

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Arp Takes in the Confederate Hand-Shake.

Atlanta Constitution.

It would take a week of time and a whole regiment of writers to tell about the great Confederate Veteran reunion at Louisville. Nothing like it has been witnessed since the close of the civil war. It passeth comprehension. This is Thursday, the second day, and there are now here twice as many veterans as ever gathered anywhere. For many years we were not allowed to gather anywhere to jubilate, but now we go where we please and say what we please and voice our old confederate sentiments and sing "Dixie" and unfurl our banners and even the boys in blue join in the general hilarity. I remember when General George H. Thomas was here in 1865 and I have preserved a letter from him in which he said we Romans must not exhibit a confederate flag any more in public nor even keep one in private, for it was the emblem of treason and the punishment of treason death. Our Roman young men and maidens had used an old tattered banner in a tableau exhibition that was given in the city hall to raise a little money to put back some pews in the city churches, for the federals had taken out the pews and used them for horse troughs and used the churches for provender. That old war-stained banner was the one our boys of the Eighth Georgia regiment marched into the first battle of Manassas with under General Barlow and our young people thought it no harm to place it in a dead soldier's hand in a tableau scene of a field after the battle. Then we were allowed to think what we pleased, but now we can say what we please and do what we please and there's no treason in it. What a good doctor old Father Time is. Why he was a federal soldier who opened the ball at Phenix hall last night and gave a welcome to the veterans. Captain Pirtle was one of the boys in blue, but he paid tribute to us and spoke kind and loving words and would put us on the pension rolls if he could. He is a great, big hearted gentleman, he is.

There are 41,000 veterans here now—sure enough veterans who wore the gray, and they are the liveliest men in a dead cause the world ever saw. There are twice as many here as were in Charleston last year. Captain Pirtle said in his address of welcome: "The city is yours," and it is. Such hospitality was never witnessed anywhere. Just read the papers and it will amaze you. There are veterans here in business who entertain every one who is left of their old regiments. Here is Captain Norton, who went out from Rome with the Light Guards and has accumulated a fortune here since the war. He wrote a letter to every surviving member of the Eighth Georgia regiment, urging them to come and to be his guests. I am proud to be one of them, and Colonel Towers is here, too, giving orders from these headquarters. A year ago we were lamenting the rapid passing of the confederate veterans and we really feared we would never more gather enough of them to make it interesting. But here they have doubled in number and trebled in life and it can't be accounted for unless the States have increased their pensions. Money helps to prolong life, no doubt of it. Georgia now gives half a million a year to her old soldiers and they just keep living on and on.

Time cuts down all, Both great and small, Except a pensioned soldier, They do not die, But multiply As fast as they grow older.

It may be, however, that Louisville has impounded and reached out her generous hands so far and so wide and been so lavish in her preparations to receive them that they dropped everything and came. It was worth a pilgrimage to Mecca to hear Dr. Palmer's great address—great is the world—great and grand. I want every son and daughter of a confederate veteran to read it and feel inspired with confederate pride. The truth is, we have whipped this fight and the victory is ours; after so long a time we are slowly and surely killing off the slanders. Barbara Fretheim and Sheridan's ride are dead and buried. The fact has now been established that little Phil Sheridan never rode at all—or, Manning has settled that and even the northern press admits it. He is the braggart who said he would make our land so desolate the crowds would have to carry their rations with them where they flew over it. But the crowds didn't. The south is all right—no crows—no buzzards and no carpet baggers—think the good Lord for His mercies.

As we journeyed hither the boys joined us all along the line. They came with a shout of hilarity, "All aboard for Louisville." Car after car was attached at the country towns and railroad junctions, and before we reached Chattanooga there were twelve

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coaches full of unrepentant, unreconstructed rebels. Our Cartersville boys were quiet and sober, but even old Father Allday was as happy as if he had been sitting in the amen corner of the Methodist church. He, too, had fought and bled with the Texas Rangers, and the confederate cause is part of his religion, for he is now a preacher. He sang a song, part of which was "Dixie" and the other part "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and it had a refrain about "Fight on, my soul; Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down."

At Tallahoma he spied some beautiful strawberries and bought a whole crate of thirty-six baskets, and his good patriotic wife distributed them to the veterans in our car. There were just thirty-six of us, and we had a whole basket for each. All along the line in Tennessee pretty girls came to the doors of their homes and cheered us, and waved little confederate flags. I could not hear all the good stories the boys were telling as we speeded along, but scraps came to my eager ears—scraps about old Joe Johnston and Chickamauga and Murfreesboro and Franklin and Hood and Longstreet—I think we whipped 'em everywhere, from the way the boys talked about it.

But it would take a book to narrate the stories of the boys, for it is a fact that the experience of most any veteran would fill a book full of interesting reading. Some of it would be thrilling, some sad, some amusing, and all interesting. The camp-fire stories of the civil war will never be written. Ten thousand books could not contain them, but at these reunions many of them are retold, and the boys find willing listeners. These reunions are preservers of history and of heroism. They impress the North with a feeling of respect and reverence for our earnestness and our abiding faith in the justice of our cause. There is no weakening, no surrendering of principle; we still say to the northern soldier: "You thought you were right, and we forgive you, but misent do so any more."

The venerable and venerated Dr. Palmer delivered a grand address that should be read and pondered by the youth of the south. He has exhausted the argument, no answer can be made to it. Louisville is all ablaze with confederate emblems and confederate glory, and the city is ours.

But I can't see the end of this great reunion. Comrades have nearly shaken my arm off already, and the boys have trodden on my sore toe a hundred times. My evening naps are broken up, and my garden needs looking after, for I am the boy—the only boy—and I know that my little pets are moaning for me. And more than all this, to-morrow is my wife's birthday; and, as Cowper wrote to John Gilpin,

"To-morrow is her birthday, And how the folks would stare If she should dine at Cartersville And I should not be there."

BILL ARP.

Bit of Negro Philosophy.

A serious application of the refrain in the song, "If you ain't got no money you needn't come 'round," was pointed out the other night by Booker T. Washington in his lecture in the Gray's army in aid of the endowment fund of the Tuskegee Industrial school, of which he has been the head for nearly 20 years. One phase of his address was devoted to impressing the Negro with that commercial side of ethics which parallels respectability with property. After citing instance after instance of individual success on the part of colored people, he told a humorous story of a member of the "po' white trash," who endeavored to cross a stream by means of a ferry owned by a black man.

"Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross. But I hain't got no money."

Uncle Mose scratched his head, "Doan you got no money 't all?" he queried.

"No," said the wayfaring stranger. "I haven't a cent."

"But it doan cost you but 3 cents," insisted Uncle Mose, "ter cross de ferry."

"I know," said the white man; "but I haven't got the 3 cents."

Uncle Mose was in a quandary. "Boss," he said, "I done tole you what. 'Er man what's got no 3 cents am j ez well off on dis side er de ribber as on de other."

—Over 1,000,000,000 feet of logs were cut in the pine forests of Minnesota during the season just closed. The industry in the State employs 16,000 men.

Small in size and great in results are DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills that cleanse the liver and bowels. Evans Pharmacy.

Pen Pictures of the Eclipse.

NEW YORK, June 2.—The eclipse of the sun last Monday morning was, in its scientific result, the most important that has ever occurred. The time during which the sun was totally obscured was very short, less than a minute and a half on the average, along the path of the shadow in the United States.

No other ninety seconds ever passed so swiftly. It was a quick withdrawing and instant reclosing of the curtain of the sky, and the echoes of the cries of wonder uttered as the corona burst forth in weird splendor seemed yet to be lingering in the chilled and darkened air when the marvelous vision vanished as if dissolved by the touch of the first returning sunbeam.

The suddenness of the appearance of the corona and the equal instantaneousness of its disappearance added immensely to the awe-inspiring character of the phenomenon. As the lunar shadow swept like a vast purple and black curtain over the sky, and the opaque globe of the moon obscured the last thin crescent of the sun, segments of dazzling light, silvery in color, ran swiftly round the dark circle of the moon's disk, meeting on its eastern edge and blending in a complete ring of surpassing beauty.

The sun had been blotted out, and only a jet black disk occupied its place, with that gleaming circle—the inner corona—enclosing it. But at the same moment that the circle of the inner corona appeared, the tremendous wings of the yet more mysterious outer corona sprang into existence, spreading east and west of the hidden sun so far that their reach from tip to tip could not have been less than five or six millions of miles.

The effects of the eclipse upon animate nature are hard to describe and equally difficult to explain. The excitement of the crowd around our station at Newberry, S. C., many of whom had come long distances and slept the night before on floors and in unaccustomed places, wherever an apology for a bed could be made, was intense to such a degree that the nervous strain was very apparent.

The shout of surprise, quickly turned into a half cheer, which greeted the appearance of the corona was repeated on its disappearance. The whole wonderful pageant, with its display of strange lights and gleaming color, was over so quickly that many could hardly believe their eyes and stared around at one another in mute astonishment.

The darkness, owing to the intense brilliance of the inner ring of the corona, was less than had been expected. Yet it evidently impressed all dumb animals with the sensation of night. Many mooking birds, which, in the early morning of the critical day and on all the previous days while our preparations were going on, had flitted joyously among the trees, began to fly low, with curious cries, as the darkness increased, and during totality disappeared in the foliage.

A flock of young turkeys were gathered by their mother under her wings. A great buzzard, with his horrible beak and bloated neck, seemed to seek human companionship, by taking refuge in a mimosa tree in the midst of the crowd.

A duck quietly tucked her head under her wing then, startled by some noise, withdrew it for a moment, cocked her eye up at the sky and, apparently mistaking the serious shaped silvery radiance there for the moon, replaced her head under her wing and went, or tried to go, to sleep.

A negro ploughing in a neighboring field unhitched his horse and started for home, but stopped, astonished when the sun suddenly emerged and the darkness passed off. He had evidently expected that the eclipse would last long enough to give him a holiday.

While many birds seemed to show some signs of terror, the only real fright manifested was by a little dog bearing, most inappropriately as it turned out, the name of "Dewey." When the darkness was suddenly pierced by the strange gleam of the corona, "Dewey" put his tail between his legs, with a yelp of fear, and ran away.

Sirens of the Packing Houses.

The big packing-houses out West employ decoy animals to lead their brethren to the slaughter. These animals are called "sirens" by the packing-house men, and they are valuable adjuncts to the business. All packing-houses are compelled to have them. A steer is trained to lead the animals out of the pens through the long overhead bridges into the packing house and down into the killing room. Such a steer is called "Judas Iscariot" usually. Some of them have become famous for their intelligence. But they generally come a time when they grow unruly or careless, or their powers fail, and they themselves are led to the slaughter.

In one of the packing-houses in Kansas City in which a great many sheep are slaughtered a goat is employed to entice sheep from the stock yards where they are brought to the killing pens in the house, a long distance from the yards to the house, through streets, over a river and a railroad yard by bridge and through lanes. Without an animal to lead them it would be impossible to get a large flock of sheep home safely and expeditiously.

The goat's name is Willie, and he is the cleverest beast of his kind. He cost less than \$2, but does the work that a \$5,000 a year clerk could not do half so well, if at all. The sheep follow Willie with implicit confidence, and he leads hundreds of them to their doom every day. When the sheep buyer goes about the stock yards buying the animals Willie follows him. The yards are divided into pens by fences. On top of each fence is a footboard, along which the buyer walks inspecting the animals that he desires to buy. Willie walks the fences with the buyer and climbs up and down the steps with ease.

When the sheep are all bought a boy opens the gate and leads the way. Willie follows the boy; the sheep follow Willie. The sheep could not be induced to follow the boy unless Willie was there.

Occasionally Willie gets tired of being good, and when he is naughty he is very like "the little girl who had a little curl," and then he is horrid, and that is bad for the sheep business. When this occurs Willie is not coaxed or pampered in the least. His master simply takes a big hickory club and maltreats him, and in a few minutes one would think Willie had the disposition of an angel.—St. Louis Republic.

Bitten by a Copperhead.

YORKVILLE, June 1.—Mrs. William Youngblood, who lives at Fodder, seven miles northeast of Yorkville, was bitten by a copperhead, or upland moccasin, yesterday afternoon. She went to the field to carry some water to her husband and on the way stopped to pick strawberries. Just as she stooped the snake struck, fastening its fangs in the middle finger of her right hand. She was greatly frightened, and hurrying to the house, took some whiskey and used other familiar remedies. A physician was sent for, but when he arrived Mrs. Youngblood was resting comfortably enough. There was no sign of inflammation or other discomfort. Considering the fact that the deadliness of the copperhead is second only to that of the rattlesnake, this result was quite surprising. The snake was about two and a half feet in length. Mr. Youngblood succeeded in killing it after accompanying his wife to the house.—News and Courier.

Sufferers from piles and skin diseases may be quick and permanently cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Beware of counterfeits. Evans Pharmacy.

—He that doeth a deed and looketh about him on the right and the left for applause, will find vanity to be the father of the deed and criticism its sponsor.

—It sometimes happens that the man who knows himself, does not know much.

—Gold certainly seems to be the rocks of ages.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

Sectional feeling in this blessed land of ours must indeed have passed away forever when such an incident as that which recently occurred in the city of New York could be chronicled as a fact. At the dinner of the Sons of the American Revolution, which was attended by over 400 representative men and women, a remarkable demonstration occurred. While the orchestra was playing one of the national hymns, "Dixie," a gray-haired lady in widow's weeds entered. The diners at once arose, as did all the spectators on the floor and in the gallery, to wave their handkerchiefs in an enthusiastic greeting to a venerable but sprightly woman, whose gentle face smiled down upon them amid its tears. The lady was Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and before the evening had passed, every prominent guest had visited her box to pay his or her respects to the widow of the former Confederate President. It was a generous, spontaneous heartfelt greeting. If any one, 20 years ago, had said that such an incident was possible in the great northern metropolis, he would have been thought crazy. Truly we are a united people, with one country and one flag, and long may it wave.—Leslie's Weekly.

Outwitted by His Coachman.

The carriage horses of Chief Justice Marshall were exceedingly thin, and his family told him that it was currently hinted that Jerry, the colored coachman, exchanged too great a proportion of the horse feed for whisky for personal use to allow the horses food enough to keep them in a good and creditable condition. The judge went to the stable and directed Jerry's attention to the poor appearance of the horses, told him of the rumor about his exchanging oats and hay for whisky and thereby depriving the horses of their necessary supply of food and spoke of the sleek, fat team driven by his neighbor Brewer.

"Laws, Massa John," said Jerry, "it's the natur' of the animals! Look at Mr. Brewer hisself, sah, a short, fat, greasy gentleman, that ain't seed his boots after his feet was in 'em for yeahs, while you, sah, is tall and roun shouldered an sees your feet all de time youse walkin; an look at his coachman, thicker through than he is long, while I's only skin an bones! Of course his critters is fat, while yours is thin. It's their natur', Massa John; it's their natur'." They belong to the fat kin, and we all belongs to de lean kin. It's natur'."

"Perhaps that is so," said the judge reflectively and walked away as if well satisfied with the explanation.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Starvation never yet cured dyspepsia. Persons with indigestion are already half starved. They need plenty of food. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat so the body can be nourished while wornout organs are being reconstructed. The only preparation known that will instantly relieve and completely cure all stomach troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

—Misery, it is said, loves company. This is demonstrated by the fact that those who are constantly doing wrong, are constantly endeavoring to discover the wrong doings of others. Their sins make them miserable, and they would fain make others miserable, too.

A. B. Stroud, Grantville, Ga., wrote: A priceless boon has been given the baby world in Dr. Moffett's Teething Powders.

—Mr. Simpton is a very irascible man, and is in the habit of punishing his boys very severely. Not long ago he observed that one of his sons needed a new pair of pants. He scolded the boy for carrying out his clothes so fast. "Pa, no pants can last any time the way you hits," replied the boy reproachfully.

—"Massa says you must sartin pay de bill to-day," said a negro to a New Orleans shopkeeper. "Why, he isn't afraid I'm going to run away, is he?" was the reply. "Not 'e'actly dat; but look a-here," said the dorky, slyly and mysteriously, "he's gwine to run away hisself, and darfoe wants to make a big raise."

CARLISLE BROS. ARE NOW READY TO SUPPLY YOU WITH GRAIN CRADLES. The Counts' Cradle is given up to be the best on the market. We also handle the 14-Finger Josh Berry Cradle. Heel Sweeps of all kinds, Plows, Plow Stocks, Singletrees, Side Harrows, Hames, Traces, Backbands, Cotton Hoes of all sizes. If you want a good Razor or Pocket Knife try one made by the Electric Cutlery Co., every one of them sold under a strict guarantee. We also carry a full line of GROCERIES. CARLISLE BROS., Anderson, S. C.

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 under the superintendence of an experienced Laundryman, with a corps of skilled assistants. Every piece of work carefully inspected, and no sorry work allowed to pass from Laundry. PRICES LOW. Quality of work unexcelled. Give us a trial. N. B. SHARPE, Business Manager. Located at rear of Fant's Book Store.

The "Confederate Veteran." LOW CLUB RATES GIVEN WITH THE INTELLIGENCER.—The growth of the Confederate Veteran, published by S. A. Cunningham at Nashville, Tenn., is remarkable. Its circulation of eighty-four issues, monthly, aggregated to January, 1900, 1,195,453 copies. Average for 1900: 15,000; 1901: 18,000; 1902: 18,000; 1903: 18,000; 1904: 18,000; 1905: 18,000; 1906: 18,000; 1907: 18,000; 1908: 18,000; 1909: 18,000; 1910: 18,000. Subscriptions for the Veteran will be received at this office. It and the Intelligence will be sent for a year at the club rate of \$2.15. By application to the Intelligence copies of the Veteran will be sent to our veteran friends who are unable to subscribe.

TIRE SETTING. Let us save your Wheels by having them of long experience to re-set your Tires. Repainting and Revarnishing a specialty. PAUL E. STEPHENS.

CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY. AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE In effect April 10th, 1900. Lv Augusta 9:40 am 1:40 pm Lv Greenwood 12:15 pm 4:15 pm Lv Anderson 1:20 pm 5:20 pm Lv Greenville 3:00 pm 7:00 pm Lv Spartanburg 3:10 pm 7:10 pm Lv Seneca 5:35 pm 9:35 pm Lv Asheville 7:00 pm 11:00 pm Lv Asheville 8:20 am 12:20 pm Lv Greenville 11:45 am 3:45 pm Lv Spartanburg 12:01 pm 6:01 pm Lv Anderson 12:17 pm 6:17 pm Lv Greenwood 2:37 pm 6:37 pm Lv Anderson 5:10 pm 9:10 pm Lv Asheville 5:30 pm 9:30 pm Lv Asheville 12:07 pm 4:07 pm Lv Asheville 1:15 p. 5:15 pm Lv Asheville 5:30 pm 9:30 pm Lv Asheville 10:45 am 2:45 pm Lv Asheville 6:30 pm 10:30 pm Lv Asheville 7:25 pm 11:25 pm

SOUTHERN RAILWAY. Condensed Schedule in Effect May 6th, 1900. STATIONS. Daily No. 10. Daily No. 12. 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