

TOLD BY GEN. GORDON.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CONFEDERACY AS NARRATED BY ONE OF ITS LEADERS.

Gen. Gordon, who lectured at the Wheeling Opera House Thursday evening, is not only eloquent and interesting on the platform, but even more so, perhaps, in conversation. At Major Mitchell's dinner table that day he entertained the guests present with a number of reminiscences that were not so much as touched upon in his lecture. In response to a request from Judge Melvin he told of an experience he went through in the Shenandoah Valley at a time that Gen. Early ordered him to storm a Federal fort in their front.

"I never was more indignant in my life," said Gen. Gordon, "than when I heard that order. I knew it was a perfectly unnecessary thing to do, and explained to Gen. Early that we could accomplish our plan of campaign without slaughtering my command by this attempt to storm a strong position, a position that would fall of itself when we should make our proper movement. Early took no other notice of my explanation than to send me word that if I did not care to execute the order he would delegate its execution to some one else. You may guess this reply made me boil with fresh indignation. I felt it to be an insult, but inasmuch as it was an order, I obeyed it, and, regardless of consequences, I issued the necessary instruction for a movement at daylight next morning.

"I began on my own account making every preparation for death, for I had a presentiment that I would this time meet my end. So I wrote a farewell letter to my wife, told her what to do about my affairs, handed over my watch and other personal effects to a friend, and then walked up and down quarters waiting for day to break and my command to move. That was a solemn night to me, for I had this firm presentiment that it was my last night on earth. I felt almost as certain of this as a man condemned to death, and can now pretty well understand how a man feels when he is to be executed in a few hours. I always had, in every battle of my life, a sense of the danger to which I was exposed. I never knew what it was to forget it; but this time I felt as I never had before, that my time had come, and no mistake.

"So at daylight I took up my line of march to my death, as I fully expected. As we went, closer and closer to the fort, until at last we were within close range of its guns. I wondered that they did not open on us, and every second I expected to see them belch forth shot and shell and play havoc in our ranks. On we went; my eyes were fixed on the guns and my mind excited to its highest tension with wonderment why they did not open fire. On we went until our advance struck the fort and rushed upon its defenses, when, to our utter amazement, we discovered that it had been evacuated and not a Federal soldier anywhere in sight, inside or out. You can imagine my sense of relief as I saw my boys in possession of the fort without so much as a scratch. So you see what a presentiment is worth. I have never much believed in them since that night.

Col. Robert McEldowney, who was present, referred to the attack on Fort Stedman, at Petersburg, just before the close of the war (where, by the way, he was wounded,) which attack was made by Gen. Gordon's command. "Tell us about that, General," said general Col. Bob, and the General proceeded to answer another demand on him for anecdotes. (All the dining party agreed that they could listen to him for a week.) "That attack," said the General, "was made in February, 1865, when we were in our last gasp and very desperate. Gen. Lee had sent for me in the night—after midnight—to come to his quarters. It was a bitter cold night, and I set out on a gallop to get out of the intense cold as soon as possible. Lee occupied a little brick house in the environs of Petersburg, and as I opened the door of his room, after he had answered my knock, I found him standing by an open fireplace, resting his head on his arm on a high-up mantle, and apparently in a deep and sad study over the situation.

"I have sent for you," said he, "to look over these reports from our various commands. I have spent the night on them and on these maps," pointing to a long table covered with papers, on which a light was burning. "You will see, he said, that they are very discouraging. The men have scarcely anything to eat. A single ration is made to supply six men, and the camps are full of sick and red soldiers. Our horses are also dying for food, and when we lose a horse we practically lose his rider, for we can make no further disposition of him." Of course I was more or less familiar with the situation in my own command, but did not know it was so bad in all the rest. So I said to Gen. Lee that of course the situation was very desperate, and that I supposed we would have to do something very soon. "Well," said he, fixing his eyes very intently on me, "what do you think we ought to do?" I replied, "One of three things, General, right away. Either to make the best terms we can get from Grant, or to retreat and try to unite with Gen. Johnston, or to fight." "And which would you advise?" said he. "I would first try a fight," I replied. He meditatively remarked, as if to try my earnestness in the matter (which was a habit he had), "So you would advise fighting?" "Yes," I said, as a choice of three evils. "He had been to Richmond and had laid the situation before Mr. Davis. I asked him what the President thought. "Oh," he remarked, "he is pertinaacious as to conveniences of holding out longer and longer, and the farther. And as for the men, rather large fees, they do not know nor care. There were several situations at all. So I went to the ground, lolly thing left for us is to do good work. Let you arrange for an

stack on Fort Stedman at once." "So I returned to my quarters and at once issued orders to that effect. We were to get ready to move inside the Federal fortified area the next night, and as soon as we could see in the morning we were to attempt to surprise Fort Stedman. Well, we found many difficulties in our way when the time came. There were the abatis that we had to cut through with our axes, who went ahead of the command to do this work. They succeeded in cutting an opening into the area, and through this we marched in the darkness as rapidly as possible. A good deal of delay occurred as day was breaking, and a part of the command became bewildered as to its exact whereabouts, so much so that it soon became apparent that we were in danger of being cut to pieces and retreat was inevitable. The retreat was disastrous. We lost two thousand men in getting out and we realized that Grant's position was practically impregnable. Thus ended, I may say, one of our alternative plans for bettering our position. As respects the others, it was the opinion of Mr. Davis that we could get as good terms when the worst came, or, in other words, after we had exhausted ourselves to the uttermost. Therefore, as you know, we finally proceeded with a further experiment in the way of retreat, with the consequences of which the world is familiar, and with all the details of which nobody can ever be familiar." [From the Wheeling Intelligencer.]

**The Fear of Death.**  
Familiarity with death is apt to alter one's earlier conceptions of it. Two ideas are very generally accepted, which experience shows to be false. One is that the dying usually fear death; and the other, that the act of dying is accompanied by pain. It is well known to all physicians that when death is near its terrors do not seem to be felt by the patient. Unless the imagination is stimulated by the frightful portrayal of the supposed "pangs of death," or of the sufferings which some believe the soul must endure after dissolution, it is rare indeed that the last days or hours of life are passed in dread. Oliver Wendell Holmes has recorded his protest against the custom of telling a person who does not actually ask to know, that he cannot recover. As that loving observer of mankind asserts, so must every one who knows whereof he speaks assert that people almost always come to understand that recovery is impossible; it is rarely needful to tell any one that this is the case.

When nature gives the warning, death appears to be as little feared as sleep. Most sick persons are very tired; sleep—long, quiet sleep—is what they want. I have never seen many people die. I have never seen one who seemed to fear death, except when it was, or seemed to be, rather far away. Even those who are constantly haunted, while strong and well, with a dread of the end of life, forget their fear when that end is at hand. As for the act of dying—the final passage from life to death—it is absolutely without evidence that the oft repeated assertions of its painfulness are made. Most people are unconscious for some hours before they die; and in the rare cases where consciousness is retained unimpaired until a few minutes before the end, the last sensation must be of perfect calm and rest. It is worse than cruel to add to the natural dread of death which oppresses the majority of us while in good health, the dread of dying. There is surely fear enough in this suffering world; let us not increase it by imaginary to real causes.—Dr. J. West Roosevelt, in Seaburn's Magazine for October.

**The Apple as Medicine.**  
Dr. G. R. Seales, of Brooklyn, N. Y., thus discourses on the apple as medicine: "The apple is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which a suggestion may summon up, but no harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples just before going to bed. The apple is an excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digestible shape than any other vegetable known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all. The apple agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculus growths, while it obviates indigestion and is one of the best preventatives known of diseases of the throat. Everybody should be familiar with such knowledge, and I hope you will help disseminate it. In addition, next to the orange and the lemon, it is the best antidote for the thirst and craving of the person addicted to the alcohol or the opium habit."

W. A. McGuire, a well known citizen of McKay, Ohio, is of the opinion that there is nothing as good for children troubled with colds or croup as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He has used it in his family for several years with the best results and always keeps a bottle of it in the house. After having a gripe he himself troubled with a severe cough. He used other remedies without benefit and then concluded to try the children's medicine and to his slight it soon effected a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by B. F. POSEY Druggist.

**Unwelcome Discoveries.**  
Modern science has made many a wonderful discovery, but unfortunately not all of its discoveries are welcome. It has revealed the beautiful processes of nature, but it has also revealed her destroying agencies. The more closely man has studied, the more complicated has he found conditions and the more dangers has he recognized. Where all is outwardly lovely, he has found inward harm. The microscope has disclosed minute horrors, none the less horrible because minute. The telescope, as it sweeps the heavens with its far-reaching eye, has foretold stupendous catastrophes. Much that is as a thought beneficial has been proved dangerous, and much that was thought harmless has been proved fatal. It has been demonstrated that hand in hand with benefits stalk injuries. Great good is always attended by satellites of little evils.

Years ago people lived in calm confidence that whatever is, is right. They had faith in all things. Today people have faith in nothing. They are like pilgrims walking through the valley of the shadow of death, feeling thick about them horrors they could not see. They have learned that the very air, once contaminated with ferocious microbes seeking whom they may devour. They imagine their insidious enemies perched on restaurant chairs, sitting atill on the passing coin, flying from shoulder to shoulder in the jostling crowd. They have learned that the water they drink swarms with life and carries germs of dread disease. They have learned that one article of food is bad for the nerves, another heats the blood, another is hard to digest and so on through all known menus. They have learned that imperfect sanitation and ventilation endanger health, and that proper conditions are, moreover, very rarely attained. Nor is it in everyday affairs alone that science has pointed out the dangers that await man. Through all the realm of human interests it has conjured up evils. Its warning cry runs the gamut of calamities from the danger of not exercising enough up to the danger of the race multiplying too fast for the earth to support it and the equally dramatic danger of the earth flying from its orbit and rushing into the warm embrace of the sun.

Sensitive souls are reduced to a state of abject terror when they think of the small chance man has of life, health and prosperity, in the face of these ogres of science. What shall they eat, wherewithal shall they be clothed, what can they in safety do, when in all things lurk death and disaster? They dare not indulge their pet weakness for coffee. They eschew their favorite dainties. They fear to come in contact with their fellows or to touch the railing, counter or car strap, touched alike by all sorts and conditions of men. They fear contagion in the doctor's office and blood poisoning from his knife. They fear a thousand things in daily life. Meanwhile they still live.

Certainly science has evolved much truth, and its warnings are worth the heeding. But the warnings of science, like all other advice, should be referred to a judicious committee on common sense. It should be remembered that doctors sometimes disagree, and the verdict of one authority, or a half dozen, is not necessarily the verdict of science. Moreover, a truth may be too sweepingly applied. Circumstances and individuals differ, and what will hold good in one case needs modification in another. It seems to the hardened and incredulous that if life be really so beset with dangers, it is passing strange that generation after generation should have lived and thrived in their midst, and this also without a knowledge of their existence. If our ancestors, knowing nothing of these wonderful discoveries of hidden evil, managed to avoid the pitfalls, why not we? Does mere knowledge of danger make one more susceptible to its effects? Where is the wisdom that should accompany increasing knowledge? Natural living and confidence in nature are the best safeguards against such evils. Common sense is the best of disinfectants, and work the best of remedies.—Minneapolis Times

**Facts About the Thornwell Orphanage.**

It began operation twenty years ago with a half dollar in the treasury. It is now supporting over one hundred and thirty orphans, annually, at a cost of one thousand dollars a month. The orphans are from the Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, Lutheran, Baptist and six other denominations; from every Southern State, and some Northern; from every profession and station in society. They are educated religiously and intellectually by the Institution; and in addition every boy and girl is qualified by learning some trade, to support themselves. Their support comes from the voluntary gifts of God's people. Provisions and clothing are given—such gifts make up the sum annually needed. Yes, help is needed now. On the 1st day of November, there was not one dollar in the treasury, and none expected save from the hand of the Almighty Father. The Orphanage is located at Clinton, South Carolina. The town has three railroads to carry in gifts of provisions. Rev. Wm. P. Jacobs, is its head, to whom gifts of money may be sent. This is the month for the thank offerings. Next month is for Christmas offerings; and the next for New Year's offerings. Which shall it be?

**THE BLIND TWADDLES.**  
AN OHIO FAMILY OF NINE, NONE OF WHOM COULD SEE.  
Their Remarkable Powers, Which Attracted the Attention of Scientific Men Seventy Years Ago—The Death of the Last One Brings Out the Story.  
"Blind Andrew Twaddle" remained seated in his pew after the benediction, and his friends and neighbors passed down the aisles. With a calm smile upon his aged face, his large eyes sightless no more now than they had been during the three score years and four of his life, and turned toward the rude pulpit, he sat quiet and still in death.

The "Blind Twaddles," as they were known in his neighborhood, was one of the most remarkable families of this state, and perhaps of the United States, and this was the last one left. Sixty or seventy years ago this family attracted almost universal attention from physicians and scientific men generally throughout the civilized world. The parents, who have long years ago gone over to the majority, had nothing out of the common to distinguish them from their neighbors. But there were born to them a large family of children, nine in all, and of these the first seven were born entirely blind and the last two had but partial eyesight. Scientific men were utterly at a loss to account for this phenomenon.

It is only nature, full-grown hogs that are strong enough to digest a ration composed mainly of corn, and even for them a mixed ration will be found more healthy. It is important that foods be used in proper combination. From lack of knowledge in reference to this question, many persons fail in feeding whose methods in other respects are good.—D. FLORENCE in N. Y. World.

**ILLINOIS.**

**Everything Points to a Complete Victory for the Republicans.**  
Chicago, November 7.—Everything points to a complete victory for the republican forces, a largely increased vote for the populist, with little hope for the democrats anywhere. It is now reasonably certain that the republican state ticket will be elected by a big majority.

**Michigan.**  
Detroit, Mich., November 7.—Careful compilations of reports received by both state committees indicates the election of John T. Rich, republican, for governor, over Fisher, democrat, by from 30,000 to 50,000. The whole republican state ticket is elected and a solid republican delegation to congress.

**Delaware.**

**Wilmington, Del., November 7.**—It looks like the republicans will carry Newcastle and Sussex counties and lose Kent county. This would give the republicans the governor, congressmen and United States senator.

**In Poor Health**  
means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

**Brown's Iron Bitters**  
If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—won't stain your teeth, and is so pleasant to take.

**It Cures**  
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two cents stamped envelope will send you Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

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**EVERYBODY INVITED.**  
WHEN YOU WANT FRESH GOODS GO TO JOHN T. ROSE'S. Fine Fruits and Candies. Fresh Vegetables always on hand. A fine line of Tobacco from five to fifty cents a plug. A nice bag of Smoking Tobacco for five cents, throw you in a pipe and give you a match. Call at my store and what you don't see ask for. Very Respectfully.

**JNO. T. ROSE.**  
IF YOU WANT AN ENGINE YOU WANT THE BEST, THEN BUY A TOZER.  
And you will have the best engine built. I manufacture three styles, PORTABLE, SEMI-PORTABLE AND STATIONARY. The TOZER has stood the test for years and never failed to give satisfaction. They use about 1/2 fuel and water of other makes. Steam is easily raised in from 20 to 30 minutes. Full line always in stock. Write for prices.

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BAGGING, TIES, ETC. BUY BEST MATERIAL TO YOUR ADVANTAGE FROM FLEMING CEMENT & BRICK COMPANY. HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL MASONS' SUPPLIES. 276 EAST BAY, Charleston, S. C. LIME, PLASTER, ROSENDALE, ENGLISH PORTLAND CEMENT, ALL SIZES TERRA COTTA PIPE, FIRE BRICK AND CLAY, HAIR, BRICK, TILES, ETC. MIXED LOTS. CAR LOAD LOTS. Agent for the Celebrated Rock Wall Plaster.

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NEXT DOOR BELOW FANT BROS. We have in stock a full line of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMES, LAMPS, LAMP CHIMNEYS, OILS, CIGARS AND TOBACCO, and such things usually found in a FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE. GIVE US A CALL. Drs. Munro and Goings have moved their office to our store and will be found there in the future. Sept. 21-28-41.

**Right Arm Paralyzed!**  
Saved from St. Vitus Dance. "Our daughter, Blanche, now fifteen years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. We feared St. Vitus dance, and tried the best physicians, with no benefit. She has taken three bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine and has gained 31 pounds. Her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid." MRS. E. R. BULLOCK, Brighton, N. Y.

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