

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1895.

VOLUME XXIX.--NO 29

OVERCOATS!

WE have just finished taking Stock, and we find we have too many overcoats on hand. If you intend buying one make a note of these prices:

\$10.00 OVERCOATS at \$7.50
9.00 OVERCOATS at 6.00
7.50 OVERCOATS at 5.00
5.00 OVERCOATS at 3.50

All New Goods and Long Cuts.

B. O. EVANS & CO.,
Clothing and Furnishers

GUNS,

AMMUNITION,

RIFLES, and

REVOLVERS

SACRIFICED!

OVERSTOCKED!

MUST UNLOAD!

NOW IS YOUR TIME.

Seize the opportunity quick.

SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO.,

Will sell you the

Best Coffee,

The Cheapest Flour,

Crockery, Decorated and Plain,

Dinner and Tea Sets,

All for less Money than you have been paying.

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO.

WHEN YOU ARE IN NEED OF

Plows, Plow Stocks,

Plow Handles, Dixie Plows,

Mule Shoes, Horse Shoes,

Nails, Iron of any kind,

Sole Leather, Harness Leather,

Whang Leather, Leather Collars,

Bridles, Collar Pads,

Well Chains, Trace Chains,

Plow Lines, Back Bands,

Hames, Ax s, Axe Handles,

Mattocks, Picks,

Ditching Shovels, Spades,

Well Buckets, Water Buckets,

Wooden Churns, Barbed Wire,

Smooth Wire,

Wash Pots, Ovens,

Or anything in the HARDWARE line, be sure to get our prices before you buy. Our stock is always complete, and our prices always the lowest.

Don't forget our Genuine Boy Dixie Plow, with Patent Adjustable Slide, is the best Plow sold, and our Galvanized Steel Back Band Buckle is just the thing you want—will not slip or rust. Call and see them.

Yours always truly,

BROCK BROS.,
43 Granite Row.

SHAKEM UP AND LETGO GROCERY!

WE beg to announce to our many patrons in Anderson and throughout the County that we have moved our place of business to the elegant and commodious saleroom—

IN HOTEL CHICOUILA BLOCK, NO. 5,
Formerly occupied by D. S. Maxwell & Son. We will be better prepared than ever to supply you with the BEST GROCERIES at the lowest price consistent with the quality of Goods given. We haven't disappointed you in the past, and hope to do even better for you in the future.

No compromise nor working at adulterated goods. Strictly pure food at popular prices. Come and see us. We are ready to make things lively.

Shakem up and letgo,

J. A. AUSTIN & CO.

BLUE STONE

— AT —

ORR & SLOAN'S, **BENSON HOUSE**
CORNER

SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Small Things of Life Cause the Most Anxiety.

Atlanta Constitution.

This is perhaps the gloomiest new year that ever dawned upon the American people in time of peace.

I started out New Year's Day to feel the pulse of the people and to find, if I could, the prime cause for so much gloom and despair. I failed to locate the trouble—there are as many different troubles as there are people in the world. It would take too long to tell of all I saw and heard, but after summing up the day's investigation, I am convinced that the small things of life cut the largest figures in making up the anxieties of the human family. Half of our troubles are hunted up; we brood the most over little things that could be remedied—whatever we do wish we had done something else; whatever we are wise we were something else.

I was talking to an old farmer friend about the wages of the mechanic as we went in on the electric line. Farmers believe that a man who can make \$2 a day ought to get rich. But they do not get rich, and when you pass among them you find them troubled about house rent, about coal and about provisions. They live in dread of the coming blizzard, they complain of the scarcity of work—they are all anxious, eternally anxious, and cross the bridge a thousand times before they get to it.

You may pass from the mechanics to the bankers and still find an anxious set. I heard a banker say that he would give half his wealth to be able to eat as a street laborer was eating from a tin bucket on the curbstone. The rich men tell me that they have to lay awake at night to keep what they have. They are eternally anxious about their money and troubled over the turn that politics may take. These troubled rich men deserve no sympathy, for I am sure they could get rid of laying awake at night about their money. I would take some of this trouble upon myself if they will say so—I think laying awake at night would do me good just at this writing.

But these anxious troubles are not confined to the town people alone, nor to any class or sex. I passed around among the people at our country church and bid them a happy new year. This drew them out, and not one did I find entirely free from anxiety. Even the preacher had his gloomy forebodings. Said he: "The weather is bound to be bad from now on. A late, gloomy spring is bound to follow the pretty weather we had up to Christmas."

These old circuit riders live in horror of high water and cold waves. The brothers and sisters of the congregation will shake their heads and groan as you greet them each with a "happy new year." This old sister is troubled because her meat was killed on the wrong time of the moon—she has plenty of meat for a year but she is fearful it won't season as it would have done had it been killed on the right time of the moon. Another sister has not killed her hog yet and she is fearful that the weather is going to be mighty severe when she goes to make up her sausage and dry up her lard—she does hate to work with meat in very bad weather. The old brothers have their little speeches stereotyped and are just itching for you to give them your happy greeting. One does not look for any wheat to be made, and he thinks fall oats will be ruined and that it will rain so no spring oats can be sown. Another is anxious in fear that his spring lambs will have a tough time. All of them have given their folks orders to economize, for "it's going to be hard, hard times."

This is about a fair sample of the way a big majority of countrymen meet their happy new year greeting. The forget that they are blessed in having hogs to kill and lambs to care for, and wheat green in the field, and corn in their cribs. The most of us hunt up trouble before it hunts us. A heap of it is just a habit. Farmers did seem to have the fates against them for a long time, but they are not so bad off now as compared to town people. It is my notion that of all classes the farmer should be the most cheerful in these depressed times. I have always claimed that the grumbling among the old folks was what give the young people such a distaste for country life, and made them flock to the towns. They grew up amidst such a grumbling that it was natural for them to look upon farming as uncertain, unprofitable, almost degrading, and so they flew to the towns and to ill they dreamed not of. One thing that we should all feel cheerful over is the fact that this rushing to town of the young men has about ceased. The turn is the other way now and will soon regulate matters and get the times balanced again. I live in the faith that a great providence watches over the world and so guides matters and things as to bring us back to a proper balance when we have run wild and off the track.

One old plasterer of Atlanta used 15,000 yards of sand last year, as hard as the times were. This same plasterer has gone to work with the new year and is confident of doing a larger business. When I watch this sand moving into the city it puts me to studying about this balancing power. The sand wagons were in and out upon every road—like ants at work, they go and come. The teamsters know how to wind with every hill and find the flats of sand and gravel, washed and purified by the rains and by the thumps and tumbles on its way

down from the hills. For years upon years these grains of sand have been moving down from the hills about Atlanta. Every rain that has fallen for a thousand years has been beating it and tumbling it to get it clean and collected in low places. Down, down, down, till at the bottom it is buried left to rest by the elements, buried, as it were, grain by grain. How long these places no one can say, but it is little thought, I think, that it would find its way back to the hills from where it was driven, but so it is—made clean and white by the buffets of nature, its sparkle has caught the eye of the sand hauler and it is lifted from its low place in the valley and carried back up. Time and again this sand may go down and be returned. Now a thing of beauty on frescoed wall, now a winding walk in flowery beds, but at last and all the time, its sweetest rest is found in lowest places.

Perhaps we poor people who grumble so much are not so much worse off than the millionaires. It may be that the sweetest rest is in the lowest places. Anyway, I feel sure that conditions are very changeable. I could go back through my life and count family after family whose fortunes have changed—prestiges lost and gained. Here a poverty-stricken set. The poor of one generation are the rich of the next. This seems to be the natural thing since I begin to study about it. Wealth begets extravagance and often arrogance. Poor folks, from necessity, must study and practice economy, and to the humble, the industrious and economical, there must gather wealth. Brown's grandchildren may laugh at the Vanderbilts for their poverty-stricken condition some day. So, with all the hard times, it may be for the best, and, with all our discontent, it may be the nearest road to prosperity and cheerfulness—I hope so.

But there is no use in talking about the world ever being satisfied. If our own conditions are such, if we are doing the very best we can and satisfied with it, there will be some one else whose condition makes us anxious. I find this to be a sort of "curse" of the times. Each one of us have our standard of life and we are very anxious for other folks to adopt our standard—we are troubled if they do not. Sometimes, it may be, that this well meant anxiety is turned to a good purpose, but sometimes it carries discontent where it is never known before.

The snow and blizzard of last week was mighty trying to a great many people. Many there were who had an excuse to grumble at their fates, and had it not been for the goodness of heart of those who have been blessed with wealth there would have been widespread distress. Atlanta and around Atlanta is well blessed with good people who are ready to help the needy in such times, and we all should thank the Lord for it, but there are thousands that should not be in the poor condition that calls for this charity. Able-bodied men feel the sting and curse the times. Work and good wages would please these much better, but they would be ingrates to grumble at such acts of charity as save them from dire distress.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

Wouldn't Find Any.

A few weeks ago, a jockey, a native of Erin's Isle, was called as a witness in a trial, and the opposing counsel was doing all he could to invalidate his testimony.

"What are you?" he began, in a bullying tone.

"Sure, I'm a jockey, same as my father was before me," was the reply.

"Ah!" said the lawyer, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and preparing to enjoy himself hugely with this witness, "and I suppose your father did a little cheating in his time, like the rest of the fraternity?"

"Truth, and I s'pose he did, now and then," was the reply.

"And where do you suppose he is now?"

"In heaven, I hope—rest his soul!"

"And what should such fellows as jockeys do there, I should like to know?" inquired the lawyer, in a voice of thunder.

Paddy scratched his head. Then, with a sly grin, he replied:

"Train horses for the angels, perhaps."

"And cheat them as they did their fellow mortals?"

"Maybe so," replied the jockey, still unabashed.

"Ah! they would be prosecuted then!" exclaimed the lawyer, triumphantly.

"Sorra a bit," answered the witness.

"And why?"

"Because they might search heaven over and over again, and a devil a lawyer would they find there!"

A shout of laughter hailed this retort, which the court could not suppress.

"You can step down, fellow," said the lawyer, growing as red as a penny; and it was noticed that during the remainder of the case that his cross-examination was scarcely so keen as usual.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Dr. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O., We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

West & Texas, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O.; Welling, Kansas & Marlin, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

The World's Debt to Astronomy.

Astronomy is more intimately than any other science with the history of mankind. While chemistry, physics, and we might say all sciences which pertain to things on the earth, are comparatively modern, we find that contemplative men engaged in the study of the celestial motions even before the commencement of authentic history. The earliest navigators of whom we know must have been aware that the earth was round. This fact was certainly understood by the Ancient Greeks and Egyptians as well as it is at the present day. True, they did not know that the earth revolved on its axis, but thought that the heavens, and all that in them is, performed a daily revolution around our globe, which was, therefore, the center of the universe. It was the cynosure, or constellation of the Little Bear, by which the sailors used to guide their ships before the discovery of the mariner's compass. Thus we see both a practical and contemplative side to astronomy through all history. The world owes two debts to that science; one for its practical uses and the other for the ideas it has afforded us of the immensity of creation.

The practical uses of astronomy are of two kinds: One relates to geography; the other to time, seasons, and chronology. Every navigator who sails long out of sight of land must be something of an astronomer. His compass tells him where are east, west, north, and south, but it gives him no information as to where on the wide ocean he may be, or whether the currents may be carrying him. Even with the swiftest modern steamers it is not safe to trust to the compass in crossing the Atlantic. Not only the navigator, but the surveyor in the Western wilds must depend on astronomical observations to learn his exact position on the earth's surface, or the latitude and longitude of the camp which he occupies. He is able to do this because the earth is round, and the direction of the plumb line is not exactly the same at any two places. It is true that a considerable distance on the earth's surface will seem very small in its effect on the position of a star. Suppose there were two stars in the heavens, the one in the zenith of the place where you now stand and the other in the zenith of a place a mile away. To the best eye unaided by a telescope those two stars would look like a single one. But let the two places be five miles apart, and the eye could see that there were two of them. A good telescope could distinguish between two stars corresponding to places not more than a hundred feet apart. The most exact measurements can determine distances ranging from thirty to sixty feet. If a skillful astronomical observer should mount a telescope on your premises, and determine his latitude by observations on two or three evenings, and then you should try to trick him by taking up the instrument and putting it at another point one hundred feet north or south, he would find out that something was wrong by a single night's work.

We cannot measure across oceans from island to island. Up to the present time we have not even measured across the continent, from New York to San Francisco, in the most precise way. Without astronomy we should know nothing of the distance between New York and Liverpool, except by the time which it took steamers to run it—a measure which would be very uncertain indeed. But by the aid of astronomical observations and the Atlantic cables the distance is found within a few hundred yards. Without astronomy we could scarcely make an accurate map of the United States, except at enormous labor and expense, and even then we could not be sure of its correctness. But the practical astronomer being able to determine his latitude and longitude within fifty yards, the positions of the principal points in all great cities of the country are known, and can be laid down on maps. The world has always had to depend on astronomy for all its knowledge concerning times and seasons. The changes of the moon gave us the first month, and the year completes its round as the earth travels in its orbit. The results of astronomical observation are for us condensed into almanacs, which are now in such universal use that we never think of their astronomical origin. At some of the principal observatories of the country astronomical observations are made on every clear night for the express purpose of regulating an astronomical clock with the greatest exactness. Every day at noon a signal is sent to various parts of the country by telegraph, so that all operators and railway men who hear that signal can set their clock on noon within two or three seconds. People who live near railway stations can thus get their time from it, and so exact time is diffused into every household of the land which is at all near a railway station, without the trouble of watching the sun. Thus increased exactness is given to the time on all our railroads, increased safety is obtained, and great loss of time saved to every one.—Prof. Simon Newcomb, in the *Chautauquan*.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Hill Bros.

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY, is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by Wilhite & Wilhite, druggists.

A Negro Colony.

With a contract in his pocket calling for 5,000 negro colonists for Mexico, "Peg" Williams turned up in town yesterday, smiling. He was fresh from Mexico and is now ready, so he announces, to solve the race problem by sending all the negroes to a colony in Mexico.

The company upon whose property the emigrants will be colonized and who will furnish the necessary funds to carry that number of negroes from Georgia and Alabama to Mexico, is the Mexican Coffee and Cotton Colonization Company, whose general offices are located in Boston, Mass., with branches at New York, the City of Mexico, Santa Fe, N. M., and Atlanta, according to their letterhead.

The company was organized in 1894 and claims to have a capital stock of \$1,000,000 and owning 2,500,000 acres of agricultural, ranching and mineral lands, situated in Coahuila county, Mexico—a distance of 445 miles south from Eagle Pass, Tex., and, as stated, on the Mexican Central railroad.

W. H. Ellis, of San Antonio, Tex., is the director general of the company, and it was through him that the contract, signed by "Peg" Williams, to furnish them 5,000 negroes during this winter and spring, was made. The inducements offered by the company to secure that number of negro laborers are embodied in a contract to be signed both by the agent of the company and the person accepting its conditions, which are, in substance, a lease of the laborer to the company for a period of five years.

In consideration of that lease or contract being signed the emigrants are offered a long list of inducements, as set forth in a flaming circular, an advance copy of which was seen yesterday. It will be distributed broadly over Georgia and Alabama by the exodus agent, "Peg" Williams. The first consideration of that contract or lease is that the company agrees to furnish the emigrant sixty acres of land, situated in the State of Durango, Mexico, forty acres of which land is to be planted in cotton and fifteen acres in corn, all of which is to be worked in a skillful manner by the emigrant.

Within sixty days after their arrival the company guarantees to furnish emigrants comfortable quarters and rations, such as bread, meat, beans, coffee and sugar, in such quantities as may be deemed necessary for their subsistence by the company. The same section of the contract states that medicines will be furnished in case of sickness and closes with the stipulation that all of which is to be paid back to the company when the first crop is gathered.

Free transportation will be furnished to all persons over twelve and not over fifty years of age from their homes in Georgia and Alabama to the colony and the colonist is to receive one-half of all cotton, corn or other product raised by himself or family.

The negroes are required to pay back all money advanced for transportation or other purposes within one and two years, and in security for a faithful discharge of that agreement he is to give a lien on all the crops raised by him, his baggage and effects, and the period of the lease is for five years, beginning in January, 1895.

That is the scheme of emigration and colonization undertaken by "Peg" Williams, and it is given for what it is worth.

Mr. Williams returned from Texas yesterday and went at once to work arranging for the great exodus, which is to begin on January 15th, he contracting to start 300 of the darkies on that date.

"Peg" Williams claims to have solved the race question by his emigration scheme and announces that he will rid the South of her surplus colored population.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Physical Effect of Fear.

A man connected with a traveling menagerie was sleeping on some blankets on the door of a tent, when something crawling over his breast aroused him. Springing up he threw off the creature, which proved to be a huge rattlesnake. As he struck it he felt the prick of its fangs in his arm, and, with a howl of pain and terror, bounded from the tent and shouted for help, whisky, a doctor or some medicine. There chanced to be nothing available within reach, and his fellows stood around with scared faces waiting for him to die, which he appeared likely to do in a very short time. The arm began to swell and the poor victim was soon gasping for breath and groaning with almost intolerable pain.

At last, just as the breath seemed about to leave his body, some one among the wagons shouted that one of the pet snakes had escaped. It was an enormous rattler, but harmless, as the fangs had been removed. The reptile was found dead under one side of the tent, where the man had flung it. The bite proved to be the prick of a sharp tack in the canvas of the tent. In an hour the man was as well as ever save for weakness caused by the nervous excitement.

It was the opinion of all who witnessed the incident that but for the timely disabuse of the man's mind he would have been dead within a few minutes, the victim of nervous dread and terror.—*New York Ledger*.

CLARON CORNWELL, foreman of the Gazette, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy, I can recommend to any. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Hill Bros.

To Make Good Bacon.

Having frequently been asked how to cure good, sweet bacon, and the time being now close at hand to begin this nice, particular work, I herewith give my own plan which I have practiced for 40 years or more with success.

In the first place, to make good bacon, hogs must be fat, and the younger they are the better the bacon for whites to eat, if they have sufficient size. I should prefer not to have any hogs for bacon over one year old. They should at that age be easily made to weigh 150 to 250 pounds each.

After being nicely butchered and cleaned, and cold enough to cut out smoothly, cut up as desired. Hams and shoulders I prefer to have closely cut; that is, leave as much to the sides as possible. Hams especially should be closely trimmed. Salt well and pack on a platform built for the purpose, with slope sufficient to pass the drippings or brine from the meat; use about a teaspoonful of saltpetre on each joint and pack closely on the platform. After having lain in salt not more than eight days—if the weather is favorable, and not too cold, five or six days is better—take it up and re-salt as at first, except don't use any more saltpetre, and re-pack as before.

Here is where a good many fail in making good bacon, by not re-salting and at the proper time. The salt between the meat at the thick parts will readily dissolve and the pieces will come together, and if allowed to remain so, will more or less sour, and the meat is never good and sweet afterwards. By re-salting as above described this is avoided and the meat is kept sweet and palatable.

After having lain in the salt four or five weeks the meat should be taken up and washed clean and well wiped, and if it is desired to keep sweet and perfect, put it in sacks made for the purpose, of ordinary cotton goods, tying the mouth of the sack firmly with a good, strong string, which should be used for hanging it up. Have a large kettle with ashes and water heated to about a boiling point, sufficient to immerse each piece, holding it firmly by the string with which it is tied.

This immersion is to destroy any eggs of insects that may have been deposited upon it, and also fills the openings in the cloth with ashes so as to prevent any further deprecation upon it by flies or other insects.

After this the meat should be hung up to dry with plenty of fresh air. I prefer hams and shoulders hung with the hocks down. The drippings will thus be absorbed by the hocks. A sweet, juicy hock is good enough for the most fastidious.

If your house is a close one, bore auger holes in the gable ends of roof so as to admit plenty of air.

I knew a gentleman, a railroad president, who hung his meat high up in a warehouse in the town where he lived to dry, and it kept perfectly without any further care or attention.

Meat prepared as above will keep sweet and perfect indefinitely and will not become rancid, not even on the outside, fatty parts. I have hams put up as above last winter that are perfect.—*From Advance Sheets of the Bulletin of the Department of Agriculture.*

Hard Times Come Again no More.

There is not half the terror in five cents cotton that most persons imagine. In Montana it is \$10 horses. In Illinois it is 50 cents wheat. It may be 50 cents corn, but it is because they have none. South Carolina is today better off than any other State in the Union, even if our staple crop is selling at half price. We are free from debt, we have more of the necessities of life at home, and we know nothing of the thousand and one vicissitudes which beset our neighbors.

For \$3.50 a man in Spartanburg can buy a barrel of flour, which is a soldier's ration for six months and six days. It takes less cotton to buy it than it did in the good old times you talk about so much.

Away with the idea that this country is going to the bad! The farmer reads the papers and he sees day after day about hard times. He hears nothing from his neighbors but "5-cent cotton." He comes to town, sells his cotton and puts his money in his pocket. He is afraid to buy even the things he actually needs, for he imagines that when these few dollars are gone he will never have any more.

The result has been that enterprises are crippled. Men of means are afraid to lend their money; they are afraid to invest it; they are simply holding it. Go to any town in South Carolina and talk with the money lenders. They will tell you there is no demand for money. Look for the men who have made colossal fortunes in the past by the lien business, and you will find them seeking other avenues. Go to the home of the farmer and you will find a larger proportion than ever before can produce the ready cash to pay for what they buy. All this means that the hard times we hear so much discussed exist chiefly in our minds.—*Spartanburg Herald*.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey, Clarion Co., Pa., say: "We have cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they were now recovered with the rest of us." 25 cent bottles for sale by Hill Bros.

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Ought to be Thankful.

Even a good story is improved by being well told, and General Heath, of Confederate fame, not only possesses a fund of interesting incidents, says the N. Y. Tribune, but can relate them between cigarette puffs in a way that makes him the most entertaining of companions.

He represents the United States government on the Antietam board, and when the commissioners from any State are ready to go to the battlefield to locate the position of the regiments from their State, it is his duty to go with them.

"One night after the war," said he, as he tilted his chair back against the wall, in the little hotel at Sharpsburg, after a day passed in walking over the battlefield, "I attended a little party of those I had known at West Point. Burnside was there, with whom I had roomed at school; and so was Sherman, next whom I sat during the evening. Sherman and I fought our battles over again, but at one point, something I said made him break out with, 'But you damned rebels did so and so.' 'Damned rebels,' said I. 'If there are any two persons on God's earth who ought to get down on their knees three times every day and thank the Lord that there were any 'damned rebels,' you and Grant are the ones! If it hadn't been for us 'damned rebels,' you would still be teaching school, and Grant would be tanning leather.'"

"And what did Sherman say to that?" was asked.

"He slapped me on the back, and said, with a hearty laugh, 'That is so.'"

The General lighted a fresh cigarette, and continued.

"I met Grant a few days after that, and in the course of our talking, he said to me, 'Do you remember the time, years ago, when I came very near breaking your neck?'"

"I replied, 'I suppose you refer to the time when you took me out riding, in '52, to show me your fast horse, and an accident threw us both out, and you fell on your head and shoulders?'"

"That was the time," said Grant. "Do you know what I have thought of it since?" I asked him.

"No."

"Well, I have wished a 100 times, since, that you had broken your neck."

"That accident," added General Heath, "illustrated General Grant's character. He was considerably hurt, but he insisted on completing the trip, and we went out a few miles and visited two or three classmates we had known at West Point. In referring to this in 1863, Grant added, 'Do you remember when we got out there, those fellows didn't offer us anything to drink?'"

The conversation finally drifted on to the subject of Gettysburg.

"I suppose," said General Heath, "that I was responsible for that battle being fought at that point. I was at Easttown with my division, when I learned that there was a lot of shoes at Gettysburg. I directed one of my Colonels to take his regiment and go there and get them. He went part of the way, and then came back and reported that he had heard drums beating near the village, and was sure that