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An Old Soldier's Story of the Battle of Yellow Tavern.

JEB STUART'S LAST FIGHT.

The Wounded General's Herolo Bravery In the Face of Death-Custer's Brilliant Charge as Seen by a Confederate Cavalryman.

"The most brilliant charge I ever witnessed was made by Custer at the battle of Yellow Tavern," said an old Confederate cavalryman, "It was near the beginning of what historians now call the Wilderness campaign.

"I was with Jeb Stuart, General Fitz Lee's division. Wickham's brigade and Phil Sheridan's troops were hanging on us like a pack of hungry wolves, nipping us at every turn.

"We left Hanover Junction about 1 o'clock one night and reached Yellow Tavern before 10 o'clock the next morning. We hadn't more than halted at the Tavern when up comes Sheridan and tries to drive us out. It was a pretty tough struggle, a hand to hand fight, and we fell back from the Tavern, but held our position on the telegraph road leading to Richmond. I was with the battery on the extreme left wing, and it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when orders came for the whole division, except the First

ginians, to dismount. "It did seem good, I can tell you, after so many hours in the saddle, to stretch out on the ground and take a smoke—that is, all who had anything to smoke. There was just one pipeful among that whole battery, and the boy who owned it passed it down the line, and each man took his turn puffing at it. When it was gone we all began to speculate on what deviltry Sheridan would be up to next and how Jeb Stuart would head him off. It wasn't long before some fellow wished for a drink of water.

"You know how it is. When one man wishes for water the whole company begins to swear they are dying of thirst. Jack Saunders and I took a bunch of canteens and started over the hill to a spring that he had seen that morning. I was on my hands and knees over the spring when I heard Saun ders' grunt of surprise.

"There, only a few hundred yards away, was a considerable body of cavalry. Sure that .. was our right wing, I wondered to see them mounted and in ranks. Just then the vo.ce of an officer rang out:

'Cavalry! Attention! Draw saber!" "The entire line moved forward at a quick walk, and as the officer wheeled his horse I saw his face. My God, it was Custer! The situation came to Saunders and me like a flash. We threw down the canteens and started back to the battery on a dead run.

"'Trot!' Custer's voice rang out again. Then he shouted, 'Charge!' "With wild cheers, his cavalry dashed forward in a sweeping gallop, atcking our entire left wit same time. We saw our battery taken, our line broken and our men running like sheep. Saunders and I had but one thought-to join our fleeing company. As we reached the telegraph road above the din of the battle I heard Jeb Stuart's voice. There he was, making a stand with a handful of men around

"It seemed but a moment before Custer's troops were coming back as fast as they had gone forward. They had met the First Virginians. We greeted them with the rebel yell and the last charge in our weapons. Jeb Stuart cheered us on-ah, how he cheered us! I gave them my last shot and was following with my weapon clubbed when Tei. Main 2451. I saw a man who had been dismounted and was running out turn as he passed our rally and fire his pistol.

"Jeb Stuart swayed in his saddle. It was only for a moment; then his voice rang out, cheering his struggling troops. The enemy rallied just across the road and fired a volley into the little band gathered around Jeb Stunt. His horse sprang forward, with scream of agony, and sank down on its knees. As we lifted the general off the young officer who was helping me

"'My Cod, general, you are wounded! Your clothes are soaked with blood! You must leave the field, sir!

"No," General Stuart answered; 'I will not leave until victory is assured. Get me another horse.'

"When I returned with the horse he was seated with his back against a tree, and when he tried to get up, weakened by loss of blood, he sank

back again. " 'Go!' he commanded us. 'I am done for. Fits Lee needs every man. I order you to go.

"'We cannot obey that order, general,' the young officer told him, and VII never forget the look that came over his face when he faced the general. 'We must carry you to a place of safety, however the battle goes.'

"'It must not go against us,' Stuart replied, and the thought seemed to put fresh vigor in his body. 'You must put me on my horse and keep me there. My men must not know that I am

"We lifted him on his horse, and, mounting our own, we held him in his saddle. When the tide of the battle turned, supported between us, he made a last effort to rally his fleeing troops.

men! Go back and do your duty!" to the rear, and we carried our fainting | have ever lived.

general from the field, still holding him upright in the saddle. That was Jeb Stuart's last battle and Custer's most brilliant charge."-Washington Post.

THE BUSY WIFE.

See dat, signore? See, dere she ge.
Ah, look, she wave her hand!
She's Rosa; dat's my wife, you know.
Oh, granda giri, my frand.
Bes notheeng look to me so sweet
An' mak' me feel so good
Like Rosa walkin' down da street
Weeth bigga loada wood.
So casy, weeth set on her hand

Weeth biggs loads wood.

So casy, weeth eet on her head, she eesa sweeng along,
You theenk eet ees a hat censtead—Eh? How ees dat for strong?
I no could find een all da wor!',
You justa bat my life,
Anudder soocha fina girl
Like Rosa for da wife!
Eh? Sure, I gatta mon' enough.
Eh? Wata for I mak'
Her carry home sooch heavy stuff?
Oh, my, you are meestak'.
I do not mak' her do dees theeng.
I mighta be a cop—
I mighta even be da keeng—
I no could mak' her stop.
She like for doin' deesa way;
She gat her work to do
For keep her beezy alla day,
So lika me an' you.
Eh? Sure she ces Eetalian,
An' I am proud—Eh? Wat?
"She no be gooda 'Merican
So long she doin' dat."
I s'posa w'at you say ees true,
But den, you ees erroes.

I s'posa w'at you say ees true, But den, you see, signore Bes playnts theeng dat she might de Ees gona hurt her more. Of course, som' day I want dat she Be gooda 'Merican,

But not so good dat she weell be Ashame' of dago man. Som' 'Mericana girls, of course,

Doy theenk dey are so good.
Dey radder work for gat divorce
Eenstead for carry wood!
So, notherng look to me so sweet
An' mak me feel so good
Like Poss walkin' down da street
Weeth higgs loods weeth

Weeth bigga loads wood.

A. Daly in Catholic Standard

Suitable Giet.

A jury in Blankville were sent out to decide a case, and after deliberating for a time came back, and the foreman told the judge they were unable to agree upon a verdict. The latter rebuked the jury, saying the case was a very clear one, and remanded them back to the jury room for a second attempt, adding, "If you are there too long I will have to send you in twelve

The foreman in a rather irritated tone spoke up and said, "May it please your honor, you might send in eleven suppers and one bundle of hay."-Lip pincott's.



Uncle John-Whew, we must stop now! The horse is tired.

Willie-You aren't a horse, Uncle John; you're an automobile.-Woman's Home Companion.

The Catamaran. While it is rarely employed by Euro-

peans as a method of travel, even in emergencies, the catamaran of the Madras fishermen of India is by all odds the most extraordinary of water vehicles. It consists simply of three logs lashed together and flush with the surface of the water. On these a fisherman (sometimes two or more fishermen) stands and with a single oar paddies himself far out to sea. A Madras fisherman will venture out when boatmen will not launch their craft, and even in weather when boats cannot be launched he will go through the surf and out to ships with letters for the delivery of which he gets a few pence In order to catch their ships a few belated travelers have been known to trust themselves on catamarans. They are united in the statement that the ride on the logs was the most nerve trying experience they had undergone in a land that holds a new thrill for the stranger at every turn. The sea and an occasional ducking have no terrors for these natives, not even the extremely young, and in reality the catamaran is not entirely to be scorned, for it is after all nonsinkable.

Real Causes of Earthquakes. While civilized man is trying to grasp the meaning of an earthquake the uncivilized of all ages have long ago re-

solved their doubts. In Mongolia it is the breathings and skippings of a huge frog that cause the mischief, in China a gigantic dragon, in India a world bearing elephant, in Celebes a hog and in other countries the scheme is varied by the introduction of a bull and a tortolse. Earthquakes in Siberia are be lleved to be due to the frolics of mam-"'Go back, men!' he cried. 'Go back, moths who live in the center of the earth, while in Vancouver Island it is "We felt him sway in his saddle. The the spirit of evil with his marshaled young officer turned our horses' heads | hosts of all the wicked people who

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ave Portland 8 s. m.; arrive Astoria 1 p.m. e Astoria 8 p. m., arrive Portland 9 p. m.



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	*******	7 35	9 35	4.27	****	RAINIER			10.40	8.25	HEROIC	100
	********	8,05	10.05	4.49		OUINCY			10.05	7 50	總額	100
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