

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Avenge not Thyself, but Wait on the Lord.

Atlanta Constitution.

David saith, "Fret not thyself because of evil doers, for they shall be cut down like the grass and wither away." And Solomon saith, "He that uttereth slander is a fool," and somebody else saith, "Avenge not thyself, but wait on the Lord." It takes all of this scripture to quiet a man nowadays and to keep him calm and serene. I know that I am old enough to be a philosopher, and therefore should not let bad men disturb my tranquility, but it fatigues my indignation to read some of these northern republican newspapers. I read an editorial yesterday which said that every Senator who voted against the treaty was fit for the hell where Benedict Arnold and Jefferson Davis had gone. According to Solomon that man is a fool, and it doesn't become me to get mad with a fool. My great concern is that he will make fools of the 600,000 daily readers that his paper boasts of, for it is a fact that most people bank on their favorite paper next to their church or religious convictions. The tendency is to make the 600,000 believe that Mr. Davis was a traitor, and that is equivalent to saying that I and all the Confederate veterans are traitors, and that makes me and my wife to fret because of evil doers, which David says we must not do. We are trying just now to pose as meek and humble patriots like Moses and to cherish no resentments, but it is hard to do unless we quit reading northern literature. Another editorial, in the same paper says that Dewey says that "in times of war the democrats are traitors, and in times of peace they are fools." What kind of a man is that who edits that paper—that McKinley organ? I tell you, my brethren, there is no use in crying peace, when there is no peace. It is like a campaigning revival where hundreds are converted for a few days and then lapse and relapse into their same old ways. Handshaking and promises don't signify genuine conversion.

A few years ago Henry Grady electrified the nation, and, as John Temple Graves said, "loved it into peace." Those words are upon his monument, but where is the peace? It didn't last six months. He was hardly buried before the northern press began on us again about the nigger, and they kept it up diligently until McKinley came down here and said kind words, and we gave him a levee feast and the nation was harmonized and the wise men said, "Behold, how sweet and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." And now all of a sudden the great republican organ shakes its gory locks and says, "Jefferson Davis was a traitor, and he is in hell." How is that for harmony.

But the scriptures say "wait on the Lord" and "I have seen the wicked flourish like a green bay tree," and so I reckon we will have to wait. I remember when Horace Greeley's paper was just as malignant, and yet the old man went security on Jefferson Davis's bond and got him out of the filthy dungeon where General Miles had fettered him, and Beast Butler, who stole our spoons, signed the bond with him. So there is no telling what will happen if we will only wait. I like the late movement of the good people of Fitzgerald. It looks more like harmony than anything I have seen since the civil war. The men who wore the blue and the gray and their sons have formed a military company and asked for incorporation and an outfit for the defense of our State and to keep peace at home and preserve law and order. That is real and lasting fraternity. The fact is, that no northern men have ever cast their fortunes down south and domiciled with our people but what they fell in love with them, and the longer they stayed the better they liked us. I think I will visit Fitzgerald and pay my respects to that Yankee colony, and tip my hat to that military company. We give a cordial welcome to all northern people who come to stay, for they are the best people they have got up there, and are thinning out their good society mighty fast. Fools and fanatics don't dare to come and that fellow who edits that paper wouldn't cross the line for a million dollars, unless he came in disguise. We wouldn't hurt him, for Solomon says he is a fool, but our small boys might annoy him and make his stay unpleasant.

I rejoice to see that North Carolina is to have a property and an educational qualification for every voter—white and black. When Georgia follows suit to old Rip Van Winkle and Louisiana and South Carolina we can elect a respectable legislature and have a dog law passed and give to widows the right of suffrage on taxation and to all women the same rights concerning the education of our children. What a monstrous injustice it is to choose women for our teachers, but exclude them from our school boards or from any choice in the

selection. We men consign to their tender care and training our little ones, but claim the exclusive right to elect or reject at our pleasure and to make rules and regulations and choose the books for them to teach. But all this will be reformed in due or undue time and they will have to wait on the Lord, I reckon. Many reforms have already been made within my memory concerning the female sex, but more are wanted, and I would like to see them made before I die.

Well, I am weary of writing and will dismiss the subject until after the wedding. My folks made me address most of the invitations and there were 500 of them and each one had to be addressed inside and outside and it made me tired to write near a thousand names. When they ordered the 500 I was amazed, for I couldn't imagine we had that many friends who felt interested in our antiquity, but they kept on adding to the list until the pile was exhausted and the postage broke me, and now all that we can say to our friends is that if any have been omitted please to hold up your right hands and come any how. Standing room will be free and air and water abundant. The 7th of March will soon be here and our children have determined to gather at the old homestead for the last time, perhaps, and to rejoice with us in the goodness of the Lord. The children are the promoters of this golden wedding and my wife and I are trying to be calm and serene.

BILL ARP.

The Largest Ranch.

The X. I. T. ranch, in the extreme northwest corner of the panhandle of Texas, the largest ranch in the world, has an area of 5,000 square miles, according to the Ladies' Home Journal. Its herds of cattle aggregate 120,000 head, besides, 1,500 horses, and the calf crop branded in 1897 exceeded 31,000. Surprising as it may seem, all the work on the ranch is done by 125 men, one man to every 24,000 acres.

It seems natural that the largest ranch in the world should be found in the largest State in the Union—Texas. Indeed, this ranch is so extensive that some States could not contain it. Connecticut, for example, could not hold it by several thousand acres. The two States of Rhode Island and Delaware combined could not contain this immense ranch which consists of 3,000,000 acres, or about 5,000 square miles.

About a dozen years ago, when Texas needed a new State capitol, the legislature adopted a novel plan to get it. A promise was held forth that a vast tract of unappropriated land would be given in exchange for a suitable granite building at Austin. Among those tempted by this offer were ex-Senator Charles B. Farwell and his brother John, who ultimately formed a syndicate in Chicago and took upon themselves the responsibility of erecting the proposed capitol. Their part of the agreement appears to have been carried out to the satisfaction of the State, and in due time they came into the possession of the immense domain known as the X. I. T. ranch.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Only Brave Man.

A battalion of volunteer infantry was drilling in a field when a regiment of regular cavalry rode by.

The Colonel of the cavalry halted his men to watch the volunteers, and, getting into conversation with the Colonel of the latter, he criticised their drill unfavorably, especially their want of steadiness.

The volunteer Colonel was a fierce fellow, and he cried hotly:

"My men are as steady as any regiment of regulars."

"I do not think so," retorted the cavalryman, "and if you'll draw up your men in order to receive cavalry I'll prove it."

The challenge was accepted, and the cavalrymen charged down upon the citizen soldiers, who awaited them in the usual way.

Now, regular cavalry can charge to within a few feet, or even inches, of infantry at full gallop and then, at the word of command, pull up short.

The volunteers, however, lost their nerve when they saw the huge horses thundering down upon them and showing no sign of stopping when a few yards off. They fled, all but one man, who remained on his knee, with bayonet leveled.

His Colonel, enraged at the others' flight, approached the hero, and, tapping him on the back, cried:

"You're the only brave man in the regiment. You scorned to run."

"Yes, sir," gasped the hero, "I had my foot stuck in a hole, or I shouldn't have waited."—London Spare Moments.

—If you would win friends you must be friendly.

TRIBUTE TO A NOBLE MAN.

James W. Poore.

James W. Poore is dead.

These tidings bring genuine sorrow to many hearts, for none knew this noble-hearted christian gentleman but to love him.

At 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, Feb. 21, 1899, after nearly two months of intense suffering, the powerful constitution yielded to disease, and the great heart was still, and his spirit was with God. In attempting to write a brief sketch of Mr. Poore's life I am keenly sensible of the fact that I shall fall far short of giving to the reader anything like a just conception of the high and noble character of this Godly man. One had to know him to appreciate his genuine worth, and no one came in contact with him who was not impressed with the winning personality of the man.

Mr. Poore was born near Belton, S. C., Feb. 13, 1844, and lived upon the farm until thirteen years old, when, on account of his bright mind and energy, he was employed by the firm of Stringer, Cox & McGee as a clerk, his pay to be board and clothes. He remained with this firm until the opening of the war, when he volunteered as a private in Co. G, 2nd S. C. Rifles. He was soon made a non-commissioned officer, and served as such in the battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill and Second Manassas. In this last battle he was wounded, and after spending two months in a hospital was discharged on account of sickness, the result of exposure and his wound. After remaining at home for a few months he recuperated and re-enlisted in Co. E, Sixth S. C. Cavalry as a private, and with which he remained until the close of hostilities.

Throughout the entire war he was a conscientious and faithful soldier, and had the respect of his superior officers and his associates. At his death he held the offices of Adjutant of Camp Anderson, at Belton, Adjutant of the Confederate Veteran Regiment of Anderson County, and Commissary General of the Second Division of Confederate Veterans with the rank of Lt.-Colonel.

After the war Mr. Poore was again engaged in merchandising and farming at his native home, Belton, S. C., and was successively a member of the following firms: Cox & Poore, A. J. Stringer & Co., (1873-79), Poore & Co., (79-81), Stringer & Poore, (81-'94). From 1894 to 1898 Mr. Poore did a small mercantile business, but devoted most of his time to his milling machinery and his farms. In 1898 his health began to fail him, and he, thinking a less sedentary life would be beneficial to him, gave up his mercantile interest altogether.

In August, 1868, Mr. Poore, together with his young wife, whom he had married Feb. 23, of the same year, joined the Belton Baptist Church. It was during a great revival conducted by Rev. W. E. Walters, assisted by Rev. B. F. Mauldin. This was a great meeting. Some of the best Christian men and women of Belton Church, and Churches of the surrounding country, date their conversion from this meeting. None of them have lived more consistent christian lives than Mr. Poore and his wife. As he had made a faithful soldier for his country, so he did for his Master. From the day of his conversion to the day of his death there was no christian duty too irksome for him to perform cheerfully. He was one of the kind that worked well and willingly in any place assigned him. He held many important places of trust in his denomination, having been repeatedly chosen Moderator of the Union Meetings, and has for many years been President of the Anderson County Sunday School Institute, and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Saluda Association. He was Superintendent of his Sunday School for more than twenty years. It was in the Sunday School he did his highest and best christian work. No other matter, save the interest of his own family, concerned himself so much as his Sunday School. During his last illness he often asked after its welfare, and seemed so happy when told it was well attended, and claiming the interest of those connected with it. The Sunday School seemed to lay heavy on his head and heart, for he was never heard to make a public prayer that he did not invoke God's blessing to rest upon it. He was a typical Superintendent; his genial and kindly disposition made him exceedingly popular with the children. Indeed, it seems that Mr. Poore's mission on earth was to dispense sunshine and happiness wherever he went. He was Clerk of his Church for twenty-eight years. In all these places of honor and trust he rendered singularly efficient and effective service. He was prompt and accurate in everything he did. His church records are models of accuracy and neatness, and his Sunday School has long been regarded as one of the best—if not the best—in the Saluda Association.

Mr. Poore was generous to a fault; he couldn't nor didn't say "no" to

those who sought his aid. He was full of energy, and had a keen insight into business affairs, and has been an entire success from a financial standpoint; but had he had the greed of some men, and not allowed himself to be imposed upon, there's no telling what a fortune he might have accumulated.

Mr. Poore was married to Miss Corrie P. Cox Feb. 23, 1868. Six children—three boys and three girls—were born to them. Of these one died in infancy. The children are as follows: Mrs. T. Y. Williams, of Lancaster, S. C.; Mrs. W. C. Bowen, Belton, S. C.; Dr. J. E. Poore, Surgeon Second S. C. Regiment, now in Cuba; H. M. Poore, of Pelzer, and Miss Mamie, the youngest, is with her mother. All the children, save Dr. Poore, were present when their father died, and he has since reached home.

Mr. Poore's home was a home indeed for his children; conveniences, comforts and luxuries were not spared to make home pleasant. They will miss him sorely, but their inheritance is a great one, indeed. He made for himself a "good name."

A great concourse of sorrowing people attended the funeral exercises on Thursday. His Sunday School, led by the teachers, followed the body from the Church to the cemetery. His pastor, Rev. W. T. Tate, said: "The sun will shine brightly upon his grave, the grass will grow fresh above it, and the little birds will sing sweetly around it, but the memory of so good a man will be brighter than the sunshine, fresher than the grass, and sweeter than the songs of the little birds."

Anderson County has lost one of her best citizens, the cause of Christ a bold and fearless defender.

W. B. W.

Belton, S. C., Feb. 27, 1899.

A Complete Success.

Mr. T. B. McClain reports that his corn harvesting experiment of last fall was a complete success. The reporter asked him about the matter a few days ago, and that was his very encouraging report.

It will be remembered that instead of harvesting his big corn crop in the usual way, Mr. McClain waited until about two weeks after the fodder was ready to pull, when he went through the field with a harvesting machine, cut the stalks down close to the ground and shocked them up, to remain until later in the fall, when he ran the stalks through a shredder. The shredder husked the corn and cut stalks, fodder blades and husks into small pieces ranging from an inch or so in length down to the fineness of wheat bran. This stuff, which is called stover, was salted down, packed in bales and stowed away in the barn. Some 20 tons were lost as the result of a long wet spell; but fully 100 tons or more was safely housed.

The reporter asked Mr. McClain as to the value of the stover, compared with peavine hay. He replied: "Well, of course you know that it contains a considerable sprinkle of grain. I do not consider it as good as peavine hay by about 15 per cent. The stock, however, are all fond of it. They eat it with as much relish as you could desire. I am satisfied that it is worth as much per ton as the best timothy hay, and I am not certain but what it is worth more. I think it is worth more."

"Then you are thoroughly satisfied with your experiment."

"I am so well satisfied that I shall never again attempt the plan of pulling corn and fodder separately. Counting the saving in the expense of harvesting and the saving on account of utilizing stalks and other material that would have otherwise been wasted, I think I get at least 25 per cent. more value out of my last crop than I would have gotten under the old method."

"How about the condition of the corn as saved by this process?"

"The only damage there was arose from the falling down of a few ears to the ground. I mean, of course, on account of this method. There was more rotten corn than usual last year, you know; but it was not attributable to curing in shocks. The proportion that was damaged by reason of the curing process, did not amount to more than 1 per cent. of total damage sustained by the crop. In fact I doubt if there was any more damage than there would have been had I followed the old method. But you may say that I am forever done with the old method."—Yorkville Enquirer.

—During the Christian era 4,000,000 human beings have perished in war. Christianity is not responsible for the violent taking off of this number, which approaches four times the total present population of the earth. A large proportion of the slaughtered were heathen, Mohammedans, Fireworshippers, Cannibals and Polygamists.

—What do they do when they install a minister? asked a small boy. "Do they put him in a stall and feed him?" "Not a bit!" said his father. "They harness him to a church and expect him to draw it alone."

Pocket Flash-Lights.

The man who has trouble with his key-hole is indebted to the inventor of an electric pocket lamp, which was patented early in January and is now on the market. A well-known retail house on North Broadway, always on the alert for novelties, has put in the first supply in St. Louis.

A light, from 3½ to 5½ volts, can be flashed at any object by a gentle pressure on a button. From 6,000 to 8,000 flashes, each flash lasting from one to two seconds, are stored in the battery, which can be replaced at the nominal cost of from 25 to 50 cents.

The lamps are easily portable, being of tube shape, and very light. Carrying it by the ring, with which the contact is produced, it looks like a pretty music roll, such as singers are wont to use to roll their sheet music in. The small sized lamp, which is about 9 inches long and measures 2½ inches in diameter, easily slips into a man's overcoat pocket. This lamp is adapted for house use, and affords quite a brilliant illumination of a dark space. Its light is far stronger than that of the ordinary burglar's lamp, and being suddenly flashed into the face of an intruder, should have a wholesome effect on him. For identification of all sorts of marauders in the hands of a policeman this new contrivance will prove valuable. Manager Sparks, who thought well enough of the electric pocket lamp to add it to his stock, flashed it into the face of a policeman on the Levee a few evenings ago. The guardian of the peace was the most startled man he ever saw, and heartily in favor of it, when its use and operation were explained to him. In the dark-room of the photographer the lamps will prove themselves very valuable.

The largest-sized lamps are 12 inches long and 4 inches in circumference, and are especially made for finding leaks in places where the handling of a match or ordinary lamp would lead to explosions. Oil wells, gasoline tanks and manholes come under that head. Mine inspectors would find them handy in their business.

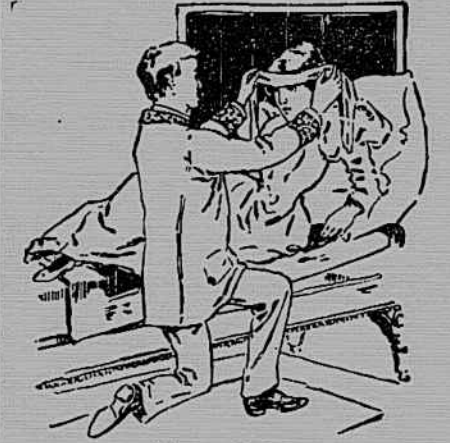
The large lamp yields a continuous illumination of eight hours, the small one proportionately less. While these lamps are not intended for continued lighting purposes, they can be used in that way, where other means of illumination fail.

The inventor of the pocket flash-lamp is a real benefactor of mankind, for he has only shown the beginning of a new use that may be made of the storage battery in the service of the individual.—St. Louis Republic.

Honor to the Palmetto.

By a vote of 59 to 31 the South Carolina house of delegates has passed a bill to prevent the use by the State dispensary of the palmetto tree on bottles and labels, except the stock on hand. One of the advocates of the bill said he did it out of respect to the Confederate and Mexican soldiers. Another delegate said he was moved to indignation when he saw a soldier lying in the gutter drunk, with a bottle sticking out of his pocket, upon which the palmetto tree was the most prominent object to be seen. For this reason, he said, the palmetto tree should be debarred from use on the dispensary bottles, and the vote showed that a majority of the delegates were of the same opinion.—Baltimore Sun.

—In one of the last letters written by P. T. Barnum, just discovered, he thus advised young men: "Keep your brains free from the fumes of alcohol, your blood free from its taint. Avoid tobacco as the poison it really is. Keep your body free, physically and morally. Give your body the care you would give to a machine of which you require much good work."



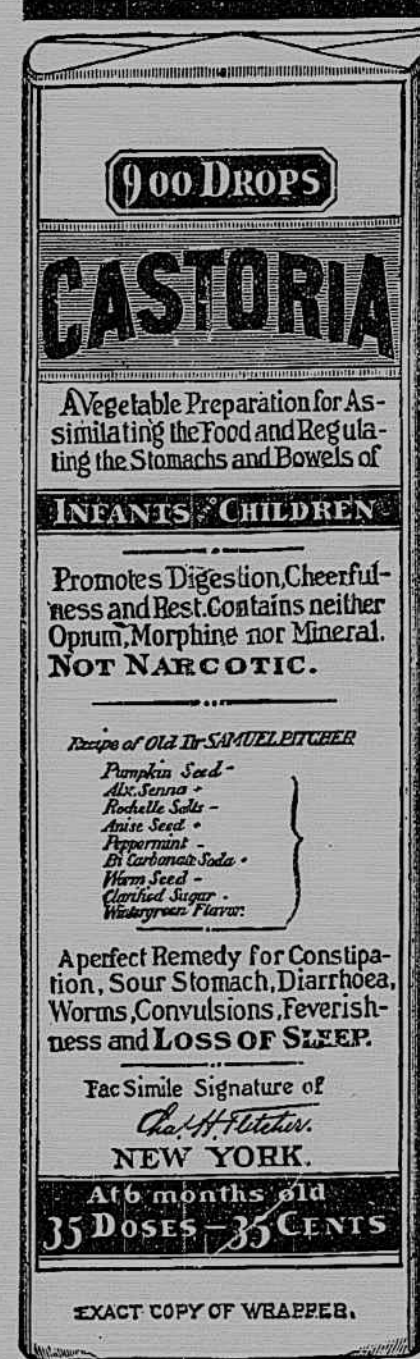
Men as Nurses.

There isn't one man in fifty thousand who is a good nurse. The average man feels as much out of place in a sick-room as a bull must in a china-store. His heart may be ever so full of sympathy, but his feet are heavy and his fingers clumsy.

In most cases when a woman's general health breaks down the original cause is weakness or disease of the distinctly feminine organism. The only permanent cures lie in the correction of all these disorders. Husbands should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine that invariably cures all ailments of this nature without "local treatment" and "examinations." It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned. It makes them well and strong. It allays inflammation, heals all internal ulceration and stops debilitating drains. It cools and tones the nerves. Found at all medicine stores. An honest Druggist won't urge upon you a substitute.

"I had female trouble for many years," writes Mrs. A. Langelbach, of Granger, Sweetwater Co., Wyoming, "and tried many physicians until I was completely discouraged. Finally I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for six months, and soon found it was completely cured. I had been so bad I could hardly walk across the floor, but I am now well and strong, thanks to Dr. Pierce."

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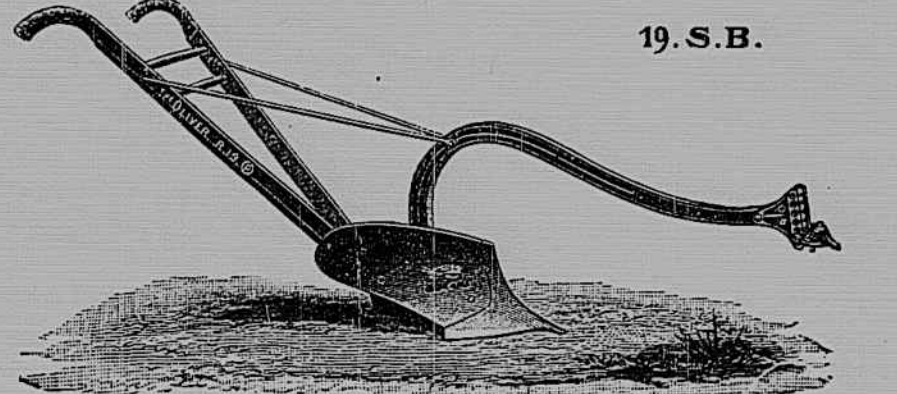
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Feb 9, 1898 33

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