

Reminiscences of Army Life. (BY A PRIVATE.) NUMBER V.

Although our regiment was mustered into the service at Keokuk, Ia., in August, '61, we did not get farther than to Benton Barricks, near St. Louis, Mo., until in December or January following, having been kept there for reasons of which we were ignorant, except that, while there, all who had not been vaccinated at all, and those who had been vaccinated several years before were, in obedience to general orders, vaccinated, or re-vaccinated, as a precaution against small pox, of which there was supposed to be danger. This prolonged our stay at the barracks, as many of those thus treated were on that account unfit for duty. We were carried by rail from St. Louis to Rolla, where we went into camp for several days. From that place to Springfield, Mo., the first and third brigades of our regiment made a forced march, riding the first day a distance of 42 miles without rest, stopping once in that distance to feed our horses and eat a cold dinner from our haversacks, arriving at Lebanon, Mo., on the evening of the second day. We went into camp in a grove where there was plenty of timber, and each mess soon had a log fire for the double purpose of warming the chilled men, and cooking a meal—for we were all tired and hungry, not having had any coffee or warm victuals for two days. Some confederate troops had been in camp here a short time before, and, while looking around next morning, some of the boys found among other things left by the confederates, a cannon ball, which, after being rolled around awhile, was picked up by one of Sergeant (afterwards captain) Dan Bradbury's mess, of Co. A, and thrown into the fire around which they were cooking breakfast. An explosion soon followed, scattering the logs, fire and cooking utensils in all directions. Fortunately, none of the men were hurt, but some of them were badly scared. The "grub" they were cooking was a total loss, and the camp kettles and coffee pots so badly wrecked that they had to borrow from the neighboring messes until new ones could be drawn. The moral they learned was "Don't monkey with the bombshell." We rested here a day or two, and, as we were getting sufficiently near the field of active operations to be on the look-out for a skirmish at any time, we were ordered to go into the woods some distance and discharge our revolvers, which were "Colt's Navy," in order to clean and re-load them. In compliance with this order, Comrade Dan Bell and I, being inexperienced in the use of the revolver, and not caring to display our skill, or the want of it, to our comrades, "went together by ourselves" some distance from camp where we found an empty cracker barrel, the head of which we thought would make a good target. We laid the barrel on its side and stepped off thirty or forty yards and proposed to make a "cullender" of it by shooting a dozen holes in it. After emptying both revolvers, were not a little surprised to find that not a ball had touched it. We were sure that the revolvers were "no good," for we were not in the least excited, and took careful and deliberate aim, and were very sure the fault was in the weapons and not in us. We consoled ourselves with the thought that if we should have to shoot at a man, we would be likely to miss him, and we had no desire to kill or wound anyone; and if we should hit someone that we did not shoot at, it would be accidental, and we would rather hurt one of our fellow-men by accident than design. Whether Dan afterward became more proficient as a marksman, I do not know, but I have no doubt he did, for he was in several engagements and had the reputation of being a good soldier. I can bear testimony as to the excellency of his character as to morals and gentlemanly deportment. I think I improved some in marksmanship, for on a subsequent occasion, C. W. King, of Co. L, and I fired two shots each at a mark, without missing a shot. I do not remember the distance, nor the exact size of the tree, but the distance was thirty yards—more or less—probably less, and the tree had long since ceased to be a sapling. But the most remarkable exhibition—and I believe the last one—of my skill as a "crack shot" was several months later in company with another man by the name of King—I forgot his first name—but he was sergeant-sergeant of company A, and his home was in Drakeville, Ia., and should he see this, I have no doubt he would verify the statement I am about to make for he was a man of the truth. Our regiment was marching through a heavily timbered and hilly portion of south-western Missouri, and as the roads were bad, our progress was necessarily slow. Our duties and relations to the regiment were such that we were not required to ride in the ranks, nor to carry the cumbersome sables, and we carried our revolvers rather as defensive than offensive weapons. We made use of our opportunity by getting several miles away from the command one day, and, while riding along the banks of a creek, we came upon a flock of ducks swimming around in a kind of basin in the creek. There were just thirteen in number, and of the large green headed variety, and, as there was no house or farm in sight, we at first

thought they were wild ducks, and the property of some one living near by. Mr. King said that he had heard that ducks were good for dinner and suggested that we kill one and have it for dinner. I said that if they were tame ducks we ought not to molest them, to which King replied that if they were tame, and the owner lived near, he was probably a rebel, in which case they were "contraband of war." So I at last consented but suggested that we had better take two, as one would not be enough for all our mess. As a further argument in favor of taking two or more, it just then occurred to us that our revolvers had not been unloaded for some time and needed to be cleaned. So it was finally agreed that we would empty our revolvers, which would take twelve ducks, and leave the thirteenth duck, which was probably a drake, to tell the tale. So we commenced shooting, still seated in our saddles, shot about, until the dozen shots were fired. When the smoke cleared away we proceeded to sum up the result, as follows: two empty revolvers, twelve bullet holes in the water, the thirteenth duck unharmed, his twelve ditto, and two cavalrymen without any duck for dinner. Instead of rejoining the regiment in the evening, as we should have done, we stopped at a farm house, or rather at a house where there was no farm, for supper and to feed our horses. The house was a neat hewed-log building, which with a few acres of cleared land was surrounded by a rail fence. There was a small stable, a corn crib with some corn in it, and a small stack of sheaf oats, but no hay. The family consisted of the husband and wife, and two small children. All were dressed in homespun clothing and their possessions, including their eighty acres of hilly land, were worth perhaps \$500 or \$600. And these people were well-to-do, if not rich. It was not yet night, but as our wagon train moved slowly over the hilly and mountainous roads of that region, we had plenty of time to spare and keep up with the regiment. Our supper which was also our dinner, being over, we asked permission to stay over night, which was granted, the lady saying that her husband would soon be home, and we were welcome to stay if we could put up with such fare as they could give us. The husband soon returned and being told of our wish to stay all night offered no objection, but seemed to be pleased to have us stop with him. He proved to be a union man and was glad of this opportunity to learn from us something of the progress of the war, of which he knew but little, being in a measure isolated from the busy world, with no papers to read, and seldom seeing any one who knew more than himself of what was going on, or what the result would be. We slept that night in a plain but comfortable bed, and in the morning after partaking of a breakfast, which like the supper, consisted chiefly of corn-bread and bacon, we asked for our bill which we were told was nothing, but we prevailed on the lady to accept pay. I have been thus particular in speaking of this family because it is typical of a class found nowhere else than in the hilly and thinly settled portions of the border slave states. It might be termed a "middle class." They were not slave owners of the upper class, nor "poor white trash" of the lower. The majority of them had neither any sympathy for the institution of slavery, nor enmity against it. They were mostly loyal, but took no part in the war, unless through the force of circumstances they were compelled to, in which case they either enlisted in the union army or acted as union scouts or guides. They were not wealthy, nor yet poor. Their wants being few and simple they were easily satisfied and were contented if they had enough to eat and wear. If from year to year they could make "both ends meet" they were satisfied and did not see the need of anything more. While many of this class were illiterate, some were educated, and though lacking the "polish" of the highly cultured, were possessed of a genuine hospitality seldom, if ever found in the higher or lower classes. They were as a class much superior to the "white trash" of the lower in everything that goes to make up good society.

Don't you know to have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder. Hood's Pills may be had by mail for 25c, of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell Mass.

On the Death of Mrs G W Hummel
Our mother's eyes are closed in death,
Her voice is forever stilled;
A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled.
Our mother from our home is gone,
She will not return again;
But what is our great loss,
Is her eternal gain.
Oh mother dear, we never knew
The love we had for you,
Until your voice was stilled in death;
Your face was hid from view.
Oh mother dear, we will walk
The path your dear feet have tread;
And clasp and hold on that bright shore,
And see your glory crown'd in head.
When earthly hopes give way,
And we are called to mourn;
How blessed the thought
That we can lean upon the Saviour's arm.
—Mrs. W. M. H.

Use
Haller's Barb Wire Liniment for all cuts on horses and cattle; it is the best on earth. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

Obituary.
Written in loving remembrance of our sister Fannie.
Dearest Fannie you have left us,
When your work was nearly done,
But we know that love bereft us,
Of the jewel heaven has won.
We shall ask in vain for gladness,
And your smiles to cheer our way;
Nothing can banish hours of sadness,
While we grieve for you each day.
Dear sister, you now wander,
Where the flowers are sweet in bloom,
While we stay on earth to ponder,
O'er our loss with hearts in gloom.
We would wish you back to cheer us,
With our loving words again,
We would have our sister near us
But to ask would be in vain.
Dearest sister we can never meet you
In this vale of tears,
But it shall not be forever,
Parting ends, with coming years.
And we know the pain and sorrow,
Brings us nearer to that home,
Where there is a long tomorrow,
And our Father bids us come.
Dear sister you have left us,
If we your loss we deeply feel,
But it is God that has bereft us,
He can all our sorrow heal.
Peaceful be your silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low,
You no more will join our number,
You no more our songs shall know.
Rest dear sister rest,
Your tolls and cares are o'er,
And sorrow, pain, and suffering,
Cannot distress you more.
Sister you have gone to rest,
And this shall be our prayer,
That when we reach our journey's end,
Your glory we may share.
Oh! may we meet our dear sister,
Singing songs of praise and love,
Oh! may we join the glorious anthems,
To the angels' choir above.
Oh God! grant that we may meet her,
Grant that we may know her there,
When we cross the rolling river,
To the land so free from care.
Yet again we hope to meet her,
When the days of life are fled,
Then in Heaven we will greet you,
Where no farewell tears are shed.
MARY KRALIK.

How's This!
We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.—F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.—West & Treax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walling, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Resolutions.
At a meeting of the ladies of the G. A. R. lodge held September 8th, 1893, the following resolutions were adopted:
WHEREAS: The Divine Ruler in his supreme wisdom has deemed it best to remove from our number, our sister Mrs. Margie Graham. Therefore be it,
RESOLVED: That on account of her death, our lodge has lost a willing and effective member, and while we know the loss of a sister so dearly loved, we mourn for one worthy our respect and tears.
RESOLVED: That to the bereaved family we extend our heart felt sympathy and commend them for comfort to him who doeth all things well.
RESOLVED: That in memory of our departed sister, our lodge charter be draped in mourning, also that a copy of these resolutions, of the deceased be presented to the family, and also, that they be spread upon the records of the lodge.
ELEANORA L. REID,
NETTIE BEAVER,
MARY C. MAHAFFEY, } Committee.

Transfers.
(By J. H. Bailey)
Christina Kopish and husband to Henry Elfing, Lot 3 Blk 1 Sweeney's add to Blue Hill wd 75 00
C. B. & Q. R. R. Co. to Wm. J. Thomas, s 1/2 nw 1/4 5-2-12 wd. 640 00
Katie Kinsey to John S. Hoover and C. L. Stone Lot 2 Blk 3 Hoover's add to Blue Hill wd. 50 00
Samuel B. Newmyer and wife to Hiram P. King Lot 8 and part Lot 9 Blk 8 Vance's add to Guide Rock wd. 500 00
Charles S. Gregory and wife to Delina La Porte ne 1/4 19-4-12. 1100 00
J. B. Page and wife to Hannah J. Garber Lots 4 and 5 Blk 4 Guide Rock wd. 1000 00
Total.....\$3325 00

The good die young—but they are using Haller's little German Pills now and honest men will soon be a drug in the market. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

McNITT will exchange flour and feed at cash prices, for corn, oats or potatoes at market prices.

TAYLOR keeps the largest and best selected stock of wall paper ever brought to Red Cloud.

All fancy rockers 15 per cent discount of 30 days. F. V. TAYLOR.
See W. W. Wright's for the finest gasoline stoves in the city of Red Cloud.

New hay can be had by leaving orders with McNITT.

Among the incidents of childhood that stand out in bold relief, as our memory reverts to the days when we were young, none are more prominent than severe sickness. The young mother vividly remembers that it was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured her of croup, and in turn administered to her own offspring and always with the best results. For sale by Deyo & Grice.

We would call
Your attention to the fact that we have the Largest and most complete stock of
DRUGS AND BOOKS
In the City.
Also Wall Paper, Prints and Oils, Stationery, Pocket Knives, Razors, and Notions of all kinds,
Our prices are the lowest and we guarantee satisfaction. Come and see.
C. L. COTTING.

C. M. CALMES,
THE BAKER,
Red Cloud, Nebraska,
Wants your patronage.
He keeps Fresh Bread and Cookies, Candies, Tobaccos, Cigars, Lunches, &c,
Three doors south of F. & M. Bank.

G. V. MATKINS,
Dealer in Second-Hand Goods
First door north of Moon Block,
If you want bargains you should not fail to call and see me. for I have them.

Fort Abstract Co., Red Cloud,
L. H. FORT, Manager.
Abstracts of Title
Furnished to all Lands in Webster County, Accurately and ON SHORT NOTICE.
Having had ten years experience in county records and one of the most complete sets of Abstract books in the state, we guarantee satisfaction. Your favors solicited. All orders filled promptly. 10,000 dollar bond filed and approved. Address or call on L. H. FORT MANAGER, Red Cloud, Neb.

Republican Caucus.
The republican caucus of Red Cloud precinct will be held, Saturday September 23d, at 2 o'clock p. m. Nomination of township officers same day including, supervisor, town clerk, assessor, two constables, two justices, and four road supervisors. Porter Hedge, chairman.

Republican Caucus.
The Garfield township Republican caucus will be held, September 21st, at the Mayor school house, district number 13 at 5 p. m. J. B. Stanser, chairman.

First Ward Caucus.
The republican voters of the 1st ward, are called to meet in the rooms over the postoffice, Monday Sept 25th, at 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing eleven delegates to the county convention to be held in Red Cloud, Sept 27th, 1893, and any other business that may be necessary.—M. B. McNITT, Com.

Republican Caucus.
The republican electors of Batin township will meet at the Anderson school house at 2 o'clock, Saturday, September 23, for the purpose of electing delegates to the county convention, and transacting such other business that may come before the caucus.—James Anderson, Committee.

From Our Exchanges.
Elmer Patterson spent Sunday in Red Cloud.—Press.
Miss Willa Cather of Red Cloud was guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Matheny over Sunday.—Press.
Mrs. E. B. Smith who was called up from Red Cloud by the death of Gladys Burnett, returned home yesterday morning.—McCook Tribune.

Closing out Sa
I desire to close out the entire stock of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
Formerly owned by S. F. Spokesfield during the next
30 Days.
You can buy everything we have CHEAP, and some things at your own price. Money buys, and we must have the Cash before the goods leave the store.
Call at Spokesfield's Old Stand and see what we can do for you.

Red Cloud Produce Company's price list:
Best high patent flour per sack, .95c
Good No 2 " " " .90c
Bran per 100 lbs .50c
Shorts " " " .40c
Chopped feed (corn and oats) .75c
Corn meal (bolled) per sack, .20c
" " " " " .20c
Old oats per bushel, .15c
Corn " " " .25c
Best Michigan fine salt per bbl. \$1.35
Free delivery.

WANTED: Men to sell our hardy varieties of Nursery Stock, our own growing. Salary or commission. Answer with references, L. G. Bragg & Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

If you know of a man with a small family, who wants to live on a farm, and either rent or work for wages next year, send him to Geo. R. Chaney.

A. O. BERG,
GRANT USHER,
Agents for
C. M. Wetherald,
Mortgagee.