death and destruction, when my baby sister was born.

"I was only home a day or two when the United States Christian and Sanitary commissions started a hospital on the scene of the battle, and I ran away and worked as a nurse there. At night when I would come home I would get a whipping for going, but I would be away and among the sick men next day I was placed in charge of one of the beds and I was so small I had to climb up on the beds to attend to the sick and wounded men. Then I said good-by to the surgeon, who saved me from death on that battle field and taught me how to soothe the sufferings of some of those unfortunate men, who fell before that awful fire.

"About nine years afterward I was married to Mr. Jungeman, and two years later was living in Oakland. My husband for years was an invalid. He is only now recovering.

"Nearly thirty years had passed. I had often thought of Dr. Lyford, but had believed he had long gone to his rest and never expected to see him again. Not many months ago I received a note from him asking me to call at his office in San Francisco. He said he had been hunting for me ever since the war closed and all the time he was searching we were living within a few miles of each other."

Dr. Lyford tells the rest of the story: "Shortly before I lost my sight," he said, "I was reading a Bulletin in a restaurant, when I came across a story of the war. It was copied from a St. Louis paper. It was written by a man giving the name of Paul Everett, and he said while looking over an old book in a second hand bookstore in St. Louis he found between the leaves a statement, tear-stained and dim, written by an old soldier who had been wounded in the battle of Gettysburg. He said he had been nursed back to life by a girl—a mere child—in the field hospital on the battlefield. He said he had been hunting for me ever since the war closed and all the time he was searching we were living within a few miles of each other."

"Everett was so affected by this simple statement of the old soldier that he had so strangely come upon that he commenced a search for the nurse on behalf of the veteran who had probably gone to the great beyond long before his pathetic note, hidden away between the leaves of his treasured book, had found his way to the shelves of the second hand bookstore. Everett, through correspondence through friends in Gettysburg got the address of Mrs. Jungeman in Oakland.

"He wrote to her, telling of the document he had found and promised to send it to her, but before he had done so he met with an accident and all trace of him was lost. Before he dropped out of sight his story appeared in print and it fell to my lot to read it, and through it find the little nurse I had been hunting for nearly thirty years.

"I am happy again to be of service to the little nurse of Gettysburg. She showed then that she possessed all the qualities of American womanhood, and it was a pleasure to me to place at her command the little home where she now lives."

George Ade's Modern Fables

Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell. The Modern Fable of the Search for the Right House and How Mrs. Jump Had Her Annual Attack.

Once there was a Family called Jump that had sampled every Ward within the Corporation Limits. The Jumps did a Caravan Specialty every time the Frost went out of the Ground.

When the Sarsaparilla Ads began to blossom, and the Peach Crop had been



ruined by the late Cold Snap and the Kids were battling up Files in the Lot back of the Universalist Church, and a Barrel-Organ down Street was tearing the Soul out of 'Provatons'—these were the Cues for Mrs. Jump to get her Nose into the Air and begin to chomp at the Bit.

Mother was House-Hunter from away back. She claimed to be an invalid eleven months out of the Year and took Eleven Medicine that cost \$2.00 a Bottle. Just the same, when April love into view and Dame Nature began to stretch herself, then Mother put on her Short Skirt and a pair of Shoes intended for a Man and did a tall Prance.

She was good for 12 hours a Day on any kind of Pavements. With her Reticule loaded full of 'To Let' Clippings, she hot-footed from Street to Street. Every time she struck a Fresh Trail she broke into a Run.

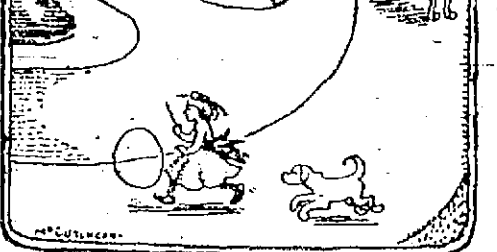
Mother was looking for a House that had twice as many closets as Rooms and a Southern Exposure on all four sides. She had cooned herself into the Belter that some day she would run down a Queen Anne Shack that would be O. K. in all particulars.

In the Magazine that came every Month she had seen these Dream-Pictures of Palaces that can be put up for \$1,500.00, if you steal your Materials.

She had gazed at the funny Illustration of the swell Structure with bushy Trees dotting the Lawn and a little Girl rolling a Hoop along the Cement Sidewalk and she had set her Heart on that kind of a Home.

Mother loved to study the Plans and count the Bath-Rooms and figure on Window Seats and what kind of Curialis to put in the Guest Chamber.

Every Spring she found the Place she had been seeking and gave a Grand Signal for the whole OUTH to begin



packing up. Those were the bright vernal Days when Mr. Jump got all that was coming to him. Mr. Jump was a Man, therefore any old kind of a Hut

sulted him. For eight years before starting on his continuous Tour with Mother, he had roomed over a Drug Store.

His Apartment had been one of those desirable Man-Joints where Women never hurried in to hide things and give the whole Place a Scoop Smell. The Sweepings went under the Bed, so as not to litter up the Hallway.

Once a Year he had a House-Cleaning. That is to say, he employed a Colored Man to beat the Rugs, which had to be separated from the Floor by means of a Shovel.

Inasmuch as Women never came in to straighten up, he knew where to find everything. He knew it was somewhere in the Room and all he had to do was to excavate until he found it.

Then he hooked up with Laura so as to get a real Home and she gave him a new one every Year.

Mr. Jump soon discovered that although every Man is the Architect of his own Fortune, the Wife usually superintends the construction. When Mr. Jump made her Spring Announcement that they would move to another House, he did a deal of Kicking, but he always went into the Wood Shed to do it. He snarled her inwardly, but not so that she could hear.

She was a Wonder at framing up Reasons for hurrying the Lease back at the Landlord.

One Year she quit because the Owner papered the upstairs with a Jay Pattern that cost only 15 cents a Roll. Another time the Family next door kept Chickens. Usually the Children across the Alley were not fit Associates for their own little Brood.

One Time she quit on account of a Cockroach. She saw it scot across the Partry and that afternoon she headed for a Renting Agency.

Father suggested that instead of vacating in favor of the Cockroach, they offer a reward of \$100 for its capture, dead or alive, and thereby save a little Money, but she refused to listen.

If the Plumbing wasn't out of Whack, the Furnace required too much Coal or else the Woman across the Street had been Divorced too many Times.

If they squatted in a low-down Neighborhood, Mrs. Jump was ashamed to give her Address to Friends in the Congregation.

If they got into a Nest of the New Neph, then Laura had the freeze-out worked on her, because Mr. Jump was on a Salary and she had to ride on the Trolleys. So she began looking for a Street in which Intellect would successfully stack up against the good, old Collateral. And, of course, that meant a long Search.

Therefore, every May 1st, something Red and about the size of a Caboose backed up to the Jumps. Several husky Boys began throwing Things out of the Windows.

Father did a Vanishing act. When it came to hitting one corner of a Piano or hanging Pictures there was a sad Bluff and he knew it.

"How about Paradise?" he asked one day. "I understand that inside of the Pearly Gates, each Family has Permanent Quarters. There are no Trailing Beds to juggle down—Back Stairways, no Picture Cords to Short-cut, no Curtain Poles to saw off, no Book cases to get jammed in Stairways. I am sure there will be no Piano Movers for I have heard their Language. Do you think you can be happy in the Promised Land?"

"It will depend entirely on whether or not the Rugs fit," she replied.

"Let us hope for the Best," said Mr. Jump.

MORAL: The Queen of the May is usually a Woman.

WAS INFATUATED WITH ED BIDDLE

Mrs. Soffel Not the Only Woman Who Succumbed to His Charm.

A REMARKABLE LETTER

Young Woman Who Tried to Secure a Reprize From the Governor Writes Mrs. Soffel of Her Love for Murderer.

Chicago Tribune: Mrs. Kate Soffel, who for many weeks lingered between life and death from the combined results of her injuries received while aiding the murderer "Boyer" to escape from the Pittsburg Jail, is not the only woman victim of Ed Biddle who was shot to pieces by the pursuing deputy sheriff.

The story of Mrs. Soffel's betrayal of her husband is still fresh in the public mind, and she has been the object of both sympathy and condemnation by others of her sex.

One woman who signs herself "Julia" and says that it is not her real name, according to a letter written to Mrs. Soffel, another one who was brought under the influence of the murderer. She went to the trouble of writing to the unfortunate warden's wife, relating her own sad experiences and defending her own now dead. The writer of the letter also went to Governor Stone and tried to secure a reprieve for Ed Biddle after he had been sentenced to death.

Tell Her Story. The letter of Julia to Mrs. Soffel says: "Dear Madam: You tried to help Edward Biddle, and any help or assistance

"The next time I saw 'Ed' Wilcox he was in a prisoner's dock, on trial for murder. My God, how my idol was shattered!" My husband 'Ed' was a murderer.

"Ed had ever made any protestation of love, he would never have been in need of funds for his children. Yet once, when I had my will during the trial, he recognized me, for he dashed tearfully. 'That bluish almost made me go to his aid.'

"I went to his lawyers' office twice, but both times turned away without going in. I was on my way to spend \$50 for a wray when I read an article with Biddle's address to the effect that it required \$200 to get a writ for the Biddles. I decided to spend the money for a writ and called at the jail. I was refused admission to see Ed, but called on you, Mrs. Soffel. I went to the jail and wrote a note to Ed Biddle, enclosing \$20. It was never answered, and I don't believe he ever received it.

"As I lived in the room in Calvary cemetery beside the open grave of Edward Biddle I prayed to God, as I never prayed before, that his ignominious death might be avenged.

"I sincerely hope in the near future to see you and assure you it will not be my fault if I don't."

"Yours, in great grief and sorrow, "Julia."

A Kansas Gaffer. "Speaking of grafts and grafters," said a Topeka man to a Washington interviewer the other day. "I know a man here in my state who had your man beat to death. This fellow advertised a sure potato bug exterminator. He inserted the advertisement in all the farm and county newspapers and journals, offering to send his exterminator for \$1. He received orders by the thousands. What he sent them was a little package, containing two small, square blocks of wood, marked 'No. 1' and 'No. 2.' The printed directions that went with the blocks read something like this: 'Hold block No. 1 in the fingers of the left hand, smooth surface up. Place the potato bug upon the smooth surface. Grasp block No. 2 firmly between the index finger and the thumb of the right hand, and bring it down sharply on the back of the bug.



Lady of the House—Why, Bridget, this chair is covered with dust Bridget—Well! Well! An' I illus' caught it was rafe aff!

lent him must find deep lodgment in my heart and forever hold my sincerest gratitude.

"You are not the only life 'Ed Biddle' wrecked and ruined, yet you in no doubt the completed wreck for your secrets are now anybody's, while mine are still my own and will ever be.

"You sought to help him in his darkest hour and need, and asked everything a poor woman looks most dear.

"When your mother was womanly sympathy or a deeper passion you yourself can only know, but you tried and failed. You released him, yet the cause of his freedom was the millstone around his neck that dragged him to his most ignominious death. Why in God's name did you go with him? They must have known, you must have known, there can not be a chance in a thousand of ultimate success in the course pursued.

Honor Caused His Death. "It was 'Ed's' overmastering sense of honor that took you with him even when he felt it was to his despicable death. He could not desert one who had done so much for him.

"O, those cannibalistic curs—called of—scars! Where is man's humanity for man, when money is a consideration? Five thousand dollars and get the Biddles was incentive; that overshadowed and outweighed all human instincts in their capture.

"I am 21 years of age, and have seen much of the society side of life. My mirror tells me that nature was almost lavish in her endowment to me. And many men have sought my favor.

"No man ever occupied the remotest corner of my heart until a church so-called about the middle of March last, I met and sought an introduction to Mr. Edward 'Wilcox.' With me it was love at first sight. He paid me marked attention during the evening, and I asked him to call. The first evening I went out he called. He left his card, on which he penciled a few words of regard.

"That card is the only souvenir, except a broken heart, that I have to remind me that I ever met 'Ed Biddle.'

"He called on Sunday. I felt a wonderful relief when he went. Had he staid longer he must have guessed my secret. I resolved to invite one of my girl friends to be with me on Thursday. That evening was the most delightful one of my whole life, and I am sure 'Ed,' too, enjoyed it.

"He was my ideal of manhood. There was nothing sentimental about him, and, O, his eyes, those soulful orbs, which swam in a flood of their own natural moisture!

This device has never failed to exterminate the bug. Of course, it wasn't long until the post-office people were riding his neck. If I'm not mistaken, he got ten years."

Sold His Suit in the Exchange. Philadelphia Times: "It was a day when business was unusually dull on the Philadelphia stock exchange. As it was noon time, comparatively few brokers were on the floor. Only three or four were offered articles.

Quickly rising from a chair one of the brokers cried, in a voice that attracted the attention of every one who heard it: "I will sell my suit for \$5!"

"I'll take it," immediately shouted another. Stock exchange seats are worth about \$6,000.

"I mean the suit of my trousers," replied the man who had made the offer.

"I'll take it, anyway," unhesitatingly cried the broker who had accepted it. Several seized and held the rash offer, while another carefully cut the seat of his trousers with a penknife. It was handed to the buyer, who solemnly paid the \$5.

How He Gained a Mail. New York Press: "Will you have some chain chowder, Mr. Hallroom?" asked the landlady in a tone that made the invitation sound like a warning. But Mr. Hallroom was brave with hunger.

"Ah!" he said, genially, eyeing the fast-depleting tureen. "That reminds me of a capital story. You know I went fishing the other day on one of the steamers that go to the Banks. Well, they have chain chowder for lunch, you know, and they was claims for ball, too, don't you know. Why, what's the matter with Altes Type-writer, are you?"

"I'll take it, anyway," unhesitatingly replied the broker who had accepted it. Several seized and held the rash offer, while another carefully cut the seat of his trousers with a penknife. It was handed to the buyer, who solemnly paid the \$5.

Dog as an Advertising Medium. Cleveland Plain Dealer: The beautifully gowned foreign actress paused before the clerk of the hotel.



STRONG EVIDENCE. "She is wealthy—beyond the dreams of avarice!" announced my fair companion as the actress went by. "But so many reputed fortunes prove to be unreal," I object. "True," she assents. "Yet she has been treated eight times for kleptomania." Then my gaze follows the lady with intense interest.

History of the Earth. New York Sun: Professor Chamberlain of the University of Chicago concludes that the nebular hypothesis of Laplace needs to be replaced or greatly modified. The parent body out of which the earth was evolved had only a limited amount of matter; only a very small proportion of this matter, near the exterior, was possessed of high energy of motion; the central portion had necessarily only low energy.

The earth in its early history may be conceived to have been a small body growing gradually by the infall of material from without, and lacking in its early stages an atmosphere. Gradually the accretion of atmosphere permitted the gathering of water vapor and the oceans were in time formed. From this time forward the oceans protected the infall-



HAD HIS SUSPICIONS. "Ah!" said the tenderhearted lady to the cynical widower, "I feel for your lonely estate. Indeed I do." "Real estate?" inquired the cynical widower, with a hard, hard smile.

Ready Explanation. Baltimore American: "Yes," we say to Madame Mystique, who has summoned the spirits from the vasty deep to tell us things about our past, present and future. "Yes, we have been much pleased with the spirits you have trotted out of the cabinet; but why is

it that on their robes we see the legend: 'Use Sudd's Soap?'" "Ah," murmured the madame, a soulful smile flitting across her inspired countenance, "did you never hear of an Advertising medium?"

Hint of Prison Alarms Him. The last night he came to see me was April 15. I brought out the wiles of a woman and I resolved to gain from him one word of compliment or one little caress, which I found other men only too willing to offer. When he arose to go I went to the hall and got his cane and hat, and I took the brim of the hat between my teeth, put my head through the curtains, and, assuming a most courtly and stately pose, I said, "You're my prisoner."

"As it seemed to me afterward, he suddenly turned pale and a terribly frightened look came into his eyes. He quickly recovered himself, seized me in his arms, pressing me tightly to his breast. Just long enough to say: "No, I'm not your prisoner, but you're mine, and the sweetest one ever captured."

'Twas a Soft Plece. Minneapolis Journal: There is a story told of an Irishman who was arrested for throwing a piece of coal on a friend and breaking his jaw. When the case came up in court the prisoner admitted his guilt.

"You admit, then," said the judge, "that you threw this piece of coal that broke the man's jaw?" "Yis, sir, yer honor," was the reply, "but—in an exasperatory tone—"It was soft coal."