A THRILLING STORY OF THE WAR— GENERAL STONEMAN'S MARCH

(Continued from last week)

Col. Sharpe then commanded every one to be quiet. All was still. He then turned to me and asked me to pray for them. I replied "Colonel, I cannot, for I never had such feelings as I now have." I feared to approach the throne of grace lest thinkest I might come into his presence without sincere desires. Rev. Isaac Oxford, captain of the Caldwell company, said to me, "hand my gun and I will pray for them." I took his gun and he thanked God that some of us were killed and that justice had overtaken them at last, and this was about the burden of his prayer, which was nothing more than a thanksgiving.

We then moved on to the place of execution and bound them to the stakes. But before they were executed, I said, "Colonel, I feel a desire to pray for them now." He said he would be glad for me to do so. I tried to pray for their forgiveness and salvation with all the earnestness of my soul. In a moment the command was given to fire and they were all killed. It may be interesting to relate in this connection an incident. Joseph Alexander, company scout, a young man whose home was in Ashe county, who took short furloughs and went home, he was a devoted friend of John Lindsay. He had learned from our picket line that Mr. Lindsay was to be executed on Sunday. Alexander had learned from our picket line that Mr. Lindsay was to be executed on Sunday. He