# WAGON-BOSS AND MULE-MECHANIC

## Incidents of My Experience and Observation in the Late Civil War.

By R. M. PECK.

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### CORN HARVESTING.

In August, taking part of my teams and all the available teams of the Indian regiments and 6th Kans. Cav. I was ordered to go on a foraging raid over to Okmulgee, the Council Ground of the Creek Nation, on Deep Fork, about 35 miles west of Honey Springs.

Some fields of corn in that vicinity had been reported by our scouts as being about ripe, and for fear that the rebels, who were still at North Fork Town, would get ahead of us, we slipped over there (about 50 miles from Fort Gibson), gathered the corn, loading about 100 wagons, and got back before the rebels knew anything about it.

On this trip the whole outfit of trains was put under my charge, the escort consisting of about 75 Indians and one company of the 6th Kans. Cav., the whole under command of Capt. Dobbins, of the 4th Kans.

If the rebs had only known that we were out stealing corn so near them they could have easily played a nice joke on us by cutting us off and taking in the whole outfit.

On our return from this foraging trip we got the news of Quantrell's raid on the city of Lawrence, Kans., which created quite an excitement among the officers of the Indian brigade and the soldiers and officers of the Kansas troops who were with us, as many of them were from Lawrence and vicinity.

Quantrell, the rebel guerrilla chief, whose real name was Charles Hart, had lived and taught school in Lawrence previous to the war, and consequently was well acquainted with the place and its people. He seems to have imbibed a bitter hatred for many of the most prominent citizens of Lawrence.

While I was a soldier in the Regular Army in Utah, on the Mormon Expedition in '58, under command of Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, I used frequently to see this young man, Charley Hart, as they called him, who was a hanger-on with the Army at that time, and he was there noted as being one of the most reckless and successful gamblers in our camp. One of his big gambling exploits I saw myself, at Fort Bridger, as I have related in "Rough Riding on the Plains."

### THE LAWRENCE MASSACRE.

I lived in Lawrence after the war, and have often heard the citizens there tell of the raid of Quantrell and his murderous bushwhackers.

Taking advantage of a time when there were few of our soldiers in Kansas to oppose him, with about 300 of his desperadoes, whom he had gathered in the borders of Missouri for the purpose, he made a dash for Lawrence, 50 miles away. Starting from the Missouri line about sundown, making an all-night ride, they reached the suburbs of Lawrence at daylight on Aug. 21, '63.

A citizen of Lawrence, who lived in the outskirts of the town, told me afterwards that the rebels halted that morning just in front of his house, and seemed to be hesitating and arguing as to the prudence of advancing into the city, for it was then broad daylight. Some of them seemed to be fearful that the Federal forces might have got wind of their movements, and were probably prepared and waiting to give them a warm reception.

At this juncture Quantrell decided the question by riding out in front of his men and proclaiming, "All cowards can turn back! I'm going into Lawrence. Who'll follow me?" And without waiting to see how many would go with him he put spurs to his horse and went charging into the town with every one of his miscreants at his heels.

But the citizens of Lawrence had had no warning of their danger, and were completely surprised, many of them being shot down by the murderous rebels before they had time to realize the situation. No resistance was made whatever, by the citizens, for they were so astonished at the sudden attack they seemed bewildered; and with no opportunity to get together and organize for defense, opposition was hopeless.

A detachment of the 5th Kans. was camped on the north side of Kaw River, just opposite the town, but was powerless to render any aid, as a squad of the rebels had seized the ferryboat, on first entering the place, and prevented their crossing. There were no other soldiers nearer than Leavenworth, 35 miles distant, and no railroad communication. At this time I don't think there was a foot of railroad in Kansas.

The enemy soon had complete possession of the city, and dividing up into squads overran the place, hunting out the most prominent citizens, robbing and murdering them without mercy; compelling the bankers and business men to open their safes, and, after taking their money, shooting them down in the most cruel manner; visiting private residences, shooting down the men if any were found, looting the buildings of all money and jewelry, in many instances outraging the women, and then setting the houses afire, and standing guard over them with pistols in hand till the flames were so far advanced as to make sure of the destruction of the property before leaving. Many of the bushwhackers were provided with a pair of saddlebags each to carry off the money and jewelry captured.

### AFTER SENATOR LANE.

When the citizens began to realize the situation many of those who had not come in contact with the enemy escaped by running away or hiding. Among these was Senator Jim Lane. Quantrell sought anxiously for Jim, to kill him, as he, Lane, seemed to be a special favorite of the guerrilla chief's, but Lane skipped out through a field of corn back of his house, and escaped. I believe the Senator's house was burned with all its contents.

Another narrow escape was that of the Rev. H. D. Fisher. He also, it seemed had been marked for a sacrifice by the rebels. A squad of them, by Quantrell's direction, surrounded Fisher's house before he realized the danger, and cut off all chance of his escaping by running away. His wife succeeded in hiding him amongst some old rubbish in one of the closets. The rebels came into the house and searched it thoroughly for Fisher, but could not find him. They then announced to Mrs. Fisher their determination to burn the house. She asked them for permission to take out some of her carpets and furniture. They answered, "Yes, you may save what you can get out of the house while we are starting the fire, but we won't wait on you."

As soon as they had gone out of the room she tore up the carpet off the floor. Had Fisher come out of the closet, lay down on the carpet and be rolled up in the bundle, which she then dragged out into the yard; and to ward off the suspicion of the bushwhackers she left the roll of carpet lying near the door while she returned into the house and threw out some chairs and other light things onto the roll of carpet which contained her husband.

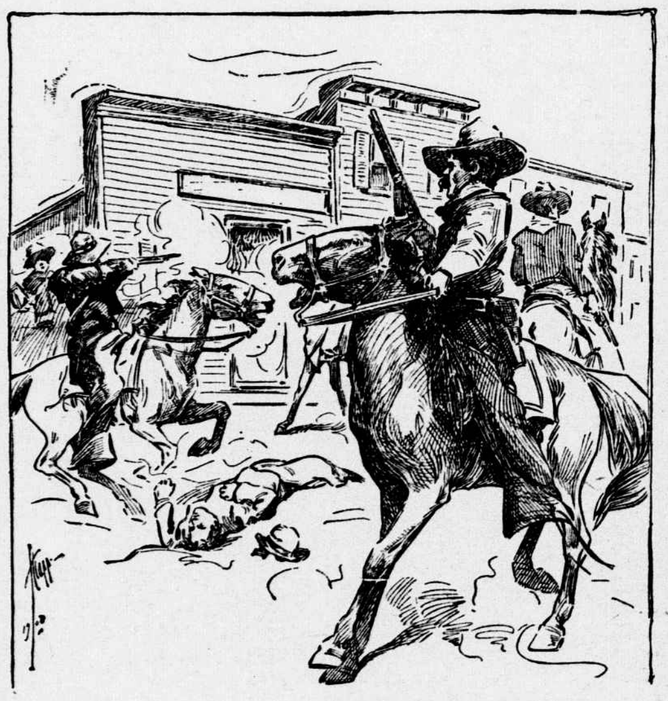
By this time the fire and smoke drove her out of the house, when she dragged her precious roll of carpet off to a safe distance and stood and saw the house and contents consumed. While the house was burning the rebels walked around swearing that they "would have liked to get hold of that Abolition preacher, to throw him into the flames and roast him," and several times stumbled over the roll of carpet, little dreaming that the much-wanted man was rolled up there nearly smothering.

When they were satisfied that the fire had got so far advanced that it could not be put out, they mounted their horses and rode off.

Among the many thrilling incidents that were told me afterwards by the citizens of Lawrence, I have singled out this one concerning Fisher's escape, because he had formerly been pastor of a congregation in Leavenworth, of which my wife was a member, and she was intimately acquainted with him and his family. He had always been a fearless and outspoken advocate of "Abolition" or "Free State" doctrines, and had thereby made himself a conspicuous mark for the vengeance of the Missouri "border ruffians."

### FRUITLESS PURSUIT.

The rebels held undisputed possession of the town till about 10 o'clock a. m., murdering citizens, plundering and burning the best houses, both public and private, and having killed 140 helpless, unarmed men and burnt 185 buildings, Quantrell collected his men and withdrew, retreating in a southerly direction as far as the little village of Brooklyn, 12 miles south, where they robbed and burnt some more houses; then bearing off southeast for the Missouri line escaped and returned to their old range by a different route from that they had followed to Lawrence.



THE LAWRENCE MASSACRE.

Maj. Plumb, since a Senator from Kansas, in command of the 5th Kans. detachment, and Jim Lane, with a mob of citizens, followed them and skirmished a little with the enemy's rear-guard near Brooklyn; but the rebs succeeded in getting away with the loss of but few men.

While in Lawrence Quantrell had remounted those of his men whose horses were fagged, by seizing the best horses to be found in the place, and on their retreat they were well mounted on good horses, while the pursuers had to follow on such old plugs as the rebels had left.

### BACK TO FORT SCOTT.

In September, shortly after our foraging raid to Deep Fork, Capt. Thomas, my Quartermaster, concluded to send our contraband herd to Fort Scott and turn them over to Capt. Insley, Quartermaster at that post. As I had been away from my family (wife and yearling boy) for nearly a year, I took advantage of this opportunity to take this herd to Fort Scott, and then go on to Leavenworth to see them.

Leaving my Assistant, Simpson, and brother-in-law, Al. Collins, at Fort Gibson to finish up the hay hauling with the balance of the team; taking the lead team and driver of the outfit and a couple of black boys as herders—the rest of my herders to be detailed soldiers furnished by the commander of the escort—I started for Fort Scott with the contraband herd.

There were several empty trains going back to Fort Scott, and a number of refugee families; some with all sorts of teams of their own, and some being transported in the Government wagons. Our escort consisted of Capt. John E. Stewart's (the "fighting preacher") company of the 9th Kans. Cav.

On this trip to Fort Scott I found time to sport with the wild mustang stallion before mentioned, and accordingly saddled and rode him every day, and by the time I got through I had him reduced to a sufficient degree of gentleness that enabled me to sell him. He was a natural "racker," and made a good riding animal when ridden constantly; but, like most of his breed, if given a few days rest, would probably have to be broken again. This is a peculiarity of the wild mustang that when allowed to reach maturity before breaking they are never trusty, and need to be kept in constant use to keep them in subjection.

Since my last trip over this route to Fort Scott I found that a little garrison had been established at Baxter Springs, consisting of one company of the 3d Wis. Cav. and one of the 1st Kans. Colored. This little post was commanded by one Lieut. Pond of the 3d Wis.

At Rock Creek, seven miles before reaching Baxter Springs, I took a few soldiers and herders, and crossing Spring River paid a flying visit to an old apple orchard that I knew of at the old Sam Vallier place, about two miles off the road, where each of us obtained a sack of nice apples, overtaking the train and herd in camp at Baxter Springs.

In foraging this way, away from the train, of course, we had to take the risk of getting bushwhacked, and I think that on this trip we probably just missed running into a gang of rebel guerrillas; for on reaching the orchard, near the Vallier house, knowing the place to have been abandoned by the owner's family some time previous, I was surprised to see and smell smoke in the vicinity of the house. Leaving my sack with one of my herders to fill with apples for me, I called one of the soldiers to go with me, and drawing our pistols we rode up to the house to reconnoiter. We found a fresh fire burning in the fireplace in the house, and also one in the yard outside, and signs of very recent cooking and eating; and along the fence we counted where 12 horses had been tied up and fed green corn in the fence corners.

From the freshness of the fires and other signs, the bushwhackers (for it was evidently a party of that persuasion) must have just left before our arrival. Probably they had heard us crossing the river, and thinking that there was a large number of us (there were only five or six in my party), had been scared off at our approach; but if they had stood their ground they could easily have turned our little picnic into a stampede, and probably have killed or captured our entire party.

I have always felt confident that this was a gang of Quantrell's men, for it was afterward shown that about that time he was collecting his command, consisting of about 300 cut-throats, in the neighborhood of Baxter Springs, with the intention of making an attack on Lieut. Pond's camp.

The third day after passing Baxter Springs we arrived in Fort Scott, on the evening of Sunday, Oct. 4, 1863, and met Gen. Blunt and party, just starting out for Fort Gibson. The General had but a small command, consisting of his staff, a couple of companies, one of the 3d Wis. Cav. and one of the 14th Kans. Cav. as bodyguard and escort, Bill Tuft's "Buckskin Scouts" (eight or 10 men), and a few civilians, such as clerks and other headquarters attaches. His baggage and supply train numbered about 15 six-mule teams.

### THE GENERAL'S BAND WAGON.

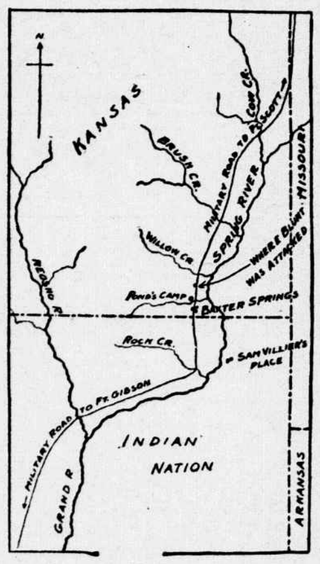
I took particular notice of a fine, elaborately gotten-up six-mule band wagon which the General had recently had built, painted and furnished in grand style for his delectation, from which the musicians, in brilliant uniforms, were rendering delightful strains of soul-strring martial music as Blunt and his gay party marched out of Fort Scott.

Some one pointed out to me a fine-looking young man riding a fine bay pacing horse, and told me that was Maj. Curtis, Blunt's Adjutant-General, and a son of Gen. Curtis. I was particularly attracted by the fine-looking pacer that Maj. Curtis rode. Blunt had also brought along a fine two-horse carriage in which to lounge at his ease when he got tired of riding his horse. I noticed one other carriage in the outfit which I afterward learned was owned and occupied by Mrs. Thomas, the wife of my boss, Capt. Chester Thomas, who was on her way to Fort Gibson to pay the Captain a visit. I remember of thinking and remarking as I watched this brilliant and stylish party of Blunt's leaving Fort Scott, "Blunt is putting on a whole lot of airs for a common fourth rate Major-General."

"Pride cometh before a fall." Three days later, at Baxter Springs, Quantrell, with his 300 murdering miscreants, was charging through this gay cavalcade, slaughtering all they overtook.

On my arrival at Fort Scott, after transferring the contraband herd to Hugh Kirkendall, Capt. Insley's Master of Transportation, I gave my teamster directions as to the road to Leavenworth, and leaving him and the two negro boys to follow on with the team at their leisure, I mounted my best riding mule and struck out for home, which I reached in two days (120 miles), but it took the team five days.

At this time I was 24 years old, my wife 18½. We had been married nearly two years and had one child, a boy one year old. I had been away from home a great deal of the time since we were married, and as the prospect was that my employment would probably keep me in the vicinity of Fort Gibson for some time to come, my wife decided to go back with me, and endure the hardships and dangers of camp life with the army, rather than we should continue to live so far apart, where even mail communication was very irregular and uncertain. I approved of the plan, and we accordingly packed such of our belongings as we could take with us in the six-mule wagon, and started back to Fort Scott, in a few days after my arrival at Leavenworth, to be ready to join the next train and escort going to Fort Gibson.




### A RASH VENTURE.

As I think of it now it seems very foolish of me to have taken my little family into that country, where the vicissitudes of war would be likely to overwhelm us with misfortune at any time; for although I knew that after we got to Fort Gibson I could provide them a comfortable place to live, and would be with or near them most of the time, still, they would necessarily suffer many discomforts and privations, and would be in almost constant danger from rebel raids.

I wonder now that I could have been so thoughtless as to expose my wife and child to such a hazardous life; but I was young and reckless, and incapable of realizing the risks I ran. Fortunately no serious evil resulted to my family from this foolhardiness of mine, but it was good luck and not good management that carried us through, and I would not take the same chances again for a mint of money. My wife, in her implicit faith in me, was willing and anxious to go anywhere with me. If she had only known it she was pinning her faith to a mighty shaky dependence, for I can see now that I was then sadly lacking in discretion and foresight.

### THE MASSACRE OF BAXTER SPRINGS.

Shortly after my arrival in Leavenworth we had received the distressing intelligence of Quantrell's attack and slaughter of Gen. Blunt's party at Baxter Springs. On my return to Fort Scott I got full particulars of the affair from some of those soldiers and citizens who had escaped the massacre and returned to that place, and will relate the incidents here as narrated to me. It was one of those lamentable affairs—entirely too frequent in war—wherein the lives of good men are needlessly sacrificed by the blunders of reckless or incompetent officers.

For some days previous to Quantrell's attack on Blunt's party, the guerrilla chief had been collecting his murderous bushwhackers, unknown to the Federal authorities, in the vicinity of Baxter Springs, for the purpose of attacking Lieut. Pond's little garrison at that place. It is estimated that the guerrillas numbered about 300 men. Lieut. Pond's force consisted of a company each of the 3d Wis. Cav. and 1st Kans. Colored Inf. Blunt's escort was one company of the 3d Wis. Cav. and one company of the 14th Kans. Cav., probably about 100 men.

On the day of the catastrophe Quantrell had made his attack on Pond's camp, surprising and killing several men who were caught outside their rifle pits, but found the little garrison better prepared for defense than the rebels had expected, and Pond's men were successfully standing them off. Just at this time (about noon) Quantrell's men, who were in the timber, near Pond's camp, spied Blunt's little command approaching. Seeing that there was only a small party with Blunt, and as they evidently were not aware of the presence of the enemy, Quantrell quickly decided to change his plan and make a sudden dash on Blunt's command, as promising a better prospect of success than fighting Pond's men in their intrenchments.

Withdrawing his men from the vicinity of Pond's camp, he fell back into the timber, and keeping out of sight of Blunt's men, he moved along northward in the edge of the woods till directly opposite the approaching party, which was moving along the road all unsuspicious of danger, in the open prairie between Willow Creek and Baxter Springs, about a quarter of a mile from the line of timber—an old abandoned field with a knocked-down fence intervening between the woods where Quantrell had formed his line and road that Blunt was traveling on.

Up to this time Pond's command was not aware of Blunt's approach, and although Blunt's men had heard some firing in the direction of Pond's camp, about a half mile a head of them, they thought nothing strange of it, and did not seem to suspect that a skirmish with the enemy had been going on there.

Blunt was riding in his fine two-horse carriage, his saddled horse being led by a servant just in rear. He had ordered his band to the front in the fine, gaudily-painted six-mule band wagon, and was preparing to surprise Pond's garrison with a sudden burst of martial music as he neared the Springs.

Just at this juncture Blunt's attention was called to the line of mounted rebels riding out of the timber and moving briskly across the old field toward him. At first it was thought to be Pond's company of cavalry out on drill; but it was quickly seen that there were too many of them for one company, and they did not have the regulation appearance of drilled soldiers.

Beginning to suspect that they were rebels, Blunt mounted his horse and made an effort to form his two companies to meet the charge, but too late—the yelling devils, with Quantrell himself in the lead, were onto and among the surprised soldiers, shooting down and riding over all they came to. Taken so completely by surprise, and at such a disadvantage, it is no discredit to Blunt's soldiers that they broke and fled—every fellow for himself—trying to save their lives as best they could. What else could they do under the circumstances?

Few of them escaped the murderous fiends, however, for they killed all they overtook—even those who surrendered being shot down as soon as disarmed. Blunt, with about a dozen officers and men, outran the guerrillas and escaped to the top of a neighboring hill just westward of the field, where, as the rebels returned from following them, they halted and watched the destruction of their outfit.

Mrs. Thomas was riding in her carriage somewhat to the rear, and when the attack on the escort was made a Mr. Bridges (a newspaper man, connected with the Fort Scott "Monitor"), who was riding with the command, caught a cavalry horse, whose rider had just been shot off him, and leading it back to Mrs. Thomas's carriage, hurriedly assisted her to mount, and they both struck out across the prairie toward Fort Scott, and fortunately escaped.

While the rebels were galloping across the field to attack Blunt's party, Johnny Fry, one of Tuft's "Buckskin Scouts," being "drunk as a fool," galloped out to meet Quantrell and bombastically called out to him,

"I order you to withdraw your men from the field, sir, by Gen. Blunt's command!"

Quantrell merely answered, "Get out of my way!" as he shot Fry off his horse, killing him, and rode on without even slowing up.

Maj. Curtis, Blunt's Adjutant-General, was overtaken and killed by Quantrell himself, also, as he (Curtis) went pacing along following Blunt's retreating party.

Lieut. Farr, of the 3d Wis., was also killed. I don't remember to have heard the names of any other commissioned officers who lost their lives in this affair.

Sometime afterward I met a big Sergeant of one of the companies of the escort, who was called "Big Jack," whose face was badly disfigured by scars from Quantrell's bullets. He told me that Quantrell shot him through the body first, and he fell off his horse, supposing himself mortally wounded. As he lay on his back the guerrilla chief rode up and stood his horse over him, and reaching his pistol down close to Jack's face, said to him, as he fired two balls into his face:

"When you get to hell tell the devil this is Quantrell's work."

The fiend then rode off, supposing that he had finished the big Sergeant, but by good luck none of his wounds proved fatal, and he recovered, but will never look pretty again.

When the soldiers stampeded, the band started to run, also, in their wagon, but were soon overtaken by the bloodthirsty bushwhackers, who surrounded the band wagon and shot the musicians where they sat, only one of them succeeding in getting out before being killed—O'Neal, the bass drummer, who had formerly been an actor in a Leavenworth theater, and also a newspaper correspondent, jumped out and ran a few steps before he was brought down. His body was found, where he fell, a few steps from the wagon. The rebs then took the mules and set fire to the wagon.

The six-mule teams were overtaken and disposed of in like manner—the teamsters killed, mules taken, and wagons burned. The guerrillas seemed to have killed nearly every one they caught, teamsters and other non-combatants being shot down the same as if they were armed soldiers. I passed over the ground a few months afterward and saw the irons of the band-wagon and trains still lying where they were burned. The rebs also robbed the bodies of their victims of their pistols and all valuables, and in some instances took such articles of clothing as happened to strike their fancy. Before burning the wagons they plundered some of them of their most valuable contents, especially Blunt's baggage among which Quantrell is said to have captured the General's best uniform and considerable money in Blunt's trunk.

(To be continued.)

**A Plain Statement—What the Combination Oil Cure did for Mr. Morrison.**

Tarentum, Pa., July 7, 1904.

Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAR SIRS—Mr. Paul Morrison, of Hite, Pa., asked me to write to you again and tell you that the cancer, which was on his jaw, is out and the place is healed nicely. There is a depression where the cancer was, but it does not look bad and will not leave a large scar. He told me to thank you kindly for your services and the interest you took in his case. Respectfully yours,

MRS. ROBERT KENNEDY,
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There is absolutely no need of the knife or burning plaster, no need of pain or disfigurement. The Combination Oil Cure for Cancers is soothing and benign, safe and sure. Write for free book to the Originator's Office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 56 B, Indianapolis, Ind.

# LIGHTNING'S STRANGE FREAKS.

## They Set at Naught All Laws, Theories, and Superstitions.

An official attached to the Weather Bureau has kept, during the past 14 years, all of the best authenticated accounts coming under his eye of the pranks of lightning throughout the world. One of the facts to be deducted from the great mass of stories about the electricity of the heavens is that lightning can not be dodged or avoided. There are many accounts of lightning striking and killing timid women who had taken refuge under beds and in closets. In most of these cases it is shown that the persons who have remained in the rooms abandoned by the victims thus killed while seeking safety have escaped unharmed.

The State of Kansas seems to have the palm for the fierceness of its electrical storms, with all of the States of the Missouri and Mississippi Valleys following close behind. An army officer riding from Leavenworth to Fort Leavenworth, Kans., in August, 1889, was shocked three times by bolts striking near him. He saw nine huge trees riven by separate bolts. His horse died later from the electrical shocks, while the officer himself suffered no injury of any importance.

There are stories of three women, one in Kansas, one in Arkansas and the other in Missouri, having been struck dead by lightning while carrying infants in their arms, the young ones escaping unharmed in each case.

A young man in central Illinois was fooling with a mastiff dog during the progress of an electrical storm. The dog was struck dead by a bolt, nearly all of the hair being burned from its body, while the young man was only mildly shocked.

A farmer was kissing his wife good-by before starting for the county fair when he was struck dead by a bolt of lightning. His wife's hair was consumed by the same, but she was otherwise uninjured.

Three drunken farmhands returning from a dance, all arm in arm, in eastern Nebraska, were overtaken by an electrical storm on the road. The man in the middle was killed by a bolt. His two companions were knocked senseless, but quickly recovered. They found themselves completely sober when they came to.

A letter carrier in Kansas City was handing a woman servant a letter at the basement door when a bolt of lightning struck between them. They were both rendered unconscious by the shock, but both were brought around all right. The letter was consumed.

Two farmhands engaged in plowing in a 160-acre plot in South Dakota were killed by lightning within three minutes.

Three young kittens playing in a back yard in Independence, Mo., were struck by lightning. One of them was killed, the other two being only singed.

A German named Blitzen (which means lightning in our language) was struck and killed by a bolt while talking about his queer name with a party of friends in a tavern in central Arkansas.

The shop of a bird fancier in Chicago was struck by a bolt. Of two parrots in one cage one was killed and the other permanently blinded, besides being rendered deaf and dumb.

A gang of circus hands were trying to round-up an escaped tiger in a Missouri town, when the tiger was struck dead by lightning.

During a running race at an Illinois county fair, in which 11 horses were competing for the purse, the winning horse was struck dead instantly after having won the race by a head on the wire. None of the other horses, most of which were close up at the finish, were hurt at all.

An Indiana fiddler was playing at a country dance, having a seat on the porch for the sake of the coolness thereof. His violin was knocked into kindling wood by a bolt of lightning, while he himself was only mildly shocked.

A chicken-hawk was struck dead while just in the act of swooping upon a flock of hens on an Iowa farm. None of the hens was hurt.

A locomotive engineer was struck dead while seated in his cab making a short freight run in Colorado, his fireman not even being shocked.

A dozen girls in an Ohio seminary were shocked by a bolt of lightning while seated in the parlor. The same bolt killed one of the teachers at the other end of the building.

A Tennessee farmer was feeding his hogs, standing in the middle of the pen, when he was hit by a bolt of lightning and instantly killed. The hogs were not injured at all.

An elderly woman praying all alone in a little chapel in a small Kentucky town was struck dead by lightning. The chapel was set on fire and consumed.

A Memphis woman was curling her hair with curling irons when a bolt of lightning came through the window and knocked the curling irons out of her hand. She was rendered unconscious. When she came to she found the curling irons at the far end of the room. They were almost red hot, and had burned a hole in the carpet where they rested.

A bolt of lightning penetrated a cyclone cellar in Kansas in which a family of four had taken refuge, and all were killed.

A captive balloon, the largest ever manufactured, was struck by lightning in Chicago about eight years ago and two of the aeronauts were killed.

Circus tents have been hit by lightning bolts on numerous occasions, generally with a comparatively small loss of life, considering the size of the assemblages under the tents.

A man who was struck by lightning in western New York State while walking through a forest had the outlines of two perfect trees indelibly stamped in red on his back, but he was not seriously hurt. To all intents and purposes the lightning branded him.

A pressman employed by a job printing house in Omaha was struck by lightning and knocked into a mass of machinery, which mangled him to death.

A gang of boys were playing ball on a field in an Ohio town when an electrical storm came up. The boy at the bat was knocked down by the shock of a bolt that struck near, but not seriously hurt. The boy who was catching was "taking them off the bat" right back of the boy at the bat, but he was not even shocked.

A Russian oil steamer was struck three times in succession within seven minutes on the Baltic Sea and was burned. None of the crew was hurt.

A wheat ship on Lake Huron was struck twice amidships, almost in the same spot, the bolts coming within three minutes of each other. The second bolt set the ship on fire and she went down.

A Washington girl living on Thirteenth street, near H, was struck by lightning while sitting at a sewing machine a good many years ago. The machine was placed at a low window and the girl was knocked out of the window. She was not seriously hurt.

Another Washington woman was shocked by a bolt of lightning while wielding a pair of scissors. She found that the bolt had so dulled the scissors that they would not cut.

A man in Mississippi was cutting a chew of tobacco when a bolt of lightning struck his hands. They were so badly burned that they had to be amputated.

Two quarrymen were preparing a fuse in a Georgia marble quarry when lightning struck the charge and they were both blown to fragments.

The Mate of an Atlantic coasting schooner was drunkenly inviting a sailor aloft engaged in shortening sail to come below and be cut to pieces, when a bolt of lightning struck the Mate dead.

A boy seated in a small boat that was attached to and trailing from a sailing yacht off the South Carolina coast was killed by a bolt of lightning, while the yacht was not damaged.

An unbelieving farmer in Indiana was engaged in a controversy with an itinerant minister when he was struck dead by lightning while making a blasphemous remark.

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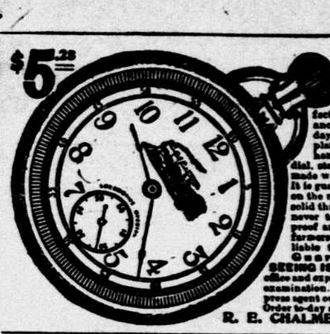

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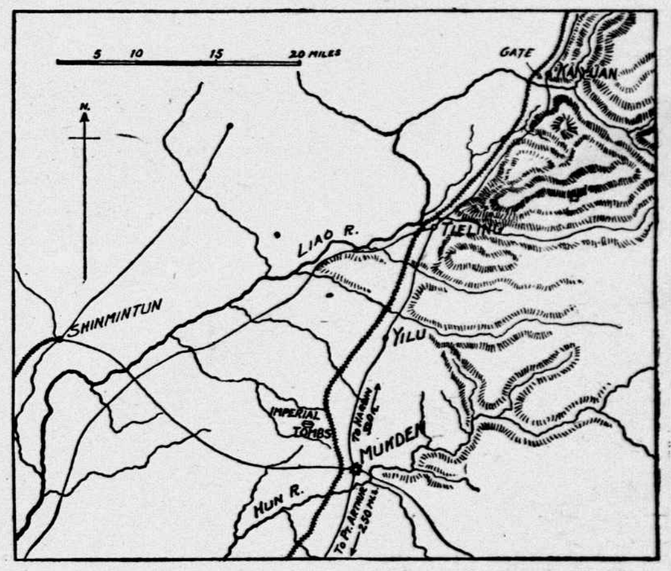
# WAR IN THE ORIENT.

## Exhaustion Forces Quiescence on Both Sides—Russians Concentrating at Tie Pass—Probably Evacuating Mukden—Crisis Approaching at Port Arthur.

### THE TWO GATEWAYS.

**The Next Field of Collision Between the Russians and Japanese.**

The Russians announce that they are concentrating their forces at Tie Pass, and that the next battle will be there. The diagram herewith given, illustrates the importance of that position. According to the map the railroad leading northeast from Mukden to Harbin, passes through a narrow canyon at Tie Pass, and at Kai-Yuang, 30 miles farther, ascends to a high plateau, upon which it runs for 125 miles farther, to Chang-Chung-Fu, where it crosses a dividing ridge and descends into the valley of the Yi Tung River, a tributary of the Sungari. These two places—Tie Pass and Chang-Chung-Fu—are respectively the north and south gates of the mountains which separate northern from southern Manchuria. If the Russians can hold Tie Pass they will have the gateway by which they can descend on to the plains, and resume operations in the Spring, if they have a mind to. If, on the other hand, the Japanese can force them back to Chang-Chung-Fu, the Japanese will have the gateway by which they can advance upon Harbin in the Spring, if they choose. This is the kernel of the future strategy. Tie Pass occupies very much the position that Chattanooga did in the Fall of 1863, with Chang-Chung-Fu occupying the position of Atlanta, and Harbin as far away as Savannah. The future advance of the Japanese must therefore be similar to Sherman's campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta. But little is known, accurately, about the country, but apparently, the region to the east of the railroad is very mountainous, with peaks rising to about 3,000 feet, say as high as the Alleganies. There are few paths through these and they are at great distances from one another, and seemingly very difficult. On the west of the railroad however, the mountains fade down into a plain. Running across this, some 25 or 30 miles west of the railroad is a great road, which is the route for the Winter travel, presumably difficult of passage, except in Winter, when sleighs can be used. The country seems to be very well settled, though not nearly so thickly as on the south near the sea-coast or farther to the north in the valey of the Sungari.




MAP OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN MUKDEN, TIE LING AND SHINMINTUN.

### PORT ARTHUR.

**The Russians Report Good Spirits and Plenty of Supplies—Chinese Say They Are Discouraged and Ready to Surrender.**

A dispatch to St. Petersburg from Harbin says:

"Our garrison is in good spirits and there is no prospect of provisions failing. Port Arthur is prepared to make a long, obstinate defense.

"The Japanese are strongly fortifying their position near the Kinchow Isthmus and are intrenching before Port Arthur."

The Japanese are now expected to redouble their efforts before Port Arthur, whence the news received is not encouraging. In spite of the success which hitherto has attended the defense, the Russian lines are being drawn closer, the garrison is undergoing severe privations, and its resisting power is weakening under the strain. A final sortie of the Russian squadron at Port Arthur may be expected at any time. When the command of the squadron was turned over to Rear Admiral Wiren he received strict instructions that if the fortress falls not one of the Russian ships must fall into the hands of the Japanese.

The Japanese troops between Sept. 8 and Sept. 10 captured a fort situated on a high hill two miles east of Golden Hill by assault. The fighting was not severe. The Japanese were able to remain in the fort because the quality of the powder used at Golden Hill was so poor that many shells fell short and others failed to explode.

The fort which the Japanese captured is not regarded as essential to the defense of Port Arthur, although it is obvious there will be some disadvantage from its occupation, as the Japanese are constantly receiving heavy guns from Japan, to which the Russians are unable to reply effectively.

This assault was the only one to take place since Aug. 31.

The foregoing information was received from an intelligent Chinese, who left Port Arthur Sept. 12. He adds that the Japanese are tunnelling under the Russian forts with the intention of blowing them up. He says that the work of tunnelling is slow and arduous, and will probably be unsuccessful.

The Russians have placed mines under all the public buildings, wharves, arsenals and everything that could possibly be of use to the Japanese, with the intention of causing their destruction should the Japanese enter the city.

Ammunition is growing scarcer, but there is plenty of bread. The price of flour is now nine roubles.

A shell struck a destroyer which was lying in dock undergoing repairs, knocked it into kindling wood and killing seven sailors. This shell came from the Japanese fleet, which comes in much closer than formerly daily, throwing a few shells. One shell demolished several engines in the dockyard and killed an officer and two men.

The five 11-inch guns on Golden Hill, which were formerly pointed seaward, have been rearranged, three of them now pointing landward. The Chinese alleges that all of the guns except the 10 and 12-inch have been removed to land batteries from on board the battleships, where they were of very little use.

Of all the ships in the harbor only six are fully able to participate in another fight at present.

A Chinese interpreter, employed from 1897 until the end of August last in the Commissariat Department at Port Arthur says that in February last the department supplied daily 33,000 rations to the Russian land forces alone, the naval forces supplying themselves. "But when we departed," he adds, "only 15,000 rations were supplied daily to the whole garrison, including the crews of the ironclads, who are now manning the forts. There are now 24,000 sick and wounded men at Port Arthur. Of ammunition of all kinds there are very small stores, and there are only five weeks' full rations remaining.

The interpreter says the garrison of Port Arthur, the officers excepted, is anxious to surrender.

### JUDGE OF MEN.

**Admiral Toga a Commander Who Rarely Makes a Mistake in His Choice of Subordinates.**

(Century.)

The world knows Admiral Togo as a man of the sword pure and simple. The world, as often, is mistaken. He is something greater than a fighter; as a judge of men he ranks much higher than as a soldier. His men never cease to marvel at the ease with which he accomplishes the most difficult tasks of a commander, and at the rarity of mistakes that he makes in the choice of his subordinates. There is a saying among the men of the Nippon navy that runs something like this:

"There is only one commander who uses his subordinates like his own fingers, and the name of that man is Admiral Togo."

The old-time ideal of the samurai was the wedding of the soldier and the scholar in one; and Admiral Togo is not false to the ideal; he is a student as well as a fighter.

"I am no scholar," he is reported to have said. "From my early youth, however, my masters have compelled me to examine and follow carefully the teachings of the school of Yomei. It seems to me that a soldier can derive a great deal of benefit from the study of Yomei."

The Admiral is certainly not the first or the only soldier of Nippon who has acknowledged his debt to the teachings of the Chinese philosopher whom our people know under the name of Yomei. The school of Yomei emphasizes a perfect poise of the soul. The students of Yomei value, more than anything else, the quiet balance of nerve, the equilibrium which can not be disturbed by a little thing like a bursting shell within a few feet of a man or a sword-gleam a few inches before the eyes. The first lesson that a master of sword or a master of jujitsu tries to instil into the mind of a samurai youth is the importance of attaining coolness of nerve and perfect poise of the soul. In the eyes of the Nippon fighting men these qualities are much more important than the clever handling of sword or gun.

**Tramps Stay Away From Mountains.**

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"You never saw a cat bathing in the sea. You never saw a tramp in a mountainous century. Each spectacle is of equal rarity."

The speaker, a geologist, smiled.

"I know what I am talking about," he said. "In quest of geological truths I have traveled the country over many times, and I have yet to find a tramp among the mountains. Tramps avoid mountains as they avoid soap.

"Hence New Hampshire, Vermont and the other mountainous States are singularly free from petty thieving and from all such troubles as hoboes cause. And hence, in those States, it is never necessary to lock the doors or the windows.

"Tramps avoid mountainous districts because the walking is all uphill there and because the farms are few and far between. A fertile and flat country with the roads good and the farms close together suits the tramp."

**Oregon's Beautiful Capital City.**

(Sunset Magazine.)

Salem, Oregon's Capital City, is laid out on a generous plan, the main streets being one hundred feet wide and all others 80. The sidewalks are equally generous, and principally made of concrete. These broad walks are taken advantage of, in the resident portion, in a way that deserves to be widely copied. There the walk proper is from eight to 12 feet wide, leaving a strip between the concrete and the street from six to 10 feet wide. This strip is planted with shrubbery, flowers, and roses. Some of the most beautiful roses grown may be seen here. They are public property, and any one may pick them. The yards are unfenced, the lawns well kept, and flowers are in evidence everywhere.