

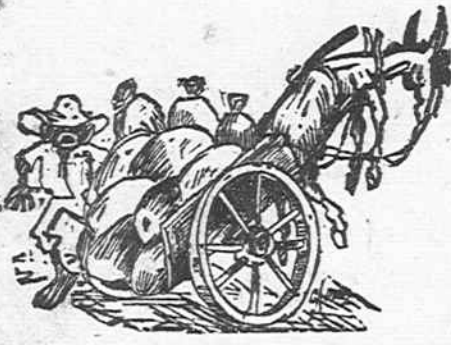
# The News and Herald.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY.

WINNSBORO, S. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1901.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

## We Are Going to Unload!



For the Next Fifteen Days

WE WILL MAKE SOME VERY CLOSE PRICES ON ALL SPRING GOODS, AND ESPECIALLY ON

**Spring Suits** FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

OUR ENTIRE LINE OF STRAW HATS GOING

**==At Cost.==**

144 pairs Men's Fine Russet and Tan Shoes in Buttons, Bals and Congress at COST.

THE BEST SHOES on earth for the money.

**D. V. Walker & Co.**

### AT GETTYSBURG.

In the Atlanta Journal W. A. Johnson gives the following partial account of the fight at Gettysburg.

Gettysburg was simply Malvern Hill No. 2. McLaw's division, of which my regiment and brigade was an humble part, was in line so that its right was about opposite Devil's Den.

It was formed into two lines, and on the left of Hood's division.

The front line was: Kershaw's South Carolinians on the right and Barksdale's Mississippians on the left. The two Georgia brigades were in the second line. As we marched up the slope to take position, I noticed Generals Lee and Longstreet standing in the shade of a tree looking at a map which spread on the ground. Not far from this point our brigade was formed in line of battle. My regiment was posted in a clearing between two bodies of woods, and on the edge of the wheat field. The field was inclosed with a stone fence and we sat on the ground so that the fence would shield us from the enemy's skirmishers, who were thickly posted in our front. We were near the woods on our right, and in the angle nearest us of these woods one of our batteries was unlimbered and went into action.

As soon as they began firing the Federals returned the fire from a number of batteries, and in a few minutes the air was full of fluttering, bursting shells. I noticed the Georgians in the woods behind the battery, dodging the falling limbs. The Federals had too many guns playing on our guns, and our folks were forced to retire. After a while General Lee rode along the line, and then after awhile Hood's division advanced to the attack. Between us and the Federals was an open field without any sort of protection to an advancing force, and the distance across was about one mile and a quarter. As soon as Hood started the music began. I was sitting behind the stone fence talking to Captain George McDowell, of my company, and Captain Pulliam, of the Butler Guards, of my regiment. I made the observation to these two that we would fail unless our division was moved forward with Hood.

Both of those men were killed, and I think they had that presentment from the way they looked and talked.

Hood went ahead and reached Round Top. The Yankees moved troops from our front and attacked

Hood's left flank. This compelled that flank to give way. At this juncture we started in. We jumped the wall and the Yankees

had orders not to fire, yell or charge, but to take things "cool" and keep a stiff upper lip at a common time gait. Under the pressure I forgot all about my pack, although it had been reinforced with sixty rounds of fresh ammunition. To make room for this in my haversack I had unloaded my "grub," some beef tallow biscuit, fit more for cannon balls than food. We were forbidden to fire, consequently I was simply a packmule sight-seer. Yes, and I saw a sight and heard a sight and thought a sight. Shells were cutting off the arms, legs and heads of our men, cutting them in two and exploding in their bodies, tearing them into mincemeat. Then there was the solemn thud of the minie balls, men crying for water, groaning, praying and so much that was harrowing that my speech fails to describe it all. I am not writing as a soldier now, but simply as a tourist. This thing went on until we got within about four or five hundred yards of the batteries; then we began to get grape shot fired into us. More horrors! But horror or no horror, we made straight for the batteries, and I did long for the order to fire and charge, so that we could raise the "yell!" But no, we were simply on exhibition. On we went, leaving the field behind us covered with heads, arms, legs, mangled bodies and the like. About 300 yards from the guns now, when we got the order to move by the right flank. Guess they thought we had had enough sight-seeing from the front, and now we were to have a side view. Moving by the flank, there was a depression through which the men passed. In this depression the men were out of the fire of the grape shot. But the depression ran right up to a Yankee battery, and they quickly placed a gun so as to rake it. I noticed that about every other squad which got in it was decimated, and I saw that the men about me would be the unfortunate ones. We got in it, and while crossing I kept my eye on the gun. As I saw the man about to pull the lanyard, I stopped still and turned my thin edge to the fire. Bang! went the gun, and then the grape reaped the harvest of souls. I was the only man left unhurt.

Poor John Fourchee, of my company, fell behind me, his leg broken by a grape. Poor Whig

Cheney, of my company, fell on my right. He got a grape which frazzled my jacket behind. Fourchee looked up at me with such a pleading look and asked for water. I gave him my canteen. I can see him now just as he looked then. He died. Then there was Jimmie Cason, of my regiment, one of my schoolmates. He was on his hands and knees with a portion of his skull shot away above one eye. He was out of his mind instantly. He died. Then my bosom friend, George McKenzie, of my company, had his gun knocked across his chest, which almost finished him. Then William Lomax, of my company, who with me sat up as pickets all night at Fredericksburg on the dead bodies of Yankee soldiers, was killed. But I had to go, and go quickly.

After a little we got orders to lie down. Up to this time I had acted tourist to perfection and according to orders. But I had come to the point that I intended to play soldier and general on my own account. I turned toward the Yanks and standing there alone I opened fire on them at the battery which had graped us so heavily. I had a rifle which I got out of a dead Yank's hand at Fredericksburg. This Yank was one of Meagher's Irish brigade. The inspector general of our army informed me in an inspection near Fredericksburg that I had the finest gun in the army. It was a beauty. With this gun I took aim at a Yankee officer, who was riding a white horse. He was riding back and forth behind the infantry which was supporting the battery afore mentioned. The distance was about three hundred yards. I guessed I could not miss the whole crowd. I fired 12 rounds as fast as I could load the gun. I did not intend to do it, but I did it. I was drawing the fire of the enemy. They were doing their level best in that line before I fired a shot. As I was loading my gun the Yankees charged us and came out of a piece of woods to our right. They got up pretty close before I could load, and one fellow, who was in advance of the rest, stopped about 30 yards from us and pulled down on me as I was capping my gun. I thought my occupation as a tourist was gone. He missed the mark. About this time the men lying down arose. We raised a yell and fired into them. We downed the most of them, and of the others, a great many threw down their arms and ran into our lines. We followed those who fled, and it resembled a rabbit hunt.

We about cleaned this line up. We soon encountered another. We got a volley and returned it and the carnage in their line was heavy. Great numbers of the unhurt threw down their guns and fell flat on the ground. When we passed over them they arose and ran into our lines. We ran afowl of a third line, and it shared the fate of the other two. Then over and past their batteries, up to the round top. Here we encountered several lines of battle posted on the hillside so that they could shoot over the heads of the men in front.

We got close up and kept the men who were attempting to fire some guns which were posted there thinned out so that they could not do much. But the lines of battle fired into us and many of our men fell. Colonel J. D. Kennedy, of my regiment, who was by my side, got hit and had his hat knocked off. He turned to leave the field and told me that he was wounded, and instructed me to go and tell Lieutenant Colonel Gaillard to take command of the regiment. I started on a run down the line to find him. When I got about the center of the regiment the men began to fall back, and of course I did too. I was then in a road which wound its way behind the round tops. We retreated in good order, loading and firing on the Yanks. We reached the edge of a woods and here we made a stand, and Colonel D. Wyatt Aiken, of the Seventh South Carolina, as he jumped over a long, called to his regiment to rally on us. Here, while in the

act of capping my gun, I was knocked senseless. This put an end to my participation in the battle.

### TRUCK FARMS AND RAILROADS.

An Interesting Report About to be Published by the Agricultural Department.

Washington, August 3.—The agricultural department is preparing to publish an exhaustive report by Edward G. Warde, Jr., and Edward S. Holmes, Jr., on truck farming and the transportation of fruits and vegetables in the United States. The report covers the following points:

1. A description of the transportation of fruit and vegetables from Southern truck farms to Northern markets.
2. A description of the California fruit industry and the movement of California fruits to interior points and Atlantic seaboard cities.
3. Freight rates and refrigerator charges on perishable products in all important sections of the country.

Reviewing the general growth of these interests the report says:

Truck farming in the United States has been recognized as a distinct agricultural industry for a period of about forty years. The increasing population of the cities and a consequent demand for a greater quantity and larger variety of vegetables at all seasons of the year, the changed conditions and the surplus of labor in the South after the close of the civil war, and the building of many thousands of miles of new railways have given this industry an impetus which has caused it to develop with remarkable activity and large areas throughout the entire country are now devoted almost exclusively to the growing of what is known as truck crops. This is especially true of all Southern States, where, from late winter until early autumn thousands and thousands of acres are under cultivation to supply Northern markets with fruits and vegetables, there being hardly a Northern city of any size which is not receiving its out of season garden truck. The Southern planter has made new use of his farms.

Many of the improved facilities which have been adopted by the freight departments of our railroads are directly attributable to the handling of perishable agricultural products. Routes have been shortened, through schedules adopted, motive power increased and by the use of ventilation, refrigeration, speed and quick delivery the roads are enabled to place the truck in the Northern markets in as good condition as when it left the South, even when it necessitates a journey of many hundreds of miles.

Such a thing as a particular season for any kind of vegetables in our principal markets is at this time practically unknown, and it is now possible to draw upon the different sections of the country and receive at any season of the year nearly all the standard varieties of vegetables. In the late autumn and early spring Florida and the Southern States furnish the supply for the Northern markets, until the advancing season (which moves northward at the rate of about fifteen miles per day) matures the crops through the Eastern and Central States; these supply the midsummer and autumn markets until the frosts of winter once more compel a return to the South, where a fresh crop is at the command of the market.

The prospects for a large tea crop from the farm of Dr. Shepherd near Summerville, South Carolina, are very favorable.

### A Cure for Cholera Infantum.

"Last May," says Mrs. Curtis Baker, of B. O. Baker, Ohio, "an infant child of our neighbor's was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctor had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling him I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two days' time the child had fully recovered, and is now (nearly a year since) a vigorous healthy girl. I have recommended this Remedy frequently and have never known it to fail in any single instance." For sale by all druggists.

### EXAMINE MY STOCK OF

Rock Hill Buggies, Harness, &c.,

— BEFORE BUYING. —

Can get you a good mule if you lose one.

"Ben," the short-horn bull, will be kept at my stable this summer. Three dollars for the season.

D. A. Crawford,

**A. K. HAWKES,**

The Famous Atlanta Optician,



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**GOLD MEDAL.**

Highest award diploma of Honor. These famous glasses for sale by

**Jno. H. McMaster & Co.**

EYESIGHT TESTED FREE.

CAUTION: Hawkes' glasses are never peddled. Be sure that "Hawkes" is stamped on frame.

### The Coming Coronation.

"The first coronation of the century," says the London Sketch, "possibly to take place on June 28 next year in Westminster Abbey, will, it is said, eclipse in pageant of the kind seen during the last few hundred years. All those who can claim special privileges must now, of course, hasten to present their claims, and the commissioners appointed by his Majesty to inquire into these have anything but an easy task before them, for quite a surprising number of distinguished folk either have or believe they have a right not only to be present, but to take an active part in the great ceremonial. It has also been said that as the coronation is essentially a British and imperial function, it would not be fair to award too much space in our historic abbey to the hundreds of foreign royal personages who will consider themselves entitled to be present. Fifteen distinguished individuals, headed by the Duke of Norfolk and including such widely differing personalities as Lord Esher, Lord Farquhar, the Bishop of Winchester and Mr. Almeric Fitzroy, clerk of the council, have accepted the responsible task of making all arrangements connected with the coronation. The earl-marshal and his colleagues have no easy task before them, and we may be sure that by this time next year they will be only too glad to enjoy a thorough holiday from every kind of work. I believe it is a fact that the moment the names of the fortunate (?) few were inserted in the papers they were one and all besieged by the next post with applications not only from their friends and their friends' friends, but from complete strangers, who urged on them every possible claim in order that they might obtain even a back place at the function in Westminster Abbey."

### It Girdles the Globe

The name of Backlen's Arnica Salve, as the best in the world, extends round the earth. It's the one perfect healer of Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Sores, Scalds, Blisters, Ulcers, Fists, Aches, Pains and all Skin Eruptions. Only infallible Pile cure. 25c a box at McMaster Co's.

### It Girdles the Globe

Dr. Robert Koch the Berlin bacteriologist in an address in England last week reiterated his dictum that malaria does not emanate from swamps, but is caused by the inoculation of mosquitoes and gnats. He further said that malarial parasites could be stamped out with quinine treatment.

### COTTON TIES ADVANCE.

The Southern Necessity Goes Up in Price on Account of the Strike.

Unless the strike among the steel workers is settled soon it is probable the southern farmer will begin to feel the effects of it which will be to restrict and market his cotton crop. The strike is bound to have a decided effect upon the price of cotton ties if it continues much longer. Almost all of the cotton ties used are manufactured by the American Steel Hoop Company closely affiliated with the United States Steel Company. The works of the cotton tie manufacturers are now idle. Ties have been quoted recently at \$1 per hundred in 2,000 lots. Sales have been reported, however, at \$1.05 a bundle in that quantity. All quotations have been withdrawn by those factories and it is not known what the next prices announced will be.

The laws of health require that the bowels move once each day and one of the penalties for violating the law is piles. Keep your bowels regular by taking a dose of Chamberlain's Sore-throat and Liver Tablets when necessary and you will never have that severe punishment inflicted upon you. Price, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

### CLERK'S SALE.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Cons. A. Duglass vs. J. E. McDonald.

In pursuance of an order of the Court of Common Pleas made in the above stated case, I will offer for sale before the Court House door in Winnsboro, S. C., on the

**FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER** next, within the legal hours of sale, at public outcry, to the highest bidder, the following described property, to wit:

All that certain piece, parcel or plantation of land lying, being and situate in the County of Fairfield and State of South Carolina, containing **FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY ACRES,** more or less, and bounded by lands formerly owned by Marshall McGraw, deceased, Stephen Gibson, deceased, lands now or formerly owned by J. E. McDonald and Chas. A. Duglass, now owned by Cannon, lands of Henry Coleman, W. N. Mason, Joseph W. Clark and others.

### TERMS OF SALE

The whole of the purchase money to be paid in cash upon the day of sale, and in case said purchaser shall not comply with the terms of sale immediately at the close of the bidding then said Clerk shall immediately resell all tract of land upon same terms without any further order of the Court, and the purchaser to pay for all necessary papers.

**JOHN W. LYLES,**  
Winnsboro, S. C., C. C. P. C.  
August 6, 1901. 86d