

## WAR STORIES.

## Private Tom Johnson.

D. I. Walden, in Atlanta Journal.

There were many good men in the ranks of the Tenth Georgia, many true and faithful soldiers who could be depended upon to do their full measure of duty on all sorts of occasions, in all sorts of emergencies, but there was one among us, Thomas Johnson, whose sincere devotion to duty during heavy and skillful use of his weapons seemed to entitle him to special consideration. He was large and portly, mildly light haired, jovial and endowed with a remarkable capacity for promoting mirth, cheerfulness and merriment among those with whom he mingled and he enjoyed the sincere friendship and esteem of a very large proportion of his acquaintances. He had made quite a reputation, in his native neighborhood, near Jonesboro, Ga., as an expert marksman, by his aptitude at hitting the bull's eye, at shooting matches and his readiness in bringing down game. He had been to Kansas as a member of the southern delegation that went out to oppose the John Brown faction in that memorable struggle for party supremacy that characterized the early history of that territory, and he was sometimes called "Kansas Tom Johnson," to distinguish him from other Tom Johnsons in the same neighborhood. When our civil war broke out Tom enlisted in our company, at Jonesboro, Ga., and while we were drilling and making other preparations for our departure to the war, Tom became involved in a dispute over some trivial matter and was violently assaulted by three stalwart ruffians, who made a desperate effort to punish him for his indiscretion in differing with them in opinion. By means of dexterous and well aimed blows, with his formidable fist, Tom very readily repulsed them and inflicted the greater part of the punishment upon them. Notwithstanding his victory Tom immediately left our company and joined another that was being formed in the neighboring town of Fayetteville, but owing to the fact that the Jonesboro and Fayetteville companies both joined the Tenth Georgia regiment, we still kept Tom Johnson with us. After entering into actual service Tom's fearlessness and skill won for him great fame and his services were in almost constant demand for difficult and dangerous undertakings, and his natural love of adventure found abundant gratification in the performance of duties from which others, less venturesome than himself, would have instinctively shrunk. His faith in the ultimate triumph of our cause was steadfast and unwavering and he would never under any circumstances admit the possibility of our defeat.

While on the retreat from the peninsula to Richmond, as we were passing through an old field, somebody discovered the form of a Yankee soldier in the top of a distant tree, apparently watching the movements of our army and Tom Johnson's attention was called to him. Tom thought he could kill him, but others contended that he was entirely too far off to be in any danger from even Tom's gun.

After parleying for a few minutes, Tom observed that it was a question that admitted of proof and stopping on the roadside, he said: "Now, you just watch and see how he behaves when I shoot," and adjusting his gun sights to the longest possible range, he raised his gun to his shoulder, took aim, fired and the Yankee dropped from the tree. Of course it was impossible for us to obtain any particulars of the man's injuries, but there was no doubt that he had fallen from the tree. At the battle of Sharpsburg, Maryland, Tom was severely wounded by a ball that entered his body in front just below the breastbone, passed almost centrally through his body, among the vital organs and came out near the spinal column. He was carried home in October, 1862, and remained with his family about two months, when although still suffering considerably from his wound, he returned to his command against the earnest remonstrances of his family, friends and physicians, and reported for duty. About this time he was armed with a new, imported Whitworth rifle, which was probably the most perfect and up-to-date gun in existence at that time, and assigned to special duty as a sharpshooter, and from that time forth, we saw him only when he made us an occasional visit. We heard many thrilling accounts of Tom's daring exploits, but unfortunately, not having personally witnessed any of them, very few are remembered with sufficient distinctness to admit of their portrayal with any degree of accuracy. He became one of the most efficient and reliable scouts in the service and was frequently sent around in the rear of the enemy's lines on important missions, and being ever faithful to the trusts

reposed in him, he won the unbounded confidence and esteem of his superior officers.

It was claimed, upon apparently good authority, that a bullet from Tom's rifle killed General Sedgewick and for many years we heard of no attempt to contradict the claim, but more recently the performance of that important deed has been claimed for another and the difficulty of verifying such a claim at this late day, after the witnesses have probably all passed away, will leave the question in permanent doubt, but Tom's friends will always believe that he killed him or at least, as one of them has expressed it, "We know that Tom killed him if the opportunity was afforded him."

We have never claimed that the Tenth Georgia regiment was present or took any part in the firing upon the general. Tom Johnson was, at that time, detached from our regiment entirely. I remember something of an account of an encounter Tom had with two mounted Yankees in which Tom killed both his antagonists, and when he visited us afterwards, he showed us two bright new Colt's pistols, of the latest improved pattern, which he had taken from the bodies of his victims, but the details of that exciting struggle are not well remembered. Tom was killed September 17, 1864, while he and a companion were attempting to return, through the famous Chickahominy swamp, from an expedition in the rear of the enemy's lines. They were passing near the edge of a dense thicket of bushes, when they were suddenly fired upon by a company of Yankees in ambush, and Tom's thigh was broken. He hopped rapidly away, on his other leg, about forty yards, to a rail fence, and while attempting to climb the fence, he was shot again, through the body and fell upon the ground apparently dead. His companion made good his escape and afterwards related to me these particulars of Tom's tragic death, although his name and much of story are forgotten.

In November, 1865, fourteen months after Tom's death, his widow received a letter from a man in Virginia who claimed to have found Tom, after he had been mortally wounded, picked him up, carried him home with him, and cared for him till the time of his death, which occurred about twenty-four hours after he was shot. During that time he gave the man the name and address of his wife, dictated a farewell message to her and the children, and requested that it be sent them as soon as postal communication should be restored.

Tom Johnson's family are still living in Fayette county, Georgia, near where Tom left them.

## BESIEGED BY INDIANS.

How Texas Rangers Saved the Family of a Buffalo Hunter.

"A short time ago," writes a correspondent, "I took a buckboard at Stamford, in Jones county, which is the northwestern Texas terminus of the Texas Central railroad, and drove to Flat Top Mountain, a distance of twenty miles, through a pasture, which inclosed under one fence 100,000 acres of grazing land. Flat Top is one of thousands of buttes scattered irregularly in that region. From its pinnacle one can see as far as vision can reach. It is now a land of farmers and stock raisers, but when I was there, between twenty and thirty years ago, it was a land of death and danger.

"In 1876, the year of the Custer calamity on the Little Big Horn, being then a Texas ranger, I halted at Flat Top with a squad of eight rangers. By some strange means the Comanches and Apaches just beyond the Texas border, had learned of the incident of the Little Big Horn, and, elated with the success of the Sioux, the Southern savages were bent upon massacre. Reynolds, a sergeant, called 'Maggie,' was in command. Standing on the peak of the butte he saw through his telescope a string of warriors, 200 in number, moving rapidly toward the site now occupied by Stamford, where a dugout sheltered the family of a buffalo hunter. 'We must save them,' Reynolds said, and in less than five minutes seven men were trotting toward the advancing line of Comanches. The eighth man was galloping southward to secure reinforcements.

"The wife and children of the hunter were taken up behind the rangers, and by a rapid march a rugged hillock was reached just in time. The rangers were armed with carbines and revolvers, and Mrs. Carr, the wife of the trapper, had a long-range buffalo gun, left at home by her husband, who had started a week before to trap

beaver on the upper forks of the Colorado. The Comanches were allowed to ride within close range, when a volley unhorsed five of their number and disclosed our position. Surprised and no doubt badly frightened, they retreated in confusion. Our horses, which we had abandoned, were running over the range, and were soon caught by our foes.

"By the number of horses they ascertained our strength, except that Mrs. Carr was not figured in their calculations, and the warriors began preparations for a siege. We had a few pounds of jerked buffalo meat and a little bread. Water was a grave consideration, and we felt the more concerned because of the fact that the children were already crying from thirst. After dark we found a small spring at the foot of our natural fortress, and we soon filled our canteens. The food supply was placed in Mrs. Carr's hands, and she proved a vivandiere worthy of the trust. We ascertained afterward that during the thirty-six hours of the siege she ate nothing, dividing her share among her little ones, and leaving all the rest for the men.

"To cut the story short, the Comanches made desperate efforts to rush our fortress, each time retiring with loss, Mrs. Carr slaying a big buck with a bullet from her heavy carbine. Our courier returned at sunset on the second day of the siege, accompanied by Mr. Carr and thirty cowboys from a Coleman county ranch. After a fierce battle the reinforcing men broke through the cordon of savages and entered our fortress, bringing plenty of food, ammunition and water. The day following the Comanches raised the siege and departed toward the Double Mountain fork of the Brazos river. They left their dead, seventeen in number, being in a hurry to get away, because, as we afterward learned, Major John B. Jones, the commander-in-chief of the ranger force of Texas, was approaching the scene from the Panhandle, with three troops of his noted Indian fighters, following the trail of the raiding red men.

"The youngest of the Carr children died of croup during the siege. Three of our garrison were wounded by the bullets of our foes, having been incautious in the efforts to obtain advantageous shots. One of the three, John Ward, died. We buried the child and the ranger in the same grave, one of the men reading the Episcopal burial service.

"The grave of John Ward and little Lucy Carr can still be discerned by the inscription it bears, roughly cut with a tomahawk on the sandstone monument we placed at the head of the double grave. It is a rugged stone, honey-combed and lichen-grown, and weighs a ton or more. It took our combined strength to turn it over. All the tomahawks we could procure were worn out chipping a smooth surface for the epitaph, which reads:

"Here lies John Ward, a ranger, and Lucy Carr, in whose defence he died. Soft rest the prairie turf upon the breasts of the ranger and the little child."

"Major Jones overtook the warriors, recovering our horses and many more the raiders had captured. While retreating and fighting the rangers, in reverse, they ran into a squadron of United States dragoons, and between the rangers and the regulars the Comanches were pulverized, losing, together with those slain in the siege of the butte, 114 of the 200 warriors who started that moon on the warpath."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

General Evans Makes Corrections About Abbey.

General Clement A. Evans, commanding the Confederate Veterans of Georgia, has written a card in which he corrects the impression that Charles Broadway Roush would not pay \$100,000 to the Battle Abbey. Gen. Evans says:

Editor the Journal: The Journal made a singular mistake Monday afternoon in announcing in headlines that the heirs of Mr. Roush would not pay his donation of \$100,000 to the Battle Abbey. There has already been paid the sum of \$60,000 by Mr. Roush, which is safe in the treasury at Richmond and the heirs of Mr. Roush are anxious to pay the remaining \$40,000 as soon as the contributions from other sources reach \$100,000. The gift by Mr. Roush was made on the condition that the friends of the Confederate veterans would raise another \$100,000 so as to make the whole \$200,000.

"There is yet about \$50,000 to raise to meet this amount and the work of Dr. J. M. Jones, who is now superintendent of the Battle Abbey, is to raise this amount and as much more as possible. Dr. Jones is well known in Georgia and all over the South, and I feel sure he will succeed.

I fear that the statement by the Journal will give trouble unless corrected, because the Journal has a wide circulation, and I will, therefore, ask the Journal to make the correction.

Yours truly,  
Clement A. Evans.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.  
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

## The St. Louis Flying Prizes.

In order to encourage those who are engaged in that field of invention, the directors of the Louisiana Purchase exposition have appropriated the sum of \$200,000, of which \$50,000 will be reserved for expenses connected with the competition and exhibition, \$100,000 will be given as a grand prize to the exhibitor of the most perfect vehicle shown in the form of an airship, and \$50,000 will be awarded in smaller prizes to other inventors.

The competition is open to all comers without limitation as to the power used or the mechanical principles involved, but no one will be admitted who has not already made a flight of at least one mile and return. A course has been prescribed within the exposition inclosure which must be followed for not less than ten or more than fifteen miles at a speed of at least twenty miles an hour.

The trials will take place between June 1 and September 30, 1904. Various prizes are offered for other contests, which are open to balloons, airships and other aeronautical vehicles of any type.

Five thousand dollars for the greatest altitude attained.

Five thousand dollars for the longest time in the air.

Five thousand dollars for the longest distance traveled in any direction.

Five thousand dollars to the man who starts from St. Louis and lands nearest the Washington Monument, in the city of Washington.

The management of the contest will be in the hands of an international jury, which will be made up of famous men of science. Already notice has been received that fifteen entries have been made, including all of the most advanced airships yet known. Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone; Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian institute; Dr. Maxim, who has devised many remarkable guns; Santos Dumont, the Brazilian, who has taken the big prizes in France; Octave Chanute, Mr. Stevens, an Englishman; Professor Laurence Rotch, of Blue Hills, Mass.; Count von Zeppelin, a Bavarian, and other aeronauts in Europe and America have already entered or are expected to enter. The competition is creating more interest on the other side of the Atlantic than here.

The largest sensation in the way of a flying ship has been constructed by Count von Zeppelin, who has been experimenting all summer from a float anchored in Lake Constance, Switzerland, where he has a large open space without obstructions. As his float swings with the wind the longitudinal axis of the airship is always in the line of the direction of the wind. His ship is a 24-sided polygon, cigar-shaped, 410 feet long and 30 feet in diameter.

The framework is composed of sixteen rings of aluminum, 26 feet apart, fastened to a central rod by wires radiating like the spokes of a wheel. The framework is first covered with a netting of ramie fibre, remarkable for toughness and tensile strength, then with a gas and water-tight rubber composition, and further protected by an envelope of tough cloth. The cylinder is divided into seventeen compartments like a steamer, each of which is filled independently with gas, so that if the ship meets with a collision only a portion of it will be injured. It has a capacity of 350,150 cubic feet of hydrogen gas, is propelled by four benzine motors and steered by four aluminum propellers, two at each end below the central axis. The cylinder rests upon two cars of aluminum, 22 feet long, six feet wide and three feet high, and is connected with the axis by coiled springs to break the force of a fall upon the ground. If the car should descend in the air, the weight of the lower works would keep the wheels beneath it, and the springs would prevent the cylinder from being mashed by contact.

Prof. Bell was experimenting in Nova Scotia last summer, and there have been reports of successful flights by him. Prof. Langley has also been engaged with his flying machine, but they are not yet prepared to disclose what they have accomplished.

The St. Louis people have received many curious suggestions. One man writes that he is training teams of buzzards, eagles and other big birds to haul a car through the air, and inquires as to his chances of winning the \$100,000 prize.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Popping the Question.

A bashful Irish swain wished to make a proposal of marriage, but his courage failed him, and he induced his sister to become an intermediary, he remaining outside the half closed door, hidden, but within earshot, to hear the result.

It was not favorable. The fair one sensibly tossed her head and replied:

"Indeed, now, if I'm good enough to be married, I'm good enough to be axed!"

Hearing this, the anxious lover thrust his head inside the door and said beseechingly:

"Norah, darlin', will ye do what Maggie axed ye?"

## Ways of the Mexicans.

School children study their lessons aloud.

The best grade of coffee are sold at tobacco stores.

The Mexican meal consists of more kinds of meat than vegetables.

Railways, street cars and cabs all provide three classes of conveyances.

In the cities real estate is sold by the square meter instead of the front foot.

Fruit and vegetables are not sold by measure, but by the dozen or by weight.

Theatre managers are fined if they do not produce the cast and features advertised.

Many tailors take the clothes of their customers to the patron's home to try them on.

Mexican men of the lower classes wear the biggest hats in the world, the women none at all.

Sunday is the great amusement day. All big entertainments are reserved for this general holiday.

A servant is called or a coach stopped by hissing or clapping the hands instead of shouting or whistling.

Pork and beef markets are, as a rule, separate institutions, as a license is exacted for the sale of each kind of meat.

Gentlemen not only tip their hats to one another, but they are as careful to remove them in your office as in their own.

The streets in most of the smaller towns are lowest in the middle, sloping from the sidewalks to the drain on the surface.

The Mexicans are great smokers, the cigarette being generally preferred, but chewing tobacco is practically unknown among the native population.

Bread is universally baked in small French loaves that retail for 2 cents each and an entire piece is served to each person at a meal without cutting.

The delivery of all light retail goods, such as groceries, queensware, etc., is effected by cargadores, who carry the packages in baskets or boxes on their heads.

New Year's Day is an important anniversary. Presents are exchanged quite as generally as upon Christmas and friends send cards bearing best wishes for the new year.

Mexican gentlemen recognize a lady acquaintance first when they meet upon the street and the lady, as a rule, returns only the most formal bow without change of facial expression.

All checks, bills and documents of record must bear revenue stamps, and the principal books of commercial houses are liable to inspection from Government tax authorities at any time.

As alfalfa and grass grow all the year round in most parts of Mexico, dry hay is practically unknown. City animals are supplied with green fodder delivered in small bundles every day. It is delivered from house to house loaded on burros.

The licenses of street peddlers and small booths are collected daily. The collector for the city calls every morning and determines the tax from the amount of stock on hand. Taxes are collected as low as a few cents a day. Coupon tickets are given as receipts.

—Modern Mexico.

—William D. Crawford, 15 years old, of New Jersey, has a band of remarkable rats, which he has trained after six months of patient work. Each has an apartment in a cage. At the boy's call each rat will respond to his name, coming forth from the cage with a flag of a nation. They form in line and go through military evolutions in sharp time. Then a sham battle follows.



## Frequent Throbbing Headache.

There's many a cause for headache. Men are not often troubled by headaches. When they are it is generally due to biliousness or indigestion. But women have headaches which seem peculiar to their sex, frequent nervous throbbing headaches. Does it not seem as if such headaches peculiar to women must be at once related to womanly disease? Women who suffer with diseases peculiar to the sex do not realize the drain of vital strength and nerve force they undergo as a consequence of disease. It is this which causes the familiar headaches of sick women.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures such headaches by curing the cause—irregularity, weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration or female weakness. "Favorite Prescription" invigorates and tones up the entire system, encourages the appetite, quiets the nerves and gives refreshing sleep.

"I was troubled with congestion of the uterus and female weakness for five years," writes Mrs. Robt. Kervin, of Albert, Hastings Co., Ont. "Was so weak and nervous I could hardly do any work. Had severe pains in back, also diarrhoea and pain in head. My heart would beat so hard and fast at times I would have to sit still till I got all right again. But after taking four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and one of his 'Golden Medical Discoveries' I felt entirely well. I also used one box of 'Lotion Tablets' and one of 'Suppositories' so directed. All the symptoms of my trouble have disappeared and I am completely cured. Thank you for your kind advice and your medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the complexion and sweeten the breath.

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

## The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

## Who Puts up Your Prescriptions?

WE invite the privilege. We use the best quality of every drug; we exercise the most exacting care with every part of the work. We produce medicine that brings the best possible results. We charge only a living profit above the cost of materials.

Let Us Fill Your Prescriptions.

## EVANS PHARMACY,

ANDERSON, S. C.

D. S. VANDIVER. F. P. VANDIVER.

## VANDIVER BROS.,

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

ANDERSON, S. C., October 8, 1902.

We propose pulling trade our way this Fall, and have made prices on goods, reliable, honest Goods that will certainly bring it.

We have the strongest line of Men's, Women's and Children's SHOES we have ever shown, and have them marked down so low that every pair is a great value. We have another big lot of Sample Shoes that we throw on 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.

We are strictly in for business and want your trade. Try us and you will stick to us.

Yours truly,

VANDIVER BROS.

## JUST RECEIVED, TWO CARS OF BUGGIES,

ALL PRICES, from a \$35.00 Top Buggy up to the finest Rubber Tired job

— ALSO —

## A LOT OF WAGONS,

That we want to sell at once. We keep a large stock of—

## Georgia Home Made Harness Cheap.

The finest, light draft—

## Mower

In the world. Come and see it.

Yours in earnest,

VANDIVER BROS. &amp; MAJOR.

## Have Just Received

Two Cars Fine Tennessee Valley

## Red Cob Corn.

PERFECTLY SOUND.

- You run no risk in feeding this to your stock.
- Will also make the very finest meal.
- Come quick before it is all gone.

O. D. ANDERSON.

## A LONG LOOK AHEAD

A man thinks it is when the matter of life insurance suggests itself—but circumstances of late have shown how life hangs by a thread when war, flood, hurricane and the suddenly overtakes you, and the only way to be sure that your family is protected in case of calamity overtaking you is to be sure in a solid Company like—

The Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co.

Drop in and see us about it.

M. M. MATTISON,

STATE AGENT.

Peoples Bank Building, ANDERSON, S. C.