

MORE ABOUT FITZHUGH LEE.

ADDITIONAL INCIDENTS OF HIS EARLY LIFE.

Told by a Sacramento Who Fought Comanches With Him in Texas.

A few days since the "Record-Union" published a very interesting sketch of Fitzhugh Lee, who as Consul-General at Havana, has so nobly upheld the honor and dignity of the nation, under the most trying circumstances, that his name is on the lips and in the hearts of every patriotic American.

Our orders on such occasions sometimes camped our small detachments for the night together. Our orders on such occasions were to hunt for signs or trails of the Comanche Indians, who at that time infested the frontier of Texas, murdering any whites they caught and stealing bands of horses, hurrying the latter off to their distant camps in the Indian Territory.

LEE'S EARLY CAREER.

Fitzhugh Lee and myself were Lieutenants in the Second Cavalry, made famous by the splendid record of many of its officers in the civil war. Of these historic names I recall Albert Sidney Johnson, Robert E. Lee, George H. Thomas, Earl Van Dorn, George Stoneman, Kirby Smith, John B. Hood and Fitz Lee.

Fitz was stationed at a neighboring post. We often met while on scouts, and on such occasions sometimes camped our small detachments for the night together. Our orders on such occasions were to hunt for signs or trails of the Comanche Indians, who at that time infested the frontier of Texas, murdering any whites they caught and stealing bands of horses, hurrying the latter off to their distant camps in the Indian Territory.

These Indians always fought mounted, using only bows and arrows, though we occasionally captured an old rusty rifle or pistol, mementoes no doubt of some murdered settler. They usually fought in the open, making a running defensive fight. They were magnificent horsemen, wonderfully expert with the bow and fully equal or superior to a cavalryman and his revolver. When cornered they were desperate, asking no quarter and giving none. On finding a fresh trail we had orders to follow it as long as we had a pack mule to eat, or until we lost the trail.

At one of these meetings Fitz gave me an account of "a little affair" he expressed it, which had occurred a few days before. He had come across a hot trail, which his guide told him had been made that morning and that the Indians were driving a band of horses. He followed rapidly and soon came in sight of a band of Indians crossing a small prairie and moving as rapidly as they could, hampered as they were by their stolen horses. As soon as they saw the soldiers coming at a gallop they abandoned everything and dashed for the rocky bluff near by, and as soon as it was reached, contrary to their custom they dismounted and took to the cover of the rocks.

When Fitz reached their abandoned ponies he also dismounted his men and led them up the hill at a double quick. His men were much scattered. Suddenly he saw just below him, between two large boulders, a burly Indian drawing his bow. Like a flash he leaped down upon him, grappled with and threw him. He held him down with one knee on each arm, while his left hand clutched the Indian's long hair.

The Indian was struggling to get his knife and Fitz was longing for his pistol, which had fallen near him in the struggle. Every now and then he pounded the warrior in the face to daze him, but he was so exhausted that his blows seemed to have no more effect than those one gives while in a nightmare. Both were panting and exhausted, and there was no referee to declare it a draw.

It had to be a fight to a finish. Fortunately for Fitz, one of his men heard the struggle and coming up settled the question of survival by handing him his pistol, with which he put a quietus on the Comanche. He took his knife, belt and bow as trophies. I have often wondered if he had forgotten the incident and still wonder how that fight would have ended had they been left alone to settle it.

After that we were together in command of our respective companies as part of an expedition, under command of Van Dorn, against the Comanches in the Wichita Mountains. We had been leisurely following for several days a rather old trail of a large band of Indians, who evidently had some of their families with them, as was evidenced by the trail of lodge-poles, which are never carried by war parties, and the short distances between their abandoned camps also showed

they were moving very leisurely and evidently unaware of our pursuit.

One day we left the trail to halt as usual at midday for a short time to graze our horses. We unsaddled and turned them loose, sending out pickets and videttes to guard them under Lieutenant Royal. In a short time the horses came dashing into camp (which we had taught them to do at our posts, when driven in from their grazing ground each evening), and with them came a picket with a message from Royal, that he had discovered a band of ponies grazing and had dashed over to them and got between the ponies and the Indians, who were encamped in a brushy ravine about two miles distant.

We hastily saddled up and galloped over to him. As soon as we got there Van Dorn posted his Indian guides and most of the men on the hills surrounding the ravine, in which we could see a few of the lodges and hear the Indians' war-whoops.

Fitz's company and mine were dismounted and ordered to charge through the ravine and drive the Indians out into the open ground beyond. Most of the Indians sought shelter in a shallow creek that ran the length of the canyon, with banks about four feet high, from which they showered arrows in every direction as we advanced, the Indians being entirely hidden from view.

As we reached an opening in the woods Fitz, who was a few feet away on my left, uttered a groan, and, turning to him, I saw an expression of great pain on his pale face and an arrow sticking straight out from his body below his armpit. On the impulse of the moment I put my hand against his back and pulled the arrow out and threw it away. Then we placed him, for the time being, at the foot of a large oak tree.

After the fight, which ended in the killing or capture of all the Indians, the surgeon asked me to go and, if I could, identify the arrow to see whether or not the head had been left in the wound, as he could not determine by his probe. If it was in Lee's body, his fate was settled. On searching the vicinity of the spot where Fitz was wounded, I found a large number of arrows, some headless and others intact, and for the time that point remained undetermined.

We had left our wagons some 150 miles away and to carry him to them we improvised a stretcher by cutting two poles, across which we stretched canvas and harnessed a pack mule between the front shafts and another behind. To be pulled for that distance over rough gullies, across streams and the blistering sands of the plains, the sun blazing at times in his face, and with only warm water from our canteens to quench his fever and pain, was a dreary outlook for brave Fitz. But with that cheerful fortitude which we who knew the man expected of him, he bore it without a murmur.

As the officers on the weary march would ride up to offer assistance and cheer him up, for all loved him, he would minimize his pain and even joke, though his blanched face told of the suffering he endured. When about half way, in reply to my inquiry as to what I could do for him, he said:

"My dear brother, for the last thousand miles Old Ned (that was the hind mule) has nodded and winked at me at each step. He has shaded my eyes and kept the flies off my face with his flopping ears, and if I live I shall always remember him in my dreams. But if I change ends with the mules, I can get acquainted with the face of the other mule, and let Old Ned have a change of scenery."

Every one cared for him like a brother and shared the delight of seeing him himself once more.

An incident of the civil war which was told to me by a comrade of Fitz's, was Tom H—, and they loved one another as brothers. Both entered one of the mounted service. Tom was a proud, ambitious fellow, and had specially memorized Dennis Mahan's "Outpost Duty," a small textbook of the Academy, in which were specially emphasized the rules for a cavalry officer—to be always alert; to sleep with his ears and one eye open; never to play cards when on duty, for he might be called upon to surrender when taking up the last "deal" and the cavalry was the "eyes and ears" of the army; and to be on his vigilance the safety of the army depended." This book was the gospel of Tom's military life.

Early in the war Fitz had a command under Jeb Stuart and Tom had one of Federal cavalry and was operating in the same section. To capture Tom, of all men, was most attractive and tempting to Fitz. He selected one very dark, stormy night, when he thought his old classmate might seek shelter in an old farmhouse that one of Lee's men, familiar with the country, told him was very near his camp.

Taking this man as a guide, and a small portion of his command, he climbed the pickets to avoid any alarm, and surrounded the house. Pistol in hand, Fitz entered a room that was dimly lighted by a smoldering fire on the hearth and there he found his old friend standing in an old Virginia featherbed and sound asleep, while the rain was beating a most monotonous lullaby on the shingled roof. In fact, Tom was dead to the world. Fitz slipped quietly up to the bed, laid his hand on Tom's shoulder and shook him.

"Get up, you fellow," said Fitz, "you are my prisoner. It is useless to give any alarm. Come and breakfast with me, though I can offer you only a hearty welcome."

When Tom was fully awake and recognized in the dripping form, pistol in hand, the man who was smiling face beside his bed, his old classmate, he was the picture of mortification.

"How is this, Tom? Have you forgotten old Dennis? Perhaps if I had called upon you sooner I would have found you taking up your last trick, but I still expect to find you with both ears and one eye open."

His prisoner dressed himself and they went out and rode away, Tom sullen and sour and Fitz taxing to the utmost his courtesy to conceal his glee.

Lee was a splendid horseman in those days and an all-round athlete—in fact, a splendid type of the ideal "beast-slayer." Though he possessed a jolly, bluff and hearty manner, we all recognized that he would confront any occasion, however great and grave, with coolness, courage, prompt decision, quick action and good judgment.

I have not met Fitzhugh Lee since 1868, and when I then asked him who he was going he said he was fencing—the kind we did at the Academy, but worn-fencing, at the old home-stand, which had been swept over by both armies for four years. Since then he has been honored by the State and the Nation by high offices of honor and trust. In all of these he has realized the hopes of those who confided in his ability and patriotism. I am told that his head is now covered with the frost that never melts, but that he bears both his years and his honors easily, and that when out of harness, or "out

A Novelty in Hand Bags.

Made of heavy fancy silk, similar in appearance to armoire silk, in black, gray, brown, green and garnet. Size is 6 inches by 7 inches, and the frame is so arranged that it lies open in square shape, making it possible to put in the bag the largest package that it will hold. With plain frame, \$1 75; with frame set with jewels, \$2.

Bordered Veils.

Very handsome, indeed, are the new things in individual Veils, in fine meshes, and in round open-work meshes, some with chenille border, some with embroidered borders in spray designs, and others with plain white illusion borders 1 inch wide. The prices, by the way, are not exactly in keeping with the daintiness of the veils.

All black veils, 35c and 75c. Black, with yellow border, 65c. White, with fancy self color border, 75c.

Two Hundred Trimmed Hats.

Twenty years of experience serve us well in determining just what the Sacramento people need and want in fine Millinery. And the Sacramento people know this, and look to us with a confidence born of past experience. Our large force of expert millinery trimmers is now taxed to its utmost, evolving new creations and completing orders for new Spring Hats already in hand. At this time we are showing over two hundred styles of women's fine hats, to say nothing of the almost endless variety of new headwear for misses and children. Better styles, newer colorings, or greater values cannot be had.

Everything in hat daintiness is here for your choosing—drooping backs, new mushroom and shoot shapes, toques, berets and all the new styles for the season. We have welcomed to our Millinery Department everything but fancy prices, which we have rigidly excluded. Trimmed Hats from \$2 50 upward.

duty," he is the same genial Fitz as in the days of old, when he and other young officers in the army were fighting Redskins and blazing the way for pioneers in the wilderness of the frontier.

NOT TO BLAME.

Earl Hubbard Didn't "Sick" His Dog at the Cat.

Several days ago a boy named Earl Hubbard was arrested at the instance of Miss Sophia Jones and charged with having encouraged a dog to chew up somebody's favorite cat.

The case was heard in Justice Davis' court yesterday morning, but the evidence failed in every particular to substantiate the charge, and when everything had been told City Attorney De Ligne asked the court to make an order discharging the defendant, which was done.

Miss Jones, the prosecuting witness, said the trouble occurred in the vicinity of Twentieth and J streets. She did not see young Hubbard set the dog at the cat, but after the damage had been done, she saw it go to him. She saw the boy throw a clod of earth at the dog, and supposed he did so to separate the combatants.

Miss Barber, another witness, did not see Earl Hubbard do anything except stand and look at the battle between the cat and dog, and Miss Bechtel saw some boys trying to separate the animals.

Miss Moore was not present when the trouble occurred, but testified that the cat died after the fight.

It was then that the City Attorney moved for a dismissal, and the Justice, in granting the motion, called attention to the evidence, which showed that the boy, instead of setting the canine at the feline, had really tried to separate them.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers have been recorded since our last report:

Patrick Spain et al. by Commission-ers to Caroline Switzer—Lots 5 and 6, O and P and Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets; \$2,188. Orangevale Colonization Company to Thos. B. Hall—Tracts 49, 76, 223 and 322, Orangevale Colony.

Albert M. Johnson to E. S. Driver—Lots 11, 12, 13, block P, Highland Park. John H. Lowry et ux. to Theresa Coleman—North quarter lot 5, H and I and Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets; \$1,350.

August Gustafson et ux. to Eccidental Building and Loan Association—West half lot 1, Q and R and Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets.

W. C. Annie and Elizabeth Graycey to Margaret Cunningham—East half lot 7, H and I and Eleventh and Twelfth streets.

Continued Two Weeks.

In Judge Johnson's Court yesterday the case of Richardson Brothers' Company against the Loomis Fruit Association was on trial, it being an examination concerning property of the judgment debtor. The association's office burned down some time ago, and all the books and records were burned. It was continued for two weeks.

Pilkington Arraigned.

Harold Pilkington was arraigned before Judge Hart yesterday on the charge of embezzlement, and was given a week in which to plead.

Save money by buying your tea and coffee of J. McMurry, 531 M.

MONDAY, 9:30 A. M.

Sale of 1,350 yards New Spring Silks, including Black Taffeta Brocades, Black Satin Duchesse, and Novelty Waist Silks.

At 9:30 Monday we shall offer 1,350 yards of new spring silks, none of which have been shown on our counters this season. The latest designs and colorings are represented. Every piece is a new piece and every yard could be readily sold at the regular price, but as a special inducement to silk buyers (and silk is to be very popular this year, by the way), we have made the unusual offering. We wish to start the silk buying in earnest, and with a swirl that will be long remembered.

LOT 1—Heavy Black Satin Duchesse, 24 inches wide, for waists and separate skirts. The regular \$1 50 quality.

Monday's Price, \$1 15

LOT 2—Handsome line of Black Figured Taffeta Brocade Silks, excellent quality, in all new designs. Limited quantity of this particular offering.

Monday's Price, 57c

Also, a few silver gray, and black and white Jacquard Brocade or Figured Silks. Rich taffeta ground in pretty high mourning designs. 75c yard.

LOT 3—Extra wide Black Figured Gros, Grain Silks, superior quality, rich satin designs in attractive new ideas. If you are at all interested in beautiful silks for skirts and waists, do not overlook this offering. Actual width, 23 inches.

Monday's Price, 75c

LOT 4—Fancy Colored Waist Silks, in what is unquestionably about the prettiest line of color combinations shown by us. Hand-some Gros de Londres ground in rich changeable figures. The colors are new porcelain blue, pretty shades of green, silver gray and blue, brown, gold, etc. A magnificent waist silk, intended to be sold for \$1 35 yard.

Monday's Price, 77c

LOT 5—Consists of a variety of perfect gems in the latest two-toned Waist Silks, a sort of broken black check pattern in beautiful new colorings. There is a superb changeable effect in these silks that cannot well be described here. Combinations of navy with green, pink with green, heliotrope with green, and effects in cerise and cardinal. A silk that should sell for \$1 50.

Monday's Price, 89c

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

A FINE CHESS GAME.

It Was Played Between Mr. Goodman and Colonel Peeler.

Following is the game played between Mr. Goodman and Colonel Peeler at the Sacramento Chess Annex last Tuesday night, with notes upon the moves.

- White (Goodman). Black (Peeler). 1.P-K4 1.E-K3 2.K1-KB3 2.P-Q4 3.P-K5 3.P-QB4 4.P-Q4 4.Q-QK3 5.E-B3 5.P-P 6.K1P-Q3 6.B-QB4 7.P-QB3 7.K1-QB3 (b) 8.Castles 8.K1-KB3 9.P-QB2 (c) 9.K1-QB3 10.K1xB 11.QxK1 12.E-E3 12.Q-GE3 13.K1-QB3 13.P-QK3 14.R-Ksq 14.K-KK3 15.P-K13 15.P-QK12 16.R-QB4 16.QR-QBsq (e) 18.K1-QB2 18.Q-Q3 19.K1-Q4 19.R-QB2 20.P-QR4 20.Q-C2 21.P-QK14 21.KR-QBsq 22.Q-Q2 22.K-Rsq 23.P-QK15 23.B-K12 24.K1-QBsq 24.R-K15 25.B-KK4 (f) 25.R-PE5 26.Q-K12 26.R-KP 27.B-QB2 (g) 27.R-K1 (h) 28.K1-KK3 29.B-KK3 29.K1-KK3 30.P-KR3 31.BxK1 31.KR 32.PxP 33.K1-Q2 33.K1-Q2 34.K-KK3 (i) 34.K-KK3 (k) 35.K1-E5 (j) 36.QxP 37.Q-Ksq (m) 37.Q-Ksq (n) 38.Q-QB7 38.Q-E3 39.Q-Q8 ch 40.PxP 41.Q-Q7 ch (o) 41.K-Ksq 42.QxP ch 42.K1-K6 ch 44.QxR (p) 44.QxR (p) 45.QxP ch 45.QxP ch 46.K-K12 46.K-K12 47.K-R2 47.K-R2 48.K-Rsq 48.K-Rsq 49.K-R2 49.K-R2 50.K-K15 50.K-K15 51.Q-K4 51.Q-K4 52.P-Q5 52.P-Q5 53.Q-K4 (q) 53.Q-K4 (q) 54.PxP 54.P-KK3 55.P-K4 (r) 55.P-K4 (r) 56.K-KB2 56.K-KB2 57.P-KK3 57.P-KK3 58.P-KK5 ch 58.P-KK5 ch 59.K-KB2 59.K-KB2 60.P-KK12 60.P-KK12 61.PxP 61.PxP 62.K-K12 ch 62.K-K12 ch 63.P-Q6 63.P-Q6 64.K-Bsq 64.K-Bsq 65.P-Q7 65.P-Q7 66.K-E5 66.K-E5 67.P-Queens ch and wins.

NOTES. (a) A clever trap; if QxK1, B-K15 ch and white wins Q. (b) A good move; if K1xK1, BxP and ch. (c) White retreats this powerful Bishop to prevent its capture by K1. (d) Threatening KB st. only posted at B4. (e) Preparing to take advantage of his open B file. (f) A strong move. (g) Threatening to win the exchange. (h) Black yields the exchange, being now two pawns ahead, rather than have his R forced out of the game. (i) With the intention of bringing his K1 into play at Q3. Up to this point

Monday, March 14.

Fine Tailor-Made and Black Cashmere Suits at Special Prices.

At the opening of business Monday we will place on sale 14 fine tailor-made Covert Suits, in shades of tan, green, brown and gray. It's a small lot secured from a New York manufacturer at a remarkably low figure. The suits are such that regularly sell for \$17 50. Made with silk-lined jackets and perfect-hanging skirts. The line is a broken one, containing sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 only, which accounts for

Monday's Price, \$10 48

It is seldom that you find stylish black suits thoroughly up to date at special prices, but we purchased from the same manufacturer 11 black suits, stylishly made and handsomely trimmed, mostly size 36. All tight-fitting and made of fine cashmere and black serge. Just 11 suits and mostly size 36—that is all the explanation you will need for

Monday's Price, \$12 45



The Popular Lace Dress Shoe for Girls.

The little lady is evidently very proud of her shoes. She finds them slightly perfect fitting and comfortable, and, as usual under such circumstances, she needs but little to complete her happiness. We are prepared to make many little ladies just as happy, and their mothers, by the way, can also be happy in the knowledge that the shoes are just as good as they look. The popular new lace Dress Shoe for girls, made of fine kid, with new coin toes, long patent leather tips, and, of course, spring heels. All widths. Sizes 1 1/2 to 2, \$2; 2 1/2 to 3, \$1 50; 3 to 4, \$1 25.

REMARKABLE COW.

One Week's Milk Yielded Nearly Sixteen Pounds of Butter.

The performance of a registered Jersey cow owned in Sacramento has just been reported to the American Jersey Cattle Club, which is worthy of note. Oleta, No. 15,625, is nearly seventeen years old and is owned by Peter J. Shields of the Governor's office. He had her tested for a butter record, according to the rules of the Jersey Club, during the seven days from December 26, 1897, to January 1, 1898, and for that week she gave, on plain food, 25 1/2 pounds of milk, which made 12 1/2 pounds of choice, well-worked butter.

Set for Trial.

Judge Hart yesterday set the case of Theobald Blauth against F. Klumpff for trial on April 4th.

The case of William Fritz against the Howard-Wilson Publishing Company, and J. W. Wilson against William Fritz were set for March 17th.

MIKE'S MISTAKE.

How a Bogus Jewelry Operator Got Into Jail.

Deputy Sheriff Henry Alter yesterday arrested Mike Duskel, alias Paulvins, and a charge of vagrancy has been placed against him.

Duskel approached Alter and tried the cheap jewelry dodge on him, but Alter told him he doubted the value of the ring offered for sale, and unless a jeweler passed on its merits he would not buy.

Duskel at once crossed the street and went into Wachstorf's jewelry store. He showed the ring to the proprietor and inquired whether any like it were carried in stock. The jeweler informed him that he did not carry a stock of brass goods. Duskel said he knew his ring was worthless, but wanted to get a good one as near like it as possible.

When a tray of rings was set on the counter Duskel attempted to do a "flying switch" and take a good ring for his bogus article, but Mr. Wachstorf grasped his hand and told him it didn't go. Alter was watching proceedings, and gathered in his man.



Men's Black Suits, \$20.

When our capable tailor has measured you carefully, and has altered one of these correctly made and perfectly finished suits to conform to your measurements, you will realize that while we don't make to order, we do make to fit. Ready-made clothing will not fit? There are hundreds in town who thought the same way, but we have altered their opinions. Such suits as these new Black Worsteds Suits seem made for just such a purpose.

Made by one of the most reliable manufacturers of fine clothing in America, of pure black worsted, in diagonal weave, a soft finish fabric that will not grow shiny from use. Cut on the new lines, with coat silk lined throughout. Sacks and frocks, and in all sizes. Price, \$20.

Quo Vadis.

"Quo Vadis," complete edition, printed on good paper, in clear type. 18c.

Men's Fine Balbriggan Underwear.

Nice medium-weight underwear, made of Egyptian cotton, form fitting and perfectly finished—the drawers reinforced. Price, \$1 50 garment.

Boys' Bib Overalls, 25c.

Good quality Bib Overalls for the little fellows. 25c.

Twenty-one per cent Nickel Silver Spoons and Forks.

These Spoons and Forks are made of hard white metal, with 21 per cent nickel silver, and will outwear any solid metal spoon in the market.

Teaspoons, 45c set of six; Tablespoons, 90c per set of six; Forks, 90c per set of six.

Try McMurry's 35c tea. 531 M.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS. A WONDERFUL MEDICINE. BECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system and cure sick headache, fever, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN. Beecham's Pills are Without a Rival. LARGEST SALE of any Patent Medicine in the World. 25c. at all Drug Stores.

BIG MEN there are in the world, but MEN are you one of them? Are you a man at all? Trembling hands and knocking knees do not indicate a man! They do show something though. They show a weakness! Indeed they do! And if you are a weakling are you not ashamed of yourself? Call it what you will, you must own that you are not manly. You are a little better than a baby—but how much? You must get that vigor back, you must find that feeling of confidence again. And "Hudyan"—that grand remedio-treatment of the Hudsonian Institute—will enable you to! There is nothing else in the world that will insure your life, happiness and certain health. Never try to make yourself believe that you are not looking for vital force. You love to live! If you did not you would not be alive. And if "Hudyan" will make your life one long dream of pleasure, is it not wise to get it? Just one sweet, sweet dream! You can get "Hudyan" from the doctors of the great Hudson Medical Institute only. It is their grand discovery for the weaknesses that almost all of the male population of the world is afflicted with. It cures. HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Stockton, Market and Ellis Streets, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. Will you write for free circulars and testimonials? Loosened teeth, loss of sleep, hair falling out means blood taint. The "30-day blood cure" will make that all right. Never mind about what stage it may be, and will you get into your mind that these circulars are free, too? So is medical advice.