

WAR STORIES.

Squire Tom's Long Prayer and its Answer.

H. M. Wiltse, in Sunr. South.

My friend Squire Tom is the son of a Tennessee man, who was born in Virginia. and a Cherokee woman. When the civil war began he was a mere boy, but he promptly joined the Confederate army, and became a scout, first for General Joe Wheeler and then for General N. B. Forrest. Upon one occasion his little party was ordered to make the nearest possible approach to Nashville, take careful observations of the strength and situation of the enemy and report to the commanding general. As they were proceeding rather leisurely through a fertile section of middle Tennessee to give the horses a little rest toward noon they were surprised by a force of federal cavalry, and in Squire Tom's own words, 'did the only thing that was left for us to do, and ran like the devil.' Duck river was somewhat swollen, but under the inspiration of a sharp fire from their pursuers they forced their horses into the stream and all emerged on the opposite bank without casualty save Tom, whose horse was shot and killed. Being an expert swimmer he succeeded in securing the bridle and saddle and getting safely ashore with his valuable burden. The party was now in a forest, and for the time being comparatively safe. But it was imperative that those who were mounted should push on as far as possible during daylight. The lieutenant in command said to the unfortunate boy: 'Tom, you are in a desperate predicament, but I know of no other way than for us to leave you to your fate, and may God bless you. Good-by.'

and ran away from him. He made several attempts with similar results, but finally came to a large animal which showed no fear. Quickly placing his saddle and bridle securely for a desperate ride, he mounted, and avoiding the road, where he knew sentries were sure to be posted, he made off into fields and over fences, until he felt fairly secure from successful pursuit. Then, having a fine knowledge of stars and woodcraft in general, he took observations, and proceeded in the general direction of the spot where he thought his comrades were likely to have left the road, avoiding it, and still proceeding through fields, forests, and over fences. Even in this emergency the lessons which his mother had taught him were not for a moment forgotten. The wrongs suffered by her race had not embittered her, but had impressed her strongly with the duty of observing strictly the rights of others. When a fence was too high for safe jumping he would dismount and let it down. If it merely separated field and forest or two barren fields, he left it open; but if it separated fields in which crops were growing, or in either of which was a crop, he conscientiously replaced it in as good condition as when he found it. All of the knowledge that he had of the country was that a settlement called Lousy Level lay to the left of the road, and that his comrades would be encamped to the right of it. Where the road was he had but little idea. He wanted to know where Lousy Level was in order that he might go in the other direction. Toward midnight he came to a farm house, and with that one bit of information as a pretext to arouse the farmer and ask the direction to that locality. In reply to a question, which was natural in those troublous times, he replied that his mother was sick over on the level, and that he had been after a doctor. As soon as the farmer had returned to the house Tom went to the spring house, where he had discovered some pans of milk, and stopped long enough to drink the contents of one, which was a mighty source of strength for his desperate ride. Leaving the level of unseemly name far to the left he kept the course as his judgment and the stars dictated, and after a long ride, after many struggles with briars and brambles, after passing through many strips of forest and crossing many a rail fence, his heart bounded for joy as they emerged into the highway and he discovered a freshly broken laurel branch, lying upon the right side. Getting down he soon found a fence, and could plainly see where a party of horsemen had crossed, and then put up the gap. A mile or two further on he found his friends, all wrapped in soundest slumber—not even a sentry out to give the alarm in case of the approach of foe or friend. They did not expect a visitation from either, they felt so sure of their hiding place. They all needed a full night's rest, too, in order to be ready for the great ride of the morrow. Tom picketed his horse, rolled himself in his blanket, and was soon as sound asleep as the happiest of the party. About daybreak he was awakened by an exclamation, 'Why, boys, look! There is a strange horse!' The presence of the animal caused a good deal of consternation; but when one of the scouts discovered Tom rolled up in his blanket and called attention to him, the lieutenant exclaimed, in enthusiasm, which military discipline did not check, 'Well, if there ain't that darned Injun.' In turn every man in the party gave their companion, so unexpectedly returned to them, a sound hug and a 'God bless you, Tom, my boy!' It proved that the horse which Tom had stolen as an answer to his half day long prayer was the property of the wagon master, and the best traveler in the federal command. A Soldier of the Legion. Mr. S. E. Welch, himself one of the best soldiers who fought under Hampton, tells the following very interesting story about one of his old comrades who has fought his last fight: 'William H. Duva, a Confederate veteran, who deserves more than a passing notice and who served the Confederacy with conspicuous ability, passed away on February 5, 1903. He was born July 9, 1841, in Christ Church Parish, where his early life was passed, and volunteered in Capt. L. C. McCord's company for service in the Hampton Legion infantry. When the company was mustered into

the Confederate army and expected to be sent to Virginia it was ordered by Governor Pickens to the coast of South Carolina, and was stationed for months on the Stono River, where Mr. Duva proved by obedience to orders and readiness for any duty, no matter how dangerous or trying, those high soldier qualities which he maintained to the end. 'When the seven days' fight around Richmond occurred the company was hurriedly sent to Virginia and participated in all of the battles which led up to the Maryland campaign and terminated at Fredericksburg. Our comrade took part in these and was several times slightly wounded. About the close of 1862 Jenkins's brigade, to which the Hampton Legion had been transferred from Hood's Texas, was ordered to the Blackwater River, where picketing and skirmishing were of almost daily occurrence. Mr. Duva was constantly on the 'firing line,' and here learned much of the art of scouting, in which he was afterwards so successful. He was a man of untiring energy, unflinching good humor, resourceful and courageous. No matter how exhausting the march, wet to the skin, famished and foot-sore, his merry laughter could be heard and was contagious. 'No one in the entire command contributed as much as he when the bivouac was reached to reconcile his wearied, hungry comrades to make the best of the most wretched conditions. His happy disposition made him a great favorite, and there was scarcely a man in the brigade who did not know 'Bill Duva' and greet him most cordially on all occasions. He was a famous swimmer, a fine horseman and excelled in all athletic sports. His knowledge of woodcraft was remarkable—under no circumstances was he ever lost in the woods or mountains. 'At the bloody engagement at Dandridge, East Tennessee, he was taken prisoner and sent to Knoxville. Soon after, with twelve or fifteen comrades, under a mounted guard, he was started off for Cumberland Gap. On the road his buoyant spirits kept the crowd in a merry mood. At nightfall of the first day out he persuaded his guard to climb a fence with him to get some drinking water. The weather was bitterly cold and the stream frozen. Stooping down he broke the ice with a stone and slaked his thirst. Upon getting up he held the stone in his hand and his guard stooped to drink, when Duva struck him with the rock and ran into the woods. The entire guard fired, but missed him. For two days he hid in the brush and travelled only at night. At the Holston River Ferry he found a Federal picket playing cards by the firelight. Quietly slipping the chain from a small boat, he jumped into it and pushed out into the stream, when the dog barked and alarmed the guard, who at once ran to river and kept firing till our comrade crossed the stream. Fortunately he escaped harm and, though the country was full of Federal scouting parties and Union bushwhackers, he returned to camp, after an absence of a week. 'When the Legion was ordered back to Virginia as mounted infantry Mr. Duva was detailed for special duty as a scout, and in this he rendered conspicuous service, as his natural qualifications eminently fitted him for such work. The information he gathered and dangers he experienced were more like a romance than the monotonous life of a soldier. For nearly four years he served his country, and when Lee surrendered at Appomattox he laid down his arms with the consciousness of duty well done. After hostilities ceased he returned to the city, and was for many years in the employ of the South Carolina Railway Company and its successor, the Southern Railway. 'An enthusiastic Confederate, a sincere friend, a brave man and Christian gentleman has gone to his reward. Three Mexican War Veterans. Spartanburg, February 28.—Veterans of the various wars are too common to attract much attention, even in these 'piping times of peace.' When a call is made for pensioners the woods seem to be full of Confederate veterans and they appear to come out of old wells, red gullies and other hiding places, as the Kluklux did years ago. Then the boys now pose as veterans, for some of them volunteered for the Cuban war and, although there is not the smell of gunpowder on their clothes, they, too, are on the veteran list. But it is a pretty rare sight to see a genuine veteran of the Mexican war. So far as this correspondent knows there are only three in this county. Very few persons remember the public meetings and the call for volunteers in 1846. A few may remember the ovation given to the returning soldiers in 1848. Of these three Henry C. Easler, living near Cherokee Springs, belonged to the regular army. In 1846 a recruiting officer named Welch came to Spartanburg to get young men to join the regular army for five years. Several volunteered. Among them was H. C. Easler, John Wyatt, Mark Clinton and

John Richardson, a printer in the Spartan office. There were others whose names cannot be secured. They were sent to Fort Moultrie, where they were organized as an artillery company, under Capt. Steptoe, and attached to the 3d regiment, under Col. Gates. They were sent from Fort Moultrie to the mouth of the Rio Grande, thence up the river to Tampico and thence to Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo. At the latter place they came under the command of Gen. Winfield Scott. Mr. Easler thought that he was the finest looking man he ever saw in uniform. His company lost Capt. Steptoe in some way and Capt. Burke was in command when they assisted in battering down the walls and gates of Mexico. The company remained in Mexico until peace was declared, when they returned to New Orleans. They were then sent to Fort Monroe and then to Fort Independence, near Boston. There Mr. Easler saw the Constitution, which was perforated with shot. The company was stationed at Eastport, Maine, a short time. He saw Col. Butler fall at the gate of the City of Mexico. He also saw Gen. Taylor, Jefferson Davis and many of the other distinguished officers. He was mustered out of service at the expiration of his time. He had saved his pay and had about \$400 when he returned home in 1851. He was 78 years old a few days ago. He bears his age well and is able to do a fair day's work on his farm. The two other veterans in this county were in the volunteer service.—News and Courier. North Carolina Ponies. There is really no more historical as well as interesting and curious territory in the United States than the long sand banks which mark the eastern boundary of North Carolina, and which form a vast breakwater within which are the sounds through which the government now proposes to provide an inland waterway which will end the terrors of Cape Hatteras. The writer has told for the Sunny South the story of the part of the banks of which Cape Hatteras forms a vast promontory, and this is to be a story about the part further to the southward, where the little ponies are, the only wild horses east of the Mississippi; ponies which have over three centuries of history behind them. The part of the banks in question is known as 'Shackleford's Banks,' taking its name from the chief owner. Beginning at Ocracoke Inlet, this stretch of sand reaches to Bogue Inlet, terminating at Shackleford's Point, in front of the town of Beaufort. Shackleford's Banks are about forty miles long, low-lying, with here and there dunes, or sand hills, rising to a height of, say, thirty or forty feet, tree-covered, the trees laced with vines, and in this mass of nearly subtropical vegetation, most of it evergreen, the Spanish bayonet, prickly pear, or small cactus, and the fan or scrub palmetto. There are homes here and there along the irregular stretch of Shackleford's Banks, and there is also a light house, and near it a great natural harbor of refuge, at Cape Lookout, which the government is also planning to utilize. On Shackleford's Banks alone are the little ponies referred to. It is strange, but true, that these are found in their wild state nowhere else. There are said to be about 1,200 of them on the banks. Inquiry made of observant residents as to whether the number of the ponies had decreased during the past fifty years brought the response that they had, and that until about 1850 the ponies increased. The ponies weigh about 800 pounds and their height is about thirteen or fourteen hands—that is, 4 1/2 to 4 3/4 feet. Their life is mainly on the banks, though in very stormy weather they sometimes swim over to the mainland, a distance of two or five miles away. Their food is marsh grass, leaves of scrubby trees, and shrubs and berries, particularly the berries of the holly. The woods give them usually a good shelter, and hence it is but seldom that they seek the shelter of the mainland. They live to quite an age, but the average is about 22 years. Some reach the age of 40. These ponies have owners. The 'banks' are owned by grants sold by the State. These people make pens out of drift wood and rough logs and poles and into these the ponies and their colts are driven and branded. A colt following a branded mare is considered the property of the owner of the mare, and he holds it. In cases where there are colts which do not follow the mares, then the 'penners,' that is, the men who make and own the pens, take them. Such is the unwritten law. The ponies are driven out of the scrub by drivers or herders, and this is a work of no small difficulty, as the scrub is so thick as often to be a jungle, threaded by thousands of narrow paths, through the shining sand. The wind and the salt keep down much of the vegetation, so that there one may see hickory trees not over three feet in height,

yet loaded with nuts, and horse chestnut trees equally as dwarfed. The colts are covered with hair several inches in length, nature's protection against the weather. This is called colt hair and looks life felt. It falls off in large flakes. Most of the colts are of a faded brown color, but when their hair falls off they come out in their true color, which is sometimes black. They are termed colts until they are branded, though they may be three years old or more before they are penned and the brand put on. The ponies are always known, in all parts of the State, as 'banker' ponies. They do not appear to be sold much outside of North Carolina, as the people in other States do not know anything about them. They cross well with horses. When taken up-country and fed upon hay, corn and oats they fill out and darken in color somewhat. Their instinct is remarkable. They know by means of it the way to get to the mainland or to the islands with the minimum amount of swimming, and the writer has seen them wade great distances without getting out of their depth, making various changes and turns in direction to conform to the shoals. Yet they are fearless swimmers. They paw holes in the sand at low-lying places and thus get drinking water. Though an inlet only about two miles in width separates Shackleford's Banks from Bogus Banks, yet the ponies never go on the latter banks. Nor do they cross Ocracoke Inlet. The ancestors of these hardy and valuable little horses were the Barbara horses which Sir Walter sent over with his colonists to Roanoke Island. They have bred and multiplied and for at least two centuries have been utilized by the people of that section. Sir Walter's colonists, when the relief from England was so long delayed in reaching them, went with the Indians to the mainland, but must have left their ponies. The Indians were unused to horses. These Indians were the Haterasks, who gave their name to the Hatteras cape. When Raleigh's colonists first landed here they found that the Haterasks were distinguished by their blue eyes, and that they had a tradition that their 'fathers could talk out of a book.' Hence the inference that at some former period a crew of white men had been cast away thereabout and had amalgamated with the Indians. These sturdy little ponies are, therefore, a part of the romance which hangs about this quaint part of North Carolina. There are persons who hold that Raleigh's colonists first landed on Shackleford's banks and later went to the island of Roanoke, where they built their fort, because it was a more defensible place, and that they left the 'little Barbary horses' on these banks until better times should come. The 'banks' at Hatteras and also to the southward were ever within many a memory far more heavily wooded than they are now, the overwhelming sand dunes, or moving mountains of sand, having swallowed up large stretches of forest. As the dunes pass on, moved by the winds, they leave only stumps of trees, or at most mere snags, polished to a remarkable whiteness.—Fred A. Olds, in the Sunny South. A woman's brain is said to decline in weight after the age of 30. Naturally, for it is then, generally, that she has to think for a husband and a half dozen children as well as herself. The jury brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty.' The judge said, admonishingly to the prisoner: 'After this you ought to keep away from bad company.' 'Yes, your honor. You will not see me here again in a hurry.' Gloomy thoughts become habitual to the dyspeptic. He looks on the dark side of things and every mole hill becomes a mountain. His condition affects his business judgment and mars his home relations. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It gives buoyancy of mind as well as health of body because it removes the physical cause of mental depression. It enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food, and the body is strengthened by nutrition which is the only source of physical strength. 'I was afflicted with what the doctors called nervous indigestion. Took medicine from my family physician, but no avail,' writes Mr. T. G. Lever, of Lever, Richmond, Va., S. C. 'At last I was cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. After taking several bottles of each, found I was improving. I continued for six months or more. I have to be careful yet, at times, of what I eat, in order that I may feel good and strong. I fully believe if any one suffering with indigestion or torpid liver or chronic cold would take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pills, they would soon be greatly benefited, and with a little perseverance would be entirely cured.' Biliousness is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* of *NEW YORK*.  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.  
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.  
Fac-Simile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* NEW YORK.  
35 DROPS 35 CENTS  
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.  
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 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  
**VANDIVER BROS.,**  
GENERAL MERCHANTS,  
ANDERSON, S. C., October 8, 1902.  
We propose pulling trade our way this Fall, and have made prices on good, 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, BEAN, 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.  
Your 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. & MAJOR.**

**Have Just Received**  
Two Cars Fine Tennessee Valley  
**Red Cob Corn.**  
PERFECTLY ROUND.  
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 insurance suggests itself—but the cumulative of late have shown how life hangs in thread when war, flood, hurricane and sudden 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.**  
Drop in and see us about it.  
**M. M. MATTISON,**  
STATE AGENT,  
People's Bank Building, ANDERSON, S. C.