

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Bill Describes the Old Lady's Departure From Home.

Atlanta Constitution.

Going, going, gone! For two weeks it had been the family talk—will the maternal ancestor go to Florida or not. Her posterity down there had been calling her long and frequently and finally sent her a liberal check wherewith to provide a suitable paraphernalia and pay her way to Jacksonville. It was an awful struggle. The girls hinted that if she was not going she ought to send the check back, and when at last she bought the beautiful silk mohair Henrietta Maria Vendetta, or words to that effect, and turned it over to the dressmaker, it looked like she was certainly going, but I had my doubts. She wanted me to decide the momentous question, but I looked solemn and maintained a dignified neutrality. "If you are going," said I, "of course I will go with you, for where thou goest I will go, but you must start next Tuesday eve and stay a week only, for I have got to go to Carolina again the last of next week." Still she hesitated and gave no certain sign. There were posterity at home that she feared would fall into a welt or get bitten by a mad dog, or get run over on the street, or catch the measles or something else, and every time they came to greet her, her eyes would get watery at the thought of leaving them. Neighbors and kindred urged her to go for she had not been as far as Atlanta in five years, and needed a change of air and water and scenery. And so we escorted her to the depot and there were so many to kiss and so many parting injunctions about the children that she had liked to have been left after all. For ten miles she never said a word, but looked out of the window and ruminated.

An acquaintance on the car came forward and that relieved the monotony and we got to Atlanta in due time and after a short stay left for Florida.

Now we are both glad that we came, for we made our kindred happy and will make some more happy when we get back. This evening we visited the ostrich farm, the Florida zoo, which of itself is worth a trip to Jacksonville.

I wish that all the children could visit it for it is a bigger thing than a circus or menagerie; it is much larger than it was two years ago, for now, besides over a hundred ostriches the proprietors have many varieties of the most beautiful birds in the world. They are of exquisite plumage—peacocks, ducks, parrots, pelicans, cranes—and there are deer, monkeys, crocodiles, otters and many other creatures that are never seen traveling around, and are things of beauty that would delight the little folks. My wife says that it is the best show for a quarter that she ever saw. It is worth that to see the otters playing in the water. This zoo is an established success and a specialty for Jacksonville. Crowds visit it every day and the tourists buy feathers and eggs most liberally.

The street-car takes you there for a nickel and they are always full. We are going to Pablo Beach to-morrow and to St. Augustine next day, and keep on the go all the time as long as the letters from home tell us that all are well.

What a wonderful change has come over the city since I first knew it, when there were about 10,000 people and it was under the ban—a suspect—a home for pestilence, and the tourists hurried through it to safe havens. Now there are 35,000 people, and during the winter half as many more. The city has been thoroughly sewered and drained and is supplied with the purest water and the streets and walk ways are all paved and everything looks clean as a parlor.

The pestilence that walketh at noon-day will not walk here any more. And then what a change of diet has come over us. Early vegetables, early oysters and shad and pompano, and strawberries for dessert every day. I sent some orange blossoms home yesterday but requested the girls not to get married until we returned. My wife and I are being rejuvenated. Fine clothes, fine diet, and nothing to do but receive attention, will regenerate maternal ancestors.

And it helps the veterans, too. I feel this morning like I can jump over a two-rail fence and out the pigeon wing—a small pigeon.

ago, and I do not suppose there are a hundred people living who saw it before then. My parents and brother and myself sailed from there to Boston in 1833. We returned to Georgia by land in a carriage. It took us two months to make the long journey, and we never crossed a railroad for there was none to cross. How is that for antiquity? And yet I am the boy, the only boy about the house, and when Mrs. Arp calls me I move towards her with alacrity. And so let Anno Domini roll on. Yesterday I met a young lawyer here by the name of Marks, and when he told me whose son he was, I remembered that I was at his grandfather's wedding, though I was then a little schoolboy wearing my first galluses. But I verily believe I can chop more wood in a day than Marks can and I could outrun him but for my corporosity.

BILL ARP.

Gold In Corn Row.

Walking along a cotton row on Messrs. Wadsworth & Pegrans farm, to the east of the city, yesterday morning, Emiline Lindsay, a colored girl, picked up a lump of pure gold. She showed her find to the overseer of the farm, and then brought it to the city, handing it over to Mr. M. P. Pegrans, president of the First National Bank. The nugget is virgin gold. There is not a particle of quartz about it, and it is as pure as if it had been fluxed by the hand of man. It is about the size of a minnie ball, and in shape looks like a bullet that had been flattened by contact with some hard object. It weighs 13 pennyweights.

Mr. Pegrans rewarded the girl for her find and its delivery by handing over to her 10 silver dollars. Her delight at receiving the money was extraordinary and resulted in the disclosure of a little romance of the farm. Emiline is about 16 years old and is in love. She is engaged to be married; but only last week her mother had told her that she could not marry this Spring as intended, because she had no money, but must wait another year. When the rain of 10 silver dollars poured into her hands, her first thought was not of a new dress or a Spring bonnet, but of her lover. The ten dollars, she declared, would enable her to get married, and she hurried from the bank to tell her intended of their good fortune and to send him after a license. The wedding is to take place to-day.

It has always been known that there is gold on the "old Jones farm," as Wadsworth & Pegrans' property is known, and several nuggets have been picked up there; but none to compare in size and purity with that which hastened the wedding of Emiline Lindsay.—Charlotte Observer.

An Atlanta Banker has Words of Praise for a Home Institution.

Mr. Chas. E. Currier, of the Atlanta National Bank, is very careful with his words, not only in financing, but in his conversation generally. Like the rest of us, he is sick sometimes; but, unlike many of us, he knows how to get well. "I have used Tynor's Dyspepsia Remedy in attacks of acute indigestion, and have always found it to give instantaneous relief. I consider it a medicine of high merit." Price per bottle 50c. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co. and Wilhite & Wilhite.

A true Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water that will sink it, but the water into the ship. So, in like manner, the Christian is not ruined by being in the world, which he must needs be while he remains in the body, but by the world being in him.

Mrs. Calvin Zimmerman, Milesburg, Pa., says, "As a speedy cure for all coughs, colds, croup and sore throat One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled. It is pleasant for children to take. I heartily recommend it to mothers." It is the only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. It cures bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe and throat and lung diseases. It will prevent consumption. Evans Pharmacy.

To do one good deed is a greater reinforcement to character than to spend days in thinking about the good deeds you would like to do.

M. B. Smith, Butternut, Mich., says "DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the very best pills I ever used for constiveness, liver and bowel troubles." Evans Pharmacy.

When you are tempted to be impatient with others consider how sorely you yourself have tried the patience of God.

Rev. W. E. Sitzer, W. Caton, N. Y., writes, "I had dyspepsia over twenty years, and tried doctors and medicines without benefit. I was persuaded to use Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and it helped me from the start. I believe it to be a panacea for all forms of indigestion." It digests what you eat. Evans Pharmacy.

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

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

Which is the Enemy?

A boy, bright-eyed and bright faced, was found in the street by Frank Hals, a celebrated Dutch painter. The lad knew no name but Hals, so Hals called him Hans Findings, and went at the work of teaching him. The boy proved an apt pupil; but as he progressed in art and increased in years, his works took on a strange character for one so young. They were of drinking houses and drinking scenes, painted with a truthfulness and vividness that was wonderful. He went in for a short life and a merry one. At the age of thirty he had drunk so much, so deeply, and so long that his life was literally drowned out of him.

"Give me wine!" he cried to his physician.

"No, no; it must be water, Hans."

"Must it? Ah, I'll try to love my enemy!"

The physician told the young man's hand and said: "Hans, I am going away for a time, as I have others to visit. Now, look you; I want to leave a solemn question for you to answer. There is a bottle of wine, and there is a flagon of pure water. Which is the enemy? Dear boy, if you will solve this problem, as I hope you will, you shall be saved, not for a merry life, but for a useful one. If you decide in behalf of the foul fiend, no power can save you."

The physician went away. When he returned he found the young painter in tears.

"Doctor, save me, save me, and I will be a useful man."

He had decided that the bright wine was his enemy.

The good physician saved him, and Hans lived many years, an ornament to society, and a grand contributor to the world of art.—Youth's Companion.

A Turk Preferred.

An English gentleman, who has resided in Constantinople for twenty years, and employs a large number of men, in speaking of the laboring population, exclaimed: "The laboring Turk has a great future before him. If I want a good, reliable watchman to watch my mill, or a boatman to row me down the Golden Horn to Pera, where I reside, I employ a Turk, and prefer him to a Christian," and among the reasons which he gave for preferring Turks for such offices was that they are always sober. As it is against their religious principles ever to drink any kind of intoxicating drinks, distilled or fermented, they are consequently free from "the enormous sin of drunkenness."

What shall we say for ourselves and Christianity when we read that the religious principles of the Turks cause them to be free from the "enormous sin of drunkenness?"

The Turks.

Give the Turks their dues. We have no sympathy with their nation or their religion. But it is a fact that they are great fighters, and endure exposure and hardship far better than do the Greeks. This superiority is due, in part at least, to the abstemious habits of the Turk. Their religion forbids them to use intoxicants. The Turkish officers were astonished at the large quantities of brandy and other liquors found in the deserted Greek camps, and ridicule men who drink so much for attempting to fight battles. Total abstinents, other things being equal, can endure much more than men who are befuddled with liquor.—Scottish Reformer.

It is very hard to stand idly by and see our dear ones suffer while awaiting the doctor. An Albany (N. Y.) dairyman called at a drug store there for a doctor to come and see his child, then very sick with croup. Not finding the doctor in, he left word for him to come at once on his return. He also bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which he hoped would give some relief until the doctor should arrive. In a few hours he returned, saying the doctor need not come, as the child was much better. The druggist, Mr. Otto Scholz, says the family has since recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their neighbors and friends until he has a constant demand for it from that part of the country. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

You can be sure of this: if you are doing all you can to make a child better you are doing something that pleases God.

To secure the original Witch Hazel Salve ask for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, well known as a certain cure for piles and skin diseases. Beware of worthless counterfeits. They are dangerous. Evans Pharmacy.

Few of us gain by the mistakes of others, but he who fails to profit by his own mistakes, will soon be bankrupt in knowledge.

Wm. Orr, Newark, O., says, "We never feel safe without One Minute Cough Cure in the house. It saved my little boy's life when he had the pneumonia. We think it is the best medicine made." It cures coughs and all lung diseases. Pleasant to take, harmless, and gives immediate results. Evans Pharmacy.

Vagaries of Joe Wheeler.

General Joe Wheeler will receive no warmer welcome from any class of people when he resumes his seat in the House of Representatives than from the doorkeepers of the various committee-rooms into which he is sure to drop some time during each day. Some article of his clothing is stowed away in the closet of nearly every room. He has a way of jerking off his cuffs and putting them in unlooked-for places—frequently in the waste basket. After a while he misses them, and runs around to the various doors and insists that such and such an attendant has put them where he can't find them. After exciting searches they are sometimes found, but more often overlooked and parked away in the official wardrobe. Many a pair of sleeve links has the General lost in this way. He will run into a committee-room, and if he finds there a group talking on any subject in which he is interested, will drop his hat and coat on the floor and in two minutes will be in the heat of a heated argument. Some ponderous member of the committee will get up to leave the room, inadvertently step on the hat, and in a twinkling the brave little man is up and smoothing out his battered headgear with the greatest surprise and solicitude, wondering how on earth it came to be on the floor. He is said to have lost more hats than any other man in Congress, and the official barber always keeps an extra hat on hand for General Wheeler, in case of emergency. When the members see him starting for home, almost lost to sight under a very large hat that has evidently belonged to a 7-sized head, they know what has happened.

All the members of the Wheeler family have been ever independent in their movements, and one rarely expressed any curiosity about the doings of the other, and, while confidence was always enjoyed, it was never forced. On one occasion, during the life of Mrs. Wheeler, who was a woman of charming personality, if sometimes a bit absent-minded, this lack of family consultation placed the General in a somewhat awkward, and certainly a very unusual predicament.

The General, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, had lodged his family for the winter in apartments in a fashionable section of the city, but after a trial of them for a few days, Mrs. Wheeler became dissatisfied, and one evening when her husband returned from Congress she said:

"Father, I don't like this place at all and really think we had better move, if you don't object."

"Certainly not, mother," returned the ever gallant General. "Just please yourself—anything suits me."

Nothing more was said on the subject, but a couple of days later, on seeking the society of his family after the official duties of the day were over, the Congressman found the apartment deserted, and on inquiry that his family had moved during the day. No one knew where they had gone. Mrs. Wheeler had merely neglected to inform her husband that they were to move that day, and where the new residence was. He went to various hotels, but didn't find them, so finally spent the night at one, and next day his colleagues were highly diverted and interested at the engaging candor with which the great little man related how he had lost his family and asked their advice as to where they supposed he could find them. In the course of the day one of the children came to the Capitol to find out why the father hadn't been at home the night before, and then the omission of letting him know the secret of where they had moved was rectified; and he went away gayly to the new quarters, where with Mrs. Wheeler he had a hearty laugh over their temporary separation.

General Wheeler's lanches do not put many shakels into the pockets of the restaurant keepers of the House, but he is always a welcome guest, and at irregular hours drops in for a bowl of crackers and milk, which is his invariable luncheon fare. He never fails to give a tip which amounts to as much or more than the cost of his luncheon, and the waiters vie with each other in their efforts to take his order. He is beloved alike by all sorts and conditions of men, and when he gets back to Congress will be welcomed by the humblest attendant as well as by the most distinguished of his colleagues.

One Against the Mean Man.

A capital joke is related of a man who positively made a fine art of meanness. When traveling, as he very often did, he would keep railway porters busy attending to his luggage, and then purposely defer the much deserved perquisite till the starting of the train made its payment practically impossible.

One morning, however, when about to journey to Birmingham, he executed this maneuver once too often. "Dear, dear; I am so sorry!" he said, as the train gave a lurch forward. "I quite forgot to get change."

"And I'm rale sorry, too, sir," was the porter's dry retort. "I quite forgot about that brown portmanteau of yours—it's jyin' on the platform."—London Answers.

Bishop Potter on the Filipinos.

New York, March 19.—Bishop Potter, who, has just returned from five months tour, which included visits to the Philippines, Japan and India, talked to-day regarding his impressions. The trip was made at the instance of the committee on increased responsibilities of the Protestant Episcopal church. He was most interested, he said, in the condition of affairs in China and Japan. He noticed a gradual friendliness between the two nations, and prophesied that when Japan has taught the Chinese the art of war, neither England, Russia nor Germany will decide the fate of the East. The Chinese do not love the Japanese, but recognizing that they have nothing to hope from European nations, are gladly establishing an entente cordiale with the Japanese.

Referring to the Philippine situation Bishop Potter said he went to the islands in an attitude of antagonism. He declined to say if his opinions had altered, but said he recognized the question as a purely academic one.

"Whatever we might have done," he said, "a year or more back, there is but one thing for us to do now, and that is to hold on to the islands and assume the responsibility for their future. The military administration of the islands is beyond praise. Gen. Otis has not received half the recognition to which he is entitled. His position has been one of extreme delicacy. New questions are arising daily and he has handled them all with discretion. One thing is evident, and that is that the Filipinos are in no condition for self-government. If a civil government were imposed it would need a large military force to maintain it."

"Several friends of Aguinaldo," said the bishop, "called on me in Hong Kong, and they told me that they were satisfied that there could be no success of his undertaking. The better class of Filipinos are satisfied that American occupation means increased prosperity and are not raising any objections."

Bishop Potter told us of a visit he made to a factory in Manila, where about 450 Filipino boys and girls were spinning cotton cloth. The overseer told him they had been to work the looms in about six weeks whereas Irish and Scotch children took as many months before they were of any assistance. The natives seemed to take kindly to the confinement of factory life, but they objected to the orders against smoking in the factories.

Choosing An Occupation.

Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the veteran abolitionist, soldier, lecturer and writer, has a golden word of advice for young men in the March issues of Success:

"The danger of being too changeable is especially apt to predominate in a country like ours, where things are more in a state of flux, less fixed and settled than in older countries, and where there are more fields. In England, for instance, if one starts in some particular line, it is very difficult to get out of it, but here it is a comparatively easy matter.

"I should, therefore, say to young people: 'Beware of temptation to persist in following an occupation or profession, merely because you have started in that, when once you find that you are utterly unadapted to it; and still more, beware of the temptation to fly from one thing to another, to be constantly fluctuating in your choice, for this will surely lead to failure and disappointment—an incomplete life.

The American Tobacco company has closed down its New York factories on the ground that labor there is too expensive.

Meat is very dear in Havana to the retail buyer. The price for beef is about 35 cents a pound and is very poor beef at that.

The Atchinson Globe says that Great Britain has again demonstrated that the lion is the king of beasts.

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"After a long and varied experience in the use of mineral waters from many sources, both foreign and domestic, I am fully persuaded that the Harris Lithia Water possesses efficacy in the treatment of affections of the Kidney and the Bladder unequalled by any other water of which I have made trial. This opinion is based upon observation of its effects upon my patients for the past three years, during which time I have prescribed it freely and almost uniformly with benefit in the medical maladies above mentioned. Columbia, S. C., Oct. 8, 1892. A. N. TALLEY, M. D."

"An extended clinical use of the Harris Lithia Water prompts me to the statement that I regard it as one of the best, if not the best, Lithia Water known to the profession. In the condition of Phosphatic Urine, its action is marvellous. Its use in the Rheumatic and Gouty Diseases afford me more comfort than either the Buffalo or Londonderry Waters. Yours truly, Asheville, N. C. JOHN HEY WILLIAMS, M. D.

"I have used for some time Harris Lithia Water in my family, and also with my patients, and find it the best Water I ever used in catarrhal condition of the ureter and bladder. It is also a good diuretic water. Atlanta, Ga., April 20, 1891. G. G. ROY, M. D.

We guarantee one glass of Harris Lithia Carbonated Water to relieve any case of Indigestion in one minute's time or money refunded; or if taken after each meal will cure the most stubborn case of Indigestion. Why will you suffer when you have this guarantee? Atlanta, Ga., April 20, 1891. G. G. ROY, M. D.

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Yours truly, OSBORNE & OSBORNE.