

WAR STORIES.

Gen. Gordon Writes of Battle of Gettysburg.

[Extracts from Gen. John B. Gordon's article in June Scribner's.]

A cavalry charge, met by a counter-charge of cavalry, is still, perhaps, the most terrible spectacle witnessed in war. If the reader has never seen such a charge, he can form little conception of its awe-inspiring fury. Imagine yourself looking down from Gettysburg's Heights upon the open, wide-spreading plain below, where five thousand horses are marshalled in battle line. Standing beside them are five thousand riders armed, booted and spurred and ready to mount. The bugles sound the "Mount!" and instantly five thousand plumes rise above the horses as the riders spring into their saddles. In front of the respective squadrons the daring leaders take their places. The fluttering pennants or streaming guidons, ten to each regiment, mark the left of the companies. On the opposite slope of the same plain are five thousand hostile horsemen clad in different uniforms, ready to meet them in counter-charge. Under those ten thousand horses are their hoofs, iron-shod and pitiless, beneath whose furious tread the plain is soon to quiver. Again on each slope of the open field the bugles sound. Ten thousand sabres leap from scabbards and glisten in the sun. The trained horses chafe their restraining bits, and as the bugle notes sound the charge, their nostrils dilate and their flanks swell in sympathetic impulse with the dashing riders. "Forward!" shouts the commander. Down the lines and through the columns in quick succession ring the echoing commands, "Forward, forward!" As this order thrills through eager ears, sabres flash, and spurs are planted in palpitating flanks. The madly flying horses thunder across the trembling field, filling the air with clouds of dust and whizzing pebbles. Their iron-rimmed hoofs in remorseless tread, crush the stones to powder and crash through the flesh and bones of hapless riders who chance to fall. As front against front these furious riders plunge, their sweeping sabres slashing edge against edge, cutting a way through opposing ranks, gashing faces, breaking arms, and splitting heads, it is a scene of wildest war, a whirling tempest of battle, short-lived but terrible.

As we move along the street, a little girl, probably twelve years of age, ran up to my horse and handed me a large bouquet of flowers, in the centre of which was a note in delicate handwriting, purporting to give the numbers and describe the position of the Union forces of Wrightsville, toward which I was advancing. I carefully read and reread the strange note. It bore no signature, and contained no assurance of sympathy for the Southern cause, but it was so terse and explicit in its terms as to compel my confidence. The second day we were in front of Wrightsville, and from the high ridge, on which this note suggested that I halt and examine the position of the Union troops, I eagerly scanned the prospect with my field-glasses in order to verify the truth of the mysterious communication or detect its misrepresentations. There, in full view before us, was the town, just as described, nestling on the banks of the Susquehanna. There was the blue line of soldiers guarding the approach, drawn up as indicated, along an intervening ridge and across the pike. There was the long bridge spanning the Susquehanna and connecting the town with Columbia on the other bank. Most important of all, there was the deep gorge or ravine running off to the right and extending around the left flank of the Federal line and to the river below the bridge. Not an inaccurate detail in that note could be discovered. I did not hesitate, therefore, to adopt its suggestion of moving down the gorge. In order to throw my command on the flank, or possibly in the rear, of the Union troops and force them to a rapid retreat or surrender. The result of this movement vindicated the strategic wisdom of my unknown and—judging by the handwriting—female correspondent, whose note was none the less so vital because embedded in roses, and whose evident genius for war, had occasion offered, might have made her a captain equal to Catherine.

No battle of any war more forcibly illustrates the truth that officers at a distance from the field cannot, with any wisdom, attempt to control the movements of troops actively engaged. On the first day neither General Early nor General Ewell could possibly have been fully cognizant of the situation at the time I was ordered to halt. The whole of that portion of the Union army in my front was in inextricable confusion and in flight. They were necessarily in flight, for my troops were upon the flank and

rapidly sweeping down the lines. The firing upon my men had almost ceased. Large bodies of the Union troops were throwing down their arms and surrendering, because in disorganized and confused masses they were wholly powerless either to check the movement or return the fire. As far down the lines as my eye could reach, the Union troops were in retreat. Those at a distance were still resisting, but giving ground and it was only necessary for me to press forward in order to insure the same results, which invariably follow such flank movements. In less than one-half hour my troops would have swept up and over those hills, the possession of which was of such momentous consequence. It is not surprising, with a full realization of the consequences of a halt, that I should have refused at first to obey the order. Not until the third or fourth order of the most peremptory character reached me, did I obey. I think I should have risked the consequences of disobedience even then, but for the fact that the order to halt was accompanied with the explanation that General Lee, who was several miles away, did not wish to give battle at Gettysburg. It is stated on good authority that General Lee said, some time before his death, that if Jackson had been there, he would have won in this battle a great and possibly decisive victory. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement as I did not hear it, but no soldier in a great crisis ever wished more ardently for a deliverer's hand than I wished for one hour of Jackson, when I was ordered to halt.

IN MEMORY OF WOUNDED KNEE.

Sioux Indians Erect a Monument Where Wallace Fell.

The Sioux Indians have erected a monument to their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters killed at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, and following the idea adopted by the whites on the plain of the Little Big Horn where Custer and his command were wiped out, they called this place the Big Foot Massacre. Big Foot was the chief in command at the time, and about 500 of his followers were killed. The monument which is a handsome marble shaft was dedicated during the last of May, and fully 5,000 Sioux Indians took in the ceremonies. The inscription on the monument is as follows: "This monument is erected by surviving relatives and other Ogallala and Cheyenne river Sioux Indians in memory of the Chief Big Foot massacre, December 29, 1890, Col. Forsythe in command of the United States troops. Big Foot was a great chief of the Sioux Indians. He often said: 'I will stand in peace till my last day comes.' He did good and brave deeds for the white man and for the red man. Many women and children who knew no wrong died here."

THE STORY OF WOUNDED KNEE.

It was the last stand of the red race against the white, the fight of a dying race against a young and more vigorous people fighting for their homes and their territory, as they supposed, this battle in which fell those brave to whom the monument was raised.

Their patriotism had been roused to the highest pitch by the wily old chief, Ta-Tan-Ka I-Yo-Ton-Ka (Sitting Bull), who was to the northern Indians what Geronimo was to the southwestern tribes. But Sitting Bull was more to be feared than Geronimo, because of his long familiarity with the white men and their ways. In addition to rousing their patriotism, Sitting Bull had anointed each "brave" with "medicine," making them invulnerable to the bullets from the white man's pistol. And every Indian of that band thoroughly believed this.

To accomplish this Sitting Bull originated the "ghost of Messiah dance" which soon spread through the Sioux nation like fire over the western prairie. This dance was only a preliminary to being anointed with the "medicine," and was a mixture of the war and square dance, except that the dancers circled around a tall pole on which was hung the skin containing the medicine. The eyes of the dancers were continuously fixed on this spot, their eyes thrown upward. It is said the dancers, in time, became actually hypnotized and fell on the ground in a cataleptic fit. While in this state they had visions of what was to happen to the white men who opposed the Indian when anointed with the "medicine." These visions were all alike. Buffalo would return; white men be all killed; the Great Spirit had informed them that the white man's bullet could not injure them any more and above all,

that Sitting Bull must be obeyed implicitly.

Sitting Bull's true object in working the Indians up to this frenzy was really to force the government into increasing the issue of rations to the Sioux by threatening to leave the reservation and go toward the northwest along the Montana-Canada border, where he had gone with his people after massacring Gen. Custer on the Little Big Horn fourteen years before. Scouts who were familiar with this king-pin of bad Indians did not believe that Sitting Bull intended to fight unless absolutely forced to do so.

After the Indians had danced all during the fall of 1890, about 80 per cent. of the entire Sioux tribe became firm followers of Sitting Bull; had interviewed the Great Spirit and had been anointed with "medicine" by their high priest or medicine man.

When the Indians had got into the condition that Sitting Bull could be sure that his every order and wish would be obeyed the "ghost" dancing ceased and preparations for war begun. Then it was that the commanding officer of the United States troops at Fort Yates was ordered to arrest old Sitting Bull and confine him in prison at the agency of Standing Rock for the time being.

Sitting Bull was camped forty miles away from the agency, but a squad of fifty cavalrymen started after the old Indian early on December 15. The Indian police, commanded by "Bull Head" and "Shave Head" were within striking distance of Sitting Bull's camp several days before the cavalry left the fort. Sitting Bull's cabin was almost surrounded by the fanatical "ghost dancers," but the Indian police managed to reach the house and arrest the old fellow. Sitting Bull's youngest son slipped from the house and aroused the "ghost dancers," who soon swarmed around the little party of police.

After the police mounted their horses to return to the soldiers with Sitting Bull, that old warrior called upon his followers to rescue him and Strike the Kettle and Catch the Bear dashed up at full speed to the two police who guarded the prisoner and shot them. Both guards were killed, but in falling Bull Head, a guard, wheeled and instead of shooting his assailant, shot Sitting Bull dead.

The police then took refuge in Sitting Bull's cabin, which was immediately surrounded by hundreds of yelling, frantic Indians. The soldiers came up at that moment and the ghost dancers fled to the timber, half a mile away.

An hour later an incident happened which showed the sublime faith his followers had in Sitting Bull, which had a great bearing upon the future conduct of the Indians, and which led directly to the battle fought two weeks later by the ghost dancers at Wounded Knee—the battle which the monument commemorates.

While the troops were preparing to return to the fort, carrying the dead body of Sitting Bull with them, an Indian riding at full speed emerged from the woods into which they had gone when the soldiers appeared. Straight toward the assembled soldiers rode the red man, until he halted on a small knoll about eighty yards away.

Dressed (or rather undressed) in full war paraphernalia, eagle war bonnet, war paint, war lance, etc., and war shirt which Sitting Bull had anointed, the warrior stood like a statue on the knoll, while every soldier and Indian police in the troop fired point blank at him, again and again. For five minutes he sat on his horse, immovable, drawing the fire of the ninety men, most of whom were crack shots.

Then the firing ceased and every soldier in the troop applauded the wonderful nerve of this warrior. He had been testing the efficacy of the "medicine" of Sitting Bull. Apparently satisfied, he turned his back on the soldiers and rode again at full speed for the timber, never once looking back. Two weeks later this same Indian started the fight at Wounded Knee by braining Capt. Wallace in the presence of his entire company. If any of the many bullets fired that day at the Indian had taken effect, Wounded Knee would probably not have been fought. But believing themselves to be proof against the white men's bullets and sure of victory (for had not their great leader, Sitting Bull, who made the medicine which protected this Indian's life, promised them so?) these half-crazed fanatics went to the conference at Wounded Knee creek two weeks later, determined to exterminate the white soldiers there, wipe out the soldiers at the fort and then sweep the Western plains and prairies free of white settlers, in order that the buffalo might return to his old haunts.

And this was the frame of mind in which the Indians were on the 28th of December, 1890, when they camped on Wounded Knee creek, waiting for the conference the following day. During that day the scouts "Little Bat" and "Lone Star" had been among the band which was commanded by Big Foot and ascertained the true state of affairs.

The following morning Lone Star went to Gen. Forsythe, in command

of the troops, and reported that the Indians would probably resist unless an overwhelming force of soldiers was brought up. Forsythe did not agree with the scout and continued to advance.

But Captain Wallace, who believed the report of the scout, together with Little Bat and Lone Star, rode ahead of the troops, in order to pacify the Indians.

The three men drew close to the group of savages which had advanced to meet them, and then Lone Star recognized the daring warrior who had tried his medicine two weeks before that day. He, together with several other Indians, left the main body and advanced toward Capt. Wallace.

Suddenly, from within the crowd, arose the shrill death song of the Sioux. Both the scouts now saw the danger in which all three stood, but Capt. Wallace did not understand and before he could be warned, held out his hand to greet the advancing braves.

From their positions, neither of the scouts could fire and Captain Wallace walked toward his death oblivious of the terrible fate awaiting him.

The singing Indian grasped Capt. Wallace's outstretched hand, and suddenly drawing his other hand from beneath his blanket, struck the brave captain a terrible blow with a tomahawk, killing him instantly.

But the medicine shirt failed to protect the Indian from the bullet which left the pistol of Lone Star a moment later, and the savage fell dead with a bullet through his heart.

The two scouts backed away, firing as they went, and in turn received the fire of the entire band. Both escaped without a scratch. But not so with the Indians. A number were killed by the scouts before the soldiers got into action. The Indians broke for cover and succeeded in reaching a ravine from whence the soldiers could not drive them.

Gen. Forsythe wrote an order for re-enforcements and handed it to Lone Star, who rode the fourteen miles to the agency in thirty-five minutes. In one hour and twenty-eight minutes the re-enforcements dashed up, the soldiers having left too hurriedly to place saddles on their horses.

But they brought the gatling guns with them. They were new to the Indians, who did not understand the rapid fire. Three of these guns were placed in position to rake the ravine, and the slaughter begun. The savages could not escape and later in the day the ravine was found to be actually choked with dead Indians, more than 200 lying within a space of a few hundred feet. (The Indians still call this "Bloody Gulch.")

The soldiers that day lost Captain Wallace and twenty-four men killed and thirty-four wounded.

But under the spot on which the Indian monument rests are the bones of more than 250 Indians who were killed that day, and for many months it was nothing uncommon to discover the bleached skeleton of an Indian lying in the grass anywhere in the neighborhood of the battle field. The exact number of killed was never known.

It was the last stand of the red race. Sitting Bull's "medicine" was not good. The Wa-Ci-Wo-na-gi (ghost dance) had failed in its mission, but the Indians still remember their brothers who died at Wounded Knee, and to their memory reared the monument.

Vision Applied to Smoking.

One particular trait of persons who are blind is there are scarcely any smokers among them. Soldiers and sailors who lose their sight while in action sometimes continue to smoke for a short time after that great calamity overtakes them, but as a rule they soon give up the habit altogether. They say that it gives them no pleasure when they cannot see the smoke, and some have even gone so far as to declare that smoke cannot be tasted unless the vision beholds it.

This odd theory has been demonstrated time and again by blindfolding a man and leading him into a room full of tobacco smoke and then putting a lighted and an unlighted cigar in his mouth by turns. No one in a thousand can distinguish between the "dead" cigar and the one that is "in full blast."—Exchange.

It is almost as difficult for some women to get their hats on in the evening as it is for some men to get theirs on the next morning.

As to Rural Delivery.

Some time since it was announced in a dispatch from Washington that it was the intention of the postoffice department to discontinue a great many rural routes, because they did not pay, but were established at the instance of Congressmen who were looking after their political fortunes. It was further said that South Carolina would be among the States which would suffer more than the rest, the imputation being that Congressmen from this State have been very actively working in their own interests. All rural routes in this State are more or less under the control of the Columbia postmaster, he receiving all the funds direct for them, and he says that he has received no instructions to discontinue any routes in this State, and he does not know that any of them will be discontinued. These routes are especially numerous in the Piedmont section, and their patrons have been much concerned over their contemplated discontinuance, and many inquiries have been received about them. The best that Postmaster Ensor can say now is that he officially knows nothing about any contemplated discontinuance.—Columbia Correspondence of News and Courier.

Uncanny Mexican Plant.

The Instituto Medico, of Mexico City, says the Mexican Herald, will send to the World's Fair an exhibit of about fifty medicinal plants of the country and the products derived therefrom. Accompanying the exhibit will be a complete explanation as to the place where the plants are found, the procedure for converting them into medical products and the ailments which they are destined to cure. Included in the exhibit will be a plant of marvelous qualities. It grows wild and abundantly in the state of Michoacan. The Indians claim that whenever they enter a wood or place where this plant grows, its aroma makes them lose their way and they are unable to return to their homes or to reach their destination until they cease to smell the plant. The statement is said to have been fully confirmed a number of times by learned people.

The Instituto is going to make a scientific study of its physiological effects and an analysis of its properties. A delegate has been sent to Michoacan to obtain a specimen of the plant. It has been further added that a person wearing a branch of this plant in his buttonhole, will often be lost in his native city, but the latter statement has not been confirmed. This plant will be an interesting exhibit at the fair if it is sent in large quantities and keeps its qualities in a foreign and distant land, the police of St. Louis will have many visitors to guide during the exposition.

It would be real interesting if the young women who go bareheaded in summer would start the fashion of going barefooted.



The duel in the dark is a favorite with duellists. Two men were locked in a dark room and crawled stealthily from corner to corner, until some false step made one of them the target for bullet or blade.

Life in a 'duel in the dark' was a favorite with duellists. One false step, one mistake, and the attack comes swift and sudden. The mistake which commonly opens the way for an attack by disease is neglect of the symptoms of stomach trouble.

When eating is followed by undue fullness, belching, sour or bitter risings, etc., disease is attacking the stomach.

The best way to frustrate such an attack is to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and makes the body strong and healthy.

"I was suffering very much with my head and stomach," writes Mrs. W. C. Gill of Weldon, Shelby Co., Ala. "I had no sleep, and would rise up in bed, and fall right back. Could eat but very little, in fact scarcely anything, there seemed to be a heavy weight in my stomach so I could not rest. I had to belch very often and would vomit up nearly everything I ate. I was in a bad condition. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and live of his 'Favorite Prescription' and am now well and happy. I feel like a new woman, and give Dr. Pierce's medicines credit for it all. I had taken medicine from physicians without any benefit as I could see."

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