

WAR STORIES.

Some Incidents Recalled of Mississippi Campaign.

W. M. Towers, in Atlanta Journal.

I notice that you are publishing some "close calls," which have proven of great interest to old soldiers; and I wish to add my mite, hoping that some one may enjoy reading it as well as I have those already published.

The following incident occurred when I was a soldier under General Forrest, and only eighteen years of age. During the month of February, 1865, our company, that is, Capt. H. A. Gartrell's company of General Forrest's escort, was sent to Senatobia, Miss., with Col. Jesse Forrest, brother of General Forrest.

Our instructions were to watch the federal forces in and around Memphis. On the 18th of February, 1865, I was sent with a detail on picket, and was placed as vidette on the banks of the Cold Water River, at the ferry, on the road between Hernando and Senatobia, Miss., at the same point where we built our temporary bridge on our trip to Memphis.

The picket post was some half a mile from the river in the direction of Senatobia. While standing on the bank alone, and only partly hidden by trees, my attention was attracted by a cavalryman riding up on the opposite side of the stream, which was very narrow, but too deep to ford, the width of the stream at this place not exceeding eighty or a hundred feet.

This cavalryman, supposed by me to be one of our force, was not more than fifty yards from where I stood. As soon as he discovered me, he raised his pistol, exclaiming: "There is one now," and before I could realize he was an enemy, began firing. I returned the fire as promptly as possible with my carbine, and when I shot he threw his hand to his face and reeled to one side, his horse dashed around and disappeared in the woods.

As soon as he fired some ten or twelve other Yankees rushed and opened fire on me. I drew my pistol firing, and retreating to a large stump some fifty or a hundred yards off, continued loading and firing until the balance of the picket, numbering about ten men, came up, when it was discovered that the enemy had a large force, and it was thought best for the squad to leave the immediate bank of the river and await developments. When this matter was reported to Colonel Forrest, he sent a scouting party, consisting of Lieutenant Merritt, Sergeant C. M. Fouche, J. R. De Journette and myself, of Captain Gartrell's company, and five other men selected from some other part of Colonel Forrest's command (names unknown to writer), making a total of nine men.

ing mounted on a mule of not very prepossessing appearance and, as it was afterward proven, not very fast, while I was riding a small roan, not very fleet. However, Lieutenant Merritt heard by some means that we were contemplating this raid "on our own hook," and exacted a promise from us (under threat of arrest) that we would not attempt it, as it might result in the capture of the whole squad.

By sunrise next morning the Yankees were on the march, and we commenced following them, keeping on the side of the road parallel to their column, and often during the day we would be in a thicket as they passed by, not more than 50 steps from the road. In this way we succeeded in counting them and found that they were on a reconnoitering expedition, numbering 900 strong, and that they were returning to Memphis.

It was very interesting to watch them, as their attention was never attracted to us and they did not know that we were so near. We followed them several miles until they had passed through Hernando, our squad giving the town a wide berth.

After Lieutenant Merritt became fully satisfied that there was no danger of this troop crossing the river, he decided to return and make his report, but before doing so concluded that as a souvenir of the occasion he would watch his opportunity and take one or two stragglers back to Colonel Forrest. About this time we were in the edge of a wood, from 200 to 300 yards from the road (a corn field intervening), when we saw what we thought to be two Yankees, and, as the main body had gone ahead, concluded that we would make a charge, capture them and return to camp. We cautiously crossed the corn field, and when near charged rapidly, and found that they were two ladies in black on horseback, somewhat resembling the Yankee cavalrymen at a distance. Lieutenant Merritt was so disappointed in not getting any prisoners that he decided to follow the main body, with the hope of still making a capture.

As we approached the top of a hill in a lane, we saw the column of cavalrymen at the foot of the hill, not more than one hundred yards from us. We opened fire, causing quite a commotion, as they did not know any force was near them. We did not wait long to enjoy the effects of our firing however, but turned our horses and put them to their utmost speed, knowing that we had no chance against nine hundred. After going about half a mile, we left the road and went into the woods, and as one of the cavalrymen had come in sight, concluded that they had not followed us, but to our surprise, after waiting probably five or ten minutes, we found that we were being surrounded, a negro who had seen us go into the woods having shown the Yankees where to find us. Lieutenant Merritt gave orders for us to retreat as quickly as possible, which we did with great relish. There was only one way by which we could make our escape, as we were almost surrounded. We did not stand on the order of our going, as we were closely pressed by about seventy-five men, all firing at every step, yelling "Halt! Halt! Halt!" Neither did we adhere to roads and beaten paths, but to look to the fields. After we had gone a short distance, in going down a steep hill in a field covered with weeds, briars and broom sedge, (probably enough to hide a rabbit, but not enough to hide a man), my horse was shot or fell down. The Yankees at the time were within thirty yards of me. My first impression was that I could hold on to the saddle and the horse could regain his feet thereby saving me from capture; but he, being small, and probably weak from the wound could not rise with me, so I released him and crawled into the weeds until I came to a fence, about twelve feet from where I fell. I hugged the ground as close as I could, but nevertheless felt very prominent. Lieutenant Merritt and the squad made a stand, hoping thereby to allow me to escape, but our force was too small, and it put me in great danger as some of the Yankees dismounted, preparing to make a charge on foot. The dismounted men and those on horses, huddled together, some of them being not more than twelve to twenty feet from me. After our squad left they mounted and followed.

My last recollection of seeing our boys was a vision of Charles Fouche on his mule, swinging his legs and arms, and punching the animal almost striking his heels together in the effort to make it go faster, but he was soon overtaken and captured, as was also Lieutenant Merritt. The balance of the party returned to camp and reported that Lieutenant Merritt,

Charles Fouche and I had been captured, J. R. De Journette stating that the Yankees were in thirty feet of me when my horse fell, but I think this was rather nearer than they were, they being about thirty yards from me. After they had passed I did not think it quite safe to leave my fence corner, and lay perfectly still, and directly fell asleep. I learned after the war from Charles Fouche that they returned by the same route, and through the same field with the prisoners. Fouche thought of proposing to them to make a search for me, fearing that I was killed or wounded. I am glad he did not. After sleeping about an hour, I was awakened by hearing some one talking, and discovered a woman on one side of the fence. She was talking to a negro who was in the field following the tracks of the horses looking for me, as the Yankees had reported that there was a rebel killed in the field. I did not feel just then like introducing myself to the lady, as I did not know whether I would fall into the hands of friends or enemies. This section was inside the Yankee lines, Cold Water river being the dividing line.

After waiting a few minutes longer I heard some horses approaching, and the rattle of sabres, and soon saw two Yankees returning over the same path that the others had taken. I turned my head so I could see them without exposing my body any more than possible, and saw that they were not much older than myself. As they approached I heard them talking plainly. When they had passed me for some ten or twelve feet the younger one of the two proposed stopping and looking for me, stating that he had seen me fall and supposed I was dead. The older one seemed to be very conservative, and was inclined to argue the question with him, saying, "We had better catch up with the balance of the force, as there might be more Rebels in the woods nearby." They soon passed out of sight. After they left I concluded I would leave also, and make my way to the farm of my friend Burrows (or Burghes), which was several miles distant. I crawled on my hands and knees quite a distance, for fear of being discovered by the Yankee scouting parties. In crossing the railroad not more than a quarter of a mile from where I had been, I saw two Yankees, but they did not see me. After dark I walked to the house of my friend, timidly knocked at his front door, and was let in, and stayed all night, where I was well treated. He told me it was a common occurrence for the Yankees to come after night, and if any one came that night he would make as much noise as possible, so as to wake me before admitting them, and allow me to escape by the back window. Happily for me none came. The next day I was taken across the river by one of his trusted men, and reported to Colonel Forrest without horse, bridle or saddle, or in fact anything except my pistols, sabre, carbine, and the clothes I had on. Colonel Forrest very kindly gave me a good horse and equipment, and some friends and relatives I had met in Senatobia fitted me out with the necessary clothing.

We did not have much fighting on this trip, but some very "close calls." Our loss was two captured, while the enemy was one killed at the river.

ANOTHER "CLOSE CALL,"

But the Elderly Looking Angel Didn't Seem to Hear It.

Thomas W. Loyless, in Atlanta Journal.

"I have been reading the Journal's 'close call' stories with a good deal of interest," said an old Confederate veteran to me while up at the capitol a few days ago, "and while I haven't any of my own that I care to write about, I will tell you a story I heard told by an old Confederate in a nearby city not long ago, and of which I am reminded by the Journal's stories.

"The people of the town had arranged a sort of celebration or reception in honor of the boys who had returned from Cuba. These boys had all seen 'service' in the late Spanish-American 'war' and they were full of experience. Especially experiences about bad treatment, bad food, having to sleep on one or two occasions on the cold ground with nothing but an oil cloth and blanket to wrap up in. During the dinner or barbecue the young 'veterans' were telling their experiences and graphically relating all the 'horrors' of the Cuban campaign.

"Among the auditors, who were guests at the reception, were several old Confederate veterans, old grizzly fellows who had seen service with Lee in Virginia and who had gone barefooted during a winter campaign, slept on the frozen ground or in snow many a time without covering and lived on a quarter of a pound of meat a day, with rye coffee as an occasional luxury. These old vets had listened intently at the 'experiences' of the boys just back from Cuba, but hadn't said anything. Finally one of them was called on to tell some of his experiences during the civil war. Probably he didn't think they amounted to much or probably he didn't think it

would be right to spring them at that particular time, after what had gone before. The crowd insisted, and finally he said that while he didn't have in stock any 'experiences' worth relating or that really amounted to very much as war stories, he would tell them of a dream he had a few nights before.

"I dreamed that I died and went to heaven," he said. "I loafed around for a while, feeling kinder lonesome—because I was from Mexico you know—until finally a middle-aged angel approached me and began to relate to me the story of his death. He was drowned in the Johnstown flood, he said, and graphically he related to me all the horrors of that terrible deluge of water. How it swept over the entire valley and carried trees and houses before it, leaving death and destruction in its wake. He had evidently had a very exciting death and it left a lasting impression on him.

"He told me his story and then passed on to other angels, reciting the horrible story of the Johnstown flood to each one he met. Finally he approached one of the oldest angels I had seen; in fact, an angel who appeared to be several hundred years old, with long flowing beard and hair, greatly resembling Father Time. To this angel he began to tell his story of the Johnstown flood, but the old angel didn't appear to hear him—perhaps he was deaf. At any rate he paid no attention to the Johnstown angel's story of the flood.

"This seemed to greatly chagrin the angel with the flood story, so after following old Father Time about for a while trying to make him listen to his story, he became discouraged and went to look up St. Peter to complain of his treatment. He told Peter how he had tried to tell the elderly angel the story of his death and of the horrors of the Johnstown flood, and how the former paid no attention to him.

"What's the matter with him; is he deaf?" asked the Johnstown man of Peter.

"No," replied Peter, "we have no deaf angels here; that's Noah—he knows all about floods."

Using Ice to Keep Warm.

It may sound strange to be told that you can keep things from freezing by the liberal use of ice; yet it is a fact, and a fact that shippers are using for the preservation of their perishable goods. In summer they use ice for keeping goods cool, and in winter they use it for keeping them warm.

This apparent paradox is easily explained when we know that temperature is kept from rising by keeping the cold out. A good nonconductor of cold used in winter will keep out the freezing temperature, and ice is such a nonconductor. Residents of the perpetually frozen far North use it for their houses and live comfortably within walls of ice.

Cars are now made for the protection of their contents from cold by using ice in winter. They are double lined with four galvanized iron cylinders at each end. These cylinders are filled with ice in winter. As is well known, ice is normally at a temperature of 32 degrees Fahrenheit and changes its temperature very slowly—that is, it is a bad conductor of heat and cold. Therefore, when zero weather prevails without, the cylinders of relatively warmer ice prevent the escape of heat and so maintain the temperature within the car.

Without the cylinders the same effect is produced in a very simple inexpensive manner. The car is simply clothed in ice. In zero weather a stream of water is thrown on it, and as it freezes the vehicle is coated with a nonconducting material that retains the temperature of its interior. With the cylinders the process is simply reversed in summer, as they are filled with ice and salt to take up the heat and keep the car cool.

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TRIAL TREATMENT FREE.—Is your blood poor? Is it thin? Nose bleeding and headache? Pricking pains in the skin? Skin pale? Skin feel hot and swollen? All run down? Is your blood bad? Have you Pimples? Eruption? Scrofula? Eating Sores? Itching, burning Bazaar? Boils? Ulcers? Cancer? Scaly Eruptions? Skin or Scalp Itch? Fired out with aches and pains in bones and joints? Have you hereditary or concentrated Blood Poison? Ulcers in the throat or mouth? Swollen glands? Rheumatism? As tired in morning as when you went to bed? Have they resisted medical treatment? If you have any of the above troubles B.B.B. (Botanic Blood Balm) should be taken at once. B. B. B. has a peculiar effect—different from any other blood medicine—it drains the impurities, poisons and humors that cause all above troubles out of the blood, bones and entire system, healing every sore, restoring to the skin the bloom of perfect health, and making new, rich blood.

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Honor the Dear Old Mother.

Time and trouble have scattered the snowy flakes upon her brow; ploughed deep furrows upon her cheek, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear off the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world. There is no word around which such tender recollections cluster as that of mother, she, who guided our first tottering steps; she, who watched over our helpless infancy.

Look into those eyes; listen to that sweet voice; notice even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that precious hand; make much of it while you may. The golden gates will soon be opened for that beautiful soul to pass into those beautiful realms above. Love the dear old mother while you have her with you, and plant the roses for her now. Remember that you have the most precious of all God's gifts—a loving mother. You may have kind friends in after life, but never will you have again the inexpressible love which none but a mother bestows. After she has taken her flight for that better land you will sigh for that sweet security you used to feel when, of an evening, you nestled in her bosom. Without her this world seems a solitude. Nothing should afford a child more real happiness than to have a loving glance of approval from that dear mother.

Don't wait until she has closed her eyes in death to be kind and affectionate to your mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go farther and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. When the world forsakes she will come along and gather you up in her feeble arms and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul has been disgraced by vice. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotions. Honor the dear old mother.

E. BRYAN STEEDMAN.

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An old fellow in Missouri had lots of fun recently. He nailed a stuffed squirrel to the limb of a tree, and he says something over a hundred sportsmen each took from one to a half a dozen shots at it.

Potatoes were introduced into Ireland in 1589.

CANCER

Sufferers from this horrible malady nearly always inherit it—very rarely from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor, for Cancer often runs through several generations. This deadly poison may be dormant in the blood for years, or until you reach middle life, then the first little sore or ulcer makes its appearance—or a swollen gland in the breast, or some other part of the body, gives the first warning.

To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently, the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestige of it driven out. This S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

Cancer begins often in a small way, as the following letter from Mrs. Shirer shows:

A small pimple came on my jaw about an inch below the ear on the left side of my face. It gave me no pain or inconvenience, and I should have forgotten about it had it not begun to bleed in the blood. It would bleed a little, then scab over, but would not heal. It continued for some time, when my jaw began to swell, becoming very painful. The Cancer began to eat and spread, until it was large as half a dollar, when I heard of S. S. S. and ordered to give it a fair trial, and it was remarkable what a wonderful effect it had from the very beginning; the sore began to heal and after taking a few bottles disappeared entirely. This was two years ago; there are still no signs of the Cancer, and my general health continues good.—Mrs. R. Sumner, La Plata, Mo.



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For over thirty years I have been a fearful sufferer from what is known as Cystitis or Catarrh of the bladder and enlargement of the prostate gland, caused from exposure and hard horseback riding during the war and since, too. My bladder was constantly in a dreadful state of irritation, causing a constant desire to urinate, particularly during the night. My urine was of a very dark color, and thick with mucus and deposits; sometimes as dark as any strong iron or black copper and of a very disagreeable odor. I consulted my physicians. Some of them, the most prominent in the South, and I believe they did all they could; but I never experienced the slightest benefit from their advice. Old remedies and new remedies were used. Every known remedy I believe was taken by me and, besides, various mineral waters, but to no effect, and for years I struggled along; and I truly believe that for over thirty years I did not enjoy ten consecutive days free from pain or annoyance from this dreadful disease of my bladder, until finally about two or three years ago I let down and had to give up my profession (civil engineering). I had about twenty try Harris Lithia Springs, which I finally concluded to do, more by way of obliging interested friends than for any great good that I expected from the waters. I came to the Springs, reaching them about the middle of June, tired, sick and with little faith, but determined to give the waters a fair and an honest trial, which I did. And I can truthfully and honestly state that I was well rewarded for so doing, for before I left there I slept soundly and was rarely disturbed by calls of nature. I was, for the first time in over 25 years, passing clear, healthy water—the result of the great and wonderful curative powers of Harris Lithia Water. Too much cannot be said for this great health-restoring fountain of nature.

You are, gentlemen, at liberty to refer to me as to the great healing propensity of your Harris Lithia Water. I have known of a number of other parties who also have found great relief from this Water. Yours very truly, S. S. KIRKLAND.

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