

KILPATRICK ALMOST CAUGHT.

How he Escaped En Dishabille.

From the Charleston Sunday News.

It has occurred to me that an account of this engagement would be especially appropriate, as quite a number of troops from Georgia participated in the attack, and I do not remember to have seen an account of it outside of the official reports.

Our cavalry consisted of Wheeler's and my own division, under the command of Gen. Wade Hampton. On the 10th of March our column, on the march, was in about one day's march of Fayetteville, N. C. My old brigade, at that time commanded by Gen. E. M. Law, of this State, was in front, Young's brigade, commanded by Col. J. G. Wright, next, with Wheeler following.

Humphreys's squadron, of the 6th South Carolina cavalry, Law's brigade, constituted the advance guard. By the rule usually observed on such occasions, Young's (Wright's) brigade would have taken the lead the next day. You are no doubt aware that while marching in the neighborhood of the enemy, advance and rear guards are thrown out well to the front and rear, with active, vigilant scouts and videttes operating on the flanks, front and rear. It rained in torrents the whole day of the 10th of March. Sherman's army was to the south and east of our line of march, Kilpatrick's cavalry covering his left flank. About nightfall Humphreys halted his squadron at the intersection of a road leading from the south.

On inquiring of Capt. Humphreys the cause of his halt, he informed me that the road he had intersected had recently been travelled by a heavy column of mounted troops. On examination I found this to be true, and concluded we had run into Kilpatrick's track. While we were discussing the situation I discovered a detachment of cavalry following in the wake of Kilpatrick's march, and rode out into the forks of the road about forty yards and halted with the usual challenge, "Who comes there?" It was then getting too dark to distinguish between friend and foe. The answer came, "5th Kentucky." Knowing this to be one of Kilpatrick's regiments, I directed the commander of the detachment, who turned out to be a lieutenant, to ride up, as I wanted to talk with him. Evidently not knowing who we were, he advanced with his orderly and when I had led him into the ranks of Humphreys's squadron it was the work of a few moments to disarm and place him in arrest.

This done, I whispered to Humphreys to send out a squad and take in the detachment of the 5th Kentucky. He promptly surrounded them and made them prisoners, twenty-eight in number, without firing a gun. You will pardon what appears to be minor, unimportant details, but they have an important bearing upon what followed.

As soon as Gen. Hampton had been apprised of what had occurred, after consultation between himself, Gen. Wheeler and myself, it was decided to attack Kilpatrick the next morning at daylight. In order to do so more advantageously, the whole column moved forward from where we captured the detachment, in columns of fours, cautiously and quietly, about four miles, where we halted and dismounted on the roadside without unsaddling and without fires. The night was dark with a cold, drizzling rain. I can never forget that night as we lay without shelter or food for man or horse, each man with his bridle on his arm.

I threw out some distance in our front, on each side of the road, a line of dismounted skirmishers. They had scarcely deployed when one of Kilpatrick's lieutenants walked or rode into the line. He was brought to my headquarters, a pine log on the roadside, and on being interrogated as to why he was there at that time of the night, he replied that he had been sent back to look for a broken down wagon, and had walked unawares into the picket lines. He was not inclined to be communicative, but I learned enough to enable me to locate Kilpatrick's camp pretty accurately. On the strength of this information we reconnoitred his camp about midnight, riding up almost to his camp fires. Not a picket was posted, nor other precaution taken as far as we could discover, to protect his camp against surprise. My conclusion at the time was, (which was confirmed by Gen. Kilpatrick in a conversation I had with him since the war,) that the detachment of the 5th Kentucky was expected to perform that duty, and instead they had been made prisoners of war without firing a shot and without his knowledge. So you see the important bearing of their capture. Kilpatrick had moved around the head of the swamp, and bivouacked with the swamp behind him, and the order of the attack was arranged as follows:

My division, Wright's brigade now being in front, was to be closed up in column of regiments before daylight, so as to enable Wheeler, stretched back the full length of his large divis-

ion in columns of fours, to close up. I was to follow up the line of march taken up by Kilpatrick, move around the head of the swamp, and enter his camp from the left. Wheeler was to turn to the right from about the point where the head of my column was located, and move to the right through the open pine woods and come from the rear, as nearly simultaneously with my attack as possible. Accordingly, when I learned that Wheeler had turned off to the right, I moved forward up the road.

Meanwhile I had directed Col. Wright to select a squadron, whose commander he could vouch for, and order him to report for instruction. My recollection is that he selected Capt. Bostick, of the Cobb Legion (and if I am in error in this I trust that some survivor of that splendid, gallant regiment will correct me.)

My instructions were that the leading squadron should rush into the camp, surround the house where Kilpatrick made his headquarters and remain there, if possible, until we could occupy the camp, and make Kilpatrick a prisoner. I further instructed Col. Wright to follow up the leadingsquadron by throwing a regiment at a time into the camp; that I would have Law's brigade so posted as to go to the rescue at the proper time.

Wright moved promptly, followed by Law in a trot; just before the dawn of day he charged pell-mell into the camp, and as I turned the head of the swamp at the head of Law's brigade, we were greeted with a scene of the wildest confusion. A squad of about 130 Confederates came rushing frantically towards us, and at first we supposed or feared that Wright had been repulsed, and yet could not understand how that could be, as his regiment had left us not more than two minutes. Our minds were soon relieved on that score, as the Confederates turned out to be prisoners who tore away from their guards when Wright rushed in, and were making good their escape. The poor fellows reported they were half starved on the march with Kilpatrick, and naturally rejoiced in their deliverance. Our men aroused the sleeping Federals and captured four hundred and seventy-five.

At this point, let me relate what Gen. Kilpatrick said of this event in a conversation with me after the war. I told him we had ridden up to his camp fires the night before, without being challenged by his picket or even a camp guard, and expressed surprise that he had not taken this natural precaution; that he paid a very poor compliment to our vigilance and enterprise, which I thought was scarcely justified by past experience. His explanation was that Col. Spencer, who was afterward with me in the Senate from Alabama, commanded the rear brigade of his column, and that it was his duty to post the pickets and guards. Spencer, on the other hand, denied this, and fixed the responsibility on Kilpatrick. Of course, I could not settle that controversy and left it where I found it.

Gen. Kilpatrick further said that he walked out about daylight that morning, as was his custom, to look after his horses. He heard our yell as we broke into his camp, and said to himself, My God, here is a Major General's commission, earned after four years' hard fighting, gone up in a surprise; that about that time a man rushed up to him and said: "Where is Gen. Kilpatrick?" and that he replied, "There he goes on that black horse," (as one of his men was escaping upon a black horse;) that he, Kilpatrick, mounted in dishabille and escaped. The Confederate who accosted him left him and pursued the man on the black horse, and thus by a ruse "he saved his bacon."

I have never ascertained who this man was, but my theory is that in his anxiety to take Kilpatrick prisoner he was naturally misled and dropped the substance to pursue the shadow "on a black horse." Be that as it may, Wright's brigade charged clear through the camp, and when I reached Kilpatrick's headquarters, in front of which were packed his artillery, wagons and ambulances, Wright had rushed through like a whirlwind. Anticipating that there would be more or less confusion after the first onset, I had left Law's brigade near the entrance of the camp, to be ordered in to reap the fruits of Wright's charge. To my dismay and disappointment I learned that Law had been ordered away from where I had left him, and there I was, in the midst of a hostile camp with no support but my staff and couriers. I had possession of Kilpatrick's headquarters and trains, awaiting Wheeler's and Law's arrival. Wright's command was, of course, scattered after his impetuous charge.

Gen. Wheeler joined me in a short time, and on my inquiring for his command, he replied that he had encountered an impassable bog, and had to send it around by the route I had

taken. Meanwhile Kilpatrick's dismounted men, numbering about 1,500 men, as we were informed, rallied somewhat from the panic, and opened a destructive fire from behind pine trees with their rapid-fire carbines, and drove us out. I succeeded in rallying a part of the Cobb Legion, and with gallant Lieut. Col. King at their head, charged Kilpatrick's men, who had reached their artillery. We lost sixty-two men in five minutes, among the number the lamented Col. King, who fell gallantly leading almost a forlorn hope.

Kilpatrick reached Sherman's infantry in time to bring up a division to his rescue, and we had to withdraw. But for the untoward obstruction of an impassable swamp to Gen. Wheeler's march, which could not have been foreseen in the darkness of the night, and the removal of Law's brigade, we should have reaped the full fruit of our successful surprise, and taken in Kilpatrick's entire camp, and possibly have made him a prisoner. We moved on and camped that night within four miles of Fayetteville, N. C. In his official report Gen. Kilpatrick says he lost 130 prisoners. In this he is certainly mistaken. My provost guard the next day had 475 prisoners, all taken from his camp. I have never learned whether Gen. Wheeler's guard had any prisoners; and, therefore, cannot speak as to that, but have a very distinct recollection as to those in my charge.

There were a number of incidents attending this event, some amusing, some tragic. Among the latter I will mention two, if I may be pardoned for their personal character.

My brother captain, James Butler, who was on a visit from the Trans-Mississippi department, and acting temporarily on my staff, rode up and asked if I had not better have the wheels of Kilpatrick's wagons cut down so as to disable them. So confident was I that we had the camp, I replied that I intended to carry them off. This was while I was awaiting for the other troops to come to Wright's assistance. A little later, perhaps five minutes, I observed a mounted Federal approaching us in a hostile attitude, showing fight. About the same time I noticed a Confederate riding forward (with his back to me) meeting him. In the dim light of the early morning I could not recognize the Confederate, but supposed it to be a member of Wright's brigade. Assured that the two horses were about equal, I looked on what would soon culminate in a mounted duel with comparative complacency. They got within ten feet of each other, not more than thirty or forty steps away from where I was, when the Yankee fired first, followed almost simultaneously with one from the Confederate. The Yankee fired a second, the Confederate a second, which I saw took effect in his antagonist. The Yankee, however, managed to deliver a third shot, and when the Confederate fired his third the Yankee tumbled from his horse mortally wounded.

I did not give the matter much further consideration, occupied as I was, but on the march that day Mr. Ben Rhett, one of the staff of couriers at my headquarters, asked me if I had witnessed the duel that morning between my brother and the Yankee officer in Kilpatrick's camp. For the first time I learned the Confederate was my brother engaged in the duel about a-braze, in a few steps of me. Rhett told me he was not more than twenty feet from them, and that it was the gamest, pluckiest fight on both sides he had ever witnessed; that after the first fire the Yankee got "rattled," while my brother never lost his nerve or self-possession. Perhaps I ought not, in this form at least, to indulge in the narrative of incidents so nearly personal, but at the risk of the imputation of doubtful taste, I will mention one other.

My youngest brother Nat, a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of 19, was my aide-de-camp. I had sent him with a message, and on his return just after the incident above related he held up his right arm and said, "I am wounded." I saw the blood trickling down his coat sleeve, and that he was severely wounded. I asked him why he had not gone to the rear. He replied, "I cannot go to the rear without your permission." Of course he was then ordered to the rear, out of range of the enemy's guns. His arm was amputated fifteen days afterwards, and he never entirely recovered from the effects of it. Both he and his elder brother, James, participants with their Confederate comrades in that exciting episode of the war, have long since crossed over to the other side, and rest, I trust, in peace, with that grand army of Southern heroes who did so much to illustrate the splendid valor of the American soldier and illumined with such immortal lustre the pages of American history.

Very truly yours,  
M. C. BUTLER.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood-purifiers, and directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

Responsibility of Wealth.

The late George M. Pullman in his will cuts off two of his sons with an annuity of \$3,000 each. In explanation Mr. Pullman says that he was induced to do this because he had been forced to the conclusion that these two sons were incapable of handling property wisely. He had observed that they would not attend to business, and their long-kept habits had convinced him that a large amount of money in their hands would be a curse rather than a blessing to them.

Mr. Pullman had often warned his wayward sons that they had forfeited his confidence and could win it back only by mending their ways. They appear to have gone on from bad to worse and now suffer not only the loss of their proportionate share of an immense estate, but the humiliation of being advertised as trifling and unworthy sons.

Mr. Pullman is not to be censured for his treatment of these sons. He believed that to give them a million dollars each would only confer upon them the power to ruin themselves even more completely and to do harm to others.

Mr. Pullman made his start in life by hard work. He knew the value of money and used money wisely for his own interests and for the benefit of others. He could not, therefore, fail to feel a contempt for men, even though they were his own sons, who saw in money nothing but the means of gratifying their low appetites and vulgar tastes.

It is clearly indicated in Mr. Pullman's will that he had patiently endeavored to bring his scapegrace sons to more proper views of life and more decent conduct. Failing in this earnest and affectionate effort, he declined to hasten their complete ruin by giving them an abundance of money. What right-minded man can blame him?

We have had in this country many illustrations of the dangers which wealthy parentage throws about youth. Too often the sons of a rich man make the fatal mistake of believing that he "has the world in a sling." He considers himself better than most other young men, not because he is their superior morally or intellectually, but because he lives in style, has plenty of money and the prospect of a fortune.

These are about the most worthless and most contemptible creatures who pass for men. It must be the gall of bitterness to a man of strong character and noble impulses, who, after a hard fight, has whipped the world and accumulated a fortune, to see his sons who could start life with every advantage, degenerate into utterly worthless duds.

Many a self-made man has doubtless regretted bitterly that he had amassed money when he realizes that it has been the cause of the ruin of his sons. Henry Ward Beecher said that one of the surest ways to make a worthless and wretched man was to supply him in his youth with all the money he asked for, to let him grow up to believe that money was made only to spend, and that the best way to spend it is in the purchase of whatever he wants and the gratification of his every whim and passion.—Atlanta Journal.

**Lessons of Life.**  
The fruit of success does not grow on the tree of idleness. It is not wise to neglect present opportunities in the hope of meeting greater ones. The man who has resisted temptation is safer than one who has yet to meet the tempter.

Listen to the advice of the man who has failed and follow that of him who has succeeded. There is but little that man may not accomplish, but do not seek that which is unattainable.

No man ever climbed a ladder at a bound. Each round represents a step in the progress of achievement.

Battles are won only by fighting, and the more earnest the fight with might and mind, fully engaged, the greater will be the victory.

The farmer never lived who could reap a crop without sowing seed, and the crop he reaps shows the kind of seed he used and how he sowed it.

An imitator may read a measure of success, but it will only serve to show how much greater he might have become had he been original.

The simplest thoughts reach and touch the hearts of men. From the duldest pigments artists have painted their most brilliant masterpieces. The meanest materials are used in the construction of great edifices. Therefore, do not scorn humble objects.—Philadelphia Press.

—A Tennessee lady, Mrs. J. W. Towle, of Philadelphia, Tenn., has been using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for her baby, who is subject to croup, and says of it: "I find it just as good as you claim it to be. Since I've had your Cough Remedy, baby has been threatened with croup ever so many times, but I would give him a dose of the Remedy and it prevented his having it every time." Hundreds of mothers say the same. Sold by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

A Drunkard's Change.

The following "news item," published by the New York Sun, is by itself a pretty good temperance lecture. We copy it verbatim:

A carriage containing four well-dressed men in four stages of intoxication stopped in Union street, near Seventh avenue, Brooklyn, at about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. On the curb stood a wheelman bargaining with a peddler for fruit. He bought ten cents' worth of bananas, and offered in payment a two-dollar bill, which the peddler could not change. The wheelman asked the men in the carriage if they could change it. The least responsible one of the four at once drew a handful of paper money from his pocket, handed two one-hundred dollar bills to the wheelman, stuffed the two-dollar bill into his pocket with the rest of his money, and called to the driver to go ahead.

In a moment the carriage was rolling down the street. The wheelman stood gazing in frozen wonder at the two hundred dollars in his hand. Then he fumbled the bills as if to restore his mind to working order, jumped on his wheel, and spun after the carriage.

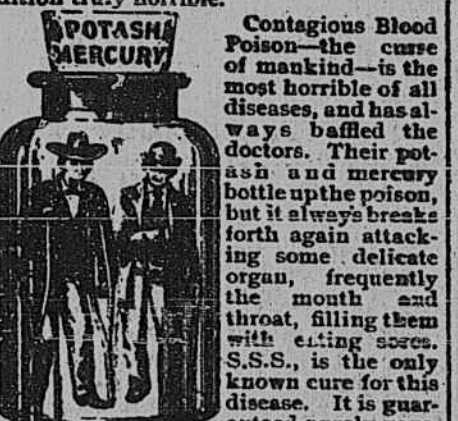
He caught it at the corner of Sixth avenue, returned the two hundred dollars with some difficulty, as the party of four seemed slow to comprehend the situation, and got back his two dollars. The only loser in the transactions was the peddler. In his agitation, the wheelman forgot all about the bananas.

A Novel Battle.

Last week a large coon was brought to the Hotel Jerome. The animal was released in the court yard. It did not take many minutes for "Pat," the spirited little terrier who is master of everything about the hotel, to find out that the coon was around. Then he made for the coon and the coon made for him and a terrific battle ensued. The animals were about the same size and were evenly matched. For three-quarters of an hour they fought like tigers in the jungle, neither ever showing the slightest indication of giving up. At one time the dog would get a good grip on the coon and shake him; then the coon would get loose and fly at the dog, getting a firm hold on his neck and using his feet to much effect. Plenty of blood was drawn. Guests of the hotel came to their windows and witnessed the furious fight. Finally both dog and coon got so exhausted that they could merely watch each other and exchange growls, once and awhile flying at one another. It ended in a draw, the coon being on the defensive when the porters took charge of Pat and placed him under the spout.—The State.

Bottled Up!

Whether in the form of pill powder or liquid, the doctor's prescription for blood diseases is always the same—mercury or potash. These drugs bottle up the poison and dry it up in the system, but they also dry up the marrow in the bones at the same time. The suppleness and elasticity of the joints give way to a stiffness, the racking pains of rheumatism. The form gradually bends, the bones ache, while decrepitude and helplessness prematurely take possession of the body, and it is but a short step to a pair of crutches. Then comes falling of the hair and decay of the bones,—a condition truly horrible.



Contagious Blood Poison—curse of mankind—is the most horrible of all diseases, and has always baffled the doctors. Their potash and mercury bottles up the poison, but it always breaks forth again attacking some delicate organ, frequently the mouth and throat, filling them with a stinging scum. S.S.S., is the only known cure for this disease. It is guaranteed purely vegetable, and one thousand dollars reward is offered for proof to the contrary. It never fails to cure Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, Cancer, or any other disease of the blood. If you have a blood disease, take a remedy which will not injure you. Beware of mercury; don't do violence to your system. Don't get bottled up! Our book is sent free to any address. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late A. S. Stephens, either by Note or open Account, are hereby notified that they must be settled at once, or they will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. PAUL E. STEPHENS, Administrator.

Oct 27, 1887

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

ANDERSON COUNTY. By R. M. BARRIS, Judge of Probate. WHEREAS, W. C. Lee has applied to me to grant him Letters of Administration on the Estate and effects of J. E. Griffin, deceased.

Therefore I do hereby order and administer to the heirs and creditors of the said J. E. Griffin, deceased, to be and appear before me in Court of Probate, to be held at Anderson, S. C., on the 15th day of December, 1887, after publication hereof to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand, this 1st day of December, 1887. R. M. BARRIS, Judge Probate. Dec 1, 1887.



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People of Anderson County, believe it or not, as you will, the fact remains that never in our experience have we ever had such a large trade as now. We are not complaining about hard times. We are buying our share of the Cotton, and of course we are going to have our share of the seeds. We hardly ever do sell out at Cost, and sometimes we don't; therefore, we don't have to do it now, because we haven't the slightest idea of going out of business—besides our Goods are going out fast enough at a reasonable profit.

When Christmas steps coming on a year, when we can't sell more Dean's Patent Flour than any other grade sold in Anderson County and prove it, when we can't beat the town on Shoes, and when the good people of old Anderson County say to us that we have imposed upon them and duped them, then, and not till then, will your humble servants throw up the sponge and close out at Cost. Until then you can get what you want—Dry Goods, Hats, Shoes, Trunks, Toys, Stationery and other Goods, and Canned Meats as cheap at our Store as anywhere else, but you'll not get them at Cost.

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