

# A CLOSE CALL.

## A Thrilling Narrative of War Times.

Col. L. P. Thomas in Atlanta Journal.

There are a number of very prominent ex-Confederates who during the civil war had very narrow escapes, or "close calls." Their individual encounters with the enemy make interesting reading and will equal in thrilling interest any stories told by writers of any age. The Journal's intention to print a series of these articles, beginning with one from Colonel L. P. Thomas, as gallant a colonel as ever wore a sword. We hope to follow this up with other articles.

Hon. W. T. Smith, Buford, Ga.:  
Dear Bill:—At your request, and others of that grand old regiment, the Forty-second Georgia, together with others not belonging to it, to give them an account of my adventures with the Federal cavalry away back in war times. I have concluded to do so, so that you can use it as you please. In fact, in thinking over this affair, which you always take so much delight in narrating to our boys at our annual reunions, with all the trimmings which your fertile imagination puts on, I feel compelled to give you a true history of it. You, on these occasions, I remember, always speak of it as the officer of our regiment that the Yankees treed, just as if I had been a squirrel, and for about thirty minutes, more or less, you keep the crowd laughing at my expense; but you might call this little affair one of my close calls during the war times, and as I have been asked so often what was the closest call made by myself to death or capture during these times, this may answer the purpose. Yet it would be hard to answer, and I could not attempt it if the account was to cover the battles through which I passed. Numbers of my men fell near me in battle, and in the desperate charges on the battlefield at Rosacea eight bullet holes were found in my clothing and an old army blanket which was thrown across my shoulder, after the fight was over. I took charge of our regiment, the Forty-second Georgia infantry, on the battlefield there on that day, after our brave colonel, R. J. Henderson, had been wounded, and nearly all the officers, with over one hundred men of this regiment. After this battle I was in command in nearly all the battles till the close of the war, and surrendered with it as lieutenant colonel, other regiments having been placed in the same command, making the consolidated Forty-second Georgia regiment of Stovall's brigade.

You see from the above statement that "close calls" were numerous and common events that we all shared in; but I will give an account of one of my adventures only, somewhat thrilling, where capture and escape made up the particulars: features of the event, and where I do not claim much for gallantry displayed on the battlefield, but a good deal of credit might be given me for fleetness of foot, and this might be put down as one of the closest calls I had during the late unpleasantness.

'Tis said, you know, that a successful retreat is better than a bad stand. We will go back to the battle of Rosacea, where I took command. Following that most bloody event came New Hope, Kennesaw, and the marching and countermarching until we passed the Chattahoochee River, falling back gradually on Atlanta, losing men daily on the skirmish line and battlefield. The events, thrilling indeed, were occurring daily, but too numerous to mention here. Then followed in quick succession the battle of the 20th of July, 1864, on Peachtree Creek; then the 22d and 23d of July, all detailed in history, and a true account given of gallantry unsurpassed by soldiers of any age. These battles are only mentioned that you may the better understand the physical condition of our spirited soldiery. I was broken down myself from the arduous duties and dangers through which I had passed. My wife had fled from Lawrenceville, Ga. to her grandfather's, Mr. Samuel Lee, about four miles from Jonesboro. She had with her two small children, and had fled from home and the enemy and located herself right in the path of Sherman and his victorious army, then soon to overrun all the country around and near Jonesboro. I secured three days' leave of absence on a scouting expedition to watch the enemy's movements, and, if possible, secure other and safer quarters for my wife and little ones. It was at this point, and under these conditions I found them, after an absence of many months from them.

Oh, what a grand time I could have had at this old homestead of my wife's venerable old father, for a few days in recuperating and resting, if this had been possible! The old gentleman had escaped the ravages of war up to this time. I can see him now in my

imagination with his flowing gray locks walking the main wagon road to his little mill, where the people of the settlement had their grain ground. This kept the old gentleman busy. His corn cribs looked full, and the negroes and mules looked sleek and fat, the yard was full of chickens, and the bee-gums stood in rows near the old kitchen and smokehouse, as if on sentinal duty to watch for coming danger. The merry laugh of the young negro children, the cackling of the chickens, the barking of dogs made this a picture of one of the happiest and brightest of old time country homes before the war, and this was the place and spot where the dashing cavalry of General Kilpatrick captured me. It is a strange sensation for four or five blue coated, soldierly looking fellows of Uncle Sam's army to walk up right in your front, demanding at every step as they moved towards you, "Surrender, surrender, and hold up your arms." I was in for it. It was just at the dawn of day as the scattering rays of light came through the east, and dimly you could see the approaching cavalry moving up the road from the old mill. I was on the lookout in the public road at the time. The Confederate wagon train with teamsters with an officer in charge, was also captured at the same time and place, having run out from Jonesboro the evening before to save the scant store of provisions and baggage, and here we were all captured by the advance guard of the enemy. This occurred, too, after I had so often counseled my men and officers against such events, saying in most positive terms to them that no such thing could happen to me, and that no squad of cavalry could ever take me or send me to a yankee prison, as they were so often doing with our men. Now the time was on me for action. I surrendered as gracefully as possible, and informed my captors, who saw that I was an officer from my uniform, who I was and to what command I belonged. I pleaded with one of my captors who guarded me to permit me just for a moment to step to the rear door of the house and tell my wife and little ones good-bye. He refused most firmly, shaking his head and watching me still more closely. I said to him that I would not treat him as he was treating me under similar circumstances. I said pleadingly, "You cannot refuse me this request. You can't make me believe that you would treat a prisoner that way. Only allow me to kiss my wife and little ones good-bye. Oh, no, you can't refuse to do that. You are too brave a soldier to do a thing of that kind."

He looked on the ground thoughtfully but said nothing. As I moved off toward the gate leading to the back door of the house, he followed me, watching my every movement, and I expected all the time he would halt me. I secreted my watch and one small bill of Confederate money as I walked on. My watch was an old silver one given to me by my father, and one which I prized highly on that account. He followed me on, keeping close in the rear, and when I kissed my wife, assuring her I would take care of myself, and not to be uneasy about me, she saw then for the first time that I was a prisoner. I pressed her hand while holding it, and kissing her good-bye she felt the watch and money, and carefully secreted it about her person. Well she did for the house was searched and many things of value carried off, and a threat was also made to burn the house. I had turned to see what was being done with the other prisoners in the road, and in going out one of the negroes was ordered out of the yard by Mr. Yank, and he refused, and would not move an inch, although the soldier in blue was holding his gun down on him, until I ordered him myself. He did not understand the situation as I did, and would have stood his ground if I had said the word.

I passed to the road again, going through the big gate. The Confederate Captain of the wagon train looked into my face and said, "Major, ain't we in a h—l of a fix?" I agreed with him, and asked him to loan me one of his horses. Of course he could willingly consent for all were captured, as he was, and were then in the enemy's hands. By this time my mind was fully made up to do something desperate. What that was time alone would develop. I untied the horse and was leading him around by a halter, asking in a loud tone of voice as I looked first into one wagon and then into another, "Boys, loan me a bridle? Who will loan me a bridle?" And kept up the inquiry as I neared intent on moving on with my captors who thought they had a prize in me. The time to act was near at hand. I felt cool and collected. So many

times I had declared that the enemy would never carry me off a prisoner, and that I would risk forty shots at forty paces before it was done. I knew in my desperation something would happen soon. Just as I again came near the big gate that was left a little ajar, and making my last request for some one to loan me a bridle. I turned the horse quickly, throwing the horse between me and my captor, I sprang through the gate and a few bounds placed the horse between me and the Yankees. I sprang over the first fence and running as swiftly as an eagle in its flight, or jack rabbit with a pack of grey hounds behind him, I was soon over another fence, and then in a skirt of woods overlooking the house and road near by. I have often thought I made the quickest time on record, reaching that little patch of forest, and without a scratch. I halted for a moment and was watching through a rail fence the movements of the enemy around the house. The firing of small arms and the screaming of the children with the squealing of the pigs, and all other noises combined, made it heart-rending, but the searching of the house throughout and the out houses, with threats to burn up the place, did not bring me forth. I was non-comatibus up tree. But I was not yet safe. I was at this point near the road leading from Jonesboro to the old mill, so near that I could hear the names of the men of Kilpatrick's federal raiders. One was quarreling with another about his pocket knife, and a lively time they were having as the artillery rattled down the hill. I knew that a fight or skirmish would soon follow, for General Ross, with his Texas Confederate cavalry, was pushing the raiders in a brisk way. This point so near the mill being a splendid foraging territory, was the very place for a halt and a fight. It was time for me to act again, and act quickly. I could hear their men deploying and forming the battle line near me. I found an oak tree near at hand with grape vines and foliage for a hiding place, and as nimbly as a squirrel I was soon up the tree and hid in its branches. I had a limb for a seat and hugged the body of the tree to keep in position. Now, at this distance from the scene of action I concluded I was just about as comfortable as a man riding a rail. Soon the skirmishing opened up lively, but I held my position. Some shelling was done by a light battery placed in the road by our cavalry, and the limbs of the trees, as the balls would strike them near me, were disturbed considerably. Underneath my tree rode one of the raiders, and near by their line of skirmishers was placed, protected by a fence; and kept a continual skirmish fire on us. After looking and watching for another chance for escape by parting the vines and viewing the landscape over, I noticed a company of our cavalry moving slowly and cautiously along a country road, and although uncertain as to whether they were Confeds or Yanks, I made up my mind to make another effort to escape.

I slipped down the tree cautiously as I could, picked up my old army blanket that was covered in the leaves, and just as I was getting in position again for the run the enemy opened upon me from their skirmish line, knocking up the leaves all around me as I sped through the woods. Out of breath I headed for this cavalry, which proved to be our own men. I urged them to move on the enemy at once. I was fighting mad. I was certain we could capture all on that side of the creek. They refused, however, and had me to report to General Ross in person; and here I joined the cavalry for one day.

In the afternoon as we pursued the enemy along the main road toward McDonough, Ga., a short distance the other side of Lee's mill, we pushed the federal cavalry so closely that a stand was again made and a pretty stubborn fight followed. I was back in the rear with my old worn out army horse that I had picked up by the roadside, with other dismounted men, holding the horses while our men who were dismounted, were charging the enemy. The Yanks returned the compliment, and mounted as they were, ran over our line, into our horses, scattering and demoralizing us. We fled for dear life, and as we ran along the road toward the old mill, and again by the Lee farm where I was captured, our men would send the word down the line in stentorian voices, "Close up, boys, close up; firing in the rear." Thus my third escape in one day was made. I led the regiment again a few days thereafter. I rejoined my command perfectly satisfied with cavalry service in the Confederate army. A few days thereafter we moved along down the Central railroad to Jonesboro, and at this point our main army was engaged in battle again with heavy loss on both sides. But you know the rest, for you followed me to the end, and will no doubt say that many, many other affairs, when you were close by my side, were "closer calls" than the one narrated.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

### How the Judge was Convinced.

M. H. Chetwynd, of Philadelphia, yesterday, in commenting on a recent case where a sane person was released by the courts from an asylum where he had been illegally confined, told the following story: "About 20 years ago a lawyer of prominence got into a controversy on this very point with an equally well known judge. The lawyer maintained that it was the earliest thing in the world to get a sane person confined in the asylum. The judge, while admitting that it might be possible; held that the difficulties would increase in proportion to the position in society of the intended victim. 'A person's standing in the community present no obstacle,' said the lawyer. 'Why,' turning suddenly to his companion, 'I could even get you looked up in an insane asylum if I wanted to.' 'Nonsense,' answered the judge, and then he laughed aloud at the absurdity of the idea, and the discussion for the moment was dropped.

"It occurred on a railroad train, which stopping a short time later at a station, the lawyer suggested to the judge that they stretch their legs on the platform. They had not got 10 feet from the train when the lawyer suddenly hurled himself upon the judge, and at the same time cried aloud for help. A half dozen bystanders rushed to the lawyer's aid, and before the judge realized what had happened he was held by a dozen hands. 'All right; thank you,' said the lawyer to the men who had come to his aid. 'Tie his hands behind his back, for he's dangerous.' This was two much for the judge. 'I am Judge So-and-So,' he began with dignity, 'and this outrage' Just then he felt a rope on his wrist, and his self-possession deserted him, and he fairly raved at the indignities that were being heaped upon him. He resorted to language not usually heard from the bench or employed by the judiciary. But the more he said the less effect it seemed to have on his captors.

"Finally he paused for breath, and the lawyer in a quiet voice said 'Are you satisfied now that I was right in argument?' 'Satisfied!' began the judge, hysterically; 'satisfied!' But he got no further. 'Yes, d—n you!' was the manner in which he lowered his colors. "A few words and judiciously distributed coins among his captors by the lawyer released the judge and enabled him to get upon the train just as the conductor called 'All aboard!' "In the town where they had stopped was the State lunatic asylum, and the advent of lunatics was a part of the town's routine. Hence the agility with which the judge was seized. "But it was a pretty rough object lesson," he complained, when he had recovered sufficient equanimity to enter into conversation with his companion. "Perhaps, but it proved what I said," was the reply, and who knows but that some day it may prove of great value to you, and enable you from that experience to prevent or else right some great wrong." The judge made no reply, he was lost in thought. —New York Tribune.

### A Prominent Chicago Woman Speaks.

Prof. Roxa Tyler, of Chicago, Vice President Illinois Woman's Alliance, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I suffered with a severe cold this winter which threatened to run into pneumonia. I tried different remedies but I seemed to grow worse and the medicine upset my stomach. A friend advised me to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and I found it was pleasant to take and it relieved me at once. I am now entirely recovered, saved a doctor's bill, time and suffering, and I will never be without this splendid medicine again." For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

—If their husbands would give them the money most women would buy up their Christmas presents nine years ahead.

Mr. Peter Sherman, of North Stratford, N. H., says, "For years I suffered torture from chronic indigestion, but Kodol Dyspepsia Cure made a well man of me." It digests what you eat and is a certain cure for all stomach troubles. Evans' Pharmacy.

—These are times when a man is afraid to open any bureau drawer in the house for fear he will break his wife's heart.

Cut this out and take it to Hill-Orr Drug Co's. Drug Store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, the best physic. They also cure disorders of the stomach, biliousness and headache.

—The two most serious shocks in the life of a woman are when her husband dies and when she gets the first view of her bald spot.

Now is the time when croup and lung troubles prove rapidly fatal. The only harmless remedy that gives immediate results is One Minute Cough Cure. It quickly cures coughs and all lung diseases. Evans' Pharmacy.

—The average woman has an idea that if she can make him do most anything.

The Mother's Favorite. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the mother's favorite. It is pleasant and safe for children to take and always cures. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and is the best medicine made for these diseases. There is not the least danger in giving it to children for it contains no opium or other injurious drug, and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

### He Once Raided Chicago.

Capt. S. P. Emmerson, formerly of Dallas, Tex., died in Denver, Col., a fortnight ago. A native of Kentucky, he had strong Southern inclinations, and when the war came on he raised and commanded an "irregular" Confederate force, commonly known as guerillas.

Many of the exploits of Emmerson's command were as daring and sensational as those of Quantrell, Morgan, or Mosby. In one of his raids he was captured and imprisoned in Kentucky, but he made his escape by cutting through the prison roof. He was soon in action again, and in 1863 or 1864 had command of the force of about 100 men that rode into Chicago with the intention of causing an uprising that should capture or destroy the city. In this hope Emmerson was disappointed. He escaped capture by stealing a horse and riding beyond the lines of danger.

Capt. Emmerson lived for many years on his Dallas County farm, near Richardson. He was an old bachelor and inclined to reticence on the subject of the civil war, particularly in regard to his own part in it. He never got over his grief for the "lost cause." Before going to Denver, when his health failed him, he called on Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, of Dallas, former national president of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and now at the head of the local chapter of the order. He said to her:

"When the Southern Confederacy perished I lost what stood to me in my affections the same as to a wife, children, and family ties to other men. When I am dead I ask that you see that I am buried among my own kind of people. I desire that a plain suit of Confederate gray be my burial garments. I want none but former Confederate soldiers to act as pall bearers and to place me in the grave. I desire the Confederate flag to be spread upon my coffin. I desire that a plain monument, surmounted by a life-size Confederate soldier, be erected over the center of my grave, and that on that monument shall be carved this epitaph only: 'Here lies a man who believed in the traditions and teachings of the old South.'"

Mrs. Currie promised Capt. Emmerson that she would do as he had requested. The body was met at the railway station in Dallas by a squad of former Confederate soldiers. The grave was in the middle of the burial lot owned by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Camp Sterling Price, United Confederate Veterans, attended in a body, and their old battle-scarred Confederate flag was spread over the coffin. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### To Cure A Cold In One Day

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

—Half the time a man doesn't really want the kiss; he only wants to see if he can get it.

Don't use any counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Most of them are worthless or liable to cause injury. The Original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a certain cure for piles, eczema, sores and skin diseases. Evans' Pharmacy.

—A man's ambition is shaped most like a girl's account of how it feels to be kissed.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure "digests what you eat," so that you can eat all the good food you want while it is restoring the digestive organs to health. It is the only preparation that digests all kinds of food. It never fails. Evans' Pharmacy.

—A schoolboy was asked in an examination to give an account of the patriarch Abraham. He wrote: "He was the father of Lot and had two wives. One was called Ishmael and the other Hagar. He kept one one at home and he turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillar of salt in the daytime and a pillar of fire by night."

—"I was in great luck." "How was dot?" "Vy, I find 100 pounds yesterday belong to dot mister Mark, and ven I gift it back to him dis morning he nefer charge me no interest fer der use of dot monish for 24 hours. Mark was getting selfish."

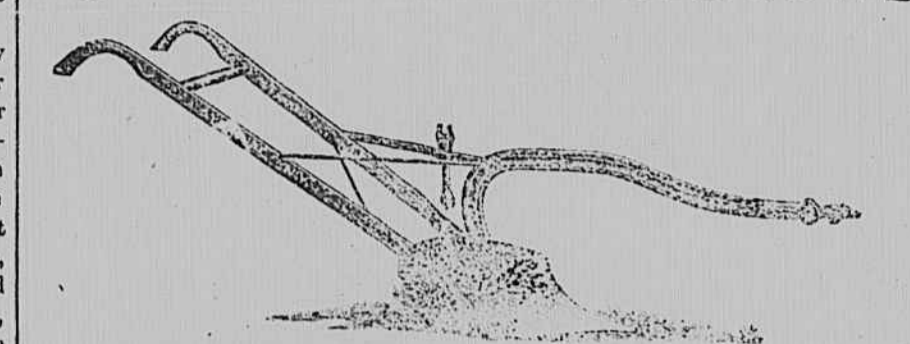
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Clark's Tarrant Cutaway Harrow, The perfection of Cutaway Harrows, will turn and thoroughly pulverize the soil from three to six inches deep; have never heard of one that did not give perfect satisfaction. If you will try one you will buy no other. The Empire Grain and Fertilizer Drill, The only Drill with the absolute force feed—will sow Oats where others fail, and will sow any grain better than any Drill made. They are strong built, light draft. Every one guaranteed to do perfect work.

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Three Thousand Bushels of TEXAS RED RUST PROOF OATS. One Car of that famous HENRY OAT (or Winter Grazing Oat.) The only Oat that will positively stand any kind of weather. Have just received Two Cars of fine FEED O VTS at lowest prices. Have just received Three Cars of RICE FLOUR for fattening your hogs, and it comes much cheaper than any other feed and is much better. Yours respectfully, O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.

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To catch the flies while working with your fruit.

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