

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Arp Answers Questions Sent Him Through the Mail.

Atlanta Constitution.

A lady writes to me and asks what is really meant by the "needle's eye" in the parable of the rich man. I remember reading somewhere that it was the smallest gate that gave entrance to the walled city of Jerusalem, and that a loaded camel had to be stripped of its burden and bend its knees to squeeze through. And so a rich man had to give up his riches and come to his knees before he could enter heaven. But I do not find that in any commentary. It was just one of the thousand proverbs that adorned the moral teachings of the Jews and the eastern nations. The writings of Job and Solomon and Confucius and Mahomet abound in them. In the Koran is found this proverb: "The impious man will find the gates of heaven shut and he can no more enter than a camel can pass through a needle's eye." There is another in the Koran which says: "You will never see a palm tree of gold nor an elephant pass through a needle's eye." These proverbs simply meant that it was impossible. Strange to say, the world has long since quit making proverbs. All proverbs have come down to us, even such as "A rolling stone gathers no moss." "Poor Richard" left us a few, such as "A penny saved is two pence gained."

A young man eager for knowledge writes to know why it is that when you reverse a number and subtract the less from the greater the difference is always nine or some multiple of nine, and nine will divide it without a remainder. He wants to know the reason why. This is rather complex, but the reason is plain when you see it. By reversing a number you change the numerical value of every figure in it; units become tens or hundreds or thousands, and vice versa; and hence, if you subtract a unit from a ten it leaves nine. Take ten, for instance, and reverse it, and it is .01. It was ten before and it is 1 now, and the difference is obliged to be nine. Take 91 and reverse it and you change 9 tens to 9 units, and 1 unit to 1 ten; gaining 81 and losing nine, which makes 72, a multiple of 9. Now if you add instead of subtract the sum will be 11 or some multiple of 11, 10 and 01 11r 13 and 31 make 44; 16 and 61 make 77; 24 and 42 make 66; all multiples of 11. The complexities and results of figures are many and very wonderful. They train the mind and strain the mind. I know they did mine when I was struggling through the trigonometry and calculus. A boy can fudge and smuggle along through Latin and Greek with the help of translations, but he can't fool the professor on the blackboard.

Another enquiring mind wishes to know why it is that the first day of May and the following Christmas always come on the same day of the week. Well, it can't help it, that's all, for there are thirty-four even weeks from one to the other. But Christmas day and the first day of the next May don't fit it. February comes in and knocks the even into odd.

A Florida girl writes that her alma mater is all wrong, for it gives February only twenty-eight days, notwithstanding this is a leap year. Yes, Miss, this is leap year, but it don't leap. The last year in every century has to be skipped as a leap year, for old father time gains a day in every hundred years, and the clock has to be set back twenty-four hours.

And here is a humble, sensible letter from a Louisiana negro who says he has great respect for the white people, and loves to lean upon them, for they know best and they have treated him kindly all his life. He wants to know where the word negro comes from, and what it means. He says: "I read all your letters, and you give us some awful blows, but you can't blow the monkey out of us." Well, the word negro is Spanish and Portuguese for black. The French is nigre. The Latin is niger, and the English corrupted it into nigger. The Century dictionary says that the nigger is more English than negro; and was used without opprobrious intent; and can be found in writings of Tom Hood and Præd and Trevelyn. The Irish call their niggers. But as the Latin is the foundation of all those languages I would say that niger is really the original and the most proper name for the race.

I was on the train once when good old Sanford Bell was very much perplexed about a miserable, cadaverous-looking foreigner who took a seat in the negro's car; and a negro preacher made a fuss about it. So Sanford asked him whether he was a negro or a white man. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned as he replied: "Mine fader was a Portugee, and mine mudder was a nager. Sanford looked at the preacher and said: "What shall I

do with him?" "Let him stay, or pitch him out the window," he replied. Sanford said to me, "I think he is a cross between a baboon and an esquimo."

I like such negroes as the one who wrote me that respectful and sensible letter. In fact I know of many negroes who have not only my regard, but a share of my affections. How willing they are to oblige you. When I am afar from home and want information about the trains or the town or time I always ask a negro, for he will tell me more willingly than a white man. Yes, more willingly than some depot officials I have met.

A good negro died here the other day—a negro whose conduct and industry and politeness has been for years without a spot. Ellis Patterson deserves a monument, for he did the very best he could. He had no children, but adopted two orphan girls and raised them. He was manly in his deportment; always respectful to the white people, and did not mingle in politics and worked in his blacksmith shop early and late and was always honest in all his dealings. What more need be said of any citizen, whether his skin be white or black. The negroes of north Georgia deserve commendation for their good conduct. They are, as a rule, lawabiding and industrious. We have been living here quite near to a negro settlement for twelve years, and have never locked a door nor lost a chicken. I believe the race is improving generally in the rural districts of this part of the State, and in the small towns, but that they are getting worse in the cities the police reports every day attest, and the devil seems to have broke loose among them again in lower Georgia. A few more lynchings wanted.

A gentleman from Texas—an old Georgian—has been reading Julian Hawthorn's "Nations of the World," and finds on the eight hundred and fourth page of the fifteenth volume, that when William Henry Harrison was nominated for president there were several aspirants in different States: Webster, from Massachusetts; McLean, from Ohio; Clay, from Kentucky; and White, from Georgia. He desires to know something about this White. Well, it is a mistake, that's all. Hawthorn meant Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, a very great and gifted statesman. He succeeded Andrew Jackson in the United States Senate in 1825. He carried the State of Tennessee by 10,000 votes over Andrew Jackson, in 1828. As an aspirant for the whig nomination for president he carried his own State and the State of Georgia. He was a very great and good man, but Mr. Hawthorn's mistaken. He was not from Georgia.

But this is enough of answers to correspondents who request an answer in your paper; I try to answer most of them by letter, but they accumulate nowadays more than ever, and it is hard to keep up. Some of your readers have got an idea that a man of my age ought to know something about everything. Well, he ought to, and he has lived in vain if he is no wiser than when he was young. I like to diffuse the knowledge that I have acquired, and broadcast it among the people who have not the books nor the advantage that a kind Providence has given to me. Especially do I appreciate letters from the boys and girls. I had a nice letter yesterday from two Mississippi girls, and they sign it Mabel and sister—nothing more. I would answer their questions if I knew their other name. The older I grow the greater is my interest in the children; the generation that is soon to take our places. My purest pleasure now is to play with and fondle the little ones. I mean good children, of course—especially girls. When a dear little grandchild climbs my knees and puts her arms around my neck and says:

"You good, old-for-nothing thing, I am happy. Another wedding anniversary passed us yesterday, and we are grateful that no calamity or affliction has befallen us since the last. Fifty-one years have passed since my wife surrendered and I became her prisoner, and time keeps rolling on."

BILL ARP.

An Atlanta Banker has Words of Praise for a Home Institution.

Mr. Chas. E. Currier, of the Atlanta National Bank, is very careful with his words, not only in financing, but in his conversation generally. Like the rest of us, he is sick sometimes; but, unlike many of us, he knows how to get well. "I have used Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy in attacks of acute indigestion, and have always found it to give instantaneous relief. I consider it a medicine of high merit." Price per bottle 50c. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co. and Wilhite & Wilhite.

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Anderson, S. C.

Burke, the Burglar, and Moody, the Evangelist.

Valentine Burke was his name. He was an old-time burglar, with kit and gun always ready for use. His picture adorned many a rogue's gallery, for Burke was a real burglar and none of your cheap amateurs. He had a courage born of many desperate "jobs." Twenty years of his life Burke had spent in prison, here and there. He was a big, strong fellow, with a hard face, and a terrible tongue for swearing, especially at sheriffs and jailers, who were his natural-born enemies. There must have been a streak of manhood or a tender spot somewhere about him, you will say, or this story could hardly have happened. I for one have yet to find the man who is wholly gone to the bad, and is beyond the reach of man or God. If you have, skip this story, for it is a true one, just as Mr. Moody told it to me in October, up in Brattleboro, Vt. And now that dear Moody is dead, and has spent his first Christmas in heaven, I remember how the big tears fell from his eyes as he told it, and I am thinking how happy he and Burke are, talking it over together up there, where Burke has been waiting for him these long years.

It was twenty-five years or more ago that it happened. Moody was young then, and not long in his ministry. He came down to St. Louis to lead a union revival meeting, and the "Globe-Democrat" announced that it was going to print every word he said—sermon, prayer and exhortation. Moody said it made him quake inwardly when he read this, but he made up his mind that he "would weave in a lot of Scripture for the 'Globe-Democrat' to print, and that might count, should his own poor words fail." He did it, and his printed sermons were sprinkled from day to day with Bible texts. The reporters tried their cunning at putting big, blazing headlines at the top of the columns. Everybody was either hearing or reading the sermons. Burke was in the St. Louis jail, waiting trial for some piece of daring. Solitary confinement was wearing on him, and he put in his time raving at the guards or damning the sheriff on his daily rounds. It was meat and drink to Burke to curse a sheriff. Somebody threw a "Globe-Democrat" into his cell, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big headline like this: "How the jailer at Philippi got caught." It was just what Burke wanted, and he sat down with a chuckle to read the story of the jailer's discomfiture.

"Philippi!" he said, "that's up in Illinois. I've been in that town."

Somehow the reading had a strange look, out of the ordinary newspaper way. It was Moody's sermon of the night before. "What rot is this?" asked Burke. "Paul and Silas—a great earthquake—what must I do to be saved? Has the 'Globe-Democrat' got to printing such stuff?" He looked at the date. Yes, it was Friday morning's paper, fresh from the press. Burke threw it down with an oath, and walked about his cell like a caged lion. By and by he took up the paper, and read the story through. The restless fit grew on him. Again and again he picked up the paper and read its strange story. It was then that a something, from whence he did not know, came into the burglar's heart and out its way into the quick. "What does it mean?" he began asking. "Twenty years and more I've been burglar and jail bird, but I never felt like this. What is it to be saved, anyway? I've lived a dog's life, and I'm getting tired of it. If there is such a God as that preacher is telling about, I believe I'll find it out if it kills me to do it." He found it out. Away toward midnight, after hours of bitter remorse over his wasted life, and lonely and broken prayers the first time since he was a child at his mother's knee, Burke learned that there is a God who is able and willing to blot out the darkest and bloodiest record at a single stroke. Then he waited for day, a new creature, crying and laughing by turns. Next morning when the guard came round Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guard eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came Burke greeted him as a friend, and told him how he had found God, after reading Moody's sermon. "Jim," said the sheriff to the guard, "you'd better keep an eye on Burke. He's playing the pious dodge, and first chance he gets he will be out of here." In a few weeks Burke came to trial; but the case, through some legal entanglement, failed, and he was released. Friendless, an ex-burglar in a big city, known only as a daring criminal, he had a hard time for months of shame and sorrow. Men looked at his face, when asked for work, and upon its evidence turned him away. But poor Burke was as brave as a Christian as he had been as a burglar, and he struggled on. Moody told how the poor fellow, seeing that his sin-blurred features were making against him, asked the Lord in prayer, "If He wouldn't make him a better-looking

man, so that he could get an honest job." You will smile at this, I know, but something or somebody really answered that prayer, for Moody said a year from that time when he met Burke in Chicago he was as fine a looking man as he ever knew. I cannot help thinking it was the Lord who did it for him, in answer to his child-like faith. Shifting to and fro, wanting much to find steady work, Burke went to New York, hoping far from his old haunts to find peace and honest labor. He did not succeed, and after six months came back to St. Louis, much discouraged, but still holding fast to the God he had found in his prison cell. One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the courthouse, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart.

"Some old case they've got against me," he said; "but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I've done lying."

The sheriff greeted him kindly. "Where have you been, Burke?" "In New York."

"What have you been doing there?" "Trying to find a decent job."

"Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?"

"Yes," answered Burke, looking him steadily in the eye. "I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion."

It was then the tide began to turn. "Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I suspected that your religion was a fraud. But I want to say to you that I know you've lived an honest Christian life, and I have sent for you to offer you a deputyship unme. You can begin at once."

He began. He set his face like a flint. Steadily, and with dogged faithfulness, the old burglar went about his duties until men high in business began to tip their hats to him and to talk of him at their clubs. Moody was passing through the city and stopped off an hour to meet Burke who loved nobody as he did the man who converted him. Moody told how he found him in a close room upstairs in the courthouse serving as a trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with a sack of gems in his lap and a gun on the table. There were \$60,000 worth of diamonds in the sack.

"Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it."

Then he cried like a child as he held up the glittering stones for Moody to see. Years afterwards the Churches of St. Louis had made ready and were waiting for the coming of an evangelist who was to lead the meeting but something happened and he did not come. The pastors were in sore trouble, until one of them suggested that they send for Valentine Burke to lead the meetings for them. Burke led night after night, and many hard men of the city came to hear him, and many hearts were turned, as Burke's had been, from lives of crime and shame to clean Christian living. There is no more beautiful or pathetic story than that of Burke's gentle and faithful life and service in the city where he had been chief of sinners. How long he lived I do not recall, but Moody told me of his funeral, and how the rich and poor, the saints and the sinners, came to it; and how the big men of the city could not say enough over the coffin of Valentine Burke. And to this day there are not a few in that city whose hearts soften with a strange tenderness when the name of the burglar is recalled. And now Moody and Burke are met, no more to be separated. When I was a boy, an old black "mammy" that I greatly loved used to sing for me a song with words like these:

"Through all depths of sin and loss,
Sinks the plummet of thy cross."
—Prof. H. M. Hamill, D. D., in *Evangelical Herald*.

It is very hard to stand idly by and see our dear ones suffer while awaiting the doctor. An Albany (N. Y.) dairyman called at a drug store there for a doctor to come and see his child, then very sick with croup. Not finding the doctor in, he left word for him to come at once on his return. He also bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which he hoped would give some relief until the doctor should arrive. In a few hours he returned, saying the doctor need not come, as the child was much better. The druggist, Mr. Otto Scholz, says the family has since recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their neighbors and friends until he has a constant demand for it from that part of the country. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

Gyer—Saw you out riding with your girl yesterday. Myer—Yes. Did you ever meet her? Gyer—No; but father says he was once a pupil in her Sunday School class.

To secure the original Witch Hazel Salve ask for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, well known as a certain cure for piles and skin diseases. Beware of worthless counterfeits. They are dangerous. Evans Pharmacy.

A Kirksville (Mo.) preacher has married on an average one couple a day for twenty years, and in not a single instance has there been a divorce.

M. B. Smith, Butternut, Mich., says "DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the very best pills I ever used for constiveness, liver and bowel troubles." Evans Pharmacy.

Hoodooes on a Railway Train.

The conductor of a railway train that pulled out from Jersey City was taking up tickets. One of his passengers was whistling as he hauled out his. The conductor handed it back unpunished. When the conductor returned from the rear coach he hesitated at the seat of the whistling man and then passed on. When he made his second trip through the car, after the train had left Trenton, he again took the ticket of the sibilant passenger and returned it without the usual perforation. After this had been repeated a bald-headed passenger in a starboard seat apologized to the conductor and asked him why he didn't punch the whistler's ticket.

"I am not superstitious," was the reply, "but I am afraid if that fellow doesn't stop whistling we shall run into a blizzard, or off the track, or have a collision."

The bald head said that was cheerful information coming from a conductor.

"Well, you asked me and I have told you. I never knew it to fail. I know whistling is considered by some as an evidence of good nature, but when it is done in a railway coach it is in line with the crow of a hen. What on earth a man wants to whistle for when he is in a car I don't know. But that is neither here nor there. It is bad luck, especially if the conductor punches the ticket while he is whistling."

"Why don't you ask him a question and punch his ticket while he is answering?"

"That would do not good. He must not have his lips puckered when I take the ticket. Besides, I don't know what to ask him without appearing impertinent. I can't think of anything to ask."

"Is that a notion common to conductors?"

"I can't say how general it is, but I have had it many years, and I know others who think the same. A locomotive engineer doesn't like to have anybody whistle in his pilot."

"But you will have to take up that man's ticket before he leaves the car."

"Certainly. But he may stop whistling. If he doesn't I shall have to take it up anyhow, but the damage will be done then."

"What damage?"

"Why, the hoodoo will be running the train by that time. I know what I am talking about."

"Philadelphia; all out for Philadelphia," shouted the porter.

The whistling passenger seized the satchel and started for the door. The conductor overtook him, and said:

"This is not your station."

"I am going to stop over here one train."

"Give me that ticket, quick!" cut in the conductor, "so that I can fix it, or it won't be good for a stopover."

The passenger complied as he resumed whistling. The ticket was fixed and the passenger left the car. The conductor usually turns his train over to another at Philadelphia, but this time the same conductor continued to Baltimore. When the train was under headway again the bald-headed passenger congratulated the conductor. He smiled and made no reply. Just after the train left Wilmington it came to a stop in the open and stood there for an hour. The locomotive had got the kinks. When it started again it was a fitful speed. When it finally reached Baltimore a snowstorm had overtaken it, or it had run into one. The conductor left the train there.

"It might have been all right," he explained to the bald-headed passenger, "but a man got on at Wilmington who wore ear muffs, and I knew that we were in for it. It may be wrong about whistling men, but when a man gets on my train wearing heaters on his ears I then know that there is trouble coming. I am not superstitious, but there are things you can't get around."

The train was three hours late at its destination. The storm was at its height. The street cars had stopped. Cabs were \$3 apiece.

A. R. DeFluent, editor of the Journal, Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for a number of years from rheumatism in his right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless. I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a constant companion of mine ever since and it never fails." For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

The coolest winter on record was that of 1790, in which rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the oceans several miles from shore. In Europe frost penetrated three yards into the ground, and people perished by the hundred in their homes.

Mrs. Calvin Zimmerman, Milesburg, Pa., says, "As a speedy cure for all coughs, colds, croup and sore throat One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled. It is pleasant for children to take. I heartily recommend it to mothers. It is the only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. It cures bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe and throat and lung diseases. It will prevent consumption." Evans Pharmacy.

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PAUL E. STEPHENS.

Special Meeting of Stockholders of the "Anderson Cotton Mill."

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the "Anderson Cotton Mill" is hereby called to meet at the Bank of Anderson, in the City of Anderson, S. C., on FRIDAY, 7th day of April next, for the purpose of adding to, altering and amending the By-Laws of said Corporation, and for such other business as incident to the same, as authorized by the Charter, and the Amendments thereto, and of Article 15 of the By-Laws.

J. A. BROCK, President.
Anderson, March 7, 1900. 37-5

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WE beg to announce to our friends that the year just closed has given us the largest business we ever enjoyed. For this result we are truly grateful to those who contributed even to a small degree. It has always been our aim to build up a permanent business on principles of square, honest effort and true merit. We have succeeded, and now we are going to spread! We are going to increase our business fifty per cent. this year, and we beg the support of our old friends. New friends will flock to us when they learn our methods and the quality of Goods we sell, and this they are rapidly learning. Why **Dean's Patent Flour** is to-day on the tongue of every housewife in the County, because it is her friend. Everybody who wears shoes that are Shoes are loud in their praises of our Store. And when people want pure **New Orleans Syrup** they always send to us because they know we keep the best.

Then why not expand? We are expansionists for trade only, and we ask a look at our Goods when you get ready to buy.

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