

## EPISODE OF THE CIVIL WAR

### The Raid Upon Port Gibson and What Caused It.

### Fifty Aristocratic Southern Girls Were Taken as Prisoners of War to Vicksburg.

"I was mixed up in one little unrecorded event of the civil war," said Gen. B. "that was interesting from every unusualness, and which, as I look back upon it, seems strangely picturesque. We were attached to what was known as the marine brigade, a little fleet of 12 'tinclad' river steamboats that plied up and down the Mississippi river after the surrender of Vicksburg. The term 'tinclad,' by the way, is somewhat misleading, as it is not remotely connected with the white metal, but signifies rather boats heavily planked with oak for the purpose of protecting them somewhat from the ravages of bullets.

"One day our little battalion of four companies was ordered to steam down the river, disembark at Rodney, march to Port Gibson and there consult sealed orders in regard to further proceedings. Imagine our surprise upon reading the instructions that we were expected to capture and carry back to Vicksburg as prisoners 50 of the most aristocratic Confederate young women in the city. However, we had served long enough to obey orders without question, and, provided with guides familiar with the town, we set about our task and not too agreeable task. First established headquarters at the residence of a prominent Confederate.

"Then different squads were sent out to call at the homes of the young women and escort them to the place of rendezvous. The instructions were that they must report at headquarters within two hours on penalty of their family residence being burned to the ground. The only information we could give them (the whole transaction was as much a mystery to us as to them) was that they were to be taken to Vicksburg as prisoners of war, but were on no account to suffer any discomfort or indignity.

"Of course, there was great weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth from tender mothers, loving sisters and irate fathers and brothers. But the incident had to be accepted as belonging to the fortunes of war, and at the end of two hours 49 of the 50, attended by anxious friends and relatives, were at the rendezvous. Mercy was implored for one delinquent. An additional hour was granted, and, at their own suggestion, several of the young women were dispatched to her home to persuade her to follow their example in gracefully submitting to the inevitable. The result was that before the hour was up the last fair prisoner had put in an appearance, though in a very defiant mood.

"Our troubles, however, by no means ended here. Indeed, they were hardly fairly begun. The next question was how to transport our beautiful captives to Rodney, a distance of some 20 miles over roads that were in a frightful condition from the devastation of war and consequent neglect. All the good horses, too, like all the good men, were off to the war, and as for carriages, they had most decidedly fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude.

"There was obviously nothing for us to do, therefore, but to gather together all the broken down old horses and dilapidated vehicles in the vicinity, which we somehow managed to hitch together with plow harnesses, bits of rope, straps, etc. With these improvised coaches, drawn up into line, began the process of loading on our victims, and when they were all stowed away it was a motley looking procession, I can assure you. Even the sound of farewells and the sight of weeping eyes could not bind us to the humorous aspect of the scene. You must remember that we were all pretty young fellows in 1863. The civil war was fought by men whose average age was only 23.

"Well, we made our way slowly, amid tears and laughter, to Rodney, where we embarked for Vicksburg. Upon arriving there the young women were taken before the provost marshal, who put them on parole, confining them to the limits of the city. Most of them had friends in the town with whom they chose to remain, and suitable quarters were found for the rest.

"The reason for the whole transaction then transpired. It seemed that some northern young women school teachers had been taken prisoners by

the Confederates and were at that moment in their camps, where they were forced to wash and mend for the soldiers and perform other menial services. These Confederate young women were, therefore, to be held as hostages until the northern women were released.

"There was little delay in the exchange, and we had our visitors in Vicksburg only 30 days. They were, however, very gay, delightful days. Yankee officers and Confederate maidens intermingled socially, and the acquaintance so rudely forced upon the beautiful southerners proved in some instances a mutual pleasure. I could, indeed, point to more than one romantic marriage that was the direct outcome of our raid upon Port Gibson."—Washington Times.

### Concerning Prospecting

"If a man loves adventure," says Will Sparks in Ainslee's, "he can find nothing that will offer so much to satisfy his passion as a life of mining and prospecting. The prospector is the adventurer par excellence of the Rockies.

From the moment he starts upon his career in the mountains, leaving behind him the collection of colorless and wind-beaten shanties known as 'the city,' adventures greet him at every turn. As he picks his way through a wilderness of rocks and fallen trees, leaving left the meager trail far behind, ever on the lookout for a faint sign of the outcropping of the precious metal, his passage is almost sure to be disputed by wild beasts. But what an excitement there is in seeking for gold! It is stronger and more intense than that of the gambler at the green table staking his last dollar on the turn of a card. The prospector may be penniless, he may have put his last cent into the 'grib' that is now fastened onto the back of his burro; yet one stroke of his pick is likely to uncover treasure that will transform him into a millionaire. He sits down to a meager meal, cooked over a little fire between a few stones, but all the time feels about him the presence of gold. Perhaps his fire is built on the end of a ledge that is 'chockfull' of gold; perhaps he is sitting on a rich outcropping that is simply covered with small stones; perhaps there is gold beneath the big tree just across the ravine. Gold may be everywhere, if he can only find it. He must find it. Surely his luck is not less than other men's.

"And so he goes on, scaling the loftiest peaks, where snow lies all the year around, and even his heavy blankets are not sufficient to keep him warm at night, diving into all sorts of caverns and rifts in the rocks, exploring the caves, only perhaps to be chased out by wild beast occupants, braving a thousand dangers that he may find the means of passing the rest of his days in ease.

"And how does it all end? In most cases the daring prospector who sets out alone meets his death miles and miles away from any human being. How, nobody ever knows. His bones may never be found. He disappears as completely as last winter's snow.

"But should the prospector strike it rich, his adventure will go on as long as he remains in the Rocky mountains. If his find is worth anything as a 'poor man's claim,' he will put up a rude cabin and go to digging, concealing what gold he takes out in a place secret to himself. But he will have to guard it all the time, for covetous miners who are not so fortunate would not hesitate to take his life if they could get possession of his little pile of yellow metal. His rifle must be his constant companion, and he must be ready to use it at the first sign. At night he must sleep with one eye open. If a stranger approaches the cabin he must be ready to dispute his right to be there. The few years a man may put in at this kind of life are most wearing, and, should the prospector conquer all risk and get back to his native town with a 'pile,' his friends will look upon him as an old man, though he is still under 40. Only the unknown ones will envy his fortune.

"The man who works in the developed mines is also having adventurous experience all the time. The tunnels, shafts and drifts are liable at any moment to cave in and bury the worker under tons of rock. Or perhaps he may be imprisoned without food or water, and pass many days of horrible suffering in darkness and silence."

### Lightning Change Artist.

"Talk about Frigoli and your lightning change artists, they simply ain't in it with the humble, everyday Filipino. The rapidity with which one of those brown gentlemen can switch from a rampant insurgent, dressed in red pants and a Mauser, to a meek and lonely amigo, wearing dirty white pajamas and a benevolent smile, is next door to miraculous, and their talent in that line is without doubt the principal

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store thing that has thus far prolonged the war.

"When we made a reconnaissance north of Iloilo last spring my company had a pretty sharp brush one afternoon with a party of insurgents, entrenched outside of the town of Molo, and finally scattered all but about half a dozen, who were apparently cut off at the end of a river ditch. When we reached the spot, however, we were very much surprised to find that they had disappeared.

"Near by, under the brow of a hill, was a bamboo hut, and a squad of us rushed over to search it. Inside we found five amigos, dressed in the usual white linen suits of the country, and apparently frightened half to death. As soon as they saw us they set up a shout of joy, and began to tell us how Aguinaldo and his men had terrorized the entire region and prevented the poor natives from making their crops. While they gabbled on they shed tears of pure happiness, embraced our knees, and called us their saviors, and as only two or three minutes had elapsed since we had seen the insurgents, fully uniformed, in the trench, it never occurred to us to connect them with our new friends. We asked whether any soldiers had gone by, and they looked blank and shook their heads.

"Not more than half an hour later my company was sent back over the same ground, to take up a position on the north of the town, and as we neared the little house five uniformed insurgents suddenly rushed out the back door and made a bee line for the woods. We brought down the first chap, and the others got away. I recognized the dead man as one of our party of amigos who had so recently welcomed us with tearful joy, and upon my word, I could hardly help laughing. The brown rascals had made two lightning changes, and were no doubt about to march off in triumph when our company suddenly put in an appearance.

"Such incidents were common during the campaign, and I mention this merely as an illustration of native dexterity and duplicity. Where they kept these changes of costume we were never able to discover."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Walked Over 232,000 Miles.

David Ramsay, a postman connected with the Kirriemuir (Thrums), Scotland, postoffice, has been on duty 37 years, during 25 of which he covered a distance daily of 24 miles, and 12 miles a day for the other 12 years, which a grand total of over 232,000 miles. During the 37 years he never was known to be off a single day with sickness, and never received holidays. He is now bordering on fourscore years, and resigned his appointment the other day on account of failing health. His youngest daughter has been appointed to his place.—Baltimore American.

### Child's Long Journey.

"Little Trilby McBeth, Care of Miss Annie McBeth, Fairhaven, Washington," were the words which were responsible for the successful completion of a 3000-mile journey which was practically ended last night, when the Northern Pacific train from Portland arrived at the local station, bearing as a passenger a child who is not yet 6 years of age, but who had traversed the continent from Austin, Tex., to Seattle in a passenger coach with nothing to make her destination known save a slip of paper attached to her dress on which were inscribed the words quoted.

According to the story little Trilby told to Police Matron Taylor, in whose charge she was placed upon her arrival, the little one, who is exceptionally precocious, left Austin, Tex., seven days ago, bound for Fairhaven, where her aunt resides.

The child, seated in a big chair at police headquarters, holding fast to a big stick of candy bought for her by Detective Freeman, and surrounded by a group of admirers, related in a simple though perfectly intelligent manner the circumstances leading up to an the experiences encountered upon her 3000-mile journey.

"My mamma is not good to me," said she, "and my grandmamma is sending me to my auntie. Grandmamma put me on the train at Austin, Tex., and told me not to let anybody take this piece of paper on my dress—it tells where I am going—except the man with brass buttons who takes the tickets. While I was waiting for a train a bad man came along and took my clothes; they were tied in a bundle. Yes, my papa is living, but he don't want mamma to have me, so he told my grandma to send me to my auntie."

Here little Trilby remonstrated with a newspaper reporter who tried to examine the slip of paper attached to her dress, but upon being assured that it would be replaced she yielded up the precious writing which was responsible for her safe arrival after a journey of 3000 miles.

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"I have a letter in my stocking, too," resumed the little traveler. "Grandma put it there and told me to give it to my auntie—I don't know where she lives—it tells on this paper. No, my papa was not in the big flood; it didn't come to our home; but lots of folks were drowned."

The child, thoroughly exhausted from the fatigue of her long journey, began to nod, and Matron Taylor removed her to her home near police headquarters, where it was arranged she should spend the night before resuming her journey to Fairhaven.—P.-I., Oct. 8.

### Notice.

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