

WAR STORIES.

In Virginia With "Jeb" Stuart in the Year 1864.

While a soldier in the Confederate States army the thought of being captured and confined in a Northern prison was akin to horror and humiliation. I was willing to take my chances for life or death in the midst of shot and shell among those who opposed us; but to be confined in a prison, with cold, hunger and suffering, with thoughts continually upon home and its loved ones, was enough to make a man decide as I did, never to surrender. There might have been circumstances causing me to yield to my foes, but it was my good fortune to escape the many chances of capture during the three years of my army life.

This brings to my mind a few exciting scenes which may be classed as "close calls," and, therefore, may fit in the columns of The Journal kindly reserved for us. The young single men of the army were more reckless and took more chances on their lives than did the married men, whose responsibilities were greater. In 1863 I was for a few months a courier for General William C. Wickham, and while in northern Virginia, I think in Fauquier County, Wickham's brigade was guarding the rear of Lee's army; we were watching the advance of some Federal cavalry when General Wickham called to Richard Hill, another courier, and ordered him to ride to the brow of the hill just in our rear in order to ascertain whether the Yankees were advancing. Just as we reached the summit of the hill, young Hill reeled and fell from his horse, pierced through by a minie ball. Had I been a few feet in advance I might have shared his fate. He was a gallant young man of my County and a near relative of General A. P. Hill, the distinguished general who lost his life April 2, 1865, almost at the last sunset of the Confederacy. The next "close call" occurred at Chancellorsville on May 2nd, a day or two after Hooker issued to his command a general order in which he said among other things, "Our enemy must ingloriously fly or come from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." My company was on picket duty near Banks' ford, on the Rappahannock River, between Fredericksburg and Hooker's army. We were on the mine road, watching for any flank movement which might be attempted by Hooker's left wing.

A young Mr. Wilhoit, from my County, who joined the company the same time that I did, was sent with me down the road in advance of the picket post; he took his stand on one side of the road in the timber, and I selected the opposite side. We were watching the movements of some Yankee artillery some distance in our front, when suddenly I heard the crack of a carbine, and young Wilhoit fell from his horse shot through the body. I was then ordered back, but before reaching the post a solid shot was fired from the Yankee battery, the ball smashing in pieces the cooking utensils on the fire at the reserve, destroying our supper but injuring none of the boys around the fire. I was at the post nearly all night and listened to the fearful noise made by Hooker's axemen, building the most formidable breastworks, out of which they were compelled to retreat on the next day owing to that splendid flank movement by General "Stonewall" Jackson. Again, while my company was on duty in Madison County in 1864, a detail of 15 or 18 men commanded by Lieutenant Carpenter was sent out on picket beyond the Robinson River on the road leading from Criglersville to Culpepper Court House, Va. In the afternoon we crossed to the north side of the river and marched a few miles beyond, where we came to a small country church located in a little pine grove at a cross roads. There we all dismounted, unsaddled our horses and opened up the church building as our quarters for the night. After placing two guards on the roads a short distance in our front, our little Confederate command retired in apparent security for the night. I had tied my horse to a sapling and was in the act of unsaddling when Lieut. Carpenter called me to one side and asked if I would accompany him to Criglersville and spend the night with a friend of his and enjoy the company of the young ladies. Of course I gladly accepted his invitation. The post was left in charge of a sergeant, and we were soon enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Strickler and family on the south side of the river. We remained all night and left at the break of day for the picket post. We had just crossed the river when we were met by a cavalryman coming at breakneck speed, waving his hand at us to go back, that the Yankees had captured all of our com-

mand at the post and were now in pursuit of him. Lieut. Carpenter and I galloped back across the river and down the turnpike in the direction of Madison Court House, hoping to reach that place in time to inform the citizens of the approaching raiders. We rode at a gallop for a mile or two, then we slackened our gait as we ascended a long hill with fences on both sides of the road. We were laughing and talking about the boys being captured, when Lieutenant Carpenter asked me for a chew of tobacco. It was raining a little and I had on my V. M. I. overcoat and he had an oil cloth over his uniform. He was watching for me to hand him the tobacco, and in my efforts to get at it I had lost sight of the road in my front.

We were just nearing a sharp turn in the road when suddenly he turned to me and exclaimed: "Look out, we are into them!" We were within fifty steps of eight or ten Yankees. As we wheeled our horses a volley from their carbines was poured into our faces. The bullets whistled around our heads, but none took effect. They ran us down the pike for half a mile, and two of them were gaining upon us, when suddenly we came to a pair of drawbars over which we jumped our horses, and were again soon out of their reach. We halted a short distance from them, but fearing an ambush, they declined to follow us. The lieutenant took off his oil cloth and found eight or ten holes through it from the bullets. John Rose, one among the number captured at the post, suffered the horrors of prison life for months, and finally the poor fellow died on his way home, after having been exchanged. Dr. Sprinkle, now of Culpepper Courthouse, Va., was among the number who was captured. These are little personal matters, but we old soldiers love to look back over the past and bring to light again those incidents that so interested us in our boyhood days, for as we grow old everything seems to us wonderfully great, even down to the ashake our old colored mammys used to make for us. It is useless for me to recount the many hardships suffered by us while soldiers in the Confederate States army under that patriotic and pure man, Jefferson Davis, who was second to no man who graced the halls of the United States Senate at the breaking out of the civil war. Future historians will record the heroic deeds of those who stood by each other for four long years and fought to the bitter end. The memories of the great struggle told by Colonel J. J. Dickinson, of Florida, are cherished by every patriotic American soldier. He says: "We cannot find in all the annals of history a grander record or prouder roll, nor more just fame for bravery, patient endurance of hardships and sacrifices." The noble chief, Robert E. Lee, said, "Judge your enemy from his standpoint, if you would be just."

Whatever may be said of the contention of the two great sections of the union, whether by arbitration of council every issue might have been settled and a fratricidal war averted, there will be but one unalterable decree of history respecting the Confederate soldier. His deeds of heroism are wreathed around with glory, and he will be ever honored, because he was not only brave and honorable, but true to his convictions. The sacrifices made by our loyal defenders and their glorious deeds shall not perish, but the pen of the historian shall hand them down through the ages—proud heritage to our race and to all mankind. Now that the people who so grandly illustrated their loyalty to the Confederacy are passing away, the South claims from them a truthful, dispassionate history of the causes leading to their withdrawal from the Union and the subsequent events when the tocsin of war sounded throughout the land.—Dr. J. B. Conway, in Atlanta Journal.

Cures Eczema, Itching Humors, Pimples and Carbuncles.—Costs Nothing to Try.

B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) is now recognized as a certain and sure cure for eczema, itching skin, humors, scabs, scales, watery blisters, pimples, itching bones or joints, boils, carbuncles, pricking pain in the skin, old, eating sores, ulcers, etc. Botanic Blood Balm taken internally, cures the worst and most deep-seated cases by enriching, purifying and vitalizing the blood, thereby giving a healthy blood supply to the skin. Botanic Blood Balm is the only cure, to stay cured, for these awful, annoying skin troubles. Heals every sore and gives the rich glow of health to the skin. Builds up the broken down body and makes the blood red and nourishing. Especially advised for chronic, old cases that doctors, patent medicines and hot springs fail to cure. Druggists, and to prove B. B. B. cures, sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter. Sold in Anderson by Orr-Gray Drug Co., Wilhite & Wilhite, and Evans Pharmacy.

ENDORSES HON. WYATT AIKEN.

Ex-Soldier of the Old First Regiment Asks the Soldier Boys to Stick to Aiken.

Editor Intelligencer—Sir: Several articles have recently appeared in the different newspapers of this the 3d Congressional District of South Carolina, about candidates or available aspirants to the honorable position of Congressman. The District seems to be greatly blessed in good material, or rather in men who believe themselves to be of the right sort, judging, of course by the number who are in the fight for this most coveted position. But, however, that maybe, Mr. Editor, I will discuss that no further, but I will confine this article to its original purpose, viz: that of the merits of one of the old members of Co. A, 1st Reg. S. C. V. Infantry, which was displayed in a hundred different ways and in as many different instances while he wore the uniform of his country during its crisis of 1863, and which subsequently has become known to such an extent to the people generally that they have induced him to become a candidate of the people, and for the people, to the national House of Representatives, believing as they do that a man of such attainments as a scholar and a birth in a lap of patriotic influences which he has maintained throughout his life; who having that profound patriotic instinct which he so richly inherited from an illustrious parent, that when the first notes of the bugle sounded "assembly" to the nation's citizen soldiery, he did not stop and

Question the reason, Why but was one among the first to answer with the knowledge of a true born son of the South that it was his duty as an American to

Do, and if necessary, Die in defence of his country. Believing, I say, as the people evidently do, that a man who could throw down the gauntlet like Wyatt Aiken did in '98 is worthy to represent us in the halls of our national government. And yet, Mr. Editor, that is not all, for he is worthy because of his spotless character in his dealings with his fellow-men, both private and public. I had the honor to be a member of the same company during the Spanish-American war in the 1st regiment of this State, and had therefore ample opportunity of seeing the many acts of benevolence rendered to the enlisted men of our regiment by Mr. Aiken, which was a frequent sight to behold in our camps at Chickamauga and down in Florida. Even while he was "only a private" he did many noble acts of kindness for several of the boys who had become sick from the unusual hardships of a soldier's camp life. But after he was promoted to the position of Adjutant of a Battalion and assigned to the quarter-master's department he did more for us, because he had something to do with it himself, and he put new life into the department with which he was connected. We had no more boxes sent us from home with "grub" in them for "my hungry son" in each letter from a loving mother that invariably accompanied each box. Why? Because we had a man who was attending to his duty, looking out for the enlisted men of our regiment like a real officer, that he was, instead of trying to break his back to get it straight and walking himself to death up and down a company street in order that he may receive the salutes of the men. Wyatt Aiken cared for no salutes save those of absolute necessity or for the preservation of military courtesy.

Now, in conclusion, Mr. Editor and kind reader, I wish to say a word or so to the members of the old 1st regiment, that it is our duty as ex-soldiers who live in this District to support Hon. Wyatt Aiken in his candidacy for Congress with a whoop that will echo like our yells did over the battle field of Chickamauga or over the sand hills of Florida, in the approaching primary.

There are good men who oppose him in this campaign; men whose integrity and fidelity to a conscientious duty is beyond question, but after taking everything into consideration, I can only offer to them a word of sympathy in the hour of their defeat which is inevitable to every opponent of Hon. Wyatt Aiken, who, (if his friends count for anything,) will be known the morning after the primary by the title of Congressman Wyatt Aiken of the 3d Congressional District of South Carolina.—F. W. G., ex-musician Co. A, 1st Reg. S. C.

Prison Humor.

The inmates of the Connecticut State Prison edit a paper called the Monthly Record, a part of which is devoted to aphorisms. Here are a few specimens:

"Talking too much is not one of our faults."
"Most men who follow the races never catch up with them."
"It is not always the other fellow that needs reforming."
"Don't regard our weakness; only our inness and our honorableness."
"If time is money we would like to swap our surplus supply for cash."
"About the only time some people tell the truth is when they talk in their sleep."
"We have no Spring poems in this issue. Our circulation ought to double."

Youth will follow the torch in any one's hand; age wishes to carry it in its own hand.

Whooping Cough.

A woman who has had experience with this disease, tells how to prevent any dangerous consequences from it. She says: Our three children took whooping cough last Summer, our baby boy being only three months old, and owing to our giving them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, they lost none of their plumpness and came out in much better health than other children, and whose parents did not use this remedy. Our oldest little girl would call lustily for cough syrup between whoops.—JESSIE PINKY HALL, Springville, Ala. This remedy is for sale by Orr-Gray Drug Co.

Tennessee Phosphates.

The subject of commercial fertilizers is becoming more and more important to our farmers every year, and it is well that they should be informed on the matter in all its phases. The chief ingredient in the fertilizers used by our farmers is phosphate, and fortunately the South possesses all the phosphate deposits of consequence in the world. The chief deposits are found in Florida, South Carolina and Tennessee, of which by far the greatest are in Tennessee. There is more or less phosphate found in several counties in Middle Tennessee, but the principal beds are situated in the counties of Maury, Hickman, Lewis and Perry, almost exactly in the centre of the State. The first discoveries were made in Hickman about 1894 and considerable mining was done there, but this was nearly abandoned when the wonderful deposits of Mount Pleasant, in Maury County, were found a few years afterward.

The industry at Mount Pleasant has grown until that station alone ships annually 400,000 tons of phosphate rock, about one-fifth of the world's supply. All the conditions for mining are perfect at that place. The rock is of the highest grade, the quantity is most extensive, the physical conditions are most advantageous and the shipping facilities are the most favorable to be found anywhere. It is possible to put the rock on the cars at Mount Pleasant for about \$1.50 a ton and it is sold at from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a ton to the fertilizer factories. The freights to the factories and from them to the farmers constitute the greatest source of expense in the cost of the finished commercial product, ready for use on the fields. The rock is found in ledges, beginning a foot or two below the surface of the ground and going down from four to twelve feet, one thin layer of from one to three inches thick, placed on top of another. The ledges are not unlike a stone wall made up of flat stones. The mining is the easiest and simplest process imaginable. The thin cover of top soil is removed and then the ledge is attacked with the pick, the fragmentary phosphate layers are pried off and broken up with hammers and dried either in the sun or in kilns.

There is more or less phosphate on nearly every farm in Maury County, which has long been noted as the most fertile in the State of Tennessee. The cause of the fertility is the disintegrated phosphate in the soil. It is only when the phosphate is in ledges, as at Mount Pleasant, that it is profitable at this time to mine. The field at Mount Pleasant is only about two miles wide by five miles long and the ledges do not underlie this area with entire regularity.

When this supply is exhausted, however, it will be necessary to look for other fields where the quality is not so high, the deposit not so thick, the mining deeper and the rock more refractory. There are hundreds of square miles of rock in Hickman and adjoining counties, which will then come in for attention from the fertilizer seekers. The supply of this kind is practically inexhaustible and will make Tennessee for centuries to come the store house of fertility for the exhausted land of the nation. The exhaustion is going on, of course, everywhere all the time and the demand for phosphates, therefore, is constantly on the increase.

It seems a Providential gift of nature at the place where it is most needed. Here are the lands of the older South exhausted by improvident cultivation and worthless, but for the rich soil foods ready for their restoration at the points most accessible to the greatest number of them. The chief soil foods are phosphate, nitrogen and potash. Phosphate is the most important of the three, being generally needed in about a two-thirds proportion. These are the elements that are supplied in the commercial fertilizers furnished to our farmers. Memphis is a fine place for fertilizer factories and one of the largest of these institutions has recently been established here.—Memphis News.

A statistician has been working pencil and imagination, with this result: If all the petroleum produced last year in the United States was put in standard barrels in a row touching each other the line would completely belt the earth. Enough coal was produced to give three and one-half tons to every one of the 76,000,000 persons in the United States and enough gold to give every American a gold dollar.

D. S. VANDIVER.

J. J. MAJOR.

E. P. VANDIVER.

Vandiver Bros. & Major, DEALERS IN BUGGIES, SURRIES, PHAETONS, WAGONS, Harness, Lap Robes, Whips, Etc. ANDERSON, S. C., APRIL 9, 1902. WE have a large and beautiful line to select from and our PRICES ARE RIGHT. COME TO SEE US. VANDIVER BROS. & MAJOR.

Washington's Beginning.

Efforts to provide more decent and reputable quarters for the chief executive and his corps recall many interesting facts in the early history of some of the public buildings in Washington.

It was not until 1796 that the tempest-tossed congress of the 13 colonies saw the first evidence of the Federal city that excited the mirth of the wits, the forebodings of the timid. The circumference of the city as it now spreads out under the great dome is greatly contracted from the imposing dimensions originally laid out by the engineer, L'Enfant. Where the superb patent office now stretches in marble majesty the poetic Frenchman, inspired by recent events in Paris, had marked the site for a national tabernacle, where national events were to be religiously commemorated, where national obsequies were to be celebrated, and the dead honored by their country were to be buried and their monuments perpetuated—a sort of Pantheon to the glories of the Republic. But the Frenchman's hopes and plans were early nipped, for even in those early days "jobs" and "rings" found their account. He was beset on all sides by venal legislators and self-seeking jobbers, and practically coerced into throwing up his commission in disdain, leaving the city to be completed by Andrew Elliott.

In 1782, \$500 in gold was offered, without restriction as to calling, to the citizen who should send in the accepted design for the president's house. Five hundred dollars and a lot in the new city, or a gold medal were offered for the best design of the Capitol. To a generation that has become familiar with the sums annually appropriated and voted for post-office and custom houses, our forefathers will seem thrifty indeed, embarking upon city building with a grant of \$19,200 from the States of Virginia and Maryland.

This, however, was supplemented by a national lottery, for which 60,000 tickets were sold and of which 16,730 were to draw prizes, the capital one being a hotel which was to cost \$50,000. The price of the ticket was \$7, and the prizes ranged from \$10 up to the hotel. Nor need the student of current morals and manners, depressed by the laxity of our times, wholly despond when he reflects that the lottery was made use of not only in the building of our national Capitol, but churches, schools, colleges, even Harvard itself, were indebted to the wheel of money to secure their usefulness.

In 1796 the president's house and the Capitol were the only evidences of a city where the traveler now sees squares and monuments, edifices and gardens and parks that eclipse Paris and Vienna in beauty and taste. When the lottery failed and the sums voted by Virginia and Maryland gave out, Washington was less of a city than Cahaba, down in Alabama, which was once the capital of that State and was sold for taxes. Three hundred thousand dollars were asked by the commissioners to go on with the work, and the country was distracted by such profligate outlay. The press of the time thundered against such extravagance.—Washington Times.

That Gold Spoon.

There are some men who seem to be favorites of fortune. They are industrious, cheerful workers, full of overflowing energy of splendid health, and success seems fairly to drop into their hands. It is of such as these that



the less hardy and less successful man says enviously, "That fellow was born with a gold spoon in his mouth." And, yet on analysis it will be found that this success is largely due to the

splendid health, the endowment of a healthy mother. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives the mother health to give her child. It cures nervousness, nausea and sleeplessness. It makes the body comfortable and the mind content. It gives physical vigor and muscular elasticity so that the baby's advent is practically painless.

"I will endeavor to tell you of the many benefits I have derived from taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. B. E. Robertson, of Medicine Lodge, Barber Co., Kan. In the fall of 1899 I was expecting to become a mother and suffered terribly with pains in the back of head, in fact I ached all over. Suffered with awful bearing-down pains; I was threatened for weeks with miscarriage. A lady friend told me to use Dr. Pierce's medicine. She had taken them and felt like a new woman. I began using the "Favorite Prescription" and took four bottles before my baby came and two afterwards. I suffered almost death with my other two children, but hardly realized it. I was sick when this baby was born and she weighed twelve and one-quarter pounds. She is now eleven months old and has never known a day's sickness; at present she weighs thirty-seven pounds. I owe it all to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

"Favorite Prescription" keeps weak women strong, and sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which cures wonders for weak women. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the most desirable laxative for delicate women.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. THE CERTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

STOVES, RANGES, AND REPAIRS FOR STOVES.

BIG shipment just received and more on the way. We handle none but the BEST and give a guarantee with every sale. Have secured the agency for the following makes: IRON KING, ELMO, RUTH, TIMES, SOUTHERN BAKER and GARLAND. Roofing, Guttering, Plumbing, And Electrical Wiring promptly done. We also carry a complete line of Tinware, Woodenware, Enamel Ware, Cutlery and House Furnishings. ICE CREAM FREEZERS and WATER COOLERS just in. See us before you buy. Yours truly, ARCHER & NORRIS.

JUST A WORD

About Something that should Interest You ! ! ! ! !

WE HAVE A FEW— SECOND-HAND UPRIGHT PIANOS!

Some you would readily buy for BARGAINS THESE. A big line of Squares for practice work; you will find they fill the bill as well as a new one. At from \$19.00 up.

OUR ORGAN DEPARTMENT is running over with good things. You should see them and get prices. A few special bargains if you come at once.

OUR SEWING MACHINE DEPARTMENT is by far the largest in the State, and more Standard varieties are here to select from. Here are bargains in second-hand Machines that you ought to pick up. Come in when in town, and we will take pleasure in showing you through.

THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE

A Well Furnished Home. Is not necessarily an expensively furnished one, as at TOLLY'S hand some, even sumptuous, FURNITURE is procurable without great outlay not that we deal in knocked-together, made-to-sell sort, but because we are content with a reasonable profit on really good articles of Furniture. Our best witness is the Goods themselves. Yours truly, G. F. TOLLY & SON, The Old Reliable Furniture Dealers, Depot St., Anderson, S. C.

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

A LONG LOOK AHEAD. A man thinks it is when the matter of life insurance suggests itself—but circumstances of late have shown how life hangs by a thread when war, flood, hurricane and fire suddenly overtakes you, and the only way to be sure that your family is protected in case of calamity overtaking you is to insure in a solid Company like— The Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. Drop in and see us about it. M. M. MATTISON, STATE AGENT, Peoples' Bank Building, ANDERSON, S. C.