

Written for the PATRIOT.

BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like a
queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A woodsawyer stood on the street as
they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed:
And said as he worked with his saw on
a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to
his wife,
"One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give my wealth for the strength
and the health
Of the man who sawed the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of
work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of
delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage; the lady
she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from
my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with
the work,
So fair in the calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and
wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in the world, whatever our
lot,
Our minds and our time we employ,
In longing and sighing for what we
have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

TARHEELS' THIN GRAY LINE.

Colin Campbell's Highlanders Outdone by North Carolinians.

[An incident of the battle of Winchester, Va., that surpasses the Ninety-third Regiment's famous stand on the morning of Balaklava—How Gen. Robt. D. Johnston repelled repeated charges of Yankees cavalry far outnumbering his attenuated brigade—as told by Gen. Bradley Johnson]

At the battle of Balaklava occurred an incident which Kinglike has painted in words and thus immortalized. The Highland Brigade, the Forty-second, the Black Watch, the Cold Stream Guards, the Grenadiers and the Ninety-third, Sir Colin Campbell's old regiment, were in position which threw the Ninety-third just along the crest of a slight rise of the ground.

The Russian Artillery had become annoying, and the Ninety-third lay down just behind the crest, where they were better sheltered and concealed. A division of Russian horsemen was moving to the left of Sir Colin's whole line, and its head of column nearly with the British, where at once four squadrons of Russians, 400 men, swung quickly out of column, and struck a gallop towards the English position. Instantly the Highlanders rose from the ground, and with their tall forms and towering black plumes looked like a line of giants. The Ninety-third was not in touch with either of the other battalions of the Brigade, so they stood and took it and when the Russians got within 300 yards, opened fire upon them, and drove them back. They never repeated the charge. This scene has been celebrated in song and story as "Sir Colin Campbell's Thin Red Line." It was witnessed by the allied armies, English, French and Turkish, and simply astounded the Russians, for both sides saw it.

But I myself, with thousands of others, saw Johnston's North Carolina Brigade—First N. C. Battalion Sharpshooters, Fifth N. C., Twelfth N. C., Twentieth N. C., and Twenty-third N. C. regiments—do a thing on September 19th, 1864, which far excelled in gallantry, in firmness, and in heroism this feat of the "Thin Red Line," and I have never seen a description of it in print, and I do not think it was referred to in the reports. I am sure Bob Johnston did not, for he was as modest as he was handsome and brave.

In September, 1864, Early's army was lying about Winchester. We had been through Maryland, and terrified Washington into fits, and had gotten safely back into Virginia, with thousands of horses, cattle, medical stores and hundreds of wagon loads of estates of every kind. I had a cavalry brigade of wild southwestern Virginia horsemen, as brave and as undisciplined as the Virginia Rangers Colonel Washington surrendered at Fort Necessity, or Andrews fought Cornstalk with at Point Pleasant. I was bivouacked—we had no tents. About three miles north of Winchester, on the Valley pike, and picketed from the Valley pike to the Berryville pike, running east from Winchester, Gen. Robt. D. Johnson, of North Carolina, had a brigade of 800 to 1,000 muskets on

the Berryville pike, on the top of the ridge running across the road. My pickets were a mile in advance of his in Ashe Hollow. Sheridan, with 45,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, lay eight to fifteen miles beyond our picket lines, from Berryville and Ripen to Charlestown and Halltown, in Clark and Jefferson counties, Virginia. Now, every morning the Yankee cavalry would rush my pickets in on Johnston's posts. He would stop them until I got up, and then I'd drive the Yankees back and re-establish my original picket. This done I would send my command back to camp.

I had about 800 mounted men, and I'd ride up to Bob Johnston's headquarters, which was a wagon under a tree, one camp stool and a frying pan sizzling with bacon, and a pot of rye coffee and sorghum. I'd get my breakfast. But after a week of this proceeding it either became monotonous or my appetite showed no signs of weakening. I don't know which. One morning I dismounted after my usual morning call to boots and saddle and swung myself very comfortably into Johnston's single and only camp stool. I smelled the bacon and sniffed the coffee and waited. In a few moments the cook handed me a chip for a plate and a tin cup of red hot coffee, so hot you had to sit the cup on the grass, and Bob spoke up.

Says he: "Bradley, you let those Yankees do you too bad. You have got so scared of them that you all run the very first dash they make at you."

"Is that so, Robert?" said I. "That's a pity, but I don't know how to help it. I do the best I can. How many Yankee cavalry do you think you are good for?"

"Well," said he, "I've got 800 muskets present for duty. By a week's time, as the boys get back from the hospital, I'll have 1,000. Well, with 1,000 muskets I think I can take care of 5,000 Yanks on horseback."

"All right," said I, "wait and see. I hope you can."

So I got my breakfast and went off, mightily tickled at the conceit of the Tar Heel; for Sheridan's cavalry, with Custer, Torbett and Devens, were about as good soldiers as ever took horse or drew sabre. We had drilled them so that in three years we had taught them to ride. They were always drilling enough to fight and they learned the use of the sabre from necessity.

Well, things went on as usual. Every morning Sheridan would send a regiment out to feel Early, to drive in his pickets, so as to make sure where he was, and to know where to find them, and every morning I'd ride over to the Berryville road, re-establish my lines, get my breakfast off of Johnston, and back to sleep.

By daylight, the 19th of September, a scared cavalryman of my own command nearly rode over me, as I lay asleep on the grass, and reported that the Yankees were advancing with a heavy force of infantry, artillery and cavalry up the Berryville road. Early was up towards Stephenson's depot, and Johnston and I were responsible for keeping Sheridan out of Winchester, and protecting the Confederate line of retreat, and of communication up the valley. In two minutes my command was mounted. We always saddled up and fed an hour before dawn, and moving at a trot across the open fields to the Berryville road and to Johnston's assistance. There was not a fence, nor a house, nor a bush, nor a tree, to obscure the view. Way off, more than two miles, we could see the crest of the hill, covered with a cloud of Yankee cavalry, and in front of them (500 yards in front) was a thin gray line moving off in retreat solidly, and with perfect coolness and self possession. As soon as I got to realize what was going on I quickened our gate and when within a mile broke into a gallop. The scene was as plain as day. A regiment of cavalry would deploy into line and their bugles would sound the charge and they would swoop down on the thin gray line of North Carolinians. The instant the Yankee bugle sounded, North Carolina would halt, face to the rear rank, wait until the horses got within 100 yards, and then fire as deliberately and coolly as if firing volleys on parade drill. The cavalry would break and scamper back, and North Carolina would "about face" and continue her march in retreat as solemnly, stubbornly, and with as much discipline and dignity as if marching in review. But we got there just in time. Cavalry aids the Tar Heels. Certainly, half dozen charges had been made at the threatening thin gray line, and each and every time the charging squadrons had been driven back, when the enemy sent his line with a rush at the brigade of Tar Heels, and one squadron overlapped the infantry line, and was just passing it when he got up. In another minute they would have been behind the line, sabering the men

from the rear, while they were held by the fight in front. But we struck a headlong strain and went through the Yankees by the flank of North Carolina and carried their adversaries back to the crest of the hill, back through the guns of their battery, clear back to their infantry lines. In a moment they rallied and were charging us in front and on both flanks, and back we went in a hurry, but the thin gray line of old North Carolina was safe. They had gotten back to the rest of the infantry, and formed lines at right angles to the pike west of Winchester.

I rode up to Bob Johnston, very "piert," as we say in North Carolina, and said I: "Pretty close call that, Mr. Johnston. What do you think now of the Yankee cavalry's fighting qualities?" And the rest of the day we enjoyed ourselves. We could see everything that was going on for miles around. The country was entirely open. The day was beautiful, clear and bright—September, the 19th. They would form for a forward movement—three lines one after another—march sedately along until they got within touch of our lines, then raise a hurrah and rush in a charge, and in two minutes the field would be covered with running, flying Yankees. There were 40,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry and 3,000 mounted gunmen. The thing began at daylight and kept up till dark, when flanked and worn out, Early retreated to escape being surrounded.

This is the story of the Thin Gray Line of North Carolina, and the cavalry charge, a feat of arms before which that of Sir Colin Campbell's Highlanders fades into insignificance.

IMPROVING ITS SERVICE.

New Dining Cars on the Southern Railway's Washington & Southwestern Limited.

The Southern Railway, which has become one of the most popular tourist and commercial lines in the country because of its superb service, splendid equipment and fast time, has just added two new dining cars to the equipment of the popular "Washington and Southwestern Limited."

This is one of the most famous trains in this country, carrying as it does through Pullman drawing room, sleeping cars and library, observation and dining cars between New York, Washington and New Orleans, Mobile, Birmingham, Memphis, Knoxville, Chattanooga and Nashville, Tenn., Asheville, N. C., and all the chief cities of the South. These new dining cars are in keeping with the thoroughly high class equipment of this and the other trains of the Southern Railway, being quite similar to the beautiful diners operated on the "Congressional Limited" of the Pennsylvania Railroad between New York and Washington.

Their interior is magnificently finished in hard woods and each table is furnished with chairs instead of the old-fashioned tufted seats. The china, glassware and silverware are of the most modern pattern and are exceedingly attractive, while the cuisine will even surpass the high standard previously maintained in the cars of this company. Both the Northern and Southern markets are drawn upon liberally for the delicacies as well as the substantial of each section.

"The Washington and Southwestern Limited" leaves New York daily at 4.25 p. m. and Washington at 10.45 p. m., and the dining cars are operated between Greensboro, N. C., and Montgomery, Ala., furnishing breakfast, dinner and supper, the train arriving at New Orleans and other cities in time for early breakfast the next morning.

With the added attractions of these new diners, this train, which has long been the favorite of travelers between the North and the South, will even become more popular as in its entirety it is the most perfectly equipped train operated between New York and the Southwest.

The Only Coin of the Confederacy.

The government of the Southern Confederacy issued millions of dollars of paper money, but it never turned out any coin worth speaking of.

Arrangements were made in 1861 with a Philadelphia engraver to make a set of dies for the coining of money of the same denominations as those in use in the United States at the same time. But the dies were never completed further than for the 1-cent coins, as at this point the engraver was arrested and all his equipment confiscated. A very few of the 1-cent pieces had been struck off. This was the first and only attempt made by the Confederacy to get out a supply of its own metallic money.

Fifty thousand census enumerators will soon be named.

Power and Safety.

It is now stated that when all the reinforcements of regulars and volunteers assigned to service in the Philippines shall sail for those islands there will be left in this country but one regiment and two battalions of infantry.

This remarkable fact, exciting no especial comment, and certainly causing not the slightest apprehension, testifies eloquently to the natural security of the United States, both from foreign invasion and from internal disturbance. There is no other great power on the globe which could thus remove from its own territory all semblance of military protection, depending solely instead upon the patriotism of its own people and the advantages of position.

Supreme in the Western Hemisphere, this government will never need a big army nor have occasion to fear the spirit of militarism so long as it attends strictly to its own business on the lines laid down by its founders and definitely formulated by the Monroe doctrine. It enjoys the wholesome respect of all other great powers, who know the militant spirit of its men and their capacity for becoming good soldiers at short notice. It has the love of its own people, making revolution or internal disorder impossible. Every element of peace and power combine in its natural advantages.

French Railway Fares.

The Railway World illustrates the high cost of travel in France, where the government owns most of the railways. The price of a first-class ticket from Mentone to Paris was \$25, and for sleeping car accommodations the extra charge was \$17.40 for one night's journey from 6 p. m. to 11 a. m., making over \$42. The time was 17 hours. A journey of that length in the United States costs but \$15 or \$16, including a berth in a sleeping car. To the extra cost is to be added the unaccommodating spirit of the railway hands on lines which have no competition to fear.

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FOR 67 years Mr. Howard Morgan has made Waterburg, N. Y., his home. He is known throughout that section as an honest and upright citizen, and his word is as good as his note. With these qualities combined with industry and a shrewd business tact, Mr. Morgan has accumulated a comfortable fortune. He has an ideal farm home, and fortunate indeed is the stranger who may chance to seek its hospitable shelter. For a number of years past Mr. Morgan has been afflicted with heart trouble, a disease so prevalent that it affects one fourth of our entire people. Read what he says:

"I had what the doctors called 'sympathetic heart trouble, shortness of breath, oppressed feeling in chest, sharp pain in left side and shoulder, weak spells as if I would faint. These made me most miserable. I was unable to do even light work, or exert myself in the least without becoming exhausted. I was treated by our local physicians, but seemed to get no better. Finally I began taking Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure and before the first bottle was half gone I could see that I improved. After using a number of bottles I was completely restored to health. Words cannot express my feeling of gratitude that this great medicine should have been placed within my reach. My wife has taken Dr. Miles' Nervine with the best of results, and she thinks it has no equal to soothe the tired and weak nerves. We both take pleasure in recommending Dr. Miles Restorative Remedies whenever we hear of anyone afflicted as we have been, and we shall continue to do so for we know your medicine has true curative merits."

THE discovery and announcement by Dr. Franklin Miles, that the health of the whole or any part of the body depends upon the state of the nervous system very much more than upon anything else, has been received by many of our most eminent physicians as scientifically correct. There are many others in the profession, who through ignorance or prejudice or both, still refuse to accept the more modern theory, but continue to treat the kidneys or other organs with nostrums which irritate, excite and inflame them beyond their strength, while the heart and brain are starving for proper nourishment. Dr. Miles' Remedies restore the lost energies of life and build up the system quicker and better and stronger than any other known medicines.

We are glad to hear from our old friend, Dr. M. W. Shepard of Plant City, Fla. He writes: "I have used the Dr. Miles New Heart Cure and the Restorative Nervine for nearly three years with the best of results, and shall continue to use them when required. I am particularly pleased with the Nervine, and have obtained results from it in the treatment of insomnia and nervous prostration that are truly marvelous. I have also used your Anti-Pain Pills and find they are the best thing I ever tried for headache and neuralgia."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on the heart and nerves sent free on request by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.