IN THE WILDERNESS.

A SOLDIER'S GHASTLY RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AWFUL BATTLEFIELD.

No Time to Bury the Dead, Who Lay So Thick as to Cover Large Areas of Ground, Bins and Gray Side by Side—the Letter to Somebody's "Dear Jack."

"I have no time to bury my dead and can give you none," was Grant's famous reply to Lee, when, quite a flag of truce, a question of humanities was regarded great and awful. Scenes of the battle of the Wilderness was the subject of dread, that by for days and weeks all over that blood stained field, one of the most horrible and ghastly battle ever exposed to human vision. Probably no hundredth of the civil war afforded such an opportunity for inspection as this.

Ordinarily, after a fight, burying parties were detailed, and the long, deep trenches, common graves, was dug, and the dead were at least covered, but not so here. Grant could not stop, and the long stretch of country, overrun with Mosby's guerrillas, that intervened between the Rappahannock river and the Potomac. These lines prevented aid from that direction in burying the thousands that were slain in the Wilderness and in the fight at Spotsylvania Court House.

I sat in my home looking over the portion of the field where the fierce and dead by fighting of May 5 and 6, 1864, occurred. It was four or five days after the fight, about the 9th or 10th of May. A small detachment of our regiment had been sent as an escort to a train of ambulances to gather in the wounded who were being temporarily cared for in barns and farmhouses near the battlefield, and I thus had an opportunity to view in this ghastly scene.

During the years since it has been an open question whether to be glad or sorry that I visited that battlefield. It could not be more vividly impressed upon me had I seen it yesterday. It has been a nightmare and a horrid day dream all these years. Often have I prayed that visions of those upturned faces, blackened and distorted, of the starting glazed eyeballs, of the stiffened, unexpressive hands, seemingly all grasping for support, those rigid forms wrapped in blue and gray, that had fought their last battle and now lay side by side in that great channel field, might be blotted forever from my sight and memory. Then again I have felt that I knew so well how that battlefield appeared, and how barbarous, brutal and inhuman it made our army, that I have felt that if I knew how 10,000 dead heroes looked, who had faced and met death amid the wild, frenzied scene of one of the greatest battles in the history of the world.

One of the most striking features to us that day and the one most thoroughly fixed in our memories was that all over that battlefield, or at least that part we visited, there lay these boys in blue and in gray. It will be remembered that all through the Wilderness fight the rebels were perfected by a system of earthworks and hastily constructed fortifications and abattis, while the Union troops were compelled to fight largely in the open and assail the Confederates in their strongholds. From those it was utterly impossible to dislodge the enemy except by the soldierly series of flank movements so successfully planned by General Grant.

At this point the Union dead lay thickest. I believe I could have dismounted and walked a distance as great as two or ordinary city blocks and never once have stepped upon the ground—walking on dead bodies all the way. Indeed had I undertaken the ghastly journey I would have been compelled in some places to climb over heaps of the dead.

There was a slight growth of underbrush at this point, with a few trees remaining. I made a careful examination and could not see a finger or a twig on a limb but was marked by a bullet, and some of them in several places. The wonder seemed not that there were so many dead, but that any lived. Officers and privates all made a common cause here and rank was forever obliterated, for among the dead we noticed the shining shoulder strips of commissioned officers mingled with the ordinary blue uniform of the common soldier. The trees were torn and shattered, the fearful work of shot and shell being shown on every side. Majestic, outtrees, forest oak, hickory—in fact, nearly all that make up the monarchs of the soldiers—were scattered in all directions.

None of us felt like performing any act of ghoulish vandalism, though, as I saw a knife extending from the pocket of a dead Confederate soldier, I disconcerted, and, some of the boys gathering around, we looked it over. It was born and partly illegible, but we made out that it was from the town of Hamlet, in the state of North Carolina. It was in a lady's handwriting, and the portion that we were able to read was as follows:

My Dear Jack—So hope that you can soon return and join us with the blessed news that it can be now and pray to God that our dear Jack will not be harmed by those terrible Yankees.

As we looked at the letter and then at the upturned face of poor Jack, a mound black from exposure to the sun, and then thought of that poor wife or mother or sister who was waiting and watching for the return of the dead and mangled soldier at our hey, and at the other home home from which dear ones had gone out who were now among that host of dead around us, we began to comprehend something of the brutal, barbarous nature of war.—Cyrenus Cole, in Shepard in New York Post.

Face Treatment.

Here are directions for a good face bath, or "shampoo," the effect on the skin being most gratifying, it is said: Rub juice, like soap on a sponge, adding several drops of best table olive oil. Dip the sponge into the sponge in hot water. Rub the face and neck softly with the sponge until the skin is covered with the soothing lather. Then take all off and rub it in until all lues and more are perfectly dry. Wash off at once in hot water that has had a teaspoonful of powdered borax dissolved in it. Next bathe or spray with cold water until the flesh looks cold and tingling. Finish by bathing the face in a soft damask towel. A teaspoonful of good eau-de-cologne should be in the cold spray.

Vapors From Metals.

That metals will throw off vapors is evident even to the human eye, at the rate which the eighty fire or less affected, even though the may be up too thickness state. It is said that the will give off sufficient vapor even at a low temperature to produce chemical changes in photographic plates, and that this occurs in a vacuum as well as in the open air. Experiments are that the most known temperature at which metal vaporizes is 184 degrees F.—New York Ledger.

Gas as Fuel.

When it comes to the general use of gas, the price of the gas has something to do with it. We all know that the gas engine is more commonly used in England than in the United States, but the explanation is simple. Boston and Manchester have nearly the same population. The consumption of gas in Manchester for one year was 2,600,000,000 cubic feet, of more than that used in the same time in Massachusetts, but the price of gas in Manchester was 40 cents per 1,000 feet, while in Boston at the same period the average price was $1.50. The price of gas is much to high.—American Machinist.

Telegraphing From Trains.

George V. Trott, a former telegraph operator, has devised a system which will shortly be put in operation on the Pennsylvania railroad by which every train on the line will be in constant telegraphic communication with the station next ahead, and when desired with the train dispatcher or any public telegraph station.—Electrical Review.

Soap and Rising Combined.

It is said that a French chemist has made a filter soap which will render unnecessary the blueing in the laundry. In ordinary soap he incorporates a solution of aniline green in strong acetic acid. The alkali of the soap converts the green into blue.

A Six Story House For $5.

Old building materials are cheap in New York. A six story, improved building was recently sold for $5, and a ten story, brick business building went for $10.

Fine Work.

A New York watchmaker recently accomplished the feat of drilling a hole through a common pin from head to point.

Proof.

Miss Oldgirls—Before I give you my answer, Count, tell me one thing—are you wealthy? Count Ruffino—Ah, yes, and the land of time has dimmed whatever beauty I possessed. Miss Oldgirls—Your name is wealth, tell me, will you love me then?—Detroit Free Press.

The Count—I do.—Detroit Free Press.

The Cheerful Idiot Again.

"Isn't this Kempton-on something like Christian science?" asked the elderly boarder.

"Well," said the cheerful idiot, "I guess its work through the aids."—Indianapolis Journal.

Reward of Freshness.

Miss Fresh—Too Slasson is a girl of engaging freshness.

Miss Redick—I should say she was. She frankly told Mr. Ricketts that she loved him, and now they are engaged.—Detroit Free Press.

Railroad Engineer

Testifies to Benefits Received From

Dr. Miles' Remedies.

THERE is no more responsible position on earth than that of a railroad engineer. On his steady nerves, clear brain, right eye and perfect self command, depend the safety of the train and the lives of its passengers. Dr. Miles' Nervine and his remedies are especially adapted to aiding the nervous steady, the brain clear and the mental faculties unimpaired.

Rudolph F. W. McCoy, formerly of 1323 Hamilton street, Allentown, Pa., but now residing at 2421 Richmond St., Phila., writes that he suffered for years from constipation, extreme nervous and bilious headaches and as fully restored to health by Dr. Miles' Nervine, Pills and Restorative. Especially recommend Dr. Miles' Restorative.

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address,

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ESTRAY POUND NOTICE.

ONE DARK BAY OR BROWN MARE about 15 years old; right hind foot white, star in forehead.

One brown horse colt; left hind and right fore foot white, small star in forehead.

If the above described animals are not claimed and taken away at pay as of before March 1, the 2d day of November 1897, they will be sold at Lily Estray Pound at 10 o'clock.

JOHN G. MATTOX, Poundkeeper.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

Davis and Weber Counties Canal Company, Ogden, Utah.

NOTICE—THERE ARE DELINQUENT stock assessments levied on August 20th, 1897, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective stockholders as follows:

Name.	No. of Certif.	No. of Shares.	Amount due.
Bryan Adams,	[illegible]	[illegible]	$1.[illegible]
John Adams,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
John S. Adams, Secret.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Jesse H. Brown,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Jesse H. Brown,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
James S. Lyon,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Joseph Lyon, Admr.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. J. Carter,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. J. Carter,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
G. A. Wade,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mark A. Bird,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mark A. Bird,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mark A. Bird,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mary A. Cook