

A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

Admiral Franklin Buchanan, the Hero of Hampton Roads.

Baltimore Sun, March 9.

Maryland, so prolific of heroes in the old navy, gave to the Confederate States Buchanan, Semmes, Waddell, Hollins and others of lower rank, but of equal fidelity. It would be pleasant to linger on the others for awhile, but I am to speak this evening of Franklin Buchanan, the hero of Hampton Roads and Mobile Bay.

In two lines the monitors nearest the fort and the frigates outside. As they approached the foremost monitor, the Tecumseh, was seen to shudder, then to reel and sink into the sea, struck by a torpedo. The leading vessels of the enemy backed water and steered to one side. This broke the line and threatened to destroy their order of battle, but Farragut, perceiving it, pressed to the front in his flag ship, the Hartford, and crying out, 'D—n the torpedoes; go ahead,' led the way. The vessels as they passed the Tennessee swept her with their guns until nothing was left outside but her iron walls. But the little ironclad fought each one as they passed. For an hour and a half the battle lasted. The enemy had then passed the fort, and the Tennessee turned toward it to lie apparently under the shelter of its guns.

Sitting quietly in the background at the old soldiers' meeting here last Saturday, looking as quiet and timid as a man who had never witnessed a more excited scene than a chicken dispute in his own back yard, was Mr. M. R. Finley, veteran of this county, but lately a member of Company C, 1st North Carolina Cavalry. With all his quiet demeanor and his timidity, a closer inspection of this old man would quickly show marks and gashes upon his head that proved unmistakably that he had shared in conflicts, the fierceness and terror of which we of the younger generation have no adequate knowledge. From a comrade in arms of Mr. Finley, the writer learned that the now old man had once, on one of the many battle-fields of Virginia, singly and alone, spurred his horse through a body of Federal cavalry, receiving hand-to-hand their pistol fire and sabre stroke. It happened in this way, so his comrades say, and he won't deny it, and now has marks to show for it. Mr. Finley had gotten a fresh horse that had never been in action, and was disposed to be wild. The command was on the eve of making a charge, and the captain of the company warned Mr. Finley not to ride that horse in, as he might prove unmanageable. But ride him he did, and with a glorious and dangerous sequel. The soldiers were ordered to ride up in pistol fire of the enemy's lines, discharge their pistols, turn back and retreat. This they did, all but Soldier Finley. He couldn't turn his horse to save his life. The animal took the bit in his teeth and flew straight into the Yankee lines. There he was seized and his rider called upon to surrender, which he, of course, did, seeing he could do nothing else. Two cavalrymen were ordered to ride with him to the rear, one on each side. Just as they had gotten well into the rear of the Federal soldiers our men made another charge, routed the Yankees, who wheeled and fled.

The name of the most monumental figure looms up against the dark background of our Civil war—one who ranks with Lee, Jackson and Forrest, is rarely mentioned in our public prints—strange to say. It is the immortal name of Raphael J. Semmes, the Wizard of the Wind, the Saladin of the Sea. The name and fame of Raphael Semmes overshadows Nelson as the Alps tower above a mole-hill. Lord Nelson had every article and instrument of naval warfare furnished ready to hand by a great and powerful nation of sailors. Semmes improvised his own from raw Southern boys, whose lips had never felt the breath of the salt sea. He created from nothing a navy that astounded the world. In his little Alabama he swept round the globe, destroying 681 merchantmen, war vessels, gunboats, etc. He became the terror of the world of waters. For years after the war, when it was asked in Congress, 'What has become of our navy, our merchant marine?' the indignant answer was: 'Go ask the winds and the rebel pirates!' The 'rebel pirates' were mostly on the Alabama. That lone 'rebel pirate' stood against a thousand. Defective powder at last saved the Kearsarge. This was the death struggle of our 'rebel navy.' A shell was placed in the stern of the Kearsarge, but the force was too weak to explode the shell. Otherwise the Kearsarge would have been blown into fragments. If you have never read 'Service Afloat' read it now. Semmes was on the ocean, what Forrest was on land—and more. Read the cyclone on the Atlantic which spun the Alabama around within the radius of a mile for thirty-six hours, the tops of his masts lashing the mad waters. When the storm subsided he imagined he had been driven into the far South Seas. His vessel was within a mile of the spot where the cyclone had struck it. —Nashville American.

Is yer sorry yer big brudder died, Timmy? 'Oh, I dunno; I kin have pants dat fits me, now.' — Bachelors are women's rights and widowers are women's lefts. 'He was married and went crazy,' she said, referring to a statement in a morning paper. 'Granting that he had any sense in the first place,' he returned, 'you must have got the statement reversed.' 'How do you mean?' she demanded. 'He went crazy and married,' makes it seem more plausible,' he answered.

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Now is the time that every one should take a spring tonic to strengthen the system and prepare for the extra demands of Nature. Every spring the system is thoroughly overhauled—there is a general house-cleaning going on within. The impurities that have been accumulating for a year must be gotten rid of, and the system renovated and prepared for the siege of summer. Unless Nature is assisted in this task, the strain on the system is too severe, and a breakdown is the result. Some people neglect to supply this assistance, and as a result they are overcome by an enervating, depressed feeling, their energies relax, appetite fails, and they are totally disabled for a season. Everybody just now needs a tonic, and Swift's Specific

Judge of Probate's Sale. STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF ANDERSON. Edna W. Jones and E. W. Whitfield, Plaintiffs, vs. Edna Cox Whitfield et al., Defendants. In obedience to the order of sale made in this case I will sell on Saleday in April next, in front of the Court House in Anderson, S. C., the property described as follows to-wit: 1. All that lot or parcel of Land, containing two acres, more or less, situate in the City of Anderson, S. C., on West side of the South Street, and bounded on the East by South Main Street, on the South by Reed Street, on the West by Jail Street, and on the North by Oliver Street, being in the form of a parallelogram and known as the 'Yield' or 'Yield' estate.

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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. The undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Jesse C. Morris, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will on the 18th day of April, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate of Anderson County for a final Settlement of said Estate and a discharge from her office as Administratrix. MARY E. OBTZ, Adm'x. March 10, 1898.

NOTICE. —'No,' said the rich old bachelor, 'I never could find time to marry.' 'Well,' replied the young woman with the sharp tongue, 'I am not surprised to hear you say so. It certainly would have taken a good while to persuade any girl to have you.'

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