

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Arp and His Wife Saw Dewey and Heard the Cheering of the People.

Atlanta Constitution.

On our return trip from Florida we ran into the Dewey reception at Savannah. It had not occurred to us that this was any of our business, but at Waycross and Jessup and all along the line men and women were boarding the car like there was a carnival on hand and by the time we arrived we could hardly get into the depot for the people. In the course of time we got the leavings of a dinner and took a car for the Central depot, which was to be our headquarters until 9 p. m. From there we radiated down toward the DeSoto, following the crowds that were gravitating that way. Seeing how they were massing on the broad sidewalk just opposite the hotel my wife said: "Let us stop here by this telegraph pole." It was a fortunate selection for with the big pole behind her and the curbstone before her she could be viewed to any extent. In half an hour the crowd was immense and would have moved her from her moorings but for the pole. I braced her on one side with two solid feet and a firm corposity. Expansion was the word and I expanded. All sorts and sizes and colors swarmed around us, but my wife stood solid to her post. Another half hour passed, but still there was no Dewey sign and I began to feel a little tired in my legs and to draw a long breath once or twice in a while. Sometimes I would bend one knee a little for a rest and then change to the other. The street was kept clear by the mounted police, so that the military could have distance to march in platoons, but the military did not appear. Another half hour passed and we heard the solemn beats of a drum far away, so I braced up my knees for another effort. In the meantime fine carriages adorned with flags and bunting and beautiful ladies and swell gentlemen passed and repassed, but no soldiers. I was nearly ready to drop to the marble flagstone on which we stood, but my wife stood as firm to the telegraph pole as Cassabianca did to the mast. About this time a little heathen Chinese appeared at the big plate glass bay window and the small boys cheered him, for he was Dewey's pet that he brought from Manila—a lad about twelve years old and as good looking as a Chinese ever gets to be. My wife said that was a sign, a forerunner, and sure enough Mrs. Dewey soon appeared and parted the lace curtain and gazed upon the crowd and smiled. I was not looking that way and my wife nudged me with her elbow and said there she is, but she had disappeared and I saw another lady in another window drinking a cup of tea, and remarked she is older than I thought she was and more thirsty, and was then informed that I was looking at the wrong window. Still there was no sign that the show was going to begin and I drew another long breath and sighed. "Can't you stand it a little longer?" said she. "I am almost dead," said I. "I would give \$10 to be out of this and sit down somewhere." It was then 5 o'clock and we had stood there three solid hours. My wife endeavored to distract my attention from myself to the flags and to the small boys who had climbed to the copings of the windows and up in the trees, but I felt like I was at a funeral and I was the corpse in the coffin. At last, at last, Mrs. Dewey came again to the window and removed the lace curtain and the Admiral came with her and waved his hand to the outside multitude, and everybody shouted. The important crisis which were to have arrived had arrived. There was the great Admiral in full regalia and there was his wife, radiant and smiling—dressed in a silver satin waist that was modestly low cut in the breast-works, and my wife could see diamonds sparkling and jewels shining from her hair to her waist, but I could not, for the window was not raised and all that we saw was through a glass darkly, and my eyes were never shined much by diamonds. The Admiral was sick and the doctors said the air must not blow on him. About this time the thrilling notes of the brass band came over the east wind and cheered the multitude and my wife nudged me again and said, "Isent that beautiful?" "Tolerable," said I, for my knees were in a tremble and I was considering how I could stand up any longer. I had not realized the difference in our ages until then, nor how it was possible for her to outstand me, but she never faltered for a moment, nor complained of anything. She came there to see and she saw. Well, the military followed the band, and that took another half an hour, for there were thirty companies, including infantry and the marines and the cadets and the artillery and the cavalry and so forth. I suppose the artillery are the fellows that made the punch that made the Admiral so sick. The artillery was drawn by the

Labor Saving Machinery.

The effect of labor saving machinery upon the welfare and happiness of mankind is the subject of much discussion, and concerning it there are very wide differences in opinion.

The discussion of this question is growing more general as well as more spirited, and therefore the recent report of the commission appointed several years ago by congress to investigate the relative productive power of hand and machine labor will attract much attention.

Some of the facts brought out in this report and based on reliable evidence are very impressive.

It is stated, for instance, that a thousand paper bags could formerly be made in six hours and thirty minutes by hand, they are now made in forty minutes with the aid of a machine. To rule 100 reams of paper on both sides by hand required 4,800 hours; with a ruling machine the work is done in two hours and thirty minutes of one man's time. In shelling corn by hand thirty-six hours and forty minutes would be required to shell a quantity which can be handled by a machine in thirty-six minutes. A mowing machine cuts seven times as much grass per hour as one man can cut with a sythe. These examples might be extended indefinitely, but a more forcible illustration is found by considering the total horse-power applied to machines in this country and calculating how many men it would require to do the same work. For such calculations the census figures of 1890 must be used.

One horse-power is equivalent to power of six men. Thus, if the work of 63,481 men in the flour mills of the United States is supplemented with the use of 752,315 horse-power, the power is equivalent to the work of 4,514,190 additional men. In other words, the power does seventy-one times as much work as the employes. The ratio differs radically in different industries. The total horse-power used in the United States in 1890 was 6,000,000; equivalent to the work of 36,000,000 men, while only 4,476,884 persons were employed, the two kinds of power having a ratio of 8 to 1. A force of 36,000,000 men represents a population of 180,000,000, so that if the products of the manufacturing establishments all made by hand it would require a population of that size to do it, with none left for agriculture, trade, transportation, mining, forestry, the professions, or any other occupations.

A still more striking illustration is found in our transportation system. In 1890 there were over 30,000 locomotives in this country. It would take 57,940,320 horses to do their work, or 347,425,920 men.

That labor-saving machinery is throwing more and more men and women out of employment every year cannot be denied, and there has seldom been a time when the improvement of machinery was progressing more rapidly; never a time when the rewards of the inventor of more productive labor-saving machinery were so large, so immediate and sure.

These facts make the question "What are we going to do about it?" one which is very difficult to answer. There is not the slightest prospect but that the use of labor-saving machinery will increase and extend to lines of labor which are not yet affected by it.

How the condition of the laboring masses, especially in densely populated countries, will be affected remains to be seen—Atlanta Journal.

Does Lots of Good—You Will Find it so if You Try It.

Mrs. T. J. Meador has kind words to say about Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy: "For many years I have suffered with dyspepsia and nervousness. I have been taking Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy and find that it is doing me lots of good and I am now in better health than I have been for years. It relieves me in a few minutes of indigestion." If you are suffering with indigestion or dyspepsia of any character whatever, it would be to your interest to try a bottle of this remedy. Price 50c. per bottle. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co. and Wilhite & Wilhite.

The Russian photographers have strange way of punishing those who, having received their photographs, do not pay their bills. They hang the pictures of the delinquents upside down at the entrance to their studios.

In almost every neighborhood there is some one whose life has been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, or who has been cured of chronic diarrhoea by the use of that medicine. Such persons make a point of telling of it whenever opportunity offers, hoping that it may be the means of saving other lives. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

That New York woman who wants to establish a school for the training of married women in the management of husbands is making her start in the wrong direction. The real crying need of the hour is a school for the training of married women in the treatment of their husbands.

It's always the fellow with the sand who wins the girl with the locks. If it weren't for your memory you would be unable to forget.

Story of a Mother's Love.

On the train over the Atlantic Coast Line Saturday evening there was an incident that shows that a mother's love is the same the world over, and is possessed of a strength that is beyond compare.

When the train pulled up at Sumter a very neatly dressed white woman, apparently about 35 years old, came aboard the train in haste. She had a little boy about seven years old with her—a pretty boy—and he looked as if he had been crying. The woman seemed nearly out of breath and very much excited. A passenger handed her a glass of water, which she drank. Then she leaned back and concealed the child as much as possible with her skirt and cloak, and seemed uneasy until the train had started for Columbia.

Then she told the story of a mother's love to the passengers about her. She was from Cartersville. She said that when the child, first named Joe, afterwards changed to Charley, was a mere infant, she had found that she was too poor to care for it, so she advertised in a paper and an aged couple at Sumter responded. She turned her child over to them.

But she had found that she could not live without her child; she was willing to work for it till she dropped, if she could only have it with her.

She went to the couple and told them this, but they were unwilling to let her have her child again, so she smuggled the little one away, carried him to a colored woman's house just out of Sumter, and concealed him there until nearly train time. Then she made a rush for the depot and took the train. She said she had a sister here at work in the Granby mills, and she had only enough money to pay her way here. The passengers made up a purse and gave it to her and saw that she got a carriage and started for the mill village when the train arrived here.

On the way up the mother repeatedly asked the little boy: "Don't you know me, Charley; don't you know your own mother?" He would draw away and asked her to "take him home to-morrow." She tried time and again to coax the child to show some sign of recognition, but it could not. She declared time and again that she would give up her life before she would part with her regained child. The names of all the parties are in the possession of the State, but they are not necessary to the completeness of this incident of a railroad car.—The State, March 26.

The Best in the World.

We believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best in the world. A few weeks ago we suffered with a severe cold and a troublesome cough, and having read their advertisements in our own and other papers we purchased a bottle to see if it would effect us. It cured us before the bottle was more than half used. It is the best medicine out for colds and coughs.—The Herald, Andersonville, Ind.—For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

There is an old church in Waukegan, Wis., which has no steeple, because of a court mandate forbidding such a construction. In 1862 a severe storm swept over the town, hurling the original spire against the house next door and wrecking it. The owner of the house got an injunction restraining the trustees of the church from building another spire, and this order has held good for thirty-eight years.

Carter H. Honey, aged 41, of Fredricksburg, Va., started to Sunday School when he was 7 years of age and has missed but one Sunday since that time—33 years—and that was the day his mother died. Others in the same Sunday School have a record of 7, 9, 10, 12 and 18 years without missing a Sunday.

HOME CURE FOR BLOOD POISON.

Beware of the Doctors' Patchwork; You Can Cure Yourself at Home.

This is not the slightest doubt that the doctors do more harm than good in treating Contagious Blood Poison; many victims of this loathsome disease would be much better off to-day if they had never allowed themselves to be dosed on mercury and potash, the only remedies which the doctors ever give for blood poison. The doctors are wholly unable to get rid of the disease—the sores and eruptions. This they do by driving the poison into the system, and endeavor to keep it shut in with their constant doses of potash and mercury. The mouth and throat and other delicate parts then break out into sores, and the fight is continued indefinitely, the drugs doing the system more damage than the disease itself. Mr. H. L. Myers, 100 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J., says: "I had spent a hundred dollars with the doctors, when I realized that they could do me no good. I had large spots all over my body, and these soon broke out into running sores, and I endured all the suffering which this vile disease produces. I decided to try S. S. S. as a last resort, and was soon greatly improved. I followed closely your 'Directions for Self-Treatment,' and the large spots on my chest began to grow paler and smaller, and before long disappeared entirely. I was soon cured perfectly and my skin has been as clear as glass ever since. I cured myself at home, after the doctors had failed completely. It is a valuable time thrown away to expect the doctors to cure Contagious Blood Poison, for the disease is beyond their skill. Swifts Specific—S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD—acts in an entirely different way from potash and mercury—it forces the poison out of the system and gets rid of it entirely. Hence it cures the disease, while other remedies only shut the poison in where it lurks forever, constantly increasing the constitution. Our system of private home treatment places a cure within the reach of all. We give all necessary medical advice, free of charge, and save the patient the embarrassment of publicity. Write for full information to Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Unkept Promises.

A thick-set, ugly-looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be much interested in your writing?" I said.

"Yes; I've been figuring my account with old Alcohol to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time; and he has lied like sixty."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?" "That's what I've been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me; but he made a beast. Then he said he would brace me up; but he made me go staggering around and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and be the laughing stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me 'sick' as a dog."

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up; and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves; but instead he gave me the delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength; and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"He promised me courage."

"Then what followed?"

"Then he made me a coward; for I beat my sick wife, and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wit; but instead he made me act like a fool, and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me; but he made me a tramp."

Trapped.

One of our American papers has a good story of "a grave, thoughtful man," who met a petite blonde at dinner recently:

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott?" he exclaimed, with sudden animation. "Is not his Lady of the Lake exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery! Is it not?"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's Marmion," he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvelous descriptions. One can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages."

"It is perfectly grand," she murmured.

"And Scott's Emulsion," he continued, hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him.

"I think," she interrupted, rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

A very curious case is recorded in the surgical history of the civil war, in which three officers were hit at the same time. One had his leg from the knee down carried away, but he rode ten miles to the hospital. Another lost his little finger, and he became a raving maniac. While a third was shot through the body, and though he did not shed a drop of blood externally, dropped dead from the shock.

The meek may inherit the earth, but if they ever try to get possession they will have a hard time proving their identity.

Even the square peg in the round hole may accomplish something by pegging away.

GOULD'S The Best Washing Powder. Woman's Best Friend. Dirt's Worst Enemy.

BOYS' STEAM LAUNDRY! The Most Complete and Up-to-Date Laundry in the State. Every Machine the latest improved, and designed to do most perfect work.

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY

Table with columns for stations (e.g., Augusta, Greenville, Spartanburg) and times for Westbound and Eastbound trains.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Table with columns for stations (e.g., Savannah, Augusta, Columbia) and times for various train services.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE

Table with columns for stations (e.g., Charleston, Columbia, Savannah) and times for Atlantic Coast Line trains.

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