

Enlisted And Served With Her Husband in the Command of Col. Vance. I read the letter of Capt. Tuttle on the 26th North Carolina regiment in the Journal and was glad he brought to light a long slumbering romance in the matter of the woman soldier. The woman soldier was discharged just about 33 years ago at Kinston, after the capture of Newbern by General Burnside just before the army was concentrated around Richmond for the great seven days engagement.

The circumstances were patriotic as well as romantic. As related to me then as I remember them now, they were thus: Volunteering was rife throughout the State and the mountains were ablaze with enthusiasm. A couple, not long married, lived by themselves in some mountain cove near Grandfather mountain.

His husband went to town one day and found everybody was going off to war. He took the martial spirit and enlisted at once. On going home to prepare for his departure for the tented field a difficulty presented itself when he informed his wife of his belated intention. "What is to become of me?" said the woman. Stay here and do the best you can, was his answer. "But I won't stay here by myself while you are gone," she replied. "If you go to the war, I am going too."

Then the plan was made between them that she should cut her hair short, put on a suit of her husband's clothes, go with him to the recruiting station and enlist under an assumed name. Her name in camp was Joe, but what else I never heard. In this regiment Joe and the husband were looked upon as a couple of mountain boys well acquainted and fond of each other.

On the 15th of April, 1862, the husband had to undergo a medical examination and was found to be physically unfit for military services and was discharged.

Here was a dilemma: Joe in the army and her husband out. What would he do at home by himself and his wife off to war? There appeared to be but one thing to do, and that was to confess the deception and obtain her discharge which would necessarily follow. Accordingly the next morning she went to the Colonel's quarters—and the Colonel was Z B Vance of blessed memory. "Colonel, I want to go home," said Joe, after the accustomed salutation.

"Well, Joe," said the Colonel, "I suppose a good many of us would like to go home; but just now we are needed somewhere else."

"But, Colonel, I ain't a man."

"No, Joe, but you soon will be—and a brave one no doubt."

"No, sir, I won't," Joe replied, "I am a woman."

"The d—l, you say," said Col. Vance, surprised and amused at the complete defint of his proposition. "Here doctor," he called to the surgeon of the regiment, "here is a case for you."

Joe had only to unbutton his jacket to establish the fact that "he" was a woman, and he was honorably discharged.

Joe had a good reputation for soldierly conduct and was thought to be a little bit the best cook in the regiment. His make of biscuits was so fine that he was often called upon to cook when it was not legitimately his time; but no suspicion ever arose as to his lack of manhood.

The two returned to their mountain home with the distinction of only woman enlisted in the army, but also likely the only entire family that ever volunteered for military service.

I give this as it was given to me by Captain Phin Horton, of Wilkes county. D. T. GARRAWAY.

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Tom Moore, a colored brakeman on the Western North Carolina railroad, shot a man and woman, both colored, on Thursday night last. The man has since died. Injuries received by the woman are not serious. Jealously is supposed to have prompted the deed.

The STANDARD predicts that in placing the sheds over the sidewalks there will be much kicking done by the citizens. It will prove a great nuisance, as there is too much of the walk taken up with boxes, barrels, wagons, etc. And Saturday afternoon especially when raining, the walk will be blocked. Mark it down.

On Wednesday last a hail storm visited the St. John's section and completely riddled cotton and corn on the plantation of Mrs. M. M. Miller. The storm passed over the plantation of Messrs. Archey Cline, J. H. Ridenhour and others, doing no little amount of damage.

The 18-months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Moore, of Forest Hill, died Friday night, of diphtheria. Rev. M. A. Smith conducted the funeral from the house this Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Mr. Ellison Broom, who lives in Goose Creek township, owns a mule forty years old last October. Mr. Broom has owned the mule for thirty-one years and last year made three bales of cotton and over two hundred bushels of corn with it. The mule is fat and can eat corn almost as well as it ever could and has lots of mule in it yet, as was shown not long ago, when it ran away with a buggy. It is needless to say that the animal has received good treatment.—Monroe Enquirer.

WHY INDIANS PAINT.

An Apache Legend That Accounts for a Strange Custom of the Red Men. "Why do Indians paint their faces?" I have asked that question of hundreds of red men, and have received but one answer. Of all tribes that I have visited but one has a legend accounting for the hideous decorations that are to be seen on the faces of Indians under all ceremonial circumstances.

"I was sitting at a camp fire in a village of Jacarilla A, when one night listening to the stories and legends that were being told, when I propounded the old question again, hardly expecting even the usual expression of ignorance that hides so many of the thoughts of the Indians. To my surprise, however, I received the answer that I least expected. An old fellow who had sat all the evening listening to the stories without changing his attitude grunted and straightened up as he heard the question. Proceeding with all due solemnity, he told the following legend:

"Long ago, when men were weak and animals were big and strong, a chief of the red men who lived in these mountains went out to get a deer, for his people were hungry. After walking all day he saw a deer, shot it, but the arrow was turned aside and wounded a mountain lion, which was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow he jumped up and bounded after the man, who ran for his life. He was almost exhausted, and when he felt his strength giving way, he fell to the ground, calling on the big bear, who you know, is the grandfather of men, to save him. The big bear heard the call and saw that to save the man he had to act quickly, so he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood over the man.

"Now, you know, no animal will eat of the bear or taste of his blood. So when the lion reached the man he smelled the blood and turned away, but as he did so his foot scraped the face of the man, leaving the marks of his claws on the bloody face. When the man found that he was uninjured, he was so thankful that he left the blood to dry on his face and never washed it at all, but left it until it peeled off. Where the claws of the lion scraped it off there were marks that turned brown in the sun, and where the blood stayed on it was lighter. You know all men paint their faces that way with blood and scrape it off in streaks when they hunt or go to war."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

NOT A SICK DAY For Over Thirty Years!

RESULT OF USING AYER'S PILLS. "Ayer's Cathartic Pills for over thirty years have kept me in good health, never having had a sick day in all that time. Before I was twenty I suffered almost continually—as a result of constipation—from dyspepsia, headaches, neuralgia, and other nervous diseases. When I became convinced that nine-tenths of my troubles were caused by constipation, I began the use of Ayer's Pills, with the most satisfactory results, never having a single attack that did not readily yield to this remedy. My wife, who had been an invalid for years, also began to use Ayer's Pills, and her health was quickly restored. With my children I had no need of nearly all their ailments were preceded by constipation, and I soon had the pleasure of knowing that with children as with parents, Ayer's Pills, if taken in season, avert all danger of sickness."—H. WETTERSON, Byron, Ill.

AYER'S PILLS Highest Honors at World's Fair.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Strengthens the System.

THE PATRIOTIC SPIRIT.

It Goes Down to the Third Generation. The Raleigh News and Observer spoke of a flag Mr. H. C. McAuliffe carried in the procession at Raleigh on Monday. Here comes a letter that explains its life. Written from Oxford, May 22, '05:

Lieut. H. C. McAuliffe, Co. H, 8th Reg., N. C. T.

DEAR SIR: I notice in the paper that you carried the old flag of the 8th Regiment. I saw it in the procession, but could not tell one from another, as I was not near the line. I was told by Capt. C. O. Elliott, of Norfolk, Va., that he saw it, and recognized it, and in fact, asked what flag it was. He was at one time connected with the 8th Regiment.

I notice in the roster of North Carolina Troops that you were 1st Lieut. of Co. H, 8th Regiment. Though I was born after the war, and never knew what it was to feel the thrill of victory, or the pangs of defeat, yet my heart swells with pride when I think of the brilliant record made by Southern arms, of the valor and heroism of the Southern soldier.

You will recognize my name, for it is the same as that of the colonel of your regiment, the 8th. I am his oldest grandson, and bear his name. And when I see or hear of a soldier who followed him I want to grasp his hand and know him. I would like so much to see the dear old flag, and to own it; but I know you prize it too highly to part with it. I would be glad, however, if you would send it to me by express that I may see it. I will then return it. I would be glad to meet you and to hear from you. Hoping it may be my good pleasure some day to do so.

Very truly yours,
HENRY M. SHAW.

THE EARL'S PETTY-COAT.

A Ninety-Nine-Year-Old Incident That is Interesting Still. Fashion, always struggling to be original, is like a theatrical army, which, as it reappears upon the stage after its circuit, never fails to present something we recognize that destroys the designed illusion. Not even a Worth can create; he can only intimate. The complaint is to-day general that it is difficult to distinguish by their attire the sex of our young ladies; round hats, their jackets and their waistcoats, and now and then even their knickerbockers, may have been borrowed from their brothers. Their mothers and their aunt say: "Girls did not dress so in our day," which is quite true, but they did a hundred years ago. In the London Times of January, 1796, sarcastic reference is made to it. Earl Spencer had made a bet that he would cut off the tail of his coat and appear in public in it, and that this petty-coat would in a week be the fashion. He did so and won his bet. The Times comments:

When men in Petty-Coats appear no wonder girls the breeches wear. But happier far would be the case. Were each to keep their proper place—The fair ones wear the female dress, And men adorn their persons less; For such the fashion of the day, They make it difficult to say Whether the pretty things we meet Parading through their favorite street, A male or female we may call. Their shapes are so equivocal—London Graphic.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

Yale wants Harvard to apologize over some foot ball point, but the latter says it has nothing to take over half back. One of the best evidences that Ayer's Hair Vigor is an article of exceptional merit is the fact that the demand for it is constantly increasing. No one who uses this incomparable dressing thinks of trying any other preparation for the hair.

Mr. Jacob Einstein, brother to Mr. Solomon Einstein, of this city, arrived in Concord Friday night. Mr. Einstein will locate in Concord, and it is said he will open out a Mercantile business.

Citizens who have not been over there can not realize the great work being done by the chain gang on the big hill, where so many accidents have happened, beyond the depot. It has been cut down to almost a level and is in good condition.

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Tom Moore,