WAR STORIES.

Some War Time Experiences of Mrs. J. C. Thompson of Newnan, Ga.

The Atlanta Chapter, Daughters of | the Confederacy, is doing a good and far-reaching work in having read before its meetings papers giving per- North and South, it was but a short sonal experiences of the civil war. time before business matters were in These accounts of illustrative inci- a panic. My husband rented our dents and happenings give valuable sidelights on the history of the war that will be treasured in time to come. Now and then one of these papers has been published on this page of the Journal and the following is one of this historical series and was read by Mrs. A. J. Smith, though the incidents are from the experience and were written by her mother, Mrs. J. in the army in 1861, and went to Vir-C. Thompson, of Newnan:

I shall not attempt a full account of the incidents that marked the dread- household effects at the river in care of trouble from my brow, and I would ful period of the civil war, for such an of a newly married couple. The gen- forget, for the time, the hard work of content myself with the relation of from service in war. Afterwards, the more striking things that are still however, the groom, rather than be fresh in my memory. Nor shall I at- conscripted, joined a company and tempt any style of narration that was off to the war also. This all hapwould appeal to the literary critic, but shall give, in a simple statement. the circumstances that affected most being in such good care. I went with of our home life, and caused the wo- my husband to Atlanta, and spent a men of the land the greatest perplexity month there after he left. After my demands of the cause, and the loved had been rented to another party. In ones that went to the front.

time of the unsuccessful struggle. My husband was a volunteer in company A, First Georgia regiment, and his enlistment was the beginning of that trying time, in which were expemenced the difficulties of managing home affairs. However, the pressure of home responsibilities was counted as nothing compared to the awful suspense that always followed the news those in which Stonewall Jackson's division was engaged in West Virginia. In addition to the horrors of being under the rain of shot and shell in battle, there was the terrible ordeal of heat and cold, gnawing hunger, and privations. But the courage and pasoldiers-not less powerful than the dependence of our beloved South and and this kent me anxious. To my its institutions.

To bring this parration to to an individual experience I can only relate a few incidents which are light compared to what was endured by thous- to move me in. could not be Joans d'Arc, for they had to flee from homes for the safety of children and the helpless. Along in 1861-2 interior Georgia had but little experience of the invasion of the army. Later on, when our forces began to retreat from the western foe, this section began to feel the distress. ness houses, and this gave the women a more realistic idea of the horrors of war. Small detachments of the Northern army would make sudden and unexpected raids.

About this time we could hear of my husband; entirely out off as we were from communication with the army in Virginia, as Sherman's army was around Atlanta. All my woes were the experience of many others. thing that lay in his track. When the end of the war was felt to be near at hand, all was gloom and distress which soon culminated in the news that Gen. Robt. E. Lee had surrendered at Appomattox.

After the surrender some of the soldiers of the North who had been exchanged, and had gotten under their commander, had a skirmish here, and were captured in this place, they were marching down from the mountains found much more profitable. under orders to burn the town and not leave as much as a chicken coop. Some old citizens rode out to the Chattahoochee river with a flag of truce, and after an explanation, the burning order was countermanded. The commanding officer told his soldiers if they molested any property they would be severely dealt with.

I had heard no news from my husband all these long months, and it was weeks before he got home, as he had to walk most of the way. When he some it was with difficulty that I recognised him. Just here, I will mention one experience of his on July 9, 1864, at the battle of Monocassy, Va. Gen. Clement A. Evans was dangerously wounded-shot through the shorse's head. My husband and his improvised a litter, placing their dear and beloved general upon it, forded the river with him, and thus saved him from falling into the hands of the out early to feed the porkers—my Bemy.

personal I mention the following: After war was declared between the eighteen miles away to a place known as the old Chair Factory on the Chattahoochee River. The dwelling house there was situated on the border of a dismal swamp and there were no locks to the doors. Mr. Thompson enlisted ginia. The parting was almost like taking away my life. We left our pened within a month. Meanwhile, I the most imploring manner, I besought My experience covered the whole the tenant to vacate my home, having engaged another house and proposed to pay the expense of his moving to it. He coldly replied that he had rented for the year and would keep it until the time expired. My counsellor advised me to go on to the river, as the time would be only two or three months. And this I did, with a heart full of sorrow at the thought of living

in that dismal place. By the kindof hard-fought battles, particularly ness of a gentleman friend, who was going out that way, I and my three children were carried there. It was a tearful ride. It was dark when we reached the nearest neighbor's house. The good woman of the house told me I must not think of going there at all the weakness which ensued from such | to live with little children and kindly offered me two rooms in her house untriotism of the wives and mothers at til I could get back to Newnan. The home was the grand inspiration to the offer was gratefully accepted, and we dwelt together most harmoniously. victories gained in fighting for the in- The mail only reached us by chance,

ands of women who were on the bor- I found my house clean, and there ders and in the midst of the conflict. was a good supply of provisions or Of course all the women of the South | hand-flour, sugar, butter, bacon and candles to light me on into another month. That gave me a brave start.

joy, after two months I received no-

The war was on in truth by that time, and then it was work in earnest. First of my work was making coats, trousers, and other wearing apparel for the soldiers, which was more profitable than carding and spinning. Hospitals were located in vacant busi- After a time, hats were needed both for women and men, and I became quite enthused with that kind of work. The first kind of head-dress for women was the shaker bonnets, made of oat straw, pasted on stiff foundation made of old cloth. Then came the nothing but battles, and no news from | demand for soldiers' and men's hats. Every kind of woolen cloth available was put into hats. People would bring old cloth coats to be made up into hats. We finally grew tired of the "shakers," and began plaiting Sherman's march through Georgia was pine straw, dying it black and sewing copposed by only a few skirmishers, and it together, and this grew to be quite was a merciless despoiling of every- a business. In fact, we made some real nice hats, and could not fill all the orders. Mr. Thompson's sisterin-law made soldier clothes with me until it got to be rather humiliating work, as we had to go personally after it to Atlanta. The railroads would let us have season tickets at reduced rates. The work became disagreeable ou account of the rush and jam to get it, so it was dropped, and the hat business was taken up. This was

A large encampment came to Newnan. My cow was well kept around the provender wagons, and I realized a good profit from the increased quantity of milk. The officers in camp near me would exchange coffee for buttermilk. I was very saving with it, and drank wheat coffee, the ubstance now called postum. My experience with it during the war makes it distasteful in spite of its changed name. My coffee was very precious, and was saved for sickness, if such a calamity should befall me or my lamily. My next enterprise was raising hogs. The hospitals were near me, and the garbage they gave me fed my hogs. My son had reached the age of ten years. He improvised a kind of side, and fell unconscious over his wagon and hauled the cold bread and greasy water, and four fat hogs came brother, Young H. Thompson, quickly from it. How proud I was of them!

heart sank as I came near the pen-

tune blasted! My sister-in-law and I walked everywhere to find even a sight of them, but they were not to be found. About night one of them came up, shot through the shoulders, and he was a loss, too. Then I put some more in the pen. One night 1 detected a noise, and went to see about it. I found one of my hoge, with its head severed, lying across the fence. Close pursuit caused the thief to flee, but the pig had to be thrown Among the incidents more directly to the vultures on account of its poverty. My chicken house was no seourity. I happened to be in my yard about ten o'clock one night, and saw some one climbing the fence with a bunch of my much-prized chickens. home to avail ourselves of the advan- My bravery was aroused, the order tage of the rent it would bring during was given to put the chickens down or his absence in the army, and moved I would shoot, only a threat, for I had no pistol or gun-the command only quickened the motion of the thief.

I cannot begin to enumerate all the trials of my experience through the four long years of war, and the ravages of marauders. However, with all my woes, sometimes such amusing things would occur that it would produce hearty laughs, and draw the wrinkles account would fill a volume; but shall tleman considering himself exempt carding, spinning, knitting, weaving cloth, making soldiers' clothes and all the rest. No extras were to be had, but we had bread and meat enough, and sorghum in plenty for dessert. Milk and butter, too, came in, which was resting content about our things is always good living. Once I had the good luck to buy ten pounds of dark brown sugar, that extra was used up with incredible swiftness. But all and anxiety as they tried to meet the return, I found my house in Newnan | the troubles counted for little, when compared to the anxiety about my husband soldier .- Atlanta Journal.

Judge Gerald's Presentment.

Judge G. B. Gerald, of Waco, who was recently a visitor to the city, tells an interesting story of a presentment of death and the happy denovement, the particulars dating back to one of the most fiercely contested engagements of the late civil war.

"Some years before the war I had a dream," said the Judge. "I dreamt that I was a participant in a fierce battle between two great armies. The picture of the battle was very vivid. The two armies occupied opposite sides of a stream, with towering, snowcapped mountains in the rear of each. They moved toward each other and the conflict began. In my dream I could see the batteries, planted on the opposite heights, belching forth death. while the infantry struggled for mastery on the plains below. I could see the smoke and hear the shouts and din of the terrible conflict as it protice that my house in Newnan was vagressed. I could see myself moving cant, and .. friend who was going there with two large empty wagons, offered forward in line, when suddenly I both saw and felt myself struck by a bullet, which ended my part in the struggle and closed my earthly career forever. I saw myself die on the field of carnage without a groan or a struggle.

"But I awoke and was gled, because it was all a dream.

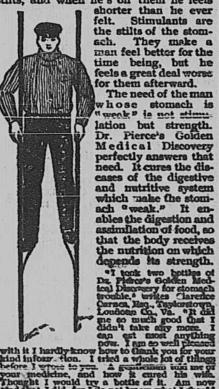
"On the morning of the 13th of December, 1863, the two armies of Lee and Burnside were facing each other at Fredericksburg.

"As we marched to the conflict, and the early morning mist cleared up, I narrow stream flowing between. I lifted up my eyes and there were towering mountains behind each army, and they were snow-capped.

"It was the reality of my dream of years before in al! its details. There could be no mistaking the scene-it had been indelibly impressed on my

"I knew that before the sun should set that day I would be stretched a

The man who puts on stilts does not increase his actual stature by the breadth of a hair. He feels taller while he's on the stilts, and when he's off them he feels



The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; You lose. Therefore assept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

the porkers were gone, and my for- corpse on the plains before me. My time had come to die.

"I called to a fellow officer and, tsking off my watch and chain, handed them to him, with a request that they be entrusted to my servant to be delivered to my family, together with a last message to them. He laughed at me for drawing on my imagination, but I assured him that I knew what I was doing; that I would never leave the battlefield alive.

"Having made these hasty preparations for the inevitable, I went forward to my doom as bravely as I knew how. "The conflict waged and the bullets

whistled, but none of them came near "The agony was long drawn out,

me in a little while. "Well, the battle closed, and, instead of stretching my length on the field, I came out of it unscathed.

"And," concluded the Judge. "I haven't had any faith in presentiments since."-Houston Post.

Overwhelmed by Molten Metal.

Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 26.-One was burned to death, two fatally injured and a third was severely hurt, ing, as the result of sudden collapse of the furnace of the Williams Iron company in Birmingham to-day.

The dead: Thomas J. Edwards, general manager of the plant.

Injured: James F. McAunalley, storeman, fatally burned; Allen Maw, colored, foundryman, fatally burned; Chas. Sampson, son of the secretary of the company, severely injured.

The break in the furnace caused a mass of molten iron to gush forth and Edwards and the injured men were unable to escape from the fiery steam. The two strangers who are missing and whose names are unknown were talking to Edwards at the time the explosion occurred and may be under the debris and iron which has since har-

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- Charity may cover a multitute of sins, but greed isn't one of them.

- Much of the charity that begins at home is too feeble to get next door. New Century Catechism.

Q .- What is the chief end of a man? A.—To get a living. Q.—What do you understand by

A .- Millions of dollars.

Q .- What is the value of money? A .- It is more precious than the souls of men.

Q.—By what rule should we govern our lives?

A .- The golden rule. Q.-Will you repeat it?

A .- "Do unto yourself whatsoever you would have others do unto you." Q.-What should be our morning prayer?

A .- "Keep me this day from making a fool of myself!" but I knew it would all be over with

Q .- What beautiful quality should be manifest in all the dealings of

A.-Unselfishness.

Q.—Define it, please? A .- Unselfishness is that which we

have a right to expect from others. Q.—Should international marriages be encouraged?

A .- By all possible means.

Q.-What rule should govern these marriages?

A .- If you have a fat purse and no while two strangers are reported miss- [title, look for a title; if a title and no fat purse look for a fat purse; if you have neither don't look for either. Q .- What can you say of a stylish

> womar A .- Her price is above rubies.

Q.-How do men rate style? A.—As something more to be de sired in woman than virtue.

Q.—What do we understand by the divine command that we have charity one toward another?

A.—The possession of that kindly spirit which prevents one coming down too hard on the other because we remember having done the same thing Q .- What is recorded of the success-

A.—They shall be held in everlast-

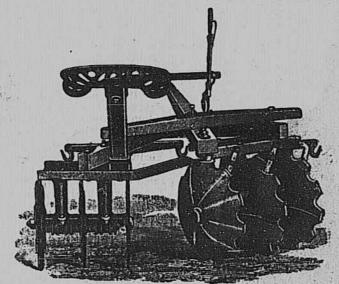
ing remembrance.
Q.—What is required by those who would succeed in life?
A.—Absolute belief in one's infallibility; no consideration for others and no act to a stranger that can be mis-

taken for courtesy.
Q.—Is gentle breeding a bar to suc-

A.—Unquestionably. Q.—Explain this, please?

A .- In a woman it is considered designing; in a man, improper.
Q.—Against what insidious vice should we constantly guard ourselves?

The Torrent Harrow!



saw two armies in the valley, with a Torrent Harrows and Turn Plows to go at a sacrifice for the next sixty days.

From now until January 1st, 1903, we will sell our entire stock of Harrows and Turn Plows at greatly reduced prices. These Goods have advanced about ten per cent, but these Harrows and Plows were bought at the old price, and we must sell them to make room for other goods.

Our Torrent Harrow is ahead of anything ever sold here for putting in small grain, and the celebrated Steel Beam Syracuse Plow has no equal for pulverising and mixing the soil. If you need one or both of the implements you cannot afford to miss this opportunity to get one.

We are in the Hardware business to stay, and can sell you loaded and We are in the Hardware business to stay, and can sell you loaded and empty Shells, Shot and Powder, Caps, Cartridges, and Guns from the cheapest

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the market at factory prices. Come quick while we have your size. We are money-savers on GROCERIES. Best Patent Flour \$4.50 per barrel. Best Half Patent Flour \$4.00. Extra Good Flour \$3.75. COFFEE, SUGAR, LARD, BACON, BRAN, CORN and OATS always in stock, just a little cheaper than the market prices.

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