

# SOLDIERS AT HOME.

## THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Hero of Both Armies Whined Away His Life in Camp—Fighting Repetitions, Strains, Stomach Troubles—Shooting Games on the Battlefield.

Used Their Brains to Save Their Heads  
During reconstruction days Captain Rube Clark and his lieutenant, Reynolds, guerrillas, were cast into prison and sentenced to be shot. Clark had powerful friends, who were confident of his release, but Reynolds, from Memphis, was without hope of success. The prison at Knoxville, Tenn., was an iron cage in a big room, whose window had no sign of a glass, and through the long winter Clark and Reynolds were confined there. For several months they suffered the agonies of the damned. At last as the time for Reynolds' execution approached it was noticed that he was going crazy. Clark declares to this day that Reynolds did not touch a morsel of food for three weeks. He would moan and sigh and twist his thumbs after the manner of a crazy person, recognize no one and laugh insanely in Clark's face whenever he tried to console him. Clark was sure of his insanity. Army surgeons and local physicians passed upon the case and Reynolds was finally discharged as a lunatic.

Clark's friends finally secured his release and hurried him out of Knoxville. Two entered a carriage with him—two of his old soldiers—and drove toward the mountains as hard as possible in the dead of night. Reaching a house in a dense forest, they stopped and asked him to follow them to a back room. The halls were darkened, and in the room there was only the light of a candle. On the bed in the corner lay a man, moaning, sighing, twisting his thumbs and giving other evidences of insanity. Clark recognized Reynolds.

"Poor, poor fellow," he said, leaning over the lieutenant to stroke his forehead. A tear came in his eye as he looked at the wreck of his faithful officer.

One of the soldiers shut the door, locked it and approached the bedside. "It's all right, Reynolds, this is the captain," he whispered.

Reynolds tore off the blanket, sprang up with a glad cry, and threw his arms around Clark's neck.

"Great God, Captain, didn't I do it well?" he said.

They made all possible haste and soon reached New Orleans, where Clark felt that Reynolds would be comparatively safe. One night as they left the opera and had reached a lamp in the street an officer touched Clark on the shoulder.

"I want you," he said. "Make no fuss about it, but come quietly."

Clark pinched Reynolds' arm and signified that he must fly. The lieutenant needed no second warning. Then Clark asked the officer what he was wanted for.

"Hanging," said the latter. "I have been on your trail for three weeks."

"But maybe you have the wrong man. My name is Reuben Clark."

The officer took from his pocket a photograph of Reynolds and examined it and Clark under the lamp. Instantly he saw his mistake and began to swear.

"That is a likeness of my friend, who has just left us," said Clark, coolly. "His name is—"

"Reynolds," shouted the officer. "I've got the wrong man!"

Well, Reynolds was never caught. He is living in Memphis to-day. I believe, and has grown rich. Clark is here, too, but that long term in the iron cage affected his mind, and he is the most absent-minded man in America.—New York Press.

### Lyon and Jackson.

In a graphic way Col. John A. Joyce tells in the St. Louis Republic about an interview between Lyon and Governor Claiborne Jackson. Rather, he tells it as he remembers General Blair's telling it to him. Whether it is exact history or not may be left to those who may have opportunities for investigation. Here is what Joyce gives as Blair's account:

"Well, there isn't much to tell. It was short, sharp, decisive. There were only six of us present. 'Clab,' Jackson, the Governor, Sterling Price and Tom Sneed represented the Confederate cause, while Lyon, Major Conant and myself stood out for the Union. Lyon opened the ball by saying that I would do the talking for the Government, as the authorities at Washington had confidence in my loyalty. Governor Jackson first said: 'I do not want the Government to enlist troops in Missouri or march its soldiers across the State.'

"I could see that the only reason Jackson asked for the conference at all was to gain time and make sure Missouri should enter rebellion. We talked pro and con for about three hours, and the more we talked the further apart we found ourselves.

"I could see by the flash of Lyon's eyes and his compressed lips that he was getting madder and madder as the discussion progressed, and while he suggested that I should do the talking, he soon took the lead himself, and threw out his national ideas like hot shells out of a cannon.

"I saw at once that the fiery Captain was about to break up the conference, when, finally, in reply to Governor Jackson, he said: 'Rather than concede to the State of Missouri the right to demand that the national government shall not enlist troops within her borders or bring soldiers into the State whenever it pleases and move them at its will into, out of, or through the State; rather than concede to the State

of Missouri for one single moment the right to dictate to my government in any matter, however trivial, I would see (pointing to each of us) you, and you, and you, and every man, woman and child in the State dead and buried.'

"Then, pointing directly at Governor Jackson, he said: 'This means war! In an hour one of my officers will call and give you safe conduct through my lines.'

"And then, turning on his heel, without a look or word, he rushed out of the room with rattling spurs and clanking sabers, the personification of Napoleonic defiance and action.

"We looked at each other in blank amazement for a few moments, made a few personal remarks, when Conant and myself bid good-by to our Jefferson City friends, and from that moment to the close of the civil war we were open enemies."

Balchlava and Chancellorsville.  
Letter to Kearney Republican: Your interesting reference to the Crimean war brings to mind Tennyson's lines, which have immortalized the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

No one who was present in the ranks, as was the writer, can well forget the opening fire of "Stonewall" Jackson's 20,000 veterans when he surprised Hooker's right after sunset at Chancellorsville in 1863. This wing of the army was rolled back upon itself with frightful loss and confusion by the advancing rush of the Confederates. For a time the worst fears were entertained by those who were in immediate command of the Union forces.

At this moment Major Keenan, with about 800 cavalry, was ordered to the charge "to hold the enemy back at all cost" until the guns then "parked on the hill" were "placed" to save the army. The order was well understood by this brave officer and immediately executed, 300 against "twice 10,000 gallant foes." Keenan's command was annihilated, "nor came one back his wounds to tell." The following is a selection from the lines, "Keenan's Charge, Chancellorsville, 1863," which should be read and remembered.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,  
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,  
And strong brown faces bravely pale  
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,  
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close  
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came  
To the edge of the wood that was ring'd  
With flames;

Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell;  
Nor came one back his wounds to tell,  
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall  
In the gloom, like a martyr sweating his fall,

While the circle stroke of his saber,  
swung

'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.

Line after line, aye, whole platoons,  
Struck dead in their saddles, or brave  
dragoons,

By the maddened horses were onward borne  
And into the vortex swung, trampled and torn;

As Keenan fought with his men, side by side,  
So they rode until there were no more to ride,  
But o'er them, lying there, shattered and mute,

What deep echo rolls? 'Tis a death salute  
From the cannon in place; for, heroes,  
you braved  
Your fate not in vain; the army was saved!

### ALFRED KING.

#### Trusted the Prisoner.

"When I was in Washington last, five years ago," said Gen. Chipman, "I had a delightful meeting with Col. W. I. Avery, of Georgia, which recalled one of the most romantic incidents of my career in the army."

"I had been pretty badly shot up at Donelson, and at Corinth found it necessary to take a resting spell, being unfit for active service. A citizen of that place tendered me the hospitalities of his home, which I gladly accepted, for there were but few comforts in the hospital. While recuperating from my wounds I became acquainted with a young Confederate captain of cavalry named Avery. He was a prisoner, but was allowed the freedom of the place on his word of honor. I never saw a man so eager to get back to his command to resume fighting, and I soon began to take an interest in him. He implored me to get him an exchange, for he would not accept freedom on condition of not bearing arms against the Union.

"This was a hard thing to do, but I finally got our general's consent to this proposition: That if Avery could secure the release of a certain Union colonel the Confederates had captured, he might remain with his own people; he was to be passed through the lines, and if he failed to have the Federal officer released inside of thirty days, then he was to come back and give himself up. To this offer he gave his solemn assurance, and we let him go. I doubted very much whether he would succeed, for the exact locality of the Union colonel was unknown, but I would have staked my life on Avery's honor.

"Well, he had a long and tedious search for the man he wanted, and as the time was nearly up, had started back, almost heartbroken at his failure. He would make his word good and put himself once more in the hands of the enemy. But fortune was on his side; in an out-of-the-way place in Western Georgia he came across the Yankee he had been searching for so eagerly, and there were two very happy men when that meeting took place. The Georgian went back to his company, and when the war ended was colonel of a regiment."—Washington Post.

No man can be happy without a friend, nor be sure of his friend till he is unfortunate.

### HE FELT INSULTED.

#### Old The French Exception to Criticism of His Ability as a Cook.

"I was in a little village in the southern part of Humboldt County a few days ago," related a traveling man, and was sitting on a dry goods box in front of the only store in the place trying to sell the proprietor a bill of goods, when we observed a bare-headed man tearing down the trail a quarter of a mile up the mountain.

"Wonder what's arter 'im," mused the store-keeper, as he stopped the progress of his jackknife in the middle of a shingle.

"Bang! went a rifle, and a little cloud of dust flew up behind the man who was running. He jumped about ten feet sideways, let out a yell and then came bounding down the trail. Bang! went another shot, and a bunch of leaves dropped from a bush over his head. Then we saw a grizzled old mountaineer a couple of hundred yards farther up the mountain in hot pursuit. Every time he caught sight of the fleeing man he stopped and took a shot at him. A couple of minutes later a San Francisco attorney staggered into the store and begged for protection.

"What's the matter?" asked the store-keeper.

"He's trying—to murder—me!" gasped the attorney, as he crawled under a counter.

"The store-keeper locked the doors just as the pursuer came up.

"What's the trouble, Ike?" he inquired through the chink of the door.

"Where's that thar varmint?"

"Let me at 'im. Let me burn a trail through his vitals," yelled the old hunter.

"What's he been a-doin'?"

"Why, he came along by our camp this mornin', an' bin' 'bout-pit-able, as you an' I write to line us at breakfast," an' what did the blamed ungrateful snake do but up an' declar' that a frog-sent Frenchman as runs restaurants in Frisco made better bread than I could cook in a fryin' pan. Let me at 'im, an' I'll put a biscuit in his stomach what'll cook him."

"Old Ike was pacified, and he started reluctantly up the trail, stopping occasionally to look back to see if he couldn't get another shot at the varmint."—San Francisco Post.

### A Russian Hero.

The hero of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 was Gen. Skobelev, the "white general," as all called him, the "Intelligible general," as some of his devoted Russian soldiers named him. His great strength lay in his power over his private soldiers. He was their comrade as well as their officer, says the author of "Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century," and was never weary in seeing that his men were well-fed, warmly clothed, and comfortable. Countless incidents are told of Skobelev's kindness—how he would take a wounded soldier beside him in his carriage, or sling his cloak over another as he lay on the ground; or how he would dismount from his white charger, and march with a weary regiment, reviving its spirits with gay talk.

Skobelev always wore a white coat and rode a white horse, that he might be conspicuous to his own men during a battle. He went everywhere, exposing himself. His soldiers believed him invulnerable.

One wounded soldier solemnly assured a Sister of Mercy that he had seen the bullet that shattered his own arm pass through the body of his general.

"I must show my men how badly the Turks aim," he said once when standing as a target to the enemy.

Cruelty to a horse was almost as abhorrent to Skobelev as brutality to a man. When ordered to retreat he would sheathe his sword, send his white charger to the front, and remain on foot the last man in the rear, saying, "They shall not harm my horse unless he is advancing against the enemy."

"No man can feel comfortable in facing death," he has been heard to say, "who does not believe in God and have hope of a life to come." Each evening in the camp he stood bareheaded, taking part in the evening service, which was chanted by fifty or sixty of his soldiers.

No wonder this noble, fearless leader was both admired and feared by the enemy and adored by his own soldiers.

### Night Work.

It has always been said that the engineer of a railway train has a great deal of unpleasant responsibility, but according to a little incident told by an engineer, the wife of a man in his occupation has her trials as well.

"It's trying work on the mind, sir, is engine-driving," said the engineer, in reply to some friendly questions, "and it ain't all over with when I go home, either. The switches and signal-lights and side-tracks get into my head, sir, and they bother me when I'm asleep."

"And they bother my wife, too, sometimes," he added. "The other night she waked me up crying, 'Murder! Murder! Are you trying to kill me, Henry? And there I was, sir, pulling her arm almost out of its socket, with my foot braced against the foot-board, trying to reverse!'"

### Commerce on the Jordan.

According to consular reports, it is the intention of the Turkish authorities at Jerusalem to establish a steamship line on the Dead Sea. The existence of asphalt in that region has been ascertained, and it is supposed that petroleum will be found also. A rational development of the Jordan valley from Lake Tiberias down and especially the opening up of the rich mineral resources of the Dead Sea basin is considered a very profitable undertaking, for which, however, foreign capital will hardly be found, as the legal status of property holders in those regions is very unsafe.

An energetic woman must be terribly trying to live with.



## SORDID SIDE OF LIFE.

THE peasant stood face to face with the doctor in the background, near the bed of the dying. The old woman, calm, resigned, regarded the two men and listened to their talk. She was about to die, but the thought was not revolting. She was 92 and her days were over.

Through the open door and window streamed the July sun, spreading its warm rays over the brown, earthen floor, furrowed and beaten down by the wooden shoes of four generations of rustics. The odors of the fields drifted in, borne on the scorching breeze, the smell of grasses, wheat and leaves burned by the noonday heat. The clicking sound of the grasshoppers made was clear and distinct.

Raising his voice, the doctor said: "Honore, you cannot leave your mother all alone in this state. She may pass away at any moment."

The peasant grumbled: "Must get in my wheat. Been too long in the fields already. The weather's just right. What do you say, mother?"

The old, dying woman, still possessing the avarice of a Normandy peasant, nodded "Yes," urging her son to get in his wheat and to leave her to die alone.

But the doctor became angry and stamped his foot. "You are nothing but a brute, and I'll not allow you to do it, do you hear? If you have to get in your wheat to-day, go and find Mother Rapet, parbleu! and let her watch your mother. I wish it, do you hear? If you don't, I'll let you die like a dog when it comes your turn to die—when your turn comes to be ill—do you hear that?"

The peasant, a tall, spare man, tortured by indecision, by fear of the doctor, and the fierce love of saving, hesitated, calculated and blurted out: "How much will La Rapet ask to watch?"

"Do you suppose I know," exclaimed the doctor. "That depends on how long you want her for. Arrange that yourself with her, morbleu! but I want her to be here in an hour, understand," and he went out.

When the peasant was alone he turned toward his mother and said in a resigned voice: "I'm going to get La Rapet, because that man wants her. Don't budge till I get back."

And he left the roof.

La Rapet, an old woman, watched the dead and dying of the commune and its environs. Then, when she had wrapped her clients in the clothes they were never to leave, she took up her iron to press the garments of the living.

Wrinkled as a last year's apple, evil-minded, jealous, avaricious in the extreme, bent double, as if she had become broken by continually bending over the ironing-board, one might say that she had a sort of love for witnessing the agony of the dying.

She could only talk of people she had seen expire, of the variety of ways they had passed out of life, repeating her stories over and over again, with the minuteness of detail of a hunter recounting his adventures.

When Honore Bontemps found her she was preparing bluing for the collarettes of the village women.

"Well, good evening," he said. "How are things going, Mother Rapet?"

"Just the same, just the same," turning her head. "How is it up your way?"

"All right with me, but mother's bad."

"What's the matter with her?"

"She's going to close her eyes."

The old woman took her hands out of the water, the blue, transparent drops dripping from her fingers into the tub.

"She's down as low as that?" with a sudden sympathy.

"The doctor says she won't live beyond sunrise. What'll you charge to watch her to the end? You know I'm not rich. Never could afford a servant—that's what broke the mother down; she worked like ten. Never stopped till she was 92—you see how it is."

La Rapet replied, gravely: "There are two prices—2 francs a day, 3 francs a night for the rich. Francs a day, 2 a night for the other. The other is for you."

The peasant reflected. He knew his mother to be hardy, vigorous, tenacious in life. She might last eight days in spite of the doctor.

He said, resolutely: "No; I'd rather you'd make a price—a price to the end. I'll take the chances one way or another. The doctor says she will soon go. If so, all the better for you and the worst for me. If she holds on to-morrow or longer, I'm ahead—you're out."

The nurse, surprised, looked at the man. She had never made such a bargain before. She hesitated, thinking of the risk she might run.

"I can't say anything until I have seen the old one," she said.

"Come and see her."

She dried her hands and followed him.

As they neared the house Honore said to himself, "Ah, if it is over already!" And the desire he felt manifested itself in his voice. But the old woman was not dead. She lay on her back on her pallet, her hands extended on the purple coverlet, hands frightfully thin, wrinkled, resembling crabs,

contracted by rheumatism and years of grinding toil.

La Rapet approached the bed and studied the dying woman. She felt the pulse, listened to the breathing, tapped the chest, questioned her to hear her speak, then, after a final look, went out, followed by Honore. Her opinion was formed, the old woman would not pass the night.

"Well, then?" he asked, anxiously.

The nurse answered: "Well, she'll last two days, perhaps three. You give me 6 francs altogether."

"Six francs—6 francs," he cried. "Have you lost your senses? Don't I tell you she will only last five or six hours?" And they disputed a long time together. As the nurse was going away and as his wheat would not be gathered in, he at last consented.

"Very well, that's settled; 6 francs, all included, until the corpse is carried away."

"Yes, 6 francs."

He strode toward his wheat, lying in the field beneath the bending sun that withered the stalks.

The nurse entered the house. She had brought her work, because by the dying and the dead she worked without relaxation. Suddenly she asked:

"Have they administered the sacrament, Mother Bontemps?" The peasant shook her head, and La Rapet, who was devotional, rose hastily.

"Seigneur Dieu! Is that possible? I'll go and get the cure," and she ran off toward the priest's house at such speed that the gamins thought some misfortune had happened.

The priest soon came in his surplice, preceded by a choir boy ringing a bell to announce the passing of God's sacrament. The men working in the field doffed their great hats, waiting silently until the white vestments had disappeared behind a farm; the women gathering herbs rose to make the sign of the cross. The choir boy, in his red skirt, walked rapidly; the priest, his head leaning on one side and mumbling prayers, followed; behind them came La Rapet bent double as if to kneel as she walked, her hands joined as in church.

Honore, afar off, saw them pass. He called out:

"Where is our cure going?"

"He is carrying the good God to thy mother, parbleu!" replied the choir boy.

"That's good," said the peasant, returning to his work.

Mother Bontemps was confessed, received absolution, and the priest went away, leaving the two women alone.

La Rapet looked at the dying woman curiously, asking herself how long she would last.

The day was declining, a fresher air entering the chamber in puffs caused the picture of a saint on the wall to dance grotesquely. The little window curtain, yellowed and covered with fly-specks, seemed to be struggling to fly away like the soul of the old woman.

She lay there silent, her eyes expressing indifference to death, so near. Her breathing sounded harsh in the silence.

As night fell Honore came in and approached the bed. He saw that she was still living.

"How goes it?" he asked, as he used to do when she was indisposed.

Then he sent away La Rapet after the injunction: "To-morrow at 5, without fail."

She replied: "To-morrow—5 o'clock."

She arrived at daybreak, when Honore was eating his soup, which he had prepared himself.

"Well, has the mother passed away?" she asked.

He replied, with a cunning look in his eyes: "She is much better," and went out, chuckling.

La Rapet was disquieted as he approached the bed, angry to find the old woman in the same position. She understood that she might last two, four, even eight days, and she was furious at the man who had played her the trick and the woman who would not die.

She set to work, nevertheless, her eyes fixed on the wrinkled face of Mere Bontemps.

Honore came in to lunch. He seemed happy, even jeering. Then he went out. He was harvesting his wheat, under very favorable conditions.

La Rapet was getting exasperated. Every minute that passed seemed to her to be robbing her of money. She had a desire, an insane desire, to take that old hag, that old witch, by the throat and stop, with a little squeeze, the feeble breath that was stealing her time and her money.

Then she thought of the danger and other ideas came in her head as she approached the bed.

"Did you ever see the devil?" she asked.

"No," murmured Mere Bontemps, feebly.

Then the nurse began to tell stories to terrorize the poor, dying creature.

A few moments before one died the devil appeared, she said. He carried a broom in his hand, an iron pot on his head, and he screamed horribly. When one saw it it was all over, life would go out in a little while.

Mere Bontemps, moved with terror, tried to turn her head to look into the

shadowy corners of the room, as if she expected an apparition. Suddenly La Rapet disappeared at the bottom of the bed. In the closet she found a sheet and wrapped herself in it. On her head she placed an iron pot, whose three feet, curved outward, resembled horns. She took up a broom in her right hand, and with her left she lifted a tin washbowl, letting it fall on the floor with a resounding crash. Then, stepping up in a chair, she drew aside the curtain at the foot of the bed and appeared gesticulating and screaming shrilly under the iron pot that covered her face, menacing with her broom the old peasant woman.

Overcome with an insane look, the dying woman tried to raise herself to see. She struggled partly out of the bed-clothes, then fell back with a deep sigh.

It was all over.

And La Rapet tranquilly put everything in the closet, and, with experienced hands, closing the starting eyes of the dead. She laid a saucer of holy water on the bed, and sprinkled the room, then, kneeling down, began to repeat the prayers for the dead, that she knew by heart, having learned them as a matter of business.

When Honore entered in the evening he found her still praying, and he calculated that she had made twenty cents out of him, because she had watched three days and a night, which made only 5 francs instead of 6 which he owed her.—The French.

### "Yankees Can't Shoot."

Our Civil War corrected several wrong ideas which, like a bee in a Scot's bonnet, buzzed alike in the heads of Southerners and Northerners. Among these was the belief that most "Yankees didn't know a gun from a pudding-stick," and "couldn't shoot."

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald reports a conversation between Southern gentlemen in which Colonel Howell told how that notion was quite impressively taken out of him.

"Speaking of Yankees," said Col. Evan Howell, of the Atlanta Constitution, "I recall, just as the war was breaking out, a speech Ben Hill made up my way. It was a war meeting, and you should have heard Hill talk. I remember distinctly how he exhorted us to enlist.

"The Yankees," he said, 'are good people, but they are deficient in many accomplishments. They can't shoot, they can't ride a horse; they've been in trade all their lives, and it has sapped them and left them without that stark manhood and high courage which to-day, all untrained though he be, makes every Southern man as good a soldier as ever marched upon a battlefield.

"It does not present a case of numbers, this pending strife between the North and South. The Northern man is by education, and by nature, too, incapable of war. He can't shoot."

"Then," continued Colonel Howell, "Hill called on us all to enlist, which we did very generally. It wasn't six weeks before we were in a fight, and met the Yankees Hill had been talking about. There was an hour in that fight which furnished the hottest musketry fire I ever was introduced to.

"We were in a bunch of trees, and the lead was peeling the bark in big scales and blotches, and with a patter like hail. It got so thick that all a man of any sense tried to do was to stand behind his tree.

"Those Yankees—and I understand it was a Maine outfit firing on us—wouldn't let you stick your nose out from behind your sapling. Stick it out, and they'd wipe it with a dozen bullets. I was planted on the safe side of a good-sized oak, and wasn't looking out or trying any experiments.

"A couple of rods from me was a fellow named Dismucks, also behind a tree. Dismucks couldn't look out any more than I could, and there he stood, mad as a hornet. Finally he looked over at me.