BILL ARP'S LETTER.

He Encounters Some Trouble in Getting Home.

Atlanta Constitution.

Home again and happy. Children and grandchildren met me at the depot and escorted me home, where a bountiful supper was awaiting, and I asked the same old blessing that I have been asking for fifty years, only it was with unusual gratitude, for I had been in perils of wind and water and escaped them. I was weary with long travel, and now I could rest. I left New Albany at midnight, reached Birmingham at daylight, only five minutes late, and had five minutes' time to buy a ticket for Pell City, and from there I was to board the East and West for home. How happy I was. But alas! for human hopes. How soon they can vanish into despair. There were about a hundred big, black, greasy negro preachers ahead of me at the ticket office. Their Baptist convention had been broken up, and they were going home on the southbound train, and had an hour to go on, but they would not let me advance an inch. I hurried back to the gatekeeper and begged him to let me in, for my train was waiting, and I pointed to the crowd of negroes and told him it was impossible for me to get a ticket. He said he was sorry, but he had his orders. I hurried back to make one more effort, but a big square shouldered preacher, with a back as broad as a barn door, had dropped a time on the floor and half a dozen were down hunting for it. I hailed the ticket man, but he never heard or heeded me. Frantic, I rushed back to the iron gates, and saw my train slipping off like a snake in the grass, and that official automaton would not let me pass. "'Gainst orders," he said. Blackstone says there is a remedy for every wrong, but there were no railroads in his day, or he wouldn't have written those lines. I had no remedy, and there is none. What could I do? No train for Pell City for twelve hours, and none from Pell City for my home for twenty-four hours. I was so tired and so disappointed that I sat down to ruminate on my valise. I was weak and sad and pitiful, for there is no disappointment so distressing to me as being left by a train when going home. Just then a drummer, God bless him! came up and spoke to me, and said, "My friend, I am pretty much in the same fix you are, but we can go by Chattanooga, for the Alabama Great Southern is an hour late this morning. It's schedule is to leave here thirty minutes before we arrived, but it has not come yet, and we have half an hour to get our tickets. Those preachers are nearly all out of the way now."

I rose to my feet. I saw how it was, and that I would lose only one hour in getting home. In my heart I revived, and like David whispered, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

We got our tickets, and in four hours were in Chattanooga, where I telegraphed to my wife, "Hold the fort; I'm coming." And so "All's well that ends well," and no thanks to those who manage that iron-bound pen at Birmingham.

But I found the cutest little narrow gauge railroad in Mississippi that I have seen in many years. I didn't know there was one left. It is called the Gulf and Chicago railroad, but they began to build it in the middle many years ago and built sixty miles and quit. You can ride all day on it for $1.50. It doesn't seem to have any schedule, and the folks along the line just wait for it and seem content. They say, "Well, it's our road; it's all we've got, and they do the best they can." The owners are clever men and will wait on you half an hour if you telephone them. They are very accommodating, especially going south, for they have no connection to make. I boarded that train at Blue Mountain at 4 p m. for Pontotoc, where I was to lecture that night at 8:30 o'clock. It was only thirty miles, but we didn't get there until 8:15 o'clock, and my audience didn't give up the ship. They said it was their road—their only road—and they knew its peculiar ways. We stopped within three miles of town, and after half an hour or so I asked what was the matter, and was told that the steam had given out. Before that the train stopped in the woods somewhere and then began to back. I ventured to ask what was the matter and was told that the brakeman had dropped his cob pipe and they had gone back to look for it. But it was a railroad and I had no right to complain, for I remember when there was not a railroad in the United States. When I was seven years old I came from Boston to Georgia overland in a carriage with my father and mother. 1,200 miles, and we never crossed a railroad, for there was not one to cross; and now there are 196,000 miles in these United States. No, I am happy on the way on any railroad, even if it is thirty miles short and four hours long. It beats the old stage coach a long ways. I tried a buggy team from Ripley to Blue Mount, only a six-mile drive, and like to have got drowned. I got fundamentally and distressingly wet. I shall wait for the narrow guage next time. Oh, that cyclone. I haven't quit telling about it yet. Next morning a man who was in it and under it and on top of it said he went out to shut his mules up in the stable, and before he could say Jack Robinson, it picked him up and turned him a thousand somersaults, and while he was turning he heard his mules a braying in the air above him. "Gentlemen," said he, "that are a fact, if I ever told it; and the thing just let me down in Jinny Jones's potato patch as easy as a woman lays her baby in the cradle."

That college at Blue Mountain is a marvel to me. It was founded twenty-five years ago by General Lowrey, a great big-hearted man, who, like Ben Adhem, loved his fellow men. It was at first a high school for the benefit of the poor girls in the neighborhood and expanded into a college. When he died his sons and sons-in-law took charge and continued to expand, and now there are 300 girls there; over 200 of them are boarders at $12 per month. The others live in cottages near by and board themselves at a cost of about $5 a month, for they do their own work. Large, handsome brick buildings have been built and more are being built. Bountiful springs from the mountain side furnish abundance pure water for everything. There is a dairy farm near by and vegetable gardens and everything moves like clockwork.

Professor Lowrey is a man of untiring energy and says that work is his best recreation. He took me on a romantic drive to the top of the mountain and the village graveyard, and when we returned he called his four little children, including the baby, and took them to ride. I liked that. It does not take me long to diagnose a good husband and kind father. There was no barber in the village and he brought to me his fine lawn mower razor that cost $5, and when he saw how awkward and nervous I was, he said: "Oh, let me do that," and he mowed the gray stubble off in a minute. Ever hear of a college president doing that? I was specially interested in a young man, Ernest Guyton, the only boy in college. He is totally blind, but is getting a first-class education through his ears. He listens eagerly to the recitations, keeps up with the foremost and is now studying Latin. His mother or sister reads to him every night and the family are all proud of him, for he is not only bright mentally, but cheerful and handsome. He told me that being blind never distressed him and he was happy all the time, for everybody was so good to him. How kind Providence is to the afflicted.

Those Mississippi woods are full of Georgians. Scores of them sought me and with a natural and earnest pride told me where they came from in the long ago, or where their fathers came from, and who they were kin to. I was amused at one old man who said he came here from Cass County before the war, and he asked me where Bartow County was. He had never heard that the name of old Cass was changed to Bartow in honor of our General Bartow, who was killed at Manassas.

An unknown friend has sent me a poetic gem called "The Change in Farmer Joe," by Sheldon Stoddard. I wish that it could be read by every husband in the land, for it tells in beautiful and pathetic verse how Joe had long pursued money for money's sake and gave his loving, long suffering wife few comforts and none of the luxuries or ornaments that brighten up a woman's home. For years she had from time to time hinted that she would like a new carpet for her room, for the old one had been turned and patched and beaten until it was faded and threadbare, and the window shades were worn out. But he said no, he couldn't afford it, and he worked early and late and was accumulating money. The poem tells how he met her one morning and noticed a tear in her eye as it dropped down on her pale cheek, and he got to thinking about it in the cornfield, and that tear haunted him and he recalled the long years of their married life and how patient she had been with him and the little children and nursed him when sick and watched them by night and by day. Suddenly he came to himself and stopped his mule in the middle of the row and hurried home and hitched up the buggy and went to town like he was going for the doctor. He bought a nice carpet and some curtains and other comforts and drove home like Jehu and tumbled them all at the front door. "Here, Sally, come here, bless your dear heart; you shan't cry any more." And he hurried back to the cornfield. Well, I liked that, and now I feel like going to town and buying a new carpet for my wife. We men forget that a woman has to stay at home all the time. She loves ornaments, for God made her so, and if she can't have these things her house is not a home, but a prison.

BILL ARP.

"Too Near My Price."

There is a story, well-known in naval circles of an honest old commodore, a man of frank and witty speech, who commanded a blockade squadron in Southern waters during the Civil War. A fine-looking, well-mannered man came to him one day, at a time when no vessels had been able to pass the blockade for weeks, and introduced himself as the representative of certain firms abroad whose commercial need for cotton was desperate. After explaining this point fully, he made an open offer to the commodore of fifty thousand dollars if he would manage to let one single ship, laden with cotton, pass the blockade. He even opened his wallet and spread the crisp bills out upon the table to emphasize the amount.

The commodore listened, with an indifferent air, and said nothing until the man was through with his offer. Then he answered, still indifferently, "The thing is absolutely impossible, sir. Good-morning," and bowed him out. So little indignation did he show, indeed, that a week later the persevering agent came back with a fresh offer.

"Commodore," he said, "I am authorized to offer you even more than I did. If you will do as I ask, here are one hundred thousand dollars, which I will leave upon the table," and he began to take a roll of bills out of his wallet as before.

This time, however, the old sailor was not indifferent. Taking the briber by the neck he kicked him out of the cabin without ceremony, saying, as he did so: "Get out of here you scoundrel! You're coming too near my price!"

It was a true speech, and a wise one. The temptation which does not tempt us may be met with indifference, but when we feel that a danger point is near we need to act quickly. Every man, the cynics say, has his price. Perhaps so; but the man who knows when his price is being approached, if he has the resolution to take temptation by the shoulders then and there, and turn it out, is safe. "Never let an enemy get inside your guard," is an old rule. When the tempter gets too near our price, then is our time to resist him stoutly. A little later may be too late; but the old sailor's example, if followed, will bring us out triumphantly.—*Forward.*

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with lame back or pains in the side or chest, give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism. One application gives relief. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

— The census bureau announced that the population of the State of Illinois was 4,821,550, as against 3,826,351 in 1890.

Don't forget to use a little Prickly Ash Bitters whenever the stomach or bowels are disordered. It quickly corrects such troubles and makes you feel bright and cheerful.

— The population of Nevada was officially announced at 42,335 against 45,761 in 1890, a decrease of 3,426, or 7.4 per cent.

To Cure A Cold In One Day

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

— Postmaster General Smith denied a report that he would retire from the cabinet before March 4.

If you would have an appetite like a bear and relish for your meals take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They correct disorders of the stomach and regulate the liver and bowels. Price, 25 cts. Samples free, at Hill-Orr Drug Co's.

— Help from without is often enseeblige in its effects, but help from within invariable invigorates.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure "digests what you eat," so that you can eat all the good food you want while it is restoring the digestive organs to health. It is the only preparation that digests all kinds of food. It never fails. Evans' Pharmacy.

— No young man ever climbed the ladder of success with a whisky flask in his pocket.

Now is the time when croup and lung troubles prove rapidly fatal. The only harmless remedy that gives immediate results is One Minute Cough Cure. It quickly cures coughs and all lung diseases. Evans' Pharmacy.

— To-morrow is the time when the fool is going to be wise and the lazy man industrious.

Mr. Peter Sherman, of North Stratford, N. H., says, "For years I suffered torture from chronic indigestion, but Kodol Dyspepsia Cure made a well man of me." It digests what you eat and is a certain cure for all stomach troubles. Evans' Pharmacy.

Life is Growing Longer.

From statistics and the result of certain changes in the methods of living we can safely affirm that the span of life is steadily lengthening. Three thousand years before the Christian era the average duration of life was said to be three score years and ten. This would make middle age come at 35. Dante considered that year the middle of life's arch and Montaigne, speaking for himself at the same period of life, considered his real work practically ended and proved that he was growing old by falling into the reminiscent age.

At the present time 50 years is considered as the middle age. In the days of the Revolutionary war prominent men at that time were looked upon as old at 50 years. We are justified in supposing that the span of human life will be prolonged in the future because the possibility of living to an older age has been demonstrated by the great advances made in medicine and hygiene during the past ten years.

We have attained a vast amount of knowledge as to the causes of disease and new remedies for their successful treatment have been discovered. We have no new diseases, at least of any serious character, and we are better able to treat the old ones, which, like old foes, appear to us with new faces.

One of the most interesting and trust-worthy statements in respect to old age is the report of the habits of centenarians; made some years ago by a commission appointed by the British Medical Association. Without going into particulars of the different cases it is valuable to note, generally, the result of the investigation.

It seems that most of these old people were small or medium of stature and of spare habit of body. The voice was rarely feeble. Most of them had lost their teeth, but nearly all of them enjoyed good digestion, one old man of 98, a clergyman, placing his hand on the organ in question and saying that he never knew what it was to have a stomach. Nearly all of them had enjoyed uninterrupted good health and many had never known what it was to be sick.

They were all very moderate in eating, most of them useing little animal food. Few indulged at all in intoxicating drinks and those only in notable moderation. They took considerable outdoor exercise and nearly all possessed the good-natured placid disposition.—*Royal Magazine.*

How to Cure Croup.

Mr. R. Gray, who lives near Amenia, Duchess County, N. Y., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best medicine I have ever used. It is a fine children's remedy for croup and never fails to cure. When given as soon as child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has developed, it will prevent the attack. This should be borne in mind and a bottle of the Cough Remedy kept at hand ready for instant use as soon as these symptoms appear. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

Not a Beehive.

The following is told at the expense of an American gentleman who was recently stopping with his wife at the Hotel Cecil. On their first evening there he happened to retire somewhat later than his spouse. Arriving at the door of what he imagined to be his room, and finding it locked, he tapped and called "Honey!" No answer came, and he called again and more loudly, "Honey!" Still he got no reply, and, becoming somewhat uneasy, he shouted the endearing term with his full lung-power. This time a reply came, and in a male voice. "Go away, you blithering idiot! This is a bathroom, not a blooming beehive!"

— Flo—These box parties are nothing but gab and chatter and all that. Joe—You're right there. Take that fellow Fitzcorbett, for instance.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

AN ECLIPSE

Of the Sun throws a dark shadow on the earth. So it is with the human body when disease shuts out the light of health and happiness.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

Is an antidote for all diseases which attack the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach or Bowels. It drives out constipated conditions, restores functional activity and regularity.

MAKES....
Pure Blood,
Strong Nerves and
Good Digestion.

People who have used it say it is their main reliance for keeping the body healthy.

SOLD AT DRUGGISTS.

Price, $1.00.

SPECIAL NOTE.—Prickly Ash Bitters is not a "bitters" in the sense that it can be used as a drink. It is not intoxicating, highly medicated yet pleasant to the taste.

Evans Pharmacy, Special Agents.

CITATION.

State of South Carolina,
County of Anderson.

By R. Y. H Nance, Judge of Probate.

Whereas, Lee G. Holleman has applied to me to grant him Letters of Administration, with Will annexed, on the Estate and effects of Mrs. A. L. Gaillard, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all kindred and creditors of the said Mrs. A. L. Gaillard, deceased, to be and appear before me in Court of Probate, to be held at Anderson C. H on the 22nd day of December, 1900, after publication hereof, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand, this 4th day of December, 1900.

R. Y. H. NANCE, Probate Judge.

Dec 5, 1900 24 2

TO THE FARMERS

Of Anderson and adjacent Counties.

SINCE last July when we organized the—

ANDERSON FERTILIZER COMPANY

We have put forward our best effort, and rushed the buildings with all possible speed, in order to get our goods on the market for the Spring trade 1901.

We now wish to inform you that we will start our Acid Chambers early in December, and our Mixing Department in January.

We will manufacture Sulphuric Acid, Acid Phosphate and High Grade Ammoniated Fertilizers, all from the crude material. We are also importers of German Kainit, Muriate of Potash and Nitrate of Soda.

You can always get fresh, pure goods at our Factory, and we hope to supply your wants in this line.

This is a home industry, of which we feel proud, built with home capital and we solicit the patronage of the home people.

ANDERSON FERTILIZER COMPANY.

FRED. G. BROWN, President.

TALK IS CHEAP!

BUT the test of true values are the PRICES. We can show them to you—not at Cost but lower than some people's Goods at Cost.

IN PANTS we can show you a complete line at 39c, 63c, 89c, 97c, $1.07, $1.15, $1.25, $1.7, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $2.25.

IN CAPES we bought a Job Lot below their value, and will give them away at the low figures of 28c, 48c, 73c, 98c, $1.69. These are big values and you should see them.

SHIRTS—good goods, big values—18c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 40c, 45c and 50c. These are hard to beat.

SUSPENDERS—up-to-date, fresh and clean—8c, 9c, 10c, 14c, and as good as anybody wants for 20c.

Dry Goods, all kinds, Notions, School Supplies, Glassware, Crockeryware, Tinware, Brooms, Buckets, Baskets, Tobaccos, a complete line and right prices.

Come and see us and get our prices and see our Goods.

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THE GLENN SPRINGS WATER has been known for over a hundred years, and recognized by the best Physicians in the land as a sure cure for diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, Bowels and Blood. Some of its remarkable cures were brought before the notice of the public in the Charleston Medical Journal in 1855.

MESSRS. EVANS PHARMACY—GENTS: I have been a sufferer from indigestion for several years, and have found the use of your Glenn Springs Water of great benefit to me, and can confidently recommend it to any suffering from like troubles.

R. E. ALLEN.

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Are you ready now to take advantage of some Genuine Clothing Surprises!

IF SO, come in and glance over the tempting offerings we offer in

Men's and Boys' Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Etc.,

And be convinced that at the rates we offer Goods here it is more than probable we will be glad to buy them back of you at a profit.

Special Bargains in Boys' Tan and Black Shoes,

At prices that touch bottom!

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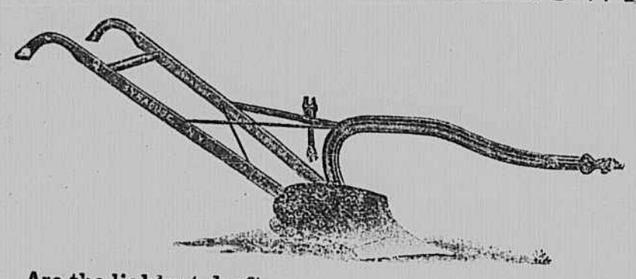

Are the lightest draft,
Best braced, and
Most durable Plow on the market,
And costs less for repairs.
Have all the good features of any other Plow,
And a large number that are not found on any other.

Clark's Tarrant Cutaway Harrow,

The perfection of Cutaway Harrows, will turn and thoroughly pulverize the soil from three to six inches deep; have never heard of one that did not give perfect satisfaction. If you will try one you will buy no other.

The Empire Grain and Fertilizer Drill,

The only Drill with the absolute force feed—will sow Oats where others fail, and will sow any grain better than any Drill made. They are strong built, light draft. Every one guaranteed to do perfect work.

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OATS, OATS, AND RICE FLOUR.

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Three Thousand Bushels of TEXAS RED RUST PROOF OATS.

One Car of that famous HENRY OAT (or Winter Grazing Oat.) The only Oat that will positively stand any kind of weather.

Have just received Two Cars of fine FEED OATS at lowest prices.

Have just received Three Cars of RICE FLOUR for fattening your hogs, and it comes much cheaper than any other feed and is much better.

Yours respectfully,

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Fruit Jars,

To put up your Fruit in.

Preserving Powder.

To keep Fruit from spoiling.

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To put on your old Jars.

Tartaric Acid,

To make Cherry and Blackberry Acid.

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To catch the flies while working with your frui

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$9,00 WILL BUY A FINE FRENCH CHINA TEA-SET! BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED.

A VARIETY OF ODD PIECES AND NOVELTIES.

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WROTE its first Policy Sept. 23, 1896, and has made only two assessments since it commenced business. This is a great deal cheaper than you can get fire insurance elsewhere. Any of our Policy-holders will tell you that. Other people have saved money by placing their fire insurance in this Company, and it is confidently believed you can.

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