

A RIVAL ROBBER RIVER.

The New Atchafalaya Threatens the Mississippi.

Royal Daniel, in Atlanta Journal.

The Mississippi river, for centuries defiant, majestic and supreme, laughing at imitation and fearless of her title, awakes at the beginning of the new century to find a dangerous rival at her very door, and more than a rival—a robber.

Ten years ago the man could not be found in Louisiana who believed there was any danger to be feared from the Atchafalaya creek, an insignificant stream that bored its sluggish course from its course near the mouth of the Red river to the Gulf. The river was tributary to nothing, received its supply of water from no certain fountain head, depended largely upon the big overflows and heavy rains and in the dry months almost disappeared from view. Such was the Atchafalaya ten years ago.

To-day this stream, creek no longer, is bigger, deeper and swifter than the Mississippi ever was or ever can be, for it is daily and hourly stealing away the waters of the Red river, infringing momentarily upon the supply of the Mississippi and draining from the Father of Waters billions and billions of the reddish, muddy fluid, that has made the sketch of the stream famous from Minnesota to the Gulf.

Beginning at a point on the Red river about ten miles above the junction of the Red and the Mississippi, the Atchafalaya found its source in the break of an embankment of the Red. A first there was no Atchafalaya, and the waters breaking over the southern bank of the Red river reached out into the lowlands and formed an impenetrable swamp of stagnant and troublesome water. Gradually this water sought an outlet and then was formed the Atchafalaya creek, a slow, murky, muddy stream, sometimes possessing a current, and at other times, when the Red river gave out little supply, merely an expanse of water without purpose of meaning or any importance.

But the Red river had gradually been seeping through the banks of the south and the swamp has gradually been getting larger and the demand for an outlet increasing every day. The Atchafalaya came to the rescue. The creek became a great stream, navigable to small boats. And the leak in the Red became greater and more water rushed over and through the banks and poured their current into the Atchafalaya. One Spring the great Mississippi overflowed for miles above the junction with the Red. The river was fifty miles wide and the waters, crowding for a quick run to the Gulf, found their way into the current of the Atchafalaya, and then there was a mighty floodtide that boomed across the sugar plantation bottoms. It was the making of a great waterway, destined in a short time, a few years, at least, to be the greatest river in the world.

GOVERNMENT SEES GREAT DANGER.

The United States government was not long to see the great danger that confronted the Mississippi and the city of New Orleans. Experts were sent to the source of the Atchafalaya and a survey was made. The condition was found to be very serious and prompt action was necessary. The report of the experts showed that the Red was fast transferring its waters to the Atchafalaya, robbing the Mississippi and threatening to rob the city of New Orleans of its waterway.

When the next visit of the experts was paid to the source of the Atchafalaya, it was ascertained that the river had widened and deepened and was larger than the Red and almost as large as the Mississippi. The river was getting deeper and broader and the current swifter and the Red and the Mississippi were becoming smaller in proportion.

The experts went to work, rather than waiting to make a report. Already a vast appropriation, running far into the millions, has been made. This fund was to be used in checking the leakage of the Red river. On account of the new territory which the Atchafalaya has opened up to the merchant marine of the State, it was not desirable to entirely close up the newly-made stream, and it was agreed that the water, only so much as was absolutely necessary, would be thrown back into the Red and then carried on through the old channel into the Mississippi, via New Orleans to the Gulf. In order to do this a vast dam, made of sills, was stretched across the mouth of the Atchafalaya. This dam was ten feet below the water line of the river, allowing boats drawing only ten feet to pass over the dam, and also allowing only ten feet of water to escape from the Red river.

For a time the dam worked satisfactorily, but the water was restless, and gradually the break above and below

the dam began to grow and widen and it was not long before the water was again rushing over the banks and into the Atchafalaya, which was once again a booming, rushing river. The Atchafalaya, being more than 200 miles nearer the Gulf than the Red or the Mississippi, and being much greater in its descent, found great inducement to offer the waters that had been confined in the two sluggish streams, and therefore nature was an active aid to the Atchafalaya. The government began to make greater appropriations, and more experts were sent to the scene of operations, where the work is still being actively carried on today.

GREAT COMMERCIAL WATERWAY.

The Atchafalaya, though a rival of the Mississippi, a robber waterway, securing its supply and importance by stealing from the Red, has already proved of magnificent profit to the people of the parishes who before had no means of reaching the markets of the world. These places, far removed from the rumble of the cars, because of impenetrable swamps, and not touched by boats, because there was no navigable stream nearer than the Mississippi, were lost to the beneficent effects of being in touch with the throbbing trade of the city of New Orleans. There was no way in which their products could reach the sea and the question of import was just as serious. Handicapped by these conditions, the people of these parishes lived a life of mean existence, and their children grew up in ignorance and poverty.

It was, therefore, with delight that these farmers watched the waters rise higher and higher in the new river that was to bring them commercial connection with the world and was to furnish them a means of transporting their sugar cane and rice and cotton and corn to their cities. Now the river is the slave of large boats that, heavy laden, sail up and down on its wide bosom, dispersing commerce and receiving in exchange the products of the interior.

The Mississippi at New Orleans, at the foot of Canal street, is 2,000 feet wide, not quite half a mile. It is about 200 feet deep and very sluggish. The Atchafalaya, at a distance from its mouth the same as Canal street to the Mississippi, is more than a mile wide, more than 200 feet deep and very swift in the flow of its current. Thus it will be seen that already the Atchafalaya has taken from the Mississippi a vast amount of water, which, by right of precedent, should pass by the Crescent City, whose existence is owed to the river.

Interesting, indeed, is the conclusion that can be drawn from the study of the condition. Interesting, indeed, to the city of New Orleans more than to all, for the people of this city is watching the rise and fall of the Atchafalaya more closely than all the balance of the world. Suppose the Atchafalaya should steal all the water of the Red river, and the natural and logical solution of the problem is that this will be true, as the Atchafalaya is nearer the Gulf, the fall is much greater in the new river than it is in the Red and the Mississippi and the dropping of the water, day by day theory, is all in favor of the final triumph of the Atchafalaya. Suppose, too, that the Mississippi, always undecided and restless, should cut across to the mouth of the Atchafalaya, what then would happen? Where would New Orleans be?

The answer has been thought about often by the people of New Orleans, whose fortunes are dependent upon the river. They used to say that there could be yellow fever epidemics in the city, but there would be financial reverses, but the river, the great father of rivers, the gem of all rivers, was there, and as long as the river rolled past the city her future was full of realization and promise. And this is true. So long as the great river rolls at the feet of the mighty city there will always be money by the millions to be made out of her commerce.

And it is upon this line of reasoning that the people of New Orleans and Baton Rouge, the owners of the big plantations on the bottom of the river, are thinking to-day. The jest has been stripped from the query. There is nothing but seriousness and fact which must be dealt with. It is a matter of concern, and New Orleans knows it. It is a question that is being asked daily by interested and concerned inquirers:

"Will New Orleans ever be without the Mississippi, and if that day should dawn, what would become of the city?"

New Orleans would simply follow the river. If the Mississippi and the Red went into the new channel of the Atchafalaya, then the city that sprang into existence on the new waterway would be the New Orleans, whether it was called by that name or whether it were to be known as the New Crescent City of the South.

ON SNODGRASS HILL

Eloquent Plea for the Placing of This State's Battle Monument.

To the Editor of The State:

I see from your paper that Gov. McSweeney in his message to the general assembly recommends the appropriation of the \$10,000 asked for by the United Confederate Veterans' reunion at Chester last summer. Allow an old Confederate veteran who was in the fight at Chickamauga on the 20th of September, 1863, and who voted heartily for the resolution at the reunion, a few words in your widely circulated and valuable paper; and first I would say the governor has done a graceful act in recommending it to favorable consideration, and I feel assured the general assembly will honor itself by passing the bill.

But, sir, my chief purpose in writing this letter is to call the attention of the commission who may be appointed to locate the monument contemplated in the bill to the claims of Snodgrass hill as the spot. Now, sir, it is a fact that while there were three South Carolina brigades engaged in that great battle, to-wit: Gist's, Manigault's and Kershaw's besides other South Carolina troops not brigaded as such and all did nobly yet it was on and around Snodgrass hill where the Federal Gen. Thomas made his last desperate stand, and from which he was not driven until about midnight, and Gen. J. B. Kershaw's brigade was in the awful bloody charge that helped to dislodge him. I know whereof I speak when I say few troops on either side ever fought more nobly or lost more heavily in any battle of the Confederate war. Co. G. of the Third, or James' battalion of South Carolina infantry, which I had the honor to command, lost in killed, amputation of limbs and other wounds, as I recollect it, fully one-third of the number engaged. The brigade was composed of the Second, Third, Seventh and Fifteenth regiments, and as before said, the Third, or James' battalion, of seven companies, and suffered fearful loss. Among the field officers who were killed outright I recall the gallant Col. Bland, of Edgefield county, in command of the Seventh, and Capt. Townsend, of Cokesbury, in command of the battalion. I remember distinctly seeing the enemy bring up a battery on the hill just north of Snodgrass, over which we had charged, and entered a ravine between the two hills. I said to our men: "They are going to open a battery on us," which they did in short order, and the first volley they fired into us with grape or canister they tore away one-half of his head. I don't suppose he realized that he was struck. I don't think he moved from the time he was struck except to fall backwards. This incident occurred as we were advancing up the hill, before we reached the woods, where the enemy were. We were then under the fire of the enemy. Our battalion was the battalion of direction and the entire brigade had to keep itself in line by our colors. Our color bearer was Wm. Evans, and not understanding just the direction to advance so as to strike the enemy's line squarely, as they were partially concealed by the woods at the top of the hill, Gen. Kershaw walked up to him and took the colors and walked out in front of the battalion, where he could be seen by the entire line and was advancing with the flag, when Evans following closely at his heels, and no doubt feeling mortified at what he supposed Gen. Kershaw construed as a want of either of courage or proper understanding of his duty, said: "General, please give me that flag, and just tell me where to go with it, and I'll take it there."

Gen. Kershaw handed it back to him and said: "You see that large green pine?" "Yes, sir." "Go directly to that." And he went. That same pine is standing there to-day, or was in July, 1898. It has been my good fortune to visit Chickamauga battlefield twice since that eventful day—first, in 1897, and again in 1898—and I cannot undertake to describe my feelings, when, with bared head, I walked up Snodgrass hill and looked back over the 35 intervening years and thought of that day when so many brave men went down: noble men, who died for the cause they believed to be right and undertook to defend. The ground to-day looks very much like it did the day of the fight. The government has purchased the entire field of hundreds of acres and has not allowed the woods to be cleared. I could go to the very spot and identify where Capt. Townsend fell, and my orderly sergeant, J. W. Asford, was shot in the side and he and I both supposed he was killed, but he is alive yet; and where I received a severe flesh wound in the left leg, and poor Dave Gladney, a member of my company, himself wounded, let me lean on his shoulder and limp back to the field infirmary. If I were rich I would visit Chickamauga every year of my life, just to

bring back the memory of that thrilling event.

But I must close, my letter it is getting too long. Most all of my old company are gone; in fact few comparatively of the battalion or brigade remain. I would be so glad if the contemplated monument should be put on Snodgrass hill. I think no more appropriate spot can be found. It is a commanding position, and a shaft upon its brow or summit could be seen for a considerable distance, and then no more gallant soldier than Gen. Joseph Brevard Kershaw drew sword in defense of the Lost Cause, and it was the scene of the last fighting of that memorable big bloody battle.

R. H. JENNINGS.
Winnsboro, S. C., January 17, 1900.

Somebody Forgets.

A little boy, living in the most poverty-stricken section of a great city, found his way into a mission Sunday-school and became a Christian. One day not long after, some one tried to shake the child's faith by asking him some puzzling questions. "If God really loves you, why doesn't He take better care of you? Why doesn't He tell somebody to send you a pair of shoes, or else coal enough so that you can keep warm this winter?"

The boy thought a minute, and then said, as the tears rushed to his eyes, "I guess He does tell somebody, and somebody forgets." The saddest thing about the answer is its truth. God is not unkind of His little ones. Whether they are in want of fire or food or advice or sympathy. He calls on us to supply the things that are needed. He tells us that every act of kindness or helpfulness done to the least or lowest of His creatures He will count as done to Him. But not all of His purposes are carried out; often because we choose our own pleasure rather than His will, often because somebody forgets.

Somebody forgets! That is one of the reasons for the pinched faces we see sometimes, and which haunt us for days after, for half-clad, shivering bodies, and for cheerless homes. That is one of the reasons why there are children in this dear land of ours who have never heard Christ's name except in curses. It is the explanation for more than half the sin and sorrow of this world. Is it not high time for each of us to ask the question, "Am I among those who forget?"

Use Of Peanuts In The Preparation Of Various Dishes.

The use of peanuts in the preparation of various dishes is increasing. A wafer to be offered at afternoon teas is made by chopping very fine a pint of the shelled nuts and mixing them with three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, a little salt, and a cup of sugar creamed with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Flour is added to make a soft dough, which is rolled very thin, cut into strips and baked in a moderate oven. Peanut sandwiches, too, are appetizing and nutritious, either for tea or with the salad at luncheon or dinner. Several receipts are followed to make them, a good one calling for brown bread. This is cut in thin slices and very lightly buttered, spread with cream cheese and a layer of finely chopped nuts. The slices are then pressed together, and cut in circles or ovals. At the grocer's may be found peanut butter put up in tumbler or small jars that is also intended for use in sandwiches. The compound is manufactured by several different firms, all of whom claim great nutritive as well as appetizing value for their product.—New York Evening Post.

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, we will send them free of charge and prepaid, a Trial Bottle of B. B. B., (Botanic 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 Wilbitt & Wilbitt.

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Interesting to Mothers.

It will probably startle a good many persons to find, on the authority of a well known statistician, that could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles the cradles would extend round the globe. The same writer looks at the matter in a more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mothers' arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the 12 months had passed by.

A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in the going past at the rate of 20 a minute, 1,200 an hour, during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would only have seen the sixth part of the infantile host.

In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping 6-year-old boys and girls.

A Novel in a Nutshell.

Met him.

Met him again—in love with him.

Met him again—no longer in love with him; but he in love with me, because I am so beautiful.

Met him again—he is still more in love with me; but because I am also so good. Sorry for him.

Again I met him—he is colder than he was. Think he has forgotten my beauty and goodness. I, however, am inclined to think that I am in love with him after all. How lucky he is and how angry mamma will be.

Mamma proved to be strangely pleased. Makes me angry, for I know she is not a good judge of a young girl's heart.

Flirted with him outrageously to make mamma mad—didn't succeed.

Engaged to him—glad.

Married to him—sorry.—Philadelphia Times.

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