

WAR STORIES.

Foraging in East Tennessee.

After the battle of Knoxville, the army of General Longstreet marched up the river in the direction of the Virginia line and spent the remainder of the winter among the mountains, near the eastern border of the State, where we found food supplies abundant, especially bacon, which seemed to have been the specialty of those farmers.

The Yankee cavalry had followed us, a short distance, from Knoxville, but had abandoned the pursuit and left no forces in those mountains to oppose us, so we engaged quite extensively in the business of impressing bacon and other supplies, not only for our own consumption, but for shipment to other departments of the army. I accompanied one of those foraging expeditions and have been thinking that perhaps an account of that part of our service might be interesting to the great modern army of war story readers. Our party consisted of a commanding officer, Captain Whitehead, eight teamsters with wagons to haul the bacon we might capture and sixteen armed guards to protect the party from attacks of bushwhackers who were supposed to be lurking in those mountains. We were very unpopular with those inhabitants, and there were no demonstrations of welcome extended to us.

A considerable proportion of the people were disciples of Andy Johnson and Parson Brownlow and sympathized with the Yankees; the heads of some families we visited being in the Yankee army, and the business we were engaged in rendered us unwelcome even to those who would otherwise have been our friends. Threats of armed resistance from organized bands of bushwhackers reached us occasionally and although such an attack seemed not altogether improbable, we never encountered them. We were required to call upon every family in the territory assigned us, regardless of the appearance of the premises, and we sometimes found large stocks of bacon in small houses. The news of our approach always preceded us and almost every family had their meat hidden away, more or less securely, before our arrival and would then deny having any. We became expert discoverers of hidden meat but at the homes of some, apparently well to do, families we failed to find any.

We spent one night with an old bachelor, who lived with several negro slaves, in some old dilapidated log cabins, remote from any road except an old blind, wagon trail, so obstructed by projecting rocks, roots of trees, stumps and washouts as to render it almost inaccessible by wagons. He apologized and feigned deep regret, at being unable to offer us meat at our meals, but we saw a great many hogs of various sizes about the premises, as well as cattle, horses and poultry. These and many other indications pointed to the probability of there being meat about the place, but a most exhaustive search failed to locate it. Some of our men offered bribes to negro children for information about the meat, but they had evidently been well drilled for the occasion and gave us no clew whatever to the secret. We called upon one lady who had an unusually numerous family of daughters, several of whom were grown up women, and were exceedingly beautiful. They met us with the sweetest smiles upon their faces and engaged us immediately in lively and most pleasant conversations; and some of us were so fascinated by their charms, we began to regret the necessity for mentioning our business, which, we felt sure would ruin all that good fellowship. They denied having meat, and explained, with great exactness, the causes which had deprived them of that very desirable article of diet, but our search disclosed a considerable quantity of hams, sides, shoulders, etc., buried under the kitchen floor, and those sweet smiles and pleasant words immediately gave way to frowns, tears, lamentations and moanings that made the place hideous. We weighed out their allowance, 50 pounds to each member of the family present, and a like amount for each of half a dozen alleged absentees, loaded the remainder on the wagons, settled for it in Confederate money and went on our way. We called on one old lady whose son was in the Yankee army and his wife having died, the grandmother had taken charge of the family and home. She opposed us most bitterly, and after our business was announced, she became very abusive, denounced us as traitors, thieves and robbers of defenseless women and children. She refused to accept the proffered price of the meat we had taken and when the Confederate bills were thrust into her lap, she indignantly threw them into the fire and burned them, declaring that the home

of her son, who was loyal to his country, should not be polluted with such filth.

On one occasion we had loaded the wagons in the country beyond the Chucky river and started back to the railroad to unload, going by way of the ford at the mouth of the Chucky. We reached the ford early one desperately cold morning, and found the river about 50 yards wide and about four feet deep. It was decided to carry over only one wagon at a time and after it landed to start the next one, and so on.

After all except one had crossed over safely and that one had reached the middle of the stream, the very essential attachment, known as the doubletree, broke and left the wagon stranded in the water. There was only one way out of that unfortunate difficulty and that was for the teamster to plunge down into the water, unharness the team, ride out, borrow a doubletree from another wagon, carry it back and re-harness the team. But before doing so he stood up in the wagon and indulged in a boisterous strain of profuse swearing. He cursed the doubletree, the wagon, the mules, the Confederacy, Jeff Davis and many other persons and things and then proceeded with his disagreeable task.

A FURLOUGH. We went to Greenville to unload and as we entered the suburbs of the town we passed our own old 10th Georgia Regiment which was on a march and had stopped to give us the road. When we got to my own company (E) I was greeted in a chorus of voices, from comrades with the very cheering news that Captain McBride had a furlough for me. During my absence an order had been received offering a 35 days' furlough to one man from each company and as the custom was in our company, all who had not been home on furlough, were allowed to compete for it through the chance game of dice. A friend won it for me and my furlough had been approved before I heard of the application for it. I was kept so busy, arranging for transportation, passport and making other preparations for my journey, I had no time to visit Capt. Whitehead's party to bid them adieu or explain to them the cause of my sudden absence.

On account of the suddenness and unexpectedness of my departure the family had not been notified of my intention to visit them, and I had expected to surprise them by entering the home among them unannounced, but when I reached the edge of the farm, I climbed over the fence to take a short cut along a pathway through the field, and my twelve year old sister, now Mrs. Delia Kimberley, who happened to be looking in that direction, saw and recognized me, although I was fully half a mile away, and had been gone nearly three years. The entire family went out to meet me and the scene when we met in that old field can perhaps be better imagined than described. Even Aunt Chain, the old black mammy, the best old negro I ever knew, insisted upon putting her arms around me, after the whites had all taken their turn, and the general enthusiasm of the occasion forbade any resistance to the embrace of the old mammy. I remained away forty five days, instead of thirty-five, and that was beyond doubt, the happiest six weeks of my entire past life.

My health was excellent and my appetite almost voracious with ample provisions for the full gratification of all its cravings. The weather was lovely and I was at peace and in love with all mankind except the Yankee soldiers, and I indulged in very little hatred towards them, during those sublimely happy days at home. The adult population of that community at that time, which was the early part of 1864, was almost exclusively female and every one I met seemed to act the part of a devoted lover towards me. Invitations from would-be-entertainers were all the time far in excess of my ability to accept and many very desirable ones were declined simply because of my inability to attend, in several different places at the same hour. But those happy days passed rapidly by and brought in their wake all too soon a sad and painful separation and then there was enacted another scene that reminded me by contrast, of the one in the old field at the time of that happy meeting, a scene in which all eyes were suffused with bitter tears and all hearts rent with pangs of anguish. On my return to the army, I found them in camp at Bristol on the line of Tennessee and Virginia, from which point we soon afterwards went forth to rejoin the army of Gen. Lee in Virginia, preparatory to the memorable contest against Grant's "On to Richmond" campaign.

A Story of the Missouri Border in the Sixties.

The name of Clark Quantrell in the years from 1861 to 1865 on the Missouri and Kansas border struck terror into all who heard it. Quantrell was a native of Ohio who went to Kansas at the time of the war there between the Free State men and the slaveholders. Quantrell took no part in those troubles, but when the Civil War broke out, and a reign of bloodshed existed on the Missouri and Kansas border, and in which the lawless Kansas Jayhawkers took the opportunities offered by a great war to wreak revenge on the slaveholders, against whom they held grudges from the old Kansas troubles, they murdered Quantrell's younger brother. He then raised a band of guerrillas and worked bloody vengeance upon the murderers. In the course of his operations he attacked at midnight, Aug. 25, 1863, the town of Lawrence, Kan., held by the Jayhawkers, who were organized guerrillas fighting on the side of the United States. With 300 men he stormed the place, with a loss of 80 of his followers. He killed 191 and wounded 581 of the occupants of the place, and burned it to the ground. This was only one, but the most destructive of his raids. Recently, at Independence, Mo., the survivors of Quantrell's band held a reunion, at which some scores of them were present. They are all old men and are respectable citizens. Interviewed by members of the press, they one and all declared that he was a man of mild and gentle disposition, and was always.

One of the survivors, James M. Campbell, who lives in Kansas City, Mo., was interviewed by the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He said: "Quantrell was the smartest man I ever knew. He had the qualifications of leadership born in him. He knew just what to do in every emergency. In camp, he was gentle and sometimes jolly. He was kind to his men and to prisoners whenever he had any. Quantrell never got excited, not even in a fight. He was cool as a cucumber. They called him reckless, but he never unnecessarily endangered the lives of his men. And he could shoot—ah, how that man could shoot! I was with him regularly for nine months, and off and on for a year and a half longer. His men did not fear him, and there was only one offense for which he said he would have one of his followers taken out and shot. Quantrell gave orders that any member of his troop who insulted a woman should be shot. He said to us: 'No matter how much a woman may abuse you, take her abuse. Let her talk and scold, but say nothing to her in resentment. We are fighting men, not women. No provocation will excuse an insult or back talk to a woman.' And you will find," concluded Campbell, "that no member of Quantrell's command was ever accused of insulting a woman. There were men on the other side who were different."

History, as it is written by the men on the other side, calls him a blood-thirsty demon, a merciless marauder, a vandal, a desperado at the head of a band of savages, plundering and slaughtering under the cover of a state of war. There has never been a more ferocious and fiendish warfare than that waged by the Kansas Jayhawkers on the Missouri border, and Quantrell and his band were its products. They were Missourians organized to defend their own frontier, and to retaliate upon their murderous foes. "That the people of Jackson County, the starting point of the Quantrell men and one of the centres of their operations, regard these survivors as heroes of war is not to be doubted," says the correspondent of the Post-Dispatch.

Sleeplessness

Is akin to insanity. Many a woman realizes this as she lies awake hour by hour, peeping through the darkness with phantoms, starting at the creaking of the bed-toms, or the rustle of the bedclothes. Such symptoms in general point to disease of the delicate womanly organs, and a constant drain of the vital and nervous forces. This condition cannot be overcome by sleeping powders. The diseased condition must be cured before the consequences of disease are removed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the womanly diseases which cause nervousness and sleeplessness. It is the best of tonics and invigorants, nourishing the nerves, encouraging the appetite and inducing refreshing sleep. Irregularity, weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness are perfectly cured by "Favorite Prescription." "My wife was sick for over eight years," writes Albert H. Fulle, Esq., of Altamont, Grundy Co., Tenn. "She had uterine disease and was treated by two physicians and got no relief. At last I read about Dr. Pierce's medicine and we decided to try his Favorite Prescription. I sent to the drug store and got one bottle and the first dose gave ease and sleep. She had not slept any for three nights. Being sure that it would cure her I sent for five more bottles and when she had taken the sixth bottle she was sound and well." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

Quantrell was shot down by Federal soldiers in Kentucky a month after the surrender of Gen. Lee, and he died from his wounds in a hospital at Louisville shortly afterwards. The shocking and horrifying facts of the Civil War appear to be forgotten, and our people are only concerned with the barbarities perpetrated in the Philippines. The Missouri border in 1861-65 was the scene of events which make the cruelties enacted in the Philippines pale in contrast.

The Man Who Shaves.

Shaving is practiced by nearly every man, but is properly done by very few. If you are often shaved by a barber you should select one who does not rub his hand hard over your face, as many do, to ascertain whether you have been closely shaved, says the Baltimore American. This will irritate the skin very easily and make lumps appear. Very often, after a barber has gone over your face once with a razor and is finishing the shave, he will give your face an upward stroke with the palm of his hand, using pressure between each stroke of the razor, to see that no patches of beard remain.

After a shave you should be very careful to keep your hands away from your face, as the skin is more tender than that at any other time. If you shave yourself you should have your razor honed at least three times a year to keep it in good order. You should also have a good strop, with a canvass part, for rough sharpening, as well as a smoothing strop.

In buying a strop it is well to have a barber select it, then you will be sure to get a good one.

Before shaving it is well to lather the face with soap in warm water, as there are apt to be germs in the least little bit of dust or anything that might be on your face. One cannot be too careful about this, for a cut of the razor, even so small, is apt to make an ugly sore if the skin is not perfectly clean. A wash before shaving will also soften the beard.

All men should learn to use both hands in shaving. Many attempt to shave both sides of the face with one hand and usually succeed in cutting themselves. In fact, many men cut themselves whenever they attempt to shave. This difficulty could be overcome if both hands were used. The face should be well lathered with shaving soap, a kind that does not dry quickly, the lather should be well rubbed in the beard with the tips of the fingers, which softens it to such an extent that one does not have to contend with the razor pulling, which not only hurts severely, but irritates the skin.

In cold weather the skin should be thoroughly sponged in warm water, and afterward in cold water, which keeps it from becoming chapped. Before the face has been dried a little witch hazel should be rubbed on. Then, after wiping this off, talcum powder is good. In case of a cut it is well to have a piece of alum at hand, which, if you dampen and apply to the cut, will close it up quickly, that if small, it cannot be seen.

After you have finished using the razor it should be washed, then dried until not a damp spot remains, then sharpened on the strop before putting back into the case. If these directions are followed you will find that it is not such a disagreeable ordeal to go through with in shaving yourself. You will also save time and barber's bills.

If your food does not digest well, a few doses of Prickly Ash Bitters will set matters right. It sweetens the breath, strengthens the stomach and digestion, creates appetite and cheerfulness. Evans Pharmacy.

Adulterated Liquors.

One of the most baneful things I know anything about," said a man who is fond of his morning's morning, "is the evil of cheap and adulterated wines and liquors. Really it would be interesting to know how many frauds are practiced by the men who are engaged in retailing the various brands of wines and whiskeys, and cordials and beers and things of that sort. It would be more interesting, and yet more shocking, to know the vast amount of harm which results from the sale of adulterated wines, cheapened whiskeys and other refreshments, which are sold over the bar. Recently there has been a considerable amount of talk by experts with reference to the use of wood alcohol. There is really no telling to what extent wood alcohol is used in wines. Take many of the wines that are brought within the reach of the poorer families, and in nine cases out of ten it will be found that some process of cheap and injurious adulteration has been resorted to in order to preserve the taste and color of the wine while bringing it within reach of the poorer classes. If physicians are right in what they say about the bad effect of adulterating ingredients, then it would not be safe to even guess at the awful consequence of using these liquors. Wood alcohol is rank poison, and experts have been able to definitely determine its effects on the human system. How many men have been sent to the insane asylum on account of the unconscious use, if I may put it in this way, of these impurities? How many men have been sent to jail for the commission of some act of violence while under the crazing influence of these cheap liquors? One dare not make a guess. It is no bad estimate to say that the use of cheap and adulterated liquors has furnished a heavy per cent of the inmates of asylums and jails. Pure whiskey, and pure wine, pure liquors generally of the intoxicating kind, are bad enough. They will disease the mind and body soon enough if used in excess. What shall we say of the excessive use of cheap adulterations? One's hands can simply be raised in holy horror."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

— A Kingham County (Kan.) farmer is growing a row of corn a little more than twenty-five miles long, for no other reason than to be singular and extraordinary. He commenced in a fifty-acre field and went round and round in a circle with a lister until he had planted the whole in a single row, which commences at one of the edges and terminates in the middle. When he cultivated it, of course he had to plow the same way.

Cancer Cured by Blood Balm. ADL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES CURED.—Mrs. M. L. Adams, Fredonia, Ala., took Botanic Blood Balm which effectually cured an eating cancer of the nose and face. The sores healed up perfectly. Many doctors had given up her case as hopeless. Hundreds of cases of cancer, eating sores, suppurating swellings, etc., have been cured by Blood Balm. Among other Mrs. B. M. Guernsey, Warrior Stand, Ala. Her nose and lip were raw as beef, with offensive discharge from the eating sore. Doctors advised cutting, but it failed. Blood Balm healed the sores, and Mrs. Guernsey is as well as ever. Botanic Blood Balm also cures, eczema, itching humors, sores and scales, bond pains, ulcers, offensive pimples, blood poison, carbuncles, scrofula, risings and bumps on the skin and all blood troubles. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle. Sample of Botanic Blood Balm free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and special medical advice sent in sealed letter. It is certainly worth while investigating such a remarkable remedy, as Blood Balm cures the most awful, worst and most deep-seated blood diseases. Sold in Anderson by Orr-Gray Drug Co., Wilhite & Wilhite and Evans Pharmacy.

MALARIA An Invisible Enemy to Health

Miasma bad air, and whether it comes from the low lands and marshes of the country, or the filthy sewers and drain pipes of the cities and towns, its effect upon the human system is the same. These atmospheric poisons are breathed into the lungs and taken up by the blood, and the foundation of some long, debilitating illness is laid. Chills and fever, chronic dyspepsia, torpid and enlarged liver, kidney troubles, jaundice and biliousness are frequently due to that invisible foe, Malaria. Noxious gases and unhealthy matter collect in the system because the liver and kidneys fail to act, and are poured into the blood current until it becomes so polluted and sluggish that the poisons literally break through the skin, and carbuncles, boils, abscesses, ulcers and various eruptions of an indolent character appear, depleting the system, and threatening life itself. The germs and poisons that so oppress and weaken the body and destroy the life-giving properties of the blood, rendering it thin and watery, must be overcome and carried out of the system before the patient can hope to get rid of Malaria and its effects.

S. S. S. does this and quickly produces an entire change in the blood, reaching every organ and stimulating them to vigorous, healthy action. S. S. S. possesses not only purifying but tonic properties, and the general health improves, and the appetite increases almost from the first dose. There is no Mercury, Potash, Arsenic or other mineral in S. S. S. It is strictly and entirely a vegetable remedy. Write us about your case, and our physicians will gladly help you by their advice to regain your health. Book on blood and skin diseases sent free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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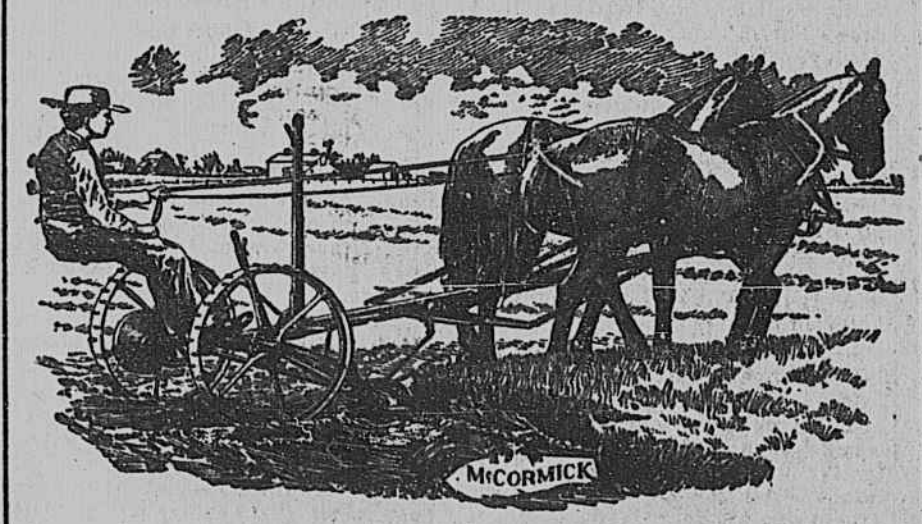
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