

## THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

### OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle.

The death of the venerable and beloved Mrs. James V. Harris, of Columbus, Miss., recalled an amusing yet pathetic hospital experience related by that lady. The women of Columbus, when the city was besieged, organized a Soldiers' Relief Association, of which Mrs. Harris was president. This association cared for the wants of Confederate soldiers as far as lay in its power, and of nursing the sick and wounded. Medicine by reason of the blockade, was hard to get and exorbitantly high, and quinine had been declared contraband of war. In every storeroom there had been religiously hoarded small stores of tea, coffee and sugar, against that possible evil day when some member of the family might be taken sick, but when the sick and wounded soldiers began to come in these precious stores were distributed among them. Daily the ladies went to the hospital with ham's of delicately-prepared food, with which the men were nourished under the direction of the surgeon in charge. One day Mrs. Harris, making her usual rounds, leaving cheer and comfort in her wake, stopped to chat with one of her "boys" who was then convalescent. Just as she turned to leave her eyes fell upon the occupant of a bed which had been empty the previous evening.

"When did he come in, and who is he?" she asked.

"Some poor devil of a Yankee our boys took prisoner. He was brought in with a lot of our men last night. He has typhoid fever, they say, and is pretty bad off, I believe."

For a moment a wave of repulsion, of hate almost, swept over her, but she was of an exceedingly gentle, sympathetic nature, and she had three young sons in the army—what if they, too, should fall into a like plight? She stepped to his bedside and beheld a long, lean, gawky youth of not more than 19, burning with fever and tossing in delirium. "Mother, mother, where are you?" was his incessant and piteous cry. Her eyes filled with tears at the sight of the young fellow who but a few moments ago had been the "enemy," but was now become one of her "boys," to be tenderly nursed. She sought the surgeon, a good man, but harassed from overwork and inadequate means for the perfect discharge of the work he had undertaken.

"Doctor, what is the matter with No. 27?"

"No. 27 has typhoid fever, madame," he replied. "It is almost a hopeless case."

"Is there nothing to be done for him, then?"

"Very little, I fear. By the help of stimulants and nourishing food we might pull him through, but as you are aware we have none to spare. Our own men will soon be without," and he sighed deeply. "But it will be only one Yankee the less," shrugging his shoulders.

"Doctor, I'm going to take that poor boy in my own special charge, and as long as there is any food or medicine left he shall have his share of it. And I know you well enough, doctor, to feel sure that you will expend on that Yankee boy of mine as much care and skill as if he were one of my own double-dyed rebel sons."

The next day, and the next, and for many more long, weary days after Mrs. Harris and the doctor tended and nursed the prisoner boy from Maine. But he grew steadily worse. His constant cry had been for his mother, but after awhile he came to believe that Mrs. Harris was his mother, and as long as she was near him he was quiet. The days lengthened into weeks, and at last the fever burned itself out, but it seemed also to have consumed the vitality of its victim. Mrs. Harris hardly needed to ask the doctor his opinion of his patient—death was written large on that wane face.

"Is there any chance for him?" she asked huskily.

"None whatever, in my opinion, madame."

She stooped and kissed the sick man's brow, then, sad and tearful, left him to try to lose herself in a round of duties.

The next day upon her return to the hospital she was astonished to hear that her patient was still alive. She hastened to him and found him conscious.

"My son," she said, bending over him, "is there anything more I can do for you? Is there anything at all you fancy?"

He was too weak to speak aloud, but she fancied she caught his faintly whispered answer—"Pumpkin pie."

Thinking she must be mistaken, she repeated her question.

"Pumpkin pie," was the feeble reply. She was horrified. "My dear child, it will kill you. Isn't there something else that will do just as well?"

"Pumpkin pie," he whispered, and the effort exhausted him utterly. She sought the surgeon. "Doctor, you say there is no possible chance for No. 27?"

"None whatever, madame. He will be dead in twenty-four hours."

"He wants pumpkin pie."

The surgeon laughed. "A queer fancy for a dying man. But nothing can hurt him now; it can only hasten his death by a few hours."

"Then, doctor, No. 27 shall have his last wish. I'm going home this very

minute and make that pumpkin pie myself."

The next morning when Mrs. Harris entered the hospital it was with a heavy heart. Of course No. 27 was dead, she thought.

"Good morning, doctor. How are the sick?"

"Well, madame, No. 27, for one, is better."

"You don't mean it?"

"But I do, though, and he is asking for more pumpkin pie."

"May I let him have it?"

"My dear Mrs. Harris, after this you may feed him on thistles—give him round glass-unexploded shells—anything! You can't kill that Yankee!"

With a lighter heart No. 27's nurse sought his bedside.

"Well, my son, how do you feel this morning?"

"Better, ma'am. Can I have some pumpkin pie?"

The voice was weak, but there was in it a note of strength which had been absent the day before. His skin was moist, his eye clear—decidedly No. 27 was better.

"I can have it, can't I, ma'am?" his voice quavered with anxious expectancy.

"My boy, I'll send you one directly. But be careful! Don't eat too much at a time."

A ghost of a smile played about his pale, shrunken lips as he replied: "I'll try, ma'am."

Not very long afterward a waitress brought the pumpkin pie. Again he ate greedily, and again fell into a refreshing sleep.

So the boy from Maine got well, and he always declared that if it had not been for those pumpkin pies he surely must have died.

Billy Was a Soldier Bold.

In the list of those soldiers drafted into the service of the country during the war of the rebellion stands the name of "Billy Bray," who is credited to the state of Maryland. Billy is dead now, but when he flourished on earth he was simply an aged and much-respected donkey, named because of the frequency with which his mellifluous voice was heard. An old official tells the story that the enrolling officer of Salisbury district, Maryland, was active and thorough in the performance of his duty. One day he went to the house of a countryman and, finding none of the male members of the family at home—there was some good dodging done in those days—made inquiries of an old lady as to the number and ages of the male members of the family.

"The old lady," said the official, "after naming several suddenly stopped, and this excited the curiosity of the enrolling officer, who felt that she was trying to keep something back. 'Is there no one else?' he asked. 'None, except Billy Bray,' and he was at the barn a moment ago," was the reply. Out went the officer, but he could not find his man, and, going back to the house he questioned the old lady as to Billy Bray's age and physical condition. He was told that Billy was about 20 years of age and was in excellent health. Billy's name was enrolled among those to be drafted and when the time of drafting came no one seemed to know anything about a man named Billy Bray. Then it was that the joke leaked out, and for years the enrolling officer was known as "Billy Bray."

Saved by a Cloud of Dust.

"Did I ever tell you how clouds of dust once saved Washington City from what many people believe would have been certain capture at the hands of the Confederates?" asked a member of the old Veterans' Reserve corps which was on duty at Fort Stevens during the war, to a crowd of companions in a downtown hotel the other day. No one in the assemblage had heard the story and so the veteran continued.

"It was when the army of northern Virginia was just outside the capital city. You may remember that General Early, who was in command of this particular division of the confederate forces, in writing to refute statements published in northern papers to the effect that he could easily have marched into Washington, said: 'I knew the defenses were weak when I arrived but my troops were so exhausted from the enforced march that a halt was absolutely necessary and the next morning I knew by clouds of dust that re-enforcements had arrived.'"

"That dust, gentlemen, was raised by a few men, not exceeding 100, of the Veteran Reserve corps. The temporary commander of this company, a stout man of medium height, whose name or rank I did not learn, because he wore no blouse or insignia, placed the men in line in the rear of and between Fort Slocum and Fort Stevens. After making a short speech, in which he urged every man to do his best, he directed us to march down some distance on the grass past Fort Stevens. Once there he told us to break ranks and right about, returning in the middle of the main road and kicking up all the dust we possibly could. We doubled on the line, marching down on the grass and coming back in the dusty road. It was a dry season and we all had on broad-soled shoes. We made the dust fly, I tell you, and it is no wonder General Early thought re-enforcements by the thousands had come to the relief of the handful on duty at the forts."—Washington Star.

It paid the French Fournier to spend his time getting a reputation as an automobilist. The Fournier Automobile Company has given him \$50,000 for the use of his name.

There is no beauty of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—Emerson.

## USED HORSE-WHIP

### MAYOR PARKER OF TOPEKA FEELS THE LASH.

Assaulted in his Office—Protege of Mr. Carrie Nation Wild—Rashly—Failure to Suppress Joins Her Excuse—Others to Come.

Topeka, Kas., March 25.—Miss Ellen Boise, a protegee of Mrs. Nation's, horse-whipped Mayor Parker in his office, at the city building, at 9 o'clock.

Three times she lashed the mayor, and then he sprang at her, gripped her by the throat, choked her, took the whip out of her hands and pushed her into the hall.

As Miss Boise was thrust out by Mayor Parker she exclaimed:

"Thank God, I've done it. I've horse-whipped you, and now I'm going to horse-whip the governor."

Before beginning her horse-whipping Miss Boise gave the mayor a severe scolding, and accused him of being responsible for the fact that the joints are running openly in Topeka, and for the murder which was recently committed in a local saloon.

She then pulled the horse-whip from the folds of her dress and struck the mayor three times across the head and shoulders.

Miss Boise is a nurse by profession. She is about thirty-five years of age and is quite a handsome woman.

When seen by the reporters after the affair Mayor Parker refused to discuss it. The woman who whipped him talked freely. She said:

"I was in sympathy with Mrs. Nation, but did not take part in her raids. I have come to the conclusion that the only way to make public officers enforce the temperance laws is to horse-whip them. I have an organization behind me and we have whips for Governor Stanley and Judge Hazen. I will wait and see how this dose acts on Mayor Parker before I repeat it. I think it is a good plan."

Boy Kills Farmer.

Beatrice, Neb., March 25.—George Kucera, a well known Bohemian farmer, whose home is near Clinton, was shot and killed today by George Herzoc, a lad eighteen years old. The Saline county coroner was called to the scene of trouble and hearing that the place was in this county telephoned to Coroner Walden, who, with Constable Leary, started for the place late this afternoon.

Reports of the affair received here are very meagre and relate the tragedy as follows:

George and Will Herzoc brothers had occasion to visit Kucera's place. On their arrival it is said Kucera became abusive, finally shooting and badly wounding Will Herzoc. The boy fell to the ground and crazy with fear and pain tried to roll out of range. George Herzoc tried to remonstrate with Kucera, when the latter it is claimed became more violent, and when the boy thought his life was in danger, he pulled out a revolver and shot Kucera through the head, killing him instantly.

The parties are all Bohemians. It is said Kucera has for months terrorized the whole country and that he was subject to extreme violence of temper. His actions, it is reported, have been such that he has been considered insane by many. It is reported tonight that young Will Herzoc is likely to die.

Billwood Has New Sensation.

David City, Neb., March 25.—The village of Billwood had just commenced to assume her usual quietude from the excitement of the failure of the Platte Valley State bank when another sensation was sprung that is causing considerable excitement. Yesterday Sheriff West went to Billwood armed with a warrant for William Seiffe who is charged with unlawfully living with Miss Nellie Enggart under promise of marriage.

The sheriff returned with his prisoner last night and he now occupies a cell in the county jail. Seiffe is a man about forty years of age while Miss Enggart is twenty years his junior. It is charged that he succeeded in getting the mother of the girl to give him a deed to some lots in Billwood. Seiffe is from Omaha, where it is alleged he has a wife and two or three children. Miss Enggart appeared on the scene this morning and claims that she and Seiffe are married, but does not state when and where they were married. Seiffe was arraigned in county court today and pleaded not guilty. The preliminary hearing will be held some time this week.

Alabama Negro Lynched.

Troy, Ala., March 25.—Bill Zeigler, a negro charged with an assault on a little white girl, was lynched seven miles below this place.

At a preliminary hearing the negro was bound over to the grand jury. The sheriff started to town with the prisoner but was overpowered by the mob. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the negro came to his death at the hands of unknown persons.

## KILLED BY A MOB

### NEGRO REPORTED LYNCHED AT LA JUNTA, COLO.

Assaulted an Aged Woman—Porter on Train and Inveigled Her Away—Identified by His Victim—Positive Assurance He is the Guilty One.

La Junta, Colo., March 26.—Mrs. Henrietta H. Miller, a gray-haired woman, aged sixty-seven, going from Los Angeles, Cal., to Denver, to visit relatives, was brutally assaulted in the Santa Fe railroad yards here last night by a negro porter on a Pullman car running between Denver and La Junta.

After leaving the Chicago limited train here Mrs. Miller asked a porter whom she met on the station platform where the Denver sleeper was. The man offered to conduct her to the car. After going with him a considerable distance Mrs. Miller became suspicious and started to return to the station. She was then knocked down by a blow on the head and after a struggle with her assailant she regained consciousness, about an hour later, she crawled back to the station and gave an account of the assault and a description of her assailant.

Washington H. Wallace, a Pullman car porter, who runs between Denver and this city, was arrested in the car of which he had charge.

He was identified by Mrs. Miller. Bloodhounds were brought from Canon City and they trailed the man who accompanied Mrs. Miller through the yards to the car in which Wallace was found.

Eight assaults have occurred in the past few months and it is believed that all were committed by one man. Mrs. Miller's condition is critical.

Denver, Colo., March 26.—News comes from La Junta that Wallace was lynched by a mob shortly after 8 o'clock.

Thirteen Trustful Women.

St. Joseph, Mo., March 26.—Christian C. Nelson, railroad contractor and horseman, alleged to have thirteen wives, is in jail here on the charge of bigamy, having just been brought in from San Antonio, Tex., where he was arrested a few days ago. Nelson will be tried in St. Joseph because the woman most active in his prosecution was married to him in this city last September.

This bride was Mrs. Mary A. Parker, of Plattsmouth, Mo.

Nelson admits having three wives, but says the other ten are myths. He is said to be wanted for bigamy in Chicago, San Francisco, Des Moines, New York, St. Paul, Sumter, S. C., and Conway, Ark.

His preliminary trial will be held here before the same justice of the peace who solemnized his marriage with Mrs. Parker in September.

Fort Scott, Kas., March 26.—Mrs. A. F. Melburn, the most recent wife of Nelson, the alleged bigamist who was arrested in San Antonio recently while on his wedding trip, with her, just returned from San Antonio, and is prostrated. Her family has given out a statement declaring that she would prosecute Nelson if the Missouri authorities release him.

Des Moines, Ia., March 26.—Mrs. Dorothy Harvey, residing in Lake Park this city, proves to be one of the alleged thirteen wives of Christian C. Nelson, who is now under arrest at St. Joseph on a charge of bigamy. Nelson wooed and won her just a year ago. She was a widow forty-five years old. Nelson represented to her that he was a wealthy horseman and desired to take her to his big stock farm in the east. To accommodate him she sold her home, worth \$3,000, for half this sum, and entrusted the money to him. He departed ostensibly to buy a span of horses and was never again heard from.

Taken Down With Smallpox.

Harvard, Neb., March 26.—C. C. Kenyon, keeper of a restaurant and confectionery store, was adjudged by the board of health last Friday evening to be coming down with smallpox and his place was closed and quarantined. The case developed into a severe one, and the patient was removed to the pest house last evening. Extra precautions have been taken to prevent spread of the disease and it is confidently believed there have been no exposures except in the family of the patient as he was in an upper room of the building during his sickness and until removed.

Accomplice of Czolgosz.

Baraboo, Wis., March 26.—Jacob Stetman, who was taken to Waupun Saturday for burglary, confessed to Sheriff Stackhouse that he was an anarchist and was present at the lodge meeting when Czolgosz was selected to assassinate President McKinley and that he was the person who tied the handkerchief over the hand of Czolgosz just before the shooting. He further said that a well known woman was one of the principal instigators.

## LYNCHED BY MOB

### CASPER WYO., AVENGERS RESENTED DELAY OF LAW

HANG MURDERER WOODWARD

UTILIZE SCAFFOLD BUILT FOR HIS EXECUTION.

### TWENTY-FOUR MEN DO DEED

Stay Granted by Supreme Court Supposed to Have Prompted Lynching, Doomed Man Prays for Slayers.

Casper, Wyo., March 29.—Charles Woodward, the desperado who murdered Sheriff Ricker last January, was lynched by a mob of twenty-four men at an early hour this morning. The scaffold which had been built for his legal execution of Woodward was utilized by the lynchers.

The men, who were masked, but orderly, went to the county jail, overpowered Sheriff Tubbs, secured the keys and led Woodward from his cell in his night clothes and handcuffed him. The lynchers made no noise and prevented the prisoner from crying out by tying a piece of cloth over his mouth. The men wore handkerchiefs over their faces and not one was recognized by Sheriff Tubbs or the jailer.

On the way to the gallows Woodward implored the men to let him go and not choke him. Reaching the scaffold the rope was quickly and securely fastened to the beam overhead and the noose placed about the murderer's neck.

While this was being done Woodward talked rapidly, saying as near as could be heard:

"Boys, let me kneel and pray for you. I want to pray for you all."

As the noose was tightened about the throat Woodward said:

"To my blessed little wife. I love her dearly. Won't you tell her that, boys? I pray that you have the papers printed. God forgive me for my sins. I pray for myself and I pray for Charlie Ricker. I never had any grudge against him in God's world."

When asked why he shot Ricker, Woodward continued:

"I never meant to shoot him then. Don't choke me, boys."

As the noose began to tighten about the condemned man's neck and choked off his breath, he said:

"For God's sake, you are choking me to death. God have mercy on me and my dear little wife. Please don't choke me, boys, for I didn't mean to kill Charlie Ricker. Lord have mercy on me, Oh!"

Just then some one pushed Woodward onto the trap and the rope tightened. Woodward gave a leap before the trap could be sprung and he fell off the gallows, hanging himself.

It was a sickening sight and one that will never be forgotten by the two dozen men who witnessed the execution. Woodward's bare legs scraped along the rough edge of the pine board scaffold and the body commenced to writhe and a gurgling sound could be heard coming from Woodward's throat.

Some one in the crowd seized the two bare feet and gave them a jerk, then pulled the body as far away from the gallows as the length of the rope would permit and let it swing back against the framework, which the now almost lifeless form struck with a thud that sent a chill down the backs of the spectators.

The crowd stood and watched the writhing form and when the muscles had ceased to twitch some one pinned a card bearing these words to the night shirt:

"Process of law is a little slow, so this is the road you'll have to go. Murderers and thieves, beware. People's verdict."

The leader of the lynchers gave orders to disperse and each man went his way, one of their number releasing Sheriff Tubbs and the jailer.

It was several hours before the news spread that Woodward had been hanged and then the people left their beds to see the body. Woodward was cut down and the body was removed to the city hall, where the flannel was taken out of his mouth and the rope cut from his neck. A coroner's jury was impaneled at daylight.

It had been the day set for Woodward's legal execution under conviction reached and sentence imposed by the district court several weeks ago, but early in the week his attorneys took the case on a writ of error to the supreme court and a stay of execution was granted.

An Exodus From London.

London, March 29.—King Edward, with scores of thousands of other Easter holiday makers, left London this afternoon. His majesty will embark on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert at Portsmouth and spend a few days at Cowes. Thence he will go for a week's cruise off the coasts. There was an extraordinary exodus to the continent. Several extra trains had to be requisitioned to carry the holiday crowds.

## NEBRASKA NOTES

Carroll is to be provided with excellent fire fighting equipment.

A company for the culture of sugar beets has been formed at Valparaiso.

A national bank with \$300 capital stock has been organized at Tecumseh.

Miss Rebecca Watson, of Lincoln, will leave the first of the week for Tacoma, Wash., returning to her work as a missionary in Tokio, Japan.

The Table Rock Business Men's Commercial club is a reality, its permanent organization having been effected by the election of the officers.

Hon. George W. Lowley, one of the early settlers of Seward county, and a lawyer of state-wide reputation, died at his home in Seward from an attack of pneumonia, after an illness of less than a week.

Clifford McDwald, an employe of an incubator factory at Clay Center, was caught in the belting and drawn over a pulley twice. His right arm was broken in two places and he was otherwise bruised.

Mrs. Catherine Sohl was caught while driving over the Union Pacific crossing near Papillion by freight No. 26. The rig was demolished. Mrs. Sohl was instantly killed and the horse was almost assembered.

Mayor Tom E. Parmele has just received from the M. and M. Bridge company of Kansas City, the plans and specifications for a new pontoon bridge to be built across the Missouri river at Plattsmouth.

The report of Inspector Wertenbaker of the United States army and navy hospital corps, states that small pox will decrease steadily in Nebraska until next August, but that another epidemic will occur unless more rigid precautions are taken.

Edna, the nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hall, residing a few miles northeast of Elm Creek, was bitten upon the ankle by a rattlesnake while returning home from school. She was cutting across the country and was bitten before being aware of the reptile's presence.

That Tecumseh will have a Chautauqua is now assured. Hon. John Dundas, manager of the Auburn Chautauqua and editor of the Granger in that city, has completed negotiations for the holding of an assembly, and the 1902 dates have been selected as July 12 to 20.

The Beatrice city council has passed a resolution pledging itself to raise \$2,000 annually by taxation of all taxable property in the city for the support of a free public library provided Andrew Carnegie makes good his offer to donate \$20,000 for a new building.

Clyde Olmsted of Emerson is dead from injuries received while riding on a freight train. The boy was riding on the rods of a freight train while it was moving slowly and he was reaching down and picking up bits of coal from the track when a cattle guard caught him and he was thrown under the train.

John Riley, George Lytle and Charles Adams, arrested for burglary of a jewelry store in Dannebrog, had their preliminary examination before County Judge Smith and were discharged by the court, but immediately re-arrested by the sheriff of Jefferson county on a charge of grand larceny to the extent of \$90, committed at Fairbury lately.

An ordinance has been introduced in Lincoln providing that of every \$1500, saloon license money paid to the city, \$400 be given the city and the remainder the schools. It is the intention to expend the \$400 for new water mains. The effort to pass the ordinance under suspension of the rules failed, and it will now come up in its regular order.

An old woman named Gustine Rahn, who is deaf and dumb, was taken to Fremont from Hooper a few days ago by a member of the county board of supervisors and she has been cared for at the county jail. The authorities looked into the case and found that her relatives were able to support her. They were notified that they would be expected to care for her and she has since been taken back home by her brother-in-law.

The old lady, in addition to her inability to hear and converse, is a cripple. She told persons at the jail by means of signs that she had been subjected to bad treatment by her relatives and showed the marks of blows she had received.

The county health board at Harvard quarantined three more families on account of smallpox. E. J. Stone, four and one half miles southwesterly, in Lyon, whose youngest daughter is down; Alfred Erickson, three and one-half miles southwesterly, himself and daughter being down; W. H. Bates, four miles south, his son Frank being down.

An engineer and signal corps branch of the national guard has been formed at Fremont.