

A MEMORY OF THE WAR

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

JEB STUART'S LAST FIGHT.

The Wounded General's Heroic 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 Virginians, 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 devilry 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 Saunders' grunt of surprise.

"There, only a few hundred yards away, was a considerable body of cavalry. Sure that it was our right wing, I wondered to see them mounted and in ranks. Just then the voice 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, attacking our entire left wing at the 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 him.

"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 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 Stuart. His horse sprang forward, with a scream of agony, and sank down on its knees. As we lifted the general off the young officer who was helping me exclaimed:

"My God, 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. Fitz Lee needs every man. I order you to go."

"We cannot obey that order, general," the young officer told him, and I'll 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 wounded."

"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.

"Go back, men!" he cried. "Go back, men! Go back and do your duty!"

"We felt him sway in his saddle. The young officer turned our horses' heads to the rear, and we carried our fainting 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.

WANTED THE GIBLETS.

An Incident of Revolutionary Days in South Carolina.

There are innumerable stories of Revolutionary days in Charleston. The old ladies used to tell with glee how, when the British were supposed to be out of the way, the young fellows would come home to dance with them. A message would go to the nearest cousins and friends and a supper be cooked. It might be only rice and bacon, but it was good to hungry men, declares Charleston's historian, Mrs. Ravenel. The dance and the feast would continue until the stars grew pale.

Often these merrymakings were disturbed by the enemy, but there was always a negro or two on the watch, and the harsh note of the screech owl or the cry of the whippoorwill would give the alarm, then "partings in hot haste," a rush for the horses, a sharp scuffle, a hot pursuit and perhaps a prisoner taken.

The young men had odd adventures. One young fellow betrayed himself by his appetite. He was pursued and had taken shelter at Mrs. Motte's place, on South Santee. She rolled him up in a carpet and, pushing it against the wall, told him to keep quiet until the enemy had gone and she could release him.

Unluckily he heard through the open window his hostess giving directions to the cook about the chickens which were to be dressed for the dragons' dinner. He could not bear to be left out and thrust his head from the carpet chrysalis and cried out, "Keep the giblets for me!"

The soldiers heard, and he was at once caught and carried off to repent at leisure of his indiscretion.

DOUGHERTY ISLAND.

It is the Most Remote and Desolate Spot on Earth.

Which is the loneliest, most desolate and most inaccessible island on the face of the globe? Many people would doubtless plump for one of the Crozets, in the south Atlantic ocean. And yet Hog Island, the westernmost of the group, is by no means an undesirable place of residence, abounding as it does in hares and rabbits, penguins, albatrosses and sea elephants.

Herd Island, in the same seas, is far more isolated as well as more barren, but it possesses, as does Hog, a shelter hut for castaways, and it is visited by whalers occasionally. So, too, is South Georgia, but it has no shelter hut, and as it is right out of the track of shipping any one unlucky enough to be cast away thereon would stand a very poor chance of ever getting off alive.

Bouvet Island, in the same seas, is visited even more rarely, and on the last occasion when a ship touched there five corpses were found frozen on the beach, grim mementoes of some unrecorded tragedy of the sea. Possession Island, in its turn, is still lonelier and more inhospitable than Bouvet.

But probably the palm in this direction must be ascribed to Dougherty Island, on which, so far as is known, no landing has ever been effected. It has only been sighted twice in a century and is officially described in the admiralty sailing directions as "the most remote and isolated spot on earth."—Pearson's Weekly.

Eyes Keen For Colors.

A young man who had made application for the position of clerk in the silk department of a large store was questioned closely as to the exact shade of a great variety of samples shown him. "We do that," the superintendent explained, "to make sure that you are not color blind. A dry goods store is the one place where color blindness is a positive bar to efficiency. Very often you hear of color blind workmen in all other branches of business. There are, it appears, even color blind engineers and color blind artists, but the big stores absolutely shut out men who have not a keen eye for all colors."—New York Post.

They All Thought About Alike.

Three "tired" citizens—a lawyer, a doctor and a newspaper man—sat in a back room in the gray light of the early dawn. On the table were many empty bottles and a couple of packs of cards. As they sat in silence a rat scurried across the hearth into the darkness beyond. The three men shifted their feet and looked at each other uneasily. After a long pause the lawyer spoke. "I know what you fellows are thinking," he said; "you think I thought I saw a rat, but I didn't."—Argonaut.

Observant Man.

It is a popular belief that no men "understand dress." Still, it should be known that they have a sort of rough appreciation of general effects. They can distinguish between the woman who dresses well by instinct and one who does so with an effort. They are able to recognize at a glance the girls and women who go through life in the wrong kind of garments and wearing hats which infatuation has impelled them to buy against their better judgment. — London Lady's Pictorial.

Microscopic.

The best microscopes are warranted to magnify about 16,000 times. Those are the kind most people would make use of in examining their neighbors' faults.—Washington Post.

A Philosopher.

Askitt—Why do you consider Smiley a philosopher? Noltt—Because of his ability to hear other people's troubles with fortitude.—Kansas City Independent.

SOCIETIES OF KLAMATH FALLS

A. O. U. W.—Linkville Lodge No. 110 meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every Tuesday evening. Visiting Brothers always welcome. John Yaden, M. W. J. W. Siemens, Recorder.

Evangeline Lodge No. 88 Degree of Honor Lodge meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every second and fourth Thursdays in the month. Nancy N. White, C. of H. Jesse Marple, Recorder.

W. O. W. Ewauna Camp, No. 799, W. O. W. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Sanderson's hall. All neighbors cordially invited.

C. K. Brandenburg, Clerk. A. F. & A. M.—Klamath Lodge No. 77. Meets Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month in the Masonic Hall. W. T. Shive, W. M. W. E. Bowdoin, Secretary.

O. E. S.—Aloha Chapter No. 61, meets in the Masonic hall every second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month. Christine Murdoch, W. M. Jennie E. Reames, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Klamath Lodge No. 137 meets every Saturday evening in the A. O. U. W. hall. C. B. Clendenning, N. G. Geo. L. Humphrey, Secretary.

Ewauna Encampment No. 46, I. O. O. F. Encampment meets second and fourth Saturdays in the month in the A. O. U. W. hall. C. C. Brower, C. P. Geo. L. Humphrey, Scribe.

Prosperity Rebekah Lodge No. 104 I. O. O. F. meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every first and third Thursdays in the month. Mary E. Fish, N. G. Lorinda M. Sauber, Secretary.

K. of P.—Klamath Lodge No. 98 meets in Sanderson's hall every Monday evening. Bert Bamber, C. C. John Y. Tipton, K. of R. and S.

M. W. of A.—Lodge meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every first and third Wednesday in the month. W. B. McLaughlin, Consul W. A. Phelps, Clerk.

Foresters of America—Ewauna Camp, No. 61, meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every second and fourth Fridays in the month. C. D. Willson, C. R. E. E. Jamison, Rec. Sec.

Women of Woodcraft, Ewauna Circle No. 647, meets every second and fourth Friday in Sanderson's hall. Mrs. Dollie Virgil, G. N.

Fraternal Order of Eagles meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in A. O. U. W. Hall. Henry Boivin, W. P. Otto Heidrich, Sec.

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