

WAR STORIES.

Prominent Georgian who was Hanged by Union Soldiers.

J. H. Reese, in Atlanta Journal.

It is no very unusual thing for a man to be hanged, but one to live through the harrowing experience, or to revive and live for years after is something seldom heard of.

Yet this was the experience of Judge Thomas Jefferson Smith, of Jasper County, Georgia, who was an honored citizen of that county for many years before and after the tragic incident here related.

Shortly before Sherman's raid in Georgia every hamlet as well as the larger cities were daily expecting the pillage and rapine which indeed followed. Forseeing that all visible property would be destroyed or injured, an effort was made by numerous planters to save their stock and what ready cash they happened to have.

Judge Smith, who was at the time in his sixties, and, therefore exempt from service by reason of age, was engaged at home, as was always his wont, in alleviating the wants of those around him and in superintending his farming operations and protecting as well as he could his business from the demoralization incident to the war.

Expecting at any time a visit from the federal soldiers, he secreted his money, amounting to some twenty thousand dollars in gold and silver, in the walls of his house. The only person sharing the knowledge of the hiding place being his aged mother, and a sister in an adjoining county. One day in the fall of 1864 a company of 40 federal soldiers rode up to the house and demanded dinner. They were shown every courtesy, not that Judge Smith was in any way a truckler, but because he was at all times a thorough gentleman, treating all men as gentlemen. Some half dozen servants were set at the task of preparing dinner and a sumptuous meal it was.

While the dinner was in preparation the soldiers busied themselves by going over the place stealing what they saw fit to and damaging or destroying the rest. When dinner was over they ran the mules away and took with them thirteen fine horses. During this vandalism and robbery Judge Smith remained at the house as a protection and comfort to the terrified female members of his family. But when the crowd was well off he started to his negro quarters, some distance from the house, to ascertain just what damage had been done.

His gin house stood near the road, which he had reached when he was surprised to see a detachment of five of the men, who had dined at his home, returning. He was not long in doubt as to their purpose.

They rode up to him and hastily dismounting, addressed him roughly, saying: "Oh! you old gray-headed rebel; thought you had escaped did, you? Well, not much. We have come back to get that money you've got hidden away. Give us your keys and tell us where to find it."

These sentences were laden with insulting epithets.

The old gentleman regarded the ruffians fearlessly, and replied: "Gentlemen, I have treated you as my guests and men of honor, doing my duty as my sense of politeness required. You have repaid this treatment by robbing me and damaging my property to a grievous extent. You are right in the surmise that I have money put away, but you are greatly mistaken if you think that I can be intimidated into giving it up."

"You refuse then? Well, say your prayers, old man. We will have your life and the money, too," said one of the troopers, at the same time unbuckling his bridle rein.

"I have been praying for forty years. I am powerless in your hands. Do what you will."

At this reply Judge Smith was seized, the bridle rein was slipped around his neck. He was carried to the gin house only a few feet away and the rein was thrown across a beam. Two men laid hold of the improvised halter and as Judge Smith's body was drawn slowly upward he lost consciousness.

When the Judge regained consciousness he was lying face downward in the finely ground dust under the old gin house. It took him some time to realize what had happened and to raise himself feebly to his feet. The halter had been removed from his neck, and nobody was in sight. When he had proceeded a short distance toward the house he saw his wife cowering toward him carrying his keys in her hands and weeping.

After hanging Judge Smith the yankees had taken his keys from him and had gone to the house where they displayed the keys before the badly frightened women and demanded that they show them where the hidden gold was. Mrs. Smith, knowing nothing of the hiding place, was equally

unable as unwilling to give them any information, and their many threats to her were unavailing. In the meanwhile she was suffering an agony of suspense about her husband. She knew that the keys were his which he carried always on his person, therefore when she saw them she apprehended at once that some ill had befallen him. To her passionate inquiries concerning him the ruffians turned the ear of stoics, and when she attempted to go in search of him they prevented her. Not until they had searched the house thoroughly, with many imprecations the while, did they leave. Needless to say they were unsuccessful in finding the hidden treasure.

Judge Smith never knew how long he hung but said from the time he was raised until he regained consciousness was about half an hour.

There can be no doubt that the intention of the brutes was murder, and it is only the impatience of the man who owned the bridle rein to be with his comrades that saved the life of the brave man.

The shock he sustained was a most severe one, which required a long time to overcome. In speaking of the incident afterwards, Judge Smith said that his previous ideas of death from strangulation were changed from this experience. He had imagined it a horrible and tortuous death, but said it was on the contrary quite easy and attended with little or no pain.

Judge Smith lived till about ten years ago. He died at the age of eighty-three, after a life of just works, charitable deeds and courageous actions.

Wounded at the Wilderness.

I was a private in the Benjamin Infantry, Company E, Tenth Georgia Regiment, Semmes Brigade, McLaws' division Longstreet corps. In our regiment were three companies from Augusta, one from Savannah and one from Columbus, and one from each of the following counties: Chattahoochee, Wilcox, Pulaski, Columbia, Fayette and Clayton. To the latter I belonged. Our regiment was composed mainly of young men and it is doubtful if either army could boast of a command which altogether was made up of better or braver men. We were fortunate in being trained and commanded by those superb soldiers, Generals LaFayette, McLaws, Alfred Cumming and Colonel Leroy Napier, all West Pointers. Their rigid discipline and fine character of the men made up a regiment whose courage, daring exploits and constant hard service was unsurpassed. We had gone through the snows, storms and bloody battles of Tennessee and were lying near Gordonsville when, on the morning of May 6th, 1864, we were called up before daybreak and hastily falling into line, we marched with a quick step in the direction of the enemy. After having gone four or five miles, we met them in a very thick forest of young pines and cedars. We quickly formed in line of battle, but by the time we got in our places, the bullets were pouring through our ranks like a hail storm; I had fired one shot and was reloading my gun when I was struck in the forehead, by a minie ball, which broke through my skull, but after it got through the skull it seemed to have struck something more solid than bone, for it rebounded back in the direction from which it came. I saw the whole world flash up in a glaring blaze of flame and ten thousand streaks of lightning glance in the sky, which broke up into millions of stars and they shot about in every direction like a swarm of living meteors in a grand cotillion. After these sensations passed away, I resolved to become very serious and spend the remaining moments of my life in a way benefitting my condition as a dying man, for I had no doubt that the ball had passed through my head, and I knew that with such a hole through my head, it would be a useless waste of precious time to attempt to hope for further life. I was lying face downward, with my head in a hole which looked like it had been dug out by a hog. The blood flowed from my wound and settling in the hole, formed quite a pool. I was looking down in this pool of blood while I was trying to compose my mind and direct my thoughts into a serious strain, when my mind wandered off to a politician, who, at the beginning of the war, offered to drink all the blood that would be spilt in the war, and I caught myself picturing to my mind this old man kneeling down to drink blood from my puddle.

Our army had advanced and left the dead and wounded, when some hospital men came up and offered to carry me out. I objected to being taken, as

I would probably not live to reach the field hospital; they had better attend to those whose cases were not so hopeless. Being left entirely alone, I lay for perhaps another hour waiting for the grim reaper whom, I thought, had already very nearly finished his job, but the end didn't come, and finally I began to think that perhaps my case might not be so bad—I would undertake to get up and stand on my feet, and if I succeeded, I would abandon the thought of dying entirely. I took hold of some nearby bushes and pulled myself slowly and cautiously up, steadied myself, removed my hands from the bushes and stood; now I wanted to go to the field hospital, but the hospital men were gone, so I started to walk; it was only half a mile, but I was so sick and weak that I stopped to rest, perhaps not less than two dozen times. I lay at the field hospital two days without much attention. The surgeon scoffed at the idea of sending me to the hospital; he spoke of my wound as a mere scratch and threatened to send me to the front; this was one of his grim jokes, he evidently thought that I was done for and soon would be beyond the reach of human aid, I left him without his permission, got aboard a train and went to Lynchburg and entered a hospital. I remained at Lynchburg about five weeks begging and pleading for a furlough, but no, my wound was too severe; they must treat me themselves; finally, I left them clandestinely, boarded a train and went home to Georgia without furlough or passport; conductors, surgeons, everyone seemed to think that death was grappling with me and they would let us have a fair fight. Six weeks after being wounded I reached home; the family physician opened my wound, removed the fragments of bone and looking in the mirror I saw my brain, and settled to my own satisfaction and that of some anxious loving friends, the question, which from my earliest recollections had been in doubt, as to whether I had any brains.

—D. I. Walden, in Atlanta Journal.

He Was There.

Mr. R. W. Whitesides, of Smyrna, was in Yorkville Monday on business, and during a half hour in which he was rambled at Strauss's store, he entertained the writer with some interesting war reminiscences.

Mr. Whitesides was orderly sergeant of Company B, 12th regiment, and was with the regiment during all of its hot work, when he was at home on account of wounds.

"Oh, yes, I was very much interested in that old Gaines's Mill casualty list," he said. "I was there, and speaking of Gaines's Mill, reminds me of a funny little incident. That morning I had found a partridge nest containing 13 eggs, and I put them in my Beaugard cap. During the battle we were ordered to charge, and the charge carried us through a swamp. I bogged up and somehow my cap fell off, spilling my eggs, but did not break them."

"And I guess you just went on," suggested a listener.

"And I guess I didn't do anything of the kind," said Mr. Whitesides, with a pitying look. "It was a hot time there; but by that time I had learned by experience that when I got hold of anything to eat, the proper thing was to hold on to it. I stuck right there until I got all of those eggs that I could find and then I went on."

Mr. Whitesides carries the scar of a bullet that went through his left ear and plowed the flesh to the skull and along the back of the head. Asked as to how he had gotten the wound, he said:

"It was at Deep Bottom, or Frazier's farm, the next Tuesday after the battle of Gaines's Mill. Colonel Barnes knew that the enemy was in front; but did not know exactly where, and called for a volunteer to go forward and uncover him. Somehow it looked to me as if I felt called upon to go, and I volunteered. I was instructed to proceed ahead until I saw the enemy's line, after which I was to fire and fall back. Creeping along as cautiously as possible, I finally came in sight of three lines—two of negroes and one of whites, in the rear. I raised my gun and blazed away; but before I could turn around, there came a volley and I went down. When I came to myself, I found dead and wounded men lying all about me."

Yorkville (S. C.) Enquirer.

The Best Remedy For Rheumatism. QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN.—All who use Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism are delighted with the quick relief from pain which it affords. When speaking of this Mr. D. N. Sinko, of Troy, Ohio, says: "Some time ago I had a severe attack of rheumatism in my arm and shoulder. I tried numerous remedies but got no relief until I was recommended by Messrs. George F. Parsons & Co., druggists of this place, to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. They recommended it so highly that I bought a bottle. I was soon relieved of all pain. I have since recommended this liniment to many of my friends, who agree with me that it is the best remedy for muscular rheumatism in the market." For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

Value of a Woman's Life.

The recent decision of a Judge at Akron, Ohio, that the value of a woman's life is \$500, while that of a man is \$10,000, has created not alone a sensation, but something like an indignation uprising among the women of that community. They contend, and not without justice and reason, that the Court has no right to lay down such a hard and fast rule, or to appraise masculine and feminine lives by the rules which govern relative values of sheep and oxen.

As a matter of fact, there are almost as many exceptions to such a general rule as that of the Ohio Judge as there are men and women. When the law does not put an arbitrary, uniform valuation on their lives they must be valued according to their actual or potential value to those who are or may be dependent on them. If they are of no service to anybody then they are of no special value to themselves or any one else. It is absurd to say that every man's life is worth \$10,000 when there are large numbers of men who are of no more value than a yellow dog, and it is equally absurd to say that every woman's life is worth but \$500 when there are large numbers of women who are of no more value than a canary bird.

If the value of a man's life is to be estimated by his services to the community, there are those whose loss cannot be computed in dollars. So, too, are there women whose value to the community is above price. In fixing the value of life, where the law has not fixed it, the utility of that life is the fact to be considered. There is no other fair test, and determined by such a test there will be as many different prices as there are people. Many women will be appraised as high as some men and some men may be appraised as high as many women.—Chicago Tribune.

His Defense.

In a court room in a Western city, says an exchange, a tramp stood charged with stealing a watch. He stoutly denied the impeachment, and brought a countercharge against his accuser for assault committed with a frying-pan.

The Judge was inclined to take a common-sense view of the case, and, regarding the prisoner, said:

"Why did you allow the prosecutor, who is a smaller man than yourself, to assault you with a frying-pan without resistance? Had you nothing in your hand with which to defend yourself?"

"Bedad, your Honor," answered the tramp, "I had his watch, but what was that against a frying-pan?"

If you need a soothing and healing antiseptic application for any purpose use the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, a well known cure for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. Evans Pharmacy.

Many a howling swell is the result of a defective tooth.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship. Money is prolific; the first hundred saved earns the second. Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them. Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.

Always taking out of the meal tub and never putting in soon comes to the bottom. If you would know the worth of money go try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times. It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.

He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged.

If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are dainty little pills, but they never fail to cleanse the liver and invigorate the system. Evans Pharmacy.

A boy boasts of what he is going to do when he becomes a man, and an old man brags of what he did when he was a boy.

Rheumatism

Rheumatic pains are the cries of protest and distress from tortured muscles, aching joints and excited nerves. The blood has been poisoned by the accumulation of waste matter in the system, and can no longer supply the pure and health sustaining food they require. The whole system feels the effect of this acid poison; and not until the blood has been purified and brought back to a healthy condition will the aches and pains cease.

Mrs. James Kell, of 707 Ninth street, N. E., Washington, D. C., writes as follows: "A few months ago I had an attack of Sciatic Rheumatism in its worst form. The pain was so intense that I became completely prostrated. The attack was an unusually severe one, and my condition was regarded as being very dangerous. I was attended by one of the most able doctors in Washington, who is also a member of the faculty of a leading medical college here. He told me to continue his prescriptions and I would get well. After having it filled twelve times without receiving the slightest benefit, I declined to continue his treatment any longer. Having heard of S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) I procured a bottle, and very soon thereafter, in despair however, to give the medicine a trial, and after I had taken a few bottles I was able to hobble around on crutches, and very soon thereafter had no use for them at all. S. S. S. having cured me sound and well. All the distressing pains have left me, my appetite has returned, and I am happy to be again restored to perfect health."

SSS the great vegetable purifier and tonic, is the ideal remedy in all rheumatic troubles. There are no opiates or minerals in it to disturb the digestion and lead to ruinous habits. We have prepared a special book on Rheumatism which every sufferer from this painful disease should read. It is the most complete and interesting book of the kind in existence. It will be sent free to any one desiring it. Write our physicians fully and freely about your case. We make no charge for medical advice. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

\$50.00 Reward With Proof to convict the man who said we were GIVING AWAY

PIANOS and ORGANS.

WE are selling so LOW and on such EASY terms that there was some reason in the report. But we must insist that it is, to a certain extent, a mis take. Next time you come to town drop in and shake hands with us. You know we handle SEWING MACHINES also.

THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE.

D. S. VANDIVER. E. P. VANDIVER

Vandiver Bros. GENERAL MERCHANTS — AND — JOBBERS OF GROCERIES.

NOT BRAGGING, but giving you cold facts when we say that we can sell you that bill of—

Flour, Molasses, Corn, Tobacco, Coffee and Hay, If you give us a reasonable chance.

DRY GOODS, SHOES and HATS At mighty interesting prices. Big line of extra choice Sample Shoes and Oxfords soon to arrive. Be sure to see them.

Yours for Trade, VANDIVER BROS.

Glenn Springs Mineral Water — FOR SALE AT EVANS' PHARMACY.

THE GLENN SPRINGS WATER has been known for over a hundred years, and is recognized by the best Physicians in the land as a cure for diseases of the Liver, Kidney, Bladder, Bowels and Blood. Some of its remarkable cures were brought before the notice of the public in the Charleston Medical Journal in 1855. MESSRS. EVANS PHARMACY—GENTS: I have been a sufferer from indigestion for several years, and have found the use of your Glenn Springs Water of great benefit to me, and can confidently recommend it to any suffering from like troubles. R. E. ALLEN

A. C. STRICKLAND, DENTIST. OFFICE—Front Rooms over Farmers and Merchants Bank. The opposite end illustrates Continguous Gum Teeth. The Ideal Plate—more cleanly than the natural teeth. No bad taste or breath from Plates of this kind.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher. A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. Fac Simile Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher, NEW YORK. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Come Across, Gentlemen!

THERE is no use holding out longer. We are the only real whole thing in this white man's town. When in the rush and bustle of life it becomes necessary for business to be done, and that on business principles, we are the gentlemen who rise to the emergency and do the thing up in proper shape.

We regret that it is necessary for our customers to buy CORN, HAY and OATS, but since it is they are to be felicitated upon the fact that our warehouses are chock full of the best of these products, bought at such a price that will be directly turned to the advantage of our friends who buy of us. Our reputation for liberal and fair dealing, together with our bona fide guarantees on everything we sell, leave absolutely no grounds for hesitation or doubt in the mind of a new customer.

We have the prettiest WHITE MEAL ever brought to this place, and in the line of cheap FLOURS we challenge all comparison. We can sell you any grade of this goods you want, except the cheap, adulterated Flour sometimes offered in competition with our pure wheat goods. DEAN'S PATENT sales have increased 275 per cent this year over the same period last year. That's the way we keep a good thing going.

We are offering some special bargains in DRESS GOODS, SHIRTS, SHOES and PANTS in order to reduce Stock for new Spring Goods. They must go within the next thirty days, and our friends will save money by buying during that time. This is no Cost Sale, but is much cheaper than most so-called cost sales.

Always ready to serve you,

DEAN & RATLIFF.

GARDEN SEED.

Buist and Ferry's. Remember when you go to get your Seed to get fresh ones. As this is our first year in the Seed business we have no seed carried over from last year.

Yours, F. B. GRAYTON & CO. Near the Post Office.

HARRIS LITHIA WATER

Is the strongest natural Lithia Water in the United States!

Which is shown by the analysis and testimonials from the most noted Physicians of the country. Read what Major S. S. Kirkland, who is known by almost every one in South Carolina:

MR. J. T. HARRIS—Dear Sir: I truly feel so grateful for the benefits derived from Harris Lithia Water that, were I able, I would like to erect a monument to commemorate its virtues and curative powers.

For over thirty years I have been a fearful sufferer from what is known as 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 lye 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 concluded to "throw up the sponge" and struggle no longer; when friends urged me to 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 water. 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 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 distressed by calls of nature. I was, for the first time in over 20 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 me to the great healing properties 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.

We guarantee that one glass of Harris Lithia Carbonated Water will relieve any case of indigestion in one minute's time or money refunded, or taken after each meal will cure the most stubborn case of indigestion. Why will you suffer when you have this guarantee? The Harris Lithia's Ginger Ale is superior to any other Ale on the market, because it is made from the famous Harris Lithia, and you receive the benefits of the Water besides getting the best Ale. EVANS PHARMACY can supply you with the Water in any quantity. HARRIS LITHIA WATER CO., Harris Spring, S. C.