Old Squire.

The Romance of a Black Virginian.

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CHAPTER XXX.

WHERE GLORY LED.

"The toil o' the war
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honor, which dies
i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair fact." —Shakspere.

At 3 o'clock Dahlgren halted his column on the Westham plank road within view of the Richmond intrenchments and made preparation to attack the Confederate Capital with his 500 men. The crowds of negro refugees were sent off toward the north, with a prudence that seems to reveal Dahlgren's hopelessness of success in his present attack; as for his officers, they obeyed his commands.

Squire now had a good rest. He was gloomy, but he knew how to rest. He had already begged Morgan to take measures for his own safety, begged even while he knew that his advice would be scorned; yet the Lieutenant was far from believing the negro's opinion unwarranted, and he would go forward without hope.

"You are going to wait for me, Uncle Squire?"

"Oh, yessah; you gwine to fine me right sheah, sah—leastways ef you gits back."

With a line of skirmishers right and left, the column moved forward on the road, and soon disappeared in the dusk. Squire was not alone; there were white men and black men lingering here in the rear to await the result, and he heard their speech, and not one expressed hope; the only spoken opinion was that Dahlgren was but losing time that should be used in retreating. The old negro's head was greatly muddled. In regard to himself had he one intention beyond that of waiting? one purpose that was not merely involuntary? Without the will or even the seeming need for thought, there must have flitted through his brain an incoherent succession of ideas unconsidered because of apathy akin to that which is the effect of a certain drug. From his talks with Serg't Morgan afterward, we know that the death of Barney had almost unsettled the old man; in a dazed condition he was living moment by moment, with his own future a thing that gave him no interest. True, there were times when his thought of Barney joined fast hold upon thought of Dr. Lacy; but these times were as brief as those moments when he thought of the rain, or of the wet earth, or of aught else too trivial to continue. Instinct alone upheld him, the instinct of loyalty; he had promised; he must keep his promise, for Mahs Dan, this other Mahs Dan, was one of his people—the only one who could now receive his service. Even while he heard shots from the advancing skirmishers, and heard the answering volleys of the Confederates, the old man sank to sleep; and when he awoke he found Dahlgren's command about him, reorganizing for further march, and Morgan standing over him in the rain.

How Junior got through that night he never knew. Gusts of wind tore through the woods. The rain, the snow, the sleet, the darkness, the straggling, disheartened column, the impress of defeat, the almost certainty of capture, were confused into one overwhelming horror against which naught save the influence of discipline might furnish a rallying-point for resistance. Dead and wounded abandoned, the knowledge that Kilpatrick's Division had marched away after dismal failure to effect more than a panic of citizens; the 60—perhaps 100—miles to march if safety should ever be reached, the swollen rivers to cross where elated enemies must be met; the stumbling horses, the silent riders, the pain, the torture, the ignominy—all these, who shall tell?

About midnight Dahlgren reached Hungary Station, eight miles north of Richmond. The column closed. The column? There were but a hundred men; where were the 400?

The Colonel and his few remaining officers held a consultation. It was clear that Capt. Mitchell, at the head of the detachment of the 2d N. Y., had been unable to follow in the darkness; 400 men had turned off upon some other road, to the right, or left, who could say?

It was agreed that to wait would be too hazardous. The next thing to decide was the best route into safety. Dahlgren laid before the little council all that was known, especially the fact that Gen. Butler, near Yorktown, had been ordered to send a force toward Richmond for the support of Kilpatrick, and the opinion that Kilpatrick's Division, with the enemy following, had marched eastward to meet the force of Butler's. Only three courses were possible to consider: first, to march back nearly in the way they had come; second, to endeavor to reach Kilpatrick by marching down the peninsula toward Yorktown; third, to make across the Pamunkey and Mattapony rivers and move down to Gloucester Point opposite Yorktown.

Of these propositions Morgan gave his voice for the second; and urged his reasons with force. He contended that the first was in reality outside of consideration. Stuart's cavalry were now alert, and every ford of every river would be guarded; the command would be captured long before the Rapidan could be reached; the third plan involved a journey almost impossible even if no enemy should intervene in their front; the least hope to outstrip their pursuers in a march of 80 miles, their own horses already weakened, was too great; besides, they must make their way across two rivers at either of which they might easily be arrested; the second course offered a possibility, in that, once escaping the enemy who were supposed to hang upon Kilpatrick's rear, an enemy not sufficiently strong to block all the roads, safety would be found within a single day.

The final decision was made: they must attempt to reach Gloucester Point; the column was again in motion.

Now Morgan called the negro to his side, and said, "Uncle Squire, we have a long march to make, and I'm going to bid you good-by. You can easily get back to your people, and I'll keep you no longer. Good-by, Uncle Squire."

The negro's face was invisible, and Junior could perceive no change in his tones; perhaps he had already become utterly indifferent to his own fate; he answered, "No, Mahs Dan, I gwine to stay wid ju; I ain't got nobody no mo'e to stay wid but shu; an' I gwine to stay tell I can't stay no mo'e." And Morgan wrung the slave's hand and prayed God to bless him, for he knew that Squire believed all the Federals would soon be in prison, yet was determined to be faithful until the final disaster should separate them.

Soon after the column had crossed the Chickahominy a train of ambulances was met, the Federal wounded of Kilpatrick's Division being taken to Richmond, and from these men Dahlgren learned definitely that Kitpartcik, attacked by a body of Stuart's cavalry under Hampton, had retreated eastward, making down the Peninsula.

At dawn the column approached the Pamunkey, and now, if they had but turned down the river road they would soon have found Kilpatrick, who waited for them until 1 o'clock that day at Old Church. Instead, Dahlgren led on to the river; here the ferry-boat could be seen on the opposite side, and adventurous men soon swam the river and brought it over. Meanwhile the precious rest of two or three hours was had, it requiring until 11 o'clock to complete the crossing.

From this time Dahlgren felt no fear of immediate pursuit by the force that had attacked Kilpatrick; yet he had come upon ground no less perilous; from the Pamunkey at Hanovertown Ferry onward to the Mattapony at Aylett's he encountered small irregular bodies of the enemy, furloughed men who had got together at the news of the Yankees, and endeavored to delay their march; and when, at 2 o'clock, the Mattapony had been crossed, the dangers grew until disaster became inevitable. The road, it is true, turned down the river, but this was the country of home guards, and the picketing ground of small outlying detachments of Stuart's cavalry, while Gloucester Point was yet 50 miles distant. If Dahlgren had now had his 500 men, he could have overridden all these foes, but his command had dwindled to 70 men fit for service, and their cartridges were almost gone. At 6 o'clock another halt became horribly necessary. Rain still, and cold, and greater weariness; the men and horses must be fed. The barns yielded corn to force; the men made fires and cooked; the horses fed; a hundred contrabands in the rear rejoiced in the prospect of freedom. But meanwhile swift riders were carrying tidings to Capt. Bagby of the home guards, to Capt. Todd of the home guards, to Lieut. Pollard of the 9th Va., on detached service, to Capt. Magruder, to Capt. Fox, to every furloughed man and every home guard within reach.

"SQUIRE," SAID MORGAN, "YOU MUST GET HELP."

At 9 o'clock the column moved on, but moved not far. From the rear came discharges from carbines, from shotguns, from muskets, scattering the negroes, many of whom at once sought refuge in the woods—nothing seen but the wet road and the flashes of a hundred guns to which we could make but feeble reply. A picket of three men, sent forward at the last halt, had been seen no more, and now all knew that the enemy held the ground in front. Yet we moved on.

Dahlgren sent forward an advance guard—only six men—and almost at once rode to their head.

Then the enemy challenged from ambush.

"Surrender, or we fire!" cried Dahlgren.

In reply the forest sparkled with volleys from the front.

The column fell back in confusion; and at once a fire was opened against us on the flanks.

Dahlgren had fallen, pierced with five balls.

In great disorder the men filed out of the road into the woods at the right.

A guide who had been pressed into service was missing; we knew he would tell the enemy that our ammunition had been exhausted.

The men, helpless, lay on the ground in a small field at the south of the road. All hope had long since gone.

Officers counselled the disbanding of the force. All around, except on the side next the river, the lights of fires began to show in the woods—our enemies would wait until the morning to give the finishing stroke.

Men began to steal away afoot; they would try to slip between the fires, thoughtless of the pickets intervening. Groups went. The officer now in command, Maj. Cooke, ordered all to destroy their arms—except pistols.

Morgan felt a hand laid on his arm. "Mahs Dan, dey's all a-gwyin' to go—all 'scusin' dem w'at's done broke down."

"Yes, Uncle Squire, I must try it too."

"Yassah; w'ich a-way izh you gwine, sah?"

"Lord, I don't know; just risk it as the others through the woods; but I wish to God I could get across the river."

"Yassah, dat's de bes' way; you come along wi' me, Mahs Dan, an' ef we can't git acrawst, we kin a-most,—leastways ef de good Lawd'll dess be on ouah side dess one mo'e time."

Morgan was astounded at the offer; he knew that this negro must leave his possessions, and must endure hardship after hardship. He pressed the slave's hand.

"Mahs Dan, I got a whole lot o' bread jit, an' I 'spec' we not a-gwine to git no mo'e soon. You kin put awn one o' dezhe heah haversacks, an' I kin tote two, an' we kin dess let all de res' go; an' you betteh save yo' whisky."

Morgan gladly assented; he believed that to recross the river would be to find comparative safety; true, the Pamunkey also must be crossed, but its banks would not be lined with pickets, and time would be had in which to secure a boat, perhaps; the Mattapony was the trouble, for only half a mile of its steep banks was accessible because of enemies in front and rear.

"Tek yo' picket rope along, Mahs Dan, an' yo' reins, an' all you' straps; I 'spec' we gwine to need 'em. Ef you can't swim, Mahs Dan, we got to mek a mighty big raf', leastways ef we can't find no boat, an' I don't 'spec' we kin."

"Swim like a duck, Uncle Squire."

It was past midnight; the dense darkness was in their favor in one respect, against them in others. Squire led to the right, Morgan close behind; and now Junior was surprised at his own strength. Riding, he had felt exhausted; walking seemed a relief; perhaps the excitement due to this individual enterprise had given him stimulus.

At last they stood near the river—a black, indefinite chasm. They dared speak only in whispers.

"You seddown, Mahs Dan, an' stay right sheah tell I git back ag'in," and now Junior was alone.

The sound of a shot broke the silence in his rear, perhaps fired at some Federal stealing between the enemy's pickets.

Morgan's hope of success was small; the river could be crossed, yet he saw not how to prevent freezing in his wet clothes when he should reach the southern bank. Squire was resourceful, but how could he make a raft sufficient to uphold their effects? How, even, could they descend this steep bluff?

But Squire returned and bade him follow; Morgan felt himself going down a gentle slope, and soon was in the midst of bushes.

"Got to be mighty sly now, Mahs Dan," said the slave; "dey's mighty clost by. We's a-gwine down to de mouf o' dis creek, an' den we kin land in de ribeh."

It was a short but toilsome stage; through brush and brier they crept on slowly, at every yard or two stumbling over some log or rail which the backwaters of the last freshet had stranded; and at every such obstacle the negro gave a grunt of satisfaction, which Morgan was not long in construing.

At the mouth of the creek the negro again bade the Lieutenant remain; and soon he could be heard dragging some heavy thing about. Morgan insisted on helping; but Squire, with obvious hypocrisy, asserted that one must hold the point gained, in order to signal the worker back to the spot. Yet the old man seemed to work in the darkness by instinct, and in half an hour had dragged to the place a collection of old timbers that he pronounced sufficient.

The raft must be made in the water; Squire stripped, and Morgan helped the negro, now in the creek. With the picket ropes they succeeded in lashing together two stout timbers of unequal length, and upon them crosswise three pieces of rails; on the top of these they tied half a dozen longer rails parallel with the base. But before this top layer had been fixed, Morgan was naked and in the cold water.

At length they tied their clothing, blankets, and haversacks, and fastened them to the floor of the raft; then they dropped into the creek and pushed their ramshackle craft out into the main stream, side by side, each swimming with one hand on a stringer.

They landed on the south bank, a quarter of a mile below, without accident, and, but for the cold, without great suffering. Lest it be detected at daylight, and pursuit begun, Squire demolished his raft and pushed the several parts down the stream; and when each had taken a great deal of whisky, and had got his clothes on, the adventure seemed little perilous.

A rapid walk through the woods and fields quickly warmed them; then, ignorant of the course they were taking, they slept until dawn, when Morgan consulted his map, and they marched cautiously south for the Pamunkey. He would strike it below White House; it ought to be not more than 10 miles away; they would reach it in the early afternoon, in ample time to secure a boat before the day was gone; then, in the darkness, they would cross, and he had little doubt that he should find Kilpatrick or Butler's forces near by. And the result proved that he was correct in all these opinions.

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Col. Spear, in command of a Federal cavalry brigade, had been ordered by Gen. Butler to march up the Peninsula to the support of Kilpatrick. On the morning of the 4th the brigade left camp at New Kent Court-House—Kilpatrick having marched on down, upon the 3d, with Capt. Mitchell and Dahlgren's 400, who had overtaken him—and began its return toward Williamsburg, which place it reached at 4 o'clock.

Col. Spear brought with him a man whom he had found below New Kent—a man seemingly exhausted, and whom the Surgeon at once put to bed when he was brought on to Yorktown. This man said that Dahlgren's command had been ambushed near King and Queen Court-House, and the Colonel killed; he had been with Dahlgren, and with the help of a negro had crossed two rivers and made his way into safety. The man gave his name as Morgan, and his rank as Lieutenant. Questioned by Col. Spear as to what had become of the negro, Morgan's answers were seemingly reluctant. The negro, he said, had seen the Federal cavalry on the road, and had refused to come farther. He did not tell that he had emptied his purse into the negro's pockets.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FATE'S DISCHARGES.

"Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death."
—Shakspere.

Whether right or wrong, wise or unwise, no sooner had Squire seen blue cavalry coming than he announced his decision to go no farther with the Federal Lieutenant.

"Mahs Dan, you's done got back to yo' folks, an' now I's got to git back to mine. Fah you well, Mahs Dan. An' ef you nuvveh see me no mo'e in dis wohl,' 'membeh ole Squiah."

Lieut. Morgan was taken to Yorktown, and thence to Washington, where he long lay ill of a nervous fever, brought on—according to Dr. Lacy afterward—by exposure and mental distress; his late companion, meanwhile, made his way back to his master; and so great was Squire's success on his return journey that he appeared in camp without having been missed, Stuart's men having themselves been out for a full week engaged in provident blocking of the fords lest Kilpatrick's column return through Spotsylvania; and Squire's horse, which he had purchased from a farmer with part of the money Junior had given him, was almost the only palpable evidence of what the negro had undergone.

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On the 4th of May Gen. Grant's army crossed the Rapidan and marched into the Wilderness.

At this time Andrew Morgan was still in Washington, and Jennie West was expecting him to come for her, her father's opposition to their marriage having been completely conquered a month before by the return of Usher, exchanged through Junior's efforts. Lacy had found time to devote to his old patient, and had demanded that Morgan should never reenter service. The marriage would take place on Wednesday, the 11th.

On the 4th of May, while the Army of the Potomac was crossing the Rapidan, Serg't Morgan and his friends at the head of their brigade, with old Squire and other camp servants in its rear, were riding from Orange Court-House toward the Wilderness; the Capt. Freeman, now recovered from his wound, was riding at the head of his company on Grant's flank.

While Grant's and Lee's infantry were wrestling in the dark thickets, the cavalry on the south were frequently in close contact; where an opening was found, road or field, there the horsemen would meet—on either flank a line of dismounted men in the bushes. In this road or field, for a while, the Confederates would gain ground; in that, for a while, the Union troops would win advantage; and each side would eagerly strive to make prisoners that through close questioning definite knowledge might be gained of forces opposite. Many of these combats had no seeming connection with each other, and all of them but little result except to increase the number of the dead. Yet, with it all, Stuart's main purpose—to work around Grant's flank and block the roads to the south—was successful, his lines working on and on until his force at the critical moment held Spotsylvania Court-House and prevented the capture of this strong position where Lee withstood Grant from the 9th until the 20th of May.

In one of these many unnamed skirmishes, Freeman's command had driven its opponents back upon a narrow road for more than a mile. The forces contending were about equally small, but Freeman's men had been armed recently with the terrible Spencer repeating carbine, and no enemy twice their number could stand their eight volleys to one. And Freeman, on this day, was trying to do his best.

At length, in one headlong run, the Federal advance, outstripping its main body far, had galloped to the edge of a little bivouac from which the camp followers of the rebels had just retreated. Firing continued; dead and wounded began to fall on both sides, for here the enemy had made their strong rally; but as his company came up in force, Freeman again ordered the charge, and his men, with a great shout and a last loud emptying of guns, drove like a storm into the little encampment.

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A riderless horse had rushed away; a soldier lay upon the ground in a dense thicket, a negro kneeling over him.

"Izh you hurt bad, Mahs Dan?"

The voice was a whisper, for the conquering Federals were close at hand; their shouts were easily heard, and even the stamping of their horses.

To Squire's speech Morgan made no answer. The negro bent lower; he drew a knife from his pocket and cut the soldier's canteen straps; then he sprinkled water on the face of the wounded man, who soon opened his eyes.

"Izh you hurt bad, Mahs Dan?"

Morgan raised his left hand, and muttered, "Tarn me over."

The old man succeeded in obeying, and now saw the right arm bent at a horrible angle above the elbow. Squire rose to his feet; he must seek help.

Shots were yet coming from both sides. Freeman held the bivouac, but the negro knew it not.

"Squire," said Morgan, the voice feeble, yet reaching the negro's ear. Again Squire bent.

"You must get help * * * but be very careful; don't show yourself until you know that you're right * * * you may run into the Yankees anywhere in these woods."

"Yassah, I sho' gwine to be sho' be-fo'e I go up to 'em. Izh you hurt bad, Mahs Dan?"

"The arm—I suppose I must lose it. But, Squire, you must not let the Yankees see you. I'd rather lie here for days than go to prison. Be very slow and careful."

"Yassah," and the negro went, going, as he supposed, toward the rear of his bivouac. Instead, he ran into the ranks of men, who, too late, he saw were clothed in blue.

Too late, indeed, for as he rushed forward he had cried, "Oh, Mahsta! please, sah, come an' sen' somebody to git Mahs Dan Mawgin."

"Oh, yes, I know you, dam you! at your same old tricks. Capt. Freeman! Capt. Freeman!"

The words had been shouted by Private Hawley, who had instantly recognized the old man, and had urged out of ranks and grasped him by the collar.

"What is it, Hawley?"

"That dam'd old Squire, sir, begging your pardon. He comes right out o' the woods, right there, and wants us to help Dan Morgan again."

"So, I've got you at last, have I?" exclaimed Freeman. His tone was very angry, and doubtless the slave's heart sank even yet lower within him.

"Mahsta, I ain't a-doin' noth'n', an' I ain't be'n a-doin' noth'n' but a-tendin' to my mahsta.'

"And where is your master?"

Squire was silent; yet in a moment he seems to have conceived that speech was best.

"He done dess now gawn back, Mahsta."

"Yes, yes; you're attending to your master, and I promise you that I'm going to attend to you. Where is my horse, you scoundrel?"

Men were pressing around Hawley, who, leaning forward in his saddle, still held the negro. It was getting dark.

"Back to your places!" shouted Freeman, sternly.

"Just look at his hands, Captain; they are all over blood."

Freeman's orders to learn what force was on this road had been imperative; his personal vengeance must give way, at least for a time.

"Now, old man, I know you. You will answer my questions, and truthfully, or I'll have you shot. I'll not take time to hang you. I'll shoot you here in this spot unless you answer me. So help me God, me. I know you and your ways. You will tell me at once whose troops are in our front, and you will show me the wounded man you're trying to hide. Quick, now!"

"Yassah, Mahsta—I tell you, sah; hit's Ginnle Stuaht, an' hit's Ginnle Lee, Mahsta."

The answer enraged Freeman. Certainly he knew already that whatever force he met was Lee's; certainly he knew already that every cavalryman was Stuart's; yet against combined ignorance and obstinacy who can prevail?

"Whose blood is that? Answer me at once."

Squire lifted his red palms. "Oh, Mahsta, dat's wa't I got awf'n a chicken. I was dess a-killin' a chicken right oveh dah, Mahsta, w'en you all come up an' skeehed me away in de woods."

At this instant a terrible blast of cannon, and the thicket rattled with canister and shot.

"Dismount and form!" shouted Freeman. He had turned his head and was now giving orders to construct a barricade across the road, and to the men to withhold their fire. Hawley yet held the negro; he was leaning over, still in the saddle, his hand clutching Squire's collar.

And then there came to the poor, trembling slave a wonderful deliverance. Hawley's hold relaxed, and at the same second of time the repeated detonation of artillery shook the woods; at the next instant the cavalryman was falling, and Freeman's horse, frantic with pain, was rushing away heedless of his rider.

Squire's wonder at Hawley's releasing him lasted but a moment; before the man had begun to fall, he knew by the burst-ing shell what had happened, and he had lightly stepped aside, and then had thrown himself down by the now prostrate soldier; a moment more and he was crawling through the thicket in the darkness.

Two hours later, the Federals having retired, he guided men to the spot where he had left Serg't Morgan; and before sunrise of the next day that brave soldier had been compelled to submit to the loss of his sword arm.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NO GREATER LOVE.

"Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet. * * *"
—Blake.

Sheridan, with 10,000 men, rode around Lee's right flank and marched upon Richmond. Stuart followed, and with three small brigades met the Federal cavalry at Yellow Tavern some seven miles out from the Capital.

It was the 11th of May, Wednesday. Jennie West was married on this day, and on this day Sheridan marched from Ashland upon Stuart, who faced northwest, his line across the road to Richmond. From 11 o'clock until 4 little impression was made upon the Confederate lines—the brigade of Wickham on the right, that of Lomax on the left, with a reserve of but part of one regiment—the 1st Va.

Stuart's extreme left was west of the road, two guns in the road, another upon a hill farther toward the flank.

At 4 o'clock Sheridan engaged the whole of Stuart's line, and at the same time threw forward Custer's Brigade to charge the guns on the Confederate left.

At this time Gen. Stuart was with his right wing, half a mile away or more, but the speedy report coming that mounted cavalry were threatening his guns, he rode southward in all haste.

Custer's charge was led by the 1st Mich., Maj. Howrigan at the head of the leading squadron.

The Confederates, closely engaged along the entire line, held to their work at every point, until Howrigan rode over the two cannon on the pike, capturing guns and gunners, cutting off Stuart's left, and threatening the destruction of the whole Confederate line.

Now Stuart stormed up, crying aloud to his men to rally.

Yet the guns had been lost beyond recovery. A great gap was in the line, and into the gap, and on, following the scattered Confederates, the 5th Mich. advanced.

Meanwhile, all the right was holding, and at the left of the captured guns still stood some small companies firing into the flank and rear of the Federals that had moved through the gap—and with these few men Stuart held, in the last effort of his life.

The Michigan regiments, pouring through the gap, were met by the 1st Va.

Now the battle raged along the right where the rebel lines were yet unbroken, and all about the isolated left where Stuart was, and behind this hill, where the 1st Va was charging.

Stuart's old regiment, on that day, fought not only its last fight under the eye of its first commander, but it fought for his safety from capture, and its efforts were equal to the crisis—the enemy were thrown back, and Stuart's person was saved; yet even as the Michigan men were retiring, their fire, directed at Stuart's group, wounded the General to death.

The 1st Va. was already in disorder from its charge; its success had been but partial, but momentary; already the ground was spotted with its best.

On that little hill the bloody wave again flowed back, and the Federals held all the line from which Stuart's left had been driven, and the Confederates were forced to form a new line of the left wing, resting at an angle upon the yet unbroken right.

Now the balls from both sides swept the hill between the lines, where lay blue men and gray men, and horses of both.

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The sun was setting. Gloom and anger, defeat and grief, upon the faces of the Virginians. Their sun was setting. Stuart had been placed in an ambulance, and had been driven toward Richmond; men said in whispers that he had fought his last battle.

Joe Lewis had not been injured; back at the rear he found old Squire, busy over his cooking, near the line of horse-holders.

"Mahs Joe," said Squire, nervously, "how come you don't stay wi' Mahs Chahley?"

The negro had risen; his hands were clasped together; perhaps he read Joe Lewis's face.

"Squire, I'm afeared that George and Charley are both of 'em down. Fact is, I know they're down, and I'm a-thinkin' we can't keep the Yanks from gittin' 'em; but I'm a-hopin' neither one ain't got it hard."

"Oh, Mahs Joe, tell me whah Mahs Chahley is. Tell me whah dey is."

"Out in front between the lines—out at the left front. I got to go on, Squire; jest got to go on and git cartridges for the company."

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They had fallen almost together, there on the little hill over which from both directions the bullets were flying.

Sency recovered some strength; yet when he tried to walk he found he could not; any motion was with great anguish. He sat up, and saw riderless horses rushing through smoke and dust, and off at the left heard a great mutter of hoofbeats, which sound swelled out louder, and he lay flat again as a regiment of horsemen charged over the hill.

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Sency again tried to reach Armstrong, and at length succeeded. What he has told of that night's horror has been little; he seemed always to shun its remembrance.

But we know that still there was fighting—even until dark had set in, the Federals making partial attacks and being repulsed, until in one combined assault they drove the Confederates from all their new position; and that at 11 o'clock Sheridan marched away from that field of victory and death.

While the bullets were flying both ways, about nightfall, Sency heard a cry, and answered as best he might—a cry and an answer not for him who answered, but for him who could not.

And then Sency became aware that a negro had come.

The bullets were flying both ways.

Perhaps George Sency became unconscious for a while; he tells us nothing of detail * * * the bullets were flying both ways.

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At dawn four men came. They lifted Sency to a stretcher and bore him away.

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At sunrise came other men, but these bore no one away. They buried the soldier, and another body at the soldier's feet. And then Joe Lewis stood alone, weeping, bitterly.

(The end.)

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure

Costs Nothing if it Fails

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not disappoint me as other Rheumatic prescriptions had disappointed physicians everywhere.

I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of Rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish for a full month my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases will yield within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease that is irresistible.

My offer is made to convince you of my faith. My faith is but the outcome of experience—of actual knowledge. I know what it can do. And I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism. I will then arrange with a druggist in your vicinity so that you can secure a bottle of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure to make the test. You may take it a full month on trial. If it succeeds the cost to you is $5.50. If it fails the loss is mine and mine alone. It will be left entirely to you.

I mean that exactly. I don't expect a penny from you.

Write me and I will send you the book. Try my remedy for a month. If it fails the loss is mine.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 9531, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases not chronic are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

DOES THIS MAN POSSESS DIVINE POWER?

The Dead Brought Back to Life

Is but Little More Miraculous Than Some of the Marvellous Cures He Performs Without the Aid of Drastic Drugs, Medicines or the Healing Agents Commonly Employed by the Medical Fraternity.

Doctors and Scientists Unable to Explain the Wonderful Phenomena.

Cures Those a Thousand Miles Away the Same as Those Who Call in Person.

Takes No Money for His Services, Says His Mission Is to Heal Disease and Teach Mankind a Secret Law of Nature Which Has Been Overlooked by Doctors and Scientists for Centuries Past.

(From the Buffalo Courier.)

Rochester, Nov. 23.—Prof. Thomas F. Adkin, a wealthy resident of this city, has truly created a sensation among the medical fraternity. By some mysterious law of nature he has done practically everything but bring the dead to life, and doctors and scientists who have witnessed his work are looking for him to do this next. In fact, they have been so taken back that they would not now be surprised at anything. They admit that all their remedies and treatment are but toys and tinsel as compared with the wonderful discovery of this divine power. Many of those who have been cured by his mysterious power look on him as a god. But Prof. Adkin says: "No, I have no divine power. There is nothing supernatural about me. I have simply discovered a secret law of nature which has been overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past. I believe that any man's life can be saved so long as he is not actually dead and the vital organs of the body have not been destroyed, and I further believe that when I perfect my discovery a little more I shall be able to restore life to any one from dying, drowning or other causes which do not destroy the vital organs, provided decomposition has not set in. I know these are strong statements, but look at some of the people I have cured. They were all but dead, doctors said there was no hope, yet in many cases I rid them of actual disease in less time than it takes to tell you about it. There was Mrs. L. A. Phillips, of Trawick, Tex., who was the next thing to dead when I took hold of her case. Here is her letter; read what she says. I never saw her, but I cured her just the same as if she had been in my office." The reporter was handed several letters from patients, among them that of Mrs. Phillips. The following extracts are taken word for word from some of these letters. Mrs. Phillips writes: "When I first began your treatment I had no faith in it at all, had tried so many different kinds of medicines with no benefit. I had been under the treatment of twelve different hospitals with no relief, and then I employed two home doctors, but they soon got so they did me no good, and told me they could do nothing for me, and that if I could find anything that could do me any good for me to get it, for they had done everything they could. I suffered from every disease that flesh is heir to. I had been bedfast for five years, unable to stand up longer than ten minutes at a time. If ever a woman suffered I did. I could not lie but on one side. I had two large bed sores that gave me a great deal of trouble and I suffered so much in other ways. I had kidney trouble, catarrh of the bladder and also gravel. I used to suffer at times until I had spasms. I also suffered from falling of the womb, ulcers and chronic indigestion, and, of course, all of these diseases left my nerves in a terrible condition, when I finally wrote to you. You have done for me what no one else ever did. But my friends all say that I have been raised from the dead. I was nothing but skin and bones, now I am feeling splendid. I say to every one that if they would place their case in your hands you will do the same for them. All they need to do is to give you a trial."

Miss Hattie L. Kelly, Seal Cove, Mo., writes: "Words can hardly express the gratitude I feel for what your treatment has done for me. When I began taking it I had given up hopes of ever being well. The doctors said I had consumption and couldn't live long. Now, after taking one month's treatment, I am almost well, and I know that another month's treatment will entirely cure me. I have gained in flesh wonderfully and think there is no treatment on earth which can compare with it. You may use this letter in any way you choose and hope it will be the means of bringing others to you."

E. A. Wallen, Finley, Mo.: "I was afflicted with paralysis for over four years and was treated by different magnetic healers and other doctors and got no relief. I think your treatment is more than you claim. They all say it was like bringing the dead to life to be restored to health in such a short time. I cannot praise you enough."

Doctors have sought out and brought the very worst cases in the country to Prof. Adkin, thinking they might baffle him, but they have gone away convinced that he uses some invisible power or force unknown to them. They cannot explain the phenomena. Prof. Adkin is quite wealthy. He lives in a fine home in an aristocratic section of the city. He has a number of business interests, but devotes most of his time to healing the sick. He offers a certain amount of help to any one without money or price. All you need to do is to call on him or write him. If you write, state the leading symptoms of your trouble, your age and sex, and he will write you fully in regard to the nature of your disease, the length of time required to effect a cure, etc., and tell you the exact treatment for your particular complaint. Prof. Adkin takes an intense delight in curing cases that doctors have given up to die.

He disdains the use of Christian Science, osteopathy, faith healing or drugs. He claims his method is scientific in the highest degree, although scientists so far have been utterly unable to comprehend it. One thing is sure, and that is he has some mysterious knowledge, agent or process by which he restores health to people in the very last stages of usually fatal diseases. Over twenty doctors have taken up the study of his methods. Some are staying right with him and daily witness the remarkable cures he performs. Nearly every train brings invalids to be healed by his power. He gets an enormous mail from persons in nearly all parts of the globe. The most mysterious thing about his whole work is his ability to heal at a distance, but there is no lack of proof that he does heal those thousands of miles away the same as those who call personally. This would seem to prove beyond doubt that thought, will-power or some mysterious, intangible force can be sent through space the same as we are now able to telegraph without wires; but how this force takes hold and quickly rids the body of material disease is totally inexplicable. In some cases Prof. Adkin sends a peculiar magnetized food product in concentrated form, which, he claims, immediately revitalizes the whole system. What his food product is, how he makes it, or charges it with magnetic fluid, is his secret. Doctors and scientists are vainly puzzling their brains trying to discover it. Those who are sick and would like to be healed may communicate with Prof. Adkin by addressing him as follows: Thomas F. Adkin, Box 226D, Rochester, N. Y. Rich and poor alike receive the same courtesy. He has an extremely affable manner, but is intensely earnest in everything he does. Leading business men and bankers speak very highly of him and some say that he has done much more for the upbuilding of the city than any

CUSTER BATTLEFIELD.

Proposition to Irrigate It and Make It a Place of Beauty.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The citizens of the Yellowstone Valley are petitioning Congress for a special appropriation to beautify the National Soldiers' Cemetery located on the Custer Battlefield. The matter is in the hands of United States Senator W. A. Clark, who promises to do the best he can to get water on the historic grounds. At present the field is surrounded by a wire fence, but no trees, grass or shrubbery can be grown because of lack of moisture. It is proposed to pump water for several hundred feet, from the Little Big Horn River, and store it in a reservoir. From there it will be distributed over the grounds in irrigation canals.

Custer Battlefield is one of the sacred historical spots of the Northwest. Here on June 25, 1876, fell Gen. George A. Custer and 265 members of the 7th U. S. Cav., in one of the fiercest fights ever recorded in Indian warfare. The field is surrounded by the Crow Indian Reservation, but those relics of the redmen are no longer enemies to the whiteman. Since the establishing of the National Soldiers' Cemetery of the grounds about 700 additional bodies have been removed from other posts and buried there. As they were all victims of Indian wars, the redmen look upon the place as a holy burying ground.

It is proposed to irrigate the field and plant trees, shrubbery and flowers, and otherwise decorate the grounds. The soil is good and will produce almost anything to perfection. The Indians have irrigation canals carrying water to their farms, on the reservation, and produce fine crops of cereals, potatoes, alfalfa and fruits. Because of the fact that war is no more and civilization has come, the redmen, of the Crows, who now number about 1,800 men, women and children, want white neighbors. They are willing to transfer a portion of this reservation to the General Government, to be used for homestead entry.

A tract comprising 1,100,000 acres will probably be opened for settlement next year. This lies on the northern border of the reservation and along the bank of the Yellowstone River. It is crossed by the Northern Pacific and Burlington Railroads, and near the city of Billings, Mont. As an evidence that the lands are valuable a company has one of the largest irrigation canals in the Northwest in construction on the north bank of the Yellowstone opposite the Indian lands. The enterprise is being handled by the Billings Land and Irrigation Company. It will cost about $300,000 and irrigate 25,000 acres.

The location marking the death of a trooper in that battle is designated by a marble slab. It is not a group of stones indicating a massacre, but a continuation of monuments for several hundred feet, from the base of the hill to the top where stands a large monument. The men fell fighting, and evidently were individual types of bravery. But they are heroes in history. Their resting-place is a dreary desert, devoid of all signs of vegetation. With water and proper care in irrigating it can be made a beautiful spot. For this purpose the people of eastern Montana and northeastern Wyoming are asking a special appropriation.—JOEL SHOEMAKER, North Yakima, Washington.

WORK OF THE YEAR.

Commissioner Ware's Congratulations to His Office Force.

Commissioner Ware, who appreciates the splendid work done by the force in the Pension Bureau last year, sent the following circular to the clerks in the Bureau:

A New Year's Greeting to My Co-Workers in the Pension Bureau:

I desire in this my second New Year's Greeting to again commend the faithful and conscientious work done in the Pension Bureau.

The President of the United States, in his recent message, said:

"Special attention is asked to the excellent work of the Pension Bureau in expediting and disposing of pension claims. During the fiscal year ending July 1, 1903, the Bureau settled 251,982 claims, an average of 825 claims for each working day of the year. The number of settlements since July 1, 1903, has been in excess of last year's average, approaching 1,000 claims for each working day, and it is believed that the work of the Bureau will be current at the close of the present fiscal year."

It is glory enough, for one year, to have the conduct of the Bureau commended by the President to the Congress of the United States, and in that glory all in the Bureau have a right to share.

It also gives me pleasure to note your growing efficiency, for, although the cases are becoming more complex, and more difficult of adjudication by lapse of time, nevertheless the amount of work done in the Bureau is increasing.

The following shows the number of pension certificates issued:

For the calendar year of 1901	109,334
For the calendar year of 1902	124,605
For the calendar year of 1903	150,828

This year's work is a record-breaker, and it is very gratifying because it may be said that the numbers above given do not show that the bars are in anywise thrown down, or that the rule of "cold evidence and cold law" is