# WAR STORIES.

In Many Hard Fought Battles, but Called on to Face Death but Once.

(FOR THE INTELLIGENCER.)

army from the Potomac around below through openings glimpses of a regu-Richmond to inaugurate the seige of lar line of trenches, and some thirty Petersburg, Gen. Kauts' cavalry was yards to my left, behind a tree, I saw in front of Grant's army, whose part John D., from Co. A, Rutledge was to clear the way for Grants' in Mounted Riflemen, (who afterwards fantry and artillery.

movement Gen. Mart Gary, with his let's open the ball, and see if we can't with Gen. Kauts. Gen. Gary was in the roaring noise of our army behind his glory then, for he had often told us warned us that something had to C. Cavalry (Gary's Ingenas) and rout as death in front until the crack of

and when Old Mart said we will take and guns began to point over the cavalry to pieces, they v. Il knew that but tried my best to crawl into the their gallant commander would be earth, for I knew the signs were ripe with them and among them in the then for a mighty storm, and when it hardest part of the battle, and that did turn loose it seemed like the whole the thing would be done; for Gen. earth was on fire and in a quiver, while Gary knew no such a thing as failure falling limbs, twigs, bark and fragany attack or the meaning of the ments of shells fairly covered the word surrender.

daily while this transfer was going on, Gen. Gary's voice call out above everyand I doubt if any of these cavalry thing: "Forward, charge, cut right fights were ever recorded, unless it through," and then the old familiar was Old Church, Ridley's Shops and rebel yell from "Gary's Hyenas," and Eugle's Mill, for in those days of great to my horror, they commenced to fire chettles unless hundreds of men were not more than 50 steps behind me, set desa the fight was too small to creak as a battle, where hundreds, and must have swooned away, for every cooling the seemed like a deep dream an a few hours, although the fight to me, and when I came to myself where the man gets killed or wounded | there we were in the Yankee trenches, as the same to him, whether there is and I was among Tucker's Squadron one or a thousand killed.

It was during one of these "mixup" cavalry fights by Flauts and Gary below Richmond that the writer was called upon to march right into what appeared to be the veritable jaws of death alone. I was then a small boy in my teens, a member of Co. G, 7th S. C. Cavalry, originally Co. B, Rutdedge Mounted Riflemen, which commany I had joined after becoming un-

able to walk longer with Orr's Rifles. I think it was in August, during this campaign, and a little to the right of the Nine Mile Road, in a woods. with thick undergrowth, that Gary's cavalry were dismounted and drawn up in a double line, when Gen. Garv rode down in front of us, saying : "Boys, there are a few Yankees in the trenches in front of us, and we the anniversary of the battle of Bull any such competition, purchased a then the command was given that to what I thought my doom. It was States. the crucial test of my life, for I knew hear a few low commands and the He said: rustling, roaring sound of our army mewing through the woods behind us siders and newcomers to understand ... that sounded very like a great storm of wind. 'A little farther on we came

for escape seemed impossible. Now, standing up in line with comthat the main trenches of the enemy than the Boers of South Africa. was near at hand, and we were then

During the movement of Grant's | and lying down behind it I could see deserted and went to the enemy.) I To checkmate this dashing cavalry spoke in a low voice to John, saying brigade of cavalry of Hampton's divis- send some dirt in their eyes off the ion, was assigned to the task of vieing | top of the trenches. At that moment his men that he could take the 7th S. be done quickly, but all was as silent a whole brigade of Kauts' cavalry. our two rifles broke the silence, when Gary's Hyenas, the 7th S. C., had all at once Yankee heads were as thick unbounded confidence in "Old Mart," as blackbirds all along the dirt line those trenches or cut that column of earth. I waited no longer for orders, whole ground around us. A few mo-Kauts and Gary fought on the flanks ments after the first volley from the and in the rear of each other almost enemy's guns lulled, I could hear and the din of battle was on, and I -our own men-but strangers to me.

It was not long after this until John D. deserted. The experience of this hard luck on that awful day may have turned his head, for a braver boy never lived. Ho returned to old Pendleton-his native home-but once after the war, from New York, where he died, exiled from his native home, losing all the honor he had gained as

Farmer's Son.

BULL RUN NO PICNIC.

Washingtonians Thought It Would Be a Hollday.

Very few people there are who are familiar with the date on which falls

The date is remembered by and every twentieth front rank man march known to more people and comes nearout sixty paces to the front and "count | er being celebrated in Washington off by regiment." I being one of the and the District of Columbia than unlucky twentieth men marched out in any other quarter of the United horse and carriage, which were left in

The first battle of Bull Run was that twice 20 made 40, and I calcula- fought on July 27, 1861, and when ted if we found the enemy four deep, that day arrives during the present ball and he consented to wait for me as we often did, that meant that it was month it will see large numbers of old my lot in the fortune of war to be veterans, ladies and gentlemen of the did not take too long. I ran after called out as a living target for eighty older generation and not a few of the men to shoot at, in order to draw their younger, celebrating, in their own fire and thus protect my comrades quiet way, this, one of the list of unfrom this withering concentrated storm official holidays. This statement may played havor among the infantry in of fire and lead that was then being be a surprise to many, and cause some front of us, carrying off the heads of held in deadly stillness for us. While people to inquire why, in view of the my mind was thus engaged at sizing- fact that Bull Run was "a Union deup my lot, an officer (a stranger to feat and a Confederate stampede," as me) rode by saying: "Men, at the one writer put it, the remembrance of sound of the bugle march straight for- that event had been cherished by ward and keep your distance until Washingtonians until the anniversary you find the enemy, then fire." If of the fight has become a sort of half there was any one put in charge of way, unrecognized, unlegalized holithis thin line of "feelers" we never day. This, perhaps, is best answered heard a command from him. After by a venerable gentleman, now fast the bugle had sounded forward, and approaching his 80th year, who for we had gone some 200 yards, creeping many years has been connected with through the thick bushes, we could the Army and Navy Medical Museum.

"Perhaps it is a little hard for outwhy we Washingtonians set such store by the anniversary of the battle to a natural open space in the woods, of Bull Run, but to me the reasons and our vidette line had thinned down are clear enough. Now that the civil to only one man in sight, and my cal- war and its long train of attendant culations had grown from 80 men to evils are past and gone I dare say it something like 200 men crouched over would be utterly impossible for anythere, ready for each one of us to step one to imagine or to form a correct out in that opening to be slaughtered, idea of the altogether vague, mistaken and even frivolons view that people North and South took of the war at rades on either side of you at the bat- the beginning of the struggle. You des of Cold Harbor, Gaines' Mill and see the country had enjoyed a long many other battles where many fell by era of peace. From 1815 down to 1861, one's side, was quite a tame affair be- almost a half century, there had been side being marched up in front of a no war worthy of the name. Of course Line of the enemy's tronches, with there was the Mexican war and the vasemething like 100 men or more to rious Indian outbreats, but these were fire at yeu, one lone advance guard; left largely to the regular army to setbut as everything then seemed fair in the and did not affect nor convulse the war, there was nothing left for one to country as a whole. All over the do but to repeat the reassuring words: United States the people had settled "My God and my country," and go into a rut from which nothing short forward. After crossing over this of a terrible war could have moved open space a little distance in the them, and had matters gone on in this Skick underbrush we saw a few small way for another half century we would crescent-shaped pits, which told us have been a nation more backward

"Therefore when the civil war came moving on into the very jaws of death alone. Stooping down close to the in a lazy, perfunctory, dilatory sort of ground I made for a large pine tree, way, as though one noisy and blood-

forever and a day. This appears all the more amusing to me now, as I look back over the vista of years and think how, early in July, 1861, we Washingtonians got word that a battle was soon to be fought out at Bull Run. Our half century of peace had rendered bloody spectacles a decided novelty and I can remember, as the day drew near, how the city was all a-bustle and agog over what many looked forward to as the greatest sight of their lives. Had any of Napoleon's veterans dropped into the city a few lays before Bull Run he would never have guessed that a battle was imminent. It was more like a city getting ready for a flower carnival, an exposition opening, or a grand holiday of some sort. Department cierks were bustling about, beseeching leaves of absence in order to take their wives and sweethearts out to see the fight, nor were they obliged to beg very hard, for their superiors were quite as anxious as their subordinates to gapo at the battle which was to settle forever the question of secession, etc.

"When the day came and the booming of cannon resounding over the hills told us that the struggle was on in earnest I venture to say you could not have hired a horse and rig for \$10 an hour. I happened to be one of the spectators and so I know whereof I speak. I also obtained a leave of absence, or, rather, I took it, inasmuch as the department in which I was employed was deserted and, joining a friend who had a horse and buggy, we followed the throng out to where the fighting was in progress.

On reaching the battlefield we joined a large crowd of sight-seers posted on a little hillock in the rear of a body of infantry, which, by the way, had one cannon that was firing, in a sort of desultory way, at the enemy, whose Lattery was situated on an opposite rise beyond an intervening hollow or gully. The latter were bombarding the Federal infantry at a pretty lively rate and, as it seemed to me at the time, were using more solid cannon balls than shells. Many of these passed over the infantry, fell and rebounded near the spectators on the hillock in the rear. Instead of frightening any of us, from the very outset we lost all sense of fear. The big, solid cannon balls from the Confederate battery were not at all terrifying. They seemed to bowl over to our side like so many base balls and, although moving at a very rapid rate, they created just the opposite impression, so much so, in fact, that there was a great deal of useless dodging, which was at times quite amusing. Street arabs were on hand and whenever a cannon ball struck there was a general scramble of small boys, men and women to gain possession of the ball for a souvenir. One rather haughty lady, who cannon ball from a twelve-year-old youngster for \$1.00. Others did the

"My companion soon got tired of the rear. He was afraid that, in the excitement, someone might steal it. several, but missed them. Finally, after two or three disheartening attempts, the rebels fired one shot that two men whom I myself saw fall and scattering the spectators right and left. I calculated about the spot where the ball would strike, guessed right, remained where I was standing and beat the others to it by several yards. The ball was covered with

### The 8 Hour Day

Which the working man has fought for and succeeded in obtaining is something the wife has no share in. Her day begins before his and ends long after it, as a rule, and many a night her rest is broken by the baby's fretfulness. The healthiest woman must wear out under such a strain. what can be ex-pected then of those women who are weakened by womanly Women

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"I suffered with Semale weakness about eight years—tried reversal doctors by derived no benefit until I began using Dr. Perce's Favorite Prescription, writes Mrs. John Green, of Danvilla, Boyle Co., Ky. "This medicine was recom-

less battle would settle the dispute | blood and before I rejoined my companion I had several offers of \$1, \$2 and \$3 and as high as \$5 for the ball, which I declined, preferring to retain the grewsome souvenir of the first battle of the long four years' struggle, which I, at that time, thought would be the last. I have the ball yet. Yonder it lies in the corner.

"I had no more than reached my friend before both he and I became aware that something extraordinary was in progress. As I climbed in the buggy I noticed several artillerymen ride past at a dead gallop, with their harness traces cut. I had read of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow and of other retrograde movements, but it was some time before I could get it through my head that a retreat was in progress. When I left the hill the battle scomed to be raging in a manner which, to a civilian like myself, seemed quite ideal and proper, and I could not understand the meaning of these artillerymen, who were now flying past in rapidly increasing numbers. I looked at my companion and he at me and then we asked each other : 'Is this a retreat?'

"We drove leisurely along at first, a trifle alarmed, and slowly increasing our speed as the meaning of the thing began to dawn upon our minds. We tried to stop several artilleryman, so as to inquire of them whether this was a retreat, who had ordered it, etc., but none of them would remain long enough to give a reply. Presently the road became so choked with flying cannoueers and cavalrymen, buggies and civilians on horseback that we were in danger of being overturned. Horsemen were bumping into us and I could see men throwing away guns and knapsacks. My companion had his buggy whip out ready to whip up his horse into a gallop, when someone in the rear yelled: 'Run for your lives; the enemy's cavalry are upon us.' 'That settles it,' muttered my companion between his teeth and the way our horse got up and fairly dusted, under the stimulus of my companion's whip, was a sight. We passed everything on the road and landed in Washington safe and sound, although our poor animal was nearly winded.

people of this city. Everyoue expected the Confederates to advance upon, storm and take the city immediately and it was then, for the first time, that we began to realize that the war was a far more serious proposition, as the boys say nowadays, than we had at first imagined. When days passed and they did nothing of the sort, and the Federal troops began to retrieve their losses, we were indeed happy and thankful. It was this thankfulness over our unexpected good fortune and deliverance that has led Washington people to remember the day with feelings akin to thanksgiving for 'our streak of luck' in not falling into the hands of the rebels.'

Alfalfa Roots Go Down Very Deep.

Columbia, Mo., July 14 .- Investigations have been made to determine to what depth the roots of alfalfa will penetrate. An eight-year-old plant in a stiff "hardpan" subsoil was followed to a depth of 10 feet without the end of the tap root being found.

Many instances have been recorded of the roots penetrating from 38 to 66 feet. A mining tunnel was excavated in Nevada 129 feet below an alfalfa field and the roots of the plant were found in the roof of the opening. The searching roots of this wonderful plant not only obtain food for below the shallow-feeding plants, but when the large boring roots decay they leave their own fertilizing ingredients and opening for air and water to penetrate.

Alfelfa thrives best in sandy loams of creek and river valleys in a warm climate, and with only a moderate rainfall, but it is grown successfully on the uplands and prairies. It grows in altitudes from 8,000 down to sea level, but is seriously affected by cold, wet winters. A plant eighteen years old with 334 stems growing from one root, with a height of 52 inches above the ground, is the product of a Kansas field.

The more alfalfa is abused by cutting the better it will grow. After it gets 8 inches high the first year of sowing it will double the amount of stalks by clipping. If not out it will "The next two days were days of probably grow up spindling and die .-

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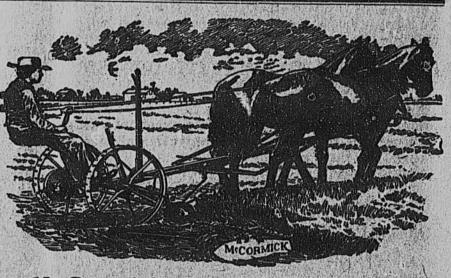
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### McCormick Vertical Lift Mower.

The McCormick Vertical Lift Mower, a view of which is presented herewith, is specially designed for cutting on rough and atumpy ground, but is also well adapted for general use. This machine combines all the essential features of the most perfect grass-cutting machine. By virtue of its achievaments on rough and uneven fields, as well as on smooth and level meadowlands, the Vertical Lift Mower is generally recognized as being the best allpurpose Mowing Machine manufactured. The McCormick is equipped with
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