

MIGHTY CAVALRY CONFLICT.

A Private Soldier on Battle of Trevillian Station.

The following is the story of one of the bloodiest cavalry battles the world ever saw.

It was given to Camp Hampton's (Columbia) members last week by Capt. U. R. Brooks under the title "Observations of a Private Soldier at the Battle of Trevillian Station."

Memory crowds and the shadows luminous and grey before me. Time is always snatching something from us; its fleeting moments pass as quickly as they come, never, never more to return, as water which is gone from its source runs to it no more.

The Confederate soldier's course is almost run out, the past time appears as a shadow; so will that which is now to come when it shall be once over, and no tears, no entreaties, no endeavors can recall the least moment we have already let slip unimproved; therefore, it is our duty to record the gallant deeds of our brave comrades who fell on the bloody fields of strife, battling under the Confederate flag which waved so proudly over our south land for four long years.

Should we fail to do this then why find fault with those who fought us so hard and so long for not giving us justice in writing up the part they took in this terrible strife. Every heroic virtue grew in the matchless inspiration of the war. Every noble quality flourished in the stern and splendid discipline of these unrelenting years.

Courage, patience, sentiment, devotion, duty, unselfishness and deathless patriotism flashed like radiant stars across the gloom and darkness of the time. Men learned there to love their country better than themselves and to pledge their loyalty freely with their lives.

Women raised in luxury forgot their selfish comforts in their solemn duties, and the white hands of fashion swept the looms of labor and fastened the bandages of blood with a self-denying heroism that was indeed sublime.

When triumph came, they rejoiced with reverent gratitude—they met disasters in their turn with dignity. Comrades, let me tell you to-night of the bloodiest cavalry fight that ever occurred on this continent:

On Wednesday, the 8th of June, 1864, our scouts, Shadburn, Shoelard, Scott and others, reported to Gen. Hampton and Butler, on the Chickahominy, that a large body of Federal cavalry had moved out from behind their lines at Cold Harbor and was crossing the Pamunkey at a point heading northward.

Butler's division, consisting of his old South Carolina Brigade, Young's Georgia brigade and Rosser's Virginia brigade, halted at Mechanicsville, five miles from Richmond, to draw three days rations, which consisted of about one and one-half pounds of hard-tack and one-half pound of meat which they ate raw.

Butler's men never unsaddled their horses for eight days and nights. Gen. Hampton, as senior major general of cavalry, immediately put the division of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in motion to join Butler who was already on the direct road leading from Richmond to Gordonsville.

And they rode forth so glorious in array, so manly and full of gentle grace that every tongue would be compelled to say: "They were the noblest of a noble race."

Hampton rightly divining that the movement of the Federal cavalry was directed to the destruction of the railroad connection north of Richmond, and to co-operate with the Federal Gen. Hunter, then operating against Lynchburg.

On Friday evening, 10th June, Hampton's column had placed itself squarely on the left flank of the Federal cavalry under Sheridan. Butler's division occupied the extreme left and camped near Trevillian Station. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee had halted and camped near Louisa Court House some six miles south.

Early on Saturday morning, 11th June, our scouts having located Sheridan's forces at a point some three miles east of Trevillian, dispositions were at once made to attack: Fitzhugh Lee was directed by Gen. Hampton to advance from Louisa Court House and to support Butler's right while the latter opened the attack in front.

For some reason, never explained, Fitzhugh Lee stood motionless, disobeying the order, "adding neither glory to his reputation nor lustre to his profession." Butler opened the fight and after he had been seriously engaged for some hours with his own brigade of the 4th, 6th, 8th S. C. C., to which Hart's battery was also attached, the whole line was surprised by an attack in their rear, made with great dash and spirit by Custer's Federal division. Custer had discovered the gap in Butler's right, caused by the failure of Fitzhugh Lee to occupy the position as-

signed him, and he (Custer) promptly rode in with his division, capturing some of our men, horses and wagons. Two of the men were the bravest of the brave—couriers for Gen. Hampton—Wade Manning and Alex. Taylor.

What might have been the result of the unlooked for attack in the rear, it is not pleasant to contemplate. Gen. Rosser held the left of Butler's line with his brigade, covering the road Sheridan must move on to reach Gordonsville, farther north, and as soon as apprised of the situation, Rosser led his gallant Virginians in a pell mell rebel yell charge. Among the foremost in this dashing charge were Private Chas. B. Rous, Capt. McGuire, Capt. Hatcher, Col. E. V. White, Maj. P. B. Winston, Maj. Holmes Conrad and Gen. T. L. Rosser.

Of the United States army were Color Sergt. John Nash, Col. Clark, Gen. R. A. Alger and Gen. Custer.

When Maj. Conrad shot Color Sergt. John Nash Gen. Custer saw him falling with the United States flag, and rushed forward and seized it. Rosser and Custer were near enough to shoot each other at this critical moment.

Rosser's Confederate flag was flashing in the Southern sky—"On to death and glory dashing, On, where swords were clanging, clashing, On, where balls were crashing, crashing, And Rosser's men won it, routed and riven.

Reeled the foemen's proud array; They had struggled hard and striven, Blood in torrents they had given, Fought their ranks, dispersed and driven, Fled in sullenness away."

Thus Rosser routed Custer capturing his ambulances, wagons and the caissons of his battery and many provisions, besides recapturing everything Custer had captured from us. Col. Hugh Aiken, of the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, had been shot through the right lung; Sergt. Maj. Osoer Sheppard was mortally wounded; Capt. James Gregg of Co. B, Sixth South Carolina, was shot in the arm; Wiley Moyer was killed; Abner Bushnell shot in the hip; Dick Berry, while trying to show me a Yankee in the thicket, was shot through the arm.

Why he did not first shoot the Yankee and then show him to me I never could understand. Lieut. John Bauskett took command of Co. B immediately after Capt. Gregg was shot and behaved most gallantly.

Lieut. Col. L. P. Miller of the Sixth Cavalry was not in this fight, having been left in charge of some dismounted men near Richmond. Maj. Tom Ferguson commanded the regiment after the gallant Aiken fell, as we thought then mortally wounded, but thank God, he recovered and did much hard service afterwards. Hampton rode up to the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry and ordered Maj. Ferguson to mount his men and follow him. We were surrounded and had to cut our way out. Hampton led the charge in person. The enemy's line was broken. Fighting continued until the afternoon when Hampton withdrew Butler's division to the line of the Central Railroad, where they dismounted and remained in line of battle all night, filling up the angle at the crossing.

Just before sundown Hampton and Butler rode by our line and some of the men said: "General, we gave them hell to-day." "Oh, yes," he said, "but you must do better to-morrow." We then began to realize that they had given us "hell."

On Sunday morning, June 12, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's division was brought around from Louisa Court House and placed in reserve on our left. The main road leading to Charlottesville was covered by Butler's brigade, commanded by the late and gallant Col. B. H. Rutledge of the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry. Rosser's brigade occupied the right and Young's gallant Georgia brigade was on the left of the division, commanded by that brave and gallant Col. Gid Wright of the Cobb legion. Gens. Young and John Dunovant were both suffering from wounds received at the battle of H. W. S. Shop and in consequence of which were unable to take part in the fight.

The old Bald Eagle, Gen. M. W. Gary was left to watch the right of Grant's army below Richmond. It was not until shortly after 12 o'clock that Sheridan decided to attack. His force, as was expected, fell upon the division commanded by Butler, and principally upon the South Carolina troops. These were dismounted and posted in front of the west side of the railroad, and the men had made temporary breastworks of fence rails covering their front. A large farm house and numerous out-buildings (Denny's) stood beyond the railroad in our front. The Fourth South Carolina occupied the left of this brigade line, the Sixth the centre and the Fifth the right. Near its centre, the line made an obtuse angle pointing on the railroad. In front of

the angle thus made was posted Thomson's Virginia battery of four guns, Hart's battery was placed farther to the right with Rosser's brigade.

It was here that Sheridan's dismounted columns were concentrated for attack. Supported by splendid batteries on their right and left, that enfiladed the branches of this angle in Butler's lines, they advanced about 12:30 o'clock p. m., but were repulsed. Just before the attack Butler ordered Capt. Humphries of the second squadron, Co's. B. and F. of the Sixth Cavalry, to move across the railroad and to retreat to our lines as soon as attacked, and in recrossing the railroad the sharpshooters of Sheridan's command who were posted up the railroad fired on these two companies and killed, among others, Private Whitfield Butler Brooks.

"Firm as the firmest, where duty led He hurried without a falter; Bold as the boldest he fought and bled; And the day was won—but the field was red— And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed On his country's hallowed altar."

Lieut. Bauskett, after the men got into the railroad cut, halted them for a moment and it was then that the sharpshooters got in their deadly work. Lieut. J. J. Bunch of the same company, "one of nature's noblemen," says of Lieut. Bauskett, who commanded the company in the "bloody angle." "Gen. Butler sent us word to hold our position at all hazards. Lieut. Bauskett sent this message: 'Send us ammunition, general, and we will do it.'" Lieut. Bauskett was a brave and skillful officer, leading the company in many battles, was kind and generous to his men who had great respect and love for him. He had the entire confidence of the regiment and brigade."

Among the wounded were Sam Mays and Bud Rountree. Just as the fight began Sergt. Andrew Giles was ordered to Denny's house to do sharp-shooting with a squad of men, but before reaching the house he was mortally wounded. Bill Claxton and Eddie Padgett were killed and soon after this Matt Moss and John Moss were killed.

The enemy were so impressed with young Padgett's youth that they got a pillow from the house and placed it under his head in order to alleviate his pain. He was shot in the stomach and died before the fight was over. "On the trampled breast of the battle plain Where the foremost ranks had wrestled, On his pale, pure face not a mark of pain, (His mother dreams they will meet again) The faint form amid all the slain, Like a child asleep he nestled."

Of the wounded, I remember Ike Bush, Pres Williams, Jim Quattlebeam and Henry Quattlebaum. All of these belonged to Co. B, Sixth South Carolina Cavalry.

In this "bloody angle" I remember seeing two gallant boys shot in Co. F, the cadet company—Lieut. Alfred Aldrich and Robert Aldrich, adjutant of the Sixth Cavalry.

When the fighting began Saturday morning Co. B had 64 men and by 9 o'clock Sunday night 37 had been killed and wounded. Assault after assault was made. Seven distinct charges were made and repulsed. There was a gallant major who led these charges and about sundown while leading his last charge, while almost near enough to be touched with a bayonet, Corporal John Briggs and Private Abe Broadwater of Co. B, Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, shot him and this ended the career of one of the most gallant men in the Federal army. I wish I knew his name. Their dead and wounded and our dead and wounded were lying close together between the railroad irons, and just across the railroad where so many charges had been made by this gallant major, were the dead bodies of about 300 of Sheridan's men just in front of the second squadron of the Sixth South Carolina, Aiken's Regiment.

Thomson's battery had been silenced and his surviving men ordered to be withdrawn. The losses in the South Carolina Regiments had been heavy, especially where exposed to the enfilade fire of the enemy's batteries and small arms. Worse still their ammunition was exhausted, when near sunset it was seen that Sheridan had concentrated stronger and heavier columns for another assault.

Gen. Butler dispatched one of his staff (Nat Butler who I think was the handsomest boy in the army of northern Virginia) for Hart's battery to come to the centre. This battery came at a gallop and unlimbered its pieces in the missile torn angle beside Thomson's silent guns. An ammunition wagon was carried at a gallop along Butler's line, the gallant order sergeant, Grant, of the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry (living now near Chester, S. C.) pitching cases of rifle cartridges from the rear end of his bullet-riddled wagon as it galloped on its dangerous mission. The cases were soon broken open and the men supplied. Just before the wagon arrived, however, every man in Company B, Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, had fired his last cartridge and a

young private soldier, Bill Turner, of this company, volunteered to go after ammunition and was wounded. Another boy volunteered which looked like madness on his part—cannon balls and minnie balls were flying thick and fast just over our heads and striking and plowing up the ground behind us, but Tom Sego went through this storm of lead and got as much ammunition as he could carry and returned in time for us to repulse another charge led by the gallant major mentioned above. Tom Sego's daring deed was one of the bravest of the war. He was killed 10th March, 1865, when Butler's men had ridden the third time over Kilpatrick's sleeping troopers, where he now sleeps in

"A grave in the woods with grass overgrown, A grave in the heart of his mother— His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone; There is not a name, there is not a stone And only the voice of the wind maketh moan O'er the grave where never a dower is strown, But his memory lives in the other."

Maj. Hart took all the spare men and artillery drivers he could gather and manned two of Thomson's guns and with these and his own opened on the large house in front, from the upper rooms of which a heavy fire was being delivered over the shallow breastworks of rails upon the South Carolina brigade at a distance of 300 yards. In less than five minutes exploding shells from Hart's guns had the house burning and the Federal troops scampering out. Hart's guns were then directed upon the Federal battery toward the enemy's left, which had been pouring upon the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry such a fearful fire. This battery was immediately silenced and driven off. There was no artillery officer on either side who behaved more gallantly than did our hero, Maj. James F. Hart, at Trevillian.

With a fresh supply of ammunition the South Carolina brigade renewed its fire with great effect. The Federal troops formed for the last assault advanced right into the railroad cut and were driven off with heavy loss. Gen. Hampton had led Fitz Lee's division to our left, and while the events just narrated were taking place, Lee's mounted columns were observed from our position moving toward the federal right flank. Our artillery, under the gallant Hart, now commanded every point from which an attack could be made, and our troops had just realized the fact that Sheridan could not move, but that we were going to move him right quickly from his strong position. It was then that Sheridan concluded that he did not want to go to Charlottesville and Lynchburg, after all; that he could not effect a junction with Gen. Hunter because of the latter's tardiness and that having encountered a large force of Confederate infantry, in addition to Hampton's cavalry, he would withdraw and return to the cover of Grant's lines near Richmond. Thus he officially explained his defeat.

There was not a man from the infantry in this battle on either side. Sheridan's retreat began at dark and so rapid was it, lest Hampton would overtake him, that he had crossed the North Anna River, fifteen miles away, before 2 o'clock the next morning. The Confederate Cavalry, without forage for horses or rations for men from Friday evening to Monday evening, and exhausted by two days of fighting, were not able to pursue before morning. Sheridan moved rapidly to the cover of his gunboats at White House landing on the York River, where Hampton attempted to draw him out and engage him on Monday, the 20th of June. On Friday, the 24th of June, Gregg's Federal division, covering Sheridan's flank as he crossed from the York to the James River, was encountered by Butler's men at Samaria Church and driven several miles, but Sheridan's main force succeeded in reaching the rear of Grant's lines behind Petersburg, where it remained ineffective for some weeks. Butler had in his division about 2,420 men; Fitz Lee had in his division about 3,000 men; making a total of about 5,420 men; and three batteries carrying altogether 12 guns.

Sheridan's Federal forces consisted of twenty-two regiments and four batteries of horse artillery, 24 guns and 11,337 men. See war records. Thirty-four long years have come and gone since this terrible conflict, and at least three-fourths of us who wore the blue and the grey in this bloody fight have crossed over the river.

"Some time, some day our eyes shall see The faces kept in memory; Some day their hands shall clasp our hands Just over the morning lands. Some day our ears shall hear the song Of triumph over sin and wrong; Some time, some time; but ah not yet, Still we will wait and not forget. That some time, all these things shall be, And rest be given to you and me; So let us wait, though years move slow, That glad some time will come we know."

The generals who participated in this fight were Wade Hampton, who was the only lieutenant general of cavalry in the Confederate States army, twice elected governor, and twice elected United States Senator and appointed United States Railroad

Commissioner, now retired to private life in his 81st year; M. C. Butler, who went from captain to major general of cavalry in the Confederate States Army, and elected three times United States Senator, and is now Major General of the United States Volunteers, and a member of the Cuban Peace Commission; T. L. Rosser, Brigadier General Confederate States Army and now Brigadier General of the United States Volunteers; Fitzhugh Lee, Major General Confederate States Army, elected Governor of Virginia, United States Consul to Cuba and now Major General United States Volunteers.

Gen. Phil Sheridan, United States Army, is dead; Gen. Custer was killed by the Indians in 1876; Gen. Alger is now Secretary of War of the United States; Gen. Coppinger was twice elected Governor of Michigan and now Major General United States Volunteers; Maj. Merritt is now Major General United States Volunteers at Manila.

In the language of John L. McLaurin "We can thank God that we are now a united people and that our house is no longer divided against itself.

"From the rock-bound coast of Maine to Pacific's Golden Gate; from Superior's crystal waters to the evergreen shores of the Mexican sea, brothers are we all, proud of the Stars and Stripes, whether we come from the rising or the setting sun, from the bleak prairies of the Dakotas or the sunny slopes of the Carolinas, content to rest beneath its folds from the dawning of the morning when the earth is wrapped in gray into the eventide when the skies have donned the blue."

Mr. Wm. L. Loyall, one of Virginia's most gifted sons, in presenting a portrait of Gen. M. C. Butler to the R. E. Lee camp at Richmond, October 8, 1897, said this of him when he was a colonel on the 9th of June, the day he lost his leg: "One of the most dashing figures seen that day was Col. M. C. Butler at the head of his regiment, the Second South Carolina Cavalry. Twenty-seven years of age, moulded like an Apollo, with a face as sweet and handsome as that of any god of old, he sat on his horse like a typical South Carolina cavalier; gentle as any fawn when comrades were assembled in social converse, fierce as a veteran grenadier when the foe was to be met face to face * * * * *

But he lost with his leg none of that unconquerable dash and spirit that made him a very paladin in the cavalry corps of the army of Northern Virginia. Returning to his command as quickly as his wound would permit, he was at once made Brigadier General of cavalry, and from that time to the end of the war his plume always showed in the lead where the calm judgment of a soldier was needed or the dash of a knight ready to face any odds was called for."

In the exciting days of 1876 Judge Jno E. Bacon introduced Gen. Butler to an Edgefield audience as the young hero of Trevillian. In his speech at Orangeburg, April 12, 1892; Gen. Butler concluded with these words: "And now my countrymen, before these ceremonies are brought to a conclusion, let me implore you by all our sacrifices of the past, the grave problems of the present and the hopes of the future, to keep pure and undefiled the fountains from which the stream and flow of our liberties emanated. Stand fast to the doctrine of home rule, local self-government, domestic order and tranquility and enlightened progress. We did not lose or forfeit these in the arbitrament of war. We did lose slavery by force of arms, but by a determined, united, yet conservative and humane course of conduct we may convert that loss into a blessing for our children and for those who come after us. Let us banish resentments from our hearts, if any remain, discharge our whole duty to the country and turn our faces to the future, stopping now and again to place a flower of affectionate remembrance on the tombs of our heroic dead."

President McKinley deserves the well done of the American people for appointing Gen. M. C. Butler a Major General in the United States Army.

No More Black Powder. WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—Probably the navy has fought its last war with black powder. Bids were opened today at the navy department for supplying the new war ships with one million pounds of smokeless powder, a quantity sufficient to supply at least the secondary batteries of all the ships in the service, and this supply will be augmented from time to time until within the course of a year or two all the black powder will have been retired, except possibly some that will be retained for saluting purposes. There were six bids received to-day at the department, and opened by Judge Advocate Lemly, in the presence of representatives of most of the bidders, prominent among them being Mrs. Maria Dittmar, head of the powder concern bearing her name. The bids on an average were about the same as the navy is now paying for its powder, and slightly below the figure paid by the army under the emergency created by the war.

Do Spirits Protect us? Our respected contemporary, the Waterbury American, quotes some of the cases cited by the Times to prove the inaccuracy of the Hartford Courant's contention that no case of spirit communication has ever occurred which was not trivial or made up of circumstances already known to the recipient or to some one present. The fact in these cases that we cited were very certainly not known to any one present, nor could they be, for two of them saved the recipients from being killed, one by the bursting of a big gun, the other by a steamboat explosion, while the third case revealed to a father in Rhode Island the death of his son in California, which had occurred only three days before the message (purporting to be from the son) was given in Providence, and it required, in those days, at least three weeks to hear from California. But the American proceeds to say:

"Giving to the Times's claims and illustrations all the weight they seem entitled to, they seem by their rarity and average insufficiency to prove rather than disprove the Courant's contention."

This is like the Arkansas lawyer's arguments for his client, that whereas only one witness had testified to seeing the prisoner in the act of robbery, all the other witnesses had not seen him in the act—therefore he must be judged innocent. The "rarity" of an actual occurrence, if that occurrence is sustained by actual proof, does not impair its force. It outweighs a thousands negative testimonials. In the remarkable California case (in 1851, we think) the witness was United States Senator James F. Simmons, of Rhode Island, who, though disbelieving the message, took means to decide the matter, and the body of his son was actually found, hidden in the hollow log, where the giver of the message, that had been spent out in Rhode Island only three days after the murder, had said it was placed. Of the "insufficiency" of such a case every candid mind can judge.

The witness in the case of life-saving in the bursting of the "Peacemaker," on board the United States steamer Princeton, on the Potomac, February 28, 1844, was United States Senator Talmadge, of New York. It was his life that was saved, and the man who took T's place near the big gun, after Mr. Talmadge had been forced away for the third time by an invisible power, was in two by a fragment of the gun. In the case of the steamboat explosion at St. Louis, the witness was Judge J. W. Edmonds, of the New York Supreme Court. Judge Edmonds said he was led to turn back when on his way to the steamer's dock and abandon his trip to Cincinnati, by a voice that seemed speaking in his ear, and told him to go back to his hotel and not to go near the steamer. He added that the explosion occurred just at the time he would have been likely to have reached the steamer, and he was convinced that he owed his life to that mysterious warning voice. Do such cases amount to nothing simply because people who do not know about them call them trivial and false? The American says:

"We understand that the greater number of this kind of experiences can be explained on natural grounds, and that the few apparently authentic and otherwise inexplicable cases are only exceptions, which prove the rule that supernatural agencies of such profound possibilities, if active at all, are not, so far as most of us can see, doing anything worth while."

If our Waterbury friends can "explain on natural grounds" such occurrences as these—and there are scores, if not hundreds, of similar impressive interventions that have saved life—the field is all open to him to go ahead and make such an explanation. The attempt to make it, has already changed the attitude of such men of science as Oliver Lodge, the ex-president of the British Scientific Association; Sir William Crookes, the present president of the Psychological Research Society of England, and prospective head of the Royal Society; Alfred Russell Wallace, the eminent author and scientist; Dr. Hodgson, and others not less widely known. These gentlemen, who were "Agnostics" all, now recognize the great reality of another life, and the fact of communication between that life and the life here on earth. It all looks as if the other world were indeed doing something "worth while." The Waterbury American concludes its remarks with this saving clause:

"This is not saying that such communication is impossible or that the apparent failure may not be due to human deficiency."

Two cases have been published of persons living far apart, and strangers to each other, who intended to take passage on the French steamer La Bourgoyne, but who were deterred by warnings similar to that which saved Judge Edmonds. Scores of such cases are heard of. What do they all indicate?—Hartford Times.

More than twenty million free samples of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve have been distributed by the manufacturer. What better proof of their confidence in its merits do you want? It cures piles, burns, scalds, sores in the shortest space of time. Evans Pharmacy.

"There's one thing I've noted about the charity that begins at home," sneered the crusty old bachelor. "What's that?" "It becomes so extremely domestic that it never calls on the neighbors."

In making railroad tunnels, and in sinking wells and pits in Arizona, Nevada and Utah, salt strata is often struck at varying depths. Hundreds of fish, perfectly preserved, are found in blocks of this pure rock salt.

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