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WAR STORIES.

A Reminiscence of General Lee.

Lucy R. Buck in Augusta Chronicle.

Messrs. Editors: Now, when the character of Gen. Robert E. Lee is so generally discussed, some interest may attach to the following personal reminiscences, which illustrated his graceful tact and adaptability to surroundings.

It was the summer of 1864, just after the battle of Gettysburg, when the contending armies retiring from the field were running an exciting race, each trying to be first in reaching Richmond.

That July afternoon much excitement was created in Front Royal by the report that Gen. Lee, with his army, was falling back to the valley, and was even then crossing the Shenandoah river just a mile north of the town.

My father, having an acquaintance upon the general's staff, rode out to meet them and offered to lead them by a short cut through the field to our home, where they could stretch their cramped limbs and drink fresh buttermilk while waiting for the main body of the troops to come up.

I shall never forget my first sight of the grand old chief as he stood on the portico surrounded by his officers, a tall commanding figure, clad in dusty, travel-stained gray, but with a courtly, dignified bearing that would have entitled him to distinction anywhere.

Upon being introduced to me by my father, he, in turn presented each member of his staff; then seating himself upon a bench made room for me beside him, saying: "Come, my daughter, sit by me while I am resting, that we may have a little talk;" and then began to discuss subjects which he knew would interest my girlish mind.

When I tried to express my pleasure at seeing him, he replied with rather a sad smile: "Ah, my child, I wish I was better worth your regard. There," pointing to his officers, "see those gallant young rebels, they are worth looking at."

In compliance with a request for Southern songs, my sister and I played and sang for him while he stood by the piano and listened with as much courteous interest as if his heart had really been in the music and not with his brave troops wading the Shenandoah and straining every nerve to reach the desired goal in time.

As we sang: "But the God of David still Guides the pebble with his will, There are giants yet to kill, Wrongs unshriven."

he bowed his head and murmured softly: "True, most true."

When he had enriched our albums with his autographs he rose to take his leave, saying as he did so: "I wish we were leaving you to peace and happiness, and I do hope the next soldiers who come will not annoy you very much."

Passing out to the lawn, his quick eye noted under the aspen trees a little carriage in which my baby brother lay fast asleep. He stepped quickly to the side of it and bending down, pressed his bearded lips to the little unconscious face, then mounted his horse and with a parting wave of his hat, passed forever from our sight.

From sight, but not from memory. And thinking of him now, it is not the brave soldier and great leader I recall so much as the unselfish, warm-hearted, strong man, who could interest himself in thoughtless young strangers and entertain them while his heart was torn with anxiety and his mind weighted down with responsibility that would have crushed a weaker spirit.

After the close of the war, when he had taken up his noble work at Lexington, the writer sent him a communication asking him for some personal

memento. He responded promptly in a kind note, inclosing a military button, which he stated had accompanied him in all his Virginia campaigns. These are now cherished treasures.

A Monument to Capt. Wirz.

The Georgia Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy Convention, held in Macon, have started a movement to erect a monument to Capt. Wirz, commander of the prison at Andersonville. Their resolutions will be endorsed by every Confederate soldier as the right thing to do in honor of the truth of history.

Capt. Wirz was a soldier, and performed his duty as a soldier, and was murdered after the war by the Federal government to appease the wrath of the radical element of the North. The treatment of the prisoners at Andersonville was not half as bad as the treatment of the Confederates in Northern prisons. This matter has been fully shown by the records, as there were 7 per cent. more deaths in Northern prisons than in the Southern, notwithstanding the North had all the medical appliances of the world to draw from, while the South had no medicines—the North even declaring quinine contraband. We will not discuss this further, but quote from the resolutions.

The following action was taken by Savannah Chapter: Mrs. A. C. Benning, of Columbus, moved that "that convention adopt the resolution of Mrs. Young, of Savannah, and that the Georgia Division, U. D. C., at once take the initiative, and secure funds to erect at Andersonville, Ga., a monument which shall stand as the protest of the South against the slanders and falsehoods, already displayed in bronze and marble at that place." Seconded by Mrs. M. L. Johnson, of Cass Station, and carried.

The resolution offered by Mrs. Young reads as follows: "Whereas, Capt. Henry Wirz, commandant of the Stockade Prison, at Andersonville, Ga., was judicially murdered under false charges of cruelty to prisoners. And,

"Whereas, after an interval of forty years these false charges are reiterated on sign boards in public places, from the pulpit and on monuments: "Therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Georgia, use their influence to obtain the necessary funds to place a suitable memorial to Capt. Wirz, in Andersonville, Ga., upon which a statement of facts shall be engraved in enduring brass or marble, showing that the Federal government was solely responsible for the condition of affairs at Andersonville. Be it further

"Resolved, That as four Federal prisoners were permitted to go from Andersonville to Washington to plead for an exchange of prisoners, and when refused a hearing returned to prison, thus keeping their parole, a tribute to their honor be inscribed on said monument."

An Eloquent Welcome.

The general convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy was recently held at San Francisco, California. Mrs. Victor Montgomery delivered the address of welcome to the ladies, from which we extract the following eloquent words:

"Daughters of the Confederacy: We expect you, by your debates and deliberations, to show forth the aims and ends for which we exist to demonstrate clearly and beyond question the dignity of our principles, the purity and beauty of our motives. In all the world's history our organization is unique. Where in its pages can be found the record of an association formed nearly forty years after the events it commemorates to honor a vanquished people? The victorious, since time began, have extolled in song and story, carved in rude hieroglyph upon stone, or perpetuated in beautiful marble or enduring bronze the deeds of men who marched to victory. Not to the vanquished, no matter how just the cause. You can see how different we are from these, so different that sometimes our motives need an interpreter.

"It is difficult for the world to understand how a body of women, loyal to a vanquished country, loving its institutions and its flag, giving life to a dead government, live in their hearts a blood-stained banner forever furled, and weep over the fallen hosts of the gray for nearly half a century. We expect you to

show how Southern love remembers to honor the dead past, care for the living present, provide for the hopeful future, holding fast your faith in the ultimate triumph of justice, and looking forward to that future when, in the fullness of time, the unbiased historian shall arise, and using the wealth of material you have garnered for the purpose, shall give to the South and the Southern soldier their rightful places in American history."

Georgia had seven Major Generals in the Confederate army. Of these seven, Augusta had four. Of the three Lieutenant Generals, from Georgia, Augusta had one.

Confederate Graves are to be Marked.

Washington, December 14.—Senator Foraker, of Ohio, has introduced a bill to provide for the appropriate marking of the graves of soldiers and sailors of the Confederate army and navy who died in Northern prisons and were buried near the prisons where they died. The bill is unusual inasmuch as it comes from a man north of Mason's and Dixon's line, and shows how rapidly the partisan spirit which has existed between the North and the South since the war is being wiped out.

During the war there were many hundreds of Southern soldiers who died in Northern prisons, far from home. The graves of many of these are neglected and forgotten, and the families of these men will read of Senator Foraker's bill with interest. The bill in full as follows:

That the secretary of war be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to ascertain the locations and condition of all the graves of the soldiers and sailors of the Confederate army and navy in the late Civil War, 1861 to 1865, who died in Federal prisons and military hospitals in the North and who were buried near their places of confinement; to acquire possession or control over all grounds where said prisoners dead are buried not now possessed or under the control of the United States government; to cause to be prepared accurate registers in triplicate, one for the superintendent's office in the cemetery, one for the quartermaster general's office and one for the war records office, Confederate archives of the place of burial, the number of the grave, the name, company, or vessel or State, of each Confederate soldier and sailor who so died, by verification with the Confederate archives in the War department Washington; to cause to be erected over said graves white marble headstones similar to those placed over the graves in the "Confederate section" in the National cemetery at Arlington, Va., similarly inscribed; to build proper fencing for the preservation of said burial ground and to care for said burial grounds in all proper respects not herein specifically mentioned.

That for the carrying out of the objects set forth herein there be appropriated out of any money in treasury of the United States not otherwise appropriated, the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary.—Greenville News.

Got Ahead of The Doctor.

The Belgians once succeeded in getting out later on an operation from Sir Morell McKenzie. He engaged to attend a case at Antwerp. When he landed he was met by three men in mourning, who informed him, according to the Reader Magazine, that the patient had died, but that they would pay him full fee.

"And now," said the man, "since you are here, what do you say to visiting the city hospital and giving a clinic for the benefit of our local surgeons? It is not often they have an opportunity of benefiting by such science as yours."

Sir Morell said he would gladly comply. He went to the hospital and performed many operations, among which were two of a similar nature to that for which he had been called over. When he finished, all thanked him profusely. On the steamer going home he met a friend who had a business house in Antwerp.

"Pretty scary trick they played on you, Sir Morell."

"What do you mean?" asked the surgeon.

"Told you the patient died before you arrived, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"You operated on him and a with the same trouble as the patient. Got two operations for one price."

"Nearly \$117,000,000 have been invested in various enterprises in the South along the lines of the Southern Railway alone, during the past year. This is a remarkable record, and...

most of the section and its possibilities for investment, especially in small manufacturing industries.

For the first time in the history of the military academy, our representatives of the Chinese Empire have been admitted as members of the institution. These two empires, together with one each from Italy, Spain and Russia, were admitted for a special set of lectures.

He Heard Too Much.

The public is invited to sympathize with a quiet and retiring citizen who occupied a seat near the door of a crowded Green Lake car last night when a masterful, stout woman entered.

Having no newspaper behind which to hide he was fixed and subjugated by her glittering eye. He rose and offered his place to her. Seating herself—without thanking him she exclaimed in tones that reached to the furthest end of the car:

"What do you want to stand up there for? Come here and sit on my lap."

"Madam," gasped the man, as his face became scarlet: "I—I fear I am not deserving of such an honor."

"What do you mean?" shrieked the woman. "You know very well I was speaking to my niece there behind you."

Not Enough.

R. K. Munkittrick, editor, farmer and joker, is a rotund roller of sweet morsels under his tongue, and some of his friends know it. On one occasion, says an exchange, he happened into a business friend's house just about lunch time, and the friend asked him to stay and have something. Mr. M. accepted with proper hesitation and delicacy, though he was pretty hungry, and the host went out to tell his wife of the unexpected guest. Incidentally, he suggested a little extra preparation.

"Well," she responded with a good housewife's natural resentment, "what is good enough for us is good enough for him, I guess."

"Yes, yes," said the husband coaxingly, "but you don't know Mr. Munkittrick. What's good enough for us is good enough for him, of course, but what's plenty enough for us isn't plenty enough for him and—"

"Oh!" she broke in, and began hustling around busily.

—There is nothing so strong or safe in any emergency of life as the simple truth.

—Grow tall—tall enough to look over Mount Difficulty into Hope City. Grow broad—broad enough to bear with people whom God has made different from ourselves. Grow deep, sending roots down into perpetual springs. Come to know God. Grow straight, measuring right up to the line of duty. Grow stout, ready for fruit.

—A missionary to the Indians in British Columbia took a keg of whiskey and poured it over the grass in the presence of the young people. It destroyed all the herbage. The chief then told them that just as it burned the grass it would burn them if they drank it. This experiment has become a yearly ceremony with the Indians, and there has been very little trouble with the liquor question since.

—It is a mighty ungrateful man who can not feel thankful that it was no worse.

Stockholders' Meeting.

December 19, 1905. Notice is hereby given that the regular annual meeting of the stockholders of The Bank of Anderson, will be held in the office of said bank, Anderson, S. C., on Tuesday, January 2nd, 1906, at 12 o'clock.

B. F. MAULDIN, Secretary.

Dec 20, 1905 27

FORSALE.

One of the most desirable places in upper South Carolina—The Old "Maxwell Plantation"—on the Seneca River, 6 miles from Pendleton, 4 miles from Cherry Station, Blue Ridge, R. R., near Clemson College. 250 acres in good state of cultivation, 100 acres river bottom, 400 acres timber land, a portion of it virgin forest; a nearly new dwelling house, 7 rooms. Large barn, stock and tool sheds, 7 tenant houses, all in good repair. An ideal opportunity for the investor. The timber on 100 acres will, when cut and put on the market, pay the entire cost of place. 100 acres of the bottom land can be sold at \$50 per acre, and there are plenty of renters at one-third of every acre, standing ready to contract for coming season.

Will sell with farm 7 mules, one yoke of cattle, wagons, cars and farm implements, a good saw mill, hogs, young cattle and head of chickens for stock for a year. Two public roads cross the place. Good water for house and stock use plentiful. Fine fishing and hunting on the place. A charming place for a summer residence. \$25.00 per acre.

Terms—One-third Cash—Balance on easy terms. For further particulars apply to W. N. TROWBRIDGE, R. F. D. Pendleton, or EDW. E. BARKIN, Agent, Piedmont, S. C.

Nov 29, 1905 24

Notice of Final Settlement.

The undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Marcus J. Norris, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will on Friday, January 19th, 1906, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from her office as Administratrix.

ELIZA A. NORRIS, Adm'rx.

Dec 18, 1905 26

Notice of Final Settlement.

The undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Lawrence S. Russell, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will on the 12th of January, 1906, apply to the Judge of Probate of Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

J. W. QUATTLEBAUM, Administrator.

Dec 18, 1905 26

Are We Wrong?

In saying that the Best Crops raised this year were raised with

Anderson Fertilizers?

The Best Exhibit

At the County Fair was Cotton raised by Messrs. M. B. & A. N. Richardson, and raised with

Anderson Fertilizers!

If You Want to Get Rich!

FOR LAND'S SAKE USE

Anderson Fertilizers!

For further information apply to our Agents

Anderson Phosphate and Oil Company.

ANDERSON, S. C.

Buggies and Harness!

Now is a good time to buy a new Buggy and Harness, and we want you to look at our large stock of the latest and best up-to-date styles, and it will be no trouble for you to make a selection. Our work is all sold under guarantee. We have extra bargains to offer. Give us a trial. Our prices are low and terms to suit.

THE J. S. FOWLER COMPANY. P. S.—We have a few last Fall's Jobs to go at Cost.

D. S. VANDIVER. OFFICE OF E. P. VANDIVER.

VANDIVER BROS., AGENTS FOR ARMOUR'S GUANO AND ACID.

Cotton Seed Meal, Kainit and all kinds of Fertilizers. FLOUR, COFFEE, TOBACCO, Best grades for least money.

Your patronage appreciated. Your truly, VANDIVER BROS.

MASTIC MIXED PAINT.

We Want to Sell You Your Paint.

Come in to see us, and let us tell you all about it. We have sold this Paint for many years, and all have been pleased with it. We have a fine selection of colors, and will gladly give you a card showing them if you will call in and request same. Also, a full line of—

Varnishes, Stains, Floor Paints, Furniture Polish, Paint Brushes, Etc.

ORR, GRAY & CO., Next to Bank of Anderson. Reliable Druggists.

Oldest, Biggest, Cheapest, Best!

This Establishment has been Selling FURNITURE

IN ANDERSON for more than forty years. During all that time competitors have come and gone, but we have remained right here. We have always sold cheaper than any others, and during those long years we have not had one dissatisfied customer. Mistakes will sometimes occur, and if at any time we find that a customer was dissatisfied we did not rest until we had made him satisfied. This policy, rigidly adhered to, has made us friends, true and lasting, and we can say with pride, but without boasting, that we have the confidence of the people of this section. We have a larger Stock of Goods this season than we have ever had, and we pledge you our word that we have never sold Furniture at as close a margin of profit as we are doing now. This is proven by the fact that we are selling Furniture not only all over Anderson County but in every Town in the Piedmont section. Come and see us. Your agents saved money by buying from us, and you and your children can save money by buying here too. We carry EVERYTHING in the Furniture line.

G. F. TOLLY & SON, Depot Street. The Old Reliable Furniture Dealers

A LONG LOOK AHEAD

A man thinks it is when the matter of life insurance suggests itself—but circumstances of late have shown how life hangs by a thread when war, flood, hurricane and fire suddenly overtakes you, and the only way to be sure that your family is protected in case of calamity overtaking you is to insure in a solid Company like—

The Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co. Drop in and see us about it.

M. M. MATTISON, STATE AGENT. Peoples' Bank Building, ANDERSON, S. C.