

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Tells How he Secures Mental Rest When He Grows Weary.

Atlanta Constitution.

The mind doesn't need rest, for it will not rest, but it needs a change of mental food. We cannot at will stop thinking, but we can give our thoughts a more pleasing direction and that is rest. And so, when I get tired and perplexed reading and ruminating about the war and the negroes and political corruption, I take a day off and commune with nature and her wonderful works, which are ever before us and around us. It is ever a rest to hear it thunder and to watch the gathering of the clouds and welcome the big drops of rain that fall upon the steps. When the lightning is flashing and the thunder stroke comes quick and sharp and near, we retire from the veranda and for a little while humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and that is rest. Then let us not worry and perplex ourselves all of our waking hours about things which are afar off, but take shelter and comfort at home. Let us change the diet, and it will rest us mentally and physically. My good father was a philosopher and would say to me, "now, my son, I want you to hoe these potatoes and when you get tired you can weed the onions for a rest." Professor Mitchell, the great astronomer, told me that when his mind was wearied with long and perplexing calculations and his eyes were tired of figures, nothing relieved him more than a game of whist with his wife and children. It was a delightful

But my sweetest rest is a frolic with the little grandchildren and listening to their innocent discourse. There are two little girls of three and five years, who visit me almost every day and climb my knees and kiss my old rough cheek, and say that I am not old nor ugly and every night I help their mother put them to bed and tell them the same old stories about Jack the giant killer, and the bean vine and the wolf and the pigs and little Red Riding Hood, and what I did when I was a little boy. By and by the monotony of my voice becomes their lullaby and the little eyes close and the little heads fall over on my shoulder and they are off for the land of dreams. When the father has to go to his drug store every night an old grandpa is a help to a tired mother, and I am yet fit for that.

I saw a pair of old-fashioned blue birds to-day and felt like the friends of my youth had come back. Some years ago they disappeared and I have wondered what became of them. A jaybird with only one leg comes every day to the fountain to drink. I am trying to make a friend of him, but he is very shy and suspicious. Some cruel boy hit him with a sling shot, I reckon, for I see them sometimes in the back alley trying to get a shot at my pigeons. Maybe that jaybird will meet that boy in purgatory. Boys are as mean about killing birds as our government is about killing the Filipinos. But this is a Christian country, and, I reckon, it is all right. These pigeons that have a happy home at my house are an interesting study for the young people. We have about a hundred of them, and some of them are ever before us as we sit on the veranda. They are of many colors, from almost black to a pure snow white, and at all hours of the day they gather at the little hydrant fountain in the front yard and drink and then fly away. The pigeon is the only bird that drinks by draught or suction, as we do. All other birds raise their heads and let the water run down by gravity and then dip the bill down for another drop. Pigeons do not feed their young with worms or bugs, but the old birds digest their food in their own craws into a curd and eject it into the mouths of their young. Hence it is that very young pigeons or squabs generally die when they are given away. Pigeons are not exactly polygamists, but the males have no particular mate and they will feed the young of any mother. Indeed, they do most of the feeding. They are not gallinaceous nor raptorial. Now let the young people hunt up those big words. They can walk, but cannot hop. Most all other birds can hop, but cannot walk. Of course pigeons are pigeon-toed, and so are some folks we know. A pigeon-toed girl generally wears long dresses. Then there is a language called pigeon English. It is really pidgin English, for pidgin is a Chinese word and means business, and pidgin English is a mixture of Chinese and English and of signs by which business is transacted in the ports between natives and foreigners.

The migrating butterfly is moving southward. For two weeks past one or more have been seen at all hours of the day on the wing passing through our grove. My neighbors far and near tell me they are passing their homes. It is a good, large, yellow butterfly of uniform size and shape and color. They do not come in pairs or

flocks, but singly and not often in sight of each other. They all come and go in the same direction and do not stop a moment nor pause to suck the honey from a flower. Well, now I have counted them by the clock as they passed and made five in a minute through my five-acre grove. That makes 300 in an hour or 3,000 in a day. If, then, we count 600 to an acre in a day 100 acres would make 60,000. Ten thousand acres would make 6,000,000 for a single day. How many more acres do they pass over and how many more days? Think of it and the books say they are going south to winter and die. They laid their eggs up north before they began their long journey. From observation I should say they average forty miles a day. It is not a rapid flight, but is unbroken. What a singular creation is this and who can tell why and the wherefore. Nature is full of mysteries and wonders.

My daily mail brings many inquiries and some of them I cannot answer. A "Constant Female Reader" wants to know how the moon influences the making of lye soap and must the pot be stirred backwards or forwards. Well, I gave it up and referred the writer to Aunt Betsy Hamilton. Another inquiring mind wants to know why mules' tails are shaved and their manes clipped. I have referred him to Uncle Remus, but I interviewed some of my friends and one said because it improved the looks of the animal and gave the mule a git-up-an-git appearance. Cobe said it was done so you could tell 'em from a horse, for it was a reflection on a horse to be taken for a mule or for a mule to be taken for a horse. An old farmer said it was done to get rid of currying and cuckleburs, and thereby please the negroes who had to plow them, but it was mighty hard on the mule in fly time. My friend, John Anderson, says that an unshaved mule is a very unsightly beast. Jim Jeff had one that he raised and never would have trimmed. When the mule was twelve years old Jeff got tired of her and tried to swap her off to his neighbor, Stegall, for a horse, but they couldn't trade. Then he offered to sell Kit to Stegall for \$75, but he wouldn't give it. Not very long after that Jeff comes to town and a Tennessee horse trader got hold of him and gave him an old chunk of a horse for his mule. Kit was put under the shears forthwith. She was clipped and rubbed and washed and groomed and in a few days was transmagnified into a very respectable looking animal. Stegall wanted a mule about that time and the Tennessee sold Kit to him for \$100, but he didn't know it was Kit. Next day Jim Jeff had business over at Stegall's and Stegall took him down to the lot to show him what a fine mule he had bought. As soon as Kit spied her old master she nickered and trotted up to him and put her head affectionately upon his shoulder just as she used to do, and Jeff kissed her on the nose, and said: "Kit, why Kit, is this you? Bless your old soul, I oughtn't to have sold you. Stegall, I will give you \$75 for her just because she loves me so." Mules are curious creatures, but they fill a longfelt want and never strike for higher wages. The mule and the negro are a happy combination and when the negro is departed the mule will go, too, I reckon. My neighbor, Morris has a very fine mule and about six months ago this mule tried to pick his teeth with his hind foot and got the shoe fastened in his mouth on a broken tooth. Mr. Morris worked an hour to unloose it, and then called in the neighbors and they worked with ropes and levers, but couldn't. All of a sudden, while Morris was standing by thinking what to do next, the tooth broke with a report like a pistol, and the mule's foot flew back against Morris' shinbone and broke it all to pieces. He was down in bed for three months and goes on crutches now. Such is a mule. He has no pride of ancestry, but he lives long and happy.

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B. B. B. for sale by druggists at \$1 per large bottle, address Blood Balm Co., 330 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga., and sample bottle of B. B. B. will be sent by return mail.

PREHISTORIC FARMING.

BY RENE BACHE.

If age makes respectability, then farming in this country ought to be a much venerated industry. Many centuries before Columbus was born, the natives of what is now the United States were agriculturists, living chiefly by the products of the soil, though, to some extent, they eked out an existence by hunting and fishing. It was not until the whites came and disturbed them that the aborigines gave up toiling in the fields—as people must who are constantly at war and whose homes are insecure.

In the days when Captain John Smith sailed up the broad Potomac and made his historic visit to the chief settlement of Powhatan, where the city of Washington now stands, all that tidewater region, covering an area of more than twenty thousand square miles, was covered with settlements. All along the shores of the river were to be seen comfortable farmhouses, built of poles and covered with birch bark, with cosy kitchen gardens and outlying fields of waving corn that made the landscape beautiful in autumn. Corn was then, as it is now, the great American cereal and the favorite grain of the people. Having originated on the highlands of Central America, perhaps not more six hundred years earlier, it had been cultivated and improved by the Mayas of Mexico, and gradually carried northward, until, by John Smith's time, it was the principal food staple in all of habitable North America, short of the Arctic zone.

The Algonquins, under Powhatan, besides occupying themselves with agricultural pursuits, caught fish and gathered oysters. Theirs was a district adapted for fishing, as well as agriculture, and at every suitable spot on the Potomac's banks was a fishing station, conveniently situated for work in the oyster beds and for the stretching of the nets to capture the shad, which then, as now, made an annual pilgrimage up the river in shoals.

In her kitchen garden the pre-Columbian squaw paid most attention to her beans, which, though she knew it not, were destined to become the ancestors of all the so-called kidney beans, which, in many varieties, are known to-day the world over. From these prehistoric beans descended the famous Boston baked beans, as well as the string beans so highly prized by epicures. Some of these ancient beans, by the way, have been found entombed with mummies in Peru, which unquestionably date back to periods earlier than the arrival of the earliest Spaniards on this continent. Beans were found in the ruins of Troy by Schliemann, but not kidney beans, mark you! It was reserved for the prehistoric American farmer to bestow this gift upon civilized man.

The cornfields of these ancient farmers in the tidewater region of the Potomac covered many a square mile, and in the autumn season lent beauty to many a valley with their waving tassels. True, they were not laid out like modern cornfields, in checkboards of little hills, each one bearing only three or four stalks. On the contrary, the customary method was to make quite a large mound, which supported a considerable number of corn plants, and this mound served for several seasons in succession.

In front of every birch-bark house stood a hollowed log, on end, in which the Indian matron pounded her corn to meal. Further south, as is the case in Mexico to-day the aborigines utilized for this purpose a stone tray and a stone roller of cylindrical shape. Implements of this kind are found in ancient burial places, and are deemed much better and more serviceable than any that can be made nowadays.

In the Southern States at the present time one often sees the hollowed log standing in front of a negro cabin, in which the mistress of the house, just as did the Indian squaw, crushes the grains of maize with a sort of pestle held in both hands. It is commonly declared by experts that nothing is equal to a soapstone griddle for the preparation of corncakes. Whether that be true or not, it is certain that the prehistoric Algonquin matron used no other material for her pots and pans. Though copper was not unknown then, some of it being fetched in trade from the mines of Lake Superior, there was no thought of making cooking utensils of that or any other metal; all metals were too precious, indeed. So our Algonquin matron cut her pots and pans out of the soapstone rock, which is found in many localities in Maryland and Virginia. Being soft, it was easily quarried out in proper blocks with stone tools, each pot being hollowed before it was cut away from the solid mass. Of course, soapstone is only found in some parts of the United States, and this was only one of the conveniences which made the neighborhood of Washington and all the region along the Potomac and about the Chesapeake an especially convenient territory for aboriginal occupancy.

Powhatan's headquarters were not more than a mile from the present capitol at Washington, and the town by which they were surrounded was the greatest political centre north of Mexico. While a properly organized war department looked out for the management of a considerable standing army, the pursuits of the people, as already said, were those of peace. They spent much of their time on the water and, as far as oysters were concerned, they may be said to have carried their farming operations into the aqueous element. Oysters, after all, are in a sense an agricultural product, and these aborigines used to prepare immense quantities of these "meats" for shipment into the interior. For this purpose they cooked the bivalves enough to open their shells, and then dried the meats in the sun. There was a large demand for oysters by tribes of the interior, as well as for dried clams, which were prepared in similar fashion, and for marine shells of certain kinds, which were utilized as ornaments or cut up to make wampum. In exchange for such articles, the people of the Potomac received copper, skins of animals, and various other things they wanted.

It has been asserted that the prehistoric Indians cultivated the squash, and that this plant was originally a native of America, but this is somewhat doubtful. A similar claim has been made in regard to the watermelon, but it is now known positively that this fruit belonged originally in equatorial Africa, where Livingstone saw whole districts literally covered with the vines. The watermelon was cultivated in ancient Egypt, and is represented on some very old monuments in that country.

Another very important plant that was cultivated by the prehistoric farmers of this country was the tobacco. The Indian is always the man who smokes a pipe, and no trace has ever been found in North America of a savage who did not smoke. Sometimes other plants, such as the sumac, were used as substitutes for the "herb nectarian," but the pipe and the Indian always went together. Ever so many pipes have been found in ancient mounds in various parts of the United States, and some of them are very elaborate and beautiful.

Of domestic animals, the ancient Indians of the north and east seem to have none, except the hog. There is scarcely any part of the world from which some tamable species of the genus canis is not found, and its domestication comes about quite naturally. Doubtless women were originally responsible for the domestication of the dog, as it was to their care probably that the young wolf-pups, which chanced to be picked up, fell. In this way unquestionably the adoption of the dog had its beginning. The aborigines in this country had no farm animals, with one exception, to be mentioned presently. They reared deer, herons, and, in the Southwest, golden eagles, which were plucked annually for their beautiful feathers. It is known that the Pueblos domesticated the turkey.

A region in Colorado, bounded by the Mancos, La Plata, and San Juan rivers, is roughly a triangle, round the edge of which is a network of ravines and canons which abound in ruined castles and towers perched on shelves along the cliffs. Some of the single buildings are as large as the biggest department structure in Washington, while others are so small, and so well concealed that they are discovered with difficulty, only by the aid of a field glass. Now and then will be seen a whole walled city, with stony fortifications and huge towers, built along the escarpment of a cliff.

For centuries these cliff dwellings have been entirely deserted, but formerly they were inhabited by a large and industrious population, which, being not at all warlike, sought to obtain security while cultivating the fields in the valleys below, by building their dwellings in the manner described. These people were the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians of today. In their empty houses are found granaries, one room being commonly reserved for the storage of corn and another for beans, since these were the principal food products. Sheep were domesticated and kept in corrals. Today in that strange region there is to be found nothing but desolation, and the only occupants of the houses are mummies, dried and imperishable—the grim corpses of American farmers who perished hundreds of years ago.—Forward.

In The Police Court—Tried and Judgment is its Favor.
Some time ago Judge Andy E. Calhoun, judge of the police court of Atlanta, had occasion to pass a sentence that was gratifying to him, and if people will take his advice much suffering will be alleviated. The judge is subject to nervous, sick headaches and dyspepsia. Here is his sentence: "I am a great sufferer from nervous sick headaches and have found no remedy so effective as Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy. If taken when the headache first begins it invariably cures."
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The Black Diamond.

The "Black Diamond" Railroad company has at last secured the amendment it has been seeking to its charter, as shown by the following issued by the Secretary of State:

Whereas, the Western Carolina Railway company was duly chartered by an act of the general assembly of South Carolina, approved Dec. 20, A. D. 1890, and by an amendatory act approved Feb. 11 A. D. 1898, the name of said company was changed to the Ohio River, Anderson and Tide Water Railway company; and

Whereas, on the first day of August, A. D. 1899, there was filed in the office of the Secretary of the State a statement by the said Ohio River, Anderson and Tidewater Railway company, by P. K. McCully, president, duly attested by J. L. Tribble, Secretary, setting forth that the said company desired an amendment to its charter by amending section 10 of the amendatory act so that it will read as follows:

"Section 10. That this act as amended shall be deemed a public act and shall continue in force until it expires by its own limitation, to wit: for a period of 60 years from the date of approval, and until the first meeting of the general assembly of the State thereafter."

And whereas the said statement set forth that the said statement and application for said change and amendment had been duly authorized by resolution of the stockholders of said company, and that resolutions embodying the request had been adopted by a unanimous vote of the stockholders.

Thereupon the Secretary of the State did issue his requirement as to publication of notice of the said desired change, requiring 14 days' notice in the Anderson Intelligencer and Anderson Advocate of the aforesaid request, setting forth the amendment desired; and

Whereas on the second day of September P. K. McCully, president of the said railway company, did file in the office of the Secretary of the State a certificate setting forth each stockholder was given 30 days' notice prior to the said meeting, which notice stated the time, place and purpose of the said meeting.

Now, therefore, certificate of the due publication of the aforesaid required advertisement having been filed with me, and no objection to the aforesaid desired amendment being made, I, M. R. Cooper, Secretary of State of South Carolina, by virtue of the authority in me vested by an act of the general assembly, entitled, "An act to provide for the formation of railroad, steamboat, street railway and canal companies, and to define the powers thereof, and provide a mode for amending the charters thereof," approved the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1899, do hereby certify that the requirements of the law have been complied with and the charter of the aforesaid company amended as set forth.

—For Sunday night supper it is a good plan to serve a platter of delicate cold meat with salad. Try serving thin slices of cold tongue or chicken, garnished with parsley sprigs as an accompaniment of the lettuce.

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BY virtue of the power vested in me by Deed of Trust duly executed by E. M. Murphy, and recorded in Clerk's office, Book 333, if not sold at private sale before that time, I will sell to the highest bidder before the Court House door at Anderson, S. C., at the usual hours of public sale, on Wednesday in October next, the House and Lot situated on South Main Street, in the City of Anderson, containing one-half acre, more or less, adjoining lots of the City of Anderson, Mrs. E. J. McGrath, L. H. Seel and Main Street.
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Sept. 6, 1899

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