

THE SADDEST INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

By F. A. MITCHELL.
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"WHAT is the saddest occurrence you witnessed during the civil war?" I asked the white-headed veteran.

"The saddest occurrence?"

"Yes, the most pathetic."

"I'll tell you, but the circumstance involves a little preface. I can't call it a story, for there's not plot or plan to it. I fought in the ranks during the whole of those terrible four years and was in many skirmishes and battles. I started in the west, my first fight being at Shiloh, my next at Per-



EATING WITH THE ENEMY.

ryville, and so on, including Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Resaca and Kenesaw, and most of the

time that I wasn't in battles—on the Atlanta campaign—I was under fire. "Our people up here only knew of the war by some one near and dear who went down there to fight for the Union and never came back. Sometimes those lost ones were brought back in a box, sometimes they were buried with martial honors, with a wooden headstone over them; sometimes they were marked 'Unknown,' and sometimes they were all shoved into a trench together. At the time their northern friends didn't know much about all this. They read in the newspapers of a battle, and it was very exciting and all that. But they never realized war.

"It was the southern people who found out what war was. It was right among them. That's the reason that as it progressed they became more and more unanimous about it. Many of them didn't wish to go out of the Union. They were driven out of it by their leaders. But when they were overrun by armies, their little garden patches destroyed, their fences used for firewood, their fathers and brothers killed, they changed their minds. Many a time the men of a family when we Yanks were approaching their homes joined with the Confederates for the first time and fought against us.

"I was with that army that advanced south in the spring of 1862 through Kentucky and Tennessee. One night while carrying a message from one part of our army to another I lost my way. Coming upon a cabin, I knocked. A man came to the door and asked what was wanted. I told him I would like forage for my horse, a place to sleep for myself and to be put on the road in the morning. He complied with all these requests, and after stabilizing my horse I lay down on the floor in his cabin and went to sleep.

"In the morning my host's wife gave me what she had in the house for breakfast, and, being hungry, I ate a good meal. The family name was Shanks. The father was about forty, and there were two boys aged, respectively, fifteen and twelve. They treated me kindly and insisted on filling my haversack with salt pork and corn pone, which was all they had. They were an uncouth lot, but they were a family, and we all know what that means, united and with no wish except to live their simple lives together. I noticed their affection for one another, and it made me homesick.

"They put me on the road, and I continued my ride. After delivering my dispatches I returned to headquarters and handed a reply to the general com-

manding. "We met many people in the south for a moment, a day or a week. The events through which we passed were ever changing and filled with excitement. For that reason we didn't remember people. I forgot all about the Shanks family. Indeed, they never again entered my head till they were called back by the incident I'm going to tell you. The army I was with advanced to northern Alabama and remained there nearly four months. Then in August of that year General Bragg marched through Chattanooga and on up toward Louisville. General Buell, commanding our force, went marching north by another route to head him off. The two armies came together at Perryville and fought a battle.

"Perryville isn't considered today one of the great battles of the war, but I don't remember in all the fights I was in having such hard, incessant firing as there was that day. I suppose it isn't considered of so much importance now because only a small part of the Union army was engaged, the rest being held back by the commanding general.

"Well, now I'm getting to the point of my story. After the battle we found the Confederate dead and wounded a good deal mixed, sometimes a Confederate lying across a Unionist and sometimes vice versa. The wounded were picked up and laid on the grass in a long line for the surgeons to visit and operate upon. Some of them died before a surgeon got to them at all. I was walking along this line and came to two of those who had died. A boy was waving a green branch over them to keep the flies away.

"Are they related to you, my boy?" I asked.

"That one," he said, pointing to the



CARING FOR THE WOUNDED.

man, 'is my papa, and that one,' pointing to the boy, 'is my brother.'

"I looked at him and recognized him. He was the younger of the two Shanks boys. When the battle came on the father and the oldest son left their cabin, which was near by, with their shotguns and joined the Confederate ranks. After the battle the boy found them, and they died while he was keeping away the flies."

Saved by Enemy's Picture.

James Garrabrant, a New Jersey soldier, while fighting at a battle on the Rappahannock, in Virginia, saw a daguerrotype fall from the pocket of a dead Confederate soldier. He picked it up and placed it in the breast pocket of his own blouse. Soon after he was struck by a ball and fell. His brother picked him up and found that the metal plate of the picture by receiving the bullet had saved his life. Garrabrant was not wounded.

How He Was Wounded.

At a council of Confederate generals early in the civil war one remarked that Major Blank was wounded and would not be able to perform a duty that it was proposed to assign to him. "Wounded?" said Stonewall Jackson. "If it really is so I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty."

Franz Emil Linder, a Mandan farmer, was adjudged insane, having obtained property under false pretenses. He will be deported to his old home in Sweden.

W. O. Allison, the Indiana murderer, who escaped from Rugby officials, has not been apprehended and the Indiana sheriff returned without him.

Some cars at Grand Forks placed a lot of short broad headed nails on a street crossing, with serious effects on several auto tires.

Nineteen county fairs have already been scheduled. The Ward county fair will be held at Minot Sept. 24-26. The McLean county fair will be held at Underwood Sept. 25-27.

A Lonsford man had his garden plowed with a gas plowing outfit.

O. H. Moon of Glenburn believes in deep plowing, but got more than he bargained for when he ran his plowing engine into an old well.

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