

WAR STORIES.

W. C. Dodson Tells of Fun With Wheeler's Cavalry.

Editor Atlanta Journal:

In responding to your invitation to write something more about Wheeler's cavalry, I wish to say that the subject is by no means exhausted, but I had hoped that others of the old gang would take up the task.

In reading of battles, sieges, marches, hardships, etc., the average reader may be unduly impressed with the horrors of war, and is apt to conclude that it is all tragedy, with no place for comedy, but comedy plays its part, and the average soldier is much more inclined to mirth than mourning.

Having in my previous communications told about some of the fighting we did, suppose I now vary the monotony and tell about some of the fun we had.

Most of your readers have probably heard of the great sham battle of Johnston's army on the retreat from Dalton, but an amusing incident connected therewith I have never yet seen published.

A ragged old cavalryman standing near, and who was probably more familiar with the major's fighting record than his fair champion, felt called on to reply: "Don't you be uneasy, Miss, if 'twas a sure enough fight the Major wouldn't be nowhere near there!"

The young lady's indignation and disgust can better be imagined than described, and if a look could have killed, there would have been a dead cavalryman then and there.

After the battle of Chickamauga our division (Martin's) was sent with Longstreet on his Knoxville campaign, and remained with him until both men and horses were worn to a frazzle.

Early in 1861 we were ordered to Oxford, Ala., to recruit. This section had suffered comparatively little from the ravages of war, forage and food were plenty, and after our severe winter campaign in East Tennessee seemed verily a land of milk and honey.

The cavalryman's favorite sport was horse racing, but there the monotony was varied. We were encamped in Choaloco valley, in which lived "Uncle" Taylor DeArman, the breeder of a famous strain of game chickens, and cock fighting soon became as popular as horse racing had been.

The contagion spread until the officers became infected, and then as usual, it was the Alabama brigade on the one side and Georgia brigade on the other.

The Alabamians had decidedly the advantage, in not only being able to get the best of "Uncle" Taylor's cocks, but also in having his friend, Bill Taylor, a noted healer, to handle the birds to the pit. The result was that Alabama soon had money to burn, while Georgia went dead broke.

Now, Claybank was a fast horse for his day and time, and was fairly well trained to run on a straight track. But he, like Crowhop, was not without an infirmity, being blind in one eye.

At this stage of the game Crews went to Columbus, and after considerable delay and expense, secured a vooop of fighting chickens of a celebrated Georgia strain, and another big main was arranged. The Georgians who were able sent home for more funds, others borrowed from friends, and big money, such as it was, depended upon the issue of this final battle.

The Alabamians had an old gray cock they nick-named "Brahma" because he looked like a Shanghai. But the first fighter from away back and in the battle he killed eight of his opponents in succession. In the ninth round, he was pitted against the best of the batch of Crews' Columbus chickens, and broke the latter's leg in the first shuffle he made. The Georgians were now in despair, but as

it is frequently the unexpected that happens, so it was in this case. As old Brahma leisurely reached over to give his fallen foe one more peck, the latter sprang at him and with one sound leg struck the steel gaff nearly through his enemy's head. Brahma fell back with a disgraceful squawk, and the battle was ended.

The Georgians were almost wild, while the Alabamians were correspondingly depressed, and to make the tragedy complete, General Morgan drew his knife and cut Brahma's head off—remarking, with more human nature than justice: "I always thought you were a dunghill and now I know it."

As previously stated, our usual sport was horse riding, and many and exciting were the races we had. In the best of these Georgia and Alabama were arrayed on opposite sides. Toward the last the contest was narrowed down to two horses—"Crowhop" and "Claybank."

"Crowhop" was a Yankee horse, captured by a member of the Sixth Georgia regiment, and took his name from being "string-halted" which made him jerk up one hind foot in rather a peculiar fashion. "Claybank" belonged to a man in my regiment—Fifty-first Alabama, Partisan Rangers, and obviously took his name from his color. "Crowhop" was fast; could in fact outrun anything in either the Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky or Tennessee brigades, provided he could be kept on the course, but he had a way of flying the track, sometimes even after he had the race practically won.

Just before the horses started, Lieutenant Hodo, of the Sixth Georgia, after excitedly asking on which side of the track Crowhop was to run, made haste to the end of the course and proceeded to climb a tree. This was after we had crossed the Savannah river, following Sherman in his in-famous march to the sea, and on each side of the race course were a number of South Carolina militia. They were, of course, amazed at Hodo's action, and inquired its meaning. He said:

"Boys, there's going to be a cyclone here pretty soon, and I am fixing to stand from under."

The race course was a straight one, and the judges stood on either side, at the end, each holding a fence rail, by which to sight which horse passed out first.

Presently the horses came thundering down the home stretch, Crowhop about a hundred yards ahead, his jockey leaning back and riding easy, while Claybank trailed in the rear, his rider applying whip and spur.

Just as he appeared an easy winner, Crowhop flew the track, and the predicted cyclone came to pass promptly on time. He ran between one of the judges and his fence rail, knocked both down, jumped into the midst of the militia, and those he didn't trample he stampeded. While this was going on of course Claybank was getting in his work, and went under the string or rather inside of the rail, away ahead, much to the joy of the Alabamians and the discomfiture of the Georgia contingent.

But the Alabamians' victory was short-lived, for Claybank was soon to meet his Waterloo, and lose his race and his life at the same time.

After Savannah was captured the command had a few days' respite before the beginning of the end. Of course, we were never long in a place until sport was inaugurated and Georgia, smarting under her defeat, bawled Alabama for another race. This time Crowhop, being in disgrace, was relegated to the rear, and a big sorrel horse trotted out in his stead to contest the honors with Claybank.

Now, Claybank was a fast horse for his day and time, and was fairly well trained to run on a straight track. But he, like Crowhop, was not without an infirmity, being blind in one eye. This probably would have made but little difference if his rider had had two eyes, but he was ridden by a one-eyed man, and both horse and man were blind on the same side.

To make the comedy of errors complete, there was a rather sharp curve in the track, and it on the blind side. So here came the one-eyed horse and his one-eyed rider, lickety-split, and when they came to the curve in the track they just kept straight on, till Claybank brought up against a pine tree on the blind side and broke his neck, while the rider took a flying leap, frog fashion, and landed 15 feet further on.

This was about the last of the races of which I have knowledge. It left Georgia flushed with victory, and

Alabama with empty pockets and a dead horse.

Soon after the end came. Johnston surrendered, General Wheeler was captured and sent North, along with Mr. Davis and family, the dashing cavalryman acting en route as nurse for "Baby Winnie," who was in after years to immortalize the name of "the daughter of the Confederacy." Tragedy at last reigned supreme. (Private) W. C. Dodson.

GENERAL JOE WHEELER.

San Francisco Post.

Strikingly interesting stories are told about this small, grim, nervous, soft-voiced, dashing soldier. Some are matters of history. The "Red Book of Michigan" tells this story at the general's expense. It is an incident connected with the repulse of the Confederates at Strawberry Plains, August 24, 1864. Eight men of the Tenth Michigan cavalry had been detailed to defend McMilligan's ford on the Holston. One of the men disappeared, leaving seven, and among this number was a great, husky, giant named Griggs, the farrier of Company B.

These seven men actually kept the Confederate Brigade from crossing the ford for three hours and a half. The fighting was severe. Finally the big farrier was wounded, and the Confederates, by swimming the river above and below, succeeded in capturing the whole party.

General Wheeler was filled with admiration at their valor, and at once paroled a man to stay and take care of Griggs. Then he said to the wounded farrier:

"Well, my man, how many men had you?"

"Seven, sir," answered Griggs.

"My poor fellow, don't you know you are badly wounded? You had better tell the truth. You may not live long."

"I'm telling the truth, sir," said the indignant soldier. "We had only seven men."

"Well, what did you expect to do?" asked the general with a laugh.

"To keep you from crossing, sir."

The general was still more amused.

"Why didn't you do it?" he asked.

"Well, sir, you see, sir, we did until you hit me, and that weakened our forces so much that you were too many for us."

General Wheeler, more amused than ever, inquired of another prisoner, who happened to be a horse farrier, too:

"Are all the Tenth Michigan like you fellows?"

"Oh, no," said the man; "we are the poorest of the lot. We are mostly horse farriers and blacksmiths, and not much accustomed to fighting."

Gen. Wheeler has a largely developed vein of poetry in his composition. Some of his reports, when he was a general of cavalry in the Confederate army are unique in this respect. In line of communication he had captured and burned the tin-clad gun boats of the Sedelle. In his report, Wheeler wrote:

"Alongside the blazing and crackling transports she became a cinder upon the waters which only an hour before had walked so proudly like a thing of life."

His report of his raid on the Sequatchio valley in September, 1863, is one of the most remarkable war documents ever published. He wrote:

"As jounced day began to stand tip-toe on the mountain tops on either side, and the sunbeams to cast their golden radiance upon the fields of that fertile valley, as if to cheer the weary soldiers for the brilliant achievements before them, a column of the enemy was encountered, and no sooner seen than the notes of the general's bugle sounded the charge, and each horseman, instinct with new life, rushed forward to the attack."

His escapes from death during the civil war were almost miraculous. From first to last he had sixteen horses killed under him in battle, "besides a great number wounded," as he once told General Mahone. Thirty-two of his staff officers were either killed or wounded while riding beside him at the front. He was three times wounded himself. In an engagement near Nashville, after Bragg's defeat in 1862, his horse was torn to pieces by an exploding shell, his aid was killed and himself painfully wounded. He climbed on another horse, and under other aid and continued at the head of his troops.

The career of General Wheeler has been one long romance. He is a West Point graduate, served in Mexico as a lieutenant of cavalry in the regular army, resigned to enter the Confederate army, rose to the rank of senior cavalry general of its armies, was appointed professor of philosophy in Louisiana State University, has been a lawyer and a planter and was a member of Congress for 16 years.

His soldiers never lost a battle while he was in command. He never gave an order to "go forward," but always yelled in his squeaky little voice, "Come on!" When he was in Congress he employed as high as five stenographers to answer correspond-

ence and take his speeches. When he couldn't speak on the floor of the house, he would get "leave to print" in The Record. He precipitated a great row by having half a volume of statistics printed in the Congressional Record.

One of the stories told about him is characteristic of the man:

Once during one of his Congressional campaigns he was traveling through a remote corner of Alabama, and overtook a mail carrier groaning under the weight of an enormous sack of stuff. He invited the man to ride besides him.

"Why don't you have a horse?" asked the general.

"I have had three at different times," replied the carrier, "but they all died. The work was too heavy."

"You mean that the burdens of the mails was too great?"

"Yes, that's just it. There's a darned fool of a representative from this district who sends out such a lot of truck that the mails are loaded all the time. This bag is full of such stuff—seeds and such."

"How much money would buy you a horse?" asked the general, feeling in his pocket.

"I couldn't get a good one for less than \$30," was the reply.

Fighting Joe counted out \$30.

"That will buy you a horse," he said. "But I'm not a darned fool, my good fellow."

The man gazed at the money and could not find a word to say before the general drove off.

When the war with Spain was about to be declared the question of appointing Joe Wheeler to a reasonable command was taken up by President McKinley and his friends. Among those whose advice was asked was the late Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota.

"What is your judgment, Senator, on the appointment of Gen. Wheeler?" asked the president of Davis one day, when a number of old soldiers, among them Hawley of Connecticut, Shoup of Idaho, Henderson of Idaho and others were present.

"I think it would be one of the best appointments you could make, Mr. President," replied Davis, frankly, "I am a living witness of Wheeler's grit and persistence. During the rebellion he chased me like the very devil through about five States."

Correct Again.

We agree with Brother Wilson, of the Press and Banner in the following conclusion drawn from actual experience:

"A herd of Angoras will clean out all the noxious weeds, bushes, briars and such plants as are troublesome and put the land in fine condition for a crop."—Cotton Plant.

"That is the way some people have of slandering the goat family. Somebody is always talking of 'noxious weeds,' tin cans, dry leaves, or some equally undesirable food, as being the delight of goats. This editor once had some experience with goats. He had read some letters of Mr. J. W. Watts, say twenty years ago, and straightway bought an Angora billy, and a whole gang of the ordinary herd. We expected to see the noxious weeds and other nuisance disappear in a jiffy.

"Our testimony would be that a goat is a sensible animal that loves to eat nice things. That variety with which we experimented put off picking out noxious weeds as long as there was anything half fit to eat in the pasture. As a scavenger the goat is a failure, unless he be reduced to starvation and then we have doubts as to his consenting to dine on pine needles, tin cans, or noxious weeds."—Press and Banner.

AT THE TOP.

It is a laudable ambition to reach the top of the ladder of success. But many find their position a torment instead of a triumph. He has sacrificed his health to success.

A man can succeed and be strong if he needs Nature's warnings. When there is indigestion, loss of appetite, ringing in the ears, dizziness, spots before the eyes or palpitation of the heart; any or all of these symptoms point to weakness and loss of nutrition. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. By perfect and abundant nourishment distributed to each vital organ it enables the co-operation of all the organs to preserve the perfect health of the body.

"For about two years I suffered from a very obstinate case of dyspepsia," writes R. E. Secord, Esq., of 13 Eastern Ave., Toronto, Ontario. "I tried a great number of remedies without success. I finally lost faith in them all. I was so much bothered for a long time, I felt wretched and depressed. Could not sleep nor follow my occupation. Some four months ago a friend recommended your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' After a week's treatment I had derived so much benefit that I continued the medicine. I have taken three bottles and am convinced it has in my case accomplished a permanent cure. I can conscientiously recommend it to the thousands of dyspeptics throughout the land."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 large pages in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Fishing in the Yellowstone.

People returning from the west frequently have some wonderful stories to relate of how they caught trout in the Yellowstone Park, and, without changing their seat, lifted the fish out of the stream of cold water over into a boiling spring, and cooked it without removing it from the hook. These stories are all very well in their way, but when told in the manner above outlined, one can safely put them down as yarns without the slightest foundation in fact. To catch a fish in a stream of cold water, and lift it over into a spring of boiling water is one of the many curious things that are possible only in the Yellowstone Park, but, should the person so doing attempt to draw the fish out of the boiling spring, the head would pull off the thoroughly boiled and perfectly soft body, and he would thus lose the fish.

The most wonderful phenomena of this sort in the Yellowstone Park is one that thus far escaped those who are fond of telling big fish yarns, mainly for the reason that the locality lies outside the beaten track of travel and visitors, and can only be reached after considerable difficulty. At the point in question, a stream of clear, cold water flows through the park receiving in its course the scalding hot waters of one of the numerous boiling springs of that region. This boiling water, as it reaches the cold stream, flows for a considerable distance, along one bank before the waters finally mingle and become one in temperature.

Into this spring of boiling water, insects, bugs, toads, grasshoppers, and the like are continually dropping, and thus losing their lives, and all such insects are, as a matter of course, swept into the cold water stream. Now in the cold water of this stream a number of hungry trout are continually skirmishing along the edge of the hot water, taking good care not to venture too close, for the purpose of snapping up and devouring the insects brought down by the hot water, and which happen to float over into the cold water, or near enough the border for the trout to pick them up, so that it is possible for a fisherman sitting on the bank, to catch a trout, with hook and line, draw him two feet from where he took the hook, and boil him good and done, all in the same stream, and without ever lifting the fish from the water. The fisherman would, of course, have to have a scoop net to remove the boiled trout from the water, for otherwise the head would pull off, leaving the body in the water. But, barring this, it is within the bounds of truth for one to say that the Yellowstone is the only place on earth where it is possible to catch and cook a fish in the same stream.—Washington Post.

A Big Mouth.

"Yes, I have a pretty big mouth," shouted the esquid man, "but I have learned to keep it shut. I got my lesson when I was a small boy.

"I was born and brought up on a farm, and I had the habit of going with my mouth open. One day an uncle paid us a visit.

"Hello, uncle!" said I, with my mouth wide open like a barn door.

"Close your mouth, sonny, so I can see who you are."

A true Christian is a man who loves his neighbor's small boy as he does himself.

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B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) is now recognized as a certain and sure cure for eczema, itching skin, humors, soabs, scalds, watery blisters, pimples, aching 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 purifying, 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, \$1. To prove B. B. B. cures, sample sent 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.

Abbeville Lands for Sale.

TWO Hundred Acres, more or less, in the "Flat Woods," with new and comfortable dwelling and improvements. One and one quarter miles from Calhoun Falls, convenient to two railroads, and adjoining lands of John S. Norwood, Norwood Calhoun and others.

Also, 775 acres, more or less, adjoining above tract and lands of Caparr Riley, Mrs. E. B. Calhoun, Calhoun lands and Island Ford Road. These Tracts are part of the old McDuffie or Norwood tract, known as the "Flat Woods." Terms—One-third cash, balance one and two years, interest at eight per cent. Credit portion secured by Note and Mortgage. If not sold by first of October will be for rent. For further information apply to John S. Norwood or the undersigned, MRS. HENRY H. NORWOOD, Calhoun Falls, S. C. July 30, 1902.

CATARRH

The treatment of Catarrh with antiseptic and astringent washes, lotions, salves, medicated tobacco and cigarettes or any external or local application, is just as senseless as would be kindling a fire on top of the pot to make it boil. The, these give temporary relief, but the cavities and passages of the head and the bronchial tubes soon fill up again with mucus.

Taking cold is the first step towards Catarrh, for it checks perspiration, and the poisonous acids and vapors which should pass off through the skin, are thrown back upon the mucous membrane or inner skin, producing inflammation and excessive flow of mucus, much of which is absorbed into the blood, and through the circulation reaches every part of the system, involving the Stomach, Kidneys and other parts of the body. When the disease assumes the dry form, the breath becomes exceedingly foul, blinding headaches are frequent, the eyes red, hearing affected and a constant ringing in the ears. No remedy that does not reach the polluted blood can cure Catarrh. S. S. S. expels from the blood is again coursing through the body the mucus membranes become healthy and the skin active, all the disagreeable, painful symptoms disappear, and a permanent, thorough cure is effected.

S. S. S. being a strictly vegetable blood purifier does not derange the Stomach and digestion, but the appetite and general health rapidly improve under its tonic effects. Write us about your case and get the best medical advice free. Book on blood and skin diseases sent on application. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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