

#### UNCLE SNOWBALL

"Personal Rekolleksbuns" of as Army Cook Who Viewed the War from the Rear.

All mewels is cussid. De most of dem to cussider dan de udders. Caliber 65 wuz far and away de cussidest one ob de hull lot. He could turn jack fur de udders, and gib dem high and low, and yit beat dem out ob de game of cussidness ebbery time. I don't believe in meracies es a jineral rule, and yit it wuz alluz a meracle to me how much cussidness could be crammed into one mewel's hide widdout swellin' him bigger'n a

Most ob de time Caliber 65'd be so patient and good and innersunt dat I'd lub him like a brudder. He'd tote ebbery t'ing I could pile onto him and me on top all day widdout a grunt, and trot erlong at de head ob de colyum, so's I'd be de fust one inter camp when we'd stop, and hab Mistuh Joe's suppeh ready foh him afore anybody else's. He'd be hongrier'n a meat ax foh corn and hay, and yit wag his little paint brush tail like a dog's when I'd tote him an arm load ob cottonwood brush foh his suppeh. He'd flop eround dem saddlebag ears ob his'n in a pleased,



ME AN' CALIBER 65.

thankful way, ez if I'd brung him de best fodder dar waz in Virginny, and dem great big, soft, lamblike eyes ob his'n'd turn on me ez if he'd say: "You's a jewel and my best friend. I nebber kin lub you enuf."

But a'ter de surgeon had fixed up my bones t'ree or four times, I larned, in bitterness ob heart, dat when be looked at me dat a-way I'd better keep a mile from his beels, and hab a big club

For days afore we made dat forced night march t'rough Snicker's Gap tuh head off de rebels from Washington. Caliber 65 had been so awful good dat I wuz skeered. I knowed he wuz layin' fur sumfin, but what dat sumfin wuz I couldn't goess. Dat wnz de dumbfuscation ob it. You nebber could tell when and whar he'd break out. He wuz cunninger dan a sheep-killin' dog.

Dat night ebberybody and ebberything wuz a-pilin through Snicker's Gap ez if de world wuz comin' tuh an end. It wuz "Forward! Forward! Quick time! Double-quick!" ebbery minnit wid men and teams and cannons. I wuz ridin' on Caliber 65, on top ob a hull lot ob camp truck, and he wuz doin' jest splendid. I wuz ahead ob ebberybody else, jest behind de rear ob de regiment, and in front ob de ambulances and company wagons. We'd dun come tuh dat place you'll remember whar it's a steep rock all de way down on one side, and a steep cliff straight up on de udder, wid only room enuf foh de road. Dar's only one sich place in de gap, and ebberybody knows it. De night waz ez dark ez pitch, and Caliber 65 had nebber been dar afore in his life, but dat blimmed fool smartness a mewel has told him dar wuz his chance. I done felt him sot his forelegs down solid and stiff, and stop. My hair riz, fur I knowed what wuz com-

De ambulance driver run into us, but Caliber 65 nigh kicked the head offen bofe his horses in two sweeps, widdout budgin' his forefeet more'n if dey'd growed dar.

'Go ahead dar, you mullet-headed son of a Senegambian slush-biler, wid your measly, mamp-faced mewel," swore de ambulance driver. De fust thing dat I could lay my hands on wuz de frying pan. I pulled it out and begin larrupin Caliber 65 ober his head. I knowed it'd be no use toward movin him till he got ready, but it relieved my feelings.

De udder ambulance bumped into de head one, and he swore wuss dan de udders, ez wuz his privilege. De company wagons bumped into the headquarters' wagon, but dey didn't dare to tuh cuss de headquarters' teamster ez dey wanted tuh, but took it out on one anudder. De wagon master he cum up, and swore wuss dan all ob dem put tugedder, which wuz his right.

He wanted to git at me, and frow de mewel and me ober de cliff into de gully below, but de road wuz so narrow he couldn't pass de wagons, and had tub take it out in swearin'.

Den de aids begin tub come up, wid: "De ginerul's compliments, and what de hell's de matter?"

Dey talked ob doin all sorts ob awful things. Some wanted tub send a company through de woods on de udder side, so's tuh shoot acrost and kill de mule. Some wanted tub send men up ou top ob de hill tuh heave rocks down and smash him. None ob dem talked ob slippin' up behind de mewel. Dey'd bin long in de army fob dat. Caliber | Chicago Evening News.

65's heels kept de ground in de rear clear ob all comers. Nobody seemed de culled gentleman on de mewel while dey wuz a-killin him. Dar wuz too many niggers round de army, anyhow. One

wouldn't be missed. After a couple hours I'd quit poundin Caliber 65 wid de fryin pan, 'kase I wuz done tired out and'd settled down dat I not to be explained we would march wuz tuh die somehow, and dat very soon, when suddenly, ez if he'd jest thought ob it, he picked up his fore feet and went trottin erlong ez if he wuz in ez big a hurry ez anybody else tuh save isfaction we should fight another and Washington from de rebels.

Eberrybody wuz too tired dat night mewel and me, ez dey wanted tuh. De umph. next day dey had a power ob udder things tuh think erbout-more important dan all de mewels and all de niggers dis side ob Kingdom Come .-National Tribune.

# BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

It Brought Disaster Upon the Old Man's Hog Pen and Hen Roost.

I stopped at the farmhouse on the battlefield of Chickamauga and asked the old farmer sitting on the doorstep if he lived there when the battle was fought and could give me any particulars about it.

"Yes, sub-lived right yere," he replied as he stood up, "and I shall never forgit that fout. When I got up in the mawnin' and when out to milk I seen about 1,000,000 Yankee soldiers around." "Thar' was 4,000,000 of 'em, Samuel."

corrected his wife. "Yes, 4,000,000, sah, and they had guns and swords and was powerful mad about suthin'. I was lookin' around for the cow when a monstrously powerful gineral rode up to me and axed if they might hev a fout on my land. I told him I'd see the ole woman and let him know."

"And I said I reckoned they mought, if they'd be keerful of the garden sa'ss and not let the pigs out," added the

"Yes, that's what you said," con-tinued the husband, "and when I went out to feed the hawgs I told the gineral so. He seemed powerful pleased about it and said he wouldn't forgit my kindness. I was feedin' the calf when another monstrously powerful gineral rode up and wanted to know if he could git some breakfast. I told him I'd see the ole woman and let him know."

"And I said he could if he paid fur it," put in the wife.

"Yes, that's exactly what you said, Hanner, and I went out and told him so He smiled and bowed and made his hoss prance around, and bimeby he cum in He ate six 'taters, three slices of fried pork and a monstrous sight of bread and butter. I axed him if he was mad at the confeds, and he said he was. axed him why, and he said he'd dun forgot, but was mad all over jest the same and was bound to give 'em down the kentry. I told him it was again the Bible to fight."

"So did I," added the wife.

and he didn't deny it. He was jest goin' to pay fur his breakfast when another monstrously powerful gineral rode up and axes fur me and wants to know if he kin fout on my land. He was a confed, and he was bustin' mad. I told him I'd see the ole woman about it and let him know."

"And I says he kin fout if he didn't tip over the rain bar'l or break down the plum trees."

"That's what you said, Hanner, and I'll swear to it, and the Yankee was so upsot that he went away and didn't pay fur his breakfast. Then the confed said he was hungry, and he ate five 'taters,



STRANGERT

to' slices of fried pork and heaps and heaps of bread and butter. I axed him of the Atlanta campaign in May. what he was mad at, and he said them dratted Yanks had stole his feather bed. I told him it was agin the Bible to fout, but he didn't keer shucks. He was eatin' away when a man steps in and says the fout was ready to be fitten. and the monstrously powerful gineral fast."

"But I told yo' to go arter him," said the wife.

"Yes, Hanner, you did, and I went along, but jest then the fout begun, more than enough. Sakes alive, but I never want to see another sich time!"

"What did you see?" I asked.

"Why, the awfulest, powerfulest sights in the world, sah. They tore springing at each other's throats. Bun down the hogpen, upsot the hen roest. wrecked the mewl shed and tramped that, hats and coats would go off. If all my garden sass into the airth, and if evenly matched, the victor at the end I hadn't stood right thar' with a club of the fight would be almost as exhaustthey'd hev stole all our soft soap and ed as the defeated, and as unfortunate bard cider."

"And is that all?"

"Is that all? Why, what ar' yo' look in' fur, stranger? Mebbe yo'd druther sumbody else would tell yo' about this

fout-sumbody who wasn't yere!" "Yes, mebbe he'd druther!" added the wife, as I started for the gate .-

#### LULLS IN BATTLE.

tub keer a fleeter what happened tub During the Hottest Engagements of the Civil War There Came Moments of Quiet.

"When we enlisted in April, 1861," I'll warrant. They sends their washin' said the captain, "our company be- out. lieved in some way not understood and immediately with the rest of our division to some selected apot and fight a buttle with the confederates, and that when this had been settled to our satanother until the end of three months, when, with a score of victories to our when we got tuh camp tuh kill de credit, we would march home in tri-

> "As a matter of fact the three months expired before we fired a gun, and our first real battle came upon us after 11 months' seasoning in marches and skirmishes. After a leisurely march across Kentucky and Tennessee, with some experiences that made us believe ourselves invincible, we plunged, with slight warning, into the battle of Shiloh. It was like being caught in a cyclone, bewildering and terrifying, but in blind obedience we did what was expected of us, and at the end waited for the next battle, which we believed would follow quick on the beels of the first. But there came a lull in which officers and men relaxed. and in which the army took what the boys called picnic excursious after an enemy that evaded us. Then in the course of six months we engaged in a foot race with Bragg's army back across Tennessee and Kentucky, and were caught in the thunderstorm at

Perryville with no umbrellas up. "There came another lull and more marching and, at the end of two months of waiting, Stone River. That was a terrible struggle between two welldisciplined armies, each 50,000 strong, and men lived three years in three days. But after the storm came another calm. When our regiment moved through and beyond Murfreesboro two days after the battle we felt sure we would strike the enemy at the crossing of every stream. After we had marched three or four miles what seemed to be a squadron of cavalry bore down upon us from the front. But instead of deploying into line of battle we came to the front face on the side of the road | World. and presented arm to Gen. Rosecrans.

"Old Rosy was in excellent spirits, and as he rode along the line said: 'I remember you, boys, in West Virginia, and made remarks complimenting the regiment to his chief of staff. After this meeting we knew that fighting for the possession of Murfreesboro was over, but we supposed we were to pursue the enemy. We marched rapidly for ten or twelve miles and that night | used to be." with the other regiments of our brigade formed in line of battle along a high ridge facing the Cripple Creek valley The next day we lounged in the thick growth of small cedars awaiting orders, so we supposed, to attack. But the next day our wagons came up, tents were pitched, and we remained there six months, gradually whipping the ridge into a formidable fortified

camp. "Early in July we swung forward and drove the enemy to the line of the Tennessee and marched and countermarched in the mountainous country to the south of Chattanooga with as little anxiety as though we were on a pienie excursion. Even when we crossed the Tennessee river and flanked the enemy out of Chattanooga the men were unconcerned and fro.iosome, and they continued in this mood until they Post. were caught in the storm of battle at Chickamauga. This came eight months and eighteen days after Stone River. Then came a lull of nearly two



REMEMBER YOU, BOYS, IN WEST VIRGINIA.

months, and the battle of Chatta nooga was fought. This was followed by a period of rest from fighting for most of the army until the opening

"After the battle of Resacn the march on Atlanta was almost a continuous skirmish. After the capture of Atlanta there was a lull for the army of the Cumberland until the battles of Franklin and Nashville. Our regiment, which had expected to fight half a hurries out and don't pay for his break- dozen battles in as many months, really participated in only eight battles in four years. At the utmost limit we were in service 1,460 days. We spent 14 of these in actual battle, but this was

> "When two armies came together in battle it was like two strong, wrathful, well-clad men, loaded with bundles, meeting on Madison street bridge, and dles would be thrown this way and in the matter of clothes and bundles. If the man who had been whipped had strength enough to walk away, his antagonist might not have strength enough to follow him."-Chicago Inter

An Old-Timer. The sun-dial is one of the old-timers. Chicago Daily News.

# Poverty and Pride.

Mr. Minks-Have you called on the new neighbors next door? Mrs. Minks-Indeed I haven't, nor I won't, neither. They're the trashiest who is able to cook." kind of people-poor as church mice,

"What of that?" "I s'pose they is ashamed to show the

rags in their own yard."-N. Y. Weekly. So Unkind of Mrs. Jenkinson, Wife-Dear me, it's a rainy Satur-

day, and I'll have the children racing about the house all day and breaking Husband-What have you usually

done on rainy Saturdays?

play with Mrs. Jenkinson's children, sne has moved away. - Stray Stories.

Wife-I have usually sent them in to

A Work of Art. She's a charming little witch, And she does a fancy stitch On a crazy patchwork cushion that is the envy of her mother;

But it would make you smile, To behold the wondrous style hich she stitched a patch upon the trousers of her brother. -Chicago Daily News.

OTHER VICTIMS.



Thomas-My dear, it's a shame the way that creature howls! If I had a bootjack I'd throw it at her, and then perhaps we'd get some sleep .- N. Y.

A Cynical View. This life is a delusive cheat; When we have solved the question Of what is safe for us to eat We die of indigestion.
-N. Y. World.

Easily Remedied. "What is the matter?" asked the prima donna's friend, "You don't seem nearly as clever and original as you

"I'm so glad you mentioned it, dear. I haven't been reading the papers lately; but I'll charge my press agent at once."-Washington Star.

#### Business Transaction.

"I see by the papers that old Bullion's heiress was married yesterday to that French edunt." "That so? Who gave the bride

away?" one was sold. covered this morning that he is not a

# count,"-Omaña World-Herald.

Not Realism. "I thought you said this was a realistic novel.'

thing th-that made m-m-my hair sthand up straight. Mrs. Bender-Well, that shows your

heir is better off than you are. It can ctand up straight.-Chicago Daily

# Then Silence Reigned.

"I see beef if firm," remarked the landlady, looking up from the morning paper.

"Very firm, indeed!" grunted the thin boarder, continuing his efforts to dismember the steak .- N. Y. Journal.

# Hateful Thing.

"There are very few woman orators, ren't there?" "Why, I don't know. I had the impression that the great majority of women were great talkers."-Philadel-

#### phia Bulletin. Afraid to Take Chances.

"If you think he wants to marry you for your money why don't you tell him that your father has failed and that you are consequently penniless?"

"I'm afraid I'd lose him."-Chicago Post.

# Pedantic.

The Baby-Goo, goo, oo, oo! Mother-Just hear that child talk. What must people think of him? Father (very modestly)-Perhaps he seems pedantic to others.-Detroit Journal.

#### Literary Hint. Scribbler-I'm going to write a book

that will make folks talk. Friend-That isn't what's needed. Sit down and write one that will make folks shut up .- Town Topics.

Willing to the End. She-Although my father is rich, I have never cared for wealth but as a means to an end. He-Well, I'm ready to go as end man

at a moment's notice.—Stray Stories.

#### The Difficult Shopper. First Clerk-What a tiresome cus-

omer that woman is! Second Clerk-Yes; she always knows what she wants, and she won't take anything else.-Chicago Record.

#### Optimism. "I shall never marry," said the bach-

"You always were optimistie." returned the benedict.-Chicago Times-

What He Was Looking For. "I tell you, sir," he said, "the girls of to-day are not properly educated. Before I marry I want to find a girl

"Yes?" returned the other, disinterestedly.

"Don't you?" "Can't say that I care particularly about that.'

"What kind of a girl do you want, then?"

"What kind do I want? Oh, I want a girl who is able to hire a cook, and incidentally a butler and a coachman and a footman, and all the rest that go to make life comfortable."-Chicago

#### Reward of Merit.

Railroad President-That was a bad accident, but it might have been a thousand times worse. Suppose those cars had taken fire! Phew! Why didn't they? Superintendent-A lazy brakeman

had let the fires go out. President-Raise his salary .- N. Y. Weekly.

Biblical Information. "Now, boys," said the Sunday school teacher, "can any of you name the three great feasts of the Jews?"

"Yes'm," replied one little fellow. "Very well, Johnny. What are they?" "Breakfast, dinner and supper," was the unconsciously logical reply.-Tit-

#### Comparison. McSwatters-Why are you always

borrowing knives and dishes of your neighbors? Haven't you got everything you need in the house? Mrs. McSwatters-Yes, but I want to know if theirs is as good as ours.

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