

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Bill Takes Trip From Atlanta to Augusta.

Atlanta Constitution.

Some sad and some sweet memories came over me as I journeyed on the old Georgia Railroad from Atlanta to Augusta. It was the first railroad I ever saw and traveled on. My good old father was one of the original stockholders. He subscribed \$5,000 and paid it as it was called for. In those days roads were not built on bonds or questionable, mysterious schemes. There was no preferred stock or income bonds or first and second mortgages, but everything was simple, plain and honest. I have great reverence for that road. I lived in Lawrenceville while it was being built. Stone Mountain was our nearest depot, and it was there I first ventured to board a train as I journeyed to Athens to enter college. How solemn, how inspiring was that ride. I remember that it seemed to me that the trees and fences and farms and habitations were all moving swiftly backwards, while the train seemed to be still and quivering on its track. I had the same feeling the first time I ever went up in an elevator. It was at the Gilesey House, in New York, and I was not conscious of going up, but thought the hotel was rapidly descending into some subterranean cavity. Young people nowadays have no such experience. They do not remember the time when there were no railroads or telegraphs, nor sewing machines or cooking stoves, or matches or steel pens, and therefore they cannot appreciate or be grateful for the blessings they enjoy.

As we neared Stone Mountain and I looked upon its bald, majestic summit I was carried back in memory to the delightful days of my youth, when nearly sixty years ago that mountain was our trysting place, and boys and girls journeyed there sixteen miles from Lawrenceville and spent a happy day and while there and on the way we reveled in love's young dream and eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again. I remember when there was a tower on that mountain's top—a tower 160 feet high, whose slender top did sometimes touch the clouds, and it was built by Aaron Cloud, whose very name made him a fitting architect. It was the first sky-scraper ever built in Georgia. I remember the delightful day when a brunette lassie with hazel eyes and Indian hair ascended those winding stairs with me, and as we sat together on its dizzy pinnacle I thought I was a little nearer heaven than I had ever been before. Under pretense of shielding her from harm, I half enclosed her with my arm and the palpitating lace upon her bosom told me how fast her heart was beating, and there almost in the clouds we plighted our troth. I remember when one winter night the storm came and the rain descended and the winds blew, and that tower fell and great was the fall of it. I remember when there was a fine hotel at the base of that mountain and one night there was a ball in the spacious dining room, and "bright the lights shone o'er fair women and brave men" and for the first time I saw that queenly girl whom the boys called Becky Lattimer, and whose dashing beauty drew them to her as molasses draws flies. Her father lived not far away, a substantial farmer, and a few years later "our Becky" became Mrs. Rebecca Felton, the wife of the learned and eloquent doctor of Cartersville. I remember when that great solid mountain of granite seemed larger—yes, much larger—than it looks to be now, for I was young then and nature had not begun to shrink with me. Everything is smaller now and every year gets smaller still. As Pope says of the dying Christian, "The world recedes—it disappears," and so it will to those who die of old age. Tom Hood expressed it beautifully and pathetically when he said: "I remember, I remember the fir tree, dark and high, I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky, But now I'm growing older and find it little joy To know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy."

I remember that historical town called Madison, where many of my college mates lived. They are all gone now, not one is left to comfort me in my declining years. It was here I saw this railroad when I was a boy of fourteen, and it was completed to Madison. What a sensation of wonder and alarm as I looked at the huge levittian that came puffing down the track with a train behind it. My father had to hold my hand, for I trembled lest it should jump the track and kill us all. My father was proud of that road—proud because he helped to build it. He kept that stock for twelve years without receiving a dividend. The stock went down, down, till it reached its lowest point in 1849. It

was then worth only 27 cents on the dollar, but he had faith and clung to it with hope. About that time a commercial revolution—a crisis—a pause—came over the country and to save his mercantile credit he was forced to sell his stock. It distressed him and grieved my mother, but he said there was no help for it. The stock must go. I remember the night he came home and told my mother that the stock was gone—he had sold it to Judge Hutchins for 27 cents on the dollar—the stock that he had paid 100 cents for twelve years before. Father was sad and the tears fell on mother's cheek and none of us cared for supper. When father went back to the store that night I sat down by mother's side and took her hand in mine. "Mother," said I, "you must not feel so bad about that stock. Let me tell you a secret. Last night I proposed to Octavia Hutchins, I asked her to marry me and she said she would and we have fixed the time—the 7th of March—and in less than three months I'll get that stock back and it will be in the family again. Now, don't you tell, but you mustn't cry any more," and I kissed her on her cheek and said, "Mother, Mr. Shakespeare says 'All's well that ends well.'" But my dear mother was a woman and womanlike she told an intimate friend what I said about getting the stock back and that friend told another woman in confidence and the confidence kept spreading and spreading until the engagement and the stock matter got all over the village and at last to Judge Hutchins. I was mortified and alarmed, but my affianced stuck close to me, for she was dreadfully in love, though she denies it to this day. In due time we were married and were so happy we didn't want any stock or anything else hardly. A few days after our marriage as I was passing his office, the stern old judge called me in. He unlocked his iron safe and taking out a paper, said to me, "I heard that you told your good mother that you were going to marry Octavia and get that railroad stock back. Did you tell her that?" I was intensely alarmed, but, like George Washington, I would not tell a lie. "Yes, judge, I did," said I, "but I didn't mean it," I replied. I saw the wrinkle in his eye. "Well," said he, "I thought that if you were determined to have it I had just as well give it to you now," and he handed me the certificate with the transfer already written. I don't know what I said, but he enjoyed my embarrassment. What a considerate man he was. I remember that a few months after he sent six of the family negroes up to our house one morning before we got up. We heard them talking on the front steps and my wife asked me to get up and see what they wanted. They informed me that "old master told them he had given them to me and Miss Octavia and to come up here." They were all servants who had long said that when Miss Octavia got married they were going to live with her. That was the usual patrimony of slave owners to their children. We had no use for them, and sent them back with a kind note begging the judge to keep them for us awhile longer. Some years after that Mr. Lincoln set them free and to tell the truth I am glad of it, for they were always a care and an expense. Now, while I write our train has reached Union Point and I remember when we college boys used to take the tandem mule train from here to Athens. It was an all day journey, for it took us eight hours to make the forty miles, but we rode on top and had lots of fun and plenty of good things to eat that our mothers had provided. Yes, I love to ruminate about those good old times when everything had a roscate hue and we wrote love letters to our sweethearts and reveled in love's young dream.

BILL ARP.

Cares Blood and Skin Troubles—Trial Treatment Free. Is your blood poor? Is it thin? Nose bleeding and headache? Pricking pains in the skin? Skin pale? Skin feel hot and swollen? All run down? Is your blood bad? Have you Pimples? Eruptions? Scrofula? Eating sores? Itching, burning, Eczema? Boils? Ulcers? Cancer? Scaly Eruptions? Shin or Scalp Itch? Blood, Hair or Skin humors? Tired out with aches and pains in bones and joints? Have you hereditary or contracted Blood Poison? Ulcers in throat or mouth? Swollen glands? Rheumatism? As tired in morning as when you went to bed? Have you resisted medical treatment? If you have any of the above troubles B.B.B. (Botanic Blood Balm) should be taken at once. B.B.B. has a peculiar effect—different from any other blood medicine—it drains the impurities, poisons and humors that cause all above troubles out of the blood, bones and entire system, healing every sore, restoring to the Skin the Bloom of perfect health, and making new, rich Blood.

On Behalf of the Hog. If I were to go on a farm with the idea of ascertaining whether the man who owned it was a thrifty and intelligent man in his calling, that is to say, a good farmer, the first thing I would do would be to look at his hogs. He might take me to his stable and show me horses direct from Lexington or from Electioneer, or he might take me to the pastures and let me gaze upon the fawn-colored and delicate Jersey and the black-and-white ponderous Holstein, or even on his beef-stock of Galloways, Durhams, Herefords or Polled-Angus, and yet I would not be satisfied. I would want to go to his pen and ascertain what he was doing there. For in his pig pen or pig pasture he had the shriveled hog, I would know that his cattle were nothing but a bad, and that after all there was nothing in him in the way of the practical farmer.

It might be that he would expect his hind cattle to yield enough to "make his meat." But if he had the hogs, whether beef was high or low, he had the meat anyhow. To me fine horses, fine cattle, fine sheep, fine houses and all that, without the hog, is what might be called speculative farming. But when you look over in the pen of the farmer or in the hog pasture of the farmer, or even when he calls them up from the roads, and they are healthy and strong and of the right proportions, then you can go on and look at the balance of his stock with some pleasure, because you know that he has been wise enough to provide his meat for the year, anyhow, and with the bread, corn or wheat, which never fails entirely, his cattle and horses and sheep are to a great extent profited. I do not care how full is the stable and the cow pen if the pig pen is empty—the owner is guessing.

Of course, everyone knows that the hog characteristics are not pleasing to man. He is an animal without a friend, so to speak, except when the time comes to eat him, and then he is appreciated only after he is dead. In to our language has been engrained such words as hoggishness and "trying to hog," and all that. If a child's clothing is soiled by playing, his affectionate mother says he is as "filthy as a pig." If a man becomes the least obese, his kind friends will say that he is "as fat as a hog." If a man wants to get what is coming to him in this life, other people with as much greed as he will say, "he is trying to hog everything in sight." The very name of hog carries with it the suggestion of filth, obesity, greed and coarseness. Next to the snake there is nothing living more condemned than this most lovable, most intelligent and most useful animal to man. As far as the books show he has been the constant companion of man, multiplying and furnishing him food. He rode out the storm with Noah, and the chances are ten to one that the first fresh meat that Noah tasted after his long, but not altogether exciting float, was fresh pork. Belonging to the pachyderm family, he has relatives in the elephant, rhinoceros and hippopotamus, and some near relatives, such as the barrousas of the Polynesian islands and the peccary of the country south of us.

Being somewhat short on clothes, that is hair, and insects liking his meat about as well as man, he seeks mud to smother the enemies which prey upon him, and as far as intelligence goes I leave it to any farmer who ever tried to keep a fence-breaking sow out of a field, to testify whether or any animal is more intelligent than a hog, and if this testimony is not sufficient to prove that the animal knows more in a minute than a horse, dog and elephant all combined in a thousand years, I will bring to the stand one of the best lawyers in the State, who played seven-up with one of them at the Omaha exposition.

Intended for food for man, in order to be of full benefit to said man he has to be in "good order." To be in "good order" he has to hustle for food and eat all set before him. Hustling and eating in this way he is careless in his general deportment and habits. To the ordinary person he is not at all attractive.—W. G. S., in Dallas News.

There is no pleasure in life if you dread to eat and can't sleep on account of indigestion. Henry Williams, of Boonville, Ind., suffered that way for years 'till he used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. He says "Now I eat anything I like and sleep soundly." Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. Evans Pharmacy. —When a Chinese girl is married her attendants are always the oldest and ugliest women to be found, who are paid to act as foils to her beauty. It is said some exceptionally ugly women make their living by acting as professional attendants at weddings. "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and find it to be a great medicine," says Mr. E. S. Phipps, of Poteau, Ark. "It cured me of bloody flux, I cannot speak too highly of it. This remedy always wins the good opinion, if not praise, of those who use it. The quick cures which it affords even in the most severe cases make it a favorite everywhere. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

New Cure For Bald Heads. A young man who has lived for thirty years in the vicinity of Manayunk, Pa., is looking forward eagerly to two important events in his life—his marriage and his first hair cut. He lost all his hair at a very early age. In fact, it is said that he has never had any from infancy. However that may be, he has always worn a wig, and his sensitiveness on this point has prevented him from associating very much with the fair sex. Some time ago he met a young woman, and for the first time in his life he fell in love. Still he despaired of winning her, because of his physical defect. A short time after the tender passion first asserted itself, he was surprised one morning to observe that in washing his head a little down appeared on the skin. Physicians attribute the growth of hair to the increased flow of blood to the head under the stimulation of the emotions of love. The marriage is not far off.

A Village Blacksmith Saved His Little Son's Life. Mr. H. H. Black, the well-known village blacksmith at Grahamsville, Sullivan Co., N. Y., says: "Our little son, five years old, has always been subject to croup, and so had have the attacks been that we have feared many times that he would die. We have had the doctor and used many medicines, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is now our sole reliance. It seems to destroy the tough mucus and by giving frequent doses when the croupy symptoms appear we have found that the dreaded croup is cured before it gets settled." There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains no opium or other injurious drug and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

—One of the favorite stories out in the short grass country of Kansas right now, is that of the teacher who asked her pupils what an anecdote was, and the answer being a "short, funny tale," told a small boy to write a sentence containing the word. He wrote: "A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

House Work is Hard Work without GOLD DUST.

DEAN & RATLIFF'S LETTER!

SOME PLAIN TALK.

WHEN it comes to plain, open lying we are not in it, but when in the course of human events it becomes necessary for us to tell just what we are doing, we are bound to do it. Anybody that watches the intelligent crowd of pleased customers who throng our Store from dawn 'till dusk must know that we don't have to advertise in the newspapers to make ourselves known. The quantity and quality of Shoes, Dry Goods, Jeans, Hats, &c., that are carried out of our Store daily show that the wind is blowing in our favor, while the scores of wagons that we load every day with purest Flour—Dean's Patent—and those Pure Rust Proof Oats, Rice, Meal, &c., imply tell the tale for us wherever they go. While we will see to it that every one is waited on in the rush, and while we want as many more to come in and get happy as they deserve, but we must insist upon those who have already been made happy and who owe us for it by Note, Lien or open Account coming in to settle at once, as all such Accounts and Notes are due on October 1st, and we must have our money or it must be satisfactorily arranged. Gasco and other customers will bear this in mind and act accordingly. Yours for Business,

DEAN & RATLIFF. Sole Distributors of Dean's Patent Flour, And Headquarters for all Plantation Supplies.

B. HILLMAN, RECENTLY of Abbeville, who has opened the Store at NO. 18, BENSON STREET, desires the public to know his success in purchasing his Fall and Winter Stock of—

Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Underwear, At prices that will enable him to UNDERSELL any competition. A trial will convince everybody of the money he is able to save you. A Specialty of Big Values in Three-Piece Suits for Boys from three to seven years of age, at prices to cut to the bone. NECKWEAR, the latest styles. Finest Goods at lowest prices.

B. HILLMAN, 18 Benson Street, Miss Lizzie Williams' Old Stand.

SOME BARGAINS! I HAVE A FEW PIANOS. Of the very highest grade and latest styles. TO GO AT COST FOR A FEW DAYS. This is an opportunity of a life-time. Also have the latest improved ball-bearing NEW HOME SEWING MACHINES for \$30. Vibrator Standard Machine only \$28.00. H. L. WELLS, South Main Street, Anderson, S. C.

SEND US YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS. We have engaged the services of Mr. J. E. BRADLEY, an experienced Pharmacist, and we are now prepared to serve you at all hours—either day or night. Mr. Bradley will room over our Store, so if you want a Prescription filled at night just press the button in front of our Store and we'll do the rest. Remember, only— THE BEST AND PUREST DRUGS Are allowed in our Store. H. G. EVANS & CO., PENDLETON, S. C.

Worth Imitating. Mr. Francis La Flesche, an Omaha Indian, has recently published an account of the training of children in the topees of that tribe. "No child is permitted to interrupt an older person, or to pass between two persons who are speaking," says the author, "still less to come between them and the fire. We were strictly enjoined never to stare at strangers, nor to address any one by his personal name without a title. "From his earliest years the Omaha child was trained in the grammatical use of his native tongue. No mistake was allowed to pass uncorrected. "No Indian parents ever whips his child. When it commits a fault, the entire family assembles in solemn conclave, and it is summoned and reproved with such gravity that it never forgets the lesson. These are not civilized red men, but the class known to us as "savages." London Truth lately gave an account of the training given in Tokyo in the prefecture of police. The Japanese policemen are taught to knock gently at the doors of houses before they enter. Under no circumstances are they to talk roughly. "Rough talk intimidates the innocent, while the hardened criminal does not mind it." In executing search warrants they must not disturb sleeping children or invalids. They must deal kindly with dogs belonging to strangers; hospitality is due to animals as well as to men. No amusement must ever be shown at the mistakes of foreigners. Every effort must be made to impress strangers with Japanese politeness, and all people with the kindness as well as the justice of Japanese law. Is there nothing which the English-speaking peoples could learn from these two nations, the Omahas and the Japanese?—Youth's Companion.

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Anderson is Up-to-Date, so are the Peoples Furniture Co. They have opened up a large and well-selected stock of Furniture, House Furnishings, And everything that belongs to that line of business. Mr. Ben. B. Bleckley and Mr. Noel B. Sharpe are the managers, and will take pleasure in showing everybody their IMMENSE STOCK and CHEAP PRICES. Their stock was bought in car load lots and from the best factories for Cash, and they feel sure that the most fastidious can be pleased. Go to see them. They also have an elegant KEARSE, and carry a full line Caskets and Coffins.

FRUIT JARS! FRUIT JARS! Now is the time to buy your Jars before they advance in price. There being a big crop of fruit all over the country, Jars will be much higher later in the season. I have a big lot of them on hand at a low price. Fruit Kettles, Fly Fans and Fly Traps, and all other summer goods. I have a lot of Decorated goods in odd pieces at a bargain. I am running out of stock at very low prices. Bring me your Rags and Beeswax. Your patronage solicited, JOHN T. BURRIS

GARDEN SEED. Buist and Ferry's. Remember when you go to get your seed to get fresh ones. As this is our first year in the Seed business we have no seed carried over from last year. Yours, F. B. GRAYTON & CO. Near the Post Office.