

OLD HARVE LINCOLN.

His Marvelous Escape When Chased by the Revenue Officers.

Atlanta Journal.

Old Harvey Lincoln, the most notorious moonshiner in the Cohutta mountains, and a man on whose trail the deputy and deputy collectors and deputy marshals have been camping for many moons, came in and surrendered himself voluntarily to the Federal Court a few days ago. He had been dodging the officers sent in search of him for years, and his appearance in Court was a very startling and unexpected event. He had no excuse to offer, but simply told the Judge he was done with moonshining, and that if he was granted amnesty for his past misconduct he would never violate the revenue laws again.

The Court, knowing that the word of one of these moonshiners is considered sacred and inviolable once it is given, was disposed to be lenient with Lincoln, and he was dismissed with the admonition to beware of how he conducted himself in the future.

"I have heard such good reports of you as a man, a neighbor and a citizen, Lincoln," remarked the Judge, "that I am inclined to be lenient with you. The fact that you have voluntarily surrendered is in your favor, and knowing in what light you people up there look upon illicit distilling I am constrained to believe that aside from making contraband liquor you have led an honest life and have been a good citizen. But remember, if you are caught in the business of manufacturing liquor again without having obtained a license, I shall not be light on you but will impose the heaviest penalty in my power."

"Thankee," said old Harve with a bow, "you needn't be oneasy 'bout my makin' any more contraband. I'm done wif moonshinin' forever! I've joined the Baptist Church and I'm gwine to live a Chrischun life the balance o' my term. A'ter sich a sperence as I've bin thro' I don't think that I'll ever want to look at another still."

Knowing that there must have been weighty reasons for his resolve the writer waylaid old Harve in the corridor and asked him why it was that he had decided to reform all of a sudden.

"Well, sir, hit's a long tale to tell an' hit's one that'll make yer har rise to listen to. Me an' Bud Braswell had put up the purties' little still ever seed in a notch o' Fort mount'n nigh the top, an' hit wuz so situated that we could see anybody fer mo' than a mile comin' f'om any direction. On one side the mount'n, drapped down 'bout seven hundred foot into the valley below, an' a fly could hardly crope up 't' the side, hit wuz so nat'y steep.

On t'other side wuz a level on top o' the mount'n an' there wuz only one way to git to the top, an' that wuz mighty roundabout, so that one uv us could hide in a bunch o' laurel bushes at the edge o' the flat an' watch over the mount'n, an' had a clean sweep o' the trail that led up thro' the hemlocks an' pine saplin's, while t'other wuz tendin' to the still in the ravine on the yan side o' the mount'n.

"We knowed that them 'ere revenue fellers wuz jus' nat'y itchin' to ketch us, an' we had ter be mighty keef' 'bout pattin' up the still, which wuz made out'n a big wash b'iler, a toopler gum cap an' sever'l gun bar's fas'end together fer the worm. Ther wuz a little spring whic' trickled out'n the rocks under a big hemlock jest above the still an' hit gin us all the water we needed in the business, an' a man standin' in the valley would never notice what little smoke riz from the still, bec'ase o' the thickness o' the timber.

"Oh, hit wuz the neates' thing in the way uv a mannyfact'ry o' mount'n dew that ever you seed. One mawnin' we clumb the mount'n with our guns as tho' we wuz huntin' an' I posted Bill at the edge o' the flat to watch while I went to run off some doublin's. I wuz as busy as a bee in a tar bucket, an' wuz smuakin' my lips over the fine quality o' the truck what wuz runnin' f'om the wurrum, when I hearn a whoop an' turnin' my head I seed Bud a-comin' full tilt towards me. Wavin' his hat an' yellin' som'p'n that I couldn't understand bec'ase the wind wuz agin me. I tuck the hint tho', an' as Bud dodged into a thicket 'bout a quarter uv a mile away, I hearn a gun go 'pow, an' in ha'f a minit ther wuz a doz'n heads poppin' up over the edge o' the flat an' I knowed that the revenues had sto'd a march on us.

"I didn't have time to git nowhar, but I lef' the still so that of they cutch me they couldn't prove nothin', an' I skunt along down the yan side o' the mount'n till I come to where an' ol' stoopin' ches'nut grewed out'n the edge o' the cliff an' struck right straight, 'bout forty foot over the bluff. Hit wuz in full leaf an' I jes' crope out on the tree till I wuz 'bout thirty foot f'om the edge an' puffer'y hid in the thick leaves. I chanced to look

down an' I could see that I wuz f'ar 'bove the tree tops in the valley down below, but the lim's wuz thick an' stout an' ther wuz no trouble in holdin' on.

"I could hear them revenue officers as they wuz prowlin' 'roun' on the flat top o' the mount'n, an' a'terwhile I hearn one fetch a whoop nigh the place where the still wuz hid, an' I knowed they'd found it. In a few minits they'd all gathered 'roun' the spot an' I could hear 'em talkin' an' laughin' while they sampled the fresh co'n licker an' a'ter while I hearn 'em bustin' up the still that we'd spent so much time on, an' hit made me grind my teeth. As I didn't hear nothin' mo' uv Bud I concluded that he'd got away, an' I made up my min' that I'd set right thar on that lim' till they come a'ter me f'ore I'd take any chances.

"A'ter they'd broke up the still they 'gun to search 'roun' fur me an' Bud, an' they walked right up to the root o' that 'ere ches'nut an' two uv 'em popped the selves down on it fer a consultation. Ther wuz a whole lot o' dry leaves in the cracks o' the rocks nigh the place an' one uv 'em struck a match an' lit a cigar, an' then stuck the match to the leaves. They sot thar an' talked a few minits an' then they got up an' sa'tered off down the path 'long the edge o' the bluff.

"I'd bin layin' low an' didn't see 'em ketch my breath while they wuz thar, but as soon as they got out'n sight I felt so well tickled that I nat'y shuk that tree laffin at 'em. They kep' traumpsin' 'roun' thar an' hollerin' to one 'nother till it 'gun to git late an' I got so tired a crouchin' thar on that lim' like a hungry pant'er that I wuz a'mos' ready to drap. The day'd bin brillin' hot an' long 'bout 2 o'clock hit 'gun to cloud up an' looked like hit might rain. At las' I hearn 'em talkin' to one 'nother nigh the slope o' the mount'n an' I knowed they wuz givin' up the drive, so I riz up an' sorter crope back towards the root o' the tree where I wouldn't be so cramped up.

"I got 'bout twenty foot f'om the root o' the tree an' I noticed that the dry leaves had sot an' ol' rotten stump, afere in a crevice o' the rock, an' jes' then I hearn a 's-s-s-s' that like to made me drap shore 'nough. A monst'ous 'big ol' rattlesnake'd bin routed out'n his den by the fer, an' he had crawled out on the log an' camped 'twix me an' the bluff. Great Lawd! I had to ketch hold uv a lim' to keep f'om tumblin' off heels over head into the valley below. He wuz coiled up thar in a pile 'bout as big as a ha'f bushel measure, an' he had his head stuck up an' looked as mad as a hornet.

"Ye kin jes' imagine how I felt. The wind wuz risin' an' the clouds comin' up like they allors does in them mount'ns, an' I seed that hit wuz likely to be a storm. But I crope back as far as I could f'om that 'ere snake and ketched hold uv a big lim' and elung on for dear life. Every move I'd make that durned snake'd jar his rattles an' they sounded like there wuz a dozen rattlesnakes all 'roun' me. The col' sweat busted out all over me an' I wuz never so skeered in all my bo'ned days.

"The wind kep' risin' an' a'ter while the thunder 'gun to crash an' I seed that I wuz in fer it. The ol' tree rocked an' tossed like it would blow 'way every minit, an' I had to cling on with both my han's to geep f'om fallin'. Hit kidded the fier in that ol' stump an' stidder that snake gwine back to his hole, he crawled out a few feet further on the log to git 'way f'om the blaze. I wuz gittin' desput, an' I run my han' in my pocket to git my knife. I thought I'd manage to cut off one o' the smaller lim's an' git out'n my misfortinit perdic'ement. But I wuz so nervous that the fust rake I made with my knife hit shet up on my han' an' the pain caused me to sling hit loose, an' I hearn hit strike the rocks 'way down below.

"The wind had riz till hit wuz blowin' a harrikin, an' hit wuz all I could do to keep my perch. The clouds wuz so thick that I could hardly see the wall o' the cliff, an' when hit 'gun to rain, hit seemed to me like a rale waterspout'd struck the place where I sot clingin' to the bendin' lim' o' that ches'nut. Back ards an' f'ore ards an' up an' down that ol' tree swung, an' I growed so dizzy an' sick at my stumick that I thought I'd faint, but I knowed hit wouldn't do to gin up to my feel'n's fer if I did it'd be all night 'sow w' me.

"Seein' the rain had sorter put out the fier I made a ventur' to git back to the root of the tree as hit wuz comin' nigh an' I jes' knowed I couldn't stay in that 'ere tree all night w' er' fired out as I wuz. But the snake had just crawled back to the root o' the tree an' findin' his whole too hot to go in, he camped agin in a crevice right at the foot o' the tree. When I got in 'bout

ten foot o' him he sung out so savidge'y that I stepped right back ap'ose an' crouched down shiverin' in every lim'. The wind had gone down a little, but the rain wuz still a-peltin' an' I had ter squat thar on that log an' take the last drap uv it.

"Well, sir, I cussed the revenue officers fer everything I could think uv. I cussed that 'ere snake, I cussed Bud Braswell fer runnin' off an' leavin' me, an' I cussed myself fer bein' a 'tarnal fool fer tryin' to beat the government. At las' I got so desput that I 'gun to holler fer he'p. I didn't know but what maybe them 'ere fellers had camped on the mount'n side fer the night an' maybe they'd side me an' come an' git me out'n the scrape. I wuz puffer'y willin' to gin up, as I dreaded that 'ere snake wuz'n I'd a drea'ded a ridgement uv revenue men er two years in jail.

"But nobody didn't come an' I sot thar an' shuck an' shivered an' shivered an' shuck till the rain sicked an' the stars come out, an' I could see the lights in the cabins 'way down in the bottoms, an' I could hear the bayin' o' the houn's in the woods fer off, but nobody didn't come nigh 'nough to diskiver my roost. I wuz so nigh petered-out that I 'gun to feel num' an' drowsy, an' then I got skeered agin, bec'ase I knowed that ef I drapped off ter sleep I'd loose my hold an' durmation'd be my po'tion o' I fell down on them rocks that I could jes' see glistenin' in the starlight.

"To keep f'om goin' ter sleep I got up an' 'gun to stomp my feet up an' down like a feller traumpin' hides in a tan vat, an' kep' that up I dunno how long. At las' my legs 'gun ter fail me an' I felt that I wuz gittin' weak all over. Jes' then hit 'eurred ter me ter pray. I hadn't never prayed none sense I wuz a little cub, an' I felt sorter 'shamed an' didn't know how ter begin. I'd bin cussin' like a cooter, an' now I felt like hit wuz a sort uv cowardly thing ter try an' make up wif Ol' Marster a'ter cuttin' up like I had. Then I said to myself that I'd make a promus to Him that ef He'd let me git out'n that 'ere scrape I'd never call on 'im agin ef I could he'p it.

"While I wuz thinkin' over the matter an' had jes' made up my min' that the promus wuz a go, when 'way down in the east I seed a yaller streak an' I knowed that the moon wuz risin'. Higher an' higher it riz, an' I firmly made up my min' that ef when hit showed on the face uv the cliff that 'ere cussed snake wouldn't be thar I'd keep my promus 'bout changin' my life. I turned 'roun' whar I could watch the spot whar I had las' seed the rattler, an' I fixed my eyes o' the patch o' darkness an' never turned my head while the moon slowly riz up behin' me.

"I could tell hit wuz risin' as I watched the line o' light swing lower an' lower 'long the wall o' rock, an' I had the dead trembles I wuz so feared that when hit reached the spot hit'd reveal that sarpunt lyn thar ready ter strike the minit I got my foot on the root o' the tree. I've watched fer turkeys an' I've watched fer squir'ls an' I've watched fer revenue men, but I never watched fer anything with sich anxiety as I watched fer that patch o' moonlight to git on a level with the log on which I sot shakin' an' shiverin' an' yit with the col' sweat on my face an' the goose bumps chasin' up'n down my back.

"At las' hit got low 'nough fer me ter see the spot an' at fuz' my heart sunk, fer I thought I seed that 'ere snake, but hit proved to be a sort o' pided rook. Ther a big gush o' moonshine busted thro' the opening in the tree tops an' made the place 'bout the foot of the tree as light as day, an' halleluy! the snake wuz gone! I cased myself along the tree, tremblin' in every j'ant, an' jes' as I sot foot on the rock a great big old katydid tore loose 'mong the leaves, an' I'll bet I jumped ten foot an' landed on them rocks, an' landed runnin'. I never stopped till I struck the trail, an' harrikin that mount'n side I went like a down that I forgot that I wuz tired, an' I never broke my gait till I got to the fence 'roun' my cabin in the Gap.

"I lit right over that 'ere fence, agin the de'an when I come to my senses the ol' man wuz puttin' camfire on my face an' takin' on pow'ful an' wonderin' whar I wuz hurt. I laid in bed 'bout a week, and when I got up I wuz a changed man. I scratched 'roun' an' got up 'nough money to pay my way down here, an' I jes' walked right in an' gin myself up. I tol' the judge that of he'd knowed what I'd bin thro' with he'd not feel any one's 'ness 'bout my makin' in' any mo' moonshine, an' don't you think I wuz justified in them remarks? I've joined the Baptists now, an' Harve Lincoln'll never give the revenue men any mo' trouble in this worl'."

MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM.

— A Tennessee lady, Mrs. J. W. Towle, of Philadelphia, Tenn., has been using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for her baby, who is subject to croup, and says of it: "I find it just as good as you claim it to be. Since I've had your Cough Remedy, baby has been threatened with croup ever so many times, but I would give him a dose of the Remedy and it prevented his having it every time." Hundreds of mothers say the same. Sold by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

Battle of Franklin.

The literature of the Civil War is vast. It is not yet complete. Many histories of the conflict have been so bitterly partisan as to spoil their value as a serious review of a great subject.

"The battle of Franklin (Tenn.), November, 1864," is described and studied by Jacob D. Cox, late Major General, commanding Twenty-third Army Corps. The book is published by the Scribners and contains many maps of the territory in question.

General Cox states that he promised to write the story of the battle, upon which his friends insisted, if he should live to see the completion of the great work undertaken by the Government in printing the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." As the last volumes of the principal series of those records are passing through the press, General Cox redeems his promise.

The situation of the forces of the Union and Confederacy in the fall of 1864 was this: Grant was watching Lee in Virginia. Sherman was at Atlanta with a large army, and Hood's forces were in camp in Northern Georgia. It appears that it was Hood's idea to turn Sherman's position by a somewhat wide detour to the west of Atlanta, and to carry the war again into Northern Georgia, or even into Tennessee. Sherman decided to concentrate his own forces of Atlanta, and to send an army under the command of Thomas in pursuit of Hood.

General Cox is very complimentary to Hood. He remarks upon his military ability and energy of character. The author says: "The effective force under General Thomas, in Middle and Southern Tennessee, was 65,000, officers and men 'present for duty, equipped,' which was the official phrase indicating complete readiness for active service. The aggregate present was some 20,000 more. These figures do not include the troops in Schofield's department of the Ohio in East Tennessee and Kentucky, nor those of the military division between the Tennessee and Mississippi Rivers, all of which were subject to Thomas' orders. Hood's army in the field numbered 42,000 or 43,000 men of all arms, and had been very closely estimated by General Sherman.

"As early as October 29, Sherman, in promising to send Schofield back, had urged Thomas 'to break up all minor posts and get about Columbia as big an army as you can, and go to him.' Again, two days later, he reiterated: 'You must unite all your men into one army, and abandon all minor points, if you expect to defeat Hood.'"

General Cox's purpose in writing his book was principally to controvert many statements and misstatements of some of his colleagues in the Union Army. He has designed his book as a military study. He reviews, in separate chapters, the work of the various divisions of the armies. Here is the description of the Confederate attack which the author quotes from a speech of General George W. Gordon at the unveiling of a statue to General Cleburne. General Gordon was captured by the Union Army in this engagement:

"As the array," said General Gordon, "with a front of two miles or more in length, moved steadily down the heights and into the valley below with flying banners, beating drums and bristling guns, it presented a scene of the most imposing grandeur and magnificence. When we had arrived within about 400 paces of the enemy's advanced line of intrenchments our columns were halted and deployed into two lines of battle preparatory to the charge. This advanced position of the enemy was not a continuous, but a detached line, manned by two brigades and situated about 600 paces in front of his main line of formidable works, and was immediately in front of Cleburn's left and Cheatham's right. When all was ready the charge was ordered. With a wild shout, we dashed forward upon this line. The enemy delivered one volley at our rushing ranks, and precipitately fled for refuge to his main and rear line. The shout was raised, 'Go into the works with them.' This cry was taken up and vociferated from a thousand throats as we rushed on after the flying forces we had routed—killing some in our running fire, and capturing others who were slow of foot—sustaining but small losses ourselves, until we arrived within about 100 paces of their main line and stronghold, when it seemed to me that hell itself had exploded in our faces. The enemy had thus long reserved their fire for the safety of their routed comrades who were flying to them for protection, and who were just in front of and mingled with the pursuing Confederates. When it became no longer safe for themselves to reserve their fire, they opened upon us regardless of their own men who were mingled with us) such a hailstorm of shot and shell, musketry and canister that the very atmosphere was hideous with the shrieks of the messengers of death. The booming of cannon, the bursting of bombs, the rattle of musketry, the shrieking of shells, the whizzing of bullets, the shouting of hosts and the falling of their men in

their struggle for victory, all made a scene of surpassing terror and awful grandeur."

It was in the center of this storm of war that Cleburne appeared. General Gordon continued:

"Amid this scene General Cleburne came charging down our line to the left, and diagonally toward the enemy's works, his horse running at full speed, and if I had not personally checked my pace as I ran on foot he would have plunged over and trampled me to the earth. On he dashed, but for an instant longer, when rider and horse both fell, pierced with many bullets, within a few paces of the enemy's works."

To surrender was the fate of those brave Confederates. Meanwhile the battle was raging around them.

General Cox remarks: "Hood bore with patience the penalty of failure, but justice requires the clear acknowledgment that his faith in the attack has been, and perhaps still is, the prevalent military creed in Continental Europe. His tactics of assault in deployed line with supports are not far from approved methods, supposed to be developed by late wars. It would be hard to match in dash and perseverance the veteran Confederate battalions of 1864; it would be impossible to surpass the leadership of the officers who headed the charges upon the field."

The author states that "Hood had more men killed at Franklin than died on one side in some of the greatest conflicts of the war, where three, four, or even five times as many men were engaged. His killed were more than Grant's at Shiloh, McClellan's in the Seven Days' Battle, Burnside's at Fredericksburg, Rosecrans's at Stone River or at Chancellorsville, Hooker's at Chancellorsville, and almost as many as Grant's at Cold Harbor."

From the records now published by the Government, General Cox claims that Schofield's army numbered 29,234, while Hood's force was two or three hundred less than 24,000.—St. Louis Republic.

— Columbia now has a colored woman doctor in the person of Miss Matilda Evans, who has established an office here. She graduated in medicine in Philadelphia and has considerable hospital practice. She stood the examination before the State board of medical examiners and surpassed many of the male applicants, white and colored. A woman doctor is somewhat of a novelty in this city and a colored one is an unexpected innovation in the medical profession.—The Register.

— Tears of joy and sadness are both drawn from the same tank.

— The most of the slips occur after the cup has been to the lips.

— A razor-back hog is not worth much until it is run over by a train, when it costs the railway company about 50 cents a pound.

Cancer Of the Face.

Mrs. Laura E. Mims, of Smithville, Ga., says: "A small pimple of a strawberry color appeared on my cheek; it soon began to grow rapidly, notwithstanding all efforts to check it. My eye became terribly inflamed, and was so swollen that for quite a while I could not see. The doctor said I had Cancer of the most malignant type, and after exhausting their efforts without doing me any good, they gave up the case as hopeless. When informed that my father had died from the same disease, they said I must die, as hereditary Cancer was incurable.

"At this crisis, I was advised to try S.S.S., and in a short while the Cancer began to discharge and continued to do so for three months, then it began to heal. I continued the medicine a while longer until the Cancer disappeared entirely. This was several years ago and there has been no return of the disease."

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Cancer is a blood disease, and only a blood remedy will cure it. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to permanently cure Cancer, Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism or any other disease of the blood. Send for our books on Cancer and Blood Diseases, mailed free to any address.

Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

SSS NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the late A. S. Stephens, or to the Firm of Reed & Stephens, either by Note or open Account, are hereby notified that they must be settled at once, or they will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

PAUL E. STEPHENS, Administrator.

NOTICE.

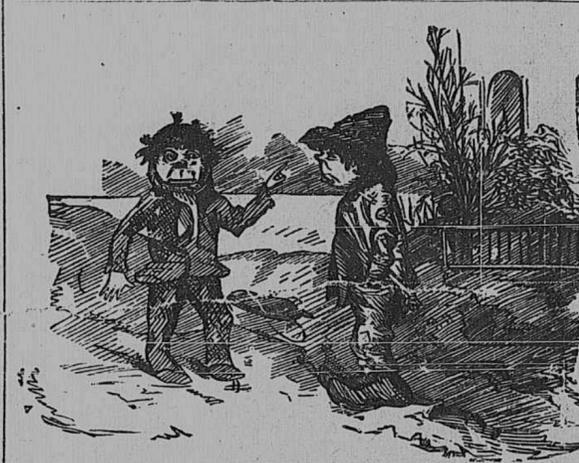
Office of County Board of Commissioners, Anderson, S. C., December 6, 1887. ALL persons holding claims against the County are hereby notified to file the same in this office on or before the first day of January next. The annual meeting of the Board will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of January, A. D. 1888. W. P. SNEEGROVE, County Surveyor, Anderson County. JNO. F. OLARDEY, Secretary.



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People of Anderson County, believe it or not, as you will, the fact remains that never in our experience have we ever had such a large trade as now. We are not complaining about hard times. We are buying our share of the Cotton, and of course we are going to have our share of the trade. We hardly ever do sell out at Cost, and sometimes we don't; therefore, we don't have to do it now, because we haven't the slightest idea of going out of business—besides our Goods are going out fast enough at a reasonable profit.

When Christmas stops coming once a year, when we can't sell more Dean's Patent Flour than any other grade sold in Anderson County and prove it; when we can't beat the town on Shoes, and when the good people of old Anderson County say to us that we have imposed upon them and duped them, then, and not till then, will your humble servants throw up the sponge and close out at Cost. Until then you get what you want—Dry Goods, Books, Shoes, Hats, Jeans, Flour and other Groceries, and Canned Meats as cheap at our Store as anywhere else, but you'll not get them at Cost.

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