

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

The Figures 1900 Look Strange to the Philosopher.

Atlanta Constitution.

If a man can dodge around the 20th century question it is a fitting time for him to consider the shrinkage of time since he was a boy, and to ponder upon the reason why the years grow shorter and shorter as he grows older and wiser, and how the period is surely coming when there will be no more years or months and time will be no more. According to scripture this thing called time is a perishable, elastic, compressible creation adapted to man in his state of probation and not at all necessary to the creator who said "before the world was made I am." God always speaks of himself in the present tense "I am." He is one eternal now without beginning of years or end of days. We cannot comprehend this, but as we near the goal we can almost catch a glimpse of its possibility. That time is compressible and elastic all of us have experienced, for sometimes the hours seem very long and sometimes very short. In our dreams we sometimes condense hours and days of events in a few delicious moments. I never shall forget the anxiety and agony of a long effort to keep my brother from fighting a duel, and how I helped to write all the correspondence between him and his adversary, and how at the last the duel could not be avoided and how I carefully selected and loaded his pistol and measured off the distance and then made another effort to pacify and adjust and prevent the duel, but all in vain, and he stood to the mark and fired and fell. The report of a gun that was fired back of our house at a squirrel awakened me and it was this report that condensed all the long train of thought and events into a moment's space. My wife was sitting by my bedside with her hand upon my feverish brow and declared I had not been asleep more than a minute—and yet I remembered every line and word of that correspondence, and when I recovered from my fever could repeat it. The time of hours was condensed into moments. Just so those who were thought to be drowned and were resuscitated tell us that a panorama of their whole life came before them as they lost consciousness. Every word and thought and deed and every scene they had witnessed from their childhood was as vivid and real as if it were just transpiring. There can be no doubt about this experience of many persons. It is well confirmed.

We are just on the verge of knowing wonderful things, and my faith is that we will know when we put off this mortal coil and our souls are released and free. We have implanted within us a spark of divinity, but only a spark. But alas how little we do know and how utterly helpless we are. We know not whence we come, nor whither we are going. We cannot make one hair white or black. We cannot tell by what mysterious power we raise our hands or move our feet or wink our eyelashes. We cannot add a day or an hour to our lives, nor foresee the accidents that may befall us as we move to and fro on the land or sea. We cannot escape the pestilence that walketh at noonday nor make ourselves secure against fire and flood and famine. What pitiful creatures we are, and yet we see everywhere around us young men who are conceited and proud of their manhood or their money and we see young girls who are vain of their beauty or their dress when they played no part in the formation of the one or the earning of the other. A beautiful woman is close kin to the angels, and she should be thankful that God made her so, but she has no excuse in the world for being vain. Humility is her loveliest ornament. As for these conceited and haughty young men who strut around in fine clothes that they never earned or that they got by short cuts and dishonorable means, they excite only pity or contempt. When we look upon them we can but exclaim with David, "Lord what is man that thou art mindful of him?" Young men, why don't you humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God who made you, you have not the remotest idea who you are to-day and you don't care if you haven't. You have traveled 300,000,000 miles since the last year and got back to the same place you started from. You travel 30,000 miles an hour and everyday turn a summersault 25,000 miles round and don't know it, and you don't care if you don't. The Creator is your engineer and runs your train without a run-off or a collision and you never think of Him or thank Him. You seem to think that you are doing it.

I reckon the 20th century problem is about settled. It is an old problem and perplexed mankind away back in the ages. The question used to be whether the year prior to the birth of Christ was 1, B. C., or 0 B. C., and the mathematicians and astronomers settled it down at 0, B. C., and begun the new era with 1, A. D., and it remained 1, A. D. for 365 days. But aside from this the problem is surely a mathematical one, for if it takes 100 years to make a century it will take 1900 years to make 19 centuries, and they will not have passed until next January comes. What a world of confusion those old popes and monks and kings got our chronology into. With some of them the year began with 25th of March, with others 1st of January, and Christmas and Easter. One time the year was set back three months and at another time 12 days. The year was divided into 9 months and 10 months and 11 months and at the last into 12 months. They treated old father Time according to their whims. Julius Caesar stuck in a month to gratify his vanity and he called it July. This made Augustus Caesar jealous and he stuck in another month and called it August.

But about 150 years ago all Christendom got the divisions of time settled down upon the present basis and I hope it will stick. We do not know that the Savior was born 1899 years ago last Christmas, but that is as near as can be approximated, and it is near enough for all Christians to observe and be thankful for.

1900. There is a meaning in those figures. Every time they are written on a letterhead or a ledger or a bank note or check or hotel register or printed on a newspaper they mean something. The peas of Christians and infidels and Jews and gentiles are all writing it visible and indelible upon the paper. Every moment of time it is being written all over the world and every mark establishes a fact—a great fact that 1899 years ago there was a birth—a notable birth, and old father Time suddenly stopped the old calendar and began a new count and called it Anno Domini. What a wonderful event it must have been that closed the record of the ages and started time on a new cycle. How in the world did it happen? The Greeks had their calendar and the Romans had theirs and the Jews had one that was handed down by Moses. The Greeks had the olympiads and the Romans the birth of their ancient city, and the Mohammedans the flight of Mahomet, but all were over shadowed and still are by the one set up by a handful of friendless Christians. What a wonderful thing is this date, these four simple figures. We write these every day and read them everywhere.

Then let us all ponder over what they mean and prove. BILL ARP. This will interest Many. Editor of Intelligencer: If any of your readers who suffer from Blood Impurities, such as eruptions, unsightly pimples, ulcers, eating sores, eczema, scrofula, cancer, tetter, swollen glands, rheumatism, catarrh, contagious blood poison, ulcerated mouth or throat, or any other blood taint, will write us, or any other letter, and send us a bottle of our Blood Balm, a positive specific cure for all blood troubles. As you are well aware B. B. B. has been thoroughly tested for thirty years, and in that time has permanently cured thousands of sufferers after all other treatment had failed. B. B. B. is undoubtedly the most wonderful blood purifier of the age. It is different from any other blood remedy, because B. B. B. drives from the blood the humors and poisons that cause the unsightly evidences of bad blood, and a cure thus made lasts forever. B. B. B. is for sale by every druggist in the United States, but to satisfy your readers that B. B. B. is a real cure we will send a bottle free of charge and prepaid to any one who writes us. If your readers will describe their troubles we will give free personal medical advice. Ask your local druggist about B. B. B. Blood Balm Co. 380 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co. and Wilhite & Wilhite.

—A Louisville man has a little house dog that chews chewing gum with a relish. It has been demonstrated repeatedly in every State in the Union and in many foreign countries that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain preventive and cure for croup. It has become the universal remedy for that disease. M. V. Fisher, of Liberty, W. Va., only repeats what has been said around the globe when he writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for several years and always with perfect success. We believe that it is not only the best cough remedy, but that it is a sure cure for croup. It has saved the lives of our children a number of times." This remedy is for sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

What is Sassafras Good For?

This is a question that was asked the other day by a correspondent of The News and Courier, and the Savannah News makes the following answer:

The correspondent, if he is a native of the South, has probably been familiar with the plant all his life. No doubt he has drunk sassafras tea hundreds of times; smacked his lips over it and asked for more. Nevertheless he knows no more of it than that sassafras is a shrub or tree, the roots, branches and leaves of which have a rather strong, pungent aromatic and rather sweetish taste, and that tea is sometimes made of the bark of the roots. Familiarity with the sassafras has made it uninteresting; nobody in the South pays a great deal of attention to it. It grows almost everywhere, and especially likes the soils of old fields and hedge rows. It grows wild. To suggest to a Georgian or South Carolinian that sassafras be cultivated would be laughed at.

Nevertheless the sassafras plant is full of virtue from the lowest point of its tap root to the crown of its foliage. Bark, leaves, wood, pith and roots contain valuable properties. The leaves are heavily charged with a mucilaginous juice which may be made to serve every purpose of gum arabic. The pith also is a gum producer in even larger degree than the leaves. An investigator says that a few inches of sassafras pith put into a glass of cold water will in a few minutes make a glass full of mullage. During the civil war, in some parts of the South, sassafras leaves were employed to furnish the thickening for soup; and it was very palatable and healthful thickening, too. During that time, also, sassafras tea was largely used as a substitute for coffee and the ordinary tea of commerce. The sassafras infusion, however, is a more healthful beverage than either tea or coffee. It has positive alternative properties, and as a blood remedy it should be ranked along with sarsaparilla. It is also a diuretic and soporific; it is good for the kidneys, and to procure perspiration. It is valuable in cases of colds or fevers. Oil of sassafras, according to a medical authority, "is used in the treatment of cutaneous diseases, rheumatism, gout, etc." It is commonly used in connection with other drugs. It has been stated that a great many of the "magic" proprietary liniments which are so popular, at 25 to 50 cents a bottle, are made of spirits of turpentine, costing about 40 cents a gallon, and a little oil of sassafras and that a great many of the "discoveries," "cures," and the like, which cost \$1 a bottle, have as their base an infusion of sassafras. We recognize the virtues of the sassafras and turpentine after somebody a thousand miles away has mixed them and given them a catchy name; but we don't care much about them in their natural state. Flavoring extracts are also made from sassafras, and there is no more delightful and refreshing beverage than sassafras beer on a hot day. The mullage from the pith of the sassafras is said to be an excellent remedy for sore eyes, or for almost any irritation and sore tissue. As a gargle for sore throat sassafras tea, with alum, has recognized standing in every rural housewife's cupboard. Still, most people are unfamiliar with the sassafras, for the reason that it is so common.

Irish Potatoes. Some few years ago the Enquirer made a considerable effort to awaken a proper interest in Irish potatoes in this section; but generally the effort only met with temporary success. However, the subject is still an important one, and the conditions for the development of the potato crop are much more favorable. Of course, almost every family that has a garden and almost every farmer in the country, raises a little patch of Irish potatoes; but generally these patches are hardly sufficient to supply the table needs during a few weeks of the summer, and it is only an occasional individual here and there who ever thinks of raising potatoes for the market. In fact it is safe to say that 75 per cent. of the potatoes raised in this country are dug and consumed before they are fully matured, and not five potato raisers out of a hundred are able to put home raised potatoes on his table two months after the plowing of his patch. That potatoes may be raised and saved in this section there is no question. It is well established that any gardener who understands even the rudimentary principles of his business, can easily raise two crops a year; and with less attention than is demanded by a corn crop, he can raise as many bushels of potatoes to the acre as of almost any other crop known. Not only this, if the proper means be used, both first and second crop potatoes may be kept from one season to another. Of course, potatoes cannot be kept with as little trouble or expense as can corn, oats or wheat; but the trouble and expense are very little greater than is required for these crops, and usually not only the market value, but the profit to the grower, is much greater. At one time last fall Irish potatoes retailed in Yorkville at 40 cents a peck or \$1.60 a bushel, and at this writing they are retailing at 25 cents a peck. Of course, the local crop last year was a particular failure, and that may have had something to do with the high prices, especially just before the northern crop was harvested; but at these prices potato raisers could have made money even off the crop, and there would be a big margin of profit for the producer at this time. For instance, a local dealer told the reporter the other day that he alone had sold as many as 50 bushels of potatoes in a week, and while this dealer is probably the largest in Yorkville, it would seem safe to put the local consumption at not less than 75 bushels a week, valued at \$3,750 a year. That the consumption of potatoes is steadily growing in this section is also a settled fact. While hominy is still the great food basis in this section and throughout the South generally, the number of potato consumers is constantly increasing. The consumption of potatoes is not confined to any class. The hotels are bound to have them all the time—almost as regularly as bread—hundreds of private families use them daily, and the demand in the cotton mill settlements can hardly be supplied. If it were practicable right now to give the total sum that York county is each year sending away for the single item of Irish potatoes, which can be raised as cheaply and as perfectly here at home as anywhere on earth, the figures would be startling. If every farmer in the country should put forth all his effort raising potatoes, there is no doubt of the fact that the local market would be glutted so that the price would hardly be sufficient to pay the price of hauling to the towns. But still every farmer can undertake to raise a few potatoes without any such danger. Properly cultivated and intelligently handled after harvesting, potatoes would have on the farm a value similar to that of corn, oats and wheat. They can be used not only for the table; but also for feeding all manner of stock. If the worst comes to the worst, they can be converted without loss into horse powder, into pork fat, into chicken feed or into milk and butter. So, under these circumstances, potato raising is a safe proposition on any and every farm. Each farmer who gives his attention to the industry on a small scale, or as large one as he may see fit, will be in a position to protect himself against loss and at the same time have many opportunities during the year to convert a bushel of potatoes into a dollar which might otherwise be difficult to get. The raising of potatoes is an easy matter. All that is necessary is to thoroughly prepare good ground, fertilize the same if necessary, and plant potatoes as soon as the danger from frost has passed. Then with the first good season, cover the bed to a depth of two or three inches with pine or other forest leaves, or with wheat straw, or almost anything of that general character. It is pretty well understood now that potatoes so covered rarely suffer from bugs, and, further, they require no more attention until they are ready to dig, though they should not be disturbed until they are fully matured. The second crop may be easily raised in the same way; but in its case the top covering is not so necessary, as bugs are rarely so destructive to the second crop as to the first.—Yorkville Enquirer.

He Once Knew Something.

A middle-aged gentleman who has been looking over his old school examination papers writes to the Academy expressing his chagrin at the discovery of the fact that he knows less than he did years ago. "I knew some things then. Arithmetic, for instance. To-day I am at the mercy of any waiter who brings me change; at booking offices I keep vast crowds waiting and missing their trains while I do laborious subtraction sums in my heads, but at school what a hand I was at figures! Look at this: "Three graziers, A, B, and C, rent a piece of pasture land for a month. A puts on 27 cattle for 21 days, B 19 for 24 days, and C 23 for 25 days. If at the end of the month the rent and other charges amount to \$235.100, how much of this ought to be paid by each?" "I could do that in 1881. I couldn't do it now. I have no idea where to begin. It may be easy, but the point is that I have not the key. There used to be a jugglery with x, and I could manage it. Now that I pay income tax, and have statements of account from my publisher every half year, I can manage it no longer. And I seem to have known zoology, too. Zoology! I seem to have been able to describe and draw diagrams of the heart and principal blood vessels of the crayfish. Once—good heavens!—once I was a well-informed boy. To-day I don't see how I should pass the third-class college of preceptors."—London Academy.

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