

SOME EXPERIENCES IN SOLDIER LIFE.

By Dr. R. C. Kibler.

In a preliminary way, I want to say that for sometime no article has appeared from me. I have not been so well, and Rev. Y. von A. Riser, who is my stenographer and editor, has been busy; but I hope to write a few more war articles. I am now at my brother, J. A. C. Kibler's, where I have lately come on an extended visit; but my home is still in Decatur, Ga.

Two days' march out of Fredericksburg, Va., one night I was on picket all night, and so close was the enemy that I could hear the men talking. I felt rather lonely out there all by myself. But it was not my first experience on picket lines; so I knew I could do it, even if I did get a little scared sometimes. About midnight everything got quiet, and I got sleepy. Actually I had to put tobacco juice into my eyes to keep them open. That was decidedly the longest night of the war for me. When long—looked-for day came slowly, very slowly, from the east I went to where the camp had been. To my surprise there was nothing there but a few straggling men, most of them picket men like myself, I suppose. For a while we did not know what to do nor where to go. The Yankees had been right over there, and our army was now gone; the Yankees might swoop down on us few men at any time and kill us or take us prisoners. I did not like either horn of the dilemma; so we finally trailed off on the track of our men, who had gone towards Fredericksburg. We learned later that the Yankees had retired that night.

We marched all day. Tired and sleepy we were, but we never stopped anywhere long. We wanted to catch up. Have you ever heard a little child, falling behind its parent or friend, cry and say: "Wait for me! Wait for me! Boo, too, hoo! I say wait for me now!" Well, that describes the feeling we had. The Yankees were somewhere near us, we thought, and our men gone on ahead, we did not know how far. If our men could have heard us we might have said: "Wait for us now. You had no business to leave us." That night or very late in the day, we caught up. We went into camp for the night. I knew I could sleep anywhere; so I got three fence rails, laid them across a ditch. Wrapping myself up in my blanket, I stretched out my weary limbs on the rails, and there, in the rain, over rushing and angry waters below, slept the sleep of the just.

The next day we were up early and marching towards Fredericksburg, which place we reached that night. It was rather late when we got into camp. I was so cold that I trembled like a leaf. I was so cold I did not feel like making a fire. I looked around, and Company E had a good fire. I asked them to let me warm. I knew most of the men in that company, and they let me warm. After warming up, I sat down with my back to a tree, still near the fire, and went to sleep, thinking only to remain there a little while. When I woke it was day.

The next night I had to dig breastworks. One hundred and fifty men more or less, worked where I did all night. That was another pretty long night, but hard as the work was it was better than fighting with bullets flying around you all the time. At daylight the next morning our regiment was called up, and we were among them, as tired and sleepy as we were, and set in battle array. As soon as the fight began we were taken out of that part of the field and sent to another place, where we were needed worse, I suppose. We were marched along the road that led to the city. Several Yankee guns of big calibre were shelling that part of the road just then and a number of shells burst near us. One struck a post just near me and, exploding shattered the post into splinters; many pieces of shell and post fled about me; one fragment of shell struck Lieut. Peister; taking off his leg at the hip. He fell mortally wounded and expired in about 20 minutes. He was a great man and a good soldier.

Now the fight was on in great earnestness. Every man was expected to do his duty. I tried to do mine, and all the others I saw did the same, except one man. I will not tell his name. He had tried to dodge out of the fight, but was being driven in at the point of the bayonet by Mr. George. Strange to say, that man, who had almost before the fight began, might have had a presentiment, or imagined he had, and held back on account of it. I have heard some men say they believed in presentiments. I have not said I did; yet there might be something in it. That man was the only man we lost

that day. We had the advantage of fighting behind a stone wall—after we got to it. That welcomed stone wall, it seemed to me, was a mile long. We lay there and let the enemy come up to take us, and at 70 yards we let them have what we had for their reception, and they fell—poor fellows—like autumn leaves. We were glad to kill them there to keep them from killing us; but it was awful! Six times they came, and six times they were shot down. Not many returned to their camps.

They did not attack us the next day. On the night after the carnage I could hear the wounded Yankees pitifully calling to their friends, the enemy, anybody, for God's sake, to bring them water—"water, water." They called for some one to take them away, but the Yankees were afraid to approach. A lot of those poor men froze that night, for the ground was covered with snow and ice.

The next morning I went out over the field of battle. It was ghastly; Dead men everywhere! In places the corpses were piled up three or four on a pile. The space was about ten acres. I never saw such a sight anywhere else.

We went into winter quarters there, with the Yankees still in the city before us. Gen. Jackson wanted to shell the city, but Gen. Lee would not consent, saying there were women and children there. A Yankee lieutenant told me afterwards that if we had shelled the city we would have gotten all the Yankee troops, as they were in no position to make much of a defence. During our stay there I had a good time, receiving boxes of good things from home, sharing with my fellows and being shared with.

White Ribbons Echoes.

The Woman's Christian Temperance union of the State of South Carolina, held its 31st annual convention in the First Baptist church of Florence, October 30-November 1. It was a most enjoyable and helpful occasion. The homes of Florence vied with each other in the hospitality shown us; and a pleasant social tea was given by the local union at the residence of their president, Mrs. W. M. Waters. The automobile drive to the different points of interest in the city, particularly to the State Reformatory, was appreciated. Here we examined carefully the baskets, porch swings and chairs made by these boys, and the processes gone through in the making were explained. We visited the dormitory with its double-deckers, where three of the little fellows were a-bed sick.

Florence is cursed with two dispensaries; it seems that the wide-awake president of the local union (I was told that she is a jewel) and the numerous churches of all denominations, ought to have made this impossible.

The State president of Kentucky W. C. T. U., Mrs. Francis E. Beauchamp, was our principal speaker and she made several fine addresses to crowded houses. Her address Sunday morning at the Baptist church, treating the subject of temperance from the standpoint of science, was one of the best presentations of the kind I have ever heard. Sunday evening the exercises were held in the largest church in the city—the beautiful new Methodist—but the crowd was so immense that the slides to the S. S. room were let up; and the contribution to the cause of State-wide prohibition was over \$400.

Our State president, Mrs. Joseph Spratt, of Manning, told us in one of our executive committee meetings, that Mrs. Beauchamp had said to her, that the personnel of our convention, both as to appearance and intelligence, was as fine as she had seen anywhere, and way above the average in our Southern States; and Mrs. Spratt added: "You know that Mrs. Beauchamp is not given to throwing bouquets but rather otherwise."

The singing all through the convention was unusually good, being led by Mrs. J. L. Wysong with a large choir. The children's exercises, Saturday evening attracted a great crowd. The very large space next the organ could not hold the choir of children, many of whom had to help sing from the body of the church. The cutest thing was the 3 or 4 year old boy of Mrs. Wysong's standing in the front row and singing with all his might and main. The white ribbon tied around the arm of Mrs. C. A. Waters little two year old formed an interesting feature of this entertainment. What took Mrs. Beauchamp's eye was the use made of young boys just budding into manhood in a rollicking quartette Saturday evening and again in a religious quartette Sunday afternoon at citizen's meeting. She said we ought to make just this use of boys of this age before they become so self-conscious as to break down before a crowd. One of the most thrilling of the duets was "My Mother's White Ribbon."

Because there were not a sufficient number present to make a quorum (six being required) the regular



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Medal Contest could not be held but three who were there did credit to the occasion—the girl taking off the honors. Interesting demonstrations were given of parliamentary usage, medical temperance, palmetto white ribbon, union singal and young crusader, by their several superintendents. The principal address at citizen's meeting Sunday afternoon, was made by Mr. Charlton Durant (teacher of Men's Bible class, Manning) was straight to the point, and was enjoyed by a large audience in the city auditorium. We were so glad to see the interest taken by the community as a whole in our meetings.



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STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF NEWBERRY, Common Pleas Court. J. B. Hunter, as Treasurer of Newberry College, Plaintiff,

against Eugene S. Werts and South Carolina Loan and Trust Company, Defendants. Pursuant to an order of court herein, I will sell to the highest bidder before the court house door at Newberry, S. C., within the legal hours of sale, on saleday in November, the same being the 2nd day, 1914, all that piece, parcel or lot of land lying and being situate in the town of Newberry, county and State aforesaid, containing sixty-four one hundredths of an acre, more or less, fronting one hundred and forty feet on Mayer Avenue and running back therefrom from the same width two hundred feet, bounded by Mayer Avenue, lands of Mrs. J. R. Scurry and others, and land of the Newberry Real Estate Company, this being the same lot of land conveyed to defendant by the Newberry Real Estate Company on the 15th day of February, 1907, which said deed of conveyance is now of record in the office of the Register of Mesne Conveyances for Newberry in Deed Book No. 13 at page 604.

Terms of sale:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash and the balance in one and two equal annual payments, with interest on the credit portion from day of sale at the rate of eight per cent per annum, interest payable annually, said credit portion to be secured by bond of the purchaser and mortgage of the premises, bond and mortgage to provide for insurance of the house on said premises for at least three-fourths of its value and an assignment of the policy to the Master as additional security, and also to provide for ten per cent attorneys fee in cash of suit or collection by an attorney, with leave to the purchaser to anticipate the credit portion in whole or in part. The successful bidder at said sale will be required to deposit with the Master at once one hundred dollars as an evidence of good faith and to bind his bid, and in case the purchaser fails to comply with the terms of his bid within ten days after the sale the Master shall advertise and resell the said premises on the following saleday at the risk of the former purchaser. Purchaser to pay for papers and for recording the same. H. H. Rikard, Master. October 12, 1914.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF NEWBERRY, Common Pleas Court. Henry C. Holloway, Plaintiff, against John R. Foster, Defendant. Pursuant to an order of the Court herein, I will sell at public outcry, to the highest bidder, before the court house door at Newberry, S. C., at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, on saleday in

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November, 1914, the following tract of land, to wit: All that tract of land lying and being situate in the county of Newberry, State of South Carolina, containing one hundred nine (109) acres, more or less, lying on the public road from Jalapa to Whitmire, bounded by lands of John M. Foster, lands of the estate of W. Ernest Merchant on each dollar of premium. Terms of sale: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, the balance to be payable in equal installments in one and two years from day of sale; credit portion to be secured by bond of purchaser and mortgage of premises sold bond to bear interest from day of sale, and until paid in full, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, interest to be payable annually or to become principal annually and bear interest at the same rate until paid in full, the purchaser to have leave to anticipate, at any time, the credit portion, in whole or in part. The mortgage shall provide for the payment of ten per cent. of the principal and interest as attorney's fees in case of suit or collection through an attorney, and it also shall provide that if the first installment, or any part thereof, or any interest due, is not paid when due, the whole amount of said bond and mortgage, with interest, attorney's fees, costs, insurance and taxes as therein provided shall become due and payable at once. The mortgage shall require the purchaser to insure and keep insured from loss or damage by fire the buildings on the premises and assign the policy to the Master and shall provide that if the purchaser fail to do so, or fail to pay the taxes, the Master, or his assigns, may pay said insurance and taxes, and pay any penalties incurred thereon, and reimburse themselves for the same under the mortgage at the rate of eight per cent per annum from the day of such payments. The purchaser shall be required to pay the Master the cash portion of the purchase money immediately upon the acceptance of his bid and if the purchaser fail to comply the Master will resell at the risk of the defaulting purchaser. The purchaser to pay for drawing of deed and mortgage and recording of mortgage. H. H. Rikard, Master. October 12, 1914.