An Old Vet's Story.

Atlanta Journal.

they were full of war reminiscences, semane to me. ed in the fight at Antietam.

It is a queer coincidence that in rades. York. Some years ago this regiment, ment. the Hawkins Zouaves, entertained the "In some two weeks we were remov-Third Georgia in New York city, and ed to a field hospital. My friend 'Mac' a cordial greeting they gave our boys continued to wait on me, and six other it. He told me this story:

regiment of federals halted near where for me. I was lying. The officer in charge made his men a short but enthusiastic the noble Ninth New York regiment it speech, which was loudly cheered. has ever been my pleasure to meet. kindness. The reply was: 'We belong places and the command from head of column came: 'Forward! march!' And Burnsides' corps passed by. It was a trying ordeal to see the enemy pass between me and my command and to and perhaps, fatally wounded.

"Very soon a federal army surgeon came near me. I called to him. I was a Mason and he was one. He said his name was Humphries, surgeon of the Ninth New York. Dr. Squires, the assistant surgeon was with him. I asked the surgeon if he creek who needed him. His reply was which W. L. Mandre is cashier. that he was under as many obligations and with his experience he hoped to

do something for me. "He examined my wounds. He kins Zouaves to their noble father. administered then and there chloroform, and when I became conscious my leg was off and my arm bandaged. I was surrounded only by my comrades who had fallen around me. The doctors had gone, and that, too, without stitching together the flaps of the amputated leg. In that fix I lay behind the tree. Shot and shell from Confederate batteries were tearing up the ground around me, cutting through tops of trees, hurling great branches in every direction. I thought every

minute was my last. ceased, and Dr. Squires returned to me and stitched together the flaps of the amputated limb. Here I spent first, as it was a year before that call alizing mortar shells were forever com. Mr. Larry, aside from the fact that he the long night. My wounded com- at Petersburg. rades were not far from me. I was on r'e front line and I could hear thouand call in desperate tones for wa-

When in Lumpkin, a few days creek was flowing gently on, and its since, it was my pleasure to meet with laughing waters seemed to mock my a number of old veterans who had at- calls for water which came not. The tended the reunion at Memphis, and agony of that night! It was a Geth-

and their recounting the hard fought Late in the night I heard voices battles of Malvern Hill, Manassas, and weary and worn and exhausted Fredericksburg, and Sharpsburg, re- from loss of blood, as a last resort I called to mind a "close call" related again called out aloud the grand hailto me some few years since by George | ing sign of Masonic distress. I was W. Ard, an old soldier, of the Second heard. A federal soldier responded Georgia, who was desperately wound- and brought water, not only to me, but to my suffering Confederate com-

nearly all its great battles the Third | "The next morning about suprise an Georgia encountered the Ninth New ambulance came and the driver said I York regiment, known as the Hawkins was the man sent for by Dr. Hum-Zouaves. The two regiments had ex- phries. I was taken two miles to a perienced such desperate fights with farm house, where Dr. Humphries each other as to command not only a most tenderly cared for me. He mutual respect, but profound admira- brought a young man whom he called tion. I have often heard the lament- 'Mac' and said: 'Mac, I commit this ed Col. Reuben B. Nishet narrate young Georgian and others to you.' "the close calls" of his regiment, the I found this 'Mac' to be Paul J. Mc-Third Georgia, with the Ninth New Locklin of the Ninth New York regi-

of the gray. Subsequent to that, the Confederate soldiers, as long as I re-Third Georgia when they had their re- mained, until January 24, 1863. A union in Athens, entertained the nobler man than Paul J. McLocklin Hawkins Zouaves. It was a matter of never lived. While in the hospital I profound regret to my old friend, became acquainted with several mem-George W. Ard, the one-legged veter- bors of the Ninth New York, and I an, that he could not attend the re- was under care of Dr. Humphries ununion at Athens, and his expression til he went to the front, and Dr. of regret indicated such a deep sorrow | Squires was put in charge. In time I that I knew there was something be- was moved to Frederick City, and sadhind it, and I insisted that he relate ly missed the men of the Zouaves. On the 16th day of May, 1863, I was "I belonged to the Second Georgia, taken from Frederick City to Balticompany K, Toombs' brigade. I lost more, thence to Fortress Monroe. my leg in the battle of Sharpsburg. I llere I was transferred to a large was on the extreme right, where a few steamer, the 'Willow Leaf,' and to of us were stationed to hold the ground my joy, the guards on board were and prevent Burnside from crossing Ninth New York men. One-legged the Lower Stone bridge. The fight and maimed I was troubled to know was on; a ball passed through my when I reached City Point how I thigh, and while lying helpless on the should climb the hill to reach the train ground another ball passed through that bore the exchanges to 'Dixie. my right elbow joint, just as our men There was a great rush to get on Virwere leaving the field. The federals ginia soil-among them 300 of Morrushed across the ereek, and wounded gan's men, hilarious over prospect of as I was, it was a great sight to see liberty and home. But the Ninth those thousands of well fed, well clad New York men deserted me not but soldiers occupy the grounds so recent- gently picked me up, carried me up ly abandoned by the few ragged and the steep bank and placed me on the hungry Confederates. The contrast train, the federal officer (a Hawkins struck me, almost dead as I was. A Zouave), kindly taking my crutches

"There I bade adieu to the last of

It was eight years, after many efwho was near me and requested that forts, that I heard from the noble he would drag me around on the other | Paul J. McLocklin. Finally I receivside of a large tree near which I had ed a letter from him. We kept up a fallen. He at once stepped back to correspondence for many years. His the line and brought four men who letters ceased to come. I wrote time gently picked me up and placed me and again. The postmaster at West behind the tree, hastily spreading a Winsted, Conn., wrote me that my blanket for me to lie upon. I request- friend 'Mac' had passed into the ed to know whom to thank for the camping ground of the dead and that we must resume our chats of Antietam to the Ninth New York regiment, in the great Valhalla beyond. But, I Hawkins' Zouaves.' Immediately have his picture. It is in a nice the four men stepped back to their frame, and hangs on the walls of my bedroom.'

> Such was the story as related to me by George W. Ard.

Since then, he too, has gone-one of that lessening band-to that lone realize that I was a prisoner of war, camping ground, where his companions have grounded arms forever.

George W. Ard was a true soldier, a true man. He, by honest toil, went to work after the war to redeem and glorify his land.

His daughter, Miss Annie Ard, is postmistress at Lumpkin, Ga., assisted by her youngest sister, while Miss could render temporary aid, as he had Sallie Ard is the accomplished bookmany of his own men lying across the keeper of the Bank of Lumpkie, of

The old soldier lives in his children, to me as to any man. He said he had and their charm of manner, modesty been a surgeon in the Crimean we- of demeanor, are but manifestations of those virtues of character which so strongly drew the soldiers of the Haw-

JAMES CALLAWAY.

A Close Call at "The Crater."

In many of the close call reports scenes are brought before my eyes so plain that I think I am looking over the grounds mentioned in reality.

I shall endeavor to give one close call that I experienced at the crater the branch to drink and be benefited before Petersburg, Va., and one at Jackson, Miss.

I belonged to Company F, Twentythird S. C. V., N. G. Evans' brigade, "Just before nightfall the firing Longstreet's corps, Bushrod Johnson's

I will give the Jackson close call

After the campaign of 1862 in Virginia, our brigade was ordered to Char- pits in front were not significant of teeth. His second teeth were shed leston to recruit. On our way to enough to waste a bomb shell on, con-Charleston we stopped at Goldsboro, ter, water. Charleston we stopped at Goldsboro, sequently, every N. C., and gave Yankee General passed far over.

out of Vicksburg.

Marching in Virginia was tough, but nothing to compare with Missis-

In Virginia good water could be had no water. Cisterns were either poisoned or filled up, even the old stagnant cattle ponds were ditched off; there had been two or three armies passed over the route that we went and made away with all the water as an impediment to the enemy behind. We passed through lanes five miles long, hedged in with osage orange so thick a rat could not have passed through, the sun coming down like fire, and could not see your file leader for the dust. In one of these lanes a great many men dropped dead from heat and dust

We finally went into camp on Big the morning of the 6th.

Long roll was sounded at 1 o'clock a. m. on the oth of July, 1863, and we started on our trip to make Grant turn Pemberton loose. We were in line of skirmishers (our brigade was) looking for Yanks at every step. About 3.30 or 4 o'clock orders extended along the line "by the left flank double-time, march," and that order was never revoked. When daylight came we could see our main column, at the same business running parallel with us. There was not much slack up until we got in the breastworks at Jackson, and when we got there old Tecumseh Sherman was in sight and slinging shells at us. I witnessed a charge there that the enemy made on-Breckenridge's division. They were certainly well drilled and had spunk many yells. Not so with those Bucktail Ohioans. They were like a crab -come at you in all shapes.

My close call. This was on Sunday drawn our supper, a few hard tack and joking and laughing with my brother blood and that's all. The next thing I knew I found a man standing over ringing so I could hear nothing. I pital tent two miles from where I was good turn after all. As our army was going to evacuate Jackson, Dr. Murray said if I had anywhere that I could go in the State until I got well he hymn: would give me transportation. I had an uncle and aunt near Crawfordville. Lowndes County, so he sent me to Macon hospital. I was handy to my ber I reported to my command at Sullivan's Island, Charleston, S. C. While there I saw the torpedo boat, John Hunnly, the night she went out and blew up the receiving ship, Housatonick. The recoil from the torpedo blew the Hunnly to the bottom and stuck her fast. She was gotten up after the war. All the crew that

her. Petersburg close call. Our brigade were in the en enchments in front of Petersburg near what was once Jorwas down in the ravine. This was the place of the crater. We were there from the 16th of June, 1864, until September. By we, I mean Evans' Holcombe Legion, all S. C. V's. commanded then by Colonel Elliott, of Fort Sumter fame.

their movements in their main line, (i. e.) we would know where they were going to come for us. We relieved each other at night. My close call happened on this line of gopher holes. We had orders to connect these holes for convenience, to get water from many other ways. We trok spades and shovels out with us that night. Next morning I told my holemates that I would dig first and that they could take a nap.

ing. If one went in a well to take a sequently, everything from both lines

June we were ordered west to rein- | Yanks. I heard the old Yanks' 15force General Joseph E. Johnston's incher go off. I was congratulating army concentrating at Jackson, Miss., myself as in luck, being on the picket for the purpose of cutting Pemberton line the day they were going to use that big old thing again. The first thing I knew I heard swish, swish, swish; it fell just over me, went in York-mental as well as physical the ground and exploded and threw up more dirt in a twinkle than I could anywhere, always cool breezes, hard have done all day. I was never so and recrossed by numberiess deep, roads, etc. In Mississippi there was surprised. I thought the thing went off before they got it trained proper-

> However, I concluded to keep an eye open for the next Yankee bad inert, that thn poisonous breathings of shot. To come the same game it had the panting thousands in the ditches to come over a tall big pine in align- hang close to the bottom and sides, as ment with me and the mortar. Away smoke clings to the earth on a rainy she goes again, away up toward the day, and the fresh light air above, sky. I spied it coming. At first it with its life-giving oxygen, cannot deseemed not larger than a number four scend to relieve the suffering caused shot, but how rapidly it grew. I by its lack. scarcely had time to jump out of the Yanks. They were all standing up watching the circus, everyone of them might as well be broken, for I wouldn't | heat is given out. shovel any more that day.

R. Y. LECKIE. Columbus, Miss.

"There is an indescribable sense of

How the Cow-Punchers Soothe Their Restless Animal Charges,

night," said a visitor from Texas, on the roofs, all shimmering in the chatting in the lobby of his hotel. "When a man rides over them alone the very vastness of the landscape will awe him to the heart, and his nerves them-that the night will be as bad will gradually get on such a tension, as the day-that the afternoon, the without his knowing it, that the yelp evening or the morrow will bring no as well. Our Virginia Yanks could of the coyote or the howl of the wolf be made to go back in their holes with a mile away will make him jump nearone or two well directed volleys and as ly out of his saddle. That is especially true of nights when there is just for their panting lungs a single a slice of moon in the sky-not enough draught of cool, fresh air the vast to render things distinct, but enough | multitude struggles pitifully through to fill the whole plain with vague the hot spells, and here and there evening about sundown. We had mysterious shapes that you seem to distinguish at one moment and lose a little English mule. I was sitting the next. I shall never forget an exwith my head near the breastwork perience I had under such conditions when I first went into the cattle counabout something. In a twinkle-I'll try. I was visiting a ranchman in tell it as it was told to me-it seemed | middle Texas, and one day went out that my head was in a big iron pot with some of the cowboys to a remote limit of human endurance is reached and the pot collapsed. I saw a lot of camp. The night proved so beautiful, a swift wind comes sweeping down although there was very little moon, from New England, or from off the that I decided to take a fresh horse me working at something in my head and ride back. As might have been that gave me pain, but my ears. were expected I lost my bearings, and after therein another chance at life. wandering around for several hours soon found out that I was in the hos- came to a standstill pear a line of low. rolling foothills I couldn't remember hurt. A percussion shell had struck ever having seen before. The weird the top of the breastwork just over my half-light gave everything an air of more under the spell of the place and

" Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!

"The words were perfectly distinct, sung in a deep, powerful barytone, good relations and imposed on their but I could not for the life of me tell hospitality a great deal. In Septem- from where they came, and before I recovered from my first shock the chorus was taken up in what seemed to be every point of the compass: " Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Ne-e-arer to Thee !'

"It sounds foolish to tell, but my hair bristled on my head, and the wonder is I didn't fall of my horse. Luckily at that moment a cowboy perished were hauled to the top with came riding around the shoulder of the nearest hill, and in a moment the unearthly chorus was made plain. He and his companions had a big bunch of cattle in a sort of natural corral at dan's house-Jerusalem plank road the other side of the rise and were was half mile to our right. We were simply singing to keep the restless on the brow of a big hill, the enemy steers quiet. It is an old trick on the range, and I have heard it done a thousand times since, but never amid such impressive surroundings. The cowboys put me on the right trail, old brigade, 17th, 18th, 23rd and 26th and I was soon at the ranch house, but my nerves were shaken for a week. It is strange that singing will quiet cattle, but it does it almost every The enemy could get close on to us time. They tell me it is one of the before we could see them. We man- mainstays of the stock boats, where aged to get some vidette pits far without it the poor brutes would get enough in front of our lines to observe in a panic at the first roll."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Third Set of Teeth.

South Macon has one of the most

unusual men known in this section. He is Mr. John Larry, who at 77 years of age is as strong and vigorous as a man of 50, and he has eyes that have not been dimmed in the slightest by age. He sits bour after hour reading his Bible, the print of which is as small as one usually sees these Out there was a great relief to us days, and he has never worn glasses. all, for in the main line those demor- The most remarkable peculiarity of was never beyond the limits of the nap they would come there, too; so the State, is that he is cutting a third set some time ago, and he had to "gumit" for a time, but recently new teeth have been coming through to take ings, mental and physical, were agonizing. Loss of blood created intense thir . I arry the rippling Autietam camp on Sullivan's Island. Early in dirt thrown up between me and the araph.

How the Heat Kills in New York City.

It is difficult, almost impossible, indeed, for one who has never actually experienced it, to conceive the supreme distress of a hot spell in New

The great town is, on the whole, like a flat, sun-baked island, crossed steep-sided ditches-the streets.

In these ditches no breeze can or ever does stir. Indeed, the air which fills them is so heavy and moist and

Superadded to this, the rays of the way, and I jumped right ever the dirt sun, beating down, strike upon noth-I had thrown up in plain view of the | ing but bare walls and bare pavements

-there being never so much as a single tree to break or soften the glare, Black river from the 4th of July until laughing. They yelled to me: "Get save in those little green oases-the back, Johnnie, we'll give you a parks. The walls and these pavements show?" I kissed my hand at them fairly radiate back those rays and so, and meant it too. The last shell from beneath as well as from above, broke my shovel and spade, and they still, overpowering, and all-pervading

In addition to the physical distress which is thus caused, there is also a mental anguish-a sort of despairwhich is perhaps even worse. The sufferers of that vast beehive feel, as they cling to fire escape landings, where the iron work is almost hot enough to blister the hands, and the strangeness about the great plains at | walls breathe forth hot air, or squat heat like a reflection in troubled waters, that they are in a hopeless situation-that there is no escape for relief.

So, unable to find relief anywhere. unable to rest, or to sleep, or to get people, the weaker, give up the fight and fall-sometimes in dozens, sometimes in hundreds.

These terrible seasons fortunately do not last long at a time-two or three days or a week. Else all would perish. Just about the time that the broad Atlantic, clearing out the streets, and giving to the multitude

### Picked Out His Own Coffin.

"A man entered my sales room some time ago," recalled a St. Joseph head. The concussion was within less mystery; the prairie was alive with (Mo.) undertaker in a recent chat with than one inch being near enough to strange, shifting shadows, and I was a local interviewer, "and said that he have killed me outright. It did me a staring into space, falling more and wanted to select a casket and shroud. I asked what sized casket he wanted, hour, when I was almost startled out and he answered: "Well, you can of my wits by the sound of a familiar measure me, if you want; I want the easket for myself.' I was taken by surprise, and he noticed it, but he appeared to think that there was nothing unusual in his request. 'I am six feet tall,' he said. Without further delay I began to show him our different caskets. He was very particular about it—they all are—and it took him about an hour to choose what he wanted. He then selected a shroud and other necessities and gave an order for four carriages. When we were through he asked the price and I told him \$150. He paid over the cash and I gave him a receipt for his own funeral. The man was apparently strong and robust at the time. Six weeks later I re-ceived a telephone message from one of the hospitals in this city announcing that my customer had died and that he had given instructions to have me called. The details of the funeral were carried out just as he had planned them.



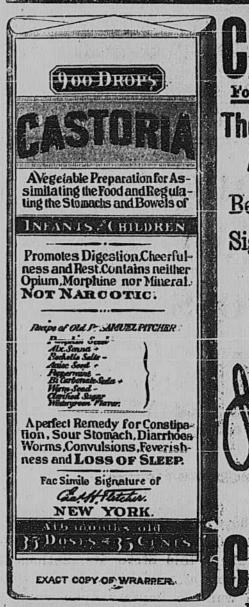
## PEOPLE

Have a charm of their own when they are not weak and feeble, but hale and are not weak and feeble, but hale and hearty, enjoying the sports and pleasures of youth though they cannot participate in them. The whole secret of a sturdy old age is this: Keep the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in perfect order. The young man who does not think of his stomach will be made to think of it as he grows old. It is the "weak" stomach, incapable of supplying the adequate nutrition for the body, which causes the weakness and feebleness of old uge.

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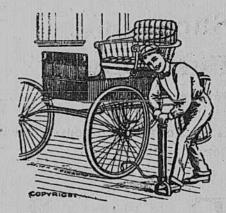


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