

# A PASSING RETROSPECT.

C. C. Brown in Baptist Courier.

I am writing on Sunday morning, February 2, and I am fifty years old to-day. That I have been knocking about on this sublunary sphere for half a century, when I come to look the fact squarely in the face, amazes me. I find it hard to believe my own words. Surely someone has made a wrong entry in the old Family Bible, or I have been cheated out of some of the years that are charged against me. I am willing to believe almost anything, except that fifty hallowed years have passed over my poor head. When I was a child, there was a little piece we used to recite at school, beginning, "Time bears us on like the current of a mighty river." Possibly I recited it, along with the other children, but I did not believe it say more than that children now would believe it. No one comes to realize the truth of the words until the mysterious stream has carried him far down through the years. I begin to see it now, and it is the truth—"Time bears us on like the current of a mighty river." In youth, the stream has an eddy here and there, and the flowing was not as swift; but now the current has a straight onward flow, and the days and months and years flit by like dreams in the night.

Old man Jacob, when he stood as a pilgrim traveler before King Pharaoh, said his days had been few and evil. They may have been evil as far as he was concerned; but they themselves were not evil. He may have thought and felt and pursued evil; but the years themselves were nothing but a succession of days and nights of rising and settings of the sun, and each recurring day had been marked and crowned with the love and goodness of the Lord. So it has been for us all. We ourselves have been evil, but the days which God gave us have been good.

But Jacob told the truth and gave us an apt figure when he spoke of his life as a pilgrimage—a daily going on, a moving about, a journeying we know not whither. Our estate, our condition, our environment changes; but none of these things impede us, nor cause us to pause in our journey. When once a child is born, he sets out upon the mysterious way, and there is never a moment's pause between the cradle and the grave. We may sleep or dream or idle away the time; we may spend our days in the pursuit of pleasure or roll and onize in pain; but we are borne onward all the same, and are daily and hourly brought nearer to the appointed end. What a pity we cannot live in constant realization of this fact! How much of our time we have wasted in waiting for to-morrow! If once we see something ahead of us that we covet, if once we have a plan laid for next month or next year, we seem to forget or despise all the time that lies between now and then, and forget to utilize the passing hours. So time passes from us.

My little life has not been eventful perhaps; but it has been busy. I have done many things that amounted to nothing, but I have not been idle. I have sought neither place nor power; but I have honestly desired to make myself felt for God and for good. Whether I have made a mistake in this, it remains for my brethren to say. I have made many loving and true friends who are on the journey with me. Some friends I have lost. The grave stole them away, on the one hand, and I have doubtless driven a few away from me by my folly, by words or deeds that were unlovely. The sorrowful reflection which arises is that if you lose a friend, the chances are that you will never regain him. We discourse largely upon the subject of forgiveness; but of the real thing, we see but little. When Christians fall out, they do not, as a rule, go into the courts, nor do they go after each other with guns; but what is just as bad, they retire to one side and sulk, or refuse to speak to one another, or try to play the meek, as if to say, "I have been injured; but I will say nothing; I will just keep my mouth; I will be very pious; I will not have anything to do with the brother who has so grossly wronged me." And meanwhile the low and base feelings which lie hidden in the heart are akin to those nurtured in the mind of a murderer or bandit. The great majority of us have yet to learn the A, B, C of the lesson Jesus taught when he said, "Forgive." However, I guess I could count on one hand the enemies I have made—some because I did wrong, some because I did right. There seems to be nothing left for us but to travel on down the same road—they on one side and I on the other, and the one Father of us all will have to adjust the differences between his children when they get home in the evening.

The loss of friends in middle life is more sorely felt than in youth. Living and laboring so long together, our lives flow into one and when one is torn away, the survivor suffers keenly. That was a tender story Dr. Broadus used to tell about the old family horse. In company with the wagon driver, he, when a boy, was allowed to go in the wagon to some town a few miles away from his boyhood home. The horses had been true yoke-fellows for many a day, and had been inseparable in their labors. On this trip, however, one of them sickened and died by the wayside. It was toward evening. He and the driver journeyed afoot to the home of some one they knew, leading the surviving horse by the bridle. Arrangements were made for them to borrow a horse for use the next day. But when the morning came, they sought in vain for the horse they had left in the barnyard the night before. After long delay, they went back down the road to the wagon, and there stood the old horse, close by the side of his dead comrade, paying doubtless the tribute of affection to the noble fellow that had so long stood by him as his partner and comrade of the road. To every tender and loving heart there are spots made sacred by being the resting places of those who have been our fellow-burden bearers along the highway of life. The fact they pulled by our sides so long only made it the harder for us to give them up. But death does not relent at our tears and sorrow. In the midst of life's dire exigencies, we are called upon to surrender our co-workers and friends, and to make the rest of the journey in sorrowful loneliness.

Fifty years old! But what at last? Nothing but this—the years will all soon be gone. I myself must give way to those who are coming after me. I am but making my way into the eternal world. I shall yet see the king face to face. One night last summer, when Dr. Barron was preaching for us here at Sumter, he told me a story about a visit he had made once to hear John Jasper, the negro preacher of Richmond, Va., who had won a sort of notoriety by declaring that "The sun do move." He said Jasper was a born orator, and greatly gifted in imagination. On the night referred to by Barron, Jasper was describing his approach to the heavenly city, and said, "Well, ole John will git to de city at last. I done see it. I see it in my sleep 'n' I see when I wake. I come to de big gate, an' as it open, I look in, an' de de king in his beauty. A angel take me by de han' an' want to lead me in de gate, but I say, 'O no, honey, jist let me stand here an' look in. But by an' by, he got me in de gate, an' I didn't know wat to say. A angel fetch me a chair, an' say, 'sit down, ole man.' I answered, 'O no, honey, jist let me stan' here an' rest.' Den a 'postle come up an' say, 'come on, Brother John, I mus' take you to see de king.' 'O no, no, I ain't fittin' to see no king. Jist let me set here an' rest.' By an' by a big angel come to me wid a crown in his han', an' say, 'Hold down your head, John,' an' I cry out, 'O no, honey, I ain't fittin' to wear no crown; jist let me set here an' rest.' I ain't fittin' to wear no crown! I ain't fittin' to wear no crown!"

May I borrow the old man's words, I ain't fittin' to wear no crown.

**Cancer Cured by Blood Balm.**  
ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES CURED.—Mrs. M. L. Adams, Fredonia, Ala., took Botanic Blood Balm which effectually cured an eating cancer of the nose and face. The sores healed up perfectly. Many doctors had given up her case as hopeless, hundreds of cases of cancer, eating sores, suppurating swellings, etc., have been cured by Blood Balm. Among others, Mrs. B. M. Guernsey, Warrior Stand, Ala. Her nose and lip were raw as beef, with offensive discharge from the eating sore. Doctors advised cutting, but it failed. Blood Balm healed the sores, and Mrs. Guernsey is as well as ever. Botanic Blood Balm also cures eczema, itching humors, scabs and scales, bone pains, ulcers, offensive pimples, blood poison, carbuncles, scrofula, risings and bumps on the skin and all blood troubles. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle. Sample of Botanic Blood Balm free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and special medical advice sent in sealed letter. It is certainly worth while investigating in such a remarkable remedy, as Blood Balm cures the most awful, worst and most deep-seated blood diseases. Sold in Anderson by Orr-Gray-Drug Co., Wilhite & Wilhite and Brans Pharmacy.

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—A practical man is the one who carries out the plans of a theorist.  
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**Crimes of the Corsets.**  
In the 400 years that have elapsed since Catherine de Medici introduced corsets into France, criticism of the article and of the women wearing it has not been lacking. Indeed, it was not long after the death of Catherine when a celebrated French savant gave a public lecture at his dissecting-room at the Hotel Dieu to demonstrate the "crimes" of which the corset was guilty. These lectures raised much discussion at the time, and they perhaps, and not coquetry and the feminine love of change, were responsible for the loose, floating lines of the Watteau pleat, or a century afterward for the costumes of the Directoire.

Now another celebrated French doctor has returned to the charge, but not content with lecturing and demonstrating the evils of corsets, he has gone so far as to form a bill which it is his intention to present to the Chamber, and which, in the case of its becoming a law, would most effectually put a stop to what this doctor terms "the crime of womanhood."

Doctor Marechal is a physician whose reputation would not lead one to accuse him of mere sensationalism, yet the charges that he brings against the corset in his recent lecture are perhaps more stringent than those ever uttered before by any member of the anti-corset brigade. Doctor Marechal makes the astonishing assertion and pretends to back it up by statistics, that out of a hundred young women who wear corsets only thirty retain perfect health.

The law that Doctor Marechal is endeavoring to have passed is divided into three articles. Article 1 forbids any woman under 30 to wear a corset of any description. Any woman convicted of doing so shall be punished by three months' imprisonment. If the delinquent should be a minor, her parents or guardians as well shall be condemned to pay a fine of from 100 to 1,000 francs.

Article 2 permits any woman over 30 to wear any corset she wishes.

Article 3 provides for the most rigorous formalities surrounding the manufacturing and sale of corsets. Every one licensed to sell corsets shall be obliged to take the name, address and age of every buyer, and shall be subject to fine and confiscation of business in case of an illegal sale.

Although Doctor Marechal asks that legislation shall only take cognizance of the evils of corsets at present, he is by no means to stop there in his desire for dress reform. He has a good deal to say on the subject of high heels and pointed toes, of tight gloves and long skirts. In short he claims that women's dress has caused a frightful physical deterioration in the human species. While the oratorical of the Merovingian woman had a capacity of 1,337 cubic centimeters, that of the modern French woman has a capacity of only 1,337 cubic centimeters, and this loss, the doctor declares, is due to the habit of wearing heavy headresses.

As to whether or not a modern French head weighing only 1,337 cubic centimeters is worth more than a Merovingian's eronian weighing somewhat more is a subject on which the learned doctor does not care to enter. He is convinced that corsets, hats, veils and various other items of the feminine wardrobe are bad, and has come to the conclusion that if women will not be persuaded to discard them they will be forced to do so.—New York Tribune.

**How Gates Fooled the Beggar.**  
They are telling a story on John W. Gates. It is that the other night he had eluded the swarm of beggars that hover around the Holland House, the Waldorf-Astoria, Delmonico's and Sherry's. Later he was accosted by a particularly insolent beggar, so very daring and aggressive that he promised to be interesting. Mr. Gates dug down into his pocket, jingled some coins and pulled out a quarter. This he gave to the beggar.

"You're a nice one, you are," said the mendicant. "You'd spend that many dollars for a luncheon, and you give a man in hard luck that chicken feed."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Gates. "Give me that back." He reached into his pocket as if to draw out a larger coin, and the beggar expectantly handed back the quarter.

Mr. Gates put it in his pocket, remarking that it would be useful for a tip and walked into the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria.

According to the story the beggar now takes his hat off every time he sees Mr. Gates. Incidentally Mr. Gates denies the story. But it is one of those that are going the rounds in happy Wall Street.—New York Times.

**Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.**  
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

—He who steals a woman's purse gets away with a lot of samples and other trash.  
—A married man is apt to get mad if he finds out that his wife isn't worrying about him.

**Charles B. Rouss, C. S. A.**  
Charles Broadway Rouss, for many years a picturesque figure in the mercantile world and also well known on account of his public gifts, died at half-past 6 o'clock yesterday morning, at his home, No. 632 5th avenue. His death is attributed to pneumonia. He was taken ill last Sunday afternoon with chills, which speedily were followed by an attack of the fatal malady.

His name was originally plain Charles Rouss. The name Broadway he added because in the principal thoroughfare of New York he had won fortune. He was born in Woodbury, Frederick County, Maryland, in 1836, and attended school at Winchester, Va. As a schoolboy he had sold notions in the streets in Winchester and it was there he found employment as a clerk in the store of Peter Senseney, the principal merchant, at a salary of \$1 a week. He was then 15 years of age. In the course of three years he had accumulated a capital of \$500, with which he went into business on his own account. He was, at the age of 25, the wealthiest merchant in Winchester, for he had \$60,000 in bank.

He joined the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war, and when the struggle closed he was practically penniless, having given his money in aid of the Southern cause. He came to this city, obtained employment as a clerk, saved his money and eventually entered business on his own account. He rapidly accumulated money and a few years ago built a twelve-story building at Nos. 549 to 555 Broadway, in which he did a large trade.

His business was principally in so-called job lots. He supplied bargain counters, travelling merchants, five and ten-cent stores and such establishments. He kept no accounts, except the records of what he sent to out-of-town customers, from whom he expected payment within a week after the goods were sent. All in the city paid cash. He paid his clerks on account of too free indulgence in the flowing bowl he made him sleep in the store for several nights thereafter.

It is estimated that Mr. Rouss had accumulated a fortune of \$10,000,000, yet he was as indefatigable in business as he was when a clerk. He arose at 5 o'clock in the morning, took a drive through the park and was generally at his place of business at 6 o'clock. He remained there until 7 o'clock at night. Pleasures he had none, according to his own story, except one, and that was standing on the back of a street car and throwing pennies to the newsboys. The police requested him to desist from this pastime.

He was always a true friend to his old comrades in arms. One of them came to this city to buy goods several years ago and when the merchant learned who he was he declined to accept payment for a purchase of several hundred dollars. The buyer declined to accept them as a gift and after as much negotiation as though Mr. Rouss were driving a bargain the old comrade agreed to take the merchandise at cost. When the country merchant returned home he received with his goods a handsome tea set. In the teapot was a package containing the money he had paid for the merchandise.

Mr. Rouss gave the sum of \$100,000 with which to erect in Richmond, Va., a memorial chapel to those who sacrificed their lives for the Lost Cause. He gave \$35,000 to found an art scholarship for the University of Virginia. The town of Winchester received several large benefactions at his hands. He gave funds to the merchants when a part of the town was destroyed by fire. He gave Winchester water works, at a cost of \$30,000, and a town hall. To the city of New York he gave the Washington and Lafayette statue and in Mount Hope Cemetery he erected a monument to the memory of Confederate veterans.

One of the greatest sorrows in his life was the death of his son, C. H. B. Rouss, in 1891. Ten years ago the

eyesight of Mr. Rouss began to fail and for the last six years he had been blind. He offered a reward of one million dollars to any man who would restore his sight. He submitted to several experiments and finally hired a substitute, named Martin, who was similarly afflicted. Martin underwent many ordeals. Nothing was found, however, which was of any avail.

Mr. Rouss built at Winchester a splendid mausoleum, where members of his family are resting. His body will be taken there to-night and the citizens of the town will give it a public funeral. Mr. Rouss left two children, his daughter, Mrs. David Lee, who lives at the 5th avenue house, and Peter Winchester Rouss, his son, who resides in the Borough of Brooklyn.—New York Herald.

**Family Tea Gardens.**  
It is the result of several years of experience in tea culture at Summerville and Pinehurst, which has proven most conclusively that tea may be produced in the United States in two ways—by families in their kitchen gardens, or on a commercial scale, after the manner followed by the British East Indian tea establishments. These beginnings of an important industry have demonstrated that the yield of tea per acre is the equal of the average Oriental production, and can be marketed at a fair profit. It has been shown that a good grade of tea can be grown and put on the market in bulk at a cost not exceeding 15 cents per pound. Under ordinary conditions an acre will yield 400 pounds of salable tea, which, at 15 cents per pound, makes the expense of growing, picking, drying, curing and packing 60 cents per acre.

Tea plants are shown growing upon the Exposition grounds at South Carolina, and the various processes practically illustrated for the benefit of visitors, making an exhibit of exceptional value, as it opens a new field to industry and capital, supplying an easy and healthy livelihood to thousands, and giving value to immense tracts of what is now waste land. This tea sells in bulk at 30 cents a pound, therefore the profit on this basis is 100 per cent.

The American Tea Growing Company has been established for conducting tea culture on a large scale near Charleston and has 7,000 acres of land at Rantowles, with 700,000 young plants in the nursery ready to be transplanted. A thousand acres of tea will soon be under cultivation with the best prospects, as the industry has been carried well beyond an experimental stage. The national importance of this new industry in the awakening South can be appreciated by considering that the importations of tea by the United States during 1900 amounted to nearly eighty-five million pounds, or more than a pound for every person in the land.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

**Settling an Interesting Question.**  
"Say, Jim," inquired an old darkey out in Chelsea, of his son, who is a much-learned school youth, "which travels de faster, heat or coolness?"  
"I hadn't give de subject much ov ma attention," was the reply, "but I'd nuberly think the cool 'ud travel de fastest on de 'count ov it bein' so pen'tratin'."  
"Yo' school 'arnin' didn't do you no good here, Jim," said the old man with a patronizing air; "Heat it travels er heap faster den cool do. You jist tak' dat for a fact."  
"How do yo' reckon dat out?"  
"Jes disorway: Yo' didn't never hear of nobody ketching heat, did yo'? But shore's yo' bo'n, chile, dey ken ketch cool' mitey easy."

**CATARRH**  
The treatment of Catarrh with antiseptic and astringent washes, lotions, salves, medicated tobacco and cigarettes or any external or local application, is just as senseless as would be kindling a fire on top of the pot to make it boil. True, these give temporary relief, but the cavities and passages of the head and the bronchial tubes soon fill up again with mucus.

Taking cold is the first step towards Catarrh, for it checks perspiration, and the poisonous acids and vapors which should pass off through the skin, are thrown back upon the mucous membrane or inner skin, producing inflammation and excessive flow of mucus, much of which is absorbed into the blood, and through the circulation reaches every part of the system, involving the Stomach, Kidneys and other parts of the body. When the disease assumes the dry form, the breath becomes exceedingly foul, blinding headaches are frequent, the eyes red, hearing affected and a constant ringing in the ears. No remedy that does not reach the polluted blood can cure Catarrh. S. S. S. expels from the circulation all offensive matter, and when rich, pure blood is again coursing through the body the mucous membranes become healthy and the skin active, all the disagreeable, painful symptoms disappear, and a permanent, thorough cure is effected.

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