

The SOUTHERNERS

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "Woven With the Ship," "Hohenzollern," "The Quiberon Touch," Etc.

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"Oars!" he cried instantly, and, as the men stopped rowing, he dropped the yoke lines, stepped forward and picked up the boat flag from where it lay in its case along the bottom of the boat, came back to the stern sheets, uncoiled it deliberately, shook out its folds coolly and then stepped it aft in the socket provided. He did not do this a moment too soon. The forward pivot gun on the Hartford, of which he was right abreast, had been turned on him. Seeing only a boatful of men in the smoke, ignorant that it was one of their own, supposing, perhaps, that it might have been a torpedo boat, the lockstring quivered in the hand of the officer to speed the bolt which would have blown the cutter out of the water.

"For God's sake, sir," cried one of the men of the gun crew, recognizing the young officer as he peered over the rail, "don't fire! It's Lieutenant Peyton!"

"At that opportune instant the flag rippled out. How the men on the Hartford cheered as they saw it and



How the men on the Hartford cheered as they saw it!

noticed the sturdy oarsmen pick up the stroke and shoot the boat ahead toward the place where the *Tecumseh* had gone down!

An officer and a few men ready to give up were swimming exhaustedly in that vortex of fire when the boat swept alongside them. The cutter had gone ahead of the main battle to reach the place where the *Tecumseh* had been sunk, and as she came bursting out of the heavier pall of smoke she was in full view of both the fort and the ram. General Peyton caught sight of the boat first.

"Look there!" he cried to the men of the next barbettes gun to his position, pointing. "Fire on that boat! Sink her!"

Colonel Pleasant, however, standing by his side, had fortunately caught the boat at the same moment in the field of his glass.

"By heaven, sir," he cried, "there's your son!"

"Should I spare my own son?" cried the general sternly, "more than any other man who is an enemy? Fire upon him, and be d—d to you!" he cried to the hesitant gunners.

"No!" said Pleasant, springing toward the gun.

Was he too late? The piece had been trained on the boat, and the gun

PLAIN PROOF

What This Gentleman Says is a Mere Statement of Facts.

No one can have any reason for dissenting from the particulars and proofs which follow, for verification of the same is within easy reach of every resident of this vicinity. That Doan's Kidney Pills promptly and effectually cure kidney complaints is substantiated not only in this particular case, but by all who have given them a fair trial. Testimony likewise shows that you do not have to take them indefinitely to be cured.

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captain's arm had already tautened upon the lockstring. In another moment the hammer would fall and the shot be sped. The distance was too short to miss, the aim perfect.

The old general covered his eyes with his hand. His duty bade him fire; his heart would not let him look. But Pleasant intervened. He threw his hand over the vent of the piece, and the hammer struck the back of his hand a sharp blow, numbing it with the force with which it fell, but the gun was not discharged.

"General Peyton," cried the young man, still clutching at the vent, "they are on an errand of mercy! They have no arms! They are picking up men from the *Tecumseh*! For God's sake, don't fire on them!"

"Thank God!" cried the general, greatly relieved. "Pass the word not to fire on that boat," he added, turning to a staff officer near, "if it can be helped! Hurry, sir! It is saving drowning men!"

Now it was the ram's turn. Willis Peyton had charge of the forward division of guns on the *Tennessee*. As the little boat came showing through the smoke he turned one of the *Brook* rifles on it. She was too far away for him to recognize his brother, but presently he divined the errand of the boat was one of mercy, and with chivalric gallantry—for which, when he learned the truth, he thanked God thereafter—he depressed the breech of the gun, and the bolt, which would have sunk the cutter to a certainty, went screaming down the line into the bunched up fleet. Meanwhile Boyd Peyton, unconscious of all this, went coolly, if rapidly, about his work. He had no time to linger and he could not afford to think of the horrible peril menacing him and his men. His mental salvation consisted in thinking of nothing but his duty then. An admitted cognizance of consequences might have killed him.

Just as he fired Willis Peyton saw the Hartford break from the mass and head toward him. Admiral Buchanan, in the humped pilothouse forward, saw her at the same time. The helm of the *Tennessee* was shifted and the ram was headed straight for the flagship. Expecting every moment to see the latter blown up by the torpedoes, the ironclad slowly moved forward just above them, waiting for her. When the Hartford passed the line of torpedoes unharmed the ironclad made for her, but the attempt of the *Tennessee* to ram was frustrated by the quicker movement of the Hartford. With a quick prayer that it might not find his brother, whom he still believed to be on the ship, Willis Peyton poured the shot from his division at short range into the flagship and then attacked in succession the other ships as they came swarming up the channel in the wake of the admiral.

Boyd Peyton succeeded in saving an officer, eight men and the pilot from the *Tecumseh*, and a few others gained the beach under the fort by swimming, all that were left of the 110 on board. Carefully and deliberately scanning the water to see if any others were struggling there, he finally turned the prow of his boat toward the ship and rowed over toward the fleet. If that boat crew never pulled hard before, they did it then. The Hartford had passed up long since. The Brooklyn was just heading up the channel. The Richmond and the Pensacola were going ahead. But the rear-most ships were almost stationary. His only chance would be to get aboard one of these. Sweeping around to port he rowed down the line through the fire swept sea, with his flag flying in a magnificent gallant passage of the channel. He might have darted through an interval between one of the pairs and rowed in comparative safety down the port side of the fleet. To have done that would have been to lose time, however, and might have prevented him from getting aboard of the ships. At any rate, with cool and thrilling courage he chose deliberately to pass between the ships and the forts still heavily engaging. By hard rowing he succeeded in gaining the deck of the *Onida*, the last ship of the line, a slight sloop of war.

The *Onida* being without support received the concerted fire of the fort and the *Tennessee*, which had passed completely through the fleet, dealing death and destruction to it on every hand. As Peyton clambered on deck Captain Mullany, glad indeed for such reinforcement, for his ship was suffering severely in officers and men, gave him command of one of the forward divisions, and distributed his men among the depleted gun crews.

As the *Onida* drew up opposite the fort she was forced to pass through a terrific besom of fire. A heavy shell from the fort exploded one of her boilers, killing all the men in the fireroom in the most dreadful manner, scalding them to death, indeed. Another shell from the ram struck the captain and tore off his arm—he was wounded in no less than five different places that day. Another set fire to the ship. Had it not been that the monitor *Winnebago* gallantly interposed between the *Onida* and the *Tennessee* the wooden ship and her consort would have been torn to pieces and sunk then and there.

The courage of the crew of the *Onida* was beyond all praise. With the captain weltering in his blood, the ship on fire, the boilers exploding beneath them, the men below shrieking and screaming in agony, they stuck to their guns as coolly as if nothing were happening, deliberately firing upon the fort and the ram as long as they were within range. Helpless themselves, they were carried up the channel by the valiant efforts of their little consort, the *Galeus*, and the rushing tide, as Farragut had planned.

By and by they, too, reached the fleet and anchored. Stopping for nothing, Peyton took his boat and started at once for the admiral on the Hartford, swinging quiet at anchor above the middle ground. The guns had been secured, the decks washed clear of their blood stains and the wounded carried below to the busy surgeons doing what they could for them. On the port side of the quarter deck lay a long line of dead men. As Peyton stepped through the gangway he asked the officer there where the admiral was.

"There," replied the young man, pointing to the quarter deck.

As Peyton went aft to report to him he saw him standing with his feet apart, his hands clasped behind his back, staring down at the bodies of the poor fellows who had been killed in the action. Tears glistened in the old man's eyes, the young man noticed, as he looked at him.

The dauntless hero of one of the greatest naval battles of modern times was mourning like a woman over his lost men.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE LAST DASH OF THE *TENNESSEE*.
DOWN under the guns of Fort Morgan lay the *Tennessee*. She had been lightly rammed by the *Monongahela*, and, although she had been struck possibly a hundred times by heavy projectiles mainly from the nine inch broadside guns of the ships, she had suffered no material injury save for a few holes through the smokestack, which could easily be repaired by her own force. After careful inspection her officers reported her otherwise to be in perfect condition.

The *Tennessee* was a casemated broadside ironclad 209 feet long, with a beam of 48 feet. She was armed with six heavy *Brook* rifles, 100 pounders each in round numbers, two in each broadside, one pivoted forward and one aft; her ports, of which there were ten, were so arranged that the fore and after pivots could be fought in either broadside. She was entirely a home production of the Confederacy. The ship was built at Selma, the guns came from Richmond, the iron plating was made at Mobile from ore mined in Alabama. The casemate, a sort of deckhouse with slanting sides, was plated with iron armor varying in thickness from four to six inches. The plating was carried in an unbroken slant below the water line and then bent back inward to the hull, the knuckle angle so formed being filled with a solid wooden backing, which was a great protection against ramming. From the bows of the *Tennessee* a formidable iron spur projected below the water line. No wooden ship that floated could have survived a fairly delivered blow from that ram.

There were two or three fatal defects in her construction, however. Her engines were taken from an old iron river steamer and were woefully weak and inadequate; the method for closing her gun ports was faulty and the shutters working on pivots were liable to jam; but the most serious error of her designers had been in exposing the rudder chains by which she was steered, on the open deck, without protection of any sort. In spite of these things, however, she was without doubt the most formidable vessel afloat.

By the time her inspection had been completed and the few minor repairs necessitated by the action had been made Farragut's fleet had reached the deep water above the middle ground, a shoal extending westward across the deep water, some four miles from Fort Morgan.

It was now about 8:45 in the morning when the lookouts discovered the *Tennessee* standing up the channel from the direction of Fort Morgan. The old admiral meant business, it was quite evident. The black smoke was belching from her tall stack as she came on single handed to attack the twenty-three vessels in the Union fleet which had already successfully encountered the runboats, the fort and her

CONTINUED ON 6TH PAGE.

Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it only took two bottles to make me feel perfectly well."
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J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Summons for Relief.

(COMPLAINT SERVED)

State of South Carolina, } Court of Common Pleas.

C. H. Peake, Master for the County of Union in the State aforesaid, Plaintiff,

against
M. C. Ray; Mary Graham; Fanny C. Pool; and R. W. Cator, W. J. H. Walters, Wm. H. Pagon, James McWhite, James H. Cator, F. P. Cator, and George Cator, partners doing business under the firm name of "Armstrong, Cator and Co."; and William Morse, doing business under the firm name of "Wm. Morse & Co."; and Hugh T. Inman, John A. Smith, Henry C. Leonard, and Hugh Richardson, trading as the firm of "Inman, Smith & Co."; and Solomon Frank, Charles Adler, and Simon C. Adler, partners trading under the firm name of "Frank & Adler"; and St. George R. Fitzhugh, V. M. Flemming, and A. D. Tapscott, partners trading as the "Eagle Shoe Co."; and John E. Hurst, Lloyd L. Jackson, Wm. B. Hurst, Alex. C. R. Wilson, Henry S. Hurst, John E. Hurst, Jr., and Millard F. Burgess, partners in business trading under the firm name of "John E. Hurst & Co."; and Jacob M. Lauchheimer, Robert M. Lauchheimer, and David H. Lauchheimer, partners trading under the firm name and style of "M. H. Lauchheimer & Sons"; and Aubrey Pearre, James M. Fisher, Edward V. Shord, Wm. H. Miller, and Harry C. Davis, partners trading under the firm name of "Pearre Brothers & Co."; and Wm. T. Tucker, trading as "Tucker & Co."; Defendants.

TO THE DEFENDANTS, ABOVE NAMED: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, the original of which Complaint and Summons were duly filed in the office of the Clerk of Court of Common Pleas for Union county, S. C., at Union C. H., S. C., on the 12th day of March A. D. 1903, and to serve a copy of your answer to said Complaint on the subscribers, at their offices at Union, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof; exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated at Union, S. C., March 12, 1903.

I. FRANK PEAKE,
Clerk of Court.

(Seal)

HYDRICK & SAWYER,
Plaintiff's Attorney

TO THE DEFENDANTS: R. W. Cator, W. J. H. Walters, Wm. H. Pagon, James McWhite, James H. Cator, F. P. Cator, and George Cator, partners doing business under the firm name of "Armstrong, Cator & Co."; and William Morse, doing business under the firm name of "Wm. Morse & Co."; and Hugh T. Inman, John A. Smith, Henry C. Leonard, and Hugh Richardson, trading as the firm of "Inman, Smith & Co."; and Solomon Frank, Charles Adler, and Simon C. Adler, partners trading under the firm name of "Frank & Adler"; and St. George R. Fitzhugh, V. M. Flemming, and A. D. Tapscott, partners trading as the "Eagle Shoe Co."; and John E. Hurst, Lloyd L. Jackson, Wm. B. Hurst, Alex. C. R. Wilson, Henry S. Hurst, John E. Hurst, Jr., and Millard F. Burgess, partners in business trading under the firm of "John E. Hurst & Co."; and Jacob M. Lauchheimer, Robert M. Lauchheimer, and David H. Lauchheimer, partners trading under the firm name and style of "M. H. Lauchheimer & Sons"; and Aubrey Pearre, James M. Fisher, Edward V. Shord, Wm. H. Miller, and Harry C. Davis, partners trading under the firm name of "Pearre Bros. & Co."; and Wm. T. Tucker, trading as "Tucker & Co."

Take notice that the complaint in this action, together with the Summons, of which the foregoing is a copy, was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of Court of Common Pleas for Union county, S. C., at Union C. H., S. C., on the 12th day of March A. D. 1903.

HYDRICK & SAWYER,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.
Union, S. C. March 12, 1903.

Dr. R. M. Dorsey,
Specialist

on diseases of the EYE and EAR
—and—
OPTICIAN.
Successor to H. R. Goodell.
Alexander's Music Hall, Spartanburg, S. C. 47-1yr.

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James Cohen

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Summons for Relief.

(COMPLAINT NOT SERVED.)

State of South Carolina, } Court of Common Pleas.

D. G. Smith, Plaintiff,

against
J. M. Smith, Mrs. Eddie Hames, D. E. Smith, C. L. Smith, J. R. Smith, Mrs. Novem Cole, J. H. Parr and H. M. Grimball and W. C. Wallace, Defendants.

To the Defendants, J. M. Smith, Mrs. Eddie Hames, D. E. Smith, C. L. Smith, J. R. Smith, Mrs. Novem Cole, J. H. Parr and H. M. Grimball and W. C. Wallace:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, for the said county, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his law office No. 13, Law Range, Union C. H., S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated April 14th, A. D. 1903.

I. FRANK PEAKE,
Clerk of Court.

S. MEANS BEATTY,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

To the Defendants, D. E. Smith and Mrs. Eddie Hames:

Take notice that the complaint in this action, together with the summons, of which the foregoing is a copy, was duly filed in the office of the Clerk of Court of Common Pleas for Union county, South Carolina, at Union C. H., S. C., on the 13th day of April, 1903.

S. MEANS BEATTY,
Plaintiff's Attorney.
Union, S. C., April 13, 1903. 16-6t

Citation to Kindred and Creditors.

State of South Carolina, } County of Union.

By Jason M. Greer, Esq., Probate Judge. Whereas, P. H. Jeter has made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration on the estate of G. H. Jeter, deceased.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said G. H. Jeter, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Union C. H., South Carolina, on the 16th day of May, next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal this 8th day of April, Anno Domini, 1903.

JASON M. GREER,
Probate Judge.

Published on the 1st day of May, 1903, in THE UNION TIMES. 18-2t

NOTICE.

PEBBLE, the thoroughbred Stallion, will stand at Wilcutt's Stable, and will be at Maybinton Friday and Saturday next. Fee \$10.00.

RICE & WILCUTT.

16-4f

CONFEDERATE VETERANS' REUNION.

Cheap Rates to New Orleans, La., Via Southern Railway.

On account of the Confederate Veterans' Reunion, to be held at New Orleans, La., May 19th to 22nd, 1903, the Southern Railway will sell round-trip tickets from all points to New Orleans, La., and return at rate of 1 cent per mile distance traveled. Tickets will be on sale May 10th to 21st, inclusive, with final date to leave New Orleans without selling. Original purchasers of such tickets may secure an extension of the limit to June 15, 1903, by depositing tickets with the Special Agent at New Orleans not earlier than May 16th or later than May 24th, upon receipt of a fee of fifty cents.

The Southern Railway offers convenient schedules and most excellent service, and every effort will be made to assure Veterans and their friends attending the Reunion a most pleasant and comfortable trip. Unsurpassed Pullman accommodations will be afforded, and the service in every respect will be all that could be desired.

Full information and particulars as to schedules, etc., will be cheerfully furnished on application by any agent of the Southern Railway, or

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Div. Pas. Agt.,
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