

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Bill Arp Gets Left--Porter of the Hotel Failed to Wake Him.

Atlanta Constitution.

Left, left, left! That is an ominous word—I don't like it. Last Friday night I closed my mission down in Alabama—a most delightful week with balmy weather, moonlight nights and good people to cheer me. I retired happy to dream of home and the little grandchildren and the light that would be shining in the window for me on Saturday night.

The porter was to call me up in time to take the 2 o'clock train for Chattanooga, but alas! he did not do it, and I awoke to find that the train had passed and I was left, left, left. Oh! the misery of it. Shakespeare says that there is no philosopher who can endure the toothache patiently, and I will add, or being left by a train when far from home. There is a genuineness about it, for the train has gone.

The next train would not connect at Chattanooga and I would have to stay there till another 2 o'clock in the morning. But all's well that ends well. About daylight I reached my home. All was still and silent. The good old dog was lying at the door and gently wagged his bushy tail. The door was locked, but the window sash was not, and I raised it slowly and softly and was soon in the sitting room, where there was a good comfortable sofa. I knew that the door to our family bedroom was locked, and I heard some faint, familiar nasal sounds that assured me that all was well. The diagnose was right. In a few minutes I was asleep and playing on the harmonica myself. My heavy bass echoed to the tenor in the other room and awakened one of the girls, who whispered: "Mamma, mamma, there is somebody in the front room." "It's your papa," said she. "I know his trombone—be still and let him sleep for I expect he is almost worn out." It was 8 o'clock when somebody kissed me while I was dreaming of the soldier boys drilling and the officer said left, left, left at every step. Rousing up, I received the family embraces, and two little children came running in and climbed all over me and made me happy—oh, it beats war, or politics, or a dog law, or anything. I was escorted into the dining-room to breakfast, and saw at a glance that the room had been repapered with a tinted olive green paper and the bordering matched it beautifully. The doors to the parlor were wide open, and that room had been repapered, too, and was lovely.

Somehow I never could make as much ado over pleasant surprises as my female folks expect, but I did my best, and have expressed my admiration many times since. Before I left they had talked about the old paper that had gotten dirty and was falling off, and said that if I would get the paper they would put it on, and I assented. I am glad that I did, for if I had been at home they would have put the harness on me and made me wait upon them all day, for I am the boy.

I met a man down in Alabama who said that my letters were demoralizing the women of this country and putting new burdens on the men. "Why," said he, "just look at me—I am fifty-five years old and weigh eight on to 200 pounds, and my wife wanted me to climb up a step-ladder yesterday and fix the curtains back, and I told her I couldn't, and I wouldn't, for the ladder was old and rickety and I might fall and break my neck or some of my arms and legs. Well, sir, she laughed and said: 'Bill Arp climbs ladders for his wife; and plants flowers, and strawberries, and nurses the grandchildren, too.' Yes, said I, that's what he writes, but I don't believe a word of it. He thinks that you women are going to be allowed to vote pretty soon and he is just fixing to be elected. Now, see here, Mr. Arp, I fought four years in that dog-and-cat war, and now I am getting old and fat, and I'm not going to climb ladders and tend the flower garden just because you do; that is, if you really do it, which I don't believe." And the good, jolly old old veteran laughed immensely.

Next day I made acquaintance with a conductor on the Alabama Great Southern and he comforted me by saying that my letters gave good example and good cheer and pictured what home ought to be. Said he: "We have nine children out our house—all under age, and my greatest pleasure is in meeting them when my train is off, and in helping them and their mother to fight the battle of life and be contented and enjoy what we have got and be thankful to God for his tender mercies. Running a train half a night and half a day is hard work, but I enjoy my family and my home all the more when I get with them, and they are all the gladder to see me."

I like that man and that kind of talk. When our people realize that home is the best place on earth, and the mother is its dearest inmate, we will then have an ideal common-

wealth.
Coloridie says:
"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."
Lytleton says:
"The lover in the husband may be lost
But the wife is dearer than the bride."
All the great poets have paid tribute to the home and to the mother, for home is not home without a mother. Of course there are many married women who are not mothers, and do not wish to be. With them children are intruders, and the pity is that their mothers had not been of similar mind. In New England and fashionable Northern circles the maternal instinct has been smothered, and has gone into "innocuous desuetude," as Mr. Cleveland would say. And good, gentle Tom Howard said that a Boston mother wouldn't have but one or two children, and she wouldn't have any if she didn't want an heir to inherit the estate.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote a remarkable letter two years ago on the decay of the maternal instinct in New England, and the great increase of divorces and voluntary separations. Mary Brent Reid has recently published an article on the same subject as applicable to France. She says that the fashionable women of the period won't even dress like women. They despise hips and try to hide them. They prefer to be as slim as race horses, and to conceal every sign of a maternal form. Children are intruders, they say; and if by chance they have any they are put out to nurse and to be reared by unmotherly hands. What an awful picture this is—what a sad descent from the motherhood of our mothers—what a counterpart to the Saviour's teaching when he said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Nearly all the great men of the world have been nursed by noble mothers, and it rejoices me to know that Mrs. Sarah Butts, of Brunswick, has a book now in press with Lippencott that will rescue from oblivion the mothers of many of Georgia's great and good men. With her it has been a labor of love. How our biographers from Moses down have lauded the great men but paid small tribute to their mothers.

But the highest heaven is reserved for them, and an eternal fame that will not pass away like that the great men acquire in this changeable world. Alas, poor Dewey; how soon did his garlands wither. But we still have Schley and Brumby and Hobson left, and a host of lesser lights that illuminate the Southern sky.

BILL ARP.

Blood Poison and Cancer Cured by B. B. B. Trial bottle sent free.

Deadly Cancer of the face, neck, legs, lip, eating cancer or sores, cured by B. B. B.—Botanic Blood Balm. B. B. B. cures by driving the deadly, virulent poison, which causes cancer, out of the blood. This is the only cure and B. B. B. is the only remedy that can do this. In the same way B. B. B. cures Blood Poison whether inherited or acquired, producing ulcers, painful swellings, blotches, pimples, copper-colored spots, falling of the hair, sores in the throat or tongue, scrofula. B. B. B. has made hundreds of permanent cures, and is a thoroughly tested, powerful Blood Remedy. Cures where all else fails. Tested for 30 years. To prevent curative powers we send a sample bottle free to any one who writes for it. Large bottles for sale by all druggists for \$1, or 6 bottles (full treatment) \$1. For sample bottle address Blood Balm Co., 380 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga.

When a girl is entertaining a young man in the front parlor—that's capital. But when she has to half-sole his trousers after marriage—that's labor.

My son has been troubled for many years with chronic diarrhoea. Some time ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefited.—THOMAS C. BOWEN, Glencoe, O. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

The remains of a gigantic prehistoric animal, which naturalists at Santa Ge, N. M., are unable to classify, has been found at Tesuque. Its upper jaw consists of twenty layers of bones overlapping each other, each provided with twelve teeth like human molars.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnston, of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co."

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Anderson, S. C.

My Brother's Keeper.

Romans 14:13-15.

BY REV. THOMAS NIELD.

Oh, for the grace that wills to bear
The burdens of a weaker brother!
The grace that gladly shuns what'er
Might prove a pitfall to another.

Though I should have a giant's might,
To stand where weaker ones would
stumble,
I would not exercise my right,
But walk in safety with the humble.

Lord, save from the weak conceit
That scorns to practice self-denial,
Lest my example tempt the feet
Of others into deadly trial.

Engrave the fact upon my heart—
Yea, every day engrave it deeper—
That I must act a brother's part,
And so become my brother's keeper.
—Herald and Presbyterian.

Felt he was Strong.

A brilliant young man, thirty years ago, was beginning to form the habit of indulgence in the wine cup. He knew that other men were drunkards, but he felt that he himself was strong and would never be anything but clear-eyed and strong of nerve and firm of flesh. The years went by. He has had honor and position. He has become a drunkard with it all, and his honors have been for nothing. Whiskey and wine have done for him what they have done for all the rest and what they will do for all who are foolish enough to be deceived by them. If he could, he would deter young men from following in his footsteps, but he will not influence them. They will think of him simply as an old drunkard, and say that he was a fool not to have controlled himself a little; and they will follow him on to death.—Herald and Presbyterian.

Wants None but Teetotalers.

In the Island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a Frenchman, M. Henri Menier, has established what is regarded as the largest private game reserve in the world. He bought the island, which is 140 miles long by 28 broad, for \$22,000, or six cents an acre, and then opened up negotiations with Canadian hunters and trappers for stocking it with red deer, caribou, moose, beavers, and various specimens of the American fox. M. Menier is also developing the agricultural resources of his possession, and is encouraging people to go out and settle on his property. These have to renounce alcoholic beverages, and be strict teetotalers.—League Journal.

There are several persons in Los Angeles, Cal., engaged in the liquor business who never tasted intoxicating liquor. They know the danger and avoid it, but are unscrupulous enough to make money out of those who do not realize their position.

The Russian Method.

The Russian Government has adopted a somewhat drastic measure in order to suppress drunkenness in St. Petersburg. It has taken away from twenty-five thousand shops the right to sell alcoholic liquors, and it has replaced these by five thousand establishments, placed under control of the State, and located at equal distances apart. These establishments are directed by young women. The liquor is delivered in bottles, to which is affixed a government mark. The consumer can obtain only one bottle in each shop, and if, when he visits another establishment, he shows the least sign of intoxication, no liquor will be served out to him.—Belast Witness.

New Zealand Drink Cure.

In New Zealand a man who drinks too much for his own good may be summoned before any justice of the peace on complaint of any member of his family or other person interested. Witnesses are then heard, and if it can be proved that he "misspends, wastes and lessens his estate, generally injures his health and endangers and interrupts the peace and happiness of his family," the magistrate will issue a written order to all dealers within his jurisdiction forbidding them to furnish him with any intoxicating liquors for a period of 12 months.

There is hope for the tippler who will read a temperance paper. He is open to conviction. The constant dropping of water will wear away a stone.

There is not a vice or a disease or a calamity of any kind that has not its frequent rise in the public house.

It takes but a minute to overcome tickling in the throat and to stop a cough by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. This remedy quickly cures all forms of throat and lung troubles. Harmless and pleasant to take. It prevents consumption. A famous specific for grippe and its after effects. Evans Pharmacy.

No Use For Clothes.

Capt. Fred G. Littlehales, of the British steamer Kurdistan, in port with a cargo of nitrate from the west coast of South America, gave an interesting account of his long voyage, just completed to a reporter. The Kurdistan is now in the Cramps' dry dock.

The Kurdistan sailed in the Spring of 1899 for Montevideo and thence in ballast proceeded through the Straits of Magellan to the west coast. On July 26, the Kurdistan, after discharging at Montevideo, weighed anchor for Caronel. Capt. Littlehales had determined to go through the Straits of Magellan, both for the reason that he might shorten his voyage and avoid the stormy Cape Horn. To do so it was necessary to take on a pilot, and this devolved upon an American named Gaskiel, who was found out of work in Montevideo and who was well acquainted with the southern extremity of South America.

The Kurdistan's run was a slow one. Capt. Littlehales had little cause to hurry, and he availed himself of the excellent opportunity afforded to study those comparatively unknown regions.

By far the most interesting experiences occurred after passing through the Straits of Magellan and heading up the west coast. Near the southern extremity of Patagonia, on the Pacific side, are myriads of islands. They extend for several hundred miles up the coast, and are separated from the mainland by a channel about twelve miles long.

The Kurdistan would run in the daytime and anchor at night. The crew found that the islands were inhabited by a wild set of savages, hitherto unrecorded in books of travel dealing with South America. The remarkable feature about the latter is their immunity from cold.

It was latitude 54, south, that the natives first came under the observation of Capt. Littlehales. He told a reporter yesterday afternoon that at that time it was so cold that the spray was frozen on the rigging. Nevertheless, despite this weather, the native men were naked except for a loin cloth of fur, and all that the women wore was a long otter skin cape fastened around the shoulders. Both men and women were finely developed, although rather short in stature. Their features were sharper and more intelligent than those of the Esquimaux.

Miss Annie E. Gunning, Tyre, Mich., says, "I suffered a long time from dyspepsia; lost flesh and became very weak. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure completely cured me." It digests what you eat and cures all forms of stomach trouble. It never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. Evans Pharmacy.

Fancy his chagrin: He was writing to his girl and to his washerwoman. Got the letters mixed. The latter was surprised at the sweet missive and the other—well how would she feel at reading, "If you don't quit wrinkling up my shirt bosom I'll try some one else."

"One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy I ever used for coughs and colds. It is unequalled for whooping cough. Children all like it," writes H. N. Williams, Gentryville, Ind. Never fails. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, pneumonia, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Its early use prevents consumption.

In the summer the Northern Hemisphere is turned more perpendicularly toward the sun, hence it is warmer in summer than in winter, when that hemisphere is turned more sideways to the sun. In the summer the earth is more distant from the sun than in winter.

Mr. J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., saved his child's life by One Minute Cough Cure. Doctors had given her up to die with croup. It's an infallible cure for coughs, colds, grippe, pneumonia, bronchitis and throat and lung troubles. Relieves at once. Evans Pharmacy.

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She Took His Advice.

A bashful youth in Harlem fell in love last summer at the seashore with a girl from Cleveland, but he could never screw up courage enough to propose. This caused him much anguish of soul and made the girl despise him a little for a nunny. After vacation was over and they were separated, a novel fell into his hands, in which the hero won his bride by making so brusque and offhand a proposal that it startled her into consenting before she had time to think.

The Harlem man thought he would adopt that plan, so after much cogitation and the writing of many letters, only to tear them up at once, he evolved and sent her this: "Dear Girl: Let's get engaged." He considered that a masterpiece, until her answer, which was "Dear Boy: Took your advice last night. Got engaged to Jack. Whom will you get engaged to?" Then he kicked that novel all around his room.—New York Tribune.

J. B. Clark, Peoria, Ill., says, "Surgeons wanted to operate on me for piles, but I cured them with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve." It is infallible for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. Evans Pharmacy.

"I understand there are some firms that always give a young employe a raise of salary when he marries," she said. "It is a strange fact," replied the cynical bachelor, "that there are men so constituted that they enjoy encouraging other men to get into trouble."

"I was nearly dead with dyspepsia, tried doctors, visited mineral springs, and grew worse. I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. That cured me." It digests what you eat. Cures indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn and all forms of dyspepsia. Evans Pharmacy.

The town of Lewis, England, has a woman grave digger, who has attended to all the work in cemetery for 25 years.

Purify the sewers of the body and stimulate the digestive organs to maintain health, strength and energy. Prickly Ash Bitters is a tonic for the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels. For sale by Evans Pharmacy.

A herring weighing six or seven ounces is provided with about 30,000 eggs.

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