

WAR STORIES.

The Last Battle.

Camp "A," Wheeler's Cavalry, September 5, 1902.

Dear Comrades:—I feel highly honored to be requested by my camp to relate some adventures during the war. Although it has been more than 37 years since we fired the last shot in the last battle of the conflict, it made an impression that cannot be erased by time.

No one but an old soldier who has had this experience knows the feeling of regret that comes up when he realizes that he has fought his last battle, that the last opportunity to defend his country from the invading foe has passed. Especially when he is informed that the cause for which he has endured untold hardships has gone down in defeat. While his heart should be inspired with gratitude to God that his life has been spared amid the dangers through which he has passed, yet he weeps over the situation, and feels that it would be sweet to have fallen and sleep by the heroes who gave up their lives in the last conflict. It is better expressed by Major Cummings in his masterly address on last memorial day, "none but those who have had this experience are prepared to appreciate the feelings that are inexpressible."

It was about the middle of April, 1865. I had returned from a special scout into Tennessee very much fatigued from the loss of sleep and long ride. At the request of Major Edmondson, the commanding officer, I went to our reserve camp to rest. This camp was located at Lieutenant Fields, at the foot of Cohutta mountain, a few miles above the celebrated Carter's quarter in Murray county, Ga. At the kind invitation of Lieutenant Field I spent the night in his hospitable home. Early next morning my mother with a driver, team, and wagon loaded with wheat started to go to Fields' mills on the Coosawatee river. Shortly after this wagon left W. K. Bussey, one of my most reliable scouts galloped into camp with information that a large raid of federal cavalry and infantry were on the river in the direction of Fields' mill. I dispatched a courier to Major Edmondson who was some 20 miles away with his command in the direction of Cleveland, Tenn., mounted my horse and with four or five men went in pursuit of the enemy. Lieutenant Field, who was sick in bed, requested me to overtake and turn his mother back, with the team, as they would be captured by the Yankees. Our guide carried us through the woods and by paths to Montgomery's Ferry, where we came up with the enemy's outposts. They were on the ground playing cards, and were surprised that we should interfere with them. In our haste to play our part of the game we forgot to order a surrender, but completely routed, killing three or four of them. About this time we were surprised by a noise in the rear resembling an artillery wagon, with more than a thousand Yankees in front, the river with high banks on the flank and the sound of artillery in the rear we were about to take to the woods when Mrs. Feld with the driver and team of mules hove in sight. You can imagine Mrs. Fields' surprise to see me come galloping up the road, waving the signal of danger, when she had left me only a short time before quietly resting in her own home. The noise of the retreating wagon I have no doubt served as a bluff to the enemy, as they did not pursue or attempt to regain the lost deal. Feeling that it was important to find out whether or not the enemy was crossing the river, I posted my men in skirmish line with the left wing resting on the road and river bank. I then proceeded alone through the woods towards the ferry, came out in the road in full view of the enemy but was unable to see whether or not they were crossing the river.

In place of returning through the dense woods the way I came I rode back down the road in front, and just as I came in sight Jack Literal, the man I posted in the road, fired two or three shots at me before I could convince him that I was not an enemy. This was excusable in him, as he obeyed my orders to fire on any one coming down the road from that direction. I then proceeded with my men in the direction of the ferry riding about 100 yards in front of them. When within 150 yards of Montgomery's barn I discovered the infantry in large numbers in the rear of the barn and crossing the river. Although I had instructed my men not to fire on the enemy, as it would draw their fire on us, when Jack Literal saw the Yankee infantry show their heads in the barn he fired on them, drawing their fire on me. This was the closest call I had during the day, my escape was miraculous. But we obtained im-

portant information that the enemy was crossing the river and moving in the direction of Calhoun, our base of supplies. I then dispatched a courier to Major Edmondson, advising him to cross the river above and fall on their flank. Before the arrival of Major Edmondson I crossed the river and with four or five men drove in their outposts; they in turn sent out a superior force of cavalry, driving us back. About this time Major Edmondson arrived with his battalion and a detachment of my regiment, the Fourth Georgia cavalry, altogether about 150 men. The intrepid Edmondson ordered a charge, the detachment from the Fourth, with Lieutenant Dean at the head, leading. They swept everything before them until they struck a regiment of infantry in ambush. My comrades, this did not stop the gallant Fourth. In a hand to hand fight they cut their way through and came out by a flank movement. Major Edmondson, with his battalion, was not so fortunate. In his attempt to repulse the overwhelming forces of the enemy he and the gallant Lieutenant Seay lost their lives, and his men were forced to retire for a time, leaving our dead leader in the hands of the enemy. This was a severe blow to us, although the enemy outnumbered ten to one. We determined to avenge the death of our gallant Edmondson. After a council of war was held behind a hill to which we had retired, upon my advice, Captain Larned, the ranking officer, dismounted the men and we drove the entire force of nearly 1,500 Yankees, hogbacks and bushwhackers back across the river, killing and wounding no less than 100 during the day.

I never will forget the last shot I fired from the banks of the beautiful Soosawatee at the retreating foe as they carried over the last boat load. Little did I think that this was the last shot in the last battle, and the last time I would have the opportunity to defend my country from the invading foe.—W. L. Stanton, acting Captain of North Georgia scouts, in Atlanta Journal.

Longstreet did not Order It.

A writer in the New Orleans Picayune says: General Wilson, of the old army, during a conversation with some friends in New York recently, related a conversation with Gen. Pickett upon the subject of Gettysburg: "Pickett, Longstreet and myself were old West Pointers and warm friends," said Gen. Wilson. "At the close of our late unpleasantness I was sitting in my office in State street, when who should enter but my old friend, Gen. Pickett. We had not met before since the commencement of the war and had many things to talk about.

"In the course of conversation I remarked: 'You had a pretty close call at Gettysburg, didn't you, Pickett?'" "Yes," he said, 'but let me tell you something about my charge that has never been published.' When orders were given to form the column of attack I formed the column and then rode through the ranks to see if everything was right. As I finished this inspection I rode to the rear to report to Gen. Longstreet and to receive orders to move. I found Longstreet sitting on the top rail of a fence whittling a stick. Saluting the General, I said: 'General, my column is ready to charge. Shall I charge?' Receiving no answer from the General, and waiting a reasonable time, I returned to my command and again rode through the ranks.

"A second time I reported to the General, with the same result. A third time I reported. The General was still sitting on the fence. As I received no answer, I remarked: 'General, if I am to make the charge it must be made now, or it will be too late. Shall I make the charge?' Without saying a word he simply bowed his head. I immediately rode off and made a charge, and you know the result."

"When I asked," said Gen. Wilson, "how he accounted for Longstreet's course, he said he believed that Longstreet was opposed to the movement, and delayed giving him orders, hoping that Gen. Lee would change his mind and countermand his orders." "Who can tell what would have been the result if Longstreet had given Pickett orders to charge when he first reported to him? His failure to obey Gen. Lee's orders gave the Federals ample time to consolidate their forces, and allowing Pickett to charge after the Federal troops had been massed cannot but be regarded as a criminal indifference to results and to the lives of his men.

—Don't lessen your chances of success by brooding over the past.

"Sassed by the Corpse."

That ministers of the Gospel exchange stories among themselves that they would not tell their flock is well known. Not that they would be ashamed or backward to do so, but occasion is lacking. Here is a yarn brought by one, gathered in his summer vacation. It so happened that a good brother in a church in one of the rural counties in Pennsylvania passed to his reward and all the community crowded to the church funeral to hear his virtues extolled. The minister made most of the occasion, not only eulogizing the departed saint, but entering into and discussing many details of his private and public life. There was a rustic and hum of approbation in the congregation when the pastor concluded his extended remarks and took up the hymn book preliminary to starting off the choir in appropriate song.

It happened that in the gathering there was an occasional attendant at the church who had spiritual gifts. In fact, he professed among his acquaintances to be able to communicate with departed spirits.

This individual, to the surprise of all present, as he had seemed to be dozing, arose in his place well up in front and in a confident voice remarked:

"I wish to state that I have just had a communication from our dear brother."

Everybody turned to hear what was to come next.

"And I desire also to state, continued the speaker, 'that he has been cognizant of all that has been said here about him. He tells me that a good many things have been said concerning his life here below that are not so.'

The speaker sat down and every eye in the congregation was turned toward the minister. That worthy seemed imperturbable. He gathered up the hymn book again, however, and showed some internal disturbance by putting it down again without giving out the hymn. Finally he said:

"Brethren and sisters, at first I thought it best to say nothing at this point. However, it is due to you that I should justify myself. I shall take back nothing I have said; neither shall I question the truth of the curious communication just stated to you. But I must say that in all my twenty-five years' preaching at funerals in this community this is the first time that I have ever been sassed by the corpse. We will now sing hymn 235, and after the friends will have a chance to view the remains.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Aggravatingly Peculiar.

Up in the mill district of Kensington it is the custom for employes to contribute so much per capita each week to a fund for providing soap, towels, ice water, shoe blacking, etc., one of the number in each mill being appointed to take charge of the purchasing and distributing of supplies. A young Celt has had this duty in one of the mills for some months. One evening, after the whistle had blown for the stopping of work for the day, a grimy machinist found a very damp and unlovely towel after he had reached the wash-sink.

"Say, Reddy," he called to the custodian, "this is the limit to ask a man to wipe on!" "Don't yez be so airish!" retorted Reddy. "Fifty or sixty just as good as ye have wiped on it already, and yez is the first to complain!"—Philadelphia Times.

—Sometimes the course of true love fails to run smooth because it ends in marriage.



Physicians are calling attention to the fact that influenza or grip has come to stay. In the larger cities there has been a marked increase in diseases affecting the organs of respiration, which increase is attributed to the prevalence of influenza. Persons who are recovering from grip or influenza are in a weak condition and peculiarly liable to pulmonary disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs, bronchitis, lung "trouble" and other diseases of the organs of respiration. It is the best tonic medicine for those whose strength and vitality have been exhausted by an attack of grip. It purifies the blood, cleansing it of the poisonous accumulations which breed and feed disease. It gives increased activity to the blood-making glands, and so increases the supply of pure blood, rich with the red corpuscles of health.

"A word for your 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. E. A. Bender, of Keokuk, Iowa. "I have been using it as a family medicine for more than four years. As a cough remedy and blood-purifier there is nothing better, and after having the grip Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is just the right medicine for a complete bracing up."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach, blood, and lungs. The sluggish liver is made active by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Will He Deliver Us?

Many persons are convinced that the meat combine has been a blessing in disguise in that it has caused the people to eat less meat and more vegetable food. It may be that the greedy and grasping coal combine that is endeavoring to starve out the miners of the anthracite region who are demanding their rights will confer a benefit upon the public that will far outweigh the extortion to which it has been subjected.

If the high price of fuel for which these unscrupulous coal barons are responsible shall stimulate the search for a substitute for anthracite and cause the discovery or invention of some article that will serve that purpose we shall have another notable instance of good coming out of evil.

There are reports of recent experiments in fuel that seem to indicate decided success.

We referred a few days ago to the mixture of coke and bituminous coal dust that was tried by the commissioners of the District of Columbia with very promising results. All that is claimed for this process is very reasonable, but we read of another alleged discovery that, we fear, is too good to be true.

It would be a delightful revolution that would take us from an era of the highest priced fuel we have ever known to one in which fuel would be literally "dirt cheap." But a German chemist in Baltimore insists that he will bestow this boon upon us very soon. He claims that he has discovered and about perfected a process of transmitting combustibility to ordinary street dirt by chemical process, and the result is a brick produced by subjecting the mass to high pressure, which burns with superior results as to light and heat like the best anthracite. It is not even affected by dampness, but burns as readily when soaked in a bucket of water as when dry. In addition it has the merit of producing neither odor, gas nor smoke.

But the transcendent point in favor of "dirt fuel" is its marvelous cheapness. The greatest cost is for the dirt. It is claimed by the inventor that at \$2.50 per ton for the manufactured product enormous profits would accrue to the capital invested. Another phase of its economy is the fact that when the chemicalization of the brick is exhausted by fire the ashes or whatever remains of the brick can be rechemicalized and thus used over again.

Unfortunately some difficulties stand in the way of the practical application on a large scale of this great discovery. It promises so much that

sceptical mankind will not give it sufficiently serious consideration. This inventor who would relieve the oppressed masses in a professional man and has never associated with cold-blooded financiers. He is not known to the cold, practical world and does not know how to proceed on his humane mission of downing the coal trust. Nothing less than a miracle would bring a substantial backing to this apostle of cheap fuel, but it seems that nothing less than a miracle can deliver us from the grip of the trust.—Atlanta Journal.

—Lewis Wilkins, whose home was in Enid, Okla., died in Chicago, where he had gone for medical treatment. Wilkins was twenty-nine years old, eight feet and two inches tall, weighed 365 pounds, wore a 9½ hat, 24 shoe and 14 glove. He measured fifty-eight inches around the chest and fifty-two inches around the waist. He had been on exhibition since 1888 and made several trips around the world. His death was caused from a swelling in the head which began six months ago while on exhibition in Europe. He came to the home of his parents here for rest, thinking that he would recover.—Kansas City Star.

—Mustaches are not worn by men exposed to the severity of an Alaskan winter. They wear full beards to protect the throat and face, but keep the upper lip clean shaven. The moisture from the breath congeals so quickly that a mustache becomes imbedded in a solid cake of ice, and the face is frozen in a short time.

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 others 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, scabs and scales, head pains, ulcers, offensive pimples, blood poison, carbuncles, scrofula, rashes 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 deplorable blood diseases. Sold in Anderson by Orr-Gray Drug Co., Wilhite & Wilhite and Evans Pharmacy.

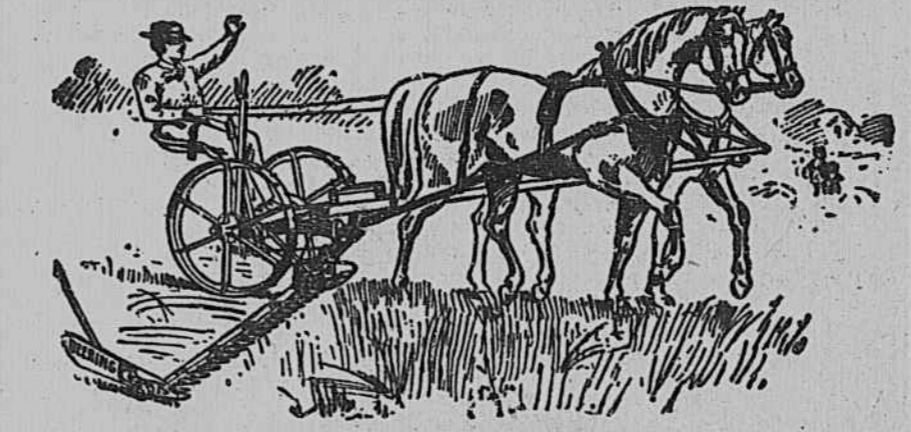
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The Mower is not all in looking up an outfit. It is essential to have a good Rake, and the Deering Rake is the simplest Rake on the market. A comparison of our Rake with other makes will convince any farmer that it is the Rake he needs. The devices for dumping are so constructed that a child can operate it without any assistance. If you are in need of an outfit let us show you our Mower and Rake and be convinced.

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AN OLD SORE

Will sour the sweetest disposition and transform the most even tempered, lovable nature into a cross-grained and irritable individual.
It impatiences or fault-finding are ever excusable it is when the body is tortured by an eating and painful sore. It is truly discouraging to find after months of diligent and faithful use of external remedies that the place remains as defiant, angry and offensive as ever. Every chronic sore, no matter on what part of the body it comes, is an evidence of some previous constitutional or organic trouble, and that the dregs of these diseases remain in the system; or, it may be that some long hidden poison—perhaps Cancer—has come to the surface and begun its destructive work.
The blood must be purified before the sore will fill up with healthy flesh and the skin regain its natural color. It is through the circulation that the acid, corroding fluids are carried to the sore or ulcer and keep it irritated and inflamed. S. S. S. will purify and invigorate the stagnant blood when all sediment and other hurtful materials are washed out, fresh rich blood is carried to the diseased parts, new tissues form, and the decaying flesh begins to have a healthy and natural look; the discharge ceases and the sore heals.
S. S. S. is the only blood purifier that is guaranteed entirely vegetable. It builds up the blood and tones up the general system as no other medicine does. If you have a sore of any kind, write us and get the advice of experienced and skilled physicians for which no charge is made. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.**



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