

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Bill Arp Tells of His Recent Visit to Pelzer, S. C.

Atlanta Constitution.

A few days ago I received a letter from a friend and it was post-marked Pelzer. He said I was wanted there to talk to the people, and he ventured to fix the day and the compensation for loss of time and waste of tongue. I had never heard of Pelzer, nor could I find it on my antiquated map. But I did find it on one of later date, and supposed it was some little village that had a cotton mill and dam on the Saluda and some tenement houses. Nevertheless, I accepted the call, for the offer was liberal. The next mail brought a similar invitation from Piedmont, another mill town, only six miles from Pelzer.

So I journeyed from Atlanta to Greenville, and there changed cars for my destination, which is only twenty miles away. It was night when I reached the place. My good friend, Mr. Padgett, who is the democratic postmaster, took me to his house. I had not seen the town, for it was quite dark. "What is the prospect for an audience?" I inquired. "Very good," he said. "I think you will have several hundred people out to hear you."

"Why, how large is your town?" "What is your population?" "About 7,000," he said. I was amazed. A town twice as large as Cartersville and I never heard of it, and it is not on my map. He explained by saying it was only twelve years old, and had four large cotton mills that employed over 2,000 operatives, and consumed nearly 100,000 bales of cotton, and the company owned some 3,000 acres of land, and all the houses and stores and churches and several miles of the river.

"Did you advertise me pretty well?" I inquired. "Oh yes," he said. "We church folks told it to everybody we met, both in the town and in the country, and they all said they were coming." "Publish it in the papers?" said I. "No, no. We have no papers here, and no printing office. We didn't have a poster or a hand bill, but we talked it a good deal."

Well, I listened and wondered, and my confidence was shaken. After a bountiful supper and a little mixing up with the children, we went to the large church where I was to hold forth, and found it already pretty well filled. In a brief time I stood before more than 500 people, and was inspired to make my best effort, for I had an orderly and attentive congregation, and we all fell in love with one another. I have never had a more gratifying lecture occasion. Next morning was spent in viewing the city and the mills and library. The merchants carried immense stocks in large stores, and there were many nice residences for the managers and the heads of the various departments, but they were all built and are owned and leased by the mill company. This company owns and controls every foot of land and everything that is on it. Captain Smythe, of Charleston, is the king, the czar, a big-hearted and brainy man, and everybody respects and loves him. His son of that celebrated Presbyterian minister of Charleston, who during his ministerial life was a notable man in religious circles. I remember that he was one of my father's friends. "Who is your mayor?" said I. We have none, no mayor nor aldermen, no municipal corporation, no marshal or police. Captain Smythe runs the town. Everybody who comes here for employment is investigated carefully. His antecedents must be good or he can't stay. We have no lawyers nor editors; don't need any. We allow them to come in and look around." Did you know that I was a lawyer?" said I. "Oh, yes; but we learned that you had quit the practice and reformed, and so we invited you."

"I don't see any negroes about here," said I. "No, we don't want them. They are a few, but they live outside. Some of them cook and wash for us, but Captain Smythe don't want us to mix with them or depend upon them. He wants everybody to depend upon themselves as much as possible." "And so you have ruled out lawyers, editors and negroes?" "Yes," said he, "and there are no saloons or blind tigers or cigarettes." "How about doctors?" I asked. "Oh, of course, we have doctors; yes, we have two doctors and one dentist and four preachers, all select, and one photographer." The company has a good public library and pays a man to keep it.

I visited mill No. 4, an up-to-date mill in all respects. It is operated by electricity that is generated two miles distant at some falls of the Saluda River. This mill amazed me. No coal nor steam. It is 128 feet wide and 528 feet long and is four stories high. In one great room I saw 60,000 spindles turning. In two others there were 1,400 looms. It requires 1,100 operatives to attend to this mill, and it takes 56,000 bales of cotton for a year's supply. Just think of it.

ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE.

BY WILLIAM RITTENHOUSE.

Which of us does not remember the celebrated drop of water which, falling on the very summit of the great continental divide, can take its choice of going either to the Atlantic or the Pacific Ocean, and which has served to point an obvious moral ever since the geography of America has been known? The Great Divide is not a mere figure of speech, either, but a very imposing reality, as all the transcontinental railroads have found; and its interest is not at all confined to its watershed qualities. The story of the advance of the railroads across its crest is one of the romances of history, and would require a volume to do it justice.

It was in 1841 that Asa Whitney, a New York merchant, first began to dream of making a road across the American Divide. He had been in China a few years before, and became convinced that the trade of China, India, and Japan could all be gained for the United States by a transcontinental line. He proposed to congress to build, at his own expense, a railway from Lake Superior to Puget Sound if he were granted a strip of land sixty miles wide all along the route. For twenty years he strove to push his plan, but the government considered it a fantastic dream, and Whitney died, poor and disappointed. Not until 1864 was a bill finally passed, through President Lincoln's influence, which authorized the building of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads. The Central was to lay its rails eastward from the Golden Gate, and the Union to commence at the Missouri and advance westward. Wherever the rails met, between the river and coast, they were to join. As there was a heavy subsidy, however, granted for every mile of road—forty-eight thousand dollars a mile across the Rockies, for example—each road was anxious to outstrip the other, and the gardeners, working like ants, passed each other, and still kept on until two hundred parallel miles of roadbed (but without a rail) were finished. The track layers, of course, had to stop as soon as they met, which was at Promontory, Utah, where, on May 10, 1869, the last tie was laid. It was made of highly-polished California laurel, bearing a silver plate with the names of the officers and directors of each company, and the rails fastened with four spikes, two of gold, from California and Idaho, and two of silver from Nevada and Montana.

The original idea of a line across the continent was that of trade with the East, as has been said. For many years, indeed, it never entered men's minds that the land between the Missouri and the Sierras was worth anything at all. It was considered a barren, rainless desert, fit only for the buffalo and the Indian. "Money invested in the Great American Desert will never come back," was the phrase of one cautious capitalist. Yet nowadays exactly ninety-five per cent. of the earnings of these roads comes from local traffic, and only five from that through trade from which Whitney hoped so much. It is even an actual fact, that "with the advent of the railroad upon the western plateaus the climate has become milder, the cold less destructive, and the rainfall greater," for the planting of trees and ploughing of fields everywhere has broken the force of the wind and increased the evaporation.

All this, of course, has not been done without infinite toil and sacrifice. Many "pathfinders" of the engineering force lie in forgotten graves along each mighty track across the continent. The Indian, painted, feathered, and treacherous, has hung about the camps of the surveyors, the gardeners, and the track layers, as they have followed each other steadily into the wilderness, and has left a bloody record of massacre behind him. Grasshoppers have clogged the wheels and stopped the locomotives, and snow has buried the crews to starve. This problem of snow, indeed, has been one of the vital questions upon all the transcontinental routes. For two and three years before each one was laid out the engineers have lived in winter camps along the proposed route, observing every summit, slope, and valley, learning from the currents where the snow would drift deep and where the ground would be blown bare. They had to study the secrets of the avalanche and the "flurry" or local hurricane produced by the passing of the snowslide. The result of it all was the snowshed, a purely American invention, of whose interior construction our picture gives an idea, but of which the outside is really the important part.

In building a snowshed the engineer first considers the slope on which it is built. Sometimes, when this is too abrupt, he banks his shed on the upper side with a cedar crib filled with rock, and above and round that is placed a backing of earth and rocks, until the whole hillside is a smooth and even grade. Sometimes, on the other hand, he hollows out a curve farther up the mountainside to turn the snowslide when it comes, or he surrounds his shed with trestlework. Generally an open summer track runs outside the sheds, as the traveler likes to see the scenery. Along the top of the sheds a trough is often built, through which the water of the mountain springs run, to be used in case of fire. Open breathing spaces are left here and there between the sheds, as otherwise the smoke from the locomotives fills them, making them dark and dangerous for the trainmen, and hiding signals. These open places must be especially protected from the avalanche, and so the engineer builds a "split"—a triangular pen, like an inverted "V," filled with stone, above the gap. This will cause the slide, if it comes, to part and pass harmlessly over the tops of the sheds.

The Great Divide is not an even one by any means. The Colorado Midland road crosses it ten thousand feet above sea level, the Union Pacific at eight thousand, and the Canadian Pacific at only about five thousand. But snow falls every month in the year on the northern divide, while in Colorado, at very high elevations, the valleys are steeped in sunshine for half the year. Yet the Central Pacific has sixty miles of snowsheds to the six miles of them on the Canadian road. This seems hard to explain, unless by the superior determination of the American road to prevent possible delay, and the fact that where the passes are so much higher avalanches are more frequent.

The Canadian Pacific road, though built after ours, was built under even greater difficulty. It runs through magnificently rugged mountains—the Selkirks, the Gold, and the Cost Ranges—and has, besides, to deal with "Jumbo," a mountain quicksand that oozes out of the cuts and covers the track, and with boggy "muskegs," on whose elastic surface the track "creeps" or follows the cars, sometimes moving two feet forward during the passage of one train. It is estimated that the road was twenty per cent more difficult to build than any of our transcontinental lines; but, like them, it has been worth far more than its cost. America and Canada, as one writer puts it, may have made the railroads in the beginning; but nowadays it is truer to say that the railroads have made Canada and America.

—Forward.

—A well known cleric was addressing a congregation of seamen at a waterfront mission. Thinking to be impressive, he pictured a ship trying to enter a harbor against a head-wind. Unfortunately for the success of the metaphor, his ignorance of seamanship placed the ship in several singular positions. "What shall we do next?" he cried. "Come down off the bridge," cried an old tar in disgust, "an' lemme take command, or ye'll ave us all on the rocks in another 'alf second!"

The Words of a Famous Mission Worker.

Perhaps no man in Atlanta is better and more favorably known than Mr. John F. Barclay. He for a long time has been a sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia. This is what he says: Atlanta, Ga., January 23, 1895.—Dr. C. O. Tyner: Having used Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy for several years in my family I gladly add my testimony to what has already been said in its praise. Without any exception I think it is the finest remedy on the market and nothing would induce me to do without it.

J. F. BARCLAY.

For sale by Wilhite & Wilhite. Sample bottle free on application to Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy Co., Atlanta, Ga.

—"What a lot of things they are inventing now; chainless wheels and horseless carriages and all those things." "I wish some one would invent endless vacations."

Eat plenty, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat. It cures all forms of dyspepsia and stomach troubles. E. R. Gamble, Vernon, Tex., says, "It relieved me from the start and cured me. It is now my everlasting friend." Evans Pharmacy.

Boarding house keepers record frequent well authenticated instances of a visitor declining to sit at the table at which he or she would have made the thirteenth, and there are hundreds of things happening every day that go to show that the supposed ill luck following this number is not an exploded idea. One thing noticeable, however, is that a visitor will not haggle over getting 13 to the dozen, nor does he fear sudden death if the vendor of the succulent native throw in an extra one in the dozen for luck.

—Stubb—"Say what you please about gasoline stoves, but the one in our kitchen has plenty of nerve." Penn—"In what way?" Stubb—"Why, it's the only thing in our house that dares to blow up the cook."

—The most expensive hat on record cost \$1500 in gold, and was presented to General Grant while in Mexico in 1852. It is on exhibition in the National Museum at Washington—perhaps the finest Mexican sombrero that was ever made.

—The central West is threatened with a coal famine this winter in consequence of the unprecedented amount of other commodities being carried by the railroads.

—The little a man wants here below is a little more.

The amateur detective is as humorous a character as any of Shakespeare's clowns, or even old Dogberry himself. He finds the most astonishing clues, and generally follows them until he brings up about as far away from the solution of the mystery as mortal well may be. But the specialist in the detection of crime, Sherlock Holmes, is a man who reads clues, as the Indian reads a trail. Every step he takes is a step to success.

It's much the same way in the detection of disease. While the amateur is blundering along over misleading symptoms, the specialist goes right to the real cause and puts an arresting hand upon the disease. It is in such a way that Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., succeeds in hunting out and arresting diseases, where the less experienced practitioners fail. More than thirty years of special study and experience have enabled Dr. Pierce to read symptoms as easily and as truly as the Indian reads a trail which is without a hint for a less acute vision than his. Any sick person can consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without charge. Each letter is read in private and answered in private. Its contents are held as sacredly confidential. It is answered with fatherly feeling as well as medical skill and the reply is sent sealed in a perfectly plain envelope, that there may be no third party to the correspondence. Thousands have taken the first step to health by writing to Dr. Pierce. No writer ever regretted writing. Ninety-eight in every hundred treated have been positively cured. If you are afflicted with any old obstinate ailment write to-day, you will be one day nearer health. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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WITH a view of changing my investment I will offer for sale on next Saturday, December 4, 1895, before the Court House in Anderson, S. C., if not sold at private sale before, my Plantation, containing 332 acres, more or less, situated near the Town of Belton, S. C., subdivided as follows:

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TRACT NO. 2—564 acres, known as the Martin Place.

TRACT NO. 3—37 acres, known as the Caroline Ellison Place.

TRACT NO. 4—129 acres, known as the Wm. Ellison Place, including 36 acres of woodland, originally part of George Telford land.

Terms—One-third cash, balance in one and two years, with interest at eight per cent per annum. Purchasers to pay for papers and stamps.

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