The Yamhill County Reporter.

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NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned as Sheriff of Yamhill County, State of Oregon, by virtue of a Writ of Execution, Judgment and Order of Sale, issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Yamhill, on the 7th day of August, A. D. 1895, and bearing said date, upon and to enforce that certain decree rendered by said Court on the 15th day of April, 1895, in that certain suit therein pending wherein The First National Bank of Hillsboro, a corporation, was plaintiff, and James A. Campbell and Lydia J. Campbell were defendants, in which it was ordered, adjudged and decreed by said Court that said plaintiff, The First National Bank of Hillsboro, a corporation, have and recover of and from the said defendants, James A. Campbell and Lydia J. Campbell, the sum of Five Hundred Forty-Three Dollars ($543.00) with interest thereon from said 15th day of April, 1895, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, and the further sum of Fifteen Dollars ($15.00) costs and disbursements, and ordering the sale of the following described real property, to wit:

Being part of the Wayman C. Hembree donation land claim No. 54, in township three (3) south, range four (4) west of the Willamette meridian, and beginning at the south-west corner of said claim; thence east to center of Yamhill river; thence north-westerly, meandering said river to the west boundary of said claim; thence south on west boundary of said claim to the place of beginning, containing 20 acres more or less in Yamhill County, Oregon.

Now therefore, by virtue of said Judgment, Decree, Execution and Order of Sale, I will on Saturday the 7th day of September, A. D. 1895, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the court house door in McMinnville, Yamhill County, Oregon, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the above-described real premises to obtain funds with which to satisfy said Execution, costs and accruing costs.

Dated this the 7th day of August, A. D. 1895.

W. G. HENDERSON,
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BATTLE-FIELD AND BURIAL-GROUND.

The Chattanooga National Park and Cemetery.

The sun is rising above the ridges of the eastern uplands like a tarnished shield of gold, for a yellow mist clings about the pines and dims its radiance. There is scarce a breath of wind, and the leaves hang stirless. The cry of a migrating bird, pausing a while to feed upon the last ripe berries, comes like the remnant of a song of the half-forgotten spring. Not yet are the forests garbed in their sorrowful robes of yellow mourning. Not yet is the sky full of the shed foliage of summer, fluttering to the earth to be mingled with the dust which devours all things, and from its decay begets the new life of spring. But there is a hint of melancholy in the air, a premonition of approaching death. There is a Sabbath calm, a pervading sweetness, compelling the soul to introspection and self-search, as if all nature were one grand cathedral where humanity might fitly kneel and pray.

But what is that? A deep, hollow, booming sound rolls far along the wooded heights. Not thunder, for there is no hint of storm in this dim, vaporous air. Again! And now the fearful, hateful significance of it is revealed. It is the opening gun of one of the most bloody and terrible contests which ever desecrated the world or darkened the history of mankind,—the engagement between the Union army under Rosecrans and the Confederates under Bragg, fought on September 19 and 20, 1863, and since called the battle of Chickamauga.

For a moment, ere the yellow fog rolls down the hills, it is a lovely scene which lies outstretched before the man, in frayed blue coat with a general's stars upon the shoulders, and a rusty hat with tarnished gilt tassels, who paces the plateau of Snodgrass hill, overlooking miles of country. The picturesque Chickamauga creek winds between the sloping hills, divided into squares of husbandry or pasturage. Here and there a gentle declivity is surmounted by a farmhouse, nestling amidst its barns and outbuildings; in a level bottom a row of hay-ricks stands among the second crop of ripening grass; an orchard makes a darker spot upon the surrounding green. As he gazes the tender glory of the scene is reflected in the man's face and he smiles; but even as the smile crosses his bearded lips it vanishes and a stern look of care and determination takes its place, for again that deep booming note rolls up the valley.

Beneath him, on the declivity, sheltered by the screen of scrub-oak and tangled blackberry-bushes, a long line of blue coated soldiery trails away out of sight around the curves of the hill. The men are reclining or sitting at ease, though each shining rifle lies ready to its owner's grasp. With the heedlessness of veterans, some are telling humorous stories, some are playing the boyish game of "pull the peg," watching the whirl and fall of the pocket-knife with eager interest; some are sleeping upon their folded elbows,—for many, alas! the final slumber in this world. The soldiers, too, hear that far-off cannon-shot and recognize its significance. The story is cut short, the knife is left quivering in the turf, the sleepers start up.

"Boom! Boom!" Those are the field batteries; you can feel the earth jar beneath your feet with each tremendous explosion. And hark! the opening volleys of musketry as the regiments come into action; now the continuous rattle of the "fire-at-will." A great battle is in progress there, and here we lie idle and useless. But our turn soon came. On that fearful Saturday, the nineteenth of September, we bore the brunt of the Confederate attack and held our lines, torn and shattered, but still held them. And again, on that awful Sunday, the twentieth, we met Bragg's troops, as brave fellows as ever wore blue or gray, and beat them back seventeen times.

I can see General Thomas now, our indomitable leader, as he left his headquarters at the Snodgrass house, a scarcely habitable place according to the ideas of those who came from roomy, comfortable northern farmhouses. It still stands, and to my elderly eyes seems but little changed from what it was on that September day, thirty-two years ago. As I pause before it, trying to recall, in their entirety, the impressions of that hour when, as a stripling lieutenant, I stood there before, a little girl comes to lean over the fence, with wide, curious eyes, while a baby, peering between the cross-rails, with the audacity of infancy queries,

"Who is 'oo? What does 'oo want?"

Yes, along this path he came, returning my respectful salute with a touch of the rusty hat, pursuing his way quietly, almost abstractedly, to the brow of the knoll. The shells were shrieking through the trees overhead, while the bullets sang among the shrubbery on either hand. I remember a dead soldier lay upon his face directly in our path. Thomas glanced at him as he passed, and I heard him mutter in his beard, "poor fellow!"

"A-ree! A-ree!" It was the well-known "rebel yell."

"They are charging us," was the calm observation of the general as he turned partly around to address me,—for I was following a few paces in his rear.

"Yes, General, they are at it, hand to hand."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

At the deep-chested cry his face lighted with a grim smile.

"We have repulsed them," he said.

All that long day our leader never lost his quiet of feature and manner but once, and that was when a mounted aid dashed up on a foam-flecked charger and handed him a dispatch. As he read, his face darkened.

"Beaten, by a blunder!" His words seemed to stick in his throat. "Rosecrans retreated to Chattanooga; Crittenden rolled up. We are left alone, but—*I stay here!*"

It was true. A mistake of the commander-in-chief had opened a wide gap in our center, into which the enemy had poured, crumpling up and driving off the bulk of our army. We were isolated, nearly surrounded, and left entirely to our own resources. To add to our anxieties, a yellow fog had settled over the valley, rendering everything doubtful and obscure except the movements of the men in our immediate front. It was a terrible time; and, youngster though I was, I felt a profound depression of spirits. All seemed hopelessly lost; but our general's face gave no sign of the suffering I knew full well he must be undergoing. His manner was as calm, his voice as steady, as if he were merely passing his troops in review. I had respected that iron nature before; now I revered it. Well did he earn his historic title, "The Rock of Chickamauga."

Again and again we who were watching the ebb and flow of the mighty struggle saw the gray masses emerge from the vaporous gloom, sweep upward toward us with that blood-chilling cry, "A-ree! A-ree!" saw our blue lines rise to meet them with fire-blast and thunder-roll, saw the gray masses falter, pause and sweep backward out of sight. All about us, on every crest and ridge, the dense fog-curtain was rent with the crimson flashes of the confederate field-batteries. Round shot, shell, and grape roared, shrieked, and whistled overhead, or ripped up the turf at our feet. On the slopes lay confused heaps of blue and gray,—brave men, already stiffening in death, or moaning in the agony of torn flesh and shattered bone.

When the shadows of evening drew down over hill and valley, we had beaten back the last desperate charge. But at what cost! Where our regiments had stood were now only smoke-grimed, exhausted squads, still gripping their rifles and peering through the smoke and fog. Where the batteries had poured forth their thunder, now lay wrecks of dismounted pieces, broken caissons, splintered ammunition-boxes, spokeless wheels, and heaps of dead artillerists, many still grasping sponge or rammer, with the gloom of battle upon their set features. Here and there a gun or two yet belched its flame. The few surviving officers still passed among the men, uttering in hoarse and weary voices the oft-repeated "Steady, men! Steady!"

We had won and we had lost; for though we had repelled Bragg's assaults we had to retreat to save our torn fragments from ultimate capture. It was not until we had reached Chattanooga, twelve miles distant, and had rejoined the remainder of the army, that we knew how fearful the losses on both sides had been. History says that of the federals was nineteen thousand, and that of the confederates, twenty-one thousand men. But what of the hundreds who died long after, of badly healed wounds and of other causes directly due to this struggle?

As I wander over the battle-field, thirty-two years after those sorrowful and tragic days, everything is so familiar to my eyes that I half expect to see yonder hill suddenly fringe itself with the flame of rifles, or a long line of glittering bayonets come sweeping up the valley below. But all is silent and peaceful. Where the blue and the gray ranks stood are these white ranks of memorial stones. At an expense of more than three-quarters of a million dollars the government has converted the battle-ground into a park called, formally, the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Military Park. It has purchased about six thousand acres of land, including the field of Chickamauga, the approaches, and several detached tracts. Five thousand acres of the fighting ground are forest, and the rest is mainly made up of farms sloping up the foot-hills of Missionary Ridge. There are now forty miles of graded roads in the park, and the underbrush and new timber have been cleared from the forest, so there is no difficulty in driving to all points of interest.

Eight handsome pyramid monuments stand on the spots where the eight commanders of brigades were killed at Chickamauga. Twenty-four states are represented on the field in marble. Ohio stands first; she had more men than any other state in the battle, and fifty-four monuments do honor to their memory. The aim has been to retain, as far as possible, the aspect of the field at the time of battle, and one who participated in the fight may easily recognize the salient points; where this battery stood, for example, where that charge was made, where the various regiments held post. The whole region is historic; for within a radius of a few miles were fought some of the bloodiest battles of the war,—Missionary Ridge, Tunnel Hill, Chattanooga, Gordon's Mill, and Lookout Mountain.

The dedication of the park, which is to take place September 19th and 20th, will be a national event. Secretary of War Lamont will direct the ceremonies, for which congress has voted an appropriation of $20,000. A large number of both federal and confederate veterans will be present.

As I went slowly along a by-path the figure of a gardener engaged in clipping the grass of a sloping lawn caught my attention. Surely I knew that grizzled face, with its small, shrewd eyes. Suddenly the mist of time cleared from my memory.

"Private Ransom, attention!"

The man straightened up, and involuntarily, as it seemed, came to a salute. He gazed at me sharply for a moment then shook his head.

"Don't understand," he muttered. "Seemed like old times come back."

"Private Ransom, look at me again."

The wrinkles in his hard, brown face deepened into a smile of recognition

"You! Is it you, Lieutenant?" He shook my offered hand heartily. "Come to see the old place again?" he asked. "Glad to see you. Was shot in the hip at Atlanta, and got appointed to a job here. Come along, and I'll show you over the ground."

"What is that modern-looking affair yonder?" I asked, pointing to an edifice much resembling a seaside caravansary, with its sloping roof, turrets, and balconies. "It was not here in our time, Ransom."

"Hardly," was the terse reply. "That is what they call the 'Chickamauga Hotel.' It catches visitors who come to view the old battle-field. I expect they'll reap a harvest when we have the celebration here in September."

"What are these rows of cannon?" I inquired, as we passed a number of monuments, a long framework of logs supporting several scores of dismounted guns.

"They are going to use them for monuments," answered my guide. "Each of these pieces is supposed to have done its share on the field, and they are to be built into memorial groups, each group to mark the site of a battery. Those empty shells and round shot are likewise to be incorporated into monumental pyramids, nine feet square at the base and eight feet in height, to show the places where the general officers fell."

"Yonder stone tower,—what is that?"

"That is where General Wilder and his brigade have put up a marker to show where they did their share in the fighting; and they did fight, nobody can deny that. For my part, since lighthouses are in order, I prefer those iron towers. They are more graceful, what I would call more romantic like. But I don't pretend to be a judge."

"There was some of the hardest fighting of the whole battle around this place," said my guide as we passed the Dyer House, which so far as I could see, had undergone no change since that miserable evening I had marched by it leading the forlorn and tattered fragments of my command, more than a quarter of a century ago. "And this is Crawfish Spring," he continued, as we approached a small, shingle-roofed building, through whose single window several frowsy, sawdust-covered heads peered wonderingly at us. The stream, flowing over the dam, filled the air with a continuous roar. Two or three skiffs were drawn up on the banks, just where, so my guide informed me, the opposing regiments had crossed and recrossed during the battle. "There was a deal of killing done here," he remarked. "I saw that little river running red; for the blues and the grays went back and forth over this scrap of water all day long."

Walking onward we came to a solitary monument, upon whose crown was carved the crossed sabres above a cavalry trumpet. My guide paused and took off his battered hat.

"I have heard," he said, "that the cavalry took little or no part in this battle. Well, I'm 'specially glad I wasn't in front of the Fourth Cavalry chaps when they rode down the valley just for sport. When that sort of harmless amusement is going on you will kindly excuse me! I happened to see that charge, and a finer sight I never witnessed. Why, sir, you would have thought the horses were out on a panic; and the boys who rode them were as jolly as jockeys. But the rifles and the batteries made havoc with them, horse and man. Few of them came back, and this monument is the memorial erected by the survivors.

"Just here," continued the veteran, "I came upon a most sorrowful experience. I was appointed to take charge of one of the burying-parties, consisting of six men besides myself. We were hunting about among the heaps for the wounded—for we left the dead to the last—when it seemed to me that I heard a low moan. D'ye hear that, Sergeant?' I said. 'Some chap groaning?' he asked. 'Just that,' said I. 'Hunt for him.' Dragging away the heaps of blue and gray, we came upon a young fellow shot through the shoulder. 'Don't mind me,' says he; 'take care of my brother.' We dug out a boy in gray with a bayonet wound in his internals. Hopeless case; no cure. Called myself a consarned fool for my pains, but sat down upon a dead horse and looked on while the blue brother, wounded in the shoulder, took the gray brother, wounded in the bowels, in his arms. I found them there in the morning, in the same position, both cold and rigid; and I am not ashamed to say that I had to rub some wet out o' my eyes."

The "regular troop" monuments are of stone, those for the artillery having upright cannon for pillars. There are eight of these on the field. Private Ransom laid his hand upon my arm as we came opposite a stone pedestal supporting a beautiful casting of a railroad engine.

"Fine piece of work, that," said the old man, observing the monument with the air of a connoisseur.

"It is, indeed," I agreed. "One might almost expect to see the steam escape from that dome, and to hear that bell ring a warning peal."

"Poor chaps!" sighed my friend, "they were hung. A pretty hard fate for fellows as brave as they. One side called them 'raiders,' the other called them 'spies'; and it was as spies they were hung. I've heard say there is nothing in a name; but there was a heap in the name of them Andrews raiders,—seeing that they got strung up for the difference between a few letters. There were any number of fine jobs done during that little unpleasantness of ours; but there never was a neater trick than the hooking of that steam-engine when the gallant boys made a dash to get off. But luck was against them; they got caught." The veteran shook his head meditatively. "I s'pose it don't make so much matter, after all. They got hung and done with it; and here am I, diggin' out grub at a dollar a day.

"A park," continued the veteran, philosophically, "is mostly looked upon as a pleasure-ground, I take it. Well, I've no objection to folks enjoying themselves; but it is sort of serious to consider that thousands of human beings gave up their share of the breath of life on these hills and flats, and that nigh onto every foot of ground hereabouts is a grave, generally unknown. Yet, after all, the whole world is the grave of dead and gone generations of men.

"The old fellows who handled rifle or pulled lock-string here are growing fewer every year; but their fame and honor still live, and always will, so long as this nation respects brave men."—*J. Clayton Heaton in Sept. number Demorest's Magazine.*

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A Conscientious Catfish.

There have been many cases where fish have been caught in whose capacious maws were found long missing rings, necklaces, baseball masks, and such like trifles. Once in a while a thieving fish is stricken by its conscience into a desire to make restitution. Such a fish was the giant cat which lay watching the shores of an eastern stream all through the month of April. Many fishermen tried to land him, but he contemptuously refused the most tempting lures, until a tall man of striking personal appearance came one day. The big cat leaped from the water and fell at his feet, without waiting for hook and line. The tall man was astonished. On cutting open the fish afterward he discovered a gold eagle which he had lost a year before lying in the fish's stomach. Most wonderful of all, there were, besides, sixty copper cents—one year's legal interest, which the noble fish had yielded up its life in trying to restore. Here is a mark for other piscatorial prevaricators to work up to.—*Ex.*

Diarrhoea should be stopped promptly. It soon becomes chronic. DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure is effective, safe and certain. Hundreds of testimonials bear witness to the virtue of this great medicine. It can always be depended upon, its use saves time and money. Rogers Bros.

Our Foreign Commerce.

The secretary of agriculture issued, August 15th, a circular on the imports and exports of the United States for 1893 and 1894. It shows that, notwithstanding the depression of business, exports from the United States in 1894 were valued at $889,843,000, against $847,665,194 in 1893. Three-fourths of that vast value came from the farms and farmers of this republic.

Great Britain and Ireland lead all countries in volume of trade with the United States. The English-speaking people of Europe bought of the $889,000,000 of American exports $451,000,000 worth, and, taking the British possessions all together as one customer, they took $523,000,000 worth, or nearly sixty per cent of the whole, during 1894.

The United States imported from Great Britain $107,000,000 worth of her products in 1894, or 16.4 per cent of our entire imports. And from all of the British possessions, together with the United Kingdom, $178,000,000 worth, more than 27 per cent. Almost 90 per cent of the total United States exports were to the United Kingdom and British possessions, Germany, Canada, France, Netherlands, and Belgium. Of imports, after the first place held by the United Kingdom and British possessions, follows Germany, with a valuation of $96,000,000; Spanish West Indies, $82,000,000; Brazil and France, $76,000,000 each, and Canada $37,000,000.

Cholera morbus is a dangerous complaint, and often is fatal in its results. To avoid this you should use DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure, as soon as the first symptoms appear. Rogers Bros.

Comparative Speed.

This table will show the record of a bicyclist compared with the best speed made by horses:

	1-4 mile.	½ mile.	¾ mile.	1 mile.
Johnson, bicyclist.	0.21	0.46	1.11	1.35
Salvator, race horse,	0.23	0.47	1.11	1.35
Flying Jib, pacer,	0.29	0.59	1.28	1.58
Robert J., pacer,	0.30	1.00	1.30	2.01
Alix, trotter,	0.30	1.01	1.32	2.03

In distance racing, whether on the road or the track, the bicycle rider has greatly the advantage of the horse, and can beat that animal at any distance, the farther the distance the greater the advantage in favor of the bicyclist.

Stomach and bowel complaints are best relieved by the timely use of DeWitt's Colic and Cholera cure. Insist on having this preparation. Don't take any other. Rogers Bros.