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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.

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.

WAR STORIES.

Emily Geiger's Ride.

The following paper was read before the Esther Marion Chapter, D. A. R., by Miss Aileen V. Bell, Aiken, S. C.

Looking back in the dimness of the past to those stirring, unselfish days when our forefathers strove for liberty and the right, and won for their children and children's children the freedom of this glorious country, in the fierce glare of the present day where graft, love of self, personal luxury and a desire to stand in the lime-light of the world's eyes seems to possess the soul of our nation, we are almost inclined to think that heredity, the moulding force of circumstance, the iron hold of the past upon the present, had lost some of its grip.

And soon as she was satisfied that her enemies were asleep she began to seek some means of escape. She cautiously opened the window, then she encountered another difficulty, as the watch dog began to growl. She soon made friends with him. After securing her horse she was soon on her perilous journey again.

Ninety-Six at that time was a defensive work on the site of Cambridge, in Abbeville district, so called because it was 96 miles from the frontier fort of Prince George on the Keowee River. May 22, 1781, Gen. Greene commenced a siege of this fort; the approaches were gradually carried on under the direction of Col. Koscusko, an engineer sent down by Gen. Washington to assist the Southern territory.

Lord Rawdon was rapidly approaching and Gen. Greene was forced to retire, as he was too weak to stand against their superior forces. Gen. Greene had already sustained heavy losses. Much of this failure has been attributed to Koscusko's want of engineering skill, or rather to his neglect to cut off their water supply.

The effect of Gen. Greene's failure to take Ninety-Six was depressing and gloomy in the extreme. Many persons advised him to leave the State and retire with his forces into Virginia. To all such suggestions Gen. Greene's reply was, "I will recover the country or die in the attempt."

It was two weeks before Emily returned to her father, who had been informed soon after departure what she had done. Who can imagine the emotion of love, pride and happiness that almost stifled him as he pressed her to his heart.

Those were stirring days when liberty was the watchword and courage and valor possessed the soul. And the struggle for liberty meant more personally than we realize, for little quarters was shown between Americans, and the adventures of the handful of liberty-lovers and the royal partisans would fill volumes.

The following item appeared in the Vicksburg Whig in August, 1863. "One of the most singular and remarkable instances of random shooting we remember to have heard of occurred during Farragut's run of the blockade. Just as his flagship, the Hartford, reached the river midway opposite the city, a shell struck one of her guns, which was being loaded, fair in the muzzle, and passing into it, exploded the charge, burst the gun and killed the gunner."

the route as she had been over it more than once, whereupon the general wrote the dispatch to Gen. Sumter. Before she left him he had her to memorize the message perfectly, so that if she was compelled to destroy it she could repeat it verbally to Sumter. Mounted upon a strong and fleet horse she started on her perilous journey.

After her first day's ride she stopped to spend the night at a Tory's home. After going to bed, two British officers rode up and she overheard them describe her and ask if she had passed. The host assured them that she was there. After receiving this information, they decided to spend the night and make the arrest in the morning, as they considered her safe, not knowing she had heard their conversation.

She had scarcely disposed of this priceless message, when a woman appeared to search her clothing. Nothing of a suspicious character being found, Lord Rawdon was in honor bound to let her pursue her journey unmolested. Doubtless he was touched by her faint and worn condition, as he sent an escort with her to a friend a few miles distant where she took of refreshments and rested a few hours.

On and on she rode, not thinking of her exhausted condition, until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the third day she suddenly came upon a file of soldiers, who from their dress she knew to be friends. They conducted her to Gen. Sumter and hungry, weary and almost fainting as she was, she clearly and distinctly delivered her message to the astonished officer. In less than an hour after her arrival Sumter was ready to march to the place mentioned in Gen. Greene's dispatch.

Who of you cannot recall the statement of escaped and exchanged prisoners, of the assistance they had received while in Northern prisons from Mrs. Robb, then living in New York City—that self-sacrificing, typical Southern woman, his sister, once an Athens (Ga.) belle, for whom he was as beautiful as a beacon—imperiling her personal liberty, and almost impoverishing herself in her contributions and ministrations to the unfortunate captured comrades. She was the aunt, as Will Church (our "Captain Church") was the uncle of whom you have referred to and who has as good Georgia blood in his veins as has the President.

How our beloved comrade, Francis Marion Sigall, would have been gratified had he but lived a few days longer to have known of his young kinsman's being so honored.

A Remarkable Incident The following item appeared in the Vicksburg Whig in August, 1863. "One of the most singular and remarkable instances of random shooting we remember to have heard of occurred during Farragut's run of the blockade. Just as his flagship, the Hartford, reached the river midway opposite the city, a shell struck one of her guns, which was being loaded, fair in the muzzle, and passing into it, exploded the charge, burst the gun and killed the gunner."

What say you, survivors of "The Cobb Legion, Georgia Cavalry" and of "Young's Cavalry Brigade, A. N. V."? Do you remember our Captain William Leigh Church—our adjutant and adjutant general? Who can ever forget him or his gallant deeds? Who that saw that handsome, classic face, those flashing brown eyes, cheeks aglow with the excitement of the battle on that memorable 9th of June, 1863, can ever forget? It makes my old blood thrill as I write these lines even now—forty odd years after.

Over Forty Years Ago. (Augusta Chronicle.) In a recent edition of your paper you gave an account of President Roosevelt's presentation of a medal to Captain James Robb Church for gallantry in the Spanish-American war, and that it might bring back reminiscences of the past to many Augustans.

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As we came galloping up, responding to imperative orders to hurry, as the Yanks were about to capture Stuart's headquarters. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart came dashing down the hill, hat in hand, and called to our Colonel P. M. B. Young (whose brilliant record gained for him within fourteen months a major-general's commission), "They are right over the hill. Charge! Charge! Charge!"

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Again, only nine days after, at Upperville, Va., outnumbered and our cavalry corps scattered in the rapid advance on Gettysburg, the color-bearer of the Cobb Legion was cut down by a Yankee trooper, who seized our battleflag (now in possession of Camp 435) and broke back for his command. But, like a greyhound from his leash, Will Church was after him, following him even among his comrades, ran his sabre through him, hurled him from his horse, jerked the colors from his hand and again they waved over the Cobb Legion.

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A Story of Stonewall Jackson. The Chattanooga Herald published in 1863 the following story of Stonewall Jackson: "We have heard a good story on Stonewall Jackson. It has come to be commonly said in camp that nobody knows Stonewall's secrets except his negro body servant. Some one talking to the old negro asked him how he came to be so much in the confidence of his master. 'Lord, sir,' says he, 'massah abber tells me that he has what I know in his pants. He says his master, twice a day, says to me, 'What's in your pants?' and I say to him, 'I don't know, but I know it's in your pants.'"

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To the Editor of the News and Courier: Thomas P. Ivy, a native of Alabama, but now a citizen of New Hampshire, usually comes South in the winter. This year he was at Falmouth, Va., just across the river from Fredericksburg. Some days ago his attention was called to the fact that the body of Gen. Abner Perrin, of South Carolina, lies in the Confederate cemetery, near Fredericksburg, to which place it was removed two years ago from the battle field of Spotsylvania Court House, where he lost his life on the 12th day of May, 1864.

It was taken with him and now marks his last resting place. On January 4, 1906, Mr. Ivy wrote to Senator Tillman, giving these facts, expressing the hope that some memorial association would take an interest in the matter and see that a more enduring monument than the cedar post is placed at his grave. Senator Tillman sent the correspondence to me and a contribution for the monument, to be turned over to the memorial association which takes up the matter.

Gen. Abner Perrin was born in Abbeville, but commanded an Edgefield company in the 14th South Carolina Volunteers. He rose to be colonel of the regiment and at Gettysburg commanded McGowan's brigade with conspicuous ability and success. At Spotsylvania he commanded an Alabama brigade and as he led his brave men into the Horseshoe Bend, known as the bloody angle, mounted on a fine horse, sword in hand, he fell in the very forefront of battle. He was an honor to the State and a liberal response should be made to the suggestion of Mr. Ivy.

Robert R. Hemphill. Great Family Fortunes.

The great fortunes that have sprung up so amazingly in this country during recent decades today, in the opinion of many serious thinkers, constitute a menace to our national well-being, says Cleveland Moffett, in writing of "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth," in Success Magazine. Without these great fortunes there would be no reign of luxury in America, no flaunting of feasts and follies, no riot of extravagance; with them we may expect all the evils that have in previous civilizations attended upon superabundant riches. And many of these evils, as we have already seen, are directly with us.

It is admitted that we are the richest people in the world today—the richest people the world has ever seen. The vast wealth of Croesus is estimated at only eight million dollars, but there are seventy American states that average thirty-five million each. As showing the rapid growth of individual fortunes in this country there is interest in a list of rich men, printed in 1855, according to which New York city at that time boasted only twenty-eight millionaires. And a pamphlet published some years earlier says that in 1845 Philadelphia could show only ten estates valued at a million or more, the richest being that of Stephen Girard, which reached seven millions. In contrast to which in 1892 there were over two hundred millionaires in Philadelphia.

As to New York city, the number of its millionaires, according to best information, is over two thousand, while the number of millionaires in the United States is at least five thousand or half the total number in the world. There is one family alone, at the head of which stands the richest and most powerful man in the world, John D. Rockefeller, and the wealth of this family is estimated at a thousand million dollars, a sum so large that the human mind quite fails to grasp it, a sum so huge that if at the birth of Christ Mr. Rockefeller had begun making a dollar a minute, and had let all these dollars accumulate day and night for all these centuries, he would not yet, in 1906, have amassed a thousand million dollars. And if Mr. Rockefeller should turn this wealth into gold coins and take it out of the country, say into Canada, he would carry across the border three times as much gold as would then remain in the United States. Nor would he carry it himself, for the weight of it would be almost seven hundred and fifty tons. And if he loaded it on the backs of mules, each man bearing his own weight in solid gold (say 100 pounds), it would require twenty-three thousand men to move it. And if they walked ten feet upon the line, would walk forty-four miles and would be fifty-five hours in passing a river bridge. Most of which, as you know, is the daily business of the world, which interest it is in gold would require the bridge to be built and the mules to be fed.

Money in The Bank. The wisdom of a definite policy in the treatment of our Indian wards has been made clear in the past few years, said a Western man the other day. "President Roosevelt has decided ideas on this subject, and his appointment of Leupp as Commissioner of Indian Affairs insure the carrying out of these ideas. The President does not believe in feeding the Indians, but insists that they shall work. The big irrigation projects now being constructed by the Government in many parts of the West are affording a test of the President's ideas on the subject of making the Indian a self-supporting citizen. If some one suggested to you that the Apache would make a good laborer I am sure you would smile, as I did at the tale, and count it another yarn of the versatile Westerner; but you have got to believe it when you go down to Arizona. Uncle Sam's engineers are working a small army of Apaches, remnants of Geronimo's band of murderers, in building mountain roads and digging ditches. And would you believe it, they beat the average hobo laborer out of eight for industry and quantity of work performed. The Navajos, Pimas and Paeblos are being employed on similar works there and elsewhere. Many of these mentioned tribes are constantly employed by the railroads. Up in Colorado the sugar beet planters are depending more and more each year on the Indian laborer. During the hop picking season in Oregon and Washington whole families of Indians move from field to field until the crop is gathered. In fact over the entire Western country, which is making such wonderful forward strides, the question of Indian labor grows increasingly important each year."

Trinidad, Colo., Jan. 29.—At San Raphael Hospital Saturday, a patient, 84 years old who had been entered under the name of Charles F. Baugh, was found to be a woman. For over forty years she has been a bank cashier, laborer and sheep herder, always wearing male attire. Doctor T. J. Furhan, County Physician in Marselles, France, and came to America when 23 years old. Being unable to obtain employment she changed her dress, and for eight years just preceding the Civil war was bank cashier at Hannibal, Mo.; then was a sheep herder. She finally became a county charge and was sent to the hospital after her will. She said that her employer was killed in the Civil war and that the bank then closed. When she came to Colorado, just after the war she obtained employment at the Brown Sheep Ranch, where she worked as sheep herder thirty-five years without her sex being suspected. When she was taken to the hospital her reluctance to take a bath aroused the suspicions of the physicians and the discovery was made. She claims to have taken a medical degree in France prior to coming to America and speaks several foreign languages. She has not heard from relatives for forty years, and supposes all of her friends are dead. Notwithstanding her hard work, she is well preserved and may live many years.—St. Louis Republic.

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