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Perhaps this case may be similar to yours J. Wesley Tilly of (Box 673) Selma, Cal., writes: "I give me much pleasure to be able to send you a testimonial, if by reaching some sufferer your medicines will do much for him as they have for me. At the age of fourteen I was troubled with a great deal of malaria and biliousness, accompanied with the worst sort of large boils. I was persuaded by my parents, who have always been strong believers in Dr. Pierce's remedies, to try the Golden Medical Discovery. I took one bottle and the boils all disappeared, but I did not stop at one bottle, I took three and the malaria all left; me and I have had no more boils to this day. I think to the Golden Medical Discovery for my relief. "Following an operation for appendicitis two years ago I tried Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Laxative Pellets and they gave me the whole trouble. I have since used them in the advice I have received from The People's Common Medical Advertiser." Send only 25 cents for this 1008 page book.

The War Fifty Years Ago

Last Pitched Battle of the Red River Campaign---Result of Reverse to General Banks' Federal Army on April 8---Federals in Arkansas Forced to Retreat From Camden to Little Rock---Fight For a Crossing on Saline River---Confederates Repulsed---Confederate Ram Albemarle Ridden Down by Wooden Federal Ship---Three Hour Gun Duel---Retreat of the Ram, Disabled by Gunfire.

By Capt. GEORGE L. KILMER, Late U. S. V. FIFTY years ago, April 30, the last pitched battle of the Red River campaign was fought on the banks of Saline river, Arkansas. General Frederick Steele, with a Federal force originally approximating 15,000 men, had made his way southward from Little Rock, Ark., to Camden, on Washita river. Some point in Louisiana south of Red river had been his destination until the expedition under General N. P. Banks, with which he was to co-operate, ended disastrously April 8. After repulsing Banks' advance the Confederate commander in Louisiana, General Kirby Smith, set out with 8,000 of the victorious troops to reinforce another army then confronting Steele in Arkansas. General Sterling Price was Smith's lieutenant opposing Steele. Steele ascertained that Kirby Smith with a large army was on the way to Camden he prepared to retreat northward. It was necessary to make his way back to Little Rock with all haste, if indeed there was yet time. Camden is on the southwest bank of the Washita. On April 28 Steele's whole army crossed this river and retreated north toward the Saline river. April 30 it reached Jenkins' ferry, on

Southfield and the dispersion of her consorts in Roanoke river, the Albemarle lay off Plymouth. On the 5th of May she steamed down the river to its mouth, intending to enter Albemarle sound and get through to Newbern. Struck Amidships. The coming of the Albemarle was not unexpected by Captain Smith, who had arranged a plan of action suited, as he thought, to the occasion. The contending ships met about sixteen miles from the river's mouth, where the sound is four or five miles wide. The Mattabesett led the Federal fleet and the ram opened with her forward guns and sent two well aimed shells crashing into the upper works of her foremost opponent. The ram then boldly dashed at her enemies to run them down, but the Mattabesett veered and escaped the blow. The Sassacus followed the Mattabesett and was in good position when the ram overran the elusive mark to give her a broadside of solid shot. Although fired at very close quarters the missiles were harmless on the iron sides of the ram. The Albemarle kept up a fire and made havoc with the vulnerable wooden boats. The maneuvers of the Mattabesett and Sassacus soon brought the ram between them. Commander F. A. Roe of the Sassacus ordered all steam on and backed off to secure headway. Then the valves were opened wide, the vessel fairly leaping under the impulse of the loosened engine wheels. The ram was also coming on and the Sassacus struck her amidships and sent her stern deck several feet under water. The shock was so severe that the crew of the ram believed their vessel to be sinking and had to be rallied by their commander, Captain J. W. Cooke. On board the Sassacus the damage and alarm were greater than on the ram. The moment the vessels struck the ram sent a shot through the Sassacus, piercing her boilers and filling her with steam and boiling water. Ram and Ship Entangled. The vessels were so entangled that the forward movement of the ram wrenched the Sassacus loose and fairly hurled her off into the water. The Confederates now attempted to board the Sassacus, but the riflemen in the rigging, who had not been disturbed by the hull shots and the scalding water below, opened a brisk fire and kept the boarders at bay during the time the vessels were entangled. The guns of the Sassacus opened fire on the ram the moment the smoke and steam cleared up and for the first time the shots took effect. The smokestack of the Albemarle was riddled and some of her armor broken. The headway of both vessels was such that after the collision they drifted alongside one another and this position gave the Federal gunners their chance. One gun of the ram was disabled and she fought the rest of the battle with one only. The ramming of an ironclad by a wooden vessel was a bold undertaking and something unusual in naval warfare. But the Sassacus was a fast steamer and she went at the ram under a speed of between ten and eleven knots an hour. Her bow was armed with a bank weighing several thousand pounds and the result was such that had she had the aid of two or three more vessels of the same class in the nick of time when she lay fairly aboard of the ram the latter might have been destroyed. While the Sassacus was engaged with the ram, the next in line, the Miami, stood for the ram, but failed to get within striking distance. This vessel was provided with a spar torpedo, and as soon as the Sassacus backed away from the ram, Captain Smith, seeing that the latter was surrounded, signaled the Miami to "go ahead and try her torpedo. The steering apparatus of the Miami was defective, and she could not move with the Albemarle. Orders were now given to get in line and cease firing. The Wyandling was ordered to attack the ram, but the reply came that she was sinking, and she immediately backed off. The line was now broken as far as the Mattabesett, the fourth and last of the large vessels. She was moving in a circle, and, coming up to the ram, delivered a broadside. She then passed in ahead of the ram and attempted to lay a mine and snare the propeller of the ram, but it was torn and rendered useless. Then the Mattabesett rounded to and delivered all her fire on the Confederate at close quarters, receiving one damaging return shot. The battle was principally an artillery duel between some fifty guns on the Federal vessels and one on the ram. The effect on the latter (much of the fire being delivered at ship's length) soon disabled her smokestack and destroyed her draft. Finally, by burning large quantities of bacon and lard, her engines got power enough to move her from the battleground. The engagement lasted about three hours, ending at dark. The ram had 114 holes in her stack, and there were fired at her between 400 and 500 shot and shell. The loss on the fleet was four killed and twenty-five wounded. A Confederate eyewitness of this battle gives the following description of the scene at the close: "The shore bears innumerable evidences of the damage done to the enemy--splinters and large fragments of oak sheathing, copper fastened; portions of paneling and other ornamental work from cabins or saloons; several fine launches, two of which were badly shot to pieces; oars, gun rammers, window shutters, cabin doors, hatchments, fragments of furniture, and even little articles of toilet and table furniture, with hundreds of other proofs of the destruction wrought by the gun, rather than the guns, of the ram."

TAMPICO A RICH PRIZE.

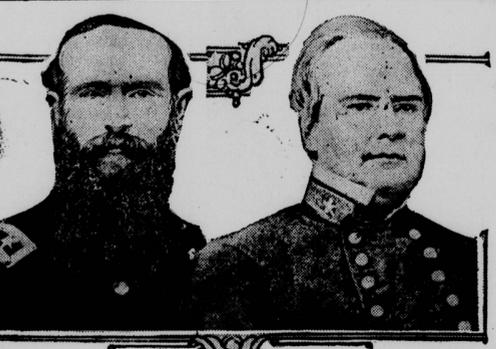
Oil City Regarded as the Key to Mexico's Commerce. Tampico, now in possession of the Mexican rebels, is the oil metropolis of Mexico and the safest port on the Gulf of Mexico. The city is built on low lying, sandy soil and stretches along the Panuco river. Before oil was discovered near Tampico it was a small Mexican village with no industries. When oil was found American and foreign capital flocked all this. The harbor, which was a shallow and remote roadstead, was converted into a safe and important harbor. American engineers brought stone from the mountains, more than seventy miles away, and two great breakwaters were built, a thousand feet apart and a mile and a half long. Tampico is seven miles from the Panuco river, and now the eight steamers can cross the bar and up at the wharves in the city itself. The city is an odd mixture of old Mexico and modern America. There are the docks, railroads, steamers, stores and all well known by Americans, and in the old section of the city there are the churches, the jail and the plaza just as they were a hundred years ago. The Mexicans from up the Panuco river still come down in their dugout canoes and trade with the people of the city, and it is not unusual to see these canoes rocking in the wash of a bustling motorboat carrying supplies to the oil fields. Tampico is said to command most of the commerce of Mexico City and that of a great number of mining camps and manufacturing centers in this interior. This, added to its great oil industry, has made the city a prize for which the rebels and federals have fought since last December.

NOT A COWARD AT VERA CRUZ

Wounded Sailors Laud Boys Who Fall Fighting.

JOKED IN THICK OF BATTLE.

Schumacher of the Florida Died After Jests About the "Greasers' Great Bullets"--Returned Heroes Tell of Summary Execution of Thirty Mexican Snipers With One Volley. Tales of the tragic two days when sailors and marines dodged through the streets of Vera Cruz targets for the bullets of hidden snipers were told by the sixty-two wounded who arrived at the New York navy yard on the hospital ship Solace and were taken to the naval hospital. Of the wounded men in the hospital three had legs amputated, two lost arms and others are so wounded that their fighting days are over. In their story of the taking of Vera Cruz they told of soft nosed bullets that mangled horribly, of shots that seemed to come from nowhere, of quick reprisals. Some recounted how thirty snipers, taken firing on the Red Cross attendants who tried to minister to the wounded, after a trial of twenty minutes were executed with one volley against a stone wall. George P. Kinsman of the Vermont told of picking a sniper out and shaming him with a mate who also had marked him for death. "Lost a Leg, but Had Revenge. "They got my leg," said Kinsman, "but I've got one satisfaction that I'll carry the rest of my life. We had lain in the dirty boat yard all morning after rushing the boathouse and clearing it out. A shot came from the boathouse, and we knew the 'spigoty' gang was back again, sniping. We had started to rush the boathouse when I saw one of them crawling along with his rifle. Lee saw him, too, and we agreed to kill him together. "Each of us drew a bead on him. He was heading for a stone house when I said to Lee: "We'll let the rat think he's safe. We'll let him get as far as the house, and just when he thinks the danger is over we'll give it to him. "And that's the way we did. "A minute afterward he started another rush on the boathouse, and I got a shot in the leg at the ankle. Lee got it in the calf of the leg, and we lay while the rest of the battalion made a sieve out of the boathouse. Those bullets are mean to use on a man; they don't give you a chance once they spread. "August Ebel of the Utah, who was shot three times through the shoulders, said: "We were advancing on the academy when I got a bullet in the shoulder that knocked me down. I was figuring that I had to get out of danger and was crawling along when a Red Cross man came up to me. While he was trying to get me on a stretcher I was shot twice more by some one who had me marked and wanted to finish me. The Red Cross man was shot in the heel. Afterward I found out that the boys discovered eight men doing the sniping in a house opposite and killed them all. "Shot Thrice and Joked About It. Edward Schwartz of New York, who belonged to the gun crew commanded by John Schumacher, the Brooklyn lad who was killed, wouldn't say a word about the wound in his shoulder. All he would talk of was of how Schumacher died, an example to his comrades. "John Schumacher was one of the finest men on the Florida," said Schwartz before he went to the hospital. "It was hard for the rest of us to restrain ourselves when he was killed, but orders are orders, and we had to treat the Mexicans in a way we didn't like very much. "He was hit three times, and each time he smiled, even when a bullet thudded into him and dropped him in his tracks. He looked up at his friends as they stood around him, grinned and said: "These greasers make the bullets slippery with their own grease, I guess, they hit so hard. "An hour later he was dead. But he is only one. They all died that way--not a coward in the lot. C. L. Doyle, messenger for Captain Rush of the Florida and in charge of the landing party, went through a hail of bullets, which riddled his canteen, but did not wound him. Doyle was beside Captain Rush when the firing from the Naval academy became deadly. He was detailed to take a message to the Prairie asking her commander to open up with his big guns. The messenger got to the launch, although he was fired upon. He delivered his message, and while he was returning to shore the Prairie's guns began to silence the Mexicans.



Copyright by Review of Reviews company. GENERAL FREDERICK STEELE, U. S. A., AND GENERAL STERLING PRICE, C. S. A., OPPOSING LEADERS AT JENKINS' FERRY.

the Saline. Steele had escaped from Camden, but he was not in time to escape Kirby Smith. Part of Steele's command had already crossed the Saline when the Confederate army overtook them, led by Smith in person. There followed a desperate battle, fought on a field of mud, for the control of the crossing at Jenkins' ferry. For a fortnight the Federal troops had sustained a running fight, harassed at every step, their supply trains captured and every conceivable hardship forced upon them. At the Saline they turned for one desperate struggle. They were wet from drenching rains and hungry from days of fasting. The ground was a quagmire into which they sank knee deep. Steele prepared to resist a large force. The bad condition of the roads and heavy rain falling, combined with darkness, prevented the main army from crossing during the night. A pontoon bridge had been laid and a part of the force passed over. The remainder halted in bottom lands west of the stream. General Frederick Salomon's division lay two miles back from the river, its line resting upon water at both flanks. Battle of Jenkins' Ferry. At daylight on the 30th rain still fell in torrents. Although expecting an easy victory, the Confederates opened the attack under cover of a ruse. A body of them dressed in blue drove a flock of sheep toward the river, assuming that the hungry Federals would welcome the forage party as belonging to their own camp. But the men on the outposts were not easily deceived. They opened fire and brought the enemy to the front in swarms. The first onslaught was repulsed, although Salomon's men were driven back 200 yards. General Price's attack fell upon the brigade of General S. A. Rice. One after another, fighting heroically, his four regiments were forced back. To support Rice General Salomon sent forward Colonel Adolph Englemann's brigade. Loud ground was recovered. Weariness, hunger and the enormous odds were forgotten by the Federals in their dogged determination to hold their ground. There was a sting in the snake's tail, even though hunting his hole. Repulsed in front, the Confederates crossed the river on the flank and tried to establish batteries to enfilade Salomon's line in the swampy bottom land. A creek three or four feet deep



© by Review of Reviews company. GENERAL S. A. RICE, U. S. A., HERO OF DEFEAT AT JENKINS' FERRY.

Wyalusing and Miami, the armed ferryboat Commodore Hull and the gun boats Whitehead and Ceres. The total armament of the fleet was thirty-two guns and twenty-three naval howitzers, fifty-five pieces in all. Admiral Lee thought the vessels should approach the ram in a double line with double ends ahead. The first two should attack the ram, one on a side, and fire solid shot with heavy charges. Shells were to be thrown down the smokestack of the ram. The shots, it was believed, would loosen the armor bolts and the concussion would stun and demoralize her crew shut up in the iron plated chamber. Also by ramming the admiral thought she could be driven into shoal water and beached, and finally, if all else failed, by mounting her low ends and sinking her by dead weight. Before the fleet was ready to proceed to the attack the ram appeared again on the scene as the aggressor. After the capture of Plymouth by the Confederates, following the sinking of the

TO PRAY. Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast. 'Tis sweeter far to me To walk together to the kirk With a goodly company! To walk together to the kirk And all together pray, While each to his great Father bends, Old men and babes and loving friends And youths and maidens gay! Farewell, farewell! but this I tell To thee, thou wedding guest-- He prayeth well who loveth well Both man and bird and beast. He prayeth best who loveth best All things, both great and small. For the dear God who loveth us He made and loveth all. --Samuel Taylor Coleridge in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

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SPRING BLOSSOMS. The maiden spring upon the plain Came in a sunlit fall of rain. --Tennyson. Fair handed, spring unbosoms every grace; Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first. --Thomson. The holy spirit of the spring is working silently. --George MacDonald. The snowy lambs are springing in clover green and soft. --Heine. Now Nature hangs her mantle green On every blooming tree And spreads her sheets of daisies white Out o'er the grassy lea. --Burns.

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