

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Bill Still Pegging A way at the Yankees.

Atlanta Constitution.

The Constitution says there is a growing sense of justice in the North that will hereafter be heard from in putting negro officials over southern communities. That The New York Herald has opened a rift in the clouds by rebuking the president, etc. We hope so, but now that Roosevelt has appointed a Boston coon to a high office, The Herald may change front and say he is consistent. That growing sense of justice is a chameleon of many colors. It was quite visible a little while after Grady made his charming speeches in New York and Boston, but the preachers withered it and McKinley made more appointments and kept making them as long as he lived. This growing sense does not seem to flourish in many places. The fact is, we have almost despaired of ever seeing justice grow at the north. Lately I have received three letters from up there that indicate the growing sense, and I have read and re-read them with comfort. One of these is from an old Mexican veteran who says that of the 2,700,000 soldiers who fought against us, one million were from the east fighting to free the negroes, Grant's included. One million from the west fighting for the union and the other 700,000 were the riff-raff and scum, the fotsam and jetsam of all nations who joined the army for bounty and booty and beauty, and they were the element that Sherman employed to make war hell. He speaks of the war as unholy, unrighteous and unjust. Another letter is from Portland, Oreg., and says the writer recently got hold of one of my letters which said that General Grant was a slave holder and hired out his negroes up to the close of the war and lived off of their hire. He says: "I didn't believe it but was induced to examine his biography and I found it was so." He says that nobody in that country ever heard of it and it is amazing and astonishing that Lincoln would appoint a slave-holder to be the head of the army. The writer of this letter was brought up to believe that the South brought all the negroes from Africa. Another letter is from a New Hampshire man, a veteran, who says that he and seven others from his town joined a company in 1862, and only one besides himself got back. Ever since then he has been reviewing his folly and the folly of the war and is ashamed of his people and says that I do not score them in my letters as hard as they deserve. He has Hinton Rowan Helper's famous campaign book, in which he says: "We are going to free your slaves and arm them with pikes and torobes and butcher your families and burn up your homes." This book is indorsed by sixty-seven members of congress, including John Sherman. Appleton says that 167,000 copies were sold in three months and it precipitated the raid of John Brown, at whose execution all the church bells of New England tolled a requiem. And so I have found three northerners who have this growing sense and I have heard of one more who is a suspect. I am keeping a tally sheet and as soon as I hear of any more growing sense I record it. My Oregon friend's generation came up since the war and never had time to bother themselves about the history of the war of slavery. The South was outside of their concern and Jeff Davis was the arch traitor that Roosevelt told about in his history. That is all he cared to know. But he says your late letters have excited our curiosity and if when your book is out, you will let me advertise and sell it in my own way, I will sell 100,000 copies north of the line. This man is a big advertiser with headquarters in Chicago and sent me a big lot of his cards and literature. Well, Mr. Byrd will see about that, but to my opinion his northern customers don't care a baubee about me or Grant or his niggers. They remind me of two fellows who went off to camp meeting, and as they were standing by a tree one of the brethren came up and invited them to go up to the altar and jine 'em in gittin' religion. The men seemed somewhat indignant and replied: "You must excuse us, sir, we don't live in the county." But I did find a rift in the clouds that gave much comfort. In the twelfth volume of John Lord's "Beacon Lights of History" I find a sketch of Robert E. Lee by Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, that is a loving tribute to that great soldier. Such a glowing tribute was hardly to be expected from a northern source. Especially from one born in New Hampshire, educated at Brown university and who joined the army while 18 years old and who lost an eye (at Petersburg) as an educator he rose rapidly in his profession and became president of his alma mater. Next he was called

to Chicago to take charge of her public schools and later on was chosen as chancellor of the University of Nebraska, where he now is. Since the war he has frequently championed the cause of the South and became unpopular with our malignant enemies. Of course as he joined the army so young and lost an eye, we must let him keep his convictions, but he is a big-hearted, brainy man or he would not have dared to have written that tribute. I wonder how it happened that such men as Andrews and away back, such men as Webster and Hawthorne and Emerson and Story and Choate, could grow up and mature among the noxious weeds of New England. I still recall with much pleasure a good speech I heard in 1844, at Amherst college—a commencement oration by Rufus Choate, who was regarded as the most brilliant, eloquent and impassioned orator of America. I had a schoolmate there, and my Boston uncle said he would go with me, for he had to look after Mr. Choate, for he was an intimate friend. I didn't know exactly what that meant, but found out later. The great hall was crowded with the best people of New England. My uncle was with others seated upon the platform. Mr. Choate's face was all nerves and muscles, his large eyes and mouth conspicuous. For half an hour his voice was almost a monotone with every word carefully and distinctly uttered, but this was but the breathing of a gentle wind before the storm. Soon he seemed to lose control of his own emotions and soared away among the stars, and his features took on an unearthly glow, his arms responded to every sentence, his frail body swayed to and fro and his audience unconsciously swayed with him and held their breath for fear they would lose a word or a motion. No, I will never forget that speech. He stopped because he had to stop, for with the last eloquent sentence he became exhausted and was bodily lifted by my uncle and others to the ante room where he was stripped and rubbed down like an exhausted race horse. In an hour or so he was renewed and revived. This was Rufus Choate—a bundle of quivering passionate nerves—whose eloquence no audience could calmly listen to and no jury withstand. Bill Arp.

South Carolina's "Red Bones."

Have you ever heard of a class of people called "red bones?" said Lewis Marshall of Charleston, S. C., to the Washington Star. "They are the most peculiar people in the United States. No one living absolutely knows the race from which they sprang or whence the original settlers came. They live nearly on the boundary line between South Carolina and Georgia, in the northwestern part of the first-named state. They are very clanship, mix very little with people not of their race, and in a manner are quite thrifty. I am of the opinion that they are descendants of the Basques of Southern France. They do not lack courage for a company of them served in Hampton's legion during the late Civil war, and bore themselves bravely at the first Manassas. Their skin is of a swarthy red, resembling that of the Indians, but at that point all resemblance ceases, except it be that they are very hot of temper. I have often wondered why the ethnologists of this country have not studied these people. Surely a monograph on them would be highly interesting."

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Send no money—simply write and try Botanic Blood Balm at our expense. A personal trial of Blood Balm is better than a thousand printed testimonials, so don't hesitate to write for a free sample. If you suffer from ulcers, eczema, scrofula, Blood Poison, cancer, eating sores, itching skin, pimples, boils, bone pains, swellings, rheumatism, catarrh, or any blood or skin disease, we advise you to take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Especially recommended for old, obstinate, deep-seated cases of malignant blood or skin diseases, because Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) kills the poison in the blood, cures where all else fails, heals every sore, makes the blood pure and rich, gives the skin the rich glow of health. B. B. B., the most perfect blood purifier made. Thoroughly tested for 30 years. Costs \$1 per large bottle at drug stores. To prove it cures, sample of Blood Balm sent free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describes trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter. This is an honest offer—medicine sent at once, prepaid. Sold in Anderson by Orr-Gray Drug Co., Wilhite & Wilhite and Evans Pharmacy.

Forty-five tons is the record weight ever pulled by a pair of horses. This was in the shape of bark loaded on a sleigh and pulled on ice.

Wanted—a Husband.

The many friends in this his native County will read with considerable interest the notice published below of Lieutenant Louis C. Richardson, which was clipped from the Raleigh, N. C. News and Observer: "Lieutenant Louis C. Richardson, United States navy, one of the most popular men in the service, is in Raleigh. Lieut. Richardson is a native of South Carolina, having been born and reared in Anderson county. He leaves to-day for Wilmington after having had charge here of the recruiting office for Uncle Sam's fighting forces. There are few men in the navy whose living have been filled with more interesting adventure than the life of Lieutenant Richardson. Graduating from the Naval Academy in the class of 1897 he served during the war on Admiral Sampson's flagship, the New York. No opportunity was given here to distinguish himself, but this experience was delayed, until he began his services in Samoa. As an ensign he went out on the Abernethy and for nearly three years lived aboard the vessel just off Samoa. Here he entered into the life of the people, studying as few men do in the conditions confronting these people. As a "white chief" he became popular with the people. He learned their unwritten language, acquired a perfect knowledge of their customs and became the friend of all classes of society.

It is a fact that during the stay of the Abernethy Lieutenant Richardson was the object of greatest admiration among the fair sex of the country. The society of Samoa is divided into three classes, the royal, the chief and the common. One never mingles with another. In this land no one works and the proud race wear no clothing other than the loin clothes. The missionaries are making desperate efforts to give the people a written language.

It is a matter of record that on one bright and glorious day the Abernethy was visited by a delegation of princes and high chiefs. The governor sent for Lieutenant Richardson and upon his arrival upon deck he was informed that the princess and high chiefs desired the officer to marry the princess of Fungasa, who was reputed to be one of the most beautiful and graceful of the Samoan women. It was announced as the intention of the delegation to order a two weeks, holiday in Samoa and to give to the groom 50 fine mats, and kill 300 pigs for the feast to follow the ceremony.

Lieutenant Richardson realized the pride which filled the hearts of the Samoans and he knew that he had a difficult proposition before him to make an excuse and rid himself of the honor thrust upon him. He made a brief talk, expressed his thanks to the princess and high chiefs, but told them that he was under the orders of the "Great White Chief," the president of the United States, and that he could not marry the princess without his permission. He explained that if he married and took the princess home with him she would freeze to death.

Lieut. Richardson is handsome, winning and popular, but he is not looking forward to orders to return to Samoa, the land in which he is thought of as an idol. He has often since met the princess and she is one of his best friends in the far away land.

Boon for Farmers.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 14.—There will be no more dreaded plagues of grass hoppers or of locusts. The Department of Agriculture has discovered a plague to kill the plague—the germ of an extremely contagious insect disease that can wipe out the vastest swarm of locusts or of grasshoppers in a single night. The discovery is the result of years of patient investigation on the part of the department entomologists, and the practical value of the discovery has been demonstrated, government agents and private individuals acting as such, all over the world. The discovery is held to be of immense value to farmers in those sections of the country, notably the Middle, West and Southwest, where the locust and grasshopper plagues have for years been one of the most dreaded possibilities against which the farmer has to contend.

The death of Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont recalls the story of how her father, Senator Benton, of Missouri, opposed her union to Lieut., afterwards Gen. John C. Fremont. After her marriage the Senator went to a newspaper office and handed in a notice announcing the wedding of Jessie Benton to John C. Fremont. The editor suggested that the groom's name was usually put first, whereupon Benton said explosively: "It will go in that way are not at all: Fremont did not marry my daughter; she married him."

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.

As an all-around musician the organ grinder heads the list.

Law of the Skirt.

Women must hold up their skirts and protect their gowns from threatening nails and sharp corners while shopping or marketing. Justice Hurley yesterday refused the protection of the law to those who neglect such precautions. It also appeared that the woman who goes marketing in a silk skirt with a flowing train, made for Derby day, has little standing in his court.

On these points Mrs. Lucy O'Donnell, 1010 Garfield boulevard, lost her suit for damages against John R. Thompson. Mrs. O'Donnell's skirt, in an unhappy moment, caught on a nail on an orange box in Mr. Thompson's store at 38 State street and a large hole was torn in the garment. She said the gown had cost \$45 and she wanted that amount of money from Mr. Thompson.

"You were in a great hurry when you entered the store?" asked Adolph Raphael, Mr. Thompson's attorney.

"Of course I was in a hurry. I had been to meet some friends at a depot and I wanted to do my marketing and get home. I rushed in and hastened to the rear to the meat counter. Suddenly I heard something tear. I was walking so fast I had to take two more steps before I could stop to investigate. Then I found my fine silk skirt torn to pieces."

Mrs. O'Donnell proceeded to tell how the garment had been made to wear on Derby day and what its value was.

"Was not that an expensive gown to go marketing in?" suggested the attorney.

"That doesn't make any difference," retorted the witness.

"And did you hold the train up?" asked the court, taking a hand in the questioning.

"No, I did not. If I had the tear would have been much worse."

"Those orange boxes were securely stowed under the counter," Justice Hurley said. "The fault was with Mrs. O'Donnell. She should have held up her skirt. Let women carry their skirts and not trail them over the floor and furnishings."—Chicago Tribune.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.



The best Reed Organ in the world is the "Carpenter." Will move to Express office December 1st.

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AND a continuation of prosperity is our wish for all our kind friends and patrons; and to those who have not yet joined the ranks of our customers we extend our most earnest solicitation for their patronage. Our line of—

- COOK STOVES.
 - HEATERS.
 - TINWARE.
 - WOODENWARE.
 - ENAMEL WARE,
 - AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS.
- Is COMPLETE We also contract for ROOFING, GUTTERING, PLUMBING and ELECTRICAL WIRING.
- Yours truly,
ARCHER & NORRIS.

All for 1903.

- GUNS—Single and Double Barrel. A large assortment of carefully selected Guns at lowest possible prices.
- RIFLES—Cartridge and Air Rifles.
- AMMUNITION—Of all kinds. Loaded Shells, Powder, Shot, Primers, Caps
- POCKET CUTLERY—Best quality Pocket Knives in all the latest patterns.
- CARVING SETS—Beautiful in design and finish.

Sullivan Hardware Co.

Clubbing Offer.

Until further notice we will furnish to our subscribers who have paid up to date and who will pay one year in advance, a combination of newspapers as follows:

1. The Intelligencer and the semi-weekly News and Courier one year for \$3.00.
 2. The Intelligencer, the semi-weekly News and Courier and the Home and Farm (semi-monthly) one year for \$2.35.
 3. The Intelligencer and the semi-weekly Columbia State one year for \$2.75.
 4. The Intelligencer and the Home and Farm one year for \$1.75.
 5. The Intelligencer, the semi-weekly Atlanta Journal and any one of the following papers one year for \$2.35, viz: Southern Cultivator, The Western Poultry News, American Swineherd, The Gentlewoman, Tri-State Farmer and Gardener, the Home and Farm, The American Agriculturist, The Commercial Poultry, The Conkey Home-Journal, The Stockman, Farm and Fireside, Missouri Valley Farmer.
- Now is the time to pay up your arrears and get more reading matter next year for less money than ever known before, every one of the newspapers being first class in their respective fields.

Wireless Compliments.

Southwell Fleet, Mass., Jan. 13.—The following is the text of the messages transmitted to-day by the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy between Cape Cod and Cornwall, England, between President Roosevelt and King Edward:

His Majesty, Edward VII, London, England: In taking advantage of the wonderful triumph of scientific research and ingenuity, which has been achieved in perfecting a system of wireless telegraphy, I extend on behalf of the American people, most cordial greetings and good wishes to you and to all the people of the British Empire. Theodore Roosevelt.

Sandringham, Jan. 19, 1903.—The President, White House, Washington: I thank you most sincerely for the kind message which I have just received from you, through Marconi's transatlantic wireless telegraphy. I sincerely reciprocate, in the name of the people of the British Empire, the cordial greetings and friendly sentiments expressed by you on behalf of the American nation, and I heartily wish you and your country every possible prosperity. Edward R. and I.

Two of the most bitter things in life are being jilted by a girl and a dose of quinine.

Crank notions are all right if they can be turned to good advantage.

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The South's Greatest Railway System.

Any Trip is a Pleasure Trip to those who Travel Via The Southern Railway.

NORTH, EAST and WEST.

Through Trains consist of Magnificent Vestibuled Pullmans and Coaches. Unexcelled Dining Car Service. Excellent Local Schedules. Winter Tourist Tickets to all Resorts now on sale at Reduced Rates. For detailed information, literature, time tables, etc., apply to nearest Ticket Agent, or address—

- S. H. HARDWICK, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.
- W. H. TAYLOR, Asst. General Passenger Agent, Atlanta, Georgia.
- R. W. HUNT, Division Passenger Agent, Charleston, S. C.
- J. C. BEAM, District Passenger Agent, Atlanta, Ga.

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Do not Fail to try our Specially Prepared 8 1-2 2-2 Petrified--

Bone Fertilizers for Grain.

We have all grades of Ammoniated Fertilizers and Acid Phosphates, also Kainit, Nitrate of Soda and Muriate of Potash; all put up in new bags; thoroughly pulverized, and no better can be found in the market.

We shall be pleased to have your order.

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Why Not Give Your House a Coat of

MASTIC PAINT?

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