

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

(Continued from Second Page.)

Where I had obtained my water supply I found a section of faded cavalry drawn up, engaged in the interesting work of stopping stragglers. In the crowd of fear-stricken and dejected soldiers I found there, I saw a man who belonged to my father's regiment. I recognized him by the letters and number on his hat. In the latter part of the day, he told me that it had been entirely cut to pieces, and that he had personally witnessed the death of my father—he had seen him shot from his horse. This intelligence filled me with dismay, and I then determined, non-combatant as I was, that I would retire from the battle field. Watching my opportunity, I joined an ambulance which was passing, loaded with wounded, and by some means escaped the vigilance of the cavalrymen, who seemed to be almost too badly scared to be on any other duty. When I reached the line, I pushed my way down past the point where the stragglers were being impressed and forced back to carry sand-bags up from the river to aid in the construction of batteries for some heavy guns which had been brought up from the river. I passed the temporary hospital, where hundreds of wounded men, brought down in wagons and ambulances, were being unloaded, and where their arms and legs were being cut off and thrown out to form gory, chaotically heaped. I made my way down the plateau, overlooking the river. Below lay thirty transports at least, all being loaded with the wounded, and all around me were baggage wagons, mule teams, disabled artillery teams, and thousands of panic-stricken men. I saw here and there, officers directing these men together into volunteer companies, and marching them away to the scene of the battle. It took a vast amount of pleading to organize even a company of fifteen or twenty, and I was particularly struck by the number of officers who were engaged in this interesting occupation. It seemed to me that they were out of all proportion to the number of fugitives day before review his troops on the bank, overlooking the road below, between the beach and the river. I saw General Grant. I had seen him the day before, review his troops on the Furdy road, while a company of Confederate cavalrymen, a detachment of Johnston's army, watched the performance from a skirt of woods some two miles away. When I saw him at this moment, he was doing his utmost to rally his troops, and to get back home. It must have been about half-past four in the afternoon. The General rode to the landing, accompanied by his staff and a bodyguard of twenty-five or thirty cavalrymen. I heard him begging the stragglers to go back and make one more effort between the river and the landing. He was accompanied by the announcement that reinforcements would soon be on the field, and that he did not want to see his men disgraced. Again I heard him proclaim that if the stragglers before him did not return to their commands, he would send his cavalry down to drive them. In less than fifteen minutes his words were made good. A squadron of cavalry, divided at either end of the landing, and riding toward each other with drawn swords, drove away every man found between the steep bank and the river. The majority of the skulkers climbed up the bank, hanging by the roots of the trees, and in less than ten minutes after the cavalry had passed, they were back in their old places again. I never saw General Grant again in the field.

While sitting on the right bank of the river, I looked across to the opposite side and saw a body of horsemen emerging from the low cane brakes, back of the river. In a moment I saw a man waving a white flag with a red square in the center. I knew that he was signaling, for I had seen the splendid corps of Buell's army, and I recognized that the men with that flag were our friends. Sitting by me were two distracted fugitives, who also saw the movement on the other side of the river. Said one of them to his companion: "Bill, we are gone now. There's the Texan Cavalry on the other side of the river!" The red square had misled him. Fifteen minutes later I saw the head of a column of blue emerge from the woods beyond and move hurriedly down toward the river's edge. Immediately the empty transports moved over to that side of the river, and the first boat brought over a figure which I recognized. The vessel was a peculiar one, belonging in Southern waters, and had evidently been used as a ferry-boat. On its lower forward deck, which was long and protruding, sat a man of tremendous proportions up on a magnificent Kentucky race horse with hobbled tail. The officer was rigged out in all his regimentals, including an enormous hat with a black feather in it. I knew that this was General Nelson,

commonly known as "Fighting Bull Nelson." I ran down to the point to where I saw this boat was going to land, and as she ran her prow up on the sandy beach Nelson put spurs to his horse and jumped him over the gunwale. As he did this he drew his sword and rode right into the crowd of refugees, shouting: "Damn your souls, if you won't fight get out of the way and let men come here who will!" I realized from the presence of Nelson that my regiment, the Twenty-fourth Ohio, was probably in that vicinity. I asked one of the boat hands to take me on board, and after some persuasion he did so. The boat recrossed and as soon as I got on shore I ran down to where the troops were embarking to cross the river to the battle-field. I soon found Ammen's Brigade and my regiment. Hurrying on board one of the transports, I climbed to the hurricane deck, and there found my brother with his company. He was looking across the river, where the most appalling sight met his vision. The shore was absolutely packed with the disorganized, panic-stricken troops who had fled before the terrible Confederate onslaught, which had not ceased for one moment since early that morning. The noise of the battle was deafening. It may be imagined that my brother was somewhat surprised to see me. I made a hurried explanation of the circumstances which had brought me there and gave him news of my father's death. Then I asked him for something to eat. With astonishment he referred me to his negro servant, who luckily had a broiled chicken in his haversack, together with some hard bread. I took the chicken, and as we marched off the boat I held a drumstick in each hand and kept by my brother's side as we forced our way through the stragglers up the road from the landing and on to the plateau, where the battle was even then almost concentrating. Right there I saw a man's head shot off by a cannon ball, and saw immediately afterward an aide on General Nelson's staff dismounted by a shot, which took off the rear part of his horse's saddle and broke his horse's back. I then turned and got back home. This part of his advice I readily accepted. I stood and saw the brigade march by, which, in less than ten minutes, met the advance of the victorious Confederates and checked the battle for that day. It was then that the gunboats on the river added their remonstrating voices as the sun went down and the roar of battle ceased entirely.

But that night on the shore of the Tennessee River was one to be remembered. Wandering along the beach among the rows of wounded men waiting to be taken aboard the Lexington and the A. O. Tyler, I believe; wooden vessels, reconstructed from Western steamboats and supplied with ponderous columbiads. These black monsters, for some reason, kept up their fire all through the night, and the roar of this commanding and striking of the shells, mingled with the thunders of the storm, gave very little opportunity for slumber. Still I managed to doze very comfortably between broadsides, and my recollection of the night is that from these peaceful naps I was aroused every now and then by what appeared to be a tremendous flash of lightning, followed by the most awful thunder ever heard on the face of the earth. These discharges seemed to me to lift me four or five inches from my water-soaked couch, and to add to the general misery, the reports which were bringing over Buell's troops had a landing within twenty feet of my lodgment. All night long they wheezed and groaned, and came and went, with their freight of humanity, and right by my side marched all night long the poor fellows who were being pushed out to the front to their places on the battle line for the morrow. By this time the roadway was churned into mud knee deep, and as regiment after regiment went by with that peculiar slosh, slosh of marching men in mud, the rattling of canteens against bayonet scabbards so familiar to the ear of the soldier, I could hear in the intervals the low complainings of the men and the urgings of the officers: "Close up, boys; close up!" until it seemed to me that if there was ever such a tramp as had on earth I was in the full enjoyment of it. As fast as a transport unloaded its troops the gangplank was hauled in, the vessel dropped out, and another took the vacant place, and the same thing was gone over again. Now and then a battery would stick in the mud, and then a shattering gabardine of iron would follow, during which time every man found in the neighborhood was impressed to aid in relieving the embarrassed gun. The whipping of the horses and the cursing of the drivers was less soothing, if anything, than those soul-shattering gabardines. This never was a night so long, so hideous, or so utterly uncomfortable.

As the gray streaks of dawn began to appear on the deck of one of the transports came into the landing playing a waltz on the organ. It was "The Trovatore." How inspiring that music was! Even the poor wounded men lying in the front of the shore seemed to be lifted up, and every soldier seemed to receive an impetus. Soon there was light enough to distinguish objects around, and then came the ominous rattling of musketry over beyond the river's bluff, which told that the battle was on again. It began just as a shower of rain begins, and soon deepened into a terrible hailstorm, with the booming artillery for thunder accompaniment. I was up and around and started immediately toward the front, for everybody felt now that the battle was to be ours. Those fresh and sturdy troops from the Army of the Ohio had furnished a blue bulwark, behind which the incomparable one-day fighters of Grant and Sherman were to push to victory. The whole aspect of the field in the rear changed. The

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & CO.

TO-DAY, 9:30 SPECIAL SALE

Organdies, Lawns, Prints, Percales, Etc.

LOT 1—Dark Dress Prints, good patterns, standard quality. Sale Price, 4c Yard.

LOT 2—Light Ground Scotch Dress Lawns in a fresh assortment of pink, blue, green and black, fancy figured designs. New, desirable goods, and excellent for everyday use; 33 yards for \$1 or Sale Price, 3c Yard.

LOT 3—Black ground Swiss, with small colored figures. Hand-some for waists. Also Yellow and Black Striped Dimity Lawns. Intended to sell for 12 1/2c yard. Price, 20 yards for \$1, or Sale Price 5c Yard.

LOT 4—Shirting and Dress Percales, in pink, blue and light stripes and figures. Included are some 36-inch Percales of the 10c kind. Sale Price, 5c Yard.

LOT 5—New Rosemary Organdie Lawns, in light and dark grounds, including navy blue, black and pink. Width about 30 inches, and all pretty patterns. Will make excellent wrappers, picnic suits, etc. Sale Price, 6c Yard.

LOT 6—Fancy Lace Striped Swiss Lawn, white ground, with pretty floral patterns in pink, blue, green, heliotrope, etc. For to-day Sale Price, 10c Yard.

LOT 7—The cream of the season in fine Imported Organdies, in dainty, delicate new colorings; sheer, crisp quality; the same that we have been selling at 40c and 45c yard. This is a rare chance to get a beautiful dress for much less than regular cost. Sale Price, 27c Yard.

We Have a Buyer in Europe.

Our New York buyer is now in Europe visiting personally factories in various countries, and buying goods which ere long will be on our shelves in Sacramento.

By this method we save the profits of the middleman. If we possessed no other advantages, we could still, on account of this one, sell much lower than those who buy at second or third hands.

For instance, in our new Crocker and Glassware Department, all the goods, with minor exceptions, have come straight from the factories in East and Europe. We have bought nothing from New York or San Francisco middlemen. And a glance at our goods and prices in China and Glassware will show even the most casual observer what a great advantage direct buying gives us.



Men's Serge Coats. Men's Wool Serge Coats, closely woven, edges neatly stitched, and made without any lining, \$3. Coats and vests, \$5.

Silk Vests for Women's Summer Wear. Cream or pink Silk Vests, with fancy open-work band, about two inches wide, over shoulders, and finished with lace and silk tape, 50c. A handsome cream Silk Vest, V-shaped front. Silk lace and tape finish, 75c.

Light blue, pink or cream Silk Vests, with narrow lace, \$1 25. All-silk Vest, hand crocheted lace neck. Wide lace bands over shoulders, \$2 50.

Purple Kid Shoes. Women's stylish Purple Kid Shoes, handsome shade, and with a decided air of quiet elegance about them; \$2 88. Purple Shoes are to be had nowhere else in Sacramento.

Also, green and ox blood Kid Shoes and Ties. Hosiery to match.

Of the People, For the People, By the People.

THE REFUSAL of the Legislature in Illinois to pass the Anti-Department Store bill has met with the hearty approval of the people of that State and of the United States. Taxation in Illinois is extremely high, in fact it is claimed to be higher in Chicago than in nearly any other city. If the department store bill had passed, these burdens of taxation would have been still further increased by the long and costly litigation that would have ensued, and which in the end would have amounted to nothing. Fortunately, the people have been saved that needless expense.

The greatest gain, however, is that the department stores are to continue unmolested to give to the people first-class, desirable merchandise, and at lower prices than they could get, otherwise.

Verily, the department stores are of the people, for the people, by the people.

We Offer To-day:

We offer to-day, Fine Net Top Laces, bought by our Eastern buyer. Some white, some tan color, and some tan and white mixed. Width varies from 1 1/2 to 7 inches. Sale prices, 6c, 10c, 12 1/2c Yard.

A Man Who Knows.

A gentleman who has had many years experience in various clothing houses in Sacramento, but who at present is engaged in another line of business, purchased a ten dollar suit of clothes from us this week.

This man knew that he could get a better suit for his money here and better satisfaction, or he would have gone elsewhere.

Buggy Robes.

This is just the season for Buggy Robes, and we have taken pains to have our assortments at the best. A great variety of plain and embroidered Robes, at 50c, 75c, \$1 to \$2 50.

Large Hammocks, \$1 50.

Large Hammocks, in fancy cotton cord effect, with deep hanging valance on sides. Complete with pillow and spreader, \$1 50.

Smyrna Rugs, 67c.

A liberal quantity of Smyrna and Axminster Rugs, in small sizes suitable for single doorways, in front of bureaus, etc. Reduced to the uniform price of 67c.

A Flurry in Curtains.

A few pairs of Lace Curtains at each of these special prices, namely: 54c, 98c, \$1 48 and \$2. Not a Curtain but is worth much more than price quoted.

If interested do not delay.

Band Concert.

There will be a concert in our stores Saturday evening, by the Foresters' Band, George C. Holbrook, Director.

PROGRAMME:

- March, "Ohio State Band"....Farrar Overture, "Feetklinge"....Kiesler Intermezzo, "Twilight Whiskers"....Laurendeau Waltz, "Angel's Dream"....Herman Selection from "Red Hussar" "Paul Jones," etc.....Moses Song for cornet, "I Can Forgive, But Not Forget"....Simonson Medley overture, "A Night in New York"....Dewitt Comic march, "Brudder Rastus"....Lossy

Saturday Night, at 7:30.

SPECIAL SALE

Summer Shirts, Handchiefs, Working and Bicycle Trousers.

LOT 1—Saturday evening we shall offer men's Soft Bosom Shirts in fancy patterns, with white collar and cuff bands (to be worn with any style collar or cuffs). Sale price, 48c.

LOT 2—In looking through our stock we found a quantity of men's white Handchiefs with colored borders, slightly soiled. Some of them were 25c. We have reduced to 8 1/2c each.

LOT 3—Men's blue cotton denim working Trousers. Patented buttons, well made, and can be washed. Sale price, 33 1/2c pair.

LOT 4—Two styles of Bicycle Trousers. One of blue woolen cloth, the other of linen crash. Double seats and belt loops. Sale price, 89c.

Fuller particulars to-morrow.

Men's Crash Suits.

Cool and breezy for hot weather. Made sack style, and can be laundered. These Crash Suits are great favorites in the East. Price, \$5. Some better ones, with neat, hair-line stripes, \$6 75.

Men's Pongee Silk Overshirts.

For warm weather wear there is nothing in men's dress that will contribute so much to comfort, without sacrifice to appearance, as our Silk Overshirts, in ecru pongee. They are made ample in proportion wherever necessary to insure comfort and wear, but are at the same time cut to fit perfectly. Sewed with silk and stayed with silk wherever there is a tendency for a strain to come.

We have them with soft, turnover collar and cuffs attached, at \$2 and \$2 50.

Also, with stiff collar and cuff bands, so that white collars and cuffs may be worn with them, \$2.

Weinstock, Lubin & Co., 400-412 K Street, Sacramento.

skulkers of the day before seemed to be imbued with genuine manhood, and thousands of them returned to the front to render good service. In addition to this 6,000 fresh men under General Lew Wallace, who had marched from Crump's Landing, ten miles away, and who should have been on the field the day before, had arrived during the night, and the tide of battle was now setting toward Corinth. I met a comrade drying himself out by a log fire about a quarter of a mile from the landing, who had by some process secured a canteen of what was known as commissary whiskey. He gave me one drink of it, and that constituted my breakfast. Cold, wet and depressed as I was, that whiskey, execrable though it was, brought me such consolation as I had never found before. I have drunk champagne in Epernay, I have sipped Johannisberger at the foot of my sunny mount, I have tasted the regal nectar of the gods, but I never enjoyed a drink as I did that swig of ordinary whiskey, on the morning of the 7th of April, 1862. While drying myself by this fire, I saw a motley crowd of Confederate prisoners marched past, under guard. As they waded along the muddy road, some of the cowardly skulkers indulged in the badinage usual on such occasions, and one of our fellows called out to know what company that was. A proud young chap in gray threw his head back, and replied: "Company Q of the Southern Invincibles, and be damned to you!" That was the spirit of that day and hour.

At 10 o'clock the sound of the battle indicated that our lines were being pushed forward, and I made up my mind to go to the front. I started with my companion, and in a very short time we began to see a great number of the bodies of the day before. We were then on the ground which had been fought over late Sunday evening. The underbrush had literally been mowed off by the bullets, and great trees had been shattered by the terrible artillery fire. In places, the bodies of the slain lay upon the ground so thick that I could step from one to the other. This without exaggeration. The pallid faces of the dead men in blue were scattered among the blackened corpses of the enemy. This to me was a horrible revelation, and I have never yet heard a scientific explanation of why the majority of the dead Confederates on that field turned black. All the bodies had been stripped of their valuables, and scarcely a pair of boots or shoes could be found upon the feet of the dead.

short-torn tent and told of our adventures, and the next day I had the pleasure of hearing General Sherman compliment him for his bravery, and say, "Colonel, you have been worth your weight in gold to me."

Speaking one day to General Sherman, the last and greatest of our warriors, I asked him: "What do you regard as the bloodiest and most sanguinary battle of our civil war?" "Shiloh," was the prompt answer. "And in this opinion I most heartily concur."

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Directors Wilson, Matthews and Chase Reappointed.

Governor Budd yesterday re-appointed John Boggs of Colusa, J. W. Wilson and W. P. Matthews of Sacramento and Charles M. Chase of San Francisco to be Directors of the State Agricultural Society.

The twelfth member of the Board of Directors was also named yesterday, and George H. Fox of Clements, San Joaquin County, got the honor. Fox was formerly a mining superintendent and is said to be very wealthy. He is an enthusiastic breeder of blooded stock, particularly horses, and owns a large farm and fruit ranch near Clements, where he resides.

Of the four Directors reappointed yesterday three are Democrats, and one, Mr. Wilson, is a Republican. There have been no favors, politically, in the new board, six members being Republicans and six Democrats.

HIGHWAY OFFICIALS;

Messrs. Mason, Price and Ashe Making Road Improvements.

State Highway Commissioner Mason left yesterday for Los Angeles and adjacent counties to inquire into the matter of road building material in that section of the State.

On Monday next Commissioners Price and Ashe will leave for Placer County, where they will make a trip over the Lake Tahoe wagon road, in company with the Commissioner of the road, Marco Varossa. After their return they will make a report as to the present condition of the road, and such suggestions as the premises may require.

Heavy Fruit Shipment.

The fruit shipments this season have been daily in excess of those of last year. On June 10, 1896, the shipments amounted to eighteen carloads, while yesterday twenty carloads were dispatched for the East.

Of these 24 were of cherries, 10 of apricots, 3 1/2 of a car of peaches and 1 of plums.

A Matter of Interest to Travelers.

Tourists, emigrants and mariners find that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicinal safeguard against unhealthy influences, upon which they can implicitly rely, since it prevents the effects that an unhealthy climate, vitiated atmosphere, unaccustomed or unwholesome diet, bad water, or other conditions unfavorable to health, would otherwise produce. On long voyages, or journeys by land in latitudes adjacent to the equator, it is especially useful as a preventive of the febrile complaints and disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, which are apt to attack natives of the temperate zones sojourning in such regions, and is an excellent protection against the influence of extreme cold, sudden changes of temperature, exposure to damp or extreme fatigue. It not only prevents intermittent and remittent fever, but eradicates them, a fact which has been notorious for years past in North and South America, Mexico, the West Indies, Australia and other countries.

J. McMorry, importer of fine teas.



We Have For You To-day

100 Men's All-wool Suits, in cutaways and sacks, in staple shades and patterns. They're well worth \$10. TO-DAY, \$4 39

Another Line

Of 30 Suits—a Fine Dark Gray Worsted, satin lined and beautifully tailored. A \$15 suit. TO-DAY, \$7 49

The Royal Clothiers,

414-416 K STREET.

A Splendid Paper and New Price. \$1 Per Year.

The Weekly Union

Is a 12-page family and business newspaper issued every Friday morning. Thus, for the very small sum of \$1 its subscribers receive no less than 624 pages of choice reading and news matter in a year.

This reduction has been made that we may afford the people in these times of stringency the fullest opportunity to have the Weekly Union in every office and household in the land. But the reduction in price must by no means be taken to indicate any reduction in quality.

On the contrary, the Weekly Union, already having a wide general circulation, such as is enjoyed by but few other papers in the country, will be if anything a better paper all around than heretofore. It will contain all news in compact form but not in shorn condition, for its news facilities are unsurpassed by any paper on the coast.

While devoting much space to agricultural, horticultural and viticultural topics and news, the Weekly Union also contains the news of religious denominations and thought throughout the world, and gleanings of the very best expression of the religious press.

LATE AND RELIABLE MARKET REPORTS, Both Home and Foreign.

Daily Record-Union, \$6 per year, - - - - - \$1

The Weekly Union, \$1 per year, - - - - - \$1

ADDRESS Sacramento Publishing Company, SACRAMENTO, CAL.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a congested condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.