

THE DAILY BEE.

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If the European war clouds keep gathering the American hog will be in big demand across the water.

The first month of spring is almost over, and about the only thing that has blossomed is spring politics.

JOHN BULL has put a chip on his shoulder and wants Russia to knock it off. The probability is that Russia will accommodate him.

ANOTHER letter from General Thayer appears in this issue of the BEE. He is a polished and entertaining writer, and his letters are read with a great deal of interest by the patrons of the BEE.

MR. JASON R. LEWIS remarked the other day that it was a cold election day in Omaha when he couldn't make a hundred dollars out of it. We are afraid that he will find April 7th a very chilly day.

ONE of the very first things to be done this spring is to replace the rotten and worn-out sidewalks on the main thoroughfares with stone walks. While the streets are paved and in excellent shape, our sidewalks are a disgrace to the city.

OMAHA is now without doubt one of the cleanest and healthiest cities in America. Although we have an excellent medical college we have no use for any fresh doctors. They can get their diplomas here, but they will have to seek practice elsewhere.

SPRING lamb is all well enough, and when it is garnished with green peas is a dish sufficiently dainty to set before a king. But spring peas is entirely another matter, and the Omaha Republican is giving its readers too much of it in its editorial columns. Its attachment for Boyd is a good deal like the worship of the golden calf.

This proposed new morning paper which is to be started in New York is simply the resurrection of Truth under the name of The Morning Telegraph. Thus Truth crushed to earth will rise again. It will be an administration paper. The capital of \$100,000, which is very small for a newspaper in New York, will be furnished by Carl Schurz, Hubert O. Thompson, George Gould, and others, and Mr. Schurz will probably be the editor.

The California assembly has passed a bill authorizing the sale of the state school lands in sections of 640 acres without actual settlement. This is paving the way for another land grabbing scheme on a big scale. About 200,000,000 acres of land on the Pacific coast and in the territories are owned in large areas mainly by titled foreigners, and the school-land bill leads the San Francisco Bulletin to say: "Lauderdom in this country is assuming gigantic proportions on the part of foreigners who have not the least intention of ever becoming citizens."

The Herald compliments the Republican on the firmness of its stand on the majority question. The Republican compliments the Herald on its fair and honorable course in seeking to remove the majority contest from all suspicion of partisanship. The Herald is supporting Mr. Boyd, not as a democrat, but as a citizen--Republican.

Indeed! What stand would the Herald take if Mr. Boyd were a republican? Why don't the Herald and Republican consolidate if there is such political harmony between them? Two democratic papers in Omaha is one too many.

The bill for providing for the Niagara Falls reservation has passed the New York assembly and will probably become a law. As we understand it, instead of making the whole appropriation this year, it is proposed to immediately appropriate \$433,000, and extend the \$1,000,000 over ten years, by the issuance of bonds payable in ten annual equal installments, or sooner, at the option of the state, and bearing six per cent interest. This compromise measure was effected in defiance to the wishes of the farmers who did not want the whole appropriation made at once.

The registration books are now open, and it is hoped that a careful and thorough revision of the lists will be made. There are over 10,000 voters in Omaha, and perhaps not more than one-third will be carried forward on the new lists by the registrars. The voters who reside in wards that have been subdivided into several election districts will have to be re-registered. It is of the utmost importance that every voter should make personal inquiry as to his registration. While the failure to register does not absolutely disfranchise a voter, it causes much delay and inconvenience on election day if he desires to vote.

PRISON REFORM.

In a recent article on prison abuses, particularly with reference to the barbarous treatment of Tennessee convicts, the BEE incidentally mentioned that the penitentiary prisoners generally throughout the south were cruelly treated. A New York lawyer, who has given the matter of prison reform considerable attention, writes to the BEE saying that: "Our prison system is a loathsome scene on the surface of our civilization. Men are not cured of crime nor led into right ways of thinking and acting, nor brought into harmony with society by brutal treatment, nor being put under the domination and control of others more degraded and brutal than themselves. I doubt, however, if you are right in saying that convicts are treated inhumanly 'particularly in the south.' Mr. Barnham Wardwell, who has devoted the best years of his life to 'prison reform' has unearthed some revolting inhumanities in the New England states. He has just been released from imprisonment in Dedham jail, Massachusetts, where he was incarcerated for two years but perhaps none the less proper criticism of a sheriff, and where he says he suffered more from hunger than he did in Confederate prisons during the war." There is no doubt that there are abuses in nearly every penitentiary in this country which ought to be abolished, but they will continue until some person or association causes an exposure and calls the attention of the state officials to the condition of affairs. In some states there are prison reform associations, and some of them are doing good work, but a national association with some life in it is what is needed. Such an association will find plenty of work before it. In every state and territory it should have agents who are known to be philanthropic and fearless persons who will do their duty in investigating the conduct of prison management, pointing out abuses and doing everything possible to remedy them, and suggesting improvements from time to time regarding the treatment of convicts. If there is anything in this country that needs reform it is prison management, but it will be a difficult matter to accomplish reform so long as there is no concerted movement in that direction. The public, of course, is kept in ignorance of what is going on within the prison walls, and it is only through released convicts that we occasionally learn of the cruel practices of the wardens, keepers and guards.

JUDGE STENBERG. The republicans of Omaha could not have found a better candidate for police judge than Judge Stenberg. He has lived in Omaha for nearly fifteen years, and is widely and favorably known. He is a native of Sweden, and is of German descent, his ancestors having emigrated from Germany to Sweden for the purpose of establishing a glass factory, the first in that country, and in which business many of his relations are still extensively engaged. Mr. Stenberg by trade is a machinist and mechanical draughtsman, having served his apprenticeship in the Swedish navy yard. When twenty years of age he came to America, and in the fall of 1871 located in Omaha, where he found employment for some considerable time in the Union Pacific shops. He afterwards became business manager of the Scandinavian paper, Folkets Tidning. When Judge Anderson was elected police judge Mr. Stenberg became his clerk, and was soon afterward elected justice of the peace in the Third ward, and has been re-elected three times, this being his fourth term. This strong endorsement of a republican in a ward that is largely democratic is convincing proof of the popularity of Mr. Stenberg as a citizen, and the faith of the people in his ability and impartiality in the administration of justice. His decisions have always been regarded as correct, and have given general satisfaction to the lawyers and their clients. The bar of Omaha has the greatest confidence in Judge Stenberg. During his leisure time he has devoted himself to the study of the law, which together with his experience as justice of the peace, qualifies him in an eminent degree for the position of police judge. He is a man forty years of age, of correct habits, and sound judgment. The republicans are to be congratulated upon having selected him as a candidate, for he will add strength to the ticket. He will poll the full Scandinavian vote, which is very large in Omaha, and among all classes of people he will be heartily supported, as he is one of our most respected citizens. We have reason to believe he will be elected by a handsome majority.

At the grand distribution of sheepskins, which took place at Boyd's opera house Thursday evening, the public was treated by the dignified professors to serious, solemn and melancholy dissertations about medical science in general and the mysteries and nummeries of the M. D. in particular. To the uninitiated patrons of the pill-box and scalp these profound panegyrics of phylodons and profana were so much hog-Latin. They came away knowing no more than they did before the commencement commenced. It is learned professor had addressed the graduating M. D.'s after the style of the great Majandje, when he assumed the professor's chair of medicine at the College of France, their remarks would have been much more sensible and much more appreciated. Professor Majandje said to his class of students: "Gentlemen, medicine is a humbug. Who knows anything about medicine? I tell you frankly, I don't. Nature does a good deal; doctors do very little--when they don't do harm." Majandje then went on to

border becomes the scene of war, the struggle in the Sudan will assume the proportions of a considerable war. The vast region will probably be conquered and made tributary to the interests of England, as those shall be developed through Egypt.

The Russian intrigues with Turkey is becoming more audacious every day. M. Nelidoff, the Russian ambassador at Constantinople, has the ear of the sultan, and seems to enjoy his fullest confidence. England has no diplomat on the ground skilful enough to cope with M. Nelidoff. It is generally admitted that England's power over Turkey has been waning ever since Lord Dufferin left Constantinople. Behind the long and tedious correspondence as to the delimitation of the Afghan frontier, the warlike aspect of the Afghan and Russian outposts, the threatened seizure of Herat, and the renewed efforts to break up the eastern question, once more makes its appearance, and all England is torn up over the prospect that Russia and Turkey will form an alliance. There is nothing improbable in the report that the two powers have made or are about to make such an alliance. Turkey is in the mood for it. In her Egyptian policy England has ridden or trampled with a rough hand and thrust aside all her protests and pretensions with contemptuous indifference. From the day when Mr. Gladstone denounced "the un-speakable Turk" until now there has been no love wasted between them, and if Turkey can secure Germany's consent there is little doubt that she will ally herself with the Sultan. Such an alliance would be of great advantage to Russia. It would compel England to abandon Egypt and would give Russia great advantage in Asia, besides banishing the British fleet from the Black Sea.

The Upper Nile railway, although lately thrown into the shade by the projected line from Suakin to Berber, will undoubtedly acquire considerable importance whenever the British advance southward is resumed. Its originator, the ex-khedive, Ismail Pasha, carried it up the river from Wady-Halfay as far as Sarra. Here the British took it up last summer, and had laid down fifteen of the sixty-two miles on the Sarra-Ferket section (which is the section forming the Dal Rapids) when the want of material and of native labor stopped the work on the 28th of October last. Gen. Woleley now reports that the completion of the remaining forty-seven miles to Ferket, and the laying down of light tramways at Faimeh and Khabisa, will be completed in the course of the next few months. The strained relations between England and Russia are about to culminate in a declaration of war. If the British Lion's ultimatum to the Russian Bear is rejected war will be declared within the next forty-eight hours. The unbounded enthusiasm with which the queen's proclamation, ordering out the reserves, was received by the British populace affords ample proof of the eagerness of the English subjects of her majesty for a rupture of friendly relations with Russia. The extensive preparations which are now under way on land and sea on the part of the British military and naval authorities would indicate a determination on the part of England to resist the further advance of Russia toward India at all hazards. Russia is by no means unprepared for such a contingency. She has all the advantage of position and prestige, and will be more than a match for all the forces that England can muster in Asia. While England at best can only forward troops and munitions of war to Afghanistan by a circuitous way route, Russia has direct railway connections into the heart of Central Asia, and direct telegraph communications between St. Petersburg and Merv. If it is also true that Russia has formed a secret alliance with Turkey, whereby the latter will extend aid and comfort to her former enemy, on the Black sea and through the Dardanelles, England will find herself at great disadvantage in the coming contest. With the flower of her army, kept busy in the Sudan, with Ireland in a semi-revolutionary condition, and her Australian colonies on the point of organizing an independent confederation, England is sadly handicapped for a struggle that will tax all her resources on land and sea. The visit of the Prince of Wales to Germany has doubtless been taken with a view either of securing neutrality on the part of that great nation, or may even have resulted in an understanding that may ultimately ripen into a defensive and offensive alliance. Russia is no match for Germany and England combined, but in the event of such a combination, Russia would doubtless secure other allies whose interests are more or less in antagonism with those of England and Germany. There is no telling what a day may bring forth. With England and Russia a general European war would be almost certain to follow. There is a possibility, however, that the inevitable consequences of a conflict between Russia and England will result in a treaty of peace, and that the part of other powers, and bringing about a peaceable settlement of the difficulties between the two countries.

The English troops have had a rough time of it in their advance toward Berber. The broken country at the end of their first day's march appears to have been filled with hidden traps, and a determined attack and inflicted casualties to the number of 200 or more. They were beaten off with severe loss, but during the fight they injured or killed some 500 camels, and did much other damage. Osman Digna is reported to be near at hand with 25,000 men, and a pitched battle is liable to be fought within a day or two. The English are really fighting over ground they have been fighting over already, and the result of the previous disaster and abandonment by the second force is that the Arabs are emboldened to offer a desperate resistance. If this should continue all the way across the desert the loss by wear and tear must be severe. The worst feature of the recent affair is the fact that the English were surprised. They were not at all conscious of the presence of a large force within attacking distance. But once they were assailed they fought with desperate energy and inflicted severe losses.

But evidently they will be compelled to make a permanent occupation of the Sudan. To fight their way across the desert, laying water pipes as they go, especially at this season, when the heat is intense, will necessitate the holding of what shall thus be more expensively secured. But this whole war has assumed larger proportions and greater importance than ever before. This is the real difficulty. General Woleley has mentioned Korti and gone to Dongola. The route over land, and unless in the meantime the Afghan

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WAR RECOLLECTIONS.

Campaigns of the Second Iowa Infantry.

The Closing Battle at Corinth--Desperate Assault on Robinette--A Rebel Officer's Account.

Written for THE BEE.

The night of October 3rd found our lines encircling Corinth, and but a few hundred yards distant. Whiskey was brought out in barrels, the heads knocked in and the men told to help themselves. It was the general supposition that the place would be captured and arrangements were made to burn the immense commissary and quartermaster stores collected there. Our forces were commanded by General Rosecrans who had been defeated by Van Dom at Inks, Miss., two weeks previously and the Union army had little confidence in his military skill.

Notwithstanding the abundance of whiskey during the night few of the men drank to excess. We knew that a big battle would be fought on the morrow and the men had no disposition to add to their desperate situation by getting drunk. In town all was uproar and confusion, stores and dwellings were broken open and our colored cooks returned to our bivouac loaded with crackers, cheese, ginger snaps, sardines, canned fruits, etc., as their share of the plunder so easily obtained. In midnight we fell in line and the regiment marched from the north to the west side of town and took position on a ridge from which the ground gradually sloped to the westward with a considerable open space in front, a portion of which was covered with fallen trees, an abatis formed by the confederates when they held Corinth, and Halleck was approached by slow degrees. The light company is sent out in advance as skirmishers and takes position behind scattering trees about three hundred yards in front of the regiment. It was a beautiful day and as the sun rose clear and bright, it was difficult to believe that two armies of about forty thousand men each lay within a short distance of each other, each ready for a look-out for developments. At half past ten there is a stir among the enemy's skirmishers, and the bullets fall around in a lively fashion. We are sheltered behind scattering trees so that no one is hit. Five minutes later the cry is heard, "Here they come!" and a line of battle composed of six regiments marches out of the woods directly in front of us, followed by others of equal strength, and moves swiftly toward us. The commands of their officers are plainly heard, and as it was not the intention that one company of the Second Iowa should repel an attack by the entire rebel army, we "about face" and fall back on our main line, still deploying as skirmishers. "Split!" "zip!" "bang!" "gapa!" the musket ball fly past us, and our "common" time develops into "quick" and that into double quick. We pass rapidly up the hill, which seems entirely unoccupied, save by a battery of twelve pound brass pieces ready for work the instant we have passed behind it. Just over the crest of the hill we find the ground covered with blue coats, the main part of our army being concentrated at this point awaiting the attack, the men lying flat on the earth. We rush to our proper place in the regiment and drop down, the rebel musket balls cutting the ground all around us. A bullet passes through my hip, tearing a great hole in my coat and plunging through the body of Private Dowe, lying behind me in the rear rank, killing him instantly. Meanwhile the enemy has swept up the hill, captured the battery referred to and turned it on us. There is so much confusion and excitement when we rise to our feet that before we can advance the enemy is upon us, and we fall back and form a new line five hundred yards in the rear. Here we reorganize and move forward with a cheer, recover the crest of the hill, recapture our battery and drive the enemy back down the slope with terrible slaughter. Our ammunition is soon exhausted, but an abundant supply is furnished by the carriage boxes of the dead and wounded lying all about us. Here Clearley, who was one of the few who drank too much of the whiskey so plentifully dealt out, made his appearance in the company for the first time since the night before, unarmed and demoralized to the last degree. Bursting into tears he rushed from one comrade to another exclaiming: "Give me a bayonet, while I shoot somebody." A bullet passed through the high hat of Sergeant Harry McNeil, and in speaking of it afterwards he said: "You boys have made fun of my high hat, but you see it has saved my life, for if I had had a low crowned hat on that ball would have gone through my head."

In the meantime, BATTERY ROBINETTE has been stormed by a heavy force which moves across the open space in full view of the position we occupy. No braver or more desperate assault was ever made, and as the shot and shells of the rebel guns accurately trained by months of skilful practice, tore dreadful gaps in the ranks of the enemy with the only effect of causing them to close up these gaps and press restlessly forward, apparently as devoid of fear as wooden men, I thought, "There are not human beings; they are devils." On they go, the ground shaking under our feet with the firing of artillery, pausing not an instant--onward, still onward; they have reached a point so near the earthworks that the big guns cannot be depressed enough to do them harm; they rush pell-mell into the ditch, with alope hand; they clamber up the further side, capture the position, drive our gunners from their places and turn the big guns against us. Magnificent derring-do; courage unsurpassed in the annals of warfare, but all in vain. Battery Phillips commands Battery Robinette and shell which cannot be small space a field guns, aided by the fire of many field guns which have, in the meantime, been trained upon that band of heroes,

and the few remaining alive are forced to surrender. The entire attack has proven a failure, and soon the last rebel flag has disappeared from our front, and we go down among the fallen trees to assist the wounded. At one point a tall confederate coming up the road with one leg hanging helpless and using two old muskets for crutches. The thigh of his left leg had been shattered by an exploded shell, and after receiving directions as to where he could find a surgeon he moved off, the noise of the broken ends of the bones distinctly heard as they were thrown upon the road by the springing limbs, refusing all offers of aid from stretcher-bearers.

"OH, THE WILD CHARGE!" Among those captured at Battery Robinette was Lieut. Labruzen, of the Forty-second Alabama, who in his journal, which was copied by some of our boys, thus describes the assault: "At 10 o'clock, suddenly the fight fairly opened, with heavy volleys of musketry and the double thundering cannon. The rebel line was in a splendid style. At 10:15 o'clock Col. Rogers came up by us, only saying 'Alabama forces.' Our regiment, with the brigade rose, unmindful of the small shot, and moved forward, marching about 250 yards and rising on the crest of the hill. The whole of Corinth was in our hands. The fortifications burst upon our view. The United States flags were floating over the forts and in the town. We were now met by a perfect storm of grape, caualter, cannon balls and Minnie balls. Oh, God! I have never seen the like! The men fell like grass, even here. Giving one tremendous cheer, we dashed to the bottom of the hill on which the fortifications are situated. Here we found every foot of ground covered with large trees and brush, cut down to impede progress. Looking to the right and left, I saw several brigades charging at the same time. What a sight was there. I saw men running at full speed, stop suddenly and fall upon their faces, with their brains scattered all around. Others, with logs and arms cut off, striking with agony. They fell behind, beside, and within a few feet of me. I gave myself to God, and got ahead of my company. The ground was literally strewn with mangled corpses. One ball passed through my pants, and they cut twice right by me. It seemed, by holding out my hand I could have caught a dozen. They were dashed by me in all directions, but still pushed forward. I seemed to be moving right in the MOUTH OF CANNON, for the air was filled with grape and caualter. Ahead was one continuous blaze. I rushed to the ditch of the fort, right between some large cannon. I grappled into it and half way up the sloping wall. The enemy was only three or four feet from me on the other side, but could not shoot us for fear of having their own projectiles. Only five or six were on the wall, and thirty or forty in and around the ditch. A man within two feet of me, put his head cautiously up, to shoot into the fort. But he suddenly dropped his musket, and his hands were dashed in a stream over my fine coat, which I had in my arms, and on my right arm I saw several wounds. I saw one top on another and rolled down the embankment in ghastly heaps. This was done by a regiment of Yankee coming about forty yards on our left, after finding us utterly cut off, and firing into us. Several of our men cried, 'Put down the flag,' and it was lowered, or shot into the ditch. Oh, we were butchered like dogs, as we were not armed. Some one placed a white handkerchief on Sergeant Buck's musket, and he took it to a port hole. But the Yankees snatched it off and took him prisoner. The ditch being full, and finding we had no chance, the survivors tried to save themselves as best they could. I was so far up, I could not get quickly. Sergeant Capt. Foster started together, and the air was literally filled with hissing balls. I got about twenty steps, as quick as I could, about a dozen being killed in that distance. I fell down and scrambled behind a large stump. Just then, I saw poor Foster throw up his hands, and saying 'Oh, my God!' jumped about two feet from the ground, falling in his face. The top of his head seemed to give in, and the BLOOD SPOTTED STRAIGHT UP several feet. I could see men fall as they attempted to run, some with their heads blown to pieces, and others with blood streaming from their backs. It was horrible. One poor fellow being almost on me, told me his name and asked me to take his pocket-book if I occupied and give it to his mother, and told her that he died a brave man. I asked him if he was a Christian, and told him to pray, which he did, with the cannon thundering a deadly accompaniment. Poor fellow, his legs were literally cut to pieces. "As our men returned, the enemy got off in their fire and I was hardly thirty feet from the mouth of the cannon, Minnie balls filled the stump I was behind, and the shells burst within three feet of me. One was so near it stunned me, and burned my face with powder. The grape-shot hewed large pieces off my stump, gradually wearing it away. I endured the horrors of death for half an hour, and endeavored to resign myself and prayed. Our troops formed in line in the woods, and advanced a second time to the charge with cheer. They began firing when about half way, and I had to endure it all. I was felting death. I was right between our own and the enemy's fire. I was the first to charge our men did not fire a gun, but charged across the ditch, and to the very mouth of the cannon, with the bayonet. So also the second charge, but they fired. Our boys were shot down like hogs, and could not stand it, and fell back each man for himself. Then the same scene was enacted as before. This time the Yankees charged after them, and as I had no chance at all, and all around me were surrendering, I was compelled to do so, as a racial threatened to shoot me. I had to give up my sword to him. I had no means of defending myself for the first time in many years. I cried to see our brave men slaughtered so."

A Japanese Girl's Toilet. From St. Nicholas. When a Japanese girl gets up in the morning she washes her face, but does not have to dress her hair. The hair-dresser comes to the house and arranges her jet black locks in the fashion for little girls of her age. So she has no trouble about her hair, and after her bath the servant assists her to powder her neck with a small white brush. She puts a little red paint on her lower lip, and a little gliding in the middle. When she removes her sleeping gowns she has on only a short skirt, which is simply a square piece of cloth, crape or silk, tied around the waist. No other under clothing is worn.

In making her toilet for the day, she first puts on a garment made usually of some coarse material, not very long, and reaching only to the waist, but with long sleeves. On the neck of this garment is sewed a deep fold of scarlet or some bright colored crape or silk. A long straight skirt of blue or red crape, silk, or wool is tied around the waist and over all three of these garments is worn the kimono, or dress. This is of some dark color, and made of coarse spun silk or thick crape. For festivals and holidays the dresses are of very fine material and very handsome. The outer dress is simply a wrapper reaching to the feet, with very long and wide sleeves hanging nearly to the ground, and used as pockets. On each shoulder, a deep tuck is made which extends to the waist, thus making a little fullness for the skirt. But the dress has no gathers, and is straight all the way down. The neck is adorned with a wide piece of black velvet or satin, which reaches nearly to the waist, and the dress is crossed over the bosom and confined by a girdle. Over this is worn a very wide sash, a piece of broad cast silk or satin, stiff with embroidery in gold or silver, lined with soft silk and fastened behind in a very large bow. When these are all on, but barefaced, or, if in the cold weather, in white mitten socks, made to reach only to the ankle, and with a piece in which to put the great toe (just as mittens have a place for the thumb), she goes out to say "Ohayo," or good morning, to her father and mother.

"She tried her prettiness hand on man, And then she formed the lassies' O." "What is woman's work?" asked a fair daughter of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, she said: "W. O. man (double you O man). But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Write two letters to camp for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y."

Which She Can Easily Do. There's many a wee that frets life's devious way, That turns our hearts and turns our faces yellow-- It's dreful, when I've hired a horse and sleigh, To find my girl's gone with a handsomer fellow. --[Boston Journal.

Cuticura

Infantile Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers. Absolutely Pure and Safe from the Moment of Birth.

"INFANTILE and Birth Humors, Milk Crust, Scalded Head, Eczema, and every form of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous and Inherited Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with loss of Hair, from Infancy to Age, cured by the Cuticura Remedies, the new blood purifier, internally and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the great skin cure externally. Absolutely pure and safe, and may be used from the moment of birth."

"OUR LITTLE BOY." Mr. and Mrs. Everett Stebbins, Belcherstown, Mass. write: "Our little boy was terribly afflicted with Scrofulous, Scaly Humors, and Eczema ever since he was born, and nothing we could give him helped him until we tried Cuticura Remedies, which gradually cured him, and he is now a healthy child."

"WORKS TO A CHARM." J. S. Weeks, Esq., Town Treasurer, St. Albans, Vt. says in a letter dated March 25: "It works to a charm on my baby's face and restores the head entirely, and has cleared the face of sores. I have recommended it to several, and Dr. Hunt has ordered it for them."

"A TERRIBLE CASE." Charles Egan, Esq., Jersey City, N. J. writes: "My son, a lad of twelve years, was completely cured of a terrible case of Eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. He had the head of his face and neck of his feet was one mass of sores. Every other remedy and physician had been tried in vain."

FOR PALE, LANGUID, emaciated children, with pimply, yellow skin, the Cuticura Remedies will give a perfect blood, clearing blood and skin of inherited impurities and expelling the germs of scrofula, rheumatism, and every form of skin disease. Sold every where. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents, Remedies, 30 cents. Potter Drug & Chemical Co., Boston. For "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY. Use Cuticura Soap an exquisitely pure and safe, and restores the head entirely, and has cleared the face of sores. I have recommended it to several, and Dr. Hunt has ordered it for them.

WAR RECOLLECTIONS.

Campaigns of the Second Iowa Infantry.

The Closing Battle at Corinth--Desperate Assault on Robinette--A Rebel Officer's Account.

Written for THE BEE.

The night of October 3rd found our lines encircling Corinth, and but a few hundred yards distant. Whiskey was brought out in barrels, the heads knocked in and the men told to help themselves. It was the general supposition that the place would be captured and arrangements were made to burn the immense commissary and quartermaster stores collected there. Our forces were commanded by General Rosecrans who had been defeated by Van Dom at Inks, Miss., two weeks previously and the Union army had little confidence in his military skill.

Notwithstanding the abundance of whiskey during the night few of the men drank to excess. We knew that a big battle would be fought on the morrow and the men had no disposition to add to their desperate situation by getting drunk. In town all was uproar and confusion, stores and dwellings were broken open and our colored cooks returned to our bivouac loaded with crackers, cheese, ginger snaps, sardines, canned fruits, etc., as their share of the plunder so easily obtained. In midnight we fell in line and the regiment marched from the north to the west side of town and took position on a ridge from which the ground gradually sloped to the westward with a considerable open space in front, a portion of which was covered with fallen trees, an abatis formed by the confederates when they held Corinth, and Halleck was approached by slow degrees. The light company is sent out in advance as skirmishers and takes position behind scattering trees about three hundred yards in front of the regiment. It was a beautiful day and as the sun rose clear and bright, it was difficult to believe that two armies of about forty thousand men each lay within a short distance of each other, each ready for a look-out for developments. At half past ten there is a stir among the enemy's skirmishers, and the bullets fall around in a lively fashion. We are sheltered behind scattering trees so that no one is hit. Five minutes later the cry is heard, "Here they come!" and a line of battle composed of six regiments marches out of the woods directly in front of us, followed by others of equal strength, and moves swiftly toward us. The commands of their officers are plainly heard, and as it was not the intention that one company of the Second Iowa should repel an attack by the entire rebel army, we "about face" and fall back on our main line, still deploying as skirmishers. "Split!" "zip!" "bang!" "gapa!" the musket ball fly past us, and our "common" time develops into "quick" and that into double quick. We pass rapidly up the hill, which seems entirely unoccupied, save by a battery of twelve pound brass pieces ready for work the instant we have passed behind it. Just over the crest of the hill we find the ground covered with blue coats, the main part of our army being concentrated at this point awaiting the attack, the men lying flat on the earth. We rush to our proper place in the regiment and drop down, the rebel musket balls cutting the ground all around us. A bullet passes through my hip, tearing a great hole in my coat and plunging through the body of Private Dowe, lying behind me in the rear rank, killing him instantly. Meanwhile the enemy has swept up the hill, captured the battery referred to and turned it on us. There is so much confusion and excitement when we rise to our feet that before we can advance the enemy is upon us, and we fall back and form a new line five hundred yards in the rear. Here we reorganize and move forward with a cheer, recover the crest of the hill, recapture our battery and drive the enemy back down the slope with terrible slaughter. Our ammunition is soon exhausted, but an abundant supply is furnished by the carriage boxes of the dead and wounded lying all about us. Here Clearley, who was one of the few who drank too much of the whiskey so plentifully dealt out, made his appearance in the company for the first time since the night before, unarmed and demoralized to the last degree. Bursting into tears he rushed from one comrade to another exclaiming: "Give me a bayonet, while I shoot somebody." A bullet passed through the high hat of Sergeant Harry McNeil, and in speaking of it afterwards he said: "You boys have made fun of my high hat, but you see it has saved my life, for if I had had a low crowned hat on that ball would have gone through my head."

In the meantime, BATTERY ROBINETTE has been stormed by a heavy force which moves across the open space in full view of the position we occupy. No braver or more desperate assault was ever made, and as the shot and shells of the rebel guns accurately trained by months of skilful practice, tore dreadful gaps in the ranks of the enemy with the only effect of causing them to close up these gaps and press restlessly forward, apparently as devoid of fear as wooden men, I thought, "There are not human beings; they are devils." On they go, the ground shaking under our feet with the firing of artillery, pausing not an instant--onward, still onward; they have reached a point so near the earthworks that the big guns cannot be depressed enough to do them harm; they rush pell-mell into the ditch, with alope hand; they clamber up the further side, capture the position, drive our gunners from their places and turn the big guns against us. Magnificent derring-do; courage unsurpassed in the annals of warfare, but all in vain. Battery Phillips commands Battery Robinette and shell which cannot be small space a field guns, aided by the fire of many field guns which have, in the meantime, been trained upon that band of heroes,

and the few remaining alive are forced to surrender. The entire attack has proven a failure, and soon the last rebel flag has disappeared from our front, and we go down among the fallen trees to assist the wounded. At one point a tall confederate coming up the road with one leg hanging helpless and using two old muskets for crutches. The thigh of his left leg had been shattered by an exploded shell, and after receiving directions as to where he could find a surgeon he moved off, the noise of the broken ends of the bones distinctly heard as they were thrown upon the road by the springing limbs, refusing all offers of aid from stretcher-bearers.

"OH, THE WILD CHARGE!" Among those captured at Battery Robinette was Lieut. Labruzen, of the Forty-second Alabama, who in his journal, which was copied by some of our boys, thus describes the assault: "At 10 o'clock, suddenly the fight fairly opened, with heavy volleys of musketry and the double thundering cannon. The rebel line was in a splendid style. At 10:15 o'clock Col. Rogers came up by us, only saying 'Alabama forces.' Our regiment, with the brigade rose, unmindful of the small shot, and moved forward, marching about 250 yards and rising on the crest of the hill. The whole of Corinth was in our hands. The fortifications burst upon our view. The United States flags were floating over the forts and in the town. We were now met by a perfect storm of grape, caualter, cannon balls and Minnie balls. Oh, God! I have never seen the like! The men fell like grass, even here. Giving one tremendous cheer, we