

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Talks About the Cold Days of Sixty Years Ago.

Atlanta Constitution.

I remember—yes, I remember the Friday and Saturday of '39, when I was a little male boy—I mean a mail boy—and had to ride the mail from Rosewell to Rosewell, twenty miles and back in a day. Friday my day, rain or shine, cold or hot. I remember my mother cried when father told me on the high dromedary that morning; but I was bundled in good, and had warm woolen socks and a pair of home-knit mittens on my hands and a woolen sweater crossed around my neck and I thought I could stand it, for I was young and tough, and full of vim, and had been raised to work in the cold and to chop wood and go to school, and my father always said that who were raised easy would be accounted die hard. I made the trip to Rosewell in good time, but it grew colder and colder, and a drizzling rain had turned into sleet. For about an hour I sat by the master's fire and got thawed. He told me to stay all night, and said I should freeze to death on the road. I knew my mother would imagine me somewhere dead on the way and distressed, and so the postmaster took me on the old dromedary and I held him the reins for home and held to the horn of the saddle. He was a traveler, and paced up hill and down hill all the same. By the time I got to Gregory's bridge, on the Catahoche, I was pretty well clad in sleet, and the horse's main was a sheet and his ears were full. I stepped in the shelter of the covered porch a few minutes and found I was getting colder, for the sleet had blown over me on the saddle and got into my socks. A feeling of alarm came over me, for my fingers were numb and my feet too. Desperately I stepped to the good horse, and away went for there were yet sixteen miles to make, and the blizzard was earnest and it looked like the end of night had almost come. After mile was left behind, and I thought that we could make it; but all of a sudden, when I got to Fairview road, I realized that I had about as much feeling, for I couldn't unclutch the reins from the horn of the saddle, I didn't know whether my feet in the stirrups or not. I was two miles from home and my horse paced on. They were looking for me—my father and mother—as the horse rounded up to the door I almost fell into their arms, and my hand was wrenched from the grip on the saddle. I remember that, for it was the cold day, and the next day was colder. I rubbed with turpentine and oil tenderly nursed, and in a few days was ready for another trip. We no longer thermometers then, and there is no record how cold it was, but I remember that birds were frozen in the air and chickens on the roost. I don't know whether these thermometers are any advantage or not. The morning I got up soon and made two rooms and then went out to coalhouse to get more coal for the furnace. I noticed that the back door and the steps and platform were strangely as I walked on them, I felt that it was cold—very cold. I never looked at the thermometer for half an hour, and it was 7 degrees below zero. I got colder immediately, for I had never seen the mercury that low before. My opinion at 10 degrees above zero is about as good as 10 degrees below if you have a thermometer. I can't realize the difference, and that is the reason our northern brethren make so much fuss about weather 30 and 40 degrees below the mark. "It is like a man who was called in by a committee to give his opinion on speed. They asked him if it was more dangerous to run fifty miles an hour than forty. He said no. "Can you run sixty as safe as forty?" said he. "How about seventy-eighty?" "Just as safe as forty," he said. "For if you jump the bar at forty you will go to the devil, but as far as you can go at 100 an hour." Just so I don't care how low the mercury goes to after midnight the mercury dropped to 45, and the house cracked and popped like little guns. Father got alarmed, and, being an old-fashioned Christian man, said, "Come, children, let us all kneel down and pray." After prayer we piled more pine into the heater. "Father said to mother: 'When Elisha Kent Kane was in the arctic he said that he found that fatty matter was better than fire and he made his crew stuff themselves with whale blubber and seal oil and grease and it saved their lives. And so, mother, you had better bring us all the grease in the pantry.' Mother turned us all loose on her lard and butter and fat meat and we crammed it down and it did us good. But the mercury kept dropping. Father had an old donkey that brayed incessantly all the forepart of the night, but about 3 o'clock he ceased and father said: 'My children, the poor old donkey is dead.' About 4 o'clock there was a fire in the little village, but nobody went to it. The family fled to the nearest house for refuge. Just before daybreak the mercury began to rise a little and father said: 'Come children, let us kneel down and give thanks to God for His mercy.' "Well, it was glorious to see the big, round, red sun-rise and shine in the windows next morning. About this time we heard a racket in the barn which was near by and father said: 'Boys, go out and see if that donkey is alive.' And sure enough he was and there he stood facing the door with an icicle sticking out of his mouth three feet long and as big at the base as a coffee pot. His brays had frozen and frozen to a sharp point and had stopped up his mouth so effectually he couldn't bray any more." That's what my friend told me, but N. B. he was a newspaper man. Well, I'm not going to write a poem on the beautiful snow, for I don't like it, especially when I am the boy—the only boy about the house, and have to keep trotting to town or the woodpile or coalhouse, or somewhere. But the children like it, and there's some comfort in that, and the other day while I was tramping slowly to town on the slippery walk I met a pretty lady, a middle-aged matron, and just before she got to me her foot slipped backward and the other extremity had to bend forward and she made me the prettiest little courtesy I ever had made to me. She never lost her perpendicular, but just come down gracefully on one knee like I have seen girls in the parlor dance. If course, I tipped my hat and said "Thank you, madam." She colored up and smiled and spoiled it all by saying, "I didn't mean to." I haven't told my wife about it yet, for our golden wedding is near at hand and it is no time for these irregularities. It was the beautiful, the slickery, trickery snow that did it. I had to shovel it out of the pathway from my house to the street 50 yards so that my women folks could walk without wetting their shoes and stockings, but every one of them, even to my wife, prepared to wade in the beautiful snow and the girls found a ditch where it was knee deep and waded in that. That's the way they impose on a poor old boy like me. But there is not so much difference between heat and cold after all. Both destroy sensation and vitality and wither and blast vegetation. They are very close akin. Not long ago a man told me he witnessed the experiments made in New York with liquified air. He saw the discoverer place a tumbler half full of it in the center of a large pan of water and in less than a minute the water was all frozen into solid ice. Then he took an iron rod three feet long and as large round as a cedar pencil and put one end in the tumbler and while it rested there he touched a lighted match to the other end, and it took fire and burned furiously until the whole rod was consumed. He declared that a teaspoonful of this liquified air placed in a refrigerator would freeze everything in it and keep it frozen for three or four days, and that ice would soon be made at 10 cents for a thousand pounds, and all the ice factories be closed forever, and he said that this liquified air had five times the destructive power of dynamite. The operator made lemonade and cocktails for the party and froze them by dropping a very small drop in each glass. How is that? But—N. B. The gentleman who solemnly told me this is a newspaper man, too.

BILL ARP.

Rev. E. Edwards, pastor of the English Baptist Church at Minersville, Pa., when suffering with rheumatism, was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "A few applications of this liniment proved of great service to me. It subdued the inflammation and relieved the pain. Should any sufferer profit by giving Pain Balm a trial it will please me." For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

Hot and Cold Waves.

Speaking about cold waves and weather in general yesterday, a member of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, said: "We have some kinds of weather in the United States that are unknown abroad. Take the cold wave, for example, that struck the far south several years ago. It was a record-breaker, you know, carrying the rigors of winter to a lower latitude than has been known for sixty years at least. Florida suffered \$4,000,000 worth of damage. At Pensacola the oranges froze hard on the trees. The thermometer at Tampa fell to 18 degrees above zero, five degrees below the lowest ever noted. At Orange Park ice two inches thick formed on ponds. A cold wave of equal severity, it is said, struck the flowery peninsula in 1835, but temperatures were not recorded with reliable accuracy. "Cold waves are unknown in Europe. We may justly pride ourselves upon them as an American institution. It is the same way with blizzards. Who ever heard of a blizzard in Europe? "Cold waves are very strange phenomena. Nobody knows with certainty where they come from or how they are formed. They are formed somewhere inland in the far northwest, in the latitude of greatest cold, which, as you know, is a good way south of the north pole. At the north pole it is probably comparatively warm, and that extremity of the earth's axis is perhaps surrounded by an open and unfrozen sea. As for the typical cold wave, my belief is that it is composed of air drawn from the higher and more frigid regions of the atmosphere. Ascend to an altitude of 30 miles above the earth's surface and you might find a rarefied air at a temperature of 100 degrees below zero, or even much lower. The body of cold formed by the downrush of this frigid air from above starts on a journey eastward across the continent, traveling at the speed of a fast railway train, 35 or 40 miles an hour. As it proceeds it spreads out. Obviously the cold air would be gradually warmed during the trip unless the waves were replenished with cold in some fashion. My notion is that while the wave is in transit fresh cold is continually drawn into it from above, where there is always an unlimited supply of air at an extremely low temperature. Finally, the wave passes off over the ocean. In some manner the Alleghany mountains seem to interrupt the passage of cold waves, to a certain extent, as if the cold air was backed up against this range of hills, and its passage thus impeded. On this account it is very difficult to predict cold waves for the region of Baltimore and Washington. "The lowest temperature ever recorded on the earth was taken at Werchojansk, in the interior of Siberia, January 13, 1885. It was 90 degrees and a fraction below zero. Werchojansk is in the latitude of the pole of cold. There the earth is frozen to a depth of about 100 feet, and in the warmest season it never thaws. The highest temperature recorded is 124 degrees and a fraction, taken in Algeria, July 17, 1870. The lowest temperature on record in the United States is 64 degrees below zero, at Tobacco Garden, N. D. Greely, the arctic explorer, has probably experienced a wider range of temperature than any other living man. He recorded 60 degrees below zero at Fort Conger, on Lady Franklin Bay. On another occasion, in the Maricopa desert of Arizona, his thermometer in the shade ran up to 114 degrees above. A lucifer match dropped upon the burning sands of Sahara will catch fire. It is very difficult, even with the finest thermometers, to get accurate records of the extreme temperatures, and on that account such observations in general are to be regarded as only approximately correct."—Baltimore American.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

This remedy is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and influenza. It has become famous for its cures of these diseases, over a large part of the civilized world. The most flattering testimonials have been received, giving accounts of its good works; of the aggravating and persistent coughs it has cured; of severe colds that have yielded promptly to its soothing effects, and of the dangerous attacks of croup it has cured, often saving the life of the child. The extensive use of it for whooping cough has shown that it cures that disease of all dangerous consequences. Sold by Hill-Orr Drug Co. — She—"It has always struck me as a curious thing that we don't hear more anecdotes about doctors and their patients." He—"You forget, madam, that dead men tell no tales."

Tamed the Most Vicious Horse in England.

Under the title, "An Invincible Horse-Tamer," Lida Rose McCabe re-harshes in the February St. Nicholas the story of John S. Rarey's career in America and England as a breaker of colts and tamer of vicious horses. His most conspicuous triumph was the taming of Lord Dorchester's "Cruiser," forty years ago. The horse's temper had depreciated his value five thousand dollars. For three years he had been abandoned to himself. Tormented by huge bits loaded with chains, his head was incased in a complication of iron ribs and plates, so that he had to procure his food by licking it up with his tongue. Oppression and cruelty had made him a demon. He resented the approach of any one by fearful screams and yells of hate and fury. He snapped an iron bar, an inch in diameter, in two pieces with his teeth. The heavy planks that formed his prison he frequently kicked into splinters. "Cruiser, I think," said Lord Dorchester, in his challenge, "would be the right horse in the right place to try Mr. Rarey's skill; and the sooner the experiment is made the better. If he can ride Cruiser as a hack I guarantee him immortality and enough ready money to make a British bank director's mouth water." "I will tell you," said Mr. Rarey, in recounting this crowning incident of his career, "what happened at my first interview with Cruiser. I believe there is some cause for everything a horse does. He acts according to the impressions on his mind. Instead of throwing out a stick to fight him, when I first approached Cruiser, I threw open the door and walked in. He was astonished at seeing this, and more so at my exhibiting no fear. He had on his head a large muzzle, lined inside and out with iron. He had worn it three years, until it bored a hole in his head. I took it off, and he never wore it again." In three hours Lord Dorchester was able to mount Cruiser, and Rarey rode the horse as a hack to London. Cruiser became the property of his tamer. The fortune of Mr. Rarey was made. All classes, headed by the nobility, flocked to his lectures and exhibitions. Lord Palmerston opened the subscription list to Mr. Rarey's private instructions, given in the riding academy of the Duke of Wellington. Queen Victoria was among the first to express joy at the regeneration of Cruiser, and to regret the had usage to which the horse had been subjected. Frequently she caressed the beautiful creature with her own hand. On the eve of the marriage of the Princess Royal, Mr. Rarey was invited by the Queen to give in the riding school at Buckingham Palace an exhibition before the royal guests summoned to the wedding. The next day he was honored with an invitation to the wedding at St. James's Palace. Under the favorable influence of kind treatment, Cruiser rapidly improved in appearance. His rough, shaggy coat was shed for one of the lustre of satin. Festive in a royal purple silk bridle, with rosettes of gold filigree, and the look of a war horse in his high-bred nostrils, he followed his master through the Capitals of Europe. Everywhere throughout his travels in the Old World, Mr. Rarey gave free lectures and exhibitions to cab and truck drivers. In his remarkable collection of souvenirs is a gold medal of wonderfully fine workmanship, presented Mr. Rarey by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. — She—"I will never marry a man whose fortune has not at least five ciphers in it." He (triumphantly)—"Oh, darling! Mine is all ciphers!" I have been afflicted with rheumatism for fourteen years and nothing seemed to give any relief. I was able to be around all the time, but constantly suffering. I had tried everything I could hear of and at last was told to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I did, and was immediately relieved and in a short time cured. I am happy to say that it has not since returned.—JOSH. EMMAN, Germantown, Cal. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

KAMNOL. HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, LA GRIPPE. Relieves all pain. 25c. all Druggists.

NOTICE. ANDERSON, S. C., Feb. 29, 1899. WANTED during the coming Summer 2000 Cords good Pine and Oak Wood. 1500 Cords Pine, 500 Cords Oak. Pine cut 4 feet long, Oak 3 feet. Wood to be cut now and delivered at my yard before Sept. 1st. Parties desiring to ship can reach my yard either over Savannah Valley or Blue Ridge R. R. Will pay Cash for same along as delivered to suit convenience of parties. If you have wood to sell see the undersigned. Am in the market for Pine Wood all the time. ROBT. E. LIGON. Feb. 29, 1899.

The Force of a Cannon Ball.

Some of the tremendous power of our largest guns can be gathered from this clear illustration, given by The American Machinist: Think of a locomotive engine weighing one hundred thousand pounds. This is fifty tons. Now if the locomotive were moving at the rate of 40 miles an hour its energy would be scarcely more than one-thirteenth that of the cannon ball. In other words, if thirteen locomotives were to smash up against a stone wall all at once, the blow which they would deliver would be no more severe than that of one shot from the thirteen-inch gun, assuming that the muzzle of the latter was placed only a few inches from the same wall. Inasmuch as the projectile would be small it would concentrate its action on one spot, and do more harm, apparently, than the thirteen engines. But the amount of energy would be the same. He Served. Judge Thomas A. Moran, of Chicago, has a large family of children, all of whom he is justly proud. The day after he had been presented with twins he was listening to jurors' excuses, when a man who had been drawn said, mildly: "Your honor, I can't serve." "Why not?" asked the court, in tones that had been stereotyped, as he looked out of the court room window. Approaching quite close the juror whispered, "My wife has just given birth to a boy, judge." "No excuse at all," observed the judge, as he closed his docket with a bang. "My wife had two last night, and I have been here all day." The juror served. Two doctors were disputing by the bed-side of a man during his recent illness. "I tell you the liver is diseased," said one. "Nonsense! nothing of the kind. It is the spleen," said the other. "Very well, we shall see who is right at the post mortem examination." Hearing which the patient became real mad and got up and dressed himself. He began to improve from that time and hasn't known a sick day since. — Mr. Spelter—"Oh, you may talk as you please, Jane; but you were an ignorant woman when you married me." Mrs. Spelter—"Yes, that probably accounts for it."

WINE OF CARDUI. For Mothers! The discomforts and dangers of child-birth can be almost entirely avoided. Wine of Cardui relieves expectant mothers. It gives tone to the genital organs, and puts them in condition to do their work perfectly. That makes pregnancy less painful, shortens labor and hastens recovery after child-birth. It helps a woman bear strong healthy children. Mrs. LOUISA HALE of Johnson Co., says: "When I first took Wine of Cardui we had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."

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