SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Things They Did During the Civil War.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

he was the daintiest old lady imag-ble; and so talkative! Her white, screw curls bobbled up and down he emphasized every sentence with tion of the head or hand. She had to this to make herself impressive, her voice was so silvery soft that wouldn't have been heard other-e. And no wonder, for she was ounded by a group of young wo-sewing away at a lot of denim rgency bags which soldiers willably never need.

"How do you like sewing for Yan-soldiers?" a pretty girl with mis-rous eyes asked her.

"I never would have believed that have been guilty of doing such a g," answered the old lady with a h. "But here I am stitching away our squadron A men, or whatever call 'em, and me such a through through Southerner, too. I do der what my people in South Car-a would say. Some of the old s would think that I'd lost my d. I reckon; that I'd gone stark but I want to be doing some-g now that we are in for another ."

"You didn't do anything for the diers in the last war, I suppose," d a tall, light-haired girl. "I be-e you Southern women are and al-s have been physically opposed to thing like work."

"Well, you believe what is absolute-true," answered the old lady, her k eyes snapping, and her curls bling furiously, "and the quicker young people get such notions out our heads the better. If I can rince you that you are altogether ng I shall feel myself repaid for ing this long trip up here. South-women not do anything for the federate soldiers, indeed, during war!"

"Tell us all about it," urged a thern girl, and about twenty voices ked up her request.

"Well, you girls and women are get-g up your Red Cross relief societies we had aid associations in the th during the Civil War with a ilar object. There was an aid so-y in every neighborhood, and we thern women had to exercise so h ingenuity that we actually did realize what privations we were uring in those days of busy ught. The hardest task that an society had was when the members dertook to make uniforms for a com-y. Think of it, dear girls! These forms were made of heavy jeans, ven at home by our slaves. A tail-out them out, but the mothers, es, sweethearts and sisters made m, and every stitch was handwork, for at that time sewing machines e almost unknown. We knit socks shirts on steel and wooden needles finally things come to such a pass t we had to rip the ticking from mattresses and convert it into ts for our soldiers. On every ntation there was one or more emakers for the slaves, and these de up quantities of shoes out of old tlegs."

"How did you get these things to soldiers?" asked some one. "Did send them through your sanitary mission?"

"We didn't have such a thing," an-red the old lady sadly. "It was a t day with an aid society when ugh things were ready to warrant ding a big box to the soldiers by e returning soldier or by some sol-'s body servant, at home to rest a e spell. All the women and old , too old for service, would come m miles and miles around to the se where the box was being packed ging anything they had to send r folks in the war. One would g a waistcoat, one a pair of trou-s, another a shirt, and all brought hing in the way of clothing or es.

"I shall never forget a scene that k place at my father's house once en my brother's valet, Bob, was go-back. Everybody in the surround-country began to bring things for to take back, and what to put m in began to puzzle us. Sudden-we remembered a tremendous trunk ich my uncle, Dr. Nott, had ught from Paris, filled with surgi-instruments and valuable skeleton. at trunk had always been a white phant on our hands, and my old her suggested that we send the ngs in it. It was brought out, fill-and packed and filled again, until lly everything was in. I can see waistcoat now which a mother de for her boy. It was made of y strips, and one-half was brown the other half blue, but, she said, would keep her boy warm. Finally b got off with the trunk, and the t day I heard somebody cry out at gate, 'Hello!' I went out on the anda. It was bitter, bitter cold, the wind was blowing a gale. ere was an old, emaciated man on his se, with a bundle hugged up to his breast.

"'Good mornin'.' he said.

"'Good morning,' I answered. 'Wont you 'light and come in?'

"'No, I reckon I'd better not,' he answered. 'I'm just outen the smallpox, and I hain't got out yet. Min, my wife, ad 'em first. She tuck on pow'fully 'bout the burning and pain, an' I would say: 'Oh, I reckon it's not so bad; don't take on so.' But when I tuck 'em myself I sang another chune. But I rode six miles this mornin' to put a bundle in the box for my son.'

"'But Bob has gone with the box,' I said, 'and I am so sorry to disappoint you.'

"'Gone, gone,' he kept repeating to himself in a dazed way. 'Well, I'll get back home. My poor boy! I know he needs the things,' and off he went with his head on his breast. I secretly thanked God that the things had gone, for think of putting garments made by a mother just over the smallpox, made in a house infected, into a great trunk of clothing for soldiers!

"Bless you, my children," continued the old lady, "what the Southern women did for the Confederate soldiers in the field was only a small part of the work the war entailed on us. We couldn't buy things to eat or wear, and there were all of those poor, ignorant slaves to be cared for. I remember so well that salt was one of the scarcest articles, and one that must be had, so we all thought. As long as the government could, it furnished salt to the families of the soldiers, giving so many pounds to each every manth. Polly," addressing the Southern girl, "your dear old gran'pa was a salt distributor, and how pathetic it was to see the poor and the rich coming to his house for their share. Some came afoot, some on horseback, and others in carriages. And how kind, patient and just he was! I can see him now. Finally a time came when he had no salt to distribute and could get none. The people were wild for it and at last he could stand their pleadings no longer. He gathered many teams and drivers, went to some salt wells in Virginia, and brought back a pretty good supply for the neighborhood. Salt earth was also dug up in old plantation smokehouses, where we cured our meat, put into hoppers, dripped, and then boiled down. Many bushels of nice white salt were obtained in this way.

"Many used parched rye or parched okra seeds in lieu of coffee, and a more beautiful beverage than the latter you never saw. It was clear and rich in color, but I couldn't go it. We always kept a little coffee on hand for fear of illness."

"You said you couldn't buy anything to wear, didn't you?" asked a young woman, smoothing down her tailor-made gown.

"That's what I said," answered the old lady. "For common wear we wore dresses made of homespun, woven by the slaves. Polly's grandmother owned a great many negroes who could weave really beautiful homespun and double-faced jeans, and they also made really very pretty and artistic wool coverlets and counterpanes. Old black silk was raveled into lint, then carded on with cotton and woven into a kind of gray poplin, which was very pretty and soft. Our best gowns were made of this, and we only wore them on state occasions to swell functions, as you girls say, when we sipped tea made of dry strawberry leaves. Of course Southern men, before the war, were great on wearing silk hats, and these were left at home. We women skinned the hats and covered the home-made frames to make low hats for ladies. They looked something like a sailor hat, and rooster feathers were used for trimming. Our gloves were made of black silk stocking legs.

"Our mail facilities were very poor all over the country. A neighborhood would arrange to have a daily mail by having a member of each family going or sending on his day to the nearest railway station. I have known Polly's grandfather, old and feeble as he was, to go oftentimes fifty miles in a day to get his own mail and fetch that of the soldiers' wives in his neighborhood. They came teeming in to get their letters and to hear the paper read. The old gentleman got the Daily Carolinian, published in Columbia. At first it was printed on paper made of straw, and the cheapest ink was used, but at last the publishers couldn't get even straw paper, and so they issued the news printed on wall paper that had been stowed away. Schoolboys made lead pencils by melting bullets and pouring the molten liquid into canes; when cold the canes were split off.

"There were many funny things to lighten our burdens, however, and everybody was hopeful and helpful. How the women worked in every way. They ran the plantations, looked personally after the farming implements, the stock, the cows in the pastures, the hundreds of sheep, whose wool was needed, and, most carefully of all, after the hundreds of negroes, who must be clothed and fed. Toward the end Confederate money would buy nothing. Why, I've paid as much as $25 for a spool of cotton thread. How good, how faithful, how kind were the negroes. What could they not have done, with all the white men gone to war, had they been evil-minded? When Sherman was marching through Carolina, I was the sole white person, with the exception of my baby girl, on the great plantation, among all the negroes. My sisters were water-bound twenty-five miles distant, and my mother was in Richmond with my only brother, who lay wounded unto death. But the negroes never left me, and how they loved and petted and looked out for me. My old negro mammy, Mammy 'Liza, comforted me all the while, saying: 'Mever you min', honey, I'll sleep in the big house with you,' and she did in after years, when she was free and I enslaved by sorrow, she comforted me again. When my little girl died she told me so many beautiful things that kept my heart from hardening. She never would leave her white folks, as she called us, and really died our slave, for there is no master like love, and she loved us and we her.

"Now, do you believe that we Southern women did any work during the war?" she asked, with a smile.

"Oh, yes," instantly spoke up the girl who had expressed a doubt.

"Do you know," said the tall, light-haired girl, "I feel as if making these emergency bags and doing such things as we do is mere child's play. But all the same, I trust that the women of the country will not have to do such things as you Southern women did, no matter how fiercely war is waged."

"Such conditions could never exist again," answered the old lady, placidly. "Have no fear. Then our people were divided; now we are welded together by the Stars and Stripes forever. Really, I don't care what my unreconstructed Southern friends say when they hear I've joined this relief association, for I'm downright proud to be doing something for these dear Yankee soldier boys." And the girls exchanged amused glances.

This Will Interest Many.

Editor of Intelligencer: If any of your readers who suffer from Blood Impurities, such as eruptions, unsightly Pimples, Ulcers, Eating Sores, Eczema, Scrofula, Cancer, Tetter, Swollen Glands, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Contagious Blood Poison, Ulcerated Mouth or Throat, or any other Blood Taint, will write us, we will send them free of charge and prepaid, a Trial Bottle of B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), a positive specific cure for all Blood Troubles. As you are well aware B. B. B. has been thoroughly tested for thirty years, and in that time has permanently cured thousands of sufferers after all other treatments had failed. B. B. B. is undoubtedly the most wonderful Blood Purifier of the age. It is different from any other blood remedy, because B. B. B. drives from the Blood the Humors and Poisons that cause the unsightly evidences of Bad Blood and a cure is thus made that lasts forever. B. B. B. is for sale by every druggist in the United States, but to satisfy your readers that B. B. B. is a real cure, we will send a bottle free of charge and prepaid, to anyone who writes us. If your readers will describe their troubles we will give Free Personal Medical Advice. Ask your local druggist about B. B. B.

Blood Balm Co., 380 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga.

—It is, perhaps, not generally known that potatoes are imported into this country from Scotland and Germany; but such is the case. For the past five years, however, the Scotch yield has been so small as to preclude the exportation of any part of it; but this season the crop was large, and one ship alone brought 150,000 sacks.

On the 10th of December, 1897, Rev. S. A. Donahoe, pastor M. E. Church, South, Pt. Pleasant, W. Va., contracted a severe cold which was attended from the beginning by violent coughing. He says: "After resorting to a number of so-called 'specifics,' usually kept in the house, to no purpose, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which acted like a charm. I most cheerfully recommend it to the public." For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

—"Now that you are about to marry," remarked the fond mamma to her only daughter, "it behooves me to speak plainly. You have had your own way all your life, but that must end." "Why, mamma!" exclaimed the prospective bride; "George will let me do just as I please." "Bother George!" retorted the fond mamma, "I'm thinking that you will have to have a cook."

During the winter of 1897 Mr. James Reed, one of the leading citizens and merchants of Clay, Clay Co., W. Va., struck his leg against a cake of ice in such a manner as to bruise it severely. It became very much swollen and pained him so badly that he could not walk without the aid of crutches. He was treated by physicians, also used several kinds of liniment and two and a half gallons of whiskey in bathing it, but nothing gave any relief until he began using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This brought almost a complete cure in a week's time and he believes that had he not used this remedy his leg would have had to be amputated. Pain Balm is unequaled for sprains, bruises and rheumatism. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Anderson, S. C.

Eli Perkins Joins a Drinking Club.

"Sellin' whiskey in Kansas!" exclaimed the purple-nosed railroad passenger, as he bit off a chew of plug tobacco while the train was pulling out of Topeka. "Drinkin' whiskey! Why, they're drinkin' more whiskey than they ever did before!"

"But we never see any bar-rooms," I remarked.

"No, they ain't no bars an' they ain't no signs of a bar; but they's drinkin'."

Then I rode through the State without seeing a barroom, a drunken man, or a sign up where whiskey was for sale. Valuable corners were occupied by stores, and the money that used to go into the open saloons was going into the stores. I found that Kansas used to send out 15,000,000 to Peoria and Kentucky for whiskey, and now she is sending out about a million a year. I found that Kansas is now saving through temperance $14,000,000 a year, and in ten years will save $140,000,000; and still that red-nosed lounger in the smoking car is continually screeching through the car: "They's drinkin' more whiskey in Kansas than they ever did before!"

Up in Maine I heard the same whiskey drinkers' refrain. It never came from a church member or from a prosperous, moral, business man. It always came from a drinking man. So during my last trip through Maine I decided to investigate and find out if the law preventing drunkenness doubled the drunkards—if the law preventing the sale of whiskey really increased the sale of it.

Well, a lecture engagement called me up to Farmington, twenty-five miles north of Lewiston. The engagement was for Saturday night. I had to drive up from Lewiston. It was a $10 ride through the snow.

"This is a temperance State isn't it?" I said to the stableman as he was hitching up his team.

"Temperance State!" he exclaimed! "Why, they're pourin' down whiskey here—drinkin' more'n they ever did before."

"Hadn't you better take a hot milk punch before we start?" I said.

"Hot milk punch!" he said, his eyes snapping with joy; "yes, it would taste good; but you can't get those fancy drinks up here. No bars, you know, an' you've got to make them fancy drinks at home."

"But when there is so much drinking there must be bars near by," I said.

"Well, they're drinkin', all the same, but we don't have bars. We have to manage a little, and it takes time, you know."

So we started off for the long twenty-five-mile ride through the snow. We passed several hotels and stopped and warmed. There were no barrooms, and hot lemonades were the only drinks to be had.

We found Farmington without a bar, and a thorough temperance town. The audience that greeted me showed temperance, intelligence and prosperity in their faces.

Coming back the next morning, I said to my driver: "It is strange that people will so traduce this temperance State."

"They don't traduce it," said the driver. "They's drinkin' goin' on here. I can get you a drink."

"You can get me a drink," I said with an accent on the "can." "Why, of course you can," I said enthusiastically, "and when we get to Lewiston we'll have some nice hot whiskey, won't we?"

I noticed my man didn't enthuse. Then after a moment's thought he remarked:

"I'm afraid I'll be too busy putting out my horse; but I could get you a drink if I had time."

"But I'll pay a boy for unhitching the horse," I said, as we drove into the Lewiston stable. "Now, let's have the drink, come on!"

"All right," said the driver. "I think I can get a drink; but mebby the whiskey is out, and we'll have to take bottled beer."

Then I followed him through the dried weeds and snow along the river bank.

"This isn't the way to a saloon," I said.

"No, I'm going to Mike Grady's. Mrs. Grady has some beer left over from a funeral.

When we reached the rear end of Grady's cabin the driver knocked on the door.

"Be aff from there!" said an Irish woman's voice. "It's no use comin' round here. The perlice has been round here, and poor Moike has gone wid 'em."

"Con—found it!" said my driver, striking his left hand with his right fist. "the police are always gettin' on the end of a wake. But I can get you a drink yet." Then he looked at me quizzically, and said:

"Will you join a club?"

"A what!"

"A club."

"Yes, I'll join anything to get the drink. I'll join the Masons, join a hose company, join a church—anything."

"Come along, then. I know where it is."

Then I followed him across the bridge and up Maine street. Then he turned up a pair of stairs, and I followed him up three stories to a door with a little wicket door in the center, where he gave three knocks and the wicket flew open. Then commenced some low whispering, and then the big door slowly opened.

"Fifty cents is the price of membership," he said, holding out a card with my name written on it. Then we went to the next room, where there was a bottle of whiskey on the table. I took it in my hand and smelt of it.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Oh, don't be afraid of it. It's whiskey."

It was whiskey—Maine whiskey, but such whiskey! My man had kept his word. I looked at the bottle, then looked at my membership card. I have that card now. I'm a member in good standing.

"Well," I said, "this is pretty near prohibition. If walking eight blocks, climbing up three pairs of stairs, joining a club of drunkards, and paying fifty cents to look at a bottle of vile poison, isn't prohibition, I never expect to see it."

If any clergyman reading this article doubts the truth of my story, I will send him my membership ticket by return mail—with my affidavit appended.

Prohibition does prohibit whiskey about as much as the law prohibits stealing. They still steal, but they steal less. If the penalty against liquor selling were as strong as it is against murder, there would be as few liquor sellers as murderers, and there would be less tears and less poverty in this world and less sulphur in the next.—*Eli Perkins, in the New Voice.*

Joseph Stockford, Hodgdon, Me., healed a sore running for seventeen years and cured his piles of long standing by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures all skin diseases. Evans Pharmacy.

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HEADACHE,
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Relieves all pain.
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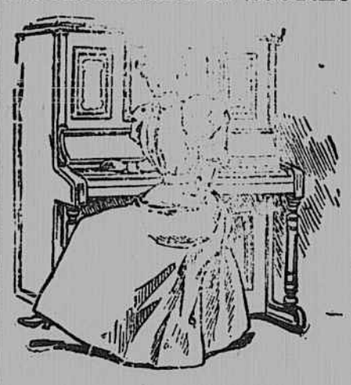

NO influence lends so much to home-life as music. No Stock offers greater attractions than ours, and we wish to help you to happiness. **It's not alone that we say it, but you know that we mean it,** as we sell the **best class** of—

PIANOS and ORGANS,

As well as small Musical Merchandise, and will **give you full value** for every dollar. You are cordially invited to call in person and inspect our Stock, or write for catalogues and prices.

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Of the day, and are constantly receiving new additions to our Stock. We appeal to your judgment and will sell you the best in this line.

We still handle thoroughly reliable—

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Most respectfully,

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IF you want SHOES cheap go to Cheap John's, the Five Cent Store.

For your TOBACCO and CIGARS it's the place to get them cheap.

Schnapps Tobacco	37½c.
Early Bird Tobacco	37½c.
Gay Bird Tobacco	35c.
Our Leader Tobacco	27½c.
Nabob's Cigars	1c. each.
Stogies	4 for 5c.
Premio or Habana	3 for 5c.
Old Glory	8c. a pack.

Arbuckle's Coffee 11c. pound.
No. 9 Coffee 9c. pound.
Soda 10 lbs. for 25c.
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Good 8-day Clock, guaranteed for five years, $1.95.

Tinware to beat the band.

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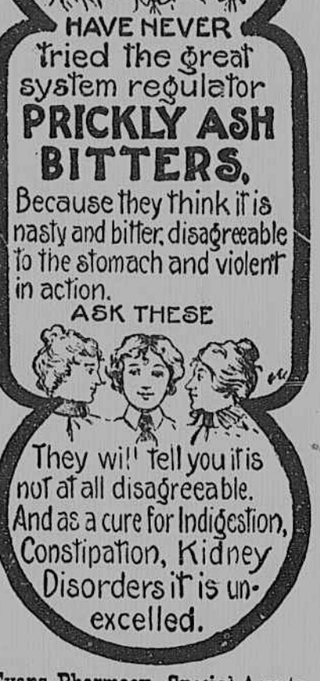
THESE LADIES



HAVE NEVER tried the great system regulator PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Because they think it is nasty and bitter, disagreeable to the stomach and violent in action.

ASK THESE

They will tell you it is not at all disagreeable. And as a cure for Indigestion, Constipation, Kidney Disorders it is unexcelled.

Evans Pharmacy, Special Agents.

TAX NOTICE.

THE books for the collection of State, School and County Taxes will be open from Oct. 16th 1899, until December 31st, 1899, inclusive, and for the convenience of the taxpayers I will collect at the following places:

Bishop's Branch, Oct. 30, 9 to 12.
Slabtown, Glenn's Store, Oct. 30, 1:30 to 3 p. m.
Mt. Airy, Oct. 31, 9 to 12.
Leach's Store, Oct. 31, 1:30 to 3:30.
Piedmont, Wednesday, Nov. 1, 9 to 3 o'clock.
Pelzer, Thursday, Nov. 2, 8 to 4 o'clock.
Williamston, Friday, Nov. 3, 9 to 12 o'clock.
Belton, Friday, Nov. 3, 1:30 to 3:30 o'clock.
Honea Path, Tuesday, Nov. 7, 9 to 3 o'clock.
Cooks or Iva, Wednesday, Nov. 8, 10 to 2 o'clock.
Hollands, Thursday, Nov. 9, 10 to 2 o'clock.
Townville, Friday, Nov. 10, 9 to 12.
Mrs. G. W. Farmer's, Friday, Nov. 10, 1:30 to 3
Pendleton, Monday, Nov. 13, 10 to 3 o'clock.

After the 13th of Nov. the Treasurer's office will be open. Rate of tax levy as follows:

State Tax	5	mills.
Ordinary County	2½	"
Constitutional School	3	"
Public Roads	1	"
Past Indebtedness	½	"
Court House and Jail	1	"
Total	13	"

An additional levy of 3 mills has been made for Hunter School District for school purposes, making total levy in that district 16 mills.

The State Constitution requires all males between twenty-one and sixty years of age, except those incapable of earning a support from being maimed, or from other cause, and those who served in the war between the States, to pay a poll tax of one dollar.

All male persons between the ages of eighteen and fifty years, who are able to work roads or cause them to be worked, except school trustees preachers who have charge of congregations, and persons who served in the war between the States are liable to do road duty, and in lieu of work may pay a tax of one dollar, to be collected at the same time the other taxes are collected.

J. M. PAYNE,
County Treasurer.

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DENTISTS.
OFFICE IN MASONIC TEMPLE.
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FRESH DRUGS,	FRESH GROCERIES,
FRESH SODA WATER,	FRESH ICE,
FRESH FRUITS,	FRESH TURNIP SEED,

EVERYTHING FRESH EXCEPT

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Notice to Debtors.

PARTIES owing us open and secured Accounts due in the Fall are notified that said Accounts are now due and must be settled at once. GUANO NOTES are due and payable on or before October 1st, and must be paid promptly out of the first sales of Cotton. We appreciate the general desire to hold Cotton for higher prices and do not object, but must insist that it be not held at our expense and risk. You can store it and borrow enough on it to pay your Account; therefore, do not expect to ride us when we are needing our money. This is strictly business, and we mean every word we say, for we will have our money if we have to put out Special Collectors to get it. Save yourself trouble and expense by giving us prompt settlements.

Yours truly,

DEAN & RATLIFFE.

WHEAT AND OATS FERTILIZERS.

HALF crops of Cotton don't pay as well as half crops of Wheat. Your land needs a change, anyway, and with proper manuring will pay you better in Wheat and Oats than in Cotton. We have the—

Fertilizers specially made and adapted for Wheat Culture.

Recommended by eminent Chemists and practical Wheat growers all over the country, and it is suitable to the character of Anderson County soil. It is well pulverized and in nice shape for distributing.

Let us sell you if you want—

THE BEST GOODS.

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$9.00 WILL BUY A FINE FRENCH CHINA TEA-SET!

BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED.

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This Company has been in successful business for fifty-four years; has paid policy-holders over **$165,000,000,** and now has cash assets of over $67,000,000. It issues the plainest and best policy on the market. After TWO annual premiums have been paid it—

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