

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Arp Discusses Marriage in Interesting Manner.

Atlanta Constitution.

Wedding bells have been ringing around here for some time. Their music always excite the good people and everybody talks about the coming nuptials. Mothers, wives and daughters are specially interested for it is the bride who has most at stake and is about to surrender everything to her lover. Her hope is stronger than fear and the women all rejoice in it and wish the good work to go on. They dissect and discuss every phase of the new relationship and crowd the Church or the home where the knot is to be tied with anxious and eager interest. The bridal trosses and the wedding gifts have especial consideration and are carefully inspected. What a difference between man and woman about such things. What a difference between my wife and I. It was of small concern to me whether the bride's apparel cost a thousand dollars or a hundred. Just so she was dressed in good taste and wore a few pretty ornaments was enough for me. I like to see a pretty woman dressed in a way that you can tell pretty well how much of her is clothes and how much is flesh and blood. Padding and petticoats may fool a man in a new acquaintance, but a home girl can't fool anybody. We see them ride and walk and stand up around and we can measure them up like David Harum measured a horse. The modern style of dress is much more pleasing to men than the old style of hoop skirts and bustles. Nothing is lacking now but to shorten up their walking frocks so that they won't drag behind and sweep up the sidewalks with all their filth of cigar stumps and quids and bacteria and excremented germs of excremented consumption. When I see a girl's skirt dragging along I suspect that she is pigeon-toed or box-ankled and wants to hide it. My wife never wore a dress that way in her life for she wears a number two shoe and steps like a deer. But it is a woman's nature to love ornament. She cannot help it and it is no sin. John Wesley tried to cure her of it in the discipline, but he couldnt discipline about ornaments and jewelry and other finery is a dead letter. I have suspected that may be he was too hard on his wife about such things and that is why she quit him. What a miserable time those women had in the days of the Puritans when a pretty girl had to wear a plain black dress to Church; a home-made straw hood shaped like a coal scuttle on her head, and not an earring nor a breast pin nor even a string of glass beads around her neck. The creator adorned the earth with flowers and studded the heavens with stars. He gave the birds their beautiful plumage and taught them to sing for our pleasure. There are diamonds in the mines and pearls in the ocean and of course they were made for women. We men care nothing about such things. I wouldnt give ten dollars for a bushel of them, but my wife goes into rapture over them and would give everything she has not for them, except her children and may be me. Woman is a curious and peculiar creation. I have been studying them for sixty years and dont fully understand them yet. They are very near to us and very dear to us, but very unlike in their devotional nature; their love of the beautiful; their long suffering under trial and adversity. They go willingly and eagerly to the marriage altar when they know that theirs is all the peril and theirs to be all the pain and care and grief that inevitably comes to a wife and mother. I have pondered over this and if I was a woman and had only a man's instincts and emotions I would not marry any man upon earth. It is the God given maternal instinct that persuades and forces a woman to marry. She will launch her boat upon the stream and take her chances to jump the waterfalls. She will marry even against her judgment and the pleadings of her friends. She does not realize the force of this maternal instinct, but it impels and controls her. My little granddaughters are perfectly happy with their dolls. They play with them by day and sleep with them by night. A little four-year old said to me last night, "Grampa, dont take dolly away from me till I get fast asleep." Little boys care nothing about dolls. They want balls and drums and firecrackers and guns—something that will make a noise. A man loves a woman and marries her, but there is not a particle of paternal instinct influencing him. The young mother hugs her first born to her bosom and is happy. The young father takes the advent of the child as a matter of course, but not of choice. In course of time the little one grows into favor and he becomes attached to it and even proud of it, but there is

An Incident of the Battle of Atlanta.

Editor Atlanta Journal: Having read some of the interesting articles in The Journal, I would like to add an interesting fact about the campaign around your city during the war. By some chance of war a division—I think it was French's—had been ordered to the right of our line and had left their vidette posts without relieving them and without any instructions and our division was sent to occupy the space left vacant by the departure of the other division.

As it was necessary to ascertain the number of men composing the outpost guard which had been left by the former division, so as to make the necessary detail to relieve them, I was ordered to make my way to the first vidette pit and then on around the circuit and report the number. On arriving at the outpost I found our men firing at the enemy, who were only a short distance away, sheltered in some woods. After counting the men in the pit I was preparing to make a run for the next when the officer in charge cautioned me in regard to a gun the enemy fired regularly every minute to keep our men well under cover and to stop their fire as much as possible. I therefore waited until the gun had been fired and then ran to the next pit, which was fifty yards away, where I arrived safely, and so on from one pit to the other I made my way, following closely the instruction given by the men. At one pit where our lines made a curve I was preparing to run for the next, when I was stopped by one of the men and asked which direction I was going to run. I pointed to a pit about fifty yards away. He laughed and told me that I would never see daylight again if I went to that pit, as it belonged to the enemy. The lines were so close together that the mistake was very likely to be made by anybody, and it was difficult for those who knew the ground to tell which was which. I finally succeeded in finishing the round and arrived safely at the headquarters with my report, which was something that I had not expected to do when I sent out. I write this merely to show how closely the two armies lay to each other in the deadly struggle around your city and on what small things a human life hung.

JOHN H. HILL, Courier Hardee's Corps, Breckinridge's Division, C. S. A.

Kept the Bonnet Company. The story of an elderly couple who lived in a Massachusetts town nearly 50 years ago, is told by some of the oldest inhabitants with much unction.

The lady had been bereft of one helpmeet, and her second husband had twice been left a widower before the pair were united in the bonds of matrimony. They were both of that temperament which causes its possessor to be characterized as "set."

On the wedding day the bride found in the back parter, on a conspicuous nail, a sunbonnet, which had belonged to her immediate predecessor. She removed it to oblivion in a closet.

Her newly wedded husband made no comment, but replaced the sunbonnet on its accustomed nail. During the next few days the calico headgear vibrated between the closet and the nail. Then there came a day when the bride approached her husband with a man's hat in her hand as he was in the act of re-instating the sunbonnet.

"If you have that sunbonnet there," she said firmly, "I shall hang my first husband's hat on the next nail."

She looked at the bridegroom and met the counterpart of her own expression. She hung the hat on the designated nail, and although the two people lived to be very old, neither the hat nor the sunbonnet ever moved again till the house came into the hands of a new owner.—Youth's Companion.

This season there is a large death rate among children from croup and lung troubles. Prompt action will save the little ones from these terrible diseases. We know of nothing so certain to give instant relief as One Minute Cough Cure. It can also be relied upon in grippe and all throat and lung troubles of adults. Pleasant to take. Evans Pharmacy.

—The inventor of a salt cellar that will always have salt in it will supply a longfelt want. Use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for piles, sores and skin diseases. There are counterfeits. Evans Pharmacy. —Never attempt to bully a judge or a jury unless you have previously bribed them. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents. —Nine times out of ten when the unexpected happens we bring it on ourselves. You Know What You Are Taking When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c. —Some people have been on the stage all their lives and still long to be actors.

Remedy for Mosquitoes.

Now that the mosquito is declared by scientists to be not only a pest, but a conveyor of disease, including malarial and yellow fevers, it will be interesting to know that the South Americans have found a simple, inexpensive and effectual remedy for this nuisance. Consul Plumacher writes the State department from Maracaibo as follows:

"A simple remedy against mosquitoes has been employed in several places in South America and is equally well adapted to the temperate zone. It consists in planting the castor-oil plant (Ricinus communis), or palma christi, around the house and premises.

"In cold and temperate climates the castor-oil plant grows to a height of four or five feet; in these countries, it becomes a tall tree and is perennial. It seems that the smell of the plant is disagreeable to the mosquitoes and other insects, and it is an acknowledged fact that where these plants grow few mosquitoes will be found.

"My personal experience bears this out. My residence is surrounded by plantain and banana trees, and I have been much troubled in the past by the great number of mosquitoes which gathered between the leaves. Following the example of old settlers in the country, I planted the castor seeds, which grew up in profusion, and there are now no mosquitoes to be found among the plantain and banana trees, although I keep the ground well irrigated. By keeping branches and the seeds of the plant in rooms the mosquitoes are driven away from the latter.

"There are several varieties of the castor-oil plant. In this country there are two—one with brown nuts and the other white in color, with a kernel tasting like the fresh almond."

This is better than the coal oil remedy, which is about as bad as the mosquitoes.

Hauled to School. COLUMBUS, GA., Jan. 19.—Muscookee County school authorities are trying, on a limited scale, a recent suggestion by the State school commissioner, Dr. Glenn, that children be hauled to school in sparsely settled districts. In the extreme northern part of the County there are a number of families who have some 12 or 15 children. They petitioned for a school for the community, but the County school board did not think that the number of pupils authorized a school. The nearest schoolhouse is some five miles away, at Double Churches.

The board, as a compromise, agreed to haul the children to that school. A contract was made with a man in that community who had a wagon suitable for the purpose. This gentleman's 15-year-old son wished to attend school, and so he was installed as driver. Every morning he drives along the road and collects the children, who come to the main road from their homes to meet him, and carries them on to school. He and his team spend the day, and in the afternoon he carries the children home. He thus earns a neat sum for his father and at the same time is receiving an education.

Water. Sweet, beautiful water!—browed in the running brook, the rippling fountain and the laughing rill—in the limpid cascade, as it joyfully leaps down the side of the mountain.

Brewed in yonder mountain top, whose granite peaks glitter like gold bathed in the morning sun—browed in the sparkling dewdrop; sweet, beautiful water!—browed in the crested wave of the ocean deeps, driven by the storm, breathing its terrible anthem to the God of the sea—browed in the fleecy foam and the whitened spray as it hangs like a speck over the distant cataract—browed in the clouds of heaven: sweet, beautiful water! As it sings in the rain shower and dances in the hailstorm—as it comes sweeping down in feathery flakes, clothing the earth in a spotless mantle of white—always beautiful! Distilled in the golden tresses that paint the Western sky at the setting of the sun, and the silvery tissues that veil the midnight moon—sweet, health-giving, beautiful water! Distilled in the rainbow of promise, whose warp is the raindrop of earth, and whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven—sweet, beautiful water.—John B. Gough.

When you need a soothing and healing antiseptic application for any purpose, use the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, a well known cure for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. Evans Pharmacy.

—The five great powers—Love, money, revenge, ambition and a good dinner. The most soothing, healing and antiseptic application ever devised is DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It relieves at once and cures piles, sores, eczema and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. Evans Pharmacy.

—A man may be able to argue with a woman, but it never does any good. —A west side phrenologist claims he can tell what a barrel contains by examining its head.

The Irishman's Bluff.

One day a gentleman not connected with the army, was riding to overtake Lewis' Kentucky brigade, then serving as mounted infantry, and operating between Augusta and Savannah, Ga., after Sherman had reached the latter city. The brigade, reduced to a few hundred by four years' active service in the field, had just marched through a little village, where the gentleman soon after arrived. He rode up to the door of a cottage, in which dwelt an old Irishman and his spouse, and tipping his hat, a la soldier, inquired if there had been any rebels passing. The old lady, seeing that the interrogator had on a blue army overcoat, naturally concluded that he was the advance of a Federal column in pursuit, and being a true Southerner, she sought to do the cause a service by at once striking terror into the enemy's ranks. She therefore answered:

"Yis, sir, they have jist been after marchin' through, and there were twenty thousand o' them if there was a single man!"

The gentleman thanked her for the information, and again tipping his hat a la soldier, turned his horse's head in the direction of the "twenty thousand" had gone. The old man, then thinking that the exaggeration had not been sufficiently complete, ceased the vigorous whiffing of his pipe long enough to call after the supposed Federal: "Yis, sir; that's ivery word the truth, it is. And they were dommed big min at that!"

Courage a Common Virtue.

Of all the virtues says Richard Harding Davis in the February Everybody's Magazine, "Courage is the least particular as to where it takes up its abode. There is really nothing so perplexing and disappointing to the hero-worshipper as to find that the same virtue which he admires in his chosen hero is shared by others who, but for that one quality, are his inferiors in every way, in mind, in morals, in birth, and in body. Indeed, one is inclined to believe it to be the commonest of all the virtues. It is the rarest thing in the world to hear of a regiment showing the white feather, and yet a regiment is only a collection of human beings, and human beings of by no means the highest mental or moral type. Indeed, after you have observed the way the private soldier conducts himself out of office hours, you are inclined to place courage lower than any of the virtues, even to deny that it is a virtue at all, and to class it as an instinct; for even the black-sheep in a regiment—the men who will lie, and loot, and assault women, will fight magnificently, coolly, and without a suggestion of doubt."

—Horseshoes weighing an ounce each and just a trifle larger than a silver dollar, were turned out in a California shop recently. They were made for a Shetland pony 6 months old, and small for its age.

—It is known that wasp nests often take fire, supposed to be caused by the chemical action of the wax upon the material of the nest itself. This may account for many mysterious fires in barns and outbuildings.

—Let your character be as firm as granite and the shafts of your enemies cannot harm it.

—A fire engine is merely a water pitcher.

Of the Sun through 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 AN ECLIPSE

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.

Notice to Creditors. ALL persons having demands against the Estate of Mrs. A. J. Gaillard, deceased are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to an undersigned within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

LEE G. HOLLISMAN, Adm'r.

House Work is Hard Work without GOLD DUST.

D. S. VANDIVER.

E. P. VANDIVER.

Vandiver Bros.

GENERAL MERCHANTS

—AND— JOBBERS OF GROCERIES,

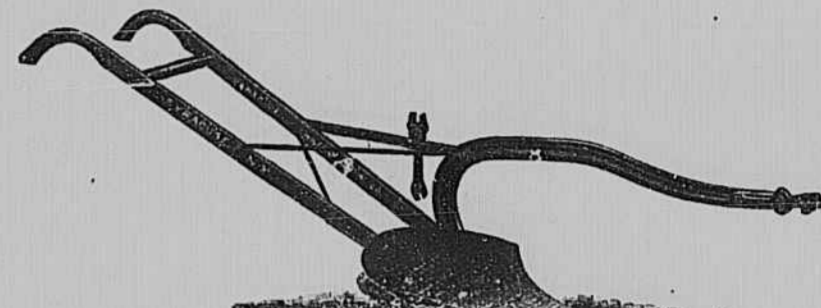
Want Your Trade!

WE are strictly Headquarters on FLOUR, MOLASSES, TOBACCO, COFFEE, CORN and other Heavy Groceries. DRY GOODS and SHOES at selling prices.

Yours for Trade,

VANDIVER BROS.

Syracuse Chilled Plows



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.

BROCK BROS, Anderson, S. C.

Now is the Time to Buy You a . . .

New Cooking Stove

WE can give them to you at any price, and any kind that you want. We have a good No. 7 Stove with 27 pieces of ware for \$7.75. We have a big lot of IRON KING and ELMO STOVES which you know are the best Stoves on the market.

Now we just want to speak to you one word about our—

HEATING STOVES,

Especially about our Air Tight Heater, which you know is the greatest heater on earth. If you would see one of them in use or try one of them, you would not have anything else. And just look at the price—they cost almost nothing—only \$1.75 up to \$6.00.

We want to call your attention to our big Stock of—

Tinware, Glassware and Crockery.

Now we have just got too much of this and it must be sold, so we just want you to come and look and let us price you through.

We have some of the prettiest pieces of Odd China you ever saw. Would make nice Wedding, Birthday and Christmas Presents.

Now we are just opening up the biggest line of TOYS you ever saw. We want you to come round and bring the children and let them see a grand sight in Toys.

And remember that all of these Goods must be sold at some price between now and the 25th day of December. Come now while you can get a good selection of everything.

Yours truly, OSBORNE & OSBORNE.

CHINA. A VARIETY OF ODD PIECES AND NOVELTIES. JOHN M. HUBBARD, JEWELER, HOTEL BLOCK. \$9.00 WILL BUY A FINE FRENCH CHINA TEA-SET! BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED.

OATS, OATS, AND RICE FLOUR.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS for all KINDS of GRAIN.

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 pigs, and it comes much cheaper than any other feed and is much better.

Yours respectfully,

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.