

returned to their homes following the withdrawal of the rebel army last Monday night, having again come back to Presidio today."

A STRANGE SIGHT

The scene in the Big Bend district was a strange one to dwellers on this side of the river. The sixty-seven miles from Presidio to Marfa rises from the Rio Grande valley 2,000 feet to a cold wind swept plateau. On this bleak road trudged Mexican women and children and Mexican soldiers. They slept upon the ground and at night a line of camp fires, winding through the mountains and over the prairies, traced the route of the 2,000 or more refugees in their flight to safety.

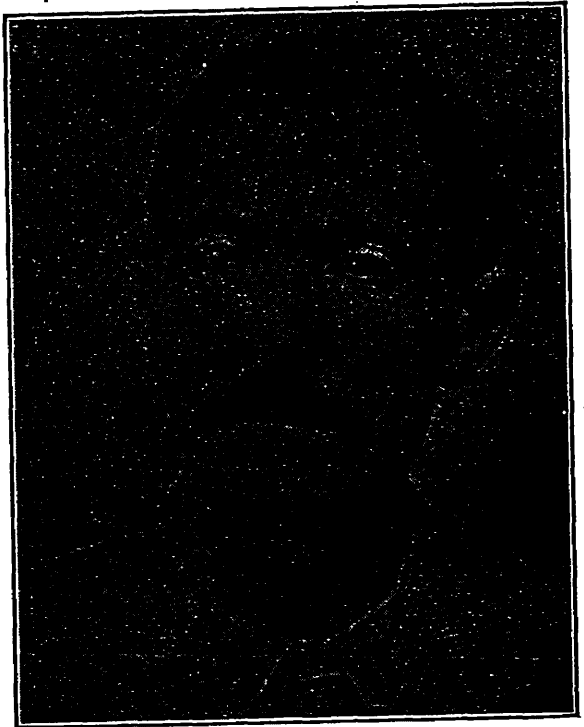
The Red Cross had established a hospital in Presidio and were caring for wounded Federals and rebels.

On January 9th seventy-six wounded Rebels were brought in from Spencer's ranch, though the hospital was already full.

Saturday morning, January 10th, the report reached Federal Army headquarters in Ojinaga that Villa was approaching and that his force consisted of more than six thousand men. The Federal forces consisted of four thousand men and nine Generals.

Never in the history of the United States has such a thing occurred as did occur Saturday evening, January 10th.

An army of nearly three thousand men, clothed in every manner of garb, rush from a country at war to a small force of American soldiers for protection, each man bent on giving up, and turning in his weapons, including guns of every description. Less than five hun-



PASQUAL OROZCO

dred U. S. Cavalry men handled the panic stricken mob of soldiers, the fifteen hundred civilians and refugees, who rushed across the river when General Mercado went through the streets of Ojinaga, telling the people to flee.

Scores of women camp followers lost their children in the scramble and cried piteously all night in the stockade, provided for them on the American side.

Others were without sufficient clothes to protect them, and all of them were drenched from wading the Rio Grande. Their distress was intense. The village of Ojinaga was a wreck from bombardment. After the confusion of the evacuation of Ojinaga by one army and its occupation by another, the battle field opposite Presidio revealed a scene of wild disorder.

The whole scope of country, leading to the heights of Ojinaga, appeared to have been plowed up by the frantic rout of the Federal army and the mad dash of the Rebels into the town.

There were many living reminders of the battle. Those who went across in behalf of the Red Cross found many wounded, who had lain without medical attention for many hours. They were traced in the trenches by their groans.

There were many stark, still forms with glaring eyes among the cacti and mesquite, many dead animals, discarded sabres and guns—mute suggestions of what had gone before.



GENERALS FIERRO, VILLA, ORTEGA, AND COLONEL MEDINA