

every Prophet and Apostle in the spirit world, are watching you, watching this Priesthood, to see what they are doing and what they are going to do. It is of far more importance than we realize and comprehend. Let us awake to the ordinances of the House of God and do our duty, that we may be justified, for Christ's sake. Amen.

GOSSIP ABOUT FAMOUS MEN.

Washington, March 3, 1898.—I rode from the Capitol to the treasury the other day in a street car which contained five noted public men who have faced death. One was General Joe Wheeler, the famous cavalry leader of the southern Confederacy, who does not weigh more than 100 pounds, but who had seventeen horses shot under him during his military service. Another was Senator Daniel, who served in the Confederate army of northern Virginia and was left for dead on the battlefield, and who limps today from the terrible wounds he then received. A third was General Joe Hawley, whose famous military record is known to all, and a fourth was Justice Brown of the Supreme Court, while the fifth was the general of the army, Nelson A. Miles, who has fought in front of every kind of a weapon, from the cannon of our Civil War to the Winchester rifles and tomahawks of the Indians.

General Wheeler had a most exciting service throughout the war. He has told me how his horses were shot under him again and again, and how he escaped without injury, although he always rode at the head of his troops. Of all the commanders under Jefferson Davis he stuck closest to him. He was with Davis when the cabinet moved from Richmond to Cokesborough, N. C., and he then had eight brigades of cavalry. He told Davis that the soldiers considered the war was over, and that he had trouble in holding his troops together. Davis did not agree with him, and he ordered 16,000 horse-shoes sent there to equip his troops for flight through the south. A short time later, however, when he got ready to fly, Wheeler was about the only commander who could get soldiers to go with him, and it was little General Joe who followed the Confederate president with a troop of 500 men. Davis and his cabinet soon saw, however, when their hope was a forlorn one, and they sent orders to Wheeler to disband his troops and take care of himself. This Wheeler did, and a short time later was captured by the Union troops and was sent with Jefferson Davis north to prison. Alexander Stephens and Postmaster General Reagan were taken with him, and on the way north General Wheeler says that Stephens thought he was going to sure death. He said as much to General Wheeler, and the general replied, "Well, Mr. Stephens, if this is to be your fate, what must be that of President Davis?" Alexander Stephens raised his hands and replied, "Oh, don't speak of that; his fate is too horrible to consider." General Wheeler said he had no idea he would be killed, and the way he joked about the matter of their joint imprisonment horrified Alexander Stephens.

Every one knows of the narrow escapes of Justice Stephen J. Field. You have read how, when he was a young man in California, he carried a revolver in his pocket and practiced at a mark, shooting through his clothes in order to be able to defend himself. You have heard how he accepted challenges to fight duels, and at one time demanded that the duel should be fought in a room twenty feet square, and that himself and his opponent were to be armed with Colt's revolvers and bowie knives, and you have also heard how one of his deadly ene-

mies was killed when he was just about to shoot the aged justice a few years ago. Justice Brewer, who, by the way, is a cousin of Justice Field, faced death when he was a boy, in Asia Minor, going with his missionary father among the cholera patients and no one can look at the heavy iron jaw of Justice Brown and suspect him of cowardice. Think of the nerve of a man who, when awaked from his sleep, saw a burglar with face masked, standing beside him. The burglar had a pistol in one hand and a dark lantern in the other. The lantern cast its rays on the awakened man's face, as he looked into the muzzle of the pistol, and heard the burglar exclaim that if he would give him the keys of his safe and his wife's diamonds, he would not make noise enough to awake a baby.

"All right," said Justice Brown, for it was his head that was looking out of the nightcap on the pillow. And with that he put his hand under his head, as if to get the keys, but instead pulled out a revolver, and, as quick as thought, sent a bullet through the man. The burglar dashed out of the room and down the stairs, the judge following and firing at almost every step. At the bottom of the stairs the burglar turned and returned the fire, and there the two men stood firing at each other until their revolvers were empty. The noise brought in the police and the neighbors, but in the meantime the burglar had escaped. Later on he was captured, but he was so badly wounded that I am told he lived but a short time.

I have known a number of men who have been wounded in battle, and I have asked several of them how they felt when the ball went into them. One of these men was Gen. Nelson Miles. He told me that the flesh wounds he had received he had hardly felt until some time after, but that whenever a ball struck a bone the sensation was terrible. At Chancellorsville he received a wound which paralyzed him from his waist downward, and for weeks every one thought he would die. The ball struck his waist-belt plate and deflected, going off into the body and breaking the bone of his hip. Nine pieces of bone were taken out, but one was left. At another time he was shot in the neck, and a third time in the shoulder, the bullet first striking the edge of the blade of his sword, and being cut in two by the blade, one half of the ball going into his shoulder.

Gen. Charles F. Manderson was a mere boy when he went into the army, but he was one of the bravest of our soldiers, and he rose to be a general, and participated in fifteen different battles. He was terribly wounded at Lovejoy's station, thirty miles south of Atlanta, his wound being very much like that which caused the death of President Garfield. In chatting with Gen. Manderson at Omaha the other day, I asked him how he felt when the ball struck him. He replied: "I felt as though a red hot cannon ball had gone through me. Still it was only a minie ball. It had struck my spine. As I was shot I fell backwards, my sword dropped from my hand, and a moment later a tingling sensation passed through my body."

"Did you faint?" I asked. "No, my feeling was that of great weakness, but I retained consciousness. I tried to rise, but I could not do so. I was, you know, in command of my demi-brigade, consisting of the 9th Kentucky, the 79th Indiana and the 19th Ohio, and we were charging the enemies' works. As I fell, some of the men ran out and bore me back to the line. They stretched a blanket between their guns, and upon this carried me to the rear. There a surgeon examined me, and upon my asking him whether I was going to die, he said that if the bullet had not gone into the in-

terior walls of the body I might live, but that I would probably be paralyzed. That night I was carried to Atlanta and later on jolited in a hospital train to Chattanooga, and thence to Philadelphia. My wound healed, but I have been troubled with it more or less ever since then. Surgeon General Baxter once told me that he believed if President Garfield's wound had been left alone, as mine was, he probably might have recovered."

General Russell A. Alger, now secretary of war, had a number of narrow escapes during his service. One of the most desperate engagements was at Booneville, Miss., in July, 1862. It was shortly after his appointment as secretary of war that he told me the story of his engagement. It has never been published, but I think my memory will enable me to give it substantially as he told it to me. He said:

"I was captain at the time, under Col. Phil Sheridan, as commander. We had altogether about 800 men and were at Booneville, when about 4,000 Confederates under Gen. Chalmers attacked us. The evening before the battle, I remember, I did not at all feel well. I was suffering from jaundice and was as yellow as saffron. I was lying down in my tent when Sheridan came in. He was then only a colonel, but he had the same habits that he afterward displayed. He was, you know, very quiet and backward, except when a possible fight was at hand. Then his whole nature seemed to change. His eyes would flash. He would become profane, and would use expressions which he never uttered in his quieter moments. He asked me how I was. I replied that I did not feel well, but that I could do anything he wanted done. 'Well,' said he, 'I do want a job done. Gen. Chalmers is coming against us with his army. He is almost upon us now, and we must stampede him. I want you to take all the men you can get and quietly move around back of the rebels, and within an hour from now I want you to charge into them with a yell and knock them out of them. We will hear your yell and will charge at them in front at the same time.'

"After a few words further we shook hands, Col. Sheridan saying he thought it might probably be for the last time. I called my men together. We were about a hundred in all. We went around through the woods and got behind the Confederates, and then made a dash right up the road, which was filled with them. We gave a yell as we charged. We had men in the woods at the sides of the road, and the cheer went up from us all as we galloped down on the surprised Confederates. We went so fast that in passing between two Confederates, I remember I had both my knees skinned. We lost half our force within less than two minutes, but the rush and surprise was such that we stampeded the rebels and went almost through them. In the meantime Sheridan had attacked in front and was forcing them in the back. We could see them coming and I ordered my men to turn and retreat, as I saw we were being swallowed up by the men coming toward us. The road was filled, and we had to go into the woods to get away. My horse carried me against the limb of a tree, which caught me in the ribs, twisting and breaking my left leg. I had no use of that leg for the next ten years, but it is now all right again. The blow knocked me off my horse, and as I stood there, I received several thrusts of the rebel soldiers going past me. I was a fairly good swordsman, however, and parried them. Then I noted an old tree with some grape vines about it. I threw myself down into the vines and fainted. I must have lain there for an hour, for when I came to there was no one in