

A BOLD BOY COLONEL.

THE CRACK CONFEDERATE ARTILLERY—IST, WILLIAM JOHNSON PEGRAM.

Only a Schoolboy Volunteer in 1861, He Became One of the Best Battery Commanders in the Southern Army—His Death at Five Forks.

Copyright, 1892, by the American Press Association. Book rights reserved.



There was little opportunity in the course of a brief eulogy for Capt. McCabe to recall the full story of the boy colonel's life. In a word, he swang down the record from Cedar Mountain to Second Bull Run, where Pegram again fought on Stonewall. Then on Harper's Ferry Sept. 14, where Pegram's guns engaged with the assaulting column against the Union works. After a few shots the flag of truce appeared on the walls, and among the captives Pegram found a complete new equipment for his company. Three days later at Antietam the young captain received his first wound—a shell wound in the head—but he refused a leave of absence and remained in camp.

At Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, Pegram was again with Jackson, and "Stonewall" said of him in his battle report that he had managed, "as usual, to find the hottest place" for his guns. The six rifled cannon of his company were in a picked battery covering Hamilton's Crossing, where Gen. Meade's Union division charged and was repulsed with great slaughter. Pegram lost many men and was reduced to one section before the fight ended.

After Fredericksburg the boy artilleryist was promoted to major in the battalion where his company served. His old battery remained under his command until the end. His losses during the war were 200 killed and wounded—an enormous roll for artillery. In Jackson's flank march at Chancellorsville the young major led his battalion, and at one time the disabling of his superiors gave him command of sixty guns. At a campfire talk one evening long after "Stonewall's" exploit became history the officers were discussing their glories when one of them said to Pegram, "Well, colonel, what day do you reckon your happiest?" "Oh, the day I had sixty guns under me galloping down the turnpike after Hooker and his people."

On Sunday, May 3, it was his own battalion of twenty-five guns that shelled the grounds around Chancellorsville House with terrible results at the time Gen. Hooker was injured. When Lee's army marched north to Pennsylvania Maj. Pegram was left behind sick with fever. He made a forced ride of ninety miles and joined his battalion to lead it in the first day's fight at Gettysburg. It was in the front line and shelled the cavalry videttes at the opening of Gen. Reynolds' fight with Gen. Heth's troops along Willoughby Run. It was believed for a long time in the Confederate army that one of Pegram's shells killed Reynolds. The battalion fought every day at Gettysburg and left 80 horses dead on the field. Its loss of 47 killed and wounded was the second highest in Lee's army.

Gettysburg placed another star on the young major's collar. His battalion served under Gens. A. P. Hill and Jubal Early in the Wilderness campaign. At Spottsylvania his guns crowned the heights around the court house, where Gen. Burnside's Ninth Union corps made two or three fruitless assaults on May 12 to relieve Gen. Hancock's troops in the "Bloody Angle." In the crisis all hung upon Pegram's forty guns, and around them stood Gens. Gordon, Hill, Early and Lee. Burnside's fine divisions, under Gens. R. B. Potter and O. B. Wilcox, rushed bravely on and the Confederate works were almost empty of troops. The boy colonel had run up extra rounds of canister, and with his guns all shotted rode along the batteries galloping for the word. To each battery commander he whispered this warning, "Shoot the first man who pulls a lanyard before I raise my saber as the signal."

It is almost beyond endurance to wait at such a moment, but wait the men did until the target was just over there across the trench. Then the saber flashed in the air, and the double loads of canister were let loose. Three times the fire was repeated, and the assaulting ranks wavered. The artilleryists, beside themselves with joy over their triumph, dropped the sponge staffs and lanyards and leaped upon the parapets, crying, "Come on!" as a taunt to draw their antagonists once more up to their guns. But Burnside knew when to let go and sounded retreat in time to save his corps.

Finally, after Cold Harbor and the assaults at Petersburg, including the Crater fight, the armies clinched for the closing struggle along the roads and railways south of the city, the scene of many minor but desperate fights. The battalion was still with Heth's division, Hill's corps. At Ream's Station, Aug. 25, where Hancock made his last fight, the boy colonel was assigned to the task of commanding the angle of the breastworks occupied by Gen. Miles' division. He ran the guns so close up to the works that he not only swept the front line, but a second line as well. The execution was so good that Heth's men carried the Union breastworks and the batteries behind them in one dash.

SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN.

An Electrical Girl Who Lived During the Last Century Was Believed to Be Haunted—How She Destroyed the Peace and Furniture of Her Employers.

Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.

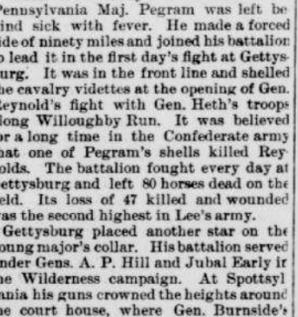
That electrical influences have much to do with what some believe to be supernatural manifestations there cannot be any doubt. And the more we learn about this wonderful power which science is fast making subservient to the purposes of man the less surprising will appear the haunted houses, which, though growing fewer as houses grow more plentiful, are still to be found, particularly in the older countries.

The haunted house at Stockwell, in England, excited the interest of the learned and unlearned about the time of the breaking out of our Revolutionary war, with which for a time it divided the interest of the English speaking world.

The facts in the case of this haunted house are entirely authentic. It was in early January, and Mrs. Golding, an estimable and cultured lady, was seated in the parlor of her mansion at Stockwell, in the county of Surrey, when she heard the glass in the kitchen falling and breaking.

Mrs. Golding at once summoned her maid, and the girl, appearing in a state of great alarm, called out: "Oh, miss, everything on the shelves is a-tumbling down to the floor and smashing to pieces!"

Immediately following this violent rattling, like the regular beating of great hammers against the walls, were heard all over the house. While this pounding went on all the dishes and china, as if flung down by angry hands, were dashed to the floor and broken into fragments.



THE SERVANT SEEMED TO BE EXCITED.

Mrs. Golding and the servants ran out, and their screams alarmed the neighbors, who came running toward them. Mr. Rowledge, a carpenter, attracted by the thumping still going on in the house, went to the door to make an examination, but the noise frightened him away and he hurried back, declaring that the foundation of the building was giving way and that the house must soon fall.

Mrs. Golding's maid had only been with her a few days, and the noises seemed to follow her. She was evidently not a stranger to them, for though she appeared to be perplexed she was not in the least alarmed.

After a time the noises ceased, and Mrs. Golding was so weak and hysterical that a doctor had to be summoned, who, according to the practice of the day, proceeded to bleed her.

The girl, who had gone up stairs to her own room, was called down to hold the basin. She did as she was told, but after the bleeding was over the basin leaped out of her hand and was broken to pieces.

Under these circumstances a consultation was held, and it was thought advisable to remove the furniture to a neighbor's. A number of strong but very much frightened men were summoned for this purpose, but their alarm increased when they found the furniture going to pieces, in their hands, as if it were beaten by sledge hammers from the inside.

Mr. Haines, a civil engineer, attempted to take away a costly pier glass, but parts of the frame flew off in his hands.

Mr. Saville, a lawyer, was asked to drink some wine which he had helped to carry up from the cellar, but the bottle broke before he could uncork it.

"At all times of action," says the narrative to which I am indebted for this odd story, "Mrs. Golding's servant was walking back and forward."

"She seemed to be very much excited, though, as has been said—not frightened. They tried to get her to sit down, but instead she kept walking back and forward, as if forced to move against her will."

"She appeared to be sorry for the excitement of her mistress, and frequently implored her not to be alarmed, as these things could not be helped. And at all this the neighbors were sorely amazed, not were there wanting those who declared that she was a witch."

"One proposed that she be thrown into the pond, where if she sank her innocence would be assured, but if she floated that would be a positive evidence of her guilt, and then the proper thing to do would be to take her out and burn her. But this suggestion was not encouraged."

Mrs. Golding, too much alarmed to stay in her own house, went to a neighbor's named Mrs. Paul, her maid accompanying her.

Up to this time Mrs. Paul's house had been as quiet as any house in all England during the reign of George III, but the advent of Mrs. Golding and her maid soon put an end to all this.

The disturbing force followed either one or both of these women. They were not well settled at Mrs. Paul's before the work of destruction that had driven them from their own home was renewed. "Everything," says the narrative, "was broken till there were not more than two or three cups and saucers left out of a large pantry full of china."

About 5 o'clock the next morning Mrs. Paul went to her visitors and told them to get up, as the house was going to pieces. The furniture began to groan and creak and fall to pieces, as if unseen giants were pulling it apart. At length Mrs. Golding and her mysterious maid had to leave Mrs. Paul's, and they sought refuge in the house of a neighbor named Fowler.

Mr. Fowler was a relative of Mrs. Golding, but sharing in the superstition against the girl he told this woman that he would be glad to give her asylum, but that he could not, in justice to his own peace and furniture, take in that maid. The girl was pretty and gentle in her manners, but reluctantly Mrs. Golding had to part with her. As soon as the girl left Streknell the noises and vibrations that had been agitating the whole of England suddenly stopped. The girl's ent back to her own house in

SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN.

An Electrical Girl Who Lived During the Last Century Was Believed to Be Haunted—How She Destroyed the Peace and Furniture of Her Employers.

Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.

That electrical influences have much to do with what some believe to be supernatural manifestations there cannot be any doubt. And the more we learn about this wonderful power which science is fast making subservient to the purposes of man the less surprising will appear the haunted houses, which, though growing fewer as houses grow more plentiful, are still to be found, particularly in the older countries.

The haunted house at Stockwell, in England, excited the interest of the learned and unlearned about the time of the breaking out of our Revolutionary war, with which for a time it divided the interest of the English speaking world.

The facts in the case of this haunted house are entirely authentic. It was in early January, and Mrs. Golding, an estimable and cultured lady, was seated in the parlor of her mansion at Stockwell, in the county of Surrey, when she heard the glass in the kitchen falling and breaking.

Mrs. Golding at once summoned her maid, and the girl, appearing in a state of great alarm, called out: "Oh, miss, everything on the shelves is a-tumbling down to the floor and smashing to pieces!"

Immediately following this violent rattling, like the regular beating of great hammers against the walls, were heard all over the house. While this pounding went on all the dishes and china, as if flung down by angry hands, were dashed to the floor and broken into fragments.



THE SERVANT SEEMED TO BE EXCITED.

Mrs. Golding and the servants ran out, and their screams alarmed the neighbors, who came running toward them. Mr. Rowledge, a carpenter, attracted by the thumping still going on in the house, went to the door to make an examination, but the noise frightened him away and he hurried back, declaring that the foundation of the building was giving way and that the house must soon fall.

Mrs. Golding's maid had only been with her a few days, and the noises seemed to follow her. She was evidently not a stranger to them, for though she appeared to be perplexed she was not in the least alarmed.

After a time the noises ceased, and Mrs. Golding was so weak and hysterical that a doctor had to be summoned, who, according to the practice of the day, proceeded to bleed her.

The girl, who had gone up stairs to her own room, was called down to hold the basin. She did as she was told, but after the bleeding was over the basin leaped out of her hand and was broken to pieces.

Under these circumstances a consultation was held, and it was thought advisable to remove the furniture to a neighbor's. A number of strong but very much frightened men were summoned for this purpose, but their alarm increased when they found the furniture going to pieces, in their hands, as if it were beaten by sledge hammers from the inside.

Mr. Haines, a civil engineer, attempted to take away a costly pier glass, but parts of the frame flew off in his hands.

Mr. Saville, a lawyer, was asked to drink some wine which he had helped to carry up from the cellar, but the bottle broke before he could uncork it.

"At all times of action," says the narrative to which I am indebted for this odd story, "Mrs. Golding's servant was walking back and forward."

"She seemed to be very much excited, though, as has been said—not frightened. They tried to get her to sit down, but instead she kept walking back and forward, as if forced to move against her will."

"She appeared to be sorry for the excitement of her mistress, and frequently implored her not to be alarmed, as these things could not be helped. And at all this the neighbors were sorely amazed, not were there wanting those who declared that she was a witch."

"One proposed that she be thrown into the pond, where if she sank her innocence would be assured, but if she floated that would be a positive evidence of her guilt, and then the proper thing to do would be to take her out and burn her. But this suggestion was not encouraged."

Mrs. Golding, too much alarmed to stay in her own house, went to a neighbor's named Mrs. Paul, her maid accompanying her.

Up to this time Mrs. Paul's house had been as quiet as any house in all England during the reign of George III, but the advent of Mrs. Golding and her maid soon put an end to all this.

The disturbing force followed either one or both of these women. They were not well settled at Mrs. Paul's before the work of destruction that had driven them from their own home was renewed. "Everything," says the narrative, "was broken till there were not more than two or three cups and saucers left out of a large pantry full of china."

About 5 o'clock the next morning Mrs. Paul went to her visitors and told them to get up, as the house was going to pieces. The furniture began to groan and creak and fall to pieces, as if unseen giants were pulling it apart. At length Mrs. Golding and her mysterious maid had to leave Mrs. Paul's, and they sought refuge in the house of a neighbor named Fowler.

Mr. Fowler was a relative of Mrs. Golding, but sharing in the superstition against the girl he told this woman that he would be glad to give her asylum, but that he could not, in justice to his own peace and furniture, take in that maid. The girl was pretty and gentle in her manners, but reluctantly Mrs. Golding had to part with her. As soon as the girl left Streknell the noises and vibrations that had been agitating the whole of England suddenly stopped. The girl's ent back to her own house in

SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN.

An Electrical Girl Who Lived During the Last Century Was Believed to Be Haunted—How She Destroyed the Peace and Furniture of Her Employers.

Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.

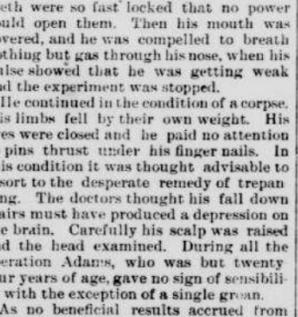
That electrical influences have much to do with what some believe to be supernatural manifestations there cannot be any doubt. And the more we learn about this wonderful power which science is fast making subservient to the purposes of man the less surprising will appear the haunted houses, which, though growing fewer as houses grow more plentiful, are still to be found, particularly in the older countries.

The haunted house at Stockwell, in England, excited the interest of the learned and unlearned about the time of the breaking out of our Revolutionary war, with which for a time it divided the interest of the English speaking world.

The facts in the case of this haunted house are entirely authentic. It was in early January, and Mrs. Golding, an estimable and cultured lady, was seated in the parlor of her mansion at Stockwell, in the county of Surrey, when she heard the glass in the kitchen falling and breaking.

Mrs. Golding at once summoned her maid, and the girl, appearing in a state of great alarm, called out: "Oh, miss, everything on the shelves is a-tumbling down to the floor and smashing to pieces!"

Immediately following this violent rattling, like the regular beating of great hammers against the walls, were heard all over the house. While this pounding went on all the dishes and china, as if flung down by angry hands, were dashed to the floor and broken into fragments.



THE SERVANT SEEMED TO BE EXCITED.

Mrs. Golding and the servants ran out, and their screams alarmed the neighbors, who came running toward them. Mr. Rowledge, a carpenter, attracted by the thumping still going on in the house, went to the door to make an examination, but the noise frightened him away and he hurried back, declaring that the foundation of the building was giving way and that the house must soon fall.

Mrs. Golding's maid had only been with her a few days, and the noises seemed to follow her. She was evidently not a stranger to them, for though she appeared to be perplexed she was not in the least alarmed.

After a time the noises ceased, and Mrs. Golding was so weak and hysterical that a doctor had to be summoned, who, according to the practice of the day, proceeded to bleed her.

The girl, who had gone up stairs to her own room, was called down to hold the basin. She did as she was told, but after the bleeding was over the basin leaped out of her hand and was broken to pieces.

Under these circumstances a consultation was held, and it was thought advisable to remove the furniture to a neighbor's. A number of strong but very much frightened men were summoned for this purpose, but their alarm increased when they found the furniture going to pieces, in their hands, as if it were beaten by sledge hammers from the inside.

Mr. Haines, a civil engineer, attempted to take away a costly pier glass, but parts of the frame flew off in his hands.

Mr. Saville, a lawyer, was asked to drink some wine which he had helped to carry up from the cellar, but the bottle broke before he could uncork it.

"At all times of action," says the narrative to which I am indebted for this odd story, "Mrs. Golding's servant was walking back and forward."

"She seemed to be very much excited, though, as has been said—not frightened. They tried to get her to sit down, but instead she kept walking back and forward, as if forced to move against her will."

"She appeared to be sorry for the excitement of her mistress, and frequently implored her not to be alarmed, as these things could not be helped. And at all this the neighbors were sorely amazed, not were there wanting those who declared that she was a witch."

"One proposed that she be thrown into the pond, where if she sank her innocence would be assured, but if she floated that would be a positive evidence of her guilt, and then the proper thing to do would be to take her out and burn her. But this suggestion was not encouraged."

Mrs. Golding, too much alarmed to stay in her own house, went to a neighbor's named Mrs. Paul, her maid accompanying her.

Up to this time Mrs. Paul's house had been as quiet as any house in all England during the reign of George III, but the advent of Mrs. Golding and her maid soon put an end to all this.

The disturbing force followed either one or both of these women. They were not well settled at Mrs. Paul's before the work of destruction that had driven them from their own home was renewed. "Everything," says the narrative, "was broken till there were not more than two or three cups and saucers left out of a large pantry full of china."

About 5 o'clock the next morning Mrs. Paul went to her visitors and told them to get up, as the house was going to pieces. The furniture began to groan and creak and fall to pieces, as if unseen giants were pulling it apart. At length Mrs. Golding and her mysterious maid had to leave Mrs. Paul's, and they sought refuge in the house of a neighbor named Fowler.

Mr. Fowler was a relative of Mrs. Golding, but sharing in the superstition against the girl he told this woman that he would be glad to give her asylum, but that he could not, in justice to his own peace and furniture, take in that maid. The girl was pretty and gentle in her manners, but reluctantly Mrs. Golding had to part with her. As soon as the girl left Streknell the noises and vibrations that had been agitating the whole of England suddenly stopped. The girl's ent back to her own house in

THE TARGET EXCURSION.

George Holds the Target and Bill Gets All the Prizes.

dear editor—no litle boy ever had a target excursion wot was not sorri 4 it if he dident git a prize. I did not git a prize but I got a soor arm.

bill sed 2 me i dia, gorgie, lets havi a target excursion. al rita, i sed, so bil & me maid a target out ov a bed ov a flour barrel an a bed slat wat i tuk from lils bed. al the boys a round b longer 2 it. bil wot the captin a wot the target carier. we wanted a litle blk boy 2 carri the target but he wautid 2 ba pincor, so i caried the target. i was blakt up. We had a tin life an a drum 4 r band.

we stopid in front ov al the stores in 1 town. thay is 4 stores. the clothin store gived us a necktie, an the butcher a lot sosiges, an the salun adozin bretzils an the omdertaker a broken camp stool.

then we marchid out 2 the woods an had a shute. we shuted with a airgun wot shuted darts. marie grene cum 2. she was a in vided gest. we dident let her shute.

wen we got 2 the woods i wautid 2 put down the target, but bil sed i wot wood have 2 hold it wile they shot at the bul's eye. the bul's eye was a round mark made with blakin.

i sed i woodent pla if i had 2 hold the target. an bil sed if i dident hold the target i coodent havi ani of the bretzils. so i plude. i love bretzils. i think thay are veri nice with cold cofee.

The first boy wot shuted with the gun dident hit the target an we never found the dart. bil told the next boy he must shute lower an the boy sed, i mite hit gorgie, an bil sed, no, never mied him, an i sed if i shute low i won't pla, an bil sed if u don't shut up u won't get ani bretzils.

i shut up. no 1 hit the target 4 bil shuted, he shuted low. the dart hit me on the arm. i comend to cri coss it hurt orful. marie grene cum 2 me an put her arms abote mi neck. mi poor, poor gorgie, sed marie. i will live 4 yure sake, i sed.

curis on him, sed bil, she loves him. i wosent hurt veri much. after that bil gived out the prizes. he tuk the camp stool an the bretzils, coss he sed he cum next 2 the bul's eye, coss he sed the man wot was holdin the target. he sed the other boys wot all ties, so thay coodent get ani prizes, an he tuk the necktie an the sosiges.

i got mad. marie grene sed it wot jest shaimful an i orter havi a bretzil ani way. but bil put em al in his pokit and woodent give me ani.

i went home an went 2 bed. i wos mad at bil an dident speke 2 him an marie grene stiked out her tong at him. hevins how i love that gurl. in the mornin wen i got up pa loked orful mad. i dident no wat was the matir with him. he lade me acrost his lap an whiped me. then wen he got thro he sed, i will lern u 2 pla triks like that. the idear. takin slats out ov bed an makin pepal fall out of bed.

i dident say nothin. if i tole pa i 4 got al abote the slat he woudent b leve me. marie grene will feal sorri 4 me wen i tel her. bil jonson will not git invitid wen we git maried. gorgie. —New York Mercury.

Why He Remained.

The members of the Independent Order of Enthusiastic Good Fellows were operating on Mr. Timberwheel a few weeks ago, putting him through the operations supposed to be necessary to convert an ordinary citizen into an Enthusiastic Good Fellow. They were almost through with the initiation when some kind of an explosion in the store over which the hall was situated blew the building into the middle of the street and interfered with the ceremonies.

Ready hands set to work and extricated the people from the debris. Fortunately no one was hurt very much, but after a census had been taken Mr. Timberwheel was found to be missing. A search was instituted, and before long he was found in an adjoining yard, where the force of the explosion had landed him. He sat in a lodgeron chair, and his eyes were still blinded.

"Why on earth didn't you take that thing off your eyes and get out of the chair when the explosion occurred?" asked one of the Enthusiastic Good Fellows. "Explosion?" echoed Mr. Timberwheel. "Why, I thought that was part of the initiation."—Harper's Bazar.

A Fall Opening.

"I think," said Sam, with a glance at the pile, "that if I keep my eyes open I can do better."

Some years ago the "conversation lounge," as it was called, was very popular with young people in the spoozy state. It was intended to answer a double purpose, the first perhaps being its intrinsic sweetness and the second the fact that each lounge had printed on it, in red letters if I remember rightly, an amorous question or a reply more or less encouraging and at bottom sweet.

Bob Northridge, despite the fact that he was a Sunday school teacher and passed the collection box down one of the church aisles at the right time, was very fond of the girls.

The collection box was a half closed in affair, to which a long handle was attached to reach the length of a pew. It was Bob's custom to set an example to contributors before presenting the box by depositing in the bottom a twenty-five cent piece, except on special occasions, when he would send that and go three quarters better.

He delighted to present the box to the girls, but one Sunday he wondered why all the fair maids were so much astonished and amused. Even the staid elderly people laughed, and so it continued till the collection was finished.

It was not till Bob reached the pulpit end of the church with his brother collectors that he saw the reason for the hilarity of the people in the pews. There, staring him in the face, was a conversation lounge bearing the legend, "Will you marry me?" ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

Looking Out for the Brewer.

A humorous incident occurred at a meeting whereat Sir Wilfrid Lawson was speaking. One of the principal planks in his programme was of course his permissive bill, but all his attempts to explain it were useless—they would not hear him. At last he called some of the disturbers up to the platform and tried to pacify them. One of them came up three parts drunk and stood close to him. He was asked what he had to say, when, turning to the great brewer of the place, who was sitting near and who was not making a noise, the man in words which he thought could not be disputed and must carry conviction with them exclaimed, "If your bill is carried, sir, what is to become of this gentleman?" —London Standard.

Radically Different.

Two things may look very similar on the surface, but be entirely unlike at bottom, as in this case reported by the Memphis Appeal-Avalanche. The landlady of a boarding house in this city has an eight-year-old son who is remarkably precocious. Not long ago he went up to town and had his head shaved. Among the boarders is a gentleman whose hair long ago bade him farewell. This gentleman came to the table the next day and said: "Why, Charley, you haven't any more hair now than I have." "Yes, sir," said Charley, "that's so; but you see I have a lot more roots than you have."

The annual Christmas Holiday excursions to all points in the South to Memphis, St. Louis, New Orleans and Cincinnati, fare rates are announced by the roads for December, 20th, 21st, 22nd. The desirability of each is loudly proclaimed, and its superiority over all others heralded.

There is one railroad line which no objections can be raised offers a choice of three routes the Southeast, either via Memphis or Shreveport or New Orleans, the Texas and Pacific Railway, would be well if you contempnt trip to the "old home" to be fast in mind, and buy your over the popular T. & P. line will run through cars on the given above to Memphis, Shreveport and New Orleans. Ticket agents give you full particulars, or you address the General Passenger ticket agent, Mr. Gaston Melier, Dallas Texas, who will be glad give you full information.

LOCAL HOLIDAY EXCURSION

On the Texas and Pacific Railway will be one and one-third for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale December 24th, 25th, 26th, 31st, 1892, January 1st and 2nd, 1893 to return to and including any 4th, 1893, and will be sold at points on the Texas and Pacific way within two hundred miles of the station. Gaston Melier, passenger and ticket agent, Dallas, Tex.

City Churches.

[In this department we will be glad to publish notices of regular and special services of all the churches in the city, or those authorized by the Pastors, or those authorized by the churches to furnish information any changes for each week, not than Thursday evening of the week previous.]

—First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Rev. J. L. Pierce, pastor. Prayer Sabbath 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Class meeting, p. m. Sunday, and 7:30 p. m. The Prayer meeting 8 p. m. Thursday.

—Methodist Mission, supplied by L. F. Jackson. Preaching 7:30 p. m. day, Class and prayer meeting 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 3:00 p. m. Rev. Penick, D. D., pastor. Preaching bath 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. Sunday 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday 8:15. Ladies' Mission Society at 5 p. m. first Sunday in each month.

—Allendale Baptist Mission, Rev. Penick, pastor. services 8 p. m. Sunday school 4 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 8 o'clock.

—Holmesville Baptist Mission, Rev. S. Penick, pastor. Sunday school, Prayer meeting Tuesday night 8 o'clock.

—Presbyterian Church—Pastor, M. Van Lear, D. D. Services: Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Preaching, 11 a. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.

Fulton Market

JOSEPH B. WHITE BUTCHER

Keeps the choicest Cuts of Beef, Pork, and Fowls, Ham Steaks, Breakfast Sausage, Oysters in bulk, Butter, Eggs, kinds of Vegetables.

In fact, you can get anything you wish at the Fulton Market. Open all the time. Baskets delivered to all parts of the city free of charge.

JOHN N. HICKS, Attorney at Law and Notary Public

O Bee at Court House, Shreveport, THOS. T. LAND, Ex-Justice Supreme Court. JOHN R. LAND, District Attorney

T. T. & J. R. LAND, Att'ys and Counsellors at Law

Office: Room 1 at Courthouse, Shreveport, La.

PATENTS

</