

WAR STORY.

Captured a Cannon By Light of Burning Haystacks.

St. Louis Republic.

There are a few of the "old fellows" left who took part in the desperate battle of Prairie Grove during the last year of the Civil War.

The battlefield of Prairie Grove was an open, level prairie. Surrounding it were forests of small trees. It was in these forests that each side retreated a dozen times during the day.

During the day a Confederate gun had been the central point of attack. This gun was placed at a point near the center of the open early in the engagement, and had done deadly work until the Federal forces had succeeded in driving the Confederate gunners from it.

Thus did the battle rage all day, until finally night came with the gun abandoned by both sides, but closely watched by each.

During the early evening a detachment of some forty men was sent out from the Confederate side to bring the gun into the Confederate lines.

"We had reached the gun, and had finished the preparations for dragging it off. You may rest assured that we went about it in a very cautious manner; for we did not know at what moment the other side would discover us and open up.

"Suddenly two blazes shot up from the Federal side. We soon saw that two huge haystacks had been fired, whether by accident or design I never learned. The light from the blazing hay illuminated the whole field; but of course the illumination was not so distinct toward the middle of it, where we were.

"In a very few minutes, however, we were surprised to see a column of Federals march out from a point directly between the two burning hay stacks. They came on at a quickstep. There were about 150 of them. The order went forth on our side to get ready for a fight.

"On came the Federals. At their head was a magnificent specimen of manhood. He was a Major, but I never learned his name, and he rode a great dark horse. They were bent on taking that gun, and were ready to fight for it if necessary.

"At first we thought that the Federals knew we were there, and that they were coming out for the purpose of taking that gun from us. But as the column advanced we became convinced that they did not know but that every Confederate was asleep in the camp on the other side of the open battlefield. And we took good care to leave them in ignorance. It would have been foolhardy for us to have done anything else. There were at least 150 of them, and only forty of us. So we remained flat on the ground and waited.

"When the advancing column was about 100 yards from us, the commanding officer on our side shouted the order to rise and fire. We did so, and after we had fired the volley fell on our knees again to reload. We did not know what was going to happen, but we were not in ignorance long. Our unexpected volley threw the Federals into consternation. The dying light from the burning haystacks fell in our faces and cast fantastic shadows behind us. The Fed-

erals could not tell whether we had a company or a battalion. On the other hand, the light behind them threw them out in bold relief, and we could almost exactly estimate their force. The Federals knew their disadvantage and retreated. It was not an orderly retreat, either. The men broke and ran. They went helter-skelter towards the Federal camp. Many threw their guns away.

"All at once we saw that the tall Major was trying to rally them. He had spurred his horse to the head of the retreating line, and was begging, pleading and cursing in indiscriminate alternation. Finally he stopped the retreat, and ordered an advance. He was directly in front of the line, and as he gave the order to charge he put spurs to his horse, and with drawn sabre came on at a dead run. The men followed him for a short distance, and then we rose again and gave them another volley. This volley stopped everybody but the Major. He did not seem to think it possible that his men would fail; and while the others ran the Major came on with unslacked pace.

"When the Major was within a hundred yards of us one of our men raised his gun and with an oath said: 'I'll stop you!'

"At the instant that he pulled the trigger, however, the man next to him pushed the gun to one side and shouted: 'Don't shoot him! He's too brave!'

"Nothing but a rifle shot could have stopped the Major and his horse in the seventy-five yards space that intervened between himself and our forces. He rode right at us, yelling to his men to come on, and waving his sabre.

"Twenty-five yards farther on he turned in his saddle, surprised that he heard no responsive yells behind him. He saw only an indiscriminate mass of running men. He tried to wheel his horse, but the brute was as game as his master and would not wheel. The spirit of battle was in him, and he was going to charge. Nothing could stop or turn him.

"Our men arose and gave a cheer as horse and rider drew near. The Major drew his revolver and pulled the trigger, but the hammer only snapped, and he threw the useless weapon away. Then he grasped his sabre again, and evidently made up his mind to die fighting.

"As horse and rider came charging in among us, a tall Arkansas fellow seized the Major's sabre arm as it was descending to strike, and pulled him off of the horse. Half a dozen other fellows grabbed the horse by the bridle and stopped him. Both horse and Major were our prisoners.

"The Major was taken to General Marmaduke's headquarters. All the night he walked up and down in front of his tent, swearing like a sailor at the men who had failed to obey his order to advance. He was absolutely the most disgusted man I ever saw. He never seemed to think of the danger he had been in; all he did was to curse because the men had failed him.

"I forgot to mention that we took the cannon back with us."

Wm. Orr, Newark, O., says, "We never feel safe without One Minute Cough Cure in the house. It saved my little boy's life when he had the pneumonia. We think it is the best medicine made." It cures coughs and all lung diseases. Pleasant to take, harmless, and gives immediate results. Evans Pharmacy.

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Rev. W. E. Sitzer, W. Caton, N. Y., writes, "I had dyspepsia over twenty years, and tried doctors and medicines without benefit. I was persuaded to use Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and it helped me from the start. I believe it to be a panacea for all forms of indigestion. It digests what you eat. Evans Pharmacy.

How much harder it is to endure trials that we have brought upon ourselves, than to bear up under those for the coming of which we are in no sense responsible.

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At Atlantic City, N. J., Philip Toppi, a cigar dealer, 40 years old, has been suffering severe pains for sometime from what was diagnosed by the attending physician as neuralgia. Tuesday the interesting discovery was made that he was cutting three teeth, his third set. Two of them are in the upper jaw, and the other is a molar in the back of the mouth.

The Marrying Age.

At what age should a man marry? That depends upon the man. Some men are more fitted for the responsibilities of matrimony at 25 than others at 35. So says the Chicago Times-Herald. If marriage, however, be postponed until after this last figure, a man is likely to get into what may be called the habit of celibacy, from which, as from other bad habits, it is hard to break away.

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An Answer to a Question.

He was a tenderfoot and they took him for a greenhorn. Every new arrival in camp, they told him, had to give the others some puzzle question. If they could not answer it he was entitled to a drink; but if he could not answer it himself, he would have to stand treat all round.

After a brief silence the youth said: "How is it that when a chipmunk makes a hole there is no dirt at the mouth of the hole?"

"The foreman replied: 'Ah, ah, I guess you have a question that you cannot answer yourself?' 'Oh, no,' said the youth, 'I can answer it!'

"Well, then," said the foreman, "how is it?" "Why," said the youth, "the chipmunk begins at the bottom to dig his hole."

"Begins at the bottom; how does he get there to begin?" asked the foreman.

"That is a question of your own asking," said the youth.—St. Louis Republic.

His Revised Version.

A gentleman from a neighboring town in Mississippi told the following last night:

"I walked into a small store the other day and found the proprietor lying on the counter just dozing off into a sleep. He roused himself on my approach, and jumping to the floor quoted the familiar line:

"'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!'"

"Where did you get that?" I asked. "Oh, don't you know? That's what Absalom said when his horse ran under the tree and left him hanging by the hair to a limb. I thought everybody knew where that came from."

The Test of Love.

"Tom, you ask me to be your wife—to give you my heart, my all. Think well of what you say, and then tell me if you will grant me one small favor?"

"Anything you ask, my love."

"Then promise me that you will never smoke another cigar as long as you live."

"I promise, dear."

"And doesn't it cost you a pang?" "Not a pang. I'd rather smoke a pipe any day."—Collier's Weekly.

"I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in my family with wonderful results. It gives immediate relief, is pleasant to take and is truly the dyspeptic's best friend," says E. Hartgering, Overisel, Mich. Digests what you eat. Cannot fail to cure. Evans Pharmacy.

It has been discovered that a lot of expensive furniture in the Capitol at Washington, supposed to be mahogany, is only thinly veneered over with that wood.

Rheumatism is a throughout, permanent, constitutional cure for rheumatism. The acids in the blood which cause the disease are thoroughly eradicated. It is also the best blood purifier, laxative and tonic. Evans Pharmacy.

Mrs. Poplin—Mr. Chiffon may be a very wealthy man, as you say, but I know this much, that his wife does not have money enough to dress on. Mr. Poplin—Of course not. No woman ever did.

Engineer L. E. Cooley declared in an interview at Chicago that Nicaragua was anxious for annexation to the United States.

It was said in Madrid that a special envoy from Aguinaldo would arrive in Paris in March and go to Berlin to raise funds to continue the war.

It is not hard for a man to find solitude when he is poor.

Their Last Quarrel.

They had been married fully three months and were having their thirteenth quarrel—thirteen being an unlucky number.

"You only quarried me for my money," he said.

"I didn't do anything of the kind," she retorted.

"Well, you didn't marry me because you loved me."

"I know I didn't."

"In heaven's name, then, what did you marry me for?"

"Just to make that hateful Kate Scott you were engaged to cry her eyes out because she had to give you up to another."

"Great Caesar! woman!" he spluttered, "what have you done? Why, I married you just because Kate Scott threw me over!"

When a beggar asked a Philadelphia stationer the other day for help the latter offered him two lead pencils, saying: "With half the effort required in begging you can easily sell them for 5 cents apiece." The beggar gazed at the pencils scornfully. "Who would give me 5 cents for them?" he demanded. "Why, anybody," said the stationer. "Go out and try it."

"Would you," asked the beggar. "Why, certainly," was the reply. A smile of triumph spread over the grimy features of the mendicant. "Here you are, then," he said. "Gimmie the 10 cents. You can't go back on your own word." It took the stationer several minutes to recover his breath, but he finally entered into the deal, and hereafter he will adopt other tactics.

There is a plan on foot among the colored people of Omaha to restore the Lincoln car, built at the opening of the Civil war, to its original condition and place it in a public building, where it will be kept permanently. The Union Pacific Railroad company bought the car soon after the war and used it in the far west as a pay car, it being especially desirable for this purpose, as it had within its sides, concealed by upholstery and mahogany, half-inch boiler plates. They were placed there as a protection to prevent President Lincoln from being shot while at the front, where he frequently went in his armored car.

Bloating after eating, indigestion, flatulence or water brash, may be quickly corrected through the use of Prickly Ash Bitters. It strengthens digestion, cleanses and regulates the bowels. Sold by Evans Pharmacy.

"You will have to give me another room," said a guest to the hotel manager. "What's the matter? Am you not comfortable where you are?" "Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarinet so that I thought I would never get to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding on my door. 'What is the matter,' I asked. 'Of you please,' said the German, 'dot you vould schmore of der same key. You vos go from B-flat to G, und it schpools the music!'"

Aluminium is used by the people of Hartford Conn., to the extent of 60,000 pounds to bring electricity from a waterfall some 12 miles distant. In the west also aluminium wire is used largely in place of copper, being almost as good a conductor and cheaper. Ten years ago aluminium sold at \$8 a pound; now it sells for 30 cents. An American plant last year produced 5,200,000 pounds of it. As the metal is being produced largely in England, France and Switzerland, the price is likely to fall lower than it has yet been. The present age is not the golden age, nor the iron age, but the aluminium.

Boils and Pimples Give Warning.

When Nature is overtaken, she has her own way of giving notice that assistance is needed. She does not ask for help until it is impossible to get along without it. Boils and pimples are an indication that the system is accumulating impurities which must be gotten rid of; they are an urgent appeal for assistance—a warning that can not safely be ignored.

To neglect to purify the blood at this time means more than the annoyance of painful boils and unsightly pimples. If these impurities are allowed to remain, the system succumbs to an ordinary illness, and is unable to withstand the many ailments which are so prevalent during spring and summer.

Mrs. I. Gentile, 2004 Second Avenue, Seattle, Wash., says: "I was afflicted for a long time with pimples, which were very annoying, as they disfigured my face fearfully. After using many other remedies in vain, S. S. S. promptly and thoroughly cleansed my blood, and now I rejoice in a good complexion, which I never had before."

Capt. W. H. Dunlap, of the A. G. S. R. E., Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "Several boils and carbuncles broke out upon me, causing great pain and annoyance. My blood seemed to be in a riotous condition, and nothing I took seemed to do any good. Six bottles of S. S. S. cured me completely and my blood has been perfectly pure ever since."

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

is the best blood remedy, because it is purely vegetable and is the only one that is absolutely free from potash and mercury. It promptly purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system, builds up the general health and strength. It cures Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, Tetter, Boils, Sores, etc., by going direct to the cause of the trouble and forcing out all impure blood. Books free to any address by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Housework is hard work without Gold Dust. TO CLEAN NURSERY BOTTLES. After the bottle has been used, rinse it thoroughly in warm water; then fill with warm water containing a teaspoonful of Gold Dust Washing Powder and let it stand, shaking every now and then, if rubber tube is used let it remain also in the water. Rinse through clean water several times. Gold Dust is much more effective than soap to clean them, as it removes all specks and mites clinging to the sides of the bottles.

BOYS' STEAM LAUNDRY! The Most Complete and Up-to-Date Laundry in the State. Every Machine the latest improved and designed to do most perfect work. Under the supervision of an experienced Laundryman, with a corps of skilled assistants. Boys' pieces of work carefully inspected, and no work allowed to pass from Laundry. PRICES LOW. Quality of work unequalled, give us a trial. N. B. SHARPE, Business Manager. Located at rear of Evans' Book Store.

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY. AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE. In effect Dec. 1st, 1899.

Table with columns for stations (Lv Augusta, Ar Anderson, etc.) and times (9:40 am, 1:40 pm, etc.).

Southern Railway. Close connection at Calhoun Falls for all points on S. A. L. Railway, and at Spartanburg for South Carolina Railway. W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agent, Augusta, Ga.

Condensed Schedule in Effect December 10th, 1899. Table with columns for stations (Lv Charleston, Ar Summerville, etc.) and times.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE. TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT. Wilmington, N. C., Jan. 10, 1899. Fast Line Between Charleston and Columbia and Upper South Carolina, North Carolina.

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