

## Civil War--Federal Raiders

During the Civil war George Peck, author of Peck's Bad Boy and subsequently editor of Peck's Sun, was a soldier of a Federal Cavalry regiment stationed in this city from which raids were made from time to time to the sections north and east of this place. On one raid the regiment went as far east as Brookhaven, of which little town they made a bonfire, destroying every house, store and cabin and outhouse. This was in 1864. Years after, while publishing the Sun, Peck wrote the following:

On Tuesday we read in a city paper that a gentleman from Brookhaven, Miss., was married to a Milwaukee lady, and for an hour we trembled for fear the marriage was an excuse to allow a fiery southerner to come up here and get even with us for burning the town of Brookhaven, in 1864. We handled our revolvers carelessly, and aimed at the door several times, just to see if we could hit the Brookhaven man, if he should come in on a jump and gallop over us. But the hours passed and he did not come, and finally we concluded, if he was married to a Milwaukee girl he was probably in a confounded sight better business than whipping an old bald-headed union veteran, who wasn't personally to blame about burning the town, anyway. May be this man was not born then, or he may have been one of the kids that we saw on that raid, but conscience makes cowards of us all, and we couldn't help thinking that the southern bridegroom would be justified in kicking any member of the regiment that went a hundred miles on a gallop to build a bonfire, when there was just as good material where the regiment was located. And if the man had come for revenge, and we had told him of the horrible sufferings of that ride, he would probably have relented and invited us to the wedding. The way of it was this: The Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry was stationed at Baton Rouge, La., with other regiments, and one evening the men were ordered to take four days rations and mount. There was no time to be sick and attend surgeon's call, or get out of it in any way, and in less than half an hour the regiment had mounted, the colonel gave the command "fours right," and we all fours righted, and in ten minutes were outside the picket lines, on the Clinton road. The command "gallop" was given, and we galloped. Well, you wouldn't believe it, at this late day, but if we let up on the gallop for a minute all night, you can take it out of our wages. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction about it. The regiment had been petted there in Louisiana so long that a night of galloping on sharp backed horses caused the men to murmur disapproval. But the colonel didn't care a continental. He just kept on a galloping. The colonel is now a railroad agent at Quincy, Ill., and if we ever see him we will give him a piece of our mind in regard to that galloping match, if he courtmartial us and stops our pay. At daylight the command entered the town of Clinton, forty miles away, leaving a blue streak of profanity all the way back to Baton Rouge. Well, we got breakfast, and there were few men that would speak to the colonel. There was a coldness between officers and men that was noticeable. However, they all felt that he had done the deed to show authority, and they felt that if he would let them stay at Clinton a week to recuperate, and then let them ride back to Baton Rouge in ambulances, he would do much to cement the friendship that had been so rudely broken. When they were talking over the outrage of causing a pet regiment to ride forty miles in the night the bugle sounded "saddle up," and the regiment started towards Liberty, Miss., thirty miles away. There was one thing to the colonel's credit. He did let them walk their horses four or five miles that day. They arrived at Liberty that evening, and a sicker lot of cavalry never was seen. The men said that was the last hair that broke the camel's back. It was well enough to make a raid forty miles from home when there were no rebels, but now we had got right into a hot bed of secession, which was more than anybody had a right to expect. The men were aching to tell the colonel what they thought of such conduct, but they waited till after supper. After the bacon and coffee and hard tack had been eaten, and the tired soldiers were settling down into the mud to sleep, or to smoke and damn the man who was responsible for such foolish work, the blasted bugle sounded, "to horse," and just as the night closed in every man that could mount was mounted, and there was a look of mute appeal on every face, as much as to say, "what in Gehenna is he going to do now? The word Gehenna had not been invented at that

time, so the boys said plain "hell" instead. For a soldier, the word hell can discount Gehenna, when he is tired and mad. Gehenna may do for the prayer meeting, or the sociable, but for a cavalry camp, where every man has had enough riding, and knows when he has had enough, hell "holds the age" over Gehenna by a good working majority.

Well, the regiment headed for Brookhaven, thirty miles away, and some time along towards morning it got there, and though nearly every man was asleep on his horse, his clothes wet and muddy, and his stomach empty, the town began to burn. Everything seemed to be red hot, and all the fire departments in the world could not have stopped it. If we remember right, there was a railroad there, and even the rails burned. What the deuce anybody wanted to burn the town for, nobody knew. Men looked at each other as though they didn't care, as they didn't own any property there, and it was a good fire to dry pantaloons. Then the cavalry went back to Liberty, and found the town deserted. The lame, and halt, and sore-backed horse fellows that had been left to hold the fort, had gotten into a fight with a lot of rebels who jumped onto them because they thought the lame fellows were powerless, but the rebels had got licked like blazes, and started back for Baton Rouge. They camped half way to Clinton, in the night, and were overtaken by the Brookhaven fire bugs, and all laid down in the mud and slept the sleep of innocence, and the next day went back to Baton Rouge, tired, sick, hungry, mad, and everybody wanted to resign. As we waited in our office on Tuesday for the Brookhaven man to come in and whip us we could see the whole raid of 1864 as though it were yesterday. The old buckskin horse in Co. "D," which kicked up and struck us in the stomach, because our horse stepped on his heels, was here in the office. The smoke and fire of Brookhaven choked up our lungs again, and the hard tack hurt our false teeth just the same as it hurt the sound teeth of nineteen years ago. The face of the dead rebel, Capt. Turner, who was shot by our pickets, and who talked so pitifully about his mother and sister before he died, came up before us, and the horrors of war became so vivid that we thanked heaven we were getting so blessed near forty-five years old that if a war should break out to-morrow, we could lie the other three years onto our age and be exempt from the draft. But the Brookhaven man took his bride and went away happy, and we were glad he did.

### A LOT OF IDEALS.

By Florence Riddick Boys.

"I'm proud of you, Dick—buying a lot when we've only been married three years."

"Not three, Phyllis," he answered, trying not to let on how much he relished her appreciation.

"Ted's two."

"You win. You've got the proof, but it's a whiz of a three years—awfully short."

"I should say I have the proof," she laughed, snuggling the two-year-old who came toddling toward her, and pretending not to see her compliment.

"Your folks have been grand, sharing their house with us. It's time we got out before . . ."

"Before they tire of us," she interrupted.

"Before our family gets any bigger," he persisted, not to be diverted.

"But the lot," reminded Phyllis, also not to be diverted. "What is your ideal of a lot?"

"Well," he answered, piercing deep into the lettuce bed he was spading, "it must be safe and sanitary and sweet, since it's to be the setting for my jewels."

"Everything S," she said trivially, but she glowed inwardly.

"Well lighted, and well policed, and with passers-by frequent enough that you would not be afraid when I am away; above flood danger; and with no special fire-hazard; and not on a street where there is heavy or rapid traffic to run over Ted—and—"

"The twins," she finished.

"Yes, and I wouldn't want to be near a railroad on account of both danger and noise; nor a river because it might smell bad in hot weather; nor a marsh; nor a sewer outlet—"

"And no factories, nor gas tanks, nor crowded quarters, nor dirty or unsightly commercial buildings," stipulated Phyllis.

"The best residence districts have laws restricting such things. We'll hunt a locality where they are certain not to come in," explained Dick.

"What would you think of getting into some newer, up-and-coming part of town where a fine class of people are just beginning their homes and

where prices are not so high, and which will improve right along?"

"That's just my ideal!" agreed Phyllis, "where town and country meet, with schools and churches, and a few good stores near enough, but country air and meadow larks on the other side. And I like neighbors, don't you Dick?"

"People of our own class to talk over the fence with about which is going to have the earliest tomatoes or the biggest cabbages," acquiesced Dick.

"Rather about carburetters and differentials," corrected Phyllis significantly, and he resumed his digging.

"We can judge of the people by their houses and yards. Their children will play with our children and grow up with them—and marry 'em maybe," she continued, taking a far look ahead.

"Perhaps we can be near a beach for swimming, or a park for golf or tennis or skating, or a library or a Y. M. C. A. or some of those things."

"Within reach, anyhow," she dreamed on.

"And as I'll have to hustle the finances, I've got to be easily acces-

sible to business."

"I'd like to be on the west side of the street," suggested Phyllis, "to have the morning shade in my kitchen and the afternoon shade on the front porch. And since the prevailing wind is from the west, it blows the street dust to the east side."

"That's the housewife for you," commended Dick. "And I hope the soil will be light and dry to drain away from our cellar."

"That's the engineer," retorted Phyllis. "I'd like to have pretty views from the living room windows, at least."

"And a clear title; and a good investment so we can sell it anytime, if we want to, for more than we pay for it. We must consider the price. There's no need to be held up. It must have pavement, and curbs, and sidewalks, and sewer and water or else the price must be low enough to make up the difference. There are plenty of good bargains; we'll hunt one."

"When?" asked Phyllis ecstatically.

"Tomorrow," determined Dick.

"Oh joy!" exclaimed Phyllis, "Tomorrow will be one of the happiest

days of my life."

"That means a lot," twinkled Dick.

"A lot," she punned, and they both laughed happily.

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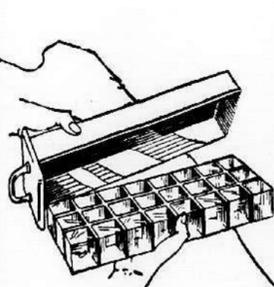
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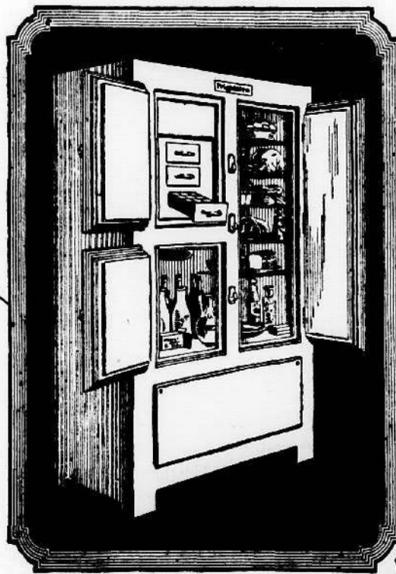
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