

WAR STORIES.

Around Fredericksburg.

Editor Atlanta Journal: While many can tell more than they know, there are many that can't write what they know, and I often see things that are disgusting to me. I have often seen men that I know that did not know but little about the war that could tell a nice flourishing tale about certain battles. Those kind can tell more than they know and there are a great many of that kind of people in the world. I shall attempt in my scattering way to give one of many of what I consider my close calls. While camped below Richmond, Va., in the direction of Fredericksburg, our regiment, with the 2d South Carolina Rifles and others, tried to locate the Yankees. Lieut. Col. Logan was in command. He was Mart. Gary's lieutenant colonel of cavalry. Our brigade was infantry. After crossing over the breastworks where we had been camped for several weeks, the entire force was deployed as skirmishers as stated, with Col. Logan in command. With quite a line of skirmishers, we started down what was called the Bottoms Bridge Road. My company, (I.) Palmetto Sharpshooters, was on the right of the line. Off we started, right through woods, swamps, brush, over logs for a mile or two. When I spied a little opening I said, "Look out, boys, we will find them directly." When we reached it, it was a small patch of two or three acres with some large apple trees and a small cabin. It was my lot to enter near the centre of the patch. As I fully entered it at the opposite side I spied a blue coat jump across a little ditch and attempt to secrete himself behind some small bushes.

Just in front of me was a rail pen about as high as my head. Just at this moment the line was ordered to halt, but I ran to the rail pen in front of me and dropped upon my knees. I hadn't hardly got still until the Yank cut down on me and struck a rail just in front of me, filling my face and eyes full of litter. I rubbed it out the best I could and tried my luck 350 or 400 yards. At the crack of my gun I saw the dust rise just to my right. I says to myself you are my meat if you remain there till I get loaded, and that was awful quick. Just at this juncture he threw up his handkerchief as though he was surrendered. I holloed at him and told him to come in, but he did not, but bang went his gun and jumped up and ran a few paces, fell into a small wash in an old field and commenced loading his gun, and as he elevated himself a little I cut down on him, striking him in the hip, the ball lodging near the kidneys. The boys went and got him and took him back to camp and wanted me to go and see him, but I never went, and that's all the man that I know that I killed, but if I did not kill many I missed my aim many times, for I was in nearly all the battles fought in Virginia, except when I was out, and that was three times, that I was absent, wounded. I went among the first and stayed until the last. Our regulars opened the first Manassas with Wheat's Zouaves, from New Orleans, and one company of cavalry from Loudon County, Virginia. There's where I saw my first shell and blue coat. I have many more close calls that I may speak of later.

Dr. G. W. Boroughs, Company I, Palmetto Sharpshooters, Jenkins's Brigade, South Carolina V. P. S. If any of my regulars see this, would like to hear from you.

Story of Tige Anderson's Brigade.

I see from your valuable paper references to the war scenes that are interesting to me. I will give you one that may be interesting to other old vets.

It looks a little smoky, nevertheless it is the truth. We, Anderson's (Old Tige) was on the south side of the James River, near the Seven Pines battlefield, from the Darbytown road to the Williamsburg road we had a field battery on each road. The Yanks charged us near the Darbytown road through an open field near a mile through. Our artillery opened on them; also the musketry. We literally strewed the field with dead and wounded Yanks. They come within about 100 yards of our works, lying down in an old road running parallel with our line in places. The old road was depressed three or four feet, in others it was with the surface. Hood's brigade was on our left in the direction of the Chickahominy creek. There was no Yanks in their front and they were playing "Dixie" all the while we were fighting. After the smoke cleared off we saw the Yanks lying in the road. John Leverett, Powell Daniels and myself jumped over our works and commenced firing down the line in the

old road. Twelve or fifteen of Hood's men joined us. The Yanks would throw up their hats and say "Don't shoot, we will surrender." We drove them back to our lines as we came to them. I ran upon a colonel of an Indiana regiment who jumped up and jerked out his sword and told his men to get up and go to fighting; that it was a disgrace to their flag and country to surrender to a handful of men in any such way. I then and there poked my Whitfield rifle pretty close to his bread basket and told him to drop that sword or I would make a daylight hole through him in short order. He very reluctantly complied with my modest request and went back to our lines. His name was Bailey and the finest looking man I ever saw. He was at least six feet four inches. I got his flag, what there was left of it. It was shot into tatters. It was not larger than a handkerchief and the staff was about two feet long. If this brave, fine looking officer should happen to see this, I would be glad to hear from him.

John Leverett got a New York stand of colors. I think it was the 54th. The colonel told me that the ladies of the city of New York presented it to him and it cost \$500. I belonged to company K, 11th Georgia. I was on the skirmish line during the war. Some one that was in this little affair published in The Weekly Constitution asking if there was any of them alive. I answered his letter, stating that myself, Daniels and Leverett of company K, 11th Georgia, lived in Houston County. Since then Daniels has died.

We took in all that day, 750 prisoners and I do not know the number killed, but they were piled into the cut in the road, where they surrendered. They were four or five deep and about 100 yards long. They were piled on top of each other like bedding sugar cane.

When I first started to taking them in I passed an officer who was wounded between the elbow and shoulder and the blood spurting from a severed artery. He gave the word of distress of a Master Mason, the only time I ever heard it given outside of a lodge. I went to his rescue. I took my handkerchief and corded his arm and sent him to our surgeon. Poor fellow, I never saw him again and do not know whether he lived or died.—W. D. Pierce, in Atlanta Journal.

P. S.—This capture occurred in October, 1864.

A Sword With a History.

Tuesday of this week, Dr. J. D. Cureton was made happy by the return of what was to him a long lost friend—an old sword that he wore during the war. It has a unique history, and if it could, it would relate history more vividly than we can hope to portray.

This interesting old relic has played its active part in two wars—the Mexican and the Civil. It belonged to Col. Dunavant, who carried it through the Mexican war. It then came into possession of W. B. Crate, of Winnsboro, who then gave it to Dr. Cureton when he became Lieutenant. Shortly after this Dr. C. was promoted Captain of Co. G, Sixth S. C. Infantry.

During the terrible battle of Second Manassas the scabbard was cut in twain by a shell. Dr. Cureton stopped to pick up the piece of shattered scabbard and fell a little behind his Co. The unionists were slowly retreating and one shrewd Yankee concluded to secrete himself in a ditch and wait till the Confederates passed, and then kill the commanding officer of the regiment, who was Col. Steadman. Just as he raised his gun to fire Dr. Cureton turned and almost severed his head from the body with this same sword.

The scabbard was pierced by a minie ball in the battle of Seven Pines and glanced by another, and the owner still lives to tell the story. Shortly after this Dr. Cureton was taken seriously ill with pneumonia, and was furloughed at the home of Joseph Hager in Maryland in charge of J. Michael Brice, one of his Lieutenants. While thus critically ill, the Yankees came upon Dr. Cureton and seeing his critical condition, left him unmolested. Before their approach, however, Mrs. Hager raised one of the planks in the floor and deposited under the house the interesting relic of our story to prevent the Yankees from falling into possession of it.

When they came up they entered the room in which Dr. Cureton lay, and saw that it would be a good place for some of their wounded number. Dr. was unconscious of what was going on about him, and when he awoke he found 4 or 5 wounded Yankees as room mates.

After the close of the war Dr. Cureton tried in vain to recover the lost sword. He was unable to get into communication with Mr. Hager. The reason is clear now, for Mr. Hager moved to Little Rock, Ark., just after the close of the war, carrying the old sword with him as well as one that belonged to Dr. Brice.

When the Dallas Reunion was held, Mr. Hager concluded to attend. While there he met Mr. E. B. Mobley, of Fairfield, and asked him if he knew Dr. Brice and Capt. Cureton, of Fairfield, as he had two swords belonging to these gentlemen which he would be glad to restore to them. When Mr. Mobley returned he let the discovery be known, and the nieces of Mr. Brice who are at Winthrop College began to communicate with Mr. Hager, with the result that the swords were returned to South Carolina and were conspicuous at a D. A. R. Entertainment given at Winthrop not a great while ago. Seeing a brief account of the entertainment in one of the papers which contained a description of Dr. Cureton's sword enabled him to communicate with the authorities at Winthrop College and recover his long lost relic, which is now a treasure because of its history.—Pickens Journal.

Cannon's Roar Restored a Man.

"There was one unlooked for result from the first battle of Bull Run," remarked an old resident to a Star reporter in recalling war-time memories, "no less than the restoration of a patient at St. Elizabeth's to his reason, enabling him to resume his duties as a military officer. He subsequently served to the close of the war. I knew the officer well, for he roomed in my neighborhood not far from the Ebbitt house before he was sent over to the insane asylum. A year before the war his health having become broken while serving at an isolated post, he came here to visit a brother and took rooms in his brother's house. On his return from a short visit to his old home in the South it was seen that his reason was unhinged. He was accordingly sent to the asylum. There he remained until the eventful 21st of July, 1861. That afternoon while the attendants were walking the patients in the ground the sound of the guns reached the grounds and attracted universal notice. To the little group of which this afflicted officer was a member the nurse explained that the reports were caused by artillery practice, but the officer insisted that he heard in each report a call for his services which he would give them before long. That night he was not to be found and his cap being picked up close to the wall, it was conjectured that he had scaled the barrier. No one knew what course he took, how he crossed the Potomac, nor indeed did they learn any tidings of him for years. After the close of the war it was ascertained that in some manner he had eluded the pickets after crossing the Potomac and had passed into the Confederate lines. Finding troops from his State and being recognized he was given a commission and finally reached a colonelcy. Some of the officials of the asylum when told this recalled that the man was not badly afflicted, but only needed excitement to bring his mental faculties into full play."

The distance a farmer lives from market is not a question of miles, but of the roads he must travel to reach there. How many hours and how many horses does it require to haul a load to market. When thus measured ten miles of a good, smooth highway are not as long as a few miles of mud and stone.

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A Nightmare

Gives point to the fact that excessive or irregular eating disturbs the digestion. Nightmare or night hag has its day time correspondence in the undue fullness after eating, with the belchings and sour or bitter rising so often experienced after too hasty or too heavy eating. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. When these diseases are cured, the whole body shares in the increased strength derived from food properly digested and perfectly assimilated. "Your Golden Medical Discovery" and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have been of great benefit to me," writes (Prof.) Pleasant A. Oliver, of Viola, Fulton Co., Ark. "Before I used the above mentioned remedies my sleep was not sound; digestion bad; a continued feeling of misery. I now feel like a new man. Any one in need of medical treatment for nasal catarrh could do no better than to take treatment of Dr. R. V. Pierce. I know his medicines are all right in this class of diseases." Sometimes a dealer tempted by the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines will offer the customer a substitute as being "just as good" as the "Discovery." It is better for him because it pays better, but it is not as good for you, if you want the medicine that cures, and which you believe will cure you. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the clogged system from accumulated impurities.

The Half-Starved Dog.

"I can't do anything and I do not suppose you can either; but it does look to me as if the legislature should do something to avert the dog nuisance. To say nothing of the personal annoyance to farmers and others, it would be almost impossible to calculate the expense to which this country is put in the maintenance of worthless dogs."

So spoke Mr. W. E. Gettys, of the Clay Hill neighborhood, on Wednesday. He came into the Enquirer office especially to discuss the dog question, and he was evidently very much in earnest, for like hundreds of others throughout this part of the State, he has been worried and annoyed by worthless curs until further patience with regard to the matter has ceased to be a virtue.

"Yes," he continued, "I think something ought to be done to thin out the dogs. We have too many. Now don't understand me to be an enemy to dogs. I'm not. I have a little fice that I think a great deal of, and I would not like to see it injured, unless it should become a nuisance to my neighbors. But there is no danger of that. I feed my dog and well-fed dogs don't harm anybody. It is the half-starved dog that is such a nuisance to the country and so expensive."

"For a great many years I have been raising a great many chickens, and every year I have suffered more or less on account of half-starved dogs that suck eggs and eat chickens. This year I undertook to raise turkeys and increase my flock of guineas. I know certainly of having lost at least 100 turkey eggs on account of dogs, and I have no idea that my losses of guinea eggs would foot up less than ten dozen. Besides this, any number of hen eggs have gone the same way, and also some chickens."

"Poison or shoot the dogs? Why you know that would never do. Dogs are property and have the protection of the law. Of course if I would catch a dog in the act of destroying eggs and kill it, it is probable that the owner would say nothing. I would not care much what he said. But, all the same, under such circumstances, or at least if I should kill the dog before he committed the act, I would be liable to prosecution, and if the owner could make it appear that the dog was worth anything, I would have to pay. And that is hard."

"But leaving all of this out of the question, there are too many dogs. It is too easy to own a dog. Lots of people own dogs who are not able to

own them, and here comes the trouble. You think all the dogs in the country are returned for taxation? Not by 50 per cent., hardly. Why? Well, I can't give you all the reasons; but I can tell you some of them. Some dog owners simply do not make returns. Then again, many dogs are owned by negro children, and are not claimed by the fathers of the children. Ask the fathers who feed the dogs, and they are pretty apt to tell you 'nobody.' That in a sense is a fact; but in another sense it is a long way from the fact. Those of us farmers who try to raise chickens, turkeys, sheep, etc., feed them. These are the kind of dogs that kill sheep and suck eggs. They live off the very fat of the land, and each year cost the neighbors an amount equal to the value of the finest bird dog in the country.

"I hardly think that there are a great many farmers who will disagree with me in my statements. I am sure there will be no disagreement with me on the part of any farmer who tries to have chickens and eggs. If any of these have experiences different from mine, they are certainly fortunate."

"Now I can think of only one reasonably satisfactory remedy for the situation. I have discussed the matter with numerous people—farmers, business men and others—and all agree on the idea that something should be done. As the best thing in sight we have arrived at the conclusion that it would be well if the General Assembly would pass an Act providing for the levy of a tax of \$1.00 a head on all dogs. Let it be arranged so that on the payment of \$1.00, the county will issue a collar and tag good for one year. Then let the law go further and offer, under proper conditions and safe-guards, a bonus of \$1 a head for every unlicensed dog that may be killed by the public."

The reporter acquiesced with Mr. Gettys in everything that was said; but went on to remark that the general assembly had considered some kind of a proposed dog act at every session since the war, and had never had the manhood to enact such a law yet.

"Yes, that may be true," replied Mr. Gettys; "but I believe that public sentiment can yet be aroused on the subject sufficiently to accomplish something. It is not fair to allow the kind of people who are responsible for such dogs as I complain of, to go on imposing a rest of us as they are doing, and I think we should give the General Assembly to understand that the best interests of the public should be considered in this matter. From my standpoint, the raisers of sheep and poultry are entitled to at least as much consideration as are people who persist in furnishing shelter for half-starved dogs."—Yorkville Enquirer.

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