

WAR STORIES.

Virginia Military Institute Cadets at Newmarket.

"We were not many, we who stood before the iron sleet that day. Yet many a gallant spirit would Give half his years, if he but could Have been with us at Monterey."

If the now ancient poets of the Mexican War felt in this way, how much more must the gallant spirits of a later time have longed to have been able to pay an equal, or even greater, price, to have taken part in the magnificently dashing episode of the charge of the V. M. I. Cadets at Newmarket?

The sight of the Academy cadets last Memorial Day prompts an editorial on the subject, but it is a story that can not be told too often, both for the benefit of the youth of our land, and that they may had it on down as a glowing example of boyish courage and devotion to generations yet to come. And especially interesting is it when related, even after the lapse of forty years by one who took part in the conflict.

Saturday afternoon last a party of gentlemen were standing above the last green of the Country Club's golf links, within sound of the laughter and social amenities of the sons and daughters of those who, on either side, had fought each other so fiercely in the blood drenched days of war. With Northern and Southern residents fraternizing so pleasantly at the Club House, and with so peaceful a prospect spread before them, there was a gleam, indeed, to recall the animosities of the Civil War, and yet oblivious of the fact that there was "a chiel amongst them takin' notes," some reference was made to the battle of Newmarket, and then one word led to another, until the gentleman to whom reference has been made, began almost unconsciously to relate the incidents of that stirring scene through which he had passed as a lad.

"When we first came up with the army," said he, "the veterans of an hundred fields began to chaff us on the subject of our natty uniforms, and good-natured badinage flew thick and fast. They promised to dirty those pretty little grey jackets for us before we parted company, and told us that we would wade through many a mile of mire before we got a chance at the Yankees, for it was already beginning to rain."

"The battle, however, was speedily joined, and when the opposing armies were hotly engaged, we were ordered to the front and drawn up just beneath the crest of a slight hill, with the Federal line of battle in plain view a mile and a half away. Jackson's battery came thundering up along the ridge behind us and unlimbering let fly directly over our heads. It was too close to be comfortable, and we were ordered to advance, which we did, to the foot of the hill. Again came the command to go forward and our boyish battalion moved on until we were within some three hundred yards of the Federal artillery in our front; then we were halted, with our muskets at right shoulder shift and in line of battle 'marked time' under the concentrated fire of the Napoleon guns."

"They were firing canister and we would see a puff of smoke and then—whizz—it would come tearing over our heads with the roar of a covey of quail, or plough up the soil in a spattering shower at our feet, or else, alas, too often, find lodgment in our ranks."

"We were told to go forward a little distance to change the range and then to lie down and commence firing. We did so, and had fired about three rounds, when the terrible tension which had been somewhat relieved by the firing, was broken by the order to rise and charge. With a 'rebel yell' we dashed forward, in perfect alignment, until a cluster of houses, about three hundred yards from the Federal position, broke up the formation of C and D companies and threw them into temporary confusion."

"As soon as the impediment was cleared, however, A and B companies halted and with muskets at 'right shoulder shift,' 'marked time' under the concentrated fire of five batteries of Napoleon guns until C and D could reform again on the left."

"It was that manoeuvre, probably," remarked one of the party, "that joined with your small size, led the Union officers to mistake you for a body of foreign mercenaries, as, it has been stated, some of those that were captured admitted that they had done."

"Yes," said another, "and has all the warfare that has stained the history of the ages any finer spectacle of Southern children, all of them well within their teens, standing there unflinchingly and executing with precision the evolution of the parade ground, while upon them was being rained such a storm of shot and shell?"

"Once more in battalion formation," continued the narrator, "came the ringing command: 'Charge!' and after a breathless moment we were among the guns and those who were working them gave way. The Colonel of a West Virginia regiment came riding up trying to rally his men; Lieut. Hanna of our battalion slashed him across the face with his small cadet sword; out came the heavy revolver, but as it was levelled Wm. Garrett plunged his bayonet into the Colonel throwing him from the saddle and saving Hanna's life."

"Amid this hand-to-hand fighting, a majority of the guns had limbered up and got away, but we captured seven, and having secured them had a chance to draw breath and look around. Off to our right a large body of Federal troops was lying in line behind a fence, pouring in their fire upon Echol's brigade in their front, wholly unobservant of what had occurred so near to them. We wheeled to the right and fired down their line. It was like shooting at a row of birds on a bough and you should have seen them rise and scatter like a flock of black birds."

"By this time the rest of our army was up and the enemy in full retreat. We at once took up the pursuit of the flying Federals and chased them several miles until the North Fork of the Shenandoah river was reached, where they had burned the bridge as soon as their last man was over."

"So then, perforce, we had to stop. The battle was won and we were victorious, but at what fearful cost! Along the route that we had come were lying, killed or wounded, 56 of our boy comrades—56 out of the 220 who had responded to a reveille a few hours before—more than one-fourth of those who had gone into the charge had fallen."

"But we had undergone our baptism of fire, and that night the veteran soldiers said nothing about muddying our uniforms. They were torn by briars, stained with mud and smeared with blood to an extent that rendered any additional attentions superfluous. As a matter of fact, however, they had no more jeering persiflage for our youthful ears; on the contrary they rode us around camp on their shoulders, and when we went to Richmond the Confederate government bestowed a vote of thanks upon us, the legislature of Virginia presented us with a stand of colors, and the girls—well the girls patted us upon the back."

"Surely they did not stop at that mild expression of enthusiastic approbation?" queried one of the listeners.

A reminiscent smile that was suggestive of anything rather than unpleasant memories lit the narrator's features, but he would say no more.

"And he had said enough. Without premeditation or preparation and with no thought of publication, he had recounted, in the common-place phrases of ordinary conversation, an epic of youthful valor that should endure while our language lasts."

And it may be added that the State of Virginia this summer is to erect at the institute a monument, a bronze figure of Virginia mourning for her sons to commemorate the event, the sculptor of which, Ezekiel (?) was one of the little fellows that took part in that glorious charge."

"How did you get away from home afterward?" asked a Virginian.

"That is another story," replied the banker-veteran, "but it wasn't on a forged pass."—New York Sun.

Forged a Military Pass.

At the Confederate Veteran Camp's meeting, held at the Waldorf-Astoria last Monday night, a group were exchanging recollections in one corner of the room before the speeches. One of the group, a man connected with a New York bank, was asked by a comrade where he was wounded, for the banker has a noticeable limp.

"My lameness is the result of a forgery," he replied.

"Bank episode, eh?" asked one.

"No," was the reply. "Not exactly, I reckon I may as well satisfy your curiosity."

"About six months after my enlistment under Gen. Sterling Price, of Missouri, I was sent to the hospital for repairs. War was hell to me right in the beginning. I was left in a farmhouse, and as the Yanks were hot on our trail I had to be moved."

"I resolved to get back home, and by various stratagems I succeeded. It was quite a journey—from Arkansas to the northwest corner of Missouri, where my people lived. I got home by night travel."

"I found the old town in possession of the Federals. Old Col. Bob Smith with his Sixteenth Illinois infantry was holding the place, and every road and hog-path leading to the town was guarded. I had to run the pickets to get inside."

"I got to my father's place late in the night and crept into the barn. As

soon as it could be done, a hiding place in the house, under a stairway, was fixed up for me. Every few days Col. Bob Smith's soldiers were searching the houses of southern sympathizers. They came to our place several times, but they never got onto my hiding place."

"Things were getting very warm in the old town. It was under martial law. An order was issued that no man or woman should be permitted to leave the town without a pass, signed by the provost marshal and the officer of the day, and in order to get such a pass the applicant had to swear allegiance to the government, and in addition, a personal description of the applicant had to be written on the back of the pass."

"I had resolved to leave town, not only because I was anxious to get into the fight again, but because every day I remained in my father's house I was liable to be found, and that would have meant exile for my old father, my mother and my sisters."

"It was easy enough to get a blank pass, but it had to contain the signatures of the provost marshal and the officer of the day to be of any value. My father, through a friend who was regarded as a Union man, secured a blank permit. I used up a bottle of ink and made my wrist lame crying to imitate the proper signatures. Finally I mastered every crook and formation of the signatures, and writing them on the pass, I filled out my description and signed a false name under the oath."

"I was to leave on a night train. I had planned to go to the end of the road, about 400 miles, and then I expected to board a boat on the Mississippi and take my chances. The night favored my leaving home. It was dark and the rain was falling in sluicous."

"I reached the train and took a seat. On every train leaving the city was an officer, who examined the passes of all passengers. The train limped along to the first station, about twenty miles out, and then the guards returned. I was sitting near the door of the car."

"I saw the officer when he came in at the front door with the conductor. I saw that he scrutinized very closely every passenger's pass and then looked at the holder to see if the description tallied. He looked at one man's head very closely. That made me nervous, for I had on a wig which I had got from my father. I was afraid the officer would get on to my false hair, but what I most feared was that he would discover that the signatures on the pass were forgeries."

"I left my seat cautiously and went out on the rear platform. The train was running about ten miles an hour. There was no brakeman about. I caught the iron handle of the platform and jumped with the train."

"I thought I should never touch bottom. When I tried to pick myself up, I found I had broken a leg. In that condition, drenched to the skin, in the most excruciating pain, I crawled back to my father's house. I think if I had had a pistol I would have killed myself."

"I must have crawled six or seven miles—maybe more. I reached home just before daylight. My father's old family doctor was called, and he was sworn to secrecy, of course. I shall never forget how my old father told him he would kill him if he betrayed us. But, of course, he never would have done that. An operation was necessary to save my life. I have been lame from the effects of it ever since."

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"That is another story," replied the banker-veteran, "but it wasn't on a forged pass."—New York Sun.

A Yankee General on Lee.

General W. W. H. Davis, of Doylestown, veteran of two wars, the Mexican and Civil, does not agree with many of his Grand Army comrades that a monument should not be erected at Gettysburg for General Robert E. Lee, the great Southern general.

"Lee is dead. The war is over. We're at peace. Why stick your finger in the sore again? Why, of course, build a monument to Lee. He was a great soldier and the country will be proud of him. The time will come when there will be no distinction between the soldiers of the North and South who fought in the civil war, the English people are proud of the men who fought on both sides in the War of the Roses. No country has yet been able to live and keep up a family quarrel." This is General Davis' opinion.

"We hear a great deal said by our friends of the Grand Army against the erection of a monument to General Lee on the field of Gettysburg, where the Confederate and Union soldiers did their best fighting. Their allegation is that the South is not reconstructed, is still rebellious, and that such recognition would be a mistake, if not a crime."

"A Southern correspondent of mine, who is the son of the war governor of one of the leading Southern States, writes me in a letter in which he dis-

cusses the question of loyalty of the Southern people under the reconstruction. In doing so he says:

"Old Dr. Miller, who was one of our reconstruction United States Senators, tells of a fight which occurred between two old fellows. After it was over John says to him:

"We fou't and you whipped me. Now, let's take a dink and drop it."

"I think most of the Southerners feel that way. There is occasionally some fellow who was in the bomb-proof department, or some little jack-ass who has grown up since the war and wants to create a little cheap notoriety by making a memorial speech in which he uses incendiary flourishes; but the rank and file and all old soldiers who heard the guns are satisfied with the result as being the best."

"I had about eleven months in the war when I was a boy, and I am not anxious for any more."—Doylestown, Pa., Intelligencer.

Incidents at Nashville.

"Holtzclaw's Alabama brigade, Clayton's division, occupied a position east of the pike on an elevated place, where stood a large unfinished brick house; in the yard stood a small marble grave-stone, marked Hooper. To the east was a bold and beautiful spring that gushed from a large rock some few feet from the ground. At this spring, by turns, the soldiers kept a sieve in constant use day and night washing husked corn to make lye hominy. On the march from Atlanta to Nashville one day General Hood, making his way to the front, while passing the 18th Alabama, informed the boys that he was going to the front to lead them back into Tennessee, and asked if they were willing to grate corn on their graters, there being one swinging from nearly every shoulder haversack, made out of half a canteen. But at this particular spring the boys preferred to make lye hominy to grating corn. The lye hominy was splendid, served with the fine pork that the Yankees neglected to take along with them on their retreat from Franklin."

But these days of feast were numbered. In front of this brick building was a large barn, some 10 or 15 yards towards the enemy. A Yankee sharp shooter had taken advantage of this barn, from where he continually annoyed the line by the continued death crack of his rifle. On one occasion Comrade Cohill, company I, 18th Alabama, was standing facing the enemy, between two other soldiers, eating sugar from the half of a canteen, when crack rang out the Yankee's rifle. Cohill sank to the ground a dead man. He was buried near where he fell, and his grave enclosed in rough stone.

We had a man in the 18th Alabama, armed with a Whitworth rifle. He swore vengeance against that Yankee. Very early one morning Davis with his rifle gained access to this barn and managed to get the Yankee to expose himself, when Davis' Whitworth rang out and the leaden missile went true to its mission. That Yankee was disrobed of all harm. Comrade Cohill's untimely taking-off was avenged.

On the morning of December 8, 1864, the pickets that were to do duty that day were notified that they, during the day, would be ordered to engage the enemy, and drive in their line of pickets; to prepare themselves for the work. A few days' rest, and feasting on this lye hominy and pork had put the men in excellent and fine spirits. They realized that home and Tennessee was worth fighting for. After restless waiting the order came: "Fall in to the right and left; take intervals; march."

After advancing some 100 yards came the order "double quick, march!" At this the rebel yell was given and the boys went forward through open field with nothing for protection. We came to a creek with banks the full height of a man. There was no timber along its banks to indicate that there was a creek there. Just as our line arrived at the creek the Yankees opened fire. The boys tumbled in, rushed across, aided each other to scale the opposed bank at this place. Near me two of our boys were wounded. While in the creek they exhibited their wounds. There are sometimes things occur in a soldier's life that are amusing and amid the roar of musketry are laughable. An instance occurred right here.

One of our advancing pickets saw the wounds and the blood flowing; the captain took hold of him to assist him up the bank. The fellow cried out, "I can't, captain; captain, I can't go any further. I can't, captain, please." The captain threatened to bring him down. I interfered and we both shoved the fellow up the bank. Then the captain shoved me up and I pulled him after me. When we got to the Yankee redoubts there was our soldier man with his head rammed up to his shoulders in the loose earth in front of the Yankee works. He had fulfilled the Scripture: The last first."

I kept my eye on this fellow in the battles of September 18th and 19th, and he proved as true as steel. I think that he left his only white feather in that creek. I withhold his name, but would be glad to hear from him.—J. W. Cooper, Eighteenth Alabama, in Atlanta Journal.

John D. Rockefeller's Great Wealth.

Mr. Rockefeller's fortune is glibly set down at a billion dollars. But the fortune is really known to be \$1,250,000,000 and the investments mostly draw compound interest. His annual income is known to be \$87,000,000.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat comments very soberly on this immense increment and asks some very pertinent questions.

This wealth does not suffer from panic or general disaster. Other men's failures are Mr. Rockefeller's opportunity. He can buy things at a bargain with his overflow of ready money. Compound the interest on a billion and a half dollars and the story tells itself, and in the general count millions are like hundred dollar bills to smaller capitalists. A school boy can make the figures for you, and the question of "what next?" becomes very pertinent to a consideration of this subject.

The young Rockefellers will be millionaires many times over when they are born into life. The increment will make them billionaires by the time they are grown. A half dozen of such families will in two or three decades own the United States.

What next? Old Rome went down a sliding scale to ruin by increase of wealth and luxury. France waded to the chin in blood and carnage, because one class in society had all the money and all the opportunity, while the other had all the labor and all the privation. When things evened up in France the situation was horrible beyond expression. The history of nations proves the intility of personal mammoth wealth. It breeds discontent and brings ruin. It may not "even up," in many decades, but it will turn over after awhile and level down to a fresh starting place.

Vast wealth has its dangers.

The Bloody List.

We said in a recent issue "we did not know whether enough human victims have been sacrificed yet." Several more have been added to the bloody list since we made that remark, whether enough to satisfy people that there is a call for hemp and gallows we are unable to say. Possibly it will have to come home to every family before that point is reached.

A few weeks ago two men in Colleton County had some disagreement. Last week one of them hid himself by the roadside and shot the other off his horse as he passed. The man that was killed was a good citizen and was unarmed. The assassin was a man of bad character. When the case is called in Court it will doubtless be announced that the defendant is at large, or if arrested he will probably go before some Judge, swear that he was "skereed" and thought it necessary for his own safety to kill the other man before there was any possibility of his being killed himself. On this showing he may get bail, thus practically eliminating the charge of murder. Then may follow a compromise verdict and a light sentence.

In Greenville two men, both of whom were drinking, had a little dispute over some money. One of them started along the street, the other following, saying he wanted some of that money. It seems that he was unarmed and we have seen no evidence to indicate that there was anything threatening in his manner, but the former ordered him to stop or go back, and drew a pistol and shot him. The slayer has already been released on a small bond.—Chester Lantern.

It takes a great deal of self-control for a woman never to be caught with her figure off its guard.



Sideache, Backache, Headache.

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