

WOMAN IN WAR TIMES.

Her Record is a Proud One, and She Still Upholds It.

The Sunday Republic.

So long has been the reign of peace in this wide, happy land that those of us who are still on the sunny side of middle age know naught of the sacrifices and deep, deep heartaches that war brings in its train, save those that are now storied.

"It was during the war," began the woman whose hair was silvery white, and at this all the girls sitting about her bent toward her eagerly to listen, for they knew it was a prelude to a story of times when sorrow and bravery and romance were all blended together.

The silver-haired woman was a young mother "during the war." A husband, gallant and brave, she had hidden good-by and he rode away and came not back. Now her "boy" came to her, and though her heart beat faster, and she could hardly keep the tears back, she said, "Yes, my son, if your country needs you, go." And this is the part—the greatest part, that woman plays in war times. There is no national air that can so stir a man's heart and cheer him on to do or die as can the "Go, and God bless you," said by the woman that the soldier knows loves him best on earth. In it he recognizes the complete putting aside of self, that only makes it possible to speak those words without a faltering voice. And he, too, must forget self for duty's sake.

The woman with the silvery hair and soft voice that unmistakably belonged to a daughter of the Southland, wore a clinging light gown, with a dainty silk lining. There was a bit of lay flit that peeped out from beneath the skirt of her gown, and altogether an air of refinement that suggested to one that she had known nothing all her life but "purple and fine linen." There was not a girl in the group that was more attractive in feminine daintiness.

"My dears," she said, as she went on with her story of "during the war," "we took our best linen underwear—you know women wore linen nearly always in those days—and cut it into bandages, and raveled and scraped the soft pieces into lint for wounds. Then we wore the coarsest of unbleached muslin instead, and our gowns were homespun—yes, spun at home; I have made my own cloth, and then my own frocks." And the aristocratic looking little hand of the woman strayed over her silken lap, and the younger women who looked at it wondered how it could ever have accomplished such wonderfully hard things.

"We did not count the parting with our jewels and fine clothes anything. Why, we even felt supremely selfish with such a luxury as a carpet on the floor. When ammunition was short, we melted our pewter kitchen spoons and made bullets from them, and we spent long days and nights in the hospitals taking care of the wounded and shedding tears over the dead."

Then the girls in chorus demanded stories about hospital nursing, and the silvery haired woman told them until she came to one where she was sent for hurriedly, and, under escort and guard, went to wait by a narrow cot one long, dark day, and a darker night, and then she could tell no more, for this day and night at hospital nursing had ended in a long good-by and a "God keep you," said in a tear choked voice.

This story, in spirit, if not in letter, is told by women of the North and South alike. The self-sacrifice and heroism of the women of 30 years ago is now often spoken of as a characteristic that belonged to the women of the past. We have somehow got to thinking that women are so different since "before the war" era, and that in a great crisis the "new" woman might display a splendid amount of physical strength, but little or none of the patience and self-forgetfulness that made heroines out of the most commonplace little women "during the war." But the soldier's wife and mother and sister and sweetheart is brave to-day as she was in the years of battles gone by.

The "new" woman has not written to headquarters that she "will carry a gun and wear bloomers, and face without finching, the enemy." Indeed, her letters have not been directed to the headquarters that are mustering up those to kill, if killing be necessary. They have gone to the headquarters of the army whose mission it is to save—to save lives that are precious to other mothers, and wives, and sisters and sweethearts, no matter whether of friend or foe. Indeed, she has, without any display of noise, very unselfishly offered to put aside all her pretty summer frocks that she was busy all winter planning, and don a plain little gown and apron, and risk her splendid health, if by so doing she can help a cause she believes to be right. Down in my heart I am glad, though the pitiful misfortune that war must be I have not forgotten; that the new woman has had an

opportunity to prove that to the best of things she has still held fast, and is very like the "old" woman, after all.

Have you thought that this war—it may be war ere this that I write in is cold type—calls for a very deep devotion to country and fellow men? I was about to write deeper devotion than any other war has ever made demands upon, and perhaps I may safely do so. There is not the inspiring thought that immediate action means defense against invaded homes, that we stand right on the very spot that must be protected and among familiar sights. Men quit their homes to go afar off, maybe, as an invading army, where death, perhaps, awaits them in more forms than shot and shell. Women have said they would go—and some are already gone—to lessen, as best they may, the terrors of war. Woman has given the soldier to land, woman has bade him go, and woman prays God to help keep America's first invading army—if such this is to be—and woman with tender hand helps back to health and strength the wounded. All this is woman's part in war. Would she change it for a chance to fight and show that in every respect she is man's equal? I think not. Ask the newest "new" woman you know and I believe she will tell you that I have not without good reason believed that her part in war would be the same as that played by her mother, and the great-grandmother, whose picture, in colonial garb, is a treasured family heirloom.

But there is still another part that women play in war. This part belongs to the woman who may neither go as nurse nor make great sacrifices for her country's name and glory. It is the part that is played by the quiet little home woman whose duty seems to be in the direction of keeping home a cheery place in spite of the gloom of war. She may have sent no one to the field, but she knows how to cheer those that have. She practices a thousand economies, and the men that are left at home—not only do the men in the army feel the scars of war—are assured in a thousand silent ways that if times are "hard" she will not mind so much after all whether her summer gowns are brand new or her hats Parisian. To a man, a home where there is contentment in spite of misfortune is the most encouraging thing in the world. Whether stocks are up or down there is always the thought that all is not lost, that true happiness may flourish on a very small amount of riches.

In days of strife, directly or indirectly, we are bound to face the stress at home. Often, too, it is the harder part to stay quietly at home. Out where all is activity, and necessities and emergencies press quickly against one another, there is not the consciousness of the long, anxious "wait" that intervenes between the end of the time of peace and peace renewed. It is so but a natural thing that a woman should hesitate when it comes to the giving up of those she loves to battle, and it is but right that those upon whom she lavishes her devotion should wait until it is quite plain that it is duty and not the excitement of the moment that bids them go forth. Once of this they are sure, then the women of the present say as bravely as ever their mothers did, "Go." And they smile and wave adieux as cheerily as they can, so the last the soldier sees of the woman he loves shall return to his memory encouragingly when he is far away.

Someone has recently said, and truly, that "the endurance and unselfishness of women in their homes are among the strongest sinews of war." If woman wants to play a stronger or more important part in the "affairs of the Nation" I am certain I don't know where she will find it. Do you?

MARGARET HANNIS.

At the Theatre.

(Indignant old gentleman, to young lady, who has been jabbering at the top of her voice): "This talking is abominable. Nobody can hear a word."

Young lady—"That's what I was telling Miss Smith here. Those actors keep up such a racket on the stage that you can't hear yourself speak."

Katie Wondered.

Katie was being told the story of the life of General Washington. Her mamma related the chief incidents of his remarkable career and Katie was duly impressed. When the story was finished, she observed, with plain wonderment:

"And he could do all those hard things and couldn't do such an easy thing as tell a lie."

"We didn't 'Dewey' a thing to the Spanish fleet at Manila, did we?"

HOW SOLDIERS ARE CARED FOR

Volunteers Will be Treated Like Soldiers in the Regular Army.

Richmond Times.

Since war between the United States and Spain is no longer a possibility, but a fact, the manner in which the United States will take care of the men who are ready to risk their lives for the country's welfare has become a matter of general interest. What the pay of the men in the regular army shall be, how they are to be sustained and what other emoluments they are to receive has all been laid down in the military regulations that have been issued from time to time. The hundred thousand volunteers from the various States of the Union, for which the President has called, will of course be treated in like manner and will be subjected to the same regulations.

The official Army Register for the year 1897, published by order of the Secretary of War, in compliance with existing laws, gives the pay of the officers of the regular army in active service, which will also apply to the officers of the volunteers, as follows: Lieutenant general, \$11,000 per year, or \$916.17 per month; major general, \$7,500 per year, or \$625 per month; brigadier general, \$5,500 per year, or \$458.33 per month. To the pay of these three officers 10 per cent is added after five years' service, 20 per cent after ten years' service and 40 per cent after twenty years' service.

The regimental officers receive the following pay: Colonel, \$3,500 per year, or per month \$291.67; after five years' service, \$320.83; after ten years' service, \$350; after fifteen years' service, \$375—which is the maximum amount allowed by law.

Lieutenant colonel, \$3,000 per year, or per month \$250; after five years' service, \$275; after ten years' service, \$300; after fifteen years' service, \$325; after twenty years' service, \$353.33, which is the maximum amount allowed by law.

Major, \$2,500 per year, or per month \$208.33; after five years' service, \$229.17; after ten years' service, \$250; after fifteen years' service, \$270.83; after twenty years' service, \$281.67.

Captain, mounted, \$2,000 per year, or per month \$166.67; after five years' service, \$183.33; after ten years' service, \$200; after fifteen years' service, \$216.67; after twenty years' service, \$233.33.

Captain, not mounted, \$1,800 per year, or per month \$150; after five years' service, \$165; after ten years' service, \$180; after fifteen years' service, \$195; after twenty years' service, \$210.

Regimental adjutant and regimental quartermaster receive the same pay as captain, not mounted.

First lieutenant, mounted, \$1,600 per year, or per month \$133.33; after five years' service, \$146.67; after ten years' service, \$160; after fifteen years' service, \$173.33; after twenty years' service, \$186.67.

First lieutenant, not mounted, \$1,500 per year, or per month \$125; after five years' service, \$110; after ten years' service, \$125; after fifteen years' service, \$140; after twenty years' service, \$153.33.

Chaplain receives the same pay as a first lieutenant, not mounted, or a second lieutenant, mounted.

The rank and service receive the following pay per month for the first and second years of their enlistment.

Company, private, artillery, cavalry and infantry; private (second class) engineers and ordnance; musicians, engineers, artillery and infantry, trumpeter, cavalry, \$13.

Wagoner—Artillery, cavalry, infantry, \$14.

Artificer—Artillery and infantry, corporal, artillery, cavalry and infantry; blacksmith and farrier, cavalry; saddler, cavalry, \$15.

Sergeant—Artillery, cavalry, infantry, \$18.

Private (first class)—Engineers and ordnance, \$17.

Corporal—Engineer and ordnance, \$20.

First Sergeant—Artillery, cavalry, infantry, \$25.

Sergeant—Engineers, ordnance and signal corps, \$34.

Sergeants (first class)—Signal corps, \$45.

according to rank, but they must actually possess said horses, which are private property, and not furnished by the government.

He Didn't Drop.

His name was Moses Sparrow. He was very green. That was the idea that always came into Miss Page's mind when she looked at her country landlady's son. Such a rustic youth, with such fair hair, such big blue eyes, such sloping shoulders, such a lamb-like expression. And being there at the farmhouse, whither she had been sent to spend the summer months, the city belle resolved that she would try her powers of fascination upon the boy, who struck her as so good a subject for flirtation, in which all the fun was to be on her side and all the excitement on his.

And at it she went, beginning with a smile, a word, and rejoicing to see the fish bite so readily. She enjoyed herself very much until she grew tired of it, and then she decided on breaking the heart she had won and enjoying the crash. So she turned him out in the garden, and made him sit beside her on the bench under the wistarias, and said, sadly:

"I'm going home next week. I shall send you wedding-cards when I'm married. I'm to be married to a rich old gentleman next winter."

Then she waited to see him drop at her feet. He only said:

"Wall, I'm real glad. I kinder felt afraid I'd been goin' too far with you. I'm a sort of butterfly, flirtin' from flower to flower, you know; and I hev flirted with you, I do allow. I was afraid you'd go off in a decline or suthin—you seemed to set so much on me—if you heerd sudden-like that me and Ann Maria was keepin' steady company. But, law, since you're goin' to be married, there ain't no harm done!"

Then he smiled at Miss Page, and she arose and sailed away from him with great dignity.—New York Journal.

Brought Into Prominence.

Deacon Comstock, of Hatford, Conn., is well-known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose, in fact it is remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church in which the deacon belongs, as he passed through the congregation every person to whom he presented the bag seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed around before, but no such effects as these had he ever before witnessed. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted for a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question the plaster had dropped off, and the deacon seeing it as he supposed, on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again. But alas for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead one of those pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which reads: "Warranted to hold out 200 yards." Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of even a Puritan congregation.

An Englishman came to New York and put up a sign "Established 1801" and rather prided himself upon the antiquity of his establishment. The next day his Yankee rival across the way hurried his sign in this way: "Established yesterday. No old goods on hand."

Thirty-five years make a generation. That is how long Adolph Fisher, of Zanesville, Ohio, lived after he was killed by a falling box of dynamite.

"Here, Elder, you told me when you told me that bay mare that I couldn't make her balk. By George, she doesn't do anything else." "Just what I told ye, Deacon. She won't balk if ye try to make her." "Balks because ye want her to go ahead. Never knew her to do any thing ye wanted her to. Can't make her do nothing."

Children like it, it saves their lives. We mean One Minute Cough Cure, the infallible remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, grippe, and all throat and lung troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

Old "Uncle William" Rose, who has been porter at the Governor's office for over a quarter of a century, is as warm an advocate for war with Spain as can be found in the town. He is 85 years old, but he says he is going to fight Spain right away if war is declared. "Uncle William" is already the veteran of three wars—The Florida, Mexican and Civil.—Columbia Record.

Thousands of sufferers from grippe have been restored to health by One Minute Cough Cure. It quickly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe, asthma, and all throat and lung diseases. Evans Pharmacy.

Not long ago the Iola (Mo.) Register published an article to the effect that in excavating for a cellar in that city a workman found an old tomahawk with the name of the famous Indian chief, Loof Lirpa, carved in the handle. Now after all the papers of the State have copied the item, the Register asks them to spell the name of that chief backward.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Nearly three per cent. of the deaths in France are from apoplexy. — But one thunderstorm has been witnessed in Arizona during 14 years. — The United States supplies nearly one-half of the wheat used in England.

There are now in Japan 377 Christian churches, and 643 missionaries. — The thrifty housewife never attains perfection, for she is always mending. — The moment a man is satisfied with himself everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

Don't pay a widow compliments unless you are matrimonially inclined and willing to pay her bills. — The difference between a blonde and a locomotive is that one has a light head and the other a headlight.

The man who originated the saying, "Hurry is the mark of a weak mind," never was chased by a bulldog. — The population of Japan has increased at the rate of twenty-seven per cent. in the last twenty-four years.

It is said that more murders occur in Paris in six months than in London, Berlin and Vienna in a year. — It is claimed that Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any body of water in the world.

Don't interrupt a miser at his devotions. It might cause him to have to count his money all over again. — Easterner—I understand that you hang people out here for nothing. Westerner—Why, yes; do you charge out east?

A sure cure for pain in a hollow tooth is a mixture of powdered alum and common salt, applied with a lock of cotton. A sensation of coldness follows the application, after which the pain gradually subsides. — Louisiana and Pennsylvania are running a close race in the number of annual public holidays, each claiming eleven in the twelve months, with occasional special ones, which make the rivalry interesting to the participants.

"What a lot of powder must be wasted in useless salutes," mused the statistician, as he listened to the roar of the cannon. "Yes, I suppose there is," said the frivolous girl; "but I expect women will go on kissing one another just the same."

With the desire of giving her husband a true picture of herself, a woman in Atchison, Kansas, had her photograph taken as she appeared at daily housework in her kitchen dress, with a baby on one arm and broom and dustpan on the other.

Oh, the Pain of Rheumatism!

Rheumatism often causes the most intense suffering. Many have for years vainly sought relief from this disabling disease, and are to-day worse off than ever. Rheumatism is a blood disease, and Swift's Specific is the only cure, because it is the only remedy which can reach such deep-seated diseases. A few years ago I was taken with inflammatory Rheumatism, which became so intense that I was for weeks unable to walk. I tried several prominent physicians and took their treatment faithfully, but was unable to get the slightest relief. In fact, my condition seemed to grow worse, the disease spread over my entire body, and from November to March I suffered agony. I tried many patent medicines, but none relieved me. Upon the advice of a friend I decided to try S. S. S. Before allowing me to take it, however, my guardian, who was a chemist, analyzed the remedy, and pronounced it free of potash or mercury. I felt so much better after I had taken two bottles, that I continued the remedy, and in two months I was cured completely. The cure was permanent, for I have never since had a touch of Rheumatism, though many times exposed to damp and cold weather.

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Time Table No. 7... 1898.

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