

FITZHUGH LEE'S ESCAPE.

BULLET FROM REPRESENTATIVE JENKINS' MUSKET PLOUGHED THROUGH HIS HAT.

Thrilling Occurrence of the Civil War—Confederates Made Three Desperate Charges in Blinding Midnight Thunder Storm.

W. M. Wooster.

One warm summer evening in 1895, I sat smoking with Judge Jenkins, of Wisconsin, who is now ably representing his State in Congress.

We were watching the oncoming of a heavy thunder storm, and the conversation had turned, as it often did, to the time of his youth when he entered the Union army and was, by the stirring events of the war, transformed into the fearless, iron-mantled that has since characterized him.

"It was just such an evening in the summer of '62," he remarked, "that I nearly killed Fitzhugh Lee."

"We were down in Virginia, and I was in charge of an ammunition train which was on its way to McClellan's army.

We had been halted by a brief order from headquarters, and directed to remain where we were—near a little village about thirty miles south of Washington.

"No reason was given for the delay, though some of the boys thought it was for the purpose of enabling an escort of cavalry to join us. Others said they guessed 'Mac' didn't have any further use for powder. However, we were mighty glad to go into camp, as many of the raw men were about 'bushed' by the long and hot marching, besides it gave us opportunity to forage and get better rations than hard-tack and margoty bacon—so lively that it followed us around camp.

"We pitched our tents in an open field, a short distance to the east of a high road which stretched away toward home. About a quarter of a mile to the south was a thick piece of timber.

The Old Pic Woman.

"The third day we were in camp a woman came through selling pies. We thought nothing of her visit, other than that her pies were home-made and tasted awfully good.

"It was just such a day as this," continued the Judge, "and in the afternoon the heat became very oppressive. As the evening wore on we observed thunder-heads piling up in the southwest; and the boys prophesied that we would have a break in the hot spell.

"I became uneasy as the night wore on, and walked about the camp watching the flashes of distant lightning and the dark masses of drifting clouds which seemed to be flanking us on the north.



GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

I realized that the open field offered the more safety for the ammunition in case of severe lightning. Still an unaccountable sense of impending danger possessed me; and, acting upon what appeared to be a foolish impulse, I ordered the boys to move all of the ammunition into the timber just below the camp. This was done without lights; and the tents and other equipment were allowed to stand where they were. Camp fires were lighted as usual.

"The more I thought of the pie-woman, the more suspicious it made me; and feeling ill at ease, I spoke to some of the boys about her visit. They joked about it and suggested that her pie had given me indigestion.

"Why, my orderly said, 'there ain't a Johnnie reb nowhere around here. They're all down there with 'Mac' keepin' him busy.'

"That's all right," said another, 'but why were we halted here, if there's no danger?'

Doubled the Pickets.

"No one volunteered an answer to his question, and I decided it would be wise to double the pickets.

The men who were detailed for the extra duty grumbled some, and as they started for their posts one 'guessed' we were afraid the storm was 'going to charge us.' Another was sure the 'Cap'n' was afraid of his shadow after dark, begorra!

"About ten o'clock word was brought that the pickets on the west had observed a small force of cavalry, but thought they were Union men.

"An hour later a force of two or three squadrons was reported passing some distance to the south of our position and going in a westerly direction. Again, the pickets were not positive but thought they were our cavalry.

"The expected storm seemed to have passed off to the north, though the staggering half-moon showed the southwestern quadrant still dark and threatening.

"The camp had settled down for the night, but I was uneasy, and sat near my tent trying to persuade myself that the reported cavalry was the supposed escort which had missed the road to our camp and would probably pick us up in the morning. However, I did not feel reassured, and walked over to the post covering the road to the west.

"Scarcely had I reached the picket when we heard the tread of a horse walking slowly up the road.

"Don't challenge," I whispered,

"We'll take him if it's a Johnnie."

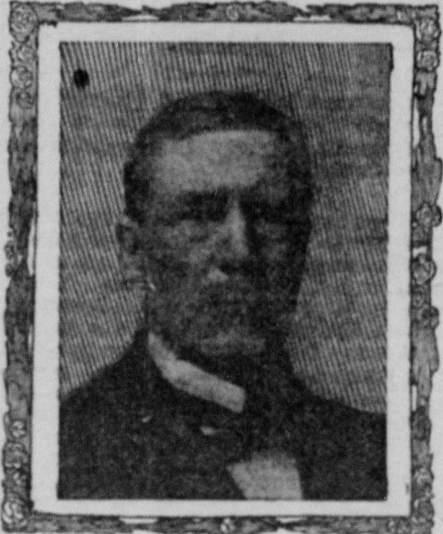
"We stepped into the deeper shadows, and soon a mounted Confederate officer emerged from the dark bend of the road, and was silhouetted against the sky. In a moment or two he reached the point commanding a view of our camp, drew rein and sat not fifty feet away, peering toward us.

"I cautiously took the picket's rifle, and we sprang out into full view. The officer started as he saw us, and wheeled his horse to escape.

"Halt," I cried, and as he dashed on, with a quick aim, I pulled the trigger. Simultaneously with the report, the picket struck up the gun, exclaiming, 'My God, Cap'n, you're shooting one of our men.'

Bullet Ploughed Through Hat.

"I saw the officer's hat twitch sharply as the heavy bullet tore through it. For an instant he swayed as though



HON. JOHN J. JENKINS

hit, then spurred up the road before I could reload. The quick blow of the picket had saved his life.

"With the sound of his galloping horse, we heard shots on the north, and soon afterwards our pickets were driven in by a force of the enemy's cavalry.

"The camp was hurriedly aroused, and our boys were ready for the attack. Bayonets were fixed. The men were ordered to reserve their fire until the horses were almost on them.

"It had become very dark, and from the flash of the lightning we saw that the expected storm was at last upon us. In a few minutes it broke over us in all its fury, and as it did so the enemy charged, yelling like devils. On they came, riding as mad, and led by the very officer I had so narrowly missed. I recognized him instantly.

The Midnight Charge.

"We held our fire until they were almost on top of us, and then along the whole front of our triple line, blazed our guns full in their faces.

"The crash was terrific. Troopers reeled in their saddles. Horses staggered and went down with their riders. The others broke in confusion and dashed wildly past on our flanks.

"It was worse than nightmare—the torrents of rain, the total darkness, intensified by the crashing, blinding lightning, and the cursing, yelling, troopers, charging along over us.

"The flashes showed us the killed and wounded strewn along our front; and I took a dismounted captain prisoner.

"Three times they charged us that night, and as many times were driven off, the last time retreating southward.

"When the morning came, we buried our killed side by side with the Confederate dead.

"My prisoner told me that the charge was led by Fitzhugh Lee in person and then I knew who it was that I so nearly killed with the picket's rifle.

"Do you know," said the Judge after a long silence, as he withdrew to the house to avoid the heavy gusts of rain, 'I've always been thankful to that mistaken picket.'

THE POWER OF SONG.

AN INCIDENT OF LIFE IN LIBBY PRISON DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

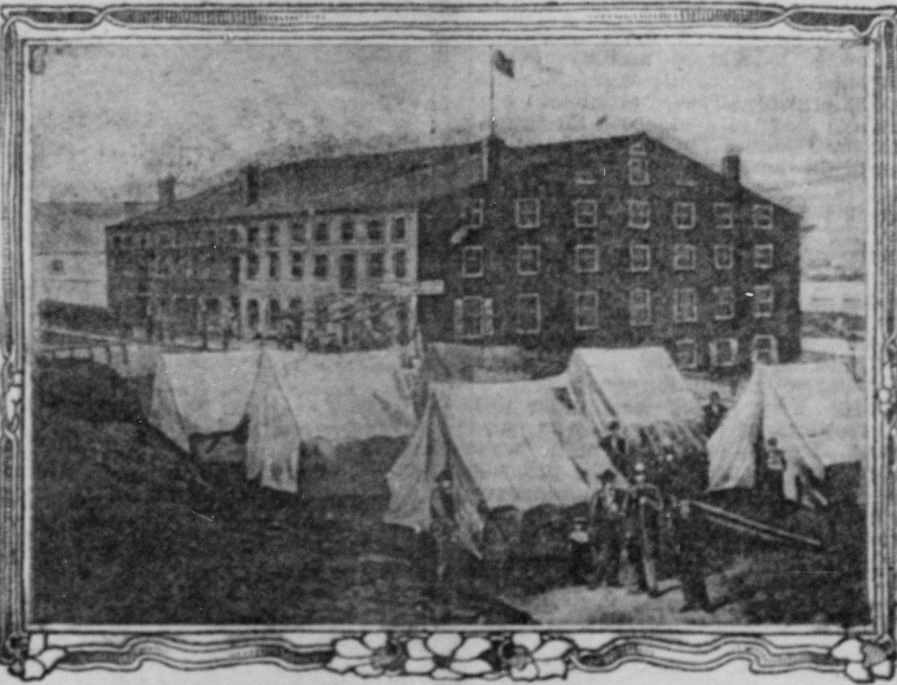
How the Prisoners Sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and There was Cheering in the Streets of Richmond.

Taken prisoner while in charge of the rear guard, on Stoneman's first raid, near Richmond, Va., relates an old captain of the cavalry, and after various adventures, I, with 2,600 of the prisoners taken at Chancellorsville, was sent to Libby prison. The large excess of prisoners on the Confederate side procured us, most fortunately, an exchange in a very short time, and within a month or so I participated in another raid under Colonel Spear of the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry over the same ground where I had been lately led a prisoner of war.

We had passed but one Sunday in Libby—93 officers confined to an upmost story. About the middle of that afternoon I chanced to look around the room. A half dozen parties were playing cards, many were sleeping, several were lying on the floor, pretty sick, while one squad of a dozen or more had organized a prayer meeting. Not being a saint and perhaps not much of a sinner, I was simply a "Looker on in Venice." The leader was a captain of a Massachusetts regiment. The meeting was evidently dragging, the great heat and perhaps hunger and our position not proving conducive to much thanksgiving.

The National Anthem.

Suddenly the captain started up, and taking his place near the centre of the room, exclaimed in a voice loud enough to attract immediate attention, "Let us all sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"



LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, AS IT LOOKED DURING THE WAR.

and commenced in an exceptionally fine baritone, "Oh, say, can you see?"

Cards were dashed aside, the sleepers awoke, the sick leaped to their feet, and like magic every one of the entire 93 officers crowded to the centre, singing with the greatest enthusiasm. At least two dozen of the men had fine voices, and never did the grand old words seem so like a mighty anthem.

Waved the Old Flag.

Louder and louder swelled the sound until the chorus of the last verse was reached, when a member of a New York City regiment, a regular Tammany thoroughbred, reached his hand in his breast and produced a small silk flag, which he had, in some way, concealed when searched by the guards on entering, and with a wild shout waved it to and fro. Again and again was the chorus repeated, and then suddenly the captain changed to "The Army and Navy Forever," "Three

Cheers for the Red, White and Blue." Veritable cheers they were. Tears streamed down the veterans' cheeks, the boys in the room below took up the shouts, and three times three were given.

Hearing some cheering on the outside, I moved cautiously near the window—it was dangerous to go too near—and saw all the guards in line with their muskets pointed toward the building; but, masked up and down the streets, were hundreds upon hundreds of people, four-fifths of them women, clapping their hands and waving their handkerchiefs, showing by their approval a most remarkable tribute to the power of song, and that love for Old Glory still held a warm place in their hearts and memories.

SOME GREAT DISCOVERIES.

The Chicago University Scores Some Important Achievements.

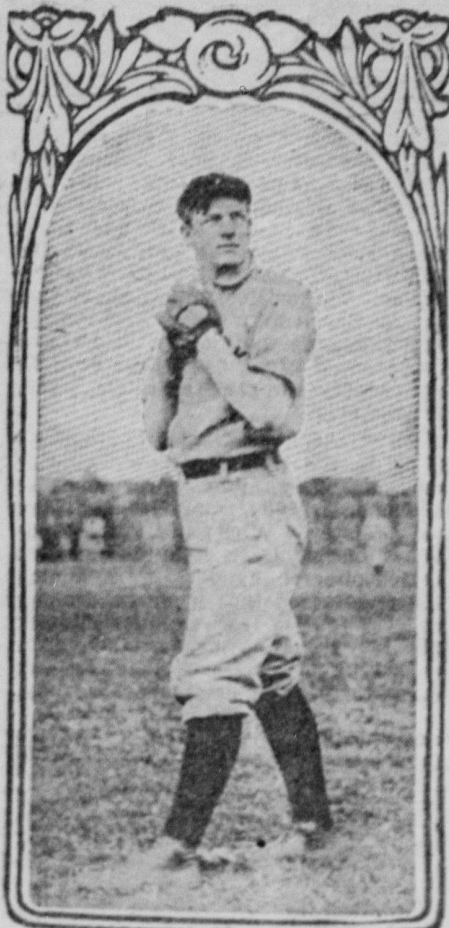
Almost every day one of the professors of the University of Chicago, the financial machinery of which is controlled by John D. Rockefeller, breaks into print with some new discovery. They keep the world startled and wondering.

During the past few years, for instance, the following epoch-making discoveries, among a host of others, have been listed by a Buffalo newspaper as Chicago University discoveries:

- That kissing causes lockjaw.
- That a dog never follows an uneducated man.
- That the Pennsylvanians are turning into Indians.
- That Ireland was once a lake.
- That privet has a hard gizzard.
- That music is antiseptic.
- That Adam caught fish with a club.
- That love is a disease of the Medulla oblongata.
- That a cabbage contains more nourishment than twelve eggs.
- That Boccaccio was a Swede.

other train which circled through New Jersey.

Now all is peace and harmony between the two organizations; they have adopted a set of rules regulating the players in each, and schedules are prepared each spring which will provide for as few conflicting dates as possible. New York and Philadelphia in October were the scenes of notable battles for supremacy between the teams representing these cities, that of New York having won the banner in the National and Philadelphia's that in the American League.

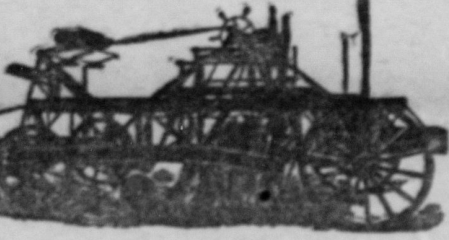


"CHRISTY" MATHEWSON. The star pitcher of the New York "Giants"—the pivotal man upon whom turned the world's championship.

In accordance with an agreement made before the playing of the world's championship series, 60 per cent. of the gate receipts from the first four games played was divided among the players, 75 per cent. of this going to the winners, the New York Giants, and the remaining 25 per cent. to the losers, the Athletics. This netted each individual on the former team nearly \$1,200 and approximately \$500 to each of the latter. In addition to this the management of the Philadelphia aggregation has divided among its players its share of the gate receipts—nearly \$9,000—as a reward for winning the pennant in the American League.

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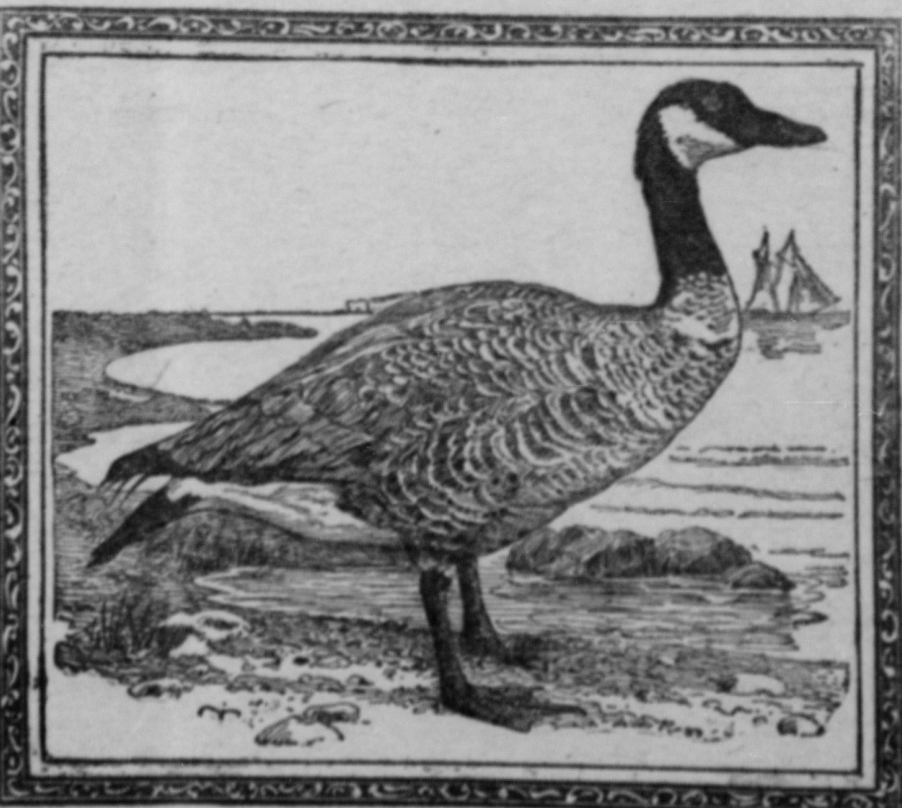
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FORTUNES FOR BALL PLAYERS.

Friendly Rivalry in the Two Great Leagues.

The great baseball battle which occurred a short time ago between the pennant winners of the National and American Leagues for the season's playing recalls to mind that it was but a few years ago that these two rival baseball associations were clashing tooth and nail in a deadly war of extermination and survival. It was then that the American League, under the leadership of Ban Johnson, made inroads into the ranks of the National League, capturing its star players and enlisting them in its cause through a rainbow of big salaries. Rival teams were placed in Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, New York and Philadelphia and princely salaries offered to the players of ability. There were, of course, suits at law, and injunctions were sought restraining the contract jumpers. One particular instance of this is remembered in the case of Lajoie, Delahanty, Wolverton, Orth and Townsend, one-time members of the Philadelphia Nationals, who jumped to the rival team in that city. When injunctions were secured preventing their playing in the Quaker town, they were transferred to the Cleveland and Washington teams. The injunction, of course, prevented their playing in Philadelphia, and when occasion required that their team should go through that city, those players were always switched over on an-



The Canada Goose.

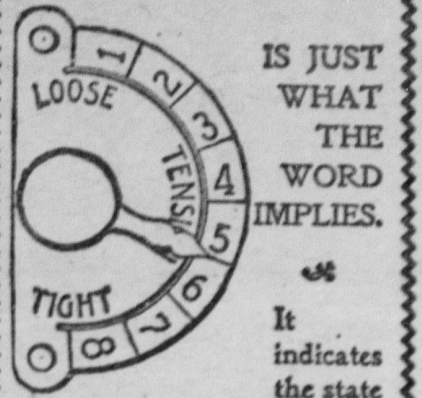
With the cry of "honk, honk," like the warning of an automobile horn, the hunter is warned of the approach of the leader of a flying flock of Canadian geese. On come the long-necked wild fowl from their northern hunting ground. They stream across the sky much in the form of the flying wedge formerly used in football tactics. Gradually the wedge closes together, making a homogeneous mass of black and brown, with sprinklings of white. Usually the Canadian geese stop flying about sunset, feeding on eel-grass, sedges, roots of water plants, and occasionally on small fish and insects. Even at times they will eat the corn, wheat or other grains dropped by the farmer in the stubble. Supper over, they return to the water, sleeping with heads tucked under wings, waking only to start out again in search of breakfast. These two flights are so habitual with these geese that hunters can easily reckon when to take position in the pit in wait of the flying wedges.

Strangely enough, these birds, while thrown into a state of panic at the ap-

proach of a man, are not in fear of cows; this fact has often led hunters to train oxen to walk straight into flocks of them, the hunter hiding behind the animal until within gunshot of the flock.

And yet, notwithstanding their wild nature, Canadian geese are often domesticated and crossed with the common laryard geese. Sometimes wounded birds are allowed to run with the domesticated birds, until some migratory flock passes over the head with its cry of "honk, honk." The call of the wild is on again and the nursed bird once more in a state of health, rejects his companions. A wounded bird is often known to dive beneath the water's surface, exposing only its nostrils, until all danger has passed. Surprised, a flock rises suddenly and apparently in great confusion, the large birds get into one another's way, so that the marksman has excellent opportunity to bag a brace. With the typical "honk, honk" they rise against the wind until they are once more in orderly array, the wedges flying on to other parts.

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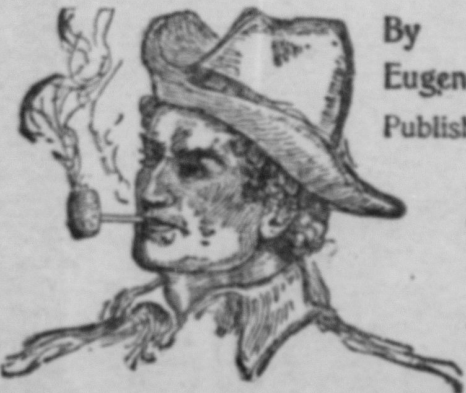
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