WAR STORIES.

A. Boy in Butternut Gray and His First Service Recounted.

Atlania Journal

judge. Twenty-one years had elapsed since my last visit to the beautiful my newly acquired comrades. Central City. This was about the 18th of November, 1864, and I came riding bareback on a very diminutive mule, ever, and consoled me and told me not larger than Sancho Panza's "Dapple." I came as a member of that that as soon as I could get a suit of command, famous in its way as Crom- Confederate gray I would be a fine well's Ironsides-I mean Wheeler's soldier. cavalry. My father was that year pastor of Mulberry Street Methodist Church in Macon, but our home had idated Street railway now stands, and been broken up about the time of we went into camp in that beautiful the Stoneman raid, and at the some- grove on the river bank, now the Cenwhat unmanageable age of 15 I had tral City park. My father happened been directed by parental authority to to be out of the city, but his brotherrepair to the plantation in Monroe in-law, the late Dr. Dudley W. Ham-County of my uncle, the late Judge mond, hearing of my unexpected pres-Alex. M. Speer, and to remain there ence with the troops, and aware that until further orders.

from the direction of Atlanta, which camp and endeavored to induce me to reached our ears even at that distance leave. I declined, my officers would and the spectacle of the roads alive not interfere and the good man went with the marching columns, the bag- away much disappointed. gage trains and all the impediments of I was now equipped with a new rifle

It was not many miles before an athletic looking soldier, riding a beau- through the culvert under the Central riful chestnut colored mare and lead- railroad and went into line very near 1 & the small mule above mentioned, the present locality of Anderson's caught up with me, and noting, I brickyard. am sure, my forlorn condition, hailed me with the salutation:

"Bud, do you want to ride?"

proceeded to regale me with "moving ion. incidents by field and flood." His The night came on. One could name was Jerry Spaulding, and a short hear the crackling rifle fire of the of the Blue Grass.

crack command, some corps whose re- see what scomed ten thousand camp putation was like that of the Imperial fires. I said to a Kentuckian who Guard in the armies of France. Jerry stood near me in the rank, that Hood's had this corps 'elite ready made. He army must have reached Macon. Takpromptly assured mo that the flower of ing a good look, and calling my attenthe Confederate army was Company tion to the fact that the spaces be-K, Fifth Kentucky regiment, Lewis' tween the fires were all of the same brigade of mounted infantry, and when | length, he said: Jerry and I reached camp that night I "Those are not camp fires. They am sure that hope elevated and joy are built there by our people to fool brightened my countenance as I was the Yankees and make them think we mustered in as a member of the fa- have got a large force in Macon, when mous "Orphan Brigade."

My transports were a little modera- and the militia.' ted when I learned that Jerry made | We soon marched back across the

breastworks which crowned it, filled had been his own brother. county, that we would soon "burn towers of the Kremlin. him up to keep him from falling into tions of war with that purpose.

federa'e monument now stands.

In the spring of 1895 I made my ing, "Hey, will you look at this solappearance in Macon to enter upon dier!" and other irreverent and dethe duties of United States district preciatory remarks calculated, as I thought, to lower me in the esteem of

My friend Jerry and the other Kentuckians came to my relief, hownot to mind the boys, assuring me

Our wagons were parked exactly where the power-house of the Consolmy father had secured my discharge But the detonations of artillery from military service, came to the

the Confederate army, overcame, in a and my mule with new saddle and a yet unformed nature, the duty of bridle. That afternoon the other obedience, and one day, unconscious- regiments of the brigade came in. A ly adopting the maxim of Napoleon, strong force of Union cavalry was I marched towards the sound of the then threatening East Macon. We were mounted and crossed the Ocmulgee on a pontoon bridge, passed

A few random shells from federal batteries fell among us, and while the sound was terrifying, as it did not I have no recollection of a time seem to disturb the older soldiers when I did not want to ride, and ac- around me, I soon assumed an air of cepting his invitation I twisted the indifference myself. It is, however, rope halter through the mule's mouth true that while the fire of infantry is for a bridle and throwing my worn much more deadly, in my judgment it little overcoat across his back for a is not so demoralizing as the fiendish saddle, I was soon trotting along by scream of the shell and the rerocious my well mounted friend, who at once and murderous sound of its explos-

time ago I had it from Senator Lind- skirmishers out toward Walnut creek. say, of Kentucky, that he was still Presently the hoarse command of alive. Long may he wave, for never "Fall in!" rang through our bivouac. was there a soul more gallant, and no We formed a column of fours' disdeadlier aim than his ever glanced mounted, and marched up the hill and through the sights of an Enfield rifle. out toward Cross Keys. When we He is a teamster now in the heart reached the summit of the hill beyond Cutter's Green I remember look-Dack across the city, and on the was to assume the profession of arms, hill of what is now South Macon, and that I was solicitous to join a then nothing but open fields, I could

in fact we have got only a few cavalry

application for a furlough on the river, and that night I slept with the ground that he had secured a recruit. lieutenant commanding my company, It was not long before the detach- now Captain John T. Gaines, of Cresment of the brigade which had thus ent Hill, Ky. How true it is that been reinforced was detailed as guard | the "bravest are the tenderest, the to a wagon train, and in a short time loving are the daring." This noble we marched down the Forsyth road Kentuckian shared his blankets with towards Macon. I remember just af. me and treated me, an inexperienced. ter we passed what is now the beauti forlorn lad as I was, without any ful stock farm of Mr. R. H. Plant and knowledge of the dangers and hardrode up Singer's hill, we saw the red | ships of the months to come, as if I

with the Georgia militia, noticeable In freezing nights of the terrible for their white haversacks and clean winger of 1864 5 when my tour of brown jeans suits. As we rode through the line Jerry, with all the pride of a Gaines as we called him, who gave veteran who came out of the "dark | me heedful instructions, and as I would and bloody ground" with Breckinridge mount to ride to my post, with a and Helm four years before, evoked horseshoe nail would pin his own much profanity from the State troops blanket around my neck. At the by shouting contumeliously, "Lie time of which I write this brave offidown, Melish, I'm going to pop a cer had a record of coo! heroic courcap," and by subsequently assuring a age in many deadly, pitched battles, grave-looking militiamen, who was, I unsurpassed by that of any member of am satisfied, an ordinary, or at least the great army who followed Napoleon a justice of the peace in his home from the banks of the Seine to the

It rained heavily that night, and bethe hands of the enemy." In those fore day next morning, drenched to days we were destroying many muni- the skin as we were with the cold Jena, of Gagram and Waterloo, and November rain, we mounted and re-Pursued by the objurgations of the crossed the river and joined the colmilitia we rode on towards Macon, umn with which Wheeler attempted passing the Vineville school, where in to turn the left wing of the Federal the spring I had been a pupil of the attack. I had my first view of Gennow Hon. A. S. Florence, ordinary of eral Wheeler and his staff as in the Jasper County, who had lost his arm | early dawn we turned to the right of while gallantly fighting two years be- the Indian mound, forded Walnut fore at the Second Manassas, and by creek and struck out on a forced speed, and some of them whipping my present home. We crossed the march toward the enemy. He was a their horses with their wool hats, as I Vineville branch and entered the city, small man, apparently about 25 years had seen country boys do on the race marched down Cotton avenue, turning old, very alert in movement and exinto Mulberry street where the Con- pression, and boy as I was, I instant- ens. We were not in the hard fightly formed a high opinion of his manly | ing of that bloody day so tragic in its At this point I was deeply humilia- and soldierly conduct, which time and memories, for many Georgia families, ted by the irreverent conduct of a num- long personal acquaintance have but but we heard it all. It was a uscless

non, and the tearing sound of the rap | id fire from the repeating guns of the back rapidly and we pressed on after enemy. To my inexperienced ears it them. It was a terrible day. When was as if giants were engaged in rip-I think of it, it recalls the lines in ping miles of cloth. The enemy were Tam O'Shanter: "The wind blew as 'twould blow its

The rattling showers rode on the blast.

Thinly clad, I was soon chilled to the bone and my teeth were chattering as with ague. My company commander saw this and sent for the surgeon. I remember the gallant figure of the doctor, whose name was Mann, as he rode up, mounted on a large paoing chestnut sorrel. He had a canteen of whiskey and offered me some, but because doubtless of my Methodist training, I had never tasted ardent spirits. All the admonitions I had heard at home, and from the pulpit were fresh in my memory, and much to the surprise of my comrades, I declined it. Several at once proffered to take the doctor's prescription in my stead. He made no reply to them and put the stopper back in his can-

Sometime in the forenoon, as I re call, we reached the neighborhood of Griswoldville, which was then in the possession of the enemy in strong force. General Wheeler determined the veteran commands. "Joe Brown's to attack. My brigade was to go in dismounted. We counted off four horseholders and I was number four. but I had no mind to remain with the horses. It will be recalled that this was the duty of number four. I heard afterwards a story of General Forrest, when once his command was impossible, and the result was a mascounted off for the same purpose as the names were called they would answer one, two, three, bully! and that great fighter said, "Let number one hold horses and number two, three our State Agricultural Society, was in and bully go into the fight." The truth is I was so chilled that I relished the opportunity of the tramp afoot, and a man of more experience, amid the jeers of the company, changed numbers with me. While we were waiting for the command to go forward, some of the boys began to build a fire. General Wheeler was sitting on his horse near us, and just as the smoke rose above the tops of the trees it must have been seen by the enemy, for instantly came the shrick of a shell and the misstle itself ripped through a dead pine near the fire. General Wheeler said quietly, "Put Macon a day or two after the battle. out that fire," and his order was obeyed with great promptitude. Before we could attack, the enemy re- tried men's souls" are now quietly treated from Griswoldville and we sleeping in the bivouac of the dead marched through the town, and went Boys in their teens who proudly wore into camp. By this time it was about the jacket of gray are .grandfathers cold. I cannot tell where we camped, indulged if in the quietude of his libut I know it was in a wood of pines brary, surrounded by the blessings of

pork, and one frying pan was made to serve the whole company of twelve or fifteen men. A little flour had been issued to us in Macon. This was already wet, and we made it into hoe cakes of size suitable to the pan, and after frying the pork we stewed or boiled these flour hoe cakes in the grease or gravy which had exuded

therefrom. Bill Robb was unwilling to wait his turn at the frying pan. He skewered his ration of meat on the ramrod of his rifle and turned it before the fire until it was sufficiently barbecued, all was losing his gravy. Our culinary arrangements, it will be seen, were simple. The bread thus cooked was almost as heavy as the bullets in our cartridge boxes, but to me never was food more delicious nor do I ever recall a sensation of greater comfort than as reclining by the fire that night on the blanket of my kindly lieutenant I sought to make him tell me about the foes we were to meet the next day, and he sought to make me recount the books I had been reading and thus recall for him those literary delights of which his long life in the camps had deprived him. He had already discovered that I belonged to reading people. My father would tolerate in his home none but the works of fine authors. My memory was then retentive and many weary miles in the months to come were beguiled for both of us, as I would ride by the side of my captain, and at his request spin interminable narratives from the novels of Scott, Thackery and Dickens. Occasionally we would take voyages with the heroes of Captain Marryat, and more frequently still we would fight from the panoramic pages of Alison the battles of Austeritz, of many others.

The next day was fought the battle of Griswoldville. The enemy appeared early, in strong force, and stampeded some of our cavalry. I remember my consternation and dismay as I saw our men, not of our brigade, however. running from this advance at full track in the old fair grounds at Atbber of Macon boys who knew me well strengthened. The enemy somehow sacrifice of noble lives. I shall never and who ran along by my side shout- got wind of our movement and fell forget the rapid thudding of the can-

entrenched. They had ample artillery and were armed with Spencer repeating rifles. They wanted no fight. Indeed Sherman had given orders to his troops to avoid fighting whenever they could, on his march to the sea, because he did not wish to be encumbered with the wounded. If the offi cer in command of the militia had waited, the strong force of Federal cavalry in front of him would have withdrawn from their entrenchments and retreated. Although they held their lines, they did retreat immediately after the fight was over. But the order to charge was given, and the Georgia militia with all the fierce valor of their heroic line swept to the attack.

This force was largely recruited from our best families. It was composed of county officials, of men over forty-five and boys under eighteen, and they lacked nothing of the soldierly qualities of the famous armies of Lee and Johnson, save the experience which comes to the veteran alone. It is true also that because they were raw troops they had been guyed by Pets" they were called. They had determined if the opportunity offered to show the fearless manhood of which they were conscious, and when the reckless order to make a frontal attack on the breast works of the enemy was given, they attempted the sacre of our bravest and best.

My nearest neighbor now, and dear friend Colonel Dan Hughes, the courtly father of the courtly president of this fight, and is a fine type of the material of those gallant State troops. If I mistake not the late Judge Kent McCoy was there. Dupont Guerry, whom I had known as a boy in Americus, and his father were both there, Nearly every man in their company except those two were either killed or wounded. A dear friend of my boyhood, Asbury Grandberry, was shot through the neck and instantly killed. I have often heard my father speak of the piteous sight made by the green corpses of these splendid Georgians as they were piled up in the depot at

The vast majority of our manhood who took part in those "days that sunset and it had blown off clear and now, and perhaps one of them may be home, and guarded by the laws of our We now cooked the only meal we reunited and happy land, he should recall and perchance recount some of the memories of that heroic past.

"In Darkest United States."

Berlin, June 14 .- A pamphlet by Felix Baumann is having an extraordinary circulation. It is entitled "In Darkest United States," and contains extravagant descriptions of the immorality alleged to exist in American cities. There are long chapters on New York, Chicago, New Orleans and San Francisco. The writer has raked together accounts of cruel lynchings, the time deploring the fact that he police briberies and the sale of justice in cities. He contends that the United States is more deeply immoral than any other country in the world, and warns Germans, especially women, against emigrating to such an evil atmosphere. The black cover of the pamphlet is conspicuous on every news stand. The Stars and Stripes are emblazoned on it.

GIRL WOMEN.

The general standard of measurement for womanhood is "grown-up-nesa." When a girl is emancipated from school and arrives at the dignity of trailing skirts and elaborate hair dressing she is

looked upon as a young woman. But nature knows nothing of such standards. When the womanly func-tion is established womanhood is attained ac-cording to her standards, and there is need of womanly care and caution. It is girlish ignorance or neglect at this critical time which often

results in long years of after misery. Mothers who perceive the evi-dences of functional derange-

ment in young girls should promptly have them begin the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes reg-ularity, tranquilizes the nerves and tones

ularity, tranquilizes the nerves and tones up the whole system.

"My troubles started during my girlhood," writes Miss Flora I. Greer, of 107 Howe Street, Akron, O., "but did not prove serious until 1893. From that time I did not see a well day. I suffered at every monthly period with terrible headache, irritation of the spine and pains in my heels. I had soreness through my hips and ovaries all the time and constant backache. One doctor would tell me one thing ailed me, another would say something altogether different, but they only relieved me. I then wrote you and followed your advice. I took five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of 'Follets.' Have not had a single symptom of my old trouble so far. Can sleep good, work hard, and eat solid and substantial food without distress."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the bowels and stimulate the sluggish liver.

In Slavery Days.

The Southern Farm Magazine is at some pains to show that a story current in the press, illustrative of the fact that Gen. Hampton did not know some of his slaves at sight, was applicable to several thousand men who owned slaves to the number of a hundred and more. The particular incident of the story, that Gen. Hampton once met one of his farm laborers on the road and asked him "who he belonged to" is familiar to everybody in the South, as it is localized in every county with a different owner in each case. Some of the facts which the Magazine mentions in its article are interesting, however, in a widely different application.

The total white population of the South in 1860, according to the census, it is noted, was 8,099,760, of which 384,864 owned the 3,953,696 slaves in the country, excluding 2 owned in Kansas, 15 in Nebraska, 29 in Utah and 18 in New Jersey. One man alone owned more than 1,000 slaves and he was a South Carolinian. Eighty-eight owners, in nine States, had more than 300 each, and thirty of the eighty were South Carolinians. One-fifth of all the slave-holders-or. 77,322-owned but one slave each, and the greatest number of these small holders in one State was in Virginia. which had also the largest proportion of slaves, 590,865.

The figures just given show that all the slaves were owned by less than 5 per cent of the white population, and were themselves but half as numerous as the white population.

In these conditions, seeing that the slave worked only for his owner, it is evident that the Northern idea that all the white people in the South enjoyed an indolent existence, lying up in the shade all day and never working, but depending on the blacks to support them, rests on rather a slim foundation .- News and Courier.

Read it in his Paper.

George Schaub, a well known Ger-man citizen of New Lebanon, Ohio, is a constant reader of the Dayton Volkszeitung. He knows that this paper aims to advertise only the best its columns, and when he saw Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised therein for lame back, he did not hesitate in buying a bottle of it for his wife, who for eight weeks had suffered with the most terrible pains in her back and could get no relief. He says: "After using the Pail Balm for a few days my wife said to me, 'I feel as though born anew, and before using the entire contents of the bottle the the entire contents of the bottle the unbearable pains had entirely vanished and she could again take up her household duties." He is very thankful and hopes that all suffering likewise will hear of her wonderful recovery. This valuable liniment is for sale by Orr-Gray & Co.

Mr. G. G. Conner, a resident of South Dakota and a member of the Spearfish club, while in New York, visited the Sportsman's show at Madison Square garden, and that fellowship which exists between the brethren of the west was recognized at once, and Mr. Conner's password grip or sign opened to us all any information that those from the west possessed. Among many things we heard was the following story told by a noted guide, and we think it was the only story he told in the whole two weeks of the exposition. "Thar's no use," he said, "in try-

ing to speak a good word for an Injun; thar's nothing good about 'em; never was or never will be. Why, they'll just sell thar lives for whisky, and I jess rec'lect very, very strongly a circumstance that happened to me one day, an' it'll tell you what kind of a hog an Injun is. I was out on the plains on as tretty piece of horseflesh as you ever seed, a lookin' for sumfin to kill, when all of suttin' I saw a red-skin. We how'd a parleyed for awhile, when he spied a quart bottle sticking out of my pocket, which I had taken from the cabin when I left for safekeeping. As my pardener, was monstrous fond of good whisky, and I thought it was a heap safer wid me than wid him, so I took it along, as I said, and the Injun spied it.

"'Ugh! what you got?' he asked.

" 'Whisky,' I said. " 'Good?'

" 'Yes! bully.' " 'Sell?'

"'No.' "'Give blanket; give pony; give

" 'No, I tell yer; no sell.' "Give all." " Now, jess think of that than

I tell yer they are hogs for whisky

will yer, that thar low-down, pesky red-skin willing to give two hundred dollars for a dollar bottle of redeye.

every time." "Well!" said one of his auditors, "no one could attach any blame to you for accepting his offer. If he placed that value on the whisky, it was immaterial what you paid for it; but I must say it was a good deal our

your part." "Huh!" said the guide; "who said anything about a deal. I wouldn't take his trade. It was the only quart of whisky I had."

- When a wise man buries animosity he forgets where he has planted it.

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